

# Control Home

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

MALTEX FALOON, male, mid-thirties, wearing a trenchcoat and mittens, is studying a newspaper's classified section. He frowns after scanning it and looks up. He starts walking down the street.

A PUNK follows him. Maltex cuts through a passageway partially obscured by steam pluming from the street.

The punk hurries to catch up.

IN THE PASSAGEWAY

Hearing the punk's approach Maltex turns.

PUNK

Give it up.

The punk holds his hand out impatiently.

MALTEX

What?

PUNK

Your wallet asshole.

Maltex places his right hand reflexively on his breast pocket.

MALTEX

I haven't... got it....

The punk becomes furious and throws a punch.

Maltex blocks it with his right FOREARM. Then he drives his knee forward, into the punk's gut. The punk sidesteps in time. He throws a left hook.

Maltex blocks that with his right forearm again and then elbows the punk in the face with a left hook of his own.

The punk stumbles. Maltex advances and with his left elbow jabs him in the chest pushing him back.

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Then he crosses with a right elbow and breaks the punk's nose producing a yelp from him.

The punk clips Maltex on the jaw with a flail and then clutches onto Maltex's right arm.

Maltex hits him again with his left elbow and tries to detach himself from the clinch.

With his nose bleeding profusely the punk desperately holds onto Maltex's right arm.

And then his right HAND.

Maltex lets out a howl. The fight goes out of him.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

No. Stop. Stop.

The punk catches on. He grabs onto Maltex's right hand in earnest and Maltex drops to one knee.

The punk realizes that suddenly Maltex is no longer a threat. As he squeezes the hand Maltex collapses in excruciating pain. When he gets him on the ground he gives him a kick to the stomach.

There's nothing that Maltex can do.

The punk is enraged but also in pain, as he grimaces in anger his nose hurts him.

He reconsiders and then quickly reaches into Maltex's breast pocket.

He finds a money clip with a few bills, hardly enough for his trouble, and runs off after another kick.

Maltex rolls over and leans against a wall. He feels his breast pocket and then his coat pocket. From his coat pocket he partially pulls out his wallet. He relaxes.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Maltex, bruised and scuffed, is sitting quietly in the crowded waiting room of a doctor's office. He notices a well dressed woman nearby, with her arms in her lap. Her hands seem withered prematurely for her age.

Maltex returns his attention to a magazine that he's doodling on. He grasps a stubby pencil in one mittened fist.

His doodling seems difficult and painful for him. He periodically stops and breaths. It's not clear what he's trying to draw. It looks like a clock....

A small window at the other end of the room slides open. A NURSE leans through the window. Behind her on a wall a digital clock reads 3:15 P.M.

NURSE

Faloon, Maltex. Two forty-five.

MALTEX

That's me.

Maltex rises as he pushes himself out of the chair with hands that seem slightly curled in on themselves. He puts the stubby pencil in a pocket of his trenchcoat and walks toward a door to the right of the window.

INT. EXAMINATION-ROOM

The nurse stands to one side looking at a file folder. The room has an extremely antiseptic atmosphere about it.

Maltex has his coat off and is sitting on the examination table. She gestures to his hands with a scalpel.

NURSE

I'm going to take the skin sample.

Maltex bites the leather mittens and winces as he pulls them from his hands.

White, peeling, liver spotted, pasty skin is revealed. Each hand is gnarled and twisted in arthritic contortions. The

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nails are yellowed and chipped. Small scars, fresh scabs, and bruises cover the backs of both hands. Purple and blue veins of varying size crisscross the backs, yet disappear in a very even line abruptly at the wrists.

HIS HANDS LOOK LIKE THOSE OF AN EIGHTY YEAR-OLD MAN. THE REST OF HIS FOREARMS LOOK NORMAL.

The nurse scrapes the back of his right hand with the scalpel. Maltex bites his lip and then glares at her as she walks to one of the workstations with the sample. Odd grunts emanate from the nurse as she conducts the tests.

MALTEX

They've been hurting more.

The nurse grunts.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Doesn't seem to do anything anymore.

Maltex reaches into a pocket of his coat, pulls out a vial with a rubber stopper on the top.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Doesn't look right.

He holds the vial up, looking at it and showing it to the nurse's back.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Does that look right to you?

NURSE

(over her shoulder)

How often are you shooting up?

Maltex lowers the vial cradled in his palm to his lap.

MALTEX

Depends on the pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The nurse turns toward Maltex and takes one of his hands. The vial drops into his lap.

His hands are more like fists, cupped in on themselves. She bends each finger back as far as they will go, until Maltex begins to grimace from the pain. None go very far. She rubs and massages each hand, testing and feeling each muscle and tendon.

She takes the vial from his lap, inspects the label.

NURSE

This was out of date three days ago. You were supposed to come in then.

MALTEX

I was on a job.

NURSE

If you let it go bad this stuff does more damage than good.

(pause)

If you don't come in when you're scheduled to, the stuff's going to mutate.

The nurse moves away, opens a small cabinet and drops the vial into a waste receptacle. She turns and opens a cold storage unit sitting on the counter and takes out another vial.

She takes a wrapped syringe from a bin that has a hand-scrawled sign taped above it reading "FREE, TAKE SOME".

She tears open the wrapper and inserts the needle into the rubber stopper on the new vial and fills the syringe.

MALTEX

I don't think that's it. It wasn't working very good before. Before it went bad I mean. The pain just never seems to go away entirely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The nurse takes Maltex's left hand and injects the needle between the knuckles of his middle and ring fingers. Maltex winces.

NURSE

Eighty-two percent of the nerve coatings in both hands have deteriorated permanently. You're in advanced neurological deterioration.

The nurse pulls the needle from the left hand, refills it from the vial, and injects the right hand.

NURSE (CONT'D)

All the joints in your right hand and almost half of them in your left have swollen beyond the capability of the T-Butoxilina.

Finished, she throws the syringe into the same trash receptacle she threw the old vial into. She then picks up the file folder and writes something.

MALTEX

So what am I supposed to do? I can't work like this.

NURSE

(over her shoulder)

You've been told all along what you should do. Pick up a decent pair. These Welfares are garbage.

MALTEX

I'm barely making the payments on the T-Bu. I can't afford anything else.

NURSE

Do what you want. But the way you're pumping the stuff into them, they'll be gone in three months anyway, probably sooner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Maltex pulls on his mittens and stands.

The nurse finishes writing in the file, turns and hands him the itemized bill for the shots. He looks at it with a grunt and heads to the door to the waiting room.

He pauses a moment beside the door and pulls an old, stained and crusted syringe from one of his pockets. He hands it to the nurse who drops it into the garbage can.

He grabs a handful of packaged syringes and stuffs them into his pocket and then opens the door and steps out.

INT. WAITING-ROOM

Maltex walks to the RECEPTIONIST and hands him the bill. He takes it without looking up and types a few commands into the terminal, raises his hand and Maltex hands him a credit card. He types in the card number and waits.

Through an open door, behind the receptionist, Maltex sees the woman with the prematurely whithered hands sitting at an examination table.

A nurse has placed two BLACK BOXES on her hands and flips a switch. She pulls the boxes off leaving black "cuffs" on the remaining stumps. The withered hands are gone.

The nurse returns with two other black boxes that she fastens onto the cuffs. She flips a switch and removes the boxes.

The woman now has beautiful, young hands, appropriate to her age. She's thrilled and flexes her new hands testing them.

Maltex is transfixed....

RECEPTIONIST

This one's over limit.

He hands the card back. Maltex pulls out three other cards.

He glances through the open door but the woman is gone.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

No good either.

(CONTINUED)

Maltex hands him a third card.

MALTEX

I haven't used it in a couple weeks. It might have something on it.

The receptionist checks this card.

RECEPTIONIST

Nothing. Do you have a chip? I think we can still take those.

MALTEX

No, I don't. Can't you just get around the limit?

RECEPTIONIST

They're all way over. Amex, six hundred. Discover's revoked. I'm supposed to incinerate it.

The receptionist presses a button and a flap slides up revealing a narrow slot in the wall behind him. He starts to insert the card into the slot.

MALTEX

No!

Maltex tries to grab the card but merely succeeds in hitting it to the floor and causing himself pain.

RECEPTIONIST

You can't use it anymore.

MALTEX

Sorry. Just don't destroy it.

The receptionist looks at his trembling hands and the pathetic look on his face, then at the screen.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

What about the Amex? You said it was only over six hundred. You

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALTEX (CONT'D)

sure you can't push it a little farther? What's the worst that can happen? I'm the one who's going to get any flak if somebody pursues it.

The receptionist hands back the card and takes the one Maltex holds out. He types in a few commands and hands the card back.

RECEPTIONIST

There.

MALTEX

Thanks. I appreciate it.

Maltex turns to his right and leaves.

TITLES:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fashions on the crowded street range from business suits to the extremely casual, to, and past, the point of decency.

Many of the people moving about have peculiar physical characteristics. Some lack a portion of their body, others have mismatched limbs, etc.

Maltex steps out of the medical building and turns left, loping carefully up the street, his hands hidden in his pockets.

He passes small posters tacked up on walls and lightposts with an image of a happy face with a Hitler mustache.

Maltex reaches a bus stop and stands next to a very dark-skinned African man dressed in a black leather Gestapo-like uniform. A bus pulls up to the corner the door opens and they climb on.

A billboard on the side of the bus advertises a shop that handles "only the very finest" in male hands as well as male and female genitalia. The bus pulls away.

## INT. POLICE STATION

The police station is like a horse track or the unemployment office. The air is thick with cigarette smoke. Throughout the room are uniformed police resembling Gestapo officers.

Almost everyone is watching an electronic ticker tape SIGN on one wall. Periodically people hurry over to wait in long lines for a bank of computer terminals.

Maltex enters and immediately gets in line for one of the terminals. He waits with his hands in his pockets watching the sign.

Maltex notices one item.

His turn arrives at the terminal. He types in commands and prints out a document, then takes the printout and makes his way across the room to another door.

## INT. OFFICE

Maltex steps into a dark, musty room with a counter that runs from one end to the other. Along the counter are teller windows with signs that read; APPREHENSIONS - FETALS, APPREHENSIONS - SLAVING, etc.

Crowded noisy lines have formed at all the stations except for one, DONOR FRAUD. Maltex goes to that station.

CLERK

Can I help you?

Maltex hands her the printout.

MALTEX

Faloon, Ident. 1184345. Just registered.

The clerk moves back into rows of shelves. After a brief search she returns with a thin legal-sized file to the counter.

CLERK

Sign here and here.

(CONTINUED)

Maltex glances at the file.

MALTEX  
Is this it?

CLERK  
That's all I have.

Maltex looks at the printout, points.

MALTEX  
It should be a lot thicker.

CLERK  
You'll have to access those  
yourself. This is all I have.

She shrugs and waits until Maltex painfully signs.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
And I need your account number.

MALTEX  
640FIWT-DZ-282.

CLERK  
Down there for the retinal  
verification.

The clerk points to the end of the counter where there are fragile-looking devices and lines of people at them. Maltex moves to the long but quickly moving lines for the verification machines.

In front of him is RUTGER, another bounty hunter. He's dressed much better than Maltex but wears really thick glasses.

As the line moves forward, Maltex ignores him, opens the file and begins perusing it. The file is made up of photo facsimiles and computer generated images of body parts.

Rutger looks back after a few moments and recognizes Maltex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUTGER

Maltex! Whatcha got?

MALTEX

D.F.

RUTGER

Donor fraud? That money sucks.  
Skip tracing's better money.

Rutger tugs at his lapels showing off his suit.

MALTEX

I just gather evidence.

Maltex hesitates then looks at him indicating his own hands.

Rutger looks at Maltex's mittens and then nods uncomfortably.

