

ARMITAGE: DUMB BLOND

Episode 1

Script by Dave Stone

[NOTE: This note appears at the start of every script, just as a kind of failsafe. The entire story hinges upon the spelling-convention for a single word - that is, a man is referred to as a BLOND, and a woman is referred to as a BLONDE.]

Human typing error being what it is, I'll almost certainly get the two confused at some point and completely fail to spot it - so especial care should be taken to catch any such mistakes at the editing and lettering stage.]

PAGE ONE

1.
THIS IS AN INTERVIEW, MAYBE AN INTERROGATION, BUT AT THE
MOMENT WE DON'T QUITE KNOW.

(WITHOUT BEING SO OBVIOUS AS HAVING TV-FRAMES, THE IMAGES
ON THIS PAGE LOOK A BIT LIKE THEY'VE BEEN RECORDED ON THE
FLY BY A HAND-HELD, LOW REZ DV-CAMERA - OFF-KILTER FRAMING,
OVERDONE CLOSEUPS, ETC.)

WE'RE IN A SPARE AND SHABBY ROOM, POSSIBLY AN INTERVIEW
ROOM. A BLONDE-HAIRED, FRESH-FACED AND REMARKABLY GOOD-
LOOKING GIRL OF ABOUT 18, IN STREET-CASUAL CLOTHING, SITS ON
A FOLDING METAL CHAIR. SHE'S WRINGING HER HANDS NERVOUSLY,
RADIATING QUIET ANGUISH.

BOX: Prologue. Brit-Cit. A week ago.

GIRL: So, this was right at the end of the Civil War, right?

GIRL: (link) My father, he ... he was one of the last surviving police officers,
who had stuck together somehow through it all, trying to keep some sort of
order.

GIRL: They came for him, in the end. The criminals banding together and
pretending to be like Mega-City Judges.

GIRL: (link) Beat him to death right in front of my mother, who was carrying
me at the time ...

2.
THE GIRL SNAPS AT US, GLARING AT US ANGRILY AND IN REAL EMOTIONAL PAIN.

VOICE OFF: And how does that make you feel?

GIRL: How do you drokking think it makes me feel!

GIRL: (link) Single-parent family, widow of a known dissident, how many breaks do you think we had? Some of the things we had to do, just to survive, we ...

3.
THE GIRL SLUMPS AND BOWS HER HEAD IN DEFEATED, ABJECT MISERY.

GIRL: I'm sorry.

GIRL: I got myself out, climbed my way out. It's just that sometimes ... sometimes it's hard.

GIRL: I'm sorry.

4.
SUDDEN CHANGE OF TONE. THE GIRL LIFTS HER HEAD TO SHOOT A QUESTION AT SOMEONE OUT-OF-SHOT. (SHE'S AN ACTRESS, BREAKING HER ROLE. THIS IS NOT AN INTERROGATION - IT'S AN AUDITION.)

GIRL: How was that?

GIRL: (link) I mean, I'm not a writer or anything, but I always scored high in drama class for character-improv. It took me simply hours to come up with ...

VOICE OFF: It's all good. Born in the gutter. Fighting your way up. People go for that kind of guts.

5.
THE GIRL TALKS TO US, BRIGHTLY EAGER AND ANIMATED.

GIRL: ... so, listen, if there's anything you want to change with the backstory, I can ...

VOICE OFF: Just one thing. People have been getting sick, you know, these past few years, with certain ... excesses. Know what I mean?

VOICE OFF: (link) If we go with you, if we take you on, you have to come across as, well, purer than pure ...

6.
CLOSEUP ON THE GIRL, EXCLAIMING IN SOMEWHAT AMUSED AND DISBELIEVING ASTONISHMENT.

GIRL: What?

GIRL: (link) You want me to be a virgin?

VOICE OFF: We want you to be a virgin.

7.
SAME CLOSEUP ON THE GIRL, CONSIDERING.

GIRL: Okay.

GIRL: I can sell that.

PAGE TWO

1.
CHANGE OF SCENE. ESTABLISHING SHOT:

WE'RE ON A BUSY BRIT-CIT STREET, AS UNREMARKABLE AS ANY BUSY HIGH STREET OF TODAY, APART FROM THE GENERALLY DREDD-WORLD FUTURISTIC OVERTONES.

