

ARMITAGE: DUMB BLOND

Episode 2

Dave Stone

[NOTE: This appears at the start of every script, just as a kind of failsafe. The entire story hinges on the spelling-convention for a certain word - that is, a man is referred to as a BLOND and a woman is a BLONDE. Especial care should be taken that the correct spelling is used appropriately at all stages.]

PAGE ONE

1.

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ONE OF THE AUXILIARY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT-RELATED BUILDINGS GATHERED IN THE SHADOW OF THE NEW OLD BAILEY.

THIS IS A SECTION HOUSE, A COMMUNAL HOME FOR JUDGES WHO DON'T HAVE ONE OF THEIR OWN, AND IT LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A RUN-DOWN COLLEGE HALLS OF RESIDENCE AND A LOW-SECURITY PRISON.

BOX: Brit-Cit. Zone Zero. New Old Bailey Section House.

RADIO VOICE: (directionless) ... off the front of your shirt, with all new Retro-OMO! All those housewives with their tubs and mangles couldn't have been wrong!

RADIO VOICE: (directionless) ... uncovered during the Sector Four TechnoCult riots. New Old Bailey sources say, quote, that the finest high-profile members of the CID are hot on the trail of the perpetrators of this despicable crime ...

2.

A BARE, SHABBY AND TINY ROOM IN THE SECTION HOUSE.

A HUNG-OVER TREASURE IS IN A NARROW BUNK AND GLARING OUT FROM UNDER THE COVERS, IN THE CELEBRATED MANNER OF ONE BEING WOKEN AT THE CRACK OF BLEEDING SPARROW-FART BY THE NOISE AND BEDLAM OF INCONSIDERATE PEOPLE OUTSIDE.

RADIO VOICE: (directionless) DataDay says - go to it, you hot CID guys! That Detective Judge Armitage guy, right, bit old and grunty, but I'd give him one!

RADIO VOICE: (directionless) Ha-hah! I'm sure you would, Jeremy!

TREASURE: Grr ...

3.

A SHABBY KITCHEN-AREA WITH MICROWAVE AND FRIDGE AND KETTLE, ETC. A PIN BOARD WITH A CONFUSION OF COMMUNAL-LIVING PAPER JUNK. BATTERED CABINETS, TO ONE OF WHICH IS STUCK A NOTE WITH THE SCRAWL: 'WHO STOLE MY DROKING COFFEE??? PLEASE REPLACE.'

GENERAL INDICATIONS OF OTHER JUSTICE DEPARTMENT PERSONNEL, MALE AND FEMALE. THEY'RE IN VARYING STATES OF DRESS AND UNDRESS, BUT ALL SEEM TO BE FROM THE UNIFORMED STREET-JUDGE DIVISION.

TREASURE SITS AT A TABLE, A MUG OF SOME HOT DRINK IN FRONT OF HER, ELBOWS ON THE TABLE AND HER HEAD RESTING ON HER HALF-CLENCHED HANDS IN STANDARD EARLY-MORNING, HUNGOVER LOW-GRADE MISERY. SHE'S IN A BIG, WORN, FADED T-SHIRT THAT SERVES HER AS A NIGHT DRESS, THE WORDS 'HENDON ACADEMY' AND A LOGO-CREST PRINTED ON IT.

IMPORTANTLY, PERHAPS IN THE FOREGROUND, SOMEBODY HAS A HAND-HELD ENTERTAINMENT UNIT SOMEWHAT LIKE AN MP3 PLAYER. THIS IS WHERE THE 'RADIO VOICE' IS COMING FROM - AND ALSO COMING FROM IT IS A FLOATING, INSUBSTANTIAL HOLO-DISPLAY, IN WHICH WE SEE INDICATIONS OF THE IMAGE IN THE NEXT FRAME.

RADIO VOICE: (from handheld) ... DataDay, every hour, on the hour, until we all of us lose the will to live!

RADIO VOICE: Entertainment News ... and our Tamara Watch continues!

4.

CLOSE ON THE INSUBSTANTIAL HOLO-DISPLAY. 'DATADAY' NEWS SERVICE TAGS AND STREAMS OVERLAY THE IMAGE ITSELF:

THIS IS OUR FIRST VIEW OF THE STAR, TAMARA DeFANE. SHE'S BLONDE, BEAUTIFUL AND AROUND THIRTY. SHE'S IN A CLUB OR SOME SUCH, A BIT ... TIRED AND EMOTIONAL, AND VICIOUSLY GOING FOR A PAPARAZZO WHILE A SUITED MINDER TRIES TO HOLD HER BACK.

