

Set up:

Brainiac Guy has been knocked down in a hit and run, immediately after signing up with pharmaceuticals magnate Whomes for the mass production of the gizmo he's perfected, one that offers in-unison perpetual orgasmic delight for any couple.

INT. HOSPITAL PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Guy is out to the world, on his back in bed, his face bruised, eyes swollen. He's hooked up to life support systems. A heartbeat monitor beeps. A tube pumps fluid in. Another pumps fluid out.

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He doesn't know his leg is in plaster, in traction.

He doesn't know anything about the flowers and get-well cards that flank him.

A HAIRY HAND -

raises the bedclothes.

Guy opens one eye, tries for sense of it all.

He can't. He rolls his head.

It brings him pain.

At bedside is Whomes, looking caught out. He's flustered.

WHOMES

Ah, there you are.

(pointing under sheet)

I was just wondering how my little investment was holding up.

GUY

Our little investment!

WHOMES

Right. "Our" little investment."

GUY

And does it look compromised?

WHOMES

It looks pretty mashed-up to me.

GUY

I don't mind if you want to use medical terms.

WHOMES

Well, they have told me the best of the best medical brains here have been applied to it.

GUY

And what did they come up with?

WHOMES

Scratched heads.

GUY

(earnest)

But they did feel it looked pretty inspiring thought, didn't they?

WHOMES

For something currently lookin' like  
a black pudding surrounded by plum  
jam.

Whomes shrugs.

GUY

Just desserts, I suppose.

His CHUCKLING causes Guy more pain.

WHOMES

A sense of humour is the last thing  
to go, kiddo.

GUY

How stupid of me not to look bother  
ways.

Shaken head causes more pain.

WHOMES

Say, would it be all right if I lay  
a hand on it?

GUY

A hand?

WHOMES

(shrugging)

I never got the chance before. . .  
Before you know what.

GUY

Would you be gentle?

WHOMES

I'm a married man, aren't I!

GUY

That's why I ask.

WHOMES

Softly, softly is my motto. Just ask  
the significant other.

GUY

Be my guest.

Whomes prods around under the bedclothes.

Guy fails to find a point of interest on the ceiling.

WHOMES  
 (from under sheet)  
 If you ask me, I'd say it'll  
 recover.

GUY  
It must recover!

Whomes reappears from under sheets. He smooths them out.

WHOMES  
 Absolutely kiddo. But I have to tell you, quite frankly, personally speaking, after a couple of minutes, tops, if I'm lucky, I've had enough of it myself.

GUY  
 But you haven't yet experienced the incendiary character of the happiness it generates ad infinitum.

WHOMES  
 Well, your saying that just makes it a little bit harder for me.

GUY  
 Are the investors chomping at the bit?

WHOMES  
 Right. They simply couldn't believe the performance indicators I showed 'em.

BRAD (O.S.)  
 I'll wager some of them were even innocent bystanders, straining out of the upper floor windows to look down on the scene of the incident.

GUY  
 (smiling)  
 Brad?

Brad has been sitting all this time over by the door.

BRAD  
 To utilise an utterly tasteless phrase, "how's it hanging," Guy?

WHOMES  
 You just heard it's fine and dandy!

Whomes pats Guy's chest.

It brings more hurt.

GUY  
And where's Chick?

BRAD  
Chick, I'm afraid, is so utterly distraught at all of the emotional damage that has been wrought to countenance the prospect of a visit at this moment in time.

WHOMES  
Don't listen to him, Guy. He's just an old sourpuss, with a bitter and twisted view of things.

Brad drags a chair over to the bed and sits down there, on the opposite side to Whomes.

Brad clasps hands tight in lap, rocks back and forth.

BRAD  
Might I wager that you have been contemplating, in your parlous state, why the car did not stop?

WHOMES  
Did you have to blurt that out!

GUY  
They kept going?

WHOMES  
(shrugging)  
Only for another fifty miles!

BRAD  
That's where police officers found the vehicle --

WHOMES  
But we don't know it was abandoned.

GUY  
They must have panicked at injuring someone, huh?

BRAD  
With an accident you stop.  
(beat)  
I certainly would have.

