

THE CLEANER: CARNIVORES

SHOOTING SCRIPT - 20/4/21

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EXT. STREET - DAY

1

WICKY arrives at a modest house. He enters the front gate.

2

EXT. BEDFORD HOUSE / HELENA'S HOUSE. FRONT GARDENS - CONT. 2

Wicky is trying the key to get into Mr Bedford's house, which he's meant to be working at. It doesn't fit. He tuts and looks around. He rings the doorbell. A woman, HELENA - late 20s, in a wheelchair - arrives at her house next door, and looks at Wicky over the intervening garden fence.

HELENA

Hi.

WICKY

Hello.

HELENA

You here to see Mr Bedford?

WICKY

Yeah sort of.

HELENA

He's dead.

WICKY

Yeah I know. I'm here to... I'm a crime scene cleaner.

HELENA

Why you ringing the bell if you know he's dead?

WICKY

Thought there might be relatives in there.

HELENA

He didn't have any, just a dog.

WICKY

Some dogs can answer doors. My mate Daz taught his to walk on its hind legs. In the end it only walked like that. Weird to see him taking it out, looked like he had a hairy kid that kept shitting on pavements.

Wicky laughs. Helena, now in the doorway, just looks at him. He does an awkward smile. She slowly closes the door. Wicky gets his mobile out - but it's out of batteries.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Damn it.

He picks up his equipment, there is a lot of it. On top of it he places a Tupperware lunch box. He considers eating the sandwich visible inside but decides it's too early for a reward. He carries it all down the path, into Helena's front garden. He hesitates - and decides to kneel down before he knocks on Helena's door.

Inside we see that she hasn't heard and is putting her shopping away. She uses a grab stick to reach the shelves and is clearly independent. Outside, Wicky knocks again. When she opens it he is on his knees at her height. It is awkward.

WICKY (CONT'D)

(re: kneeling)

I thought it would be more polite.

HELENA

Right. Got another dog story?

WICKY

Sorry about that, I didn't mean to go on about walking?

She is incredulous but clearly enjoys his discomfort.

HELENA

What?

He quickly changes the subject.

WICKY

I've got the wrong keys for next door and my phone's out of juice.

HELENA

Ok?

WICKY

Could I just plug it in to charge for a bit in your lovely house? So I can call HQ? Save me having to run back for the keys?

She looks at his belly and smirks.

HELENA

I don't imagine you've done a lot of running lately. (beat) You can use my phone.

WICKY

Really?

HELENA

Get up!

She shakes her head, shrugs and wheels herself in. Behind her, Wicky grunts and he stands up.

HELENA (CONT'D)

You okay?

WICKY

Yeah I'm just 50 and the old legs
aren't what they once were. Bad
legs! Bad leeeeggs.

She stares at him in the awkward moment after legs. Wicky
picks up his stuff ready to follow her in.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I really appreciate it. I'm not
dodgy.

HELENA

What do you mean?

WICKY

I'm not going to overpower you and
steal anything.

HELENA

Odd thing to say.

WICKY

Yeah, sorry I feel a bit on edge.
Not sure why.

Helena spies his lunchbox.

HELENA

What's in that sandwich?

WICKY

Ham.

HELENA

Well that can stay out there.

Wicky looks confused.

HELENA (CONT'D)

I'm vegan.

She heads inside.

WICKY

(under breath)
Course you are.

Wicky is plugging his phone in to charge.

WICKY

So nice of you.

HELENA

Are you surprised to meet a nice disabled person?

WICKY

Disabled? oh... I just thought you were small.

HELENA

You didn't notice the wheelchair?

WICKY

Well maybe in my peripheral vision. You sort of register it don't you. Like if someone's fat. Part of your brain goes, oh look... fat.

HELENA

Fat?

WICKY

You're not fat. You're thin.

She looks incredulous.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Not too thin! The right weight.

Quickly

HELENA

The phone's in there.

Equally quick

WICKY

Thanks.

Wicky is on the phone in the lounge. He talks to his boss about the key situation. He notices while chatting that there is a photo of the girl with a boyfriend. They are lying back on a bed clearly happy. Helena is in the kitchen putting her shopping away. He finishes the call

WICKY

They're sending someone over.

HELENA

Ok.

