

DONNIE **& CLYDE**

by

Tom Gregory

Draft 1.2 MAY 2020

tomgregory@fortuneandglorykid.co.uk

A music box version of **U2 - Pride (In The Name of Love)**

INT. A NURSERY - DAY

A rainbow mobile hangs above the crib of a baby sleeping in a FOOTBALL SHIRT. The father enters in the company of PC CLYDE HUDSON -- late 20s, black, English, proud & handsome.

He has rainbow epaulettes on the shoulders of his neatly pressed uniform and a pristine name badge.

The father is WAYNE -- 20s, shaved head, beer-belly. He wheezes unhealthily: drunk and pissed off.

CLYDE

The baby's a Swindon Town fan?

Wayne scowls beneath his own Swindon football shirt.

CLYDE (cont'd)

Well, I'm sure you understand we have to investigate any reports of domestic disturbance.

WAYNE

He's fast asleep, init? Couldn't have been much of a *disturbance*.

He sarcastically makes air-quotes.

CLYDE

And where's the mother?

CHANELL -- 20s, mixed-race, leggings, scrunchy and suspiciously meek, appears at the doorway with a black eye.

CLYDE (cont'd)

I think we need to speak privately.

WAYNE

She ain't going to tell you nuthin' bruv. So if you want to arrest me, you better get on your little gay radio and call for the cavalry, cos I ain't coming quietly.

Clyde sighs and mutters to himself.

CLYDE

I should've been a fireman.

INT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE

We scan down an image of a hunky, semi-nude fireman.

REVEAL that it's a fold-out calendar being held by DONALD 'DONNIE' MACGREGOR -- late 20s, white, Scottish, shaggy-haired and creative.

He's sat at his writing desk, frowning at the calendar.

He questions his mother -- JANEY MACGREGOR, late 50s, Scottish, who is on the other end of a Skype call.

DONNIE

I don't get it, mam?

She's in fits of giggles at her own little jape.

JANEY

It's a joke, Donnie! A little wedding gift, seeing as me and your sister didn't get to come on your hen do.

DONNIE

Stag do. What am I supposed to do with it?

His sister, ANDREA -- late 20s, Scottish, joins in.

ANDREA

Use your imagination, it's a bunch of nude firemen on a calendar...

DONNIE

(matter-of-fact)

It's *September*.

ANDREA

Are you even gay?

DONNIE

Well, I am getting married tomorrow. To a man.

JANEY

You sure you don't want us to come round there first? Make sure your sporrans straight?

ANDREA

It'll be the only thing that is.

DONNIE

No, lets just stick to the plan and I'll meet you at the church. Uncle Phil is picking me up in the posh car... Clyde will already be there, so you can look after him.

JANEY

Did you not manage to convince his family?

DONNIE

Long story... look the ceremony is in a very small village. They're all a bit six-toed, marry-your-sister types, and really precious about their church too. It's the only one in the country with a tower and a spire...

ANDREA

Double-ender.

DONNIE

Look, we're lucky we even got in there, so just make sure you get the directions from Uncle Phil because there's no way you two idiots will find it.

ANDREA

Sexist.

DONNIE

Right, look, I've got lots to do, I'm very busy.

ANDREA

You're a freelance writer, isn't that just sitting at home masturbating all day?

DONNIE

Oh no, I think the wi-fi is playing up, I think I'm losing you...

He hits the end call button and they disappear.

He breathes a sigh of relief and peers at the calendar. He looks around to make sure he's alone before picking it up and heading to the downstairs bathroom.

EXT. BADLANDS POLICE STATION - DAY

A Police van pulls through the sliding iron gates to the yard, where Clyde and a colleague unload Wayne in cuffs --

INT. POLICE STATION CUSTODY HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Clyde and his colleague, BIG PETE -- white, 20s, West-Country accent, short-man syndrome, sit Wayne down.

Clyde looks through the tiny window to the custody desk, while Wayne appeals to Big Pete.

WAYNE

Come on, fed, you can take these cuffs of now, we know each other, init?

BIG PETE

(suspicious)

Are you going to give us any more bother?

WAYNE

Depends if your faggy mate is going to try and touch me up again, bro.

Big Pete's a little conflicted, but Clyde tries to remain professional and begins filling in a custody form.

CLYDE

Date of birth?

WAYNE

Twenty-fifth of *bum-your-boyfriend*.

Clyde looks up at him. He's starting to lose patience.