RADIO VOICE: ... Tamara DeFane, loved by Brit-Cit cits for her role as the Dumb Blonde in the long-running Redux series of holo-sims, was at it again last night, in what it seems has become one of her favourite watering holes in Nu Soho ...

PAGE TWO

1.
CUT TO TREASURE IN THE COMMUNAL ABLUTIONS, NOW IN THE LITTLE SINGLET SHE FAVOURS INSTEAD OF A BRA, AND JEANS WHICH ARE STILL UNBUCKLED AND UNBUTTONED TO SHOW SOME UNDERWEAR BENEATH.

(BIT SEXY, OBVIOUSLY - BUT THE MAIN POINT IS A SLIGHT SENSE OF STILL-HALF-DRESSED POTENTIAL VULNERABILITY, AS OPPOSED TO THE INVULNERABILITY OF BEING FULLY SUITED AND BOOTED, IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN. WE'RE SIMPLY CATCHING HER AT A CANDID AND UNGUARDED MOMENT.)

GENERAL INDICATIONS OF OTHER JUSTICE DEPARTMENT PERSONNEL, MALE AND FEMALE, USING THE FACILITIES LIKE SHOWERS AND STUFF.

TREASURE'S SPLASHING A BIG DOUBLE-HANDFUL OF WATER IN HER FACE FROM ONE OF THE SINKS.

FX: Slosh!

2.
CLOSE AS TREASURE EXAMINES HER TIRED, WATER-DRIPPING AND HUNG-OVER FACE IN THE MIRROR ON THE WALL BEHIND THE SINK, ONE FINGER PULLING DOWN A LOWER EYELID.

TREASURE: Jovus ...

TREASURE: How the drokk do people live like this?

3.
SAME SHOT AS TREASURE TURNS IN ANNOYANCE TO A VOICE BEHIND HER.

TREASURE: Two drokking nights of it and I want to slit my -

VOICE OFF: Hey, you!

4.
A BIG AND BULLISH MAN IS ADDRESSING US IN A SOMEWHAT THREATENING MANNER. HE'S JUST COME FROM THE SHOWER FAUCETS AND WEARS A TOWEL AROUND HIS WAIST.

POSSIBLY THERE'S THE TATTOO OF A BRIT-CIT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CREST AND A SERIAL NUMBER ON HIM TO FIX THE IDEA THAT HE'S A UNIFORMED-DIVISION STREET JUDGE.

(SO FAR AS BODY-LANGUAGE AND EXPRESSIONS CAN CONVEY, THIS SEQUENCE IS NOT AN ATTEMPTED RAPE OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT - IN AS MUCH AS IT'S MORE OF A NONE TOO SUBTLE ATTEMPT AT DOMINATION AND INTIMIDATION.)

STREET JUDGE GUY: Seen you round here, nose in the air like your stommm don't stink.

STREET JUDGE GUY: You're CID, yeah? Got some plushy home of your own. Why you here with the real Judges?

5.

A SCOWLING TREASURE PUTS HER HANDS UP IN A 'GET THE HELL AWAY' FROM ME GESTURE. THE MAN BACKS OFF A LITTLE WITH A TRACE OF ANGRY PUZZLEMENT.

TREASURE: Step away from me. You get one warning.

STREET JUDGE GUY: Hey ...

6.

THE MAN LAYS A 'FRIENDLY' HAND ON TREASURE'S SHOULDER. AGAIN, THIS IS THE SORT OF CONVERSATION WHERE SOMEONE CALLS THE OTHER PERSON 'FRIEND'. THE GUY'S ONLY BEING FRIENDLY - AND TREASURE BETTER BE HIS FRIEND IF SHE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HER ...

STREET JUDGE GUY: Let's keep this friendly, yeah? Just a friendly piece of advice.

STREET JUDGE GUY: (link) If you're going to stay around here, in one piece, you're gonna have to ...

PAGE THREE

1.
BIG DYNAMIC SHOT AS TREASURE THROWS THE GUY JUDO-STYLE.

NOW WE SEE HER FULL BODY, WE SEE THAT SHE'S WEARING HER BOOTS BUT THEY'RE UNBUCKLED. (THAT'S COMPLETELY IRRELEVANT; IT JUST SORT OF STICKS IN MY MIND AS AN INTERESTING EXTRA LITTLE DETAIL, SO IT MIGHT DO THE SAME FOR THE READER.)

STREET JUDGE GUY: Huurk!

