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THE WAR ROOM
a very serious sex farce

by
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INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - DAY

As we slowly track down the multiple corridors of the mental institution we linger outside various doors then pick up the approaching Psychiatrists with their clipboards followed by the nervous student Psychiatrists as they stand outside each room discussing each patient but as they talk they might sound knowledgeable and multifaceted but it soon becomes evident that their dialogue is made up entirely and exclusively of a long list of legitimate names for mental illnesses.

As they speak and continue their rounds they tick selected names off a list and indicate to the orderlies which patients are to be chosen for treatment:

- a female patient lies strapped to a gurney, vacant eyed, intense strain in her muscles as she pulls against the straps.

- a male patient carefully washes his body with ink from a pen

- a male patient begs to be chosen but is ignored.

- a female patient stares at two dogs having sex outside the window

- a female patient is beaten with batons.

- a male patient is dragged out against his will

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The Psychiatrists watch through the two-way mirror as the patients are marched into the brilliantly lit room and are roughly stripped of their hospital issue garments then left standing naked and self-conscious.

The Psychiatrists continue to watch with interest and tick the boxes on their clipboard charts as another side door opens and clothes are thrown into the room.

The patients tentatively approach the large pile of clothes and, one by one they choose appropriate items and begin to get dressed.

Two of the male patients grasp at the same item of clothing then begin to aggressively pull at it until it tears in half.

The both immediately let go of it, negating all responsibility for any wrongdoing and pick up separate items of clothing.

INT. LONG HALLWAY - DAY

As the patients are marched down the hallway by the orderlies they have put on the costumes and are dressed variously as an ANGEL, a DEVIL, a DOCTOR, a REPORTER and politicians.

They stop in front of a nurse who dispenses large amounts of pills to each patient, and each one diligently swallows back the massive doses, helped by large swigs of water.

The orderlies stop outside a door marked *THERAPY ROOM* and hustle the patients into a disciplined queue outside.

From down the hallway the Psychiatrists and their student entourage approach, and, as they draw closer, the orderlies open the door and the music from Henryk Gorecki's Symphony Number Three drifts out of the room.

The patients stare at the ground as the Psychiatrists pass by and enter the room then the orderlies gesture for the patients to follow.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

The patients are led into the room and, as they self-consciously huddle into the side areas the Psychiatrists move towards their seats.

As the Psychiatrists take their seats around a large central therapy area they continue speaking exclusively in clipped titles of mental illnesses then, as the lights are switched off by the orderlies and Gorecki's Symphony Number Three continues playing a naked male and female patients slip under the covers of a makeshift bed, and, in the darkness of the therapy area, begin to make love under bed covers.

Note: The pace and humour throughout the following is deliberately juvenile, scatological, and provocatively crass, and this should be reflected at every opportunity

In the wings, the patient dressed as a Devil is poked in the ribs by the baton wielding orderlies, then he takes a deep breath, and enters the central therapy area.

The Psychiatrists and student Psychiatrists react and take notes as they watch the patient dressed as the Devil.

The patient dressed as an Angel appears and watches the sex as the lovers become more vigorous, then he glances at the Psychiatrists.

The patient dressed as the Devil, watches the sex, looks to the angel, hesitates, then looks to the Psychiatrists watching him.

They stare back in blank curiosity and the devil speaks with initial difficulty.

DEVIL
The things we do to convince
ourselves we are men.

He reacts to a loud knocking on the door then the Angel looks to the Psychiatrists.

ANGEL
I feel sorry for him.

The Devil looks closer at the undercover sex.

DEVIL
She's into it tonight.

ANGEL
She's faking.

Another knock on the door.

DEVIL
He's near climax. God might control
the conception but the devil
controls the sphincter.

The patient under the bed covers playing GEORGE is nearing climax, choking back his whine.

Another knock on the door as Angel and Devil move back.

ANGEL
Her love isn't real.

DEVIL
His hate is.

Another knock on the door.

AL'S VOICE (O/S)
Sir they're ready for you.

GEORGE
Yeah. I'll be...

Upping the ante on his pelvic thrusts the patient playing George squeals like a retarded pig and reaches climax.

As he pulls back the covers and climbs off, we see that the woman is in fact a blow up doll.

As he gets dressed the naked patient playing George tries to ignore the onlooking Psychiatrists as he talks to the doll.

He attempts to treat her with warmth and humanity, his behaviour and responses helping us to imagine her dialogue.

GEORGE

Kiss me my love; kiss me like we're
the last two people on earth.

The Psychiatrists watch as George and the doll kiss deeply.

GEORGE

That was...emotional.

(listens)

You really...?

(listens)

That means...thanks. I promise to
find your...I promise it will
happen my love.

(listens)

No problem. You want suds in it?

He reaches for an imaginary door-handle but is shocked to see the empty space materializes into a door.

George looks to the Psychiatrists but when we see the therapy space from their point of view we observe

- there is in fact no door,
- however when we return to George's perspective
- there is a real door
- and as he opens it, it leads into a real bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

George enters the bathroom and looks around...

- but when we cut back to the Psychiatrist's perspective, it is clear that the patient playing George is experiencing an hallucination because, in reality, he is in the dark therapy space, however when we see through his perspective, every illusion of his is utterly real to him and us.

As he looks around the bathroom and runs the bath he smiles with a new found freedom and nervously calls out to the blow up doll.

GEORGE

You know I get the feeling that,
despite these damned elections;
it's going to be a good day.

He re-enters the bedroom, growing in confidence as the world around him begins to take new form.

GEORGE

It's running.

(laughs at her response)

Of course it's already been a good...you're such a tease.

(kissing her)

If anything happened to you I'd kill myself.

Another knock on the door as he watches her.

GEORGE

Stop that. I don't have time.

Fully clothed he makes to exit but stops.

GEORGE

I have to...

He makes to leave again but laughs, looking at her.

GEORGE

Don't do that.

Another knock on door.

AL'S VOICE (O/S)

Sir we've been waiting since,,,

GEORGE

(shouting)

Jesus Christ, give me a...

He rushes to her, kisses her deeply, and moves to the side of the therapy space but as he reaches for an imaginary handle it manifests in front of him and he pulls on it to attempt to open the door into a hallway outside but it is jammed.

The Psychiatrists take notes as they watch George glancing at them, trying to hide his embarrassment while he struggles to open the imaginary door handle.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The patient playing AL, a fast-talking force of nervous energy, is knocking on the door as he carries huge amounts of documents, some of which fall to the ground and he scrambles to pick them up.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

In the therapy space George makes one final supreme effort to open the door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George succeeds in opening the door and exits from the bedroom, and, as he moves down the hall, Al rushes after him, clicking a pen and thrusting a document and a carrot in George's path.

GEORGE
(taking a bite of the
carrot)
I do love that woman.

AL
Yes sir.

GEORGE
She wants to have my baby.

AL
Beautiful sir.

GEORGE
Isn't it. Wants me to marry her in
fact.

AL
Splendid sir. It's after four.
You're late for your
Psychiatrist's appointment sir.

GEORGE
What? I told you to...

AL
I tried sir but you're such a dog
sir.

GEORGE
I am aren't I?

AL
The Scooby Doo of the dog world
sir.

GEORGE
You calling me a cartoon?

AL
Only if you want me to sir.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists continue watching as we are back in the therapy room with the patients playing George and Al walking on the spot, continuing their conversation without skipping a beat.

GEORGE

I don't like yes men, you understand?

AL

Yes sir.

GEORGE

Good. What am I signing here?

AL

Just the usual sir.

GEORGE

You think I'm stupid don't you?

AL

That's a terrible question sir.

GEORGE

That's not an answer. How are you with the bitches?

AL

Excuse me sir?

GEORGE

Too much indulging in the canine metaphors?

AL

Yes sir.

GEORGE

Don't call me sir.

AL

No sir.

GEORGE

Truth is I don't know what I'm doing.

AL

That's honest of you sir.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

They continue walking without a break in conversation.

GEORGE
I'm lying you fool. Of course I
know what I'm doing.

AL
(pointing to document)
Just there sir.

GEORGE
The bitches.

AL
Perhaps the term 'ladies' is more
appropriate sir.

GEORGE
That damn G spot. The little red
button that makes the earth move.
You get my meaning?

AL
Not a clue sir.

GEORGE
Good. Spread that nickname around.

AL
Which one might that be sir?

GEORGE
Scooby. I like it.

AL
You're such a dog sir.

GEORGE
I am, aren't I.

AL
The top dog of dogs sir. Sir if
you'll just sign this final...

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George pushes open the doors to the war room. (from now on we will cut back and forward at the discretion of the director to the therapy room to note the reaction of the Psychiatrists unless it, for clarification it is specifically stated.)

The patient playing BERTIE, arrogant sycophant, is at the boardroom table, holding a small device with a red button attached to a neck chain.

BERTIE
It's after four sir.

GEORGE
(turning to Al)
Apologize to this man right now.

AL
My apologies. The fault was entirely mine. If you'll just sign...

GEORGE
(sniffing the air)
What's that smell? Smells like something died in here. You're lucky I don't fire you.

AL
I deserve nothing less sir.

GEORGE
See that? Fear is the way forward.

BERTIE
Beautifully done sir.

GEORGE
You grovelling again?

BERTIE
Twenty four hours a day sir.

GEORGE
(indicating red button)
What's that?

BERTIE
A portable nuclear detonator sir. As your security chief it allows me access to our entire arsenal no matter where I am.

GEORGE
Impressive.

BERTIE
It could blow the entire planet sir.

GEORGE
Sounds like my ex wife.

BERTIE
Oh, you the man sir.

GEORGE
No, you the man.

BERTIE
No, you the man sir.

GEORGE
I am, aren't I.

BERTIE
Indubitably sir.

GEORGE
Less of the big words.

BERTIE
Forgive me sir. It was
unconscionable of me sir.

GEORGE
How does it work?

BERTIE
Punch in the code there sir and its
access all areas.

GEORGE
What's the code?

BERTIE
Guess sir.

GEORGE
Oh, you dog. Tell me.

BERTIE
Sixty nine, sixty nine, sixty nine
sir.

GEORGE
Such a, such a dog.

BERTIE
I knew it was your favourite number
sir.

GEORGE
Why don't I have one?

BERTIE

It's a prototype sir. You will have one in due course sir.

GEORGE

You fucking with me?

BERTIE

Always sir.

GEORGE

Such a dirty dog.

BERTIE

I'd sniff your bottom any day sir.

George stuffs the red button into his pocket.

GEORGE

Write that down. I like that. 'Fear is the way forward.'

BERTIE

Sir, you appear to have accidentally deposited my portable detonator into your...

GEORGE

You calling me a thief?

BERTIE

Only of my heart sir.

GEORGE

You grovelling again?

BERTIE

I'll wag my tail and sniff your butt right now if you want sir.

GEORGE

I want that copyrighted.

AL

Yes sir. Sir, before dealing with your television appearance, the election crisis, and the executions, I'd like to discuss the...

GEORGE

When is my television appearance?

AL

Just before the electorate cast their vote tomorrow sir.

GEORGE

Are we going to win this one boys?

BERTIE

I'm still convinced the executions are our main selling point sir. It's the single subject that's dividing the electorate sir.

GEORGE

(To AL)

What do you say?

AL

Once the executions reached the hundreds they've become meaningless sir. Then there's the possible backlash if one of them is later proven innocent.

GEORGE

All it takes is one maniac to ruin it for all of us.

BERTIE

Our friends want more executions sir.

GEORGE

Why should they work their entire life for some deadbeat to rob them

BERTIE

Killing nobodies gains us votes. Nobodies, no consequences. It's a win win situation. He's always with the negativity sir.

