

BED BUGS

Written by

Jeffrey Dean Langham

J_langham@hotmail.com

(c) 2016. This work may not be used for any purpose without the expressed written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open, and in pours URI SARKOV (50s). The drunk, obese man stumbles but somehow hangs onto the shot glass of whiskey without spilling a drop.

URI
Ha! See, I'm not drunk.

His thick Russian accent isn't any better slurred.

On his heels, LAURA (30s), high-heeled lady of the evening, giggles as she shuts the hotel door behind her.

LAURA
What are we gonna do now?

She tilts her head, smiles, and bats her eyes. Uri pirouettes at the king sized bed to face her. He shakes a meaty finger at her.

URI
No, don't you try to wiggle out of doing... me. I paid you money already.

LAURA
I was just kidding, Poopsie.

She struts like a stripper on stage toward him. He's mesmerized.

When she gets to him, she puts both hands on his shoulders.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Just lay down.

She pushes him easily down to the bed.

LAURA (CONT'D)
And let me freshen up a bit.

Laura spins around and disappears in the bathroom. She starts to hum a tune.

Uri's eyes spin as he slows himself onto his back. He breathes heavy.

URI
Hey, these are the new bio-adjustable beds.

Laura's not listening. Uri removes his shirt at drunken speed, then his pants. He pulls the covers down and settles himself and his boxers in a comfy position on the bed.

The bed COMES ALIVE with activity. A million tiny robots move furiously under Uri. He's tickled.

URI (CONT'D)
 You need to hurry and feel this bed. You Americans come up with cool shit.

Laura appears at the bathroom doorway. Nothing but bra and panties show the body of a high priced professional.

LAURA
 I need to feel what?

The bed moves like a waterbed under Uri. He seems to lose interest in Laura. She feels it.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Uri! Look over here.

The whiskey floating eyes adjust to the beautiful woman in the room. Uri smiles.

URI
 Now that's what I'm talking about. Dance for me.

Laura dances to the nonexistent stripper music in her head. Uri likes. The bed still buzzes with activity. Then...

URI (CONT'D)
 Ouch!

Laura still moves to her own world. Uri flinches again.

URI (CONT'D)
 Hey, what the fuck?

The bed is in a FRENZY now. Uri flails his big body around. Laura notices but doesn't stop dancing.

LAURA
 What's going on, baby?

Uri, now swats all over his body. Continues to yell with the pain of each bite.

Laura stops dancing, now concerned.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What can I do?

Uri's not listening. He writhes around screaming now. Blood oozes from everywhere on his body. The bed BUZZES as the activity heightens.

URI

Help me! Help me! Help...

His cries stop as he shakes in the bed. His big body slumps into a soggy, bloody heap in seconds.

Laura lets out a horrendous SCREAM which MORPHS into...

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

An ambulance SIREN wails as it pulls away. COPS direct it out as a car pulls up. One COP peers inside the car and shakes his head "okay." The car parks.

The car door flings open and BEN GREENE (40s) steps out. Shirt and tie going on day three, unshaven face and tired eyes can tell it's going to be a long night.

BEN

Which floor?

COP

Penthouse Suite.

Ben sighs, looks down then back up at the young police officer.

BEN

Which floor?

The cop turns back around to him.

COP

Oh, thirteen.

BEN

Thanks.

Ben rolls his eyes as he turns.

COP

(to himself)
Deaf old man.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room bustles with CRIME SCENE PERSONNEL, POLICE OFFICERS, and DETECTIVES.

Ben pauses at the doorway. One Detective, SGT. O'NEIL (50s) sees Ben and approaches.

SGT. O'NEIL

Ben, I want you to use real detective skills this time. No fantasy.

Ben shoots him a disgusted look.

BEN

I always do.

SGT. O'NEIL

No, you don't. Just because he died in a bed doesn't automatically make it the same.

Ben ignores him and walks into the room. He sees the messy outline of what used to be Uri stained on the bottom sheet.

