

SPADE
EPISODE 3: LOSER

Written by

Daniel Harding

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Two sets of car headlights illuminate the alleyway but it's still very dark - their engines running. Two drug dealers *swing their dicks* as they march their way towards each other, eventually meeting in the middle.

They stare at each other for a moment - sizing each other up.

The silence then grows a bit awkward.

They both start to wonder who is going to speak first.

The FIRST DRUG DEALER gestures slightly.

The SECOND DRUG DEALER gestures even more.

They both begin to egg the other on to speak.

A game of escalating gestures ensues.

FIRST DRUG DEALER
Ah, f-fuck sake, man!

SECOND DRUG DEALER
Ha! You spoke first, innit?

FIRST DRUG DEALER
I don't care 'bout your childish games.

SECOND DRUG DEALER
You only 'fink they're childish 'cos you lost.

FIRST DRUG DEALER
I ain't got time for this.

SECOND DRUG DEALER
Loser.

FIRST DRUG DEALER
Man, don't call me 'dat. I ain't no loser.

SECOND DRUG DEALER
(playful whisper)
....Loser.

FIRST DRUG DEALER
I said-

The FIRST DRUG DEALER pulls up his jumper to reveal a gun hidden in his belt-line.

SECOND DRUG DEALER
Ooh, okay bruv! Take it easy, yeah?

FIRST DRUG DEALER
That's what I thought!

SECOND DRUG DEALER
Bringing a gun to a drug deal?
That's 'cos you're a... LOSER!!

FIRST DRUG DEALER
Man, fuck you!

The FIRST DRUG DEALER abruptly pulls the gun from his pocket and fires it directly at the SECOND DRUG DEALER's chest - he immediately falls to the ground.

FIRST DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Ah... shit.

The FIRST DRUG DEALER then runs away, back towards his car. He climbs in and quickly drives off.

Title: SPADE

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - SOMETIME LATER

BILL's empty bedroom.

Suddenly, a fumbling at the door as BILL falls into his bedroom - perhaps a little too drunk.

He carries a takeaway bag and plonks himself down on his bed.

He's mumbling to himself - complaining about the kebab shop owner.

BILL
(to himself)
Fucking... prick... call me... call-
yeah... exactly.

He takes out the takeaway box and goes to eat it but is interrupted by his phone ringing.

He appears confused by what it is.

BILL (CONT'D)
Ouuuuuuhh. What the-

The ringing persists.

He stares down at the kebab.

CUT TO:

BILL is fast asleep, and the kebab has fallen all over him.

The ringing persists.

BILL stirs awake, grumbling. He picks up the phone.

BILL (CONT'D)

(mock pleasant)

Hello, this is Sta- Bill, Bill Spade. This is *Bill*.

FIRST DRUG DEALER

Hey Bill, it's Daniel. I really need your assistance.

BILL

(slurring)

And what would that- my *assistance* be- be assisting?

FIRST DRUG DEALER

I'm in big, *big* trouble, and I don't know what to do!

BILL

(slurring)

Oh no? Really? I'm sorry to hear about your predicament. But I- But I-... ah, I don't know what I was going to say.

FIRST DRUG DEALER

Stacey! Can you help me, or what?

BILL

(slurring)

Don't call me... Don't call me-

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

There is a loud banging on BILL's front door.

He opens an eye, totally confused by what the noise is - his head immediately begins to throb. He groans.

EXT. NEAR THE ALLEYWAY - SOMETIME LATER

BILL takes a deep slurp from a takeaway coffee cup.

DANIEL (O.S.)
(panicked)
Come on, Bill? What am I going to do?

BILL
You can start by lowering your voice.

DANIEL
Ah, yeah. Someone might hear me, right?! Good thinking!

We see the FIRST DRUG DEALER from last night - his name is DANIEL, and he's an undercover police detective.

BILL
No, I've got a migraine, and you're shouting in my ear.

DANIEL
I wasn't shouting!

BILL shoots DANIEL a look.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Okay Sta- *Bill*, I wasn't shouting.
(mouthing) Sorry!

BILL
So, start from the beginning.

DANIEL
What, like, the beginning-beginning?

BILL
What's the beginning-beginning?

DANIEL
I don't know, you tell me?

BILL
What did you think I meant by the *beginning*?

DANIEL
Umm- well, I thought, like, the beginning of my day or something?

BILL

Would it explain why you ended up shooting big Razzy-D in a drug deal gone wrong?

DANIEL

Maybe.

BILL

Maybe?

DANIEL

Yeah, I don't know what's important at this point. You tell me!

BILL

Okay, let's not start at the beginning because clearly that's too difficult. Let's start at the end.

DANIEL

Well, I called you, didn't I? And now we're here chatting.

BILL

(frustrated)

Okay, perhaps not right-at-the-very-end. About eighty-percent into the story.

DANIEL

Eighty?