As she turns, an orange falls from her lap. It rolls across the lounge and under a couch. They both trace its movement across the room. Wicky looks at her and smiles. A long beat as he decides what to do.

WICKY

Well I'll get out of your hair.

He starts to walk away.

HELENA

Could you get that orange for me?

He is surprised.

WICKY

Oh. Yes of course.

He walks over to the couch and turns.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I didn't like to presume.

She smirks, again enjoying his discomfort.

HELENA

Presume what?

WICKY

That you didn't want to pick the orange up yourself.

HELENA

It's rolled under the sofa.

WICKY

Yes but I shouldn't just presume that you don't have a system.

HELENA

A system for getting an orange from under a sofa?

WICKY

My mate works at a rehabilitation centre for...

He beckons toward her legs

WICKY (CONT'D)

And he says you shouldn't presume they need help, it could be seen as humiliating.

HELENA

They?

He panics

WICKY

You. Them. (beat) Legs.

HELENA

In this instance isn't it just
being nice to get the orange for
me?

WICKY

Yeah, listen I shouldn't be taking
notice of what Weasel says anyway.
He shouldn't be allowed to work
there he's a dirty bastard he'll
try and hump anyone...

HELENA

Really? Even... (me)?
(gestures to herself)

WICKY

Oh yeah.

HELENA

And do I not want to be humped?

WICKY

Not by Weasel you don't. He's only
got three teeth.

HELENA

Can you get the- (orange)

WICKY

-I'll get the orange.

He knees down and reaches under the couch only to howl in
pain.

HELENA

Old legs playing up again.

WICKY

No my bloody back's gone!

HELENA

(sarcastic)
Oh, has it?

She wheels over to him. He drags himself to his feet, putting
his hands awkwardly on her wheelchair to get up.

WICKY

I'll be okay.

He tries to limp over to the door but is clearly in pain. He
looks back at her.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Can I wait here till they come.

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CONTINUED: (3)

4

HELENA

Of course. I didn't like to
presume.

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INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

5

Wicky is sitting awkwardly in a chair whilst Helena pours
tea. He is in the middle of discussing his job.

WICKY

It's not always murder, sometimes
it's suicides or accidents.

HELENA

What happened to Bedford?

Wicky is conspiratorial

WICKY

They're not sure but... I shouldn't
say.

HELENA

What? Tell me!

WICKY

No one realised he was dead for a
few days and his dog...

HELENA

What?

WICKY

You won't say anything?

HELENA

No!

WICKY

It sort of... ate him a bit.

HELENA

Good.

WICKY

Good?

HELENA

He never walked that dog, he
deserved to get eaten by it!

WICKY

What, so I'm not allowed a ham
sandwich but it's okay for the dog
to eat Mr Bedford? He's meat.
(beat) Became meat.

HELENA

Of course it's okay for the dog to eat meat. It's a dog! It doesn't know any better!

A phone (landline) starts ringing.

WICKY

A landline?! Old school.

HELENA

My mum's idea. It's a good back up apparently.

An answer phone kicks in.

HELENA (CONT'D)

This will be her now.

WICKY

Probably thinks you got trapped under a sofa fetching an orange.

She smirks before we hear the person on the end of the phone. It's man's voice, he sounds close to tears.

PHONE

Hi, Helena it's me. I just wanted to see how you're doing. I'm not doing well, I was just going through my phone. I thought it would be better to look at the photos. Part of the healing you know... and it's just... the ones from Crete were so... it was just such a happy time. You in that hat... I... I just miss you so much. I thought I'd get over it... but I can't. (He breaks down). I didn't want to cry on the answer phone... I'm sorry... if you could just call... I love you.

He hangs up.

Throughout this exchange Wicky has been doing a series of (hilarious) things to pretend he's not really listening. EG he gets very engrossed in a travel guide for Dudley. Helena stares in horror. After the call they sit in awkward silence.

WICKY

Wrong number?

HELENA

What?

WICKY

It was say that or try and get my
whole hand in my mouth.

She smiles.

WICKY (CONT'D)

When did you split up?

HELENA

Two months ago.

WICKY

Sorry.

HELENA

It's okay. It's his fault. He knew
what he was getting in to and he
said he could adapt. He couldn't.
Believe me he couldn't.

She wheels herself in to the other room.