LITTLE BITS OF BUSINESS LIKE A 'STARDUCKS' CAFFEINE HOUSE DISPLAYING A SIGN SAYING 'BEAT THE SMOKING BAN - TRY OUR ALL-NEW DOUBLE-THC MOLOKO'. SOME PEOPLE WEARING GASMASKS AGAINST THE GENERAL POLLUTION. AN ESTABLISHMENT CALLED THE BODYSTORE - WITH THE ADVERTISING TAGLINE: 'IT'S A WHOLE NEW YOU!'

ARMITAGE'S DISTINCTIVE, PODLIKE CAR IS PARKED. ARMITAGE HIMSELF IS LEANING AGAINST IT, TALKING INTO A HANDHELD RADIO UNIT, FROM WHICH A SPIRAL FLEX RUNS BACK INTO THE CAR.

ARMITAGE IS THE SAME AS EVER.

TREASURE STEEL STANDS NEARBY, IN DEFAULT WORN JEANS, BOOTS AND LEATHER JACKET, HER HAIR SHORTISH BUT NAPPED INTO DREADLOCKS. (IS DREADLOCKS THE RIGHT TERM WHEN HAIR'S SHORTISH?) SHE'S PUSHING THIRTY, THESE DAYS.

(TREASURE'S WEARING HER MOOD SHIRT - I.E. A PLAIN WHITE T-SHIRT WITH BLOCKY BLACK LETTERS ON IT THAT SAY SOME APPOSITE WORDS OR OTHER, WHICH WE GET THE SENSE OF BUT NEVER QUITE SEE FULLY DISPLAYED WHAT WITH THE JACKET BEING OVER THEM. THE WORDS OCCASIONALLY CHANGE, DUE TO NANONETIC PROCESSES THAT WE NEVER ACTUALLY EXPLAIN. THEY CURRENTLY SAY: GOOD BURGER.)

TREASURE'S STUFFING HER FACE WITH A KEBAB, IN A HUNGRILY SLOPPY AND COMPLETELY UNCONCERNED MANNER. THERE'S A LITTER BIN BESIDE HER.

(THE NAME OF THE KEBAB-CHAIN, INCIDENTALLY, FROM WHICH TREASURE BOUGHT HER MEAL, IS 'MISTER DONKEY'. I MENTION THIS MERELY AS BACKGROUND INFO ON WHERE THE PERFECTLY LEGAL MEAT-EATERS OF BRIT-CIT GET A LARGE PROPORTION IF IT.)

BOX: Brit-Cit. Sector 3. Now.

RADIO VOICE: (from car, tiny letters except for the static) ...garblegarble - SKRAAK - mgluphengarblegluga - BZZZZT - gragargleblugen - SKREEE ...

ARMITAGE: Yeah, well, you would say that, wouldn't you?

2.

ARMITAGE TURNS TO STEEL, WHO LOOKS ASKANCE AT HIM IN MID FACE-STUFFING BITE.

ARMITAGE: We're moving.

ARMITAGE: (link) Jovus, Steel, don't they feed you at home?

3.

IN THE FOREGROUND, TREASURE'S HAND IS DROPPING THE LEFT-OVER REMAINS OF KEBAB IN THE BIN. WE SEE A SEGMENT OF A SIGN ON THE BIN - AN INAPPROPRIATELY CHEERY CARTOON OF A JUDGE BRAINING A LITTER-DROPPING CITIZEN WITH HIS DAYSTICK, AND THE LEGEND 'BRIT-CIT - KEEP IT CLEAN!'

BEYOND THIS, ARMITAGE IS CLIMBING INTO HIS CAR.

TREASURE: Not so's you'd notice. Terry's on a health kick.

TREASURE: (link) - chomf -

TREASURE: So where we heading?

4.

ANGLED OVERHEAD SHOT OF ARMITAGE'S CAR DRIVING ON THE INTERWAY. FUTURISTIC TRAFFIC AND BUILDINGS AND SO FORTH.

