# NIP / TUCK

Season 5 Episode XX

"Johnnie Baima"

Written by Charlie B

## NIP/TUCK - "Johnnie Baima"

# By Charlie B

## TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CAR PARK -- DAY

The TEASER opens with the thumping BASS of the hauntingly euphoric "Beautiful Things" by ANDAIN. The song serves as a soundtrack throughout the duration of the TEASER.

An atomic-orange LAMBORGHINI DIABLO races into shot, tearing tar. It PURRS, pulling into an available parking space.

INT. LAMBORGHINI DIABLO -- DAY

Dr. Christian Troy sits in the DRIVER'S SEAT. He's dressed head-to-toe in DONNA KARAN. Is he going to work or to a fashion shoot?

He brushes his shoulders and runs his hands through his hair in vanity. He throws his eyes to the rear-view mirror.

CHRISTIAN

(to himself, smiling)
You're improving with age my man,
getting better by the day, by the
second.

INT. CAR PARK -- DAY

The engine cuts out and the DRIVER-SIDE DOOR slides open...

Christian emerges from the DIABLO.

He strolls through the CAR PARK like he's something royal, and enters an ELEVATOR.

The ELEVATOR DOORS slowly close, taking him up to...

INT. RECEPTION -- DAY

The RECEPTION and WAITING AREA is stylishly equipped with modern furnishings, top-of-the-range computers, and seductive lighting.

The interior of the PRACTICE appears more akin to a designer-boutique than a private clinic.

Enter Christian. We follow him as he casually approaches the main reception desk.

CHRISTIAN

Morning sunshine, is anybody waiting to see me?

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Troy I've told you repeatedly, my name is AMANDA.

CHRISTIAN

Sorry MANDY...

The RECEPTIONIST looks peeved at her name being reduced to a mere generic pet-name.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I've got a mind for faces, not names.

(pause)

Who am I starting the day with?

**AMANDA** 

(presenting a clipboard to Christian)
Here's the appointment schedule, but Dr. McNamara already has somebody waiting in the LOUNGE.

CHRISTIAN

(scanning the clipboard) Don't you mean his OFFICE?

**AMANDA** 

No, Dr. McNamara had to make allowances.

(pause)

He said it was to accommodate his PATIENT'S special needs.

CHRISTIAN

The worm to his early-bird, who is it?

AMANDA

I'm not sure, but Dr. McNamara said he wants you to sit in on this one. Don't ask me why.

CHRISTIAN

Okay.

(pause)

Tell you what MANDY, I won't ask you why Sean wants me to assist with this consult, as long as you won't ask us for your salary at the end of the month.

(pause)

I'll find out myself.

Christian hands back the clipboard contemptuously, as if to say "You're fired!"

EXT. BREAK ROOM -- DAY

Sean comes out of the BREAK ROOM holding a rolled up copy of AESTHETIC SURGERY JOURNAL. He acknowledges Christian.

SEAN

Morning, Christian.

(pause)

Wanna take a walk with me?

They stroll down a corridor towards the LOUNGE.

I'm hoping this good morning will be the start to a good day.

(pause)

I took a look at today's itinerary—- diverse to say the least.

(pause)

Tell me the person waiting for us right now is TANYA JAMES?

SEAN

Actually she had filming to do first thing, so called in to reschedule for later.

CHRISTIAN

Bummer, I was hoping to revisit the horn in early morn.

(pause)

Speaking of which, what's PLAYBOY saying?

SEAN

I still haven't decided yet.

CHRISTIAN

Decide now, Sean. We have to strike while the ass is hot. They'll go elsewhere otherwise.

(pause)

This is just how we missed out on the VIVID contract.

SEAN

I know. I'm just unsure as whether that's the direction we wanna take our new business.

(pause)

I mean what will people think?

Sean, who's gonna give a shit if we give a shot of BOTOX to a PLAYMATE? It's no different to a schoolyard TETANUS shot.

(pause)

It's not like we're promoting soft-porn.

SEAN

Sure, but in the schoolyard, schoolgirls are dressed in uniform out of appreciation and respect, not for titillation and lack of self-respect.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, so you're sitting on the fence with that one.

(pause)

What about BATMAN, still going ahead with him?

SEAN

His appointment clashes with MS. JAMES but I'm up for taking him on.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, so that just leaves...

SEAN

Christian Troy, I present to you—JOHNNIE BAIMA...THE GODDESS BUNNY.

Sean opens the DOOR to the CONSULTATION LOUNGE.

A cheerful Sean enters the LOUNGE with a spooked Christian following closely behind.

"Sooo many beautiful things..."

SMASH TO TITLES.

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CONSULT LOUNGE -- DAY

Off a large, effervescent fish tank that houses an assortment of tropical fish, in a ROOM that is cosily low-lit with contemporary, Feng-Shui arranged furniture.

Doctors Sean McNamara and Christian Troy sit on an angular, four-seat, black leather sofa positioned opposite another.

Christian looks both perturbed and clinically fascinated with their latest client, whereas Sean appears relaxed and desensitised.

SEAN

Tell us what you don't like about yourself?

We reveal JOHNNIE BAIMA (Late 40's?) - THE GODDESS BUNNY, sitting on the SOFA across from them.

