

Take Care
Episode III / VI
"No Women... No Kids"

by
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See previous episodes for character & location descriptions.

FADE IN:

INT. MCMENACE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bowman and Singerson open FIRE at Karl.

BANG BANG BANG!

A bullet hits Karl's gun - knocking it from his hand.

KARL

Shit.

He ducks as BULLETS fly all around him.

SEXY FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Previously on Take Care.

A window SHATTERS. The sounds of the city drift inward.

Karl dashes across the room. McMenace dives to grab his own gun - aims carefully at Karl.

He SHOOTS - grins as a bullet RIPS into Karl's shoulder - blood sprays out.

MCMENACE

Gotcha...

Karl spins but keeps moving - grips his wound.

McMenace giggles like a schoolgirl.

MCMENACE

You bastard!

Mouths drop open as Karl jumps straight out of the shattered window.

BOWMAN

Holy fucking Christ!

McMenace drops his gun while strolling towards Karl's exit point.

MCMENACE

Nope. Karl fucking Sosea.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Rolling hills and mountains surround Karl as he peers down into an open grave.

He digs a shovel into a large heap of soil - moves it over the grave. The shovel stops.

KARL

Bye Janine.

The soil falls.

KARL

Rest in peace.

INT. POLICE STATION - TOP FLOOR

Oliver and Alec watch a large circle of ceiling CRASH to the floor.

They step slowly towards it. Both peer up at the night sky. A black cylinder drops through the hole - they jump back.

The cylinder lands with a CLATTER. They stare at it, then each other - eyes widening.

OLIVER

Oh shit!

ALEC

Oh fuck!

The cylinder EXPLODES - Oliver and Alec shoot backwards. Smoke and dust fill the room.

Cuban heels land hard on the circle of ceiling.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

The blue laser dot circles McMenace's nose. Karl stays perfectly still. McMenace stands uncomfortably. The dog sits.

MCMENACE

Listen, Karl. How about we fight like men? Real men. Just you and me, no guns. Just fists. Whaddya say?

Karl remains motionless. The dog's gaze stays on McMenace.

The blue laser light lowers. McMenace watches it creep down his chest. He closes his eyes - breathes in.

BANG. The handcuffs' chain SNAPS in two.

Karl puts his gun away. His leather jacket and bullet-proof vest drop to the floor.

His fists rise. McMence raises his - grits his teeth - swings at Karl.

PUNCHES him - hard in the stomach.

Karl doesn't flinch.

McMence's face falls.

MCMENCE

Oh no...

KARL

Oh yes.

McMence cowers, steps back. Karl steps forward.

KARL

My turn.

He swings. His punch CRASHES into McMence's jaw - like a sledgehammer hitting concrete.

A loud CRACK - McMence's two front teeth fly out.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicolette squirms and hisses on the floor as she grips a bowie knife.

The dog clamps its jaws around her slender neck. She lowers the knife - then lifts it.

KARL

Drop it.

No-one moves. Stand-off. No-one even breathes.

Nicolette splutters a COUGH - wheezes for air. She gradually lowers the knife.

KARL

Ease.

The dog loosens its grip. She HISSES, gasps to breathe.

KARL

Drop. It.

NICOLETTE

You fucking bastard Sosea!

Karl nods. The knife drops onto the carpet.

KARL

Cease.

The dog lets go of her neck - it GROWLS while hovering over her.

Karl picks up the knife - Nicolette spits at him...

NICOLETTE

You killed my brothers, you
bastard! You should kill me Sosea!
Because I'm never gonna stop until
I kill you. Never!

KARL

No women...

Karl grabs his clothes. The dog still GROWLS.

KARL

No kids.

TITLE SEQUENCE COMMENCES

INT. CALTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Calter sits behind the desk - puffing on a large cigar. The intercom buzzes.

A stubby finger presses a button on it.

CALTER

Yes, Caroline.

TINNY FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Sosea is here, with his... pet.

CALTER

Send him in.

He straightens his tie, clears his throat - takes a deep breath.

The door opens - Karl and the Rottweiler stroll in.

As Calter stands the dog sits. The two men shake hands.

CALTER

Good to see you Karl. Take a seat,
if you like.

He gestures with his cigar to a plush black chair.

KARL

No.

CALTER

Christ, you don't change do you?

Karl shakes his head.

KARL

Yeah.

The dog watches him attentively. Calter clears his raspy throat.

CALTER

Listen, I know in your line of work, sometimes it's necessary to go well, pretty far. To get... somewhat extreme, shall we say?

He gestures with his hands then waits for a reaction - he doesn't get one. Karl remains absolutely still.

CALTER

But Karl, attacking a police station and killing a load of cops, as well as beating a witness to death, is a bit too extreme. Even for you.

KARL

Killed Janine.

He turns his head away. Calter frowns.

CALTER

I understand that Karl. And I'm sorry for your loss, I really am. She was a fine woman. But you know what I'm saying. Now, the cops blame it on a terrorist attack. But they always do that lately, their latest thing.

He quietly giggles to himself, smile widens.

The cigar drops into the ashtray.

CALTER

Well, they'd look pretty fucking dumb if they told the truth... Just one man with a dog.

His giggles turn to chuckles. He slowly rises, moves to the front of the desk. His ample bulk leans back against it.

CALTER

Here's the thing. You're my best man, by far. But they're looking for you. And they're looking very hard Karl. Very very hard.