RUTGER

When you getting new ones?

MALTEX

(hesitates)

I'm working on it.

RUTGER

Yeah.... So, what're the specs?

MALTEX

This guy's donated practically every organ in his body at least a couple times and each time skipped out with the deposit money. You've got lips, tongue, arms, eyes, spleen, lungs.... It goes on and on and on.

RUTGER

Ambitious. He's got a lot of balls.

MALTEX

According to this,... at least seventeen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Rutger chuckles and then opens his own file. Maltex glances away.

A tall RED-HEADED, very curvaceous WOMAN walks in carrying a courier package which she takes to a clerk. She waits for the clerk to return. She looks around the room and notices Maltex. She looks at him.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

Jesus....

RUTGER

Huh? Oh. Yipes.

They both stare at the redhead as she turns back to the clerk who returns with another package for her. She nods at the clerk and leaves.

Maltex and Rutger watch her go.

Rutger's turn comes up on one of the machines. He verifies and then moves towards the door.

RUTGER (CONT'D)

See you later.

Maltex is next. He sticks his face up to one protuberance, hits a switch and a light moves across his eye.

He goes back to the clerk. She hands him a slip of paper with a number printed on it.

CLERK

Here's your authorization code.  
Your log-in schedule is at 1400  
hours every day. Failure to log-in  
deregisters you.

MALTEX

Got it.

Maltex leaves.

INT. PHONE CUBICLE - DAY

BLASS GRIX, male, mid-forties, very well dressed, is speaking on a phone. The phone cubicle is on a sidewalk with a busy street as the backdrop.

PHIL  
(filtered)  
Is it a good stomach?

Blass pauses, shifts the phone to another hand. He has a tattoo on his right hand, between the thumb and index finger.

BLASS  
Yes. Very good. It's an iron  
stomach. Nothing upsets it.

PHIL  
Wonderful. Do you have scans you  
could show us?

Blass shakes his head and stifles a grunt. The voice, Phil, sounds pathetically excited.

BLASS  
Uh, yeah.

PHIL  
Lovely. When could you come by?

Blass checks his watch and smiles smugly.

BLASS  
Well....

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Maltex stands outside one of many apartment doors. He checks the number on the door against one written in the file. It matches. He presses a buzzer and waits.

A harsh voice blares out into the hallway from a speaker beside the door.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

What do you want?

MALTEX

I'm here about the report you  
filed.

VOICE

Have you found it?

MALTEX

Couldn't tell you. I only heard  
about it yesterday. I'm following  
up.

A moment passes and then the door opens revealing SWANSON  
SPINEMANN, a middle-aged man supported by a crutch. He is  
wrapped in some sort of blanket. His left leg is missing.

SPINEMANN

In, in. Have you found it? I've  
been waiting for days to hear back.

INT. SPINEMANN APARTMENT

Maltex enters, stepping past Spinemann, into a light, airy  
octagonal room. The far wall of the room has a window, each  
other facet has a door. It is furnished in bright colors.

Maltex looks at the doors, wondering where they lead.

Spinemann closes the door behind him and follows Maltex in.  
He motions for Maltex to sit on a chair. He sits as well.

MALTEX

Like I said, I don't really know.  
I need to ask you some questions.

SPINEMANN

Why? I told them everything  
already. If you're just going to  
rehash what I've already said --

(CONTINUED)

MALTEX

This won't take very long. I need  
you to identify some photos.

Maltex shuffles through the file folder and pulls out a small  
stack of pictures. He hands them to Spinemann.

Spinemann sits reluctantly looking through the photos.

As he does, his eyes wander to Maltex's leg. He absently  
flips the pages, no longer paying attention to them.

Maltex notices but doesn't mention it. Eventually  
Spinemann's gaze returns to the pictures. He stops and pulls  
one out.

SPINEMANN

(cooing)

This was his. God, it was  
beautiful.

Spinemann gets a wistful look on his face and stares at the  
picture. One hand caresses the picture. Maltex takes the  
picture and looks at it.

MALTEX

You're sure this was the one?

SPINEMANN

No doubt. Look at the angles. The  
musculature on the inside of the  
thigh.... I'll never forget it.

His eyes drift to Maltex's leg again. Maltex writes a note  
in the file. Maltex gestures to the other pictures in  
Spinemann's hands.

MALTEX

Any of the others look familiar?

Spinemann brings his gaze sharply up to Maltex's face.

SPINEMANN

Why? I said it was his.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALTEX

Who's though? Did you meet him? I mean, did you see the leg in person?

SPINEMANN

No.

MALTEX

I need to identify this guy. For all I know this folder could be twenty different guys. And I need to build a case against the specific person who defrauded you.

SPINEMANN

But what happens to my leg?

MALTEX

Well, it's not your leg. I suppose Hospital will break him down.

SPINEMANN

I don't want Hospital getting it's hooks into it. It's mine.

MALTEX

I really don't know.

Maltex checks the file, paying little attention to Spinemann. Spinemann eyes Maltex's legs again.

SPINEMANN

(quietly)

But it's mine.

Maltex looks up from the file.

MALTEX

So you never saw his face?

SPINEMANN

How much do you want for your leg?

Horrified, Maltex almost retracts his legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPINEMANN (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I'll give you fifteen for it.

MALTEX

I'm not selling.... How did this man get in touch with you?

He slumps in his chair a bit.

SPINEMANN

Through a classified ad in the Gazette and the Post-Dispatch. I'd paid for a week, but he responded to it the first day.

MALTEX

Did you list your phone number or address?

SPINEMANN

The newspaper voice mail. He called and left his number.

MALTEX

Do you still have it?

Spinemann looks at Maltex calmly, as if he knows some secret. He reaches under his blanket and takes out a piece of paper.

He hands it to Maltex.

SPINEMANN

I want that back.

Maltex nods. He copies down the number and hands the paper back to Spinemann, who pockets it carefully.

MALTEX

What did the ad say?

SPINEMANN

That I was looking for a leg in good condition. How much I wanted to pay. And the voice mail number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MALTEX

Did he ever say why he'd picked  
your ad?

SPINEMANN

No. Just that he ran across it.

MALTEX

Why was he selling his leg? Wasn't  
he still using it?

Spinemann pulls back the blanket. His left leg has been  
surgically removed at his hip.

SPINEMANN

I didn't care. I want to walk. I  
don't give a shit about anything  
else.

Maltex pulls pictures out from different sub-sections of the  
file, indicating various victims.

Photos of the same leg. He shows them to Spinemann.

MALTEX

They're all the same. He wasn't  
going to sell you anything. He's  
got your same piece optioned five  
times right here.

Spinemann takes them and looks through them. He frowns as he  
recognizes the leg.

Spinemann stares mutely at the pictures, then at Maltex.

SPINEMANN

Well, I was planning on stiffing  
him on the rest of the payment  
anyway. He did seem like a slime.

Maltex nods at him, replaces the pictures, closes the folder  
and rises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MALTEX

If he's found and he still has the limb, you might be notified, but don't count on it.

As Maltex stands there, Spinemann's expression changes. He eyes Maltex's legs, nearly licking his lips.

SPINEMANN

Eighteen hundred.

Maltex watches the old man warily, almost with disgust. Maltex starts to leave the room. He barks his shin on a coffee table. Spinemann flinches.

SPINEMANN (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Two thousand. I'll give you two thousand.

Spinemann scrambles to his foot, reaching out for Maltex. Maltex is scowling from the pain to his shin.

SPINEMANN (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Right now. Two grand. Whattaya say?

MALTEX

I've got to go now.

Spinemann stumbles and lunges for support on Maltex. He falls clutching one of Maltex's hands. Maltex shrieks from the pain and yanks away.

SPINEMANN

You're not careful. You don't care like I do.

Spinemann hits the floor. He hugs one of Maltex's legs.

SPINEMANN (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

No, don't go! I'll take care of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Maltex drags the dead weight out the door.

MALTEX

Get OFF!

SPINEMANN

Twenty ONE hundred!

Maltex gets outside, in the hallway. He tries to yank free. The file falls on the floor as he tends to his left hand.

SPINEMANN (CONT'D)

Don't go!

MALTEX

Get OFF ME!

Maltex kicks Spinemann in the face. Spinemann whimpers and lets go.

Maltex steps away from Spinemann, disgusted. He struggles to collect the file and all the scattered documents.

He finally leaves, clumsily.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

FLEXIBEE BOLD, the redhead Maltex saw at the assignment office, is walking downstairs from an elevated train station, wearing a raincoat and a hat that are wet from the drizzle.

She proceeds down the sidewalk to a posh hotel. As she enters, men around her stare. Her figure is impossible to hide even in a masculine looking raincoat.

She walks on ignoring her surroundings.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Flex walks to the bank of elevators and presses the call button. She stands impassively.

INT. HALLWAY

Flex walks down the hall looking for a hotel room. She glances at each door she passes.

She finds the room and pauses outside the door, staring at it. She squints at the door as if it holds some danger.

She knocks on the door. It opens. Blass Grix is standing there. He smiles at her.

BLASS

Hey Flex.

Without saying anything Flex makes a questioning expression, as if asking "So? Where is it?". Blass puts his hands up placatingly.

BLASS (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I've encountered some minor obstacles. But don't worry.

Flex listens and then sighs dramatically, looks away. She seems skeptical, but not particularly surprised.

BLASS (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

However. There is something you could do that might help both of us.

Flex stares at him, contemplating. Finally she whips her hat off in one motion and steps into the hotel room in another.

Once inside she tosses the hat aside and whips the raincoat off. She's wearing a red wraparound dress tied around the waist. The sight is magnificent. The neckline plunges precipitously while the skirt tantalizingly opens revealing a thigh.

Blass smiles salaciously and closes the door.

INT. BLIND MAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Maltex is standing at the open front door while TUCHO, a blind man welcomes him. Maltex looks inside the man's apartment. It's completely dark, except for streetlight shining in.

TUCHO

Come in.

MALTEX

Uh, sure.

As Maltex steps inside Tucho moves him aside to close the door. With the door closed Maltex can't see.

The blind man moves away from him. He seems to go to another room.

TUCHO

(filtered)

So what is it you want from me....?

Maltex is stranded.

MALTEX

Uh, actually. Um do you have a light? In here? I can't see anything.

Maltex tries to get around but promptly bangs into something.

TUCHO

Oh sorry. Hang on!

The blind man comes back.

TUCHO (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I forget that some people can see. There's a switch over here somewhere.

MALTEX

I think I tried that one.

(CONTINUED)

TUCHO

Oh, it doesn't work?

Tucho tries the switch a couple of times.

MALTEX

No it's dead.

TUCHO

Well there's a lamp over here.

Tucho finds a lamp that works. Maltex sighs, relieved.

TUCHO (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Alright, follow me.

Maltex follows Tucho into the dark kitchen.

TUCHO (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Can you see the table?

MALTEX

Yeah.

TUCHO

Have a seat.

Maltex sits down while Tucho fumbles with a lamp over the kitchen table. He places his hand on the bulb and pulls the chain. The light comes on. Tucho can feel the heat from the bulb. He smiles victoriously.

TUCHO moves about the kitchen making coffee. He's very sure of his movements.

Maltex opens the case file.

MALTEX

Can you tell me what his voice sounded like?

Tucho listens.

CONTINUED: (2)

TUCHO

Soft. Singsongy. Very assured.

Tucho hums a bit to try to demonstrate.

TUCHO (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Actually I have a recording.

(pause)

Coffee?

MALTEX

Fine, thank you. A recording?

He pours a cup of coffee and places it before Maltex. Maltex takes a sip, grimaces, puts it down, and opens the case file.

TUCHO

I make shitty coffee, don't I?

Maltex is caught off guard.

MALTEX

No it's fine.

TUCHO

That's okay. You don't have to drink it. Anyway....

