

Donny and Floyd

By

Dustin Bowcott

2013 Dustin Bowcott

dustin7375@gmail.com

INT. DONNY'S FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

White, almost decrepit, council furniture. Peeling paint and cracked tiles.

DONNY (30's), very effeminate, is sitting on the toilet, trousers around his ankles. Tears stream down his face. He holds a razor blade menacingly over his exposed wrist.

He makes guttural noises as he attempts to psyche himself into it and then, through straining so much, farts loudly, echoing around the toilet bowl... then follows through.

DONNY

Oh my God.

Donny gets over the surprise, stares at the razor blade and tosses it into the sink, the desire to kill himself excreted.

MAIN BEDROOM

Thick carpet, king-sized, four-poster bed, satin sheets, mirrored ceiling and a built-in wardrobe stretching the entire length of one wall.

Donny opens one wardrobe door and runs his hand across rows of frocks, he opens another and does likewise for the frocks there, then another that is filled, floor-to-ceiling, with ladies shoes.

He almost orgasms as he places the heel of one shoe to his face, intoxicated by the aroma.

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lights are down. Mould on the walls, peeling paint and filth surround three beds. In one of them a

DRUG ADDICT, gaunt and gouching, a needle hanging out of his vein, too high to remove it.

In another bed, a NAKED GUY sleeps soundlessly.

FLOYD (30's), black and hulk-like, lies on the final bed, one arm crossed behind his head, watching lights dance on the ceiling as traffic drives by outside.

His other arm hangs by the side of the bed, a clear, plastic prison bag, containing very few belongings, held tight in his huge hand.

Floyd closes his eyes.

EXT. TOWER BLOCK - CAR PARK - NIGHT

A private Taxi pulls up and

Donny [now DONNA, sassy and confident], extra-dark fake tan, tight frock, high heels, fishnets, huge blonde wig, matching handbag, approaches the passenger side window, taps on it.

The window winds down, electrically.

Donna bends into it and smiles sweetly at the Muslim DRIVER.

DONNA

Donna. Going to town?

After hearing the male voice, the Driver winds the window up and drives away in a hurry.

Donna pulls a mobile phone out of her bag and makes a call. The phone rings out. She hangs up... sighs.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Donna gets on amidst stares from PASSENGERS. She smiles at the Polish DRIVER.

DONNA

Excuse me, does this stop in town?

Driver snarls, shuts the doors and pulls the bus away from the stop so violently Donna has to catch the handrail.

DRIVER

You pay fare.

DONNA

But...

DRIVER

Pay fare. One pound-fifty.

Donna looks at him questioningly for a time and pulls a purse from her bag. She finds two pound coins, shows them to him and throws them in.

DONNA

Miserable bastard.

Donna smiles at PASSENGERS as she walks to the back of the bus and takes a seat with as much decorum as she can muster.

She notices a couple of male TEENAGERS sniggering and whispering about her. She watches them until they notice.

DONNA

I was just like you two once.

The Teenagers look at her, peripherally.

DONNA

Course, you don't find out till your older. Real men don't put gel in their hair.

The TEENAGERS become self conscious about their hair.

DONNA

That was me too. Always looking in the mirror. Course, I used to date girls but it was all just a pretence, because really, deep down... I fancied my best mate.

The Teenagers move further apart and find it difficult to look at each other.

Donna sighs satisfactorily and looks at the reflection of herself in the bus window, messes with her hair.

The bus stops abruptly and the engine falls dead.

The Passengers stand, ready to get off.

DONNA

What's going on?

One of the Teenagers turns to her.

TEENAGER

It's the terminus, Miss.

Donna smiles her thanks.

DONNA

But I'm going to town.

The Teenager shrugs and gets off with his friend.

Donna pulls herself together and walks along the aisle to the Driver, smiling sweetly, putting on her best effeminate voice.

DONNA

Excuse me, sorry to have to ask as
I can see you're very busy.

Driver looks at her like he's just trod in a dog turd.

DONNA

Is there another bus that goes to
town?

The Driver switches off the lights and turns on her angrily.

DRIVER

Bus stop! You get off. Get, get,
come on.

The Driver opens his cab door, pushes it against her.

Donna shoves it back into him.

The Driver stares at her in surprise, shocked at her
strength.

She pushes harder and looks him in the eye. Holds it there
for a second, then pulls herself together and walks off.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Donna looks up and down the road and spots some SHOPS up
ahead.

She walks towards them, ignoring jeers from a local GANG,
hoods up, looking for trouble. They follow her.

INT. HOSTEL - ROOM TWELVE - NIGHT

Floyd wakes, gags as a disgusting smell assails his
nostrils. He jumps out of bed.

The Naked Guy farts and the sound of diarrhea has Floyd run
for the exit. He makes it outside and slams the door.

A few seconds later he reenters, a t-shirt wrapped around
his nose and mouth, and retrieves his prison bag.

EXT. HOSTEL - NIGHT

Floyd stands, unsure of which way to go. Notices some SHOPS further down the road and heads towards them.

EXT. SHOPS - NIGHT

Donna exits a SHOP, clutching a piece of paper.

The Gang is waiting for her.

She smiles.

DONNA

I'm looking for Alamo Street?

The Gang members exchange a knowing look.

GANGSTER1

We'll take you.

Donna beams.

DONNA

I had a feeling you lads would be OK. You look menacing but that's just your fashion. Hip Hop, yo.

Donna walks with them.

DONNA

I blame the TV, and British film. They make out like the streets are unsafe just so we don't go out partying any more. The less partying we do, the less productive we are. It's a conspiracy.

They pass Floyd who vaguely recognises Donna. She recognises him instantly.

DONNA

Floyd!

Floyd stops and stares, stares harder.

FLOYD

Donny?

INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

LITTLE DONNY (7), small and skinny, is shoved against LOCKERS by a group of KIDS.

One of them produces a dirty shoe and shoves it towards Donny's face.

LITTLE FLOYD (7), twice the size of the other Kids, appears with a roar.

The Kids turn, terrified, legs turn to jelly.

Floyd grabs the lead Kid and punches him.

Lights out.

EXT. SHOPS - NIGHT

Floyd remembers.

FLOYD

Oh my God, it's really you.

Floyd hugs her.

The Gang members pull faces in disgust.

GANGSTER1

We ain't got time for this
batty-hole bidness, you feel me?

GANGSTER2

Just give us your money.

Floyd separates and punches Gangster2 in the face, knocking him out cold.

Gangster1 punches Floyd in the cheek, barely moving him.

GANGSTER1 POV:

Floyd pulls his arm back in slow motion and launches it forwards. The immense fist covers all peripheral vision.

Lights out.

GANGSTERS

run away, leaving their two friends.

DONNA
I'm not sure why they suddenly
turned nasty.

FLOYD
They're bad people.

DONNA
Bastards. Who knows what they were
planning to do with me.

Floyd smiles.

DONNA
So when did you get out? Wow, this
is just crazy.

FLOYD
Few days ago. I slept rough until
they found me a place.

Floyd nods in the direction he just walked from.

DONNA
Why didn't you come to see me?

FLOYD
Probation said I should keep away
from you.

DONNA
Seeing me is wrong?

FLOYD
They just said it would be better.

DONNA
Well what the hell do they know?
Why are we still standing here?

Donna offers her arm.

FLOYD
I thought you'd be mad.

Floyd is hesitant.

DONNA
At my best friend?

Donna offers her arm more insistently.

Floyd takes it.

INT. POLICE STATION - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Detective Inspector CHUNT(40's), tall, slim, tailored suit, carrying a laptop bag, smiles at the civilian RECEPTIONIST and shows her his warrant card.

The Receptionist presses a buzzer.

Chunt nods his thanks then pulls on a security door.

CORRIDOR

Chief Superintendent DARCY (60's), a military air, strides towards Chunt.

DARCY

Got you a new office.

Chunt stops mid stride.

CHUNT

I know what you're doing.

DARCY

It's a new office.

Darcy smiles coldly.

CHUNT

I was doing my job. I'm sure any decent officer would do the same.

DARCY

You think?

CHUNT

Yes, I do.

DARCY

Some might say, you should stick by your colleagues no matter what.

CHUNT

If those colleagues are breaking the law then they deserve to be treated like any other criminal.

DARCY

Of course.

CHUNT

Keeping me separated from the rest
of the squad isn't going to change
who I am.

Darcy motions for Chunt to lead the way.

They walk a few paces.

DARCY

Here.

Chunt stares at a narrow, wooden door.

Darcy indicates to open it.

Chunt pushes open the door and steps inside.

CHUNT'S OFFICE

An ex broom cupboard. A desk that just about fits and two
wooden chairs.

CHUNT

Is this a joke?

DARCY

It's the digital age. How much
space do you need?

CHUNT

Why am I not in with C.I.D?

DARCY

You think I'm going to allow you
near the men? You're here until
you're transfer comes through.

Chunt sits on the edge of the desk.

CHUNT

I just want to get on with my
career.

Darcy chuckles.

DARCY

Career? Your career ends here. What
do you think will happen after your
transfer?

Darcy walks out.

Chunt takes a look around, then sits at the desk and sets up his laptop.

DC FLANKER (30's), off-the-rack suit and cheap shoes, taps gently on the door.

FLANKER

Hello, sir.

Chunt indicates for him to enter with a nod of the head.

CHUNT

You my new bodyguard?

FLANKER

I've been put with you until you're transferred, sir.

CHUNT

You happy about that?

FLANKER

Not particularly.

INT. DONNY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sparsely decorated, a threadbare three-piece suite, a carpet that's seen better days and an old coffee table sitting in front of an even older TV.

Floyd sits staring at the TV with the volume muted.

Donny, now with make-up and wig removed, but still in the dress, pours a glass of vodka and carries it to Floyd.

DONNY

Sorry, there's no ice.

Floyd takes it and sips.

FLOYD

What about you?

Donny pulls out a bag of white powder and chops some up on a mirror that he sets on the table. He snorts up two lines and sits next to Floyd.

FLOYD

Why do you dress up like that?

DONNY
You're not homophobic, are you?

FLOYD
What does that mean?

DONNY
It means you hate gay people.

FLOYD
I could never hate you.

Donny smiles.

DONNY
Aw, you're going to make me cry in
a minute.

FLOYD
I've missed you, Donny.

DONNY
I've missed you too, big guy.

LATER

Donny snores softly, deep in REM sleep, head rested on
Floyd's lap.

A film on the TV ends.

Floyd carefully extracts himself and walks into the

MAIN BEDROOM

where he admires the plushness of the satin sheets, stroking
the material between thumb and forefinger.

He opens the wardrobe doors and strokes his hand along the
rows of frocks.

In a partly-opened drawer he takes out a camisole and holds
it up, looking at it.