His fat hand reaches back to retrieve the cigar.

CALTER

If you stay here they'll find you. So, I got a job for you. Out of town. Is that okay by you?

Karl shrugs. Calter tenses. A pause - a long one.

The two men remain motionless. The dog glances to and fro between them - like a tennis match spectator.

It lets out a WHINE.

KARL

Cease.

Calter flinches. Silence. He coughs to clear his throat - holds his breath.

Karl slowly nods once. Calter breathes out, picks up a large white envelope to give to Karl.

CALTER

Pays well too. Do it Karl.

Karl glances at the envelope.

CALTER

It'll work out well, for both of us. See you soon, and... take care.

KARL

Always do.

Karl and Rottweiler leave.

Calter returns to his seat, muttering to himself...

CALTER

Always same monotone - won't even sit the fuck down - bloody evil looking dog - silent looney-like treatment - every flamin' time with the...

Fat fingers pick up the phone - dial - connects - clears his throat.

CALTER

It's done. He's on his way.

The receiver drops onto its cradle, eyes lock onto the door.

CALTER

Sorry Karl.

He rubs sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief, fat lips suck on the cigar.

CALTER

You've become a liability. And liabilities are no God damn good to me.

He crushes the cigar butt in the ashtray.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE

Workmen repair the damage. Bowman replaces the phone's receiver. Singerson and Steptock sit forward.

SINGERSON

Well?

STEPTOCK

What's happening?

Bowman pauses - a smile shows he's enjoying the moment.

BOWMAN

He's gonna take care of it.

EXT. MARSHALL ROAD - NIGHT

The red sports car slows through a town. It approaches two black cats in the throes of passion.

They stare at the passing car - green eyes flash.

INT. SPORTS CAR

The dog sticks its head out of the window - tongue flapping.

It eyes the cats - still at it, full pelt.

KARL

Feels bad.

The dog BARKS.

KARL

Very.

EXT. ELSIE'S BURGERS - CAR PARK - DAY

Fast food wrappers cover the dash of the parked sports car.

Karl's mask sits just below his nose. A white ointment covers his burn-scarred chin and cheeks.

He eats half of a huge burger. The dog drools while watching him. Its tail wags when he feeds it the rest of the burger - gulps it down in one.

Gloved hands pull the mask back down. The dog licks its lips.

Three small children in school uniforms point and stare at the car, mouths agape. Karl's window descends.

KARL

Intimidate.

The dog BARKS menacingly at the kids. They whimper and SCREAM as they run away.

Drool dribbles onto the leather seat.

INT. SPORTS CAR

KARL

Cease.

The dog stops. Karl's window rises. He pats the dog on its head - wipes up its dribbles with a tissue.

KARL

Good boy.

He collects the fast food rubbish - chucks it unceremoniously over his shoulder onto the back seat.

A drinks carton leaks onto leather.

The white envelope catches Karl's eye - rips it open. Within are details of JOSÉ CANTERO. A photo shows him accepting the Nobel Peace Prize.

KARL

Good man.

Karl reads a detailed agenda for Cantero's movements.

KARL

Her man.

He starts the car - its engine REVS.

KARL

Not right.

It speeds towards the exit. The dog lies down.

KARL

Fuck.

EXT. CAR PARK

The red car ROARS through it then out onto the highway. It disappears into the distance.

INT. CALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bowman stands at the desk - Calter sits behind it. His eyes follow a thick brown envelope dropping in front of him. It lands with a THUD.

Calter tears it open - bundles of banknotes spew out.

CALTER

Taxpayers?

Bowman nods, causing Calter to grin - as wide and happy as an alcoholic locked in an off-licence.

CALTER

My favourite. I adore spending taxpayers' money. It's like free drinks, they taste better.

BOWMAN

You should run for Mayor Mr. Calter.

He smirks - almost sarcastically, but not quite.

CALTER

I might just do that Detective Bowman. I might indeed.

BOWMAN

This is gonna get done, isn't it? It better fucking had do.

(MORE)

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

Or else I'm gonna want all that back and my pals are gonna have to start looking closely into your affairs, and those of your, erm... 'associates'...

Calter's cheeks redden. His fists clench - but his voice remains perfectly calm.

CALTER

A duck shoot, detective. You'll never see Sosea, or this money again. And Bowman...

BOWMAN

What?

CALTER

Don't ever threaten me, or my associates.

He points a stubby finger at him.

CALTER

Not if you know what's good for you...

Bowman stares at Calter's stubby finger, with its perfectly manicured nail.

BOWMAN

And what's that suppo...

CALTER

I got enough shit on you and your buddies to see you all put away for the rest of your days.

Bowman bites his tongue.

CALTER

Swearing is also rather uncouth, wouldn't you say, for a man of your profession and rank, detective?

Bowman points to himself.

BOWMAN

Hey! This is the Mayor talking, his words Calter. Don't shoot the fucking messenger. I've seen what Sosea can do, with my own two eyes. He's one tough motherfucker.

CALTER

Even tough motherfuckers like Karl
Sosea have their weak spots. And
like most men, his is a woman.

Both grin - both as happy as the locked-in alcoholic.

EXT. BACKRANDER AVENUE - DAY

Pretty and well-kept townhouses line either side of the road.
The red sports car pulls into a gap between two 4x4s.

