

"VIRTUON" (3rd Draft)

By

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STILL BLACKNESS...quiet...lingering...then...A BLAST OF ORCHESTRA, HUGE BRASS AND TORMENTED CHORAL VOICES. CUT TO:

1. EXT. ALIEN WORLD IN SPACE.

A sickly BLACK PLANET hangs in a poison-green mass of stars and gas. Veins of neon light, CIVILISATION, riddle it.

2. EXT. ALIEN WORLD. UPPER LEVEL. DAY/LIGHT

DARK SPIRES pierce the toxic atmosphere. We tumble towards street level, past countless stratum of GRIM INDUSTRIAL STRUCTURE. Light grows DIMMER, things get BLEAKER. Until...

3. EXT. ALIEN SLUMS. NIGHT/DARKNESS

We arrive in the bowels of some INHOSPITABLE METROPOLIS. Dots of neon do nothing to illuminate the DARKNESS.

A STREAK OF WHITE, a young ALIEN WOMAN, swaddled in a shroud of linen, runs SCARED through rain-slick narrows. She comes to a stop and we see she is clutching A BABY, alien, like her. The newborn BEGINS TO CRY.

ALIEN WOMAN  
(hushed)  
Shhh! Not now. Not now!

A ROARING VOICE cuts through the air.

VOICE (O.S.)  
THAT'S THE ONE, LADS!

The huge voice belongs to GUTTERGRUNT, an obese, oozing ALIEN MARAUDER with bionic parts. Two others, GAT-BAT and GIBLET trail behind him.

GUTTERGRUNT (CONT'D)  
...THE ONE TRYIN' TO FREE ME SLAVE!

GIBLET  
(after a beat)  
You made a baby a slave? What bloody use is a baby!?

GAT-BAT  
A baby can't run away!

(CONTINUED)

GUTTERGRUNT  
 NOBODY CAN RUN AWAY! Not from  
 "GUTTERGRUNT BABY-SLAVER", I'd bet  
 twelve of me finest babies on it!

GIBLET  
 Yeah? Well what are they doin'?

GIBLET motions to the fleeing WOMAN with BABY. GUTTERGRUNT  
 howls, shoving his minions aside to hobble after them.

GUTTERGRUNT (CONT'D)  
 (bellowing between breaths)  
 NOBODY...RUNS....AWAY...

GUTTERGRUNT thrusts his belly forward, a CABLE SNARE fires  
 out of his mechanical gut, catching the woman by the ankles  
 and dragging her towards him. She CLUTCHES HER BABY TIGHT.

SPOOLED IN CABLE, the bound mother and child are dragged  
 toward the marauders. The THUGS STAND OVER THEM.

GUTTERGRUNT (CONT'D)  
 (to GIBLET)  
 NOW GET YER BLADE AND START SLICIN'

GIBLET  
 I can't cut through cable!

GUTTERGRUNT  
 I DON'T MEAN THROUGH THE CABLE!

GIBLET laughs, brandishing a sword and raising it above the  
 WOMAN, ready to bring it down. HER EYES BULGE WITH HORROR.

Suddenly, a DAZZLING LIGHT, PERFECT WHITE WITH A BLUE AURA,  
 the figure of an an ARMOURED MAN appears - VIRTUON!

Appearing between GIBLET and the woman, the blade lands  
 squarely in the middle of VIRTUON's chest, blocking and  
 bending it ninety degrees. VIRTUON doesn't flinch, GIBLET  
 SURE DOES. He staggers back to join the other two marauders.

CLAD IN METAL FROM HEAD TO TOE, VIRTUON appears powerful. A  
 HUGE LETTER V design emanates from his crotch across his  
 whole body, echoed on his HELMET. A RAISED BUBBLE on his  
 right arm GLOWS PINK, he speaks into it.

VIRTUON  
 (into wrist communicator)  
 Got here just in time, SQUIDGE!

The gentle VOICE of SQUIDGE buzzes through the PINK BUBBLE.

(CONTINUED)

SQUIDGE (O.S.)

Glad to hear it, VIRTUON! Now make short work of these goons, there's no need to showboat!

Posturing like a cardboard superhero from some 1930's serial, VIRTUON addresses the "goons"

VIRTUON

LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS, VILLAINS and return to your sordid crevices of origin, lest you feel the steely wrath of VIRTUON - DOER OF GOOD!

SQUIDGE (O.S.)

Oh for the love of...

The villains exchange snarls of mutual agreement. GIBLET and GAT-BAT launch themselves at VIRTUON as a HEROIC FANFARE BLASTS. VIRTUON explodes into action, dodging and parrying their attacks with fluid ease. He administers a brutal UPPERCUT to GIBLET, causing the flesh from his chest to roll up LIKE AN EDWARDIAN SHIRT-FRONT. Next up...

VIRTUON's armour shields him from A HAIL OF FIRE from GAT-BAT's eye guns. He replies with A DOUBLE FISTED PUNCH, sending the guns ERUPTING OUT THE BACK OF GAT-BAT'S SKULL.

GUTTERGRUNT makes a run for it. The hefty cyborg is slowed by the MOTHER AND BABY still connected to him via the cable. Thinking quick, VIRTUON takes up GIBLET'S BENT SWORD, slinging it like a BLADED BOOMERANG. IT DOWNS GUTTERGRUNT.