DONNY (OS)
Beautiful, isn't it.

Startled, Floyd scrunches up the camisole and throws it back
in the drawer. He turns to face Donny, looking guilty.

FLOYD
I thought --

DONNY
Yeah, I power nap. Ten minutes and
I'm done.

FLOYD
Sorry, I didn't mean to.

DONNY
It's fine. I don't think any of
that stuff will fit you though.

Floyd chuckles.

DONNY
Come on, you sleep here.

Donny leads Floyd into the

HALLWAY

and shows him the

SPARE ROOM

which contains a single bed with threadbare covers, the
walls are damp and wallpaper peeling.

DONNY
We can decorate.

Floyd flops onto the bed and closes his eyes.

FLOYD
This is perfect.

Donny watches him for a while, smiles affectionately.

DONNY
Goodnight, big guy.

FLOYD
Goodnight, Donny.

Donny sighs like a satisfied parent.

INT. CHUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Chunt is at his desk, tapping keys on the laptop.

Flanker enters.

FLANKER
Morning, sir.

CHUNT
Is it?

FLANKER
Sir?

Chunt looks out of the window.

CHUNT
So it is.

Chunt stretches.

FLANKER
You been here all night?

CHUNT
Just going through old cases. Time
got away from me.

Flanker raises an inquisitive eyebrow.

FLANKER
From here?

CHUNT
Yes.

Flanker nods, looks edgy.

CHUNT
There's one case here. Doesn't look
right.

FLANKER
Really?

Flanker sits on the desk and peers at the laptop screen.

CHUNT
Well there are quite a few
involving the same person, but this
one case is seriously perplexing.

Flanker chuckles.

FLANKER

Come on, sir. You're already in Darcy's bad books. I'm sure there's a perfectly reasonable explanation.

CHUNT

You are?

FLANKER

You've already ruined the career of one officer, why make it look like you're going for more?

CHUNT

There's nothing I hate more than a bad apple.

FLANKER

Then reveal those bad apples as they show up. Searching for them is just asking for trouble.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Little Donny and Little Floyd rifle through kids' lunch boxes, removing all the donuts, chocolate bars and treats, then hurry away.

Bell goes.

Kids run out of their classrooms, grab their lunch boxes and head out onto the

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

where other kids are already discovering that all they have is sandwiches today.

EXT. BIKE SHEDS - DAY

Little Donny peers around the corner into the PLAYGROUND and pulls back, sniggering.

Little Floyd sits amongst a pile of treats.

They grin mischievously at each other, then tuck in ravenously.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DONNY'S FLAT - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Floyd wakes, eyes dart here and there, gathering his whereabouts. He climbs out of bed, still fully dressed, and heads into the

HALLWAY

From outside the MAIN BEDROOM he can hear gentle snores. He opens the door and takes a peek inside.

MAIN BEDROOM

Donny is fast asleep, cuddling a teddy bear.

Floyd smiles and quietly shuts the door.

HALLWAY

Floyd heads into the

KITCHEN

and rummages through barren cupboards.

DONNY(OS)
There's nothing in.

Floyd clutches his chest in shock and turns to face Donny.

FLOYD
You were just --

Donny, dressed in cute, cartoon-printed pyjamas and a pink dressing gown, opens the fridge.

DONNA
Told ya. I power nap.

Inside is a small bag of white powder.

Donny pulls it out and holds the bag up in the air like a winning lottery ticket.

DONNY
Breakfast. There's not much left
but I can give you half. I need to
pick up in a minute anyway.

Floyd frowns while Donny prepares the powder, chopping it up on a board he's used many times for the same purpose. It even has a snorting tube fastened to it with blu tack.

FLOYD
Why do you take so much cocaine?

Donny stares at him, mouth agape.

DONNY
This aint the ritz, honey. It's speed. Anyway, how do you think I maintain this figure?

FLOYD
I can't eat that.

Floyd's stomach growls, emphasising his point.

FLOYD
I haven't eaten since yesterday. They took the rest of my money at the hostel.

Donny snorts up one of the lines, pauses, then does the other.

DONNY
Don't worry, we'll get you some food, big man. I just need to see my hook-up first.

Donny heads into the

MAIN BEDROOM

and pulls £35 from underneath the pillow.

Floyd appears in the doorway.

DONNY
I need to get ready, then we go out, OK?

Floyd nods and turns his back.

Donny places on some breast padding, stockings, ladies underwear, a tight frock and wig.

DONNA
You can turn around now.

Floyd turns and his jaw drops.

FLOYD
You look great.

DONNA
Shut up.

Donna chuckles modestly.

DONNA
I haven't even got foundation on
yet.

Donna turns to a mirror and generously applies extra-dark foundation, eyeliner and lipstick.

FLOYD
Have you got a job?

Donna puts on a set of fake eyelashes.

DONNA
This is my job, honey. I sing at
the club. Delectable Donna.

FLOYD
De-delecturable?

DONNA
Delectable. It means... I suppose
it means, good enough to eat.

Floyd chuckles.

DONNA
It's not really supposed to be
funny, but whatever.

Donna faces him, fully ready.

DONNA
Now... I look hot.

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nicely decorated, thick carpets, all mod cons, leather three-piece. 60" Plasma on the wall and a state-of-the-art PC in one corner.

JULIO (20's), skinny, gold-adorned, designer street wear, throws his head back ecstatically while a young BRUNETTE sucks him off.

The doorbell rings.

Brunette stops sucking and turns her head towards the door.

Julio sighs, pushes Brunette away and pulls himself together before moving to a video-link panel on the wall.

The large mugshot of REBROV (40's), complete psycho, long leather jacket, peers back at him from the panel.

Julio composes himself.

JULIO

Shit.

He presses a button on the video-link and leans into it to speak.

JULIO

Hi Rebrov.

REBROV

Let me in you dickhe --

Julio presses the button to cut him off, smiling weakly at Brunette, who isn't impressed.

Julio hurries into the

HALLWAY

and opens the FRONT DOOR.

Rebrov pushes past him

REBROV

There are people coming here soon.

and walks into the

LIVING ROOM

where he stops to appraise Brunette. She scowls and turns away, unimpressed.

REBROV

Hello pretty girl.

Julio follows in.

JULIO

What people?

Rebrov looks at him and nods, then points at Brunette.

REBROV
Is this your girlfriend?

JULIO
We've seen each other a few times.

REBROV
I would like to fuck her.

JULIO
Rebrov, please mate. It's not how we do things in our country.

REBROV
It is how I do things. My cock is much bigger than yours. Tell her.

Julio, embarrassed, looks at Brunette and shakes his head as though he doesn't know what Rebrov is talking about.

REBROV
You remember, that masturbation competition we had. You won that one, easily came first in less than a minute.

Brunette nods in agreement.

REBROV
But my cock dwarfed yours. You were like a little --

JULIO
So who are these people?

Rebrov takes a seat next to Brunette and taps her knee, warmly. She shuffles away. Rebrov pulls a hatchet from inside his jacket and lays it down on the coffee table.

REBROV
If they give us any trouble we --

Rebrov nods towards the hatchet.

JULIO
Why would they --

Doorbell rings.

Rebrov nods at the video-link.

Julio sighs, takes a look at the panel then turns to Rebrov.

JULIO
Couple of Asians.

REBROV
Let them in.

Julio presses a button on the intercom and speaks into it.

JULIO
Give me a second.

Julio looks at Brunette and Rebrov, who smiles innocently, before walking into the HALLWAY.

As soon as Julio is out of the room, Rebrov places his hand on frightened Brunette's thigh and squeezes tightly.

REBROV
After business I show you how a
real man treats a woman.

Brunette eyes the hatchet and Rebrov's crazed look.

BRUNETTE
Are you going to kill me?

REBROV
No, I'm your friend. Friends are
nice to each other.

INT. CHUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Flanker arrives with two cups of coffee.

Chunt is busy on his laptop.

Darcy walks in with some paperwork.

DARCY
Thought you might appreciate this.

He slaps the paperwork on the desk, grins and walks out.

Chunt reads through and shows it to Flanker, who scans it.

FLANKER
Low level drug dealer.

CHUNT
So I get fed the scraps until I go.

Flanker throws the folder onto Chunt's desk, it lands opened out on a picture of Julio.

FLANKER
It's something to do.

Chunt examines the photograph.

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julio leads in two Pakistani men, ABDUL (40's) and IMRAN (40's) both in sunglasses and expensive, well-tailored, suits.

Imran spits when he sees Rebrov.

IMRAN
Where is Iltaf, you bastard?

REBROV
Sit down. Sit down. You want drink?
Woman?

Rebrov grabs Brunette's arm.

IMRAN
We are Muslims, we don't sleep with
whores.

BRUNETTE
I'm not a whore.

REBROV
See, she's free.

Rebrov slaps her thigh, leaving her to figure out what she said wrong.

IMRAN
We're here for Iltaf.

REBROV
Of course. Business men get
straight to business. Have you got
my money?

JULIO
Would anyone like some coffee?

The doorbell rings. Everyone stares at the video-link.

EXT. JULIO'S FLAT - DAY

Donna and Floyd wait at the door. Floyd looks up at a video camera.

FLOYD
Is that a camera?

DONNA
Yeah, everything is all hi-tech
these days. Let me.

Donna moves Floyd to one side and smiles up into the camera.

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julio recoils as Donna's face looms into the tiny screen, grinning inanely.

JULIO
Jesus Christ, Donna.

REBROV
Who is it?

JULIO
Just a customer, I'll deal with
them quickly.

REBROV
Go, go. We business men are fine
discussing our business here, yes?

Abdul's hand twitches towards the inside of his jacket. Imran shakes his head, indicating that now is not the time.

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY

Julio opens the front door and blanches when he sees the size of Floyd.

JULIO
Hey Donna, you cool? Is this your,
er, friend?

DONNA
This is my best friend, Floyd.

Julio nods at Floyd, Floyd nods back and smiles.

DONNA
Can you do me an eighth?

JULIO
You got the cash?

Julio looks at Floyd, then back at Donna, quickly.

JULIO
Not that I wouldn't strap if you
needed it, you know.

DONNA
I got the money. I don't want to
get into debt to you again after
last time.

Julio swallows and shrugs at Floyd, not really understanding
what Donna is talking about.

JULIO
Come in, we'll do it in the
bedroom.

DONNA
Well I been there before too.

Donna walks in while Julio shakes his head in denial at
everything Donna says.

DONNA
You still got those black satin
sheets?

Donna walks into the

BEDROOM

Lusciously decorated with black satin covers on the bed.

Julio, still extremely nervous of Floyd, pulls a large bag
of speed from a drawer alongside a set of digital scales.

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rebrov pulls a mobile phone and fiddles with it for a while
before showing it to Abdul and Imran.

