

FILTH

by

Jon S. Baird

Based on the novel by Irvine Welsh

SHOOTING SCRIPT

29/11/11

Including 1st Amendments PINK 14.12.11
Including 2nd Amendments GREEN 06.01.12
Including 3rd Amendments YELLOW 20.01.12

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FILTH

3RD AMENDMENTS-

YELLOW

20.01.12

FILTH PRODUCTION LTD
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(Registered office)

AMENDMENT MEMO:

TO: All Cast and Crew
FROM: Production Office
DATE: Friday 20th January 2012
RE: 3rd Amendments (Yellow)

Dear All,
Please insert the attached YELLOW into your shooting script.
Thank you,
Heather

Scene	Page	Description
4	2	Please insert yellow page, changes to stage direction.
6	3	Please insert yellow page, change
7	3A	Please insert new yellow page
8	4	Please insert yellow page, changes to action and dialogue
9	4a	Please insert new yellow page
15	8	Please insert yellow page, changes to stage direction and costume
18	8a	Please insert new yellow page
19	9	Please insert yellow page, changes to stage direction
21	9	Please insert yellow page, changes to stage direction
21	9a	Please insert new yellow page
38	20	Please insert yellow page, change to scene heading "INT. Beasts Wing...
41	21	Please insert yellow page, changes to dialogue and stage direction
52	30	Please insert yellow page, change to first stage direction
58	39	Please insert yellow page, change to dialogue
59	39a	Please insert new yellow page
59	40	Please insert new yellow page, change to dialogue
64	43	Please insert yellow page, changes to dialogue
73	47	Please insert yellow page, change to song title
75	48	Please insert yellow page, change to character saying dialogue
76a	48a	Please insert yellow page, changes to last stage direction and supporting artists
113	66	Please insert yellow page, characters cut from background of scene "LENNOX, GILLMAN & GUS".
115	68	Please insert yellow page, change to first stage direction
115	70	Please insert yellow page, change to dialogue
115	71	Please insert yellow page, last dialogue and stage direction cut.
117	71	Please insert yellow page, lots of changes.
117	71a	Please insert new yellow page
117	72-73	Please insert yellow page, lots of changes
117	72-73a	Please insert new yellow page
140	89	Please insert yellow page, changes to dialogue
141	89	Please insert yellow page, changes to stage direction
142	89	Please insert yellow page, changes to stage direction
143	89a	Please insert new yellow page, change to dialogue
143	90	Please insert yellow page, change to dialogue
146	90a	Please insert new yellow page
146	92	Please insert new yellow page, change to stage direction.
147	92	Please insert yellow page, change to stage direction and dialogue

Music: "*****" by *****

Cartoon style animation of an innocent country setting. LITTLE PIG waves goodbye to MOTHER HEN at the entrance to a cottage. He jumps on his trike and cycles off, just as an unaware BA BA BLACK SHEEP appears in the distance. LITTLE PIG rides through the countryside passing BIG BAD WOLF, DUMBO THE ELEPHANT and WICKED WITCH. He reaches a farm where several PIGS jostle for a feeding position at the SOW PIG. LITTLE PIG wrestles for a place but leaves the scrum to snort up a line of spilt milk. He enters the farm's phone box and dials. MOTHER HEN answers from her cottage.

MOTHER HEN
(prudish)
Yes?

LITTLE PIG squeezes his nose, disguising his voice.

LITTLE PIG
I got your number from a friend.

MOTHER HEN
Pardon?

LITTLE PIG
*Let's just say I heard all about
the services you provide.*

A rosy cheeked FARMER appears, rubbing his crotch.

MOTHER HEN
(flustered)
Who is this?

LITTLE PIG
*They told me you were a brilliant
lay.*

MOTHER HEN
Now just you wait a minute....

LITTLE PIG hangs up and swaggers back to the pig pen.
MOTHER HEN clucks as BA BA BLACK SHEEP comforts her.

An amazing pair of legs slip into some sexy stockings. We see glimpses of an incredible female body and end on her white high heel shoes.

CU of the same pair of high heels which we follow at ground level until they stop at the top of some stairs leading down into a subway tunnel. A DRUNKEN SANTA is pissing up against a wall, halfway down the stairs. He turns and looks up in amazement. We pan up from the high heels to reveal a beautiful woman CAROLE (29) wearing a distinctive white Christmassy style coat. CAROLE is a real Hollywood starlet.

CAROLE confidently descends the stairs but the DRUNKEN SANTA stumbles around blocking her path. A JAPANESE STUDENT passes them on his way downstairs and enters the Subway Tunnel.

At the bottom of the stairs a WHITE GANG are revealed behind a wall. They see the JAPANESE STUDENT enter and follow him in just as THREE CHRISTMAS PARTY GOERS (mixed sex) are exiting the tunnel. They ascend the stairs and wolf whistle and cheer at CAROLE, who loves the attention as camera flashes start.

4

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

4

JAPANESE STUDENT is aware of a presence behind him and increases his pace as the GANG'S menacing silhouettes become visible (A CLOCKWORK ORANGE style).

The GANG leaders GORMAN (27) and LEXO (28) appear from the shadows, followed by others; mixed sex & white trash. The GANG catch up with JAPANESE STUDENT and surround him.

JAPANESE STUDENT
(Japanese accent)
I not looking for trouble.

GORMAN
(mocks)
Me no 'rookin' for any 'tlubble'
either. Me just want yer money
pal.

The GANG laugh. GORMAN turns to LEXO and winks.

GORMAN (CONT'D)
Always said you enjoyed a wee nip
at Christmas time, eh!?

JAPANESE STUDENT
Just trying to get home.

LEXO
(matter of fact)
Just give us yer money mate!

JAPANESE STUDENT nervously puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out his wallet. GORMAN grabs it and they eye each other suspiciously, before JAPANESE STUDENT suddenly takes a karate stance. The GANG look at each other and laugh before LEXO headbutts STUDENT to the ground.

*
*
*

Silence then 'a bit of the old Ultra Violence' (only seen in silhouette).

Footsteps are heard approaching and then the sharp sound of a whistle. The GANG pause their attack as CAROLE appears. She exchanges gun slinger stares with GORMAN, LEXO and a chubby girl ESTELLE, who stares in disbelief, before running off after the GANG.

CAROLE rushes to help STUDENT, but its too late. She turns to face the camera (US).

CAROLE
(nonchalant and sexy)
The problem with Bruce is that he keeps it all in. His hard front fools a lot of people, but not me. They don't understand how complicated he is. He's got this hypnotic effect on women see.

CAROLE glances at the lifeless STUDENT, then to US.

CAROLE (CONT'D)
Same effect I have on men!

CAROLE swishes her hair and turns in smoldering slow-mo as she walks out of the tunnel.

5 EXT. CASTLE ESPLANADE, EDINBURGH - DAY

5

A continuation of the slow motion catches a handsome yet disheveled BRUCE ROBERTSON (38) who appears from the archway entrance to the grand castle building, striding purposefully.

BRUCE (V.O.)
(upbeat)
Scotland. A country of contrasts, outstanding natural beauty, and an unrivalled proud heritage. The nation whose genius sons brought the world; television, the steam engine, penicillin, golf, whisky, logarithms, radar, and the thermos flask.

6 EXT. CASTLE HILL / ROYAL MILE / UPPER BOW, EDINBURGH - DAY 6

BRUCE passes an UGLY FAT GINGER FAMILY. GINGER DAD is boozing. GINGER MUM is smoking. GINGER TEENAGER is pregnant. They are all eating something incredibly unhealthy and fried. *

BRUCE (V.O.)
Living in Australia was OK but there's only so much sun, good food and beautiful women a man can handle! I love Scotland. Where else on earth could you find a combination of bad weather, sectarian violence, and the highest rates of heart disease, drug abuse, teenage pregnancy, and alcoholism?

7 EXT. VICTORIA TERRACE / FISHER'S CLOSE, EDINBURGH - DAY

7

BRUCE notices some SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS doing a dodgy deal in an alleyway. BRUCE looks directly towards US and shrugs (what can you do?), then walks on ignoring the crime.

BRUCE (V.O.)
No Sir, you can keep your sunny Sydney thank you very much.
(MORE)

BRUCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Carole was right when she
demanded we move back here;
(MORE)

BRUCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 there really is no place like
 home! But then that's the games
 see.

8

EXT. VICTORIA STREET / GRASSMARKET, EDINBURGH - DAY

8

BRUCE passes a BAGPIPER who is belting out a traditional
 song. BAGPIPER motions down towards his buskin takings, but
 BRUCE winks back sarcastically and continues on.

*
*
*

BRUCE stops at an ATM queue behind a POSH LADY who is
 lecturing her OBNOXIOUS SON (7 & holding a balloon) as she
 admires her own reflection and puts on her lipstick.

*
*
*

POSH LADY
and anyway darling, father
 Christmas doesn't bring presents to
 naughty little soldiers if they
 don't behave, so you're just going
 to have to stay with the nanny when
 mummy and daddy go on holiday.

*
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*

She continues to do her make up, totally unaware that
 OBNOXIOUS SON is sticking his tongue out at BRUCE. BRUCE does
 it back. OBNOXIOUS SON gives BRUCE the finger and he does it
 back. OBNOXIOUS SON tries to kick BRUCE but he dodges it and
 grabs the balloon before letting it fly away. OBNOXIOUS SON
 is distraught. POSH LADY turns around and BRUCE shrugs before
 giving US a (*little fucker deserved it look*), and continuing.

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BRUCE (V.O.)
 (Mockingly official)
 The games are always, repeat
 always, being played. But nobody
 plays the games like me. You just
 have to be the best (beat) and I
 usually am. Same Rules apply.

*
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*

9

EXT. GRASSMARKET, EDINBURGH - DAY

9

BRUCE approaches an electrical store and stops to check
 the football results on their display televisions.

BRUCE
 (clenched fist)
 C'mon Hearts!

TRAMP (O.S.)
 You a big fan then mate?

An inconvenienced BRUCE slowly turn to see a TRAMP in
 the next doorway, wearing a tatty *Father Christmas hat*
 with only a few purple tins of strong lager for company.

BRUCE
 I am indeed son.

TRAMP
 So am...

BRUCE
(ironically sincere)
Let me guess, here comes the
bit about you being one as
well eh? Ever since you were a
wee boy and your grandfather
took you to see them play blah
blah pish and shite. Right?

TRAMP holds out a cup, apologetically.

TRAMP
Spare some change?

BRUCE squats, pointing over TRAMP'S shoulder.

BRUCE
Job Centre's that way Santa
sweetheart.

TRAMP
(nervous)
Merry Christmas anyway pal.

BRUCE
Aye, merry Christmas chum.
Heard it was going to be a
cold one mind you. Still,
you'll probably be checking
into a five star hotel or
somewhere nice and cosy like
that. Let room service take
the strain and burden off, eh?

TRAMP shakily gulps his lager as BRUCE rubs his head patronisingly.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(laughs)
C'est la vie, eh? Have a nice day
pal!!

BRUCE looks back at the TV's.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
2-1! You beauty!

MARY (O.S.)
COLIN! COLIN! NO! NO!

A CROWD gathers round a distraught, attractive woman
MARY (32) kneeling over her collapsed husband COLIN
(40). BRUCE stays rooted to the spot, staring anxiously.

MARY (CONT'D)
HELP! SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP!

MARY catches BRUCE'S eye. They exchange petrified looks
before he barges through the voyeurs.

BRUCE
HAS ANYBODY CALLED AN
AMBULANCE YET??

MARY
It's his heart!

BRUCE
(nervously)
It's OK. I'm here to help.

COLIN'S face turns blue.

MARY
Oh my god!

BRUCE desperately gives CPR but stops in shock as COLIN
changes into LITTLE DAVIE (12), a boy covered in coal dust.

BRUCE has turned into a YOUNG BOY (16). His hands are
covered in coal dust.

MARY (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Do something, please!

LITTLE DAVIE has turned back into COLIN. YOUNG BOY has turned back to BRUCE who is jolted back to reality.

BRUCE
WHERE'S THAT FUCKIN' AMBULANCE
AT THEN EH?

10 EXT. GRASSMARKET, EDINBURGH - DAY

10

BRUCE stands helplessly as PARAMEDICS wheel COLIN away. MARY collapses awkwardly into BRUCE'S arms before being escorted into the ambulance.

BRUCE and MARY exchange an intense look, before the doors are closed and the ambulance leaves. BRUCE looks numb. The CROWD remains, gawping.

BRUCE
Get back to your shoppin'. Go
on, piss off!

The CROWD disperses. A tap on BRUCE'S shoulder.

JOURNALIST (O.S.)
Brian Scullion. Evening News.

BRUCE turns to find a JOURNALIST with an inanely wide grin, thrusting a *mini tape recorder* into his face.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)
(Oxbridge confidence)
Tell me, how does it feel to
have someone die in your arms?

BRUCE grabs the *mini tape recorder* before an *oversized old style camera bulb* flashes in his face.

11 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

11

A copy of *The Evening News* spins into shot (old movie style). There's a picture of BRUCE; '*Hero Cop's devastation*' and a headline '*Japanese Student Murdered*'.

12 INT. POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

12

CU on copy of newspaper. DETECTIVES including; LENNOX (23), DRUMMOND (27 & Female), GILLMAN (40), INGLIS (30) and GUS (50) are all reading the newspaper. BRUCE (looking hungover) farts discreetly. The DETECTIVES grimace at the smell, eyeing each other in suspicion.

CHIEF INSPECTOR TOAL (55) enters, holding the newspaper.

TOAL
I'm sure everyone would want
to both commiserate and
congratulate with DS Robertson
on the obvious here.

DETECTIVES turn to BRUCE, mumbling grudged recognition.

TOAL (CONT'D)
Right, our victim is a
Japanese male in his early
twenties....

INGLIS (A handsome metrosexual) raises his hand.

TOAL (CONT'D)
(slightly annoyed)
Yes Peter.

INGLIS
Boss just a wee point. Maybe
we shouldn't stigmatise the
guy by calling him a victim.

GILLMAN
(under his breath)
The poor little chinky
bastard's dead. Doesn't matter
what you call him now.

LENNOX and GUS snigger.

TOAL
(snaps)
Care to share the joke with us
Dougie?

Close up on a tough looking GILLMAN.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Dougie Gillman is what you'd
call real polis.

13 INT. IDENTITY PARADE ROOM - NIGHT

13

A *Usual Suspects* style minorities line up including; a
BLACK GUY, a GAY GUY, a MIDGET GUY and a WHEELCHAIR GUY,
who are all handcuffed to each other. GILLMAN marches up
and down the line laughing insanely.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Racist, homophobic and bigoted
albeit, but reliable, honest
and trustworthy - his
weaknesses of course.

14 INT. POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

14

GILLMAN shrugs.

GILLMAN
Just saying tha.....

BRUCE (V.O.)
Gillman's a serious fellow
contender for the vacant
Detective Inspector position,
but who like the rest will
obviously have to be
eliminated. Starting with
Inglis.

Close up on INGLIS.

BRUCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Peter Inglis is what they call
a 'new man'.....

15 INT. PETER INGLIS BATHROOM - DAY

15

INGLIS is lying in a jacuzzi bath and is wearing a mud mask with cucumbers over his eyes. He rises out the water in slow motion to reveal a tight pink thong.

*
*
*

BRUCE
.....but what I call a
fuckin' pansy. Borderline
buftie and no doubting.

16 INT. POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

16

TOAL
.....he was found at 5am by
some council refuse workers.
We've no positive ID, but DS
Lennox has been down at the
murder scene.....

Close up of LENNOX as TOAL's speech fades out.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Ray Lennox wisely keeps his
features in neutrality, in
order not to flag himself up
as a target for the hatred and
jealousy which floats around
this room, like my bad fart.

17 INT. LENNOX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17

A *mountain* of coke sits on the table. LENNOX buries his head in it (SCARFACE), then beats his chest, ape-like.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Not that the junkie bastard
could even smell my fart, with
all the racket that's still up
his hooter.

18 INT. POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

18

TOAL
.....the man was dressed in
the following description,
which Detective Drummond is
handing out.....

Close up on DRUMMOND passing a file around.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Great move there by Amanda
Drummond, doing all that she's
good for, a psuedo-clerical
job. Her polis? I think not.

TOAL
Thanks Amanda....

DRUMMOND smiles back at TOAL sycophantically.

BRUCE (V.O.)
(mocks)
"Thanks Amanda!" She'd suck
him off right now in front of
us if he asked her to.

19 INT. POLICE STATION LOCKER ROOM - DAY

19

A line of NAKED POLICE cover their manhood with police helmets. DRUMMOND (wearing lingerie) appears from a steam room door followed by an EXHAUSTED NAKED POLICEMAN who wanders off. DRUMMOND walks to the front of the line and escorts the first in the queue into the steam room, while winking at the others.

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*

BRUCE (V.O.)
Not that it'd do her any good
of course. Some poor
bastard'll knock the wee tart
up the duff soon and that'll
be her stint at playing polis
well and truly over.

20 INT. POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

20

TOAL
.....the deceased was making
his way home through a dark
alley where the ambience of
such surroundings may incite a
sane person to do such an evil
deed. I'd say that the
umbilical cord that connects
the North and south of the....

Quick zoom into TOAL.

BRUCE (V.O.)
'Umbilical cord'!!? It's a
tunnel you clown. T-U-N-N-E-L.
The self-indulgent fuckwit is
on one of his trips today
again. I know that spangle's
crack though. He wants to be a
screenwriter.