VIRTUON marches over, SNAPPING THE CABLE in his mighty armoured hands, freeing the WOMAN AND CHILD. Still holding the other end, VIRTUON wraps it around GUTTERGRUNT'S neck, CHOKING HIM with his own cable! VIRTUON hoof kicks him in the torso so hard that the cable DECAPITATES GUTTERGRUNT.

SILENCE. The battle is over. THE ALIEN WOMAN cradles her CHILD as VIRTUON stands over her. She gazes upwards, searching for life behind the dark V of his helmet. A pause.

ALIEN WOMAN

Thank you for--

WITHOUT WARNING, WAVES OF LIGHT BURST FROM VIRTUON'S CROTCH, rippling across the great V of his armour and helmet. He TOPPLES OVER, distorting his body into perverse shapes as he GRINDS AND THRUSTS HIS PELVIS. SCREAMING IN PLEASURE.

(CONTINUED)

VIRTUON  
THERE WE GO! THAT'S THE STUFF! FUCK  
YES, BY GOD, THAT FEELS GOOD!!

She gawks, open mouthed, embarrassed by this display.

VIRTUON (CONT'D)  
THAT'S IT! OH YES, I'M DONE!

After a prolonged and awkward moment, the ripples of light cease. VIRTUON passes out in the gutter, SNORING.

The ALIEN WOMAN shakes her head in disbelief before scrambling away with her BABY from this ridiculous scene.

OPENING CREDITS.

PAINTED SCENES OF HEROISM SET TO VIRTUON'S EPIC FANFARE. We rocket through multi-layered romantic-style paintings of VIRTUON on various missions, saving ALIEN LIFEFORMS FROM ALL MANNER OF DANGER. Every image of heroism is followed by another image of the same scene showing VIRTUON STRICKEN WITH PLEASURE, bent into indecent poses as his suit glows, EMBARRASSING EVERYONE AROUND HIM BY BEING SUCH A RANK PERV.

CREDITS END. FADE TO BLACK.

4. EXT. ALIEN SLUMS. NIGHT.

FADE UP FROM BLACK. VIRTUON is still lying FACE DOWN in the gutter, lifeless.

SQUIDGE (O.S.)  
Virtuon? Virtuon? VIRTUON??

At long last, MOVEMENT. He drags his armoured limbs forward, scraping himself off the pavement, onto his feet.

VIRTUON  
(barely alive)  
Oh my head, that was...that was...  
(ecstatic)  
FANTASTIC!!

He flips open AN INTERACTIVE PANEL on his other wrist.

VIRTUON  
Oh, SQUIDGEY-BOY, I've gotta have  
another of those.

SQUIDGE

So soon, VIRTUON? Your suit has barely cooled down!

VIRTUON cycles through some options on his INTERACTIVE PANEL. He gets excited by something.

VIRTUON

You won't believe what I've just found! Hold on Squidge, hold on!

He double taps the display, confirming something.

SQUIDGE

VIRTUON, I must insist you--

LIGHT erupts from the armour as VIRTUON is sucked away into a tiny dot, DISAPPEARING ENTIRELY.

5. EXT. SPACE. TIMELESS.

A VOID OF COUNTLESS STARS. Speckled tapestries of distant worlds wrap around black infinity. All is calm until...

VIRTUON ZAPS INTO BEING. He floats IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE.

Glancing behind him, he sees GORVOTH PLANET-EATER, AN ENORMOUS, FLESHY MAN OF COSMIC PROPORTIONS, his jaws REINFORCED WITH METAL. Laughing, GORVOTH uses a dainty knife and fork to dig into an alien planet which appears no bigger than a dinner plate next to his INCOMPREHENSIBLE MASS.

VIRTUON

(awed)

GORVOTH PLANET-EATER! He's real!

FISTS CLENCHED, VIRTUON coils like an excited spring.

VIRTUON (CONT'D)

There's no topping this, SQUIDGE.  
I'm about to save a whole planet!

GORVOTH continues to laugh, OBLIVIOUS to the tiny floating dot that is VIRTUON, he swallows another bite of planet.

SQUIDGE (O.S.)

I would seriously advise against intervening! Your suit is certain to overload if you do!

(CONTINUED)

VIRTUON  
(into wrist)  
I can handle it, SQUIDGE. You know  
me, I'm a paragon of self-control.

CUT TO: THE AFTERMATH OF THE BATTLE. DEAD, GORVOTH DRIFTS IN SPACE, a hole in his chest. VIRTUON swims in a sea OF BLOOD AND INTESTINES, organs the size of asteroids float past.

THE V ON VIRTUON'S SUIT GLOWS A BRILLIANT BLUE as his body quivers and crumples in A FIT OF OBSCENE DELIGHT.

VIRTUON  
(screeching)  
YES! YES! BY NARLOC THIS IS THE  
BEST EVER! MY SOUL IS ON FIRE!!

VIRTUON FLAILS in ecstasy as the glow begins to FADE.

VIRTUON  
No, NO! Fuck, SQUIDGE, I've gotta  
have another! I've just got to!

He flips up his PANEL, searching for a new planet.

SQUIDGE (O.S.)  
(furious)  
Enough is enough, VIRTUON. Your  
suit can't take it!

VIRTUON swipes from planet to planet, GROWING CONCERNED.

VIRTUON  
There's nothing happening! Not in  
this system, NOT EVEN THIS GALAXY!