Tucho reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small disk.

TUCHO (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

It's a recording from my telephone security system. A copy. I make one of everyone that calls me. It helps me remember people.

Maltex takes the recording.

MALTEX

Can I have it?

TUCHO

Yeah, that's why I copied it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MALTEX

This could help quite a bit.  
Thanks.

(pauses)

Incidentally, did this guy give a  
reason why he was giving up his  
eyes?

TUCHO

(shrugs)

No. He was just giving up one eye.  
Better than nothing.

MALTEX

How was the transfer going to take  
place?

TUCHO

I gave him an access code to a  
subset of my credit account. Two-  
thirds payment up front with the  
remainder to be paid after  
implantation.

Maltex snorts and shakes his head.

TUCHO (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Don't give me that attitude.

Again Maltex is surprised by the blind man.

MALTEX

(contrite)

It just seems to me, like a long  
shot... working through a guy like  
this.

TUCHO

Of course it was.

(pause)

But I can afford long shots. What  
if it worked out? I'd be looking  
you in the eyes right now, instead  
of picturing you with a blue and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TUCHO (cont'd)  
yellow houndstooth sportcoat and a  
shiny, bald head.

Maltex visualizes that tableau.

MALTEX  
I suppose. So, is there anything  
else you can tell me?

TUCHO  
Nope.

The blind man mopes and shakes his head. Maltex stares at him uncomfortably.

INT. MALTEX'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Maltex's apartment is simple and drab, furnished in dark tones. It's very cluttered by clothes, dishes and videotape cassettes. Maltex has good taste and used to have the money for it.

He has a VCR and television, both of which are on. The sound coming from them is of billiard balls being hit.

Maltex is sitting on his couch carefully taping the last part to a patchwork made of scans of ears, eyes, nose, lips, etc. He flips a piece of tracing paper over the top and lightly draws a vague outline to the resulting face.

There is a drink perched on the table before him.

He shakily injects his hands with the T-Butoxilina. He withdraws the needle and pauses a moment, his whole body shaking with the pain, waiting for it to take effect.

The pain subsides somewhat. He flexes his hands and grimaces, the pain has not gone away entirely.

He picks up a pad and pen resting beside him and writes, slowly forming each word.

INSERT:

5. REPORT ON SPINEMANN
6. SPINEMANN PHONE RECORDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

## 7. FOLLOW UP CONNECTIONS BETWEEN VICTIMS

CUT TO:

Each stroke of the pencil is agony. He periodically takes a break and looks up at the television.

On screen is a professional pool tournament. The player, obviously winning by a huge margin and showing off a bit, is a younger and successful looking Maltex. A videotape.

The cassette case sits on top of the television. The label gives the title of the tournament, the date, and the location. Other cassettes lying about have similar names and dates on them.

Maltex is lost in thought. He eventually falls asleep, the write-up incomplete on his lap, and the tape still running.

INT. PHONE CUBICLE - DAY

Maltex inserts his credit chip. He's tired.

He types his ID number and the screen flashes....

INSERT:

You have thirty seconds to log-in: Counting!

PASSWORD VERIFICATION\_\_\_\_\_

CUT TO:

He types in the case authorization code. The countdown blinks off.

Maltex types in his report about the case so far, the time spent, and his progress. His account balance adjusts.

He now uses the terminal in a more leisurely manner.

INSERT:

Request phone records: Spinemann, Swanson

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lists scroll across the screen.

CUT TO:

Maltex scans it. He slows the scroll and inspects the list more closely.

Maltex sorts the list into incoming and outgoing calls and cross-references them to eliminate dead-ends.

He is left with just a few, all from the same number.

An update on the case appears. Two new victims have turned up.

He notes the phone number of one of the two newest victims, a woman named FLEXIBEE BOLD, when it flashes on the screen.

He dials.

OPERATOR

(filtered)

Frye and Cooke Insurance, may I help you?

MALTEX

I'm trying to locate an employee named Flexibee Bold.

OPERATOR

(filtered)

She's not in today.

MALTEX

Do you have her home phone number or address? It's important that I get in touch with her.

OPERATOR

(filtered)

I can't give out her

MALTEX

Faloon, Ident. 640tdz282. Column authority, class-B.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OPERATOR

(filtered)

Very well.... Here's the number.

He prints out that information. Then he types in commands to print out the missing reports and body part scans in the case file.

The phone cubicle starts spitting out printouts in an adjacent tray. The screen indicates that the printing cost is being deducted from his pay on the case.

Maltex watches each page come out until the printer jams.

Maltex jabs at buttons. He hits the cubicle with his elbow a few times. Nothing.

Finally, he collects the successful printouts and leaves.

EXT. FLEXIBEE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maltex is standing on the front stoop of a plain brownstone. He presses the buzzer beside the door.

After a moment the door swings open.

FLEXIBEE BOLD stands in the doorway, wearing another outfit that really accentuates her stunning figure. Maltex stands, dumbstruck for a few moments as he recognizes her.

MALTEX

Uh...uh. I'm, uh Maltex...Maltex  
Faloon...

Flex stares at him quietly. She seems impatient, annoyed.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I'm looking for...

Maltex clumsily checks his notes. His eyes keep drifting to take in her figure.

(CONTINUED)

MALTEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
...um, Flexibee Bold?

FLEX  
FLEX!

She nods at him. Maltex steps back. Her voice is a shock.  
It is a metallic grating sound.

Flex seems reluctant to speak.

MALTEX  
Is that you?

Flex nods.

MALTEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
Oh,... I'm here about the report  
you filed. Follow up. Get an ID.  
That kind of thing.

FLEX  
Didn't my report cover everything?

MALTEX  
...Basic stuff, yeah. I just want  
to get as much background as I can.  
Make my job easier.

FLEX  
How long?

MALTEX  
...Just a few clarifications. Half  
an hour maybe.

After a moment Flex steps back to allow Maltex in.

MALTEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
Thank you.

INT. FLEXIBEE'S HOUSE

The colors are warm and muted and the furniture appears extremely comfortable.

Flex sits on a couch and motions for Maltex to sit opposite her on a chair.

Maltex tears his eyes from Flex to look through the file. He flips through the pages with difficulty.

MALTEX

Just a minute. Um, I have it here somewhere.

He fumbles about. Smiles at her. Stares.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

You were dealing with him for...uh.

Still searches. Flex watches him, impatiently. She notices his mittens.

FLEX

(irritated)

For my voice.

That startles Maltex.

MALTEX

What?!?

FLEX

I want a new larynx.

He regains his composure.

MALTEX

Right...

Maltex looks around the room and notices framed photographs of a younger Flex singing on stage at a school function, a pageant, in a radio station, etc. He glances back at her with more understanding...

(CONTINUED)

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

...He skipped after you paid him  
twelve-seventy in front money.

FLEX

That's in the report.

MALTEX

Did he have current medicals?

She nods at him.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Why was he selling?

FLEX

I wasn't buying his voice.

MALTEX

Oh. He was brokering?

Flex nods at him again.

Maltex makes some notes painfully in his file. Flex watches  
him struggle. He pulls several photos from the file and  
hands them to Flex.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Any of these look familiar?

Flex looks them over. She takes her time and picks two or  
three. But then she hands them back and shrugs.

FLEX

Lips... ear. Maybe.

Maltex waits for possibly more. Flex remains silent.

MALTEX

You, uh.... don't like to talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Flex looks at him and frowns. Maltex looks down, then back at her.

FLEX

Latent Degeneracy.

MALTEX

Excuse me?

Flex points at her throat.

FLEX

Pretty common.

MALTEX

Yeah.

Maltex smiles, makes notes in the file.

FLEX

I don't like it.

Flex looks at him for a few moments and then points at her throat again. Then her face changes.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I'm sorry. All this makes me feel stupid. I can't believe...

Maltex looks up and leans forward. Flex sits thinking for a few moments. She finally shakes her head.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Do you really think any of this is going to be of any use?

Flex stares at him with tears forming in her eyes. Maltex gulps quietly. Although this makes him nervous he smiles trying to console her.

MALTEX

It might.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She leans back, takes out a cigarette and lights it. She puffs and smiles at him.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

How did you contact him?

Flex leans forward, grabs a newspaper, flips it open to the classifieds and points at an ad. Maltex reads it.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

How long did you run this ad?

She puffs, thinking.

FLEX

I run it continuously.

Maltex is surprised by that answer but then he sees the photographs again.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

It's not everyday you find a good larynx.

MALTEX

I suppose so. Can you describe him?

FLEX

Dark hair. Regular looking. I don't know.... Well dressed.

Maltex nods slowly and resigns himself.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Is there going to be anything else?

Maltex smiles at her and shakes his head. He collects his papers slowly, with difficulty and rises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MALTEX

No, that's it for now. I'll get in touch if I need anything more.

She stands to let him out. He glances at her figure again. She notices but doesn't seem to mind.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

If you hear from him or remember anything please call me.

Maltex winces as he slowly fishes out a business card and hands it to her.

She accepts it pleasantly and then shakes hands with him. Maltex jumps from the pain of the handshake.

FLEX

Sorry.

MALTEX

That's alright.

Flex shakes his hand more gently.

FLEX

Thank you.

That surprises Maltex a little. He smiles, nods and leaves.

EXT. STREET - MAGIC

Maltex is walking down a busy street. He's lost in thought, presumably about Flex.

He stops at a kiosk and buys a newspaper. He opens it to the classifieds and looks for her ad.

INSERT:

WANTED: New Larynx, F, good cond. any age. Current meds.  
Mailbox 424-b73.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are a lot of "Wanted" ads for body parts on the pages Maltex is looking at. He drops his head depressed by that.

He continues walking and passes a store with a turquoise facade and blue neon sign: BELOTZ ORGANICS.

He stops to look in the windows. The glass is wire reinforced. Inside, on display, are large glass cylinders holding various body parts; a leg, an arm, eyes, ears, genitals and hands.

Maltex steps closer to look at the case holding the pair of male hands. The fluid the body parts are in is highly oxygenated. Tiny bubbles cling to the hair and skin.

Maltex stares at the hands. A hand-painted sign nearby says, "FINANCING AVAILABLE".

VOICE

Nice pair! Huh?

Maltex starts. He looks up. A man is standing in the door, looking at him.

MALTEX

Uh, yes....

The man grabs Maltex gently by the arm and leads him inside.

BELOTZ

I'm Mr. Belotz. Here. Take a closer look.

MALTEX

I can't....

BELOTZ takes the case from the display and places it on a counter top covered with felt.

BELOTZ

These are Bio Generated and Sync Exercised hands. Not remnants.

MALTEX

Sync Exercised?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BELOTZ

They're pristine. Never belonged to anyone. They were generated at the Hewson/Badillo plant and exercised by robot control to develop that handsome musculature you see there. Sync Exercising is a unique Hewson/Badillo feature. They take the proto-appendage and use a carefully, computer-monitored regime to "develop" the appendage to optimum performance and health.

Maltex squints slightly.

BELOTZ (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Normal native hands aren't as healthy as these. You should see the plant. All these tanks with these hands wiggling away. Exercising.

Belotz acts out the hands "exercising".

BELOTZ (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

May I?

Belotz takes Maltex's free hand and pulls the mitten off...

MALTEX

No, please --

...before Maltex can stop him.

BELOTZ

Oh. What do we have here? I see.

Maltex is stymied. Embarrassed.

MALTEX

They're uh... Welfares... They're old.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BELOTZ

You know if you don't replace these soon the decrepitude can spread to healthy tissue.

Maltex yanks his arm away from Belotz. He glares at him.

Belotz meets his glare with a maddeningly calm and superior gaze. He even smiles slightly.

BELOTZ (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

What would you say if I told you I could put you and these new hands together today for just three hundred and fifty DMs?

