

Extreme Lengths

by

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INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A lavish restaurant, filled to capacity with affluent couples, the waiters all in suits. This is obviously the kind of place to set you back some serious cash.

At a table in the corner sits MIKE, mid 20's, good looking in an unassuming way.

Seated across from him is CHANTELLE, early 20's, stunning but dressed quite risqué for this place. She appears a little out of her element.

Mike and Chantelle each raise a champagne flute and CLINK their glasses.

MIKE

Here's to six wonderful months together sweetheart.

CHANTELLE

I know Mike, six months, can you believe how quickly it has gone?!

MIKE

Well like they say, time flies...

Chantelle just looks at him blankly.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I had to book this place a couple months back but I wanted to bring you somewhere special for our anniversary.

CHANTELLE

It's so fancy in here, I don't think I've ever been anywhere that they give you two forks.

MIKE

Well in this restaurant Chantelle they don't give two forks about you unless you are in the right income bracket.

His attempt at humor flies straight over her head.

A WAITER comes over to their table holding a menu.

WAITER

Would sir or madam care to see the dessert menu?

CHANTELLE

Oooh dessert. Do you have chocolate
sundaes?

WAITER

(snootily)

I can assure you that we do not.

Chantelle gives a slight frown, unaccustomed to not
getting her own way.

MIKE

I think we're okay for dessert. Thankyou.

(to Chantelle)

Anyway I just wanted to let you know that
even though we have had our ups and
downs, I'm really lucky to be with you.

CHANTELLE

Oh, that's so sweet. And you know I feel
the same way.

MIKE

It's just that I've never been in a
relationship before with this problem,
and it's taken me a little while to get
used to.

CHANTELLE

By problem, you mean my problem, right?

MIKE

No sweetheart, I didn't mean it like --

CHANTELLE

Look Mike, you knew I was a recovering
sex addict when you met me, why do you
have to keep on about this?

The ELDERLY COUPLE at the next table look over with
shock.

MIKE

I'm trying to be supportive of you, I
just don't know any sex addicts who don't
like to have sex.

CHANTELLE

Look, I have been with a lot of guys...

Mike rolls his eyes, visibly uncomfortable hearing this.

CHANTELLE (CONT'D)

...but none of them ever lasted more than a couple weeks. It was just based on all this intense lust and passion and --

MIKE

Okay okay I get the picture.

CHANTELLE

But what I have with you is nothing like that.

MIKE

Well thanks for the compliment.

CHANTELLE

No you know what I mean. What we have is special. I haven't wanted to ruin our relationship by bringing sex into it.

MIKE

It's just that after six months the fact that we have never slept together is starting to get to me a little. Especially since by the sounds of it you have slept with half the guys in this town. I'm surprised there's no guys in here you haven't slept with.

CHANTELLE

(scanning the room)

Don't be ridiculous, of course I haven't slept with --

Her voice trails off as her face registers a hint of recognition. Mike turns around to see a man flashing a cheeky smile and small wave to Chantelle. He looks back to find her blushing.

MIKE

Oh Jesus Christ Chantelle.

She shrugs and does her best to look innocent.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay look, I don't want to dwell on this. Here, I bought you something for our anniversary. I hope you like it.

He hands her a small gift-wrapped box with a ribbon on top. She takes it off him and lets out an excited SQUEAL as she leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

She opens it to reveal a pair of diamond earrings.

CHANTELLE

Oh my God! These are so beautiful, I'm going to look so fantastic with these on. Thankyou Mike.

MIKE

You're welcome.

Chantelle reaches into her handbag and pulls out an envelope, wide smile on her face as she hands it to Mike.

CHANTELLE

And this is for you.

Mike looks genuinely touched that she has been thoughtful enough to get him a gift.

He opens the envelope and pulls out a brochure and piece of paper. Reading it, his face turns from happy to bemused.

MIKE

(whispering)

A gift certificate for a penis extension?

CHANTELLE

I know isn't it great?! Don't worry, you don't have to thank me.

