

2. EXT. DAY. ONE HOUR LATER. HILLY COUNTRY ROAD

Read kicks the big Norton into life. Rose puts on her helmet, does up the chin strap, and gets on the machine behind Read. Read waits for her to get settled, blips the throttle, then accelerates off the shoulder of the road, fishtailing slightly in the gravel.

3. EXT. DAY. HILLY COUNTRY ROAD

The Norton booms along the twisty two-lane road. The road is clear and Read feels good. He opens the throttle even more, almost becoming airborne over the crest of a steep rise, and leaning the bike over in the corners until he scrapes rubber off the footpegs.

Rose rides loose, completely at ease behind Read. She clasps her arms around him loosely, always going with the motion of the machine, closing her eyes in pleasure.

4. EXT. DAY. HILLY COUNTRY ROAD

Further up the road, a clapped-out '62 VW van converted into a very home-made camper lumbers out onto the highway from a small dirt side road and begins to make a left turn. When it is completely across both lanes of the highway it stalls.

Inside the camper, the driver, a middle-aged man from a nearby small town, curses vehemently. His wife tries to keep the two kids quiet in the back. The man twists the key but it won't restart.

MAN

Goddamn thing! Shoulda never sold the goddamn pickup.

KID

The pickup usta use too much gas, remember Dad?

WIFE

You keep quiet when your Dad's in a sweat.

MAN

(STILL TRYING TO START THE CAMPER)

Goddamn thing. Shoulda never sold the pickup.

Without warning, Read's bike suddenly appears over the crest of a hill not more than fifty feet from the camper. The bike is nearing 100 miles an hour. The wife sees it first.

WIFE

Oh, Christ, Bob!

MAN

(LOOKING UP)

Huh? Oh, Christ!

There is no place for Read to go except off the road. The bike shoots over the drainage ditch beside the road two feet from the nose of the camper. The man and his wife sit with their mouths open, watching the bike fly through the air into an overgrown field through their front windshield, as though it were happening on TV.

5. EXT. DAY. FIELD

When the bike finally lands in the field, it hits down front wheel first. The impact slams Read over the handlebars into the trunk of a small but solid tree. Rose stays with the machine for one complete cartwheel. The motorcycle ends up on top of her, the tank across her belly. Before she can move, the tank explodes into flame. The flames begin to melt the plastic visor of her helmet.

6. EXT. DAY. EDGE OF THE FIELD

The camper driver turns around in his seat and starts to rummage around looking for something to put out the fire. His wife gets hysterical. She can see Rose trying vainly to get out from under the bike.

WIFE

Oh my God! She's gonna burn! She's gonna die!

MAN

Where's the kid's blanket? Where's the kid's goddamn blanket!?

7. EXT. DAY. SUNDECK OF KELOID CLINIC

Lloyd Walsh, an aging jock in to the Keloid Clinic of Cosmetic Surgery for his second facelift, has been scanning the countryside with a pair of binoculars from the clinic's cedar sundeck. When he focusses on the nearby field, his attention attracted by the explosion, he jumps to his feet.

We look through his binoculars with him as he follows the column of smoke down to its source, the burning bike.

WALSH

I don't believe it!

Jackie, a cool, blonde English woman in her early forties in to the clinic for a minor facial touchup, has been sunning herself near Walsh in a wooden deck chair. She looks up from the book she's been reading - That Golden Woman by Henry Lazarus, in paperback - and lifts her tinted reading glasses to look at Walsh.

JACKIE

What's wrong?

WALSH

A motorcycle just blew up in a field. I think somebody was under it.

Walsh sprints for the sliding glass doors at the end of the sundeck, leaving his binoculars on the sundeck's railing.

JACKIE

Where are you going?

WALSH

Gonna tell them downstairs. It's right up their alley.

JACKIE

Oh.

(CALLING AFTER WALSH)

Mind if I take a look through your binoculars?

7a. INT. DAY. CLINIC BOARD ROOM

2 - The three partners who own and operate the Keloid Clinic are holding an informal meeting in the posh board room of the clinic, with cigars (Cypher), cigarettes, coffee, and full ash trays much in evidence.

Involved are Dr. Daniel Keloid, a youthful 45, low-key but forceful, founder of the Keloid Clinic and extremely successful society plastic surgeon; Keloid's wife, Roxanne, who is herself an MD and who was once a student of Keloid's; and Murray Cypher, the clinic's accountant. Cypher is 48, dapper, generally enthusiastic, and believes passionately in creative accounting.

It has apparently been a long and tiring session. Cypher in particular shows signs of strain. His end of the table is littered with pages of scratch pad covered with hastily scrawled notes and figures.

CYPHER

As far as I'm concerned these guys are completely legit. The bank is just as convinced as I am. They told me they're willing to go all the way with us. I'm telling you, Danny - a franchise operation for plastic surgery resorts is one of those magnificent, inevitable ideas.

KELOID

Banks are always quick to say that when everything's rolling easy. But you can take it from me - first sign of heat from the medical association, first cries of professional outrage, ~~never mind a for real malpractice suite~~, and the bank'll call back its note and leave us hanging by our thumbs.

ROXANNE

It's not the financing that's bothering you, Dan. Your voice has that edge to it.

KELOID

I've never denied it. I sure as hell don't want to become the Colonel Sanders of plastic surgery.

CYPHER

Why not? Sounds great to me.

KELOID

I'll tell you why not. Because it's unprofessional, unmedical, and unsavoury. ~~It's an ugly idea.~~

CYPHER

You thought of it.