CLYDE

The less you cooperate the longer it's going to take.

WAYNE

I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you? A poof like you stuck in a room with two men?

Wayne stands and Clyde squares up to him.

WAYNE (cont'd)

Oooh, looks like I struck a chord with this little fairy.

Clyde clenches his fists, bubbling with rage. Big Pete nods to the CCTV camera high up in the corner --

WAYNE (cont'd)
Yeah, that's right, you can't touch me. You've just got to stand there and take it. Like a good little gay-boy.

They're practically nose to nose now. Big Pete pipes up.

BIG PETE
Alright that'll do. Sit down.

Clyde stares, incensed. Wayne ugly smiles and begins to turn away, faking that he's going to sit down, but he suddenly whips his head back around and spits a huge gob-full directly into Clyde's face --

MATCH CUT TO:

The CCTV FOOTAGE shows Clyde's reaction. He throws a punch at the handcuffed Wayne who drops like a sack of spuds. Clyde is pushed away by Big Pete, who finally intervenes.

INT. POLICE STATION INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Clyde is sitting on one side of the desk from INSPECTOR PAUL HIGGINS -- 50s, white, bald, perfectly round head. The Inspector has just shown him the CCTV footage on his laptop.

CLYDE
Sir, he spat in my face. Called me a fag, a fairy...

INSP. HIGGINS
As warranted officers we are held to a higher standard. We're expected to be robust.

CLYDE
Robust? So we're expected to just take homophobic abuse?

INSP. HIGGINS
Do you know how many times I've been called 'pig' in my career? You think I don't know the team all refer to me as 'Piggins'?

CLYDE

Surely you're not suggesting I'm expected to just smile and take it?

INSP. HIGGINS

Well, to be quite frank, PC Hudson, if you will insist on those ridiculous rainbow epaulettes I don't know what else you expect?

Clyde is aghast. He stares in disbelief.

INSP. HIGGINS (cont'd)

The bottom line is, you've assaulted a detainee who had no way of protecting himself. I've no choice but to suspend you pending an investigation.

CLYDE

What, seriously?

INSP. HIGGINS

You're off for a couple of weeks from tomorrow anyway, for a *holiday*?

CLYDE

Honeymoon. I'm getting married tomorrow. To a man.

INSP. HIGGINS

You see, that attitude is exactly the problem. I'm not a homophobe. What you get up to behind closed doors is up to you, but when you shove it down our throats it makes normal people feel uncomfortable.

CLYDE

Normal people?

INSP. HIGGINS

You know what I mean. Some of us struggle to keep up with what's *okay* these days... and your kind are accepted in the Police now.

CLYDE

Oh well that's very big of you.

INSP. HIGGINS

I'm just saying... what more do you *want* from us, Clyde?

EXT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Clyde pulls up on the driveway in his well-kept but modest car, next to Clyde's old rust-bucket. He gets out with his kit bag and lets himself in --

INT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Clyde hangs his keys up on the designated hook, then rolls his eyes and does the same with Donnie's keys that are on the floor. He spies some extra shoes and calls out --

CLYDE
Hey, I'm home!

Donnie appears from the kitchen. Gives him a kiss.

DONNIE
Oh, hey, you're early.

CLYDE
Yeah, listen, I need to speak to you...

He can hear voices from the kitchen.

CLYDE (cont'd)
What's going on?

DONNIE
(pulls a face)
Umm, I'm sorry, I told them not to, but there's been a wee change of plans...

He guides him through to the kitchen where Donnie's mum and sister, Janey & Andrea, can barely contain their excitement.

ANDREA
Surprise!

JANEY
It's your evil step-mother!

Clyde is taken aback but puts on a gracious smile.

DONNIE
We're getting married, mum, that doesn't make you his step-mother.

JANEY
Fairy Godmother?

They greet properly with hugs and kisses.

DONNIE
Oh Christ, mum, that's even worse.

JANEY
Well, what am I then?

ANDREA
His mother-in-law, you daft old bat!

JANEY
(laughing)
Oh aye! Haha. What does that make
you, the ugly step-sister?

ANDREA
Hey!

Donnie puts the kettle on and they settle down to chat.

DONNIE
So, you had something you needed to
tell me?
(laughing)
Not getting cold feet?

Clyde is a bit vacant. Janey and Andrea exchange glances.

DONNIE (cont'd)
Oh God, you are, aren't you?

