

A GHETTO PUNK ROMANCE

Written by

L G Morgan

07772106843

lloydmorgan53@gmail.com

The BLARING of heavy urban traffic - car horns galore.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

JACK and JILL weave in and out of pedestrians, never breaking stride. Both young. Both Del-Boy types.

JILL
You see that?

Jack follows her glare -- a restaurant adorned with Valentine's decorations. A cutesy COUPLE kiss outside.

JILL (CONT'D)
That there is everything that's
wrong with the world.

JACK
(Checking his watch)
Ninety seconds. Come on, it's cute.

JILL
It's pathetic. Before Hallmark went
card crazy, Valentine's was about
as popular as St Crispin's day.

JACK
Who?

JILL
Exactly.

The duo pull out matching WOOLY HATS, putting them on.

JACK
It's harmless fun- For people in
love.

Jill sniggers at Jack's gullibility.

JILL
Sure. "Love".
(beat)
You're very naive, you know that?

JACK
Sixty seconds.

JILL
Define love.

Jack and Jill retrieve BLACK LEATHER GLOVES from pockets.

JACK

Umm...you can't define-

JILL

Bzz! Wrong. Love - as we know it - is nothing more than a chemical addiction. You meet a gal, you get frisky, then you get dopamine. It's pumped into that tiny brain of yours, and BAM! You're as hooked as a crack-fiend. Heartbreak? That's withdrawal symptoms kicking in.

JACK

You are one shrewd human being.

JILL

I'm a realist. You're just a pussy.

JACK

Thirty seconds. You ready?

They finally come to a stop in front of a GREY BUILDING.

JILL

Yup.

JACK

One more thing. If you think this is an appropriate first date...then you're insane.

Jill simply rolls the HAT down into a BALACLAVA mask, casually drawing a high-calibre PISTOL.

JILL

Better than the cinema, mate.

Jack shrugs, pulling his balaclava on. He has a HAND-CANNON of his own.

JACK

A kiss for luck?

JILL

Fuck off.

REVEAL: The duo are outside a BANK. Like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Jack and Jill CHARGE through the doors.

From outside we hear screaming, commotion and shrill alarm bells ringing out as we slowly...

FADE TO BLACK.