

RAGS TO RICHES

Written by Debbie Croysdale

A refined student doctor shares a squat with a dizzy pole dancer after they bond in drug rehab but she disappears one day and he fights temptation to use whilst he desperately searches for her.

Love Conquers All Gritty Dramaturgy.

TV, Stream or Feature
Additional scenes available

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EXT. DAY - MAIN DRAG OF BRITISH SEASIDE RESORT Out of season bleak deserted landscape. Boarded up buildings, B & B terrace houses show "Vacancies." An ancient rusty pier opposite a workman's cafe and a grim pub where just a few old men play dominoes. A man walks slow and aimlessly along the promenade.

JIMMY 23 Tall, slim, unkempt beard, ridiculous lime wool hat, his body drowning awkwardly in a cumbersome duffel coat.

He suddenly halts staring into a puddle as the red glow from "Fun City" opposite casts reflections on the water. A feint smile suddenly touches his lips, the murky vision offers him up a ray of hope but then his face falls back to a frown.

JIMMY

No respite for me.

Water seeps to his feet. He takes off one of his boots balancing unsteadily on one leg. Newspaper stuffed inside it has formed little soaked balls and he miserably removes them.

INT. DAY - AMUSEMENTS HALL VICTORIAN ARCADE By the fruit machines he pulls out coins and counts them in his open palm.

Damn pound a go's daylight robbery.

Jealously he watches gambler's pull one arm bandits, moving to the penny slides he puts in four pence. The piles move to and fro, he watches mesmerized but the mountain won't topple. A child caked in candy floss pulls his coat to show him a prize teddy she just won, her mother quickly pulls her away.

MOTHER

You know never talk to strangers.

JIMMY

Dangerous world. Even for us.

INT. DAY - CAFE Artex walls, self service, glass shelves of greasy buns. A girl leers through an open serving hatch.

CARLY 19, Pierced nose, chef's hat. She stops preparing food waving a knife menacingly and shouts to a woman sat at till.

CARLY

Its Lurch again! Mr. Chivers said don't let him hang here anymore and he stinks of jumble sale. Phew.

SUSAN 54, portly, red curly perm, vintage makeup, overall.

SUSAN

Shush! He might hear you. I'll go over and talk to him in private.

SUSAN

Sorry Sir you can't stay without a purchase. And when you do have something, use a table for two or join a big one already occupied. Don't sit on one for four please.

JIMMY

Not my fault there's no tables for one. And look? Hardly any for two. Why should I join a whole commune?

SUSAN

Your in here whole afternoons and when we're busy plenty more want medium size tables but then leave instead. So if none for two are free please join a family table, you don't have to sit right up close. Folk spread out so you can just perch on the end.

JIMMY

I prefer to be by myself.

SUSAN

Manager says its more ergonomic.

JIMMY

Ergonomic?

SUSAN

Spaced for best ease of use.

Manager has them...

He pulls his chair in and cuts short her sentence.

JIMMY

I do know what ergonomic means. I
trained in an operating theatre.

SUSAN

Then you'll know things aren't laid
out for single use in most places.

JIMMY

It's punishment to do anything on
your own now and they even bump up
holidays for solo travellers to pay
a supplement for just being alive.
It's subliminal tax on being alone.
The government should ban it.

SUSAN

But you're not being charged extra
here son, you all pay the same.
What can I get you? There needs to
be something on the table now?

JIMMY

I usually do buy a drink or scone
but there's hardly anyone else out
in the storm. I'm still deciding.

She stares at the frost on his beard and shows pity.

SUSAN

Look, let me bring you a tea and a cheese roll and I'll cover it for you but only just this once mind?

JIMMY

I don't want charity but sit a bit.

SUSAN

Not up to me Son, me and Kady don't want to lose our jobs and our boss is running a business. Your call?

JIMMY

But let me put eighty pence towards it? And owe you the rest. I insist.

SUSAN

Don't worry, I can live with a pound fifty deficit. Just. I'll bring it over for you right now.

JIMMY

But its self service?

SUSAN

No, you might spill it, blue hands and beginnings of frost bite.

INT. EV - CELLAR SQUAT Dank basement, white tiles, stone floor. En suite with thin skylight behind ancient cistern. Raging wind penetrates through street level iron bars so loo chain rattles relentlessly. Camper stove, table, two wood chairs. Bedding, fruit boxes "From Spain" as bedside tables. An unlit neon sign "Love is the Drug" perches against wall.

PIXIE 20 Blonde and pink long hair, curvy but not fat, fake designer jeans, fake fur coat, red ankle boots.

Steel door grinds on the floor as it opens. It's dark save a tiny shard from skylight, she switches on her mobile to see. The light hits Jimmy, sat up in tangled bedding, blinking.

JIMMY

Where the hell have you been?

PIXIE

Out.

JIMMY

Out? Its three in the morning.

PIXIE

And?

JIMMY

And. Dangerous world out there as we know. So what were you out for?

She walks to the table and reaches for a plastic packet from her bag and fiddles with contents but cannot see properly.

PIXIE

I do as needs must.

JIMMY

I got what we needed yesterday. Your fish and chips are cold, there in front of you. Large cod, eat them now before they go hard.

PIXIE

We can't just eat food Jimmy. Eat food. And turn it into shit.

He turns on a torch and shines it onto her plastic packet.

JIMMY

We swore never to go back on it? Together to the end? You've only got six more months opioid receptor modulator and I'm managing on half dose Subutex. We're almost there.

PIXIE

Chill Jimbo it's not the hard
stuff, just to help us get by.

He gets up and puts his torch on the table then sits down.

JIMMY

Let me help, you always manage to
waste and spill bits. Its in the
blending and most important folding
edges right. News flash, got a job.

Methodically he measures the weed and tobacco as she walks
away to her bedside box to grab a pair of designer shoes.

JIMMY

Hello? Planet Pixie? I'll say it
again. I've got a job.

Excitedly she dangles gold leather high heels up in the air.

PIXIE

These are class. Designer.

JIMMY

You mean they're knock off?

PIXIE

Kill the moment will you.

She throws him a thumbs down sign, as he smells the resin.

JIMMY

I'm going to start to save for a
deposit on a proper bed sit.

PIXIE

How many weeks to wait though?

JIMMY

Unsure, at least we're on the move,
I start Monday shifting heavy
goods off trucks for market stalls.

Out of the system too, cash. A tip
I got from Estonian Ivan, he worked
there but gone home to his family
now for a better life.

PIXIE

Wish it could get better here.

JIMMY

Why so negative? I know you care so
try showing it once in a while,
guys actually have feelings. Be
positive, my ceiling effect dosage
works and you stop altogether soon.

PIXIE

But we live on fresh air. I'm sick
of waiting and wanting, waiting for
life to happen to me. To us.

She takes off jeans to see shoes on bare legs, wiggling toes.

PIXIE

Cool, just need lick of toe polish.
Love the high straps, little gold
halo's around my ankles. Sod the
cold my skin's like plucked goose.

JIMMY

What are those for we're on the
coast in middle of frigging winter?
Hope you're not thinking of going
back cos we're so over if you are?

PIXIE

You just can't say it. A word too
sordid for a middle class elitist?
The Game. No I'm not going back.

JIMMY

Let you change my name didn't I?
Christened Jimmy but now I'm Jimbo,
so don't call me a snob. It was
just a shock finding out the way I
did, thrown out of that club onto
the pavement. Get that shit off
your feet, you'll freeze to death.