Maltex seems to almost lunge at the idea of having those healthy hands instead. His eyes water a little.

MALTEX

How, how could you do that?

BELOTZ

Easily. With our financing program.

MALTEX

Three fifty?

BELOTZ

Sure. Come have a seat over here.

Belotz motions Maltex to sit at a desk with him. He takes out a credit application and a pen.

BELOTZ (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Fill this form out and we can get you started.

Maltex stares at the form. Just looking at the form causes him pain. Belotz notices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BELOTZ (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Tell you what. As long as you sign  
it I can fill it out for you.

Belotz places the pen in Maltex's right hand. Maltex reads  
the form.

MALTEX

Where is the price? The three  
fifty?

BELOTZ

Right here is the itemization.

Belotz points at a paragraph.

BELOTZ (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

With a credit deposit of twenty  
five hundred you qualify for a  
monthly payment of three fifty.

Maltex looks up at Belotz shaken by the numbers.

MALTEX

Monthly payments? What's the  
total?

BELOTZ

The total is right here. Nine  
years equals thirty five thousand,  
plus the twenty eight percent  
interest on the credit line. It  
works out to something like forty  
two thousand five.

Maltex gasps audibly. Belotz just looks at him.

MALTEX

Forty two thousand deutchemarks?

BELOTZ

Yes.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BELOTZ (cont'd)

Which credit card would you like to use for your deposit?

MALTEX

I can't. I don't have enough credit. I'm maxed out.

BELOTZ

You don't have twenty five hundred in credit?

MALTEX

No.

Maltex gets up abruptly. He stumbles away from the desk.

BELOTZ

Hey? Where ya' going?

MALTEX

I've got to go.

Belotz follows Maltex to the door. He steps in his way smiling.

BELOTZ

Don't you want those hands?

MALTEX

...Of course....

BELOTZ

(cloyingly)

What are you waiting for?

For Maltex the emotional strain is too much to bear. He leaves.

INT. PHONE CUBICLE - NIGHT

Maltex is sitting in a phone cubicle. He dials up the police department records. A log-in routine appears on the screen.

Maltex types in his identification and case authorization code.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT:

You have thirty seconds to log-in: Counting!

PASSWORD VERIFICATION\_\_\_\_\_

CUT TO:

He types in the case authorization code. The countdown blinks off.

The screen comes to life, listing all his actions so far on the case and his compensation.

INSERT:

COMPENSATION: \$132.57.

CUT TO:

He begins typing in information.

INSERT:

7:30 QUESTIONED VICTIM FLEXIBEE BOLD RE: DEAL WITH SUSPECT.  
POSITIVE I.D. ON SEVERAL BODY PARTS.

MEMO: PLACE ADS IN SECTOR NEWSPAPERS.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Maltex is in the back of a cab with the door open and his feet on the sidewalk. He looks exhausted. He has one mitten off. He is giving himself an injection of T-Butoxilina.

The cab driver crosses the street to the cab as Maltex pulls the needle from his hand and slips it back into his pocket.

CABBIE

How's the case?

MALTEX

Fun as ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CABBIE stands there lighting a corncob pipe. From the way his pants sag dramatically on one side, it appears half of his butt is missing.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Just taking a break right now.

Cabbie watches Maltex carefully flex his hand and slip his mitten back on.

CABBIE

When are you getting new ones?

Maltex shakes his head and chuckles.

MALTEX

I'm working on it.

Maltex looks at him, then at his hands.

CABBIE

Yeah, well. The guys haven't seen you in a while. You want to come hang out?

MALTEX

(tired)

Don't think so. I've got to work.

Maltex rises.

CABBIE

Have you thought anymore about that deal of my cousin's? The telemarketing?

MALTEX

The skin products?

CABBIE

Yeah.

MALTEX

Nah, Cabbie. I can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CABBIE

Why not? He says you can make from fifteen to four grand starting out. Easy.

Maltex looks at him dubiously.

MALTEX

Why don't you do it?

Cabbie points at his head.

CABBIE

Tinnitus. Bad ears. Can't be on the phone for very long....

(pause)

But you could. They got headsets so you wouldn't have to hold the phone....

Maltex shakes his head slightly.

MALTEX

It's just not me Cabbie. I wouldn't be good at that. I've got to believe in what I'm doing....

Cabbie looks at Maltex, as if to respond, but stops himself, disappointed.

CABBIE

Well. If you're ever interested....

Maltex smiles at him.

CABBIE (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Where you off to now?

MALTEX

The Post-Dispatch.

Cabbie gets in behind the wheel of the cab, looking back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CABBIE  
Get in. Freebie.

MALTEX  
Sure? Gee thanks.

CABBIE  
Don't mention it.

Maltex climbs into the cab and manages to close his door.  
Cabbie turns to look at Maltex.

CABBIE (CONT'D)  
I mean it. Don't mention it... to  
anybody.

He winks at him.

INT. CLASSIFIED ADS OFFICE

Maltex stands at a counter that divides the room into a  
waiting area and an office area.

He's filled out a card with a grid of boxes on one side.

INSERT:

WHITE MALE SEEKS TONGUE IN GOOD  
CONDITION. WILLING TO PAY EXTRA FOR  
ADDED DEXTERITY, SENSITIVITY, AND  
LENGTH. MEDICALS MUST BE CURRENT.  
BOX 2234. LEAVE MESSAGE.

CUT TO:

Maltex reads it to himself.

A clerk approaches him and takes the card. She checks it  
over before she types the information into a terminal behind  
the counter.

CLERK  
Once, is fifteen dollars. Twice,  
twenty-five. After that it's ten  
dollars a day.

(CONTINUED)

MALTEX

Do two days.

Maltex pulls out two pinkish, twelve-fifty bills from his pocket and hands them to the clerk.

CLERK

It'll start running at midnight,  
and end at midnight day after  
tomorrow.

INT. FLEX'S OFFICE - MORNING

Flexibee sits at a terminal, wearing a headset. She is busy typing information into a computer. Although the overhead lighting makes her skin look pasty she's still a knockout.

BLASS

(filtered)  
You find anything more on that  
hunter?

FLEX

No "Hello"?  
(pause)  
He stopped by my house yesterday.

BLASS

(filtered)  
What'd you tell him?

FLEX

Just your name, what you look like,  
and where you're staying.

BLASS

(filtered)  
What!?

FLEX

That's the first time I've heard  
any emotion from you since I met  
you.

(CONTINUED)

BLASS

(filtered)

Damn you. I practically shit my pants.

(pause)

Does he have any real leads?

FLEX

Nah. Nuthin'. I got the impression the way I look was really throwing him off.

BLASS

(filtered)

That's easy to understand. You're pretty distracting. But what does he have for real?

FLEX

Thank you very much. Why don't you tell me what progress you've made first?

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE CUBICLE

Blass looks irritated, but his voice betrays nothing.

BLASS

I don't have anything yet. It won't be too much longer though. I really need you to keep tabs on this hunter. If you keep him off my tail it'll make it a lot easier for me to get you what you want.

FLEX

(filtered)

Why?

BLASS

Why what?

(CONTINUED)

FLEX  
(filtered)  
Why would it make it easier?

BLASS  
Well, shit Flex. How am I supposed  
to get you a new voice from the  
joint?

FLEX  
(filtered)  
You said he couldn't touch you.  
What are you worried about?

BLASS  
He can't touch me because I'm  
careful.

CUT TO:

INT. FLEX'S OFFICE - CONT'D

BLASS  
(cont'd, filtered)  
This way I can keep a step ahead of  
him.

Flex doesn't seem to like the conclusion that leads her to.

BLASS (CONT'D)  
(cont'd, filtered)  
See, if I know what information he  
has on me I know when to zig or  
zag.

FLEX  
Right.

BLASS  
(filtered)  
So what does he have?

FLEX  
He's got all the medical scans you  
gave to those people.

(CONTINUED)

BLASS  
(filtered)  
That's fine.

FLEX  
What about the DNA files?

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE CUBICLE - CONT'D

BLASS  
I substituted different information  
before I gave out those scans.  
Does he have a description or  
police drawing?

FLEX  
(filtered)  
No. He did ask me what you looked  
like.

BLASS  
And?

FLEX  
(filtered)  
I told him you're blond and a slob.

Blass smiles.

BLASS  
Good girl. That'll throw him for a  
while. Alright, I need you to keep  
in close contact with him.

FLEX  
(filtered)  
How close?

BLASS  
Well, don't go breakin' my heart  
now, babe. You're my number one.  
You know, make friends with him.

(CONTINUED)

FLEX

Friends.

BLASS

Yeah.... And one more thing.

CUT TO:

INT. FLEX' OFFICE - CONT'D

Flex sighs and looks very doubtful.

INT. NOODLE BAR - DAY

Maltex steps into a crowded noodle bar. People are standing, eating their lunches at small shelves opposite the counter where people are seated and eating.

The restaurant owner Maury, an older man, notices Maltex and brightens up happily.

MAURY

Maltex! Welcome.

Maury comes out from behind the counter to greet Maltex.

MAURY (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Hungry?

MALTEX

Hi Maury. Yes, I'm starved.

MAURY

Hold on a moment.

Maury looks around and sees someone at the counter leaving a seat next to the wall.

MAURY (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Right here Maltex.

A man waiting to be seated steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Hey, I've been waiting

MAURY

I'm sorry, he phoned ahead. He made a reservation.

MAN

Reservation?

Maury steers Maltex to the vacated seat. He clears the plates puts a new place setting in front of him.

The man gives up.

MAURY

We got a good special today.

MALTEX

Thanks Maury.

Maltex looks at the menu as Maury walks away.

Maltex slowly takes his mittens off. A woman eating next to him notices and averts her eyes. Maltex frowns.

Maltex picks up chopsticks from the counter, unwraps them and then tries to break them apart. He can't get a good grip on them to get leverage enough to split them.

Maury returns, behind the counter again.

MAURY

Know what you want Maltex?

MALTEX

Uh....

Maury takes the chopsticks from Maltex and splits them apart effortlessly. He hands them back.

Maltex smiles at him.

CONTINUED: (2)

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Thanks Maur'. I'll have the special.

MAURY

Good choice.

Maury turns to the kitchen.

MAURY (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Special on twelve.

He turns back to Maltex.

MAURY (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I saw Tony Ha Ha a couple weeks ago.

MALTEX

Ha Ha? What's he up to?

MAURY

He's still hustling. He says he's in a tournament coming up.

MALTEX

The Agfa?

MAURY

I don't remember.

MALTEX

Well that's the next one.

Maury looks at Maltex, surprised that he would know that.

MAURY

You still following it?

Maltex shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAURY (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Yeah, well he was talking big, as usual.

MALTEX

Yep', funny guy.

MAURY

Always making laughable bets.

MALTEX

Right.

Maltex chuckles at that last comment. Maury glances at Maltex's hands.

MAURY

I remember that time you and him squared off in the Buckeye Tournament. God that was great. You were slick. I won twenty five hunderd off you that time.

Maltex nods remembering.

MALTEX

That was a while ago.

MAURY

How are your hands Maltex?

Maltex becomes guarded, wary. He shrugs.

MALTEX

There's not much to say about them.

MAURY

Any luck getting new ones?

Maltex looks away. Then he looks up at Maury. Maury is a kind friend and only means well.

Maltex smiles at him forlornly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MALTEX

'Fraid not. I can't afford them.

Maury is saddened by that. He's at a loss for words.

MAURY

I wish I could help you Maltex

MALTEX

Don't worry about me Maury. I'll figure it out.

He smiles at the avuncular man.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Thanks tho'.

A waitress brings Maltex's order and hands it over the counter. Maury helps place it in front of Maltex.

MAURY

Ah, here you go.

(pause)

Well, let me know if you need anything. Enjoy.