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Wicky has hauled himself up and leans against the wall to
talk to her. She sits looking sadly out of the window.

WICKY

I know it's normal to you but, it
must've be a big change for him.

HELENA

Then he can't have cared.

WICKY

It's not my place to say but... if
you're used to a walker... I mean
someone who's not... you know. I
mean even holding hands would be
weird.

She turns around

HELENA

What?

WICKY

Well you know, holding hands with
someone on wheels, it must feel
like at any minute he could get
carried away and just bowl you in
to a river... just one swing and...
You're gone!

He mimes bowling her in to a river and the aftermath of her
drowning.

WICKY (CONT'D)

And what if you went to a restaurant and there was a big table?

HELENA

What are you talking about?

WICKY

Well you'd know better than me but I guess in the wrong restaurant you're eating with a floating head.

He mimes a table being just under her chin. She decides to put a stop to this.

HELENA

He couldn't handle the fact that I'm vegan!

WICKY

(still with hands under his chin)

What?

HELENA

That was why we split up, he couldn't cope with my veganism.

WICKY

Oh! Not because of the (he mimes wheeling himself in a wheelchair) Well that's a lifestyle clash innit. Yeah.

HELENA

What was all that-
(does Wicky's 'table' mime)
-bullshit?

WICKY

Do you fancy another tea. My mouth is dry. It's SO dry.

Wicky is propped up against a wall, drinking tea and vaping. Helena looks out at the view.

HELENA

He said it wasn't a problem at first. He said he'd been thinking about it anyway as lots of people at his work had gone full vegan. It was perfect and then... a friend saw him in a supermarket and...

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7

HELENA (CONT'D)

all he had in his basket was... one
big pork chop.

Wicky smiles

WICKY

You didn't end a relationship over
one big pork chop?!

HELENA

Of course not!

Wicky is relieved

WICKY

I was going to say, sprinkle of
salt, 15 minutes under a grill and
it's like it never existed,
delicious.

She doesn't really register this.

HELENA

I found out he had lied to me from
the start... I have physiotherapy
on Tuesdays and he always went to
meet a 'friend.'

WICKY

Oh god. And don't tell me, I
already know... she could walk.

She's confused

HELENA

It was his friend Toby.

WICKY

Jesus Christ, he's gay and Toby can
walk!

HELENA

They were in a steakhouse!

WICKY

Oh. Yes.

HELENA

I confronted him there and then. I
could barely stand to be in the
building. The stench of death was
everywhere.

Wicky clearly loves the smell of steak.

HELENA (CONT'D)

He didn't even try and deny it.
They'd been coming there every week
for a meat orgy.

WICKY

A meat orgy?

HELENA

While I was there they brought out
a bucket of chicken wings. I
thought I'd be sick.

WICKY

I know what you mean. There's no
meat on them. It's like sucking a
little skeleton.

HELENA

For god's sake!

She wheels herself into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wicky arrives at the doorway.

WICKY

Is that why you dumped him really,
because he was going for a steak
every now and then?

HELENA

You're clearly happy to date a mass
murderer. But I can see you've had
a few burgers.

Helena taps Wicky's belly accusingly, then wheels backwards
away from him, hands out in a 'yeah I just did that, what you
going to do about it' gesture.

~~HELENA (CONT'D)~~

~~I imagine you feast on flesh too.~~

~~WICKY~~

~~It's all orgies and feasting with
you innit?~~

HELENA

Yeah, it's fine to kill and eat
animals. I might date a people
trafficker next and we can have a
slave to do our housework.

WICKY

You can't compare... they're
animals.

HELENA

You're old enough to be in to The Smiths, did Morrissey not get to you?

WICKY

'Meat is murder,' yes I remember it and I also remember the prick sticking flowers in his back pocket and saying he 'rather likes' Nigel Farage.

HELENA

You think a human is more important than an animal obviously.

WICKY

Well yeah to be honest..

HELENA

Why?

WICKY

Because we know we're alive.
Because we can talk we can...

He gestures toward her wheelchair and then panics and points at the ceiling.

HELENA

Walk upright?!

WICKY

Oh here we go. I've already told you about my mate's dog so you can't get me with that.

HELENA

Stop talking about your mate's dog walking on its hind legs! I would have reported him for animal cruelty!

