

ARMITAGE: DUMB BLOND

Episode 5

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 THE STYLISH SUBTERRANEAN OFFICE WE WERE IN LAST TIME. POSSIBLY LOOKING DOWN AND AT AN ANGLE ON IT IN A KIND OF CRANE-SHOT WAY, TO TIE IT IN TO THE SIMILAR CRANE-SHOT I SUGGEST AT THIS EPISODE'S END.

PROMINENT AND NOTICEABLE ON ONE OF THE WALLS (EVEN IF WE NEVER SAW IT LAST TIME) IS A BIG UPPER-BODY PORTRAIT OF THE CHARACTER EFIL DRAGO SAN. IT'S ONE OF THOSE 'OUR GLORIOUS CORPORATE CEO' PORTRAITS, AND HIS EXPRESSION IS ONE OF SOMEWHAT THEATRICALY ASSUMED CHIN-UP NOBILITY.

(WE DON'T HAVE TO SEE THIS PORTRAIT IN EVERY SINGLE FRAME, BUT THERE'S THE IMPRESSION THAT SEXY LAWYER WOMAN, MS FROBISHER, IS DRAGO SAN'S MOUTHPIECE AND SPEAKING IN HIS SHADOW.)

STANDING AROUND ARE A COUPLE OF ARMED AND UNIFORMED BRIT-CIT JUDGES. THEIR SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPONS ARE OUT, BUT THIS ISN'T A STANDOFF OR ANYTHING - THEY'RE SIMPLY AT THE READY, JUST IN CASE.

OUR MAIN FOCUS IS, OF COURSE, ON ARMITAGE AND STEEL - COLDLY ANGRY RATHER THAN SHOUTY - AS THEY QUESTION AN UTTERLY INSOUCIANT MS FROBISHER.

ARMITAGE: What the hell is this, Ms Frobisher? If that's your real name.

ARMITAGE: (link) Where's the man you work for?

MS FROBISHER: And who says I work for anybody, Detective?

TITLE: Fifty Percent Solution

2.

CLOSE ON ARMITAGE, QUESTIONING AWAY.

ARMITAGE: Don't give me that.

ARMITAGE: (link) We have sight-identification on at least two of his known prior associates. Subordinates, in any case. We have evidence linking him to this location.

ARMITAGE: You can smell his grubby paws on the walls.

3.

CLOSE ON MS FROBISHER, INSOUCIANTLY ANSWERING.

POSSIBLE INDICATIONS OF THE DRAGO SAN PORTRAIT IN THE BACKGROUND TO REINFORCE THE SPEAKING-IN-HIS-SHADOW THING I TALKED ABOUT.

MS FROBISHER: What a delightful sensorial world you must inhabit.

MS FROBISHER: Let us assume, Detective Armitage, that I do have a client.

MS FROBISHER: (link) A client who wishes to pass on certain information - without it being contaminated by the ... unpleasantness that might arise from direct contact ...

4.

FLASHBACK OF DANIEL DOING HIS TAMARA DeFAMATION ROUTINE IN THE BLACK LIGHT CLUB. (AGAIN, I'M MAKING A POINT OF THE GENDER JUST TO KEEP IT FIXED IN THE MIND, BUT REMEMBER HE'S UTTERLY CONVINCING AS A WOMAN.)

WE'RE CATCHING HIM ON THE POINT OF DELIVERING A PUNCH LINE TO THE HILARITY OF ALL. IT'S ONE OF THOSE ICONIC MOMENTS THAT WOULD PROBABLY END UP AS A PUBLICITY STILL - SOMETHING TO CONVEY THAT THE ACT IS IN FACT HUGELY ENTERTAINING AND FUN.

(POSSIBLY IT COULD BE A CALLBACK TO THE HOLO-VID STILL WE SAW LAST TIME, WHICH SET ARMITAGE AND TREASURE OFF ON THE DANIEL-LEAD.)

JUST PROMINENT ENOUGH IN THE CROWD TO BE NOTICEABLE - BUT BY NO MEANS IN OUR MAIN FOCUS - ARE THE PAIR OF THUGS FROM THE SECURICAM FOOTAGE WE SAW LAST TIME. THEY'RE PRETTY MUCH THE ONLY PEOPLE NOT LAUGHING.

BOX: 'Let us also assume - purely for the sake of argument - that this client tends to keep track of his so-called prior associates ...'

BOX: '... and through this learnt that two them meant harm to an individual he holds in the highest regard.'

5.

BACK TO ARMITAGE AND STEEL QUESTIONING SEXY LAWYER-WOMAN.

ARMITAGE IS SCOWLING DISAPPROVINGLY, MS FROBISHER IS MAKING A WRYLY BLASÉ SO-WHAT GESTURE. IF IT CAN BE DONE WITHOUT EVERYBODY MUGGING FURIOUSLY, IT'S A SORTA TAKES-ALL-SORTS MOMENT.