REBROV
Look at the screen.

Rebrov checks to make sure it is working, then shows them again.

REBROV

It's your brother. Look, he's alive. This is where I cut his ear off.

Screams come from the phone.

IMRAN

You're an animal.

REBROV

It's OK. I sewed it back on. There may be a small scar, but nothing serious. He still has his ear.

ABDUL

(in Urdu)

Release my brother, Russian filth!

Abdul stands and points a hand gun at Rebrov.

Rebrov sighs and carefully places the phone back in his pocket.

IMRAN

Give us our brother back.

Rebrov is unfazed.

REBROV

If you shoot me he will starve to death. Shoot me. I don't care.

ABDUL

(shouting in Urdu)

Tell us where he is, bastard, or I will kill you!

Rebrov calmly pulls out a packet of cigarettes and offers them one.

Both shake their heads.

Rebrov pulls one out and lights it.

REBROV

You are making me very angry now.

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Julio hands Donna a small bag of speed and takes £30.

DONNA
Mind if I chop up a line?

JULIO
Well I've got --

Julio looks at Floyd, who smiles back at him innocently.

JULIO
Sure, just hurry as I have some
business going on.

Donna prepares a line on a mirror handed to her by Julio.

DONNA
Who's the lucky girl?

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brunette curls up on the settee, trying not to be noticed.

Rebrov stands, picks up the hatchet.

IMRAN
Give us our brother and we let you
live.

REBROV
Give me my money or you will all
die!

ABDUL
(in Urdu)
I'm going to shoot!

IMRAN
(in Urdu)
No, wait!

REBROV
Speak in a language I can
understand!

ABDUL
Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

Abdul tenses as though to shoot.

Rebrov smashes the hatchet into Abdul's gun arm, knocking it in the direction of Imran and causing him to reflex-fire.

Imran is hit in the chest and falls to the floor, dying.

Brunette has a screaming fit.

REBROV

Now I'm going to kill your whole
fucking family!

Rebrov swings the hatchet and buries it near Abdul's collarbone. It gets stuck and Abdul falls to the ground before Rebrov can pull it back out.

Abdul slowly scuttles backwards in great pain.

Rebrov falls on top of him, pulls out the hatchet, then brings it down repeatedly, hacking him to death. Rebrov stands up, covered in blood.

Brunette screams with renewed vigour.

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

They can hear Brunette screaming repeatedly.

DONNA

That was a gunshot.

FLOYD

We have to help her.

JULIO

It's the TV.

DONNA

Doesn't sound like a TV to me.

Julio moves to the bedroom door.

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brunette is still screaming as Rebrov faces her, gun pointed at her head.

She stops abruptly and searches for a way out.

BRUNETTE

You still want to go to bed?

Brunette forces a smile.

Rebrov fires.

The bullet smashes into the center of her forehead.

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Donna hurriedly stashes the bag of speed into her bag.

FLOYD
What's going on?

Julio opens the bedroom door and steps out into the

HALLWAY

Rebrov points the gun.

Julio freezes.

REBROV
Is your friend still here?

Julio nods towards the bedroom door.

Rebrov sighs at the inconvenience, then fires, shooting Julio in the chest. Julio falls to the floor, wheezing.

Rebrov kicks open the bedroom door.

BEDROOM

Donna is caught in the headlights cowering on the bed as Rebrov, not noticing Floyd, aims the gun at her head.

Floyd grabs Rebrov in a bear hug and lifts him off the floor. Rebrov drops the gun in surprise and struggles, uselessly.

REBROV
You're as strong as a bear.

Floyd falls with Rebrov onto the bed and holds him there.

Donna picks up the gun, examines it, then it slips out of her hands.

The gun hits the floor and the jolt causes it to fire. A bullet ricochets around the room and hits

Rebrov in the temple, showering Floyd with blood.

DONNA
Floyd! Floyd!

Floyd lets go of Rebrov and stands, checks himself out. He's fine.

Moment of silence as they stare, simultaneously, at the doorway.

Floyd plucks up the courage and steps into the

HALLWAY

Julio is dead, face contorted in angst.

Donna appears, holding the gun.

DONNA
We should clean up the evidence.

FLOYD
What will we do with all the bodies?

DONNA
I mean the video evidence. There's a camera at the front door.

FLOYD
Where do we find that?

DONNA
I don't know... just look for something that records stuff.

They head into the

LIVING ROOM

and pause in horror when they see the bodies.

DONNA
We have to.

FLOYD
What if we just explained what happened?

DONNA
Don't even go there. They'll put you straight back into prison, no questions asked.

Floyd drops his head and nods.

DONNA

Now let's just find that recording thingy.

Floyd points at a DVD player.

FLOYD

What about that?

DONNA

Floyd, you're a genius. Check it out.

Donna waves, with the gun in her hand.

FLOYD

Be careful with that.

DONNA

I know what I'm doing, honey.

Floyd presses a button on the DVD player and a plain disc ejects.

DONNA

That must be it. Come on.

They head into the

HALLWAY

where Floyd's stomach loudly reminds him that he is hungry.

FLOYD

Wait, I won't be long.

Floyd walks into the

KITCHEN

and opens the fridge.

It is full of food, right at the front is a huge piece of steak.

HALLWAY

Floyd emerges from the kitchen clutching two carrier-bags full of food.

DONNA

Are you ready now?

Floyd nods and follows her out of the flat.

EXT. JULIO'S FLAT - DAY

Donna and Floyd pay no mind to the camera as they leave, Donna waves the gun around like it is an extension of her hand.

EXT JULIO'S FLAT - LATER

Chunt and Flanker approach the open front door, cautiously.

Flanker moves ahead, pepper spray at the ready. Chunt taps his arm, motions towards the camera. Flanker nods and steps inside. Chunt follows.

INT. JULIO'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY

Flanker steps over Julio's dead body and moves into the

BEDROOM

where Rebrov lies on a blood-soaked bed.

FLANKER

Another one in here, sir.

HALLWAY

Chunt peers into the KITCHEN and looks strangely at the open fridge door before continuing into the

LIVING ROOM

where he eyes the dead bodies.

Flanker follows in behind and shakes his head forlornly when he sees the Brunette.

FLANKER

Shame.

Chunt gives him a look but Flanker doesn't notice, instead he stands over the Brunette eying her assets.

CHUNT

Looks like they messed with the wrong people.

Flanker nods at the PC.

CHUNT

Highly doubtful but, strangely, it doesn't appear to have been touched.

Chunt wiggles the mouse and the screen comes on.

CHUNT

Unless they simply deleted the video files.

Chunt clicks a few buttons and pulls up the video from the front door.

ON THE MONITOR

Julio and Brunette arrive, kissing, they stumble inside the flat.

FAST FORWARD

Rebrov arrives.

FAST FORWARD

Imran and Abdul arrive.

FAST FORWARD

Donna and Floyd arrive. Donna pushes her face into the camera.

CHUNT

frowns as though he recognises her.

Flanker leans in for a closer look at the monitor.

FLANKER

A right pair of psycho's.

Chunt clicks a few keys.

CHUNT

Right, I've sent a copy to my email. Uniform can bag the hard drive.

FLANKER

Looks like you've landed on your feet, sir.

Chunt bridles.

CHUNT

So I was just supposed to come here and bust some kid with a few grams of speed?

Flanker ignores the question, poker-faced.

CHUNT

Good to know who's side you are on.

INT. DONNY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Floyd fries steak, head weighed down with the past events.

Donny, now without wig, dressed in casual pink jogging bottoms and fluffy slippers bounces around, exhilarated, while wiping the remaining make-up from his face.

DONNY

We were like Butch and Sundance, Frank and Jesse, erm...

Floyd turns off the stove and flips the steak in between two hunks of bread, picks them up and bites into it.

DONNY

What is it? What's wrong?

FLOYD

I'm not sure this is such a good idea.

Floyd walks into the

LIVING ROOM

and takes a seat on the settee. Donny follows and sits next to him.

DONNY

After all we've been through?

FLOYD

Seems that all we do is get into trouble. Maybe we're not so good for each other.

DONNY

Please don't leave me again, Floyd.

Floyd throws in the last bite of his steak sandwich and speaks with his mouth full.

FLOYD

I love you Donny, but I can't stay.

Donny chops another line, snorts it and brightens up.

DONNY

You'll stay tonight?

FLOYD

OK. Then tomorrow you help me find my own place.

DONNY

You got a deal.

INT. CHUNT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chunt works on the laptop.

Flanker plays with his phone.

Darcy enters, clutching a newspaper.

DARCY

What are you playing at?

CHUNT

Sir?

Darcy throws a newspaper onto Chunt's desk, opened out with a picture of Donna and Floyd leaving Julio's flat.

CHUNT

You wouldn't want to impede an investigation into two psychotic murderers.

DARCY

You're playing with fire Chunt, I'm warning you. One mistake and I'll be on you like a hundred piranha.

Darcy turns to leave.

CHUNT

I've also alerted the television news networks. It makes this evening's news.

Darcy bristles but leaves without acknowledgment.

FLANKER

Why are you winding him up?

CHUNT

He deserves it.

FLANKER

You're rubbing it in his face.

CHUNT

The fact that he's stitched me up and I've got one over on him. You're damn right I am.

Chunt smiles then turns the laptop around.

CHUNT

Take a look at this.

ON THE SCREEN

Floyd's face with the moniker, "FLOYD CUMBERPATCH".

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. LITTLE FLOYD'S, MOTHER'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

No carpet, stained walls, cheap furniture. Little Floyd's MOTHER (40's), skinny, unkempt, toots from a crack pipe and sinks into oblivion while listening to Nina Simone.

Little Floyd sits playing with some He-Man action figures. He looks up as the crack pipe falls from his Mother's hands onto the floor.

He gets up and leaves the Flat, closing the FRONT DOOR behind him.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Little Floyd stops running outside number 32. Noises can be heard from inside.

INT. NUMBER 32 - KITCHEN - DAY

Dirty floor, greasy walls, filthy appliances.

Little Donny's DAD (40's), overweight, unshaven, dressed in a string vest and shell-suit bottoms, downs the final dregs from a can of lager and crushes it right in the face of

MOM (40's), petite, black eye, dressed in rags.

DAD

Your fault, you bitch.

Mom cowers away as Dad raises his hand. She shields her head with her arm as he slaps her repeatedly.

He makes to walk into the LIVING ROOM. She, instinctively, grabs a hold of his arm.

MOM

No, please.

He turns on her, angrily. Growls in her face. She falls to the floor, a cowering mess. He storms into the

LIVING ROOM

Wallpaper peeling off the walls through damp. Threadbare carpet, dirty furniture.