SQUIDGE (O.S.)  
VIRTUON!

VIRTUON  
(still swiping, desperate)  
I'm casting the net wider, there  
has to be someone, somewhere, that  
needs my help. WE'RE TAKING A  
WORMHOLE IF WE HAVE TO!

SQUIDGE  
But your suit, VIRTUON!!

VIRTUON  
Got one!

He double taps the panel and disappears, ENVELOPED IN LIGHT.

6. EXT. SWINDON BACKSTREETS. DAY.

In a shadowy side street, a gang of FOUR THUGS encircle a YOUNG WOMAN. She is BO, 23, diminutive and plucky, in work overalls, a tool belt at her waist and smudge on her brow.

Gangmember JANUSZ, 30s, small and feral, caresses his KNUCKLEDUSTER as he talks.

JANUSZ

Maybe my English is not so good,  
but I'm just not sure how we can  
make this any clearer...

She goes to push past but DARIUSZ, the guffawing muscle of the group, grabs her. She scowls, defiant.

BO

Get. Off. Me.

JANUSZ

(drawing close)

Now you reconsider our kind offer,  
or you're not going to like what  
happens next.

SUDDENLY ALL IS LIGHT. The blinding FLASH of VIRTUON's ARRIVAL staggers the gang and BO alike, this time however, accompanied with the the stuttering sound of MECHANICAL FAILURE. VIRTUON is revealed surrounded in black smoke, his suit HISSING AND SPARKING.

VIRTUON

(coughing on smoke)

Argh, what's wrong!?

SQUIDGE (O.S.)

Oh, this isn't good!

The GANGMEMBERS gape at the mess of FLOUNDERING ARMoured LIMBS AND FUMES. JANUSZ looks at VIRTUON, sideways.

JANUSZ

Nice magic trick mate! Why not take  
it on Britain's Got Talent? We're a  
bit busy here.

SQUIDGE (O.S.)

VIRTUON, I think you've fried the  
suit!

Another GANGMEMBER pipes up.

(CONTINUED)



GANGMEMBER

Nice costume too, I didn't know it  
was HALLOWEEN!

JANUSZ glowers at the GANGMEMBER.

JANUSZ

It *is* Halloween. Idiot.

VIRTUON takes his stance, staring down the thugs.

VIRTUON

STEP ASIDE, TRACKSUITED FIENDS! Or  
else prepare to suckle the vengeful  
teat of VIRTUON - DOER OF--

VIRTUON chokes on his own smoke. Out of patience, JANUSZ barks something to the towering DARIUSZ who lets go of BO, swaggering up to VIRTUON. VIRTUON administers a lightning blow KNOCKING OFF HIS BOTTOM JAW. DARIUSZ howls as he attempts in vain to RAM THE JAW BACK INTO PLACE.

Horrified, the gang scamper away like rats. JANUSZ curses as they fall over themselves in retreat.

JANUSZ

YOU FUCKER! You'd best watch  
yourselves! We'll be back!!

VIRTUON's attention turns to his suit, still fizzing and sparking. BO stares at her "saviour" in terror.

VIRTUON

(into wrist)

Something's wrong! Why is nothing  
happening!?

SQUIDGE (O.S.)

You've overheated VIRTUON!

VIRTUON shoves an accusatory finger in BO's face.

VIRTUON

You, *girl!* Do you feel saved?

BO

*What?*

VIRTUON

DID I SAVE YOU? DO YOU FEEL  
SUFFICIENTLY SAVED?

(CONTINUED)

BO

UH, YES?

VIRTUON

THEN IT'S BROKEN! I BROKE IT!

VIRTUON backs away from the scene, pounding the lifeless letter V on his chest which REFUSES TO GLOW. He flips up his teleporation panel. IT FAILS TO TURN ON, REMAINING DARK.

VIRTUON (CONT'D)

SQUIDGE, I CAN'T EVEN TELEPORT!

SQUIDGE

Calm down, VIRTUON!

VIRTUON

I need to help somebody else, I  
NEED TO FIND SOMEBODY TO SAVE!

SHRIEKING, he turns tail and runs, leaving a stunned BO behind, her face mangled by confusion at what just happened.

7. EXT. POPULATED SWINDON STREET. DAY.

VIRTUON dashes through the town, searching, head darting left to right, oblivious to the puzzled looks aimed his way.

VIRTUON

(under breath)

Someone to save, someone to save!

He speeds past a shabby HOMELESS MAN with a "HUNGRY" sign, pedaling back for a second look. VIRTUON ponders the sign.

CUT TO: VIRTUON takes a heap of food from a FAMILY ENJOYING A PICNIC. VIRTUON punches out THE PROTESTING FATHER.

CUT BACK TO: VIRTUON drops a huge payload of food into the HUNGRY MAN's lap. The MAN beams as VIRTUON examines his armour, the V still doesn't glow. VIRTUON RAGES.

He storms away.

8. EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

VIRTUON comes to rest in a secluded alley, collapsing against a wall for support. He fumbles with his helmet, detaching it and freeing more trapped smoke from within.

(CONTINUED)

His FACE is humanoid, but clearly ALIEN, and not in the least bit heroic. He regards the battered letter V on the helmet with contempt, miserable in his sweaty defeat.

Scanning up, he sees a crumbling shop-front on the street opposite: "STAR REPAIRS". A sign in the window reads: "WE CAN FIX ANYTHING". He glances down at his helmet, it sparks.