MS FROBISHER: Likes to ... hold on a regular, repeated and quite protracted basis, is what I'm getting at.

MS FROBISHER: (link) The individual in question makes him laugh, apparently.

ARMITAGE: This is edging into the country of the too much information - excruciatingly oblique or otherwise.

MS FROBISHER: Takes all sorts to make the world go round.

PAGE TWO

1.
ANOTHER FLASHBACK. WE'RE OUTSIDE THE STAGE DOOR OF THE BLACK LIGHT CLUB.

IN THE EXTREME FOREGROUND, THEIR BACKS TO US, DANIEL/TAMARA DeFAMATION IS BEING ESCORTED BY A MAN IN A SHARP AND STYLISH BLACK SUIT. THE MAN'S A BODYGUARD TYPE AND, THOUGH WE DON'T SEE HIS FACE, OBVIOUSLY NOT ONE OF THE PAIR WE'RE TAGGING AS 'THE THUGS'

DANIEL'S BEING ESCORTED - NOT COERCED IN ANY WAY - TOWARDS THE FUTURE DREDD-WORLD EQUIVALENT OF A LIMOUSINE, THE DOOR OF WHICH IS HELD OPEN BY ANOTHER SUITED BODYGUARD TYPE. IN THE LIMO IS A LARGE AND SHADOWY FIGURE THAT MIGHT OR MIGHT NOT BE EFIL DRAGO SAN.

IT'S THE WHOLE 'SHOWGIRL BEING PICKED UP BY A RICH ADMIRER' THING BASICALLY. POSSIBLE INDICATIONS THAT DANIEL'S HOLDING A TASTEFULLY EXTRAVAGANT BUNCH OF ROSES OR SOMETHING TO REINFORCE THIS.

BOX: 'In any event, let us further assume that my client was able to intervene in the matter - spiriting this individual away from danger in the nick of time.'

BOX: 'The object of his particular regard - let's call him Daniel - is perfectly safe.'

2.
BACK ON ARMITAGE AND STEEL QUESTIONING MS FROBISHER.

ARMITAGE: That's very nice and all - but hardly to the point.

MS FROBISHER: It is, so far as my client might be concerned, if he actually existed.

MS FROBISHER: He simply wishes to inform you that the pursuit of this Daniel, in connection with your current case, is a red herring.

MS FROBISHER: (link) If herring still existed, which they don't.

3.
CLOSE ON ARMITAGE, SPEAKING ANGRILY.

ARMITAGE: You expect me to buy any of that?

ARMITAGE: What makes you - or this client of yours - think that I'd believe a word you have to say?

4.

CLOSE ON MS FROBISHER, SPEAKING SERIOUSLY. WE GET A HINT OF THE TRUE MENACE UNDER THE INSOUCIANT EXTERIOR.

MS FROBISHER: I expect nothing, quite frankly.

MS FROBISHER: (link) I merely suspect that my client might have an interest in the matter ... and wants to put you on somewhat more of a correct track.

5.

PULL BACK TO SHOW THE THREE OF THEM. TREASURE'S ANNOYED, ARMITAGE IS COLDLY ANGRY AND POSSIBLY POINTING A WARNING FINGER AT THE UTTERLY COMPOSED MS FROBISHER.

ARMITAGE: What planet do you think you live on? I don't make deals with drokkers like ...

MS FROBISHER: It's not a question of making deals.

MS FROBISHER: (link) I'm merely offering the information that the solution you seek - in this case at least - lays almost entirely elsewhere.

6.

WE'RE ON MS FROBISHER, GIVING US A PRIM AND SOMEWHAT CHEERFULLY MALICIOUS SMILE.

POSSIBLY WE'RE ON A SLIGHT LOW ANGLE SO THAT BEHIND HER WE SEE THE LOOMING PORTRAIT-FACE OF EFIL DRAGO SAN.

MS FROBISHER: You can do what you like with that information, so far as I'm concerned.

MS FROBISHER: (link) If you choose to ignore it, chose to just come for us anyway ... well, what an interesting day this could turn out to be for all of us.

PAGE THREE

1.

CUT TO LATER. WE'RE OUT IN THE STREET AGAIN. THE TONE OF THIS SECTOR IS A KIND OF ANGLICISED AND EDWARDIAN VERSION OF THE CHAOTIC STREET-LEVEL IN SOMETHING LIKE 'BLADE RUNNER'. PENNY-FARTHING-BASED MOTORCYCLE MESSENGERS, AIR-DIRIGIBLES WITH BIG ADVERTISING PANELS, ALL VERY STEAMPUNK.

