

A film by Kimon Matara

BRADFORD AND SAMANTHA

A Comedy of Terrors

SCREENPLAY

(c) 2008

1 The Renee Flowers Show #1

VO: Tonight, on the *Renee Flowers Show*.

Renee: She is known as the stunning beauty who warms the coffee breaks of millions of labourers as a top feature of *Tits* magazine, and furthers social causes through her pioneering charity work. *[Footage: floating panels of page 3 spreads, interspersed with photographs at charity functions and next to disabled people.]*

He has reinvented urban contemporary music through hits such as 'Baby You're On' and 'In2 U 4 EVA', and mesmerises crowds with his soulful crooning. *[Footage: at the gig, with a full dance troupe and girls climbing onto the stage, only to be punched back by the security guards.]*

They met, and became more than friends, in the third season of *Bitchkrieg House*, prevailing over a star-studded cast of contestants. In the process they emerged as the most talked about celebrity couple of 2008. *[Footage: Bitchkrieg House; Bradford and Samantha are showing snogging in various contexts, and doing terrible things to the other contestants.]*

I am Renee Flowers and tonight my guests are Bradford and Samantha! *[Applause.]*

It's great to have you guys here!

[Bradford and Samantha are sitting close to each other on a sofa opposite Renee.]

Samantha: It's great to be here.

Bradford: Good to see you.

Renee: Your blossoming romance in *Bitchkrieg House* captured the dreams of millions of viewers. How has your relationship evolved after *Bitchkrieg House*?

Bradford: After leaving *Bitchkrieg House* we wanted to let the world know how we felt about each other. And, as you can tell it's pretty serious.

Renee: Oh I can tell! Wait a second... I think Samantha wants to show us something! *[Samantha shows off her tattoo on her lower back.]* Is that a tattoo of...

Samantha: Yes, it says Bradford!

Renee: And do you Bradford have... oh dear Lord! *[Bradford pulls his shirt to one side to show 'Samantha' tattooed on his abs. He flexes his abs.]*

Renee: Wow! You must have dented a few needles to get that done! So it definitely looks like you're serious about this.

Samanta: Our feelings towards each other are definitely growing stronger. Being in *Bitchkrieg House* was difficult for us because there were so many things we wanted to express to each other but couldn't, because we're such private people.

Renee: And yet you were quite open about your attraction.

Samantha: Well it wasn't exactly as people make it out to be. We were very attracted to each other—but we're also Christian, you know, very spiritual people... So to take it to the next stage, we would need the right kind of commitment.

Renee: Wow! Are you saying what I think you're saying? Go easy on me now!

Bradford and Samantha: We're engaged! [*They look at each other. Applause. Renee screams.*]

Renee: Oh my god! That's wonderful! I—I'm just totally blown away. But wait—what will happen to your careers? Aren't you afraid that things will get really competitive?

Bradford: Not a chance. Everything we do, we're gonna do together. In fact we've recorded a great new song, called *Infectious*, and we both appear in the video for it.

Renee: [*Screams along with the audience*] Whatever next? But wait... *Infectious*...isn't that the name of...

Samantha: That's right! My fragrance, *Infectious*, will be hitting the shelves later this month.

Renee: Party. Party. Tell me there's gonna be a party.

Samantha: Of course! [*Renee screams.*] But the important thing is that all the proceeds will be going to the Children's Fund, a charity Bradford and I both care deeply about.

Renee: It's just so important to give something back. Ladies and gentlemen, the extraordinary lives of Bradford and Samantha!

[*Bradford and Samantha are still embracing and looking on.*]

Director: 'Cut!'

2 In the Studio

Samantha: Get your stinking paw off my back.

Bradford: Oh sorry. I meant it to be around your neck.

[Uncoils his arm from around her back. The crew are making adjustments to the equipment. The director walks in.]

Director: 30 minutes commercial break. I want everyone back here in 20. Sober.

Samantha: What's going on? What do we do now?

Bradford: Aw bless, she's run out of autocue.

Samantha: At least I can read, bitchface. That's why I do all the talking.

Bradford: It ain't you talking. It's the Botox! It's taking over!

Samantha: Go to hell.

[Samantha is struggling with the microphone, stuck in her cleavage. Meanwhile, Bradford leans over to Renee.]

Bradford: Got any... *[taps his nose]*

renee: Sorry. I've run out.

Bradford: Aw come on... you know how horny it makes me... what say you... and me..

[One of the cameramen is still shooting Samantha. A colleague walks up to him.]

Technician: *[Thick cockney accent.]* You coming to the pub? Pete? Are you coming mate? *[Prodding him.]* Well, we're going without you. Pete? Are you offish at me for what I said before? *[Cut to cameraman's view, but with technician still talking.]* Aw c'mon mate. You know I hate those guys. With their snivelling little snouts. Their snide sarcasm. Aw go on mate. Pete. Pete.' *[Samantha manages to dislodge the microphone and stands up, out of view. The director walks up to her and Bradford. Bradford pulls away from Renee.]*

Samantha: Oh, there you are. Look, can we get these shitty tattoos off now? Henna gives me a rash...

Director: No, I just spoke to Duncan. He says you'll need them for a shoot.

Samantha: Shoot? What shoot?

Director: I don't know. He's on his way. He says to wait for him in make-up.

Bradford: Oh yeah? How about high heels too?

Samantha: You could use a few extra inches.

Bradford: I got em where it counts.