Little Donny is sitting on the floor playing dress-up with an action man. Some of the clothes are handmade, pinks, pastels, the odd dab of glitter and make-up.

Dad stamps on Action Man.

Little Donny shuffles away, terrified.

Dad catches him and lifts him into the air.

DAD

You're not my son, do you hear
that, little queer bastard?

Donny tries his best to nod his head. Dad pushes his face into Little Donny's.

DAD
You're not my son!

Dad raises his hand, ready to strike.

The FRONT DOOR knocks.

Dad hesitates, looks towards the sound.

It knocks again.

Dad lets go of Little Donny and opens the Front Door.

Little Floyd smiles back at him.

LITTLE FLOYD
Can Donny come out, please?

Dad stares at him for a while, then turns his head and shouts into the house.

DAD
Donny, your little chocolate
boyfriend is here for you.

Donny appears, freshly beaten, smiles at Floyd.

LITTLE DONNY
Hi Floyd.

Little Floyd nods his head, indicating for Little Donny to come out. Little Donny looks at his Dad, who nods.

DAD
Off you go.

Donny hurries out of the house and runs away with Floyd.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DONNY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Floyd, fast asleep, flat out on the settee.

Donny, hands over his knees, eyes bulging at the TV.

ON THE TV

Floyd's mugshot.

Floyd staring into camera at Julio's flat.

Donna and Floyd leaving Julio's flat.

Freeze frame on Donna waving the gun.

DONNY

switches off the TV. Thinks. Searches Floyd, doesn't find anything then walks into the

KITCHEN

where he notices the gun on the counter. Turns away from it. Looking for something else. Opens cupboards. Not there. Thinks. Looks at the fridge, opens it. Plenty of food, then... there, under a packet of sausages, a DVD.

INT. DONNY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Donny presses play on the DVD player and sits back to watch.

ON THE TV

The opening credits for Thelma and Louise.

FLOYD

wakes, yawns, rubs his eyes.

FLOYD

What are you watching?

Donny switches off the DVD player and turns to Floyd, tears in his eyes.

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Chunt holds his nose as

Flanker searches the room, concentrating his efforts on Floyd's bed.

Naked Man is asleep and Drug Addict sits staring at them.

Flanker finishes the search.

FLANKER

Nothing, sir.

CHUNT

What do we expect from a man fresh out of prison?

FLANKER

What next?

CHUNT

We wait.

FLANKER

What about the transvestite? He couldn't have just pulled one of them out of thin air, there must be a connection somewhere.

CHUNT

We'll find it.

INT. DONNY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Donny and Floyd sit watching a news rerun.

ON THE TV

Donna and Floyd exiting Julio's flat with the gun and two bags of shopping.

DONNY

switches off the TV and they sit in silent contemplation.

DONNY

They think those two bags you're carrying are full of drugs.

FLOYD

What if we tell them the truth?

DONNY

The truth? How are we going to prove we didn't kill those people and that that wasn't two huge bags of drugs you were carrying with a face like a kid at christmas?

Donny chops up a line of speed and snorts it.

FLOYD

I'm going back to prison.

DONNY

They have to catch us first.

FLOYD
I didn't want this.

Donny sits next to him and takes his hand.

DONNY
It was always going to be this way.
You and me belong together forever,
you know that.

Floyd smiles.

DONNY
If they want us, they're going to
have to catch us.

Donny reaches out his hand.

DONNY
Forever. This time, nobody is
splitting us up.

Floyd takes his hand.

INT. MALE STRIP CLUB - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

A central platform where a well-muscled, semi-naked, male
DANCER gyrates around a pole. CUSTOMERS circle and leer.

Plenty of empty tables and a

BAR AREA

a young male TENDER, naked aside from a bow tie, serves
drinks, while

Semi-naked WAITERS flirt around Customers, deliver drinks
and offer private dances.

Donna, short blonde wig, tight sparkly frock, high heels,
matching handbag strides across the floor and bangs on the
OFFICE DOOR. She waits a moment and then walks in.

OFFICE

Dirty and dishevelled just like

BASTARD (50's), who sits at a crappy little desk watching
gay porn on a computer that should be extinct, he turns his
fat head and leers at Donna, licks his rubbery lips.

BASTARD
What happened last night?

DONNA
I need your help.

Bastard leans back, chuckles.

BASTARD
You know I'm always happy to help.

DONNA
This is serious.

BASTARD
So am I.

Donna turns away.

DONNA
I thought this would be a mistake.

Two DOORMEN enter and bar the door.

BASTARD
You think I don't watch the news?

Donna turns on him.

Bastard chuckles.

DONNA
You owe me two weeks wages. I just
want my money.

BASTARD
Donna, Donna, Donna...

Bastard looks to the Doormen who chuckle at Donna's naivety.

DONNA
What?

BASTARD
You need to get away and I can help
you. Nobody will ever see you
again. Aside from subscribers on
the internet.

DONNA
No. No. My friend is outside. I
just needed your help. I'm not
going to be your sex slave.

Bastard rubs at his crotch.

BASTARD
You ain't got no choice in the
matter.
(to Doormen)
Bend her over the desk.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Floyd stands near a pink suitcase on wheels and peers through a heavily dirt-stained window into Bastard's office.

The Doormen grab Donna, pinning her arms behind her back.

Floyd looks around in a panic. He picks up the suitcase.

INT. BASTARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bastard chuckles as the Doormen bend Donna over the desk, pull up her dress.

Bastard stands behind her, undoes his trousers, licks his lips.

BASTARD
I've always wanted to try you out.

DONNA
Just let me go.

BASTARD
I'm going to look after you.

The window smashes and the glass is pushed all the way through with the pink suitcase.

Floyd forces himself through the window, lands on the floor with a hulk-like roar.

The Doormen head towards him.

Bastard heads to a drawer in his desk, opens it, a gun.

Floyd picks up one of the Doormen and slams him hard against the wall.

Doorman2 hesitates.

Floyd throws a punch and lifts Doorman2 off his feet.

BASTARD

You know I've got every right to shoot you.

Bastard aims the gun at Floyd.

DONNA

Floyd!

Floyd turns to face Bastard just as he fires. The bullet grazes off Floyd's forehead and ricocheting off the light fitting before hitting Bastard in the chest. Bastard stares in shock at his chest and then the gun, then accusingly at Floyd.

BASTARD

You shot me.

Floyd shakes his head in denial, shows that his hands are free.

Bastard falls to the floor, dead.

Donna stares at Floyd, open-mouthed in shock.

FLOYD

It wasn't me.

DONNA

He... he killed himself.

Floyd touches the flesh wound on his forehead.

DONNA

How the hell did he do that?

Police sirens int he distance.

DONNA

Oh forget this.

Donna heads to the pink case opens and pulls out the gun.

FLOYD

What are you doing?

DONNA

I'm getting out of here and I ain't climbing through a window. Not for the cost of this damned frock, no way.

Donna kicks open the office door and strides out onto the

MAIN FLOOR

Where several more Henchmen block their way. One of them a large MAN, almost as big as Floyd.

Donna points the gun.

DONNA

I got this one, sugar.

Henchmen raise their hands and move out of the way.

Donna jumps onto one of the tables and fires the gun at the ceiling. She realises too late what she has done.

The bullet ricochets around the room, causing several people to duck, then lands in the speaker.

Donna grins triumphantly and points the gun around the room.

DONNA

Nobody move or I'll execute every last motherfeckin' one of you!

Everyone looks at each other, puzzled.

Donna frowns.

DONNA

Did I get it wrong?

Floyd reaches up his hand. Donna smiles and takes it.

DONNA

Feck 'em.

Floyd nods and they walk out together.

INT. CHUNT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chunt sits, looking at his laptop screen.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

Donna jumps onto the table and points the gun around the room.

DONNA

Nobody move or I'll execute every last one of you.

Donna frowns.

DONNA

Did I get it wrong?

Floyd reaches up his hand. Donna smiles...

CHUNT

freezes frame on Donna's smile. Rewinds, plays, stops again.

Flanker enters holding a sheet of paper.

FLANKER

Found out the transvestite's name,
sir.

CHUNT

It's Donna.

FLANKER

Close, sir. It's a bloke called,
Donald.

Chunt hides his irritation.

CHUNT

You got an address?

Flanker rattles the paper, affirmatively. Chunt stares a moment longer at the screen, then closes the lid.

EXT. DONNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

The front door is hanging where someone has forced entry.

Chunt and Flanker approach cautiously. Flanker draws his pepper spray and holds it out like a gun. He gently kicks open the front door.

FLANKER

Police! Is anyone at home?

Flanker looks to Chunt, who nods. Flanker cautiously enters.

FLANKER

We are entering now. Please stay
where you are.

INT. DONNY'S FLAT - HALLWAY -NIGHT

Paperwork, magazines and clothes litter the floor. Through open doorways it is clear someone has burgled the place.

Flanker moves stealthily, kicking open each door, ready to spray anyone that gets in the way.

FLANKER

Clear.

Chunt walks in.

FLANKER

They lived like tramps.

Chunt casts an eye over the mess.

CHUNT

The front door suggests this place has had a going over.

They head into the

MAIN BEDROOM

and search through the wardrobe where some things are still hanging.

CHUNT

Whoever robbed this place wasn't very bright or they'd have taken the frocks.

FLANKER

Most likely drug addicts looking for easy money.

CHUNT

Usually the way.

FLANKER

What are we looking for, sir?

Chunt sifts through some photographs of Donna in various drag outfits, pockets several while Flanker isn't looking.

Flanker turns on him. Chunt tosses the photographs nonchalantly onto the bed, smiles innocently.

Flanker eyes the photographs suspiciously, then carefully places them all together and turns them over so only the backs can be seen.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

TEEN DONNY(16) looks around nervously while

TEEN FLOYD(16) bends the top of the door frame back on a brand new NOVA, reaches an arm inside and flips up the lock. He slides his arm out then opens the door, pauses to grin victoriously at

TEEN DONNY

who bounces from foot to foot in excitement.

TEEN DONNY
Open the door, open the door!

Teen Floyd gets into the

INT. NOVA - NIGHT

and relishes the smell, strokes his hands over the steering wheel, reaches over and opens the passenger door.

Teen Donny climbs in and shuts the door.

TEEN DONNY
Quickly, Floyd.

Teen Floyd strokes various parts of the interior.

TEEN FLOYD
I'm going to have a car just like this when I'm older.

TEEN DONNY
When we're older we can steal a Jaguar or something.

TEEN FLOYD
No... I like this. Has to be this.

TEEN DONNY
Well come on then. We haven't got it yet.

Teen Floyd places both hands below the steering column, whispers

TEEN FLOYD

I'm sorry.

and rips the cover off. He throws the cover into the back of the car. Grabs the steering wheel with both hands and yanks it hard to the left, breaking the steering lock.