ARMITAGE: (from car) Sector Four, Ground Zero. The Uniformed plods have turned up a crime scene.

TREASURE: Sector Four? Sector Four Ground Zero is one big drokking crime scene!

5.

WE'RE INSIDE THE CAR AS THEY JUST GENERALLY DRIVE ALONG. INDICATIONS OF THE RADIO-UNIT CLIPPED TO THE DASH SO THEY CAN TALK TO IT.

TREASURE: It's gangland, right? Cult of Technomancy? Lot of retro cybernesis, body cutting and bog-level mimetic tattoos?

ARMITAGE: I think so. Last I heard, they were flagged by Psyk-Division as on the edge of riot, running a collective kind of fever.

ARMITAGE: (link) Probably on account of the septicaemia ...

6.

OUTSIDE THE CAR AGAIN, ON A SLIPWAY - AND INDICATIONS THAT OUR SURROUNDINGS ARE CHANGING FROM HI-TECH FUTURISTIC TO A CROSS BETWEEN A BOMB SITE AND CARDBOARD CITY. POSSIBLY A DRIFT OF SMOKE TO FIX THE NEXT SCENE.

TREASURE: (from car) So they're on the point of boiling over? I'd hate to see what sending in a squad of Uniformed plods would do to them.

ARMITAGE: (from car) Yeah, you could say that ...

PAGE THREE

1.
BIG SPLASH-PIC OF CHAOS AND CARNAGE. WE'RE IN AN AREA WHICH IS BASICALLY WASTE GROUND, WHERE A STREET-GANG HAS COBBLED TOGETHER SHELTERS OUT OF DEBRIS AND GARBAGE.

THE STREET-GANG MEMBERS GENERALLY LOOK LIKE THE SORT OF 'PUNKS' YOU GOT IN 80'S AMERICAN MOVIES, WITH ANY NUMBER OF OLD-SCHOOL CYBER-MODIFICATIONS AND TATTOOS. ALL VERY GOLDEN-AGE 2000AD, LIKE THEY WERE DONE BY BRETT EWINS AND BRENDAN MCCARTHY.

THEY'RE FIGHTING A PITCHED BATTLE WITH BRIT-CIT JUDGES IN RIOT GEAR. THINGS ARE ON FIRE. HEAVY-DUTY JUSTICE-DEPARTMENT VEHICLES. SAWHORSE BARRIERS. PULSE-PUMP EJECTORS AND RIOT-FOAM GUNS ...

IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS THE ARRIVAL OF ARMITAGE'S CAR - AND A VAN-LIKE VEHICLE WITH THE LEGEND 'SOCO' SEEM ALMOST INCIDENTAL.

ARMITAGE: (from car) ... I think they've pretty much definitively sloshed the scene.

TITLE: Armitage: Dumb Blond

2.
INDICATIONS OF CHAOS AND CARNAGE AND SMOKE IN THE BACKGROUND. (INDICATIONS OF IT WILL PERVADE THROUGHOUT.)

WE'RE FOCUSSING, THOUGH, ON ARMITAGE AND STEEL AS THEY STROLL TOWARD THE SOCO VAN, OUT OF WHICH IS CLIMBING MARY TURNER - THE PRETERNATURALLY CHEERFUL FORENSIC PATHOLOGIST - SEE PREVIOUS SERIES FOR REFERENCE.

MARY: Wotcha, tiger. Long time, no see.

ARMITAGE: What are you talking about, Mary? We saw each other at breakfast. In the New Old Bailey canteen.

3.
CLOSE ON ARMITAGE GREETING THE CHEERY MARY TURNER, WHO IS SLINGING AN EQUIPMENT BAG OVER HER SHOULDER. THEY BOTH SEEM UTTERLY UNCONCERNED - COMPLETELY OBLIVIOUS TO, EVEN - BY ALL THE CHAOS AROUND THEM.

ARMITAGE: You going to be okay in this little lot?

MARY: With a big strong man like you to protect me.

ARMITAGE: Ho bleeding ho.

4.