CLYDE
Oh, no... course not.
(snaps out of it)
Not unless Andrea declares that she
loves me...

She swings an arm around his neck and kisses his cheek.

ANDREA
I do!

DONNIE
Well, we all know she likes her men
as she likes her coffee... weak and
dribbly.

They all enjoy a laugh at each others expense.

CLYDE
So, why do I get the feeling that I'm
being buttered up for something?

JANEY

Well, love, we were just thinking it's traditional for the bride not to see the groom the night before the wedding...

DONNIE

Hang on, why am I the bride?

They all give Donnie a look to say 'really?'

DONNIE (cont'd)

Cheap shot. But probably fair... It's just for tonight and the car is picking me up from here plus these two idiots want to help me get ready.

CLYDE

Alright, no worries. I suppose it's tradition. I'll get my stuff together.

JANEY

Where will you stay? With your folks?

CLYDE

Not unless I want to spend the whole night going through a gay exorcism.

JANEY

I'm sorry sweetheart. You know, me and Donnie's father eloped. Gretna Green... the whole shooting-match. Our parents never agreed with us.

DONNIE

That's because you were eighteen and he'd knocked you up.

ANDREA

At least mum and dad had a good reason. God knows why you two would want to do something as old-fashioned as getting married in this day and age?

DONNIE

Hey! You want to take this one?
(to Clyde)
What makes us so special?

CLYDE

(enigmatic)

I guess we'll find out tomorrow...

(a beat)

Okay, I'll get my stuff and stay at the Holiday Inn. You sure you don't need me to check on the cake?

DONNIE

No, I've got that under control.

ANDREA

You let him organise the cake?!

CLYDE

Yeah, I thought I ought to let him do at least one thing.

DONNIE

It's going to be gorgeous, ordered it from this beautiful little local family bakery.

They all stare at him.

DONNIE (cont'd)

What?

ANDREA

And they're okay with the gay thing?

DONNIE

Yeah...

CLYDE

You didn't tell them, did you?

DONNIE

Well, not in as many words...

CLYDE

Alright, you know what, I'm sure you can't mess up ordering a cake. I'll see you all at the church. At least you two are here to make sure he doesn't sleep in.

DONNIE

Hey, we're two people in love getting married, what's the worst that could happen...?

MONTAGE

Altered Images - We Could Be Happy

EXT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE - DAWN

It's shaping up to be a beautiful late summer's day. There's a gorgeous long black classic ROLLS-ROYCE on the driveway, decorated for the wedding --

INT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE - DAY

UNCLE PHIL -- 50s, white, Scottish, stoic, is suited and booted and sits reading the paper, while Donnie, Janey and Andrea buzz around the place getting ready --

Shirts are ironed, make-up applied, cigarettes smoked and copious cups of tea and coffee drunk --

Andrea blow dries Donnie's hair and styles it high with hairspray. Donnie sees it in the mirror and shakes his head, brushing it out --

Donnie poses in his KILT and jacket while Janey fusses over him, straightening his sporran --

Uncle Phil remains stoic, reading the paper as they attach his buttonhole --

END MONTAGE

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Clyde is alone in the small traditional church in a perfectly tailored TAN SUIT. On the phone. Not happy.

CLYDE

It's flour, eggs and sugar! How can a cake be gay?!

He scowls at the answer --

CLYDE (cont'd)

Well, either way, I really don't think God is going to damn you to hell for making a gay cake.

The next reply sends him into a rage --

CLYDE (cont'd)
 Not natural?! Well neither is
 marrying your cousin, but that didn't
 seem to stop you...
 (a beat)
 Hello?

He thrusts the phone in his pocket and clenches his fists --

CLYDE (cont'd)
 Jesus Christ!

REV. COLES
 Everything okay?

REVEREND COLES -- 50's, white, friendly, progressive.

Clyde apologizes.

CLYDE
 I'm sorry, Reverend.

REV. COLES
 (taps watch)
 You're very keen...

CLYDE
 I'm just trying to make sure
 everything is perfect. But,
 unfortunately, I'm getting a little
 frustrated with... *people*.

REV. COLES
 Oh you mustn't lose faith on a day
 like today. This is a celebration of
 love, not hate.

He smiles warmly. Clyde doesn't look convinced.

CLYDE
 I have to confess... faith...
religion, isn't really my thing.

REV. COLES
 Forget religion. You know what I have
 faith in? All people are born with
 the capacity to love.

CLYDE
 And hate?