MIKE

That's not really what I was thinking. Why on Earth would I want to have a penis extension?

CHANTELLE

Well I've been thinking about what you've been saying, and I think I am ready for us to take the next step. I trust you, and I am pretty sure I am ready for us to have sex.

MIKE

As long as I get a penis extension?

CHANTELLE

I want our first time to be special. And a few of the guys I used to sleep with had the same procedure done and it made the sex so much better. I mean this one guy, Jason, after he had it done he was reaching spots that I didn't know I had.

(MORE)

CHANTELLE (CONT'D)

He still has the fingernail marks in his back to prove it.

The elderly couple again turn to look at Chantelle with disgust on their face, looking like they could have a heart attack at any second.

MIKE

But I thought you said I was really big.

CHANTELLE

Yeah you are...

(looks sympathetic)

...for your height.

MIKE

But surgery is risky, I don't want to get some unnecessary procedure done just to get an extra inch or whatever. What if something goes wrong?

CHANTELLE

God, stop being such a worry wart will you. Besides, it isn't all about you y'know, what about my needs? Relationships are about compromise Mike, or don't you care about me as much as you say you do?

MIKE

Of course I do, it just seems a little... extreme. And how can you afford this anyway, these operations aren't cheap.

CHANTELLE

(proudly)

Oh I know the surgeon, so he agreed to give me a massive discount.

MIKE

You must know him pretty well to get that sort of a deal.

CHANTELLE

I only slept with him the once okay, stop being so jealous of the guys from my past.

MIKE

(reluctantly)

So if I go and do this, then you'll definitely be ready to sleep with me?

CHANTELLE

Absolutely.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mike sits in a surgeons waiting room, flicking through a crappy magazine while trying to look inconspicuous.

TWO OTHER MEN read equally crappy magazines with all three of them doing their best to avoid eye contact.

There is an attention grabbing poster on the wall of a sexy woman in a bikini and construction workers hat, holding up a measuring tape with a slogan that reads 'How Do You Measure Up?'

RECEPTIONIST

(o.s.)

Mr. Small?

Mike gets out of his chair, while the other two guys SNICKER to themselves.

MIKE

(to receptionist)

Yes that's me, Mike Small.

RECEPTIONIST

The doctor is ready to see you now.

INT. DOCTOR JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike walks into the office to find DOCTOR JOHNSON (early 30's, tall, handsome and casually dressed) at his desk playing with two rubber dildos as if they were action figures.

DR. JOHNSON

(to himself)

You will never defeat me cock monster,
the realm of hairy caves shall be mine to
conquer alone. Mwahahaha.

Dr. Johnson notices Mike staring at him and tosses the dildos into the draw.

MIKE

Uh, hi, I'm Mike Small. Is this a bad time?

DR. JOHNSON

No not at all, come on in and have a seat. I'm Dr Johnson. So what can I do for you and your cock?

MIKE

Well, um, my girlfriend got me a gift certificate to have an operation done.

DR. JOHNSON

Oh right you must be Chantelle's boyfriend. Wow that is one freaky chick, man she is fantastic. But I don't have to tell you that hey.

MIKE

Um yeah, anyway listen --

DR. JOHNSON

Hey does she still do that trick with a golf club and bottle of lube?

Mike sits there in stunned silence.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Anyway that's not important. What's important is that you've got a small dick and we're going to fix that right up for you.

MIKE

I haven't got a small dick, it's perfectly average size and --

DR. JOHNSON

(laughing)

Okay sure it is buddy. Take it from me, don't listen to all that 'it's the motion of the ocean' bullshit that women say, what they really want is a nice, big, beautiful dick. Now I'll be honest with you, I'm au naturale, but not every guy is as lucky as me so that's my job to help you smaller guys out.

Dr. Johnson stands up from behind his desk and unzips his fly.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Here check mine out if you like, and you'll see what I'm talking about.

MIKE

What?! No, I don't want to see your penis. What are you doing?

DR. JOHNSON

Are you sure? It's a great looking cock.

MIKE

I'll take your word on that.