21 INT. TOAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

21

TOAL is unshaven, bleary eyed, smoking a Gaulloise, and hammering away at a typewriter.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Spends all day writing some
shite TV script or other.

TOAL rips off the paper and stares contentedly at his work. Close up of the front cover of his screenplay 'Cliched pish and bollocks' by Robert Toal.

*
*

BRUCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And on police time too! Cheeky
lazy bastard, I kid you not.

22 INT. POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 22

TOAL
Official Policy at the mome...

GUS
(eagerly interrupts)
Aye, what's the party line boss?

Close up of GUS BAIN.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Gus Bain, is the most senior
on the team.....

23 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 23

GUS sits at the front of a class, dressed like *Billy Bunter*. The TEACHER writes on the black board, $1 + 1$. GUS raises his hand quickly and TEACHER nods to him.

GUS
(roars)
I'VE GOT A NEW TOOTHBRUSH MISS!!

BRUCE (V.O.)
....but not the brightest.

24 INT. POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 24

The office secretary SIZE QUEEN (a sexy buxom barmaid type) enters. She starts to clear the coffee cups.

TOAL
.... but did he know the city?
Possibly, otherwise why would...

SIZE QUEEN bends to collect TOAL'S coffee mug. BRUCE peers into her cleavage. Close up on SIZE QUEEN who giggles (CARRY ON style).

Close up on SIZE QUEEN.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Karen, the office secretary,
is what we commonly refer to
as a 'size queen'. If you've
not got the cock for it,
forget it.

[illegible]

26 INT. POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 26

TOAL
.....and they left him there
lying like a pile of rubbish.

BRUCE
Maybe he was rubbish.

A gasp. DRUMMOND glares at BRUCE with contempt.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
To the assailants of course.

TOAL
You saying it was a racially
motivated attack Bruce?

BRUCE glares back at DRUMMOND, answering TOAL.

BRUCE
Possibly Sir, yes.

The DETECTIVES discuss enthusiastically as BRUCE sweats.

BRUCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's it, chatter loudly. Too
loudly hopefully to notice my
teeth are doing the same.

Zoom into BRUCE'S severely hungover expression.

BRUCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This fuckin hangover. This
fuckin' place. THIS FUCKIN'
JOB!!!!

TOAL
Right, crack on with it.

DETECTIVES file out. BRUCE is about to leave.

TOAL (CONT'D)
Quick word Bruce.

TOAL approaches him, uncomfortably close.

TOAL (CONT'D)
Things are pretty stretched
around here until we get the
new DI position filled.

BRUCE wipes his brow shakily.

TOAL (CONT'D)
I want you to head up the
case. I'll be around but will
be tied up with other stuff so
you'll effectively be acting
Inspector, without the
remuneration of course. It'll
stand you in good stead for
the promotion, because you'll
have the other contenders
under you.

As TOAL leaves BRUCE turns to US (just where I want them).

27 EXT. OCKY'S TOWER BLOCK - MORNING 27

Bruce's car is parked at an imposing council house scheme

28 INT. BRUCE'S CAR - MORNING 28

LENNOX looks 'coke full' impatient. BRUCE, confident.

LENNOX
..all booked up for Amsterdam?

BRUCE
(scoffs)
Amsterdam!? Fuck Amsterdam!
Hamburg, Raymond. Hamburg's where
it's all happening at now pal!

LENNOX
(very impressed)
Hamburg, eh?

BRUCE
Aye, me and Bladesey.

Bladesey? LENNOX

BRUCE
Civil servant guy from The
Craft.

LENNOX
Joker with the thick specs?

BRUCE
Took pity on the wee bastard
cause he's not got any mates.

LENNOX
Not a bad lad.....for an
English fucker that is.

BRUCE
Tit-head Toal's trying to put
all leave on hold because of
this murdered student though!

LENNOX
Spastic. (beat) Aren't you
worried if you bugger off to
Hamburg it'll go against you
for the promotion then?

A dismissive shake of the head from our hero.

BRUCE
Me give up my holiday for some
dead Jap? No chance! Everybody
knows I take my three weeks in
Thailand, and my wee Christmas
European vacation. It's
tradition!

LENNOX
You've got an understanding
wife in Carole, Robbo!

BRUCE nods vigorously.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
If Mhari had found out I was
going off to the Hamburg.....

Close up on LENNOX as his dialogue fades out.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Ray's wife left him, probably
because he wasn't giving her
enough. Mind you Ray Lennox
could never give anybody enough.
The mouth department and the
trouser department are well out
of synchronisation in the not so
superstore that is Ray Lennox.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
It's a question of values Ray.
Give and take. Keeps the spice
in a relationship.

LENNOX
Aye, I suppose. (a beat) Going
down the lodge tonight Robbo?

BRUCE
(winks)
Carole says she's cooking me a
special meal, so we'll see.

LENNOX
Wish I had somebody like that!

BRUCE grins to himself in the mirror.

BRUCE
Maybe getting too desperate
Ray. Giving off that "I want
into your drawers at all
costs" stink.

LENNOX
(subdued)
Aye, maybe.

BRUCE
We'll have to get another
threesome organised for you
with that skanky dealer's
little bird.

LENNOX smiles nervously.

DEALER watches TV as BRUCE and LENNOX are at either end
of DEALER'S GIRLFRIEND. She's not impressed by LENNOX.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Lennox hates to be reminded of
the time we went tag team on that
thing. Everybody has an achillies
heel and I make a point in
remembering my associates ones.

30 INT. BRUCE'S CAR - MORNING

30

Close up on LENNOX worriedly contemplating.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Something that crushes their self
image. It's all stored for future
reference. Same Rules Apply.

LENNOX
There's the schemie wee bastard!

A skinny man with bleached hair OCKY (28) and an
attractive schoolgirl STEPHANIE, enter the block.

BRUCE
See the age of the lassie!?
"Stoat the baw" situ' if ever
I seen one.

LENNOX
Curvy little arse on it mind!

BRUCE
Never mind the nice arse Ray
you nonce case. See her
coupon? Bit fuckin' young!

LENNOX
Borderline.

BRUCE
OK, forty sheets at five to
one! Come on, five to one
double score!?

LENNOX
No, maybe you're right enough.

BRUCE
(laughs)
You've got no bottle Ray! And
that's why The Lennoxes of
this world will never oust The
Robertsons. I kid you not my
sweet, sweet friend.

BRUCE and LENNOX get out the car.

31 OMITTED

31

32 EXT. OCKY'S LANDING, OCKY'S TOWER BLOCK - DAY

32

They quicken their pace along OCKY'S landing. LENNOX produces a bag of coke.

 LENNOX
 Some posh, Brother Robertson?

They snort.

 LENNOX
 Another toot for good luck?

They snort again.

 LENNOX (CONT'D)
 What's the script?

 BRUCE
 'The Beast' routine.

 LENNOX
 (slightly concerned)
 A bit full on Robbo, no?

 BRUCE
 Steam right in, it's the only
 language these schemies
 understand. Show them who the
 hardest firm in this city is!
 No cunt steams in like the
 Edinburgh Polis!

LENNOX is about to bang on the door but BRUCE grabs his arm.

 BRUCE (CONT'D)
 Wait two minutes and he'll be
 firing into her. We'll catch the
 stoat in action!

LENNOX goes to knock again, but BRUCE stops him again (I'm the boss) A beat. BRUCE nods. LENNOX bangs on the door. No reply. BRUCE bangs harder.

 OCKY (O.S.)
 Hold on for fuck's sake man!

The door opens and OCKY whitens. LENNOX barges in.

33 INT. OCKY'S HALLWAY - DAY

33

OCKY'S only wearing shorts. LENNOX and BRUCE push past him and knock over *the world's cheapest Christmas tree*.

 OCKY
 You cannae come in here man!

 LENNOX
 SHUT THE FUCK UP!

OCKY recoils.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
You fuckin' well speak when
you're spoken to, get it?

OCKY backs against the wall.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
I said, DO YOU FUCKIN' GET IT?

OCKY
Aye, aye, cool it man!

LENNOX
You're in serious trouble Mr
Ockenden.

BRUCE puts a protective arm around OCKY. The good cop.

BRUCE
Where's the bedroom son?

Silence. BRUCE digs his nails into OCKY's shoulder.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Where's the bedroom?

OCKY
(in agony)
Through there, but you can't
go in man!!

BRUCE ignores him and enters.

34 INT. OCKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

34

STEPHANIE sits on the bed dressed only in a T shirt.

STEPHANIE
(confident, posh)
Get out!

BRUCE
Oh, a lady! How old are you
then madame?

STEPHANIE
My father's a well respected
lawyer you know!

BRUCE flashes Police ID. Her confidence wavers.

BRUCE
How old!!?

STEPHANIE
Errr..Sixteen.

BRUCE sees a handbag by the bedside.

BRUCE
ID?

They exchange gunslinger stares. STEPHANIE panics and
grabs the bag before BRUCE can.

STEPHANIE
I'll be sixteen soon OK!!

BRUCE lunges for the bag which opens, spilling a packet of ecstasy tabs and her ID.

BRUCE
(raises his voice)
Please note the girl is below
the legal age of consent.

LENNOX (O.S.)
Check.

BRUCE pockets the ecstasy then stares at her ID.

BRUCE
Stephanie Donaldson? Daddy's a
lawyer? No relation to Conrad
Donaldson QC by any chance?

STEPHANIE'S eyes flicker.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Bingo! What do you think Daddy
would say if he knew his.....

STEPHANIE
Please! Don't say anything!

BRUCE
What's it worth? A gaam?

STEPHANIE freezes. BRUCE starts to unzip his trousers.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Come on Stephanie, just a wee
gaam eh? That's got to be
worth sparing Daddy's blushes
down the tennis club? Imagine
when his posh mates hear his
little princess is riding all
the low life scum that he gets
paid fortunes by, for keeping
out the nick!!

STEPHANIE'S head reluctantly disappears out of shot. He
turns to US (And you wouldn't?). BRUCE'S face contorts.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Woooah, hold on! Stop! What the
fuck are you doing!? Call that a
gaam? Who taught you that
technique, a fuckin' cheese
grater!

BRUCE pulls up his zip and heads to the door.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I've a good mind to tell your Dad
now anyway after that poor excuse
of an attempt.

STEPHANIE
No! Please don't! That's not
fair!

He turns with a grin.

BRUCE
Get a grip darling! D'you think
I'm sick in the head or
something?

35 INT. OCKY HALLWAY - DAY

35

BRUCE appears approaching OCKY making a cut throat sign.

BRUCE
(singing to the tune
'here we go')
"Stoat the baw, stoat the baw,
stoat the baaaaaw"!

OCKY
She told me she was eighteen!!!

LENNOX
Dear, dear. Not the best time
to be inside for riding kids,
is it?

BRUCE
I make you right. Still, he'll
only do about six months.

LENNOX
Posh fanny though!

BRUCE
Fair enough. Couple of years
then. Young Ocky could handle
that though, no danger.
Problem is, if some law
abiding officers were to tell
a strict free mason screw like
Ronnie McArthur that the girl
was only eleven or ten....

LENNOX
Or even eight!

OCKY
Come on now boys!

BRUCE
Aye, eight would do it.

LENNOX
Then the poor cunt's life
wouldn't be worth living!

BRUCE
Straight to The Beasts wing in
Saughton nick.

LENNOX
But hang on a minute. Suppose
this "stoat the baw" had
certain information that could
help the law abiding officers
with a murder enquiry?

BRUCE
Different "stoat the" ball
game all together then.

OCKY
(desperate)
Fuck sake, I'm not a grasser!

BRUCE
See Ocky, there's this one guy
on The Beasts wing that they
call The Beast.

OCKY
The Beast!?

BRUCE
No, not The Beast. The Beast.

LENNOX
Shouldn't really be inside a
normal prison to be fair.

BRUCE
Aye, but last time he escaped
from a mental institution, the
local live stock bore the
brunt of his frustrations.

LENNOX
Fucked a Highland cow to death so
tehy say.

BRUCE
Ripped the horns clean off the poor
bastard.

LENNOX
Chief Inspector said he'd never
seen anything like it.

BRUCE
The old farmer went into shock as
well. Had to put another four
sheep and two pigs down after The
Beast has rampaged all the way
through his barns

Sound FX of sheep bleating, then gunshots and silence.

OCKY backs up against the wall, sweating and white.

LENNOX
How do you explain that one to the
Insurance company? Poor man nearly
went bankrupt.

BRUCE
Shouldn't really be in the mainline
prison system, like you say.

38 INT. BEASTS WING, SAUGHTON PRISON, EDINBURGH - DAY 38 *

Grunting emanates from a cell as we track towards it.

 LENNOX (O.S.)
Ronnie says the only way they
can keep him quiet is by
putting a new model in his
cell every few weeks.

 BRUCE (O.S.)
A model?

 LENNOX (O.S.)
Aye. That's what Ronnie and
all the boys call the fresh
faced laddies they send him.

The track stops just before we can see inside the cell.

39 INT. OCKY HALLWAY - DAY 39

OCKY is panting furiously.

 BRUCE
Supposed to be a big fucker
aswell The Beast! Six feet
four, full o' muscle, and deaf
as a post!

 LENNOX
What's deaf got to do with it?

 BRUCE
Because he can't hear them
when they're shouting NO!!!

OCKY crumples to the floor.

 LENNOX
(winces)
Hung like a derby winner so
Ronnie says. Splits them all
first time without fail.

 BRUCE
Even those Calton Hill rent
boys they feed him. And
they've seen more prime meat
than James Fuckin' Herriott!

 LENNOX
Phew! Makes your eyes water
just thinkin' about it!

BRUCE
Aye, I'd say you'd find out a
lot about yourself, if you
were banged up with The Beast.

LENNOX
Probably find out a few things
you'd rather not aswell.

BRUCE
One thing's for sure. You'd
come out a changed man.

LENNOX
That's if you ever come out,
after an ordeal like that.

BRUCE motions a hang man's noose. Silence.

BRUCE
What's it going to be then
Ocky? Grass up, or lock up?

OCKY has pissed his pants and is crying.

OCKY
OK, OK!

40 OMITTED

40

41 INT. KINGS BAR - DAY

41

BRUCE sits at the bar with a depressed GILLMAN. (A
GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS style scene).

GILLMAN
.....but what's tearing me and
Chrissie apart is her mates
and the in-laws. You know what
it's like being polis, Robbo.

BRUCE nods sympathetically.

BRUCE
Aye, certainly do Dougie

*
*

GILLMAN
Tell them what you do and they
treat you like a fuckin'
leper. Sitting in your house,
saying nothing because they
think it's an interrogation.
Awkward silences all round,
then they make their excuses
and leave. You're just treated
like a fuckin' pariah Bruce!

*

BRUCE
Yep.

BRUCE downs his whisky and signals for another round.

GILLMAN

So I go through a phase of saying I'm a plumber, or I sell insurance. Then they start telling you what they do on the side. Putting this or that through the books. Buying knock off gear. Everyone of them, Jackie Trent. Every fuckin' one!

BRUCE

What choice does that leave you with Dougie? Sweet F.A. You're a law enforcement officer for Christ's sake!

GILLMAN nods and downs his drink.

GILLMAN

And that's what she can't understand. So when you blow the whistle on these bastards she goes...

(female voice)

..but they're my friends and family Dougie!!!

BRUCE downs his drink and orders another.

*

BRUCE

That's women for you!

*

GILLMAN

I just can't stop asking questions, and I don't even realise I'm doing it! But I couldn't be any other way. That's what I do!

BRUCE

Take it or leave it eh?

GILLMAN

I think she's fucking someone else aswell Robbo. It's killing me cos I can't even prove it. Some copper me eh?

BRUCE pats him on the back in support.

BRUCE

C'mon Dougie, your Chrissie is as loyal as they come! And besides, you know you're the favourite for the new Inspector position.

BRUCE drinks. GILLMAN looks wearily into the mirror.

GILLMAN

Reckon? (beat) You're lucky Bruce. Carole's great! A real beauty aswell.

BRUCE stares admiringly at his reflection in the mirror.

BRUCE
Aye, suppose you're right Dougie.

GILLMAN
You two still as happy as ever?

BRUCE
(becoming agitated)
Couldn't be happier.

GILLMAN
How old's wee Stacey now then?
She must be.....

BRUCE
(more agitated)
She's seven.

GUS enters. BRUCE turns his back on GILLMAN.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
The usual, Gus?

GUS nods then sits. BRUCE signals for a drink for him and GUS. Awkward silence. GILLMAN looks uncomfortable.

GILLMAN
Better be off then boys.

BRUCE pats GILLMAN on the shoulder.

BRUCE
Look after yourself pal.

GILLMAN leaves, dejected.

GUS
What's up with him?

BRUCE
Never got a good word to say
about anybody that guy. I'd
watch him.

GUS
(shocked)
Who, Dougie Gillman?

BRUCE
Stab you in the back without
thinking about it. Catholic
you see. Not like us.

GUS
(confused)
Aye, I suppose.

BRUCE
Saying that look at young
Lennox. As Protestant as you
and me but..well I better not
say.

GUS
No, go on Robbo.

BRUCE looks around the bar.

BRUCE
Well can you see him in here?

A blank look is returned.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
No. Just watch what you say
around him. Three to one he's
in that swanky wine bar with
Amanda Drummond. You know what
these young ones are like. Two
minutes on the force and they
want to be best pals with the
chief fuckin' constable.