WICKY

(With no conviction)
It liked it!

She turns to her computer.

HELENA

Right! Let's get some photographs up, shall we...

WICKY

There's no need.

HELENA

Come on, I've got a beauty of calves being slaughtered and one of some baby chickens being thrown through a grinder; you can sharpen your appetite up.

WICKY

I know what happens and I know the pro-vegan arguments. It's ridiculous to compare humans and animals that's all I'm saying.

HELENA

Because humans are aware they are alive. Because they're sentient?

WICKY

Well. Yeah.

HELENA

Well get down to the old people's home then. Eat an Alzheimer's patient.

WICKY

Don't be daft.

HELENA

Why not, they don't know what's going on. Have an Alzheimer's rib eye!

WICKY

I don't want to have an Alzheimer's rib eye!

HELENA

Then go to the hospital. There should be some coma victims, make a minced man spag bol.

WICKY

Okay, I can see I'm winding you up. I'll wait out there.

He starts to walk out.

HELENA

Fine! Go, you stink of death anyway.

Wicky comes straight back. He's wound up now.

WICKY

Just so you know. I stink of death because this morning I cleaned up the body of a woman who had been shot during an armed robbery. She had three children. Shall I tell them it could have been worse... their dad might have been caught having a steak with Gareth?!

EXT. HELENA'S HOUSE. FRONT GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Wicky slams the front door.

WICKY

I like a steak myself. I'm a carnivore and you're not going to ruin it for me.

From inside she shouts

HELENA (O.S.)

I'd love to see your face if you had to kill a cow.

WICKY

I thought about this. I could kill a cow.

HELENA (O.S.)

You wouldn't know how to, you're like all meat eaters; a coward.

WICKY

I'd punch a cow as soon as I look at it actually and then I'd bite into it raw!

He is suddenly aware someone is watching him. It is an old man walking past the garden gate.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Sorry, just having a row with a disabled woman about eating meat.

The old man continues on his way. Wicky returns to his van, parked outside. He takes his lunchbox out and lifts the lid on the sandwich. It has that reformed meat in it that is made to look like a smiley face.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Jesus.

He throws the bread back on top of it. An older lady - HELENA'S MUM - walks past Wicky on the pavement. She has a wrapped up hot pot in her hand. She smiles at Wicky and goes to Helena's door. We see Wicky sniff the air.

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CONTINUED:

9

He knows that smell... it's beef! Wicky conceals himself behind a pillar and watches as Helena opens the door.

HELENA'S MUM

Hello Love.

HELENA

Hello Mum.

HELENA'S MUM

Thought you might be peckish.

Helena's Mum goes in and Helena takes a suspicious glance both ways up the corridor. The camera finds Wicky flat against the wall. A look of amazement on his face. He's caught her, bang to rights.

WICKY

Oh Gareth. You have been wronged mate.

10

EXT. STREET / HELENA'S FRONT GARDEN - LATER

10

Time jump. It's been over an hour. He is on the phone.

WICKY

I'm looking down at the house now,
he's not here. No I'm fine to wait.

He comes off his phone and continues what he was clearly doing, which is reading about veganism. We see an article about the impact of the mass production of beef on climate change. He shakes his head. We see him type in 'are vegan sausages any good?' A picture comes up. He shakes his head. They look dreadful. A door noise... it's Helena's house. The sound of the mum leaving.

HELENA'S MUM (O.S.)

See you soon darling.

HELENA (O.S.)

Bye mum.

Helena's mum leaves, and Wicky scuttles stealthily up the path to Helena's front door. He positions himself against the wall so that Helena couldn't see him through the glazed front door. He knocks. From inside we hear Helena approach. She peers through the glass.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Hello?

He doesn't reply. When Helena opens the door anyway, he pivots in to view. He has a smug look on his face.

WICKY

Hello there.

HELENA

What do you want?

WICKY

I wanted to say sorry for earlier.

HELENA

Fine. Bye.

She goes to close the door.

WICKY

I've been reading about veganism while waiting. It really is huge these days isn't it...

HELENA

Yes of course.

WICKY

Loads of famous people on the old 'veeg'...

HELENA

Yes. It's only the dinosaurs that haven't woken up.

WICKY

I didn't realise about beef and the climate and all that...

