

The Lite Blues
Episode 1
'The Slow Method'

a
Wingless Films
production

First draft
9th April, 2012

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INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

DAVIES standing in fore, concentrating on something below frame. CHARLES leaning at the doorway, looking out.

DAVIES
Fucking hell, my fucking back.

CHARLES
Don't fucking swear.

DAVIES
If you'd told me at ten years old
I'd be half-crippled by a
prolapsed disc on the far side of
thirty I'd have spat.

CHARLES
Get the surgery.

DAVIES
Fuck that, there's a seventy-five
percent chance me knob won't work
after the op. I'd have to go
private. I'd be paying through
the nose just to get the old lad
standing to attention again.

He pulls a FELON up into frame, dripping with water and spluttering.

DAVIES
You haven't got ten grand spare,
have you? No?

Davies dunks him again, below frame.

DAVIES
Fucking amateurs.

CHARLES
I had shoulder trouble the other
year. Torn ligament. Took the
wind out of me for six months.

DAVIES
Come off it, arm sprain's hardly
the same fucking ballpark. The
way this is going, I'll be
pootling around in a wheelchair
come New Year. All you've got to
worry about is which arm to use
to knock one out.

CHARLES
I don't do that kind of crap.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIES

You're telling me you don't play
with Peter's five-finger fiddle?
What do you do with your
Saturdays?

CHARLES

I'm married.

DAVIES

Thank fuck I'm not.

Brings the FELON up again, waits, dunks him.

DAVIES

Bet this one's a right wanker.

CHARLES

Are you gonna ask him any
questions before he passes out?

DAVIES

It's the slow method. Wait till
he starts seeing spots, then hit
him with the Q and A.

CHARLES

I want to get home for
Silverstone.

DAVIES

He's nearly done.

Drags the FELON up again.

DAVIES

Ain't you?
(beat)
Shit.

CHARLES

What?

DAVIES

He's gone under.

CHARLES

He's right there.

DAVIES

Naw, he's out like a light.

CHARLES

Oh, great. Give him a slap. Or
isn't that part of the slow
method?

DAVIES
Piss off, it's trial-and-error.

CHARLES
More one than the other.

DAVIES
Shit, he's gone deep.

CHARLES
He's breathing, right?

DAVIES
Course he's breathing. What am I,
an amateur?

SIRENS sound in the distance. Both look up sharply.

DAVIES
It's the fucking cops!

CHARLES
Leg it!

Davies drops the felon; both scarper, sirens getting louder.

Felon wakes up with a gasp, looks around the empty warehouse, confused.

CUT TO CREDITS

FADE UP ON:

CHARLES and DAVIES leaning on a wall, out of breath, distant sirens.

DAVIES
I've gone and done my back again.

Charles shoves him, they break into a run.

END