TEEN DONNY

Hurry, Floyd.

Teen Floyd pulls out a screwdriver and taps off the ignition barrel, then inserts the screwdriver, twists.

The engine turns over and roars into life.

TEEN DONNY

Woo-hoo!

Teen Donny turns up the radio and winds down his window as they accelerate away at speed.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Donna shoves speed into her nostrils using a fingernail while Floyd dozes on the bench. The pink suitcase sits on the floor.

DONNA

We need a car.

Floyd suddenly wakes up.

FLOYD

Nova.

Donna pulls a face.

DONNA

They're a little out-dated.

Floyd rubs sleep out of his eyes and looks at Donny with giddy innocence.

FLOYD

You remember, Donny?

DONNA

Donna.

FLOYD
Sorry Donny, Don... Donna.

DONNA
Yeah, I remember.

FLOYD
Can we buy one?

DONNA
What... a Nova?

Floyd nods his head excitedly.

Donna struggles to find the words that will let him down easily. She looks into his big puppy eyes and melts.

DONNA
OK. If we just happen to find an
out-dated Nova we can aff--

Floyd leaps off the bench and drags her along a

STREET

A few yards along they arrive at a NEWSAGENT window.

Written on an A4 piece of paper is an advert for a "NOVA, £199.99 ono." A small picture of the Nova in question.

DONNA
OK. Let's buy a Nova.

Floyd fist pumps.

INT. CHUNT'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chunt walks in from the KITCHEN, mobile to his ear in one hand and a piece of toast in the other.

CHUNT
Donna?

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

Donna stands, huddled and alone, in the middle of a residential street, phone cradled against her ear.

Opened out, next to the phone, is the newspaper article concerning the robberies, circled in red lipstick is a mobile phone number.

DONNA
Yes, it's me.

INT. CHUNT'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chunt smiles.

CHUNT
We've met before.

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

Donna looks around nervously.

CHUNT (THROUGH PHONE)
A few nights ago.

Donna gasps as she remembers.

DONNA
I remember your voice.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BASTARD'S MALE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Chunt takes his drink from the bar and turns to see

Donna on the stage, lip-syncing "Bust your Windows" by
Jazmine Sullivan.

CHUNT(VO)
I was captivated.

Chunt takes a seat at a table near the stage.

DONNA(VO)
I noticed.

Donna puts extra oomph into her performance.

Chunt raises his glass.

Donna pauses in her lip-sync to smile.

CHUNT(VO)
You performed brilliantly.

DONNA(VO)

I know.

Their eyes lock throughout the song and when it is over she glides to his table.

DONNA

May I?

He nods. She sits.

CHUNT

Chris.

Donna smiles coyly.

DONNA

Donna.

Chunt places a hand on Donna's thigh.

DONNA(VO)

That was all we needed to say.

Chunt stands and holds out his hand.

Donna smiles and takes it.

DONNA(VO)

I thought you were going to lead me
to the dance floor.

Chunt takes Donna past the dance floor and into the

MENS TOILETS

where they embrace in a passionate clinch, falling into one of the cubicles.

Chunt leans an arm either side of the cubicle as Donna goes down on him.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CHUNT'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chunt peers out of the window.

CHUNT

I didn't recognise you right away.

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

Donna chuckles.

DONNA

Cheeky.

INT. CHUNT'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chunt smiles.

CHUNT

The video was very grainy.

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

Donna looks around, makes sure nobody is around.

DONNA

Tell me the truth.

INT. CHUNT'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chunt sighs.

CHUNT

Your only way out is to blame it on
your friend.

Long pause.

CHUNT

Donna?

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

The phone dangles free, swinging.

CHUNT (THROUGH PHONE)

Donna? Donna?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Donna teeters over to a Nova parked a few hundred yards away
and gets in.

INT. NOVA - DAY

Floyd is fast asleep with the seat pulled as far back as it can go. The pink suitcase is in the back.

Donna pulls the gun from under her seat and stares at it for a while before putting the barrel in her mouth.

Floyd wakes up and gasps in shock.

Donna quickly removes the gun.

FLOYD
What are you doing?

DONNA
I was... just cleaning it.

FLOYD
Are you mad? You could hurt yourself cleaning it like that. I think I should look after it from now on.

Floyd takes the gun and places it under his seat.

FLOYD
You ready?

Donna nods and Floyd starts the engine.

EXT. IPCC BUILDING - DAY

Chunt walks into the building, passing a placard declaring: "Independent Police Complaints Commission".

INT. IPCC - RECEPTION - DAY

Chunt strides straight past the RECEPTIONIST and into an adjacent

OFFICE

HILDA (40's), sits before a large oak desk. On it is a placard declaring: "CHAIR, DAME HILDA".

HILDA
Don't you ever knock?

Receptionist arrives behind Chunt. Hilda waves her away.

HILDA
I take it this isn't a social call.

CHUNT
It's about Cassidy.

HILDA
Go on.

CHUNT
I've been going through old cases.

HILDA
There really is no stopping you.

CHUNT
There are anomalies.

HILDA
Considering you really want to be a
police officer, you're not doing a
very good job of it.

CHUNT
What do you mean?

HILDA
This crusade you're on to bring
down every bad cop in the country.
It isn't doing your career any
good.

CHUNT
Can you help me or not?

HILDA
Not. At least, not right now.

CHUNT
Darcy is bent.

HILDA
He also has powerful friends.

CHUNT
So I just walk away?

HILDA
Do you care about your career?

CHUNT
I don't think so. Not any more. I
joined for different reasons.

HILDA

I'm not the person you should be speaking to about this.

CHUNT

You offered me a job once, does that still stand?

The question catches Hilda off guard. She flounders for a while.

HILDA

Yes. Yes, of course it does.

CHUNT

Then just help me with this one case. Then I'm all yours. I'll happily work for you.

HILDA

We need more.

CHUNT

I'll get it.

INT. NOVA - TRAVELLING - DAY

Donna turns the radio down.

DONNA

So, where are we going to go?

FLOYD

Dover.

DONNA

You thinking, France?

Floyd shakes his head.

FLOYD

I want to live in Dover.

DONNA

We can't live in Dover, Floyd.

Floyd's smile disappears.

DONNA

We have to leave the country.

The ramifications sink slowly into Floyd's skull.

FLOYD
I'm scared, Donny.

DONNA
I know you are. I am too. At least
we're afraid together.

Donna shovels some speed into her nostrils.
Blue and red lights flash through the interior.

FLOYD
I can outrun them.

Donna looks at him doubtfully.

DONNA
They don't know we're in this car
yet, maybe it's a routine stop.

Floyd shakes his head, doubtful.

DONNA
I'll keep him busy.

Floyd hesitates for a while then stops the car on a

EXT. QUIET ROAD - DAY

The police car stops behind and a porcine, sweaty, PIG
(40's), climbs out. He wipes perspiration from his brow,
readies his pepper spray, and walks slowly towards the Nova.

PIG
Keep your hands where I can see
'em.

His hand hovers over the pepper spray, high-noon-style.

The passenger-side door opens. Pig pulls the spray in
anticipation, readies it to fire... stops, jaw drops.

Donna's shapely leg slides out of the car, sleekly followed
by the other one.

PIG
I'm sorry, Miss. You never know who
you're going to be dealing with.

DONNA
That's OK officer.

Donna gets out, leans against the car and winks.

Pig licks his lips suggestively.

PIG

What's a pretty thing like you
doing out here all al...

Pig bends, looks into the NOVA and notices Floyd. Floyd waves nervously. Pig pulls a face.

PIG

Let's me and you go and speak away
from this man.

Pig glances suspiciously at Floyd.

DONNA

OK. No problem.

Donna follows Pig to the police car. Pig speaks in hushed tones.

PIG

Are you safe, Miss?

DONNA

Safe? Well I have regular check
ups. I suppose I'm pretty safe,
unless something happened in the
past six weeks... it hasn't --

PIG

I mean, from the man in the Nova.

DONNA

Oh him, yes, he's my partner.

Pig stiffens.

PIG

Ah, then I have to treat you a
little differently.

Pig manhandles Donna, forcing her to place her hands on the bonnet of the car.

PIG

Do not resist.

Donna complies.

DONNA

What is this about?

Pig searches Donna slowly, starting from her ankles, sliding his hand seductively up her calf.

PIG

Plenty of drug mules driving this route.

DONNA

Why would you think I'm a mule?

Pig moves to her thighs, saliva froths at his lip. He pauses, then moves up to the crotch and has a little feel around. He stands up, looking smug, pushes his groin into her backside.

PIG

Well, well, well.

Pig takes a deep breath, savouring the moment, groin nudging against her.

PIG

You're so scared, those drugs just fell right out into your little panties.

Donna turns around. Pig pushes her against the car with his stomach.

DONNA

Look, I can explain.

PIG

You got two options here, whore. You can either, you and your boyfriend, be arrested for carrying... what I'm guessing to be... a bag of crack cocaine and a small,

Pig indicates a two-inch measurement between thumb and forefinger to emphasise his point.

PIG (CONT.)

teensy-weensy stick of hash.

Donna bridles.

PIG

Or, you can do something for me.

Pig winks suggestively and pushes against her.

INT. NOVA - DAY

Floyd looks in the

REAR VIEW

Donna is being led into the back of the police car.

FLOYD

retrieves the gun and opens the door.

EXT. QUIET ROAD - NIGHT

Pig pushes Donna onto the back seat of the police car.

PIG

Show me.

Donna doesn't understand.

Pig points at her breasts.

PIG

What you're packing.

Donna points at her breasts.

Pig nods his head and licks his lips in anticipation.

DONNA

You sure you want it.

Donna wiggles her chest from side-to-side.

Pig nods his head, hand rubs at his groin.

PIG

Get 'em out.

Donna pulls her dress down revealing her fake, foam, breasts.

Pig stares, not knowing what to make of it.

Floyd appears behind him, gun to the back of his head.

FLOYD

Let her go.

Pig raises his hands.

PIG

I think there's been some type of mistake.

Floyd pushes the gun harder, hand shaking.

PIG

I don't know if you realise this or not, friend, but this isn't actually a real woman.

Donna slaps Pig across the face.

DONNA

I'm more woman than anything you've ever stuck your dick in, honey.

As Pig recoils from the slap he reaches for and pulls the pepper spray.

Floyd is preoccupied watching Donna climb out of the back of the car.

Pig sprays a stream of pepper into Floyd's face.

Floyd cries out and reflex fires the gun, shooting Pig in the shoulder. Pig cries out and slumps to the ground crying.

Floyd drops to his knees, groaning in pain, trying to rub the chemicals from his eyes with the backs of his hands, gun weaving here and there between thumb and forefinger.