She mimics a fashion cat walk, up and down the stone floor.

JIMMY (CONTD)

Are you going to pose like that all
fucking night? Click, click, click.

PIXIE

You're an old film fan. Remember
the phrase? "We have the stars?"
Even in here I can look to the sky.

She looks up to the sky, hands on her heart, theatrically.

JIMMY

Trying to concentrate over here, I
can't cope with a dress rehearsal.

PIXIE

And what do I put up with? Your
journals for one, we aren't in a
hospital yet we're surrounded by
medical junk and other gross stuff.

JIMMY

But my things aren't make believe
like yours. I was training to be a
doctor, I did go medical school and
you're weirding me out just now.

PIXIE

Me weirding you out? Hello? We're in some Frankenstein basement with a skeleton and God knows what's in those jars you hide, trophies from a fucking medical lab. No hot water yet carbolic soap. Ironic. You were a medical student. Were. Before you became an addict.

JIMMY

But the past is not out of reach and I'll get it all back one day soon. This is a temp transition, we're down but not out, you know the mantra. One day at a time?

PIXIE

Mantra's can't fix the collateral damage of being a junkie. Only Subutex, methadone and money can.

JIMMY

I only messed up during my finals so technically speaking I'm as good as any doctor, just my papers got disqualified during exams. And since when are you an expert?

She angrily takes off the shoes and throws them at the wall.

PIXIE

Always up your own ass. Others have dreams too. So I never went to university but I was runner up in Miss Grimsby and it was me who got you that coat you constantly wear.

JIMMY

Sorry but I worry about you, so is our hurling home truths game over?

Here. A peace offering Bette Davis?
Shall we have a cigarette on it?

He hold out two joints as she puts on a pair of thick socks.

Don't lets ask for the moon. But
since you look like Moon walker in
those thermals maybe we should.

PIXIE

Stop laughing it's not funny.

JIMMY

No dig them, really, come here you.
Here's yours. Truce? Friends again?

She grabs her joint from his hand, inhaling deeply.

PIXIE

Purrr.....fect.

She sits on his knee. Rain outside suddenly sounds near,
loud, like a crackling fire. The loo chain rattles in breeze.

JIMMY

Happy days. Our dysfunctional Khasi
chimes like in a Buddhist retreat.

They spontaneously giggle, he puts out his joint.

JIMMY (CONTD)

Rest for later, you smell good.

PIXIE

I don't get why people buy perfume,
I just go to store and use testers.
Orchid. Tomorrow I'll wear Channel.
How much longer we got here Jimbo?

JIMMY

Till spring maybe. No ones noticed
us but they will. Its going up for
sale, a leasehold premise in April.

PIXIE

What was this place before?

JIMMY

A film set. Salubrious. Kinky. They made the hottest erotica. And look how carefully the new set designer worked? A true artist, I should be a film director instead of doctor.

PIXIE

Be serious for once, this stuff's good but not that good. But that new guest house down coast road? Could really could be a film set, well pucker, glitzy walls, leather.

JIMMY

You been inside? How do you know? Sixty five a night, just a single.

PIXIE

No, just my friend got married and it was in their honeymoon suite.

He turns off torch and phones and slides them out of sight. She's only lit by a ray from skylight. He stares at her.

PIXIE

What are you thinking?

JIMMY

I dig it. Exciting, sinister, my very own Noir Siren.

PIXIE

What does Noir mean?

JIMMY

It's us here.

PIXIE

I reckon this was servants quarters
back in the day. Whole place was a
mansion before it was reformed.
Shame, chopping up grand houses.

JIMMY

I found out actually it was a
utility for a chicken factory,
hence wall tiles and a loo for
workers. Those holes must be where
they pulled out the old equipment.

She yawns, stretches and looks over at empty purse on table.

I should have bought more!
Shoulda. Woulda. Coulda.
No doe. No dope. No hope.

JIMMY

Have mine, go on? I was saving it
for morning but you're my girl.

She leans into him, catching a whiff of his unwashed body.

PIXIE

Nothing about you put's me off.
You're the sweetest guy I know.

JIMMY

I'll light mine, it'll help you to
sleep, you're on edge recently.

The match suddenly illumines her face like a flash bulb.

JIMMY

Lights. Camera. Action. My star.

They lock eyes, a micro moment of intimacy amidst chaos. A
silence that speaks volumes. The match fades. Darkness

PIXIE

Winds dying. Cosy, quiet, just us.

JIMMY

Wicked woman, lucky guy. Can taste
the rain, dying match and your
sweet aroma. Heady mix. They should
make a tester called "Druggy Haze."

They kiss, he stops to shine the torch in her face.

Only half stoned, you're pupils
don't meet in the middle. Can't be
that strong. You were cheated.

PIXIE

It'll do for now.

JIMMY

You. Will do. For me.

PIXIE

My clev...clev...clever doctor.

Her speech has nearly slowed to a halt, his eyes narrow.

JIMMY

Come on. Time for bed. I'm done.

She stands but wobbles, so he picks her up to carry her to
grubby sleeping bags. They fall into passionate embrace.

INT. DAY - SQUAT A heap of duvets begin to move, a strip of
daylight from the en suite beams down onto dusty air. A face
pops out in startled expression of semi consciousness. Pixie
squints, smudged face, dishevelled hair and slowly sits up.

PIXIE

Twilight Zone. God help us.

The pungent smell of old drains forces her to wretch.

PIXIE

I ache all over and where's that
smell from? Only us use this place,
I'm hit from all sides, everywhere.

She heaves again, bile fills her mouth and she spits it out.

PIXIE

My throats burning, at least we're
not stuck together again, super
glued in puke.

She lifts the covers from his face, he's still in stupor.

PIXIE

And you stink.

A whiff of grease from the table penetrates the cold air and
she picks up a blanket clumsily wrapping it around herself.

PIXIE

My breath's making fog.

She gulps down old chips licking remaining scraps of burnt
fat off paper then desperately peers into a box of cereal.

PIXIE

Nothing. Times we got no munchies,
full fucking box but not when you
need it most and that's our story.

She angrily stamps on it with both feet then marches over to
Jimmy, grabs his hair and pulls his head up.

PIXIE

Jimbo wake up, I need coffee, now.
Already midday and you have to get
to the food bank before three.

JIMMY

No need to scalp me. Cant you go?

PIXIE

I'm banned remember? Don't go back
in your stupor and sleep all day.

He starts to sit up and stretches and yawns.

JIMMY

Why isn't it already on? Camper
stoves hardly rocket science.

PIXIE

I'm not into all this boy scout
stuff I burned my finger last time.

JIMMY

They do it in Yurts all the time,
some dig camping. Suit yourself.

PIXIE

Nerds pay for this? And I used to
think summer Butlin's was the pits.

He pulls on a jumper and runs on the spot to get warm.
Breathless from sudden excursion, he wades to the en suite.
Pee hits porcelain in endless gushing stream, echoing loudly.

PIXIE (CONTD)

Don't know where you put all that
beer, I only had four but twelve
pack's gone. Its mad not asking
your father to lend us, he'd go ape
if he knew you don't eat properly.

He swears under his breath, as he zips up his flies.

JIMMY

Sod you Father I'm never coming
home. How did it ever get to this
Jimmy Chesterfield junior?

PIXIE

Can't you swallow your pride?

JIMMY

Don't drag him into this, hypocrite
disowned me when his precious
teaching hospital expelled me.