HELENA

Well done, you've started to learn things that most people did a decade ago. Whatever next? Will you be recycling?

WICKY

Who would have thought cow farts were so dangerous. They should do a Marvel film about an evil cow that's farting the universe to pieces.

HELENA

Look, what do you want?

Wicky looks triumphant in his reply.

WICKY

Oh I think I've left my phone charger in your flat.

HELENA

I didn't see it.

WICKY

Well it's definitely not in my bag anymore. If I could just come in and have a look.

He raises his eyebrows as if to say "got you." Helena does look a bit panicked.

HELENA

I told you, there's none in there. I would have seen.

WICKY

Are you sure, it may have rolled under the sofa...

HELENA

I've told you, there's nothing in there?

Wicky is accusatory

WICKY

Mind if I check?

HELENA

Yes I mind.

WICKY

I won't be long.

He tries to push passed her. She manoeuvres her wheel chair to block him.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Don't make me do this

HELENA

Do what?

WICKY

Don't make me jump you.

HELENA

You wouldn't dare jump me!

WICKY

I think I'm going to jump you.

HELENA

You've got a bad back.

He walks back to get a run up.

WICKY

It's popped back in!

10

CONTINUED: (3)

10

HELENA

No!

Wicky looks at her and in slow motion we see him leap in to the air. He hurdles over the top of her and lands in the HALLWAY. He leaps to his feet, triumphantly.

*
*

WICKY

Ha! I did it! I jumped you!
(pointing in Helena's
face)
You've just been jumped!

*
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*
*
*

Wicky does a little victory dance and immediately STUMBLES, and falls, crashing into a small SIDE TABLE with a BOWL OF ORANGES on it. The table collapses, the bowl falls and its many oranges roll under the sofa.

*
*
*
*

WICKY (CONT'D)

Oh god! Hubris!

*
*

HELENA

What the hell are you doing?!

WICKY

Proving a point. For Gareth.

(NOTE - repeating these 3 lines of dialogue in next scene to give us overlap between stunt and continuing action)

10B

INT. HALLWAY / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10B

WICKY

Oh god! Hubris!

*

HELENA

What the hell are you doing?!

WICKY

Proving a point. For Gareth.

Looking up he sees two plates on little tables in the front room. Helena sees them too and starts to panic. Wicky immediately starts to drag himself toward the plates. Helena wheels herself toward them in an attempt to get there first. A dramatic. Wicky just makes it, his finger sweeping across the plate and popping in to his mouth (I imagine all this to be filmed like an Olympic event). The camera crashes in to Wicky's face as he takes the finger from his mouth.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I knew it!

We see Helena's face crumple in horror.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Beef!

11 INT. LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

11

Wicky is in agony on the sofa. Helena comes in and hands him an ice pack. He thanks her and puts it on his lower back. Helena looks a bit shame faced.

HELENA

It's not what you think.

WICKY

Is it not? I think it's a hot pot.

HELENA

It is.

WICKY

Unbelievable. You're not vegan!

HELENA

I am...

WICKY

Did you eat that hot pot?!

HELENA

Yes but...

WICKY

But what?! Poor Gareth!

HELENA

I hate it. I try and just eat the potato. Just enough to make her think I've had it!

WICKY

You haven't told your mum your vegan?!

HELENA

I've tried but she doesn't get it...

WICKY

Well tell her about eating old people with dementia should help. Worked on me. You're a hypocrite.

Helena, bows her head. She is clearly upset.

HELENA

She found it harder than anyone. Took it harder than me.

WICKY

What?

HELENA

The accident.

Wicky had never thought to ask how she ended up in a wheelchair so his righteous zeal leaves him. He lets Helena speak.

WICKY

I thought you'd always been in a wheelchair.

HELENA

Nah, it was 6 years ago. Car accident. Drunk driver.

WICKY

Bastard, how can people do that?

HELENA

I was the drunk driver.

WICKY

Hey, we all need a drink when we're stressed. I've operated a forklift after a bottle of schnapps, who hasn't...

HELENA

I don't need you to try and make me feel better. It's my own fault. I'm just lucky no one else was hurt. I say no one...

WICKY

Oh god. You hit a cow didn't you? That's why you're a vegan.

Helena giggles through the sadness.