Maury steps away to leave Maltex in peace.

Maltex gingerly tests the chopsticks and then the big soup spoon in the bowl.

It doesn't look like it'll be easy.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Maltex is checking an address written in his folder against the address on the house.

Satisfied he walks up to the front door and knocks on it.

The door opens and a tall sweaty body-builder stands there.

(CONTINUED)

MALTEX

Hi. I'm looking for Laurencio Shivers.

SHIVERS

Yeah?

Maltex is taken back by Shivers' voice, it's deep and gravelly, like Harvey Fierstein's.

MALTEX

Are you him?

SHIVERS

Who are you?

He takes a deep drag from a cigarette.

MALTEX

Maltex Faloon. I'm following up on a donor fraud report you filed.

SHIVERS

Yeah. ....that was a while ago.

MALTEX

Well I'm investigating a whole list of cases. I was wondering if you could answer some questions.

SHIVERS

I could have answered them a while ago.

(pause)

Come in.

Maltex steps inside, through a cloud of cigarette smoke.

INT. HOUSE

Maltex stands in the livingroom of the strangely masculinely and femininely decorated house. There are framed posters of Mr. Shivers hanging on the walls. He's some sort of body builder drag queen.

(CONTINUED)

SHIVERS

(cont'd)

Sit down.

MALTEX

I'm sorry to dredge up old stuff.  
I'm sure some of this will be  
redundant

SHIVERS

None of it will be redundant.  
You're the first one to show up  
about my report.

MALTEX

Really?

SHIVERS

Yes, really.

MALTEX

I'm... sorry to hear that.  
(pause)

You contracted for a new voice? Is  
that right?

Shivers goes back to working out and smoking, doing curls  
with two dumbbells. He doesn't strain much to speak.

SHIVERS

Yeah. I want a sexier voice.

He drops the dumbbells and starts posing in front of a  
standing mirror. He points out his figure.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I want to be more glamorous, see?

Maltex watches quietly.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Right now I sound like a  
Neanderthal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Maltex stifles a comment.

Shivers is staring at the image in the mirror. He flexes his pecks and arms suddenly. His muscles rip impressively.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

It's the one thing in the way of my being perfect.

He strikes another pose. Then another. He seems upset by the thought.

Suddenly he looks at Maltex in the reflection.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

So what are you going to do for me?

MALTEX

Well, I'm trying to locate the man who defrauded you.

SHIVERS

Twenty grand.

MALTEX

Excuse me?

SHIVERS

That's how much he took.

Maltex pauses, daydreaming about that amount.

MALTEX

That's a lot.

SHIVERS

That's nothing. He said he had a line on a female voicebox. It would have worked perfectly. What are my chances of getting a voice?

MALTEX

Well, they're not good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Maltex shuffles the folder in his lap. Shivers notices his mittens.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Could you describe him

SHIVERS

What's wrong with your hands?

This catches Maltex by surprise.

MALTEX

It's not important.

SHIVERS

How are you supposed to get this guy if you can't even get your mits off?

Maltex looks at Shivers. Shivers has a clear look of disgust on his face.

MALTEX

I'm not going to apprehend him. I'm just building the case against him.

SHIVERS

What good will that do?

He steps toward Maltex.

MALTEX

If I can cross reference how you came in contact with him we can probably catch him.

SHIVERS

Who's "we"? You're the only one who's responded to my report in what... four months?

MALTEX

All donor fraud cases are very

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SHIVERS

If that folder there represents one person, he's been busy. What happens if you do find him?

MALTEX

Usually, what happens is

SHIVERS

He gets divided by the Jurisdiction, which is first come first served. HMO will come first. Then whoever's next. Which means my chances are about zero.

He takes another step closer. Maltex stands up.

MALTEX

Look, I'm sorry about your situation but if you help me out you'd be doing yourself as well as all the other victims some good

SHIVERS

What'd you call me?

Shivers grabs Maltex by the neck and spits the cigarette out.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I'm not a victim Mr. Cripple. Maybe I should just take yours. I have a black box you know.

He starts choking him with one hand. Maltex hugs the folder to his chest as Shivers drags him to the door.

Shivers pushes Maltex against the wall.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I'm sure not going to get anything out of your pathetic help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MALTEX

Stop, please.

Maltex tries pathetically with one hand, actually one finger, to pry Shivers grip off his neck. He's starting to turn red.

Shivers leans against him bodily, almost grinding against him, enjoying Maltex's predicament.

SHIVERS

"Stop, please"? They got cripples helping victims now?

Suddenly Maltex brings his knee up hard between Shivers legs.

Shivers doubles over, extending his arm while still holding onto Maltex's neck.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Son of a bitch

Shivers throws a punch with his left arm at Maltex's head. Maltex sags about a foot letting Shivers punch the wall.

Maltex then kicks with the same leg, this time with more momentum.

Shivers collapses to the floor, letting go of Maltex.

Maltex hurries out of the house and away.

Shivers coughs and sputters doubled over on the floor.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Maltex has walked away from Shivers' house. He rubs his neck trying to breath normally again. There's an obvious mark on his neck. He looks back the way he came, disgusted and annoyed.

He sighs and then continues on, determined.

INT. PAWNSHOP

Maltex is in a rundown pawnshop. He is standing next to shelves of transparent containers holding different body parts.

He's staring at a male left arm. It's not very toned or muscular. His gaze drops to the hand at the end of the appendage.

Maltex's face distorts through the curved glass of the container. The container hums from the preservation equipment in its base.

The proprietor, BENNY FILLBOY, is behind a steel mesh screen completing a phone call.

BENNY

Twenty five.

(pause)

Alright, alright, jeez, fifteen.

Yeah, okay. Bye.

He hangs up annoyed and comes out from behind the screen.

BENNY (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Maltex!

Maltex pulls himself away from the arm in the container.

MALTEX

How you doin' Benny?

BENNY

What I wouldn't give for some of the stuff I used to get.

MALTEX

Yeah, tell me about it.

BENNY

And you?

(CONTINUED)

MALTEX  
I need a Flattener.

He frowns and then notices the bruise on Maltex's neck.

BENNY  
You all right?

MALTEX  
Nutcase I interviewed decided to  
take it out on me.

BENNY  
Fuck. What happened?

MALTEX  
Kicked him in the nuts. Got outta'  
there.

Benny glances at Maltex's mittens.

BENNY  
How are your hands?

Maltex squints at him.

MALTEX  
They suck Benny. I can't do shit.  
I'm getting tired of it.

Benny nods in pity.

MALTEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
But,... I'm broke. I can't afford,  
I mean, I can't buy it from you.

Benny frowns slightly.

MALTEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
Can you loan me one?

Benny can see that Maltex is upset. He smiles at him.

CONTINUED: (2)

BENNY

No problem.

He goes behind the counter and from a drawer pulls a small blue cylinder with two prongs sticking out one end and a switch on the side. He comes back out from behind the counter and hands it to Maltex.

BENNY (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

It's cold. No numbers.

Maltex nods and inspects it. He flicks the switch once. A low hum fills the air. Benny ducks out of the way.

BENNY (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Watch where you point that. I like my engrams.

Maltex hits the switch again and the hum stops. As with anything Maltex has difficulty handling the device.

BENNY (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

That should help.

MALTEX

I won't tell you how I use it.

INT. PHONE CUBICLE

Maltex is checking his phone messages.

INSERT:

11:56 - DISCOVER CARD MONEY SERVICES - AUDIO

05:34 - WALTHAM STREET PHARMACY - AUDIO

06:04 - FLEXIBEE BOLD - 4354355

CUT TO:

Maltex clicks on WALTHAM STREET PHARMACY - AUDIO.

(CONTINUED)

RECORDING

Uh, hi. Mr. Faloon? This is  
Waltham Pharmacy calling about an  
order you placed for a refill on  
your T-Butoxilina prescription.  
Well you credit card denied the  
amount in question

Maltex deletes the message and drops his head with a sigh.

Maltex clicks on Flex's number.

FLEX  
(filtered)  
Hello?

Maltex winces when Flex speaks.

MALTEX  
It's Maltex. Maltex Faloon? You  
called?

FLEX  
(hesitant)  
Yes. I did.

MALTEX  
Did you remember something more?

Maltex acts impatient. He types in a print command and  
starts printing out more scans from the file. He checks his  
watch.

FLEX  
(filtered)  
Not exactly... I just thought we  
could talk.

MALTEX  
Talk?

FLEX  
(filtered)  
I'm sure you're very busy. It's  
just that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Maltex listens, expectantly. The printouts slide out one by one.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Well, it's just that I don't usually talk much to anyone.

(pause)

It's not every day I meet someone I can talk to about my....

(pause)

My voice.

Maltex shifts his weight.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Know what I mean?

MALTEX

Yes. I believe so.

FLEX

(filtered)

I realized the other day that your hands are not....

Maltex is uncomfortable.

MALTEX

That's true.

FLEX

(filtered)

It's rare to find someone who seems to understand. You're very understanding Mr. Faloon.

Maltex nods in recognition.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

You listen like you've been there.

Maltex swallows and lets out a breath, fidgets nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Could we meet somewhere... and  
talk?

That startles Maltex.

INT. AUTOMAT

Maltex is sitting at a table in a cafe with people sitting at internet terminals scattered throughout. The foot traffic offers Maltex some privacy.

He leafs through the new printout in the file. He takes time with each one. He has the folder propped in between his stomach and the table. With one hand he holds the pages he's looked at, with the other he holds the scan he's looking at, about to flip past it.

The next scan in order looks like a scan of two hands, outstretched on a scanner....

Flex walks in.

Maltex glances up at her and does a double-take.

Flex is dressed in a green wraparound leotard and a rust skirt that accentuates her coloring and figure. She drapes her raincoat on the back of the chair.

MALTEX

You're here!?!

She smiles and looks around coyly.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Would you like something?

She nods. Maltex gets up and they walk over to the counter.

COUNTER

The server notices Flex's figure.

(CONTINUED)

SERVER  
WhatcanIgetcha?

FLEX  
(hesitantly)  
Latte.

The server is taken back by her squawk. Flex looks away.

SERVER  
Would you like a single or a  
double?

FLEX  
(hesitantly)  
Double.

Maltex watches quietly.

SERVER  
Foam? Vanilla? Sprinkles?

Flex sighs. Maltex notices her discomfort

MALTEX  
Make it two regular Doubles. And a  
slice of

He looks at Flex for corroboration as he points out a plate  
in the display counter. She nods.

MALTEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
and a slice of carrot cake.

SERVER  
Okay.

Flex smiles at him.

CUT TO:

The server places the items on the counter. Maltex hands  
over some money and leaves the change to the server's  
approval.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Maltex attempts to pick up the drinks and the cake but Flex sweeps them up and leads the way to their table.

She looks back at Maltex standing at the counter. She nods at the table and smiles. He joins her at the table.

FLEX

Thank you.

MALTEX

Thank you.

Flex sets the latte in front of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

Maltex and Flex are in deep discussion.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

The money could be better, but I don't have to do any rough stuff.

(pause)

What about you?

FLEX

Insurance office. Processing cases. Conforming data. Been there a while.

MALTEX

You like it?

FLEX

Not really. Like you said, it could be worse.

Maltex gazes at her. He stares at her eyes. She smiles slightly. He gazes at her lovely hands, holding her cup.

MALTEX

How'd you wind up there?

FLEX

Thought it might help me get a voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MALTEX

Has it?

FLEX

No. I'm just closer to the red  
tape.

She sighs audibly. It flutters slightly through her  
artificial voice box.

MALTEX

I'm sorry to hear that.

Flex leans forward, kind of hugging herself. She smiles  
gratefully.

FLEX

Thank you.

Maltex stares at her and takes a breath.

MALTEX

I think you're very attractive.