Samantha: Yeah! Shame the rest is missing! *[To director]* Which way is make-up?

Director: Walk out, turn right, second on the left.

[Samantha gets up and heads out. Bradford motions to Renee to follow after. Next to them, the technician and another person are hoisting up the cameraman, who is frozen in his original pose and expression.]

Cameraman #1: Got him?

Cameraman #2: Yep.

Renee: *[Getting made-up on the spot.]* How do I look?

Director: Like a two-dollar crack whore.

Presenter: Perfect.

3 & 4 Corridor: Duncan's Rehearsal / Samantha's Dressing Room

[Duncan is dressed in American football kit, talking to someone off-screen.]

Duncan: Now listen here, Samantha. I don't care if you have reservations for Linguini's. We have a publicity deal with the Children's Fund and you're *not* going to screw it up. Now you're going to take your pretty head down to the press conference, pimp the perfume, pose with a few nice children—no, Samantha, they can't smell fear, it's all in your head—and you're gonna give a nice wide smile for the cameras. Don't look at me like that—I scraped you up from the gutter and made a star out of you. And don't you forget that for a second.

[Cut to long shot. Duncan is outside Samantha's dressing room door. He is going over his notes.] Let's see... Press conference... children... gutter... Right! *[He shoves the notes into his back pocket, takes a deep breath, knocks on the door and walks in.]*

Duncan: Heeeey! How's our star doiiiiing?! *[He shuts the door behind him. Pause. Duncan is violently ejected from the room into the coffee machine on the opposite wall. As he sits slumped on the floor, scalding liquid is poured onto him just as he removes his helmet.]* Aaaaarrggghh!

[After a pause, Duncan walks sheepishly into Samantha's dressing room through the knocked-out hole in the wall. Samantha's head is sunk into her arms on the table. Duncan sits next to her.] S-Samantha? I—*[he is interrupted as Samantha pulls out an arm in a 'talk to the hand' gesture. Duncan takes it by the wrist, like a microphone, and speaks into it.]* Samantha, I would like to apologise for your change of plans tonight. The children would be so happy to see you at the perfume launch, you are such an inspiration for them... *[No reaction from Samantha. Duncan stops to think.]* It's going to be covered by Fashion Hour, Vous Etes, and The Cornwall Angler *[suddenly Samantha springs to life]*—

Samantha: *They're* covering it?

Duncan: Yeah yeah! They want some sexy photos with an octopus.

Samantha: No, I mean *Vous Etes*!

Duncan: Oh yeah, them too!

Samantha: For the March issue?

Duncan: Mais oui!

Samantha: It's the big time! *[She turns to look at herself in the mirror.]* Samantha... *Vous Etes*.

Duncan: Great! I'll go and tell Bradford!

Samantha: Who? Don't tell me that... *Aaarghh!*

Duncan: *[Moves closer to assuage her.]* Samantha, cookie-poos, you know the deal. What exactly do you want from me?

Samantha: I don't know, I was hoping for someone sophisticated. European. A French millionaire. [*Turns to the mirror and applies mascara.*] I deserve to be wined, dined... have expensive art explained to me! [*Accordion music wafts in.*]

Duncan: What! But that could take years! Look, I think you're being unfair on Bradford. He's a nice kid. And he works hard, he keeps his nose to the grindstone. [*Cut to:*]

5 Bradford's Dressing Room

[Bradford is snorting a long line of coke. In the background, Renee is relaxing on the sofa, naked.]

Duncan: *[Barges in.]* How's my star to—holy smoke! What's going on here? Did you guys get robbed?

Renee: Duncan, wait, let me explain, it's not what it looks like—Bradford and I just had violent sex, and now he's getting jacked up on coke.

Duncan: Don't give me that young man! You know exactly what I'm talking about. This is an enclosed space, no-one is above the law.

Renee: But—

Duncan: No buts! You're going to have to smoke that cigarette outside! *[Walks over to her and coaxes her out.]* Off you go! Watch your step...

Renee: Bradfoooooord! *[After dispatching Renee, Duncan turns to Bradford, who's nearing the end of the line of coke.]* Now, young man! *[Walks over the Bradford and sits next to him.]* What did we talk about yesterday, do you remember? We have an exclusive deal with *Tits* magazine. They are covering everything—from the engagement to the wedding to the divorce. You only have to be patient for three months! Do you have any idea what will happen if word gets out of your daily dilly-dallying? Hmmm? I'll tell you what will happen. *Tits* magazine will take our contract and *wipe their arses with it*—which makes the contract *invalid*. Are you listening? *[Bradford has just finished the line of coke.]*

Bradford: Bradford: Look at me, Duncan! *[grabs him by the lapels.]* I am beautiful! Aren't I? Tell me I'm beautiful!

Duncan: *[Terrified:]* I—I will say you are beautiful if you promise to let me see my wife and children again. *[Bradford lets go of him, and throws him back into the chair. Bradford moves to the dressing table and looks at himself in the mirror.]*

Bradford: And it's so easy, it's so damn easy...

Duncan: I'm so happy for you. Now, I spoke to Samantha—

Bradford: Why is it so easy with them, Duncan? Tell me, why?

Duncan: M-maybe I should come back another time.

Bradford: I'll tell you why it's easy. Have you heard of the Black Widow, Duncan?