GUY

I know I wouldn't have been happy to have just kept going.

Brad feels for Guy's hand and pats it.

BRAD

Do you think it might possibly be because the car was stolen?

WHOMES

(looking heavenwards)

Did you have to tell him that?

(patting Guy's other hand)

You were just the subject of a little high jinx, that's all.

BRAD

That is what you would bet!

GUY

(forehead creasing)

At least they got the registration number, then?

BRAD

It was right there on the number plates . . .

(beat)

Along with bits of you.

GUY

Just a crazy coming together of disparate human beings, right?

BRAD

"Desperate human beings" is certainly the operative phrase one should use in the circumstances.

WHOMES

Will you just cut that out!

Brad takes out a folded handkerchief, puts it gently on Guy's chest and opens its four flaps.

FRAGMENT OF TWISTED METAL

Guy looks down nose at item on handkerchief.

BRAD

This is certainly not the kind of 'embedding' one had in mind, I don't suppose.

WHOMES

Are you quite sure the police have finished with that?

BRAD

It won't help them any.

WHOMES

Don't take him on board, Guy. We're going to make a killing, despite this little hiccup, and that's a definite given.

BRAD

The word "killing" certainly being the operative one.

WHOMES

Just change your record will ya'!

BRAD

One must put a brave face on the supposition that everyone must want Guy alive right now, I suppose.

GUY

You're thinking someone of another frame of mind wanted me stopped!

BRAD

Perpetual sexual gratification might be seen as highly undesirable in some quarters.

GUY

How many times do I have to tell you it's not some sexual thing!

BRAD

Forgive my wanton slip of the tongue.

WHOMES

Well, at least you know I'm one hundred and one per cent behind you.

(beat)

And I got backup to prove it.

GUY

Why would you need backup!

BRAD

Backing up from behind is the very best place to back-up from, when one is trailblazing something like this.

GUY  
 Hey, it wasn't a female driver, was  
 it?

Only Whomes finds remark funny.

Brad enfolds Guy's hand round the bit of metal.

BRAD  
 Who knows anybody's really deep down  
 feelings about anything?

GUY  
 But all my liaisons must have a  
 vested interest in the success of  
 the venture!

Guy becomes woozy.

BRAD  
 I feel it is not too late to stop,  
 before it is too late to stop.

WHOMES  
 Want something for the pain, kiddo?

Guy passes out.

SAME - DAYS LATER

Guy is still on his back, still hooked up to life-  
 supports. Bruising to face has mellowed. He's dreaming  
 some pleasant thoughts.

Chick is sat across the room, under 'NO SMOKING' sign.

She takes another drag on slim cigar.

She goes and exhales smoke in Guy's face.

He's still grinning.

She taps his cheek.

Nothing.

Cigar butt goes out window.

Chick waves a hand, dispersing air, then adopts a paso  
 doble position.

Butch-looking NURSE COX enters, with more cards and  
 flowers.

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Nurse Cox stops in her tracks.

She takes a deep lungful of air.

She eyes Chick.

She opens window to max.

During following, Nurse Cox takes Guy's temperature, notes readings, props cards, arranges flowers:

NURSE COX

I suppose you've seen that thing.  
 (pen is pointed insistently at  
 Guy's groin)  
 And I'm not talking about his dick.

CHICK

Looks impressive, huh?

NURSE COX

For a man!

CHICK

Well, your attitude is  
 understandable at the moment,  
 because you haven't yet experienced  
 the unstoppable, unfathomable waves  
 of happiness it induces.

NURSE COX

Some of my girlfriends reckon I  
 already give them a good deal more  
 pleasure than they can take.

CHICK

You'll see.

Nurse Cox thrusts her pen back into top pocket.

Out of nowhere, she grasps Chick's crotch.

NURSE COX

Would you like something for the  
 pain?

CHICK

(wincing)  
 But there'll always be pain when I  
 can't make you fully happy!

Nurse Cox looks malevolently as she releases Chick.

Nurse Cox exits, with military steps.

