

A GHETTO PUNK ROMANCE

Written by

L G Morgan

07772106843

lloydmorgan53@gmail.com

OVER BLACK

The BLARING of heavy urban traffic - car horns galore.

JACK (V.O.)
Cold for February, ain't it?

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

JACK and RUBY weave in and out of pedestrians, never breaking stride. Both young. Both fast talking. Real Del-Boy types. Even the girl. Street smart doesn't quite cover it.

RUBY
You see that?

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

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

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

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

JACK
Who?

RUBY
Exactly.

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

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

Ruby sniggers at Jack's gullibility.

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

JACK
Sixty seconds.

RUBY
Define love.

Jack and Ruby retrieve BLACK LEATHER GLOVES from pockets.

JACK

Umm...you can't define-

RUBY

Bzz! Wrong. Love - as we know it - is nothing more than a chemical addiction. You meet a gal, you get frisky, then you get oxytocin. 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.

RUBY

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.

RUBY

Yup.

JACK

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

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

RUBY

Better than the cinema, mate.

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

JACK

A kiss for luck?

RUBY

Fuck off.

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

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

FADE TO BLACK.