

ARMITAGE: DUMB BLOND

Episode 3

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.
THE IMAGE HERE, AND THOSE FOR THE REST OF THE PAGE, IS IN A FLUID AND CARTOONISH STYLE TO CONVEY TONE. THE WAY I IMAGINE IT IS IN THE STYLE OF JOSH LESNICK, AND FOR REFERENCE YOU CAN FIND HIS WORK AT [HTTP://WWW.GO-GIRLY.COM](http://www.go-girly.com)

OPEN ON THE CARTOON-VERSION OF THE TABLE IN THE CLUB FROM LAST TIME. TREASURE AND TAMARA ARE TALKING ANIMATEDLY AND GETTING ON.

INDICATIONS OF TAMARA'S DRUGGED-UP AND WASTED ENTOURAGE. IMPORTANTLY, THE CARTOON VERSION OF TAMARA'S MINDER (HIS NAME IS GOREN) IS GLARING AT TREASURE SUSPICIOUSLY.

BOX: Sometimes, you just gave to do something stupid.

BOX: The weight of the world, the state of your life and all its crap ...

2.
A CARTOON ALLEYWAY. CARTOON TREASURE AND CARTOON TAMARA RUN TOWARDS US, HAND IN HAND AND LAUGHING TOGETHER - YOU KNOW, THE COMEDY MAKING-A-BREAK-FOR-IT THING.

BEHIND THEM, BY A DOOR AND NEON-SIGNAGE SAYING 'BLACK LIGHT', IS A TRASH CAN. GOREN THE MINDER IS SITTING IN IT, HAVING BEEN DUMPED IN IT ARSE-FIRST, AND IS SCOWLING AND WAVING A FIST. APPROPRIATE ANGER-LINES AND A STORM-CLOUD-AND-SKULL-AND-CROSSBONES SWEAR IS COMING FROM HIM.

BOX: ... you just have to make a break for it and get away.

3.

A CARTOON LOBBY OF THE SORT OF SEEDY, FILTHY HOTEL WHERE THE ROOMS ARE PAID FOR MY THE HOUR.

A DRUNK TREASURE (WITH LITTLE DRUNKARD-BUBBLES OVER HEAD) LEANS AGAINST TAMARA AS SHE GETS A KEY FROM A FAT AND GREASY GUY BEHIND THE COUNTER IN A VEST. (THE GUY, THAT IS, WEARING THE VEST, NOT THE COUNTER.)

TATTY SIGNS BEHIND THE RECEPTION DESK READ THINGS LIKE: 'NO COOKING IN ROOMS', 'NO CYBORGS' AND 'PETS EXTRA'.

BOX: Switch off the cortex, knock out the prefrontals and just go with it ...

4.

A CARTOON SEEDY HOTEL ROOM, INDICATIONS OF AN IRON BEDSTEAD, WITH RAILINGS, TO SET UP THE IMAGE IN THE NEXT PAGE WHEN WE GO BACK TO REALITY.

A DRUNKEN TREASURE AND TAMARA, STILL ON THEIR FEET, ARE GENERALLY NUZZLING AND SMOOCHING AND GETTING OUT OF THEIR CLOTHES.

BOX: ... because wherever it might lead, it's bound to be more fun - and certainly more interesting - than where you were.

5.

CARTOON TAMARA PRODUCES A SET OF OLD-STYLE HANDCUFFS (OLD-STYLE, NATURALLY, IN THE FUTURISTIC TERMS OF BRIT-CIT) AT WHICH TREASURE IS LOOKING AT WITH INTEREST.

BOX: Of course, the thing about the world ...

6.

CLOSEUP ON CARTOON-TREASURE'S FACE AS SOMETHING SUDDENLY HITS HER. WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT; WE JUST SEE CARTOON STARS ETC.

BOX: It's still there, waiting.

7.

A SMALL BLACK FRAME OF CARTOON-UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

BOX: Waiting with more crap that you ever could imagine.

PAGE TWO

1.
BIG SPLASH-PIC. WE'RE BACK IN A REALISTIC STYLE. WE'RE BACK IN REALITY, AND RATHER TOO MUCH OF IT ...

WE'RE IN THE SEEDY HOTEL ROOM, FOCUSSED ON THE MESSED-UP BED. TREASURE IS ON HER BACK, IN HER UNDERWEAR, HANDCUFFED TO THE IRON FRAME.

