

"H.A.N.D.S."  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A red Mercedes-Benz SL65 AMG convertible (top down) pulls up through a long driveway. Golf-green style lawns on both sides of the driveway.

Resting behind a huge pool, a large beautiful house sparkles in the sun.

The car comes to a halt near the entrance and RIVERS CORNELL (40's) exits. Well groomed and impeccably dressed, he walks to the door and disappears inside.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN

He puts his briefcase on the kitchen counter and pours himself a glass of orange juice. He sips the glass and pulls up a chair.

An out of breath woman stumbles into the kitchen. CINDY CORNELL (20's) wipes the sweat from her forehead.

CINDY  
Thought I heard you. You're home  
early, honey.

She kisses Rivers on the cheek and drinks from his glass.

CINDY  
I was on the treadmill.

RIVERS  
Hmm.

She pauses.

CINDY  
Something wrong, honey?

RIVERS  
Well...

CINDY  
What is it? River sighs.

RIVERS  
I got fired today.

Cindy drops the glass, it shatters against the floor.

CINDY  
What? You what?

RIVERS  
Yeah.

CINDY  
Fired?  
(beat)  
Why?

RIVERS  
You remember the guy I told you  
about last week who came in for a  
physical? The uh...

CINDY  
The hung one?

RIVERS  
Mr. Johnson, right. Well, he came  
back this morning for the results.

CINDY  
What did you do? Rivers smiles.

INT. HOSPITAL (FLASHBACK)

People walk down corridors. Orderlies mill about, doctors and nurses tend to patients.

OFFICE

Rivers sits at his desk. He flips through papers, checks his laptop. The door opens and a nurse pops her head in.

NURSE  
Your ten o'clock is here, doctor  
Cornell.

RIVERS  
Thank you, Trudy. Show them in  
please.

The nurse shows in MR. JOHNSON (30's), bodybuilder, and MRS. JOHNSON (30's), petit cutie pie. Mr. Johnson gives Rivers a smug smile as they shake hands.

MR. JOHNSON

Doc.

RIVERS

Mr. Johnson. Mrs. Johnson. Have a seat please.

They sit down. Rivers leans against his table and folds his arms across his chest.

MR. JOHNSON

So what's the verdict, doc?

RIVERS

Well, Mr. Johnson, we've got the results back and you're in excellent condition--

MR. JOHNSON

What I'd tell you, honey?

RIVERS

But--

MRS. JOHNSON

But?

MR. JOHNSON

But what?

RIVERS

You complained about abdominal pains.

MR. JOHNSON

Oh my god. It's a hernia. Right, doc?

RIVERS

No, Mr. Johnson. It's--

MR. JOHNSON

Thank God.

RIVERS

Mr. Johnson, I'm afraid you're suffering from penile arthritis.

Silence. Mr. Johnson stare at Rivers, Mrs. Johnson stares at Mr. Johnson, Rivers stares at both of them.

MR. JOHNSON

What?

MRS. JOHNSON

Penile--

RIVERS

Arthritis, yes.

MR. JOHNSON

I don't understand. You're saying I have arthritis in my--

RIVERS

Yes.

MR. JOHNSON

In my dick?

RIVERS

Yes, Mr. Johnson.

MR. JOHNSON

How? I mean...what...

RIVERS

Do you masturbate on a regular basis?

MR. JOHNSON

Regular basis?

Mrs. Johnson shifts in her chair, gives Mr. Johnson a prying look.

MR. JOHNSON

What?

MRS. JOHNSON

Answer the man.

RIVERS

The thing is, penile arthritis is often brought on by what we doctors refer to as hyper- autoerotic- numerus-defectus- syndrome, or HANDS.

MR. JOHNSON

Which means?

MRS. JOHNSON

It means you jack off a lot, you bastard.

MR. JOHNSON

Baby--

MRS. JOHNSON

Don't.

Mr. Johnson bows his head.

MR. JOHNSON

So what's gonna happen with me?  
With my...you know.

RIVERS

Well, that depends. The scans show  
that the condition is in its early  
stages. Mr. Johnson lights up.