2.
CLOSE AS TREASURE GRABS THE STILL FALLING GUY BY THE BACK OF THE HEAD AND SMACKS HIS FACE INTO THE EDGE OF THE SINK.

(THERE'S A VICIOUSNESS TO HER EXPRESSION AS SHE DOES SO THAT'S A LITTLE BIT FRIGHTENING - THE TREASURE WE KNOW SHOULDN'T BE QUITE AS VICIOUS AS THIS.)

FX: Smak!

STREET JUDGE GUY: Gnn!

3.
THE GUY IS ON THE TILED ABLUTIONS FLOOR, HAVING FALLEN FACE-FIRST, BLEEDING FROM HIS BROKEN NOSE.

TREASURE IS CROUCHING BY HIM, PULLING HIS HEAD UP ROUGHLY BY AN EAR (GRABBING THE EAR AND HAULING HIM UP BY SHEER FORCE, NOT JUST TWEAKING) SO SHE CAN GROWL INTO HIS FACE WITH UTTER, COLD CONTEMPT.

TREASURE: Friendly piece of advice.

TREASURE: Watch out for the floor around here ...

4.
CLOSE AS TREASURE'S HAND LETS GO OF THE GUY, SO HIS HEAD FALLS FORWARD TO SMACK HIS FACE BACK DOWN INTO THE FLOOR UNDER ITS OWN WEIGHT. LITTLE SPRAY OF BLOOD CONVEYS THIS EXTRA LITTLE BIT OF GRATUITOUS CRUELTY.

TREASURE: ... the tiles can get a little slippy.

STREET JUDGE GUY: (weakly) Ugn ...

5.

TRANSITION SHOT. A FULLY-DRESSED TREASURE STROLLS, HANDS STUFFED INTO THE POCKETS OF HER JACKET, DOWN A WALKWAY LEADING INTO THE SIDE OF THE NEW OLD BAILEY ITSELF.

6.

THE SHABBY CLUTTER OF THE NEW OLD BAILEY'S CID DIVISION, WITH ITS OUTMODED DATA TERMINALS AND FILING CABINETS ETC.

INDICATIONS OF OTHER CID PERSONNEL GOING ABOUT THEIR RESPECTIVE BUSINESS. ALL VERY DRAB AND LOW-KEY SEEDY.

ARMITAGE IS SITTING, HIS COAT OFF TO SHOW HIS WAISTCOAT AND SHIRTSLEEVES, WITH HIS FEET UP ON THE DESK. TREASURE HAS TAKEN OFF HER LEATHER JACKET AND IS HANGING IT OVER THE BACK OF THE CHAIR OF HER OWN DESK.

TREASURE'S MOOD SHIRT CURRENTLY READS: BUNNY THUMPER.

BOX: New Old Bailey. Criminal Investigation Division.

ARMITAGE: You're looking a bit more cheerful, Steel. Have a good night's sleep?

TREASURE: Slept like drokk.

TREASURE: (link) Just had a bit of a workout. Took a bit of tension off.

ARMITAGE: It's always good to lose a bit of tension.

PAGE FOUR

1.
A NEW OLD BAILEY CORRIDOR. ARMITAGE AND TREASURE, WITHOUT COAT AND JACKET RESPECTIVELY, JUST GENERALLY WALKING AND TALKING.

SIGNAGE SAYS THEY'RE HEADING FOR FORENSIC PATHOLOGY.

TREASURE: So Mary Turner finally got a team into the crime scene?

ARMITAGE: Team and transport. She has the subjects in-house and a prelim for us now ...

2.
BIG SHOT OF MARY TURNER'S PATHOLOGY LAB. INDICATIONS OF BODY-CABINETS AND SURGICAL TABLES ETC. THE MAIN ELEMENT, THOUGH, IS A PROLIFERATION OF SCREENS AND PHOTOS PINNED TO BOARDS AND WALLS, EACH SHOWING A FACE OR BODY-SHOT OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS FOUND IN THE MASS GRAVE LAST TIME.

THE VICTIMS, JUST AS A REMINDER, ARE MALE AND FEMALE, YOUNG, AND MARKEDLY ATTRACTIVE PART FROM BEING DEAD. WITHOUT IT BEING NECESSARY TO SHOW THEM ALL IN DETAIL, WE GET THAT THERE ARE A LOT OF THEM, AROUND FIFTY.

MARY TURNER LOOKS UP CHEERFULLY FROM PERUSING A HANDHELD DATA PAD AS ARMITAGE AND STEEL ENTER.

MARY: You know, Armitage, every time you take a case, it's like the bodies turn up in job lots.