IMPORTANTLY: THERE ARE TWO SETS OF HANDCUFFS, ONE FOR EACH WRIST, MAKING IT OBVIOUS THAT TREASURE COULD NOT HAVE DONE IT HERSELF - OR AT LEAST, NOT THE SECOND ONE.

THERE'S A NOTICEABLE BRUISE ON THE SIDE OF TREASURE'S HEAD.

ON THE BED BESIDE HER, ALSO IN HER UNDERWEAR, IS THE SLACKLY CONTORTED AND OBVIOUSLY DEAD BODY OF TAMARA. THERE'S A PILLOW OVER HER HEAD, POSSIBLY WITH STRESS-MARKS ON IT TO MAKE IT CLEAR THAT TAMARA HAS BEEN SMOTHERED.

TAMARA'S BODY HAS BEEN SLATHERED WITH A RED LIQUID, WHICH MIGHT AT FIRST GLANCE BE CONFUSED WITH BLOOD.

(IT'S ACTUALLY GASOLINE, THOUGH, DYED BRIGHT RED - IF IT COMES TO A GRAPHICAL CHOICE, MAKE IT MORE LIKE PETROL, EVEN IF THAT MAKES IT LESS LIKE BLOOD, THAN TOMATO-KETCHUP GORE.)

A NUMBER OF UNIFORMED, HELMETED BRIT-CIT STREET JUDGES ARE AROUND THE BED (POSSIBLE INDICATIONS OF THE ROOM'S DOOR HAVING BEEN BUSTED DOWN) AND THEY'RE AIMING THE BLOCKY SEMI-AUTOMATICS THAT ARE THE BRIT-CIT VERSION OF LAWGIVERS AT TREASURE'S HEAD.

BOX: And then it lands on you.

STREET-JUDGE: You!

STREET-JUDGE: (link) Hands where I can see them! Stay exactly where you are!

TITLE: Something Happened

2.

TREASURE SPEAKS WITH STILL HALF-DAZED ALARM TO ONE OF THE ARMED STREET-JUDGES.

TREASURE: The drokk?

TREASURE: You know, given the circumstances, isn't that the most idiotic thing you could have ever possibly said?

3.

CLOSE ON THE STREET-JUDGE, AIMING THE SNOUT OF HIS GUN AT US AND GRIMLY SNARLING. ALL VERY DREDD.

STREET-JUDGE: Don't start with the lip, girl.

STREET-JUDGE: You're staying where you are until Scene of Crime tells us what happened here ...

PAGE THREE

1.
MARY TURNER HAS COME THROUGH THE BUSTED DOWN DOOR. SHE'S DRESSED PRETTY MUCH AS WE SAW HER IN THE FIRST EPISODE, IN FIELD-FATIGUES AND WITH A SOCO PACK SLUNG OVER ONE SHOULDER, A MINICAM MOUNTED ON THE OTHER.

SHE SEEMS LESS INNATELY CHEERFUL THAN IS USUAL FOR HER, BUT NOT EXACTLY MISERABLE EITHER. MORE LIKE CALM DETACHMENT. TREASURE'S A FRIEND OF SORTS, SO SHE'S TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY.

MARY: That would be me.

MARY: Nice job on the door, guys. I assume that was you, as opposed to how the perpetrator - or perpetrators - got in.

2.
GRIMLY-SNARLING STREET-JUDGE GUY GRIMLY SNARLS AT MARY TURNER AS SHE CALMLY CROUCHES DOWN TO TAKE A CURSORY LOOK AT THE BODY OF TAMARA.

STREET-JUDGE: Just do your job, Turner.

STREET-JUDGE: What's that stuff on the body? Is it blood?

MARY: What, that helmet on you messes up your sense of smell as well as your eyes?

3.
CLOSE ON MARY TURNER'S HANDS, IN THE PROCESS OF STOWING A Q-TIP LIKE SWAB, THE END SOAKED IN THE RED LIQUID SLATHERING TAMARA, INTO A LITTLE VIAL.

MARY: This is gasoline. That's a controlled commodity, these days. It's dyed red to tag it.

MARY: They soaked her with it, but didn't bother to let her on fire. I wonder why ...

4.

A STILL HANDCUFF-RESTRAINED TREASURE SNAPS ANGRILY AT MARY TURNER AS SHE TURNS HER ATTENTION TO HER.

