

RUBBED OUT

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INT. STEVE BROOK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

STEVE and his GIRLFRIEND come to the end of a very hot and sweaty sex session. They both collapse on the pillows exhausted.

STEVE

Well, that was pleasant.

ANGELA

Yes, most satisfactory. Well done.

STEVE

No, not at all. Thanks for coming.

ANGELA leans over to the bedside table and takes a huge drink of water. As she drinks she looks through the water at Steve's drawing board which has many caricatures of famous faces scribbled across it.

ANGELA

STEVE? You know how you love me and all that?

STEVE

(warily)

Yes.

He takes the glass of water from her.

ANGELA

Well, would you DO me?

STEVE

I just did.

She laughs and jumps up, straddling STEVE.

ANGELA

No, would you DO me?
A caricature?

As STEVE drinks, he sees ANGELA's face through the glass, distorted by the water.

STEVE

Oh, nooooo way, Angela.
No way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Oh come on. You've never done me.
You've done everyone else.

STEVE

That's different. They're celebrities
and politicians. I don't care if they're
insulted. In fact it's a bonus.

ANGELA

Oh come on, it'd mean so much to me.

STEVE

Forget it. Women are too difficult.
They're too attractive. Men are much
easier - most of them have conveniently
grotesque features.

ANGELA

Fine. Don't bother, then.

ANGELA sits back against the headboard, arms folded.

STEVE

Oh, no, don't do this. That's unfair.

ANGELA

You obviously don't love me.

STEVE

Oh come on. Look, I'm just afraid you
might be insulted that's all. I don't
want to hurt your feelings.

ANGELA

Are you saying I've no sense of humour?

STEVE thinks for a moment. He's trapped.

CUT TO:

STEVE DRAWING ANGELA, MOMENTS LATER.

ANGELA sits before STEVE and neither she nor we can see his
drawing.

ANGELA

Make it really honest. I don't want you
to chicken out.

STEVE

OK.

ANGELA

How much longer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE
I've finished.

ANGELA
Oh! Quick let me see.

ANGELA bounds over but STEVE holds his hand up.

STEVE
Now, you're not going to be offended are you?

ANGELA
Oh, shut up and show me it.

STEVE takes a deep breath and turns the drawing to face the camera.

It's hideous! A really vicious drawing of ANGELA that has exaggerated all her worst features into grotesque proportions.

CUT TO:

ANGELA'S FACE - STUNNED.

And in the blink of an eye, she punches STEVE square on the nose.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP TO:

INT. STEVE BROOK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

STEVE is on the telephone to his friend, an amused TOM, nursing a badly bruised nose.

STEVE
I think it might be broken. I have very fragile bones.

TOM (V.O.)
Has she dumped you then?

STEVE
Well TOM, I would have asked her, only I was on the floor unconscious when she left.

TOM (V.O.)
Let's meet up. I have to see this nose.

STEVE
No way, I'm not going out like this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM (V.O.)
It'll do you good to get out. You'll get
inspiration for your drawings.

STEVE
I'm a cartoonist. We don't do 'out'.

TOM (V.O.)
Oh, come on. We'll go somewhere where
there's no people.

STEVE
All right. Meet me at the Art Galleries.
I want to catch that Hogarth exhibition
before it ends. Half an hour.

TOM (V.O.)
(sarcastically)
Oh great, I was hoping you'd say there.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLASGOW MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY - DAY

To establish. STEVE walks into frame squinting from the
sunlight - he's not used to the outdoors. He makes his way
inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GLASGOW MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY - DAY

TOM stands looking into the GIFT SHOP. There are very few
other visitors in the museum.

STEVE walks up to him.

STEVE
Hey, Tom.

TOM turns and bursts into raucous laughter at Steve's nose.
His laugh echoes loudly around the museum walls.

A SECURITY GUARD on a chair opposite looks up from his paper
disapprovingly.

STEVE
Shut it you.

TOM
Boy, she should go professional. That's
a beauty!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE
I didn't realise cartooning was such a
hazardous profession.

CUT TO:

STEVE AND TOM WALKING ALONG GALLERY CORRIDORS.

STEVE
You know many of the early portrait
painters were caricaturists at heart.
They would flatter the subject by
exaggerating features such as a woman's
breasts or a man's crotch to receive a
higher commission.

TOM
You know, I'm really not interested.

STEVE
You know, you're really not educated.

They laugh together.

STEVE
Where's the toilet around here again?