HELENA

No! (beat) I mean mum, she just worries and worries so much. It's difficult to see your own mum just look at you and start crying. No reason. We can be out having a perfectly nice day and she'll see me in the wheelchair and it's like she's seen it for the first time.

WICKY

But you're doing all right. I mean apart from getting oranges.

She smiles.

HELENA

I'm fine. I've adjusted and I love life. I've probably done more than I would have if it hadn't happened.

WICKY

So you'd recommend it?

She laughs despite herself

HELENA

Shut up.

The atmosphere between the two is warm now.

HELENA (CONT'D)

So every week she brings me a hot pot or a shepherd's pie and I just can't bring myself to tell her no. It's her way of helping you see. Her way of being a mum.

WICKY

Yeah course, my mum's hot pots were awesome.

HELENA

I'm sorry. Is she not around anymore?

WICKY

Oh yeah she's fine. Her hot pots just aren't nice any more. She's lost it. My dad agrees. He's got a catchphrase... 'Your mum used to be a great cook, now she's shit. I wish I'd never married her.'

They both laugh

HELENA

Anyway, there you go. The whole story.

WICKY

I'm exhausted, I need a beer!

HELENA

Sorry can't help you.

Awkward

WICKY

Oh god... because of the (accident), sorry.

HELENA

No, it's got animal products in it.

WICKY

I know, I know. Green Tony at the pub told me they put fish bladders in it, I've just tried to block it out.

She laughs

HELENA

You can get vegan beer you know.

WICKY

Not in my local you can't. They've only got cashews in the last year. He calls them 'space beans'.

HELENA

I prefer a joint these days anyway.

Wicky looks at her.

WICKY

Is that right?

HELENA

No animals in a joint.

WICKY

Have you... ummm...

She opens the arm of her wheelchair and takes out a pre rolled joint.

WICKY (CONT'D)

You're like robocop.

She smiles

HELENA

I'm not like robocop! (beat) Want a bit?

WICKY

Might help my back eh?

Wicky is on one end of the sofa and Helena, having pulled herself out of the chair is on the other. They are both clearly stoned (nicely not comedy stoned). Wicky takes a drag and passes it to her.

WICKY

So how come your mum is allowed to eat meat and Gazza isn't?

HELENA

It's different.

WICKY

How come?

HELENA

She's my mum, silly, she raised me. When he met me I told him. I'm vegan, I take it seriously and I can't date anyone who isn't.

HELENA (CONT'D)

He chose to come into my life, mum
chose to give me it.

WICKY

Cool, you don't mind your mum
having meat orgies. I get it.

HELENA

Don't put my mum in the same
sentence as orgies... oh and...
never call him Gazza again!

WICKY

There's a double standard that I'll
let slide. I have another question.

HELENA

Bloody hell, I don't want to talk
about him any more.

WICKY

It's not about him. Or meat. But
it's serious.

Her face drops and she leans in.

HELENA

What?

WICKY

Can you get me one?

HELENA

One?

Wicky raises his eyebrows as if to say 'you know what I'm
talking about.'

HELENA (CONT'D)

One what?

WICKY

You know, it's the holy grail.

HELENA

I don't know what you're on about.

Wicky takes a long drag and then leans forward and hands her
the joint. He stares at her and blows about the smoke
maintaining earnest eye contact throughout. Then he whispers
conspiratorially.

WICKY

The badge.

HELENA

The?

WICKY

You know.

She half smiles and half looks shocked.

HELENA

You mean a parking badge don't you?

WICKY

The sweet freedom of the city.

HELENA

No, I will not get you a bloody disabled parking badge.

WICKY

Thought not. Closed shop isn't it?

HELENA

Damn right! We have to have some perks!

WICKY

It's nice that you see the loopholes...

She's laughing but outraged.

HELENA

Don't try and suggest there are advantages!!

WICKY

Oscar Pistorius did all right on those springs didn't he... I mean before all the horrific murder stuff obviously...

HELENA

They weren't springs!

WICKY

I know a spring when I see one, bounced his way to victory.

HELENA

They're blades and they were never proved to be an advantage!

Wicky smiles...

WICKY

Just saying.

Her face changes, she's had an idea.

HELENA

You hungry?

12

CONTINUED: (3)

12

WICKY

Put it like this, I've genuinely considered trying to find that orange.

HELENA

Let's put your theory to the test. There's a food van down the road.

