

BEECROFT'S EXIT SCENE

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INT. MELANIE'S HIGH RISE MANNER - DAY

It is seconds away from 12 noon.

Outside the window, the thick acrid air has almost entirely blacked out the sun.

Beecroft is prostrated on the floor. Sweat, tears and trickles of blood seep from his face.

He can barely speak. He has almost reached a point of psychosis.

The inexorable drone of the machines outside compound the deafening tinnitus that rings in his head.

BEECROFT

I can't escape.

A large shiny Howard Miller © cuckoo clock lets out the company's deranged jingle.

BEECROFT (CONT'D)

I'm just a number in a wheel!

A diegetically ambiguous voice booms over his.

MELANIE

Each number needs a name.

BEECROFT

What's my name then?!

We reveal Melanie.

A 30 year old tycoon dressed in Sass & Bide arranging plastic flowers. She is, slick, confident, beautiful though, she is as mean as a snake.

MELANIE

(Tender) Beecroft.

He is slipping into the symptoms of a Panic Attack ©. His hands and jaw cramp up.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(Stern) Beecroft? Snap out of it.
You're breeching copyright.
Beecroft! You're embarrassing
yourself!

With every effort, he composes himself somewhat.

BEECROFT

In front of who... you!
You are ruining us... you're
ruining the world!

MELANIE

Oh rubbish! You've got everything you need. Can you imagine living like the riffraff out there?
(Vitriol) You're lucky you have me but you're too selfish to see it.
(Tender) What could possibly be wrong.

BEECROFT

I'm shrinking

MELANIE

You're what?

BEECROFT

Shrinking. I've got to get out of here. I've got nothing left.

(Beat)

Melanie lets out a shriek of laughter seemingly overjoyed and almost turned on.

MELANIE

You want to leave? Of course you don't but Beecroft, continue this way and I *will* return you to the mules and the putrid mist on the main street. Is that what you want?
(Beat) You want me to whip you again, yeah? You like that? You wanna play again... perhaps hang from the ceiling?

He doesn't respond.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Come on speak! Why don't we blaze up, get high and forget this happened.

BEECROFT

Get out of me. Get out of my head... out of my veins, out of my bones. You are the devil. I'm leaving.

Beecroft gets to his feet and staggers to the door. Melanie shouts.

MELANIE

(Facetiously) ... And from the sludge rose an edifice that became the new order of the middle class!

She laughs. He exits.