MARY: (link) I'm thinking of getting conveyor-belts fitted, plus some of those slicy robo-processors, like they do in the Mega-Cities.

3.
GENERAL SHOT OF ARMITAGE AND MARY JUST TALKING, WHILE TREASURE LOOKS AROUND HERSELF UNCONCERNEDLY.

ARMITAGE: Thought we were supposed to call 'em subjects of investigation these days, Mary.

MARY: Yes, well, I call them bodies. When I'm not in the mood to just call 'em stiffs.

4.

CLOSE ON MARY, CONSULTING HER DATA PAD AS SHE SPEAKS.

MARY: Fifty bodies. I mean fifty, not a round-up guesstimation. They were exsanguinated. The blood was removed from them, prior to death, possibly by the application of a surgical-bore suction pump.

MARY: (link) Estimated age-spread, eighteen years of age to twenty-four ...

ARMITAGE: (off) Estimated? You have no ID on them?

MARY: No ID whatsoever. Prints and DNA-profiling come up blank down the line. We're having to go with a relative comparison index, trying to find the common data.

5.

WE'RE LOOKING PAST ARMITAGE AND MARY, AS MARY GESTURES TOWARDS A PROLIFERATION OF PICTURES OF PRETTY PEOPLE - WE'RE FOCUSSED ON MAYBE ONE OR TWO BIG ONES ON SCREENS TO GET THE PRETTINESS ETC. (ONE OF THEM IS THE GIRL WE MET RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING OF EPISODE ONE.)

MARY: Look at these. Anything jump out at you?

ARMITAGE: Not a lot. Young, good looking I suppose ... you know, apart from being dead and slung down a hole ...

MARY: And that's the point. A random sampling of fifty people, you'd get at least a few who were plainer or frankly pig-ugly. If pigs still existed, which they don't.

MARY: (link) It's all subjective, of course, but they're all what you might subjectively call pretty. It's a distinct deviation from the norm. A point of anomaly.

6.

ARMITAGE AND MARY CONFERRING. TREASURE LISTENING.

ARMITAGE: So maybe the site was just a dump for clones. Good looking bodies made for the sex-industry? That would explain the complete lack of ID.

MARY: Clones are made to be ... 'perfect', you know, in some highly dubious and sometimes horrible ways.

MARY: (link) These people were simply noticeable, if you get what I mean. The sort of people who stand out on the street.

PAGE FIVE

1.

WE'RE BACK IN THE CID OFFICE, ARMITAGE AND STEEL IN THE PROCESS OF SITTING DOWN AT THEIR DESKS AND PREPARING TO GO TO WORK ON COMPUTER TERMINALS AND DATA PADS.

TREASURE: People who stand out on the street?

TREASURE: (link) Fifty victims to identify and all we have to go on is people who stand out on the street?

ARMITAGE: It's something to go on at least. If people noticed them, people would notice they've gone.

ARMITAGE: (link) Time to hit the Missing Persons files.

TREASURE: What, all of them?

2.

A WIDE SHOT OF THE OFFICE, STEEL ON ONE SIDE, ARMITAGE ON THE OTHER, WORKING AT THEIR DATA TERMINALS.

FX: (from Treasure) - tok - - toktoktok -

FX: (from Armitage) - toktoktoktoktok -

3.

SAME SET-UP AS ABOVE. ARMITAGE AND STEEL STILL WORKING AWAY, WITH LITTLE RANDOM CHANGES TO CONVEY THAT SOME TIME HAS PASSED. TREASURE IS, FOR EXAMPLE, LEANING OVER TO SCRIBBLE A NOT ON A DATA PAD WITH A STYLUS RATHER THAN OPERATING HER KEYBOARD.

BOX: Three hours later.

FX: (from Treasure) - skreek - - skreek -

FX: (from Armitage) - toktoktoktoktoktok -

4.

SAME SET-UP AS ABOVE. ARMITAGE AND STEEL ARE VERY BORED. ARMITAGE IS DRINKING A CUP OF COFFEE. STEEL HAS HER FEET UP ON THE DESK, IS HOLDING A DATA PAD UP OVER HER HEAD AND LOOKING UP AT IT.

BOX: Three hours after that.

TREASURE: Drokk this.

TREASURE: (link) This is going drokking nowhere.

5.

(STILL IN THE OFFICE, BUT WITH A DIFFERENT FRAMING SET-UP FROM THE SEQUENCE ABOVE) ARMITAGE AND STEEL PREPARE TO LEAVE, PULLING ON THEIR JACKET AND COAT, GENERALLY CONVERSING.