BOX: Welcome to the Justice System as meat-grinder.

TREASURE: What the drokk is this, Mary? Get me out of here!

MARY: It's for the best, believe me. Best to leave things in situ. You know that, Treasure.

5.

CLOSE ON MARY TURNER, GIVING US A CALM BUT FRIENDLY SMILE AS SHE RECORDS US WITH HER SHOULDER-MOUNTED CAMERA. POSSIBLY THERE'S A LIGHT BLINKING ON IT, AND THE FRAME'S SIMILAR TO THE ONE WITH STREET-JUDGE GUY POINTING HIS GUN AT US.

BOX: Doesn't matter who you are, going in - you come out the same way.

MARY: Come on, sweetheart.

MARY: (link) Give us a big smile for the camera.

6.

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE NEW OLD BAILEY. DAY.

BOX: I mean, they even went over me with the Rape Kit - and what was the point of that?

BOX: I'd know about something like that.

BOX: Wouldn't I?

7.

SHOT OF A TIRED, BATTERED AND DEFEATED-LOOKING TREASURE, SITTING ON A FOLDING METAL CHAIR IN THE BARE AND SOMEWHAT SHABBY SURROUNDINGS THAT - NEXT PAGE - WE'LL SEE AS AN INTERVIEW ROOM.

TREASURE'S IN THIN COTTON GREYISH COVERALLS, LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN THOSE OF A HOSPITAL PATIENT A DETAINEE ON REMAND, IN KEEPING WITH THE CURRENT AMBIGUITY OF HER STATUS.

(POSSIBLY THIS SET-UP COULD BE A CALLBACK TO THE SCENE WITH THE GIRL FROM THE START OF EPISODE ONE, IF THAT DOESN'T COME ACROSS AS TOO ON THE NOSE,)

BOX: I just wish someone would tell me if I'm supposed to be a victim or a suspect at this point.

VOICE OFF: Commencing interview of material witness in case-docket 79506/701. Treasure Steel, Detective Judge (suspended).

VOICE OFF: (link) Investigator Smith, External Affairs, presiding. Administrator Warner observing ...

PAGE FOUR

1.

WE'RE IN A SPARE AND FUNCTIONAL NEW OLD BAILEY INTERVIEW ROOM. BREEZEBLOCK WALLS AND A CONCRETE FLOOR. FLUORESCENT LIGHTING AND WHAT IS OBVIOUSLY A ONE-WAY OBSERVATION WINDOW IN ONE WALL.

(POSSIBLY EVEN STENCIL-SIGNAGE ON ANOTHER WALL SAYING 'INTERVIEW ROOM 7091B' OR THE LIKE, AND A GRUBBY SHEET OF PAPER TAPED TO A STOUT DOOR WITH PROCEDURAL BULLET-POINTS ON IT, THOUGH THE TEXT ITSELF IS UNREADABLE.)

TREASURE SITS, AS WE'VE SEEN HER, ON A FOLDING METAL CHAIR BEFORE A WIDE AND SPARELY-FUNCTIONAL DESK. THERE'S ROOM FOR MORE THAN TWO PEOPLE BEHIND THE DESK, THOUGH AT THE MOMENT THERE ARE ONLY TWO.

ONE OF THEM IS ADMINISTRATOR WARNER, SITTING OFF TO ONE SIDE WITH STIFF SUPERCILIOUSNESS. HERE AN OBSERVER, AND SPITEFULLY ENJOYING EVERY SECOND OF TREASURE STEEL'S COMEUPPANCE.

CENTRAL, THOUGH, DIRECTLY OPPOSITE TREASURE, IS INVESTIGATOR SMITH OF THE EXTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION - THE BRIT-CIT EQUIVALENT OF THE SJS. EXTERNAL AFFAIRS ARE A PART OF SPECIAL BRANCH, AND SMITH IS DRESSED IN THE SHARP BLACK TWIN-SET AND SHADES THAT WE'VE SEEN ON SPECIAL BRANCH SPOOKS IN PREVIOUS SERIES.

SMITH IS A BLONDE WOMAN, HER HAIR CUT IN A SHORT, SEVERE BOB. HER VISIBLE FEATURES (COS OF THE ROUND-LENSED BLACK SHADES) MIGHT BEST BE DESCRIBED AS THOSE OF A VINEGAR-FACED, VICIOUS, STUCK UP, UPTIGHT BITCH.