He can keep his shame. His pious.
His name. To himself. Forever.

Basin hangs to one side but rusty tap works. He opens
cupboard for soap and hand brush, scrubbing up like a
surgeon. Drying his hands in the air he walks back to her.

PIXIE

Why spend so long on your hands?

JIMMY

They're a main source of germ
spreading especially our finger
tips. Like flies feet they go
everywhere. But where does the top
of our head go? Our knee cap go?
Our elbow go? And our feet hardly
ever go anywhere without shoes of
some kind. But our hands....

He lights camper stove, she's still huddled in blanket.

PIXIE

Enough, I get the picture. Soon
I'll know everything about fungus
microbes, bacteria and viruses.

He uses heat resistant disposable cups and hands her a drink.

PIXIE

We need a bath. Or shower.

JIMMY

Yeah it's fixed.

PIXIE

How? Where? Whose?

JIMMY

Got cash for swimming and go super
drug on route for gel.

I aimed to go Sunday cos of work
Monday but since you want to we'll
go tomorrow.

PIXIE

Wonder if Bonnie and Clyde stank?
On the run, nowhere to wash yet
always looked so glamorous.

JIMMY

You think of some funny things.

PIXIE

Lead a funny kind of life. Where
will our road go?

JIMMY

Work remember? And Friday a deposit
on a room onto highway normality.

PIXIE

Room? But you said bed sit last
night? We're in a room already.

JIMMY

I meant a better room with
electricity and hot water. A bet
sit's just a glorified room.

PIXIE

Not exactly, a bed sit's got it's
own kitchenette. A room's just a
bed with sink or no sink at all.
And bed sits have their own shower
but rooms never even have toilet.

JIMMY

So what if it's communal. We can
still shower or cook anytime?

PIXIE

Hate being in someone else's space.
Need our own space not an upgrade.

She scrunches her cup and tosses across the floor.

JIMMY

Downtown bed sit's are two hundred
deposit, way more uptown but a room
anywhere is always less than half.

PIXIE

Wish could pass go, collect two
hundred pounds, move up to Mayfair.

JIMMY

Got something special lined up.
Curmudgeon from big house on Sea
view Road has a mattress in a skip.
King size fucker but old springs
are heavy to lift, I'll meet Scott
later, he'll help me bring it here.

PIXIE

That recluse owns all four floors,
wonder how he got it? Dirty old
sod was out clipping his precious
privet in summer and I caught him
leering through the bush at my ass.

JIMMY

He was a dirty old sod. Dead now.

PIXIE

Wonder what he died of?

JIMMY

Don't know but his gaff's in
probate with an enormous private
yellow skip outside. But all his
stuff is rubbish. Weird.

PIXIE

That's the rich, they got it but
don't fucking spend it and here's
us sat here. Wanting. Needing.
In our prime. Hardly scraping by.

JIMMY

Never saw any relatives or friends
wonder who it is landed his estate?

PIXIE

Who cares it's not us. Beggars
belief. Minted and stupid, yet
living just like us. What else?

JIMMY

Stockpiled tins for imagined
apocalypse, old furniture. Analogue
TV, ancient freezer with unsafe
wiring, miser could have gone up in
smoke. And an MS DOS computer.

PIXIE

What's MS DOS?

JIMMY

Before the internet. You know
before Bill Gates founded the web.

PIXIE

Bill who?

JIMMY

Never mind. Mattress will raise us,
cold bites through floor no matter
how high we stack bedding. No musty
aroma or body fluids, reckon he
kept it in spare room and an icon.

PIXIE

What's an icon?

JIMMY

Sewn at the bottom, quality product
with a couple sleeping on a cloud.

PIXIE

Gross! A geriatrics cast off.

JIMMY

Why so picky? Hotel bed's are slept
in a thousand times but you still
want to go there.

PIXIE

Bonnie and Clyde had a Blue
Corvette with a sun roof.

She puts on her boots and zips them up.

JIMMY

Where are you going?

PIXIE

Meeting Ruth from twelve steps Bye.

INT. DAY - HOTEL ROOM Glitter walls, oak floor, spa bath.

VICTOR 55, portly, bulbous nose, bald, Belcher neck chain ,
sat up remote sat on his belly paunch, Pixie in en suite.

PIXIE

Heaven, a real soak at last.

VICTOR

You're in your zenith, why go back?

PIXIE

I cant leave him, he's only past
the clucking stage a few months.

VICTOR

Clucking? He a fucking hen?

Reaching for cigar he suddenly sees no smoking rule on door.

VICTOR (CONTD)

Rules, what's point of an executive room if you can't enjoy any perks? Hotel? Dog's bollocks. Reminds me of school and having to go out for sly ciggie. So? Is he a bird then?

He belly laughs and begins to cough. Pixie raises her voice.

PIXIE

No. Its part of withdrawal. We both clucked together. In rehab.

FLASHBACK INT. DAY - SPARSE ROOM REHAB Jimmy sits on bed, head in hands, trembling, Pixie at his side. Her arms wrap round him to still his violent bodily jerks, as his bare feet constantly tap the vinyl floor.

JIMMY

I can't wait anymore.

PIXIE

But they said its less and less, with more and more time between.

He pulls off vest to scratch his bare chest till skin bleeds. She lights two cigarettes handing him one, he can't control his grip, it drops, he jumps up rubbing his burnt thigh.

JIMMY

It's crippling me coming clean. Clucking, puking. Thirty grams was a stretch but sixteen is torture.

PIXIE

But good to purge, all coming out of your system, like Doctor Alan says "Our bodies are full of dung."

JIMMY

Okay for you, had yours already.

PIXIE

But mine's a different drug.

He runs to open the door, screaming into the corridor.

JIMMY

Hello world, we need urgent help in here, what planet are you cunts on?

An orderly rushes towards him. MALCOLM Dark hair, slim, thirty, overall, curled moustache, metal round glasses.

MALCOLM

Chill Jim, back inside please.

JIMMY

We live like animals in here, I'm jacking in the programme.

Malcolm holds him by both shoulders, sternly eyeballing him.

MALCOLM

No, you're nearly there. Its cos your so very near recovery that last little setbacks seem extreme.

JIMMY

You having a laugh? Little?

PIXIE

Just keep on breathing Jimbo.

MALCOLM

Remember your progress? This is an effect of lessening today's dose but you'll soon plateau. Before this it was all down time or all up time, life under the lid of drugs.

Malcolm waves at Pixie, clapping his hands twice.

MALCOLM

Together with me Pixie please? Our motto at the dormitory?

PIXIE & MALCOLM TOGETHER

A small time without leads to life without. A stitch in time saves me.

JIMMY

I don't want my life. Fuck off.

Ghost eyed he bites his tongue, blood covers his teeth.

MALCOLM

A pocket of turbulence before you hit ground is better than a crash land. Up the dose, you'll go full blown cold turkey when you stop.

BACK TO PRESENT - HOTEL ROOM She lies in foamy bath.

VICTOR

It's him. Or me. No more jumping ship and then crawling back mine.

PIXIE

But its awkward right now.

She holds her nose and ducks her whole face under water.

VICTOR

No buts I'm a business man. You pull punters but disappear on follow ups and so I make excuses. You bite the hand that feeds.

She hasn't heard, angry at being ignored he shouts loudly.

VICTOR

What you got to say for yourself?

Raising her face out of water she wiggles ears to clear them.

PIXIE

Well what Victor?

He reaches for a folded dressing gown and rushes in bathroom.