Duncan: Er, I'm not good with insects. Is it a plant? *[Duncan is now slowly walking towards the door.]*

Bradford: *[Lets go of Duncan and turns to the mirror.]* The Black Widow is nature's seducer... She dazes her suitor with a million sweet fragrances *[creeps up behind Duncan, stroking him with four arms—he then pulls him into a sort of line-dance]*, and just when he alights into her warm embrace—

Duncan: That's really vivid, Bradford, now about the—

Bradford: She *STRIKES* [*he slaps Duncan across the face, Duncan drops to the ground*] him down with her poison sting. [*Climbs onto Duncan from behind.*] The very nuptial bed in which he sought comfort becomes the tomb that encases him alive... until all of his juices are drained... [*Bradford has choked Duncan from behind until Duncan is almost dead. He then lets go and talks to himself.*] That's why it's so easy, Duncan! It's all a trap, don't you see? [*Gets up and sits back in front of the mirror.*] Every time I go a little deeper, a little deeper into them—but I always pull back. If they were to taste my juices... they would want more, and more... Use them and move on, Duncan. Use them and move on. [*Starts to snort another line.*]

Duncan: [*Duncan has already climbed to his feet, he's now dusting himself off.*] I spoke to Samantha before, we have to be at the press conference in half an hour. Could you meet us outside in ten? You're a star! [*Duncan breaks out of the room at lightning speed, screaming and zig-zagging down the corridor.*]

6 Car Crash

[As soon as they step outside, Bradford and Samantha are greeted by throngs of journalists and fans.]

Crowd Snippets: Bradford! I wanna have your babies! Samantha I loooooove you!

[Bradford and Samantha step into the limousine which is going to drive them to the press conference / charity function. Inside the limousine, they are sat as far away from each other as possible. Samantha has her earphones on.]

Bradford: So, Samantha...

Samantha: LA-LA-LA-LA-LA!

Bradford: Bitch.

[The limo drives along for a while. Suddenly, it's on a collision course with a van coming out of a side street. Bradford and Samantha lean forward.]

Bradford: Wait a second... what the—

Samantha: *[Samantha notices what's happening and shouts to the driver.]* Wake up you moron!

Bradford: He's headed straight for that van!

[The driver swerves to avoid the van. Cut to black.]

7 Meeting with the Surgeon I (Samantha)

Doctor: Samantha? Can you hear me?

Samantha: Nnng. Nnng.

Doctor: A little sore... it's to be expected. Samantha, you're in hospital—you were in a car crash. My name is Dr Abbatage, I will be taking care of you here for a few days.

Samantha: (s/t) Oh I'm sorry, I have reservations at *Linguini's*.

Doctor: [*Chuckles.*] I see. You're concerned about the charity function—don't worry, we spoke to your manager, it's been postponed. You're so brave—still thinking about the children.

Samantha: (s/t) Is there a toilet around here?

Doctor: Samantha, you've sustained some injuries to your face. It's not serious, but I will be performing cosmetic surgery just to smooth out some rough edges.

Samantha:(s/t) I have a bit of an underbite...

Doctor: Don't worry, Samantha... [*leans closer*] I'm going to see to it personally that you come out of this as good as new. Even better, in fact. I happen to be your biggest fan.

Samantha: (s/t) Y-you are?

Doctor: Don't *worry*, Samantha. I'm with you every step of the way. [*Takes her hand in his.*]

Samantha: (s/t) [*Pause.*] Are you wearing anything under that gown?

8 Surgery I

Doctor: Samantha, I'd like you to count backwards from ten for me...

Samantha: (s/t) Ten. Nine. Eight. *[As we fade to black, a circular saw glimmers in the distance as it revs up with a distinctive sound. The sound changes to indicate cutting for a few seconds after the screen has gone black.]*

9 Meeting with the Surgeon II (Bradford)

[Close-up of an IV inside an arm. Camera tracks up to show a bottle of morphine. The door opens and the doctor walks in.]

Bradford: (s/t) Sticky... sticky sticky sticky...

Doctor: *[walks in]* Hello! How are we doing today?

Bradford: (s/t) It's the spider's legs! Quick! Hide! I'll do the talking.

Doctor: You've been sleeping for a long time. I have some bad news. There were some unforeseen complications—I'm afraid we'll have to go back into surgery.

Bradford: (s/t) Y-you're taking us back to the spider? The spider with the burning eyes? And the hundred knives?!

Doctor: I guarantee that this will be the last operation. Do you need some help with the pain?

Bradford: (s/t) Yes, yes, we are hungry! Very hungry! We want the sticky stuff!

[The doctor adjusts the IV in Bradford's arm.] Aarrgh! It stings! It stings! *[The doctor adjusts the morphine feed on the bottle.]*

Doctor: Theeere you go!

Bradford: (s/t) Thank you... Sticky, sticky, sticky...

Doctor: Ready?

Bradford: (s/t) F-for what?

[Cut to:]

10 Corridor #1

[Bradford is being wheeled into surgery.]

Bradford: (s/t) No!!! The spider! Hissing and glistening! Hissing and glistening!

11 Surgery II

Doctor: I want to you count backwards from ten, like before...

Bradford: (s/t) Six spider eyes! Five spider eyes! Four spider eyes!

[As we fade to black, a scalpel is seen glistening in the distance.]

12 News Break

VO: CBA News In One Minute.