EXT. THE TOWN - DAY

The sun glints off the Roller's polished chrome as Donnie wends his way to the church with his family --

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

The church is bustling with guests now. The doors closed, all ready for the big event. Clyde stands at the front, waiting impatiently for Donnie to arrive.

He looks at his watch and lifts his hands to question best-man, MARCUS -- 20s, white, ginger --

MARCUS

You know Donnie, he's never been on time for anything in his life.

Reverend Coles steps to the front, ready for Donnie's arrival and a hush falls over the guests --

MARCUS (cont'd)

He just wants to make a dramatic entrance...

Clyde smiles and the congregation all turn as the heavy wooden door swings open and in steps... Big Pete.

They frown in unison as the the little cop awkwardly makes his way down the aisle in his Police uniform. He takes Clyde to one side to give him some urgent information --

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

The passengers all frown as Uncle Phil pulls the car over --

ANDREA

Uncle Phil?

Uncle Phil twists to look at them seriously.

UNCLE PHIL

I have something I need to give you.

DONNIE

(joking)

Well, it's a wee bit late to say you don't want to use your car for a gay wedding...

Conflicted, he hands over a bottle of whisky and an envelope

UNCLE PHIL

I've been debating whether to give you this or not, but Robbie made me promise...

ANDREA

Dad? He never would've let you use the car for a gay wedding.

JANEY

Aye, your father was many things, but enlightened he was not.

DONNIE

Bloody shut up you two!
(a beat)
Uncle Phil? What's in it?

UNCLE PHIL

I don't know, kiddo. I'm sorry, but your father made me promise to give you it when the time was right.

DONNIE

On my wedding day?

UNCLE PHIL

Do you want to read it?

DONNIE

Can you do it?

Uncle Phil rips the seal and takes a breath...

UNCLE PHIL

'Dear Donald, if you're reading this then it must mean that you're doing something mad like getting married. Either that or my idiot brother completely misinterpreted the meaning of "the right time" and you've just got a new hamster... Anyway, you know that your grandparents never approved of me and your mum, that's why we ran away to Caerlaverock Castle at Gretna to get married...'

JANEY

It was genuine castle, too grand for us.

UNCLE PHIL

'...and that got me thinking how I've never really been able to come to terms with the way you are... especially now, at the end, this illness has me frightened. I don't know if there's a heaven or hell, but if I'm going to be judged at the pearly gates then I have to know I told you this...'

Uncle Phil looks up and sees Donnie's puppy-dog eyes.

UNCLE PHIL (cont'd)

'You have my blessing.'

A sigh of relief from everyone --

DONNIE

(smiling)

You see? I keep telling you all.
People are fundamentally good.

Uncle Phil puts the letter back in the envelope and stows it in the glove-box and gets them back on their way.

ANDREA

Why didn't I get a letter?

DONNIE

Well, you can have the whisky, obviously, given I'm allergic. Plus you're completely uncontroversial.

JANEY

There was that time when she was a teenager and thought she was a witch.

DONNIE

I blame Sabrina.

ANDREA

I'd have married Sabrina if I could.

The car turns a corner and arrives at the church --

DONNIE

(laughing)

Can you imagine it? A lesbian witch wedding? You'd be chased out of the village with pitchf...or...ks...

EXT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

As the car comes to a halt they come face to face with a PROTEST outside the church.

A crowd has gathered. It's a mix of ages, mostly made up of local villagers. Confused middle-class, CofE types with home-made banners and posters:

'Sodom & Gomorrah - not Simon & Garfunkel'

'Gay marriage sucks!'

'STOP OUR

CONFUSING CHILDREN'

Donnie and his family exit the car. They exchange concerned glances. Uncle Phil unwittingly leaves the keys in the car in a rush to help keep them safe.

There are a handful of Police Officers monitoring the crowd, but not enough to keep them off the church grounds.

More concerning is that joining the mild religious zealots is a small gang of Swindon Town 'fans' in replica shirts and 'football casual' clothes. Drinking already.

They're much rowdier. Spoiling for some drama.

Donnie walks towards the entrance with his family, trying to ignore the jeers of the crowd all around them.

Ringleader of the football gang is WAYNE who had a run in with Clyde yesterday and is out on bail. He's already red-faced, wheezy and sweating in the midday sun.

WAYNE

Alright, Nancy? You must be the blushing bride. What have you got under yer skirt?!