She looks like TIM BURTON'S image of perfect grace with a long dressing-gown hanging off her muscle-wasted frame, raped-by-a-cactus hair, and poor makeup that accentuates a frightful face.

She gets up from her seat and hobbles around, giving us a twirl.

JOHNNIE BAIMA

What do you think?

Off of Sean's indifference and Christian's horror.

SEAN

I'd say the curvature of the spine and its effect on your posture?

CHRISTIAN

And then some?

An uncomfortable silence as the sting of Christian's words register.

SEAN

Forgive my partner, MS. BAIMA. He can be a little...

JOHNNIE BAIMA

Prick?

SEAN

I was going to say insensitive.

CHRISTIAN

I apologise. I didn't mean for us to get off on the wrong foot.

JOHNNIE BAIMA returns to her seat.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

It's not everyday I get to consult someone quite so...unique.

JOHNNIE BAIMA

After a lifetime of hardship and adversity, insensitivity is a pain that I'm used to.

CHRISTIAN

What can we do for you, MS. BAIMA?

JOHNNIE BAIMA

Your best work?

CHRISTIAN

What we can do is rectify some of the abnormalities of your body. What we can't do is make a silkpurse out of a pig's ear...

## JOHNNIE BAIMA

I'm not giving you much to work with, I know that, but I speak from experience when I say you can at least play the raw deal you got.

(pause)

It'd only be a testament to your skills as plastic surgeons to make a masterpiece out of nothing.

SEAN

Interesting point.

## CHRISTIAN

All I'm saying is with the extent of the muscle wastage and skeletal malformation-- you're not gonna come out looking like GISELE BUNDCHEN at the end of this.

(pause)

We don't want your expectations to be unrealistic.

## SEAN

(looking through a patient file)
I see you've led a hard-knock
life.

## JOHNNIE BAIMA

That's putting it lightly, try a life that has been knocked down by a wrecking-ball leaving remains which are good for nothing and good to no one.

SEAN

That may be true, but the best part of demolition is reconstruction.

(more)

SEAN (cont'd)

(pause)

Just by looking at your PATIENT HISTORY, I can tell you have a strong sense of character. You've been through a lot-- childhood POLIOMYELITIS, repeated abuse in foster care...

This speaks volumes to Christian. He instantly relates and reminisces...

INT. TROY Sr. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT, THIRTY-SOMETHING YEARS AGO, FLASHBACK.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN TROY I love you MR. TROY...

A naïve, innocent, pre-teen Christian Troy reluctantly walks into shadow.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CONSULTATION LOUNGE -- DAY

SEAN

... Sexually assaulted as an adult.

More musings of bad experiences are brought about for Christian.

INT. TROY Jr. BEDROOM -- NIGHT, THREE YEARS AGO, FLASHBACK.

THE CARVER has broken into Christian's apartment, and entered his bedroom. He stands at the foot of Christian's BED, watching. He stabs Christian with a syringe, administering its sedative dose.

A vulnerable and exposed Christian Troy lays awake and paralysed, faced down into the bed.

THE CARVER removes Christian's pyjama bottoms...

END FLASHBACK.

#### INT. CONSULTATION LOUNGE -- DAY

Christian's head is a mess. He identifies with JOHNNIE BAIMA'S tormented past, and repressed memories resurface.

#### CHRISTIAN

Alright, we get it! The trials and tribulations of THE GODDESS BUNNY don't make for an animated-comedy.

(pause)

Except for one aimed at fans of Japanese Hentai. What's your point?

#### SEAN

I was just highlighting areas that may require attention by us is all, muscular atrophy, anal fissures...

(pause)

MS. BAIMA which part of your body would you like us to focus our efforts?

JOHNNIE BAIMA

You guessed right Dr. McNamara--my spine.

SEAN

(looking through some notes in a patient file)
I see you had a steel rod fitted when you were young to strengthen

your back bone?

JOHNNIE BAIMA

That was the plan, but real-life never works out the way it's supposed to.

(pause)

We plan to be lead singer...

SEAN

...And end up as the drummer who goes unnoticed. I get it.

JOHNNIE BAIMA

If you ask me, the implant did more harm than good.

SEAN

Any medical procedure carries inherent risks. It's a question of whether the end justifies the means. It's a rule of thumb that the greater the potential, the greater the risk.

(pause)

Had things gone the other way...

JOHNNIE BAIMA

Save it, DOC. Can you fix my spine or not?

SEAN

We'll try. As with anything in medical science-- definite absolutes are seldom. It's mostly variables, incremental changes thereof, and incidental highs.

CHRISTIAN

If you don't mind me asking, does your disability affect any other part of your life?

JOHNNIE BAIMA

Is that a P-C way of asking about my sex-life?

CHRISTIAN

What I actually meant was do you have difficulty in finding employment?

JOHNNIE BAIMA

I'm a performer on the underground Gay/Transgender scene. Work flows steady, but my star is a far cry from being added to the walk of fame at GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE.

SEAN

What do you perform, MS. BAIMA?

JOHNNIE BAIMA

I mainly sing cabaret. My fans know me by my stage name-- SANDIE CRISP.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, given the THREE FACES OF EVE, at the end of all this just so we know, which persona do we make the bill out to-- is it MR. or MS. JOHNNIE, SANDIE, or BUNNY?