ARMITAGE AND STEEL HAVE DITCHED THEIR STREET-JUDGE ESCORT AND ARE WALKING THROUGH THE CROWD. TREASURE IS IN THE PROCESS OF PUTTING ON HER ANONYMITY SUNGLASSES.

BOX: Later.

TREASURE: So let me get this straight, what with being a bear of very little brain. If bears weren't extinct, which they are ...

TREASURE: (link) You've been warned off by the guy, and you're just going to lie down and take it?

ARMITAGE: Nothing of the sort.

2.

CLOSE ON ARMITAGE AND STEEL. TREASURE IS TURNING HER HEAD TO REACT TO A VOICE OUT OF SHOT.

ARMITAGE: The man picks and chooses his battles.

ARMITAGE: (link) This has the ring of truth about it - and if we try to set him up for something he hasn't done, we're no better than in the old days.

ARMITAGE: At the very least, it's worth checking out further before doing something drastic ...

VOICE OFF: Hoy! You!

3.

TREASURE IS ACCOSTED BY A SLOBBY-LOOKING COUPLE, A YOUNG MAN AND WOMAN IN THEIR LATE-TEENS/EARLY-TWENTIES.

(WHAT WITH BEING AN OLD, OLD, BITTER MAN IN CONSTANT DANGER OF GOING OFF ON A TIRADE ABOUT THE YOUTH OF TODAY, WITH THEIR RAUCOUS POMPADOURS AND ELECTRICAL BEAT COMBOS, LET'S JUST SAY THAT THIS PAIR ARE OF WHAT ONE IMAGINES AS THE TARGET-AUDIENCE FOR BBC 3. ON ACCOUNT OF NOT BEING ABLE TO

AFFORD THE DIGITAL PACKAGE THAT GIVES THEM BRAVO. NATURAL HABITATS OUTSIDE OF A KEBAB SHOP IN ESSEX COME TO MIND, ETC, ETC, ETC, UNTIL WE ALL OF US LOSE THE WILL TO LIVE.)

THE PAIR HAVE THAT ARROGANT AND PROPRIETARY AGGRESSIVENESS THAT SOME TV-FANS FAMOUSLY DISPLAY WHEN MEETING SOME CELEB OR OTHER ON THE STREET. TREASURE IS REACTING TO THEM WITH APPROPRIATELY ANGRY DISGUST.

YOB GUY: You're that bint off the holo-vid, aren't you?

YOB GUY: (link) So you gonna give us an autograph or what?

TREASURE: Grrr...

4.

IT'S A SECOND OR TWO LATER. IN THE FOREGROUND, A BATTERED MALE AUTOGRAPH-HUNTER HOLDS HIS BRUISED FACE AND MOUTH, AND CONFERS SULLENLY WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND, THE PAIR RADIATING A SENSE OF BUCOLIC SPITE.

(TO THE EXTENT THAT IT CAN BE CONVEYED NATURALISTICALLY, IT'S LIKE THE CARTOON-COMEDY AFTERMATH OF SOMEONE HAVING BEEN BELTED A GOOD ONE.)

BEYOND THIS, THE BACKS OF ARMITAGE AND STEEL AS THEY WALK OFF THROUGH THE CROWD.

YOB GUY: Drokking slitsch!

YOB GUY: What the drokk was it she wash on, anyway?

YOB GIRL: I think she was kicked off I was a Celebrity for calling that New Raj Protectorate girl a ...

ARMITAGE: It's not like we're in a murder mystery or something.

5.

WE'RE ON ARMITAGE AND STEEL AGAIN AS THEY - SURPRISE, SURPRISE - WALK AND TALK.

ARMITAGE: It's not like we're in some holo-vid, with everything turning on a clue and it turns out that your nemesis did it all in the end ...

ARMITAGE: We're barely in a procedural, if that.

6.

CLOSE IN ON ARMITAGE AND STEEL, CONFERRING. ARMITAGE IS SCOWLING.

ARMITAGE: Any real life, you need a murder-suspect, you go to the family first, then the workplace, then the friends. That's what you do.

TREASURE: So what are you saying, we need more solid information on the private life of Tamara DeFane?

ARMITAGE: What do you think, Steel?

PAGE FOUR

1.
I IMAGINE THIS AS QUITE A DRAMATIC-LOOKING SHOT, EVEN THOUGH YET AGAIN NOTHING MUCH IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING.

WE'RE LOOKING UP PAST ARMITAGE AND STEEL AS THEY LOOK UP TO SEE A BIG ADVERTISING-DIRIGIBLE OF THE SORT THAT USED TO FLOAT THROUGH THE CITY IN BLADE RUNNER.