All eyes on Donnie in his kilt. He gives as good as he gets.

DONNIE

More meat than a butcher's window.
You want a sneak preview, *cupcake*?

He blows a kiss at Wayne which only enrages him. The fat football hooligan bundles past and stands blocking the entrance. Uncle Phil appeals to him.

UNCLE PHIL

Come on, pal, let us past, this is a private occasion.

WAYNE

A couple of fags getting married in one of our churches? I don't think so, mate.

ANDREA

One of *your* churches? Just get out of the way, you fat moron.

WAYNE

I think your dog needs cooling down, Nancy...

Wayne splashes the BEER from his can all over Andrea in her posh frock. She shrieks and it starts a real commotion --

The football gang rally around Wayne. Andrea and Janey both try to get at Wayne but are held back by the handful of Police Officers, just as the church door opens --

Clyde exits with Marcus, Big Pete lags behind.

CLYDE

What's going on?!

He appeals to his Police colleagues.

BIG PETE

That's what I was trying to tell you.

CLYDE

Let go of them, they're part of the wedding...

Wayne and Clyde recognise each other.

WAYNE

You!

CLYDE

You! What are you doing here?

WAYNE

Released no further action, *princess*. Why, you want another chance to sucker punch me?

Clyde tries to ignore him. Donnie frowns.

DONNIE
What's he on about?

Clyde implores the Police.

CLYDE
Can you please take care of this and
get us inside so we can get on with
our wedding?

WAYNE
You're getting married? Oh this just
gets better, bro. You really think
we're all going to stand by and let
two geezers get married in church?

He looks around and a cheer goes up as the crowd agrees.

Clyde grabs hold of Donnie's arm and starts to pull him
through the crowd toward the entrance. Wayne leans in as
they push past and quietly goads them --

WAYNE (cont'd)
(whispers)
Especially... when one of them... is
a dirty gay *monkey*...

Clyde's eyes widen. The last straw...

Except Donnie beats him to the PUNCH. Literally --

DONNIE
I'll kill you!

Donnie's big hay-maker floors Wayne. Clyde looks at Donnie.
Donnie looks as surprised as anyone.

A hush falls upon the entire gathering as they all look at
Wayne lying MOTIONLESS on the floor.

A moment, then Big Pete rushes to attend to Wayne. He feels
for breath but it doesn't look good. The hooligans gather.

Donnie's family all look at him and Clyde.

Clyde looks at the door to the church and at Wayne lying
unconscious between them and the door. He swallows hard then
grabs Donnie's arm again.

Donnie's in shock, frozen. Clyde pulls at him, dragging him
back to the Rolls-Royce --

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/OUTSIDE CHURCH - DAY

He opens the back door and bundles Donnie in. He clambers into the drivers seat and pushes the door lock.

A moment. Then Clyde realises the keys are in the ignition. He looks around at the crowd closing in. Sees Donnie catatonic in the rear-view mirror.

He starts the car and races off with a squeal of tyres...

EXT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Big Pete has started CPR on Wayne. The football hooligans are remonstrating with the Police. The crowd bristles with outrage while Janey, Andrea and Uncle Phil seek sanctuary inside the church --

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

The car motors along at pace. Clyde taps his fingers on the steering wheel, his mind racing too.

Donnie leans forward in between the front seats.

DONNIE
What are you doing?

CLYDE
I don't know.

Donnie looks at him.

DONNIE
What the hell are we going to do?!

CLYDE
Just let me think a minute.

DONNIE
But... but... the wedding... all our friends and family... *that guy*.

Clyde looks at Donnie's frightened face. He spots a pub and yanks the wheel, pulls into the car park and backs into a shady corner.

They're hidden from view from the road.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Janey, Andrea and Uncle Phil have barricaded themselves inside along with Rev. Coles and the rest of the guests. The crowd sounds scary banging on the door.

REV. COLES

I should go out and reason with them.

JANEY

Don't be mad, father, they'll tear you from baws to oxter.

He doesn't know what she means but it doesn't sound good.

Uncle Phil's at a window --

UNCLE PHIL

Ambulance has gone.

ANDREA

What are those football hooligans doing?

UNCLE PHIL

They're all on their phones.

ANDREA

What about the Police, aren't they mates with Clyde, why aren't they helping?

UNCLE PHIL

I suppose they have to stay impartial.

ANDREA

Impartial?

JANEY

Och, it was that fat tit who started it, no?