GUS
(chuckles)
You're an awful man Bruce.

BRUCE
Thing is, what do you think
the main topic of conversation
is going to be between them?

Another blank look. BRUCE points to himself then at GUS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Me and you. That's who!

GUS
You think Young Lennox is
running with the hounds and
hunting with the hares?

BRUCE nods, then orders another two drinks.

BRUCE
You said it Gus.

GUS
I better keep a beedy eye on
the wee bastard then. Don't
want him spoiling the old
promotion chances, eh Bruce?

GUS grins, delighted with his observation. BRUCE turns
to US and raises his eyebrows.

42 EXT. BRUCE'S FLAT - EVENING

42

Music - "Highway star" by Deep Purple.

We quickly track towards the building as noises of
climactic sex emanate from inside Chez Robertson.

43 INT. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

43

Continue track in behind BRUCE'S chair which is shuddering.
We reveal him watching 'Lesbian porn' with his hands out of
shot. A Black Man enters the porn scene and as he's about
to join in, BRUCE switches off the footage in frustration.

BRUCE

Fuck!!

44 INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

44

BRUCE opens the fridge (not much food, mainly booze). He downs a tin of lager in one, then glances at a picture of himself, CAROLE and their daughter STACEY (7) on the fridge door. BRUCE turns round and sees CAROLE'S white Chrismassy coat (from the tunnel scene) hanging up. He looks at his watch then exits.

45 INT. BRUCE'S BATHROOM - EVENING

45

BRUCE urinates uncomfortably (he's in tears). BRUCE washes his hands in the sink, but when he looks down they are covered in thick coaldust. He panics and frantically tries to clean them but the coal wont come off.

He looks in the mirror, but LITTLE PIG stares back. LITTLE PIG opens the cabinet and ignores various prescribed medications, before scrambling to grunt a self medicated line of coke, and changing back to BRUCE.

46 INT. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

46

BRUCE wanders in. *The Frank Sidebottom* show starts on TV. Frank has a distinctively strong accent. BRUCE dials his phone, it connects quickly.

BRUCE

You still at work Bladesey?
(beat) Time d'you finish?
(beat) Meet me down the Lodge.
(beat) Don't worry about your
wife, be a man! (beat) No,
mine's out tonight, so I've
got a free pass. S'later.

BRUCE hangs up, then dials again immediately.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(waiting for answer)
Cunty Bunty, Cunty Bunty, how
does your big minge grow.....

BUNTY (O.C.)

Hello?

BRUCE

(mimics Frank
Sidebottom)
*Hello Boontay! That's your
name in't it, Boontay?*

BUNTY (O.C.)

I've had just about enough....

BRUCE

*Bet you've got a big hairy
fanny Boontay, haven't ya?*

BUNTY (O.C.)
You're pathetic.

BRUCE
*My oh my, such a shattering
blow to my self image. They
told us you take it up the
boom Boontay. Is that right?*

BUNTY (O.C.)
Who told you that nonsense?

BRUCE glances at Frank Sidebottom on TV.

BRUCE
Err...it were little Frank.

BUNTY (O.C.)
Who's he?
(screams)
WHO'S LITTLE FRANK?

BRUCE
*Errr.....i'm not talking
anymore Boontay.
(shouts over his
shoulder)
No mum, I'm not speaking to
dirty prostitutes again.*

BRUCE slams down the phone. There's a massive cheer from the TV show which becomes so deafening that BRUCE has to cover his ears. (REQUIEM FOR A DREAM style).

47 INT. MASONIC LODGE - NIGHT

47

A large hall of FREE MASONS dressed in ceremonial clothes is dominated by two (*phallic*) Christmas trees. The ceremony is just finishing. We see a close up of BRUCE and BLADESEY (40).

GRAND MASTER MASON
And now we shall conclude for a
moment of harmony.

BRUCE turns to BLADESEY and winks.

48 INT. MASONIC LODGE - NIGHT

48

BRUCE stands in a corner with BLADESEY (40), who looks totally out of place. They're both a little bit drunk and are no longer wearing their ceremonial clothes. The final pieces of Masonic regalia are being cleared away.

BLADESEY
*.....suppose I've always been a
loner. Always had difficulty
making friends. That's why The
Craft's been so good for me
Bruce. Everyone's accepted.*

BRUCE looks around the room of FREE MASONS in contempt.

BRUCE
Never mind that shite. You
gettin' any at home Bladesey?

BLADESEY
Well errr that side of things
hasn't improved.
(MORE)

BLADESEY (CONT'D)
This crank caller just won't
stop phoning Bunty, and its
still effecting
our.....well....you know.

BRUCE
Need to start getting your
hole from someone else. Make
you feel better about yourself
and a lot more attractive to
the Mrs. Women can sniff out a
sexually primed specimen a
mile off Clifford!

BLADESEY nods. They both drink.

BLADESEY
What made you join the force
Bruce?

BRUCE
Police oppression Brother. I'd
witnessed too many cases of it
in the mining community I grew
up in.

BLADESEY
So you wanted to stamp it out
from the inside then?

BRUCE
(winks)
No, just wanted to be part of
it.

BLADESEY
(smiles)
You're a terror Bruce.

They toast, then drink.

BRUCE
With women, what you have to
do is shag them regularly.
Keep them well fucked and
they'll do anything for you.
Well shod, well shagged.

BLADESEY
(eager schoolboy)
Is that what you do with your
wife then Bruce!?

BRUCE
Course. Those spastics at the
marriage counselling just talk
a load of old shite. The root
of a problem is always sexual.
If you're not fuckin' the
woman you're supposed to be
with it creates a vacuum,
which sure as hell some other
fucker's going to come along
and fill. And fill with
several inches of prime
Scottish beef Brother Blades!

BLADESEY nods as BRUCE drinks.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
And if she's not doing it for
you, then go and get it from
somewhere else.

BRUCE snaps his fingers in BLADESEY'S face.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Just like that.

BLADESEY
You really think its that
easy!?

BRUCE
Course it is!

BRUCE surveys the room of MASONS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I along with half the Brother
Masons in this room am a
detective, and a good
policeman always knows where
to look for new fanny. Now I'm
maybe not the best detective
in the world.....

BLADESEY nods, empathetic.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
....but I'm sure as hell one
of them!

BRUCE puts a fatherly arm around BLADESEY.

BLADESEY
Must say I'm looking forward
to our little trip to Hamburg.
Some nice museu....

BRUCE
Me too Bladesey boy. Me too.
Hoors of all shapes, colours
and sizes pal. Slainte!

They toast, then drink.

BLADESEY
Excuse me Bruce, I Have to
spend a penny.

BLADESEY takes off his suit jacket and hangs it over a
chair, then enters the toilet.

BRUCE reaches into BLADESEY'S jacket and steals a wad of
money out of his wallet. He turns to US (just borrowing).

A well dressed, confident man HECTOR (50) approaches.

HECTOR
(posh scots, slightly
sinister)
(MORE)

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Will it be 'The Usual' Brother
Robertson?

BRUCE nods. They shake and subtly exchange a bag of coke.
BRUCE puts BLADESEY'S wad of cash in HECTOR'S pocket.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
You found a suitable actress for
the shoot on Saturday then Bruce?

BRUCE
(winks)
Still casting Hector. Don't worry
I know a perfect agency where
we'll find our leading lady.

HECTOR rubs his palms together and raises his eyebrows.

HECTOR
Sounds divine! See you at my
place on the weekend then!

HECTOR leaves.

BRUCE
(under his breath)
Fuckin' pervert.

BLADESEY returns. BRUCE hands him his jacket.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Let's call it a night and get
the hell out of dodge. There's
some real shifty looking
bastards in here tonight!

49 INT. BRUCE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

49

Track towards CAROLE, getting ready in front of the mirror.

CAROLE
If you're a sexy person, you're
always aware of the sexuality of
others. There's really nothing more
seductive to a woman than power, so
when Bruce gets this promotion I
won't be able to keep my hands off
him. Detective Inspector Robertson;
even the sound of it makes me want
him right now! You see, me and
Bruce play these break up/make up
games, but it only makes our hearts
grow fonder. In a sense we're
always together though because
nothing; space, time or distance,
can break our delicious communion.

50 OMITTED - SCENE 50 HAS NOW BECOME SCENE 76A

50

51 EXT. BLADESEY'S HOUSE - MORNING 51

BRUCE pulls up at quite a grand looking, modern house.

52 INT. BLADESEY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING 52

A room full of jungle animal artefacts and imagery. There's a mini bar area built into the corner. BLADESEY looks hung over and hen pecked. BUNTY (early 40's) A prudishly attractive woman, sits opposite, glaring at him.

BUNTY
How can you just 'misplace'
two hundred pounds!? If I find
out there's another woman
involved....

The door bell rings. BUNTY folds her arms. BLADESEY scuttles out. A beat, before he re-enters with BRUCE.

BLADESEY
(sheepishly)
This is Bruce. The friend I
was telling you about dear.

A huge grin from our hero.

BRUCE
Well, well Cliff. You never
told me you were hiding such a
beautiful specimen.

BUNTY
(blushing)
You're the one who's taking
Clifford on this Mason's
weekend to Scarborough right?

BRUCE
Scarborough! !??

BLADESEY fidgets nervously.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Errrr, yes! I'm the one who's
taking him to Scarborough. A
pleasure to meet you Bunty.

BRUCE kisses BUNTY'S hand. She's totally charmed.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I understand how unsettling
all this must be for you, but
try not to worry. I've dealt
with creeps like this before
and most of them are all mouth
and no trousers. Slamming the
phone down though only shows
you're scared, so I'd advise
indulging him a bit. He'll
soon come unstuck.

BUNTY
But your uniformed colleagues
said not to encourage him!

BRUCE
We generally tend to tell our
younger, less experienced
officers that. It usually
makes the depravate stop. But
if you want him caught...

BUNTY stands up quickly and is nose to nose with BRUCE.

BUNTY
I want him caught alright! I
want that bastard to suffer!

BRUCE
In that case, I suggest you
play along. Tell him something
about yourself. Up the stakes.
Let hunter, become hunted!

Silence over sexual chemistry. BLADESEY'S now just
making up the numbers. BRUCE turns to him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
We'll nail this slimy bastard
Clifford. No danger.

BRUCE turns back to BUNTY, passionately.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
We'll get him Bunty. I can
promise you that. Cliff, I
want you to look after this
brave, brave woman.

BLADESEY
Oh I will Bruce, I will!

BUNTY
I can't tell you how grateful
I am Bruce.

BRUCE
Thank your hubby here.

BRUCE walks over and ruffles BLADESEY'S hair.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Low friends in high places, eh
Bladesey boy?

BLADESEY smiles back at his hero. As BRUCE leaves he glances to US (I know, how pathetic).

53

INT. DR ROSSI'S SURGERY - DAY

53

Music - Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21

A Brilliant White surgery (2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY style)
Behind a desk DR ROSSI inspects a painting of a TAPE
WORM on the wall. BRUCE enters with surreal high energy.

BRUCE
Hi, hi, hi, Dr Rossi.

DR ROSSI turns. He's a mad professor type with a huge forehead and over sized spectacles.

DR ROSSI
Ah, Bruce. I hear you have a pain, yeeeeees?

BRUCE
A pain indeed, Doctor.

DR ROSSI
And would this pain be one of your physical pains, yeeeees?

BRUCE
No Doctor. My other kind.

DR ROSSI
Other kind, ehrrrrrrh!?

BRUCE
Regrettably so.

DR ROSSI
Well the final destination on the pain recovery train is self help via abstinence
Bruce, yeeeeeees?

BRUCE
I booked my seat in advance Doctor. A super saver all the same!

DR ROSSI
I'm talking about the class A narcotics and the infamous Robertson diet of course, yeeeeeeeees?

BRUCE
Any remaining contraband will duly be handed over to the ticket inspector before embarkation Doctor.

DR ROSSI
Should make it more of a pleasant journey for your fellow passengers, yeeeeeees?
Cut out all the badness.

(MORE)

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
No more cocaine or chip
suppers for Bruce ehhhh?

BRUCE
Those items have previously
been favourites of the
Detective Sergeant, yes.

DR ROSSI
Lethal concoction the fried
potato and the coca leaf
Bruce, ehhhhh?

BRUCE
I couldn't.....

DR ROSSI
We'll have none of Bruce's
Excuses!

BRUCE
.....agree more Doctor.

DR ROSSI
Gooooooooood!

DR ROSSI approaches BRUCE.

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
And what of this promotion,
ehhhhh?

BRUCE
A formality I'm sure Doctor.

DR ROSSI
No prizes for being on the
losing side Bruce. Only
champions can re-write
history, ehhhhhh?

BRUCE
I've always said it's the
winning and not the taking
part that counts Doctor!

DR ROSSI
Yeeeeees! Only winners are more
attractive to the opposite sex
Bruce ehhhh?

DR ROSSI points to the TAPE WORM painting.

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
Parasitic worms are sequential
hermaphrodites and reproduce
depending on the species of
worm, either with the presence
of a male and female worm
joining sperm and eggs such as
hookworms, or by breaking off
segments that contain both
male and female sex organs
that are able to produce
fertile eggs without the
presence of a male or female.

(MORE)

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
For example like our
successful friend here, The
Tapeworm, yeeeeeeeees?

BRUCE studies the painting.

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
Be careful Bruce. Those
closest to us will transform
into parasites if they detect
one sniff of the stale air of
success that surrounds us,
ehhhhhh?

BRUCE nods.

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
Who do we trust Bruce?

BRUCE
Why, no one of course.

DR ROSSI
Gooooooooood! Trust no one! Not
your friends, not your family,
and not even yourself Bruce.
Especially not even yourself,
ehhhhhh?

DR ROSSI pulls out a jar of large pills; *Litio crm-114*

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
Now that pain, yeeeeees?

54 INT. GILLMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY.

54

Music - "The Ultimate Sin" by Ozzie Osborne

CHRISSIE (O.S.)
(shouts)
Yeeeees!!!

A picture of GILLMAN and wife CHRISSIE next to the
bedside, is being rattled by the force of rough sex. Pan
out to reveal BRUCE and CHRISSIE performing auto-erotic
asphyxiation. CHRISSIE'S on top.

BRUCE
Turn off my gas Carole!!!

CHRISSIE frowns at the 'mis-name' then chokes BRUCE
hard. As his air is cut CHRISSIE turns into CAROLE, but
then to DRUMMOND. As BRUCE climaxes, DRUMMOND turns into
INGLIS. BRUCE panics and pulls the covers over his head.

CHRISSIE
Did you really mean what you
said about falling in love
with me?

BRUCE pokes his head out tentatively.

BRUCE
You're a cow, you know that?

Stunned silence.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
We've been turning off the gas
for each other, and you're a
workmate's Mrs. So you know
what that makes you in my
book? A cow. C.O.W

CHRISSIE
Don't say that! Why are you
being like this?

BRUCE
Because you play games.

BRUCE points towards CHRISSIE'S covered vagina.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You let me in there.

Points to her head.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
But you don't let me in there.

Points to her heart.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Or in there, cause that's
love.

BRUCE jumps out of bed and walks around assertively.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
All that just now, was just
sad games. A little test. And
you failed miserably Chrissie.

CHRISSIE
Why are you saying all this!?
And why did you call me by
your wife's name? You said you
loved me, not Carole!

BRUCE is rocked but recovers quickly.

BRUCE
Have a think about what
feelings really are. Because I
can sort out your head, but
only you can get in touch with
your heart.

CHRISSIE
But Bruce..

BRUCE starts to get dressed.

BRUCE
If you just want fucked then
I'll do the business, but I
find it all a bit sordid. I
can only imagine how much this
would hurt Dougie. Especially
in his own bed!

CHRISSIE
I just feel so confused now!

BRUCE
We're all confused Chrissie.

CHRISSIE
Stay. We need to talk.

BRUCE
I'm working on a murder case
Chrissie. That's M.U.R.D.E.R.
Which spells S.E.R.I.O.U.S. So
if I don't get my A.R.S.E in
G.E.A.R, I'll be in the
S.H.I.T!

CHRISSIE
You're being so cruel!

BRUCE heads to the door. He stops and turns.

BRUCE
Love's cruel Chrissie. Love's
cruel.

55

INT. TOAL'S OFFICE - DAY

55

TOAL is busy writing a screenplay and reading 'The writers journey' by Christopher Vogler. BRUCE suddenly enters. TOAL scrambles to hide his work.

TOAL
(flustered)
Bruce...err...how goes the case?

BRUCE pauses for a beat, letting TOAL know he's seen him.

BRUCE
Think it's cut and dried Bob.
A well known nasty little mob
were in the area that night.
They've been fingered by a
willing informant. Just a
matter of hanging fire before
hauling them in. Me and Gus
are on surveillance.

TOAL
Good. The political thing has
died a death now and the
papers have got bored with it.
A wog's a wog for all that, eh
Brother Robertson?

BRUCE
(the higher ground)
You said it Brother Toal!

TOAL fidgets uncomfortably.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Anyway, about my cycling trip
to Germany, Sir.

TOAL
Can't say I'm pulling
handkerchiefs out my arse at
the prospect, but I suppose a
few days won't put us too far
behind. What's Carole have to
say about you going away, so
close to Christmas?

BRUCE
Her and Stacey are just
looking forward to their big
presents. I always take them
back something nice, so
there's never any problem.