THE AD-PANEL ON IT SHOWS TAMARA DeFANE AND THE BIG LEGEND '**DUMB BLOND MURDER-WATCH**' TOGETHER WITH THE SMALLER LEGEND 'EVERY HOUR ON DATADAY'.

(AND AGAIN WITH THE REMINDER FOR MYSELF AS MUCH AS ANYBODY ELSE. IT HAS TO BE 'BLOND'.)

ARMITAGE: I mean, considering the source of the information we actually have to work with.

2.
CLOSE ON ARMITAGE AND STEEL, CONFERRING. ARMITAGE IS HAVING A SOMEWHAT IRRITATED AND INDIGNANT VENT.

ARMITAGE: Everything you'll find out about this Tamara DeFane, it's being fed to the media by her publicity ginks - and they're obviously morons.

ARMITAGE: (link) They can't even spell properly. The proper spelling for a woman is blonde, and -

3.
CLOSE ON ARMITAGE. A DELAYED-DROP OF ANNOYANCE AS SOMETHING OCCURS TO HIM.

ARMITAGE: Oh, drokk me sideways.

ARMITAGE: (link) All that talk of things not turning on a clue ... and there's a whopper staring us right in the drokking face!

4.
BIG ESTABLISHING SHOT, TAKING UP THE REST OF THE PAGE.

WE'RE IN THE ELSTREE ENVIRON, THE HOME OF THE BRIT-CIT HOLO-VID INDUSTRY. HANGAR-LIKE SETS, PREFAB PRODUCTION OFFICES. PERFORMERS AND TECHNICIANS AND SUCH WANDERING AROUND.

IT'S ALL VERY JAY AND SILENT BOB WHEN THEY MAKE IT TO HOLLYWOOD, BLAZING SADDLES OR ANY 'WE'RE ON A MOVIE LOT' SEQUENCE YOU CAN NAME.

(BRIT-CIT ACTORS SOMETIMES CHANGE THEIR FACES TO THOSE OF NOTED ACTORS OF THE PAST. PLEASE FEEL FREE TO HEAVE IN CARICATURES OF ANYONE YOU LIKE - WITH THE PROVISIO THAT THEY MUST ALL BE BRITISH IN ORIGIN.)

LITTLE BITS OF BUSINESS LIKE THE NAMES OF HOLO-VIDS CURRENTLY IN PRODUCTION, LIKE 'RAZORBILL II - THE DARK DUCK RETURNS' AND 'ROOM WITH A VIEW - UNSEEN AND UNCUT'.

IMPORTANTLY, ONE OF THE PRODUCTION OFFICES IS THAT OF 'REDUX PrePRODUCTIONS' - AND IT IS FROM THIS THAT THE VOICE-BALLOONS WILL COME.

BOX: Sector 5. The 'Elstree Enclave'. Home of the Brit-Cit holo-vid industry.

VOICE: (from production office) Darling! Sweetheart! Have I got a part for you!

VOICE: (link) Lavinia in the update of Titus Andronicus! We've got the best comedy writers working round the clock! It'll be a hoot!

VOICE: (link) The title ...? Well, I'll tell you, at the moment we're orn between Confessions of a Meat Pie Seller and Carry on Amputating ...

BOX: 'First you check the family, then you check the workplace ...'

PAGE FIVE

1.

CUT TO INSIDE THE SHABBY REDUX OFFICES, WHERE EXACTLY THE KIND OF SUITED, SEEDY, BALDING, SWEATY AND UNSHAVEN SORT OF PRODUCER-GUY YOU WOULD EXPECT IS AT A DESK AND ON THE PHONE (BRIT-CIT STYLED, OBVIOUSLY) AND PROMISING THE PERSON ON THE OTHER END THE WORLD.

(THIS IS MARVIN SLUNK, A PATHETICALLY NERVOUS AND GUILTY INDIVIDUAL BEHIND HIS BARELY-MAINTAINED BIGSHOT-PRODUCER FAÇADE.)

LITTLE DETAILS TO FIX THE SCENE AND STATE: A PRODUCTION-PLANNER ON THE WALL, WITH LARGE AREAS HEAVILY CROSSED OUT, WHAT WITH THE DEATH OF THE STAR. PILLS FOR MARVIN'S NERVES ON THE CLUTTERED DESK (A COUPLE OF DIFFERENT-SHAPED VIALS, A NUMBER OF TABLETS LOOSE BESIDE THEM). SIGNED PUBLICITY-STILLS OF VARIOUS ACTORS AND ACTRESSES, THE ONE FROM TAMARA DeFANE BEARING THE LEGEND 'TO MARVIN - I FIND YOU PHYSICALLY REPULSIVE - TAMARA'.

POSSIBLY, ALSO, WE SEE INDICATIONS OF A HOLO-DISPLAY UNIT SOMEWHERE, MERELY TO SET UP ITS PRESENCE FOR LATER.