ARMITAGE: I'll set a couple of Auxiliaries going through the files. Maybe they'll have come up with something we missed by morning.

ARMITAGE: You still okay at the Section House, Steel? You know there's always a spot on my sofa if you need it.

TREASURE: And have Mira keep me up all night wanting me to talk through my problems and stomm?

ARMITAGE: I should never have loaded her up with all those psychoanalytical self-help routines.

6.

SMALL TRANSITION SHOT. TREASURE LEAVING THE NEW OLD BAILEY. IT'S EVENING.

BOX: "Besides, Armitage, I don't think I'm heading back there, tonight. To the Section house, I mean."

7.

A TRANSIT RACK - WHICH IS BASICALLY THE FUTURE BRIT-CIT VERSION OF A TUBE STATION, ALBEIT INVOLVING AN ELEVATED MONORAIL RATHER THAN A TUNNEL. TREASURE IS ENTERING A TUBE CAPSULE, SIGNAGE CONVEYING THAT IT'S HEADING FOR NU SOHO.

BOX: "I just feel like I really need to go out."

PAGE SIX

1.

A BUSY NIGHT STREET IN NU SOHO, THE PUBLIC FACE OF THE SEX-INDUSTRY IN BRIT-CIT. CLUBS AND VARIOUS OTHER ESTABLISHMENTS, WITH NAMES LIKE 'GUILTY PLEASURES RERO-PEEP' AND 'ANODYNE'. STATE-LICENSED MASSAGE. A FREE CLINIC. A BRANCH OF THE BODYSTORE, TAGLINE 'A WHOLE NEW YOU, ACCEPT NO BOOTLEGS' ...

VARIOUS LATE-NIGHT PEOPLE. PARTY-GOERS AND PUNTERS AND WHORES OF EVERY GENDER AND ORIENTATION ...

TREASURE IS AT THE DOORWAY TO AN ESTABLISHMENT CALLED 'BLACK LIGHT', GOING PAST THE BOUNCER.

BOX: Brit-Cit. Sector 3. Nu Soho.

2.

BIGGISH INTERIOR OF THE BLACK LIGHT CLUB. IT'S MORE A FETISHY PARTY PLACE THAN AN ACTUAL SEX CLUB OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT. AT LEAST ON THE MAIN FLOOR. THE CROWD IS YOUNG - YOUNGER THAN TREASURE - AND DRESSED IN A FETISH-STYLE WITH DISTINCT FUTURISTIC DREDD-WORLD OVERTONES AND ADAPTATIONS.

SEXUAL-ORIENTATION IN BRIT-CIT TENDS TO THE FLUID AS A MATTER OF DEFAULT, BUT THE BLACK LIGHT OCCUPIES THE GAYER END OF THE SCALE. TO THE EXTENT THAT RELATIONSHIPS CAN BE DETERMINED AMONGST THE CROWD, SAME SEX RELATIONSHIPS PREDOMINATE.

(IF THERE'S A WAY OF DOING IT WITHOUT IT COMING OFF LIKE A CHEAP JOKE THERE ARE DOORS LEADING TO BACK ROOMS MARKED MALE-MALE SYMBOL, FEMALE-FEMALE SYMBOL, MALE-FEMALE SYMBOL AND 'TAKE YOUR CHANCES'.)

TREASURE IS PUSHING HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWD TOWARDS THE BAR.

ON A SMALLISH STAGE LIKE AFFAIR, A 'CABARET'-STYLE MC (FUTURISTIC DREDD-WORLD VARIETY) IS ANNOUNCING INTO AN OLD-STYLE RADIOPHONIC MIKE.

MC: Boys and gentlemen, ladies and girls, we have a special surprise act for you tonight - like she isn't here every night, here at the Black Light!

3.

CLOSE ON THE MC ANNOUNCING AWAY. INDICATIONS OF A SHADOWY, HEAD-BOWED FIGURE IN THE DARK BEHIND HIM, HINTS OF SPANGLES IN THE DARKNESS.

MC: Now, you'll have heard from the news how she's been a very naughty girl - but here she is to tell you about it herself ...

MC: (link) Gentlemen and ladies, girls and boys, the one, the only ...

4.

BIG INTRODUCTION FRAME ...

POSSIBLY EXTREME FOREGROUND INDICATIONS OF THE MC'S HAND AS HE INTRODUCES THE ACT. WE'RE FOCUSING THOUGH, AS A SPOTLIGHT SNAPS ON, ON THE FIGURE ON THE STAGE - WHO HAS RAISED HER HEAD AND NOW STRIKES A POSE.