GEORGE

You dog.

BERTIE

Why would God choose you to be his right hand, why would he give you all this power if he had moral problems with what you are doing?

GEORGE

He did choose me didn't he. God on my side.

BERTIE

You're a foot soldier of our Lord
sir.

GEORGE

I was thinking more along the lines
of General.

BERTIE

That's what I meant sir; God's
general sir.

GEORGE

I likes, I likes.

BERTIE

The Commander in Chief of God's
army.

GEORGE

I think I just peed a little.

BERTIE

You know there's nothing our
friends like more than some mixed
race mongrel sweating like an
undercover coon in the Klu Klux
Klan stuck in an electric chair
bouncing and spitting like a fat
filled sausage on a pan sir.

GEORGE

I like sausages.

AL

But sir, surely...

GEORGE

With eggs and beans.

BERTIE

And imagine if you show an
execution on live TV sir?

GEORGE

I did it again. I'm going to need
some peenie pads.

BERTIE

Live TV. Imagine the power sir.

GEORGE

I'm imagining, I'm imagining.

BERTIE

Put six electric chairs side by side sir and have a phone in sir; Joe Public votes who should be executed first, on live TV. Judge for a day. Let them choose.

GEORGE

I think I just came.

AL

It's barbaric.

GEORGE

It's brilliant.

BERTIE

The last to be voted out gets to live another day. Call it, 'When Time Runs Out.' Imagine the electorate sir. They'll adore you.

AL

It's obscene.

GEORGE

It's genius.

BERTIE

It'll be the greatest moment in political televisual history sir; with you personally flipping the switch on the electric chair. Now that's a man.

GEORGE

I am aren't I.

BERTIE

You'll be their protector sir. Their Daddy.

GEORGE

I'd be a good daddy.

BERTIE

The bestest of the bestest sir.

GEORGE

I miss my mummy...how many more can I kill for Christ's sake?

BERTIE

How many are in jail on death row right now?

AL

Three thousand, four hundred and six.

BERTIE

Sounds like an auspicious number to me sir.

GEORGE

Less of the big words.

BERTIE

All of them sir.

GEORGE

All? That's interesting. I don't know. It's dangerous.

AL

But they're not all guilty.

BERTIE

Everyone's guilty of something; ever heard of original sin?

GEORGE

I like that. Original sin. Anyway, it's better to sacrifice the life of one to protect the lives of many, isn't it?

BERTIE

Well said sir.

GEORGE

It was wasn't it. I'm on a roll here. Write that down Al.

AL

But surely sir, each individual life is sacred in the eyes of our Lord?

GEORGE

Don't bring him into it. Me and him are good together. If, knowing what you know now, you were strolling through a Munich market in 1921; you look across the banana stall and who should you see but Adolf himself. Would you pull the trigger or would you say all life is sacred?

AL

That's supposition sir; if we are to eradicate fundamental freedoms and rights surely there will be a...

GEORGE

(to Bertie)

What's 'fundamental'?

BERTIE

It means the absolute essence, the foundation sir.

AL

Surely you end up creating a culture of...

GEORGE

What's 'freedom'?

BERTIE

I have no idea sir.

GEORGE

Oh I like that. Very good.

BERTIE

You bring out the best in me sir.

GEORGE

It wasn't that good.

BERTIE

I stand corrected sir.

AL

Surely sir if we are to facilitate sincere equality we must first look at...

GEORGE

What's 'facilitate'?

BERTIE

To make easy sir, to promote, to help forward.

GEORGE

Nice word that. Facilitate. Anyway what are we worried about? The people are cowards.

BERTIE

Sir, might I have that detonator back because it's...

GEORGE

Did I really say that? I'm not ashamed to say gentlemen I'm becoming a genius.

BERTIE

And I'm not ashamed to say I stand in the shadow of one of the greatest men of our time.

GEORGE

One of?

BERTIE

I meant of course the greatest of this or any time sir, but I was too bashful to say as much.

GEORGE

I like you, you know that?

Bertie barks. George barks back.

GEORGE

I knew this was going to be a good day. She wants children you know.

BERTIE

Dolly?

GEORGE

Asked me to marry her too. Loves me like you wouldn't believe.

BERTIE

I'm speechless sir. All I can say is what an honour it would be to be your son's godfather.

GEORGE

A son. I never thought of that. A son.

BERTIE

If he had Dolly's natural beauty and your intelligence sir, he'd be a god.

GEORGE

(suddenly vulnerable)
You think Dolly has beauty?

BERTIE
Indubitably sir.

GEORGE
I didn't know you looked at her in that way. Listen; not that I don't know, because I do, but I want to see if you know, because I do - you boys know where the G spot is?

Bertie and Al nervously look to each other.

AL
Ethiopia sir?

GEORGE
Don't be ridiculous.

BERTIE
(covering)
Yes. Don't be ridiculous.

GEORGE
See? He knows what he's talking about.
(putting his arm around Bertie)
I always figured you for a man with the inside track.

BERTIE
(imitating Al)
Ethiopia.

Bertie and George crack up laughing.

AL
Okay Inside Track. You tell me where it is?

BERTIE
(covering)
Those of us who know, know, and those of us who don't...

GEORGE
(desperate to fit in)
Don't. You're such a dog.

BERTIE
I've had the greatest teacher sir.

GEORGE
Call me Scooby.

BERTIE
Will dooby dooby dooo sir.

GEORGE
Oh, I like that. You the man.

BERTIE
No you the man sir.

GEORGE
No. You the man.

BERTIE
No you the man sir.

GEORGE
I am, aren't I.

AL
Can we get to business sir? The
elections are...

GEORGE
Keep your panties on.

AL
Yes sir.

GEORGE
I want it written into the
constitution that every man has the
right to know where the g- spot is.
And don't call me sir.

AL
No sir.

GEORGE
Call me Scooby.

AL
Yes Scooby sir.

GEORGE
Actually take them off.

AL
Excuse me sir?

GEORGE
Your panties. Off.

AL
But sir...

GEORGE

Now.

Al drops his trousers. Bertie laughs.

GEORGE

What are you laughing at?

BERTIE

Me sir? Nothing sir.

GEORGE

You don't think that's funny?

BERTIE

No sir.

GEORGE

I think it's hilarious.

BERTIE

(laughs manically)

That's what I meant sir.

GEORGE

We don't need to see anymore, pull up your pants. Did you write down what I said?

AL

(fumbling with his trousers)

Yes sir. 'Fear is the way forward.' And, 'It's better to sacrifice the life of one to save the lives of many.'

GEORGE

And don't forget those g-spot constitutional changes. Did I really say that? Time?

BERTIE

After four sir.

GEORGE

You have thirty seconds. What about the election?

AL

We're behind by three points sir.

GEORGE

Not sure if you're the man I want beside me in the bunker.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
 (turns to Bertie)
 What do you think?

BERTIE
 (sneering)
 Ethiopia.

GEORGE
 (To Bertie as he exits)
 Such a dog.

AL
 (Calling after George)
 Sir you didn't sign...

But George is gone.

BERTIE
 Piece of shit stole my detonator. I
 want that back.

AL
 They're not going to take it much
 longer.

BERTIE
 (looking through the
 documents)
 Standing next to each other, arms
 outstretched, up to their necks
 in a river of shit, whispering,
 'Don't make waves; don't make
 waves.' They'll take it. We're
 safe as your panties.

AL
 I only did that because...I didn't
 pull them all the way down.

BERTIE
 Never underestimate people's
 threshold for taking it up the poo-
 in-ze-tuben. We'll confuse and use
 him and them, then bury him and
 them. See the way he responded when
 I said Dolly was beautiful?

AL
 What are you up to?

BERTIE
 (holding up a document)
 This is a stay of execution. Why
 are you getting him to sign these?

AL

I looked in their files. Some of them genuinely may be innocent. Please don't tell him.

BERTIE

You owe me.

Bertie exits and we cut back to:

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

The patient playing Bertie walks into the wall then continues walking on the spot staring at the blank wall, and as Al gathers up the papers, the patient playing MOTHER is pushed onto the therapy space by the orderlies.

But she is so nervous she rushes back in, however the dull thud of truncheons to her solar plexus renders her bleeding and scared as she is pushed back onto the therapy space.

She stares at the Psychiatrists and weeps.

MOTHER

He didn't do it.

Al continues gathering up the papers as one of the Psychiatrists gestures to the Mother to address Al which she does.

MOTHER

He didn't do it.

AL

I'm not a judge.

She nervously looks back to the Psychiatrists and one of the head Psychiatrists discreetly points to his eyes.

Mother looks to Al and struggles to speak.

MOTHER

Look at me. Look in my eyes.

Al stops and looks in her eyes.

MOTHER

He did not do it.

INT. THE WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Al calmly looks at the Mother.

AL
Was that supposed to convince me?

MOTHER
Please, I beg you. Take my life
instead of his.

AL
(snapping)
I'm doing the best I can.
(showing her the document)
That's your son's stay of execution
but he didn't sign it. There's
nothing more I can do.

MOTHER
But he's my boy.

AL
His victim was somebody else's boy.

As Al exits, the patient playing DOCTOR enters and some of
the observing Psychiatrists quietly giggle in vain delight.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George, dressed in a hospital smock, is lying on the
examination table as the patient playing Psychiatrist checks
him.

PSYCHIATRIST
I'm going to have to increase your
dosage again sir.

GEORGE
Am I dying Doc?

PSYCHIATRIST
We're all dying sir.

The Psychiatrist puts a stethoscope against George's chest.

PSYCHIATRIST
When was the last fit sir?

GEORGE
What did you call it?

PSYCHIATRIST
I mean turn sir. The last turn.

GEORGE
Two months ago. What's an aural
hallucination?

PSYCHIATRIST

When you hear things that don't exist. Why sir?

GEORGE

I like this office.

PSYCHIATRIST

Reality can be difficult for all of us sir. You're on a very strong dosage. The hallucinations may be a side effect of the pills sir.

GEORGE

Who said I...? I asked you a simple question, that's all, and you come out with all this hallucinations horseshit.

PSYCHIATRIST

If I've offend you sir, I...

George grabs the Psychiatrist's balls and speaks into the stethoscope.

GEORGE

Cough.

Trying to pretend he's having fun, the Psychiatrist coughs.

GEORGE

I want to ask you a question.

PSYCHIATRIST

Anything sir.

GEORGE

Where is the...?
(suddenly frowning)
Hold on a second. Are they your...what's the correct word?

PSYCHIATRIST

For what precisely sir?

GEORGE

(examining Psychiatrist's balls)
These.

PSYCHIATRIST

Testes sir.

GEORGE

Are they your testes?

PSYCHIATRIST
They are sir.

GEORGE
Pretty sizable, aren't they?

PSYCHIATRIST
I couldn't say sir.

GEORGE
They're bigger than mine.

PSYCHIATRIST
No sir.

GEORGE
You humouring me Doc?

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes sir.

GEORGE
Where is the G spot?

PSYCHIATRIST
I'm not that kind of Psychiatrist
sir.

GEORGE
What kind of Psychiatrist are you?

PSYCHIATRIST
I'm a...

GEORGE
And don't call me sir.

PSYCHIATRIST
No sir.

Suddenly George briefly looks in the direction of the camera, as if he's heard something, then looks back at the Psychiatrist.

GEORGE
You have a wife don't you?

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes. Bonnie, sir.

GEORGE
Anything on the side?

PSYCHIATRIST
Excuse me sir?

GEORGE
You play away from home?

PSYCHIATRIST
Well sir, between you and me...