9. INT. REPAIR SHOP. DAY.

A figure in a WELDING VISOR sits at the counter of the shop, soldering something, surrounded by dusty pillars of obsolete hardware. A NEWS REPORT streams on an old TUBE TV. The shop door's bell rings and from out of shot, VIRTUON'S HELMET SLAMS DOWN on to the counter, causing the welder to jump. Behind the visor is BO, the girl VIRTUON saved.

BO  
Hey, what do you--

She stops at the sight of VIRTUON unmasked, scooting back in her chair before collecting herself, aghast but calm.

BO  
--What do you want?

A long beat. The alien doesn't flinch.

VIRTUON  
Fixing.

10. INT. REPAIR SHOP REAR. DAY.

Tucked at the rear of the shop, BO sits at a large table with an arsenal of tools at the ready. VIRTUON is dismantling the last of his armour, placing it before her as she begins to examine the chestplate. OPENING IT UP, BO finds a mess of ALIEN TUBING AND GOO. She shoves in a screwdriver, pulling it back out to reveal THE SHAFT HAS DISINTEGRATED COMPLETELY. She turns her attention to him.

BO  
So you speak English then?  
(no response)  
Seems odd for an alien.

He ignores her, taking off the last piece of armour save for the PINK RAISED BUBBLE on his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

BO (CONT'D)  
My name's BO

He paces, fidgety. Curiously examining A BLOWTORCH.

BO (CONT'D)  
Your name's...VIRTUON? Was it?  
(no answer)  
Ah, you don't have to tell me. I'm  
sure you're trying to keep a low  
profile.

11. EXT. STREET CORNER. DAY.

CUT TO: the PICNIC FAMILY from earlier try to explain things  
to a FLUSTERED POLICEMAN. CUT BACK TO:

12. INT. REPAIR SHOP REAR. DAY.

BO prods at the armour while VIRTUON uses the BLOWTORCH to  
singe different objects, ATTEMPTING TO SMOKE EACH ONE.

BO  
You can lay low here for a bit if  
you like...

He tries to smoke the TV remote

BO (CONT'D)  
If you actually wanted to, I mean..

He tries to draw a hit from AN OLD SHOE. BO grabs it.

BO (CONT'D)  
...And as long as you'd stop trying  
to smoke everything!

She yanks it away, they look suspicious eyes.

BO (CONT'D)  
It's the least I can do after what  
you did today. Most people don't  
help someone just for the sake of  
it like that...most people want  
something.

VIRTUON discovers a six pack-of beer in a cooler.

BO picks up a pair of pliers that has been resting in the  
open entrails of the armour. They have turned COMPLETELY  
LIMP LIKE JELLY. She throws them aside.

(CONTINUED)

BO (CONT'D)

Those guys you beat up today, they want something...

VIRTUON chugs the beer, disinterested in BO. A long beat.

BO (CONT'D)

They're part of a local gang...  
(a beat)  
...drug dealers

He slides back to the table, SUDDENLY DEEPLY INVESTED.

BO (CONT'D)

My dad ran this place for 30 years, he never had any trouble

She glances at a hanging PHOTOGRAPH, showing her and her father together in the shop, smiling for camera.

BO (CONT'D)

Now it's just me, they decide it'd be the perfect front for their trade. Even offered me a percentage, but I told them no. I'd rather not have their "help"

VIRTUON bites the beer can, crunching in thought.

VIRTUON

Yeah...most people want something

BO turns back to her work on the armour, a SPANNER and HAMMER left sitting in it is pulled out, THEY HAVE FUSED TOGETHER AT THE ENDS. SHE FUMES.

BO

Agh! I'm sorry, I can't fix this, it's like nothing I've ever seen!

VIRTUON

(desperate)

Oh you must! I'll do whatever you want! Kill anyone you want!

(grabs shoe)

Smoke LITERALLY ANYTHING you want!

BO

Sorry!

VIRTUON turns away to speak into the bubble on his wrist.

VIRTUON

She says it can't be fixed,  
SQUIDGE. What do we do?

BO

Hey, your communicator-thingy  
works, at least!

VIRTUON

(to BO)

Oh this isn't a communicator thingy  
(a beat)  
This is SQUIDGE.

BO's face screws up in confusion. VIRTUON fiddles with the wrist-mounted device, detaching an outer panel to reveal that the pink glowing bubble is actually housing a TINY CREATURE. SQUIDGE is a pulsing artificial organ WITH A FACE, plugged directly into VIRTUON'S VEIN VIA ITS TAIL.

SQUIDGE

Hello, good lady! Nice to make your  
acquaintance.

BO

(beyond horrified)

AGH, FUCK, IS THAT YOUR DEFORMED  
TWIN OR SOMETHING!?

VIRTUON

Noo!

(thinks)

I mean I have one of those too, but  
SQUIDGE is an "Intravene", a smart  
one too! Makes me feel good, gives  
me advice, trivia, that sort of  
thing. But I can just unplug him...

VIRTUON pulls SQUIDGE from his vein, he contorts in agony.

VIRTUON (CONT'D)

...OH GOD, I SUDDENLY FEEL SO COLD  
AND ALONE...

He places SQUIDGE in front of BO.

VIRTUON (CONT'D)

...I'm just gonna pass out for a  
bit if you don't mind.