IMPORTANTLY, WE ALSO SEE TWO SPECIFIC THINGS, EITHER HERE OR IN THE FOLLOWING FRAMES: ONE IS A POSTER FOR AN OLD 'DUMB BLONDE' HOLO-VID PRODUCTION. THE OTHER, ON THE DESK, IS A PRESS RELEASE HEADED 'DUMB BLOND MURDER'. THESE DIFFERENT SPELLINGS ARE OF COURSE VITAL.

MARVIN: Yes, of course you were our first choice! Well, you know, after the shocking and unfortunate demise of ...

VOICE OFF: Marvin Slunk? Executive Production Manager for Redux PreProductions?

2.

A LOOMING POWER-SHOT OF ARMITAGE AND STEEL COMING THROUGH THE DOOR, ARMITAGE SHOWING US HIS WARRANT CARD.

THEY HAVE THEIR GAME-FACES ON. THE JUDGES HAVE COME FOR US, IN ALL THEIR IMPLACABLE TERROR, AND OUR NUMBER IS QUITE DEFINITELY UP.

ARMITAGE: Chief Detective Judge Armitage. Detective Judge Steel.

ARMITAGE: (link) You're rumbled, sunshine. Coin a phrase.

3.

A GROWLING ARMITAGE LOOMS OVER A SWEATING MARVIN SLUNK, WHO DESPERATELY TRIES TO MAINTAIN HIS BIGSHOT-PRODUCER SMILE.

MARVIN: W-whatever are you talking about, Detective?

ARMITAGE: Chief Detective. I don't usually make a point about it.

ARMITAGE: You're worth it, though. We've been checking through your press releases on the murder of Tamara DeFane - know what we found?

ARMITAGE: (link) Almost all of them were date-stamp-originated before the murder took place!

4.

CLOSE ON MARVIN, LOOKING UP AT US, HIS FAÇADE CRUMBLING AS HE SPEAKS.

VOICE OFF: (Armitage) Care to comment on that?

MARVIN: Th-that's standard procedure! Nothing more!

MARVIN: (link) We have templates relating to different possible circumstances, detailed biographies of our stars on file - you understand?

5.

ARMITAGE HOLDS THE 'DUMB BLOND MURDER' PRESS RELEASE, OSTENSIBLY PERUSING IT WHILE HE ADDRESSES US.

ARMITAGE: Oh, I understand.

ARMITAGE: (link) This or that happens to so-and-so and whatever, fill in the blanks.

ARMITAGE: So maybe you can explain to me this ...

6.

ARMITAGE SLAMS THE PRESS RELEASE DOWN ON THE DESK, LEANING TO SNARL INTO THE FACE OF THE NOW FRANKLY TERRIFIED MARVIN.

WE SEE TREASURE IN SHOT, GUARDING THE DOOR, MORE OR LESS JUST TO REMIND US OF HER EQUALLY MENACING PRESENCE HERE.

ARMITAGE: Why is every mention of the murder filled with 'Dumb Blond' - as though you somehow, on some level, expected the victim to be a man?

BOX: 'In real life, there's hardly ever any such a thing as a murder plot.'

7.

CLOSE ON MARVIN, SLUMPED AND DEFEATED AS HE SPEAKS.

BOX: 'You just get idiots, caught up in the idiot-plot of life and desperately looking for a break.'

MARVIN: Okay.

BOX: 'Just looking for a way out.'

PAGE SIX

(NOTE: THIS IS A FLASHBACK-MONTAGE OF DIFFERENT IMAGES, AS MARVIN TELLS US HIS STORY. I'LL NUMBER THEM FOR THE SAKE OF CLARITY, BUT REMEMBER THAT THEY DON'T NECESSARILY HAVE FRAMES AS SUCH.)

(ALL THE 'VOICES' ARE DIRECTIONLESS, WITHOUT TAILS.)

1.

WE'RE IN THE CLIMAX OF A SLASHER-HORROR MOVIE. THE DUMB BLONDE - IN THE 'SEXY HOUSEWIFE' OUTFIT WE'VE SEEN BEFORE - IS BACKED UP TERRIFIED AGAINST A KITCHEN COUNTER, ONE OUTFLUNG HAND GRABBING DESPERATELY FOR THE KNIVES IN A BLOCK ON THE COUNTER AND PULLING ONE FREE.

ADVANCING ON HER FROM THE FOREGROUND, HIS BACK TO US, IS WHAT IS OBVIOUSLY A PRETTY MUCH STANDARD-ISSUE MOVIE KILLER WITH A CHAINSAW.

VOICE: It all started - I think it started - years ago with nothing more than a prop-mixup on set ...

VOICE: You just can't get the staff, you know?

2.