GEORGE
You dog.

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes sir.

GEORGE
Did you ever find her G-spot?

PSYCHIATRIST
Once or twice sir, yes.

GEORGE
You doggy dog.

PSYCHIATRIST
It's actually been more than once
or twice sir.

GEORGE
You Snoop Doggy dog.

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes sir.

GEORGE
You the man.

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes sir.

GEORGE
What's that?

PSYCHIATRIST
I mean you the man.

GEORGE
No, you the man.

PSYCHIATRIST
No, you the man.

GEORGE
I am, aren't I. I like you Doc.

PSYCHIATRIST
As I do you sir.

GEORGE
You really mean that?

PSYCHIATRIST
I love you sir.

GEORGE
Steady on Doc.

PSYCHIATRIST
I mean I love you like a brother
sir.

GEORGE
You have a video camera?

PSYCHIATRIST
No sir.

GEORGE
Get one.

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes sir.

GEORGE
Video tape you and your wife for
me. Show me where her G spot is.

PSYCHIATRIST
But sir...

George lets go of the Psychiatrist's balls and makes to
exit.

GEORGE
I promise nobody will see it except
you and me.

PSYCHIATRIST
Sir, don't forget your pills.

GEORGE
I'm thinking maybe I don't need
them anymore.

PSYCHIATRIST
Is that wise sir?

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists grin among themselves as the patient playing Psychiatrist walks against the wall with George but they stop grinning when the patient playing Bertie, trousers around his ankles struggles onto the therapy space as the patient playing the voluptuous Psychiatrist's wife, BONNIE is straddling him, losing herself in orgasmic frenzy.

The Psychiatrists look away in as Bertie puts his hands over Bonnie's mouth to quieten her.

INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Bonnie takes Bertie's fingers in her mouth and bites down hard, laughing as he screams.

BONNIE

The twisted freak wants to video
tape me for him.

BERTIE

You can switch the pills.

BONNIE

He wants him to find my...how come
you never look for my g-spot?

BERTIE

Because I don't care.

BONNIE

(increasing her thrusts)
You dirty bastard. Dirty sexy dirty
bastard.

BERTIE

There's a taste of condom off your
mouth.

BONNIE

It's the one you used yesterday;
I chew it to be close to you.

BERTIE

I wear your soiled panties to stink
of you.

BONNIE

That's the most romantic thing I've
ever heard. Kiss me.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As Bertie and Bonnie kiss, the Psychiatrists react in disgust.

BERTIE
Who's going to be the next leader?

BONNIE
You are.

BERTIE
Say it.

BONNIE
You're the next leader.

BERTIE
Louder.

INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Bonnie spits into Bertie's face.

BONNIE
They'll all bow before you the new leader, the king of dirty bastard kings.

BERTIE
Double his dose.

BONNIE
My husband's a fool but he knows medicine. He says they cause hallucinations. Big ones. Scary ones. But that's what you want isn't it you bastard. You dirty dirty leader bastard.

She screams herself into an insane frenzy, beating hard against his chest with her fists and just as she is about to reach climax they suddenly hear the door downstairs.

PSYCHIATRIST (O/S)
Bonnie. Honey.

They panic and Bertie quickly makes to exit.

BERTIE
It's his final appearance before they cast their vote. Triple his dose.

He quickly kisses her and bails out the window.

BONNIE
You dirty filthy rotten sexy
bastard.

PSYCHIATRIST (O/S)
What did you say?

Bonnie turns to see the Psychiatrist standing at the door holding a video camera with a large light attached to it.

BONNIE
I said I can't believe I let you
talk me into this.

PSYCHIATRIST
You want me to keep my job?

BONNIE
But you've never looked at it
before.

PSYCHIATRIST
Honey, you know I have.

BONNIE
When?

PSYCHIATRIST
That time you were asleep. Are we
going to do this or not?

BONNIE
What if it doesn't work?

PSYCHIATRIST
You've had orgasms before.

BONNIE
Me?

PSYCHIATRIST
Haven't you?

BONNIE
With you?

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes.

BONNIE
(lying)
Of course, many times.

PSYCHIATRIST
 (Taking out a large
 vibrator)
 Then why wouldn't it work?

Bonnie stares in shock at the vibrator.

PSYCHIATRIST
 Just an aid. To help.

BONNIE
 Come near me with that thing and
 I'll shove it up your ass.

PSYCHIATRIST
 You know Junior doesn't work. What
 am I going to use?

BONNIE
 Oral.

PSYCHIATRIST
 Oral?

BONNIE
 Your tongue.

PSYCHIATRIST
 Talk you through it?

BONNIE
 Are you really a Psychiatrist?

PSYCHIATRIST
 Not that kind of Psychiatrist.

BONNIE
 Oral. Going down. Cunnilingus.

PSYCHIATRIST
 Down there? Oh...but that's...
 unhygienic and the taste...you know
 how weak my...I can't even take cod
 liver oil capsules.

BONNIE
 That's it. I want a divorce. Say
 goodbye to your job.

PSYCHIATRIST
 Come on Honey, I didn't mean...

BONNIE
 Don't Honey me...actually that's
 not a bad idea. Wait here.

As Bonnie exits, the Psychiatrist opens the box and takes out the huge vibrator.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

The Psychiatrists watch in disgusted fascination as the patient playing Psychiatrist examines the vibrator, smells it, looks around to see he's alone, then briefly touches it with the tip of his tongue.

He quickly pulls the vibrator away as the patient playing Bonnie re-enters, carrying a massive jar of honey.

BONNIE
You like the taste of honey.

PSYCHIATRIST
You mean...?

BONNIE
You got a problem with that?

PSYCHIATRIST
Do I have a choice?

BONNIE
There's a jar of Marmite in the fridge.

INT. DOCTOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bonnie slips under the bedsheets, opens the jar of honey, scoops out a large handful and her hand vanishes under the sheet.

BONNIE
Saddle up sweet husband of mine
because I'm going to enjoy this.

PSYCHIATRIST
That makes one of us.

Psychiatrist takes the camera, climbs under the sheets and awkwardly clambers down towards Bonnie's nether regions.

PSYCHIATRIST
Did you just fart?

BONNIE
Sorry.

PSYCHIATRIST
The smell.

BONNIE

Sorry.

PSYCHIATRIST

Don't do that again.

BONNIE

You've got a bald spot.

PSYCHIATRIST

Leave my hair alone. I can't see.

BONNIE

Turn on the camera light.

The camera light clicks on and, as the bed sheet lights up like a semi-transparent tent, we see their silhouetted forms as they go about their cumbersome business.

PSYCHIATRIST

Is that what it looks like?

BONNIE

What's wrong with it?

PSYCHIATRIST

It looks like...what do they call that food they eat in Turkey?

BONNIE

(getting into it)

Oh yeah, that's nice.

PSYCHIATRIST

It's not so bad. The honey really disguises the fish taste.

BONNIE

Say it again, I'll clamp my thighs and crush your head.

PSYCHIATRIST

(muffled)

Sorry.

BONNIE

Oh yeah...wow...ooohh. I didn't know you had this in you.

Unknown to them George enters the bedroom.

PSYCHIATRIST

It's hurting my tongue.

BONNIE

Oh my oh my oh my. Why are you stopping?

PSYCHIATRIST

Did you hear something?

BONNIE

Don't talk with your mouth full.

PSYCHIATRIST

My tongue is going numb.

The Psychiatrist turns on the vibrator and speaks with a slight impediment throughout the rest of the scene.

BONNIE

Be careful with that thing.

George tiptoes his way to the bed as Bonnie moans.

PSYCHIATRIST

I can't believe you just farted again.

BONNIE

The excitement; I couldn't help it.

PSYCHIATRIST

What were you eating? I can't breathe.

BONNIE

(pushing his head back
down)

No don't get up, I'm nearly there, nearly there, nearly there.

PSYCHIATRIST

My tongue is paralysed.

BONNIE

(frenzied excitement)

Use your nose.

George taps Psychiatrist on the head.

Bonnie moans as her excitement increases.

George taps Psychiatrist on the head again.

PSYCHIATRIST

(to Bonnie)

Stop tapping me on the head.

Bonnie is on the verge of climax. George taps Psychiatrist again.

PSYCHIATRIST
I just told you to...

Suddenly Bonnie screams as she sees George.

She pulls the covers up and freezes.

The whir of the vibrator continues as, unaware, the Psychiatrist continues under the covers.

GEORGE
Hello.

BONNIE
Hello, sir.

GEORGE
How's he doing?

PSYCHIATRIST
You farted again, I can't take any more.

Psychiatrist appears from under the covers, holding the vibrator and his mouth covered in honey.

GEORGE
Sounds like you found it.

PSYCHIATRIST
Jesus Christ sir. This is my home sir. My bedroom sir.

GEORGE
So?

PSYCHIATRIST
So? Nothing sir.

GEORGE
Why are you talking like that?

PSYCHIATRIST
A temporary speech impediment sir.

GEORGE
What's that all over your face?

PSYCHIATRIST
Honey sir.

GEORGE

Oh you dog.

PSYCHIATRIST

Yes sir.

GEORGE

Not going to introduce me to your wife?

Bonnie grabs the jar of honey and rushes out of the room.

PSYCHIATRIST

She's shy sir.

GEORGE

Didn't sound that way to me
(grabbing vibrator)
Bring the video tape as soon as
you're finished.

George exits and Psychiatrist calls out to Bonnie.

PSYCHIATRIST

Honey...I mean, Bonnie?

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As the patient playing Psychiatrist walks against the wall the patient playing George turns and approaches an imaginary door.

Much more confident now, he winks at the observing Psychiatrists and whispers outside the imaginary door.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George stands outside the bathroom door, whispering.

GEORGE

You nearly finished in the
bathroom my love?

He stands in front of the mirror and calls to the bathroom.

GEORGE

No, take your time my love.

He takes out a few pills and swallows them.

Standing at the mirror, he takes off his trousers.

Dressed in his shirt, underwear and socks he examines himself proudly.

He takes off his socks and examines himself in front of the mirror.

He flexes his buttocks muscles in front of the mirror.

He suddenly responds as if he has heard something again and briefly looks in the direction of the camera then checks behind the mirror.

Satisfied there is nothing there he looks back to the mirror, opens his underwear and checks his flaccid self.

Wishing he was bigger, he turns sideways and checks his profile in the mirror.

He rolls the socks into a ball and shoves them down the front of his underwear.

Liking what he sees he puffs out his chest and speaks into the mirror, attempting a sexy voice.

GEORGE

Well, hello to you too.

He shakes an imaginary hand

GEORGE

Oh, you've heard of me, have you.
Well I don't like to boast, but
yes, it's true.

He takes the vibrator out of his trousers pocket and examines it.

He dangles it in front of his underwear and casually whistles as it hangs there.

He checks to see that Dolly is not there, takes the socks out and slides the vibrator into his underwear.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists watch in bemused silence as the patient playing George pushes the vibrator through the bottom of his underwear and lets it hang there as he speaks into an imaginary mirror.

GEORGE

My reputation precedes me? You've
sought me out? Frankly, I can't
blame you.

(Indicating vibrator)

No I'm not A Siamese twin; no
that's not my brother. Meet Junior.

Wrapped in a towel, the blow up doll, Dolly, quietly appears from the side, her movements being subtly manipulated by one of the other patients.

The Psychiatrists smile as George, unaware the doll is behind him, raises the vibrator as if to shake somebody's hand with it.

He turns sideways and looks at his newly acquired manhood.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George flicks the vibrator forward, proud of himself.