TOM
No idea, man. This isn't my local.

STEVE
Right, wait for me here. If I'm not back
in five minutes, call the cops.

Steve walks off.

CUT TO:

STEVE.

Lost. He walks down a corridor and around a corner and sees
two men - one in a shirt and tie, the other in jeans and a T-
shirt.

The TIE MAN is handing an envelope to the T-SHIRT MAN.

Suddenly the T-SHIRT MAN screams in agony. He falls to the
floor clutching his chest.

We see the TIE MAN is holding a bloody knife.

STEVE
Oh shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The TIE MAN hears STEVE and looks towards him. For a moment they stare at each other like frightened deer until the TIE MAN begins to walk towards STEVE.

TIE MAN
Stay right there.

STEVE
Oh!

STEVE stumbles back and begins to run back down the corridor.

The TIE MAN speeds up to a run.

CUT TO:

STEVE, running around the corner towards us.

STEVE
Help! TOM!

As we follow STEVE along the corner, BEHIND HIM we see the TIE MAN coming around the corner.

Steve quickens. Turning into another corridor, then another, then another.

CUT TO:

STEVE.

He runs around a corner straight into a DEAD END. He stops, panting with exhaustion. He is completely trapped. Suddenly the TIE MAN enters this corridor. He stops and stands before STEVE.

TIE MAN
Let's not make this difficult, son.

The TIE MAN begins to walk slowly toward STEVE. STEVE looks to his left. He sees a PAINTING with a security wire attached between its frame and the wall.

STEVE quickly pulls the frame from the wall.

SFX
(ALARM)

For what seems like an eternity the TIE MAN stares at STEVE who clutches the painting like a shield before him. The TIE MAN turns on his heels and walks calmly away, disappearing behind the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE collapses against the wall and slides to the floor as the alarm continues to sound.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - HOURS LATER

To establish.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - SAME TIME

STEVE, looking rather shell shocked, sits at a desk opposite the almost eerily pleasant SERGEANT GREAVES.

SERGEANT GREAVES

Now I don't want you to get worried about this. It's just a few more questions.

STEVE

Thank you.

SERGEANT GREAVES

Would you like another coffee?

STEVE

No, I feel a bit sick actually.

SERGEANT GREAVES

OK. Now this description you've given - I have to say it's not that helpful. You know, if we pulled in every 'white male, five foot eight with dark hair and a shirt and tie' we might be a tad busy.

The Sergeant chuckles to himself. STEVE nods.

STEVE

I'm not very good with words. I'm a cartoonist not a writer.

SERGEANT GREAVES

(suddenly interested)

Oh really? Who do you work for?

STEVE

All the newspapers, you know, doing caricatures of famous people and stuff.

SERGEANT GREAVES

Interesting. Now, you say the killer handed over the envelope to the man in the T-shirt and then stabbed him. We discovered eight hundred pounds in the envelope. Why didn't he take it back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

Well I guess I interrupted-

SERGEANT GREAVES

(interrupting)

'Steve Brooks', you know I think I've seen your stuff. It's really funny.

STEVE

Oh, thanks a lot.

(a beat)

Anyway, as soon as he saw me I suppose he forgot to-

SERGEANT GREAVES

(interrupting again)

Hey Margaret! This is the guy that does those funny wee cartoons in the paper.

STEVE begins squirming in his seat. MARGARET, another police officer, sits two desks along at her computer screen.

MARGARET

(not looking up)

Who?

SERGEANT GREAVES

Aye, you know the one's. He draws Cher an' that wi' big noses.

MARGARET

(disinterested)

Nope. No bells ringing.

SERGEANT GREAVES

Well, Steve, you know what I'm going to ask you don't you?

STEVE

(hopefully)

Do I want to go home now?

SERGEANT GREAVES

No. You're a cartoonist. You witnessed a murder. Penny dropped yet?

STEVE looks puzzled.

SERGEANT GREAVES

You're going to draw a picture of the killer for us. Margaret, get some paper.

STEVE

You're joking. I can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERGEANT GREAVES

Listen, my friend. Perhaps you don't realise the seriousness of this case. What appears to me to be a blackmail situation has ended in a brutal murder. If this man killed to protect his reputation - probably against some kind of sexual indiscretion - then think what he'll do to save himself from being caught for murder.

STEVE

(nervously)

What do you mean?

SERGEANT GREAVES

Well, the killer has already come after you. He may well do so again.

STEVE wretches.