TOAL
You the boss at home then
Robbo?

BRUCE
Man of the house and all that.

TOAL
Quite (beat) OK, just make
sure you brief Amanda Drummond
before you go.

BRUCE
(irked)
You really think she has the
bottle to take over the reins in
my absence? I'd prefer to hand
temporary control over to Gus
Bain.

TOAL
(with awkward authority)
It's only for a short while and
she needs the experience anyway.

BRUCE reluctantly nods, then turns to US as he leaves
(whatever).

56 EXT. THE FLOWER SHOP - DAY

56

Bruce's car is parked across the street.

57 INT. BRUCE'S CAR - DAY

57

BRUCE (impatiently) and GUS (contentedly) wait.

BRUCE
...y'know Drummond was a game
wee thing when she joined the
polis Gus. They used to call
her the force bike when she
first started! But the hoor's
always on about equality now.
Equality!? How the fuck did
she get out of uniform?

Customary blank look from GUS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
By shagging Toal! Now she's
pals with the lesbo crew in
personnel! Every time women
drop their drawers they get a
promotion. Every time men do,
its a disciplinary! Where's
the equality in that?

GUS
Aye, suppose you're right Robbo.

BRUCE
I'm not saying I'd ride Toal
mind you. Some price to pay
for promotion that would be!

GUS
(chuckles)
You're an awful man Bruce.

GORMAN leaves the flower shop.

BRUCE
Bingo!

BRUCE gets out. GUS goes to follow.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Just wait here Gus. Let's not
start off by going in mob handed.

GUS
(confused)
Errr, right. OK Robbo.

58 INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

58

BRUCE enters to an empty shop. He sees a wreath spelling
'Daddy' and picks it up, staring at it deep in thought.

ESTELLE (O.S.)
(extremely polite)
Can I help you sir?

BRUCE freezes momentarily when he sees ESTELLE (chubby girl
from the tunnel). They stare at each other inquisitively.
BRUCE puts the wreath down and flashes his Police I.D.

BRUCE
How's business?

ESTELLE
(defensive)
Alright, I suppose.

BRUCE
Funny, just saw a guy comin'
out empty handed. Did you not
have anything in his line?

ESTELLE
No.

BRUCE
Who was he?

ESTELLE
Just some guy after roses.
Suppose he changed his mind.

Silence as they exchange suspicious gunslinger glances.

ESTELLE (CONT'D)
Do I know you from somewhere?

BRUCE approaches aggressively.

BRUCE
No you don't! No you don't!

*
*

ESTELLE
(becoming nervous)
Look what have I done wrong?

*

BRUCE
Wasting police time,
withholding information,
possibly harbouring a murder
suspect.....

ESTELLE
That's shite!

BRUCE
You fuckin' well cough up or
you'll be making soft toys in
Corton Vale prison, faster than
you can tie a bunch of daffodils!

BRUCE pulls ESTELLE close, pressing up against her.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Or maybe you'd rather get your
'Tu-lips' round my bulbs, eh?

She struggles, but he holds her tighter.

ESTELLE
(intimidated)
He's just a guy from the
clubs. Comes in sometimes to
talk about music and that.

BRUCE
Are you and your boyfriend
just a wee two person musical
appreciation society then?

ESTELLE
He's not my boyfriend!

BRUCE releases her and heads for the door.

BRUCE
Hope no fatty. For his sake!

59 EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

59

BRUCE exits the shop and bumps into someone. He's about to get angry when he sees its MARY (who's husband Colin died).

BRUCE
Hello...err...how are you?

BRUCE sees MARY is dressed in a black widow's outfit.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(sympathetic)
The funeral's today then?

MARY nods and wipes a tear away.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(uncomfortable)
Is that your wreath saying Daddy?

MARY nods.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
How many kids you got?

MARY
Just one. A wee boy.

MARY bites her lip to stem her tears. *

MARY (CONT'D)
You ever lost anyone close? *

BRUCE eventually nods an awkward yes. *

MARY (CONT'D)
Hurts like hell, eh? *

Silence, but we can see the answer concurs. BRUCE spots
GUS across the road looking over. *

BRUCE
Look, I better get going.

BRUCE gallantly opens the door for MARY and they exchange
another intense look, before she enters and he leaves.

60 INT. TOILET CUBICLE, POLICE STATION - DAY

60

BRUCE snorts a line then stares at a topless model's
picture. He can't get an erection, so he kicks the
toilet door and bins the picture.

BRUCE
(furious)
Ugly little slag!

BRUCE writes, '*Peter Inglis sucks cocks*' on the cubicle.
An uncontrollable laugh arrives as he psychs himself up.

61 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

61

BRUCE storms in, marching over to INGLIS. GUS, GILLMAN,
LENNOX and DRUMMOND look on, baffled.

BRUCE
(concerned colleague)
Peter, have you seen the
graffiti in the men's toilets?

INGLIS
Errr, eh...no.

BRUCE
Some nasty little bastard has
written something which...well
let's just say....questions
your sexuality.

INGLIS looks around, nervously.

INGLIS
There's always something or
other. I don't let it bother
me anymore Bruce.

BRUCE
As Fed Rep, I have to. Its my
responsibility. We can't have
your character defamed in this
outrageous manner anymore. I'm
seeing Toal about this.

INGLIS
(panics)
No, no, it's OK Bruce, you...

BRUCE glares at the audience of DETECTIVES.

BRUCE
Someone's playin silly fuckers
here! Just hope I don't find out
who it is.

BRUCE steams into TOAL'S office.

62 INT. TOAL'S OFFICE - DAY

62

BRUCE enters and smiles wryly as he observes TOAL (feet on desk) reading *Robert McKee's principles of screen writing*.

BRUCE
Gaffer, I want you to see some
more of this disgusting
graffiti about Peter Inglis.

TOAL quickly hides the book.

TOAL
(flustered)
Err...I don't have time for...

BRUCE
As Fed Rep I don't have time
to see an officer humiliated!

TOAL
Of course, of course!

TOAL gestures for BRUCE to sit.

TOAL (CONT'D)
Listen Robbo. Peter isn't....

BRUCE
Isn't what?

Awkward silence as BRUCE lets him squirm.

TOAL
You know. Isn't....well isn't
like the graffiti says is he?

BRUCE
Whether he is or isn't is his
business. He's being harassed
and we operate a non
discriminatory policy on
grounds of sexual orientation.

TOAL
But he can't be sexually
harassed if he's not
really....well..'gay' I think
the fashionable term for it is
these days.

BRUCE
Call it what you want Bob, but
he's still being harassed.
It's the unacceptable face of
canteen culture if you ask me.

TOAL
Steady on Bruce, I'm on your
side here! This has to be
stamped out of course, its
just come as a bit of a shock.
Peter's a stalwart of The
Craft, as you well know.

BRUCE
Agreed, but he's a lonely guy
Bob. What he gets up to
privately is his affair. To be
honest I don't know much about
the chap, but this bullying
can't go on.

TOAL
I'll make sure its dealt with.

63

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

63

DRUMMOND consoles INGLIS. The others hover suspiciously.

INGLIS
I don't understand. It's just
such a load of bloody
nonsense.

BRUCE marches past GUS, GILLMAN and LENNOX looking
accusatory at them, then pats INGLIS on the back
reassuringly. BRUCE turns to US smiling as he sits down.

64 EXT. MAISIE'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

64

BRUCE and LENNOX *sit* in Bruce's car, parked at the end of the street. GORMAN and LEXO exit the Brothel. *

BRUCE and LENNOX wait until they're out of sight, then get out of the car and walk towards the brothel.

BRUCE is eating a pie and looks at LENNOX's wholemeal sandwich with contempt.

BRUCE
I don't know how you can eat that
brown bread shite.

LENNOX grins.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I love my *unhealthy* grub, *don't get me wrong*. But I'd draw the line at that Fried Mars Bar carry on. Only the good die young, but stuffing pish like that down yer Gregory Peck is just asking for trouble.

*
*

LENNOX
Ah, but you ever try a Fried Pizza though?

BRUCE
(disgusted)
Fried fuckin' Pizza!!!? You're joking me right!?

*

LENNOX
I had one the other week in Glasgow. Those weedgie bastards'll fry anything.

BRUCE
Dirty animals. Not even properly Scottish anyway. If it was up to me I'd slice the whole of the West coast of Scotland off the map, and nail the fuckin' lot of it to Ireland, where it belongs.

BRUCE and LENNOX enter the Brothel.

65 OMITTED

65

66 OMITTED

66

67 INT. MAISIE'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

67

Music - "*****" by *****

*

BRUCE and LENNOX sit on a pink sofa. MADAM MAISIE (50) enters wearing a Mrs Claus costume (she's 'experienced sexy'). She hugs BRUCE and hands him an envelope.

MADAME MAISIE
Everything you need to know
about those guys are in the
jars darling.

BRUCE removes two specimens jars of semen from the envelope then holds them up to the light to 'inspect' them.

BRUCE
D.N. Fuckin A, Maisie Doll!

He turns to LENNOX grimacing.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
That's the beautiful thing
about being polis Ray. It
doesn't really matter whether
everyone really hates you, as
long as they're civil to your
face. You can only live in the
world you know! Same rules
apply!

MADAM MAISIE smiles nervously.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Maisie here would teach you
things your mother couldn't. I
keep trying to entice her out
of retirement, but she's
having none of it. (turns to
MAISIE) Not even for a prime
bit of meat like Ray Lennox
here Maisie?

MADAM MAISIE
Only do it for love now, son.

BRUCE
Well if you're ever tempted, I
hear this is the man for the
job. That's right Ray?

BRUCE puts his arm around an uncomfortable LENNOX.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Young stallion's getting quite
a reputation for himself.

LENNOX cringes, hoping the topic will change.

MADAM MAISIE
If you could measure all the
inches of police cock I've had
in the line of business, you'd
reach to the moon and back!

A stunning young prostitute ANNA (24) enters.

MADAM MAISIE (CONT'D)
This is Anna, our new lassie
from Kiev.

BRUCE
The Ukraine, eh? Lovely!

ANNA smiles sweetly. BRUCE pats MADAM MAISIE on the ass.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Better get a move on Maisie.
Christmas party tonight.

MADAM MAISIE
Lucky for some!

BRUCE and LENNOX walk to the door.

BRUCE
Never thought I'd see the day
when I walked out of a
knocking shop with more spunk
than I walked in with Raymond!
(winks to ANNA)
I'll see you later Nikita.

68

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

68

Music: "Fairy-tale of New York" by The Pogues.

The office Christmas party. Montage of cheery shots.

GILLMAN stands with GUS as TWO ASIAN CATERERS serve food.
GILLMAN greedily grabs a hand full of Vegetable Samosas.

GILLMAN
(licks his lips)
I tell you Gus, this is the only
kind of networking I don't mind
doing with the Indian community.

GUS
Aye, I do love a good curry right
enough! Me and Edith were
actually thinking about Sri Lanka
next year for our holidays.

GILLMAN frowns.

GILLMAN
Nah, too many Pakkis Gus.

GUS shrugs and bites his Chicken Tikka skewer.

BRUCE sees SIZE QUEEN flirting with LENNOX so he quickly
moves to the centre of the high spirited room.

BRUCE
(shouts to be heard)
.....I remember when I worked
in Sydney, we used to play
this game at the.....
(Australian accent)
.....'chrimbo party'.

SIZE QUEEN
(quite drunk)
Oh yeah, what was that then!?

BRUCE
(shy guy)
Better not say Karen.
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You know how these Aussies can be
a bit risque!

LENNOX
(cockily)
Come on Robbo, don't start
something you can't finish!

BRUCE grins at LENNOX (menacingly).

EVERYONE
Come on Bruce! Tell us!

BRUCE stands, palms out. The noise calms.

BRUCE
Well what we used to do was
all the guys would go to the
photocopying room (beat) one
by one of course.

Big laugh. BRUCE glances towards INGLIS

BRUCE (CONT'D)
No offence if that's your
thing.

INGLIS smiles nervously.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Anyway, 'the blokes' would go
in and photocopy an image of
their wedding tackles onto a
piece of paper.

SIZE QUEEN'S eyes light up. LENNOX looks terrified.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Then they'd write their names
on the back and put them into
a envelope. One of the
'sheilas' would pin the
pictures up to the notice
board and the rest of the
lassies would try and guess
and match the 'male member' to
its corresponding owner.

Raucous laughter.

LENNOX
(panics)
What a load of nonsense!

SIZE QUEEN
(eyes bulging)
Let's do it!!!

Schoolboy trepidation and expectant sluttery circulates.

Montage as INGLIS, GUS, GILLMAN and a reluctant LENNOX
individually enter and approach the photocopier.

BRUCE enters confidently and presses the enlargement button to 100%. He grins at US.

70 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 70

DRUMMOND (hysterically) and SIZE QUEEN (wantonly) study the results pinned to the notice board. BRUCE'S enlarged image is only slightly bigger than GUS, who is being congratulated by GILLMAN. BRUCE winks at a humiliated LENNOX, whose image is the smallest.

71 INT. PHOTOCOPYING ROOM - NIGHT 71

SIZE QUEEN and BRUCE kiss passionately.

 SIZE QUEEN
 Fuck me with that horse cock!

BRUCE pulls up her skirt and inserts. SIZE QUEEN grimaces, but looks confused as he thrusts. BRUCE finishes, leaving an unsatisfied SIZE QUEEN behind.

72 EXT. PALACE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 72

BRUCE, LENNOX, GILLMAN, and INGLIS approach (a shit RESERVOIR DOGS) still wearing Christmas party hats.

73 INT. DANCE-FLOOR, PALACE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 73

Music - "It's my Life" Dr Alban *

GILLMAN and LENNOX stand at the side not amused, as INGLIS dances with PEROXIDE DIVORCEES.

74 INT. MEN'S TOILETS, PALACE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 74

BRUCE gives a RENT BOY some cash.

75 INT. LOUNGE AREA, PALACE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 75

BRUCE, INGLIS, GILLMAN and LENNOX, sit around a table. RENT BOY approaches and stops when he sees INGLIS.

 RENT BOY
 (camp lisping)
 Peter, Peter!

RENT BOY throws his arms around a stunned INGLIS.

 RENT BOY (CONT'D)
 Oh Peter, it's been such a
 while sweetie. Where have you
 been hiding. Brought some
 friends along I see!

INGLIS jumps to his feet, throwing RENT BOY off.

INGLIS
Who the fuck are you!?

INGLIS glances nervously at a snarling GILLMAN.

INGLIS (CONT'D)
I don't know this guy.

RENT BOY
Ooooooh, sorree. Didn't realise
it was that kind of scene.

RENT BOY turns to GILLMAN.

RENT BOY (CONT'D)
Peter can be so sensitive!

INGLIS grabs RENT BOY by the throat.

INGLIS
I DON'T FUCKIN' KNOW YOU OK!

LENNOX pulls INGLIS away.

LENNOX
For christ's sake Peter, calm
down. We're Polis. Don't cause
a scene in here!

*

INGLIS
But I don't know the guy!

GILLMAN stands, confrontational.

GILLMAN
Well he seems to know you!

INGLIS wriggles free from LENNOX.

INGLIS
You wrote that fuckin' shite
on the toilet wall didn't you!

GILLMAN
Wasn't me. Probably one of
your fuckin' boyfriends!

INGLIS swings at GILLMAN, but he ducks and smashes a jab
onto INGLIS chin. A knock out! LENNOX picks INGLIS off the
floor. BRUCE glances towards US grinning.

76 EXT. EDINBURGH STREET - NIGHT

76

CAROLE stands flirtatiously at a secluded road side. She
flags a car a car down and gets in.

76A INT. PUNTER'S CAR - NIGHT (ORIGINALLY WAS SCENE 50)

76A

Music - "Silver Lady" by David Soul

PUNTER is a toothless simpleton. CAROLE looks at US.

CAROLE
Mum never really accepted Bruce.
She's a bit strange at times, but
she'll come round no doubt, when he
gets this new promotion. We all
will!

CAROLE looks at PUNTER who smiles back wantonly. CAROLE looks
back to us.

CAROLE (CONT'D)
Repressed people; you have to pity
them more than anything else. I was
like that before I met Bruce, he
brought me out of myself. That was
what our sex club was about. Bruce
knows that our wee games and
flirtations only serve to
strengthen our love by making it
confront its true nature. I'm a
better person now. A different
person.

CAROLE nods to PUNTER who turns up the volume of the *David
Soul track*. They sing along passionately (aka WAYNE'S WORLD
Bohemian Rhapsody). *During the chorus THREE BACKING SINGERS
pop up in the back seat and join in.*

*
*

Karaoke Subtitles provided for audience participation.

77 EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING 77

Music - Queens of Stone-age - "Feel Good Hit of the Summer"

Bruce's car is parked at the end of a disused alleyway.

78 INT. BRUCE'S CAR - MORNING 78

BRUCE wakes up, totally dishevelled. He looks in the mirror and wipes some lipstick off his face, then opens the glove compartment and gulps from a vodka bottle and does several lines of cocaine.

79 EXT. THE COWGATE, EDINBURGH - MORNING 79

BRUCE'S CAR speeds along.

79A EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 79A

BRUCE'S car speeds along a country road.

80 EXT. HECTOR'S FARM - DAY 80

BRUCE'S car approaches the farm and pulls up.