Presenter: Police have closed the investigation into the freak accident involving celebrity couple Bradford and Samantha. The limousine driving the couple to a charity function was found submerged in river waters on Friday morning. Earlier, eyewitnesses described seeing the car moving erratically along Higram Avenue at high-speed. According to a police spokesperson, it is likely that the driver lost control at Higram Bridge and plunged into the—excuse me—river. *[Becoming highly emotional.]* Bradford and Samantha were a well loved and admired celebrity couple. They were immensely talented, wonderful people and will be missed... by... all their fans—*[breaks down completely]* I'm sorry, there's just something in my eye... *[An off-camera hand lends her a box of tissues; she pulls one out and honks into it.]* These people were fucking saints! *[Another off-screen hand gives her a teddy bear, or a rattling set of teeth, or a bouncing bird-toy. She laughs and collects herself.]* In other news, scientists are warning that global warming, bla bla bla *[throws the page behind her]*.

VO: That was... CBA News in One Minute.

13 Meeting with the Surgeon III (Samantha)

[Samantha is poking her finger into an opening in the gauze on her head. The doctor comes into view and leads her hand away.]

Doctor: Hello, how—Eeeeerm! Please don't do that! I know you're anxious to see the results of the operations, but I would advise against it until the healing is complete.

Samantha: (s/t) I was only picking my nose. I *think* it was my nose.

Doctor: Samantha, I have some bad news.

Samantha: (s/t) The toilet is out of order. I knew it!

Doctor: I'm afraid your ovaloid sputternick is showing massive flippant ion dispersion. We'll have to operate again.

Samantha: (s/t) No daddy! Make it go away!

Doctor: Shhh... relax... Will you trust me to make you even more beautiful, Samantha?

14 Surgery III

Doctor: Count from ten...

Samantha: (s/t) I am not thinking of sparkling lemonade rolling off the lip of a frosted decanter; nor of the biting stream from a craggy spring; not of the murmuring estuaries of the Nile Delta; nor the virginal white curtains of the waterfalls at Renem.. Remnefel.. Remnefjellsfossen. Nor of the...

Doctor: Beautiful Samantha. Beautiful, stupid Samantha.

15 Meeting with the Surgeon IV (Bradford)

Doctor: [*Walks in.*] Hello! How are we today?

Bradford: (s/t) The spider has sent its many legs again!

Doctor: I'm afraid I have some bad news. During a routine incision of the cranial extensor, the palpable washers rebounded into the, errr, jarvis sink.

Bradford: (s/t) They have found us! Even here, where it's black and nothing stirs!

Doctor: I know you must be anxious. These things sometimes happen. But I will always be here to take the pain away.

Bradford: (s/t) Yes! Give us the sticky stuff! [*The doctor adjusts the morphine feed.*]

Doctor: (s/t) This should keep you happy!

Bradford: (s/t) Sticky...

16 Surgery IV

[See *storyboards for action.*]

17 Meeting with the Surgeon V (Samantha)

Doctor: Samantha, I have some bad news. Your fiance passed away today.

Samantha: (s/t) You're just *saying* that.

Doctor: I know it's too soon to express my feelings for you, but I can't hold back much longer. After the operation, will you come with me to a little chalet I have at Montgenevre, in the Alps?

Samantha: (s/t) How romantic! I love the seaside! Speaking of which, can I use the toilet?

Doctor: Don't worry Samantha. Everything will be OK.

18 Surgery V

[See *storyboard for action.*]

19 Meeting with the Surgeon VI (Bradford)

Doctor: Although 99% of the time this can be fixed with chocolate cake, I would prefer to take you back to surgery.

Bradford: (s/t) No! Don't take us to her hairy mouth! Unclean! Unclean!

Doctor: You seem to be in a lot of distress. Perhaps I should increase the dosage...

Bradford: Yes, yes... now we sleep... sticky...

20 Surgery VI

[See *storyboard for action.*]

21 Meeting with the Surgeon VII (Samantha)

Doctor: [*Sings while playing an accordion.*] *Roquefort, Camembert, Rigotte de Condrieu... Chabichou du Poitou, et Tommette de Corbières. Ecir de l'Aubrac, Galette Lyonnaise... Briquette de Chirac et Chevreton du Bourbonnais.*

Samantha: (s/t) I *knew* you were Italian. Dove è la toletta?

Doctor: Soon we will be together, mon cheri. Don't you worry about a thing.

Samantha: (s/t) I'm not worried, I just need to—

22 Corridor #2

[Samantha is being wheeled along to the operating theatre.]

Samantha: (s/t) Look! A toilet! It's right there!

23 Surgery VII

[*See storyboard for detailed action.*]

24 Last Meeting with the Surgeon / Reunion

[*The following are really two monologues—they can overlap.*]

[*Bradford is picking gauze off his head.*]

Doctor: Hello! How is our—oh no no no, you shouldn't do that! [*Hurries towards Bradford.*] There is nothing to see, I assure you everything is going perfectly well...

Bradford: (s/t) They are wrapping us with their sticky ribbons! Winding them once! Twice! A thousand times!

Doctor: I know you're anxious to see your new face, but it will need time to heal! In most ways, it will be aesthetically superior to the original—I am rather proud of it, if I may say so!

Bradford: (s/t) Like a little maggot, with no eyes to taste and no mouth to smell and no nose to hear and no ears to see where we're going! But we know!

Doctor: Of course certain hobbies will present a challenge at first. For example whistling, or chewing—or indeed eating, for that matter. On the other hand, the accentuated jawline adds a masculine, determined contour to the face.

Bradford: When we're nice and tight, she'll send the chopsticks to pick us up like a juicy wonton! And take us to the teeth! Hissing and glistening! Hissing and glistening!