BO

There's a bed upstairs!

(CONTINUED)

VIRTUON

GREAT!

VIRTUON immediately passes out, his face slamming in to the table. He snores. SQUIDGE twinkles at BO with a tiny smile.

SQUIDGE

Don't worry about him! You're probably a bit confused by all this, aren't you?

BO

Yeah...

SQUIDGE

Well, if you just pop me in to your vein I can share a vast amount of information with you via your bloodstream in seconds...

BO

Um, no?

SQUIDGE

...Or perhaps I can just explain. You see, the world that VIRTUON and I came from had a problem with drugs.

BO

Like here you mean? Too many drugs?

SQUIDGE

*Not enough drugs!* And too much bloody crime...

We draw back from BO and SQUIDGE's conversation, the room falls away as the visuals shift to ANIMATION.

13. EXT. PLANET VARGON. DAY.

A HELLISH RED SUN scorches an alien landscape - a rusty, post-apocalyptic border town in space.

We pan across a sea of WRETCHED ALIENS in a ghetto. Though otherworldly, there are clear earth parallels.

SQUIDGE (CONT'D, V.O.)

In fact, there wasn't a single organism on planet Vargon that wasn't caught up in the cycle.

(CONTINUED)

A JUNKIE is shown pleading to a DEALER. A SMALL GIRL HOLDING PAPER MONEY and a CUTE PET come their way, catching the JUNKIE'S eye. He grabs them, pulling them in to an alley, and pulling a knife. The girl and her pet PULL OUT WEAPONS OF THEIR OWN. The little girl is then shown, COVERED IN THE JUNKIE'S BLOOD, meeting with the DEALER, spending her money.

THE GIRL AND HER PET walk past A BUNCH OF COPS, also robbing people. Everyone is partaking in SOME FORM OF ALIEN HIGH.

SQUIDGE (V.O. CONT'D)

Law enforcement would have done something about it, of course, but you see, nobody likes to be called a hypocrite.

The scene shifts to a laboratory of ALIEN SCIENTISTS.

SQUIDGE (V.O. CONT'D)

Luckily the mind expanding nature of the national pastime gave rise to a creative strain of problem solving the scientific community may not have otherwise possessed.

BO (V.O.)

Your scientists were high?

SQUIDGE (V.O.)

*Everybody was.* And it was ruining things. That was, until the first big solution...

A SCIENTIST plugs an "INTRAVENE" creature, similar to SQUIDGE, into his arm, his eyes BULGE, pupils DILATING.

We switch to a FACTORY where hundreds of INTRAVENES roll off a production line. DESPERATE PEOPLE amass at the gates, money in hand. They plug the creatures in to their arms as soon as they can, all experiencing a rush of joy.

SQUIDGE (V.O. CONT'D)

We Intravenes were genetically designed to deliver a continuous state of euphoria along with a rich education on all manner of things ranging from urology to obscure alien languages, administered right through the bloodstream. Plus we were always there if they needed the company. We were the first recreational drug capable of actually improving society!

(CONTINUED)



A brief glimpse of EVERYONE on a street corner having an INTRAVENE. Life seems to be GETTING BETTER. Structures are being repaired, honest cops walk the beat. THE GIRL AND HER PET walk right past the DEALER, SCHOOLBOOKS IN HER CLUTCHES.

SQUIDGE (V.O. CONT'D)

It didn't last long. Folks got used to the high and in the end we just served to make criminals smarter!

A HAND reaches out from the shadows and snatches the girl. She is killed, robbed by other CRIMINALS for her BOOKS.

WE BLAST FORWARD IN TIME, those same CRIMINALS, ALL WITH INTRAVENES, cause chaos in the streets with ADVANCED SUPER WEAPONS. SCIENTISTS back in the lab observe the events on a monitor, swapping looks of DREAD and DETERMINATION.

SQUIDGE (V.O. CONT'D)

So a new solution was born, an ultimate weapon to turn our drug-fuelled culture into a utopia.

GLIMPSES of PROTOTYPE VIRTUON ARMOUR being tested and assembled in the lab. It is unveiled to the public.

SQUIDGE (V.O. CONT'D)

THE VIRTUON ARMOUR! The product of combining hyper-advanced alien technology from over a hundred worlds, delivering a wave of unparalleled pleasure to its wearer upon the performing a good deed.

OUR VIRTUON, in his unarmoured state, SQUIDGE on his arm, is shown at the LAB, paying to receive a set of the ARMOUR. A SCIENTIST helps him suit up, in the process knocking a coffee cup off of a table. VIRTUON dives to catch it, receiving his first wave of pleasure as his suit glows.

SQUIDGE (V.O. CONT'D)

VIRTUON suits were fitted with scanners to locate emergencies. The greater the good deed, the greater the reward. With a newfound addiction to saving one another, our world changed overnight.

The victorious VIRTUON FANFARE plays. Dozens of people in SLIGHT VARIATIONS OF THE ARMOUR roam the streets, dousing fires, building schools, even planting trees.

(CONTINUED)

OUR VIRTUON is shown, meeting a SHADY CHARACTER in a darkened underpass to have his armour TINKERED WITH.

SQUIDGE (V.O. CONT'D)  
 But some became greedy, modifying  
 their armour with illegal  
 space-time manipulators to teleport  
 from crisis to crisis on a  
 continuous pleasure binge, even  
 venturing offworld, always in  
 search of people to save...