FLOYD

I can't see. Donny, help me. I can't see.

Donna stares at Pig.

DONNA

Is he dead?

Donna dodges the gun and manages to take it from him as she helps Floyd to his feet.

FLOYD

It was an accident.

Donna aims the gun at Pig's head.

DONNA

We've got no choice.

She squeezes gently on the trigger.

Floyd places his hand over hers, lowers the gun.

FLOYD

No.

DONNA

Then what? You think he's going to say what good people we are? How we could have killed him but didn't. That happens in all the films, you know. We let the bad guy live and he comes back to haunt us later.

FLOYD

He's not the bad guy.

Donna looks at him questioningly.

FLOYD

We are.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The Nova pulls up, a passenger door opens and Pig is unceremoniously pushed out.

He lands on the ground, clutching his shoulder, groaning.

INT. CHUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Chunt sits at his desk waiting for the phone to ring.

Flanker enters.

FLANKER

An officer has been shot.

CHUNT

Them?

FLANKER

He was pushed out of a Nova outside a hospital.

Chunt stands, grabs his coat.

FLANKER

They've shot one of us. All bets are off.

CHUNT

They also dropped him off at a hospital. We're the police, not avenging angels.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Teen Donny hangs his head out of the passenger window as the Nova roars along.

TEEN DONNY

Woo-hoo!

The Nova weaves and spins, eventually stopping at the edge of a white cliff.

Teen Donny and Teen Floyd climb out and look over the edge at the sea and crashing waves below.

TEEN DONNY

Where are we?

Teen Floyd shrugs.

TEEN FLOYD

I just know the way.

Teen Floyd stares entranced at the waves thrashing against the rocks.

Teen Donny breathes in deeply.

TEEN DONNY

It's beautiful.

TEEN FLOYD

You like it?

TEEN DONNY

I love it.

Floyd looks at him and smiles.

TEEN DONNY

Shit.

TEEN FLOYD

What?

TEEN DONNY
I promised Dad I'd be back.

Teen Donny heads to the car.

Teen Floyd takes a final look at the sea and follows him.

INT. NOVA - DRIVING - DAY

Teen Donny bites his fingernails.

TEEN DONNY
He's going to kill me this time.

TEEN FLOYD
I'll stay with you.

TEEN DONNY
He'll kill you too.

TEEN FLOYD
I don't care.

TEEN DONNY
This is all your fault anyway.

Teen Floyd looks hurt.

TEEN DONNY
Why did you have to take me all the way out there?

TEEN FLOYD
I thought that you'd like it.

TEEN DONNY
I can't believe this. I just can't believe it.

Teen Floyd stops the car a few houses away from Donny's.

TEEN DONNY
He's at the door.

Teen Donny jumps out of the car.

TEEN DONNY
Just keep away from me for a while.

Teen Floyd looks hurt as Teen Donny slams the door.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Donny's DAD (40's), stands on the doorstep, fists and jaw clenched tight.

Teen Donny runs up the path.

TEEN DONNY
I'm sorry Dad.

Dad looks up and down the street, makes sure nobody is looking, then smacks Teen Donny around the back of the head as he passes on his way in. Dad follows him in, closes the door.

INT. DAD'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Dad tenses, spittle froths at his bottom lip, hands clench.

Teen Donny cowers, slowly backpedals.

Dad storms towards him.

Teen Donny speeds up but isn't fast enough, Dad catches him, throws him with one hand against a wall, pins him there, gets in his face.

DAD
You just don't care about anyone
but yourself. Selfish little punk.

Dad rains blow after blow.

DAD
Selfish little bastard!

Teen Floyd appears in the hallway.

TEEN FLOYD
Stop!

Dad turns, anger replaces surprise, back to anger again.

DAD
What are you doing in my house?

TEEN FLOYD
Please sir, just leave him alone.

Teen Floyd looks unsure of himself.

Dad sneers.

TEEN DONNY
Just go Floyd, please.

DAD
Your little nigger friend here to
save the day.

Dad steps towards Teen Floyd. Teen Floyd raises his hands like a boxer. Dad chuckles.

DAD
I'm gonna enjoy this.

Dad throws a fast jab into Teen Floyd's nose, making it bleed. Dad throws another two that daze Teen Floyd.

Teen Floyd swings a haymaker, misses.

Dad throws a right hook that cracks Teen Floyd's cheekbone. Teen Floyd falls to the floor unconscious.

DAD
Now, let me teach you some manners.

Dad, face contorted with rage, raises his foot to stamp on Teen Floyd's head. His face suddenly contorts in pain. His hand reaches behind his back and he wheezes for air. He turns to face

TEEN DONNY

who has a guilty look on his face.

A kitchen knife is stuck in Dad's back.

Dad roars and runs at Teen Donny, lifts him into the air by his neck then body-slams him onto the floor. Puts both hands around his throat, squeezes.

Dad suddenly arches his back and falls off Teen Donny.

Teen Floyd behind him, knife in his hand. He exchanges a glance with Teen Donny.

Teen Donny shakes his head.

Teen Floyd kneels and repeatedly stabs Dad, long after he is dead.

Teen Donny, horrified, scuttles backwards towards the FRONT DOOR where several POLICE officers have turned up. One of them grabs Teen Floyd's wrists.

Dad lies there, blood-soaked, eyes open, staring at Teen Donny.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Nova pulls to a stop and the engine is switched off.

INT. NOVA - DAY

Donna and Floyd sit in silence for a while staring at the Abandoned Warehouse.

FLOYD
We going to stay here?

DONNA
Just till dark.

Donna gets out of the car and walks towards the building.

Floyd gets out and follows her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Pig is lying in bed with a smug grin on his face as Chunt and Flanker walk in.

PIG
Gave me my own room.

CHUNT
Yes... I can see that. Very nice.

PIG
All mod con's. Every channel on the internet.

Pig wiggles his eyebrows suggestively.

PIG
Still though, I'm lucky to be alive.

CHUNT
It's a shoulder wound.

Pig looks imploringly at Flanker.

PIG
Who's side is he on?

 CHUNT
I'm on the side of the law.

 PIG
Yeah, well, so am I and they shot
me. I was lucky to get away with my
life.

 CHUNT
I'd appreciate you keeping this
under your hat for a little while.

 DARCY(OS)
Too late for that.

Darcy walks in, picks up the TV remote and turns it on.

ON THE SCREEN

A news REPORTER stands on the QUIET ROAD where Pig was shot.

OFFICERS mill about.

DARCY

turns up the volume.

REPORTER

points at an area behind some police tape, a patch of blood
on the ground.

 REPORTER
... is where the Officer was shot.
The Officer is in hospital and
believed, at this present time, to
be stable. But, as in all gunshot
cases, we can never be sure just
how far out of the water this poor
Officer really is. Yet another hero
cruelly cut down by the brutality
of wanted criminals, Donny and
Floyd --

DARCY

switches off the TV.

CHUNT

I can bring them in, I just need more time.

DARCY

This is too big for you, Chunt.

CHUNT

This is my case.

DARCY

Not any more.

CHUNT

Please.

DARCY

Please? You think those good men whose careers you ruined wouldn't have loved the opportunity to beg?

Chunt storms out.

Flanker pauses, looks at Darcy, then follows Chunt.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Large open space with several smaller rooms leading off it.

Donna and Floyd survey the dust and broken windows.

DONNA

It's just for a few hours.

They head to a door leading to one of the smaller rooms and open it.

SMALLER ROOM

Tiny room with only a small window letting in light.

ILTAF (40's), shirt and trousers that are shredded like they've been jammed into a paper shredder, blindfold, gagged and tied to a chair that has toppled over on its side.

MAIN FLOOR

Donna slams the door and walks away.

DONNA
This is unbelievable.

Floyd hurries after her.

DONNA
Another dead guy that isn't our
fault.

FLOYD
We can't just leave him.

Donna turns on him.

DONNA
Do you understand how this looks,
Floyd? All of it?

FLOYD
He might be alive.

Donna groans, defeatedly.

Floyd walks towards the Smaller Room.

Donna follows him.

DONNA
As soon as we go in there and touch
that body, forensics will know
we've been here.

Floyd pushes open the door.

SMALLER ROOM

Iltaf is lying in the same position.

Donna and Floyd stand over him.

DONNA
He looks dead to me and now we've
contaminated the whole room with
our presence.

Floyd bends and taps Iltaf's shoulder.

Iltaf opens his eyes and tries to twist his head to look at
Floyd but can't see him properly. Iltaf whimpers.

DONNA
He's alive!

Iltaf struggles violently against his bonds while screaming ineffectively through the gag.

Donna looks him in the eye and places a finger to her lips.

Iltaf, even more terrified, struggles and screams harder.

Donna moves away, perplexed.

DONNA
What's wrong with him?

Floyd kneels in front of Iltaf and smiles broadly.

FLOYD
We're not here to hurt you.

Iltaf asks with his eyes, "Are you sure?"

FLOYD
Honest.

Floyd reaches forward and lowers the gag.

ILTAF
Did my brothers pay?

Floyd and Donna exchange a glance.

DONNA
What is he talking about?

Iltaf goes into a panic, struggles violently against his binds.

ILTAF
You bastards! Help me! Help me!

He cries.

ILTAF
Why? Why didn't they just pay the money? Why? Bastards! Bastards! bast... a...rds.

He cries harder.

FLOYD
We don't know your brothers.

Iltaf pulls himself together enough to speak.

ILTAF
So you are hired killers.

FLOYD
We're rescuing you.

Floyd unties Iltaf. Iltaf scrunches into a ball.

ILTAF
Just get it over with.

DONNA
You're free to go.

Iltaf lies there for a while longer.

ILTAF
I will not run for you. Give me the
honour of killing me like a man.

FLOYD
We're not going to hurt you. We're
rescuing you.

DONNA
Yeah, we're heroes, now off you go.

Iltaf looks at the two of them, realisation finally dawning
that perhaps his time isn't up after all.

ILTAF
You swear?

FLOYD
I promise, you are free. Run, run
away, be free.

Iltaf allows himself a smile then dismisses it. It creeps
back.

DONNA
Just go, before we change our
minds.

Floyd gives Donna a disappointed look.

Iltaf gets up and runs out of the room.

Donna and Floyd step out onto the

MAIN FLOOR

and watch him run out of the building. Floyd sighs, satisfied.

DONNA

We're still fecked, but yeah, I feel better about it.

FLOYD

Where are we going to sleep?

DONNA

Well, we can't stay here anymore.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Iltaf breathes in the fresh air of freedom.

Above his head, a section of the wall breaks away and falls.

Iltaf steps forward just as the brickwork smashes into the floor behind him. He breathes a sigh of relief and thanks Allah with a look to the heavens.