He begins to dance, slowly at first but then working himself into a frenzy.

He turns around and rhythmically rises and drops each butt cheek.

He bends over and wiggles his ass in the mirror then realizes Dolly is watching him. (Note: Dolly is not manipulated by anybody in this reality - she is still a plastic blow up doll but her subtle movements are her own.)

He spins around, his back to her, pulls out the vibrator, stuffs it into his trousers pocket and takes the carrot out of the other pocket.

GEORGE

Me? Just having a healthy breakfast is all.

Listens as he takes a bite on the carrot.

GEORGE

That's nice. I think one of my men fancies you.

(listens)

Does it matter which one? What are you doing standing over there little miss bashful?

Listens as he puts the carrot back into his pocket.

GEORGE

No, you come to me. Seeing you in this light makes me realize...for a long time now I've been wanting to...makes me...Now I'm the one who's bashful.

(listens)

Don't tease me. Okay, I'll just say it outright...I can't.

(listens)

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
 What the hell, here goes. It makes
 me want to...

A knock on the door.

GEORGE
 Not now. Makes me want to marry
 you.
 (listens)
 Right here, right now?
 (listens)
 Then come over to me.
 (listens)
 Why are you making this so
 difficult you minx?

He gets down on one knee.

GEORGE
 Dolly, will you...?

A knock on the door. George shouts.

GEORGE
 Not now. Dolly, will you...?

A knock on the door. George screams.

GEORGE
 Not fucking now. Will you be my
 wife?

He responds like she said yes, almost crying.

GEORGE
 You've no idea how happy this
 makes me. Don't my love. There's
 no need for tears.
 (moves to her)
 Kiss me. Kiss me like we're the
 last two people on earth.

Knock at the door. George rushes across, swings open the
 doors and steps out to Al in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George sticks Al up against the wall.

GEORGE
 I'm in the middle of... What do you
 want?

AL
 Forgive me sir but we're down by
 another point in the poles sir.

GEORGE
You disturb me to tell me this
shit?

AL
And to let you know the
Psychiatrist delivered this tape

George grabs the video tape.

GEORGE
Oh, that's different; that's an
issue of national security that. Be
in the war room in two minutes.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George rushes back into his bedroom and quickly pulls on his
trousers.

GEORGE
Sorry about this my love. But
it's...Remember that thing I said
I'd find this morning, down there,
your private down there thing? It's
going to be my wedding gift to you.
You have a manicure appointment
anyway don't you?

He rushes to her and kisses her.

GEORGE
'Til death do us part.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Bertie and Al pace the war room.

AL
He just said it was an issue of
national security

BERTIE
An imminent attack? I don't have
my...

George enters and gives Al the video tape.

GEORGE
Glad you could make it gentlemen.
Put that on.

Al switches on the television and the video.

BERTIE

Sir I was wondering if I might have my detonator back?

GEORGE

I don't have it. Have a look at this.

BERTIE

But sir I think it's...

He stops as they all look at the television - we don't see what's on, we only hear it.

AL

Is that a...?

GEORGE

It is.

BERTIE

Pornography in the war room.
Splendidly appropriate sir.

AL

(tilting his head to
oneside)

Oh my...

George suddenly turns again as if he has heard something and stares blankly in the direction of the camera.

BERTIE

You okay sir?

George continues to stare.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists become slightly confused as they watch the patient who plays George staring into the distance.

The patients playing Al and Bertie become uneasy, glancing at the orderlies then trying to compensate, almost as if they think George has forgotten his dialogue.

BERTIE

Sir?

GEORGE

(Snaps out of it)
As you were gentlemen.
(Indicating television)
It's the Psychiatrist's wife.

The Psychiatrists relax as George gets back into his role and the actor playing Al turns his head upside down as he looks at an imaginary television.

INT. THE WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Al stares at the television screen trying to figure out what exactly it is he is looking at.

AL

Is he performing surgery?

BERTIE

A pertinent joke if I might sir; what's better than watching a woman wrestle? Seeing her box.

GEORGE

Oh, I like that, such a dog. Her box. I must remember that one. What is that smell?

AL

It looks like a...what do you call that food they eat in Turkey?

GEORGE

(Pauses the image with the remote control)
Show me where it is.

BERTIE

Me? Now sir?

GEORGE

Am I talking to the...? You put it in the constitution?

AL

Yes sir.

GEORGE

By law you are required to show me where it is. Not me, I mean him; I know already.

AL

Yes, show me.

BERTIE

Well sir, the thing is...it varies from woman to woman.

GEORGE

What? Nobody told me that.

BERTIE

And sometimes it moves of its own accord.

Again George responds as if he's heard something and looks in the direction of the camera and Al and Bertie become slightly confused.

GEORGE

What is that?

Bertie interjects to change the subject.

BERTIE

Sir, if I might suggest, why don't you have the lady show you in person?

George glances at the camera again then looks back at the television screen.

GEORGE

Her?

BERTIE

Used to be a professional sir. Knows more than most.

George turns again in the direction of the camera.

GEORGE

What is that noise?

He moves to the imaginary fourth wall that separates us the cinema audience on the side of the camera from the actors performing the drama on the other.

GEORGE

There's something behind this wall.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists appear slightly concerned as the patient playing George approaches them and touches the air in front of them.

The patients playing Bertie and Al are becoming increasingly uncomfortable as they watch the patient playing George breaking the rules of suspension of disbelief.

BERTIE

This is the war room sir. Steel walls three feet deep;

(MORE)

BERTIE (cont'd)
 full protection against nuclear and
 chemical attack; it's impenetrable
 sir.

The Psychiatrists look to each other with slight
 consternation as George stares at the imaginary fourth
 wall.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George stares at the wall, listening carefully, then
 sniffing it.

GEORGE
 I keep hearing something behind
 this wall.

BERTIE
 Please sir, back away sir.

GEORGE
 Does nobody else get that smell?

BERTIE
 Smell sir? Please back away sir;
 they might be using new technology
 sir.

GEORGE
 I've been getting it all day;
 smells like some dead thing.

AL
 (Sniffing)
 I don't get any...
 (To Bertie)
 You?

Bertie shrugs and makes a 'crazy' sign behind George's
 back.

BERTIE
 There might be something...

GEORGE
 You really get it?

BERTIE
 Quite definite sir.

GEORGE
 Thank Christ; I thought it was my
 imagination.

BERTIE

I'll have the secret service look into it right away sir.

GEORGE

I think maybe you're the man I want next to me in the bunker.

Bertie barks in admiration. George barks back.

GEORGE

Have the men look into it and as soon as they...

George spins around again and stares at the wall.

GEORGE

You heard it that time, didn't you?

BERTIE

I might have heard something sir.

GEORGE

Lying prick
(To Al)
You?

AL

I must confess sir I...

GEORGE

Is everyone deaf around here? It came from there. It was real, it wasn't my...I heard...Like it's seeping through the...

He stands at the wall, examining every detail

BERTIE

Sir, are you sure it's safe?

Camera slowly moves around until the wall slowly disappears and becomes the imaginary fourth wall with George looking directly into the camera lens at us the cinema audience.

He squints his eyes and in quiet terror he slowly begins to see us - the cinema viewers, sitting comfortably in our seats.

He tentatively forces himself to reach forward as if to touch us, then, as if seeing through a fog for the first time, George's fourth wall illusion completely collapses and he sees us clearly.

He recoils screaming.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists shuffle uneasily as they watch the actor playing George screaming in real fear.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Al and Bertie are confounded as their fourth wall illusion still remains in place so they don't see us.

AL

Sir?

George stares into the camera from a distance.

GEORGE

Who are they?

AL

Who sir?

GEORGE

Them.

The point of view alters as Al moves to the wall and examines it closely.

BERTIE

Where sir?

GEORGE

Don't you see them?

BERTIE

I think sir perhaps it might be one of your turns.

GEORGE

What did you...Look at them.

AL

Sir, there is nothing there. No body or no thing.

George stares at us then gestures to Bertie and Al.

GEORGE

Leave me.

BERTIE

Your medication sir, perhaps it's time to...

GEORGE

Get out now, both of you.

Al and Bertie exit as George stares at us.

GEORGE

Who are you? What do you want?
Answer me.

(points into camera at us)
I know you from somewhere. Who are
you?

He frantically reaches for his carton of pills.

They spill out onto the floor.

He falls to his knees and frantically grabs them, shoving
them into his mouth.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The student Psychiatrists watch in fearful fascination as
the patient playing George picks up imaginary pills and
stuffs them into his mouth.

From the sides the other patients and the Orderlies watch
in fascination as the patient playing George shouts at the
assembled Psychiatrists.

GEORGE

Answer me. Who are you? Don't
look at me. Do not look at me.
Get out of here. Get out.

One of the Orderlies moves towards the patient playing
George with a baton but the head Psychiatrist gestures for
him to wait.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The noise of the computers punctuates the blinking lights of
the world map on the wall as George stares directly into
camera and defiantly gives us the middle finger salute.

GEORGE

I know who you are. All those
smells. The only thing you have
in common with the living. I know
you. You, I read your record,
your final statement was
hilarious; all that pious self
pity. And yours and yours. All of
you.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)

I made the enquiries, been up all night, checked, researched; I know you. The whining ones who claimed innocence. I make judgement calls. I sign the warrants of people who do things you can't imagine. You want me to let them back into your world, your street, your home, your bedroom; your child's bedroom? Come on cowards. I'm onto you, each and every one of you, and I know you're not real because you're already dead. I'm right aren't I? You're the ghosts of the dead.

He turns as Dolly enters.

GEORGE

'Morning Beautiful. Be with you in one second.

He turns back to us and determinedly whispers.

GEORGE

The pills that quack Psychiatrist gives me, that's all you are, figments. Nothing real. My own private hallucinations come to haunt me. So I'm going to close my eyes, breathe deep, and when I open them you will be gone, and all I'm going to see in front of me is a simple wall. I banish you.

The point of view changes as he opens his eyes and he is delighted to see the fourth wall is back in place and we, the cinema viewers, in his eyes, have vanished.

He moves away, does a double take to make sure we're not there, laughs delightedly and turns to Dolly.

There is intermittent knocking on the door as suddenly Angel appears and whispers loudly into George's ear.
(George is unaware that Angel is there)

ANGEL

You can do the right thing here.

GEORGE

(To Dolly)
How are you my love?

ANGEL

You're not a bad fellow at heart.

GEORGE
Why I'd love to.

ANGEL
You have a good heart. It doesn't
have to be this way.

As George lies beside Dolly, Devil appears with a half smoked
joint in his mouth.

DEVIL
You sneaky shithead; you're
supposed to wait until I'm here.

ANGEL
I was just...I wasn't...ah, fuck
me.

Devil feigns shock.

GEORGE
(Humping)
Yeah, talk dirty baby.

ANGEL
Don't look at me like that; there's
nobody to hear me.

DEVIL
What about Him upstairs?

ANGEL
He's asleep.

DEVIL
(Passing the joint)
Has been for a long time now.

ANGEL
You're a prick.

GEORGE
(Humping)
Oh yes baby, and you're a skanky
bitch.

DEVIL
I love it when you talk dirty with
that halo. Getting a bit shoddy
isn't it?

ANGEL
I'm getting a new one.

DEVIL

Why? Is your boy planning a comeback?

ANGEL

He might be.

DEVIL

(Indicating George)

Nothing like a sniff of religion to make a delusional psychopath believe he's the chosen one. What's this?

Devil imitates chewing desperately on the palm of his hand as if trying to remove something.

DEVIL

Jesus biting his nails.

ANGEL

Scum.