Flashes of VIRTUON'S past missions on different worlds.

SQUIDGE (V.O. CONT'D)  
 ...always in need of the next big  
 hit, and in doing so, losing  
themselves completely.

The light on VIRTUON's armour glows brighter and brighter with every mission. SO BRIGHT IT CONSUMES HIM.

14. INT. REPAIR SHOP REAR. NIGHT.

Back in LIVE ACTION, the BRILLIANT WHITE fades away, leaving only the dim and dirty REPAIR SHOP. A conscious VIRTUON grabs SQUIDGE, SEETHING.

VIRTUON  
 RIGHT! I think that's quite enough  
 out of you.

BO  
 (after a long beat)  
 It's true though, right? You're  
 name's not VIRTUON, that's the  
 armour?

A crabby look from VIRTUON. Another beat.

BO (CONT'D)  
 The armour you used to travel about  
 the universe helping people,  
 because it made you feel good??

VIRTUON  
 MAKES me feel good. You're fixing  
 it, remember?

BO  
 "Advanced alien-technology"? Yeah,  
 I think not! What's your real name?

VIRTUON

It doesn't matter, I don't matter.  
What matters is the suit, how it  
feels! I don't help people for the  
sake of it. You said it yourself,  
most people want something!

BO

Well, now you've got nothing. I  
can't fix this. Now it's just a  
useless pile of ugly sharp metal!

VIRTUON snarls, bolting for the shop door, SQUIDGE still in  
hand. He takes a hoodie, throwing it around him.

SQUIDGE

Now let's not be too hasty! We  
don't know enough about this world  
to go bounding off, exposed.

VIRTUON blares into SQUIDGE like a microphone.

VIRTUON

Then stay behind!

He FLINGS SQUIDGE at BO. She catches him and SQUEALS.

BO

EW!!  
(to SQUIDGE)  
Sorry.

SQUIDGE

It's fine.

VIRTUON

(gesturing to the sign)  
I thought you could "FIX ANYTHING"!

She drills him with sad, angry eyes. A long beat.

BO

You're beyond fixing.

VIRTUON boils. He storms out of the shop, slamming the door.

15. EXT. BAD PART OF TOWN. NIGHT.

GRUMBLING, VIRTUON pulls the hood up over his alien features  
as he skulks dark streets. He spies a GATHERING OF PEOPLE  
tucked behind a building.

A group of HOMELESS PEOPLE sit smoking and drinking. One of the homeless is familiar - the HUNGRY MAN from before. He is GIVING AWAY the spoils of VIRTUON'S "good deed" from earlier, handing the other homeless food and drink. VIRTUON hangs back but is spotted. THE HUNGRY MAN beckons him.

16. EXT. REPAIR SHOP REAR. NIGHT.

BO takes a kettle from a tiny stove and brings it to the table, MAKING HERSELF TEA. She pours a tiny measure into a metal cap for SQUIDGE while he gossips.

SQUIDGE

...And then you see there's this race called the 'Killgarians' who are really stupid, but they're so stupid they don't know they're stupid! They destroyed their own planet for a bet...

BO

(snorting)

For a bet!?

SQUIDGE

..But the bet was that they *could* destroy their planet so they lost both their planet *and the bet!*

They both laugh. A hard POUNDING on the shop door cuts short their frivolities. A startled BO swivels to see the silhouette of FIGURES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

BO

WE'RE CLOSED!

Frozen, BO watches as the FIGURES move away from the locked door. Then, KNUCKLEDUSTERS SMASH THE GLASS. A HAND reaches in, sliding open the bolt. The door is thrown open, sending the shop's bell CLANGING TO THE FLOOR. JANUSZ and other GANGMEMBERS flood in, stomping the bell flat.

BO stands, cupping SQUIDGE. She grabs her TOOL BELT as she edges back, bumping into DARIUSZ who entered unseen via the rear, his JAW now precariously held on with bandages.

As the last of the GANGMEMBERS filter in, they stand aside to make way for KASPER, 50s, IMPOSING AS HELL. He pierces BO with dark eyes, she trembles.

17. EXT. BAD PART OF TOWN. NIGHT.

VIRTUON watches the HUNGRY MAN dole out the food to fellow homeless. He comes to VIRTUON, giving him a chocolate bar. VIRTUON takes it, staring in puzzlement.

VIRTUON  
I thought you were hungry.

A long beat.

HUNGRY MAN  
Everyone is.

The HUNGRY MAN smiles with his eyes. VIRTUON stews.

CUT TO: VIRTUON sits with the others, ignoring their stories, lost in his own thoughts. ALL SOUND FADES AWAY as we linger on him, he takes a drag on his LIT CHOCOLATE BAR.

A DRUNK, separate from the group, sits in darkness. He squeezes the last drops of booze from a bottle, smashing it on the ground in a filthy temper. VIRTUON watches the DRUNK open a bag, taking out ANOTHER BOTTLE, repeating the cycle.

VIRTUON regards his CHOCOLATE BAR for a long beat before stubbing it out. He ups and leaves.

18. EXT. REPAIR SHOP. NIGHT.

VIRTUON reappears in the shop doorway. He examines the broken glass. There is no other sign of life, he searches.

VIRTUON  
SQUIDGE?  
(no answer)  
GIRL?  
(no answer)  
ANNOYING GIRL??