Then he is away. For real.

INT. CHUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Chunt is at his desk, laptop open.

Flanker walks in with an atmosphere.

Chunt senses it.

CHUNT

Everything OK?

Darcy, along with three HENCHMEN, follow in behind.

CHUNT

Ah.

Chunt stands and moves around to the front of the desk.

DARCY

You just couldn't help yourself.

CHUNT

What do you mean?

DARCY
You've highlighted me for an
investigation.

Chunt looks surprised.

DARCY
I have friends. Far more than you
do, obviously.

Darcy nods and one of the henchmen closes the door.

DARCY
You're being transferred.

Chunt is taken aback.

DARCY
What's that? You think I'm
making a big mistake.

Chunt stares at him, puzzled.

DARCY
What are you doing, Chunt. Put your
hands down. I'm not going to pay
for any... ah, ah, ah.

Darcy feigns being hit then reaches into his jacket and
pulls out a cannister of pepper spray.

DARCY
It's beyond my control. No! No!

Darcy sprays Chunt in the face with the pepper spray.

Chunt reels away screaming.

DARCY
Calm down, D.I. Chunt!

Darcy nods to

FLANKER

who throws a right hook, knocking Chunt against the desk.

Chunt touches his sore face, unable to see.

DARCY
Self defence Chunt, and I have all
these witnesses.

Flanker knees Chunt in the midriff, drags him around and throws him onto the floor.

Darcy places his foot on Chunt's face.

DARCY
So much for your career.

Darcy grinds his foot in.

DARCY
Toodle-oo, Chunt.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM TWELVE - NIGHT

Donna helps Floyd climb in through the window.

FLOYD
It's OK. I can do it.

Donna moves away as Floyd heaves himself onto the floor. He gets up, takes a look around.

Two single beds, very close together, a tiny en-suite consisting of a sani-flush toilet and a shower designed for anorexic midgets.

FLOYD
Nice.

DONNA
You're joking, right?

Floyd tries out his bed, lies back and closes his eyes.

Donna stares at him incredulously.

DONNA
You going to take a shower?

FLOYD
Too tired.

DONNA
Rather you than me, honey.

Donna undresses, removes her padding, and squeezes into the shower cubicle, screeching as ice cold water hits her.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM TWELVE - NIGHT

Donny walks out of the en suite, a towel wrapped around his body, switches on the TV.

ON THE SCREEN

Images of Donna and Floyd from the MALE STRIP CLUB, the QUIET ROAD, police tape, blood. Photograph of Pig with his WIFE and CHILDREN

DONNY

turns and finds Floyd staring at the screen. Donny switches it off.

FLOYD

Did he die?

DONNY

No, he didn't die. You saw him, he was fine.

Donny rummages through the case, pulls out a blonde wig and puts it on his head - checks himself out in the en-suite mirror.

FLOYD

Then why did they show his wife and kids?

Donny applies make-up.

DONNY

It's the news. They sensationalise everything.

Donny reaches for the padding and feels self conscious.

DONNY

Turn around.

Floyd turns away and looks at the wall while Donny changes.

DONNA(OS)

OK.

Floyd faces her, jaw drops.

Donna is dressed in a stunning frock.

DONNA
Ta-da! I'm back.

FLOYD
You look great.

Donna twirls, full smile.

DONNA
You get some sleep, honey. I'm
going out for a smoke.

Floyd nods and waits until Donna has left before switching
on the TV.

INT. HOTEL - RECEPTION DESK - NIGHT

HOTELIER (60's), Pakistani, turns off a small TV as Donna
walks outside.

INT. CHUNT'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chunt's mobile phone sits atop a table, on loudspeaker.

Chunt pours himself a scotch.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)
You know his whole life it's been
Floyd taking the blame for all of
my mistakes. He even went to prison
because of me, do you know that?

CHUNT
Yes Donna I do, I'm a police
officer, remember.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)
I want to take the blame for
everything. It was all me, should
be me going to prison.

Chunt takes a seat, relaxes, sips his scotch.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)
Is that possible? Could you talk to
somebody.

CHUNT
I've been taken off the case.

Silence.

CHUNT

The moment one of us is shot...
well, you know how that goes.

Chunt moves, painfully, to get better comfortable.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

There's nothing we can do?

CHUNT

I told you I'd never lie to you.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

So that's it then.

CHUNT

If you come in now I can help you.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

You mean blame it on Floyd.

CHUNT

I'm sorry about that. I didn't
realise how close you two were.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

Yeah, we're very close.

Chunt nods, sips the scotch.

CHUNT

If you don't come in now they will
kill you both.

Silence.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

I don't want to talk about that any
more. There isn't a way out aside
from life in prison. Girl like me
was never meant to be in a cage.

Pause.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

Well not unless I was in a club and
I was being paid...

Chunt chuckles.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

Do you think you and me could have
ever happened?

CHUNT

It did happen. I suppose it just
needed longer to cultivate.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

I tried to kill myself the
following night.

Silence.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

It's a regular thing with me, so
probably not worth mentioning...
but it was thoughts of you that
stopped me this time, if that makes
sense.

Chunt smiles.

CHUNT

Perfect sense.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

Has anyone ever told you you've got
a damned sexy telephone voice?

CHUNT

They have now.

DONNA (THROUGH PHONE)

Goodbye.

The line goes dead.

CHUNT

Donna, Donna!

Chunt sighs.

CHUNT

Shit.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Donna lights a cigarette and draws on it deeply.

Hotelier arrives, unlit cigarette in his mouth, searching
his pockets.

HOTELIER

Have you?

Donna passes him her cigarette and he lights his own before passing it back.

They smoke in silent contemplation for a few moments.

HOTELIER
Good film on later.

DONNA
I could do with something to watch.

HOTELIER
Bonnie and Clyde. One of my
favourites.

Donna stares at him suspiciously.

HOTELIER
It's a shame.

DONNA
What is?

HOTELIER
The ending.

DONNA
They were vicious criminals that
got what they deserved.

HOTELIER
Unfortunates that didn't know any
other way to survive in the manner
they wanted to. Blame Capitalism.

DONNA
Bonnie didn't do it for money, she
did it for love.

HOTELIER
Is that why you are doing it? For
love?

Donna looks at him hard, tosses her cigarette onto the ground and grinds it out.

DONNA
What do you want?

HOTELIER
You're already doing it. I'm a part
of this amazing story. That is
worth a lot of money.

DONNA
That's it?

HOTELIER
Well, that and I also want to have
sex with you.

DONNA
What?

HOTELIER
You forcing me into carnal acts is
worth even more.

DONNA
Nobody will believe that, honey.

HOTELIER
If it's written down they will
believe it.

DONNA
No.

HOTELIER
Then I call them right now.

Hotelier shows her his mobile phone.

INT. HOTEL - HOTELIER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A lamp casts a dim, eerie glow.

Slurping sounds.

Donna's head bobbing up and down between Hotelier's legs. He
has his hands on her head, moaning ecstatically.

HOTELIER
That's good, that's very good.

Donna lifts her head up but he forces it back down.

Moans some more.

Then, her wig comes off in his hand.

Donny, unaware, continues sucking.

Hotelier stares at the wig, then at Donny's head bobbing up
and down, and becomes enraged.

HOTELIER

No, no. This isn't right. I'm a
Muslim. You gora bastard!

INT. HOTEL - ROOM TWELVE - DAY

Floyd sleeps peacefully as water drips slowly onto his head.

Floyd suddenly wakes and shoots into a sitting position. He
rubs sleep from his eyes and focuses on

DONNA

in a long dark wig and new frock, stands with a glass of
water in her hands flicking water at him from her fingers.
Floyd rubs at his forehead and feels the wetness.

FLOYD

Stop it! What are you doing?

Donna sits on the bed next to him, finding it hard to talk.
She meets his eye.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HOTELIER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Donny sucks like crazy, unaware that the wig has gone.

HOTELIER

No, no. This isn't right. I'm a
Muslim. You gora bastard!

Hotelier emits a whine that gets steadily louder.

Donny stops, looks up, wipes his mouth, sees the wig in
Hotelier's hand.

Hotelier stares down at Donny in shock.

HOTELIER

You're a man!

Donny stands and staggers backwards.

Hotelier's face contorts with anger, spittle flies from his
lips.

HOTELIER

You tricked me, you bastard!

Donny looks around, panicking, hand still sore.

DONNY

Come on, you must have known. We've
been all over the news.

Hotelier clenches his fists, snorts like an enraged bull.

DONNY

Just close your eyes and pretend.

Donny backs away, raises his arms to ward Hotelier off.

HOTELIER

Nobody else can hear about this.

Hotelier grabs him, slams him into a wall.

DONNY

I won't tell anybody.

Donny doesn't have the strength to stop him and is thrown
onto the bed.

Donny tries to get up but Hotelier pins him down, places
hands around his throat.

Donny tries to prise his hands away.

HOTELIER

Die. Die. Die.

Donny, terrified, arms flailing, about to lose
consciousness. Then his

HAND FINDS THE LAMP

encloses it and smashes Hotelier over the head, ripping the
electrical cord from the wall in the process.

Darkness.

Some fumbling around. The click of a lightswitch.

Donny, covered in blood next to the lightswitch, looks at

HOTELIER

lying prone on the bed, a shard of the lamp stuck into his
temple, blood spurts from the wound, soaking the mattress.

Donny puts a hand to his mouth and emits a mouse-like
squeak. He scans the room.

Bed, bedside tables, crappy wardrobe, safe, grime-ridden
carpet, greasy curtains.

He double-takes the safe. Heads over to it. It's locked.
Needs a key.

Donny tentatively approaches the Hotelier's corpse and eventually plucks up the courage to search. He notices a slim leather strap tied around Hotelier's waist. Something attached to the strap hangs inside his trousers. Donny follows it down, rummages around and retrieves a shrivelled, leather pouch.

Inside is a key.

Donny opens the safe. A ten grand bundle of money and a small bag of grey powder sit inside.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM TWELVE - DAY

Donna nods towards her bed, at the money and small bag of grey powder.

Floyd sighs.

FLOYD
He's dead?

INT. HOTELIER'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Hotelier, lying on the bed, shard of lamp stuck in his temple, huge pool of blood.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM TWELVE - DAY

Donna nods her head.

Floyd checks out the grey powder.

FLOYD
What is it?

DONNA
I think it's coke.

FLOYD
I thought cocaine was white?

DONNA
Who cares anymore, really?

Donna stands and looks out of the window for a time.

DONNA

You think I blame you for my Dad?

Floyd turns his head away.

FLOYD

Why wouldn't you?

Donna lights a cigarette, draws on it deeply, then exhales.

DONNA

You didn't kill him, Floyd.

Floyd looks at her.