GEORGE

Oh yeah baby, I'm dirty scum.

DEVIL

More have been killed in the name of god than in the name of the devil.

ANGEL

Sneer all you want. My boy will win; you know the rules; good always overcomes evil.

DEVIL

A tyrant kills a hundred thousand before he's stopped and they say good overcomes evil. It's like catching a single drop and claiming you've stopped the rain. The world is gone to shit and you know it.

ANGEL

Good things happen in this world, everyday.

DEVIL

Give me five examples off the top of your head.

ANGEL

Simple things, everyday things. The laughter of a child. Friendship.

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)
 Mozart. Unimpeded fecal discharge.
 Wine. Food. Love. The list is
 endless. A hundred thousand good
 and great things to be passionate
 about every single day.

DEVIL
 Not bad.
 (Indicating halo)
 You know...I've always wanted to...

ANGEL
 This? If you let me try yours.

Devil takes off his horns and they exchange headgear.

DEVIL
 Feels good...different...kind of
 pure.

ANGEL
 I feel kind of frisky. They have a
 very definite effect on your
 nature.

DEVIL
 You know, despite everything, I
 like you.

ANGEL
 Really?

DEVIL
 No.

ANGEL
 Give me back my halo you prick.

GEORGE
 (Humping)
 I am, I am, a huge bulbous prick,
 all for you baby.

DEVIL
 My nature. Just like in the
 parable. Scorpion can't get across
 the river. Asks a frog to carry
 him. Frog says how can I trust you
 won't sting me? Scorpion assures
 him he can. Scorpion gets on frog's
 back. Frog suddenly grabs him,
 bends his tail over, pins down his
 claws, pulls out his little froggy
 green schlong, and bangs the shit
 out of that scorpion, humps him six
 ways from Sunday, rides him like a
 bicycle. Frog shoots his load.

(MORE)

DEVIL (cont'd)
 Shocked sobbing scorpion, lying
 there, raped to the bone, cries
 out, 'Why did you do it?' Frog
 shrugs and says 'I was horny.'
 (Points to horns on his
 head)
 Get it, 'horny.'

ANGEL
 That's not how the story goes.

DEVIL
 Get a sense of humour. And don't
 give me that good things happen
 shit either.

ANGEL
 There are good people out there.

DEVIL
 Really? Why are they doing nothing?

George suddenly buckles.

DEVIL
 It's not going well tonight.

GEORGE
 (Struggling)
 Sorry. No, no, it's not going soft;
 it's just the angle.

ANGEL
 I don't want to see this.

DEVIL
 (As they begin to
 disappear)
 Ever hear the other parable about
 the rich man getting into heaven?
 Apparently it would be easier for
 him to get through the eye of my
 penis.

ANGEL
 It's the eye of a needle and you're
 not funny you degenerate.

GEORGE
 Don't call me a degenerate. I
 thought you were...you
 know...liking it. Me being manly.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists and the Orderlies watch in confounded curiosity as the patient playing George tries to have sex with the blow up doll then responds to her.

GEORGE

No, I don't think that's what makes a man. I'm just trying...

(Listens)

I don't think you're any kind of girl.

(Trying to hump)

Come on. That's it...that's it...oh yeah...oh yeah...

(Shouting at his penis)

Come on Junior. Up. Up for daddy. Oh yeah...yeah. Oh no. No, no, no. Shit.

Sweating and exhausted, he rolls off her.

GEORGE

I think one of my men fancies you.

(Listens)

That's what you're wearing for the TV cameras?

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George looks at Dolly's mouth.

GEORGE

No, I like it. It's just...it's a little low cut but if it's what you...of course I will my love.

He reaches for her dress, bra, panties and shoes, and slowly begins to dress her as they converse.

GEORGE

It never happened before...once or twice...okay more than that but not with you.

(listens)

You really mean that?

(listens)

What's that supposed to mean?

(listens)

Then don't say it.

(Listens)

I don't know any jokes.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
(Listens)
You tell me one first.

He listens then smiles as she tells him a joke.

GEORGE
I don't know. How many?

He listens then bursts out laughing.

GEORGE
That's a classic. Where did you hear that?
(listens)
No, it's just I didn't know you knew jokes like that.
(Listens)
Of course I didn't think you were a virgin, I just...it doesn't matter.
(Listens)
Okay. This is a good one. What's better than seeing women wrestling? Watching them boxing...I mean seeing them box...I mean hers'...seeing her boxing. Her box. What's better than watching a woman wrestle? Seeing her box.
(Stares at her)
You don't get it do you? Box is an abbreviation for a woman's...oh you do.
(Long beat)
Why do you never laugh at my jokes?
(Listens)
No, you engage in a subtle kind of undermining.

Long beat as he sits in silence.

With his head turned away he reaches for the doll's hand and manipulates it to plaintively reach for his arm.

GEORGE
I know...I'm sorry too.

He tenderly places his finger on the doll's mouth.

GEORGE
Shhhhhh, there's no need. I know what you're going to say and there's no...
(Listens)
Of course you can kiss me.

He kisses her and continues to dress her.

GEORGE

Were you talking to one of my men?

(Listens)

Then how does he know so much about you?

(Listens)

Where do you go when you get your manicures?

(Listens)

Then why did the tone of your voice alter slightly?

(Listens)

I think it did my love.

(Listens)

Where do you go when I'm working late?

(Listens)

See? There's that slightly altered tone of voice again.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Some of the Psychiatrists lean forward in fascination as the patient playing George tenderly touches the blow up doll.

GEORGE

The thought of you and him...I feel sick to my...The pictures in my head. Even if he is gay. And he is you know. Just so there's no doubt.

(Listens then slaps his head)

The drugs have not changed me; it's you who...Secretive; as if...Just tell me the truth.

(Listens)

No, don't cry, please don't. I'm sorry. I know you wouldn't...would you?

(Listens)

I don't know, I'm just...I'm feeling very...I'm...

The patient playing George spins around and screams out.

INT. WAR ROOM

George stares at us, the fourth wall illusion collapsing again, as he discovers us watching him.

He tries 'I banish you' but it doesn't work.

GEORGE

What do you want? Not you. Them.
Nobody. I have to go. Don't look at
me like that.

(Listens)

I'm not getting into this with you.

He opens the door then turns before he exits.

GEORGE

And your voice did alter.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

As George exits from the bedroom Al hands him his morning
carrot and pushes documents in his face.

GEORGE

I do hate that woman.

AL

Yes sir. Just there sir.

GEORGE

Let me ask you something.

AL

Yes sir.

GEORGE

There's nobody here, am I right?

AL

There's you and I sir.

GEORGE

Apart from us.

AL

If I may be crude sir, you are
literally talking to the wall sir.

GEORGE

You think I don't know that?

AL

No sir. You're late for your
Psychiatrist's appointment sir.

GEORGE

They're after me you know.

AL

Whom might that be sir?

George turns and looks into the camera, sees us, and tries to banish us again but fails.

Al hesitates then pushes a document in front of him.

AL

Just there and there sir.

George signs and tries to banish us again and fails again as Al puts another document in front of George.

AL

And your television appearance is at four sir. Just there sir.

GEORGE

What am I signing this time?

AL

Just the usual sir.

GEORGE

Maybe I should read one.

AL

(Panicking)

Why sir?

GEORGE

You okay?

AL

Yes sir.

GEORGE

Don't call me sir.

AL

No sir.

GEORGE

My glasses.

Al hands him plastic Groucho Marx glasses with attached nose.

GEORGE

You think I'm stupid don't you?

AL

No sir.

GEORGE

(Reading, then frowning)

What's a stay of execution?

AL

It means...they stay executed sir.

GEORGE

You mean somebody's trying to raise them from the dead?

AL

Not right now sir but just in case, down the line.

GEORGE

Good thinking.

About to sign he suddenly stops and stares into camera at us.

GEORGE

Wait, I'm having an epiphany.

AL

If you just sign this first sir.

GEORGE

(Slapping it away)

There are going to be changes around here. Make a new law. In the future everybody executed is to be raised from the dead.

AL

Really sir?

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The actor playing Bertie glances at the Psychiatrists as George approaches them.

GEORGE

They are to be given breakfast, washed, cleaned, and told their family are going to visit them. And when fully relaxed, and waiting for their loved ones to arrive, they are to be executed again.

AL

What?

GEORGE

In a painful and slow way. Isn't that a brilliant idea?

AL

No sir.

GEORGE

I think so too. Wait, there's more.

AL

Sir if you'd just sign...

GEORGE

If they killed more than one then they are to be raised from the dead and executed the same number of times. And each method of execution is to be worse than the previous. What do you think?

AL

I think it's...

GEORGE

Yes it is brilliant, isn't it. Might be my greatest epiphany yet. My legacy.

AL

Perhaps you should sign this last one sir. It's...

GEORGE

(tearing up the document)
I knew it was going to be a great day. This is almost as good as finding the G spot. My peenie pad...I need to use the...

The Psychiatrists watch as George grabs his nether regions, rushes to an imaginary door and rushes inside.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Bertie stands against the urinal wall and unzips his trousers.

George bursts through the door and stands beside him.

BERTIE

'Morning sir.

George nods, unzips then tries to sneak a peak at Bertie's penis.

BERTIE

How are you this morning sir?

George, moving sideways, steps closer to Bertie, too close.

GEORGE
What were you saying?

BERTIE
You sir? How are you sir?

GEORGE
What you up to?

BERTIE
Me sir? The call of nature sir.

GEORGE
Don't call me sir.

BERTIE
Yes sir.
(Zipping up)
See you later sir.

GEORGE
What are you doing?

BERTIE
Washing my hands sir.

GEORGE
But you didn't go.

BERTIE
I did sir.

GEORGE
I didn't hear the tinkling
sprinkling sound of pee pee.

BERTIE
I assure you sir, I definitely...

GEORGE
Get back here.

BERTIE
Yes sir.

GEORGE
Are you a homo Bertie?

BERTIE
I beg your pardon sir?

GEORGE
My future wife, this morning, she
was telling me she thinks you're a
bend over merchant.

BERTIE

I assure you sir I am one hundred
and ten percent heterosexual.

GEORGE

Are you accusing me of being one?

BERTIE

Good lord, no sir.

GEORGE

Then what's the problem?

BERTIE

(Unzipping his trousers)

No problem sir.

George watches as Bertie struggles to relieve himself.

GEORGE

What's wrong?

BERTIE

I'm somewhat inhibited sir.

Bertie continues trying to urinate.

GEORGE

Move your hand out of the way.
Jesus Christ, is that standard
size?

BERTIE

Excuse me sir?

GEORGE

Bet you're a big hit with the
ladies?

BERTIE

Well, I must confess sir, I have my
moments.

GEORGE

I'm sure you do, you dog.

BERTIE

Woof.

GEORGE

Do that again.

BERTIE

Excuse me sir?

GEORGE

Bark.

BERTIE

Woof.

GEORGE

Put a bit of feeling behind it.

BERTIE

Woof. Bark. Woof.

GEORGE

Maybe you're not the dog I thought you were. Have a gander at mine.

BERTIE

If you don't mind sir I'd prefer not to sir.

GEORGE

Come on, don't be a...Have a squint. See if it's standard size too?

Bertie looks at George's penis.

GEORGE

What do you think, and be honest?

BERTIE

Honestly sir, I wouldn't know.

GEORGE

Just compare it to yours. I keep seeing it from the wrong angle. They're about the same aren't they?

Bertie doesn't respond.

GEORGE

Aren't they the same?

BERTIE

Well since you insist sir, yours would be slightly...

GEORGE

I know, mine is bigger, but what are you going to do.