INT. RED SPORTS CAR

Karl kills the engine, stares at the 101's front door. His
breathing increases. He grips the steering wheel - it CREAKS
under the strain.

The dog whines - licks Karl's mask. He lets the wheel go -
calms as he turns to the Rottweiler. Its tail wags.

KARL

Okay.

Gloved hands pat its head.

KARL

Stay.

He exits the vehicle, glances around as he strolls up the
path to 101. His pace slows as he gets closer.

A leather gloved hand rises to knock on the door. Stops -
millimetres away from the wood.

A black cat crosses his path. The dog suspiciously eyes the
pussy - pushes its nose against the glass. BARKS. Karl raises
his hand. The barking ceases.

Karl's head lowers, breathes in deeply. KNOCKS - a long
pause. Hesitates - KNOCKS again. Another pause.

As he turns to walk away the door opens.

CARLA stands in the doorway - beautiful, nineteen, dressed to
kill.

Her short black hair is neatly styled, eyes dark are covered
with thick black make-up.

A blue-nailed hand covers her mouth when she recognises the
caller - even with his back to her.

CARLA
I thought you were dead!

KARL
Yeah...

He turns to her. She puts both hands to her face. A tear runs down her cheek. She gestures for him to enter - he does so.

INT. CORRIDOR

Immaculately kept. Tastefully furnished and decorated.

KARL
I get that...

He follows Carla into the...

LIVING ROOM

Same style and standard as the corridor. Karl and Carla face each other in the centre of the room.

KARL
... a lot.

Carla sits. Karl remains standing.

CARLA
I see you still have that bête
noire out there. You know it's
definitely not coming in here.

KARL
No problem.

CARLA
Please sit down.

Karl doesn't move.

KARL
For me. Please.

A pause. He shrugs, then sits awkwardly.

CARLA
Thank you.

KARL
Yeah.

CARLA
Still as talkative as ever. What
are you doing here?

KARL
Seeing you.

CARLA
Still with the verbosity. That
always works, does it?

KARL
Yeah.

Carla shakes her head.

CARLA
As if to prove my point.

She stands.

CARLA
Look, I'm going to make myself a
drink. You want one?

A pause.

KARL
Whiskey.

CARLA
Whiskey? Now? You are joking aren't
you?

She looks at him like he's standing on his head juggling.

KARL
Large. Straight.

CARLA
You're not joking, are you?

Karl shakes his head. Carla stares at him as if he's on fire.

CARLA
But it's ten o'clock in the
morning!

KARL
And?

She shakes her head. Karl remains perfectly still.

KARL
Glengarrot.

CARLA
For God's sake! It's a bit early
for something that strong... isn't
it?

He shrugs again. She leaves - her fingers moving through her hair. He raises his voice to say...

KARL
And straw.

A dull BANG outside.

Karl moves like lightning to the side of the window - hand reaching for his gun.

He peeks out to spot an ugly fat middle-aged man load a bin onto the back of a refuse truck. Karl tuts while returning to his chair.

Carla returns with a sizeable glass of Glengarrot. She passes it to him then places a straw in it. She sits, sips her coffee.

He slips the straw under his mask. She frowns at the SLURPING noises.

The whiskey disappears as quickly as it was poured. Carla's eyes widen as he puts the empty glass down.

CARLA
That was a treble! And a big treble
at that.

Karl BURPS. Carla's frown increases dramatically.

KARL
Sorry.

He sits forward.

KARL
Listen...

She does the same. Her eyes watch him point at her then the floor.

KARL
Danger. Here.

She studies him. He remains completely motionless.

CARLA
From who?

KARL
Them.

She blinks rapidly. Her hands shake - clasps them together.

CARLA
Them? Because of... you?

He nods, stands up. Carla shakily sips her coffee.

KARL
Come with me.

She watches him offer his gloved hand. She hesitates, then grabs it.

EXT. 101 BACKRANDER AVENUE - LATER

Karl carries two large cases out of the house. Carla follows him, locks the door.

He stops, points at the doorstep, turns - stares at her.

KARL
Never return.

She looks at him with astonishment, thin eyebrows rise high.

CARLA
Never? But why?

KARL
Dangerous.

CARLA
Oh come on! But what about all my stuff? It cost me a fortune!

Karl carries the cases towards the car.

KARL
Just stuff.

Carla turns back to the house. Her blue-nailed fingertips caress the front door's numbers.

KARL
Not important.

He opens the car - dumps the cases on the back seat.

Karl gets into it. Carla heads to the passenger side. She looks forlornly back at the house - for a long moment.

Her pretty lips lower at each end. Tears well up. The sports car's horn BEEPS. She hurries towards it.

Karl opens her door - she gets in.

He turns the ignition key - the engine PURRS into life.

KARL

You're important.

The car speeds away - passes a yellow pick-up truck heading towards 101.

INT. 101 BACKRANDER AVENUE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Two young men stand in the centre of the room surveying its contents.

They're similar in appearance - skinny, late teens. Weak and pathetic moustaches fester upon their top lips. They're in dark suits, thick-soled shoes and loud shirts.

Both brandish very big guns.

PULSKIN is on the left. His black eyebrows contrast with his short white hair. Gold rings garnish his digits. A short black beard sits neatly trimmed on his chin. It resembles a very hairy caterpillar.

RABBINSKI's opposite. His long black hair stands in a tall Mohawk. Numerous piercings weigh down both ears. His neck is densely tattooed - making his head appear factory fitted.