IT'S A DRAG-IMPERSONATOR OF THE STAR TAMARA DeFANE - STAGE NAME, TAMARA DeFAMATION, REAL NAME, AS WE'LL LEARN, DANIEL.

(I'LL REFER TO 'HIM' AS A 'HE' THROUGHOUT, SIMPLY TO FIX HIS ACTUAL GENDER IN THE MIND - BUT THE POINT IS THAT HE IS UTTERLY CONVINCING AS A WOMAN, AND NEAR IDENTICAL TO THE REAL TAMARA, SAVE FOR BEING A BIT MORE OVERSTATED AND THEATRICAL FOR THE PURPOSES OF PARODY.)

TAMARA DeFAMATION (DANIEL) HAS FOUNTAINS OF BLOND HAIR AND IS IN A SKIMPY BUT FULL LENGTH RED SPANGLY DRESS. HIS BREASTS ARE OBVIOUSLY 'REAL' FOR THE GIVEN VALUE OF BEING THE PRODUCT OF HORMONES AND SURGERY RATHER THAN, YOU KNOW, FALSIES. THE RED DRESS IS SLIT UP THE SIDE TO SHOW OFF REALLY GOOD LEGS AND SLINGBACKS.

TAMARA DeFAMATION'S Demeanour is somewhat theatrically dishevelled, make-up a little smeared - telegraphing a character who has partied hard for a week and has been shagged senseless for more than half of it ...

MC: (off) ... Tamara DeFamation!

TAMARA DeFAMATION: Hello, dahlings.

5.

CLOSE ON TAMARA DeFAMATION (DANIEL), GOING INTO HIS ROUTINE.

TAMARA DeFAMATION: Well, what a week it's been. I've hardly been up on my slingbacks.

TAMARA DeFAMATION: (link) Those DataDay journos, always wanting a piece of me ...

6.

REVERSE SHOT OF 'TAMARA' DOING THE PUNCH LINE, WHICH INVOLVES A SOMEWHAT CRUDE GESTURE INVOLVING PARTS OF THE BODY. BEYOND THIS THE AUDIENCE OF CLUBBERS CLAPS AND CHEERS.

TAMARA DeFFAMATION: ... when all they want is a bit of that.

TAMARA DeFAMATION: Oh, do stop doing those ook-ook ape noises. It really does make you sound like a collection of utter morons ...

PAGE SEVEN

1.

CUT TO TREASURE AT THE BAR, THOUGH NOT ON A STOOL, A BEER BOTTLE AND A SHOT IN FRONT OF HER. SHE'S LOOKING OFF OUT OF SHOT TOWARDS THE STAGE IN ADMIRING ASTONISHMENT, THOUGH ADDRESSING HER REMARK TO A GIRL - A COMPLETE HOTTIE - SITTING ON A BARSTOOL BESIDE HER.

VOICE OFF: (Tamara DeFamation) I'll be back soon, darlings, never fear, but in the meantime, here's the Black Light Girls with their almost competent interpretation of that classic number, Tribute to Pants ...

TREASURE: Oh my God, that is brilliant!

TREASURE: (link) I mean, the material's drokking awful, and it doesn't sound anything like her - but it's the living spit!

TREASURE: You don't think it could somehow be the real deal, do you? You know, really her, doing it for a laugh ...?

2.

CHANGE OF VIEWPOINT, POSSIBLY TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR. THE HOTTIE GIRL TURNS TO TREASURE AND LOOKS AT HER LIKE SHE'S SEEN BETTER THINGS ON THE SOLE OF HER SHOE.

TREASURE TAKES THIS OUT-OF-HAND REJECTION PERFECTLY CALMLY.

HOTTIE: I'm sorry. Do I know you?

TREASURE: Suit yourself.

3.

CLOSE ON TREASURE, KNOCKING BACK HER SHOT.

THE NEXT TWO THINGS FROM TREASURE, WITH THEIR BRACKETS AND LOWER CASE, ARE WHAT ACTUALLY APPEAR IN THE BALLOONS RATHER THAN DIRECTIONS:

TREASURE: (bitch.)

TREASURE: (I was coming here when you were still in drokking spankies.)

4.

TREASURE LEANS HER ELBOWS ON THE BAR, GAZING AT HER BEER AND LIFTING A HAND TO ORDER ANOTHER SHOT, IN THE MINIMAL WAY THAT SAYS JUST KEEP EM COMING. LOST IN HER OWN THOUGHTS WHILE HAPPY, SEXY, FETISHY AND ABOVE ALL YOUNG PEOPLE PARTY IN THE BACKGROUND.