VICTOR

Said you'd leave him completely?
It's last time I'll take you back.

PIXIE

But I don't know if he's ready to
be on his own. I'm worried Victor.

VICTOR

You better be ready, now or never
and there's much worse choices out
there. I've the legit dance club
and flat, you can have a holiday in
Spain instead of reading about it.

She grabs a towel to dry herself seductively, smiling in
attempt to humour him, her wet hair sticking to her breasts.

PIXIE

Had a good afternoon? Victor?

VICTOR

Take your stuff out my box room.
Amy's moving in cos you're always
going back to that streak of piss.

PIXIE

Tell her she can't have the room.
It's mine and I'm coming back.

VICTOR

Sure? You know the rules?

PIXIE

Yes but I've to tell him goodbye.

VICTOR

Break all ties or deal off. All or nothing. No showers, free food or nice clean bed. And you'll pay rent for using my room last week between your sly visits to Doctor death.

She storms up close to him.

PIXIE

But others use the facility, they all do and they don't pay any rent.

VICTOR

They don't use my place to come drop a load then sod off with the toilet rolls. Hot water and washing machine suck up gas and electric. Eat my ready meals to boot. Girls using my premises work my premises.

PIXIE

But we're an item? I'm special.

VICTOR

You been on a roll so far girl but take too many liberties skiving.

PIXIE

We had fun just this morning.

VICTOR

And you come back looking like shit every time. Tardy goods when you're up against this competition.

He pulls a mobile to show photos, she turns away in denial, he tugs the top of her head forcing her to look at them.

Take a good look, these are an item.

Angela's younger and so is Tamsin here, their just waiting to fill your boots. You've grown old in that squat, nobody will want you soon. Old turkey. Cluck. Cluck.

He walks out. She wipes steam from mirror to search her face and neck for wrinkles then frantically rushes out.

PIXIE

Victor wait. I'm done with him.

He pulls her in, she pouts expecting a kiss, he eyeballs her.

VICTOR

Sure?

He knocks his nose against her nose twice in reprimand.

This?

Nose butt.

The?

Nose butt.

Last time I ask you. Yes?

PIXIE

And Tamsin isn't a real blonde like me. But a fake.

Victor gets dressed, leaving key card on the bed. He pauses.

VICTOR

I'm no patsy, next time kiss the streets. Check out's midday. Bye.

Door slams behind, she drinks whole mini bar alone and cries.

PIXIE

Oh Jimbo my love, I am so so sorry.

FLASHBACK INT. DAY - HALF WAY HOUSE Single bed, beans spill over pan on portable hob, CD player blares on the dresser.

JIMMY

You done well girl, proud. Love the track. I never did Punk Rock scene, take me to some gigs, show me the ropes? What it's really all about.

PIXIE

Course I will. This song is by My Chemical romance, funny I imagined you an opera fan when we met on the ward in spring. A bit of an anorak.

JIMMY

Glad my father kicked me out because now I'm going to enjoy a misspent youth that I never had.

PIXIE

Sucks I'm still in house being watched on methadone but they say our needs are unique. I miss you.

JIMMY

Hate having to leave you for my home prescription course. Tell me all about your pole dancing? I want to know everything about you.

PIXIE

Just shifts at a friends club and I can do the splits. Completely.

JIMMY

Where did you learn that?

PIXIE

Oh. Night school.

JIMMY

Can't wait to come and see you.

PIXIE

I refused the digs offered by
social services cos if I mess up
again police will come and tag me.
Think we'll ever be living free?

JIMMY

We'll do it. Team Invincible.

PIXIE

Bonnie and Clyde. Us.

They both fall onto the bed.

PRESENT INT. EV - SQUAT Jimmy admires a new table cloth,
napkins, bottle of red, single rose in empty milk bottle and
two candles in fluted holders. He picks the pound stickers
off wine glasses, then puts his mother's old engagement ring
centre stage middle of the display. A huge mattress takes up
a whole corner of room and is covered with dried flowers.

JIMMY

Piece de resistance marriage
proposal. She can't say no.

Stroking his newly shaven skin he looks down at a new blazer.

Stuff that actually fits, forgot
what clothes are, sad for a man of
taste. Pixie, what's keeping you?

He picks up the ring to kiss it, looking at her empty chair.

Come on. Come on. Come on.

He grabs cheap burner handset and quickly taps in a message.

TEXT

WHERE R U? GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL
WAITING FOR YOU. LOVE YOU. JIMBO X

Fresh pizza hits the air, he eagerly opens the box but fights temptation to eat, closing the lid. He studies his phone.

TEXT

YOUR FAVORITE TOPPINGS. GOT PROPER
HAIRCUT ON PIER JUST FOR YOU. X

He lights the candles either side table, breathing the scent.

Jasmine, nice one, she'll love.

He grabs his phone and rings her but phone's on voice mail.

I've something important to ask
you. Its urgent. Please answer?

In ten minutes he gets answer phone again, so texts.

TEXT.

I NEED YOU. NOW.

An hour passes, he snuffs out the candles. His phone rings.

JIMMY

Thank God, been trying you all
night, make it home soon Pixie.

V.O

Hello, I'm calling about the
accident you had through no fault
of your own? We at Sanderson Leith
can help you with everything you
need, first I need a few details?

JIMMY

I'm expecting a call. No. And I've
had no accident. Where do you
people get private numbers from?

V.O

We understand you had an accident
through no fault of your own?

He slaps the side of his own head angrily pacing the floor.

JIMMY

You think I'm some rich fucker?
Fell over a leaf in the road and
need you to hold my hand? So you
get piles of money for suing some
sad unsuspecting cunt? Wrong
number. You rang a fucking squat.

V.O

Our records will be amended
accordingly. Thank you.

JIMMY

What records? I'm off the grid.
Fuck off or I'll sue you for
ruining my sex life.

He terminates the call and sends out another text.

TEXT

I'M WAITING UP. PLANNED A SPECIAL
EVENT. ONLY ONE PERSON MISSING X

He heads for the loo and flushes again and again but the huge
floater staring back refuses to budge. He bangs on the wall.

JIMMY

Its my engagement party tonight.
Why pick now you bastard. Get down.

He tugs. Gurgling ancient pipe work sucks in water refilling
old cistern. But the mass has expanded filling whole u bend.

By the way sorry to ask for your
hand in shit creek. Life's not
working out as planned is it Jimmy?

He falls asleep sat at the table but wakes, staring around.

JIMMY (CONTD)

Pixie are you back? It's four.

Suddenly his handset glows lime green. PING.

PIXIE - TEXT

SORRY JIMBO I'VE LEFT. IT'S FOR THE
BEST AND YOU'LL SEE THAT ONE DAY.
MAY ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE. X

He speed dials her with trembling hands but the line's dead.

V.O

"I'm sorry but the number you've
called is no longer in existence."

Shocked and motionless he stares down at the phone then
crushes it under foot, drinks the wine and economy cider then
searches frantically for hidden unused opioid capsules. The
room spins wildly, he loses his vision and collapses.

INT. EV - SQUAT 24 HOURS LATER He wakes. Room is wrecked,
he's bewildered for one moment but then suddenly remembers.

JIMMY

Our romantic dinner for two. Epoch.

Torn bedding, broken stove, smashed glass. Pizza covers a
wall, sauce dribbles between splattered doe, meats, gluey
cheese and corn. The sick work of art reaches the ceiling.
He sees the broom is covered in pizza and looks at his watch.