DONNA

The first stab wound killed him. I was just too afraid to say anything. I let you take the blame.

FLOYD

It doesn't matter who did it.

DONNA

You spent all that time in jail because of me, Floyd. Your whole life has been destroyed because of me.

FLOYD

Has your life been any better?

The question hits her like a freight train.

FLOYD

Would it have been any better if I told them you stabbed him first?

DONNA

What about your life? It would have been me in jail instead.

FLOYD

They'd have taken us both. They caught me doing it. I know you'd have done the same for me.

Donna smiles and nods.

DONNA

Of course I would, big guy.

Donna snatches up the bag of grey powder and chops a line.

FLOYD
You shouldn't do that.

DONNA
Coke, speed, all the same thing.

Donna snorts the line and takes a seat on the bed, hand tenderly touches her forehead.

DONNA
I feel nauseous.

Donna looks at the bag of grey powder.

DONNA
You know, I think I read somewhere
that heroin can be grey.

Donna mulls that over, then realisation dawns.

DONNA
Oh my God, I snorted it. Like that
stupid bitch in Pulp Fiction. Oh my
God, Oh my God. I'm gonna die.

Donna places a finger to one nostril and blows through the other, trying to remove any surplus heroin. She looks at Floyd in horror.

DONNA
I'm going to die!

Donna passes out.

EXT. HOTEL - CAR PARK - DAY

A car pulls to a stop and the Hotelier's WIFE, dressed in full burka, climbs out. She looks at the outside of the building, withdraws a key and heads to the front door.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM TWELVE - DAY

Donna is unconscious on the bed. Floyd, fireman lifts her and heads out of the room.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Wife backs out of Hotelier's room, hand to her face covering. She turns at a sound and sees

FLOYD walk down the stairs, Donna over his shoulder.

FLOYD

Shit.

Wife gasps and falls to the floor, crying loudly, hands held out for mercy.

Floyd ignores her and walks out of the building.

Wife waits till he has gone and pulls a mobile phone from somewhere in her burka, then gasps as

FLOYD walks back in, strides up to her, hand out.

FLOYD

Car keys.

Wife pulls her car keys from somewhere inside her burka and hands them to him.

FLOYD

Thanks.

Floyd turns away, then remembers something, turns back, holds out his hand again.

Wife is puzzled until Floyd points at her phone. She reluctantly hands it to him and he places it on the floor, smashes it with his foot. He gives her a look that says 'sorry' and walks away.

Wife waits for Floyd to leave and pulls another mobile phone from somewhere in her burka, dials and puts it to her ear.

EXT. HOTEL - CAR PARK - DAY

Donna is laid out on the back seat as Floyd climbs into the driver seat.

The sound of sirens, getting nearer. Floyd turns to look at the Hotel

WINDOW

Wife has a phone pressed to it with one hand, while her other hand gives him the finger

FLOYD

climbs into the driver seat and quickly spins the car away.

INT. POLICE STATION - RECEPTION - DAY

Iltaf walks to the desk. Receptionist smiles.

ILTAF

My name is Iltaf Hussein, I was
kidnapped and held for ransom. Is
there somebody I can talk to?

Receptionist looks over his shoulder and Iltaf turns to see
Chunt, who extends his hand.

CHUNT

D.I. Chunt.

INT. WIFE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

Donna wakes up, dry wretches several times, then falls
asleep.

Behind them the wailing of two police cars.

Floyd turns the wheel sharply and yanks up the hand brake
for a sudden right turn. He releases the handbrake and steps
on the accelerator, the car screeches into the turn and
accelerates away quickly.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

The Police cars overshoot the turn and have to turn around
to continue the chase.

Wife's Car hits the bottom of a road and turns sharply.

INT. WIFE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

Floyd looks into the

REAR VIEW

A police car looms into view and catches quickly.

FLOYD

wipes beads of sweat from his brow.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

Wife's car flies through a red light.

Another police car joins the chase, coming in behind the lead car.

INT. WIFE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

Floyd drops a gear to take a bend, accelerates hard and upshifts.

REAR VIEW

Both police cars tight behind him.

DONNA

wakes and sits up a little.

DONNA

What's with all the noise?

FLOYD

It's the police.

DONNA

OK. Wake me up when we get there.

Donna collapses onto the seat.

Floyd down shifts, turns the wheel hard into a bend.

REAR VIEW

Police Car overshoots the turn, crashes into a wall.

The final car makes it, sticks close.

FLOYD

looks in time to see a stinger deployed in the road ahead, next to another Police Car.

Floyd yanks the wheel and an OFFICER lands on the bonnet, slams hard against the windscreen then slides off.

REAR VIEW

The chasing car drives over the stinger and spins out of control.

FLOYD

wipes perspiration from his head and twists the wheel.

INT. IPCC BUILDING - HILDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Hilda frowns with concern as Chunt enters.

HILDA
Chunt?

Chunt takes a seat opposite, places the laptop on her desk.

CHUNT
Apologies.

HILDA
What's happened?

CHUNT
I have evidence of criminal
activity concerning Darcy.

HILDA
Actual evidence?

CHUNT
It's all here.

Chunt points at the laptop.

HILDA
Even so. It will take time to build
a case, you know that.

CHUNT
I want them arrested immediately.

Chunt flips the lid on the laptop and turns it so she can see the screen.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN

Darcy laughs as Flanker punches Chunt in the stomach then knees him in the face.

HILDA

looks at him, shocked.

HILDA
We'll put some officers at your
disposal and get a warrant issued.

CHUNT
I need it now.

Hilda looks at him questioningly.

CHUNT
They're about to murder two
fugitives.

Hilda raises an eyebrow.

CHUNT
They don't deserve to be executed.

Hilda thinks for a moment then reaches for her phone.

INT. WIFE'S CAR - DAY

Donna, now in the front passenger seat, winds up the window.

FLOYD
Feeling better?

DONNA
I had some funny dreams.

FLOYD
It's all real, it all really
happened.

DONNA
I know that silly. My dreams are
even stranger than that... if you
can believe that's possible.

Donna watches the passing scenery for a while.

DONNA
You're taking us back there, aren't
you.

Floyd nods and grins.

Donna smiles and turns back to the window.

DONNA
I remember it.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Numerous Police Cars thunder along.

Driving one of them is Flanker.

INT. FLANKER'S POLICE CAR - DAY

Darcy is on the back seat.

DARCY

Get ready for the history books
because this is where this one is
headed.

FLANKER

Sir.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Wife's car turns off the road, smashes through a fence.

INT. WIFE'S CAR -DAY

Donna looks back at the smashed fence.

DONNA

I don't remember that bit.

FLOYD

This is the way.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Wife's car stops next to the edge of the cliff.

Donna and Floyd climb out.

Floyd breathes deeply and stares out to sea.

Donna sits in front of the car and dangles her legs over the
edge of the cliff.

DONNA

Not long now.

Floyd nods. Donna smiles, shields her eyes so she can see
him better.

DONNA

Where did you come from? You've
always been there for me. Well,
when you wasn't in prison.

Floyd chuckles.

FLOYD

I always saw the good in you.

Donna gushes.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. NURSERY SCHOOL - DAY

A class full of white KIDS and a black kid, BABY FLOYD (4).
Baby Floyd is in a corner playing separately to the other
Kids.

TEACHER, white, points at Baby Floyd and laughs.

The Kids laugh too.

BABY DONNY(4) purposefully moves away from the other kids
and sits with Baby Floyd.

Teacher and other Kids are shocked at first, then proceed to
point and jeer, now at both of them.

FLOYD(VO)

Then, at playtime.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Baby Donny and Baby Floyd are happily playing together when
they are surrounded by all the other Kids. They look to

TEACHER

who turns her back.

The Kids beat Baby Donny and Baby Floyd with fists and feet.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Donna shakes her head in disbelief.

DONNA

I haven't got that kind of memory.

FLOYD

My mom took me out of the nursery after that, and it was a few years later, I saw you again. I knew it was you.

DONNA

And you've been paying me back all this time.

FLOYD

I don't owe you nothing. I just knew that you'd do the same for me.

Floyd takes a seat next to Donna and produces the gun.

DONNA

Why have you kept it?

FLOYD

I couldn't shoot nobody.

DONNA

I know.

Donna holds out her hand. Floyd hands her the gun.

DONNA

I couldn't either.

Donna empties out the bullets.

SWAT AND POLICE

form a barrier a couple of hundred yards away.

Darcy and Flanker stand next to a POLICE CAR. Darcy holds a megaphone at his side while Flanker takes aim with a rifle.

DARCY

And so it ends.

FLANKER

Sir.

DARCY

This is always the most emotional bit.

FLANKER

Sir.

Darcy places the megaphone to his lips as Police and Swat ready to fire.

DARCY

Donny and Floyd, there is no escape. Please throw out any weapons you are in possession of. Be warned, we will shoot to kill if we even think you have a concealed weapon.

Darcy turns to Flanker.

DARCY

Think that's enough to drive the catch twenty-two situation home?

Flanker nods his head.

DONNA AND FLOYD

take cover behind Wife's Car.

FLOYD

This is it.

Donna takes his hand.

DONNA

Don't be afraid.

FLOYD

I'm not afraid. I'm happy. We're together, friends forever.

Donna smiles.

DONNA

Forever.

DARCY

presses the megaphone to his lips.

DARCY

Donny and Floyd, this is your final chance to surrender or we will riddle that pathetic car you're hiding behind with armour-piercing rounds.

Flanker nods to something going on behind Darcy. Darcy turns to see

POLICE CARS

with flashing lights arriving to stop behind the original police line.

Chunt gets out of one of them.

FLOYD

smiles, hugs Donna.

FLOYD

I'm going to give up now.

DONNY

Let them come to us.

FLOYD

I love you, Donny.

Donna tries to stop him, but it is too late.

Floyd waves his arms in the air.

FLOYD

I give up! Please don't hurt us.

CHUNT

runs in front of the POLICE LINE.

CHUNT

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

FLANKER

takes aim and fires.

FLOYD

staggers backwards as the bullet rips into his chest and explodes through his back.

DONNA

Floyd!

Floyd staggers backwards to the edge of the cliff.

Donna stands, reaches out her hand. He takes it, balancing on the edge.

He smiles.

She nods, tears in her eyes.

Their hands slowly separate and Floyd slips silently over the edge.

CHUNT

pushess Darcy against a car,

CHUNT

You're under arrest for assault.

Darcy turns to see Officers coming towards him and sneers.

DARCY

You're making a huge mistake.

DONNA

rips off her wig and leaps onto the bonnet of the car, slowly takes aim with the gun and as the

SWAT

take aim and fire.

She notices

CHUNT

Their eyes lock and they manage to share a goodbye smile before Donna is riddled with bullets.