PULSKIN

It appears, Mr. Rabbinski, that our cute wee bunny rabbit managed to flee her plushly decorated little hole, unfortunately. Prior to our arrival too.

RABBINSKI

Wha?

PULSKIN

Please keep up, Rabby. In other words... she ain't wanking well here, is she?

RABBINSKI

Right.

Pulskin picks up a framed photograph from the mantelpiece - it depicts Carla in a bikini on a beach. His eyes light up.

PULSKIN

Ah! So now, thanks to the wonders of modern photography, we're now well aware of how the elusive and evasive Miss Carla Sosea is like in appearance. This little nugget of knowledge will help us immensely in our endeavours to locate this delightful and pretty young lady.

A pause - Rabbinski realises it's for him to fill. His face flicks from a frown to a grin.

RABBINSKI

Aye.

PULSKIN

We already know what that big vicious mono-syllable freak looks like. But we're now acutely aware of how the real quarry appears in the flesh. And very aesthetically pleasing flesh it is too.

RABBINSKI

Yeah.

Pulskin licks the photo of Clara - Rabbinski's face wrinkles.

He watches him glare at the photo - his bony ringed index finger caressing Clara's image. Rabbinski frowns, winces.

PULSKIN

Oh yes, I will have you young lady. Oooh my, I most certainly will. Ooooooh. I'll take care of you darling. Good and proper, you sweet, delightful, pretty little thing you. Ahhh. And we'll make him watch. Properly bound down of course. With chains. Heavy ones. And locks. Big ones. And some big horrible...

Rabbinski taps him on the shoulder.

PULSKIN

What? You're spoiling my concentration...

RABBINSKI

Er...

PULSKIN

What on earth is it now, Rabski?
Don't you realise that I'm very
busily locking Sosea up and
committing foul and depraved acts
with this fine young filly, within
the cellar of an unfurnished flat?

Rabbinski points to the window.

RABBINSKI

Er...

A HCPD van rolls to a stop behind another - just outside the house.

PULSKIN

Oh big shitting peacocks! Past our
departure time, possibly...

RABBINSKI

Defintely.

They run out of the room. Policemen pile out of the van.

EXT. LIBERTY'S MOTEL - NIGHT

The red sports car sits outside room 616. The dog lolls on the backseat. A thick blanket covers its body.

INT. ROOM 616

Karl drops the suitcases near a chest of drawers. Carla stands behind him. He points to the double bed.

CARLA

What?

KARL

Yours.

CARLA

But where are you gonna sleep?

He points to a chair.

CALTER

Don't be so silly and stubborn.
It's a big bed, plenty big for both
of us. You need to rest. Properly.

He shakes his head before disappearing into the bathroom.

KARL (O.S.)
Your bed.

Carla eyes move to the ceiling.

KARL (O.S.)
Use.

She undresses, then pauses. Her eyes close. She whispers while making a sign of the cross...

CARLA
God help me...

KARL (O.S.)
Won't help you.

She glares at the bathroom door.

EXT. ELSIE'S BURGERS - DRIVE THRU - DAY

The V12 engine of the yellow pick-up truck approaches the pay booth. Pulskin drives, Rabbinski beside him.

Pulskin's window winds down. They peer at the pay booth.

A large middle-aged woman with curly grey hair begrudgingly slides the glass open. Her face sags in every possible way. This is SPARKY. She speaks in a dull and disinterested drone.

SPARKY
Twelve forty seven, please.

PULSKIN
How much luv? Are you absolutely and completely sure of the total figure, my good lady? Our order was only for a few small items from the cheaper end of your extensive and rather tasty menu.

SPARKY
You wha'?

PULSKIN
In other words, my dear, could you be a utter darling for me? Please check the total you previously gave me is, in fact, correct?

Her face switches from 'bored' to 'I've had enough of this'.

SPARKY

You're one of those friggin' freaky moron. Elsie! Another drug addict.

PULSKIN

No, there's absolu...

Sparky drifts away from the window.

ELSIE approaches it - swish, slim and blonde. She's in a smart business suit and her late forties.

ELSIE

Can I help you gents?

PULSKIN

Good morning my dear! Would you happen to be the manager of this fine eating establishment?

Elsie makes a minute nod. Pulskin flashes the widest of grins. His top front two gold teeth glint. He proffers a twenty note. Elsie remains nonchalant - face blank.

PULSKIN

Don't worry about the change, my dearest. You can keep all of it for your sweet self.

ELSIE

Oh. Really? You sure?

Pulskin nods with enthusiasm.

ELSIE

All six quid, fifty three pence of it? All for lickle ol' me? Wow...

Her tone phases Pulskin. He eyes her nervously, a fake grin forms on his face. She snatches the twenty without blinking. His grin fades - blinks rapidly.

Rabbinski passes him a photo of Karl. Pulskin's index finger taps it.

PULSKIN

This man is an extremely old friend of both myself, and my esteemed colleague here, my dear.

He gestures to Rabbinski - now waving like a castaway to a plane flying over a desert island.

RABBINSKI

Hi!

Elsie remains still. Horns BLOW behind the yellow pick-up.

ELSIE

Could you just cut to the bloody
chase and stop all that bleedin'
babbling? Other customers are
waiting, you know. For fuck's sake!

She gestures to the queue then to the photo.

ELSIE

And what the hell is that supposed
to be? All your friends wear
facemasks, do they?