THERE ARE VARIOUS PAPERS AND DATA PADS ON THE DESK BEFORE SMITH. SHE'S CURRENTLY CONSULTING ONE SUCH AND ADDRESSING TREASURE WITH COLD CONTEMPT.

BOX: External Affairs are a part of Special Branch, investigating Judges who act outside of what's expected of them. In the US Mega-Cities they're called the SJS.

SMITH: ... so, you're telling me that you were simply on a night out and - purely by coincidence - you ended up meeting the noted holo-vid actress, Tamara DeFane.

SMITH: What are your feelings, in general, about this Tamara DeFane?

2.
CLOSE ON TREASURE, ANSWERING US SULLENLY.

TREASURE: I think she's appalling, tell you the truth.

TREASURE: I mean, those Dumb Blonde things she does, they're just witless. They're not just an insult to women, or human beings, they're an insult to sentient life ...

3.
INVESTIGATOR SMITH QUESTIONS A SULLEN TREASURE WITH COLD SUSPICION.

SMITH: So your attitude towards her might best be described as dislike and contempt.

SMITH: Given that, on actually meeting her, why in the world would you ...?

4.
CLOSE ON TREASURE, EXPLAINING HERSELF. THERE'S A HINT THAT HER SULLEN RESOLVE IS CRACKING INTO DEFENSIVENESS, IF THAT CAN BE DONE WITHOUT BEING OVERPLAYED.

TREASURE: You know things don't work like that. Or I'd damn well hope you do. She's still iconic, and meeting her in person ...

TREASURE: In person she - she was - well, she was sex on legs, frankly, and interested, and the way I was feeling ...

5.
CLOSE ON INVESTIGATOR SMITH, CONSULTING A SEQUENCE BEING PLAYED ON A DATAPAD.

SMITH: Let's talk about that. Let's establish your emotional state, shall we?

SMITH: (link) You're currently resident in the New Old Bailey Section House, following your separation from your wife, Theresa Steel. Some kind of installation artist, I believe.

SMITH: Your behaviour there appears to have been erratic, to say the least ...

6.

THE IMAGE ON THE PAD. (POSSIBLE MINOR INDICATIONS THAT SMITH'S HAND IS HOLDING IT AND SHE'S SHOWING IT TO US.)

IT'S THE FACE OF THE STREET--JUDGE GUY WHO ACCOSTED TREASURE IN THE SECTION-HOUSE SHOWERS LAST TIME, AND WHO SHE BEAT UP. HE'S BRUISED, WITH A BLACK EYE AND A STRIP OF SURGICAL TAPE ACROSS HIS BROKEN NOSE.

RADIO VOICE: (from data-pad) ... just snapped and went for me. The viciousness was, I don't know ...

RADIO VOICE: (from pad) ... didn't do or say anything to set her off, that's why she caught me off my guard ...

PAGE FIVE

1.
TWO-SHOT OF SMITH INTERROGATING AND TREASURE SULLENLY ANSWERING. JUST GENERAL BACK AND FORTH STUFF.

SMITH: Any comment?

TREASURE: I'm not going to dignify that with a response. I don't tell tales out of school, even if others do.

SMITH: Very well.

SMITH: (link) Your marriage, from which you are currently separated, might be considered somewhat controversial ...

2.
CLOSE ON TREASURE, EXCLAIMING IN UTTER DISBELIEF.

TREASURE: Controversial? What the drokk?

TREASURE: Where the drokk do you think we're living - the twenty-first century or Mega-City One?

VOICE OFF: (Smith) I'm not talking about your marriage as such. I'm happily married myself ...

3.
INVESTIGATOR SMITH, COLDLY AND CALMLY CONSULTING ANOTHER DATAPAD.

SMITH: ... I'm talking about your so-called son.

SMITH: Donor spermatozoa are purged of their original DNA and encoded with the gene-sequence of one of the 'mothers'. The resulting ... cocktail fertilizes the other, who carries to term.

SMITH: (link) There are some who consider that an affront to the natural order of things.

4.

TREASURE SNAPS WITH VICIOUS ANGER AT SMITH, WHO'S STILL IMPERVIOUSLY CONSULTING HER PAD.

THERE'S THE DISTINCT IMPRESSION THAT TREASURE'S ON THE POINT OF SNAPPING, LAUNCHING HERSELF ACROSS THE DESK AND THROTTLING THE BITCH.