(TREASURE'S BARMAID, INCIDENTALLY, WHAT WE SEE OF HER, IS DRESSED IN A PLASTICIZED AND FUTURE-STREAMLINED FRENCH MAID UNIFORM AND RESTRAINTS THAT RESTRICT HER MOVEMENT A LITTLE - FOR SHOW, BASICALLY - BUT NOT SO MUCH THAT SHE CAN'T DO HER JOB.)

VOICE OFF: Treasure?

5.

CLOSE ON TREASURE AS SHE TURNS IN SURPRISE TO A VOICE OUT OF SHOT.

VOICE OFF: Is that you?

VOICE OFF: (link) Treasure Steel?

TREASURE: Mm, wha ...?

6.

WE'RE LOOKING PAST TREASURE TO WHERE 'TAMARA DeFAMATION' (DANIEL) STANDS, STILL IN HIS STAGE OUTFIT, GREETING HER WITH A DELIGHTED SMILE.

TAMARA DeFAMATION: Don't you remember me? Well, I suppose you wouldn't recognise me, looking like this ...

TAMARA DeFAMATION: It's me, Daniel.

PAGE EIGHT

1.

TWO-SHOT OF TREASURE AND DANIEL, TREASURE'S A BIT SUSPICIOUS, DANIEL'S COMPLETELY BLASÉ.

(REMEMBER THAT THERE'S ALL SORTS OF SEXY CLUBBING FUN GOING ON AROUND THEM THROUGHOUT. I WON'T PARTICULARLY MENTION IT, BUT IF ANY SEXY CLUBBING FUN OCCURS TO YOU, PLEASE FEEL FREE TO HEAVE IT IN.)

TREASURE: Daniel ...?

TREASURE: Oh yeah, I ... think I recognise the voice ...

DANIEL: Where have you been keeping yourself? Last time I saw you was back in the day, when we were all so young and pretty. Some of us.

DANIEL: (link) Long before I had all this done, anyway ...

2.

TREASURE AND DANIEL. DANIEL IS TALKING ANIMATEDLY.

TREASURE: Daniel, right ...

TREASURE: (link) I remember you being really into the Tamara DeFane thing, you know, when you remembered through the Attention Deficit Disorder, but ...

DANIEL: Total modification, cost a fortune at the BodyStore, and I'm still paying it off.

DANIEL: Well, I say total ... couple of obvious things I kept.

3.

TREASURE LOOKS ASKANCE AT DANIEL AS HE GRABS HIS BREASTS AND JIGGLES THEM - IF THAT CAN BE DONE IN AN UNCONCERNED WAY RATHER THAN COMING OFF PRURIENT, IF YOU GET ME.

TREASURE: You, uh, mean ...?

DANIEL: Adam's apple and vocal cords, yeah. For some reason people won't go for a Tamara DeFane tribute-act if you come off completely like a girlie.

DANIEL: My genotype's still XY, technically, and they've got my balls on file if I ever want them reattached. These are like totally real. I'm really proud of them - want a go?

4.

TREASURE AND DANIEL TALK IN A FRIENDLY MANNER.

TREASURE: I think I'll pass. You know me, Daniel - simple girl and a bit of a throwback in some things. It would just be weird for me.

DANIEL: Your loss.

DANIEL: So, uh ... listen, last I saw you, you were in the Academy. How did that work out for you?

TREASURE: I'm a Judge, if that's what you mean. What's on your mind?

5.

CLOSE ON DANIEL. THERE'S A CHANGE IN TONE WITH HIM. HE SEEMS WORRIED.

DANIEL: It's probably nothing - I mean, I hope it's nothing ...

DANIEL: (link) It's just that these last few weeks I've been feeling like I've been marked, like I'm being followed or something. It's only paranoia, maybe, but I just can't shake it, you know?

6.

TREASURE AND DANIEL TALKING MORE SERIOUSLY.

TREASURE: So, what are you thinking? The real Tamara DeFane's put out a contract on you, or something, just cos you do some tribute act that takes the piss out of her?

TREASURE: Paranoia yes, I'm thinking.

DANIEL: I know, I know. It's just getting to the point where I can hardly function.

7.

CLOSE ON A SERIOUS DANIEL.

DANIEL: I remember that time, you know, when these other guys were after me. That thing with the credit bonds. You took care of it.

DANIEL: (link) Listen ... I have to go and do another set. When I'm done we can talk about this, yes?

PAGE NINE

1.