Her hands go to her hips.

PULSKIN

Ha ha, yeah, something like that.
But we did hear on the grapevine,
just today in fact, that he was
eating in this very fine
establishment, very recently
indeed. He has a dog with him...

Pulskin gestures with his hands - as if he's showing her the
size of a fish that got away.

PULSKIN

Quite a big one I beli...

RABBINSKI

Black!

PULSKIN

Yes. Thank you, Rabbinski. A big
black dog, a Rottweiler.

RABBINSKI

Yeah!

PULSKIN

Just shut it will you, Rabby? Sorry
about that, sweetness. We were
hoping you could be so good to tell
us both what time that was, and
which way he went. If you indulge
us with this information, my
sweetheart.

Elsie's cool breaks. She grabs Pulskin's tie - yanks him
towards her.

Pulskin YELPS as his head THUMPS against the top of his door.

RABBINSKI

Ow! Burgundy brandy...

Rabbinski represses his grin as Pulskin rubs his glowing head. Elsie speaks with menace...

ELSIE

Listen to me you horrible little twat. I have not one clue who the fuck that freaky mask is. And, get this, I'm certainly not your fucking sweetness, or your fucking sweetheart. You creepy little shit-faced fucking worm. You get me?

PULSKIN

Actually I'd love to get...

Elsie pokes him in the eyes with two long-nailed fingers. He SCREAMS like a bawling baby.

RABBINSKI

Oooh.

Elsie shouts back to an office within the building... Tears run down Pulskin's cheeks.

RABBINSKI

Ouch!

ELSIE

Ronnie! Persuade Dickhead and Smiler to get the fuck outta here will ya? It's way past their bedtime.

PULSKIN

Ow! For fuc... What the Faulkner is wrong with you love? What'cha do that for?

Pulskin rubs his eyes. His voice is shaky...

PULSKIN

I have a good mind to sue the pretty little arse off you, young la... Ah...

A very very large man, covered in tattoos, appears behind Elsie. She grins.

Tattoo Man points a shotgun directly at Pulskin - cocks it.

RABBINSKI

Oops.

PULSKIN

Quite, Rabbinski. I see... you have some serious back-up.

ELSIE
Nothing without it. Now, you pair
of wearisome wankers... Fuck. Off!

The pick-up's V12 cylinders ROAR as it speeds away.

ELSIE
Next!

A weedy bespectacled driver in an orange Volkswagen Beetle nervously drives towards the window.

EXT. LIBERTY'S MOTEL - ROOM 616 - NIGHT

Dark. Carla sleeps in the bed. Karl sits in a chair. His head lies back.

TAP TAP TAP.

Karl's head jerks up. He turns - watches Carla stir in her sleep.

He pulls out his Toledo gun. Cocks it.

An envelope slides under the door. Karl moves to the window - watches a teenager pedal a bicycle away at speed.

He rips the envelope open - pulls out a note - studies it. He screws it up - slips it under his mask, chews, swallows.

LATER

Daylight pours in.

Carla packs a suitcase. Karl peers out of the window, gun in his hand. Carla nervously eyes it.

CARLA
Is this what we keep doing? Motel
to motel... Until they kill us?

KARL
No.

CARLA
What then?

He points his gun at the window.

KARL
Kill them.

EXT. CAR PARK

Karl and Carla leave their room. He carries the cases to the red sports car - they get in.

EXT. LIBERTY'S MOTEL - RECEPTION

The sports car passes parked vehicles. The yellow pick-up truck sits amongst them.

INT. RED SPORTS CAR

Karl eyes the pick-up as they pass. He whispers...

KARL
Pulskin...

CARLA
What?

KARL
Rabbinski.

CARLA
Who are they?

KARL
Killers.

Carla looks to the sky - closes her eyes.

KARL
Calter's nephews.

Karl manoeuvres the sports car in-between two parked lorries. He turns the engine off - opens his door.

CARLA
What are you gonna do?

KARL
Kill.

The dog's ears perk up as it stands.

KARL
Chill.

Karl raises his hand - the dog lies down. He gets out.

EXT. CAR PARK

Karl moves fast across it.

He peeks around a corner, presses a button on the gun. A mute light flashes twice - he pushes another.

EXT. RECEPTION

Rabbinski and Pulskin exit the building.

Pulskin's eyes catch the glinting of Karl's gun barrel in the sunlight.

Karl quickly shifts out of view.

Pulskin instinctively pulls out his gun - drops face-down to the pavement. Rabbinski soon follows suit.

RABBINSKI

Sosea!

PULSKIN

No shit, Socrates.

The open fire. BANG BANG BANG.

Passers-by SCREAM as they FLEE. A volley of bullets WHIZZ past Karl.

He leans back against the wall - presses mute again on the gun.

TOLEDO GUN

Silent mode off.

Rabbinski and Pulskin move quickly to duck down behind their pick-up.

PULSKIN

Slyly clever Sosea would have nearly got the early jump on us, the fecal fiend, if my eyes weren't as well-peeled as they presently are.

RABBINSKI

Yeah.

He nods as they reload. Pulskin stops to peer at him.

PULSKIN

Rabbinski?

RABBINSKI

Wha?

His eyes and mouth droop. Gormless. Vacant. His lights are on but no-one's home.

PULSKIN

Do you ever say more than one syllable at a time?

Rabbinski's gormlessness morphs into 'little boy lost'. He pauses - then brightens with an innocent looking smile.