(INDICATIONS OF WARNER, OBSERVING AWAY WITH VICIOUS SATISFACTION.)

TREASURE: Oh my God! You're one of those Right to Natural Lifers, aren't you!

TREASURE: (link) You think that any intervention in the reproductive process is a crime against nature! Bombed any termination clinics lately?

SMITH: I'm merely saying that many object to the procedure.

SMITH: Your immediate superior is somewhat old-fashioned, by all accounts. How would he react if these confidential medical reports were to come to light ...?

5.

ARMITAGE - FOR IT IS HE - IS COMING THROUGH THE INTERVIEW-ROOM DOOR. HE'S IN HIS SHIRTSLEEVES AND WAISTCOAT, AND POSSIBLY IN THE PROCESS OF STOWING HIS CLEARANCE KEY CARD IN A WAISTCOAT POCKET.

INDICATIONS THAT HE'S CARRYING A SHEAF OF PAPERS IN HIS OTHER HAND.

TO THE EXTENT THAT IT CAN BE, IN A SEQUENCE WHERE HARDLY ANYTHING ACTUALLY HAPPENS AT ALL, THIS IS THE MONEY-SHOT. ARMITAGE RADIATES A SENSE OF BARELY-CONTROLLED FURY.

FX: (door lock) - bzzzt - - clik -

ARMITAGE: And that would be me.

ARMITAGE: Immediate superior, standing right here. And believe me, being immediately superior isn't hard.

6.

ARMITAGE THROWS DOWN THE SHEAF OF PAPERS ON THE DESK BEFORE INVESTIGATOR SMITH. THEY'RE SHOTS OF TREASURE AS SHE WAS DISCOVERED, HANDCUFFED TO THE BED. (WE SEE JUST ENOUGH OF THEM TO GET THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE.)

ARMITAGE: Preliminary analysis from Mary Turner.

ARMITAGE: Torsion-vectoring, spatter-patterns and the such have established that it was a two-man job. One held the victim down, the other smothered her.

ARMITAGE: (link) The incidental timeline makes it impossible for Detective Judge Steel to have been an active participant ...

7.

CLOSE AS ARMITAGE BENDS TO GROWL INTO INVESTIGATOR SMITH'S FACE. IT'S A CONTEST OF WILLS, AND SMITH IS JUST ON THAT SLIGHTLY UNCERTAIN POINT OF BACKING DOWN.

ARMITAGE: ... which you could probably have worked out, on account of her being handcuffed to the drokking bed!

ARMITAGE: So either charge her with something or let her go. This farce stops now.

PAGE SIX

1.
POWER SHOT OF ARMITAGE AND STEEL WALKING AT US FROM THE CID LOCKERS, ARMITAGE PULLING ON HIS COAT AND TREASURE, HAVING CHANGED BACK INTO A MORE NORMAL OUTFIT, PULLING ON A JACKET.

BOX: They released me into Armitage's supervisory parole, like I was on probation.

TREASURE: I, uh, owe you one.

ARMITAGE: You owe me several, but who's counting?

BOX: Kind of like old times.

2.
HIGH SHOT AS THE SMALL FIGURES OF ARMITAGE AND STEEL WALK THROUGH THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL OF THE NEW OLD BAILEY, WITH ITS COLONNADES AND STATUARY. (SEE PREVIOUS SERIES FOR REFERENCE.)

ARMITAGE: I should warn you, Steel, they've let it be known you were being held in connection - they've thrown you to the dogs.

ARMITAGE: If dogs still existed, which they don't ...

3.
BIG SHOT, LOOKING PAST THE BACKS OF ARMITAGE AND STEEL TO THE PLAZA AREA OUTSIDE THE NEW OLD BAILEY.

IT'S PACKED WITH CAMERA-AND-MIKE TOTING NEWS CREWS AND A MOB OF LOSERS AND WEIRDOES, FANS OF TAMARA, MALE AND FEMALE, WHO BLAME TREASURE FOR HER DEATH.

(THE BEST WAY I CAN DESCRIBE IT: IMAGINE SOMEONE EVICTED FROM THE BIG BROTHER HOUSE WHEN IT EMERGES THAT THEY INTERFERE WITH LITTLE KIDDIES' BICYCLE SADDLES - AND THEY'RE SENT OUT THE FRONT RATHER THAN BEING SPIRITED AWAY OUT THE BACK. THAT SORT OF SCENE.)

