

FRANK / DR. STOKES

HANDS ON A HARDBODY

MIKE. (*angling to leave*) My shift's way past over –

CINDY. Oh no, you don't. It's you 'n me. Together. Till the bitter end, you hear me?

(*Time passes into mid-day. At the DJ's booth, FRANK conducts another interview.*)

START

FRANK. Here with me now, Dr. Charles Stokes from Le Tourneau University.

DR. STOKES. Pleasure to be here.

FRANK. So. Doc. Any health hazards in a contest like this?

DR. STOKES. Sleep deprivation, for a start.

FRANK. Folks Google that, what'll they find?

DR. STOKES. It's a common torture technique used by the Chinese to persecute the Falun Gong, and by our very own CIA to break Al Qaeda operatives.

FRANK. No shit.

DR. STOKES. Brain function deteriorates. The body experiences tremors, hallucinations, even psychosis.

FRANK. (*worried*) Nobody's ever, say, died. Have they?

DR. STOKES. Lab rats die after thirty-two days. But a human being? (*darkly*) I wouldn't press it.

(*Time passes, and we're in the wee hours of fourth day.*)

(*HEATHER whispers to JESUS.*)

HEATHER. Look! I swear that's him.

JESUS. Who?

HEATHER. Soldier boy. Over there, walking up and down, past the Hatchbacks like a ghost. When was it he fell off?

(*KELLI tilts forward, her eyes flickering closed. Suddenly her knees buckle. With his free hand, GREG props her up. KELLI shoots him a grateful look, then shakes her head furiously to stay alert.*)

GREG. Not now. You made it more than half-way.

J.D. How long?

BENNY. Going on seventy-one hours.

STOP