RABBINSKI

Sometimes!

TOLEDO GUN (O.S.)

Heatseeker Special.

BEEPING commences.

PULSKIN

Shitting Neville! Get us in the titting truck. Now!

They jump up. Rabbinski struggles to unlock the pick-up's door - the BEEPING increases in speed.

PULSKIN

Mother of Mendosa! Open it, you slack-faced shitbox!

Rabbinski remains as calm as Buddha.

RABBINSKI

Relax...

PULSKIN

Now? I'm about to fill my trous...

The door CLICKS as it unlocks - they both dive in.

A WHIZZING commences.

A big bullet THUMPS off Pulskin's side of the windshield - spins as it rebounds.

Rabbinski and Pulskin glance at each other - then brace themselves.

The bullet EXPLODES.

INT. PICK-UP

A bright blinding FLASH of white light. BOOM!

The pick-up lifts a metre off the ground - BOUNCES on its big fat tyres.

Rabbinski and Pulskin rock to and fro - both WHIMPER while gripping onto their seats.

They stare with open mouths at the intact windshield.

PULSKIN

Bang a rabbit by the river! A damn wise decision to armour the vehicle so well, Rabski...

RABBINSKI

Aye...

PULSKIN

Now then, now. It's due time to deal with that vicious, berating, big and beefy bastard, methinks.

RABBINSKI

Yeah.

They check their guns.

EXT. RECEPTION

Karl peeks around the corner - presses a button on his gun.

TOLEDO GUN

Armour Piercing.

INT. PICK-UP

Rabbinski and Pulskin giggle as Karl takes aim at them.

PULSKIN

Oh my. He really is one big ugly... Hang on. He knows he can't get us in here. So why... Or maybe he...

Karl FIRES. Rabbinski and Pulskin's grins decay.

RABBINSKI

Ooh...

PULSKIN

... Shit.

They flinch as the windscreen SHATTERS.

BANG!

MOMENTS LATER

Pulskin and Rabbinski lie awkwardly on the floor. Cubes of sugar-glass cover both of them and the interior.

Pulskin's head rises. Cubes of glass cascade off him.

PULSKIN

I thought you said you'd used the
best there is, you cheapskate
thieving runt...

RABBINSKI

Did!

PULSKIN

Did my pretty posterior, you did.
Get us outta here, Rabbinski!
Rapido rapido Garçon !

RABBINSKI

Right.

Rabbinski FIRES up the truck while Pulskin FIRES his gun at Karl.

EXT. CAR PARK

BANG BANG!

Karl ducks behind a pillar.

Bullets PLOUGH into it - chunks of concrete fly off.

The pick-up races towards him. Inside it both men FIRE at Karl. The RATATAT of bullets fills the air.

Karl takes aim at the approaching pick-up - SHOOTs...

He lifts his gun as the truck's engine REVS as it passes. It slows, wanders.

INT. PICK-UP

Pulskin's eyes stay straight ahead.

PULSKIN

Come on Rabbinski! Get your foot
down my good man! Come the Dickens
on!

He pumps an imaginary accelerator pedal.

Rabbinski slumps forward onto the steering wheel.

PULSKIN

Oh dear.

EXT. CAR PARK

TOLEDO GUN

Explosive.

Karl takes aim at the truck - rolling towards a lamp post.
CRUNCH.

Its back two wheels lift as it collides with the post. The
truck's engine SPLUTTERS before dying. Smoke rises from its
bonnet.

The lamp post sways - SQUEAKS.

Karl steps forward - squeezes the trigger of the Toledo.

INT. PICK-UP

BANG BANG BANG! Pulskin ducks. Bullets SMASH the truck's rear
window. They fly on - out through the former home of the
windscreen.

Forty feet away a hundred-year old oak tree EXPLODES into
matchsticks.

Rabbinski slouches forward in his seat. His hand goes to his
tattooed neck - fingers turning red with blood.

RABBINSKI

Bleeding...

PULSKIN

And there was me thinking it was
tomato sauce. You really are the
observant little chicken sometimes,
aren't you my...

Rabbinski PUNCHES him - with power - BANG on the nose.
Pulskin flies down onto the sugar-glassed floor.

He WHINES and WHIMPERS - like a right little bitch.

RABBINSKI

Gobshite.

Pulskin splutters for words as he clutches his bleeding nose. Rabbinski turns the ignition key. BULLETS fly all around him.

His face screws up with panic. The engine STUTTERS in protest. Rabbinski THUMPS the steering wheel. Pulskin flinches.

Pulskin raises his hands in surrender. Blood leaks from his chin to his shirt.

BULLETS fly in - the two men duck. BOOMS keep them jumping as explosive bullets THUMP into nearby trees.

PULSKIN

Please don't hit me again, Rabby!
Please! My face is my fortune.
Luckily, I don't think you broke my
pretty little button of a nose.

RABBINSKI

Right.

PULSKIN

But, we're on a big job here,
Rabby. Uncle Corbin will kill us if
we fail. Please, let's get going.
There's a good chap...

RABBINSKI

Was!

Rabbinski readies his fist for another shot at Pulskin.

PULSKIN

Not now! For the love of Lennon...
Not right now, please...

Rabbinski's fist twitches. He unfurls it, twists the ignition key. The engine SPLUTTERS into life.

RABBINSKI

Yes...