July 6. I've missed a whole day.

He rushes to look for the ring, shaking the tablecloth.
Nothing, he frantically hunts on hands and knees amidst.

Mother. All I have left of you.

His tummy heaves, he's violently sick and falls to the floor.

Why look for love? I fail at
normal. Shove domesticity. A fix is
the only friend I ever really need.

He staggers to mirror. A ghoul stares back, bloated lips.

Hey you! We been here before yes?
Square one. We survive again?

Kicking down a stack of boxes he tears through the contents
and pulls apart a skeleton throwing bones everywhere. He
shreds his student coat, destroys a stethoscope then grabs
two medical specimen jars and drops them. Glass smashes,
putrid formaldehyde spills all over as two pickled embryos
slide along the ground. He kicks them along the ground.

Goodbye boys and girls.

With a knife from surgeons kit he violently stabs mattress,
metal springs cut his hands as blood rolls up his sleeve.

My gift. Aaaaaaarh! Rock and roll.
Happy now whore?

Out of breath he stops. White fluffy fibre from inside the
mattress spills out all over the floor, floating and bobbing
like tumble weed in the desert.

Wish that shit was coke, that's one
serious line.

Suddenly a dappled reflection appears on the wall, tiny
spheres glinting like stars. He wipes his eyes and moves
closer trying not to blink. Beaded bubbles wink back at him
as though a ghost holds up a sparkler. Intently he follows
the trail shining his torch in the mattress hollow but the
broken metal coils don't shine back. He probes deeper inside.

JIMMY

Where are you, what are you?

Small hard objects crammed in tight cast back bright rays, he pulls up a gold chain, it belongs to an antique necklace. He digs more. Rings. Broaches. Bag of coins.

Cunning old magpie. Emeralds,
rubies, diamonds, sapphires. Queen
Victoria coins.

He bites on some of the stones with his teeth.

Tough though for fake paste.

He sits up straight and examines them more.

Could it be the real deal? No
never. Not with my luck.

FOLLOWING SUMMER EXT. DAY - PROMENADE A blue Bentley pulls to a halt in the grounds of prestigious Ocean Towers. A man in a linen suit and Panama hat turns off the engine. Ray bans perch on his scalp, he pulls them down over his eyes and checks a Rolex for time. He exits vehicle, the gold tips of his crocodile shoes echo on concrete. He walks over to a man waiting by the weeping willow tree to hand him an envelope. The man eagerly grabs the envelope and grins widely.

MAN 17 Vinegar skin, shaved head, thin arms, no vest, tatty jeans held up by rope, backpack stuffed with a plastic sheet.

STREET MAN

Heh Jimmy. You're a star.

INT. EV - DANCE CLUB Pixie sit's with a man in velvet clad booth, single candle on table. A topless girl wraps her body around a pole on stage with the ease of a snake on a stick.

BRICE 56 Plump, greasy, open floral shirt, moustache.

She fiddles with an umbrella in her cocktail as he drools.

BRICE

When did you decide to go pink?

PIXIE

My hair? I tried to start up a punk band to sing in five years back.

BRICE

I still remember the Sex Pistols. Like it was yesterday. Shall we?

PIXIE

One more here first?

BRICE

Surely we can order a bottle of champagne brought to our room?

He raises a hand. A waitress comes over with empty tray.

WAITRESS 18 Tiny shorts, heels, animals tattooed on arms.

BRICE

A bottle of champagne in ten minutes for upstairs. And for now a margarita and a whistle pig.

WAITRESS

That's a hundred pounds, paying now or to go on your tab Mr. Robson?

BRICE

Tab and one for yourself.

She goes to make up the order.

PIXIE

Do you believe in love?

BRICE

In a place like this don't most men come here to forget commitment?

PIXIE

But why should the word be attached
to any particular surroundings?

BRICE

Tatty simplicity? Laden with
sleaze? We're not at the theatre?

FLASHBACK INT- EV SQUAT Pixie lies under the duvet. Jimmy
approaches with a box of strawberries and two bottles larger.

JIMMY

If music be the food of love

BACK TO PRESENT DANCE CLUB

PIXIE

If music be the food of love, give
me excess of it so that my appetite
may sicken and so die. See? Easy?

BRICE

Blimey Shakespeare, hot and well
read, a girl I'd like to take to
America. Ever been? Pinkie?

PIXIE

Excuse me while I go ladies room.

INT. EV - ROOM IN DANCE CLUB Dim lit, double bed, Pixie
rushes to cram all her clothes in a small suitcase. Door
suddenly opens, the waitress closes it behind herself.

WAITRESS

What planet are you on? A client is
sat there alone. You'll be sacked.

PIXIE

No I won't cos I'm down the fire
exit right now.

WAITRESS

But he's minted and I can't give
you your tips if you just fuck off.
And Victor will come after you.

PIXIE

There's no reward without risk or
chance. And I know what I want now.

EXT. DAY - OUTSIDE SQUAT Pixie stands alone in the alley,
suitcase in hand, banging on the steel door. She screams.

PIXIE

Jimbo. Jimbo. It's Pixie.

Pushing with all her weight the door won't budge, she spots
workmen nearby breaking walls behind yellow tape and goes up.

WORKMAN IN HARD HAT

Get out, health and safety, could
be asbestos. Door's only propped
open cos no one ever comes up here.

PIXIE

The building with purple graffiti?
Have you seen anybody go in or out?
I'm looking for a missing person?

WORKMAN

We did an estimate for that job but
another firm undercut us and no one
lived there then and never since.

PIXIE

When were you in there exactly?

WORKMAN

Right before Easter, must have been
first week of April. The council
cordoned it off, unsafe. Hey are
you okay, you don't look well?

EXT. DAY - BUS SHELTER Pixie sat head in hands, man walks up.

EBO 50, Sawn off denims, flip flops, dreadlocks, mixed race.

EBO

Going somewhere?

PIXIE

I'm in transit, not your business.

EBO

You been here all morning and we all in transit. Here or there to nowhere and moving backwards. But all after same thing around here. Money, place, belly full. No need pretence, seems you out of options.

PIXIE

Get lost I don't want company.

EBO

But you need something though? Come on join me and Samuel and we talk more. Don't worry we live with our girls so won't molest you. Here's my number if you change your mind.

He walks off, suddenly she stands up and runs after him.

INT. DAY - PENTHOUSE. Minimalist chic, grand piano, floor to ceiling windows, a red neon hangs above a granite cocktail bar. Man sits in leather swivel chair talking on his mobile.

JIMMY

Yeah I know its a business sale but I've lawyers to change the lease.

He glances at a huge framed print over the fireplace. A photo of his car, vehicle number plate says "RICH FUCKER."

So get me another viewing.

I don't care a lease is just a piece of paper like money. Money talks and can change anything. So sort it. Bye.

He gets a scotch from the bar and walks to windows.

You're out there somewhere. But where?. Me? Still on a separate planet in my goldfish bowl. Alone. It's lonely being God.

"Love is The Drug" beams but barely visible in sunlight, he drops window blinds, the neon suddenly dominates whole room.

You draw me into your vortex. My pulse. My heartbeat. Flash flash. Bang bang. Cos I'm a living ghost who somehow dodged a real death.

He bangs the side of his head with a clenched fist.

I'm lost. I got rid of Heroin but I still can't get you out of my head.

He throws his empty bottle on the floor, it smashes.

Who am I kidding? No such thing as love, I'm getting rid of this junk.