UNCLE PHIL

That's as maybe, but he doesn't deserve *that*, does he?

ANDREA

What? You think one punch from my wee brother could've...?

They all look at each in concern.

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/WHITE LION PUB CAR PARK - DAY

Donnie is in the passenger seat now and anxiously gazes at Clyde who is on his mobile phone.

CLYDE

Oh hello, this is Inspector Higgins from Crossways Police station, I understand some of my officers accompanied an injured male from Saint Michael's church to A and E not too long ago, but I'm having a bit of difficulty getting hold of them on the radio. You know what the signal's like in there. I was just hoping for an update.

Donnie looks on, worried, as Clyde listens to the reply.

CLYDE (cont'd)

Of course, the passphrase is 'Bladerunner'...

(to Donnie)

He's a Ridley Scott fan.

(back to phone)

Oh that's great, thank you. And could you just let me know what the condition of the patient is so I can add it to the log?

He nods along as he receives information, professional --

CLYDE (cont'd)

I see, that's... *understood*, thank you.

He ends the call.

A moment...

DONNIE

Well? Is he alright? Big tough guy like that... I didn't hit him that hard, just a wee tickle really. There's no way I could've, you know...

(a beat)

Clyde?

Clyde looks at him through scared eyes. Donnie looks back in disbelief as Clyde slowly shakes his head.

EXT. HOSPITAL A&E - DAY

One of Wayne's football hooligan mates, AARON -- mixed-ethnicity, 20s, football shirt -- stomps out of A&E in anger. He holds his mobile phone out ahead of him.

He lights up a cigarette and gets to work on his mobile --
A chat group on Whatsapp titled 'STD: Swindon Town Disease'.
He taps a message out --

U all kno my bro-in-law, Wayne Dennis right? Season-ticket holder, sits in the Town End. Hes just bin killed by sum fag in a kilt at a wedding. the killer got away with his boyfriend in a black rolls n the police aint doin nuthin. You kno wot to do.

INT./EXT. WHITE LION CAR PARK PORTALOOS - DAY

A sign -- **'The White Lion apologises for the temporary toilet situation while we refurb.'**

DENNIS -- white, male, 60s, tuts as he stands in a portaloo. As he pees he looks out of the small eye-level window slit.

Across the car-park he can just make out the black Rolls-Royce tucked behind trees.

EXT. WHITE LION PUB CAR PARK - DAY

Donnie is out of the car, pacing. Clyde tries to calm him --

DONNIE
We've got to go to the Police, right?

CLYDE
Look, just get back in the car.

DONNIE
I mean, they'll understand, won't they?

CLYDE
Somebody's going to see us.

DONNIE
It was an accident. Self-defence.

CLYDE
Please, just get in the car.

DONNIE
He was goading us on...

Clyde looks at him pleading, but Donnie can't help it, takes his phone out of his jacket --

DONNIE (cont'd)
I'm just going to call 999, tell them exactly what happened.

Clyde grabs the phone out of his hand.

DONNIE (cont'd)
What are you doing?!

He tries to get the phone.

CLYDE
Donnie...

Clyde holds him off.

DONNIE
Gimme it.

CLYDE
Donnie...

DONNIE
Give me the damn phone.

Clyde fixes him a look.

CLYDE
Big Mac...

That stops Donnie in his tracks.

DONNIE
What?

CLYDE
Get in the car. I need to tell you something.

Donnie knows he's not messing.

INT. WHITE LION PUB MAIN BAR - DAY

Dennis returns to his place at the bar and nods to the landlord, BRIAN.

DENNIS
Somebody score, did they?

He motions to a group of agitated 20-something football fans/wannabe HOOLIGANS who had been watching the game on the TV but are now furiously scrolling on their phones.

BRIAN
No, it's half-time.

Dennis rolls his eyes and shouts out to the group.

DENNIS
Will you lot keep it down? We can't
hear ourselves think over here.

This just riles them up further.

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/PUB CAR PARK - DAY

Donnie stares in shock at what Clyde's just told him.

DONNIE
But you're a Policeman. Surely
they're more likely to believe our
side?

CLYDE
You've never been on the receiving
end of a prosecuting QC. I have. Even
as a witness, the only thing they
hate more than a Police Officer is a
gay, black Police Officer.

DONNIE
So what's going to happen?

CLYDE
Best-case scenario? Involuntary
manslaughter, you'll get two years.

DONNIE
Two years what?

CLYDE
In prison.