He smiles, relieved, having said what was distracting him.

Flex smiles even brighter, blushes. She plays with her hair,  
brushes it off her face.

FLEX

How is the case going?

Grateful for the change of subject....

MALTEX

This guy doesn't want to be found  
and it's very easy to hide.

(pause)

If I learn enough I might be able  
to lure him out of the dark. I. D.  
him and call the cops in.

FLEX

How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MALTEX

Put an ad in the paper, posing as a possible mark.

FLEX

And then?

MALTEX

Try to locate him. I'd have to time it right.

FLEX

Have you caught anyone before?

Maltex nods.

MALTEX

Couple times. One guy was greedy and stupid. I put seven ads in the paper. He called all of them.

(pause)

Another one skunked his neighbor, pissing in his own pool as they say.

Flex chuckles. Maltex laughs quietly, shaking his head.

FLEX

Then what would you do?

MALTEX

I've got to build a case. Connect the dots so HMO can section him out.

(pause)

Prove that that specific person defrauded these specific victims.... A couple of my witnesses never saw him. One met him but doesn't remember what he looks like.

Maltex hisses an exasperated breath out, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

FLEX

What?

MALTEX

This odd geezer wanted to buy my leg. Got to where I was trying to get away from him, actually dragging him hanging off my leg.

FLEX

Really?

MALTEX

Yeah. And this drag queen today almost choked the life out of me.

FLEX

What?

MALTEX

This psycho threatened to take my voicebox. I guess he was just frustrated.

FLEX

Your voice?

MALTEX

He wants a female voice or something to finish his work of art, his body. Even said he has a black surgical box.

Maltex shrugs. Flex reaches across the table and caresses Maltex's right mitten.

FLEX

I didn't realize.

Maltex looks up at her and smiles. He gazes at her longingly.

MALTEX

You want to get out of here?

CONTINUED: (6)

Flex sparkles at the thought.

FLEX

Sure.

They get up.

EXT. STREET

Flex and Maltex are walking casually down the street. Maltex has the ubiquitous file under his arm. Flex has her hands in her coat pockets.

FLEX

My mother and my father were working at the plants they had down in Tennessee when she had me. The ones HMO shut down.

(pause)

It hit my larynx when I was twenty. Just as my singing was taking off. It just started falling apart.

Maltex winces a bit.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

The good news is that it tends to hit you once. It probably won't spread. Still....

Maltex and Flex come to an apartment building.

MALTEX

This is my place.

She looks at the building.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Would you like to come up?

She looks at Maltex.

(CONTINUED)

FLEX

Sure. I'd like that.

Maltex opens the front door and allows Flex in.

INT. MALTEX'S APARTMENT

Flex is sitting on Maltex's sofa/bed. She looks around the cluttered apartment. Maltex comes in from the kitchen carrying two tumblers clutched between his mittens.

FLEX

Need help?

MALTEX

I'm okay.

Maltex carries the drinks to the coffee table. He shoves a pile aside to clear a space and sets them down.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Scotch, soda.

Flex takes a sip of her drink.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I'd been playing pool since I was ten.

(pauses)

Professional, unbeatable.

Maltex cups his drink in one hand and supports the side with the other. He holds it up to his mouth and drinks. Even that is painful to his hands. He sits back and sighs.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Anyway, I was just practicing in a pool hall when this guy comes up and pitches a game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks like a granny holding his drink on his stomach. He notices and becomes self-conscious. He takes another drink and sets it down on the table.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

After the first game he suggested a small wager. We played for hours, game after game. He made stupid mistakes, going for the wrong shot, hitting something a touch too hard. I won each game.

Maltex pauses and looks at his hands.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I let him out of it a bunch of times but he insisted on playing. Gradually I lost interest.

(pauses)

And then I lost.

Maltex looks away. Flex does a double take, she perks up.

FLEX

What? What do you mean?

MALTEX

He had set me up beautifully. It was double or nothing. I was ahead, and I lost.

Maltex looks at her. His eyes are bright, embarrassed.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

That surprised me. I didn't have money, I had won it all from him. So I wanted another game.

He reaches for his drink again, gulps some down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

He wanted collateral.

FLEX

Your hands?

Maltex raises the tumbler in both hands almost like an offering. He looks at his deformed hands clutching the glass.

MALTEX

When that last game was over, I'd lost.

FLEX

What do you mean?

MALTEX

He'd taken my hands. Gone.

(pause)

They'd been removed with transplant boxes. At first I thought he'd done it because of the money. Then I figured it was his idea from the start.

FLEX

What did you do then?

MALTEX

(shrugs)

Stumbled to a hospital and got these welfares.

FLEX

Why didn't you buy a decent set? You must've had money from competing.

MALTEX

I was stunned. I was depressed. How could I have been suckered so easily? I drank my money away. By

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MALTEX (cont'd)  
the time I came up for breath my  
hands had already started to go.

Maltex stares at his aged and damaged hands.

Flex gets closer to Maltex and takes his hand, gently, in hers. Maltex looks up from his hands and looks into her eyes.

There are tears in his eyes.

MALTEX (CONT'D)  
That really hurts.

Flex looks down at her hand rubbing his, and pulls her hand away.

FLEX  
Sorry.

Maltex leans forward and kisses her. She kisses him back.

They both kiss, becoming more passionate.

Maltex tries to undo her top but is hampered by his mittens. He slips them off but becomes self-conscious again.

She looks at his hands and then at him and kisses him. She guides his hands to her top. He still has difficulty, and pain.

FLEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
It's okay.

Flex takes his hands in hers and gently kisses them.

Then she slowly, tantalizingly, unfastens her top revealing her full breasts.

She guides his curled fingers to caress a breast. He tries to caress her but his hands make it futile, ridiculous. The frustration builds inside him, embarrassing him.

He collapses into her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MALTEX

I can't do anything with these. I  
can't even make love to you.

He turns away to stand up but Flex stops him. She pulls him  
back down.

Flex kisses him and then pushes him onto his back. She  
climbs on top pinning him.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Maltex is awake lying in his bed. Flex is sleeping with her  
head on his chest. Her right hand is holding his left wrist.  
He's gazing at her beautiful hand.

FLEX

Maltex?

Maltex is surprised to hear she's awake.

MALTEX

Yeah?

FLEX

What are my chances... of getting a  
voice?

MALTEX

They're... not good.

FLEX

If I had money?

MALTEX

You'd still be on a list.

She's quiet for a while, then.

FLEX

What about his?

MALTEX

Who's?

(CONTINUED)

FLEX

Turgidson. What about his?

She lifts herself up to look at him and kisses him.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

He's a criminal, a crook. He's going to get split up and given away.

MALTEX

Yeah?

FLEX

But what if we find him?

Maltex looks at her doubtfully.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

We knock him out, take his larynx.

MALTEX

What?

She caresses his left hand and kisses it.

FLEX

And his hands.

Maltex laughs.

MALTEX

And leave him dead?

FLEX

Not necessarily.

Maltex thinks it's ridiculous but continues thinking.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I'm sure you could figure out some way. You seem to have handled

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLEX (CONT'D)  
yourself pretty well with that  
bodybuilding drag queen.

MALTEX  
I can't do that. I need to get  
paid. I, I,....

FLEX  
Oh come on. What do you want in  
life?

Flex sits up naked exhibiting her gorgeous body.

FLEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
Quit the case. We'll find him on  
our own.

Maltex glances at her eyes and then her breasts, and then  
back at her eyes.

FLEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
The department won't help you.  
They don't give a shit about you.

MALTEX  
That's a whole world of trouble

FLEX  
Nobody will care. I see how the  
insurance companies deal with it.  
They cut any corner they need to.  
Do you think anyone cares what  
happens to a stinking low-life DF?

She huddles closer to him forcing him to sit up in bed.

FLEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
Think about it baby. The cops have  
better things to do.

She can see that Maltex sees her point. She lets him think  
about it for a moment. Then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She arches her back slightly raising her breasts.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

What would you give for a new set  
of hands?

Maltex can't argue with her. She smiles when she sees that her point hits home.

Maltex gazes at Flex longingly. She looks like a 1950s paperback moll.

Frustratedly he shakes his head and gets out of bed.

MALTEX

I don't know Flex. I

Flex looks disappointed suddenly. She watches him go into the bathroom. He starts the shower and closes the door.

She slumps down frustrated, frowning, crossing her arms.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER

Maltex is pumping shampoo from a bottle onto the heels of his hands. He starts lathering his hair with his fists.

Next he tries to grab a bar of soap. He has obvious practice but it's still a daunting task to pick up slippery soap with arthritic hands.

The bar of soap shoots out of his grip. He chases it around the tub.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONT'D

Flex looks on the nightstand and sees Maltex's assorted TV remotes. She picks up a remote and turns on the television.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She can hear the banging of the elusive bar of soap on the tub.

She finds another remote and turns on the VCR. It's a tape of a pool game in a tournament. She recognizes a young Maltex playing. She smiles and pauses it on a close-up of Maltex, to make sure.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER - CONT'D

Maltex corners the bar of soap against the porcelain and raises it to a level where it drops in his palms, or what there is of his palms.

He starts lathering his chest when the soap scoots away from him again.

MALTEX

Goddamnit.

Maltex sighs long and hard and leans against the tile wall, under the shower, thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONT'D

Flex gets off the bed, and sits close to the screen, examining the image.

In the shot she also notices Maltex's hands on his cuestick. Though the image is fuzzy and grainy, it is clear that on the back of Maltex's hand is a tattoo identical to Blass's tatoo.

She hears Maltex cursing and banging around in the bathroom.

She hits the fast forward button and finds another vantage point of the tatoo confirming it for herself.

She hears the shower shut off and Maltex climb out. She hits the play button.

Maltex comes out and glances at the screen and at Flex.

(CONTINUED)

MALTEX

You discovered my past.

Flex smiles slightly and nods.

FLEX

Yeah. You look good.

She looks at him as if asking a question, "Well?".

MALTEX

I need to do some work.

Flex and he just stare at each other for a moment. He starts dressing avoiding the subject.

She just watches him quietly, as he struggles to get dressed. He stops in mid struggle with some buttons and looks at her.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I've got to... check some stuff out  
before....

Flex smiles slightly. Maltex pulls his perennially looped tie over his head and starts for the door.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I'll be back in a little while.

Maltex pauses with his hand on the doorknob. He looks at her then opens the door and leaves.

Flex gets out of bed to collect her clothes. She stops and thinks for a moment. She turns and looks at the door.

She gets dressed moving about the apartment.

Grabbing her coat she notices a shelf cluttered full against a wall. She notices that Maltex has two BLACK BOXES in their cases.

Waiting.

INT. BOVINE WOMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Maltex stands facing an obese woman PHYLLIS and her husband, PHIL, in what used to be a marble floored livingroom, now dominated by a round bed surrounded by contraptions. He's holding the case folder open.

The Bovine woman is in bed connected to eight hoses that lead to a big espresso-like machine, with a golden eagle on top, that chugs laboriously. The woman grunts while gnawing on fried chicken.

Phil tends to the espresso-like waste processing machines.

MALTEX

How long had the ad been in that paper before he contacted you?

PHIL

Two days. I knew he would do this.  
(to his wife)  
Didn't I say we couldn't trust him?

PHYLLIS

You never said anything. You never know what you're talking about.

PHIL

I even asked him point blank if he was planning on cheating us.

Maltex chuckles and looks up surprised.

MALTEX

Really? What did he say?

PHIL

He assured us he was completely trustworthy.

PHYLLIS

Of course he said that. Do you think he'd tell you if he was planning on ripping me off?

(CONTINUED)

The little man glares at his wife, then goes back to what he was doing.

MALTEX

What did you contract for?

PHIL

A stomach.

Maltex glances at the enormous woman.