ARMITAGE TURNS TO STEEL -- WHO HAS HER HANDS STUFFED INTO THE POCKETS OF HER JACKET IN A SOMEWHAT SURLY AND DISPIRITED MANNER. (AGAIN, IT'S MORE LIKE SOMEONE GOING 'BLOODY TYPICAL' RATHER THAN REACTING DIRECTLY TO ALL THE CHAOS AND ETC. AROUND THEM.)

HER MOOD SHIRT, WHAT WE SEE OF IT, COULD SAY 'BLEEDING TYPICAL', IF THAT'S NOT TOO ON THE NOSE.

ARMITAGE: Steel, you take care of things. Deal with any little troubles that come our way.

TREASURE: Joy.

PAGE FOUR

1.

THROUGHOUT THIS SEQUENCE, OUR FOREGROUND- EYE IS ON ARMITAGE AND MARY TURNER AS THEY JUST STROLL ALONG, THROUGH THE VIOLENT CHAOS AND FIRE AND SMOKE PERVADING EVERYTHING, JUST GENERALLY CONVERSING AND COMPLETELY UNCONCERNED.

THE INTERESTING STUFF TAKES PLACE IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH TREASURE. SO ...

IN THE FOREGROUND: ARMITAGE AND MARY JUST WALKING AND TALKING.

IN THE BACKGROUND: TREASURE IS CONFRONTING A COUPLE OF RIOT-JUDGES, SHOVING HER WARRANT CARD IN THEIR FACES AND HAVING THEM ALLOW THE PARTY THROUGH THE SAWHORSE-BARRICADE BY SHEER FEAR-OF-GOD FORCE OF WILL.

MARY: Good kid, that one. Loyal. I can see why you kept hold of her after her promotion.

ARMITAGE: Yeh, well ...

2.

FOREGROUND: ARMITAGE AND MARY WALKING AND TALKING.

BACKGROUND: A COUPLE OF GENERIC GANG-MEMBERS ARE ADVANCING ON AND GRABBING FOR TREASURE - WHO IS JUST ON THE POINT OF REACTING AND GOING INTO COMBAT MODE ...

ARMITAGE: I mean, even with this so-called 'Bright New Dawn for Brit-Cit' after the collapse of the Star Chamber, where was she going to go?

ARMITAGE: It's not like the CID are liked by people on the job.

3.

FOREGROUND: ARMITAGE AND MARY WALKING AND TALKING.

BACKGROUND: TREASURE HAS GRABBED ONE OF HER ATTACKERS BY THE SHOULDERS AND IS PLANTING A KNEE IN HIS GROIN. HE'S APPROPRIATELY DOUBLING OVER. THE SECOND ATTACKER SEEMS A LITTLE TAKEN ABACK ...

ARMITAGE: Besides, sometimes it's useful to have the feminine touch.

4.

FOREGROUND: ARMITAGE AND MARY. WALKING AND TALKING.

BACKGROUND: TREASURE'S SHOVING HER FIRST ATTACKER TO THE GROUND WITH ONE HAND TO THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, AND USING THE IMPETUS TO GIVE HERSELF A BOOST AS SHE SMACKS THE HEEL OF HER OTHER HAND, EMPTY-PALM STYLE, INTO THE FACE OF THE SECOND ATTACKER.

ARMIITAGE: So what's the story?

MARY: Couple of locals uncovered the site while looking for building materials, apparently - and promptly reported it like good little Brit-Cit subjects.

5.

FOREGROUND: WALKING AND TALKING WITH ARMITAGE AND MARY.

BACKGROUND: THE FIRST ATTACKER IS DOWN AND FALLING OUT OF FRAME. THE SECOND ATTACKER IS GOING DOWN BACKWARDS AND CLUTCHING AT HIS FACE, FROM WHICH IS SPRAYING AS MUCH BLOOD AS ANY OF US ARE COMFORTABLE WITH. TREASURE STANDS IN A COMBAT-READY SEMI-CROUCH, WAITING FOR THE NEXT ASSAULT ...

ARMITAGE: Reported it? Doesn't sound like Ground Zero.

MARY: They might be half-crazed and effectively homeless, but they weren't morons.

MARY: (link) They knew that if the Justice Department caught wind of it independently, they'd come down on them like a ton of rockrete.