BEN

Where's the girl?

Another Detective hears that. DETECTIVE EDDIE CAMPBELL (30s), good looks and the suit to match.

EDDIE

Girl? You mean hooker.

SGT. O'NEIL

Ambulance just took her. We'll talk to her more at the hospital. She's not talkin' much.

Ben moves around each side of the bed. He finds the tag on the mattress. He studies it a second then turns to face Sgt. O'Neil.

SGT. O'NEIL (CONT'D)

Yeah, we know it's the same brand. But that doesn't mean shit.

EDDIE

Not the 'evil bed did it' story again?

Ben jumps at EDDIE like a tiger on prey. His hand clutches Eddie's throat before EDDIE can react.

Two COPS try to pull Ben away but he only clamps on Eddie's throat tighter.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Can't... breathe...

The Cops pull at Ben, as Sgt. O'Neil calmly steps between them. He faces Ben.

SGT. O'NEIL
He's an ass.

Choking but offended, Scot struggles.

EDDIE
Hey!

Ben's focused and doesn't let up.

SGT. O'NEIL
But I need him. Let him go. It's not worth it.

Ben hesitates and then lightens his grip. EDDIE pulls away and holds his throat. He squeaks to speak.

EDDIE
Stupid old man. No wonder nobody likes you.

EDDIE grasps for air. Sgt. O'Neil pats him on the back.

SGT. O'NEIL
Go get some air.

EDDIE stumbles out of the room. Sgt. O'Neil whips around to Ben.

SGT. O'NEIL (CONT'D)
Don't make me suspend you again.

Ben's blows him off. He stares at the bed.

BEN
Had to shut him up somehow.

Sgt. O'Neil shakes his head.

SGT. O'NEIL
Look Ben, I like you but this is getting ridiculous.

Ben doesn't like it.

BEN
How many more have to die before
you believe me?

SGT. O'NEIL
I have one of these beds. EDDIE
has one. Hell, I bet most people
in this room have one.

One COP, turns around.

COP
Yeah, I got one.

SGT. O'NEIL
See?

Ben pleads.

BEN
You know it's more complicated than
that.

Sgt. O'Neil pats Ben's chest as he walks by.

SGT. O'NEIL
I know. I know. Just get some
real evidence this time.

He leaves the room.

Ben walks on the side of the bed. He grabs the controller
for the bed.

BEN
Dusted for prints?

A CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR, female (20s), on the other side
of the bed responds.

CSI
Yeah. Should've asked BEFORE you
touched it.

Ben ignores her, unplugs it and takes it with him.

BEN
Yeah, sure.

Ben walks out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Ben walks down the hallway, passes several DETECTIVES. He reaches the door of COMPUTER CRIMES. He opens the door and steps in.

COMPUTER CRIMES

Several messy desks. One, in particular, worse of all. Behind it, MATTHEW (20s), nerdy hipster, blazes away on his smartphone - thumbs supersonic texting.

Ben approaches. As he does, Matthew takes one hand off the phone, holds one finger up, and somehow manages to continue the texting barrage. He returns the hand to finish.

Ben steps up, slaps the phone out of Matthews hand.

MATTHEW

Hey!

In a continuous motion, Ben tosses the bed controller into Ben's now empty hands. He catches it. Ben points to it.

BEN

I need to know everything about
this thing.

Matthew looks to where his phone might be, still stunned by what just happened.

MATTHEW

Uh, okay.

He looks back at Ben.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Like what exactly?

Ben turns to leave through the open door. He doesn't even turn around to respond.

BEN

Everything. I'll be back tomorrow.

MATTHEW

Tomorrow? But I have...

Ben's now gone. Matthew now realizes he's talking to nobody.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Stuff to do. Shit.

He looks back for his phone, then back to the controller.

INT. BEN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ben holds his cell phone to his ear with one hand and drives with the other.

BEN

No, I don't have Bluetooth. Just tell me what you know.