BERTIE

Smaller sir.

GEORGE
Smaller?

BERTIE
Just ever so slightly sir.

George immediately pulls away.

GEORGE
What the hell are you doing?

BERTIE
Excuse me sir?

GEORGE
Sneaking a peak at my todger.

BERTIE
But sir, I thought...

GEORGE
Can't a man use the bathroom
without being eyed up by a
degenerate dick watcher?

BERTIE
But sir you said...

GEORGE
Are you calling me a liar?

BERTIE
I'm truly sorry sir.

GEORGE
Get out. And don't let it happen
again. You were looking at it from
the wrong angle. Angle is
everything.

BERTIE
I have no doubt whatsoever sir.

Bertie makes to exit.

GEORGE
Bark.

BERTIE
Sir if you don't mind I'd prefer...

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists watch as the patient playing George becomes quietly threatening to the patient playing Bertie.

GEORGE

Don't have me ask you again.

The patient playing Bertie looks to the assembled Psychiatrists then back to the patient playing George.

BERTIE

Woof, woof.

George barks like a rabid dog then abruptly stops.

GEORGE

It's much bigger if you look at it from the right angle.

BERTIE

Yes sir.

Bertie makes to exit.

GEORGE

After my appointment we're watching that video again and let me tell you mister donkey dick, you'd better be able to show me where her g-spot is.

The patient playing George grabs the patient playing the Psychiatrist, calmly drags him onto the therapy space and lies down.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

The Psychiatrist takes George's blood pressure.

PSYCHIATRIST

Your blood pressure is dangerously high sir. What's going on sir?

GEORGE

I'm...I'm...I don't know.

PSYCHIATRIST

You know you can talk to me sir.

GEORGE

I feel...I feel like a bad actor in a shit movie with an audience that hates me.

PSYCHIATRIST

That's going around at the moment
sir.

GEORGE

Will you hold me? I need to be
held.

The Psychiatrist slowly embraces George. George weeps.

GEORGE

(increasingly vulnerable)
I don't know what to do. I want
to be a man. A good man. Who is
not lonely and alone. Who doesn't
have to pretend. A hero. Who can
protect himself. Who isn't
terrified of everything. Who
studies martial arts and is noble
and decent and courageous, not...
scared of the coward in me.

George suddenly looks down at the Psychiatrists groin.

GEORGE

What's that?

PSYCHIATRIST

(Embarrassed)
Nothing sir. Continue sir. You were
saying sir.

GEORGE

Is that a protrusion?

PSYCHIATRIST

Forgive me sir.

George looks into the camera at us.

GEORGE

How come everyone's a fag around
here except the one man I need to
be a fag?

PSYCHIATRIST

The penile reaction was unrelated
to you sir. I swear I was thinking
of my wife sir.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

One of the male Psychiatrists gently touches himself as the
patient playing George conspiratorially whispers to the
patient playing the Psychiatrist.

GEORGE

Someone suggested I get her to show me her g-spot. Would that offend you Doc?

PSYCHIATRIST

In the most disgusting way possible sir.

GEORGE

Shouldn't have really asked you should I?

PSYCHIATRIST

I think not sir.

The patient playing George puts his arm around the patient playing the Doctor.

GEORGE

I feel bad. You're offended now aren't you? Dolly takes a nap around two. Send her around then, will you.

As George leads the Doctor out of the therapy space the patients playing Al and Bertie, carrying a video tape, hurry into the space.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Bertie watches as Al puts the tape into the video.

AL

Why are we watching this? On this of all days.

George enters and points to the television.

GEORGE

You said you know about this shit. What he's doing there?

BERTIE

It's hard to see with the shadows sir.

GEORGE

Is that his ass or hers?

BERTIE

His.

GEORGE

How do you know?

BERTIE
Her's is hairier sir.

GEORGE
If it is his then why is she
sticking the...in him?

BERTIE
Perhaps she is looking for his sir.

GEORGE
His what?

BERTIE
His G-spot sir.

GEORGE
What are you saying sneaky rat?

BERTIE
There is a male G-Spot sir.

GEORGE
You lying piece of shit. Who told
you that?

BERTIE
It's common knowledge sir. In the
butt.

George does a double take into the camera at us then back
to Bertie.

GEORGE
The what?

BERTIE
The butt sir. The male rectum. Deep
in the butt sir lies the semi
mythical male G-Spot. Find that and
you'll have the key to opening the
woman's.

GEORGE
You're not a homo?

BERTIE
No sir.

GEORGE
Never been curious?

BERTIE
I'm a minge man sir.

GEORGE
Never curious about a little
sausigio?

BERTIE
I'm a vegetarian sir.

GEORGE
You lying to me?

BERTIE
Always sir.

GEORGE
You're a smug son of a bitch,
aren't you?

BERTIE
Yes sir.

GEORGE
(To Al)
You ever hear of the male G- Spot?

AL
Yes sir.

GEORGE
Jesus Christ, how come nobody tells
me anything around here? Drop your
pants.

AL
Haven't we been here before sir?

GEORGE
You questioning me?

AL
(Drops his trousers)
Of course not sir.

GEORGE
Good, Bertie here is going to find
your G- Spot.

BERTIE/AL
What? I mean what?

GEORGE
You have five minutes. Begin.

AL
But...

GEORGE
Exactly, the butt. Go in the butt
and find the spot. Begin.

BERTIE
Sir it is simply beyond me to do
such a thing.

GEORGE
I'll give you ten grand.

BERTIE
Drop 'em big boy.

Bertie and George stare at Al.

Al is about to take down his underwear then stops.

AL
What's in it for me?

GEORGE
His hand. Bend over.

AL
In here, sir? What if someone
should enter?

GEORGE
Someone will, him.

AL
I mean enter here sir, the war room
sir.

GEORGE
Okay. Go into the bathroom. You
have four minutes.

Al scampers off and Bertie slips on a rubber glove.

GEORGE
Where did you get that?

BERTIE
Always have one at hand sir, just
in case.

GEORGE
You're a sick degenerate aren't you
Bertie?

BERTIE
You have no idea sir.

GEORGE
(Producing vibrator)
Here, you might need this.

BERTIE
Oh, thank you sir.

Bertie rushes off after Al.

George looks into the camera at us and closes his eyes. (As George talks to us, screams of pain and delight emanate from the bathroom)

GEORGE
I banish you.

He opens his eyes but we are still there.

GEORGE
Think you can play mind games with me? Not one of you has the courage to do what I do, to be the man I have to be. Dead long before you were buried, you did nothing then and you'll do nothing now. The ghosts of the dead can't hurt me. You hear me? Answer me. Answer me, deaf dumb mute cowards.

There is violent pounding on the bathroom door as the screams reach a high pitched crescendo of pleasure.

George whispers at us.

GEORGE
I banish you.

The bathroom door opens and a triumphant Bertie enters, shit dripping from his glove and the vibrator.

Al follows, walking like he's been humped by an elephant, saliva dripping from his mouth, hair raised like he's been electrocuted, but he looks happy, deliriously orgasmically happy.

He stares at Bertie with newfound love.

George looks at Bertie's hand.

GEORGE
You sure you're not a homo?

BERTIE
Quite sure sir.

GEORGE

You found that very quickly.

BERTIE

If I may allow myself a moment's immodesty sir, if you've got the touch, you've got the touch.

GEORGE

How do I find mine?

BERTIE

It's not quite that simple sir.

GEORGE

You're a rancid little rat aren't you?

BERTIE

Oh yes sir.

GEORGE

You think I should let you shove your hand up my ass?

BERTIE

That would be your decision sir.

GEORGE

You got another glove?

BERTIE

An entire box sir.

GEORGE

(Indicating Al)

Why is he looking at you like that?

BERTIE

I think he's in love sir.

GEORGE

You going to make me love you too?

BERTIE

Only if you insist sir.

GEORGE

You're a sick twisted fuck aren't you?

BERTIE

Always sir.

GEORGE
Drop your pants.

BERTIE
Excuse me sir.

GEORGE
Why, did you fart? You have three
minutes.

Bertie drops his trousers. He is wearing Bonnie's underwear.

BERTIE
I was in a hurry this morning; I
reached for whatever was closest
and without looking I...

GEORGE
Find your G-spot.

BERTIE
Sir, if I might interject, it's not
the...

GEORGE
Two and a half minutes.

Bertie is about to take off his shit covered glove.

GEORGE
Leave it on.

BERTIE
Sir, if I have somehow offended you
please believe me I...

GEORGE
Mister if you've got the touch,
you've got the touch, magic
fingers, show me. Find your G-spot.

Bertie reluctantly slides his clean hand, the one without
the shit, down the back of his lady's panties.

GEORGE
Use both hands.

Bertie groans as he slides his other shit stained hand down
his panties.

GEORGE
Those are not sounds of pleasure
I'm hearing. You're running out of
time.

Bertie weeps.

GEORGE
Not much of a donkey dick now are we?

BERTIE
No sir.

GEORGE
Who's the man?

BERTIE
You the man.

GEORGE
Call me sir.

BERTIE
You the man sir.

GEORGE
You know I'm only playing with you, don't you?

BERTIE
Yes sir. You're such a card sir.

GEORGE
I am aren't I?

BERTIE
World class comedian sir.

GEORGE
You patronizing me Bertie?

BERTIE
Always sir.

GEORGE
I want the female G-spot. I'm looking for pussy and you're feeding me cock.

BERTIE
Forgive me sir, I misjudged.

GEORGE
You're an idiot.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists watch as the patient playing Bertie hesitates then answers.

BERTIE
An idiotic retarded imbecile sir.

GEORGE
You forgot irritating.

BERTIE
That too sir.

GEORGE
(Indicating Al)
What's wrong with him? He's walking like a cowboy.

BERTIE
It's a new dawn for him sir.

GEORGE
Look at him, Roy Rogers after being humped by Trigger. You got a wife?

BERTIE
I wouldn't want anyone to get in the way of serving you sir.

GEORGE
You a fag Bertie?

BERTIE
No sir.

GEORGE
Were you talking to my future wife?

BERTIE
What do you mean sir?

GEORGE
Get yourself a wife.

BERTIE
Yes sir.

GEORGE
By tomorrow.

BERTIE
Yes sir.

GEORGE

You're sure you didn't talk to her?

BERTIE

Why, did she tell you otherwise
sir?

GEORGE

What did you just say?

BERTIE

Nothing sir.

GEORGE

If I find out...so help me God.

As the patient playing George exits the therapy space and walks against the wall, the patient playing Al struggles to control his campness soaring through his system as he turns to the patient playing Bertie.

AL

Here, let me help

Al reaches into the back of Bertie's panties and struggles to get the vibrator out of Bertie's ass.

BERTIE

When I'm leader I'm going to need a
right hand man.

AL

Me?

Bertie screeches as Al succeeds in pulling out the shit covered vibrator.

Al stands, holding the vibrator aloft.

BERTIE

You a homo?

AL

Of course not. You don't just
become gay overnight because
somebody...

He lets his wrist go limp.

AL

It doesn't happen like that.

He straightens up his hand but it goes limp again.

Embarrassed, he looks to the observing Psychiatrists and tries to conceal his limp writs.

Then his leg goes limp.

AL
It's ridiculous to think that a man
of my standing would...

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Al struggles to stop the effeminate campness coursing through his body.

AL
I mean all...

He acquires a camp lisp.

AL
...you have to do is...

He clears his throat, attempting to get rid of the lisp.

AL
As I was saying...

But it won't work and he speaks with a lisp from now on.

AL
What is going on here?

He looks at the vibrator and tastes some of the shit.