EXTREME CLOSE ON THE DUMB BLONDE AS SHE BRINGS THE KNIFE UP INTO THE NECK AND THENCE THE SKULL OF THE KILLER. THIS IS OBVIOUSLY FOR REAL, WITH THE POOR GUY SCREAMING BEHIND HIS MORE THAN SOMEWHAT UNCONVINCING 'LEATHERFACE' MASK.

THE DUMB BLONDE HAS THE HALF-SNARL SMILE OF ONE JUST REALISING WHAT SHE'S DONE ... AND LIKING IT.

VOICE: Looking back, you know, with hindsight, you could see how it sort of fed something inside her.

VOICE: How she found she had a taste for it.

3.

PULL BACK FOR A SNAPSHOT SCENE OF THE SET. SHOCKED REACTIONS OF HOLO-CAM OPERATORS ETC, AND MARVIN AND THE DUMB BLONDE ARGUING BESIDE THE BLEEDING BODY OF THE KILLER.

VOICE: At the time it just seemed like some horrible accident.

4.
CUT TO ANOTHER FLASHBACK.

A GUY IN A HAYSEED OUTFIT LIES FACE-DOWN WITH A PITCHFORK STUCK IN HIS BACK. DUMB BLONDE STANDS, IN THE 'SEXY FARMGIRL' OUTFIT WE'VE ALSO SEEN BEFORE, DOING A SORT OF 'OOPS!' POSE WHILE MARVIN SHOUTS AT HER.

VOICE: But then the accidents seemed to happen again, and again, and again ...

5.
CUT TO ANOTHER FLASHBACK.

IN THE FOREGROUND, INDICATIONS OF THE BULK OF A BIG INDUSTRIAL-SIZED MEAT GRINDER - EVEN WITH THE LOGO-PLATE: 'ACME INDUSTRIAL MEAT-GRINDER' TO MAKE IT OBVIOUS.

BEYOND THIS, DUMB BLONDE - IN THE SEXY-STRIPPER VERSION OF A BUTCHER'S HAT AND APRON - GIVES AN 'OH WELL' PALMS-UP SHRUG AS A BY NOW UTTERLY EXASPERATED MARVIN SHOUTS AT HER AND WAVES HIS ARMS AROUND.

VOICE: ... until by the time I finally allowed myself to think the unthinkable, it was just too late.

VOICE: I was complicit.

6.
CUT TO ANOTHER FLASHBACK.

TAMARA DeFANE IS IN HER DRESSING ROOM, SITTING AT THE MIRROR AND LOOKING AT HER SCOWLING FACE, PULLING DOWN ONE LOWER-EYELID IN THE CELEBRATED MANNER OF AN ACTRESS REALISING THAT TIME IS STARTING TO TAKE ITS TOLL ...

VOICE: She totally bought into the fame delusion, thought she was a goddess or something - that she could get away with anything.

VOICE: So when she noticed the odd line or two, nothing would do for her but to bathe in the blood of fifty virgins - and muggins here had to supply them!

PAGE SEVEN

(THIS PAGE IS ANOTHER MONTAGE OF FLASHBACK-IMAGES WHICH, AGAIN, I'LL NUMBER FOR CLARITY.)

1.
FLASHBACK OF THE FRESH-FACED GIRL WE SAW AUDITIONING BACK IN PART ONE, CHATTING ANIMATEDLY AND OBLIVIOUSLY AWAY. BEYOND HER WE SEE THE SHADOWY FIGURES OF THE PEOPLE AUDITIONING HER.

VOICE: We trawled through Central Casting - you know, those sorry losers who make themselves over to try and catch a break.

VOICE: You wouldn't believe some of these chumps - trying to sell backstories from twenty years before they were born, even.

VOICE: I mean, one of them even tried to rip off Tamara's own backstory - and how dumb do you need to be for that?

2.
A SEXY BATHING SCENE, IN A CLASSY BATHROOM, WITH TAMARA SOAKING HERSELF IN A BIG SUNKEN TUB. THE ODD NOTE, OF COURSE, IS THAT SHE IS OBVIOUSLY BATHING IN BLOOD.

POSSIBLY, A MISERABLE MARVIN IS TOPPING UP THE BATH FROM BIG CANISTERS LABELLED 'AB RHESUS NEGATIVE' ETC, JUST TO MAKE IT ALL THE MORE BLATANT.

VOICE: Nobody would miss them, right?

VOICE: Nobody would even care.

3.
CUT TO ANOTHER FLASHBACK.

WE'RE IN MARVIN'S PRODUCTION OFFICE. A FURIOUS TAMARA IS BERATING MARVIN, DASHING THE PAPERS AND STUFF OFF HIS DESK AND POINTING TO A HOLO-DISPLAY.