Sean sighs at Christian's tactless comment.

INT. SCRUB UP -- DAY

Christian washes his hands at the sink. He thoroughly scrubs soap into lather using a nail brush.

Sean enters the room, swinging through the double-doors.

They look at each other. Sean's face bellows disdain.

CHRISTIAN

What?!

SEAN

Do I really need to tell you? (pause)

You <u>could</u> have handled that better!

C'mon, you're acting as though I had a pitch fork in one hand and a flaming torch in the other, gearing up to chase him out of town and burn him at the stake!

SEAN

You may as well have. It was persecution disguised as professionalism.

CHRISTIAN

You're overreacting. I've seen worse things on the internet, worse things on T-V.

(pause)

Our profession is disguise, and I wasn't that rude to him!

(pause)

Was I?

SEAN

Rude to her and yes-- you were.

CHRISTIAN

Whoever, whatever.

(pause)

You're one to talk. If I remember correctly, you were fearful about people with gender and sexuality issues once upon a time.

(pause)

SOFIA LOPEZ and AVA MOORE ring any bells?! Or maybe this does, you're a Goddamn hypocrite with double standards.

SEAN

That was different.

CHRISTIAN

Different, how?!

#### SEAN

They were transsexuals, MS. BAIMA'S a transvestite, and I maintained focus and objectivity.

(pause)

I eventually respected them as PATIENTS, as human beings, through learning to leave the personal hang-ups I had at the door.

(pause)

What's more, I saw them for not who they were, but who they wanted to be.

## CHRISTIAN

So, what?! Are you saying I was wrong to look at JOHNNIE BAIMA like she was MUMM-RA and not JULIE NEWMAR?! For starters-- he hasn't had the snip, so still has his goods, and for afters-- I don't do delusion.

#### SEAN

I'm saying you looked at her like she was a freak, treated her like she was a freak, she arrived at our office <u>feeling</u> like a freak! We're supposed to make people feel better about being themselves before we even lay our craftsman hands on them. It's the first step!

## CHRISTIAN

I suppose you're gonna say that the reality is <u>I'm</u> the freak for finding her company more than a little disconcerting?

## SEAN

You ever notice that every time you point your finger, three more point right back at you?

Ever feel like the pot, Sean? Coz I sure as Hell feel like the kettle at times.

(pause)

I didn't intend to step on her toes and spoil her pedicure, alright? I said I was sorry.

SEAN

Speaking of toes, pedicures, and wrong feet, you ready to play "operation" on pigeon-toe?

CHRISTIAN

(smiling)

Dude...I was born ready.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SURGERY -- DAY

SUPPORT STAFF help Doctors Troy and McNamara snap on latex gloves, affix hair nets, and tie face-masks.

NURSE LINDA wheels in a cart carrying surgical instruments neatly laid out, and Kidney-dishes.

LIZ CRUZ checks the PATIENT'S stats on a monitor.

CHRISTIAN

How's he doing LIZ?

LIZ

He's been under for twenty minutes and ready for you to work your magic.

CHRISTIAN

Okay partner, without further ado shall we reshape our PATIENT'S Mule Feet into a pair of Happy Feet?

SEAN

(brandishing a scalpel)

By all means.

(pause)

LINDA, give us something to work to?

NURSE LINDA waves her hands over the Bang & Olufsen stereo. Its glass-panels slide apart.

She presses "PLAY", and the sound of "Dance, Dance" by FALL OUT BOY fills the theatre.

"Why don't you show me the little bit of spine?"

We see Sean and Christian prepare to operate on a TEENAGE MALE with webbed-toes (Syndactyly).

CHRISTIAN

Last time I checked, it was your serve in celebrity-scares.

SEAN

Right, remind me what's the disorder of the day?

CHRISTIAN

We're working on it.

SEAN

Celebrities with Syndactyly, okay.

(pause)

ASHTON KUTCHER.

CHRISTIAN

MARGE SIMPSON.

SEAN

MARGE SIMPSON? Bullshit, you can't have her. I challenge.

CHRISTIAN

Why not? She's famous, she has webbed-toes. Ergo she's a legitimate choice.

SEAN

Christian, as much as we desire the women we marry to be happy homemakers-- she's not real.

CHRISTIAN

Like half of the HOLLYWOOD Barbies who flaunt their shit on casting couches to no avail and come to us wanting breast-augmentation?

(pause)

You wouldn't see me denying them with their Hindenburgs entering my air space.

SEAN

I can't speak for you, but I came to HOLLYWOOD to make money, not love.

CHRISTIAN

You'd have alot more fun if you made time to make both.

(pause)

And you wonder why you're terminally single.

SEAN

I think it's called having standards?

(pause)

You forget I was married to the best.

CHRISTIAN

Look, if you wanna get back in the game and bag another beautiful princess, you don't have to marry a toad.

SEAN

No?

CHRISTIAN

No, just bang them and make sure you kick their ass to the curb before midnight. The witching hour where happy hour wears off, size 10 DONNA KARAN dresses shape shift to size 16 WALMART threads, and shiny sports cars morph into daddy's cheap TOYOTA.

"And these are the lives you'd love to lead..."