6.

FOREGROUND: ARMITAGE AND MARY WALKING AND TALKING.

BACKGROUND: TREASURE TURNS TO LOOK OUT-OF-SHOT AT WHOEVER'S COMING AT HER NEXT - AND OH, BUGGER. (A DELAYED-DROP SORT OF MOMENT.)

ARMITAGE: So they report it - and the Justice Department came down on them like a ton of rockrete.

ARMITAGE: (link) Funny, that.

PAGE FIVE

1.

A BREAK FROM THE SEQUENCE. WE'RE LOOKING PAST TREASURE AS SHE SPINS TO SEE THIS NEW ATTACKER COMING AT US THROUGH THE FIRE AND SMOKE.

HE'S BIG, MAYBE SEVEN FEET, BROAD AND BALD. CYBER-COMPONENTS JAMMED INTO HIS FLESH, AND WITH THE CELEBRATED, CIRCULAR CYBERNETIC EYE IMPLANT. HE'S IN A FROTHING BATTLE-RAGE, WIELDING A CLUB THAT MIGHT ONCE HAVE BEEN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROBOTIC ARM, AND COMING FOR US WITH A ROAR.

ATTACKER: GRAAAH!

2.

BACK TO THE SEQUENCE. FOREGROUND: ARMITAGE AND MARY TALKING.

BACKGROUND: TREASURE'S RUNNING AWAY, RIGHT TO LEFT. THOUGH NATURALISTIC, THERE'S SOMETHING A LITTLE CATROONISH ABOUT THIS - LIKE ALL IT NEEDS IS EXCLAMATION LINES AND A DRIP OF SWEAT FLYING OFF HER HEAD.

ARMITAGE: So, what's the point of coming down in the middle of this? You or me?

MARY: Probably no point at all. The scene's already contaminated to drokk and back.

3.

FOREGROUND: ARMITAGE AND MARY TALKING.

BACKGROUND: THE ATTACKER IS COMING FOR STEEL - WHO HAS PLANTED A HEEL AND IS TURNING DYNAMICALLY TO FACE HIM.

(THIS IS THE LAST FRAME OF THE FOREGROUND/BACKGROUND SEQUENCE.)

MARY: You have to have first sight, though - you know that as well as I do. Just on the off-chance,

4.

CLOSE ON TREASURE, NOW, AS SHE GRIMLY PULLS SOMETHING FROM INSIDE HER JACKET. IT'S A BLACK-ANODIZED METAL TUBE OF PRETTY MUCH EXACTLY THE SAME DIMENSIONS AS THE INSIDE OF A TOILET ROLL. SAVE THAT IT'S A LITTLE THINNER.

MARY: (off) Just to see what might jump out.

TREASURE: Drokk it ...

5.

WITH THE FLICK OF A WRIST, THE TUBE EXTENDS, TELESCOPICALLY, INTO THE CROSS BETWEEN A BATON AND A BLACKJACK CARRIED BY PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS ...

FX: - snik -

6.

DRAMATIC MONEY-SHOT AS TREASURE BRINGS THE BATON ROUND, IN A VICIOUS ROUNDHOUSE SWEEP, TO CATCH THE HEAD OF THE BIG ATTACKER AND SMACK HIM BACK OFF HIS FEET.

PAST THIS, WE SEE THE FIGURES OF ARMITAGE AND MARY FROM BEHIND, STANDING AT WHAT MIGHT BE THE LIP OF A SHALLOW PIT AND LOOKING DOWN INTO IT ...

FX: SWUNCH!

ATTACKER: Gnn!

MARY: Here we go.

PAGE SIX

1.

WE'RE IN A SHALLOW MASS GRAVE, FILLED WITH A TANGLE OF AROUND FIFTY BODIES, BOTH MALE AND FEMALE. THEY'RE NAKED, NOT DECOMPOSED AT ALL, AND ALL OF THEM ARE, FROM WHAT WE CAN SEE OF THEM ... GOOD-LOOKING.

