

The Squirrel, The Bear, and The Blonde  
Short Film Screenplay  
by

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Cast:

Squirrel - A drug user in his late 20's who looks as though he is in his late 40's. He is living rough and addicted beyond his ability to stop.

Bear - A well educated man in his early 20's who deals, but does not take, class-A drugs.

Blondie - Death, appearing as a woman in her early 20's.

EXT. EARLY MORNING. DAMP ALLEY WAY

A shapeless mass on the floor resolves itself to be a man sleeping under the tattered remains of a sleeping bag. The man emerges; it is **SQUIRREL**. He is dirty and rag thin, with an expression of pure hopelessness. He sits up and coughs up blood, spitting it onto the rags next to him. The rags stir and resolve into another human being who looks round, then buries itself back under their own rags.

Squirrel gets up and moves with effort to the roadside. He blinks in the early morning sunlight, then half walks, half staggers away. He shudders against a bitter cold he now feels and begins to scratch at his arms; arms that are covered with scars and bruises, evidence of extreme heroin abuse.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARLY MORNING. OUTSIDE A PUBLIC LAVATORY

Squirrel approaches the public lavatory with caution, there are people around and he avoids their stare. When he sees the cleaner he pushes back out of sight, then peeks round to watch her go into the ladies. Seeing the opportunity to get past this sentinel, Squirrel makes a dash for the men's room.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING. INSIDE OF A FAIRLY DISGUSTING LAVATORY

Sound FX: Flushing toilet

Squirrel emerges from the toilet cubicle looking weak, and if possible, paler than he was. He walks to the sink and washes his hands and face, rinsing his neck and allowing the cold water to run over his jaded drug abused flesh. He looks up and sees his own haggard reflection in the mirror and stares at it.

Sound FX: Flushing toilet

A tall **American** emerges from a different cubicle and stands next to him at the sink. The American looks at Squirrel with open disgust and Squirrel smiles back, his teeth stained and missing. The American looks away and moves to the hand dryer.

As the American begins to dry his hands another **man** enters the lavatory and walks close behind the American, casually bumping into him.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Sorry mate.

AMERICAN

No problem bud... Hey, wait a  
fucking minute...

The American pats his back pocket and finds his wallet missing.

AMERICAN

You low life fuck; where's my  
wallet?

The man tries to make a run for it, but the American grabs him and throws him against a cubicle door which flies open and the man falls backwards onto the toilet. The American follows him in and lands repeated punches on the man's face.

In the middle of this fight, the wallet flies out of the man's hand and slides along the scummy floor. It comes to a stop at Squirrel's feet. His wide eyes look at it with disbelief and he picks up the fat wallet, and pulls out a large wad of money.

AMERICAN (cont'd)

Hey you!

Squirrel looks up to see the American and the battered man are both looking at him. Squirrel drops the wallet but hangs on to the money, making a run for the door. The American tries to stop him but becomes entangled with the battered man and falls to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORNING OUTSIDE THE PUBLIC LAVATORY

Squirrel slams out of the public lavatory and sprints down the street. The money is held in his hand like a death grip. He runs and runs, running faster than he has ever in his life, ignoring the protests of his body, ignoring the pain until he can take it no more and he collapses into a side-street. Here he coughs up his lungs, eventually vomiting dryly onto the floor, but he holds onto the money as though holding onto life itself.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE FROM BLACK TO SCENE:

INT. DAY. LIVING ROOM OF A SQUALID FLAT

A man, **BEAR**, sits on the settee watching day time TV. He watches it with a look of bored distraction while he smokes a joint. He is wearing top of the line brand new jeans and a stylish T-Shirt, his trainers are brand name and also brand new.

As he reaches the end of the joint he gets up, turns a chair upside down and pulls away a package hidden inside the lining. Inside the package are a couple of small bags containing a white powder. He takes out one and puts it in the lining of a baseball cap which he then wears.

He turns the chair upright before he walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. SMALL BEDROOM

An old man sits in bed staring at photos on the wall. These are of a younger, smarter looking Bear, dressed in graduation robes. Next to him is a bunch of smiling young people. The old man looks at the photos without apparently seeing them. He appears to have barely any life left in him.

Bear walks into the room and stares at the old man for a moment. He turns his attention to the photos, then sits slowly on the bed.

BEAR

I'm heading out to work... Dad?

He gets no response and looks at his watch.

BEAR (cont'd)

Irene'll be here soon. Keep you company. While I'm gone.

Bear looks down at the old man and takes hold of his hand. He waits for a reaction but there is nothing and he drops the hand again looking angry and bitter.

BEAR (cont'd)

Not that it'll make much difference.

Bear sits on the bed and picks up a handkerchief and uses it to dab at the old man's mouth, clearing away the spittle that has gathered there.

He turns to look at the photo's of himself in graduation robes. Picking up one of the photos he looks closely at himself in the image and smiles in a sad way.

(CONTINUED)

BEAR (cont'd)  
I didn't want to deal that day.  
Told everyone. Told 'em I done  
with that life. Finished  
supplying their stupid habits. I  
was a graduate, I was going to be  
something. I told them all. I  
told them.

He drops the photo on the bed and stares at his father.

BEAR  
None of them listened... Then  
some fucker gets mouthy and...  
And I get nicked. And my dreams  
get fucked.

He picks up the photo and puts it back with deliberate  
care.

BEAR  
I know I didn't have to deal. I  
know that. I know you had money  
to see me through. But I liked  
it. I liked people coming to me.  
Treating me with respect. I  
needed that. I needed someone to  
show me something... Something  
you couldn't.

He takes out a cigarette and lights it, exhaling heavily  
across the old man's face.

BEAR (cont'd)  
Oh I know getting nicked was my  
fault. But you... You having a  
stroke while I was rotting in the  
police station... Well that was  
down to you wasn't it. You. You  
making sure I knew I'd done  
wrong. Just like when I was a  
kid. Just like when... When mum  
died.

Bear takes hold of the old man's hand.

BEAR (cont'd)  
How long you gonna be like this  
dad? Eh? How long have I got to  
look at you like this? I've said  
I'm sorry. The doctors say they  
know you're still in there. They  
know! So come on dad, I'm sorry.  
I am. I am sorry... So just snap  
out of it will you. Just...  
Fucking... Just fucking wake up.  
Please. Please just FUCKING WAKE  
UP AND-

Sound FX: The door bell rings.

Bear sits back and looks for a long moment at his father.

Sound FX: The door bell rings.

BEAR (cont'd)  
That's Irene. I won't be long.  
Just got to do enough to pay  
Irene and earn us some fish and  
chips. Maybe you'll like that.

Bear gets up and walks to the door.

BEAR (cont'd)  
See you later... Dad.

Bear exits the room. In the bedroom the old man continues to stare at the photo.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - ON A CANAL PATH WAY IN THE CITY

Bear walks along a canal path, it is an isolated space with the odd jogger and dog walker, but it is not far from a main road and that can be heard in the background.

Bear is wearing a dark bomber jacket and a baseball cap. He is carrying a fishing rod in one hand and a can of beer in the other. He reaches a seemingly arbitrary spot near a lock gate and stops, gets the line ready and casts out a large float onto the water where it splashes down nosily scaring the ducks.

Bear lights a cigarette and stands there looking bored, puffing away and drinking from the can, juggling the fishing rod as he does so. Occasionally he glances furtively from left to right up and down the canal path way.

When he looks back to his left, Squirrel is unexpectedly standing there.

BEAR  
Fuck in hell Squirrel. Do you  
have to do that mate?

Squirrel doesn't appear to have heard Bear, he looks anxious and afraid. He continually checks over his shoulder to see if anyone is there.

BEAR (cont'd)  
Hello Mr Squirrel? Earth to  
Squirrel?

(CONTINUED)

SQUIRREL

Don't call me that. I don't like it.

BEAR

And I don't give a fuck. (he gets no response) So what you want then? The Usual?

Bear pulls out a small bag of Heroin from the lining of his baseball cap and holds it between finger and thumb, tantalising Squirrel with the sight of it. He folds it away inside his hand again and glances around to see if anyone saw him tormenting Squirrel.

Squirrel appears hypnotised by the bag for a moment, then snaps out of it.

SQUIRREL

No. I want three. No. Four. Four. I want four.

BEAR

(laughing)

Four? How many do you want? Four.

SQUIRREL

Yeah Four. I want four. Don't fuck me about. I want four.

BEAR

(still laughing)

And do you have the money? Or are you so fucked up you can't tell the difference between the number one and the number four?

Squirrel gets out the role of stolen money and holds it up to silence Bear's laughter.

SQUIRREL

Yeah, now I'm not so fucking funny. Am I? Am I? Not now. Not with this. With this I can buy anything. Anything I want.

BEAR

Where d'yer get that?

SQUIRREL

It's mine.

Squirrel holds the money to his chest and guards it.

BEAR

Yeah, now it is, but before you got yer thieving hands on it...?

(CONTINUED)

SQUIRREL

(looks uncertain)

Do you want sell me some gear or what?

BEAR

Oh I'm selling you gear. That's what I'm here for my friend.

SQUIRREL

You ain't my friend. You never was.

BEAR

That's right Squirrel, I forgot, you and I got no friends-

SQUIRREL

-Just give me the gear for fucks sake.

BEAR

Let's see that money.

Squirrel reluctantly hands over the money and Bear begins to go wide-eyed as he starts to count it all.

BEAR

Yeah okay... Okay this is good.

SQUIRREL

Then give me the fucking gear.

BEAR

I need to make a phone call and-

SQUIRREL

-Don't you fuck with me you thieving cunt.

Squirrel makes a grab for the money and Bear jumps easily out of the way, leaving the other man to fall and sprawl on the floor.

BEAR

Woah woah woah. Alright, for fucks sake. I'm just making a fucking phone call. Can you play it a bit cool? Eh? Before we both get nicked.

SQUIRREL

I just want me fucking gear. I just want-

Bear walks over to Squirrel who is still on the floor and pours beer on his face to shut him up.

(CONTINUED)

BEAR

-and I'm telling you that I don't carry that much on me. So I'll make a phone call, get a delivery, and then we're cool. Are we cool?

Bear holds the can over Squirrel's face again and Squirrel pulls back holding up his hands in alarm.

SQUIRREL

Yeah, yeah, for fucks sake. We're cool. We're cool.

Bear moves away and looks around while taking out his mobile. He dials a number while picking up his fishing rod but keeping a weary eye on Squirrel.

Squirrel picks himself up off the floor, he watches Bear and in particular his. He notes with some alarm as the money disappears into the dark bomber jacket.

BEAR

(Speaks into phone)

Yeah, alright mate? It's the Bear... Yeah mate. Solid... Yeah listen I need some more bait... Yeah that's right... I need three... Yeah course I got the money I wouldn't be calling you if... Yeah I'm in the usual place... Yeah later.

He puts away the phone and sips again from his can. Eventually he becomes aware of Squirrel staring at him.

BEAR

Yeah don't panic, it's coming.

SQUIRREL

Four?

BEAR

Three on the way, I got one on me. That's four. You with me or do you need me to draw you a picture?

SQUIRREL

How long?

BEAR

No fucking idea. Listen, at the risk of stating the obvious, could you fuck off? Known drug user and known drug dealer in the same place...? You know? It can look a bit...

(CONTINUED)

He tales of waiting for Squirrel to get it. But he doesn't.

BEAR  
Suspicious?

SQUIRREL  
I'm not going while you've got my money.

BEAR  
It's safe with me. And anyway, it's probably not your money is it?

SQUIRREL  
I'm not going while-

BEAR  
-I've got your money. Yeah. I got that bit. Then what about trying to look a bit less suspicious? Just for me? Just to stop us getting nicked.

Bear casts out his float out onto the river and drinks from his can. He tries but fails not to be irritated by Squirrels presence. Squirrel walks up to him, wary this time of the man's anger.

SQUIRREL  
Have you got a spare rod?

BEAR  
What?

SQUIRREL  
We could be fishing buddies. That way we'd look okay.

Bear stares up and down at Squirrels dishevelled appearance.

BEAR  
Good plan.

Bear turns away but Squirrel stands staring at him until Bear has to turn back.

BEAR  
For fucks sake, no I haven't got a spare fucking rod.

SQUIRREL  
A landing net. What about a landing net? Can I borrow your landing net?

BEAR

What the fuck is a landing net?

SQUIRREL

You know, its the net your use when you catch something. I could stand here holding it and say I'm helping you. You know. To catch fish.

BEAR

Brilliant, that'll fool the old bill, no problem.

SQUIRREL

You calling me stupid?

BEAR

I didn't, but I'm moving in that direction.

SQUIRREL

Well... Well you're fishing without a landing net... So who's the stupid one now?

BEAR

It's still you mate. Listen, big secret, I'm not really fishing.

SQUIRREL

No?

BEAR

No, this is just a... (fake whisper) a disguise. I don't even have a hook on this line mate.

SQUIRREL

No hook?

Squirrel stares out at the float on the water.

SQUIRREL (cont'd)

You'll never catch anything like that.

Bear looks up at Squirrel and opens his mouth to say something then spots a moped driven by an incredibly fat man.

The man and moped bounce along the canal pathway towards them in a precarious manner.

BEAR

Hold that thought mate, looks like your train to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEAR (cont'd)  
never-never-land has just  
arrived.

Squirrel looks round and starts walking towards the approaching moped. Bear's hand on his shoulder stops him.

BEAR (cont'd)  
You wait here. These people don't  
talk to you. They only talk to  
me. Got it?

SQUIRREL  
But I-

BEAR  
-You wanna get your gear or not?

Squirrel looks torn but nods.

BEAR  
Then stay here and keep your  
mouth shut.

Bear walks over to the moped driver who stops some way short of the lock gates. Bear and the Moped driver speak briefly, but Squirrel cannot hear them. Anxiously he watches the two men, he notes how Bears hand casually moves inside his jacket, how a shake of the hand exchanges the money and how another exchanges the drugs.

The fat man turns the moped unsteady around and bounces away. Bear walks back to Squirrel who is now breathing heavily, small beads of sweat gather on his forehead, his eyes wide and following the path of Bear's clenched fist, knowing the drugs are in there, the sound of the Moped fades away to the sound of his beating heart.

The bear reaches out and offers Squirrel his hand to shake. Squirrel looks at it for a moment, then understands. He shakes the hand, then, when they release, he opens his hand to look at the four packets of white drugs in his plam.

BEAR  
Squirrel? Squirrel?

Bear's repeated calling of his name drags him back to the real world.

BEAR (cont'd)  
Put the stuff away? Eh?

Squirrel clenches his fist around the packets and looks back at Bear, his eyes are filled with emotion, almost on the point of crying.

(CONTINUED)

BEAR

Well, you look like a happy customer.

Bear bends down to fetch his beer can from the canal bank.

BEAR

Any time you got that sort of money again, you just...

He stands up to find he is now standing alone. He looks around to see a last glance of Squirrel disappearing into some bushes beside the canal.

BEAR (cont'd)

We done then? No, no, thank you. Ignorant fuck.

An upraised finger appears from the bush and disappears from sight.

BEAR (cont'd)

Oh that's charming that is. Yeah, well laugh it off big fella, let's see what your sense of humour's like when you come back down.

Sound FX - Mobile phone ringing.

Bear picks out his phone. He speaks once again with a street slang that is not his own.

BEAR (cont'd)

(Speaks in street voice) Yo, this is the Bear, what do you care, yeah like I care... (reverts to normal voice) What? Yeah, I'm interested. Maybe. If the price is...

Bear looks up the canal path until he spots a distant figure by a low bridge. The shadowy figure is waving at him.

BEAR (cont'd)

Yeah I can see yer. Yeah okay. I'll be there.

Bear puts his fishing rod down walks towards the bridge, draining the last of the can and tossing it into the bushes.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. LOW CANAL BRIDGE

Bear enters into the darkness of the bridge. He stops for a moment and then relaxes slightly when he sees only one **man** is there. He approaches him though with some caution.

BEAR  
Alright blood. What's the deal?

MAN  
Got this (holds up small packet),  
heard you can cut a deal.

BEAR  
What the fuck is that? A sample?  
I thought we were talking a  
decent amount.

MAN  
It's quality stuff.

BEAR  
And I don't give a fuck.

Bear turns around but it stopped by the other mans voice.

MAN  
Look at it for fucks sake, just  
look at it.

BEAR  
Alright, wind your neck in.

Bear takes the envelope from the mans shaking hand and looks inside, but it is empty.

BEAR (cont'd)  
What the fuck is this?

The man lunges forwards with a knife.

MAN  
This is for my sister you cunt.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE THE BRIDGE

The man runs from the shadow of the bridge. He hesitates for a moment, then wipes the handle of a knife on his T-Shirt and throws it into the bushes. He then runs off.

A moment later, Bear emerges from the bridge and sees the man running away.

(CONTINUED)

BEAR

Yeah you'd better run. You'd better keep running your dumb fuck.

Bear looks around. For a moment he seems confused. He looks back at the bridge, walks a step back towards the entrance, then stops, staring at it. He seems unnerved by it. After a moment he steps away and walks up the path towards a distant road.

Behind him, out of his sight in the shadows, are an expensive pair of trainers exactly like his, but covered with freshly running blood.

As he walks towards the road, he passed but does not see the body of Squirrel laying on the ground in the bushes. He is face down and around are four empty bags, a blackened spoon. An empty needle is still in his arm, a rag tied around his bicep. His eyes are open and vacant. He is clearly dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - ON A STREET NEAR A BUS STOP

Bear emerges onto a street. He still seems uneasy and confused. He walks for a while and eventually arrives at a bus stop. He stands there for a moment until he spots a **WOMAN** with a pushchair walking towards him.

BEAR

Oh great. This is my golden day isn't it?

Bear walks towards the woman, a swagger in his step, a broad grin on his face.

BEAR (cont'd)

Al right babe? How's it going?  
Missed me? I know I missed you.

The woman completely ignores him, walking past without a word. Bear watches her go and laughs, he turns, does a small run to catch her up, then walks next to her.

BEAR (cont'd)

Okay, guess I deserved that. You know babe, I been busy, otherwise I would have called you. And that money. Money for my little princess?

He motions towards the baby in the pushchair, still the woman ignores him.

(CONTINUED)

BEAR (cont'd)  
Yeah well anyway, I got here for  
yer. And for her. Don't want to  
see her go without.

The woman looks over her shoulder and sees the bus  
approaching. She makes a small run to the bus stop leaving  
Bear standing there still holding out the money.

BEAR (cont'd)  
Oi. What's this then? The silent  
treatment? I'm offering you money  
here.

He runs to catch up with her. She is now on the bus paying  
for her fair.

BEAR (cont'd)  
Babe. Sharon. Take the money.  
Take it.

He waves it at her, but she ignores him. The bus doors  
close and the bus leaves. For a moment Bear looks to see  
his reflection is not showing in the glass of the bus  
doors. He stares at it for a moment, but then the bus  
pulls away and he sees the woman through the window.

Bear stands on the side of the road watching the bus drive  
away. He is beside himself with anger.

BEAR (cont'd)  
Well if it's gonna be like that.  
Fuck you! Fuck you!

Bear puts the money away, still staring after the bus.

BEAR (cont'd)  
What the fuck is wrong with her?

SQUIRREL  
She hates you.

BEAR  
What the fuck?

Bear turns to find Squirrel standing behind him. He looks  
calmer, almost sober.

BEAR (cont'd)  
Will you stop creeping up on me?  
Got enough problems today. Some  
fucking joker tried to mug me,  
Sharon's decided to be an ice  
queen and now you've turned up  
to...

Bear stops talking as he realises that Squirrel is not  
listening to him but staring at someone across the road.

He turns and sees a **BLOND WOMAN** in her early twenties. She is dressed in white and standing on the other side of the road staring at them both. Her face is calm, almost ethereal.

BEAR (cont'd)  
Now who the fuck sent that angel?  
And more to the point, why is she  
not sucking my cock?

SQUIRREL  
She's not here for you. She's  
here for me?

BEAR  
You wish.

Bear turns around to find Squirrel has vanished.

BEAR (cont'd)  
Oh this is just getting fucking  
boring now mate.

He looks around but cannot see Squirrel anywhere, when he looks back across the road, the woman has also vanished. He turns back towards the bushes where he assumes Squirrel has gone.

BEAR (cont'd)  
Yeah well, next time it's going  
to be twice the price. Laugh that  
one off you vanishing fuck.

Bear turns around and finds the blond woman standing a few feet away. He jumps.

BEAR (cont'd)  
What the fuck is wrong with  
everyone today? You all decided I  
need a heart attack?

The blond woman does not reply. After a moment, he makes up his mind to walk towards the blonde woman.

BEAR (cont'd)  
What's the matter Blondie cat got  
yer clit?

Bear laughs at his own humour but she does not react, staring at him with a half-smile and penetrating blue eyes. Looking deeply into the eyes seems to unnerve Bear. He shakes himself out of it and moves back into character.

BEAR  
Still, loving the white on white.  
Clean. Tidy. Suits you babe. A  
little Angel. But Angel I got

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEAR (cont'd)  
some bad news; this face? This  
smile? It breaks the heart of an  
Angel like you, every day of  
the...

He tails off under her intense blue eyes gaze. She has a  
half-smile on her lips, but otherwise is looking  
unemotional.

BEAR  
Do I know you Blondie?

BLONDIE  
No.

BEAR  
Like your style. Smooth. To the  
point. Like the Bear. That's me.  
The Bear and... (Tails off again  
under her intense stare) Didn't I  
see you staring at Squirrel?  
What's that about? You're too  
clean to be his friend.

BLONDIE  
Squirrel?

BEAR  
Yeah, low life with the bald head  
and the bad dress sense. Sitting  
here with me, earlier,  
before... Before he pulled one  
of his disappearing acts. He was  
here and you were over there,  
staring right at him.

BLONDIE  
Jonathan Edward Austen.

BEAR  
No? No fucking way? That's his  
real name? All that just for  
Squirrel. (waits for a reaction,  
but there is none) You know him  
well? Old friend maybe?  
(silence). No me neither. I'm  
just-

BLONDIE  
-His supplier.

BEAR  
Yeah all right Blondie. A little  
louder I don't think they heard  
you at the cop shop.

(CONTINUED)

BLONDIE

Cop shop?

BEAR

Where the boys in blue live? The ones who like to spoil our parties? Parties where you and I like to play. You understand?

BLONDIE

I understand.

BEAR

(Bear stares into her eyes) You tripping on something Blondie? You taken something to get you through the blandness of this fine sunny day? I know you didn't get those space cadet eyes from staring at my bright personality. (Silence) What's your story Blondie?

BLONDIE

I have no story. Only an ending.

BEAR

Enigmatic. Like it. Or was you going for cryptic. Maybe you were trying to be enigmatically cryptic.

BLONDIE

I am being honest. I am always honest. I am only honest.

BEAR

Right. That would be one of those E-Flavoured honesty trips. Fallen in love with the world have you? Nice. Well Miss Space-Cadet, let's make the questions easier for you. What do you need from the Bear? Whatever it is, don't worry about the price (steps closer, takes a lock of her hair and strokes it), pretty little Angel like you deserves a discount and the Bear is always available to help.

BLONDIE

The Bear?

BEAR

(Gives a short bow)  
At your service.

(CONTINUED)

BLONDIE

Peter Andrew Cole.

BEAR

Yeah, less of the name check.  
Remember what we just talked  
about? You know, the cop shop?

BLONDIE

Boys in Blue. Spoil our Party.

BEAR

Yeah that's right. Spoil our  
party, and we don't want that, do  
we?

BLONDIE

We don't want the boys in blue to  
spoil our party.

BEAR

You see, step away from  
dreamland, check in with planet  
Earth and it all becomes crystal.  
Anyway, a pretty Angel like you  
gets to call me Bear, gets to be  
my friend. Play your cards right  
(moves in closer to her) and you  
could become one of Bear's  
special friends. That means you  
get a special Bear discount.  
Would you like that? (they move  
in close - lips almost touching)  
Course you would.

He leans in and kisses her then pulls back as though  
tasting something bad.

BEAR

Oh babe. You got some breath  
problems going on there. You  
taste like rotten eggs you know  
that?

He looks at her for a reaction and gets none.

BEAR (cont'd)

No worries. We'll get you some  
mints. On our way to-

BLONDIE

-It's time Peter Andrew Cole.

BEAR

Call me Bear.

(CONTINUED)

BLONDIE  
It's time Bear.

BEAR  
Time for what?

BLONDIE  
Time to come with me.

BEAR  
Oh I'm gonna come with you no matter where you're going. So, what's the plan?

BLONDIE  
You come with me.

BEAR  
(laughs) Yeahhhh, Babe, you are so wasted. Listen, I got the first bit, but I needs to know a few more details like is it near or far and-

BLONDIE  
-it's far.

BEAR  
Okay, so let's just go to my place, pick up some extra gear. Maybe a coat. (he shivers) I'm feeling really cold for some reason. Oh and I gotta sort me dad out and...

BLONDIE  
You have everything you need.

BEAR  
I don't have me coat.

BLONDIE  
You do not need your coat.

BEAR  
Because...?

BLONDIE  
Where we are going, it is hot.

BEAR  
And where are we going?

BLONDIE  
Somewhere hot.

(CONTINUED)

BEAR

(laughs) Righttttt. You know, it's at times like these that I'm glad I don't use my own stuff. Okay, fuck the coat, if I get cold, you probably got plenty of ways to keep me warm.

BLONDIE

I have many ways to make you warm.

BEAR

I imagine you do.

He reaches out to stroke her hair, then snatches back his hand.

BEAR (cont'd)

For fucks sake. You're fucking hair cut my finger. What sort of hair spray are you...

He trails off as an inspection of his finger reveals that a fine cut, like a paper cut, is not bleeding. He squeezes the finger, then sucks it.

BLONDIE

It is time.

BEAR

Yeah, got that bit already Blondie.

He focus back on getting close to the woman, running a careful hand over her shoulder. Her eyes follow his hands for a moment, her experssion remains nuetral.

BEAR

You are one fit babe. Yeah, I have a feeling we are going to get along just fine. Once we've sorted out your breath and your hair. In the meantime, why don't you feel how fine I'm feeling (takes her hand and places it between his legs) Feel that?

BLONDIE

Yes.

BEAR

That Blondie is the power of love.

He moves in and kisses her again, but breaks away again at the taste.

(CONTINUED)

BEAR

Got sort that breath out. But you know what? I don't care if you got breath like a mangy dog, you know what? I thought today was going to be shit, but here I am, all alone with you. Now what did I do today to deserve you do you think?

BLONDIE

You died.

BEAR

(Beat while they stare at each other - Bear breaks it with a big smile) You know, for a second there, you actually freaked me out. You're a little weird. But that's cool. Weird is cool. Weird is fine. In fact...

He runs a hand over her body again, lingering for a moment as his fingers trails across her breasts.

BEAR

...Weird like this I can deal with. So, the party waits, shall we go?

BLONDIE

Yes we shall.

They walk away, Bear has his arm around her, she puts one finger through the loops of his jeans.

BEAR

So, this party, what's it about?

BLONDIE

About?

BEAR

Yeah, you know, birthday, rave, what kinda party are we talking?

BLONDIE

The party is for you.

BEAR

For me? Right! So it's a drugs party, plain and uncomplicated, and I'm the main supplier. Squirrel put me forward didn't he?

(CONTINUED)

BLONDIE

Squirrel?

BEAR

Yeah, he must have told you I could accomdate your needs. Fuck I might even end up owing the little wanker a favour for this.

BLONDIE

Yes I am here because of Jonathan Edward Austen.

BEAR

Yeah, you're gonna have to stop calling him that babe, because it's starting to freak me out.

BLONDIE

And I am here because of others.

BEAR

Others?

BLONDIE

Others. Your others.

BEAR

Others? What like others that buy from me?

BLONDIE

Yes.

BEAR

Hmmm, sounds like my customer base has been getting a little too chatty. But I'll deal with that later. Right now, I'm gonna deal with you Blondie. You and me, we're gonna find some common ground, something we can do on the same level, you know what I mean? You understand me? Right?

BLONDIE

I understand you.

BEAR

After the day I've had, fucking ex of mine giving me the silent treatment, fucking amateur dealers giving me a hard time, fucking Squirrel and his now you see me and now you don't thing... Well babe, after all that, I think you are just what I deserve.

(CONTINUED)

BLONDIE

Yes, you are getting what you  
deserve.

BEAR

Fucking right Blondie, fucking  
right.

They continue walking away, she is holding his arm. She  
looks back towards the camera as they walk away and  
displays demon red eyes and a cruel smile.

BLONDIE

Yes, I am fucking right.

FADE TO BLACK

ENDS

CREDITS