The place is a mess, the armour scattered, a note left on the table reads: "WE HAVE YOUR FRIEND AND TALKING SPLEEN".

VIRTUON (CONT'D)  
No. NO!

He paces, pupils flitting to and fro in wracked thought.

VIRTUON (CONT'D)  
What do I do? What do I...

He eyes the scattered PIECES OF ARMOUR. He dismisses it.

(CONTINUED)

VIRTUON (CONT'D)  
 No, it's broken! It's useless now,  
 Just useless, ugly sharp metal.

His pacing stops. He turns back to the pile, picking up a bracer and clamping it on to his arm. HE CHANGES HIS TONE.

VIRTUON (CONT'D)  
 Sharp, pointy, angry metal.

He snaps on the glove, curling a POWERFUL METAL FIST.

VIRTUON (CONT'D)  
 Oh yeah.

19. INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

An obstinate BO sits TIED TO A CHAIR in the middle of a warehouse floor. GANGMEMBERS surround her, including KASPER.

He leans in close to BO, sinister wonder in his eyes.

KASPER  
 I would never have expected your refusal of our offer to lead to something so much better. Your friend and I have a lot to talk about. I hope for your sake, he joins us soon.

20. EXT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

LOOMING amidst the battlements of an INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, rots a vast WAREHOUSE. VIRTUON appears, helmet under one arm.

He turns to THE HUNGRY MAN and several other homeless, apparently having shown him the way. VIRTUON nods to them.

VIRTUON  
 I'll take it from here, guys.

As the HOMELESS move away we see the figures of FOUR GANGMEMBERS lead by JANUSZ approaching.

VIRTUON (CONT'D)  
 Let's do this.

He places the helmet over his head.

21. INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

MATCH CUT TO: VIRTUON's helmet is ripped off. He is restrained by FOUR GANGMEMBERS, spitting with fury.

VIRTUON  
Not fair, you shits! Villains  
attack one at a time on my world!

He is brought before KASPER who faces BO, his back turned.

GANGMEMBER  
Hey boss, look what the cat dragged  
in.

JANUSZ  
WE dragged him in. Idiot.

VIRTUON and BO share desperate looks. KASPER doesn't turn around, still facing BO.

KASPER  
I didn't believe my boys when they  
said a man appeared in a flash of  
light, dressed in armour like some  
superhero.

VIRTUON  
(ignoring KASPER)  
BO! You okay? Where's SQUIDGE?

KASPER  
Now they're the ones that don't  
believe me, and do you know why?

BO's face is awash with fear, her eyes float back to KASPER who turns to face VIRTUON. KASPER'S eyes are dilated, his sleeve is rolled up and SQUIDGE IS PLUGGED INTO HIS VEIN.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
...This little fucker is showing me  
things that are unbelievable!

VIRTUON  
(to SQUIDGE, sharply)  
Oh, plugging yourself into other  
men, now? I see how it is!

SQUIDGE  
It's what I was designed for, okay?  
It's who I am!

(CONTINUED)

VIRTUON

"It's not you, it's me", yeah,  
That's what they all say!

KASPER loses his cool.

KASPER

SHUT UP, BOTH OF YOU!

(To VIRTUON)

Don't you realise that this is  
*revolutionary*? I feel *AMAZING* right  
now, and I'm learning shit I don't  
even understand! I know how to say  
"peanut" in Killgarian and I DON'T  
EVEN KNOW WHAT A KILLGARIAN IS!

VIRTUON'S eyes blaze. His voice drops an octave.

VIRTUON

Let them go. Both of them.

KASPER

Do you have any idea how much money  
I could make with something like  
this?

(he grows more serious)

I know that suit teleports you all  
over the universe.

VIRTUON

AH! About that--

KASPER

(cutting through)

So you're going to bring me these  
things, by the crate. I've seen the  
production lines, my head is filled  
with visions of your worlds.

(predatory)

We're going to make a lot of money  
together. Or you're all going to  
die.

KASPER draws a pistol from his belt, jabbing it at VIRTUON.

VIRTUON

I can't teleport anymore, this suit  
is broken!

KASPER

FIX IT!

(CONTINUED)



VIRTUON

My head is filled with urology and  
obscure alien languages, nothing  
useful! I don't know how to fix it!

KASPER

You think I'm fucking around? WHY  
DON'T I SHOW YOU?

KASPER points the gun at BO. She winces.

VIRTUON

No!

KASPER

Or how about...

KASPER takes SQUIDGE out of his arm, gripping the Intravene  
tight enough to throttle it.

KASPER (CONT'D)

This one is important to you, eh?

KASPER throws SQUIDGE to the floor. He brings his enormous  
black heel up then STOMPS REPEATEDLY. Pink ooze bursts out  
and SQUIDGE IS NO MORE. BO can't watch, even some  
GANGMEMBERS turn away. VIRTUON looks on, gaping in grief.

VIRTUON

SQUIDGE!!!

KASPER wipes the slime from his boot, composes himself.

KASPER

Maybe now you know that I'm  
serious, and maybe now you'll get  
some more of those things!

He turns the gun on BO once more.

VIRTUON

*Don't hurt her.*

KASPER

So go and get me what I want.

VIRTUON quakes with rage. The men restraining become visibly  
worried looks. KASPER laughs.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Or teleport over here and kick my  
arse!