(getting up from his chair)

Look I think this whole thing was a big mistake.

DR. JOHNSON

C'mon sit back down. I know why you are really here, because you want to make Chantelle happy, right?

MIKE

(sitting back down)

Well yeah, I do.

DR. JOHNSON

Man that girl is a tiger, you're going to need all the help you can get just to keep her satisfied. So how about I tell you about the different options we have and then you can make a decision from there?

MIKE

Okay well I guess it wouldn't hurt just to see what the options are.

DR. JOHNSON

That's the spirit. Now let me get some photos to show you and you can see how big you'd like to go.

With that he reaches under his desk and pulls out an A4 folder which he slams on his desk.

Mike picks up the folder and browses through it.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

As you can see we have many options available. But some of our more popular choices are the Kevin Bacon, the Liam Neeson and the Tommy Lee.

MIKE

The Kevin Bacon? Well I don't know, I'd be worried my penis is going to start jumping around like a fairy every time the song Footloose comes on.

DR. JOHNSON

The only thing that's going to be jumping around is your girlfriend if you don't get this done. Jumping around all over every guy's junk because you can't satisfy her sexually. I mean why do you think she got you this gift certificate in the first place? Learn to take a hint buddy.

MIKE

(sighs)

Yeah maybe you are right.

He flicks right to the back of the folder.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey what's this one up here right in the back?

DR. JOHNSON

Oh that's the John Holmes. I've got to take that one out of the folder, we won't be offering that option anymore.

MIKE

Why not?

DR. JOHNSON

Well that's some heavy duty equipment there, and to be honest it's really too much for most men to handle. Or their women for that matter.

MIKE

Okay well what about the Tommy Lee, you were saying that's a popular choice?

DR. JOHNSON

Oh that's a big seller, you can't go wrong with that. And I'm sure that Chantelle will be very happy with that model.

MIKE

Alright, what the hell. I guess I'll take the Tommy Lee then.

DR. JOHNSON
Excellent choice.

INT. CHANTELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

There is a KNOCK at the door. Chantelle comes out of her bedroom to answer it as Mike walks in limping.

Mike is in obvious discomfort as he gingerly plonks down on the couch.

Chantelle sits down beside him and puts her arm around him in a maternal fashion.

CHANTELLE
Oh my poor baby, is it that bad?

MIKE
Well, having my penis sliced open isn't exactly the most pleasant sensation I've ever felt. But it's been two days now and it's starting to hurt less. In fact, the doctor said that in a week or so we should be able to have sex.

CHANTELLE
(unenthusiastically)
Oh a week huh? Um yeah, that's great news.

MIKE
What's wrong? You don't sound too excited.

CHANTELLE
Nothing, it's just... well, I have something to tell you.

MIKE
What is it sweetie?

CHANTELLE
Okay well you know how when you were in the hospital for your surgery I went out for the night with Sara?

MIKE
Yeah.

CHANTELLE

Well a guy I used to date was working behind the bar of the club we went to and he gave us free drinks all night.

MIKE

Oh God, you slept with him didn't you?!

CHANTELLE

No of course not. But I got pretty drunk and one of the bouncers offered me a lift home and I slept with him instead. I'm really sorry.

MIKE

I can't believe this, how could you do this to me?

CHANTELLE

I don't know, I think part of it was the alcohol.

MIKE

Part of it?! So what was the other part?

CHANTELLE

Well he was really good looking, and he was black. And I've never slept with a black guy before and wanted to see if what they say is true.

MIKE

And?

CHANTELLE

Yeah he was huge.

MIKE

Okay but I've got the Tommy Lee, so he can't be as big as me now.

CHANTELLE

Well yeah I mean yours is really big Mike...

(a beat)

...for a white guy.

MIKE

So what are you saying?

CHANTELLE

Well I was thinking, what if you were to go back and see Dr Johnson and have it made even bigger?

MIKE

Bigger? Are you out of your mind? This thing is already massive as it is. Not to mention that it hurt like hell getting this operation done.