ON THE DISPLAY WE SEE FACE-SHOTS OF ARMITAGE AND STEEL, POSSIBLY WITH DATADAY NEWS TAGS TO FIX CONTEXT.

VOICE: But then a batch of bodies were found, the Judges were on the case - and she totally lost it!

VOICE: She really believed that she lived in some holo-vid, that the world really worked like that - so she hatched this ludicrous half-baked plot to fake her own death!

4.

ANOTHER FLASHBACK.

WE'RE IN THE BLACK LIGHT CLUB. DANIEL/TAMARA DeFAMATION IS ON THE STAGE, DOING HIS/HER ACT.

IN THE FOREGROUND, THE REAL TAMARA IS LOOKING AT DANIEL WITH A SNARL OF PURE HATRED.

VOICE: She picked some godawful tribute act to supply the body - even despite the obvious - just because she loathed his portrayal of her!

VOICE: I know. I know. There was just no reasoning with her by then.

5.

ANOTHER FLASHBACK.

WE'RE STILL IN THE BLACK LIGHT CLUB, BUT SOME NIGHTS LATER WHEN TREASURE MET TAMARA. THEY'RE IN THE ALCOVE AMONGST HER HANGERS-ON, AND GETTING ON.

INCIDENTALLY, SO YOU SEE IT IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IT, TAMARA IS SLIPPING SOMETHING INTO TREASURE'S DRINK.

POSSIBLE INDICATIONS OF A GLARING GOREN, THE BIG MINDER, PURELY TO REMIND OURSELVES OF HIS EXISTENCE.

VOICE: It fell apart. Course it fell apart ...

VOICE: On the night we were going to kill the tribute-act, she somehow ran into Judge Steel, recognised her as being on the case - and went completely off-script.

VOICE: All that would do for her now was to lure Judge Steel to somewhere quiet where she could take her out!

6.

ANOTHER FLASHBACK.

WE'RE IN THE SEEDY HOTEL ROOM WHERE THE MURDER TOOK PLACE. FOREGROUND INDICATIONS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS TREASURE ON THE BED.

BEYOND THIS, THE PAIR OF GUYS WE'VE TAGGED AS 'THE THUGS' ARE GRABBING A FRANTICALLY STRUGGLING TAMARA. ONE HAS A HAND CLAMPED OVER HER MOUTH. THE OTHER IS GRABBING FOR THE PILLOW THEY WILL USE TO SMOTHER HER.

VOICE: I just don't know ...

VOICE: All I can think, in all the mix-up and confusion, the pair of idiots we'd hired to do the deed ended up tailing the wrong Tamara.

VOICE: They were supposed to torch the body, to remove evidence of the obvious - Adam's apple and vocal cords - but then they realised their mistake and just got out ...

PAGE EIGHT

1.

WE'RE BACK IN REAL TIME, BACK IN MARVIN'S PRODUCTION OFFICE.

TREASURE'S BY THE DOOR, ARMITAGE IS BENT OVER, HANDS PLANTED ON THE DESK, STILL INTERROGATING AWAY. MARVIN SLUMPS PALE AND DEFEATED UNDER HIS GLARE.

FROM THIS ANGLE WE CAN SEE THAT ONE OF MARVIN'S HANDS IS HOVERING NEAR TO A LITTLE BUTTON SET INTO THE UNDERSIDE OF THE DESK.

MARVIN: What a mess.

MARVIN: (link) What a total drokking mess ...

ARMITAGE: Like you were all caught up in thinking you were in some piece of holo-movie crap?

MARVIN: Yes, well, it's catching, you know? Thinking real life works the way it does in holo-movies.

2.

SMALL, TIGHT CLOSEUP ON MARVIN'S HAND AS HE PRESSES THE BUTTON WITH A FINGER-KNUCKLE.

MARVIN: I mean, you didn't think I hadn't thought up an escape plan for a situation like this, did you?

FX: - bzzzzt! -

3.

BIG SMASH-FRAME AS AN ENRAGED GOREN THE MINDER COMES SMASHING THROUGH THE DOOR - WHICH FROM THE VISIBLE DEBRIS IS OF SUCH A LIGHTWEIGHT CONSTRUCTION AS TO MAKE IT BELIEVABLE.

TREASURE IS ON THE POINT OF REACTING AS GOREN GOES PAST HER. FOREGROUND INDICATIONS OF ARMITAGE TURNING TO REACT.

FX: Skraaaash!

GOREN: Graah!

ARMITAGE: The drokk?

4.
MID-SHOT OF ARMITAGE AND STEEL MOVING IN TO GRAB AND DEAL WITH THE CRAZED AND ENRAGED GOREN.

IN THE FOREGROUND, MARVIN IS MAKING A DODGE FOR THE DOOR, SNEAKY-WEASEL LIKE. TREASURE HAS SEEN THIS AND IS SHOUTING SO.