(CONTINUED)

He pulls back the hammer of his gun. VIRTUON snaps. ROARING like an engine, he tosses the henchmen aside. Grabbing the helmet back, VIRTUON smashes it down on to JANUSZ's skull, caving it with a fatal crunch. VIRTUON bashes more of the gangmembers with the metal helmet before putting it back on.

KASPER urges his men forward, taking aim at VIRTUON and waiting for a clear shot. DARIUSZ charges in, VIRTUON sends a rising uppercut his way, DECAPITATING him, leaving ONLY the bandaged jaw in place. A hail of KNIVES, BASEBALL BATS and CHAINS rain down upon VIRTUON. He takes hit after hit but finds ways to turn the weapons against their wielders, dispatching them with his TRADEMARK BRAND OF ULTRA-VIOLENCE.

KASPER fires into the melee, hitting either his own men or VIRTUON's armoured body. He backs up, freeing BO from her restraints, attempting to take her hostage. She uses this opportunity to take a SCREWDRIIVER from her tool belt, SHANKING KASPER. He groans, dropping the gun.

VIRTUON finishes off the last thug but falls down shortly after, injured in the fray. BO rushes to his aid, helping him up. VIRTUON spies KASPER making an escape.

VIRTUON  
He's getting away  
(thinks)  
Any more tools?

BO  
No! Just *this*...

She pulls out the fused together SPANNER/HAMMER from earlier, shooting VIRTUON a sarcastic frown.

VIRTUON takes the odd shaped object, HURLING IT like a METAL BOOMERANG. It connects with KASPER's head, flooring him.

KASPER crawls the floor in a stupor. We hear the metal clank of VIRTUON's approach. KASPER looks up, a P.O.V. shot from his perspective shows VIRTUON's metal foot raised high, it's brought down with a sickening SPLAT. CUT TO BLACK.

22. INT. REPAIR SHOP. DAY.

Morning light creeps through the front windows. BO and VIRTUON pile through the door. She supports him with one arm, helping him to the counter where he props himself up.

BO  
Hold on, there's a med kit out back

He REMOVES HIS HELMET, looking beyond exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

VIRTUON

Good with alien biology, are you?

She flicks him a smile and points to the sign.

BO

I can "fix anything", remember?

VIRTUON

I'll be alright, it just stings.

A long beat passes. She watches him find his breath again.

BO

(after another long beat)

How does it feel?

VIRTUON

(gripping his neck)

Like I said, it stings--

BO

(interrupting)

--No, I mean, helping people,  
without any sort of reward, you  
know, just for the sake of it.

Her words stop time. Another beat. Slowly, he turns to face her, eyes like glass. He goes to speak but turns away.

VIRTUON

It's not for me. My tooth got  
chipped, nose maybe broken, I  
popped a lung.

BO is startled.

VIRTUON (CONT'D)

It's fine, I've got twelve. But  
there's no reason to be doing  
anything like that ever again, just  
for the sake of it

BO

(turning away, disappointed)

I'm sorry about Squidge.

(almost under breath)

Thank you for saving me.

She disappears into the back before her words can register. Left alone, VIRTUON traces his finger across the empty bubble on his wrist that housed his friend.

(CONTINUED)

He places his helmet down on the counter. It lands on the remote, switching on the TUBE TV. His attention turns to the TV which is playing a BREAKING NEWS REPORT. He grabs the remote and cranks the volume.

ON TELEVISION, a startled female REPORTER is at the centre of some disaster, surrounded by debris, with emergency services rushing past her.

REPORTER

--Chaos here just one mile from the town centre as an as-of-yet unexplained impact has caused immense damage.

VIRTUON leans forward, intent. The NEWS REPORT shows a half-destroyed building. As the smoke clears, we catch a glimpse of THE DD-REX, THE SPACESHIP OF THE STARBARIANS.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

An object I can only describe as...a tyrannosaurus rex with bosoms, seems to have crashed into the east wing of the liberal arts college, trapping people within.

We see two FIREMEN working to shift debris from on top of a HELPLESS YOUNG MAN. VIRTUON cannot take his eyes away.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

I repeat, at this time we can confirm multiple people are trapped, people very much in need.

VIRTUON spins to face the window. A plume of grey smoke rises from a point in the distance, not too far away.

He looks at his helmet once more, gazing at the dark battered V. A long beat. He looks back to the window.

23. INT. REPAIR SHOP REAR. DAY.

We follow BO from the rear of the shop as she returns to the front carrying a stack of med kits.

BO

Turns out I had more than one--

She stops short, finding the shop NOW EMPTY, the door ajar. Spotting the news report on TV, she then glances outside to see the smoke rising. VIRTUON HAS LEFT TO HELP.

He reappears, back in the shop doorway, holding his helmet.

(CONTINUED)

VIRTUON  
I never told you my real name...

BO hangs on his next words.

VIRTUON  
(a beat)  
It's a series of high frequency  
screams followed by a unique  
pheromone secretion that would  
probably kill you.

Her face falls. A clumsy pause.

BO  
Oh.

He pulls his helmet over his head. NOW ALL SUITED UP.

VIRTUON  
So just call me...VIRTUON.

He takes one last look at her before dashing towards the  
chaos. BO watches through the window. She pins up the fallen  
corner of the sign that reads "WE CAN FIX ANYTHING".

THE END