His hand hovers over a switch, it carries on flashing.

"LOVE IS THE DRUG."

EXT. EV - UNDER INDUSTRIAL BRIDGE Still, only noise the flutter of pigeon wings. An old red Mazda halts between the arches, passenger door opens, a woman is hurled onto narrow kerb. Car speeds off. She lies motionless, face down in bird crap. Wearing only one stiletto, bare legs sprawled beneath a fur coat, a leopard skin beret covering her head. A hand moves, she tries to feel all around but then hand fall limp.

INT. DAY - PRIVATE THERAPY ROOM Chintz suburban lounge, bay windows, cream shag pile, three piece suite, big Yucca plant.

DOCTOR BLACK - 60, Rake, receding hair, black suit, round spectacles hang on his face. Writes at a desk opposite Jimmy.

DOCTOR BLACK

Clean a year and well done but why switch to alcohol? Especially now you're living on easy street?

JIMMY

Life seems more out of reach than ever. Unattainable, more I aim for normal the further away it seems.

DOCTOR BLACK

Out of reach? In what way?

JIMMY

Void worse than heroin withdrawal, I rush from this to that. Take my prize vintage cars and vinyl record collection, I hate them all now.

DR BLACK

Same for all addictions, not just pharmacology meds, like online shopping. Fast fix, some new fleeting satisfaction, gone almost as quick as it came. We need find your underlying need. Do you still crave drugs?

JIMMY

No. It's the not knowing killing me. Watch a film I forget the plot, I listen to music but can't hear words. Dread fills my mind and I hit the bottle to erase how I feel.

DOCTOR BLACK

We can try cognitive therapy?

JIMMY

Auto suggestion bullshit?

DOCTOR BLACK

No, a strategy so you deal with the neuro transmitters causing your craving for alcohol. Curb your trigger moments and ease the lows. You're vulnerable, not sleeping, ripe for falling back into using.

JIMMY

I'm done being a student.

DOCTOR BLACK

Private detective? Still nothing?

JIMMY

No leads and this is my third private eye. Police didn't help, she's always been a drifter, in and out of rehabs and different towns.

DR BLACK

Rolling stone. She's a record yes?

JIMMY

Yes but nothing bad, just street stuff. Shop lifting. Possession.

DR BLACK

Ever cross your mind she might be on the run from the law? Doesn't want to be found? Be mixed up in absolutely anything?

JIMMY

I know the ropes, know the dens
where people go to drop off the
grid but nothing. Just a dead
empty space where I'm in limbo.

DR BLACK

You're in a grieving process.

JIMMY

Don't talk like she's dead.

DR BLACK

You feel guilty you survived but
she got left behind. Cortisol
constantly pumping. She maybe alive
as you say, there's a kind of grief
at the death of your relationship.

Jimmy walks to the bay window, looking out onto the street.

JIMMY

I'm not like them on the street.

DOCTOR BLACK

You are but you're brains are fried
so you see life through a fog and
it seems unreal. Outcome won't be
good unless you start my programme.

INT. DAY - PENTHOUSE Jimmy sits opposite a man.

MR PERCY 36, medium build, sandy wavy hair, suit, beard.

MR PERCY

Mixed news I'm afraid. A girl
fitting her description, admitted
to St. James hospital last week but
she sprung herself early before
receiving after care. I showed her
photograph to the crew on scene,
definitely her but another name.

JIMMY

Where did they find her?

MR PERCY

Picked up on Shaw Road in the red light district. Out of it on the kerb and had to be revived with a shot. A Narcan job. Nasty. They just caught her in time apparently.

Jimmy stands up and presses his nose on the window.

JIMMY

She must have overdosed. And down there somewhere at risk. Suppose she left no address with Infirmary?

MR PERCY

No but she was mixed up with two slime balls south of the city but not been seen with them since June, probably severed her ties and moved on. Their particulars are in my file here. But she's not there now be assured. I'd surveillance twenty four seven but nothing.

Mr. Percy shakes his head and closes his casebook folder.

INT. DAY - PENTHOUSE Jimmy perches on a stool by his bar opposite his father, he holds a scotch, his father a coke.

JAMES CHESTERFIELD 48, Fit, immaculate, spotted tie, shiny bald head. He fiddles with a wedding ring in nervous gesture.

JAMES

Glad to see you, been estranged far too long, a lot to catch up on. Nice place. Class. Can I play something on the grand piano later?

JIMMY

Aren't you going to ask me how I got all this? Your loser son.

JAMES

No. I learnt my lesson. You don't like questions, I don't want you disappearing again but let me tell you instead. Stocks and shares? Or something to do with software?

JIMMY

It was a chemical romance of sorts.

JAMES

What?

JIMMY

Joke. A bad one. I just remembered a punk rock record I once heard and I found all of this not long after but I'd already lost everything. Bittersweet kind of shit.

JAMES

Found? How?

JIMMY

Let's not talk shop. A job is a job but it's people that matter.

JAMES

You've changed son, you only used to care about getting high. Sorry. You seem inquisitive, on edge, why?

JIMMY

You could always read me unlike Mum who always believed my diplomatic veneer. Maybe caused our conflict? Hard truths right in the face?

JAMES

I suppose it's normal for children
to sometimes hate their parents.

JIMMY

I never hated you Dad. And now
I need to know how you coped after
she died, where did all that pain
go? How did you carry on?

JAMES

I guess I through myself into work.
Claire left a gaping hole but as
long as I helped others it would
have been selfish of me to opt out
of the system over self pity. Auto
pilot helped and a reason to go on.

JIMMY

Do you believe in love?

JAMES

Deep. Is there something wrong?

JIMMY

I met someone but it didn't last.

JAMES

But you'll have ladies fighting
over you? Cheer up Jimmy there's a
lot to celebrate. Considering.

JIMMY

People stare when I dine out alone.

JAMES

(laughing)

So join my dating agency, elite for
professional men. Or maybe not, a
lot more competition for me.

JIMMY

I think we invent love cos we just have to believe there is something tangible outside of ourselves to justify the banality of our lives. Vein to admit we're mere mammals.

JAMES

No. I have no doubt love is real.

JIMMY

But all those bodies you cut up in theatre? Didn't you ever think us humans are only machines, parts that all work together?

JAMES

Never thought I'd say this son but you need to lighten up. Come! Some bonding we've never done before but always should have. Off together for a round in the Red Lion.

JIMMY

Good idea, thinking on Dad we never did share any universal moments.

INT. EV - INTIMATE THAI RESTAURANT Marble decor, fountain, tall plants, Jimmy sits at a table for two by the window with a girl. They peruse the menu. The girl is obviously into him.

SASKIA Slim, blonde bob, tailored silver silk dress, refined.

SASKIA

I love it here, you read me well.

She smiles seductively and briefly strokes his hand.

JIMMY

So glad you like it.

He fiddles nervously with the umbrella in his cocktail.

SASKIA

Definitely prawns for starters but
on I'm the fence for the main?

JIMMY

Let's each order two mains to mix
and match. That way we get to taste
four? Beef, fish, chicken and pork?

SASKIA

Cool.

He hails the waitress and reels off the big order.

JIMMY

Love your dress, Mandarin style?

SASKIA

Yes. So? What do you like doing in
your spare time? Your passions?

FLASHBACK Jimmy is surrounded by booze and drugs in squat.

BACK TO PRESENT Jimmy pauses before answering Saskia.

JIMMY

Erm.....

SASKIA

Erm?