KELOID

I was only kidding.

CYPHER

You were not. Besides, you want me to go back and tell three of the largest investment groups in North America, "Forget it. He was only kidding?"

KELOID

(IN ONLY PARTIALLY MOCK DESPAIR)

Oh, God. It's all gotten out of hand. I can see it now: fifty enfranchised Keloid's Cosmetic Surgery Clinic's flung across the face of North America like Holiday Inns. Next thing you know, Do-It-Yourself Facelift Kits.

*do keloid
check on
cutting*

CYPHER

I like it. We could call it...we could call it Suture Self.
(STARTS TO SCRIBBLE MADLY)

No, I'm serious. I like that. There's got to be a way.

ROXANNE

All right, boys. I think we're getting a bit silly...

The office intercom on the table chimes and the voice of Steve, an orderly, fills the room.

STEVE (VO)

Is Dr. Keloid there? It's urgent.

KELOID

Yeah, what is it, Steve?

STEVE (VO)

There's been a motorcycle accident a few minutes down the highway here. Looks like a couple of people have been hurt. Should I take the van and go get 'em?

KELOID

Yeah, sure.

(SHORT PAUSE)

Hey, wait a minute. Steve? You still there?

STEVE (VO)

Yeah.

KELOID

Hang on till I get there, OK? I'm coming with you.
Meet you at the garage.

STEVE (VO)

Roger.

The intercom chimes off as Keloid stands up to leave. Cypher throws his pen on the table.

ROXANNE

(EXASPERATED)

Oh, now, Dan. We've got a lot of decisions to make...

KELOID

(LEAVING)

You and Murray work it out, hon. Just make the pill easy for me to swallow, OK?

Keloid closes the door behind him, leaving Cypher and Roxanne to their own devices.

CYPHER

Well, what do you think about facelift kits, Roxy? I mean, they've got abortion kits.

cut in editing later

ROXANNE

(FRUSTRATED)

Let's just forget that anybody ever mentioned the idea, OK Murray?

Cypher shrugs. It still sounds great to him.

8. EXT. DAY. CLINIC DRIVEWAY

In the middle of a landscaped triangle of lawn stands a large light-box-style sign which reads KELOID CLINIC OF COSMETIC SURGERY. Along one side of the triangle runs a crushed-gravel driveway, at the end of which is a long, low garage just behind the main building which looks as though it might once have been a small stable.

1. EXT. DAY. HILLY COUNTRY ROAD

A large, black, powerful-looking motorcycle waits propped up on its centre stand on the gravel shoulder of a deserted country road. The gold lettering on its tank and side covers identifies it as a Norton Commando 850.

Two white Bell full-coverage helmets sit on its saddle, like mediaeval jousting helmets.

Beyond the motorcycle, stretched out on a grassy rise, lie Hart Read, 26, and his long-time girlfriend Rose, who is the kind of eighteen that often seems more like fifteen, and once in a while like twelve.

At the moment Rose is definitely 18 and in control of things, producing tuna sandwiches with lettuce and mayonnaise out of a string bag and pouring coffee, pre-mixed with sugar and milk, from a small thermos bottle. Read watches her play housewife with vast amusement. Rose holds out a sandwich.

READ

What've we got, Rose? Steak on a bun?

ROSE

Tuna with lettuce and mayo. You gonna make trouble?

READ

Yeah. Big trouble.

Read grabs Rose's wrist and pulls her close. He looks her deep in the eyes.

READ

I want steak.

Read kisses her full on the mouth. Rose drops the sandwich into the grass.

READ

Steak.

They kiss passionately.

One of the three doors of the garage slides up and a van peels rubber out of the garage, sliding a bit once it hits the gravel. The van is set up inside and out exactly like a standard big-city ambulance, but without any ambulance markings. Instead, sedate white lettering on the doors reads KELOID CLINIC, LTD.

9. EXT. DAY. FIELD

Read lies crumpled at the base of the tree. The end of his right collarbone is sticking out at a bizarre angle and his right shoulder is hanging too low. Read has regained enough consciousness to feebly undo his helmet with his left hand.

Beyond him, clouds of oily black smoke curl skywards from the fallen Norton. Read can hardly focus his eyes on the figures running towards them from the camper at the edge of the field. He slips dreamily into unconsciousness

10. INT. DAY. VAN

The clinic van turns off a secondary road onto the two-lane highway and accelerates furiously, tossing its occupants around as it momentarily slews sideways.

In the back of the van are Steve, who is busily preparing stretchers and oxygen, and Dr. Keloid.

Keloid prepares several hypodermic syringes while expertly bracing himself against the motion of the van.

Steve finishes attaching a hose to a small cylinder of oxygen and turns the release valve to test the oxygen flow through the nose-piece.

STEVE

Well, we've got oxygen now, Dr. Keloid.

Keloid watches the thin column of black smoke looming larger through the windshield of the van. He reaches for a small fire extinguisher affixed to the frame of the van and begins to undo the clamps holding it there.

KELOID

I think we're going to have to use this before we get close enough for the oxygen, Steve.

11. EXT. DAY. FIELD

Rose has stopped moving under the flaming machine. The man from the camper, running and stumbling over the uneven ground, finally arrives, followed by his older son (who is about 13). The man tries vainly to smother the flames with his younger son's blanket, but the heat is too intense for him to really get close.

Do not agree Dandy's argument would be up to date what happens if some old patent cardiacs and they have to drive 3 hours to town they get the stuff because of this since old man bonds tied. make a reference if necessary