VARIOUS DREDD-WORLD VARIATIONS AND EXAGGERATIONS, OF COURSE, TO ACCENTUATE THE GENERAL WEIRDNESS, ALONG WITH SCRAWLED PLACARDS READING 'MURDRER!' (MISSPELLING THERE INTENTIONAL) 'RIP TAMARA', 'HANG THE BITCH', 'HELLO MUM', ETC.

INDICATIONS OF A FEW UNIFORMED RIOT-CONTROL JUDGES, MAKING A SOMEWHAT HALF-HEARTED ATTEMPT TO KEEP THE CROWD BACK.

ARMITAGE: ... though rabid dogs might be preferable, I suppose.

VOICE: (directionless) Judge Steel! What do you have to have to say in response to the claims that you ...

VOICE: (directionless) ... what did Tamara look like when you took off her ...

VOICE: (directionless) ... comment on the rumours of your unconventional reproductive practices ...

VOICE: ... beg you when you ...

4.

CLOSE ON ARMITAGE AND STEEL, FROM SOME NEWS-CAM'S POINT OF VIEW, TRANSMISSION-GRAINY AND WITH 'DATADAY' SIGNALS AND TAGS. ARMITAGE IS SCOWLING. TREASURE IS SHOCKED.

TREASURE: I ... uh ... oh, God ...

VOICE OFF: (shout) SLITCH!

5.

A FAT, GREASY AND CRAZED COUCH-POTATOEY GUY BURSTS FROM THE CROWD, PAST A RIOT-JUDGE, PRODUCING A GUN.

HIS STAINED SHIRT BEARS A GRAPHIC OF TAMARA'S SMILING FACE SET IN A FLOWERY HEART, AND POSSIBLY EVEN THE LEGEND 'QUEEN OF MY HEART'.

THE GUN IS IN ACTUAL FACT A BIG 'SUPERSOAKER' TYPE WATER PISTOL, WITH CANISTERS FOR FLUID AND SUCHLIKE, BUT AT THIS POINT IT SHOULD STILL COME ACROSS AS A DREDD-WORLD-FUTURISTIC REAL AND LETHAL THING.

FATBOY: (scream) YOU DROKING SLITCH!

6.

THE FRANTIC, SWEATY FATBOY AIMS THE GUN AT A STUNNED TREASURE'S FACE, SCREAMING AT HER. POSSIBLE INDICATIONS OF ARMITAGE LOOKING AT HIM, PREPARING TO MAKE HIS MOVE ...

FATBOY: You took her away from us! Took her away from me!

FATBOY: The one thing that made life worth living! Well, you'll get yours!

PAGE SEVEN

1.
DYNAMIC SHOT OF ARMITAGE TAKING OUT THE FATBOY WITH A DEVASTATING BACKHANDER. FATBOY GOES DOWN WITH A SPRAY OF BLOOD AND TEETH, THE GUN FALLING FROM HIS NERVELESS FINGERS.

FX: SWUNCH!

FATBOY: Hnn ...

2.
AN OUTRAGED ADMINISTRATOR WARNER BUSTLES UP TO ARMITAGE AND STEEL, BERATING THEM.

WARNER: What the drokk do you think you're doing, Armitage?

ARMITAGE: Minimum necessary response, they call it. Why do you ask?

3.
CLOSE ON WARNER, HOLDING THE ATTACKER'S GUN AND SCOWLING SNOTTILY AS HE SHOWS US WHAT WE CAN NOW SEE CLEARLY: IT'S BASICALLY A WATER PISTOL.

WARNER: This is yet another public-relations disaster!

WARNER: (link) Even an idiot like you can plainly see this poor unfortunate was armed with nothing more than a water-pisto!

4.
WE'RE LOOKING AT WARNER FROM THE BACK AS HE FIRES THE GUN AT HIMSELF, SUICIDE-STYLE TO MAKE HIS POINT.

THE GUN CONTAINS ACID. WE DON'T SEE WHAT IT'S DOING TO WARNER'S FACE, WHAT WITH HIS BACK BEING TO US, BUT THERE'S A CLOUD OF ACID-STEAM.

WARNER: See ... AAGH!

FX: - slosh! - - ssssssssssss -

5.

MID-SHOT OF ARMITAGE AND STEEL, LOOKING DOWN AT AND COMPLETELY UNCONCERNED BY WHATEVER'S HAPPENING TO THE FALLEN WARNER OUT OF SHOT.