A SERIES OF SHOTS: A NURSE mops sweat from Sean's forehead. Christian CRACKS his knuckles and flexes his fingers. Incisions are made between the PATIENT'S toes which are subsequently separated. Bloody forceps and scalpels are dumped into alcohol. Sean closes the wounds with sutures.

INT. BREAK ROOM -- DAY

Christian is seated at a round table, sipping a cup of coffee and flicking through an issue of "VARIETY".

Enter Sean. He makes himself a hot chocolate. Christian ignores him.

SEAN

Hey...

Christian persists in his silent-treatment.

SEAN

I'm sorry about earlier. Maybe I was out of line.

CHRISTIAN

(reading variety)

By that, do you mean making me out to be the heartless bastard who doesn't enthuse about operating on the worst nightmare of JOHN WATERS? Or to be the materialistic man-whore who'll nail anything with big tits and a tight ass squeezing out of a two-thousand dollar dress?

SEAN

Both.

(pause)

I just fail to see why you hide so much resent towards MS. BAIMA, is all. You two have a lot in common, is your shame in seeing her flaws as a potential you have surpassed?

CHRISTIAN tosses the copy of VARIETY away in confusion, and looks to Sean like he's clinically insane.

CHRISTIAN

What...are you drunk?

SEAN

You're the two sides to the  $\underline{\text{same}}$  coin.

## CHRISTIAN

Congratulations. You travelled the tracks of my hostility on a single train of thought...and derailed.

(pause)

The difference is Sean-- how we dealt with the <u>same</u> problems. He became a freakshow, I...

#### SEAN

...Became the freakshow's treating physician?

## CHRISTIAN

Say what you want, but part of the carnival-- I'm not.

## SEAN

No, you're just a spectator. The good Doctor on-call when the oddities are in need of medical attention.

## CHRISTIAN

I didn't create multiple personalities to deal with all the crap of my life. I dealt with it myself, and check me out now...

## SEAN

Different people have different coping mechanisms, Christian. You screw barely legal college girls in the backseat of a LAMBORGHINI, I...

#### CHRISTIAN

You give me rampant intellectualism as a coping mechanism.

SEAN

I work my ass off, JOHNNIE BAIMA performs on stage under a pseudonym, alcoholics drink, and suicides die.

(pause)

Whichever way you wanna spin it, they're all forms of escapism.

CHRISTIAN

Escapism from what?

SEAN

The cruelty of reality.

CHRISTIAN

Wake up Sean, reality bites, humanity bites back. Life sucks, but it's your friends and family who help you get through it. Without them, we'd all be reaching for escapism, intravenously.

(pause)

Life's just a series of peaks and troughs, some people just have more of one than the other.

(pause)

Any more thoughts on the PLAYBOY gig? Bearing in mind I said how much you need to get your head out of your ass and into the game.

SEAN

Call them up, accept their offer.

CHRISTIAN

Why the change of heart?

SEAN

Well, it's like you said-- they're just like any other PATIENT. PATIENTS with bronze skin, bright eyes, bleached teeth, and a heavy set of double D's.

At least!

SEAN

It would be discriminatory to refuse them treatment.

CHRISTIAN

Good. I'm glad you see it that way. In that case, it's only fair you get to consult TANYA JAMES.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Christian is sitting at his DESK. He holds a phone and an A4 sheet of paper.

He presses a button on the telephone labelled "RECEPTION".

CHRISTIAN

(into phone)

Hi MANDY, listen be a doll would you and get hold of PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES for me?

(pause)

L-A office, it should be in the rolodex.

(pause)

Thank you.

INT. RECEPTION -- DAY (HOURS LATER)

Christian steps out from his office. He sees Sean walking in his direction.

CHRISTIAN

Oh hey, was just on my way to find you to tell you that I'm just on my way to THE MANSION, right now.

(pause)

HUGH'S making a themed party out of it, DEVILS and ANGELS, or something. You coming?

SEAN

I'd love to Christian, but I have MS. JAMES and MS. BAIMA to deal with.

CHRISTIAN

Call MS. JAMES-- tell her you're sorry but you'll have to take her up some other time, call BAIMA and say you regret to inform that we can no longer consider her for treatment.

SEAN

Stating what reasons?

CHRISTIAN

You're the DOCTOR, Sean-- you don't need one.

SEAN

We discussed humanity and prejudice earlier. Thus far, I haven't seen you demonstrate any compassion at all.

CHRISTIAN

Is that right and what have I demonstrated, thus far?

SEAN

Ignorance.

CHRISTIAN

Horseshit. I'd be happy to turn THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME into PAUL WALKER, if he came in making that request.

SEAN

Providing the price was right. Face it-- your humanity is an effect caused by your wage.

(more)

SEAN (cont'd)

(pause)

And I got news for you-- we're treating MS. BAIMA Pro bono.

CHRISTIAN

Christ, the nightmare continues. (pause)

Damn it, are you doing this to spite me?!

SEAN

The man hasn't got opportunity knocking on his door and this is HOLLYWOOD where the high cost of living is the #1 cause of death.

CHRISTIAN

Wrong, this is AMERICA.

(pause)

Isn't it the American way to show no fear in cashing-in on tragedy, make a few bucks, and do what's right by you all in pursuit of the American dream?

SEAN

If you see a motion picture franchise in MS. BAIMA'S life-story, do the right thing and give her a face and body for the screen for free.