WICKY

I can't... my back

HELENA

Oh I'm going to level the playing field aren't I? A fair race.

WICKY

What?

She raises her eyebrows.

HELENA

Well I've got a spare haven't I?

Wicky realises. He stubs the joint out and stares at her.

WICKY

Bring it.

13

EXT. A STREET - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

13 *

Helena, filmed from in front, wheels herself at speed down the road, giggling wildly.

HELENA

Come on able bodied athlete, you're getting thrashed.

A panting and beetroot red Wicky wheels in to view from behind her.

WICKY

I'm in hell.

She giggles and races on, getting way ahead of Wicky.

Helena waits gleefully as Wicky huffs and puffs his way to her.

HELENA

I don't understand. You had a chair. What's wrong? Is there something wrong with your arms? I think you should see a specialist.

Wicky is so fucked he can't actually speak. He gasps in lung fulls of air.

13

CONTINUED:

13

He is about to speak when an old lady totters in to the scene. She is clearly frail and unsteady on her feet.

OLD LADY

You poor thing. Does he need my help?

Helena grins broadly.

HELENA

Oh would you?

14

EXT. THE PATH TO THE FOOD WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

14

Helena wheels herself along, stifling giggles. She is followed by a pissed-off Wicky who is being pushed along VERY slowly by the old lady, up towards the food wagon.

HELENA

This is so kind of you, he's really struggling at the moment.

15

EXT. THE FOOD VAN - LATER

15

*

There has clearly been a time jump. Helena and Wicky sit opposite each other at a table. Wicky has a sausage sandwich with a bite taken out of it. Helena is tucking in to hers.

HELENA

What do you think?

She nods at the sandwich.

WICKY

I think I want to find Gareth and go for a steak.

HELENA

They're nice! They're just like meat.

WICKY

They're as like meat as I'm like Dianne Abbot.

HELENA

You're helping the environment by stopping cows farting!

WICKY

You think I won't fart after eating soya sausages? I'll be going off like a tractor in half an hour!

He's expecting his line to make her laugh but when he looks up from the sausages her face has dropped.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Have it your way...

He goes to take another bite but realises something is wrong
Ruth looks mortified.

WICKY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

HELENA

It's him.

WICKY

Who?

HELENA

Gareth.

He looks over and we see a man walking by, unaware of them.
It's Gareth. Wicky looks back at a now tearful Ruth. His
heart sinks.

WICKY

Oh God, you still love him don't
you?

She nods through the tears.

HELENA

He's amazing.

Wicky sighs and he loses himself in thought for a beat. His
eyes widen.

WICKY

How often did he go for a steak?

HELENA

Once a week.

He looks back at the vegan sausage sandwich and weighs things
up. He takes another bite. Yes he could do this.

WICKY

Okay, I'll do it.

HELENA

Do what?

WICKY

I'll go vegan once a week. I can
stomach this shit every seven days.

HELENA

How does that help?!

WICKY

Use your brain: when he's eating meat, I'm not. Do the maths. For seven days a week one man is not feasting on flesh. Everyones a winner.

HELENA

You wouldn't stick to that.

WICKY

You don't think I'll eat tofu for love? Seriously? I'll eat tofu for love.

She thinks. He would too. She looks back at him hopefully.

HELENA

Go after him. You'll catch him easily, he's only got legs.

She smiles, goes to say something but then acts on impulse and wheels after him. Wicky takes a beat. Smiles. His phone rings.

WICKY

Hello boss? He's there now? Okay cool, no I'm just down the road. I'll get it done tonight.

He hangs up and jumps up from the chair. He stretches his back. It doesn't feel too bad. He walks over to the counter to pay. When he gets there he spots something. He looks from side to side suspiciously.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Those pork yeah?

The person in van nods. Wicky is clearly contemplating breaking his promise already when he is startled by a voice behind him.

OLD WOMAN

Oh my God!

Wicky turns around, looks at the woman, looks at his empty chair. He looks down at his own legs.

WICKY

Sing Hosanna!

The old woman's eyes narrow.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. THE PATH TO THE FOOD WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

16 *

Slowly a wheelchair comes in to shot. Wicky is pushing the old lady a long in the wheel chair. He pauses. A fart. He continues to push. All is well.

END.