CHANTELLE

But honey, don't you want to be the biggest and the best that I've ever had? If you could just get it a little bigger then I'm sure this will be the best sex of my life.

MIKE

No, absolutely not. There is no way I am going back to get another extension.

Chantelle gives Mike a seductive look and removes her top, revealing some sexy lingerie.

CHANTELLE

Please?

INT - DR JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

MIKE

So yeah, I'm going to need the John Holmes.

DR. JOHNSON

Okay like I told you last time, that's an option that we've decided to discontinue. There were too many lawsuits against us from guys complaining of back strain.

MIKE

Can't you do it one last time? I mean help me out here, if I don't get it then I'm never going to be able to satisfy Chantelle and she'll leave me for someone else.

DR. JOHNSON

You really do love her don't you?

MIKE

Yeah, I really do.

DR. JOHNSON

Okay look, if you sign a form waiving your legal rights for any injuries sustained from having such a large cock, then I'll give you the John Holmes.

MIKE

Oh great. Thankyou, really.

INT. CHANTELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mike sits on the couch, an ice pack buried in his lap. He appears to be in even more pain than the last time we saw him here.

Chantelle grabs a carton of juice out of the fridge and pours herself a drink while checking her reflection and adjusting her hair in the window.

MIKE

I can't believe it hurts even more than the first one. And I'm going to have to go out and buy a whole new set of underwear. But I guess it'll be worth it when we finally get to have sex in a week.

Chantelle moves over to the couch and sits by Mike.

CHANTELLE

About the whole having sex thing, there's something I need to discuss with you first.

MIKE

(nervously)

What is it now?

CHANTELLE

Okay well you know how when you were in getting your latest surgery I was supposed to go out with Sara again?

MIKE

Don't tell me you slept with another guy? Look I don't care if you slept with an actual horse, there's no way I am getting this thing any bigger.

CHANTELLE

No that's the thing, I didn't sleep with any other guys. Or a horse.

(MORE)

CHANTELLE (CONT'D)

Don't be disgusting. In fact to make sure that I wouldn't be tempted at all Sara and I just stayed in at her place and watched a movie.

MIKE

Oh okay then, good. But what has that got to do with us sleeping together?

CHANTELLE

Well I was telling Sara about your operation and how excited I was about how big you were going to be. And she started telling me how she used to think like me, how size was really important. But when she tried sleeping with another woman it was beyond anything she had ever experienced.

MIKE

Again, what has this got to do with us?

CHANTELLE

Well the way she described it, the emotional connection that she talked about, she just made it sound so appealing. So we'd had a few drinks and next thing I know we were kissing and then we ended up making love right there on the floor. It was beautiful.

MIKE

Fantastic Chantelle, just fantastic. Well I hope you have got it out of your system because in a week my new penis will be ready for action and after six months we can finally sleep together. I mean I have gone through a lot to make this happen but I know it will be worth it.

CHANTELLE

Well that's the thing actually. Now that I've slept with a woman and seen how great it can be, I've realised that I was never really fulfilled by sleeping with men. And the thought of another dick really just turns me off. Especially one the size yours is now.

MIKE

But it's only this big because you insisted!

CHANTELLE

I know, it was my fault. But I have an even better idea now, and it's so hot I'm getting excited just thinking about it.

MIKE

I don't know if I can take any more of your ideas.

CHANTELLE

No this one is great, trust me.

MIKE

What is it?

CHANTELLE

Well you and I already have that emotional connection, just like the one I have with Sara. But having sex with her was so much better physically than being with a man, so if you were to change that, then we would be so happy together!

MIKE

Change what, exactly?

CHANTELLE

Y'know... being a man.

MIKE

You want me to have a sex change operation?!

CHANTELLE

I know wouldn't it be great?

MIKE

No it wouldn't be great! You must be out of your mind if you think that I would ever consider becoming a woman.

Chantelle gives Mike that seductive smile and strips off to reveal some very skimpy lingerie.

CHANTELLE

Please, baby?

MIKE

(resignedly)

A sex change huh? So do you think I would look better with a C or a D-cup?

FADE OUT.