TREASURE: Armitage!

TREASURE: (link) He's getting away!

ARMITAGE: Well, get after him, then! You're the one who has the most invested!

5.
ARMITAGE GIVES THE ENRAGED GOREN A GOOD SMACKING, TO FULL TEETH-SPRAYING EFFECT, AND SHOUTS TO STEEL - WHO IS RUNNING DYNAMICALLY TOWARDS US, HER FACE SET IN GRIM DETERMINATION. TOTAL POWER-SHOT, BASICALLY.

ARMITAGE: I'll just deal with chummy here.

FX: Smak!

GOREN: Ghnn!

6.
CLOSE SHOT OF ARMITAGE GRIPPING THE BATTERED AND BLEEDING GOREN BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK AND GROWLING INTO HIS DAZED FACE.

ARMITAGE: So, tell me.

ARMITAGE: (link) Are we having fun yet?

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1.
WIDE SHOT OF MARVIN FRANTICALLY SHOVING HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD OF TECHNICIANS AND PERFORMERS, ETC, IN THE ELSTREE ENVIRON ITSELF. AGAIN, PLEASE FEEL FREE TO ADD CARICATURES AND SUCH IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT.

BEHIND HIM, TREASURE IS DYNAMICALLY RUNNING FROM THE BUILDING HOUSING THE 'REDUX' OFFICE, SHOUTING FOR MARVIN TO HALT.

TREASURE: Justice Department!

TREASURE: (link) Stay where you are!

MARVIN: You can't stop me!

MARVIN: (link) - hnf! -

MARVIN: (link) You're CID! Even I know that! You don't have a gun!

2.
CLOSE ON TREASURE AS SHE PULLS HER TELESCOPIC BATON FROM HER JACKET AND EXTENDS IT.

TREASURE: Okay.

TREASURE: (link) Fine.

FX: - snik! -

3.
CLOSE ON TREASURE AS SHE FLINGS THE BATON, WEIGHTED END FIRST SO IT FLIES STRAIGHT RATHER THAN TURNING OVER IN THE AIR.

TREASURE: I don't need a gun.

4.
SUITABLY IMPRESSIVE SHOT OF MARVIN, SEEN FROM THE FRONT, AS THE BATON SMACKS HIM IN THE BACK OF THE SKULL TO KNOCK HIM FORWARD, UNCONSCIOUS, OFF HIS FEET.

INDICATIONS OF VARIOUS CROWD MEMBERS REACTING WITH SURPRISE AND ALARM.

FX: Smunk!

MARVIN: Hoork!

5.

IN THE FOREGROUND, TREASURE CROUCHES BY THE DOWNED MARVIN, WHO HAS FALLEN FLAT ON HIS FACE, TO CHECK HIS NECK FOR A PULSE.

BEHIND THEM, ARMITAGE IS STROLLING UP IN A WAY THAT SEEMS COMPLETELY CASUAL - SAVE THAT HE'S DRAGGING THE UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF GOREN BY ONE HAND.

ARMITAGE: Minimum necessary response?

TREASURE: Well he's still alive, if that's what you mean.

ARMITAGE: The drokker was probably right, you know, in a way. It's catching.

ARMITAGE: (link) A whole lot of this mess was down to all of us thinking we were caught up in some crappy holo-vid movie or something.

6.

PULL BACK TO A SORT OF CRANE SHOT, LOOKING DOWN AND AT AN ANGLE ON THE FIGURES OF ARMITAGE AND STEEL, CONFERRING, THE UNCONSCIOUS BODIES OF THEIR OPPONENTS BESIDE THEM AND THE CROWD LOOKING AT THEM WITH CONFUSION AND ALARM.

TREASURE: Yeah, well, Armitage.

TREASURE: (link) You turn to the audience and say 'That's all, folks,' I'm gonna stave your head in with this drokking baton.

7.

AN END-FRAME RATHER LIKE THAT OF A LOONEY TUNES CARTOON - SAVE THAT INSTEAD OF BUGS BUNNY, THERE'S A CARTOON GRAPHIC OF A UNIFORMED AND HELMETED BRIT-CIT JUDGE, LIKE THE ONE ON THE TRASH BIN BACK IN PART ONE, GIVING US A DOUBLE THUMBS-UP AND AN INAPPROPRIATELY CHEERY GRIN.

CARTOON-LETTERING SAYS: 'BARNABAS THE ECOLOGICAL GARBAGE JUDGE SEZ ...'

CARTOON JUDGE: Brit-Cit - keep it clean, Subjects!

BOX: The End.

Dave Stone

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

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Armitage created by Dave Stone, David Bishop and Sean Phillips