Chick looks lingeringly down at Guy.  
 She eyes that tube that runs under bed.  
 She follows the tube to a bag of urine.  
 She inspects urine's purity.  
 Guy's eyes flicker open.

GUY'S POV

Chick's image leeches out of white wall.

GUY  
 Are you taking the piss?

CHICK  
 It seems like the only thing I can  
 take at the moment.

Chick returns urine bag.

Brief loving smiles are exchanged.

Chick undertakes some perfectly executed cartwheels, right  
 there on the same spot.

Guy's nostrils flare.

GUY  
 That's a really pleasurable pattern  
 you're creating there.

CHICK  
 And when are we going to make a  
 deeply satisfying formation again?

Upside-down, Chick scissors her legs.

GUY  
 But I couldn't come up with any kind  
 of development right now.

CHICK  
 Whatever happened to your get up and  
 go?

GUY  
 It went right on out the door--

CHICK  
 Well, let's just drag it right on  
 back in.

Chick flips back on to her feet. She claps her hands once and opens palms, seeking applause.

GUY

It went out the door and has been playing in the Milky Way and sliding down the Big Dipper stars --  
(instant regret manifest)  
No! No! No! Forget I used those terms! Completely forget them.

Chick removes a hairgrip and shakes hair free.

Hairgrip is tossed on to bed.

CHICK

I say it's time to find out whether things are meaningful again below the belt. What do you say?

GUY

I say: "Stop in the name of love!"

Chick unbuttons blouse, exposing bulging cleavage.

Guy tries shrinking into bed.

Chick swirls blouse above head.

Burgeoning erection forms a 'tent' out of bed sheets.

CHICK

I see that inconsiderate bastard of a driver hasn't completely dampened your ardour.

GUY

I'm not at all happy about this!

CHICK

Maybe you will be, if we just try a teensy-weensy bit of bliss, just for old times' sake.

GUY

For old times' sake wouldn't you prefer a little bit of revenge?

Chick stops, remembering something.

CHICK

You did revise that insurance policy, didn't you?

GUY

What!

CHICK

You were going to modify things to include our micro-implant.

GUY

"Our micro-implant"?

CHICK

I think a lawyer would say your proposal was an indecent one.

GUY

Well this is entrapment!

CHICK

But you begged me to participate.

GUY

Now I'm begging you to end it!

CHICK

But it was nirvana. . . utopian. . . and satori all rolled into one.

Heartbeat monitor registers a quickening pace.

The 'marquee' of sheet is fully erect now.

GUY

Do you want to do for me!

CHICK

If I'd wanted to do for you, I'd have gone for something a little more understated than that old hit-and-run malarkey.

GUY

This is understated!

Chick wiggles her skirt down, steps out of it.

High-heeled shoe kicks skirt aside.

CHICK

Insurance will have us rolling in greenback clover.

GUY

You know it was never ever about the money!

Chick turns her back and unclips her bra.

Heartbeat monitor gets faster.

Chick enfolds herself, running hands up and down her spine, as she looks lasciviously over shoulder.

Chick peels panties off, twangs them at Guy.

Guy shakes his head, getting panties off face.

Chick pulls top sheets off 'tent pole.'

Guy's thumb goes on alarm, and stays on it.

CHICK

You seduced me.

GUY

Let me un-seduce you!

Chick clambers on to bed, straddles Guy.

She lowers herself six inches in one foul swoop.

MONITOR

Compression of lines races faster.

Chick rocks back and forth.

CHICK

You said our bodies wouldn't let us have too much sex. That's how you got the project off the ground.

GUY

But my body's got a mind of its own right now!

Chick grabs the traction cable for support, getting deeper and deeper into a rhythm.

Guy's plastered leg rises.

He's too far gone to feel anything but fear.

Heartbeats splutter out.

Guy clutches the dropped hairgrip.

Monitor emits a high-pitched whine.

Guy rigidifies.

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CRASH TEAM and Nurse Cox rush in.

Chick dismounts and collects up her clothes.

Resuscitation equipment is applied.

Pur-pumb comes off heart.

Departing, Chick tosses a bunch of flowers.

Guy is oblivious to 'wreath' on chest.

Room spins into deep soft-focus and then darkness.

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