He slams it into reverse - thumps the pedal to the floor.

EXT. CAR PARK

Karl sidesteps the truck - like a matador teasing a charging bull.

BRAKES SQUEAL. The truck skids to a stop.

GEARS GRIND. The passenger and driver are nowhere to be seen.

The truck THUNKS into gear - speeds forward.

Karl waits. The V12 engine SCREAMS - heads straight at him.

He waits... rolls away at the last possible second. The truck shoots past. its BRAKES

TOLEDO GUN

Dum Dum

He raises his gun - takes his time to aim.

The truck's two back tyres BANG as bullets pop them. It slows, but continues on regardless - out onto the highway.

Lumps of rubber and sparks shoot off its wheel rims.

Karl puts his gun away, glances around.

Groups of passers-by and residents huddle in corners, all goggling at the masked man. Some aim phones and digital cameras at him. They lower them and their eyes as his gaze meets theirs.

Karl takes a small blue box marked "The Vinni Co. Vidrub" out of his pocket. It features several small buttons. He presses the top one - 'Erase'.

Little lights on the Vidrub flash.

INT. RED SPORTS CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Carla and the dog watch Karl approach. Its tail wags.

The driver's door opens.

CARLA

Are you okay?

Karl nods, starts the car.

CARLA

Did you kill them?

KARL

Not yet.

EXT. CAR PARK

The red sports car SQUEALS onto the highway.

The watchers and filmers breathe a collective sign of relief.

A fifteen-year old boy called FILMORE, with more spots than a leopard, presses rewind then play on his video camera. Fuzz fills the viewing screen.

FILMORE

No! How'd he do that?

MOANS abound as others review what should be their footage of Karl Sosea at work.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - HIGHWAY

Heavy traffic. Other vehicles block its way through to the yellow pick-up - at least six cars ahead. Bright sparks SHOOT off its wheel rims.

KARL

Fuck this.

Karl's gloved hand reaches under the steering wheel. A touch screen monitor rises from the dash.

KARL

Hello Antoinette.

CARLA

What?

The screen flashes twice. Text appears. An electronic voice, with a French female accent, reads out the words...

ANTOINETTE

Good afternoon Karl. Mode? Attack,
Defence, Secure, Self-destruct.

CARLA

Is this how you spend your money?

KARL

Some.

He presses 'Attack'.

ANTOINETTE

Select target.

An image of the road ahead appears. Blue boxes frame the vehicles.

Karl selects the yellow pick-up. It flashes.

ANTOINETTE

Confirm.

He does so.

ANTOINETTE

Terrify, Follow, Destroy?

Karl selects Terrify. The engine REVS UP.

Karl lets go of the steering wheel. It turns by itself - throwing the sports car through a tiny gap between two large lorries. Horns BLOW.

CARLA

Jesus save us...

She instinctively reaches out to grab the wheel. Karl grips her arm.

KARL

Won't save you.

CARLA

What are you doing?

KARL

Relax.

She crosses her arms, huffs.

He hums as he reloads his fancy talking gun.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The red sports car makes it through almost impossible gaps. Other drivers protest by BLOWING their horns. The sports car doesn't respond.

It shoots along the hard shoulder towards the yellow pick up - SPEEDS UP.

INT. PICK-UP

Pulskin looks behind him.

PULSKIN

Turds on a tentpole. Is that the shitehawk Sosea?

Rabbinski glances in the rear-view - still holding his bleeding neck.

RABBINSKI

Aye.

PULSKIN

Do you think you could speed up a little then, please Rabby? Not too much to ask I hope, given likely imminent death by masked marauder, now just mere metres behind us?

RABBINSKI

No.

He thumps his foot on the accelerator to demonstrate it's already down to the floor.

PULSKIN

Oh dear. Why?

RABBINSKI

Lamp-post.

PULSKIN

I always find it's best to go around them... Call me old-fashioned and...

Rabbinski flexes his fist.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The sports car slots into a space twenty metres directly behind them - it shortens the gap.

PULSKIN (O.S.)

Ow! Jumping jerk-offs!

INT. RED SPORTS CAR

Carla and Karl watch the monitor.

ANTOINETTE

Target now in range. Select Attack.
Ram, Destroy, Tease...

Karl selects 'Destroy'.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The red sports car's engine speeds up. Its front grill descends. Three wide-gauge gun barrels slide forward.

SIRENS get closer. Blue and red lights reflect off red paint.

INT. SPORTS CAR

The lights zoom past Karl. He watches a Police car pull directly in front of him.

ANTOINETTE

Third party intervention. New target?

Karl confirms. Carla shakes her head.

CARLA

No! You'll bring the whole Police force down on us.

A red box around the Police car's monitor image momentarily flashes.

ANTOINETTE

Target confirmed. Select Attack. Ram, Destroy, Tease...

A gloved finger hovers over 'Destroy', pauses. Instead he presses 'Manual'.

He grips the steering wheel. The engine quietens to a purr. The monitor descends.

ANTOINETTE

Manual mode selected. Good bye Karl. Until next time, take care.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The barrels retract - the grill rises. The sports car slows.

KARL (O.S.)

Shit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - HARD SHOULDER - LATER

The yellow pick-up rolls to a stop. Smoke steams from its rear wheel rims - now glowing a dark shade of red. The sports car ZOOMS past.

INT. PICK-UP

SIRENS get closer - they cease. Blue and red lights shine on Rabbinski - peering into the rear view.