DONNIE

Prison?! That's the best case?

CLYDE

If they believe it was involuntary and you plead guilty.

DONNIE

Well what the bloody hell is worst case?

CLYDE

They take into consideration the fact I assaulted him yesterday and feel that you believed he was responsible for getting me suspended... *and* that you shouted out you were going to kill him. We're looking at voluntary manslaughter. Or murder.

DONNIE

Murder?! I... I can't even... what does that even mean?

CLYDE

Life.

Donnie stares in shock. Clyde rubs his brow.

Donnie tries to make light of it.

DONNIE

Life in prison... And I didn't even get to do my dance routine down the aisle.

He smiles weakly and they lean in and touch heads.

A moment, then an idea occurs.

CLYDE

Unless...

Donnie raises his eyebrows.

DONNIE

Unless?

CLYDE

We run...

Donnie almost laughs. But he can tell Clyde's not joking. He opens his mouth to speak, but jumps at a BANG --

It's the football hooligans from the pub. They surround the car, bang at the windows and pull at the locked doors. They're menacing but comical with their West Country Gangster accents.

Donnie & Clyde look to one side -- the ringleader, OGGIE.

OGGIE
Little pig, little pig, let me in!

Then to the other side -- the big lad, LUMP.

LUMP
This little piggy went to market,
this little piggy stayed at home.

Then the front, but one of them isn't too bright -- SPAMMER.

SPAMMER
Who's been sleeping in my bed?!

The hooligans all look at him across the roof in confusion.

OGGIE
What's Goldilocks got to do with
pigs, you idiot?

SPAMMER
I thought we were just shouting
nursery rhymes?

OGGIE
No, he's a fed, isn't he?

CLYDE
(shouts)
What do you want?

LUMP
Get out of the car.

OGGIE
We just want to talk.

Donnie and Clyde exchange looks.

CLYDE
Ever get the feeling the universe
doesn't want us to get married?

DONNIE
Since when do you care what anyone
else thinks?

Clyde gives a look, then starts the Roller with a ROAR.

Lump stands in front of the car. Clyde revs the engine but he won't move.

Oggie legs it and jumps in his boyracer Subaru and squeals across the car park, stopping nose to nose with the Rolls, replacing the human shield of Lump --

Clyde can't go back because of the trees. The gang continue to bang at the windows as Clyde is left with no choice. He slams the Rolls in first and starts to push.

The Subaru pushes back.

Back and forth they go, each building more power.

The smell of burning rubber as the tyres of the Subaru struggle for grip. Oggie shouts at the rest of the gang from the window --

DRIVER

We need more weight!

The gang all pile into the Subaru and they begin to gain ground, the tires gripping and starting to edge the Rolls back into the tree.

Clyde tries valiantly. Puts the car in second, but it's not enough. Donnie thinks.

Suddenly it comes to him and he jumps out of the car.

CLYDE

Donnie!

He keeps the power on as Donnie runs up to the driver's window of the Subaru.

The gang are conflicted. Even more so when Donnie lifts his kilt, flashing them like a true Scotsman --

Oggie frowns, angry but Spammer takes the bait and jumps out to go and grab Donnie.

The lessened weight is just enough and Clyde floors it, forcing the Subaru at speed across the car park --

The Subaru is slammed backwards into the row of PORTALOOS which explode in a hail of blue liquid.

Spammer stares gormless as Clyde reverses, collects Donnie and squeals off out of the car park --

EXT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE - DAY

Big Pete pulls up in a Police car and lets out Janey and Andrea. Uncle Phil follows in Clyde's car. No sign of the Rolls-Royce.

Janey unlocks the door and they enter the house --

INT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE - DAY

They troop in to an empty house.

Big Pete calls up on his Police radio --

BIG PETE
QJ from Echo-2-3. No sign of them at the house. Received?

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
Noted, 2-3. The Inspector has asked if the family have any idea where they might go. Anywhere with any sentimental connections, over?

Big Pete raises his eyebrows at the family who all suspiciously claim not to know --

DONNIE (O.S.)
Blackpool...

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

The Roller motors along. Donnie looks at Clyde. Mischievous.

CLYDE
Blackpool?

DONNIE
We could get married in the same place we met?

CLYDE
We can't get married at *Funny Girls!*

DONNIE
Why not? They have stag parties there. Even *straight* ones, I'm sure you remember...?

CLYDE
Before you corrupted me...