SERGEANT GREAVES

(continuing)

Now are you going to do that drawing or not?

CUT TO:

MURDERER'S CARICATURE.

It's a brilliantly savage and accurate picture of the thief.

ALL (V.O.)

(HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)

CUT TO:

OFFICE/WIDE SHOT

Many policemen and women are gathered around Steve's drawing in hysterics.

SERGEANT GREAVES

It's brilliant isn't it? Oh, what a laugh! He's a right ugly bastard isn't he? Right, back to work everybody.

They all leave, chuckling and wiping tears from their eyes etc.

STEVE is left with the Sergeant.

SERGEANT GREAVES

Thanks a lot son, you've been a brilliant help. We should have no problem catching someone this ugly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

Can I go now?

SERGEANT GREAVES

Well there is just one more thing, if you wouldn't mind.

STEVE

Yeah?

SERGEANT GREAVES

I know it's daft but...you wouldn't do ME would you?

STEVE

What?

SERGEANT GREAVES

Oh go on! The wife'll love it. It'll only take you a minute. I've got a good face.

STEVE stares at the Sergeant.

For a split second in STEVE'S MIND'S EYE the sergeant's face is replaced with a CARICATURE DRAWING. STEVE blinks and it switches back to reality.

STEVE

I don't think I'm really up to it.

SERGEANT GREAVES

Oh please, I've always wanted my portrait done.

STEVE

I don't really-

SERGEANT GREAVES

Oh, come on.

STEVE

I'm not in the-

SERGEANT GREAVES

(like a child)

Please, please, please, please-

STEVE

(shouting)

Look, I'm feeling slightly untangled and I'd rather go home - IF YOU DON'T MIND!

The whole office goes quiet. The sergeant seems genuinely upset. He shuffles some papers and pouts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE
Look, I'm sorry.

SERGEANT GREAVES
No, no, it's all right. You go on your way...
(under his breath)
...ya wee shit.

STEVE
I just-

SERGEANT
(raised voice)
Good-bye!

STEVE exits awkwardly as the sergeant remains silent.

As soon as STEVE is out of the office the sergeant turns to Margaret.

SERGEANT GREAVES
Margaret, get me Benny at the Herald on the phone, would you dear. I've got a wee story for him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEVE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - MORNING

C/U - COPY OF HERALD NEWSPAPER. Headline reads 'CARTOONIST DOES KILLER CARICATURE'. The lengthy article is accompanied by a copy of the caricature.

STEVE (V.O.)
They can't do this, can they?!

TOM (V.O.)
It's not that bad.

CUT TO:

STEVE AND TOM. They stand reading the newspaper on the kitchen worktop.

STEVE
What do you mean?! My name's nearly in every sentence. I'm in the phone book - I wouldn't be surprised if he was standing outside my door right now.

TOM
He's not going to worry about a stupid cartoonist. You're just trying to make your life more exciting than it actually is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

I can do without this kind of excitement.
Cartoonists actually thrive in a mundane
environment.

(a beat)

Do you think I could get police
protection?

TOM laughs.

STEVE

I'm serious. I'm going to phone them.

Just as he is about to lift the receiver, the phone rings.
STEVE screams.

STEVE

This could be him. Seeing if I can fit
him in for an afternoon butchering.

TOM giggles to himself as he fills a glass from the tap.

STEVE lifts the receiver and brings it slowly to his ear.

STEVE

Hello?

The voice is that of his girlfriend, ANGELA.

ANGELA (V.O.)

There you are you little shit.

STEVE

Oh, Angela. Look I can't-

ANGELA (V.O.)

Don't even try it. Do you know I was
crying for hours 'cause of you. My chin
looks nothing like that!

STEVE

Look I'm having a bit of a crisis here-

ANGELA (V.O.)

YOU'RE having a crisis? You wee bastard.
You've got a bloody cheek. I'm
considering plastic surgery 'cause of
you. I've came in to work to take my
mind off it. On a bloody Saturday as
well!

STEVE

Look just listen-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA (V.O.)

No - you listen to me. You better be over here pronto with the biggest box of chocolates I've ever seen or you and me are hiss...toe...ree!

STEVE

Angela, don't-

ANGELA hangs up.

STEVE (cont'd)

Bloody women! Sometimes I wish I was a homosexual.

(a beat)

I didn't mean that by the way.

TOM

What does she want?

STEVE

For me to go over and grovel. If I don't she says we're finished. I'm not going outside with a murderer out to kill me.