He likes it and takes a mouthful.

BERTIE
What are you doing?

AL
Nothing. You're really going to
make me your right hand man?

BERTIE
On one condition. And remember you
owe me. I'm going to tell him
something about Dolly and you have
to say you were there.

AL
I have three conditions of my
own...When you're in power, you
cancel all executions.
(Indicating vibrator)
(MORE)

AL (cont'd)
Two, what you did to me with this,
I want you to do it again. Right
now.

BERTIE
And three?

AL
A kiss. One kiss, here and now,
like you mean it.

BERTIE
The first yes, the second yes, the
third no.

AL
Twenty grand.

Bertie grabs him and kisses him deeply, the kiss surging through Al's body like a bolt of electricity.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists try to conceal their shock as they watch the kiss between the patients playing Bertie and Al.

BERTIE
Now get in there, drop your pants,
and get ready to be my electorate.

The patient playing Al rushes off with the vibrator as the patient playing Bertie responds to the shit taste on his tongue left by Al's kiss.

Then he rushes to the patient playing Bonnie and pulls her onto the therapy space as he pushes a carton of pills into her hands.

The patient playing Bonnie grabs the patient playing Bertie, kisses him deep, then pulls away.

BONNIE
You taste like ass.

BERTIE
Kiss me you skank.

They kiss then pull away as she scrapes her tongue.

BERTIE
He's on his way to his room.
(Gives her more pills)
Use these; they're even stronger.

The Doctors look over at George as he whispers against the wall.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

George whispers at the bathroom door.

GEORGE
Are you in there my love? I'm
sorry.

He turns to see Bonnie.

GEORGE
How did you...I'm not really in
the right frame of...right now.
Maybe we should just leave it
until...

She drops her coat in one swift movement to reveal she is wearing nothing but exceedingly sexy underwear.

George swallows hard, unaware of the carton of pills in the elastic at the back of her underwear.

George approaches her, entranced by her breasts.

GEORGE
Are they real?

BONNIE
As real as the money that paid for
them.

GEORGE
Will you be my Mummy?

BONNIE
Yes son.

GEORGE
(rests his head on her
breasts)
I'm not very good at this Mummy. I
don't know how to find the g-spot.

BONNIE
Let Mummy teach you baby.

She reaches for the detonator around his neck as he speaks into the camera at us.

GEORGE
The one time I thought I made a
woman come, it turned out she was
just epileptic.

BONNIE
Does baby want to take this off;
it's sticking into Mummy.

GEORGE
(Pulling the detonator
back)
Teach me Mummy; I'll be a good boy.

She reaches across to switch the pills but his movement makes her pull her hand back.

BONNIE
But I think you've been a bold boy
son.

GEORGE
(Turning around)
Promise you won't spank me too hard
Mummy.

She slaps him hard on the ass and he responds in pain.

GEORGE
Jesus, take it easy, I said not
hard.

BONNIE
Sorry. Want me to kiss baby better?

GEORGE
Yes Mummy.

She kisses him gently, and, as she successfully switches the carton of pills from his jacket pocket, George suddenly pulls away.

GEORGE
Yuck. Bold Mummy stick tongue in
baby's mouth and mummy's tongue
taste like poo poo.

BONNIE
Mummy sorry. Baby want booby?

GEORGE
Baby want some suck suck.

He nuzzles into her breasts then looks into the camera at us.

GEORGE
If you have to be here, can you
at least have the courtesy to
look away?

BONNIE
(Confused)
Okay.

GEORGE
Not you...never mind.

He nuzzles his face back into her breasts as she reaches down to his groin.

BONNIE
That a carrot in your pocket or is
baby just happy to see me?

A long embarrassed pause from George.

He looks at us, takes the carrot out of his pocket and takes a bite.

Confused, Bonnie hesitates, then wraps her mouth around the carrot and sucks on it.

GEORGE
Mummy very hungry.

George suddenly turns as Dolly appears from the bathroom.

GEORGE
Hello my love, this is the
Psychiatrist's wife. She's teaching
me how to find down there, so that
I might pleasure you further

BONNIE
Hello there.
(To George)
She can join in if she likes.

Tempted, George stops and considers this.

GEORGE
Excuse me please.

He moves to the doll and whispers in her ear.

He responds as if she has snapped at him.

Dolly watches as George politely moves back to Bonnie.

GEORGE
She said, 'tell that skanky whore
to get out now.' Her words not
mine.

BONNIE

But I...

(As if Dolly screamed at
her)

No need to shout, I'm going.

She picks up her coat.

George hands her the carrot as she makes to exit.

He indicates her breasts and whispers.

GEORGE

Worth every dime.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As the patient playing Bonnie exits, the patient playing George watches her then turns to the blow up doll as it is subtly manipulated by another patient.

GEORGE

Don't look at me like that. I was
only trying to...anyway you're
one to talk.

(listens)

You know exactly what I'm talking
about. Finish getting dressed.

As the patient playing George walks against the wall the patients playing Al and Bertie quickly enter the therapy space.

INT . PRESS ROOM - DAY

Bertie and Al wait for George.

BERTIE

Remember, back me up.

AL

You back me up, I'll back you up.

BERTIE

Such a dog.

George enters, takes out his pills, and swallows a handful of them.

GEORGE

Got my speech?

Al hands him documents.

GEORGE

Let's go.

BERTIE

Sir, before you...I have a confession to make. I did talk to her sir. To Dolly sir.

GEORGE

You did? When?

BERTIE

She approached us in a bar sir.

GEORGE

Dolly?

BERTIE

Dressed up sir. Told me she snuck out.

GEORGE

Who's 'us'?

BERTIE

Him and I sir.

GEORGE

(To Al)

Is this true?

BERTIE

You can tell him the truth.

GEORGE

Shut up and let him answer for himself. My friend, this time more than any, is it true?

Al looks at Bertie and Bertie flashes the vibrator.

AL

Absolutely true sir.

GEORGE

Don't tell me that. What did she say?

Al struggles to find an answer as, over George's shoulder, Bertie tries to help him.

BERTIE

She came on to me sir.

George turns and slaps Bertie hard in the face.

BERTIE

Ask him what she said sir.

George turns to Al.

AL

She said sir...she said, her exact words were, 'He thinks he's a sexual athlete but he wouldn't win bronze in the Special Olympics' sir.

Bertie nearly corpses laughing. George spins around.

BERTIE

It hurts me so to see you in such distress sir; a man of greatness brought to his knees.

GEORGE

My Dolly said that?

AL

They're ready for you sir.

GEORGE

But she...

BERTIE

She's a woman sir. There is nothing more frightening sir than the true nature of woman.

AL

They're ready for your broadcast sir.

GEORGE

Is there anybody you don't hate?

BERTIE

Nobody. Except of course you. I'll get her sir. We don't want her to be late.

Bertie exits as the television Presenter enters talking to his camera crew.

PRESENTER

This way. Mind the wires. Are we rolling?

(Shaking George's hand)

Good afternoon sir. Pleasure to see you again sir. We're a little behind so we'll be...

GEORGE
 (In a daze)
 We're going to get married.

PRESENTER
 Ready to roll?

GEORGE
 And have babies.

Bertie enters with Dolly and stands her beside George.

PRESENTER
 (To camera)
 Here we are, live and exclusive,
 the execution extravaganza you've
 all been waiting for, 'When Time
 Ran Out,' but before we get to the
 killing, I'm standing here with the
 man who needs no...
 (He responds in shock)
 What's going on?

The Mother calmly comes in with a gun and speaks into the camera crew's camera.

MOTHER
 My son is innocent.

PRESENTER
 Keep filming.

As the Mother points the gun at George, he screams.

GEORGE
 Wait, wait, before I die, please
 tell me...

MOTHER
 What?

GEORGE
 Where in the name of Christ is the
 g-spot?

Bertie grapples the mother to the floor and George hides behind Dolly as the gun slides across the floor.

WOMAN
 He's innocent!

Bertie drags her up and turns before they exit.

BERTIE

Looks like we have a contestant for tomorrow night's show.

PRESENTER

(Calling after Bertie)

Wait. Keep filming.

(to camera crew's camera)

Ladies and gentlemen...

(Under his breath to

George)

Sir, we'll interview you later, we're just going to...

(to camera crew's camera)

Follow me as we talk, live and exclusive, to a true hero.

The presenter and crew rush off after Bertie.

George is left alone with Dolly.

He picks up the gun.

He puts it to his head.

He puts it in his mouth.

He puts it to his groin then turns to dolly and puts it against her head.

GEORGE

Wouldn't win bronze in the Special Olympics?

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As the patient playing George exits the therapy space, dragging the blow up doll with him, the Doctors take notes while the patients playing Al and Bertie enter the space.

AL

Tell me again. Tell me again.

BERTIE

I'm bored telling...Okay, just one more time. She came on screaming, 'My son is innocent' and...

AL

No, go back; give me the full build up.

BERTIE

I'm the hero who saved...The electorate will adore me. And why wouldn't they.

AL

I adore you.

BERTIE

And why wouldn't you. From the beginning...

Both men suddenly stop as if they hear something unbearably loud and as they clamp their hands to their ears the doctors look around and listen to nothing but silence.

INT. HALLWAYS OUTSIDE THE WAR ROOM - DAY

Bertie and Al have their hands clasped over their ears as the security alarm wails.

BERTIE

Is that the...?

Al nods in fear.

BERTIE

But I thought Bonnie...no.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

George, carrying Dolly, padlocks the war room doors shut.

GEORGE

I told you to stop that crying.

He examines the portable detonator.

GEORGE

What do you know? He told me the truth. Sixty nine, sixty nine, sixty nine. Stop crying. You and him think you're going to take my power?

(Listens)

Him who? You and your little hero out there. Don't play liar whore with me. Been to many bars recently? Stop those tears. Crocodile. Bronze. I'll have you know I've had several women compliment me on my sexual technique, several. You telling me they were all liars too?

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
 I'm the man God dammit, a real
 man, the man. But look at you;
 you're one step away from being a
 blow up doll. If I can't have
 you, nobody will.

He turns looks into the camera at us and screams.

GEORGE
 Stop looking at me.
 (Listens)
 Not you. Them. Look at them.
 Vultures on a wire.

He drags her to the camera to face us.

GEORGE
 Look them in the eye and they
 become clearer, as real as you.
 Here for their pound of flesh.

A loud banging at the door.

BERTIE (O/S)
 Sir, sir are you there sir?

GEORGE
 (To us)
 My other vultures.

He examines the detonator and moves to the door.

GEORGE
 Home to roost.

AL (O/C)
 Sir, it's me, can we talk sir?

GEORGE
 What do you want?

BERTIE (O/C)
 Sir, it appears the detonator has
 been set sir. It's exceedingly
 dangerous sir.

AL (O/C)
 Sir, can you let us in sir, we're
 not the enemy.

GEORGE
 Then who is?

BERTIE (O/C)
 We're your friends' sir.

GEORGE

I banish you.

BERTIE (O/C)

What's that sir? It's difficult to hear sir.

AL (O/C)

Sir, we're up by two points in the election sir.

BERTIE (O/C)

You the man sir.

GEORGE

I am, aren't I.

PSYCHIATRIST (O/C)

Sir, it's me sir. You know you can talk to me sir.

GEORGE

So you can have another protrusion?

BONNIE (O/C)

Sir, it's me sir, I'm here sir, I can be your Mummy.

AL (O/C)

And I can be your Daddy.

PSYCHIATRIST (O/C)

What does that mean?

BONNIE (O/C)

Shut up you quack.

BERTIE (O/S)

Can you two fight somewhere else? Sir perhaps you're not aware of the consequences...