He turns a corner at high speed.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh shit! Hang on.

Under control, he sighs.

BEN (CONT'D)

Did you say Jimmy Vega? I went to college with him. Bedtronix? Yeah, give me the address.

EXT. BEDTRONIX - NIGHT

A car slides to a stop at the curb. The door flings open and Ben steps out. He slams the door, adjusts his coat to brace for the rain. He saunters up toward the building.

INT. BEDTRONIX - LOBBY - NIGHT

A solitary SECURITY GUARD (30s) sits behind a massive security desk. He's imposing, even sitting in the chair.

Huge BEDTRONIX lettering on the wall behind the desk like the title of a Sci-Fi movie can't be missed.

Ben enters the front door after a BUZZ sound. He walks to the desk. As he does, the big Security Guard stands.

SECURITY GUARD

You'll need to sign in.

He points to a ledger on the desk. Ben sizes up the Security Guard as he goes to the counter. Ben signs the book. The Security Guard sees Ben's forty-five holstered on his hip.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need that.

Ben looks at him, down at his pistol, then back at the guard.

BEN

It'll take more than you.

The Security Guard smiles like a fighter about to hear the bell. He starts around the desk.

JIMMY
(Loud Speaker)
Let him keep it. Send him up.

Disappointment shows as the Security Guard shakes his head and reaches for the desk. A BUZZ sound, he points to a set of double glass doors.

SECURITY GUARD
Elevator on the right. Thirteenth floor.

Ben turns opens one of the glass doors.

BEN
See ya 'round.

SECURITY GUARD
Can't wait.

Ben exits letting the door shut behind him.

INT. BEDTRONIX - JIMMY VEGA OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Posh, large office tastefully decorated by a designer. A massive desk perched in front of a glass window backdrop.

At the desk, JIMMY VEGA (50s), stands when the door opens. He's impeccably dressed in a suit and tie. A lab coat hangs on a fancy coat hanger behind him.

Ben looks around as he ambles toward Jimmy's desk. His gaze sets on Jimmy as he steps between the two chairs in front. Jimmy offers his hand out.

JIMMY
Ben. It's been a long time.

Ben hesitates, then acquiesces.

BEN
I'm here on official business.

JIMMY
I had a feeling. Sorry to hear about Em.

Ben's eyes narrow for a second.

BEN
Emily's not why I'm here.

Jimmy purses his lips, then sits down. He leans back in his leather office chair.

JIMMY
What can I do for you?

Ben sits in one of the chairs.

BEN
You make the Bio-adjustable bed?

JIMMY
Yep. People are eating 'em up.

Ben raises his eyebrows at that. He pauses, then...

BEN
Who programs the controllers?

Jimmy shifts a little in his chair.

JIMMY
Controller program is downloaded
after each owner's DNA is
submitted. Why?

Ben leans forward.

BEN
How many have access to the
program?

JIMMY
Does your boss know you're here?

Ben sits back.

BEN
I'm going to need the names of
everyone that can or will access
those programs. Time and date of
when they did. And...

Jimmy rocks forward in his chair.

JIMMY
And, you'll need a warrant for that
now won't you?

A stand off. Not for long.

BEN

Jimmy you're a smart guy. You know I'll get one. Just save us the time.

Jimmy smiles and stands up. He walks around his desk. He outstretches his arms as he goes.

JIMMY

Smart enough to build this business from the ground up.

Ben's eyes follow Jimmy around the room.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Smart enough to make ultra tiny robots that I can control easily.

BEN

Hopefully smart enough to cooperate.

Jimmy stops.

JIMMY

Cooperate? We were roommates. I always let you copy my papers.

Ben rolls his eyes as he shakes his head.

BEN

Okay, so I had some trouble in school.

JIMMY

That's why you're a cop.

Ben stands.

BEN

I'm a cop because I know people better than any school can teach me.

Jimmy returns to his desk. Talks as he walks.

JIMMY

Once I designed these nano-bots to take a DNA sample of the person on the bed and move to the contours of that person's body, I knew I had something.