81 EXT. HECTOR'S FARM - DAY 81

BRUCE sits on the bonnet of his car, next to ANNA (The Ukrainian Prostitute) who looks extremely nervous.

ANNA
(Russian accent)
I'm not sure about all this.

BRUCE
C'mon Anna, you're getting
bloody good money. Besides,
look on it as an education; a
new experience beneficial to
your career development.

ANNA
It's just not right!

BRUCE
Aye, but the video's only for
private use. Nobody will see
it apart from Hector.
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)
A thousand quid Anna, for a
quick ride. Can't say fairer
than that.

ANNA worriedly lights a cigarette as HECTOR appears - eyes
bulging like an aristocratic sexual predator.

HECTOR
And what am I to call this lovely
young lady then?

ANNA
(sweetly)
Anna.

HECTOR
Aren't you just the most delightful
little early Christmas treat!

HECTOR whistles. A *Collie Dog* bolts into the yard.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Well Anna darling, meet Angus.

HECTOR pats ANGUS on the head. ANNA looks to BRUCE for help,
but he quickly ushers her into the Barn.

82 OMITTED 82

83 INT. HECTOR'S BARN - DAY 83

BRUCE sets up a video camera. ANNA takes off her coat,
and reluctantly bends over a haystack. We hear HECTOR
outside with ANGUS, who is whining and barking.

ANNA
I'm freezing! Hurry up.

BRUCE
Don't worry, Old Angus will
soon warm you up.
(shouts)
Right, bring on the talent!

ANNA
No, no. I can't do this!!!

BRUCE
(shouts to HECTOR)
Hold the mutt! Hold the mutt!
(to ANNA)
What d'you mean you can't?

ANNA
(extremely clinical)
I want more money.

BRUCE
Fuck's sake, how much!? You're
gettin' a thousand quid now!

ANNA
(matter of fact)
Fuck you. I want double!

BRUCE
Fuck off double!

HECTOR (O.S.)
(shouts)
Hurry up Bruce, this dog's
losing his hard on.

ANNA starts to put her coat back on.

BRUCE
OK, OK!
(shouts)
Hector, she wants more money!

HECTOR enters in a panic.

HECTOR
How much!?

BRUCE
Another grand.

HECTOR
Jesus Christ! OK, OK, just get
her ready. I'm unleashing
Angus in five seconds!

HECTOR runs out. ANNA takes off her coat and bends over.

BRUCE
And action!

ANGUS bursts in but ignores ANNA and heads straight for
BRUCE, latching onto his leg and humping it ferociously.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
HER NOT ME YOU STUPID BASTARD!
For fuck sake Hector, get your
fuckin' dog off my leg!

HECTOR runs in and grabs ANGUS. BRUCE'S trousers are
covered in 'Dog juice'.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
That dog's a fuckin' queer!

HECTOR
(defensive)
He just likes you.

BRUCE
I like you Hector, but I don't
want to shag you! Your dog's a
poof and that's all there is
about it.

HECTOR
That dog's sired more champion
pups than you've had hot dinners!

BRUCE
Well, just put some dog food
on her arse or something!

ANNA
No way! I'm not getting eaten
alive by that thing!

HECTOR consoles ANGUS. BRUCE packs up his video camera.

BRUCE
Right, fuck this. I'm off.
C'mon Chicken Kiev, you're
coming back to mine for a real
ride. And for a lot less than
two fuckin' grand.

HECTOR approaches ANNA and whispers. She nods.

84 EXT. HECTOR'S FARM - DAY

84

ANNA plays fetch with ANGUS. BRUCE sits in his car as
HECTOR approaches and hands him a package.

HECTOR
Your 'commission'.

BRUCE opens it stares at the meagre rations of cocaine.

BRUCE
(unimpressed)
Is that it?

HECTOR hands BRUCE a five pound note.

HECTOR
And that's for the dry cleaning.

An irate BRUCE wheel-spins off. HECTOR waves an ironic
goodbye and guides ANNA inside (sleazy chivalry).

85 INT. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

85

Music: "Listen to your heart" by Roxette

BRUCE'S camera lays discarded on the floor. We see BRUCE
from behind watching TV (footage unseen). He shudders in
his chair. As the camera moves round, at first we think
he's masturbating again, but we reveal he's crying as he
watches a home video of CAROLE and STACEY who are putting a
birthday cake into the oven in BRUCE'S kitchen. BRUCE lifts
the phone.

86 INT. BLADESEY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

86

BUNTY is alone and on the phone. She nervously plays
with the cord and sits forward in her chair.

BUNTY
(slightly aroused)
..I've really missed you Frank

BRUCE (O.C.)
(*Frank's accent*)
*I bet you've been thinking
about me a lot Boontay.*

BUNTY
Yes.....well.....err....I
haven't stopped thinking about
you in fact.

BRUCE (O.C.)
*I bet they told you to ignore
me though Boontay.*

BUNTY
Yes, they did.....but this
is.....so much more fun!

BRUCE (O.C.)
*Would you like to see my cock
then Boontay?*

BUNTY looks around guiltily, then takes a deep breath.

BUNTY
I'd like to do more than that
Frank! I'd like to....

87 INT. DR ROSSI'S SURGERY - EVENING

87

Music - Beethoven's 9th Symphony

BRUCE enters, inhaling sharply with shock. DR ROSSI'S lower body has taken the appearance of the TAPE WORM in the painting. The surgery is also dirtier in appearance and DR ROSSI'S overalls look stained.

DR ROSSI
So Bruce, need some more help
then, ehrrrrr?

BRUCE
Yes, more help please Doctor.

DR ROSSI
Excellent choice, house
speciality. Help the mind help
the body Bruce, yeeees?

DR ROSSI produces a large magnifying glass.

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
Gooooooooood!

DR ROSSI circles BRUCE, staring into his eyes.

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
Bruce Robertson, first son of
Ian Robertson and Mary Hanlon
yeeees? Born in troubled
circumstances, brought up in a
coal village. Despite trying
mining as a profession, Bruce
knew it was not for him. No
power in a mine Bruce, ehrrrrr?

BRUCE

There was no real power to be derived from an outdated resource like coal Doctor.

DR ROSSI

Indeed! But Bruce knew where the real power lay. On the other side of the picket line yeeeees? His chance to get back at all those striking miners who'd bullied him as a child, but who now hated him even more as a little piggy wiggy ehhehhh?

BRUCE

Popularity is a dish best served cold to the weak masses Doctor.

DR ROSSI

Bullied at school, hated at home. Nowhere to hide for little Brucey piglett, ehhehhh?

BRUCE

(uncomfortable)
Errr, I suppose so...

DR ROSSI

And how's the lovely Caaaarole doing Bruce, mmmmmmmmm? A lovely Carole at Christmas. A lovely Christmas Carol, yeeeees?

BRUCE

(whitens)
She's...she's.....

DR ROSSI

(sings to the tune of 'Good King Wenceslas')
Carole started going out, on the piss with Ste-ven. When Steve took his trousers off, Bruce knew she'd be lea-ving. Bruce he wanted Stacey back, but she wasn't com-ing. This promotion's sent him mad, he isn't in the ru-un-ning!!! Ehhehhhhhhh???

A shell shocked BRUCE stumbles back as DR ROSSI approaches carrying a giant jar of huge pills (*Litio crm-115*) and wearing a coal miners helmet.

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)

Bigger pain, bigger jar, bigger pills Bruce, yeeeees?

BRUCE

(increasing in volume)
yes, Yes, YES!

88 INT. GILLMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

88

BRUCE and CHRISSIE have sex, doggy style.

BRUCE
(Shouts)
YEEEEES!!!

CHRISSIE
Fuck you Carole Robertson!
Fuck you Carole Robertson!
Fuck you Carole Robertson!
TURN OFF MY GAS BRUCE!

BRUCE squeezes CHRISSIE'S neck. BRUCE stares at the picture of GILLMAN on the bedside. He climaxes.

BRUCE
FUCK YOU DOUGIE GILLMAN!!

89

INT. TOAL'S OFFICE - DAY

89

BRUCE and TOAL are deep in a serious discussion.

TOAL
.....but why Gillman?
(beat) Why did you send him?

BRUCE
He's lacking in community relations, particularly concerning race and sexuality, so I simply made the decision that he could improve.

TOAL
I don't know what guidance he got because they've filed a complaint about him, relating to his comments towards the course leader.

BRUCE
Who was?

TOAL
Don't tell me you didn't know it was that 'Oriental' lesbian character?

BRUCE
Of course not.

TOAL bangs the desk, then quickly composes himself.

TOAL
Top brass are insisting on a disciplinary, and he can forget about the promotion. That's a definite no go now.

BRUCE
Well as Fed Rep...

TOAL
Don't even think about defending Gillman!

BRUCE
I'll have to consider my
position on that Bob.

TOAL
(Almost pleading)
Bruce, things are bloody
difficult for me at the moment
with this murder case
nuisance. On top of that
there's not only a latent Nazi
racist homophobe, but a bloody
Jessie-boy in the hat for the
inspector's post!

BRUCE
(defensive)
You referring to Brother
Inglis?

TOAL
Yes I certainly am Brother
Robertson! Look, I'm as
liberal as the next man on the
force, but I understand how
cops think. How can we have
someone of his disposition
leading fellow officers?
Policy or no bloody policy!!

BRUCE
You have to be careful what
you say here Bob.

TOAL
It'd be a recipe for disaster.
I'm going to have a word with
Peter, talk him out of
applying for the post.

BRUCE
But Bob...

TOAL
And I don't want any fed rep
or craft led objections!

Silence.

TOAL (CONT'D)
This is a professional matter,
not personal prejudice. I
won't pretend I don't find the
idea of men doing that to each
other totally disgusting, but
that's by the way.

BRUCE
I still don't see what....

TOAL
Come on Bruce! How could you
have confidence in a man who
was constantly undressing you
with his eyes, masturbating
over images of you. It'd just
be a compromise.

BRUCE
Surely that's a bit caveman!?
The force in some parts of the
country even advertise in the
gay press now!

TOAL bangs the desk and stands up.

TOAL
This isn't some parts of the
country! This is Scotland by
Christ!!!

A beat as TOAL composes himself and sits.

TOAL (CONT'D)
I know you feel you have to be
seen as playing fair, so I
appreciate your integrity. But
I'm telling you, Inglis and
Gillman are yesterday's news!

BRUCE gives a 'regrettable' nod.

TOAL (CONT'D)
I take it you've briefed Amanda
on the murder case, as we
discussed, before you head off on
your cycling adventure in
'Deutschland'?

BRUCE
(hint of irony)
But of course brother.

BRUCE starts to leave.

TOAL
Enjoy your trip Robbo. And let's
just keep the conversation about
Peter to ourselves eh?

BRUCE turns, smiles, and zips up his mouth.

90 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

90

A plane takes off.

91 INT. AEROPLANE - DAY

91

In front of BRUCE and BLADESEY sit TWO ASIAN
BUSINESSMEN, and in the row behind, a POMPOUS MAN with
his POMPOUS WIFE. An AIR STEWARD moves up the aisle
serving drinks.

BLADESEY
(whispering)
.....but heterosexual anal
sex need not actually imply an
attitude of misogyny. It's
just a value free activity
between consenting parties.

BRUCE is drinking. BLADESEY looks around discreetly.

BLADESEY (CONT'D)
Yes there's a cultural
misogynistic baggage
associated with it, as in some
rap lyrics for example, but
it's essentially neutral. I
read in one of Bunty's
magazines that twenty per cent
of heterosexual couples enjoy
anal sex, while only fifty per
cent of homosexual couples do!

BRUCE finishes his drink then stares back in disbelief.

BRUCE
(too loud)
Eh? You tellin' me Brother
Blades that half the poofs
going around don't do each
other up the arse? That sounds
like a load of shite to me!

BLADESEY panics, whispering.

BLADESEY
Shhhhhh Bruce. I'm only telling
you what the article said!

BRUCE
(as loud as before)
And I'll tell you something
else pal. All that gangsta rap
shite about these "nigga's"
screwing birds and blowing
pigs away is bollocks aswell.
Just wishful thinking I say.

BLADESEY
The empowering fantasies of
the dispossessed you mean?

BRUCE
If you're a real gangster the
last thing you do is hang
about in a recording studio!
Did Al Capone waste his time
with a load of wankers playing
bongo drums and guitars? Did
he fuck! As for all that
"shaggin' ho's" they're
supposed to be doing...I heard
somewhere that white birds are
ten times more likely to give
blow jobs than black ones!

BLADESEY
Unless of course it's white
women who they are referring
to, who are actually
performing the falatio.

BRUCE
(snaps ferociously)
Only a white bird who's not
right in the head would even
consider going with one of
them anyway!!!

BLADESEY
(recoils)
But you've err....enjoyed
relations with women from
different racial backgrounds.
Right Bruce?

BRUCE gestures to the AIR STEWARD for another whisky.

BRUCE
(calming down)
It would be true to say I've
slept with women of various
colours and nationalities
Clifford, yes. That's
different though; we're
talking about the unalienable
right of the Scotsman abroad:
to shag all sorts of hoors up
the arsehole! I come from a
dispersed race Brother.

BRUCE raises his glass.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Slainte, Bladesey boy!

POMPOUS MAN leans forward looking really annoyed.

POMPOUS MAN
(American)
Do you mind?

POMPOUS WIFE grabs his arm nervously.

POMPOUS WIFE
It's okay dear.

BRUCE turns to POMPOUS MAN with a hint of aggression.

BRUCE
Say again pal?

POMPOUS MAN
(confident)
If you must talk such filth,
I'd appreciate it if you
lowered your voice. There's
women and children on this
plane too, you know.

BRUCE
(calm but menacing)
You asking me, or telling me?

POMPOUS MAN'S WIFE grabs his arm tighter

POMPOUS WIFE
Just leave it dear.

BLADESEY
Bruce I actually think....

BRUCE
(very slowly)
You asking me, or telling me?

POMPOUS MAN
(becoming nervous)
I'm asking politely but...

BRUCE
Fine! Sorry for any offence.
Just as long as you're asking.

EVERYONE resumes original positions.

POMPOUS WIFE
(angry at POMPOUS MAN)
Don't do this to me again! Why do
you always do this to me!

BLADESEY
(nervously to BRUCE)
It's OK, just try to be calm.

92 INT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT, FLIGHT CONNECTION LOUNGE - DAY 92

BRUCE drinks beer. BLADESEY eats mussels. TWO ASIAN
BUSINESSMEN (sat on the plane) are at the next table.
POMPOUS MAN approaches the gents toilet. BRUCE stands.

BLADESEY
Bruce! No! Forget about it!

BRUCE
Relax, Brother Blades!

BRUCE follows POMPOUS MAN into the toilets.

93 INT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT, GENTS TOILET - DAY 93

POMPOUS MAN finishes at the urinal. He turns, shocked to
find BRUCE standing behind.

POMPOUS MAN
Look you...if you want trouble,
I'll have you know I'm a....

BRUCE
I can assure you Sir, the last
thing I want is trouble.

BRUCE quickly shows his Police ID.

POMPOUS MAN
(nervous)
Have I done something wrong?
You must have made a mistake,
I'm just here with my wife and
we're about to celebrate our
10th wedding anniver.....

BRUCE
Sir, I'm torn between ringing
your neck and shaking your
hand. Shaking your hand
because like you I'm a family
man and would be utterly
sickened at the kind of
language I was using. Wringing
your neck because you may just
have blown my cover on a child
pornography case I've been
working on with my German
colleagues.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

My foul language was an attempt to draw those two Asian gentlemen, who I've been investigating for the last two years, into a fully blown conversation!

POMPOUS MAN
I'm...so sorry. I had no idea
that was the case! Oh my god,
I feel such an idiot.

BRUCE
You haven't really helped, it
has to be said Sir.

POMPOUS MAN
Is there anything I can do to
make things better? Please!!

BRUCE
Unfortunately Sir it would be
very unprofessional of me. I
couldn't. You weren't to know.

POMPOUS MAN
Honestly, I'll do anything!!

BRUCE
Well, there just might be one
way you can redeem yourself.

POMPOUS MAN
Please Detective, I'm begging
you! Just give me a chance!

BRUCE looks around then beckons POMPOUS MAN towards him.

BRUCE
(Top Secret info style)
Sir, this is high risk. What
happened on the plane made me
the centre of their attention.
What has to take place now is
another altercation of some
sorts. I'm asking you to go
into that lounge and call them
for everything. Tell the whole
world what they really are.
They'll be ruffled and looking
for friends, and that's where
I'll come to the rescue. Have
you got the balls for it Sir?

POMPOUS MAN takes a deep breath and marches to the door.

POMPOUS MAN
Oh, don't you worry officer. I
have the balls for it alright!

POMPOUS MAN strides past an open mouthed BLADESEY. BRUCE
follows behind, casually. POMPOUS MAN approaches the
ASIAN BUSINESSMEN, slamming his fists on their table.
Glasses and documents fly everywhere. They recoil.

POMPOUS MAN
How's business then?

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN 1
Pardon!!?

POMPOUS MAN plays to the audience of PASSENGERS.

POMPOUS MAN
(louder)
I said. How's business going
you filthy pair of animals!?
How is it? I know your game!

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN 2
What!? What d'you mean!?

POMPOUS MAN
I know what you dirty bastards
are up to!

POMPOUS WIFE rushes over.

POMPOUS WIFE
Darling! What the hell are you
doing!?

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN 1
Who is this man!!?

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN 2
We're on business! I don't
know what he's talking about!