Doctor: Now if you just let me do my job, and stop buzzing around like some sort of insect....

Bradford: Aaargghh!! She knows we're trying to escape! She can smell our fear!

Doctor: Will you just stay still, you IMPUDENT CHILD!

[*Smacks Bradford. Bradford stays still, bleeding. Pause.*] Merde! [*Looks at the blood in his hands.*] Look what you made me do. Well, you know, I've had enough. I am just *through* with cleaning up after you. Look at the mess in this room. Do you have any idea 'ow difficult it is to scrape up blood and pus from antique Victorian wallpaper? Huh? *Do you?* [*Walks over to sink and starts washing his hands.*]

Bradford: (s/t) It's all over. The blackness is coming.

Doctor: "Nnng! Nnng! Nnng!" When I ask a question, I want an answer dammit... Yesterday. Where is the lower sigmoid? "Nnng! Nnng! Nnng!" You know where it was? In the magazine rack. How am I going to read the *Cornwall Angler* now? Yes it was yours, *no* it wasn't Pookie's, hers is always in the jar next to the pancreas. *I* know where things go. [*Walks over and sits down next to Bradford.*] Frankly, I'm not sure you appreciate everything I've done for you. Once the extraction was completed I—I didn't have to keep you around. But you were special. I persevered so that you wouldn't have to be dismembered like the others. [*Pause.*] Truth is, I don't think you *want* to be saved. [*Puts a hand on Bradford, Bradford turns his face away.*] But I am not angry. I will do one last thing for you. I will make the pain go away. [*The doctor shoves the IV back into Bradford's arm, reaches over to the morphine device and jacks up the supply.*]

Bradford: *[Agitated.]* Aarggh! It's cold! It stings! It's... it's sweet... and sticky... sticky sticky sticky... *[Calms down as the morphine kicks in.]*

Doctor: There! *[Gets up to leave.]* Sleep now. And don't worry. You won't feel the chainsaw. *[The word 'chainsaw' echoes.]* *[Bradford's POV: Just as the surgeon is blurring away, he can be seen removing his cap and gloves. The door is then heard opening and closing. Bradford hallucinates for a while. Various VO effects and flashbacks. Then, Bradford's own voice begins to pick up volume again:]*

Bradford: (s/t) Must... not... sleep... They... will... be back... Must fly away. Must... fly...

[Still hallucinating, and with great effort, Bradford manages to pull the IV out of his arm.]

Bradford: (s/t) Aaaargghh! Cold... so cold!

[Bradford stumbles over to the door. Every time he tries to grab the handle, the handle disappears and reappears at some other spot on the door. Eventually, it disappears altogether and he finds himself trying to pry the door open from the left side. He gives up and leans against the door. He catches a glimpse of himself in the sink mirror. His exertion has loosened the gauze, which is now dangling from his head. He moves over to the sink and begins to unravel it. His true form is revealed: He has no upper jaw, and the rest of his features are grotesquely deformed too. As soon as he sees what he has been reduced to, he sobers up completely.]

Bradford: What-the-hell is going on here?

[At the precise instant the door swings fully open from the right side, flattening Bradford against the wall.]

Samantha: (s/t) Where is that fucking toilet! Sod it—I'll do it on the bed. They'll never know it was me. *[Walks over to the bed, turns around and gets ready to sit. She notices Bradford, who has unstuck himself from the wall and takes a couple of steps forward. His head has been completely flattened, like a fish.]*

Samantha: (s/t) Aaaaargggghhhh!

[Bradford's face is slowly popping back into its original shape like a balloon being blown up. As soon as it is fully restored, Bradford blinks and Samantha leans forward for a closer look. Pause. Then:]

Samantha: (s/t) Aaaaargggghhhh!

Bradford: (s/t) Shhhhh! He'll hear! *[Bradford rushes forward to gag her. He inadvertently grabs one of her breasts.]*

Bradford: (s/t) Samantha?!

[Samantha smacks him so hard he flies backwards. She then makes for the door. From the floor, Bradford kicks the door shut. He clambers to his feet and grabs Samantha with both hands.]

Bradford: (s/t) Samantha, listen to me! The surgeon is a lunatic!

Samantha: (s/t) Oh I remember you now! Of course you can have an autograph! Do you have a pen?

Bradford: (s/t) We have to get out of here! He's going to kill us both! Don't you understand?

Samantha: (s/t) Help! Doctor Abbatage! I'm right here, mon cheri!

[The shaking has loosened up Samantha's gauze too. Bradford pulls her towards the mirror.]

Bradford: (s/t) Look! Look what he's doing to us!

[Samantha steps forward and begins to pick off the gauze. It turns out that she is grossly deformed too, and missing her lower jaw. Bradford steps behind her so they are both looking at themselves in the mirror. The mirror cracks, shatters, and crashes into the sink. Bradford and Samantha look at it for a second longer. It then catches fire. Samantha turns to Bradford with tears in her eyes. She touches his face lightly with her hand..]

Samantha: (s/t) B-Bradford?

Bradford: (s/t) It's not that bad. I think a dash of Esmer Rouge—to bring out the eyes. *[Samantha is about to collapse completely. Bradford takes her by the hand.]* Let's get out of here.