PRESENTER (O/C)

Here we are ladies and gentlemen, where, live and exclusive, we're getting to watch what might just turn out to be the end of the world.

BERTIE (O/C)

Get that camera out of my face.

PRESENTER (O/C)
Sir, would you care to make a
statement for our audiences on
'When Time Ran Out.'

GEORGE
I banish you.

PRESENTER (O/S)
Could you please speak up sir?

GEORGE
Time just ran out.

He presses the button and the lights falter as the world
outside dies.

He listens in silence.

GEORGE
Don't cry my love. 'Til death do
us part, remember?

He looks into the camera at us then comes closer.

GEORGE
Women. Lovely liars. Right back
from the beginning of time. Adam
and Eve. From day one all they were
interested in was a big snake. Time
to begin again Dolly. The last man
and woman on earth. Just you, me,
and the ghosts of the dead. The
chosen ones. The new Adam and Eve.
Imagine our offspring. No Cain and
Abel here; we'll bring them up
right. Wonderful times playing with
our beautiful children, bringing
them up in the name of the Lord,
putting the fun back in
fundamentalism. The greater good.
None of you know the sacrifices I
have made. I save lives, not you. I
send troops to save lives. Is there
one among you who would save a
life?

He slaps himself hard in the face as if trying to dislodge an
image from his brain.

He swallows back some more pills.

GEORGE

Get out of my head. When I picture you going down on another man I feel...His bigger than...him not giving a damn, her, loving it. What's wrong with me?

He grabs her by the throat and screams as he attempts to strangle her.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The patient playing George stops choking the blow up doll and looks at the Psychiatrists.

GEORGE

Look at me. What's wrong with me? What am I doing wrong? Am I the wrong shape? My body, wrong? I've tried, a hundred thousand times. My fingers, mouth, tongue, everything I have. Look at my hand. Is it the wrong shape? My fingers? Is there something wrong with them? My tongue.

He suddenly stops looking at them and focuses on what appears to be an empty space to them but is in fact George's access to us.

As he talks the Psychiatrists become confused by his intensity and force of focus.

GEORGE

Is there something wrong with it? Down there. I'm not going to show you but I think it's pretty normal, average. Me. What's wrong with me?

He begins to take off his shirt.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George looks directly into the camera at us as he takes off his shirt.

GEORGE

Look at me. And be honest. Am I that unbearable? Am I that wrong? I'm taking a risk here, please tell me. Look at me. Chest, belly, nipples, cold, exposed, vulnerable. Someone help me.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
 Why do women make me feel...why am
 I this way...tell me I'm not alone
 in my lack of knowledge.

He takes off his trousers and stands in his underwear.

GEORGE
 Legs, knees, exposed, weak. What is
 it that makes men do what we do?
 What is it that makes sad weak
 fools of all of us? Tell me. Cure
 me. This myth of masculinity. You
 women think we walk around
 permanently erect sex machines but
 the truth is we're just as scared
 as you. How many of you deadbeats,
 the male ones, while you lived,
 genuinely knew how to find the g-
 spot? Come on, raise your hands,
 don't be shy, in fact you should be
 proud.

He points into the camera at us the cinema audience.

GEORGE
 You sir, well done, yeah you, the
 guy who put up his hand. Ladies
 turn around, look at him. He's
 the guy who knows where the g-
 spot is. He deserves a round of
 applause. Look at him. Don't put
 your hand down. Put it back up.
 Don't look away from me. Hey,
 what are you...You just had your
 hand up, don't pretend you
 didn't. That's him ladies, that
 guy there. Look at him. Put your
 hand back up lying bastard.

He looks into his underwear.

GEORGE
 I suppose you're all so secure in
 your bodies? I'm the only one
 with doubts? I'm the only awkward
 alone freak who can't find a
 simple piece of membrane on the
 front of the vaginal wall?

He angles his body to see his genitals from the side.

GEORGE
 Angle is everything. Oh yeah, you
 can flick a cigarette across a
 crowded bar room and hit a g-
 spot.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
I'm the small penis'd fool who
has to do it with epileptics to
be a man.

He stretches out his underwear even further and twists his body into a ridiculous contortion in an attempt to see his genitals from the correct angle.

He turns back to us.

GEORGE
I'm secure enough. I'm a man. You
can sit and laugh at me as much
as you want, your ridicule won't
hurt me. I'm the man. Man enough
for any of you. Except for you
mister G-spot finding liar. I'm
the man, you hear me?

He moves further away from the camera, all the way to the distant back wall, and examines his genitals.

GEORGE
And even if I'm not...who cares?
Who cares? I don't.

Emotion overwhelms him.

GEORGE
I care. I care so much. If I ask
you a question will you tell me
truth? Please tell me.

He slowly drops his underwear.

GEORGE
Average? Just not small. Please
tell me.

He waddles like a constipated duck towards us as the underwear binds around his ankles.

GEORGE
Please, don't look away. Please.
Look directly, we never just stop
and look... Tell me the truth. Is
it ugly?

He turns sideways.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psychiatrists watch in consternation as the patient playing George turns sideways and talks to the imaginary ghosts of the dead.

GEORGE

Is this a better angle? Tell me what I don't know. Help me to be that better man. Teach me. I can learn. Tell me. Somebody. Anybody. Tell me truths I can follow. Help me. Tell me I'm not the only one. Somebody. Anybody. I'm a sensitive human being and this is how you treat me? I'm not the only one. Answer me. Answer me. Silent liars all of you. Tell me where it is, I demand to know; it's my constitutional right. Look at you. Cowards, one and all. Where do you get balls big enough to think you can judge me? You don't know what courage is. When was the last time you experienced real passion? You didn't do a damn thing then and you won't do a damn thing now. You queued up and let me do it to you. To your children. Your unborn children. You queued up. You and you and you. Dead long before you were buried. Am I wrong? Prove me wrong.

He revives Dolly with gentle taps on the face.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George is incredibly gentle with Dolly as he revives her.

GEORGE

Wake up. Come on, wake up. That's it.

But then he grabs her as she attempts to escape.

GEORGE

Take it easy. Slow down.

He grabs her by the throat again.

GEORGE

I love you but I'm not sure if you're the woman I want beside me in the bunker.

He turns and looks into the camera at us, putting his hand on her belly.

GEORGE

In her belly lies...It's okay,
don't cry...In her belly lies the
capacity for new life. Are you
watching?

He punches her in the stomach, staring at us the cinema
audience.

GEORGE

You all saw that. You can't claim
you didn't know about it. Just in
case, I'll do it again.

He viciously punches her again.

GEORGE

Stop me.

He punches her again.

GEORGE

I protect you. And you sit in
judgment of me? You have your
chance now. Stop me.

He punches her again.

GEORGE

Do something for your future
generations.

He punches her again and stands watching us.

GEORGE

Cowards one and all. Not as easy to
go to war as you thought is it?
Show the courage now you never had
when you were alive. Stop me.

He puts the gun to Dolly's head.

GEORGE

Stop me. One of you. To be or not
to be. Stop me.

(To Dolly)

Stop crying.

(To us)

It only takes one. You have the
power to effect change if you fight
back. Think for yourself. I know
you've probably done things in your
life you're ashamed of. We all
have. Those shameful secrets that
wake you at four AM.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
 This is your opportunity for
 atonement, to make reparation. Do
 something. Don't sit with the
 sheep. Prove me wrong.

Almost crying, he turns to Dolly.

GEORGE
 Kiss me, kiss me like we're the
 last two people on earth.

As he kisses her, he deflates her.

As the air hisses out of her he turns to us.

GEORGE
 There's breath in her yet,
 someone intervene. What's the
 word that prick used earlier?
 'Facilitate' that's it, 'To make
 easy, to promote, the help
 forward' Don't facilitate this
 anymore.

Fully deflated, he gently lets her slide to the ground and
 whispers into her ear.

GEORGE
 I'll be with you soon my love.

He faces us.

GEORGE
 Is there not a man or mutt among
 you who would save a life?

He puts the gun to the side of his head.

GEORGE
 Would you save mine? Save a life
 today. Save mine.

He takes the gun from his head and points it into the camera
 at us.

GEORGE
 Someone stop me. It only takes one
 of you. Stop me. No?

He calmly looks into the camera and smiles at us.

GEORGE
 I'm talking to the ghosts of the
 dead.

He swiftly jams the gun into his mouth and incoherently calls
 out 'stop me' as he pulls the trigger.

The sound of the deafening gun shot reverberates as he slumps dead to the ground.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As the patient playing George lies slumped on the ground the blood seeping from the back of his head is very real.

The patients playing Angel and Devil slowly move onto the therapy space.

DEVIL

To be or not to be? That is the answer.

ANGEL

It didn't have to be this way.

DEVIL

(Picking up Dolly)
Don't be so deflated.

ANGEL

The irony is tomorrow's results would've shown they elected him.

They lift the patient playing George's corpse and lay it on the desk, his head hanging down off the edge so that we can clearly see his dead face.

They pull the cover over him.

DEVIL

They voted him in? I love this world.

ANGEL

History teaches us that history teaches us nothing.

DEVIL

This bird's got to fly; another baby's being born in Hell tonight.

ANGEL

What am I going to do with him? With his track record there's no way I...

DEVIL

Everything he did, he did in the name of God. A true believer.

The patient playing Devil makes to disappear with Dolly then stops.

DEVIL

Final joke for you - what did God
give the deaf, dumb and blind kid
for Christmas? - Cancer.

As the patient playing the Devil disappears, the patient
playing Angel, left alone with George's corpse, lights a
cigarette, leans against the desk, and looks to the
Psychiatrists.

ANGEL

Help me God? Don't give up on me.
Give me a sign. Help me. Show me
what to do. Show somebody. Anybody.
Please. I'm begging you. Show me
you're there. Give me a sign.
Please give me a sign right now.

He waits in silent anticipation.

George's corpse lets a really loud fart.

Angel looks to heaven.

ANGEL

That's your fucking sign? You and
me, it's over. I'm going. He might
be an asshole but he has a better
sense of humour than you and I
refuse to be another angel left
with nothing for company but smell
of the dead.

As angel disappears, George's corpse farts again and again,
leading to a cacophonous sound of innumerable farts.

George pulls back the cover, opens his eyes and, looking at
us upside down, he screams...

GEORGE

Laugh. Laugh. Laugh.

...and as his screams and farts get louder and louder the
Psychiatrists gesture to the Orderlies who rush on and
viciously beat the patients with the batons and as the
patients screams pierce through the institution walls we
fade out.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - DAY

Fade up as we slowly track down the multiple corridors of
the mental institution.

We linger outside various doors then pick up the approaching Psychiatrists with their clipboards followed by the nervous student Psychiatrists as they stand outside each room discussing each patient but as they talk they might sound knowledgeable and multifaceted but it soon becomes evident that their dialogue is made up entirely and exclusively of a long list of legitimate names for mental illnesses.

As they speak and continue their rounds they tick selected names off a list and indicate to the orderlies which patients are to be chosen for treatment:

- a different female patient lies strapped to a gurney, vacant eyed, intense strain in her muscles as she pulls against the straps.

- a different male patient carefully washes his body with ink from a pen

- a different male patient begs to be chosen but is ignored.

- a different female patient stares at two dogs having sex outside the window

- a different female patient is beaten with batons.

- a different male patient is dragged out against his will and as the Orderlies drag him down the corridor and they turn the corner we are left with the vacuous long empty corridor and, as his screams fade out, the corridor becomes less and less clear then switches to the black and white dots of interference, then, nothing - no picture, no sound, nothing.

THE END