POMPOUS MAN
But tell everyone what kind of
business you deal in. YOU SICK
CHILD PORNOGRAPHER BASTARDS!

POMPOUS MAN grabs them. BELGIAN POLICE run over, pushing
POMPOUS MAN to the ground, handcuffing him.

POMPOUS WIFE
(hysterical)
Archibald! What's going on?

POMPOUS MAN frantically motions towards BRUCE.

POMPOUS MAN
He'll confirm everything. He's
a police officer!

EVERYONE looks to BRUCE for confirmation. Silence. BRUCE
shrugs and turns to the ASIAN BUSINESSMEN

BRUCE
I'm sorry. I've no idea what
he's on about. The guy's
obviously mad. He started on
me on the plane aswell.

As the BELGIAN POLICE escort POMPOUS MAN off. POMPOUS
WIFE frantically tried to drag him back the other way.

POMPOUS WIFE
(screaming)
Get your hands off him you Belgium
bastards. HE'S AN AMERICAN
CITIZEN.

TANNOY ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(in French then in
English)
*Flight 069 to Hamburg is ready
for boarding. Passengers
please proceed to gate 4.*

BRUCE downs his drink.

BRUCE
No time to lose Brother
Blades. The 'hooring express'
is about to leave the station.

As they walk off, BRUCE puts his arm round BLADESEY.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You know something Bladesey
boy? There's some real fuckin'
psycho's out there pal!

- 95 EXT. TOWN HALL SQUARE, HAMBURG - DAY 95
Music - 'You're all that matters' by Curtis Stigers.
BRUCE and BLADESEY (romantic comedy style) walk happily
around the tourist spots.
- 96 EXT. CANAL SIDE CAFE, HAMBURG - DAY 96
BRUCE has been drinking heavily. He taunts BLADESEY.
- 97 INT. BLADESEY HOTEL ROOM, HAMBURG - NIGHT 97
BLADESEY is sleeping, fully clothed and still wearing
his specs. BRUCE enters and carefully tucks BLADESEY
under the covers and removes his specs, quite motherly.
- 98 EXT. CANAL BRIDGE, HAMBURG - NIGHT 98
BRUCE crushes the specs and throws them in a canal.
- 99 INT. MARITIME MUSEUM, HAMBURG - DAY 99
BRUCE leads the spectacle-less BLADESEY up to a model ship.
BLADESEY puts his hands all over it to help him 'see it'. A
MUSEUM SECURITY GUARD rushes over and stops him.
- 100 EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT, HAMBURG - DAY 100
BRUCE guides BLADESEY past lots of BEAUTIFUL HOOKERS.
- 101 INT. BROTHEL, HAMBURG - DAY 101
BRUCE escorts BLADESEY to an OLD OBESE BLACK PROSTITUTE
then leaves with a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BLACK HOOKER.
- 102 EXT. PHONE-BOOTH, RED LIGHT DISTRICT, HAMBURG - DAY 102
BRUCE crank calls BUNTY.

- 103 INT. THE LEGS BAR, HAMBURG - NIGHT 103
BRUCE spikes an un-sighted BLADESEY with ecstasy tabs.
- 104 INT. BLADESEY'S HOTEL ROOM, HAMBURG - NIGHT 104
BLADESEY freaks out, but his wails turn into the shrieking sounds of a BA BA BLACK SHEEP bleating. BRUCE starts to have an anxiety attack and runs out.
- 105 EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT, HAMBURG - NIGHT 105
BRUCE stumbles around bumping into PIMPS and DRUG DEALERS. He falls over and looks up to see a STUNNING HOOKER standing over him suggestively, but she suddenly turns into CAROLE. BRUCE panics and quickly staggers off.
- 106 INT. BRUCE'S HOTEL ROOM, HAMBURG - NIGHT 106
BRUCE sits on his bed, totally freaked out. We hear the sound of someone crying, which makes him jump. He looks around but there's nobody there, until we reveal his reflection in the mirror. But its LITTLE PIG who stares back, weeping uncontrollably.
- 107 INT. AEROPLANE - DAY 107
BRUCE and BLADESEY sit in wide eyed paranoid silence.
- 108 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY 108
Their plane has a skiddy (symbolic) landing.
- 109 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 109
BRUCE tries to hide his severe comedown. His phone rings. He jumps nervously then answers.

 BRUCE
 (shakily hungover)
 Be right in, just give me a
 minute.
- 110 INT. TOILET CUBICLE, POLICE STATION - DAY 110
BRUCE sniffs a huge line of coke then suddenly sees a new slogan written on the cubicle, '*Half Man, Half Spastic, Zero Cop, Robbo Cop*'. BRUCE punches the wall repeatedly.
- 111 INT. TOAL'S OFFICE - DAY 111
BRUCE enters. TOAL (who has new bouffant hair, replacing the old brylcream) waits with a smug looking DRUMMOND.

TOAL
(awkwardly)
As you obviously know Bruce,
Amanda took the lead role on
the murder investigation in
your absence. I've decided
after some deliberation that I
want this to remain the case.

BRUCE
You've got to be joking!!

DRUMMOND
I beg your pardon!

TOAL
I expect you to give her your
full co-operation. Since
you've been away the media
have taken an interest again.
Press relations is exactly the
kind of area that Amanda here
is strong in.

Silence and a satirical look from our hero.

TOAL (CONT'D)
Amanda can you please brief
Bruce on the latest movements.

DRUMMOND
Yes Bob, well Bruce the...

BRUCE
Look, Gus has already filled
me in, so there's no need.

TOAL
Gus isn't on the ball Bruce!

Silence. BRUCE folds his arms, defensively.

BRUCE
OK Mandy, I'm all ears.

DRUMMOND
(sarcastic)
Nice 'cycling trip' Bruce?

He nods arrogantly.

DRUMMOND (CONT'D)
Hamburg wasn't it?

BRUCE
Indeed. Germany's such a civilised
country. A really relaxing place.
You can jump on your bike for an
hour or two, or just sit quietly in
a cafe and watch the world go by.

DRUMMOND
(cutting)
Hasn't Hamburg got it's fair
share of drug and vice
problems though?

BRUCE
That's the downside. Its far
too liberal, so sometimes
attracts a certain scummy
element. Anyway, enough idle
banter, what about the case.

DRUMMOND is furious. TOAL motions for her to continue.

DRUMMOND
Well for a start Gorman and...

Close up on DRUMMOND as her speech fades.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Drummond starts rabbiting on a
load of shite, which however
you dress it up amounts to
fuck all has happened since I
was away. Just as I guessed.

DRUMMOND
So what we have to do is pull
in Gorman for questioning.

BRUCE
I don't think that would be
the way to play it Mandy. He's
a hardened criminal, and with
a lawyer like Conrad Donaldson
behind him....well, who knows.

TOAL
(awkwardly)
I have to say I kind of agree
with Bruce, Amanda. These are
crafty bastards we're dealing
with. We need hard evidence.

112 OMITTED

112

113 INT. STAIRCASE LANDING, POLICE STATION - DAY

113

BRUCE marches out, pursued by DRUMMOND.

DRUMMOND
Bruce can I have a word!

He quickens his pace.

BRUCE
Certainly sweetheart.

DRUMMOND runs in front of BRUCE forcing him to stop.

DRUMMOND
Do you have to refer to me in that
condescending way?

BRUCE
C'mon Mandy, you're being far
too uptight.

DRUMMOND
My name's Amanda!

BRUCE
Just trying to be friendly.

DRUMMOND
Bruce you're an experienced
Detective, but you'll have to
relate better to female
officers if you're serious
about this Inspectorship!

BRUCE
(enraged)
Suppose you reckon you've got
a chance of being promoted...

INGLIS (O.S.)
Someone here to see you Bruce.

BRUCE turns to find INGLIS standing with MARY and her
son EUAN (7).

BRUCE
(flustered)
Right, errrr, I'll take it
from here.
(to Drummond)
We'll continue this later.

DRUMMOND storms off. INGLIS hovers awkwardly.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(snaps)
Bit of privacy would be nice.

INGLIS quickly leaves. MARY smiles at her hero.

MARY
I came last week but they said
you were on holiday. I wanted
to thank you personally for
everything you did for Colin.

BRUCE
(genuine)
I'm sorry I couldn't have done
more.

MARY bends down to EUAN.

MARY
This is the man who tried to
save your Daddy.

EUAN smiles up at BRUCE who ruffles EUAN'S hair gently.

MARY (CONT'D)
He helped when the others just
stood back and gawped.
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
 He's a fine man son. I'd like
 you to be like him when you
 grow up.

MARY pulls a maroon and white scarf out of her bag.

MARY (CONT'D)
 They said it was your favourite
 team's colours, so I knitted it
 especially. Just wanted to say
 Merry Christmas.

As MARY carefully places it around BRUCE'S neck (like a medal) they exchange a look of needy companionship.

MARY (CONT'D)
 Well, we best be off. Say bye to
 the Detective, Euan.

EUAN
 Bye, bye.

MARY and EUAN start to leave.

BRUCE
 Wait.

BRUCE scribbles on some paper and hands it to MARY.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 My personal contact details. Just
 in case you ever need help in any
 way.

MARY looks at the address and phone number on the paper then smiles briefly before leaving with EUAN.

BRUCE'S gaze follows them as they walk downstairs. Its a genuine moment of humanity.

114 OMITTED 114

115 INT. LENNOX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 115

BRUCE hoovers up a line of coke. He and LENNOX (both wired) sit on a new *Mae West red lips sofa*. BRUCE starts to roll a joint. *

BRUCE
 Y'know what Drummond said to
 me?

LENNOX snorts a line then shakes his head vigorously.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (mocks Drummond)
 "Craft connections can only
 get you so far in the
 promotion race Bruce".

LENNOX
(nervous laugh)
How can you take that silly wee
lassie seriously eh Brother!?

BRUCE grins at LENNOX, (thinking the same thing about him).

BRUCE
Anyway, I just laughed in her
face then fucked off. These young
ones, eh Ray?

LENNOX forces a smile. A long uncomfortable silence.

LENNOX
(nervous)
Listen Robbo I've got
something to tell you.

BRUCE lights the joint.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Don't want you getting the
wrong idea, that's why I'm
letting you know first.

BRUCE motions for him to continue.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
I want to get on in the
department right, but I've not
enough experience yet, eh?

BRUCE tenses up in suspicion and his nostrils flare.

BRUCE
I don't know Ray. It's how
good you are that counts.

LENNOX
You reckon? I even thought of
applying for the Inspector's
job. I know I've got no
chance, but it might be an
idea to get some practise with
the selection procedures. What
d'you think?

BRUCE grips the sofa and his knuckles whiten.

BRUCE
Don't see why not Ray, can't
do you any harm mate.

LENNOX
That's what I'd hoped you'd
say. Can't do any harm flying
a kite up, just so they know
who Ray Lennox is, eh?

BRUCE takes a drag and blows smoke in LENNOX'S face.

BRUCE
Not a bad idea. Just puts a
marker up for the future.

LENNOX bends down to snort. BRUCE deliberately burns a hole in the new sofa, then covers it with a cushion.

LENNOX
This is the last of the sniff we stole from that bust the other week. Bastards would have felt a hell of a lot worse if they'd snorted this shite, than paying the pishy little two hundred quid first offence fine. Two hundred quid, what a joke! Somebody wants to teach that Conrad fuckin' Donaldson a lesson.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

BRUCE
(menacing)
He's not the only one that needs taught a lesson.

Awkward silence.

LENNOX
What d'you mean?

BRUCE
I'm just saying you've got to watch some sly bastards.

LENNOX
Like who?

BRUCE
Gus.

LENNOX
(surprised)
Gus Bain?

BRUCE
You should especially Ray.

LENNOX
Who Gus!? He's always been alright with me.

BRUCE
Let's just say he's taking quite an interest in the extra curricular activities of a certain Detective Lennox. Just watch what you say about Bonnie Prince Charlie here when Gus Bain's around.

*
*

LENNOX
(panics)
Right. Appreciated Robbo. I never say anything about the ching to anybody, but I'll watch what I say in front of that sly old grasser now.

BRUCE takes a huge snort of cocaine. He lifts his head and the white flakes drip from his nose in slow motion.

*

115A INT. BURLESQUE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

115A

A room full of FLAMBOYANT CHARACTERS. CAROLE is dressed as a Courtesan. Two TRANSVETITE SANTA'S stare at her lustfully. STILTED PERFORMERS loom from above. She turns to US.

CAROLE
When I make-up my eyes, I always
feel a stirring through my body.
It's true what they say; the eyes
are the gateway to the soul, and my
soul is a very sexual one. Bruce
taught me that. I must look divine,
especially in the middle of this
bunch of freaks. They all fancy
Carole Robertson see. Well you can
look but you can't touch.

CAROLE is lifted onto a throne by TWO MUSCLE-MEN

The MUSCLE-MEN carry CAROLE through the FLAMBOYANT CHARACTERS who part in her wake.

CAROLE (CONT'D)
There's only one person that can
have me, although if he really
wants me he'll have to get that
promotion. Time waits for no man!

The last of the FLAMBOYANT CHARACTERS part to reveal FOUR EGYPTIAN DRESSED DWARFS who open a stage curtain for CAROLE to enter.

116 INT. TOILET CUBICLE, POLICE STATION - MORNING

116

BRUCE is shaking as he opens a wrap of cocaine. He glances down into the toilet bowl but it is full of coal. He snorts the coke quickly and leaves.

117 INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

117

BRUCE sits in paranoid silence. GUS enters, unseen.

GILLMAN stumbles in, paralytically drunk.

*

GILLMAN
(slurred)
Fuckin' bitch has left me.
Christmas fuckin' day and she
leaves me.

*
*
*
*
*

GILLMAN walks towards his desk but trips over a bin and crashes to the floor. BRUCE spitefully ignores him.

*
*

GUS enters, unseen by BRUCE.

*

GUS
(booms!)
MERRY CHRISTMAS ROBBO!

BRUCE turns to see GUS has changed into DUMBO THE ELEPHANT.

*

BRUCE
(jumps nervously)
Aye, same to you.....Gus.

GUS changes back and slaps BRUCE heartily on the back. *

GUS
What's your plans then!?

BRUCE
Ehhh?....oh just the usual..
....family stuff and all that.

GUS
Me too! Edith's cooking a big
turkey. She's got her.....

GUS sees GILLMAN on the floor. *

GUS (CONT'D)
(genuine concern)
You alright Dougie!?

GILLMAN
(incoherent)
Fuck off, ya big cocked bastard! *

GUS
(taken aback)
There's no need for that kind of
behaviour on a festive morning. *

A beat before he turns to back to face BRUCE. *

GUS (CONT'D)
Anyway Robbo, I thought I'd get out
from under everybody's feet at home
until the dinner's ready. Make a
wee bit extra pocket money while
I'm at it. Double time and all
that. *

BRUCE eyes GUS with pure jealousy and takes aim. *

BRUCE
(considered)
What do you think of young Lennox
puttin' his name forward for the
job Gus? *

GUS
I can see his point Bruce. Just
marks his card for the future. He's
way too young to get the job anyway
so there's no real threat for the
likes of us. *

BRUCE
Thought that you'd be more fucked
off than anyone?

A blank look in return.

GUS
Why's that then? *

BRUCE

Well it was either me, you or Drummond. Forget Inglis. There's no way they'll gamble on a pansy. And as for Adolf McDrunken Disorderly there (points to GILLMAN) well, he's finished.

*
*

*
*

GUS nods, but the penny still hasn't dropped.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

So when Lennox goes and throws his hat in the ring what do the board do? It was hard enough with a choice of three, let alone a choice of four! Standard tactic is to take the oldest and youngest out of the game. I should be thanking the sly wee bastard really, he's just knocked himself, and the favourite....
(points to Gus)
.....out of the race!

*

GUS

(reality strikes)
You're fuckin' joking Robbo!(beat)
What am I going to tell Edith!?
She's already spent most of the extra money I was counting on getting with this promotion!

*
*
*
*
*
*

BRUCE puts a comforting hand on GUS' shoulder.

BRUCE

I'm sure you'll still be fine. Wee bit of competition will sharpen up your game eh?.

GUS

(unconvincing)
Aye, suppose you're right Robbo.

*

GUS stands up to leave.

GUS (CONT'D)

(really worried)
I better cheer up and get back to the Grandchildren. Don't want to ruin their Christmas too, eh?

*

BRUCE nods 'sincerely'.

*

BRUCE

Aye that would be a real shame.

GUS leaves and BRUCE turns to US (like fuck it would).

*

119 OMITTED

119

120 INT. BRUCE'S HALLWAY - DAY

120

A disheveled BRUCE leads a distraught BLADESEY down the hall.

 BRUCE
What brings you round here then
Brother? Thought you'd be with the
Mrs over the Christmas?

 BLADESEY
Just on my way down to Newmarket to
see my mother who's really unwell.
Bunty's not best pleased because
this creep still keeps phoning her.

 BRUCE
Seems harsh. You never get to see
your old dear.

 BLADESEY
I'm sure she just wants to feel
secure and safe.

They enter the living room.

121 INT. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

121

BRUCE who rubs BLADESEY'S head patronisingly.

 BRUCE
A wee drink to cheer you up?

 BLADESEY
Shouldn't really if I'm
driving.

 BRUCE
Stay over here! Go tomorrow!

 BLADESEY
Won't your wife mind?

A beat.