JIMMY

Sorry just could not remember name
of my latest car, I'm into vintage
vehicles, old films and travel. I'm
a bit of an anorak really.

FLASHBACK INT. DAY - HALF WAY HOUSE. PIXIE'S ROOM The cheap
kid's ghetto blaster resounds from the cheap plywood dresser
in the tiny room, Pixie looks up into Jimmy's eyes laughing.

PIXIE

Thought you a bit of an anorak.

BACK TO PRESENT Saskia licks her lips and moves forward.

SASKIA

No I think you'll do!

JIMMY

Look the starters are coming over.

AN HOUR PASSES Saskia and Jimmy are almost through the mains.

SASKIA

Please excuse me, Ladies room. I'll
leave you to decide the mains.

She saunters through the swing doors end of room.

INT. - LADIES Saskia applies more lipstick and lifts mobile.

SASKIA

(talking to friend)

Yes, yes, yes. Hot, hot, hot. And
they're usually assholes from speed
dating. Don't wait up for me Jane,
I won't be coming back tonight.

She heads eagerly back to eating area. Her face falls. His
chair is empty, jacket gone, pile of cash in middle of table.

INT. EV - ATTIC BEDSIT Damp wall, no window, Pixie sits end
of her unmade bed staring up at a man leaning against door.

KADE Burly, leather coat, tiny menacing eyes, thin lips,
flicked brown hair, Polish accent, the palest glare.

PIXIE

Just gimme Kade, why make me wait?

KADE

You bring in monopoly money.

Round and round the board we go and
always end up same, you have just
passed go but never end up Mayfair.

PIXIE

What are you talking about? I pull
the same as the other girls here?
And turnover the same doe don't I?

KADE

Danger money surcharge. Ebo, Sammy
and that fat prick Victor all
baying for your blood. Especially
Ebo since you robbed all his gear
and got wasted on it. He only left
you alive cos he wants a return
investment. And who looks after
you? Me. Do I have the word cunt
written on my forehead? No.

PIXIE

Do you believe in love? I used to.

He dangles a packet in the air. She rushes up to grab it but
he holds it higher out of reach. She stands on her tip toes.

KADE

Well?

PIXIE

I'm tired I'll go out tomorrow.

KADE

Wrong answer. So keep on begging
like a dog and doors always open to
leave if you ain't happy here.

He puts the packet back in his pocket and turns to go. She
grabs him, he pushes her back onto bed and quickly leaves.

PIXIE

(screaming)

No Kade don't leave me like this.

Lying on her back, her eyes fixate on a black fuzzy ball swirling on the ceiling. It slides nearer turning into an enormous spider, growing a bulbous body and legs as it starts to walk towards her until two beady eyes stare menacingly right above her head. Suddenly it grows long flickering wings turning into a daddy long legs and flies down into her face. Foaming at the mouth, she passes out.

EXT. EV - RED LIGHT AREA Dense fog, dank, one solitary street lamp. Only noise comes from outside Paddy's Gaming end of street. Jimmy drive's aimlessly, almost trance like. Suddenly he spots the figure of a woman ahead, her fake fur coat strangely familiar. He slows down and opens window.

JIMMY

Pixie? Pixie?

The woman carries on walking, shouting over her shoulder.

PIXIE

Fuck off my names Sarah.

He halts on the kerb and rushes out leaving car door open.

JIMMY

Wait. Its me. Its me. Pixie?

He grabs her arm, only his headlight lights her gaunt face but he recognizes her instantly, a bruise above her eye.

JIMMY (CONTD)

Why are you blanking me?

PIXIE

You'll get me trouble. Get off.
Or it's fifty pounds for trade.

JIMMY

You really don't recognise me?

He stares in shock. She's oblivious. Drugged up.

PIXIE

Who remembers Johns? All look same
in the dark. I'm working so leave
me unless we're going for a ride?

She points to his car.

PIXIE (CONTD)

Nice car.

JIMMY

Okay get in, yes I want trade.

Suddenly Kade springs from nowhere.

MAN

You got trouble Sarah?

He swaggers up close to Jimmy. Jimmy eyeballs him back.

JIMMY

No she hasn't. Who might you be?

KADE

What this man say to you?

PIXIE

Think he's just lost, wants
directions to sea front.

KADE

Sea fronts that way. So fuck off
first right.

Kade pulls her along kerb and Jimmy quickly follows with a
wad of notes, Kade let's her go to grab the cash.

JIMMY

Not so fast. She's coming with me.

KADE

Two hundred pounds? And you got
that fancy car? Yet trawl here?

JIMMY

Come on Sarah. Well go somewhere.

Kade puts notes in pocket and grabs Jimmy by the collar.

KADE

You too. Not so fast.

JIMMY

You've been paid for her time.

KADE

You left your car door open. Lets
go see what else you got in there.

Jimmy pushes him off, psychotic venom flashes over Kade.

JIMMY

Got your pound of flesh already.

Suddenly Kade pulls a knife, brandishing it aggressively.
Jimmy freezes. Pixie becomes hysterical as she moves away.

PIXIE

No violence. We don't want police.

KADE

This. See.

He moves the knife in front of Jimmy's face.

KADE (CONTD)

This my other Dick.

He moves the knife in the air to the right.

KADE (CONTD)

Stay?

Then he moves the knife in the air to the left.

KADE (CONTD)

Go?

He places tip of knife so it skims just under Jimmy's chin.

KADE (CONTD)

We say you stay.

Jimmy's talks without moving his chin low, almost a whisper.

JIMMY

Okay. I'm a doctor and know the
damage a knife can do. So cool it,
I'll give you my valuables. Here.

Jimmy takes off his wrist watch and holds it out at arms
length. Kade moves in and grabs it with one hand.

KADE

Nice.

Car headlights approach, Kade lowers his weapon out of sight
behind his back as driver nears and grabs Pixie by the waist.

KADE

Any wrong moves I stick this bint.

The car head lamps completely highlight Jimmy's face. Pixie
suddenly stares at him in recognition. Kade let's go his grip
on her as the car passes near them and she runs up to Jimmy.

PIXIE

You a doctor?

He nods, her mouth falls open, stunned in sudden recognition.

PIXIE (CONTD)

Jimmy? Chesterfield? Never?

JIMMY

Its me. Yes.

PIXIE

But you're different?

They stare in happy unison. Kade re brandishes his knife.

KADE

Motherfuckers, you know each other?

JIMMY

I missed you. So much.

Jimmy and Pixie hug.

KADE

Touching. But now we go check out
what else you got in fancy car.

Kade nods his head in the direction of Jimmy's open car.
Jimmy pulls Pixie along the kerb. Kade follows them.

KADE (CONTD)

I said to the car, I got the knife.

JIMMY

Doors open. Go and look yourself.

She looks about for pedestrians but street's silent.

PIXIE

Do as he says or he'll stab you and
there's no one else about to help.

JIMMY

Run Pixie, I'll handle this alone.

Pixie grabs Jimmy's arm.

PIXIE

I'm never leaving you again Jimbo.

KADE

Sweet reunion in hell. My turf.
Dark place. Bad shit happens.

PIXIE

He's right Jimbo, he'll have sent a text for backup so just go to the car now and give him the valuables.

JIMMY

My valuables are you. How far are the nearest houses?

PIXIE

Ages, and we can't run back into the betting office cos they lock up eight and last crowds gone, look.

Jimmy turns to an industrial tunnel or disused land walled off with barbed wire with gap big enough to scramble through.