VOICE OFF: (from Warner, hugely overdone screaming) AAGH! DROKK! MOTHERDROKKING DROKK! MY EYES! MY BEAUTIFUL EYES!

ARMITAGE: Look on the bright side. It'll help your Judge Dredd impression at the next Winter Solstice party.

6.

SMALL ABSTRACT PANEL CONTAINING NOTHING IN PARTICULAR SAVE FOR THE COMMENTARY BOXES.

BOX: Actually, that never really happened.

BOX: That was just wishful thinking.

BOX: What actually happened was this ...

7.

REPRISE OF PANEL 3, WITH WARNER SNOTTILY SHOWING US THE WATER PISTOL.

WARNER: This is yet another public-relations disaster!

WARNER: (link) Even an idiot like you can plainly see this poor unfortunate was armed with nothing more than a water-pisto!

PAGE EIGHT

1.
ARMITAGE SLAPS THE GUN OUT OF THE SURPRISED WARNER'S HANDS.

ARMITAGE: Drop the gun, Warner.

FX: - smak! -

2.
CLOSEUP ON THE GUN WHERE IT HAS FALLEN, THE FLUID FROM A CRACKED CANISTER ON IT EATING A SMOKING HOLE IN THE GROUND.

ARMIITAGE: Hydrochloric acid, I think.

ARMITAGE: That would have put a bit of a crimp in anyone's day.

3.
WE'RE BACK ON ARMITAGE AND WARNER AS THEY ARGUE.

WARNER: The fact remains, you could have disarmed that man by -

ARMITAGE: I wasn't going to take the chance. Why don't you ask Steel how she feels about ...

4.
PULL BACK TO A SIMPLE PANEL THAT TELEGRAPHS ARMITAGE AND WARNER STANDING THERE, AMONGST THE MOB, WITH A COMPLETE AND UTTER LACK OF TREASURE.

ARMITAGE: Aw, bugger.

ARMIITAGE: (link) Where's the silly bitch gone now?

5.
CUT TO THE SECTOR SEVEN TRANSIT STACK (THE BRIT-CIT EQUIVALENT OF A RAIL TERMINUS).

A FOREGROUNDED, FURTIVE TREASURE IN A PAIR OF SUNGLASSES - THE AMERICAN EXPRESS OF FICTIONAL ANONYMITY - IS AT A PUBLIC LOCKER AND PULLING OUT A PAPER-WRAPPED PACKAGE OF JUST THE RIGHT SIZE TO CONTAIN PASSPORTS AND A WEDGE OF CASH.

FROM WHAT WE CAN SEE OF HER FACE, WITH THE DARK GLASSES, SHE'S GLANCING AT A COUPLE OF PEOPLE GENERALLY STANDING AROUND, ASSESSING WHETHER THEY'VE NOTICED HER OR NOT.

BOX: Sometimes you just have to do something stupid.

BOX: Sometimes you just have to get out.

6.

THE REAL LIFE VERSION OF THE KIND OF SCUMMY HOTEL LOBBY WE ENCOUNTERED AT THE START. THE SORT THAT CHARGES BY THE HOUR. POSSIBLY ONE OR TWO GIRLS WHO ALSO CHARGE BY THE HOUR LOUNGING AGAINST WALLS AND THE SUCH.

A SUNGLASS-WEARING TREASURE IS COUNTING OUT GRUBBY NOTES OF CASH TO A - YES - BALD GREASY RECEPTIONIST IN A VEST. HE'S COMPLETELY INCURIOUS AND SUCKING ON A THC-INHALER.

(INDICATIONS THAT TREASURE HAS A COUPLE OF BAGS OF GROCERIES WITH HER. THE SORT OF 'GROCERIES' THAT INVOLVE BIG BOTTLES OF SCOTCH AND OTHER STUFF.)

BOX: I simply couldn't do it any more.

BOX: Let someone else clean up the mess. I'm done.

PAGE NINE

1.

A SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - OBVIOUSLY NOT THE SAME ONE IN WHICH WE STARTED, BUT EQUALLY OBVIOUSLY OF THE SAME GENERAL ILK. A STAINED AND DIRTY BED WITH A CREDIT-OPERATED VIBRO-MASSAGE BOX, A STAINED AND DIRTY ARMCHAIR, A BATTERED TABLE AND A COUPLE OF CHAIRS.