 BRUCE
She's at her mum's....in
Aviemore. The old girl's on
her last legs. Heart disease.

 BLADESEY
Oh dear, I'm sorry to hear...

 BRUCE
Brought it on herself, daft
bint. The amount of sweets,
chocolate, fags and booze.....

BRUCE disappears into the kitchen.

122 INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN - DAY

122

BRUCE opens a cupboard, removing two whisky bottles.

 BLADESEY (O.C.)
What about your daughter though?

BRUCE thumps the table hard, then quickly composes himself.

 BRUCE
Enough of that family stuff. Come
on, a wee drink. Merry Christmas
and all that shite. I've a cheeky
wee Single Malt through here.

BRUCE pours expensive whisky for himself and a cheap one
for BLADESEY.

 BLADESEY (O.S.)
Suppose one between friends
wouldn't hurt.

BRUCE opens a drawer and sees a pile of coal dust. He
steps back in shock then composes himself. He
approaches the drawer again but the coal dust has gone.
He removes the *mini tape recorder he took off the*
Journalist.

123 INT. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

123

BRUCE and BLADESEY are now drunk, watching a nature doc.
BRUCE slyly looks at his watch and changes the channel.
The Frank Sidebottom show is just starting.

 BRUCE
You ever seen this?

 BLADESEY
Bunty's not a big fan of the
television. We prefer to read.

 BRUCE
(intentional bad impression)
Manchesta! Manchesta!

BLADESEY laughs.

 BRUCE (CONT'D)
Come on then. You try it.

 BLADESEY
(shy)
No really Bruce I'm not....

 BRUCE
Come on Bladesey! Don't be a
spoil sport!

Cut between BLADESEY and FRANK SIDEBOTTOM. BRUCE presses
record on the mini tape recorder (unknown to BLADESEY).

BLADESEY
(perfect impression)
Ladies and Gentleman my name's
Frank Sidebottom!

BRUCE
That's brilliant!

BRUCE starts to laugh until it becomes manic.

124 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING 124

Music - "Save your tears" by Renato and Renee (continues for next five scenes)

Bruce's car speeds along the road.

125 EXT. BLADESEY'S HOUSE - MORNING 125

Bruce's car pulls up abruptly. BRUCE is wide eyed (Henry Hill paranoid).

126 EXT. ROADSIDE REST AREA - MORNING 126

A severely hungover BLADESEY opens his car door and is violently and relentlessly sick.

127 OMITTED 127

128 INT. BLADESEY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING 128

BRUCE surveys the room whilst shivering with the comedown. He picks up an expensive looking paper-weight and pockets it while BUNTY makes them both a drink.

BUNTY

This is a lovely surprise.

BRUCE

(prince charming)

Just checking my best mate's
Mrs was feeling nice and
secure when he was away.

BUNTY

Don't know why you bother with
him. He's weak. Not like you.

BRUCE

Cliff's one of the best I say.

BUNTY sits next to BRUCE.

BUNTY

Wish I had a friend who was as
loyal as you. Must be this
Masonic lodge thing?

BRUCE

That's just a bunch of silly
wee laddies really.

BUNTY takes his (shaky) hand, and stares into his eyes.

BUNTY
You're not a silly wee laddie
though are you Bruce?

BRUCE
(shy guy)
I just go to get a break from
the job really.

BUNTY
Must see some terrible things
in your line of work.

BRUCE
You just deal with it. Like
you do Bunty, with this creep
that keeps bothering you. It
doesn't seem to get to you.

BUNTY
That's what I try and make him
think, but it hurts terribly.

BRUCE wipes his brow shakily.

BUNTY (CONT'D)
I just wish Clifford could be
as strong as you.

Silence, then BUNTY kisses him. BRUCE stands abruptly.

BRUCE
(an Oscar performance)
No! This is wrong!

He approaches the window and is sweating heavily. BUNTY
approaches him from behind.

BUNTY
No! Its so right.

BUNTY spins BRUCE round and kisses him passionately.

129 INT. BLADESEY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

129

BUNTY is on top and bouncing hard. BRUCE looks quite
unwell. BUNTY suddenly starts clucking and transforms
into MOTHER HEN.

BRUCE
(freaking out)
Nooooooooo!!!!!!

He pushes MOTHER HEN off and hides his face behind a
sofa cushion.

BUNTY
What's wrong!?

BRUCE is gasping for air, but frightened to look.

BRUCE
It's just, It's just....

BUNTY
It's just what?

BRUCE
It's just.....I think Cliff
is your phantom phone caller.

BUNTY
Don't be ridiculous!

BRUCE slowly removes the pillow from his face and opens his eyes. MOTHER HEN has changed back to BUNTY.

BRUCE
Has he ever been here when
you've had the calls?

An awkward silence.

BUNTY
No.

BRUCE
In that case there's something
you should listen to.

BRUCE reveals the *mini tape recorder*. BLADESEY'S voice is heard doing the impression. BUNTY looks shocked.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You need to tell the police
that you recorded it secretly.

BUNTY
(confused)
But shouldn't you tell th....

BRUCE puts his shaky finger to her lips.

BRUCE
We can't risk exposing this
beautiful love affair Bundy.

He presses his lips to hers and they close their eyes.

130 INT. DR ROSSI'S SURGERY - DAY

130

Music - Beethoven's 5th

BRUCE enters, his eyes widen. DR ROSSI has fully metamorphosed into the TAPEWORM. The room is VERY dirty.

DR ROSSI
(beckoning)
Ah Bruce, ehfff?

BRUCE approaches warily.

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
Or would you like me to call
you by your little brother's
name.....Davie, yeeees?

BRUCE stops, shocked.

DR ROSSI (CONT'D)
 Baby brothers Bruce, such a
 nuisance ehhhh? But you were
 supposed to look out for
 little Davie brother yeees?

DR ROSSI points to the corner where there is a huge pile of
 coal.

BRUCE
 No, but I..

DR ROSSI
 It was your idea to steal the coal
 though Bruce, yeeees?

BRUCE
 No that was his...

DR ROSSI
 The added incentive of trying to
 please your father Bruce. "Let's
 climb the coal mountain" you said,
 yeeees?

BRUCE
 No, it was Davie who wanted.....

DR ROSSI
 Who charged up first? Who followed?
 Doesn't really matter Bruce. Just
 little boys playing ehhhh?

BRUCE
 (pleads)
 It was just a game Doctor!

DR ROSSI
 Yes, the games Bruce, the games.
 Same rules apply though!
 (sings menacingly)
*I'm the king of the castle, and
 you're a dirty rascal.*
 (beat)
 Then you pushed him off.

BRUCE
 No I didn.....

DR ROSSI
 Not an angry push, not on purpose.
 Just a brotherly shove. Brotherly
 love, brotherly shove. Because wee
 Davie was better at everything than
 his big brother, 'the other
 laddie'. That's what they used to
 say in the village. Davie Robertson
 and 'the other laddie'. Even away
 from the glare of the rest of the
 children and adults, he still beat
 you to the top. You're still just
 'the other laddie' aren't you
 ehhhh?

BRUCE
 Fuck off!

DR ROSSI

(mocks)
"Fuck off" you shout as you push
him down the slag pile. He's at the
bottom screaming for help. The
elation as the dirty black stuff
rushes down, trapping your brother
underneath.

BRUCE

No, I tried to save him Doctor!!

DR ROSSI

Then the man you called father,
crouching beside his real son's
body.

(points at BRUCE)
THIS THING KILLED HIM. THIS BASTARD
SPAWN OF THE DEVIL KILLED MY
LADDIE! YOU'RE NO SON OF MINE.
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN MY SON! YOU ARE
FILLLLLLLLLLLTH!

BRUCE puts his hands over his ears.

BRUCE

(screams)
NO!!!!

131 INT. TOILET CUBICLE, POLICE STATION - DAY

131

BRUCE sits on the toilet shivering and dazed. The cubicle
door is wide open.

BRUCE

(muffled groan)
No!!!

DRUMMOND (O.C.)

What you doing in the women's
toilets!

BRUCE is jolted out of his haze.

BRUCE

Eh?

He looks up to find a confident DRUMMOND looking down at him.

DRUMMOND

You OK, Bruce?

132 INT. STAIRWELL, POLICE STATION - DAY

132

BRUCE and DRUMMOND descend the stairs together.

DRUMMOND

(genuine concern)
You sure you're feeling alright?

BRUCE

(unconvincing)
I'm fine.

BRUCE is sweating heavily. He wipes his brow.

DRUMMOND

Look, you can say its none of my business.

BRUCE

(snaps)

I'm fine....honest.

(cools)

I've just been having a hard time lately.

DRUMMOND

If you want to talk about it..

BRUCE

Don't give me that human resources concern for a colleague crap.

DRUMMOND

I'm just worried about you.

BRUCE

(smirks)

Is that all?

DRUMMOND stops.

DRUMMOND

What!? Don't flatter yourself. I think you're a silly wee man and I've no interest in you, other than us having to work together.

BRUCE continues walking and DRUMMOND follows.

BRUCE

You fancy me. That's all there is to it. It's fuckin obvious.

DRUMMOND

You're pathetic. An alcoholic, and God only knows what else. You're the kind of sad case that preys on weak stupid women, in order to boost your own shattered ego. Look at you, you're a mess pal. You've gone seriously wrong somewhere along the line.

BRUCE stops.

BRUCE

(aghast)

What the...

DRUMMOND

You were well out of order with Karen at the Christmas party. She was on a real low and you took advantage.

BRUCE moves off again and DRUMMOND follows.

BRUCE

Whatever happened to consenting adults eh?

DRUMMOND

You think if she'd been sober she'd have consented?

BRUCE

Well she shouldn't have drunk then. You going to try and stop people from doing that now too? She wanted a drink, so she had one. Then she wanted a ride, so she had one of them aswell. Don't talk to me like I'm a fuckin' rapist. Why all this interest in her anyway? You jealous of me?

DRUMMOND

Oh my god! I'm not a bloody lesbian Bruce before you start. I've got a boyfriend, who's far better looking, intelligent, sensitive, stronger and younger than you. Oh, and far more well endowed than you Mr photocopier enlargement! I certainly don't fancy Karen, but I fancy you even less. You repulse me. Can I make it any fuckin' plainer?

BRUCE backs up against the bannister in shock.

BRUCE

(whimpers)

This isn't..this isn't. I'm not like that..I'm not really.

DRUMMOND

Because you're my colleague and a human being, I'm going to tell you this. You need to get yourself sorted out and then you just might become the kind of person you imagine yourself to be. Although Christ knows what that is.

BRUCE sees DRUMMOND has changed into WICKED WITCH.

DRUMMOND (CONT'D)

(authoritatively)

You've a wife and daughter haven't you?

BRUCE

No...they... left me.

WICKED WITCH cackles menacingly.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(distraught)

I used to be good at this job you know. I used to be a good person!

DRUMMOND

(laughs)

Oh yes, I heard!

BRUCE
There's something wrong with me!
Something seriously wrong!!

BRUCE closes his eyes and when he opens them WICKED WITCH has changed back to a concerned DRUMMOND.

DRUMMOND
Have you been to see a doctor?

BRUCE
No...errr...I don't think so.

BRUCE starts to run downstairs.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
It's time to pull in Gorman.....

DRUMMOND runs after him.

DRUMMOND
No! You'll blow all the
surveillance and ruin this case!
And besides, I really don't think
you're fit for police work at
the.....

BRUCE stops and turns.

BRUCE
(sneers)
I'm heading up this investigation
and don't you ever forget that!

DRUMMOND grabs his arm.

DRUMMOND
(sneers back)
I think you'll remember that Toal
put me in charge after your little
sleaze trip to Germany!

BRUCE
(Roars)
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! GET ON WITH
YOUR JOB DRUMMOND AND STOP PLAYING
THE AMATEUR PSYCHOLOGIST YOU EVIL
WITCH!

DRUMMOND releases him and is really shaken. BRUCE runs out the door.

133 EXT. EDINBURGH STREET - DAY

133

BRUCE'S car speeds along the road.

134 INT. SOUTH SIDE POLICE STATION - DAY

134

BRUCE marches up to a desk where UNIFORMED POLICEMAN is doing nothing useful behind protective glass. There is a microphone system for communication between the glazing.

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN
(cheery)
Alright Robbo, what brings you
down this neck of the woods?

BRUCE
(anxiously)
You holding someone by the
name of Clifford Blades?

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN
Aye! Surprised to see a guy in
the craft up to no good like
that. You know him then Robbo?

BRUCE
Think I might have met him a
couple of times. Is he here?

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN
Did you ever get the
impression he was a pervert
though? Came as a real shock
to me and some of the boys
down the lodge.

BRUCE smashes his fist on the table impatiently.

BRUCE
(trying to hide his
mania)
I've been polis longer than I
care to remember and I have to
admit, I had no idea. I can
see now that this was how he
was gettin' his kicks,
enjoying the element of risk
and wanking all over the likes
of us in The Craft.

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN
Don't give yourself a hard
time Robbo. Sometimes we get
blind spots with people.

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN hands BRUCE keys through the hatch.

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Cell 14.

135 INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

135

The door opens. BLADESEY smiles as his hero enters, but
he stops when he sees BRUCE'S ferocious expression.

BLADESEY
What's wrong Bruce?

BRUCE raises his fist, BLADESEY cowers.

BRUCE
You piss takin' little fart.
You fuckin' strung me along
from the start.

BLADESEY
It wasn't me! You have to
believe it wasn't me Bruce!

BRUCE
(growls)
Don't make me punch your head
through your shoulders and
right out your arse, you
specky little fanny!

BLADESEY cowers in the corner.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Why? Why Cliff? Why did you drag
me into this? I thought we were
mates?

BLADESEY
(sobbing)
I didn't, I didn't, we are
mates Bruce!

BLADESEY sinks to his knees pleading, hands clasped.

BLADESEY (CONT'D)
(sniffling)
I'm your best friend!

A beat.

BLADESEY (CONT'D)
(weakly)
Why d'you bully me Bruce.

Stunned silence.

BRUCE
(flustered)
Whh..wh...what the fu..

BLADESEY (O.S.)
(stronger)
Why do you do it Bruce?

BRUCE'S face goes red and he breathes in deeply.

BRUCE
BECAUSE I CAN'T FUCKIN' HELP
MYSELF, OK!!!

BRUCE punches the wall then turns back to face BLADESEY -
who's turned into BA BA BLACK SHEEP.

BLADESEY
(bleating)
Baa - ruce! Baa - ruce!
(bleats loudly)
BAAAAA-RUCE!!!!

BRUCE screams, as does BLADESEY who has changed back.

136 EXT. BRUCE'S FLAT - DAY

136

Music: "Independent love song" by Scarlett

BRUCE pulls up. CHRISSIE'S waiting in her car. He gets out quickly and She jumps out her car.

 CHRISSIE
 I tried to call you at work.

BRUCE walks past, ignoring her.

 CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
 Bruce, Dougie's in hospital.

 BRUCE
 (nervous and dismissive)
 And?

 CHRISSIE
 He tried to kill himself,
 slash his wrists.

BRUCE pauses, then hurries inside. CHRISSIE follows.

137 INT. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

137

CHRISSIE marches up to BRUCE aggressively.

 CHRISSIE
 He found out about us Bruce.
 He couldn't take the
 humiliation of that and
 getting suspended.

 BRUCE
 (desperate)
 Well its all your fault. Just
 leave me alone.

CHRISSIE surveys the untidy room.

 CHRISSIE
 God, this place stinks!

She shoves her hands down his trousers.

 CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
 C'mon, I want to turn off the
 gas for you.

 BRUCE
 (panics)
 Leave me. Just leave me alone!

 CHRISSIE
 Come on!

 BRUCE
 Stop. Stop it. No!

CHRISSIE pulls two cords out of her bag, wrapping one round her neck, the other round BRUCE'S. She pushes him on the sofa and pulls up her skirt, straddling him.

CHRISSIE
GET FUCKIN' HARD YOU SILLY WEE
POOF! C'MON GET IT IN!

CHRISSIE rides BRUCE while she tightens his cord.
CHRISSIE suddenly turns into SIZE QUEEN.

SIZE QUEEN
TURN OFF MY GAS AND FUCK ME
WITH THAT MOUSE'S COCK!

SIZE QUEEN transforms into GILLMAN, whose face is
deathly white and whose wrists are taped up. GILLMAN
looks like Adolf Hitler and is saluting Nazi style.

GILLMAN
(German accent)
Fuck you Bruce Robertson, Fuck
you Bruce Robertson! FUCK YOU
BRUCE ROBERTSON!

BRUCE passes out.

138 INT. BRUCE'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

138

BRUCE'S curled up on the sofa, sniffing. CHRISSIE leans
back in the armchair, feet up. She lights a cigarette.

CHRISSIE
(confident)
What's wrong, you're cryin'
like a wee laddie? (beat)
You're no fun anymore Bruce,
you know that!

BRUCE
(weakly)
I'm not well.

CHRISSIE
(unsympathetic)
What's wrong with you man!?

BRUCE
I hear voices Chrissie. I see
things all the time. Do you
ever hear them or see them?

CHRISSIE
What you on about?

CHRISSIE starts to gather her things.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
Whatever it is your takin',
you want to lay off it. Life's
cruel Bruce. Life's cruel.

She marches out, leaving our hero a crumpled mess.