MALTEX

Is that a mechanical one?

The husband glances at the contraption and then at Maltex.

PHIL

Oh no. That's a PRO-cessor. To help out. She has eight.

Maltex is confused.

MALTEX

Eight? What?

PHIL

Stomachs.

Maltex stares at the woman again. She tosses a bone into a stainless steel bowl and grabs another piece of chicken.

MALTEX

(shocked)  
What?

PHYLLIS

To eat more.

Maltex looks at her. She stops eating for a moment and pulls herself up, as much as she can.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

(cont'd)  
I love to eat.

CONTINUED: (2)

Maltex can't believe the situation. He looks at Phil.

MALTEX

You mean she doesn't need a stomach?

PHIL

Need?

PHYLLIS

Of course I need one. These aren't enough.

PHIL

She eats more than the eight can handle.

Phil smiles at Maltex as if that information were cute. Maltex looks shocked.

MALTEX

How...much... did you pay him?

PHIL

Only Twenty Seven Five. Fifty percent. HMO gets at least Seventy thousand.

Maltex is suddenly pale and looks at them as if they're insane.

MALTEX

Twenty seven thousand, five hundred?

PHIL

I wanted to do a real credit check, but she was in a hurry....

PHYLLIS

Shutup. It was beautiful. Someone else would get it.

The husband looks at Maltex, then at his wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PHIL

Maybe now you'll listen to me  
darling.

Phil looks back at Maltex, conspiratorially.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

This is the second time.

The Bovine woman erupts from her eating with a shout.

PHYLLIS

Stop chattering over there. Phil,  
get something done, Jesus Christ.

MALTEX

The second time?

PHIL

Someone else defrauded us on an  
esophagus Phyllis wanted.

PHYLLIS

Shutup.

PHIL

(whispered)

It was a while ago.

After a moment, although flabbergasted, Maltex fishes out  
scans and hands them to Phil. It hurts to do so.

MALTEX

Does this look like it?

The woman becomes agitated.

PHYLLIS

Gimme, gimme.

PHIL

Hold on Phyllis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Phil walks over to her looking at the scans and hands them to her one by one. He holds the stamped one up to Maltex.

PHIL (CONT'D)

This is the one he gave us. See it has an insurance stamp on it. That's not supposed to be possible, is it? I mean it's a real stamp, right?

INSERT:

Close-up of medical scans. One of them has a rubberstamped logo, FRYE & COOKE Ins. Reg. Authority-#11639A66548. 03:47

CUT TO:

Maltex notices the stamp and focuses on it.

She grabs the scans with her greasy hands and stares longingly at them, caressing them.

PHYLLIS

It's so pretty.

She flips through the different scans.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

They're the same.

MALTEX

Are you sure?

PHYLLIS

It's so beautiful....

She starts to get weepy. Maltex looks at Phil.

MALTEX

What does he look like?

Phil stops moving about and thinks for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PHIL

I don't know. Uh, just... average  
I suppose.

Maltex holds the folder open to Phil.

MALTEX

I'm trying to put together a  
facsimile of his face. Does this  
look like him?

Maltex holds up the patchwork he's made of the different  
scans taped together.

PHIL

No, I don't recognize these.

MALTEX

Look closely.

PHIL

Those are the only ones I  
recognize. Isn't that enough?

MALTEX

What about this?

He points at the nose. The man shakes his head. Maltex  
points at the ears.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

This?

The man shakes his head again.

PHIL

I didn't really pay attention to  
the man himself.

MALTEX

I need to have some cross-  
referencing. Maybe your wife would  
recognize some of the other...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

They look at Phyllis. She's weeping and eating while staring at the scans in her hand. Maltex stops short. Then he steps forward and grabs the pictures from her. She shrieks at him.

PHYLLIS

Phil??

PHIL

It's alright darling.

Annoyed, Maltex tries to wipe grease off the scans and return them to the folder. He fumbles and drops the folder. The scans slide all over the marble floor.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

It's alright. We'll find you  
another stomach.

(to Maltex)

What's wrong with you? Grabby!

Maltex is on his knees trying to collect the scans. He stops at a scan of hands; backsides.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Who taught you manners?

Maltex doesn't respond. He stares at the scan, mindlessly gathering the rest to his chest.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

What is it?

Maltex is still quiet.

INSERT:

Maltex is staring at a tattoo, in the scan, between the thumb and index finger, the same as the one Blass has.

CUT TO:

Maltex stares at it, his mouth hanging open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Finally, he stands. He turns to leave. Phil grabs his shoulder.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Hey! What's going on? Is that it?

Maltex looks at him blankly. He starts to open the door.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Where you going?

Maltex leaves.

INT. BATHROOM STALL

Maltex is sitting on a closed toilet, not using it.

He's staring at the scan of the hands with a mad look on his face. In a neighboring stall someone is groaning loudly.

Maltex stares at the image and then at his hands in his mittens, holding them up dejectedly.

He rummages through the folder again and finds the scan of the stomach with the FRYE & COOKE stamp. He thinks about it.

Finally he buries his head in his arms.

INT. PHONE CUBICLE - DAY

Maltex dials up the bounty files. He types in his I.D. number.

In a corner of the screen an alert appears directing Maltex to type in his case authorization code. Numbers begin counting down from thirty.

Maltex types in his code and starts accessing files.

He types in a request. A new screen appears.

INSERT:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

New reports: Complainant: Lane, Molly, prostitute;  
address...

CUT TO:

Maltex prints out that information. He then types in another  
request.

INSERT:

Researching Medical Scan Authorization; FRYE & COOKE Ins.  
Reg. Authority-#11639A66548. 03:47

CUT TO:

Maltex types in another request.

INSERT:

Insurance agent: Bold, Flexibee

CUT TO:

Maltex sits back and stares at the screen. Maltex goes  
offline and leaves the cubicle with his new printouts.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Maltex walks along until he finds a door. He knocks. Waits  
and knocks again.

MOLLY  
(through door)  
Yeah?

MALTEX  
My name's Faloon. You registered a  
Donor Fraud complaint?

The door opens slowly. Molly stands there, slightly shielded  
by the door, wearing a tattered bathrobe.

Maltex pulls out the image of the hands.

(CONTINUED)

MALTEX (CONT'D)

Do you recognize this?

Molly takes the picture and stares at it. She nods and hands it back.

MOLLY

Yeah, that's his. That shithead.  
Did you find him?

MALTEX

Could you describe him?

Molly stands back and opens the door wider. Maltex goes in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Molly crosses to the bed and sits. She retrieves a cigarette from a pack on the bed and lights it. Her neck and chest is more wrinkly than her face. Her right arm is darker skinned than her left....

Maltex closes the door. Molly takes a drag.

MOLLY

It's not likely I'm going to forget  
that fuck's face for a while.

MALTEX

Yeah?

MOLLY

He said he could get me a complete  
set

MALTEX

What's he look like?

MOLLY

About your size. Average looking,  
dark hair. And that thing.

She points at the tatoo on the scan.

(CONTINUED)

MALTEX

How did he contact you?

MOLLY

At a poolhall, Ace's

At that Maltex leans forward.

MALTEX

(nearly whispering)

He was playing pool? Was he good?

MOLLY

(confused)

Yeah, you could say that. He took  
one of the crows down for a lot of  
cash.

Maltex exhales as though he has been holding his breath for a  
long time. He turns and leaves.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Hey. Where you going? Hey?

INT. FLEX'S OFFICE - DAY

Flex is sitting at her desk. She types commands into her  
terminal.

INSERT:

CASE NO. 83227-004 Faloon, Maltex; Ident. 640FIWT-DZ-282.  
Column authority, class-B.

ASSIGNMENT STATUS: UP TO DATE

CUT TO:

She frowns looking at the screen. Then she slips on her  
telephone headset and dials from her keyboard.

EXT. ACE'S POOLHALL - DAY

As Maltex approaches the poolhall two young, stupid-looking men rush up to him and drag him struggling off into the alley next-door. One of them has a bandage on his nose, it's the Punk who jumped Maltex in the first scene.

The Punk pushes him against the wall about to throw a punch. Maltex focuses on him and they both recognize each other.

PUNK

Wait a second.

Maltex throws an elbow at him but he sidesteps.

PUNK (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Watch out for this guy Rob. He's dangerous.

MAN #2

Shut up.

They throw Maltex about, bouncing him off the walls and garbage cans. Maltex falls and the folder scatters on the ground.

The Punk bends down and grabs one of Maltex's hands. He squeezes slowly. Maltex desperately tries to break free. With his other hand he pulls out the flattener. He points it at the Punk.

The Punk stops and looks blankly down at Maltex. Maltex fires. The Punk is suddenly compressed from front to back, flattened, and then he pops back into shape. He lets out a gasp and drops to the ground hard.

Man #2 starts to run away. Maltex aims and fires. Man #2 gasps as he too gets flattened and then drops.

Maltex sits up and shakily gropes for the vial of T-Butoxilina and the syringe. He finally injects himself through the mitten.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The pain slowly recedes. He sits there in the filth, thinking. He clutches the flattener.

He gets up slowly and goes to one of the torpid men. He pats the Punk down, searching his pockets.

From one of the pockets Maltex pulls out a Polaroid. He holds it up and looks at it.

INSERT:

It's a photo of Maltex standing at a front door, taken by a surveillance camera.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

Maltex is waiting on the stoop of Flexibee's brownstone as she opens the door and greets him.

CUT TO:

Maltex frowns and wags the Polaroid not knowing what to do with it but having a new understanding of the situation.

INT. MALTEX'S APARTMENT

Maltex is drying his face with a towel. He's cradling his phone in his shoulder. He looks tense.

MALTEX

Hi. It's me.

FLEX

(filtered)

Hey. Where are you?

MALTEX

Home.

CUT TO:

INT. FLEX'S OFFICE

FLEX

Did I lock your door right?

MALTEX

(filtered)

Yeah, no problem. Hey, is there anything else you can tell me about this guy? Anything you remember?

FLEX

Like what?

MALTEX

(filtered)

Did he ever call you at work?

Flex thinks for a moment.

FLEX

No, just my classified ad voicemail.

MALTEX

(filtered)

What about his name? Did he ever mention the name Blass Grix?

Flex is momentarily stopped. She tries to hide her surprise.

FLEX

Like I said in my report. He said his name was Turgidson. I figured he didn't want to use his real name.

CUT TO:

INT. MALTEX'S APARTMENT - CONT'D

MALTEX

Hhmm. Okay.

(CONTINUED)

FLEX  
(filtered)  
Good. Did you think about what we  
talked about?

MALTEX  
Yeah, I'm not sure it's a good  
idea.

CUT TO:

INT. FLEX'S OFFICE - CONT'D

FLEX  
Don't you want new hands?

MALTEX  
(filtered)  
Yes, but.

FLEX  
We can both win in this.

MALTEX  
(filtered)  
If he doesn't want to get ferreted  
out....

FLEX  
What about those ads you placed?

MALTEX  
(filtered)  
Well, he'll either call... or not.

FLEX  
Try to be a little positive.

CUT TO:

INT. MALTEX'S APARTMENT - CONT'D

MALTEX  
I'm not a cowboy. I'm not about to  
start acting like one.

(CONTINUED)

FLEX  
(filtered)  
I see.

MALTEX  
Well you would if you'd just been  
jumped by two guys who were  
obviously sent after you....

Maltex hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. FLEX'S OFFICE - CONT'D

Flex dials a phone number.

BLASS  
(filtered)  
Hello?

FLEX  
He found out who you are.

BLASS  
(filtered)  
How?

FLEX  
I don't know how. But then I think  
you know him too.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

FLEX  
(filtered)  
Something about you hustling him in  
a pool game once.