JIMMY

Where do they both lead?

PIXIE

The canal or derelict land.

KADE

Your not equipped for this Mexican stand off. Out your depth.

Another voice is heard through the fog, but not yet visible.

MAN CREOLE ACCENT

Word a out wo star yuh get trouble.

KADE

No worries bro, they going nowhere.

Jimmy laughs and stands in front of Pixie to shield her.

KADE (CONTD)

Why you laugh?

JIMMY

I suddenly feel alive and been a long time dead.

Kade's perplexed. Jimmy fishes in his pocket for a bunch of keys and holds them in the air, mimicking Kade's voice.

JIMMY (CONTD)

Here motherfucker. Carrot on a string, these keys, take the car.

Kade reaches to grab keys but Jimmy hurls them far across the pavement, forcing Kade to run opposite direction they stand.

KADE

Asshole. I'll teach you to bite off something you can chew.

Kade grapples to see where keys landed, his back to them.

JIMMY

Come on. Time to run.

PIXIE

What? You serious?

They dash into the tunnel, darkness, save a semi circle of light far end. Her heels echo loudly and unable to see the ground they wade into puddles. She falters and nearly falls.

JIMMY

You need to take your shoes off.

PIXIE

But I can't see what we're stepping in, these puddles are ankle deep.

JIMMY

Slip them into your pocket and I'll carry you. Come on fireman's lift.

He picks her up and puts her over his shoulder, moving easier along the dark passageway, now walking alone.

PIXIE

It stinks in here. Always.

Footsteps behind them echo loudly. Kade stumbles on dumped rubbish, falling into an oil puddle and lies on his back.

KADE

I'll have you for this and now you got four enemies daft bint.

PIXIE

We're in serious danger Jimbo.

JIMMY

Who cares? Its us. Together again.

The night sky shining through end of tunnel gets nearer and nearer until they finally reach the exit. He puts her gently back on the ground and she stands barefoot on the cobbles.

PIXIE

Yikes. Would freeze balls off a brass monkey.

He bends to take off lace up moccasins and gives them to her.

JIMMY

Put them on we're both size seven.

PIXIE

But you? What about you?

JIMMY

Hurry up. I got thick socks.

Two exit pathways, right side up narrow steps onto towpath or left a side a road with a bridge leading onto derelict land.

JIMMY (CONTD)

Look, a canal nature trail.

She follows him up ten steps onto towpath. They run single file on a narrow grit path overgrown with weeds, alongside the dank slurry of canal water only lit by a quarter moon.

JIMMY

Claustrophobic or what?

Pixie points to other side of canal.

PIXIE

Over there would be better, much
more space to run out in the open?

Jimmy shakes his head without stopping in his tracks.

JIMMY

No too barren, they'll split and
surround us, catch us, hold us in
an outbuilding but only one way
onto this path so they're always
behind us.

PIXIE

But there's too many bushes ahead.

JIMMY

We just go through them, branches
will break, no problem. Come on.

He breaks up the bracken, pulling her through the branches.

PIXIE

It never ending we'll never make it

Jimmy pauses, almost breathless and they stand still.

JIMMY

We'll find a road out soon, these
paths were built for workers
transporting goods by steam always
near populated areas for docking.

He cups her face in his hands and lifts her chin.

JIMMY (CONTD)

I've missed this. The dark spaces.
The racing heart. The risks.

He licks a finger and gently wipes it over her forehead.

You've been scratched, here.

PIXIE

Didn't feel it, I'm so terrified.

JIMMY

More beautiful than I remember.

Suddenly they hear a muffled voice in the distance.

PIXIE

Come on lets get out of here.

JIMMY

But first.

He grabs her tightly, she responds and kisses him back.

PIXIE

We still feel the same don't we?

The voice cuts in nearer behind, still not yet visible.

MAN CREOLE ACCENT

Dis your shoatt cott to ell.

Jimmy lets go of Pixie, angrily looking back up towpath.

JIMMY

Hell is my forte. Fuck you too.

MAN CREOLE ACCENT

Git yuh befo day mornin.

They both run on, this time she's laughs along with him.

PIXIE

Clyde.

JIMMY

Bonnie.

They come to an archway with exit onto a road, he stops.

PIXIE

No, I recognize the street and he's got friends nearby, keep straight ahead cos Water House Street can't be far and it's much more public.

They soon reach an exit to a busy road, cafes, shops and a pub. Breathless, she bends to untie his shoes she's wearing.

PIXIE (CONTD)

Here Jimbo. I'm done running.

She suddenly giggles, staring at his feet.

PIXIE (CONTD)

Conservative stripes and you laughed at my socks.

She reaches in her pocket for her high heel shoes.

JIMMY

Hey! They're those shoes from our squat aren't they? I like them now, we quarrelled over daft shit before you left. From now we only argue about things that really matter, cos a miracle we're here at all.

He runs his hands through his hair, she fights back tears.

PIXIE

Wasn't these stupid shoes made me go, I was tempted again, only you were clean and I didn't want to drag you back down with me. And I was right, look at you now and look at me. Rat's leave a sinking ship and together we were sinking Jimbo.

JIMMY

But it nearly killed me losing you,
it wasn't the way. I'd have helped.

He grabs her tightly.

PIXIE

I'm on junk now, street stuff. You
did good without me, you look like
a Mr. Chesterfield. Like you were
supposed to turn out. All along.

JIMMY

But I've been in hell and I want to
be Jimbo again. Messed up, happy.

PIXIE

I was stupid, thought if I earned
money things could only get better.
But it's you I need, I messed up
without you and I hate these shoes.

JIMMY

No not safe yet, let's find a bus.
Who's the weirdo following?

PIXIE

Moses and he likes to draw blood,
"Draa blod" and where will we go?

JIMMY

Back where we belong, come on.

They carry on walking up the busy street.

PIXIE

But what about your car? And Kade?
Don't we need to go to police?

JIMMY

Police couldn't find you, I don't
care a damn they look for a car.

PIXIE

You mean you searched for me?
After I dumped you like that?

JIMMY

Off course. We belong together.

Four drunken teenagers approach them on the kerb, he pulls her close as they walk by. One of them stares back at her.

YOUTH

Know her.

She turns to put one finger in the air, Jimmy pulls her back.

JIMMY

Hey you, shows over from now. It's just us, clean slate, new start.

PIXIE

And the rest ? Kade's trouble and I need a supplier, I need some now.

JIMMY

I found a rehab where they do cool stuff. Art, music, sports even. You can swim and I'll teach you squash. Don't worry about him, money buys powerful friends and nothing in that car has my name and address.

PIXIE

But it's worth tons? Register it missing before crooks re cycle it?

JIMMY

I bought it with a mattress that was free like best things in life.

PIXIE

Mattress?

JIMMY

We fell out over it remember? That eccentric stashed all his valuables in it cos he never trusted banks.

PIXIE

Thought you must have won lottery.

JIMMY

His assets would have only gone to the treasury, no next of kin and technically I did find it at home.

PIXIE

Squat was home to you wasn't it? Remember the neon I stole when they were refurbishing that posh lounge bar up on the coast road?

JIMMY

I'll never forget the night we had a fix in their yard and you came home with it under your arm. Best of times, best things life are free and the best is yet to come Pixie.

PIXIE

Do you really mean that?

JIMMY

I never meant anything more in my life. Only Love. Is the Drug.

They both disappear on a number 7 bus.

FADE OUT