BILL

Percent. Yeah.

DANIEL

Okay, one sec-

DANIEL looks to the sky and starts working out the story.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I got into my car and drove away.

BILL

Seventy-five?

DANIEL

I shot Big Razzy-D.

BILL

Bingo! Why?

DANIEL

Why?

BILL

Yes! Why did an undercover police detective shoot one of the best known, and most *likeable*, street-dealers in the whole of Brighton?

DANIEL

(sheepishly)

Well... He...

BILL

Mmm?

DANIEL

Called me a... *loser*.

BILL

Fuck me.

DANIEL

It weren't just that though, it was the way he said it.

BILL

Oh, really? That's alright then, is it? He deserved it if anything!

DANIEL

Well, I didn't have a choice but to, you know?

BILL

Sorry, I can't do anything for you.

DANIEL

Come on, Bill! You gotta help me out?! If they find out it was me, they'll take me off the case.

BILL

They'll do more than take you off the case!

DANIEL

What do you mean?

BILL

You *shot* and *killed* someone, Daniel! You fucking pillock. They'll not only take you off the case, they'll throw you in prison.

DANIEL's face drops.

DANIEL
Really?

BILL
Yes.

DANIEL
...Oh damn. I hadn't thought of that.

BILL
No shit.

DANIEL
Bill, I can't go to prison. I'm police!

DANIEL grabs BILL by the arm - pleading for his life.

INT. POSH CAR - SOMETIME LATER

BILL leans into shot and knocks on the window.

GANGSTER NO. 1
Enter.

BILL
What? I can't hear you.

GANGSTER NO. 1
I said-

BILL opens the door abruptly - interrupting GANGSTER NO 1.

BILL
Did you say enter?

GANGSTER NO. 1
(aggressively)
Man, sit the fuck down!

BILL
Okay, no problem.

BILL jumps in and he acknowledges the driver in the front seat - who ignores his attempt at niceties.

GANGSTER NO. 1
I heard you shot one of my boys.

BILL
Your boys? No! I would never-

GANGSTER NO. 1
If it wasn't you, then what the fuck are you doing here?

BILL
I'm here to parley.

DRIVER
What does parley mean?

GANGSTER NO. 1
(to DRIVER)
It's a type of herb.

DRIVER
Smokeable?

BILL
It actually means to discuss terms and to come to some sort of agreement.

Both GANGSTER NO. 1 and the DRIVER stare at BILL for a second - unsure if he is telling the truth.

BILL (CONT'D)
Honest.

GANGSTER NO. 1
(to the DRIVER)
Google that shit.
(to BILL)
So, your man killed one of-

BILL
He's *not* my man! I work freelance. I do the odd job, you know? To pay the bills.

GANGSTER NO. 1
Freelance?

BILL
Yeah.

GANGSTER NO. 1
What's that like?

BILL
Pretty shit actually. But at least I don't have a boss.

The DRIVER scoffs in admiration.

GANGSTER NO. 1
Got something to say Herald?

DRIVER
No, boss. Just had a tickle in my
throat.

GANGSTER NO. 1
(to BILL)
So, the way I see it is that I'm
owed. I'm owed big, and you're
going to pay me.

BILL
Like I said, I have no direct
involvement in-

GANGSTER NO. 1
I've got a something important
coming up. And I want you to
project-manage it for me.

BILL
(to himself)
F-fuck sake.

GANGSTER NO. 1
If you succeed, then we'll call
what you did-

BILL
I didn't-

GANGSTER NO. 1
Don't interrupt me.

BILL
Okay.

GANGSTER NO. 1
If you succeed, then we'll call
what you did to Stephen all square.

BILL
Who's *Stephen*?

GANGSTER NO. 1
My boy you fucking killed!

BILL
Oh.

DRIVER
(to Bill)
Are you deaf?

BILL
Nah, just a bit sto-pid, you know?

GANGSTER NO. 1
Do we have a deal?

BILL
Well, you haven't told me what you
want me to do yet...

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - SOMETIME LATER - DAY

A chorus of screaming kids fills the hall.

We see GANGSTER NO. 1 and his DRIVER, and presumably their
wives, standing at the back of the hall.

We then see BILL dressed head to toe in a clown costume
attempting to blow up a balloon - but he's clearly
struggling. The kids laugh - thinking that it's a joke.

BILL shoots a glance at GANGSTER NO. 1 who tightens his fists
to suggest that he better blow up the balloon and soon. BILL
straight away finds enough breath to fill the balloon into a
sausage shape.

BILL
(to the kids)
What animal would you like to see?

KID 1
A gun!

BILL
A *gun*? A gun isn't a an-

KID 2
Make a gun, now!

BILL is shocked. He looks over at GANGSTER NO 1. who nods
with approval.

BILL
(confused)
Okay, one gun coming right up!

END OF EPISODE 3