MR. JOHNSON

That's a good thing, right?

RIVERS

Sure. But this kinda condition can  
go from bad to worse in a matter of  
days.

MRS. JOHNSON

What can happen to him?

RIVERS

Well, rectal asphyxiation is of  
course one outcome.

MR. JOHNSON

Jesus.

Rivers nods, his face gloomy.

RIVERS

Yes, your penis will practically  
wither away.

MR. JOHNSON

Jesus!

RIVERS

Good thing is, you're not  
circumcised. Your foreskin is  
pretty much the only thing holding  
your penis together.

MR. JOHNSON

Really?

RIVERS

Yeah. But be careful of rolling it back though, your glans may fall off.

MR. JOHNSON

Oh my God. Oh my God!

RIVERS

You think that's bad? Try to picture yourself bending down to pick it up only to have it crumble in your hand.

MR. JOHNSON

Aw, man. I think I'm gonna throw up.

Mr. Johnson puts his head in his hands. His body trembles.

MR. JOHNSON

Is there a cure, doc?

RIVERS

There is. But it takes a lot of discipline. Mr. Johnson looks up.

MR. JOHNSON

Anything, doc. Anything.

RIVERS

You can under no circumstances have an erection.

MR. JOHNSON

O-kay.

MRS. JOHNSON

What?

RIVERS

Use ice, scrub brushes, whatever it takes.

MR. JOHNSON

Alright.

RIVERS

Now, if you feel you're not up for it, I can call in social services and have them place you under penile arrest.

MRS. JOHNSON  
They can do that?

RIVERS  
Absolutely. They're real strict  
too.

MR. JOHNSON  
Oh, I'll bet.

RIVERS  
It would involve a male chastity  
belt.

MRS. JOHNSON  
How long would he have to wear it?

RIVERS  
At least eighteen months.

Mr. Johnson looks at Mrs. Johnson, his eyes laden with guilt.

MRS. JOHNSON  
You fucking idiot. You couldn't  
leave it alone for five minutes,  
could you?

MR. JOHNSON  
Honey, I'm so sorry.

MRS. JOHNSON  
Luckily you're not the only fish in  
the pond. Mr. Johnson looks  
terrified.

MR. JOHNSON  
You wouldn't.

MRS. JOHNSON  
I wouldn't? You expect me to just  
sit around for eighteen months? Are  
you insane? Mr. Johnson burst into  
tears.

MR. JOHNSON  
Please, baby.

RIVERS  
Problem is, Mr. Johnson, studies  
have shown that the symptoms  
usually return, even after the  
eighteen months.

MR. JOHNSON

Oh, no.

RIVERS

The safest way, and a guaranteed success, would be to castrate you.

Mr. Johnson's jaw drop.

MR. JOHNSON

Ca--stration?

MRS. JOHNSON

Would suit you right.

MR. JOHNSON

You're gonna cut off my balls?

RIVERS

Castration is done chemically nowadays. Pills.

(beat)

The choice is yours of course.

MR. JOHNSON

Goddamn Playboy magazine. He turns to his wife.

MR. JOHNSON

What do you think, baby?

MRS. JOHNSON

I think I want a divorce. Mr. Johnson cries again.

MRS. JOHNSON

What? I won't be married to some damn eunuch. That's not gonna happen.

Rivers laughs. The Johnsons look at him.

MR. JOHNSON

What the fuck are you laughing at?

RIVERS

You, I'm laughing at you. You hear me talking about penile arthritis and rectal asphyxiation and not once did you stop to check the calender.

He leans back and laughs out loud.

MR. JOHNSON  
The calender? What the...

MRS. JOHNSON  
Jesus, it's April--

RIVERS  
First.  
(laughs)  
I know.

MR. JOHNSON  
You mean...this has all been some  
sick April fools prank?

RIVERS  
Gotcha'!

Rivers slams his thigh, laughs hysterically.

RIVERS  
You should have seen yourself.

Mr. And Mrs. Johnson look from Rivers to each other. They are  
not amused.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END