CHRISTIAN

So we turn an invisible monster into a televised monster? No need. He's already a star on EBAUM'SWORLD. I did my research—that Tap dancing video of his has been downloaded more times than PARIS HILTON'S sex tape.

SEAN

Regardless, you'll be rewarded in Heaven.

And so the Irish-Catholic Shark swimming under the sea of hypocrisy finally attacks. After hours of chasing his tail, avoiding the kill...

#### SEAN

...Biding his time.

#### CHRISTIAN

Sugar-coat it in pleasantries all you want.

(pause)

Given the choice between wearing knock-off GUCCI, trying to scam my way past the BOUNCER working the pearly gates of Heaven, against being dressed in the real-deal, queue-jumping the velvet rope of Hell, using MOET as mouthwash...

(pause)

It's a no-brainer, Sean. Give me luxury, give me Hell! There's nothing noble about being poor.

## SEAN

You've always been ego-centric, but since when did you become a patronising miser of all things glamorous? Didn't your experience with Kimber teach you anything?

(pause)

Even pretty faces mask ugly.

#### CHRISTIAN

Since we relocated to HOLLYWEIRD and left the land of the sick and moderately impoverished for all things healthy and wealthy. We should be living the high life, getting fat by making fashion models thin.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

(pause)

After this, we're taking on something more profitable.

SEAN

I was wondering how long it would take before you got seduced by dead presidents. The road to Hell is lit by neon dollar-signs you know?

(pause)

Don't you care where the money comes from?

#### CHRISTIAN

As long as it maintains the cool runnings and hotness looking, our next client could be a pornographer needing us to surgically-explant a Doggie's dick from a suspiciously baby-faced SEX SLAVE for all I care.

SEAN

I thought you had your fill of sleaze in MIAMI?

CHRISTIAN

FLORIDA doesn't even compare. It's a different state, a different league.

(pause)

THE SUNSHINE STATE was just a starter for me. I'm ready for the main course now. I'm hungry, and won't leave anything to waste. I have every intention on licking that plate clean, and what's wrong with having your sights set on the life the world still owes you?

SEAN

You can't be a college freshman forever.

SEAN (cont'd)

You're gonna have to clean up your act and grow up, one day.

CHRISTIAN

Until that day comes, I'm going to party on.

(looking at his watch)
Oh, if I'm not back in time-knock yourself out taking the ODD
out of GODDESS BUNNY, while I have
a blast putting something into
PLAYBOY BUNNIES...

INT. THE PLAYBOY MANSION -- DAY

"My Lover's Box" by GARBAGE resounds through the halls of THE PLAYBOY MANSION.

"Send me an Angel to love."

Half-naked CENTREFOLDS dressed as DEVILS, ANGELS and BUNNIES sip cocktails, dance and frolic both indoors and out.

Most of the PLAYMATES on display have nothing on (strategically shot) and leave nothing to our dirty minds.

Christian wears a pair of CALVIN KLEIN sunglasses halfway down his nose, ogling the bountiful beauties.

He's like a Dog with three dicks...on heat.

"I'm afraid I'll never get to Heaven..."

CHRISTIAN

(to himself)

If Heaven's anything like this,
I'll bribe GOD himself.

MALE VOICE (O.S)

Dr. Troy, welcome to my parlour.

We turn 180 degrees, to see a debonair HUGH HEFNER dressed in a smoking jacket and smoking a pipe. He has a balloon glass filled with cognac in one hand, and a BIG-BREASTED BLONDE PLAYBOY BUNNY in the other.

#### CHRISTIAN

Parlour sounds seedy, HUGH. It's more like 5.3 acres of PLEASURE ISLAND, and I feel like PINOCCHIO...only it's not my nose that's growing.

(pause)

Still all smiles and girls I see, burning that burning-bush.

HUGH HEFNER

(smiling gleefully)

You know your stuff.

(pause)

As you can see—- the girls are the reason I'm smiling! Every day's a holiday in here.

## CHRISTIAN

True that.

(pause)

You know, you've been something of a role model to me ever since I was introduced to KAREN VELEZ in May '85.

(pause)

Yep, that was a very good year-notably for my awakening in college.

(pause)

As for knowing my stuff, let's just say this was a homework assignment I actually enjoyed.

## HUGH HEFNER

I'm happy that I showed you the beauty that the female form has to offer. I only hope you've found PLAYBOY to be enlightening.

Indeed I have, I've learned that it's good to be a single-man in a woman's world.

(pause)

Tell me, who else is coming?

#### HUGH HEFNER

Once word got around that you were the guest of honour, every player in HOLLYWOOD wanted to come. Suffice to say, we were diplomatic in turning people away.

CHRISTIAN

That's great, but who else coming?

HUGH HEFNER

Well, here's the guest-list.

(pause)

Does the doctor in the house approve?

## CHRISTIAN

(looking at the guest-list)
NELLY, SNOOP, COLIN FARRELL, guys
who know how to...THE HOFF?!
(handing the guest-list back)
The doctor in the house certainly
does approve.

(pause)

So...

Christian sets down his LOUIS VUITTON briefcase, CLICKS it open, and removes a bundle of 5CC disposable syringes in sterile packaging, along with a vial (BOTOX?).