Samantha: (s/t) Wait, I have to wee! *[They both exit the room.]*

25 In the Mansion

[Bradford and Samantha leave the room and find their way down the corridor. The floor is strewn with percussion instruments, like tambourines, cowbells, woodblocks, etc. which they have to tip-toe around. These are all tied up together with string. As Bradford and Samantha walk along, Samantha unwittingly begins to drag some of them along. They come to a window, from where they can see two figures hauling crates onto a van outside.]

Bradford: (s/t) Look! Maybe we can escape in that van.

Samantha: (s/t) I agree, let's go back to the room. They look threatening!

[They both start to walk in opposite directions, bump into each other and step on the percussion instruments, making a racket. They panic and turn towards the stairwell—once they get there, Samantha trips up on the string and sends both of them flying down the stairwell.]

26 Catching the Van

[Bradford and Samantha find themselves outside a mansion. They hide behind a corner of the building. A short distance away two men can be seen loading the van up.]

Man #1: Checklist.

Man #2: Triangle.

Man #1: Check.

Man #2: Temple Blocks.

Man #1: Check.

Man #2: Clavicle.

Man #1: Check.

Man #2: Tibia.

Man #1: Check.

Man #2: Vibrator.

Man #1: Check.

[As they go through the list, Bradford & Samantha tip-toe to the other side of the van.]

Man #1: Dang! I forgot the congas. I'll be right back.

Man #2: Alright, you get them and I'll start her up.

[As Man #2 walks away and Man #1 starts up the van, Bradford & Samantha jump into the back. They manage to hide inside two of the crates before Man #1 returns. He then steps into the van and puts a crate on top of the one that Samantha just hid inside. The door is heard slamming and the van moves along.]

27 Storage Room

[Bradford's head pops out of the crate inside a storage room.]

Bradford (s/t): Samantha? *[Looking around.]* Samantha?

[He disappears into the crate and re-appears out of another crate.]

Bradford (s/t): Samantha? *[Samantha's head now pops out of a crate.]*

Samantha (s/t): Yes?

[Continue with variations of Samantha and Bradford popping out of different crates, calling out to each other. Eventually there are multiple Samanthas and Bradfords popping out of crates simultaneously. Suddenly, the door opens and an assistant begins to enter with his back turned, talking to somebody outside.]

Felipe: Yes, yes Manuel, I know! The congas, not the bongos! I know where they are, okay? *[All of the Bradford and Samanthas pop back into the crates before he turns to face them. Felipe then starts walking towards a crate at the far end of the room. He is mumbling.]* Lama mi calabacin, puta. *[As Felipe reaches for the crate, a stack of crates on a shelf above his head begins to edge towards him.]*

Manuel (off camera, from a distance): Felipe!

Felipe: *[Turns to face the door, the stack of crates smashes into a pile behind him, but he doesn't notice.]* What now?

Manuel: Make sure you bring the tumba and not the quinto!

Felipe: Well which one is the tumba? Is that the big one? *[Behind him, Bradford is crawling out of a crate.]*

Manuel: It's the one that's 12 inches across.

Felipe: Well how the hell do I know how big that is? Why don't you come here and show me? *[Bradford coughs. Felipe instantly turns around.]* What?! *[Bradford hits him across the face with a conga. Samantha then emerges from a crate.]*

Samantha (s/t): What's going on here? *[Manuel walks into the room.]*

Manuel: What the hell is all that... ¡Madre del dios! I've never seen anything so ugly! I think I'm going to... *[He slumps to the ground next to Felipe.]*

Bradford: Quick! Let's get into their clothes!

28 Venue Corridor #1

[Bradford and Samantha walk out of the storage room into a corridor, populated with just a few figures. Bradford and Samantha walk along for a while. A person carrying a violin cases gives Bradford a dirty look. Bradford picks up his pace worriedly.]

Samantha (s/t): What is this place?

Bradford (s/t): Let's hurry and find an exit! *[At that point, Bradford bumps into the Chief of Staff, a tall, lanky man with enormous spectacles.]*

Chief of Staff: Ah! There you are! Where have you two been? We're ten minutes from show. Where are the congas?

Samantha (s/t): Which conga? The tumba or the quinto?

Chief of Staff: The tumba, obviou... waaait a second! *That's* not a Spanish accent!

Samantha (s/t): *[Points at her teeth.]* I have an ulcer.

Chief of Staff: Waaait a second! Is that *Esmer Rouge* you're wearing under the eyes? any idiot knows that *Jasmine Lilac* is better for brilliance!

Samantha (s/t): Oh come on! *Jasmine Lilac* is slightly more brilliant when viewed under ambient light of three lumens from a distance of 54 centimetres and an angle between twelve and eight-seven radians, but only when inspecte through a calibrated prism assembly. *[While Samantha is blathering the Chief of Staff, Bradford accosts the musician.]*

Bradford (s/t): Excuse me, do you mind if I—

Musician: Not at all, be my guest. *[Hands the tuba over to Bradford. This action should overlap somewhat with Samantha's dialogue.]*

Samantha: *Esmer Rouge* does compromise brilliance for warmth, especially when the contrast ratio in the lighting rig surpasses 1:6—however this is easily rectified using a lens converter.

Chief of Staff: *[Pauses to think.]* Waaaait a second! *[At that instance, Bradford wedges the tuba onto the Chief of Staff's head and runs away with Samantha. The Chief of Staff now talks through the tuba's mouthpiece.]* You're not Felipe!

[Bradford and Samantha run down the corridor, take a right turn and run along some more. Samantha then notices a sign that reads 'Female Toilets for Women'. She brakes to a halt in front of the toilet door.]