A BIT LATER. A MORE CHEERFUL TREASURE LOUNGES AGAINST A STANCHION OR SOMETHING IN THE MAIN PART OF THE CLUB, WITH A BEER BOTTLE, JUST GENERALLY ENJOYING ALL THE FUN AND SEXY AMBIENCE AND KEEPING A VAGUE EYE OUT FOR DANIEL.

BOX: Late.

TREASURE: Hmf.

TREASURE: (later) Asks me to keep an eye on him, does his second set, then vanishes off the face of the earth ...

2.

WE'RE LOOKING PAST TREASURE AS SHE TURNS TO SPOT AN ALCOVE BOOTH AND WHO - WE AND SHE THINK - IS DANIEL. THE BACK IS TO US, BUT WE SEE THE DISTINCTIVE BLONDE (NOTE THE BLONDE, THERE) HAIR AND BUILD ...

(POSSIBLE INDICATIONS OF OTHER PEOPLE IN THE ALCOVE. WASTED HANGERS-ON FOR THE MOST - BUT, IMPORTANTLY, INDICATIONS OF THE SUITED AND SHADED MINDER WE'LL SEE NEXT FRAME.

TREASURE: Ah,

TREASURE: (link) So much for hardly being able to function ...

3.

TREASURE ACCOSTS 'DANIEL' - AND RIGHT AWAY WE CAN SEE THAT IT ISN'T HIM, NOT LEAST BY THE FACT THAT HER OUTFIT AND MAKEUP ARE DIFFERENT AND MUCH MORE STYLISH AND PERFECT.

(THIS IS OF COURSE THE REAL TAMARA DeFANE. TO BE HONEST, I HAVE NO IDEA HOW THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN HER AND DANIEL CAN BE MADE OBVIOUS BY PURELY GRAPHICAL MEANS - THE POINT OF THE STORY BEING THAT THEY'RE BASICALLY THE LIVING SPIT OF EACH OTHER - BUT I MENTION IT JUST TO FIX IT IN THE MIND.)

THE BALD, SUITED AND DARK-GLASSES-WEARING MINDER IS IN THE PROCESS OF LEAPING TO HIS FEET TO DEAL WITH THIS UNWARRANTED INTRUSION ON HIS CHARGE.

TREASURE: Hey, Daniel! Aren't you gonna introduce me to your - ak!

MINDER: You! Leave the lady alone, slitch!

4.

TREASURE STANDS A BIT DITHERY AND GOBSMACKED. WELL YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU, IF YOU SUDDENLY FOUND YOURSELF CONFRONTED WITH A MADONNA OR WHOEVER, BACK IN THE DAY, THOUGH POSSIBLY NOT A PARIS HILTON IN THIS ONE.

THE REAL TAMARA DeFANE IS LANGUIDLY BIDDING HER MINDER TO SIT DOWN AGAIN, AND HE'S SULLENLY COMPLYING. TAMARA IS LOOKING AT TREASURE WITH INTEREST ...

TREASURE: Whoops ...

TAMARA: It's okay, Goren. Leave it. Settle.

TREASURE: I, uh, look I'm sorry ... I thought you were someone else ...

5.

TAMARA'S SEX ON LEGS, BASICALLY, AND LOOKING AT TREASURE WITH FRANK AND SPECULATIVE INTEREST, BIDDING HER TO SIT DOWN ON THE ALCOVE SEATING BESIDE HER.

(INDICATIONS OF VARIOUS DRINKS AND DRUGS ON THE BOOTH'S TABLE, AND THE VARIOUS EFFECTS THEY'VE HAD ON HER HANGERS ON.)

TAMARA: What, that grotty little loser who swans round here pretending to be me?

TAMARA: You can do better than that. Come and sit. I don't bite, much.

TAMARA: (link) Well, you know, not unless you want.

6.

TREASURE IS NOW SITTING IN THE ALCOVE, WITH THAT SLIGHT NERVOUSNESS OF HAVING JUST MET SOMEONE, AND NOT QUITE KNOWING WHAT THE SITUATION IS OR WHAT THEY WANT.

TAMARA, ON THE OTHER HAND, KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTS. SHE'S REACHING OUT TO TOUCH TREASURE IN THAT CASUAL AND FRIENDLY WAY THAT IS JUST ON THE CUSP OF MAKING A MOVE ...

TREASURE: So, uh, Ms DeFane, what are you ...

TAMARA: Tamara, please. I'm just here looking for a friend. There's a vacancy going, if you ... you know, pass the physical.

TAMARA: (link) Face it, tiger, you just hit the jackpot.

BOX: Next: Something Happened

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