A SERIES OF SHOTS: Christian peeling a needle from its wrapping. Christian filling the barrel of the syringe, flicking the shot, and eliminating the air bubbles. Christian posing with the shot in readiness.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd) (smiling mischievously) Who's first?

AQUALUNG'S foreboding "Tongue Tied" sets the mood as Sean sits behind JOHNNIE BAIMA on a STOOL. He delicately annotates dotted incision-lines on her back with a marker pen.

JOHNNIE BAIMA

Where's your partner?

SEAN

There was a division of labour. (pause)

Dr. Troy is playing doctors and nurses at a BOTOX party.

JOHNNIE BAIMA

He drew the short-straw, huh?

SEAN

What makes you say that?

JOHNNIE BAIMA

I'm not there. The party can't be that good.

SEAN

I admire you, you know that.

(pause)

You're an inspiration.

JOHNNIE BAIMA

Why? I'm just me, Dr. McNamara?

SEAN

You know-- After the Hell you've been through, you're still standing. If it happened to a weaker person, they would have cashed in their own chips a long time ago, but you, you're defiant. Determined to play the game the best you can.

JOHNNIE BAIMA

What else can I do? The show must go on.

(pause)

I just go through the motions and what rotten tomatoes life throws at me-- I throw back.

(pause)

It can't all be bad, something's gotta give.

Sean's demeanour changes, the colour drains from his skin and his avidity for exploring new frontiers wanes.

JOHNNIE BAIMA

Is something wrong?

SEAN

I'm sorry, I can't continue. I think it'd be best if we wait for Dr. Troy to return...

INT. THE PLAYBOY MANSION -- DAY

The SOUNDTRACK has changed to "Time to Dance" by PANIC! AT THE DISCO.

We climb a spiral staircase, tracking along a queue of GIRLS waiting to enter...

A PRIVATE STUDIO SUITE where Christian is carrying out a flashbulb-blitzkrieg, taking Polaroids of PLAYBOY PLAYMATES.

"Give me envy!"

HUGH HEFNER

Dr. Troy, are you sure I can't interest you in a beverage?

(taking snapshots)

I'm strictly on the wagon today, HUGH. I may be needed in surgery after I'm done here.

(pause)

But thank you, you are most definitely the host with the most.

A GORGEOUS BLONDE wearing nothing but ANGEL-WINGS and HOT-PANTS, exits.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

(pause)

Next!

An OLIVE SKINNED BRUNETTE dressed as a Devil in an Agent Provocateur two-piece takes the ANGELS place.

"Give me malice! Give me your attention!"

HUGH HEFNER

Anything for you, Dr. Troy, you're nothing short of a modern-day sorcerer, a Merlin of medicine.

CHRISTIAN

(taking snapshots)

HUGH, I'm intrigued, and dying to know your logic.

(pause)

Where is your posture?! Stand up straight for me sweetie. Push your tits out. That's it.

HUGH HEFNER

Well, any man who can turn two zits into a voluptuous pair of Cantaloupes, and can make pounds of fat disappear, has to be a magician.

I personally woulda gone for someone cooler like DAVID BLAINE in that comparison, but you're right. We perform amazing feats and never reveal our secrets.

#### HUGH HEFNER

Why are you taking pictures of my girls again? Not thinking of swapping your stethoscope for a lens, are you?

#### CHRISTIAN

(taking snapshots)

I'm not gonna steal your secret recipe of eleven girls and spices, HUGH. These are just for reference. I'll take these back to the office, go over them with Sean, and we'll give our expert advice as to what work needs to be done. Then your bank account does the rest.

(pause)

Okay, next!

The OLIVE SKINNED BRUNETTE exits, and a BRIGHT-EYED REDHEAD similarly dressed as a DEVIL, comes onto the scene.

"Baby, give me a break."

HUGH HEFNER

Where is Dr. McNamara now? Why couldn't he come, you say?

CHRISTIAN

(taking snapshots)

Dr. McNamara sends his apologies. He has his hands full with another red-hot hottie. INT. RECEPTION -- DAY

Sean is at the reception desk.

SEAN

AMANDA, has TANYA JAMES arrived yet?

**AMANDA** 

Oh, she called to say she couldn't make it as they've started shooting the sequel-- "BARELY LEGAL: BANG TO RIGHTS 2", using the same location.

(pause)

She sends her regrets.

SEAN

So what do I do for an hour-count the stitches I've given
throughout my career, as I wait
for Christian?

**AMANDA** 

Actually, there was somebody who wanted to see you earlier today but the soonest I could fit them in was next week.

SEAN

Let's take a look?

AMANDA gives Sean a patient-file thick as a PHONE BOOK.

Sean glances through the medical notes.

SEAN

Okay, call her saying we had a last-minute cancellation and ask if she would like to be seen instead?

SEAN

Okay MS. GIBSON, what don't you like about yourself?

BEVERLY GIBSON (Early 30's) Brunette, brown eyes, slim, haggard, old skin, and wrinkly, aged well before her time. She wears shopping-mall casual clothing and clutches a cheap purse made of synthetic material. BEVERLY is like trailer-trash, only on welfare and state benefits.

BEVERLY GIBSON

Can't you tell just by looking at me?

SEAN

Diagnosis is as informed assumption, and I don't wanna make any presumptions based on misinformation.