TREASURE SITS MISERABLY AT THE TABLE, HER PARTIALLY UNPACKED GROCERIES IN FRONT OF HER - THAT PART INVOLVING THE SCOTCH, A LOT OF WHICH HAS GONE INTO A DIRTY TOOTH-GLASS AND FROM THENCE INTO TREASURE. (THERE'S MORE STUFF LEFT IN THE GROCERY BACKS, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS YET.)

ALSO ON THE TABLE IS SOME NOTEPAPER AND A PEN, TOGETHER WITH A NUMBER OF SCREWED-UP PAPERS, VERSIONS OF THE NOTE TREASURE HAS BEEN WRITING.

SOMEWHERE IN THE ROOM, ALSO, IS A SOMEWHAT ARCHAIC AND SLIGHTLY MALFUNCTIONING CREDIT-OPERATED TV SET, WHICH IS ON.

BOX: All the mistakes I made, all the way down the line ... I wish I could say that they were lapses.

BOX: I was under stress. I wasn't in my right mind. It wasn't me.

BOX: Blah, blah, drokking blah. All misery and piss ...

2.

CLOSE ON THE TV-SCREEN, AND WE SEE A BIG GRAPHIC OF TAMARA DeFANE. THE LEGEND - VERY PROMINENTLY - READS 'DUMB BLOND MURDER-WATCH'.

(AND THIS, OF COURSE, IS ONE OF THE FIRST ACTUAL INCIDENCES OF THE 'BLONDE/BLOND' CLUE - SO IT'S VITAL THAT THE SPELLING IS BLOND.)

BOX: The fact is, all the lapses and mistakes are me, now. They're all that people see. They're what I am.

BOX: It's down to me. I walked into this, I wasn't pushed. And I got everything I deserved.

3.

TREASURE, WHO HAS TAKEN A NUMBER OF PILL CANISTERS FROM HER GROCERY BAGS - JUST GENERIC, WE JUST GET THAT THERE ARE PILLS AND A LOT OF THEM. SHE'S OPENED ONE OF THE CANISTERS AND IS SPILLING ITS CONTENTS ON THE TABLE.

BOX: I just want to go home. And I can't. There's no home there for me anymore.

BOX: All I know is that I can't live like this any -

4.

CLOSE ON TREASURE'S FACE AS SHE TURNS TO SOME SOUND OUT OF SHOT.

FX: - nok-nok -

TREASURE: The drokk ...?

5.

CLOSE ON TREASURE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR SHE'S OPENING. FROM WHERE SHE'S LOOKING OUT AT US WITH SURPRISE.

TREASURE: What the drokk do you want? I paid for -

TREASURE: Oh. It's you.

TREASURE: (link) I thought I'd ditched you.

6.

BIG PANEL. WE'RE IN THE DIRTY HOTEL HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO TREASURE'S ROOM. (SHE'S FULLY OPENED THE DOOR, NOW, IN THE BACKGROUND, AND STANDS THERE LOOKING OUT IN SURPRISE.)

OUR FOCUS, THOUGH, IS ON THE PEOPLE STANDING THERE. ONE IS ARMITAGE, WHO STANDS HANDS IN THE POCKETS OF HIS COAT AND COMPLETELY INSOUCIANT.

MORE IMPORTANTLY, A WORRIED AND CONCERNED-LOOKING TERRY STEEL IS THERE, HOLDING HER AND TREASURE'S THREE-YEAR-OLD SON CALLUM.

(NOT EXACTLY AN ACTION-PACKED CLIFF-HANGER ENDING FOR THE EPISODE, I SUPPOSE. I IMAGINE IT AS HAVING AN OH-MY-GOD-THERE'S-MY-LOST-LOVE-AND-SHE-LOOKS-LIKE-AN-ANGEL SORT OF EFFECT ... BUT I HAVE NO IDEA HOW THAT MIGHT BE CONVEYED

GRAPHICALLY. I MENTION IT SIMPLY TOO MAKE CLEAR THE INTENT,
FOR ANYONE WHO MIGHT HAVE AN IDEA OF HOW TO ACHIEVE IT.
INSERT SMILEY.)

ARMITAGE: What part of being a Detective Judge do you find difficult to
comprehend?

ARMITAGE: (link) Let's sort this out.

NEXT: Sorting It Out

Dave Stone

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