

confidential

CXI: 2084

by
Mark Wilson

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Mark Wilson
07850 875050
markwilsonW11-scripts@yahoo.co.uk

INT. CXI FORENSIC LAB - 14TH FEB 2084 - MORNING

Close on a Valentine's Heart, with smiley face and tiddlywink pupils (wobbling inside hollow eyes). Fingers, in surgical gloves, poke the Heart. Squeak! Tweezers pluck out one eye.

SAVAGE MAN (V.O.)
(screams)

EXT. URBAN OUTSKIRTS - SAME TIME

SAVAGE MAN'S MOUTH -- still screaming -- lunges into the lens -- his red-rouged lips about to snog someone behind camera.

INT. CXI FORENSIC LAB - AFTERNOON

Tight on a monitor: Savage Man's lips and tongue suddenly squash, pressed against glass. Freeze. Silence. Superimpose:

"CRIMESEX INVESTIGATION" Animate: "CXI: 2084"

Reveal: An Orwellian room. A male TECHNICIAN (30s) turns, from the monitor, to a female CXI AGENT (20s).

AGENT
Close call, eh?!

TECHNICIAN
Quarantine is an acquired taste -

The Agent sprays the Technician's hands with 'instant latex'.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
- even for an undercover CXI Agent.

He flexes his rubberized, spider-like fingers (prop gloves).

AGENT
Easy Erik. I've been scanned. No need to bag-n-tag me.

The Technician gestures to a pile of bagged-and-tagged Valentine's cards, including the one-eyed Heart.

TECHNICIAN
The treasure of Savages.

He grabs a handful of glitter from a bowl; sprinkles it.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Antiques. Merely dust, delusions...

He holds up a single playing card; the Queen of Hearts.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
...and fairy tales.

He rips the top; decapitates the Queen.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
(deadpan)
"Off With Their Heads".

AGENT
Woah, big bro. The Savs are
infected. If you're gonna penetrate
The Outer Rim, you'd better latex
your whole body!

She laughs; gives the aerosol a playful squirt.

The Technician steps closer to grab the can; then squints -

TECHNICIAN
Your, erm, tooth-cam -

The Agent rubs her front teeth with a forefinger.

TOOTH POV: The Technician peers into camera. The Agent's BCU
finger wipes red lipstick off the lens (off her teeth).

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
I really ought to swab that -

BACK TO SCENE:

AGENT
Repeat and rinse, Erik - I'm
sterile. I'm safe. This is standard
issue. Not Sav war-paint.

FLASHBACK: Urban outskirts. Savage kisses Agent; separated by
a flexible, transparent barrier. Lipstick smears, both sides.
Passion, both sides. The barrier stretches; distorts; groans.

Graffiti, keyed over: --- "Hurts" --- "Kills" --- "In Vain"
--- "Lies Bleeding" --- "A Losing Game" --- "Blind"

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
Love. It will condemn us both ...

FLASHBACK ENDS. BACK TO SCENE:

Same graffiti on a board. The Technician erases: "Actually".

TECHNICIAN
... if you cross the line, Blaire.

The Technician turns to his monitor; flicks a remote.

Savage & Agent on multi-repeat: KISS; KISS; K--; The picture
corrupts; fades. A blood-red caption bleeds through:

"DELETED"

END.