(THE BEST WAY I CAN DESCRIBE IT: IF YOU FOUND THEM ALL ALIVE IN A BAR, IT WOULD BE A BAR IN A US SITCOM, AS OPPOSED TO THE SOMETIMES PIG-UGLY PEOPLE YOU'D FIND IN A REAL LIFE ACTUAL BAR. IT'S NOT STATED OVERTLY AT THIS POINT, BUT THESE PEOPLE ARE SIMPLY A BIT PRETTIER THAN THE GENERAL RUN OF THE MILL. APART, YOU KNOW, FROM BEING DEAD AND SLUNG DOWN A HOLE.)

THERE ARE NO MARKS OF VIOLENCE ON THE BODIES, BUT THEY ARE VERY PALE. BY THIS SIMPLE DISPARITY IN SKIN-TONE, WE GET THAT ALL THE BLOOD HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM THEM.

IN PARTICULAR, WE RECOGNISE THE BODY OF THE FRESH-FACED BLONDE GIRL WE MET ON PAGE ONE. SORT OF A 'RED DRESS' MOMENT.

WE'RE LOOKING UP PAST THIS TO THE FIGURES OF ARMITAGE AND MARY TURNER, OUTLINED AGAINST THE SMOKE AND CHAOS OF THE GANG-RIOT, LOOKING DOWN AT US.

ARMITAGE: Hmf.

ARMITAGE: (link) It's amazing what people just throw out, isn't it?

2.

CLOSE ON ARMITAGE AND MARY, CONFERRING.

ARMITAGE: Is there anything you can do? Here and now, I mean?

MARY: It's too big a job.

MARY: (link) All I can do is send a team in when all the, you know, extraneous noise quietens down.

3.

WE'RE BACK FACE-ON TO TREASURE, BRINGING DOWN HER BATON, VICIOUSLY DOUBLE-HANDED, ON SOMETHING OUT OF SHOT - OBVIOUSLY DELIVERING THE COUP DE GRACE TO HER BIG ATTACKER.

HER MOOD SHIRT, WHAT WE CAN SEE OF IT, READS: YOU DIE NOW.

TREASURE: Gaah!

FX: SMUNK!

4.

TREASURE STANDS EXHAUSTED, BREATHING HEAVILY, COMING DOWN OFF THE ADRENALIN.

TREASURE: Huh!

TREASURE: (link) A-huh!

TREASURE: Huh!

5.

ARMITAGE TURNS TO THE EXHAUSTED AND STANDING-THERE TREASURE. HE SEEMS COMPLETELY OBLIVIOUS TO AND UTTERLY UNCONCERNED BY THE FIGHT WHICH HAS BEEN GOING ON.

ARMITAGE: If you've quite finished having fun there, Steel, we're going.

PAGE SEVEN

1.
IT'S EVENING. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE NEW OLD BAILEY, THE STATUE OF BLIND JUSTICE, WITH HALF ITS HEAD BLOWN AWAY, ON ITS TOP.

SCAFFOLDING HAS BEEN ERECTED AROUND THE STATUE. REPAIRS ARE OBVIOUSLY IN PROGRESS - BUT NO WORK HAS AT THIS POINT ACTUALLY BEEN DONE.

BOX: Brit-Cit. New Old Bailey. Later.

VOICE: (from building) You did the pooch, Craven! You totally drokked the dog!

2.
A MEETING ROOM IN THE NEW OLD BAILEY. DISPLAY SCREENS ON THE WALLS SHOW DATA, MAPS AND NEWSCAST FOOTAGE. A TABLE AND CHAIRS, POSSIBLY A DECANTER OF WATER ON THE TABLE.

GATHERED HERE (JUST GENERALLY, NOT ALL SITTING AT THE TABLE) ARE ARMITAGE AND STEEL, A SENIOR RIOT-CONTROL JUDGE NAMED CRAVEN AND A UNIFORMED SUBORDINATE ... AND ADMINISTRATOR WARNER.

(ADMINISTRATORS HAVE LOST THE RIGHT TO CALL THEMSELVES JUDGES. WARNER WEARS WHAT LOOKS MORE LIKE A SUIT THAN A JUDGE'S UNIFORM, WITH A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT EMBLEM AND ID-TAG ON THE LAPEL.)