(pause)

All I know is what I've read, and things that are superficial don't indicate deeper problems very well.

BEVERLY GIBSON rummages through her handbag. She finds a photograph and slides it across the desk to Sean.

BEVERLY GIBSON

I want you to reverse the downward spiral that happened. This is me before.

Sean studies the photograph and cross-references with the patient-file.

Crack whore.

BEVERLY GIBSON (cont'd)
I'm through with people seeing my face and immediately thinking--

SEAN

I see.

(pause)

You were addicted to CRYSTAL METHAMPHETAMINE?

BEVERLY GIBSON

I've been off the Glass for almost seven months now.

SEAN

Good for you!

(pause)

You're not alone. We've had quite a few people come to us, caught in a similar predicament to you. Abuse of CRYSTAL METH is pandemic in the UNITED STATES.

(pause)

I won't kid you though, the facial disfigurement is extensive, so the surgeries required to correct it won't be cheap.

(pause)

We can return some youth and vibrancy to the aged skin, brighten those sunken eyes, use Submalar implants to fill in your hollow cheeks, and add porcelain veneers to mask the tooth decay.

(holding up the photograph)
But you'll never go back to
looking like this. You'll <u>always</u>
be an example of before and after.

BEVERLY GIBSON

Oh man.

(pause)

I had a million-dollar smile and a billion-dollar face, before I met that asshole, "TOO BAD"!

SEAN

It could be worse. You could have been played for a fool, got high, put a 12-GAUGE to your billion-dollar face and pulled the trigger, then undergo umpteen Cranio-Facial operations, only to still resemble something crapped out by a gun-barrel.

(pause)

Was "TOO BAD" your boyfriend?

BEVERLY GIBSON

If you can call him that, what kind of a man hires his woman out to play bitch for fat, hairless apes?!

SEAN

The wrong kind of man?

BEVERLY GIBSON

Yeah well, he's in jail now, probably playing somebody else's bitch.

BEVERLY breaks down, bursting into tears.

SEAN

(passing a box of tissues)
It sounds like the worst is over and the best is yet to be, MS.
GIBSON.

(pause)

When you've got your bearings, we'll talk numbers.

BEVERLY GIBSON

What?

SEAN

If we're to fix your looks, naturally it's gonna cost.

BEVERLY GIBSON

I thought you guys did pro bono work?

SEAN

We do, but pro bono is reserved for special cases of which, I'm sorry to say, this doesn't qualify.

BEVERLY GIBSON

Special cases?

SEAN

The instances where PATIENTS didn't have a choice in their appearance-- such as congenital defects, devastating accidents, juvenile infection...that sort of thing.

(pause)

As you can probably figure out, voluntary substance abuse doesn't blend into that category.

BEVERLY GIBSON

But...

SEAN

I'm sorry. It's company policy. I'd be happy to refer you to other consultants who may be more affordable, if you like?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

# ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

CHRISTIAN

(into phone)

Yeah, I'm back.

(pause)

Put it this way-- now I've felt a little piece of Heaven, I'll do my best to be a better person.

(pause)

He's already here, what? Okay, send him in.

CHRISTIAN places the phone back onto the handset.

LATER

#### CHRISTIAN

MR. WEST, it's an honour. You were my hero growing up. You really showed BATMAN as a fun character-how it all began, before the franchise went through the dark ages, signing the times.

None other than the legendary ADAM WEST is sitting in the hot-seat. He looks good for his age and is smartly dressed. He holds a copy of "THE DYNAMIC DUO ARCHIVES VOL.1" for reasons unknown.

ADAM WEST

Thank you Dr. Troy. You have no idea how good it is to hear someone appreciate your work.

CHRISTIAN

I get that more often than you think.

(pause)

How can we help you?

(CONTINUED)

You can riddle me this-- ADAM WEST, MICHAEL KEATON, VAL KILMER, GEORGE CLOONEY, and CHRISTIAN BALE. Who is the odd one out?

CHRISTIAN

Easy. CHRISTIAN BALE, he's the only Englishman to have played BATMAN in a feature.

ADAM WEST

You're right...but you're wrong.

CHRISTIAN

Solving brainteasers and conundrums aren't among my superpowers.

ADAM WEST

Then the question begs, why choose a career in cosmetic surgery?

CHRISTIAN

As you're paying to find out-- I'm very good with my hands.

(pause)

You were saying about riddles and odd ones out...

ADAM WEST

The black sheep amongst those BATS, DOCTOR, is ADAM WEST.

CHRISTIAN

You?

ADAM WEST

Yes.

(pause)

If you were to ask anyone else that same question, aged 16-30, they'd all ask who is ADAM WEST?

### CHRISTIAN

That's the peril of modern-living in high-profile, times and status change. Everyone wants to end up dead and living in memory, not living and long forgotten.

### ADAM WEST

Well, I fall into the latter, me-the man who immortalised BATMAN on screen, first.

## CHRISTIAN

Along with BURT WARD...but I don't see him here wanting a famous face like CHRIS O' DONNELL.

### ADAM WEST

It comes to something when the sidekick living in the shadow of THE BAT overshadows THE BAT himself.

### (pause)

When I make appearances at conventions, people always gravitate to BURT. He hogs the limelight. Why? Because he hasn't aged a day since we got cancelled. He's still recognisable as ROBIN, a sixty-one year old BOY-WONDER! Just give him a side-parting and black eye-mask.