Ben's no fool.

BEN
Speaking of the bed. The names?

Jimmy gets back to his chair.

JIMMY
Everybody wanted one. Teachers,
housekeepers, postmen, senators,
even the president has one.

Ben's uneasy now.

BEN
Jimmy, gonna need those names now.

Jimmy looks like he won a chess match.

JIMMY
Even cops.
(beat)
Didn't you have one?

Ben stews. Jimmy shuffles papers around on his desk.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Yeah. I'm sure I saw your name on
an invoice. I have it here
somewhere.

Ben looks away, his eyes shift back and forth. Thoughts
flood his mind.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Yep, here it is. How'd that work
out for you?

Ben leaps out of his chair and onto his belly on the desk.
He grabs Jimmy so fast he can't react. Ben pulls himself up
to his feet on Jimmy's side of the desk.

Ben pulls his pistol and shoves it under Jimmy's chin. Jimmy
almost seems like he expected it.

BEN
Why'd you kill her?

Jimmy stains under the pressure of the gun in his throat.

JIMMY
Kill who?

Ben pushes the barrel deeper. His slow labored breath right
in front of Jimmy's face now.

BEN

Why?

Jimmy tries to keep composure, though hard to.

JIMMY

You killed her.

Ben's eyes wrinkle.

BEN

What the fuck?

Jimmy notices Ben lets up a bit.

JIMMY

When you cheated on her.

Ben's pissed now.

BEN

I'm going to ki...

BZZZZTTTT. Ben's eyes roll back and his arm slings out when the taser hits him. His gun falls onto Jimmy's desk. He falls to the floor.

The office door flies open and Security Guard comes in, gun drawn.

JIMMY

Hold on there cowboy.

The Guard holsters his gun. Jimmy looks down at Ben.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I have a government contract for these beds. I do as I please.

He punches Ben in the face, then picks him up and puts him in his leather chair.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sometimes, I do as I'm told.

Ben, still shakes a little, tries to recover.

BEN

You killed a senator and a Russian Ambassador.

Jimmy bends over toward Ben and laughs.

JIMMY

I didn't kill... anyone. And you can't prove it. That's why you're here and your boss doesn't even know.

Ben closes his eyes, still seems affected by the stun gun and punch.

BEN

We have the program. We know you changed it.

Jimmy doesn't buy it.

JIMMY

You don't have shit. You don't know anything about programming. That's why you cheated in college. Just like you cheated on Em.

BEN

Yeah I cheated.

To Jimmy's surprise, Ben yanks the taser leads out of his chest which actually hit a small recorder. Jimmy sees it.

JIMMY

What the fuck?
(to Security Guard)
Kill this mother fucker!

Security Guard fast draws his gun. Ben pops to his feet and spins Jimmy in front of him as the bullets fly.

Jimmy's hit multiple times. A couple of bullets shatter one of the windows behind them.

Ben reaches by Jimmy, grabs his gun off the desk and fires back. Security Guard's body lurches with each strike. He slumps down by the door.

Jimmy falls to the floor behind the desk. Ben notices his own shoulder is bleeding from a gunshot wound.

BEN

Damn. I guess one got through.

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out his phone. Pokes at it and holds it to his ear.

BEN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Shots fired at Bedtronix.
Officer shot. Two suspects shot.
Call Sergeant O'Neil.

Jimmy pops up behind Ben and grabs Ben's pistol from him.
Ben whips around and kicks him through the shattered window
before he can shoot.

Ben goes to the edge, looks down at Jimmy's mangled body on
the ground.

BEN (CONT'D)

She doesn't like to be called Em.

NEWSCASTER

(V.O.)

New details about the shoot-out at
Bedtronix. Investigators
discovered the CEO Jimmy Vega was
paid a government contract for
twenty-five million dollars for the
new model of the Bio-adjustable
bed. The government spokesman had
no comment.

FADE OUT.