TOM

Well if you don't go Angela'll do it for him.

STEVE

Right - that's it.

STEVE picks up the receiver.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Sergeant Greaves phone begins to ring. He lifts the receiver.

SERGEANT GREAVES

Hello, Greaves here.

STEVE (V.O.)

Oh, em, hello there, it's me. Steve the, em, cartoonist.

The SERGEANT mimes 'wanker' to Margaret.

STEVE (cont'd)

Hello?

SERGEANT GREAVES

I'm listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE (V.O.)

Well, I was just wondering, seeing as I'm your only witness to this horrific crime, would it be possible to have some sort of, you know, protection?

Another pause.

STEVE (cont'd)

Please?

SERGEANT GREAVES

Don't be afraid, son. I've already got an officer watching your place. First thing I did when you left. He'll look after you until all this blows over. Goodbye.

Sergeant greaves puts down the receiver.

MARGARET

I didn't know we had a man outside anyone's house.

SERGEANT GREAVES

We don't!

They laugh hysterically together.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STEVE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

STEVE puts down the receiver.

STEVE

Wow - he says I'm already under protection.

TOM

Well let's go then!

STEVE

Hold on. He's still out there.

TOM

And so is a six foot copper. The killer won't be anywhere near this place.

STEVE

Oh, I don't know. Maybe I could just send her an Interflora.

TOM

Look, if you love the woman, then go over there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM (cont'd)

What could be more romantic than risking your life for the one you love. When you tell her she'll forgive you like THAT.

(CLICKS HIS FINGERS)

STEVE

(vigorously)

You're right. It'll bring the damsel in distress out in her. My horse, young man, I must rescue my maiden.

With a renewed spring in his step STEVE grabs his coat and exits with TOM.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

STEVE and TOM come into the street and look around for the officer in one of the many cars.

TOM

Hey - is that him?

TOM points to a grey volvo on the other side of the road with a man in the driver's seat.

STEVE

Must be.

They walk a little further down the street but the man is in shadow and we can't make out his face. We can just about see he is wearing dark glasses, and the lapels on his coat are turned up to cover most of his face. The man sees them. STEVE waves, trying to catch his eye.

STEVE

Hello! It's me! Just going to see the girlfriend.

STEVE mimes 'under the thumb' and laughs.

STEVE

(to TOM)

Boy, for an undercover cop that's not the subtlest outfit he could have chosen. He looks like Sam Spade for goodness sake. Let's go and get some cheap flowers.

STEVE and TOM walk away down the street.

CUT TO:

I/E. THE VOLVO - SAME TIME

The camera moves slowly closer to the man in the car. He lifts his head and we see under the dark glasses that this is - THE TIE MAN!

The volvo pulls out onto the road and follows STEVE and TOM.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

TOM and STEVE arrive at Angela's workplace - a rather swanky glass-covered building with an impressively large entrance. STEVE holds a newly-purchased bunch of flowers.

TOM

Thistles? They're not very romantic.

STEVE

On the contrary. Thistles summon up images of heather-clad mountain sides, and heroic men in kilts. They're very romantic.

TOM

Yes, and they were very cheap.

STEVE

That too.

STEVE stops at the door and turns to see a car pulling up on the other side of the road.

The volvo.

STEVE holds his open palm up and mimes 'five minutes'.

STEVE smiles cheesily and follows TOM into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A typical polished reception area, complete with white leather sofas and false plants.

A SECURITY GUARD sits motionless at the reception desk.

TOM and STEVE approach the desk.

STEVE

Excuse me could-

GUARD

Shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE jumps back in shock.

STEVE
What?!

GUARD
Sorry. Gameboy.

The GUARD puts his gameboy on the desk and stands.

GUARD
You're a bastard you know that.

STEVE
Sorry?!

GUARD
No offense. Angela told me to say if a scruffy, pasty-faced young man who looked as though he'd never done a day of real work in his life came in...to call him a bastard. I'm assuming that's you.

TOM begins giggling.

STEVE
Oh. Yes, that'll be me. Steve the bastard.

GUARD
Nice to meet you, Steve the bastard.

TOM
(trying not to laugh)
Hi, and I'm Tom the tosser.

GUARD
And I'm Gary the Guard - she's on the top floor.
(a beat)
Where no one can hear you scream.

STEVE
Don't. I've a feeling I'm going to come out of here in a body bag.

STEVE makes his way to the glass elevator.

STEVE (cont'd)
You wait for me here. It might be dangerous.