Pulskin looks over his shoulder.

He takes out his wallet. "Bad Boy" is written in large letters upon it. A few small banknotes is all he finds.

PULSKIN

Bugger a bishop. Gimme some money
Rabby. Quick!

RABBINSKI

Wha'?

EXT. HIGHWAY - HARD SHOULDER

The Police car pulls up behind the pick-up. Its lights cease. A very, very large policeman gets out of it - dons his hat. This is BELLIENDO.

His size sixteen shoes step towards the pick-up - stop at its rear. Belliengo bends to examine the rims. He TUTS repetitively at the sight.

He stands. The lack of the rear and front windows causes more tuts. Nervous giggles within the cab raise his eyebrows.

INT. PICK-UP

Rabbinski remains calm, picks at his fingernails.

Pulskin twitches while watching Belliengo's approach in his door mirror.

Belliengo's black-gloved hand RAPS on Pulskin's window. Pulskin jumps, grins, winds down his window.

Belliengo leans in - glances around the truck's interior.

BELLIENDO

Your, ahem, vehicle?

His tone is deep, raw.

PULSKIN

Actually, no. It's my erm, my
colleague's here.

He gestures to Rabbinski - grinning like the Cheshire Cat in 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'.

BELLIENDO
Licence and registration.

Both men are as tense as a horny husband who has just remembered where he left his 'special' cellphone and the furry handcuffs.

Rabbinski rummages in the glove-box. He hands a small document folder to Belliando. He examines its contents. Pulskin and Rabbinski eye him - as thirsty zebras eye crocodiles in a river.

Belliando speaks without looking up.

BELLIENDO
You think this car is roadworthy,
lads?

They both nod with vigour.

BELLIENDO
Really? Peronally I'd be ashamed to
send it to the scrap yard.

Pulskin offers his wallet to Belliando.

PULSKIN
Perhaps if you check my ID officer,
you may see things in a erm, more
sympathetic light.

Belliando takes the wallet - now packed with banknotes.

BELLIENDO
Hmmm. You wouldn't be trying to
bribe me now, would you lads?

Rabbinski and Pulskin shake their heads.

Belliando slyly pockets the wad of notes. Pulskin and Rabbinski suppress smiles. Belliando returns the wallet.

BELLIENDO
All that seems in order. But I
can't let you continue your journey
in this... like this.

PULSKIN
But then, good officer, what are we
to do? We must arrive at our
destination forthwith. We have
vital appointments to keep.

Belliando frowns, looks to Rabbinski.

BELLIENDO

Is he always like this?

Rabbinski nods. Belliengo stares at the blood on his neck.

BELLIENDO

What happened to your neck?

PULSKIN

He erm, cut himself shaving.

BELLIENDO

What was he shaving with, a fucking machete?

Pulskin forces a hollow laugh. Both Rabbinski and Belliengo widen their eyes at it.

BELLIENDO

Whatever. You've got a credit card in there. I'll send a wrecker truck for you. Get you fixed up. But for safety's sake, stay out of the vehicle. I'm bent but not cruel. Alright?

Rabbinski and Pulskin nod. They open their doors.

EXT. BRIDGE

The sports car pulls up. Karl gets out.

He places a flat black case on the bonnet - opens it. Carla and the dog stretch as they step out of the car.

Karl takes silver objects from the case - slots them together.

The dog WHINES repetitively. Karl glances around - points at a nearby bush.

KARL

Fertilize.

The dog trots over to it - squats to relieve itself.

CARLA

You mean your dog even has to ask permission to go the toilet?

Karl nods. Carla shakes her head.

He fits the silver objects to his gun. They form a rifle stock and extension, presses a button on it.

TOLEDO GUN

Laser off.

He fits a scope above the laser - aims down at Pulskin and Rabbinski, now standing on the verge of the highway.

P.O.V. TELESCOPIC SIGHT

Belliendo strolls back to his car. The view zooms in Rabbinski. Suddenly it rises.

EXT. BRIDGE

Karl glares at Carla - close to crying. Tears glaze her eyes.

CARLA

Don't kill them. Not like this.

KARL

How then?

He aims at Rabbinski again.

KARL

With kindness?

CARLA

Please, don't.

Karl lowers his head - closes his eyes.

P.O.V. TELESCOPIC SIGHT

The cross hairs stop on Rabbinski's head.

TOLEDO GUN (O.S.)

Long range.

CARLA (O.S.)

Spare them. Please. For me.

The cross-hairs lower.

KARL (O.S.)

Fuck.

They rise. BANG!

EXT. HIGHWAY - VERGE

Pulskin's face drops as a bullet ploughs through Rabbinski's cheeks. Blood spurts into Pulskin's eyes.

PULSKIN

Ueeurrgh.

RABBINSKI

Oooooowwww!

His hands go to his bleeding cheeks - SCREAMS. His eyes flutter, then close. He crumbles into a heap on the grass.

Pulskin dashes to the rear of the pick-up - pulls out his gun. His eyes search around him.

PULSKIN

Where are you Sosea? Where the Dickens are you, devil?

He takes a pair of binoculars from the back of the pick-up.

P.O.V. - BINOCULARS

Lifting to stop on the bridge - the red sports car is gone.

FADE OUT.

SUPER:

Take Care

will continue in the new year with...

Episode IV / VI
"Moves Like A Ghost"

FADE OUT.