- 139 INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 139
- A copy of scene 2, but more realistic. This time the pair of legs going into the stockings are hairy and not sexy.
- 140 EXT. EDINBURGH STREET - NIGHT 140
- Music - *****
- In the distance we see 'CAROLE' from behind, standing kerb side and wearing her distinctive white Christmassy coat. A car pulls up but 'CAROLE' walks off, unsteady in her heels. The car crawls alongside her then stops. Close up of GORMAN and LEXO who jump out.
- GORMAN
(*ironically sincere*) *
- Alright doll? Happy Hogmanay!
- LEXO
- You comin' for a wee ride sweetheart?
- Close up on 'CAROLE', but its BRUCE in drag.* *
- GORMAN *
- Get in the fuckin car! *
- BRUCE freezes and they push him in* *
- 141 INT. GORMAN'S CAR - NIGHT 141
- ESTELLE (from the flower shop) is driving. A *spaced out* *BRUCE* sits between GORMAN and LEXO in the back. *
- ESTELLE
- I knew I'd seen him before. It's the freak from the tunnel! *
- 142 I/E. MONTAGE OF CAROLE/BRUCE SCENES - NIGHT 142
- A quick flash of some of the CAROLE scenes (scenes 3,4,49,50,76A,119) but from a different perspective (See below) and with BRUCE in drag. BRUCE is 'Carole'.
- Scene 4pt - ESTELLE laughs at BRUCE in the tunnel. *
- Scene 49pt - BRUCE puts on a blonde wig in front of the mirror. *
- Scene 76A - BRUCE sits staring out of the car window in silence as PUNTER drives. *
- Scene 115A - BRUCE *wanders around the club as the FLAMBOYANT CHARACTERS stare at him in confusion. He looks in a mirror but a reflection of CAROLE stared back at him.* *

143 INT. GORMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

143

 LEXO
 (whispers to Bruce)
 You're a sick fairy. D'you shag
 guys then?.

GORMAN blows gently into BRUCE'S other ear

 GORMAN
 I'm goin' to fuckin' cripple you.

*

BRUCE
(convinced)
I'm married to a police officer
you know.

*
*
*

LEXO
The wig looks good but you're
still and ugly bastard!

*
*

GORMAN
Any pants you're wearing may
be taken down and used in
evidence against you.

Sneering laughter.

BRUCE
(adamant)
My husband is Detective
Sergeant Bruce Robertson.

*
*
*

GORMAN punches BRUCE in the face.

*

GORMAN
You'd need a bag over this
cunt's head before you'd ride
it.

LEXO
It's a fuckin' guy you poofy
bastard!

GORMAN
I'm not going to shag him am
I! I'll just find something to
stick up him. See how much the
she-man can take.

144 EXT. DISUSED PUB - NIGHT

144

BRUCE is dragged out of the car. ESTELLE drives off.

145 INT. STAIRCASE, DISUSED PUB - NIGHT

145

GORMAN and LEXO drag BRUCE upstairs.

GORMAN
Fuckin' move it, buftie pig.

146 INT. FLAT, DISUSED PUB - NIGHT

146

GORMAN ties BRUCE to a chair and LEXO pulls the bag off
his head. OCKY is there, looking nervous. OCKY kicks
BRUCE in the balls, half heartedly.

GORMAN
We've got to go all the way
with this pig. You know what
that means Ocky?

OCKY
(worried)
Wait a minute, you can't waste a
cop man!

OCKY heads for the door.

OCKY (CONT'D)
I don't want anything to do
with this! You never said you
were going to....

LEXO blocks OCKY.

OCKY (CONT'D)
C'mon stop joking. You can't
kill the guy.

LEXO
You shut your grassin' wee
mouth right!

OCKY
(pleads)
I'm not a fuckin' grass OK!

GORMAN
This prick knows the score. He
saw us do the Gook for fuck's
sake. But dead cunts tell no
tales. We can torch this place
with the pig in it. Or what's
left of him.

LEXO
(sneers)
Smokey bacon man!

GORMAN looks in BRUCE'S handbag, pulling out some coke.

GORMAN
Dirty bastard! You steal this
from the Drug Squad?
(tasting the coke)
Mmmmm fuckin' high grade
aswell. I should've joined the
polis when I had the chance!

BRUCE lurches forward. GORMAN recoils.

BRUCE
(menacing)
Come on, me and you pal. I'd
take any of you shiteing
schemies in a square go!

GORMAN
Right, you die!

LEXO
Just do him then and stop
fuckin' about.

GORMAN
No, I want to play with him a
bit more.
(whispers to BRUCE)
Squeal like a piggy.

GORMAN motions for OCKY and LEXO to leave, then locks
the door. He teases BRUCE with the key then pockets it.

GORMAN (CONT'D)
The key to the house of luuv!

BRUCE (still tied to the chair) **attempts to** run at
GORMAN **but he punches BRUCE** to the floor. GORMAN beats
him severely (in slow motion RAGING BULL style). *

GORMAN eventually pulls a battered BRUCE to his feet.

GORMAN (CONT'D)
I've always hated pigs. Not in
the normal way your average low
life scum like me hates them.
I've always hated them in a
special way. But you're different
sweetheart. I'm going to make an
honest woman of you yet. You
thought you could take me eh? You
sexy wee sick pansy!

GORMAN puts BRUCE's wig back on, then grabs his face.
They kiss passionately. GORMAN'S eyes open wide and he
screams as BRUCE bites his lip hard. BRUCE rushes with
GORMAN towards the window and barges him through it.

BRUCE unties himself from the chair and tries to get out
but he's locked in.

BRUCE
WHO'S FUCKIN' NEXT?. WE'RE THE
EDINBURGH POLIS, AND WE KILL
SCHEMIE BASTARDS!!!

Silence. Then screams from outside. BRUCE runs to the
window, looks out to see LEXO and OCKY freaking out over
a dead GORMAN (impaled on railings).

BRUCE (CONT'D)
YOU DIE! YOU GET THE SAME AS
THAT. A SCHEMIE FUCKIN' KEBAB!

LEXO and OCKY run off. A wild looking BRUCE moves to the
other side of the room. He takes a deep breath before he
runs and jumps out the smashed window.

147 EXT. DISUSED PUB - NIGHT

147

Music: "*****" by ***** *

Blurred close up on BRUCE'S face, the reflection of blue
emergency lights in his eyes. The sound is distorted.

Picture and sound slowly resume clarity. **BRUCE is on a
stetcher being wheeled away.** *

DRUMMOND (O.S.)
Well Bruce, you really fucked
it up this time.

BRUCE
(strained)
You should see the other **cunt.** *

BRUCE looks up to see DRUMMOND and INGLIS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Might as well get a photo for
the notice board Amanda.

DRUMMOND leaves to save his dignity.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Don't go. Stay with me
Brother.

INGLIS kneels and places his hand on BRUCE'S forehead.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You knew it was me who was
writing all that shite on the
toilet walls, didn't you.

INGLIS nods.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Why didn't you say anything?

INGLIS
Probably because I knew you were
doing it to try and hide
something like this Robbo.

BRUCE
I'm not gay though Peter!

INGLIS squeezes BRUCE'S hand comfortingly.

INGLIS
Neither am I Bruce. Neither am I.

A beat.

BRUCE
I just wanted to keep her close
to me Peter.

BRUCE looks to US, then turns away in embarrassment.

148 INT. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

148

New Year's day. BRUCE is wearing a neck brace and
dressing gown. Opposite him sits TOAL.

TOAL
...might not seem appropriate,
but happy new year Robbo.

BRUCE
(dull)
Aye, happy new year.

TOAL
Don't worry. We'll get you
back to work quickly.

BRUCE
Appreciate it Bob.

TOAL
(awkward)
Listen Bruce, we obviously had
to withdraw your application
for the promotion. Now's not
the right time for you to meet
the board. You see that right?

BRUCE tries to nod. TOAL looks around the messy room.

TOAL (CONT'D)
Is there nobody who could come
round and tidy up? Anybody who
could look after you?

BRUCE tries to shake his head.

TOAL (CONT'D)
I'm sure the police welfare
people or somebody will come
to see you soon. I know things
seem pretty bleak at the
moment but you're not the
first copper to lose it, and
you sure won't be the last.

Uncomfortable silence, then TOAL leaves.

149

INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN - DAY

149

A close up on a flashing answer phone. BRUCE presses it.

ANSWERPHONE
*You have three new messages.
First message.*

GUS (O.S.)
(upbeat)
*Bruce. Hope you're feelin'
better pal. It's the big day
today and well....I know you
took your name out the
hat...so I'm keeping my
fingers crossed it's me who
gets the promot...*

BRUCE deletes it.

BUNTY (O.S.)
(a concerned whisper)
*Bruce darling it's Bunty. They
said you were sick....*

BRUCE deletes it.

GUS (O.S.)
(totally devastated)
*Bruce its me again. I can't
believe it. I can't believe
who they gave it to....*

BRUCE deletes it. The doorbell rings.

150 INT. BRUCE'S HALLWAY - DAY 150

BRUCE answers the door to a grinning LENNOX.

151 INT. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 151

BRUCE and LENNOX drink coffee. LENNOX looks alert and powerful. BRUCE, a wreck.

 LENNOX
 (unapologetically
 confident)
 of course Robbo I don't
 need to tell you that while I
 was chuffed about the
 promotion, its been a bitter
 sweet experience. If you
 hadn't had the.....well
 problems you've been having,
 I'm sure you'd have walked it.

 BRUCE
 (Subdued)
 That's the way it goes Ray.

 LENNOX
 (wry smile)
 Your problem is you don't
 practise what you preach.
 Remember you told me to suss
 out what the party line was,
 then spiel out the script?

BRUCE mumbles recognition.

 LENNOX (CONT'D)
 You see though Bruce, you need
 to learn a new script. All
 that equal opps bullshit; just
 spout that at the fuckers and
 do it with conviction.

 BRUCE
 Aye, I suppose so.

 LENNOX
 I'm not saying you're a
 dinosaur Bruce but.....anyway
 better go mate. Things to see,
 people to do.

LENNOX walks out the door. A beat before he re-enters,
but he's turned into the BIG BAD WOLF.

 LENNOX (CONT'D)
 Just one last thing though. I
 suppose everybody feels like
 this when they get a
 promotion. How best to work
 with old mates and all that.
 Your methods and mine are very
 different. I know we've pulled
 some shit in the past but all
 that coke and hookers and
 stuff, that's finito now.
 Understand Little Piggy?

BRUCE nods. BIG BAD WOLF transforms back to LENNOX, who marches towards BRUCE and shakes his hand.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
No hard feelings eh?

LENNOX leaves then peeks around the door.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Oh by the way. Saw your wee
specky mate Bladesey up the
lodge. The phantom phone
caller eh? We've told the sick
bastard he's not welcome in
the craft if he keeps that
shite up.
(winks)
See you later then.....Frank.

LENNOX leaves.

152 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

152

Music: "Sunshine on Leith" by The Proclaimers

BRUCE looks tramp-like as he wanders down the aisle with a trolley full of purple tins of lager. He passes STEPHANIE DONALDSON buying expensive Champagne, but hurries off before she can see him.

BRUCE is choosing some cheap wine. AS he turns round he stops in shock when he sees CAROLE at the checkout with STACEY and a huge black man STEVEN. BRUCE tries to hide behind a promotion of cheap wine. but CAROLE and STEVEN see him. They stare briefly in pity, before ushering the unaware STACEY away.

A tap on BRUCE'S shoulder makes him jump and drop the wine bottle, which smashes. BRUCE scrambles around, picking up the broken glass.

MARY (O.C.)
I'm really sorry for startling
you. Look who it is Euan.

BRUCE looks up to find MARY and EUAN smiling at him.

MARY (CONT'D)
(real concern)
You OK? You look a bit.....

BRUCE raises his forefinger to his lips.

BRUCE
Shhhh. I'm undercover, on a
stakeout. There's some real
dodgy characters in this
place. I'm just trying to
blend in.

MARY
Did you hear that Euan? Detective
Robertson's working undercover.

EUAN
Is he going out for a steak
tonight mummy?

MARY rubs EUAN'S head.

MARY
Yes, that's right son.

BRUCE puts the broken glass in his pocket, then stands up.

BRUCE
(genuinely)
You're looking really well.

MARY smiles briefly, but the pain is still there. EUAN
pulls MARY'S arm.

EUAN
C'mon Mummy, I'm hungry!

MARY
(apologetically)
I better get him home for his
dinner.

BRUCE nods, but it's obvious he wants her to stay.

MARY (CONT'D)
See you around then.

As MARY leaves BRUCE takes her arm gently.

BRUCE
Don't go.

BRUCE and MARY exchange a long intense gaze.

MARY
(sincerely)
Whoever she is, you have to let
her go.

As MARY reluctantly leaves, BRUCE closes his eyes.

SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEE (O.C.)
Do you mind moving on Sir, so
I can clear up this mess.

BRUCE opens his eyes and realises SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEE
is TRAMP (from the opening scene). He recognises BRUCE.

SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
(smiles menacingly)
Oh, it's you! You know, I think
we've got some jobs going in the
cold store out the back. Would
you like me to get an application
form for you?

BRUCE shakes his head.

SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
(laughs)
C'est la vie eh pal? C'est la
fuckin' vie!

BRUCE walks off leaving his trolley stranded behind.

SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
Have a nice day!

153 INT. BRUCE'S BATHROOM - DAY 153

Music - 'Time to say goodbye' by Bocelli and Brightman.

BRUCE showers, shaves, cleans his teeth, cuts his nails, plucks his nasal hair - (a real 'Inglis' make over). The phone starts to ring but BRUCE can't hear it.

154 INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN - DAY 154

The phone rings out and goes to answer-phone.

CAROLE (V.O.)
(awkward)
.....its Carole. Listen.....me
and Stacey need to come round and
pick up the last of her things,
so I'd totally understand if you
don't want to be there. Just
giving you some warning in
advance incase you'd rather
disappear for a bit. You didn't
look that well when I saw you.
Anyway, we'll be there in a wee
while.....bye then.

There's a beep.

MARY
Hi Bruce.....it's Mary. I kept
your number that you gave me so I
thought I'd call and see if you....

155 INT. BRUCE'S HALLWAY - DAY 155

BRUCE is wearing a police uniform. He looks in the mirror and does his tie. He looks handsome, smart, more at ease.

156 INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN - DAY 156

BRUCE takes a tape out of his video camera and puts it in a box addressed to 'Clifford Blades'. He picks up an unopened bottle of expensive whisky and the paper weight he stole from Bunty, then places them in the same box, and heads to the door. He pauses when he sees the new message alert flashing on the answerphone and thinks about listening to it, but leaves.

157 INT. BRUCE'S HALLWAY - DAY

157

BRUCE returns from the post office (minus box) and takes his jacket off. He ties a noose - made from Mary's scarf - around a hook attached to an archway in the ceiling.

He stands on a chair and pulls the scarf to his nostrils breathing 'Mary's scent' in deeply, before placing it around his neck and bracing himself. BRUCE starts to kick away the chair, but suddenly sees the silhouette of a woman and a child appear through the glass in the front door (it could be CAROLE and STACEY or MARY and EUAN). He panics, trying to steady the chair which is rocking beneath him. CU of the chair teetering on the brink of collapse.

FADE OUT.

158

INT. BLADESEY'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

158

The opened box lies on the floor. The bottle of *expensive whisky* (opened) sits next to a sombre BLADESEY. BLADESEY looks at the mini video cassette tape box with his name on it, then lifts his remote control, and presses play.

BRUCE'S livingroom appears. A beat before BRUCE walks into shot. He sits facing the camera. A moment as he considers.

BRUCE

(sincere)

OK, first of all you've really got to lose the double glazing Bladesey. Honestly mate, buy yourself a pair of contact lenses or get laser eye treatment done, because nobody's ever going to take you seriously peering through those thick milk bottles. Next thing, you have to harden up a bit more Clifford and stop trying to please everybody all the time. People are as scared about life as you are, but most of us just don't want to admit it. That's the games see. The most important thing is this though. You need to make Buntie want you again. You'll probably find that she does actually like you, if you only asserted yourself a bit more man. Show her passion and I promise she'll love you until the day you die. I kid you not my sweet, sweet friend. Same rules apply Brother Blades.

BRUCE switches off the camera and BLADESEY'S television screen goes to *snowy static*. BLADESEY gets to his feet and raises a glass of whisky.

BLADESEY

(quietly)

Slainte, Brother Robertson.

BLADESEY downs it in one, takes a deep breath, puffs out his chest, and turns purposefully towards the door.

BLADESEY (CONT'D)

(very masculine)

Buntie!!

He stops abruptly when he sees BUNTY has appeared in the doorway. They exchange a lingering gaze before BLADESEY eventually grabs her, and kisses her intensely.

We respect their private moment and track into the snowy static on screen (just as the footage which has been recorded over starts to play.) It's the same video of CAROLE and STACEY which BRUCE had been watching earlier (scene 85). We morph into the scene.

159

INT. BRUCE'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

159

BRUCE is filming CAROLE and STACEY on his video camera. CAROLE leaves the room and re-enters with a birthday cake.

CAROLE / STACEY

(sing)

Happy birthday to you, happy
birthday to you. Happy Birthday
dear Dad. Happy birthday to you!

STACEY

(very excited)

Make a wish Daddy! Make a wish!

A beat as BRUCE thinks. He smiles then kisses STACEY and CAROLE, before 'wishing' and blowing out the candles.

FADE TO BLACK.

MAIN CREDITS