TOM
No problem. I value my life.
(to GUARD)
Is there a toilet I can use, mate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUARD
 (he POINTS)
 Just through those doors, second on the
 left.

STEVE ENTERS THE LIFT and the doors close, as TOM goes
 through the LOBBY DOORS.

CUT TO:

FRONT DOORS.

The TIE MAN enters the building and approaches the desk. He
 takes his glasses off to talk to the guard.

CUT TO:

GLASS ELEVATOR(MOVING).

STEVE looks down below through the glass elevator and sees
 the detective is really the TIE MAN! He suddenly screams and
 beats the glass but the glass is strong and the sound is
 heavily muffled.

CUT TO:

RECEPTION DESK.

TIE MAN
 Hi, a friend of mine just came in here?
 Is it all right if I go up after him.

GUARD
 Oh, you mean Steve the bastard. Top
 floor. You'll have to wait for the lift.

TIE MAN
 I'll take the stairs.

The TIE MAN walks to the door leading to the stairs.

CUT TO:

GLASS ELEVATOR(MOVING).

STEVE watches in a blind panic as the TIE MAN heads towards
 the stairs.

STEVE
 (high-pitched)
 Oh, mummy!

CUT TO:

RECEPTION AREA.

Tom enters the reception area from the toilets.

Nonchalantly, TOM walks over to the sofas, sits down and opens his newspaper. The caricature of the TIE MAN is on the front cover. But the GUARD is engrossed in his gameboy and fails to notice.

CUT TO:

STAIRCASE.

The TIE MAN begins running up the staircase, taking giant leaps.

CUT TO:

GLASS ELEVATOR(MOVING).

STEVE is willing the elevator to go faster as it moves painfully slowly towards the top floor.

CUT TO:

STAIRCASE.

The TIE MAN is bounding up the stairs with frightening efficiency. There are only a couple of more floors to go.

CUT TO:

GLASS ELEVATOR.

Suddenly the elevator stops and there is a cheerful PING!

The doors open.

STEVE is breathing heavily, more terrified than he's ever been in his life.

He steps towards the door and begins to slowly poke his head out when-

VOICE (O.S.)
Going down?

Suddenly, the TIE MAN lunges towards STEVE, his knife raised high. STEVE grabs the knife arm and they tumble into the lift, crashing to the floor, struggling.

STEVE
Help!

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

There are two large shelving units that fill the room, splitting it into three corridors. The shelves are stacked with various office supplies.

STEVE tiptoes to the end of the room and crouches down in the corner. STEVE searches around on the shelves nearby for something to protect himself. But all he can find is elastic bands, rulers, erasers until-

STEVE

Ow!

His hand is cut by something sharp. He has discovered a box of SCALPEL KNIVES.

Suddenly the door begins to open.

STEVE grabs a handful of scalpels and holds one high, ready to throw it.

The door opens wider. A figure is revealed.

STEVE (cont'd)

Don't move! I have scalpels!

The figure's hand spiders across the wall for the light switch.

STEVE throws a scalpel.

The light comes on.

The blunt end of the scalpel hits off the figure's chest.

The camera TRACKS UPWARDS to reveal the figure is ANGELA!

STEVE

Shit, ANGELA!

ANGELA

(shocked)

STEVE?! What the fuck are you doing stealing stationery suppli-

As she speaks, a large arm is raised behind ANGELA.

STEVE

Watch out!

The arm comes down hard on Angela's neck. She is knocked out cold and falls to the floor revealing TIE MAN.

STEVE grabs a huge MARKER PEN and darts behind one of the shelves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TIE MAN

Come out, cartoon boy. You think you're really smart, don't you?
But you know, your little drawing looked nothing like me.

As STEVE creeps behind the shelves, he sees a PAPER GUILLOTINE. The TIE MAN is on the other side of the shelf.

STEVE

You're right.

STEVE pokes his head through the guillotine, under the raised blade.

STEVE (cont'd)

In real life you're much uglier.

The TIE MAN tries to grab him but STEVE pulls his head out quickly and with a grunt brings the guillotine blade down hard on the man's arm. He screams. His arm is sliced open but not severed.

STEVE runs to the door of the cupboard. He picks up the unconscious ANGELA into his arms and exits the cupboard.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR.

STEVE runs to the lift carrying ANGELA. On the way he notices a sign on the door at the end of the corridor - it reads PRINT ROOM.