Samantha (s/t): I'm going to take a pee and there's nothing you can do to stop me.

Bradford (s/t): Hurry up.

[Bradford waits outside for Samantha for a long time, then finally gives up and goes to fetch her out.]

29 Venue Toilet

[Bradford waits outside the ladies' toilets for Samantha. He eventually becomes impatient and barges in.]

Bradford: (s/t) What's taking you so long?

Samantha: (s/t) I'll be right out... *[Suddenly, a blind man with dark shades, an overcoat and a hat walks out of one of the cubicles. Samantha and Bradford instinctively flatten themselves against the sinks. The man pokes one of Bradford's eyes. Bradford spits upwards, from his exposed jaw, straight into the man's face. The man rubs his hands as if they were wet. He then walks over to Samantha and squeezes one of her breasts. Samantha wheezes out hot air onto the man's hands while he rubs them. When he's finished he makes his way out.]*

Blind man: Ugly bastards.

[Bradford and Samantha look at each other.]

30 Venue Corridor #2

[Bradford and Samantha walk out of the toilet. In the distance, the chief of staff and two police officers spot them.]

Chief of staff: *[From the distance.]* There they are! Get them! *[The police take off after Bradford and Samantha, who turn around and start running. They take a few turns until they come across a sign reading 'Fly Tower'. They step through the door.]*

31 Fly Tower / Concert Hall / Fight

Outline

[See storyboard for detailed action.]

Bradford and Samantha climb a ladder and find themselves in the fly rig, behind the spotlights.

Below, the audience waits for the performer to show up.

Man 1: Excuse me, sir, could you take your hand off my leg?

Man 2: Of course! I thought you'd never ask!

Woman 1: Yeah I got the tickets for free.

Woman 2: Of yeah me too. Where'd you get them?

Woman 1: I got them in "Avant-Garde Percussion Jazz With Bones" magazine.

Woman 2: Oh, I got mine in "Migraine" magazine.

Woman 1: Oh that's great.

The performer shows up, the audience applaud. Bradford and Samantha look on.

The performance begins (different shots). The audience comment on the performance.

Boy: This isn't *Star Wars*! I wanna go home!

Woman: Shut up or you won't get to see mommy in the shower tonight.

Woman 1: Truly groundbreaking. He's injecting a tribal urgency into the established bebop tradition. With elements of dixie.

Woman 2: Yeah.

Woman 1: I like his ass too.

Woman: Jeremy, you don't know how hot I am right now. Why don't we go home, put on a porno and make hot sex?

Man: Shhhh. I'm trying to listen.

Woman: I'll let you put the lingerie on.

Man: [Pause.] OK let's go.

Bradford recognises the performer as he turns around. Just as he gets ready to jump him, the mandibles are struck. Bradford mis-lands.

A fight ensues. The audience decide it's part of the performance.

Bradford breaks away from the fight to ask the audience for help. They don't respond.

The performer strikes Bradford with the mandible and runs away. Bradford tails him in hot pursuit. Samantha makes her way out of the fly tower.

Fight Outline

Bradford jumps the performer but lands in the percussion kit. He picks up a flyer that explains the performance.

Elvis kicks him.

Bradford leaps into Elvis' chest and throws him down.

Elvis kicks Bradford and throws him into the percussion kit area.

Bradford reaches for the mandibles but the performer hits the pedal and Bradford's hand is bitten.

Elvis reaches over the percussion kit for Bradford but Bradford plays the glockenspiel and hits the performer in the mouth.

Bradford rips one of the jaws from the attachment and begins to run away from the performer—however Elvis grabs him by the legs, and the jaw flies away and smashes to the floor.

Bradford turns around and kicks the performer in the teeth. He then rights himself and addresses the audience, who ignore him.

Meanwhile the performer has collected himself and detached the other mandible, with which he hits Bradford over the head and makes a run for it.

Bradford runs after him. Samantha starts to leave the fly tower.

32 Venue Corridor #3

[Samantha exits into the corridor just as Elvis and Bradford disappear up a staircase in the far end. She turns around to see the chief of staff and the police approaching from the opposite end.]

Chief of Staff: (s/t) Stop right there! Give it up freak! There's nowhere to hide!

[Samantha yanks the hose from a nearby fire extinguisher and aims it at them.]

Policeman #1: Whoa! Take it easy now, no-one wants to get hurt! Just put the flamethrower down!

Samantha (s/t): Errm.. Don't take another step or I'll burn you alive!

Policeman #1: Listen to me, everything's gonna be okay, let's just talk *[Takes a step forward. Samantha triggers the fire-extinguisher and covers them all with foam.]*

Policeman #2: Why you! *[They all run towards Samantha, who rips the fire-extinguisher from the wall, throws it at them and runs up the stairs after Bradford.]*

33 Rooftop Face-Off

[See storyboard for detailed action.]

Elvis: You are one persistent little...

If you're willing to die for the sake of one little bone, then guess what... I might just let you have it! [Gets ready to strike Bradford down with the mandible.]

[Suddenly Samantha appears further up.]

Samantha: (s/t) Bradford!

[As Elvis is distracted, Bradford fips him over with a kick. Suddenly, Elvis is hanging on to the mandible, which is being held by Bradford, whose leg is being held by Samantha.]

Samantha: (s/t) Let go, Bradford!

Elvis: Bradford! Pull me up! Save me!

Bradford: (s/t) Why, of course! What was I thinking?