ARMITAGE IS SITTING WITH HIS FEET UP ON THE TABLE AND AN AIR OF WHAT MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS INNATELY INSOLENT SERENITY. WARNER STANDS STIFFLY, TO THAT CLENCHED AND EMBARRASSED-LOOKING ATTENTION THAT THE TERM 'ANAL RETENTIVE' MIGHT HAVE BEEN COINED FOR.

CRAVEN AND HIS SUBORDINATE ARE ON THEIR FEET, BEING HARANGUED BY AN ANGRY TREASURE STEEL.

TREASURE: These people were trying to do the right thing, by all accounts - reporting a drokking crime!

TREASURE: (link) So what did you do? Sent Riot Control in, turned the place to stomm and just made life more difficult for the rest of us!

3.
CLOSEUP ON CRAVEN, SPEAKING RATHER SNOTTILY.

CRAVEN: I see no need to justify my logistical procedures to you - and I refuse to be spoken to in such a manner by a ...

VOICE OFF: (Treasure) Oh yes? By what?

CRAVEN: By an inferior!

4.
TREASURE SLAMS A CRAVEN AGAINST THE WALL TO PUT HER FACE CLOSE TO HIS AND GROWL AT HIM ANGRILY. INDICATIONS OF THE SUBORDINATE'S STARTLED REACTION.

TREASURE: You listen here, you jumped-up little piece of stomm ...

CRAVEN: Urk!

VOICE OFF: Detective Judge Steel!

5.
CUT TO AN OFFICIOUS WARNER.

WARNER: Unhand that man now!

WARNER: (link) Detective Judge Steel, I am placing you on a charge for the assault of a superior Judge ...

VOICE OFF: Hang on, Warner.

6.
CUT TO THE STILL LOUNGING AND INSOLENTLY SERENE ARMITAGE.

ARMITAGE: In case you've forgotten, Warner, you're an Administrator, now, not a Judge. You don't have the right to dispense justice.

ARMITAGE: (link) Steel, hold out your hand.

7.
TREASURE IS HOLDING OUT HER HAND, IRONICALLY, AS THOUGH TO BE KISSED. THE STILL-LOUNGING ARMITAGE IS GIVING IT A CASUAL LITTLE PAT.

ARMITAGE: Naughty girl.

ARMITAGE: (link) Don't do it again.

PAGE 8

1.

CHANGE OF SCENE. WE'RE IN THE CID LOCKER ROOM.

TREASURE IS AT A CHANGING-ROOM BENCH, ONE FOOT UP ON IT, HER JEANS PULLED UP, AND IS UNSTRAPPING A KNIFE FROM HER CALF. HER JACKET IS OFF, AND AN UNBUCKLED HARNESS CONTAINING USEFUL JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ITEMS (LIKE THE TELESCOPIC BATON) HANGS LOOSELY FROM HER SHOULDERS. HER MOOD SHIRT SAYS: DEAD BEAT.

ARMITAGE IS AT A LOCKER, SHRUGGING OUT OF HIS UBIQUITOUS RAINCOAT.

ARMITAGE: You know, one of these days, they're going to define what the CID's new autonomy actually means - then we'll be in trouble.

TREASURE: You'll find a way around it.

ARMITAGE: Oh yes?

2.

TREASURE IS AT HER OWN LOCKER, STOWING THE KNIFE AND VARIOUS USEFUL ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT.

TREASURE: Oh yes.

TREASURE: (link) You always have before.

3.

ARMITAGE IS HANGING UP HIS COAT IN HIS LOCKER. BESIDE IT HANGS A COAT THAT IS OBVIOUSLY AND EXACTLY THE SAME.

ARMITAGE: Seriously, though, Steel - are you all right?

ARMITAGE: (link) I mean, you've been looking tired these last few months, going off on things for no reason - and that's my job.

4.

ARMITAGE'S HAND IS PULLING THE EXACTLY SIMILAR COAT FROM THE LOCKER. BEYOND THIS, TREASURE IS CLOSING HER OWN LOCKER.

ARMITAGE: Ahh ... it's a whole new me.