Blass holds up his right hand, looks at the tatoo between the  
thumb and index finger. He opens and closes his hand.  
There's a slight scar that circles his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

BLASS

I have to get out of here.

FLEX

(filtered)

What about my voice?

BLASS

That's going to have to wait.

CUT TO:

INT. FLEX'S OFFICE - CONT'D

Flex is desperately trying to persuade him.

FLEX

I don't think he's going to let you  
go that easily.

(pause)

I've got a better idea.

BLASS

(filtered)

Yeah?

FLEX

There's no telling where he's been,  
what trouble he's stirred up. Set  
up a meeting with him. Kill him.

BLASS

(filtered)

Kill him? I already arranged for  
something like that.

FLEX

It didn't work!

BLASS

(filtered)

...I suppose you have a point.

FLEX

Have you seen his ads?

(CONTINUED)

BLASS  
(filtered)  
Yeah.

FLEX  
Good.

Flex hangs up and types some keys on her keyboard.

A screen pops up and she prints that page.

She gets up and walks over to a big clunky printer in the corner. She grabs the printout.

INSERT:

Complainant name: SHIVERS, Laurencio

Address: 22319 Tower St.

CUT TO:

Flex nods to herself emphatically.

INT. MALTEX'S APARTMENT

Maltex has the phone cradled in his shoulder.

He walks over to his cluttered shelf and picks up one of his black boxes in its case. He blows dust off of it, opens the case and takes out the black box. He flips a switch on it, turning it on, checking its functionality.

CABBIE  
(filtered)  
Yeah?

MALTEX  
It's Maltex, Cabbie.

CABBIE  
(filtered)  
Hey. What can I do for ya'?

(CONTINUED)

MALTEX

It's important. I need your help.  
Can you come pick me up?

CABBIE

(filtered)  
Sure Maltex.

Maltex hangs up and dials another number. He waits. He looks at the videotaped pool game running on his television.

MALTEX

Classifieds. Box 2234.

Maltex enters a code on his phone keypad. An automated voice comes on the line.

AUTOMATED VOICE

You - have - one - new - response -  
as - of - five - forty - one -  
press - three - to - review.

Maltex looks at his clock presses three on the keypad. It's six o'clock.

BLASS

(filtered)  
I'm responding to the ad you placed  
for the mouthal appendage. I'm in  
possession of a very nice unit.  
I'm leaving town soon, possibly  
tomorrow, and I'm looking for a  
fast transaction I've got a black  
box. If you're interested meet me  
at Hotel Utah, room 426, eight  
o'clock tonight. Let me know if  
you're coming - beep

Maltex listens to the voice and nods. He sees himself as a younger pool shark on the videotape. He pauses the tape on a close-up, almost exactly as Flex did earlier. He sees the tatoo on his right hand in the freeze-frame.

He presses a button on the keypad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALTEX

Thanks for your response. Yes,  
definitely very interested. I'd  
like to at least take a look at it  
and check the paperwork. I'll see  
you at eight as you said.

Maltex hangs up and then shuts off the videotape of himself.

EXT. SHIVERS' HOUSE - DAY

Flex walks up the porchsteps to the door. She rings the  
bell. Shivers opens the door, smoking and glares at her.

SHIVERS

What do you want sister?

Flex takes out a purple automatic pistol from her coat pocket  
and points it at him. In surprise he steps back.

INT. SHIVERS' HOUSE

Flex steps in and closes the door.

SHIVERS

(cont'd)

What, what do you want?

She notices his strange voice, grimaces.

FLEX

You have a black box.

Shivers peers at her when he notices her artificial voice.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Where?

He glances inadvertently to his right. Flex notices.

SHIVERS

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flex shoots him twice. He doubles over and hits the floor.

She moves to the left where he glanced and opens a bureau. Inside she finds a black box designed for the neck area.

She steps over Shivers and looks at his neck. She thinks for a moment.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

(gravelly)

God--damn--you....

He has a horrible voice. She decides against taking his voice and leaves.

INT. TAXICAB - EVENING

Cabbie opens the passenger door to let Maltex in.

MALTEX

Thanks a lot Cabbie. You know I wouldn't ask you if it wasn't important. I'll pay you one way or another if this works out.

Cabbie looks at Maltex compassionately. He seems to be thinking of all the reasons he knows to pity Maltex.

CABBIE

I hear ya'. So what's the action?

Maltex settles in, closes the door and hands him a slip of paper. He places a carpet bag on his lap.

MALTEX

Let's go here.

Cabbie drives off puffing on his pipe.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXICAB - LATER

Maltex and Cabbie are parked across the street a short distance from Flexibee's brownstone.

(CONTINUED)

Maltex is slumped down in his seat staring across the street.  
Cabbie is reading a newspaper.

MALTEX

Have you paid off this cab yet?

CABBIE

Hell no. But's it's my lease.

Flexibee comes out of her apartment carrying a backpack.  
Maltex perks up. She looks around and gets into her old car.

MALTEX

Here we go.

Cabbie catches on. He starts the engine and pulls into  
traffic, careful to let another car get between them.

CABBIE

Alrighty.

EXT. HOTEL UTAH - NIGHT

Cabbie and Maltex slow down outside the hotel as they watch  
Flex walk inside. This is not the posh hotel Blass was  
staying at before.

CABBIE

Do we wait?

MALTEX

Nah. You can take off.

Cabbie looks at him surprised, then concerned.

CABBIE

Where you going?

MALTEX

I'm not sure.

CABBIE

Tell you what. I'll be out here.

Maltex starts to object but Cabbie's expression tells him it's futile. He nods at him appreciatively and gets out of the cab with the carpet bag.

MALTEX

Thanks buddy.

CABBIE

Watch yourself.

Maltex smiles, nods and then crosses the street.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Blass opens the door and let's Flex into the dumpy room. She's tense, flexing her jaw muscles. He seems nervous too.

BLASS

What's so important about you being here?

He has a pistol on the table. He picks it up, hefts it.

FLEX

You're going to need help. How many people have you killed?

Blass thinks for a moment. He's not a violent criminal, just a crook.

BLASS

What? You're saying you have experience?

FLEX

No. I just know it's not that simple. You learn things working in an insurance office.

He puts the pistol down uncertainly. He turns around rubbing his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Also, I want to safeguard my  
interest.

Blass turns around, puzzled. Then patronizingly....

BLASS

You want to take his larynx?

She stares into his eyes.

FLEX

Blass, you don't have any intention  
of getting my larynx, do you? I'm  
another scam aren't I? I've been  
useful to you. That's why you've  
strung me along all this time.

Blass is surprised by her. He becomes obsequious.

BLASS

You've got it wrong. That singer's  
voice I told you about. I'm  
working on it. Remember?

FLEX

I was just another scam, right?

BLASS

What are you talking about?

FLEX

I've seen the file. I've been a  
convenience. Get laid, keep tabs  
on your pursuer. Pretty good deal  
huh?

Flex turns casually around and reaches into her pocket.  
Blass watches her back.

BLASS

You're being ridiculous. You don't  
know what you're

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Then Flex turns around holding the purple automatic.

Flex shoots him once in the chest. He falls back gasping and rolls to one side on the bed.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Maltex looks around the lobby. He makes his way to the elevators. There are very few people around although it's a fairly large hotel, it's just rundown.

He moves to the stairwell and starts climbing holding the carpet bag under one arm.

INT. HALLWAY

Maltex emerges from the stairwell and moves down the hall, checking room numbers as he goes.

He finds the room. He leans against the door and listens. There are some rustling noises. He quietly checks the door handle. It's locked.

He reaches in his coat and takes out the flattener.

He backs up against the wall, lunges against the door and hits it with his shoulder. The door swings in and he enters.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONT'D

Maltex sees Blass's body propped against the headboard with a bullet wound in the chest and a bloody mess under the chin. He seems to be looking up suddenly at Maltex.

Maltex points the flattener at Blass.

Suddenly Flex comes from the side and hits Maltex's hand knocking the flattener to the floor. He drops the carpet bag and clutches his hand in AGONY, as if he had stubbed a toe.

MALTEX

Goddamnit....

She steps in front of Maltex and aims the pistol at him. She has Shivers' black box on her neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She blinks as it finishes its job. She flicks a switch off, releasing herself. She tosses the box on the bed.

Maltex stares at her, his expression clears.

MALTEX (CONT'D)  
(breathlessly)  
What did you do?

Flex holds the gun on Maltex more confidently.

FLEX  
I came to get what's mine.

Her voice is that of Blass now, not the mechanical voice.

Flex looks at the carpet bag and the black boxes that tumbled out. She recognizes them as inappropriate for her task.

Maltex stares at her trying to figure out her voice.

FLEX (CONT'D)  
(clears her throat) ...And you seem  
to have come for what's yours.

Maltex looks at them himself.

MALTEX  
You took his larynx.

FLEX  
Just like you're gonna' take his  
hands. Or should I say your hands?

He looks at her.

MALTEX  
Insurance agency? Frye and Cooke?  
The authorization code on Blass's  
phony medicals was from "F/C  
Insurance".  
(pause)  
You've been working for him the  
whole time. You knew where he was.  
(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALTEX (cont'd)  
You were never a victim. You were  
just... keeping tabs on me.

Maltex shakes his head incredulously.

MALTEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
And I thought you cared about me.

FLEX  
I thought you cared about me too.  
You really did seem to understand.

She coughs and rubs her throat with her free hand.

FLEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
I've been trying to get my voice.  
I've tried everything, never  
content to leave it the way it is.  
I even started to think if I helped  
you, you'd help me.

She steps back.

FLEX (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
I felt sorry for you. But then I  
realized that's all you need to be  
content with yourself, for people  
to feel sorry for you. When I saw  
that you weren't going to do  
anything to improve your  
situation.... just continue to sit  
and watch ancient videotapes of  
your past life. Well, I got tired  
of depending on men.

MALTEX  
I....

FLEX  
I don't see the box you brought for  
my voice anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Her finger tightens on the trigger. Maltex throws his hands up in front of his face.

MALTEX

No.

She shifts her aim and fires a hole into the center of Blass' left hand. Then the right. Maltex looks up, horrified to see his hands destroyed.

He drops his hands, his mouth hanging open, staring at the ruin of his life.

Flex turns around again and aims at his head. Maltex looks at her in anguish.

MALTEX (CONT'D)

Why?

Flex stares at him and shakes her head. She seems genuinely concerned.

FLEX

What difference would that make?

Maltex's eyes widen.

FLEX (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

The question is What are you going to do about it?

He glances at the gun and then back at her eyes.

His right arm shoots up into her jaw. His fist makes a loud WHACK against her chin. Her head snaps back and she drops like a sack.

His face twists in pain as his legs collapse and he drops to the floor nearly passing out. He writhes for a while as he cradles his hand with the other. Tears drop from his eyes.

He props against the wall and gropes for the container of T-Butoxilina. He tries to retrieve it from an inner pocket, only to find the syringe needle bent in half.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

As he lies there, exhausted and in pain, he surveys the room. He sees Blass and his ruined hands, Flexibee unconscious, his welfare hands, and the black boxes.

After a while he rises and swings the damaged door shut.

INT. POOLHALL - SOME TIME LATER

Maltex is in a pool hall playing against some other man.

Maltex stands beside the pooltable, while his opponent breaks. People are watching, Cabbie is among them.

No balls sink. The opponent cringes.

A smile creeps across Maltex's face. He circles the table surveying each possible shot carefully.

He chooses one vantage point and aims.

TIGHT ON:

Maltex's hands as he holds his cuestick.

His hands are slim, delicate. A woman's. Flexibee's.

On the right one, there is a duplicate of the tattoo that was on his original hands. The tattoo that he refused to put on the old welfare hands.

TIGHT ON:

The cueball as the cuestick hits it solidly.

FADE TO BLACK.