Elvis: Listen to me, Bradford! I made you this way—only I can repair you again!

Samantha: (s/t) I can't hold on!

Bradford: (s/t) Let go of the jaw! Samantha was very attached to it!

Elvis: You must understand! It was the only way! The *Sonata for Mandibles and Percussion* can only be performed with the right type of bone! Ever since I saw you on *Bitchkrieg House*... I knew you were the ones!

Bradford: (s/t) What kind of moron actually watches that programme?

Elvis: It's my favourite show... after *Celebrity Colonoscopy*.

Bradford: (s/t) Oh my god! Did you see the second season?

Samantha: (s/t) My arm. Is about. To pop.

Elvis: Don't you understand, Bradford? True music comes from within—it's in our bones! And if it's not in our bones, we must look for it in other people's bones!

Bradford: (s/t) Fascinating! Now, just open your fingers, and plunge to your death.

Samantha: (s/t) Bradford! Let go of the jaw! I don't need it!

Elvis: Look at you, Bradford! You've spent all your life becoming plastic people! Your words are not your own! Your thoughts are not your own! Your hairstyle is not your own!

Samantha: (s/t) Don't listen to him, Bradford! He's mad! Besides that I'm in pain!

Elvis: Bradford—you are stronger than the corporate media machine! You are not a product! [Slowly fishes inside his pocket.]

Bradford: (s/t) Wait a second... he's got a point...

Samantha: (s/t) He's got a gun!

[Bradford jerks his hand upwards. The mandible flies upwards. Bradford reaches for it. Instead, he grabs a drumstick. He looks over the parapet to see Elvis and the mandible crashing down.]

Bradford: (s/t) No. *[The police arrive behind Bradford and Samantha to lead them below.]*

Guard: *[To Samantha]* Let's go, meatballs.

34 The Kiss

[Bradford and Samantha are led with their arms over their heads to the front of the venue, where an angry mob awaits behind the police line.]

MOB: *[Mixed voices:]* They killed Elvis! Kill them! The music was terrible! Save them! Tweeze their nose hairs out! Yes to agricultural co-operatives! Pull their ears off! No to dixie! Yes to bebop! Tickle them to death! *[Eventually coalescing to:]* Burn the freaks! Burn the freaks! Burn the freaks!

[Bradford and Samantha are led by the police to face the mob. They look at each other for a second, nod, then Bradford flicks his gown upwards, and Samantha moons the crowd.]

MOB: *[Mixed voices:]* Look! It's Bradford and Samantha! Bradford! Samantha! They're alive! Samantha I love you! Bradford I wanna have your babies! That show was terrible! Kill them! *[Coalescing to:]* Yeeeeeeeeah! Bradford! Samantha! Bradford! Samantha! *[etc.]*

[The police are dumbfounded. Bradford basks in the adulation, and then notices that Samantha is missing.]

Bradford: (s/t) Samantha? *[Looking around.]*

[Bradford breaks away from the crowd to find Samantha kneeling next to body of the performer, trying to piece the jaw back together. He squats next to her and takes her hands in his.]

Bradford: (s/t) We don't need that anymore. *[They both stand up, turn around to face the crowd, then kiss each other, their jaws fitting together in a yin-yang shape.]*

35 The Renee Flowers Show #2 (credits)

VO: [*Interspersed with footage.*] They were known and loved from Bitchkrieg House. But just as their careers were taking off, and their love blossomed into an engagement, they were hurled into an ordeal which defies belief. Imprisoned by a mad jazz artist who extracted their jaws in the name of art, they used their resourcefulness, and their love, to see them through.

Renee: I am Renee Flowers and tonight my guests are Bradford and Samantha!
[*Applause.*]

Renee: Well! Where to *begin*! How-on-earth did you manage to survive this, this *odyssey*? Which, from what I understand is the name of your new perfume line?

Samantha: (s/t) You're quite right! It will be hitting the shops next week!

Renee: So what's the story behind the perfume? For starters, how do you feel towards the man who imprisoned you and... and *altered* you in this way?

Samantha: (s/t) I was very angry at first, but now I understand that he was just a lost soul, a very lonely man... I—I forgive him.

Bradford: [*Speaking through a vocoder*] I suppose it helps that he's dead!

Samantha: Yeah! [*Renee, Samantha, Bradford and the audience laugh loudly.*]

Renee: But what were your first thoughts when you realised that you weren't in hospital, but at—at the mercy of this madman?

Samantha: Well, I could tell from the beginning that he was insane, and my first thoughts were with Bradford—where was he, what was happening to him, how would we get back together?

Renee: Bradford?

Bradford: I never stopped thinking about Samantha, and from the outset I would say I was totally focussed on escaping. I had sized the guy up and I knew that I was physically stronger and that I could overcome him.

Renee: Samantha? Did you ever think that you would have to fight for your life?

Samantha: Well, myself I *abhor* violence, so I used my womanly charms on him. There's nothing like a woman's power to seduce!

Renee: Well said, sista!

Samantha: Haha, well, you should know about it, you shagged my fiance.

Renee: There—there seems to be a technical problem...

Samantha: Don't give me that cowpat, you wench. Duncan told me all about it.

Renee: We'll be right back after the break! [*takes microphone off*] Right you bitch. Aaarggghh!

Samantha: Aaarggghh!

Bradford: I'm getting out of here.

[Freeze frame on women about to collide, then fade to black for credits.]

THE END