TREASURE: It's nothing. Really. Like you said, I'm just a bit tired, is all.

5.

ARMITAGE PULLS ON HIS IDENTICAL COAT IN A KIND OF SIGNATURE-SHOT MANNER, IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN. TREASURE IS REACHING FOR HER OWN JACKET.

ARMITAGE: Get on home, Steel. Be with your wife. And if you feel the need to call in sick, tomorrow ... don't worry about it. Okay?

TREASURE: Uh, thanks ...

6.

CHANGE OF SCENE. NIGHT. A SHOT OF TREASURE WALKING FROM THE NEW OLD BAILEY, HEADING HOME.

PAGE NINE

1.
SNAPSHOT-SCENE OF TREASURE WAITING AT A LATE-NIGHT SHOP COUNTER, WITH A COUPLE OF BOTTLES OF WINE IN A WIRE BASKET.

(LITTLE DETAILS SHOW THAT WHERE THERE USED TO BE CIGARETTE STANDS, THERE IS INSTEAD A RACK OF THC-INHALERS AND PATCHES - CANNABOIDS ARE WIDELY USED IN BRIT-CIT, THOUGH THIS IS NEVER STATED OVERTLY.)

2.
SNAPSHOT-SCENE OF TREASURE WAITING IN A BUSY TAKEAWAY. THE NAMES OF THE PLACE IS 'ALOHA GENGHIS!' THE TAGLINE IS: HAWAII-GOLIAN FUSION. THE GRAPHICS ON WALLS AND PACKAGING INVOLVE A SUITABLY FIERCE-LOOKING GENGHIS KHAN FACE AND A PALM TREE.

3.
SNAPSHOT-SCENE OF TREASURE ENTERING HER HOME, WITH HER TAKEAWAY AND BOTTLES OF WINE. JUST A GENERIC LIVING SPACE, AT THIS POINT, REALLY.

4.
SNAPSHOT-SCENE OF TREASURE, STILL WITH HER TAKEAWAY AND BOTTLES, LOOKING IN ON HER SON, CALLUM - A THREE YEAR OLD KID CURLED UP AND ASLEEP.

5.
WE'RE ON TREASURE AS SHE LOOKS AROUND THE LIVING PLACE. POSSIBLY INDICATIONS THAT SHE'S IN THE PROCESS OF OPENING A DOOR WE DON'T ACTUALLY SEE. HER FACE IS ON THAT POINT BEFORE VAGUE PUZZLEMENT AT SOMETHING TURNS INTO ACTUAL SHOCK.

TREASURE: Terry? Are you asleep? I looked in on Callum and he ...

VOICE OFF: Treasure?

VOICE OFF: (link) I didn't think you ... uh, this isn't ...

6.

WE'RE LOOKING PAST TREASURE, STILL WITH HER PACKAGES, THROUGH THE DOOR SHE'S JUST OPENED AND INTO THE ROOM BEYOND.

IT'S A BEDROOM, AND IN THE GENERAL SCHEME OF THINGS PRETTY NONDESCRIPT. JUST THE SORT OF ROOM THAT ANY MARRIED COUPLE IN THEIR THIRTIES MIGHT HAVE. (TREASURE'S MARRIED TO A WOMEN, BUT THAT'S JUST A MATTER OF FACT. WE DON'T GET ANY OF THE HOT LESBO SALACIOUSNESS. SORRY TO DISAPPOINT.)

SITTING UP IN BED IS TREASURE'S WIFE, TERRY. SHE'S HOLDING THE COVERS OVER HER UPPER BODY, MORE OUT OF AN UNCONSCIOUS PROTECTION AGAINST AN ANGRY ATTACK THAN CHEESY CONCEALMENT. TERRY IS GOOD-LOOKING AND - VERY IMPORTANTLY - IS A BLONDE.

SLEEPING IN THE BED BESIDE HER IS, NOT GRATUITOUSLY BUT VERY OBVIOUSLY, ANOTHER WOMAN.

TERRY: Oh, who am I kidding.

TERRY: (link) This is exactly what it looks like.

BOX: Next: Home Away from Home

Dave Stone

<http://www.pseudopod.empty-spaces.net>

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