He places her on the elevator floor amidst the thistles. He looks at ANGELA and then back towards the STATIONERY CUPBOARD and realises what he must do.

STEVE

No more hiding.

He takes the top off the large marker pen and begins drawing quickly over Angela's white blouse.

STEVE presses the GROUND FLOOR BUTTON and jumps out of the lift. The doors close and the elevator begins to descend.

CUT TO:

RECEPTION AREA

TOM notices the lift descending, but through the glass it appears no-one is inside.

He looks puzzled and puts his paper down. The elevator reaches the bottom and the doors open revealing ANGELA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Shit!

The guard snaps out of his gameboy and looks up. TOM runs over to the elevator, the guard follows.

TOM (cont'd)

Oh...my...fuck.

We see ANGELA, unconscious on the elevator floor - with the words HE'S HERE scrawled over her blouse. TOM leans over and checks her neck for a pulse.

TOM (cont'd)

She's alive. Just knocked out.

GUARD

What the hell is going on?

TOM

(in a panic)

Do you have a gun?

GUARD

Well not officially. But it just so happens...

The GUARD pulls out a SMALL REVOLVER from behind his trouser belt.

TOM

(urgently)

Alright! Come on!

CUT TO:

TOP FLOOR/CORRIDOR.

STEVE stands in the corridor, legs astride waiting for TIE MAN to come out of the cupboard.

STEVE

Come on, tie man! Had enough already?
Or are you crying because I said you're ugly?

Suddenly the cupboard door bursts open!

STEVE begins running down the corridor towards the PRINT ROOM.

TIE MAN comes out of the cupboard clutching his bloody arm, looking less than happy.

CUT TO:

STAIRCASE.

TOM and the GUARD run up the stairs as the guard calls the police on his walkie talkie.

GUARD

Yes, police and ambulance. I don't know how many are hurt yet...

CUT TO:

PRINT ROOM

A room full of huge photocopiers, scanners and computers. The stand-by hum of machines fills the air. STEVE is hunting for one machine in particular. He sees it - AN INDUSTRIAL PAPER SHREDDER. He stands before it.

TIE MAN enters the room.

TIE MAN

You fucking little shit.

STEVE

Sorry, did I hurt your stabbing arm?

The killer suddenly roars with anger and darts around the photocopiers towards STEVE.

STEVE braces himself against the PAPER SHREDDER.

TIE MAN lunges towards STEVE, grabbing him by the throat.

STEVE is thrown against the PAPER SHREDDER, bent over backwards. STEVE is trying to position the killer exactly where he wants him, but is too weak.

As he chokes for breath, STEVE suddenly remembers something. He begins scrambling around in his jeans pockets. His hands find something.

A PENCIL. The cartoonist's weapon.

Quickly, he pulls it out and sticks it the open wound on the killer's arm.

TIE MAN screams in agony.

Quickly, STEVE grabs the man's tie, puts it in the paper shredder and strikes the ON BUTTON with his fist.

The paper shredder starts up with a high pitched whine. It begins pulling the tie through. STEVE sees TIE MAN trying to turn it off and grabs his right arm, twisting it behind his back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see the tie being shredded on the other side. TIE MAN is pulled closer and closer towards the machine. As his tie is sucked in further, his neck becomes pressed up against the machine until he begins to be strangled by his own tie.

TIE MAN begins to convulse as he loses oxygen, but STEVE holds on tight.

With a final convulsion, TIE MAN falls limp. Dead.

STEVE'S throws the man's arms away in disgust and falls exhausted against a photocopier.

Suddenly, STEVE jumps as TOM and the GUARD burst through the door.

TOM

Steve! Are you alright, man?

STEVE

I could think of another word.

Suddenly, TIE MAN (without tie) leaps up behind STEVE.

GUARD

Get down!

Steve ducks.

The guard fires.

TIE MAN is hit. He flies back and lands face down on the glass of a photocopier - blood pours from his head onto the glass.

TOM and the GUARD come over to STEVE and they all look at the body.

STEVE presses the button on the copier and a strip of white light passes under the blood-covered glass causing the room to glow red for a few seconds. STEVE picks up the photocopy of the dead killer and stares at it.

STEVE

He's never looked prettier.

VOICE (O/S)

Hey!

They all jump and turn to see ANGELA leaning against the door, looking severely pissed off, holding her battered neck.

ANGELA

Who the fuck has drawn over my blouse?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE and TOM can't help themselves and begin giggling nervously.

CUT TO BLACK: 'THE END'

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