### CHRISTIAN

So, being a manchild does have its advantages.

I was out partying the other night with JENNY McCARTHY-- she's playing HARLEY QUINN in THE BAT'S next adventure, and so wanted some advice. We were touring the bars of the CITY OF ANGELS and wound up going to THE ROOM for a nightcap. We were both worse for wear by the time we got there.

(pause)

Anyway we made our entrance, when the DOORMAN looked at me like I was some kind of sex-offending supervillain.

(pause)

So I looked him straight in the eye and asked him, point-blank, if he knew who I was. And you know how he replied?

CHRISTIAN

I'm guessing he didn't say you were his childhood hero too?

ADAM WEST

He took me for JENNY'S father!

CHRISTIAN

Okay, so you want a face-lift?

ADAM WEST

I'm here for something more than that.

(pause)

It occurred to me that night— I'm up against the one bad guy who outdoes us all in the end— age. Everyone's looks deteriorate but what if I could preserve mine, even in death?

CHRISTIAN

MR. WEST, I'd say your family would be burying a waxwork.

The very reason KEATON, KILMER, CLOONEY, and BALE each won that coveted role, was they bear a semblance to BRUCE WAYNE. Somewhat more so when donning the cape and cowl.

### CHRISTIAN

And you don't anymore?

### ADAM WEST

Have you ever seen a penciller draw BATMAN in DETECTIVE COMICS with wrinkles, turkey neck, and Zimmer-frame?

### CHRISTIAN

I'm not sure what you have in mind, but I'm thinking if you wanna be remembered posthumously for your portrayal as BATMAN on television, wouldn't it be easier to make arrangements for burial in a BATSUIT?

## ADAM WEST

That's not only absurd, but where's the fun in doing things the easy way?!

(pause)

You're on the same page Dr. Troy, but not the same panel. The point I'm making is I naturally looked like BRUCE WAYNE all those years ago, and any old fool can make those funeral arrangements. I actually looked like BOB KANE'S original vision of THE DARK KNIGHT at one stage.

(pause)

A stage I wish to go back to.

#### CHRISTIAN

THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS?

If you like.

(pause)

Hold on...I like that; I could use that as the working title for my memoirs.

(pause)

I envision those words in a copperplate gothic bold font, blazoned across a high-contrast monochrome portrait, for the front cover?

CHRISTIAN

A high contrast monochrome portrait of your new face?

ADAM WEST

Exactly!

(handing the archives to
Christian)
I brought this for you to study as
a blueprint.

CHRISTIAN

Oh...

ADAM WEST

Don't look so bemused, Dr. Troy. I'm sure you've had PATIENTS request you to model their features on photographs, illustrations, and other permutations of design?

### CHRISTIAN

This really isn't my place to say, but a man of your age shouldn't be scaling the face of buildings and fighting crime, and I don't think any number of surgeries are gonna give you a fighting chance of reclaiming your role.

I don't want to either.

(pause)

Dr. Troy, I've made countless films and numerous television appearances, but I suffer the same fate as any actor who plays a superhero— that's the only performance I'm remembered for.

(pause)

I want to continue living in BATMAN'S image, not make a living, I'm retired!

(pause)

Just the thrill of being recognised in the street, in a park, in a bar, once again is enough for me.

(pause)

As I have entered the spotlight looking like BRUCE WAYNE, I shall also take a final bow.

CHRISTIAN

There's poetry to that.

ADAM WEST

Yes, I thought so.

A beat.

CHRISTIAN

It doesn't sound that dissimilar to a standard facial rejuvination, with a little Collagen added for a good measure. Sure, why not?

(pause)

If you'd like to go to reception, they'll arrange a date that's convenient for you to go back in time?

ADAM WEST

It's as easy as that?

CHRISTIAN

You bet. As easy as pie, huh? (pause)

Which you may wanna lay off-excess weight tends to slow down the healing process.

(pause)

Oh, before you go, do you think I could get your JOHN HANCOCK?

Christian offers "THE DYNAMIC DUO ARCHIVES VOL.1" to ADAM WEST.

ADAM WEST

(signing on the archives)

You sure can.

(pause)

Thank you, I'll be sure to follow those doctor's orders.

ADAM WEST places the autographed ARCHIVES on Christian's desk and heads towards to door.

ADAM WEST (cont'd)

I'll be seeing you...

CHRSTIAN

Not the same Bat-time, same Bat-channel.

ADAM WEST exits with a smile from Christian's office just as Sean enters. They almost collide.

SEAN

Sorry.

CHRISTIAN

What do you know if it isn't  $\underline{my}$  alter-ego? What's up?

SEAN

Looks like you'll have to swallow your pride along with that bitterpill, Christian.

### CHRISTIAN

What's wrong? I thought you would have gone ahead and performed invasive procedures on the QUEEN SUPREME without me?

### SEAN

She's in prep, and the operation is going to be more complicated than I originally thought— it'll be a two-man job for sure. Trying to perform it solo would only be negligent.

(pause)

I need you.

Christian attentively rises from his chair, and exits his office with Sean. We hear incomprehensible chatter quieten as they travel into the distance, towards fluorescent light...

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW