

SPADE  
EPISODE 4: COSMIC ORANGE

Written by

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INT. SHOP - MORNING

BEX is tidying away some new clothes onto there respective shelves. She notices an ugly looking top - confused and somewhat disgusted, she walks over to CLAIRE who is fretting over the finances - her head buried deep in the books.

CLAIRE  
(to herself)  
I just don't know how we're going  
to survive.

BEX  
I know right! Who on earth is going  
to buy this piece of tat?

CLAIRE looks up.

CLAIRE  
What?

BEX  
We are meant to be a *fashion*  
boutique, but when was this ever  
fashionable?!

CLAIRE  
They must have chucked it in by  
mistake.

BEX  
*Mistake?! It's a catastrophe! I*  
mean... look at it!

CLAIRE holds it directly in front of BEX's face.

CLAIRE  
Yes, and like I said-

BEX  
What are you going to do about it?

CLAIRE  
Me?!

BEX  
Yes. *You*. You're in charge of  
ordering and stock management. How  
am I meant to sell this shit if  
it's literal *shit?!*

CLAIRE  
(frustrated)  
Ah, you'll figure something out!

BEX walks away in a huff.

BEX  
(to herself)  
I'm sick of being the only one  
around here who gives a damn. The  
only reason this place is still  
afloat is because of *my* hard work.

CLAIRE slams down her pen.

CLAIRE  
*Your* hard work? You don't know the  
meaning of *hard work* you ignorant  
cow! You stand around all day  
twizzling your hair, wondering what  
nail colour looks better. Cosmic  
Orange, or Golden Tangerine?

BEX shoots a look at her finger nails - wondering what's  
wrong with them.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
But for the record, it's *me* who is  
doing the books, it's *me* who is  
avoiding the taxman, and it's *me*  
who is gonna go to jail unless we  
can figure out how to get £10k and  
quick!

CLAIRE holds up a bank statement and a repossession letter  
and then waits for BEX's response.

BEX  
...What's wrong with my nail  
colour?

Title: SPADE

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

BILL is fast asleep. His phone starts ringing. He quickly  
reaches over and grabs it - accepting the call.

BILL  
No.

He slams it back down but moments later it rings again. With  
a huff, he reaches over and grabs it - accepting the call.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I said no!

BILL slams it back down again, but once again, the phone starts ringing. This time, BILL gets up properly before grabbing the phone.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I understand that you're a moron,  
but I'd seriously consider your  
next action carefully!

BILL throws the phone across the room and chucks himself back down onto the bed.

Silence.

BILL's eye opens. He tentatively looks across the room - suspicious.

BILL (CONT'D)  
(to the phone)  
Don't you even think about it...

We see the phone.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I said... no! Don't you dare-

Suddenly, the phone starts ringing again.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Ah, f-fuck sake!

BILL throws back the covers and crosses the room to retrieve the phone. He answers it.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Did you not hear what I just said?

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
(urgent)  
Is Stacey there please?

BILL  
(frustrated)  
...no.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Do you know when she'll be back?

BILL  
No!

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Do you have alternative number I  
could catch her on then?

BILL

Nooooooo!

CLAIRE (O.S.)

What about an e-mail address? I could try Skype-ing her if that works better?

BILL

Actually, yes I do!

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Great!

BILL

Do you have a pen?

CLAIRE (O.S.)

One sec.

BILL

(sarcastic)

Sure, take your time.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Okay, got one- oh, wait. It doesn't work.

BILL

Don't worry, I've got all day.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Damn! Why is it whenever you need a pen you can't find one that works?

BILL

(mocking)

Ha-ha, I know right!

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Okay, got one.

BILL

You sure?

CLAIRE

Yep. Go for it.

BILL

Her e-mail address is: *fuck-off @ you're-a-cunt dot-com.*

BILL hangs up the phone and then immediately tries to break it in half.

INT. SHOP - SOMETIME LATER

BILL is walking around the shop - inspecting the crime scene, whilst CLAIRE and BEX keenly watch him. He checks the door.

BEX  
That's where they broke in.

BILL shoots them both a look of disbelief.

BILL  
...*They?*

BEX  
The robbers. Obviously.

BILL  
Mhmm.

CLAIRE  
Are you going to try dusting for  
finger prints then or what?

BILL leans in close. He then turns and looks at CLAIRE.

BILL  
Are you sure you want me to?

CLAIRE shoots a glance at BEX and then nervously laughs.

CLAIRE  
Course, why wouldn't we?

BEX  
That's how you're gonna catch who  
did it. I saw it on SCI: Tilbury,  
last night.

BILL just stares at BEX for a second in total disbelief at her stupidity - he mouths "*okay then*" to himself. BILL then walks over to several empty shelves and considers it for a second.

CLAIRE  
That's where the jewellery used to  
be, you know, until it got stolen.

BEX  
Ten-grand it was worth.

BILL  
That's a lot of money.

BEX  
Yeah, you know it!

CLAIRE

It was my grandmother's collection, that's why it doesn't show up on any inventory records. We'd only just put it out for sale. They must have known.

BILL

(mocking)

Mhmm. They must have.

BEX

So, you gonna confirm that we've been robbed then or what?

BILL

(to CLAIRE)

Is that all you want me to do? *Confirm* that you've been robbed?

BEX

Yeah, for the insurance, you know?

BILL

(to CLAIRE)

I think it's probably best she stops talking.

BEX looks at CLAIRE - hurt.

BILL walks over to CLAIRE.

BILL (CONT'D)

If you want to stage a crime scene, you're gonna have to do a much better job otherwise the both of you will be prosecuted for insurance fraud, resulting in some *substantial* prison time.

CLAIRE

I, umm- I don't know what-

BILL

The door hasn't been broken. There's cloth fibres on the shelves, as well as a ring of dust where the shirts previously were, but not only that, you're both *incredibly* bad liars.

BILL smiles at them both reassuringly.

BEX

Ah, fuck man! We're done for-

CLAIRE

Bex, calm down. We're not- (turning to BILL) done for yet, right? Maybe we could come to some sort of understanding?

BILL picks up a woman's blouse.

BILL

A lifetime's supply of store credit perhaps?

CLAIRE

Yeah! If you want? I mean, you could get Stacey something nice for her birthday.

BILL roll's his eyes and takes a deep breath.

BILL

Okay listen, if you're going to stage a crime scene you really need to start by-

Suddenly the front door bursts open and a tall figure in a balaclava bursts into the shop - they all turn to look with a mixture of amazement and shock.

ROBBER

Right, this is a robbery!

BEX

Oh, shit!

CLAIRE

Fuck!

BILL

(surprised)

Ah, of course it is.

The ROBBER throws down a bag.

ROBBER

I want you to put everything you've got into the bag, and quick! I'm double parked and I don't want to get a ticket.

BILL steps towards him.

BILL

Let me guess, about ten-grands worth, yeah?

ROBBER  
Err. Yeah, that'll do!

BILL  
Splendid. (to CLAIRE and BEX)  
Right, hurry up! Chop-chop! Get the  
man what he wants. He's double-  
parked.

The ROBBER laughs nervously - confused by BILL's reaction to  
him. BILL studies him for a little bit longer.

BILL (CONT'D)  
That's a nice balaclava you've got  
there.

ROBBER  
Err- thanks?

BILL  
Did you make it yourself?

ROBBER  
I did actually, yeah.

BILL  
Where did you buy it?

ROBBER  
I don't remember.

BILL  
No?

BILL turns to CLAIRE and BEX and shakes his head.

BILL (CONT'D)  
(to CLAIRE and BEX)  
It seems I underestimated you both!  
Getting a registered private  
detective to witness the robbery is  
one sure-fire way to get your  
insurance pay out. But you're  
forgetting one thing.

He turns back to the ROBBER.

BILL (CONT'D)  
(to the ROBBER)  
This numpty is just as stupid as  
you two.

He grabs the ROBBER by the hand.

BILL (CONT'D)

His finger prints are all over the door. So all I'd have to do is-

The ROBBER then lands a huge right hook across BILL's face and he falls to the floor - unconscious.

FADE to BLACK.

INT. SHOP BACK ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

BILL is still totally unconscious but has been propped up against a box in a back room.

BEX (O.S.)

Do you think he's dead?

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Don't be silly, he's still breathing.

BEX (O.S.)

Hardly!

CLAIRE (O.S.)

It probably wouldn't be such a bad thing if he did, you know... *die*.

BEX looks at CLAIRE shocked.

BEX

You can't say that!

CLAIRE

All I'm saying is that it wouldn't be so bad. Not that we should actually do it... But it would legitimise our story!

They turn and stare at him for a moment longer.

BEX

How would you do it? Kill him, I mean.

CLAIRE

I don't know. A scarf over the mouth, maybe?

BEX

We've got some beautiful lace *jambières* from last season. They might work.

CLAIRE  
Yeah! Choke him to death.

ROBBER (O.S.)  
Sexual *asphyxiation*.

We then see that the ROBBER is standing beside them - but now his face is revealed.

CLAIRE  
What?

ROBBER  
It's when dirty old pervs try and suffocate themselves to the point of almost dying which causes them to cum.

CLAIRE  
Oh, wow! Really?

BEX  
Err- that's not quite true actually.

CLAIRE turns and looks at BEX.

BEX (CONT'D)  
It's more like you cum just as you're about to die, but you don't. The two go hand-in-hand.

CLAIRE  
And how do you know?

BILL starts to groan - no longer unconscious.

BILL  
(to himself)  
What the fuck-

ROBBER  
(to CLAIRE and BEX)  
Quick! If you're gonna do it, now would be the time!

BEX  
Okay, but bugsy not wanking him off!

END OF EPISODE 4.