DONNIE

Oh aye, you were straight as an arrow
before I got to you.

CLYDE

But seriously is it even a registered
venue?

DONNIE

Yeah, Steve and Simon got married
there a few years ago.

CLYDE

Really? Why didn't we go?

Clyde gives him a suspicious look --

DONNIE

Because of who officiated.

CLYDE

Who?

DONNIE

One of the girls from the club got
themselves ordained and they did
it...

CLYDE

Not...?

Donnie nods playfully.

CLYDE (cont'd)

Meg?

DONNIE

Say her full name...

CLYDE

(resigned)

Meg Cryin'...

DONNIE

The one and only.

CLYDE

How did I know you were going to say
that?

DONNIE

(grins)

You want to see if your *first love*
can marry us?

CLYDE

My first love? She was like a gateway
drug for confused young men...

DONNIE

(innocent)

And for those of us who weren't
confused at all. We better call ahead
and warn her.

Donnie gets out his mobile.

CLYDE

Didn't you turn it off?

DONNIE

I thought you were joking.

CLYDE

No, they can track it and figure out
where we are.

DONNIE

But I haven't got that *find my phone*
thing.

CLYDE

It doesn't matter. They can ping it.
And, yes you do.

Donnie looks at him with a squint.

DONNIE

You've got trust issues.

CLYDE

(serious)

Donnie, I love you, but if we're
going to pull this off, we're going
to have to take some extreme measures
to evade the Police. We're basically
fugitives.

DONNIE

Really? No offence but your Inspector
isn't exactly Tommy-Lee Jones...

INT. POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The team sit, gathered. A powerpoint presentation with a photo of Donnie and Clyde projected on the wall. Inspector Higgins stands with a pointer.

INSP. HIGGINS

Listen up, ladies and gentlemen. Our fugitives have been on the run for sixty minutes. Average speed on minor roads, barring mechanical defects, is 35 miles-an-hour. That gives us a radius of...

(thinks)

...35 miles. What I want out of each and every one of you is a proactive analysis of every intel source, ANPR camera, facebook, instagram, twitter, snapchat and whatsapp group available. Grindr notifications go up in fifteen minutes. Your fugitive's names are Clyde and Donnie...

BIG PETE

(hand up)

Er...?

INSP. HIGGINS

I'm not saying it the other way...

EXT. WHITE LION PUB CAR PARK - DAY

There's now a larger gathering of hooligans with their boy-racer cars. Wayne's mates from the Church are there, including Aaron as well as the lads from the pub.

They're having their own briefing. Aaron leads.

AARON

Alright, lads, you all know me from that Oxford game right? Well, I need every one of you to put the word out on the socials, you know what I'm sayin? They're going to have to surface sooner or later.

OGGIE

On it, mate. What's their handles?

AARON

Well, you're not gonna believe this, bro...

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Donnie's confused reading a UK A-Z as they thunder along.

DONNIE

I think we're *here*, but it's hard to tell without the little blue dot...

CLYDE

Didn't you ever do map-reading in the cub scouts?

DONNIE

No, I just liked the short-shorts.

CLYDE

Just look out for a petrol pump symbol somewhere rural. They're less likely to have decent CCTV. Plus on these back roads we'll avoid ANPR.

DONNIE

Neil Patrick Harris?

CLYDE

What? No. *Automatic Number Plate Recognition*. It's seventies technology but it'll still identify this car anywhere in the UK with a camera.

DONNIE

We could do with one of those revolving number plates like Sean Connery in Goldfinger.

CLYDE

You and Sean Connery...

DONNIE

Meg once told me I look like a young Sean Connery.

CLYDE

More like a young Billy Connolly.

FADE TO:

BILLY CONNOLLY (O.S.)

'Before you judge a man, walk a mile in his shoes. After that who cares? He's a mile away and you've got his shoes.'

EXT. CLYDE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

The audience laughs along on a cassette of **Billy Connolly Live in the Caribbean** which plays on an old stereo.

Clyde's father, LEONARD HUDSON -- black, 60s, British-Jamaican, chuckles along as he cleans the car on the driveway.

Clyde's mother, VANESSA HUDSON -- black, 60s, British-Jamaican, sits enjoying the sun, preparing vegetables --

VANESSA

Len? You missed a spot.

Leonard is unimpressed with the criticism as a Police car pulls up. Big Pete steps out with Inspector Higgins.

BIG PETE

Mr & Mrs Hudson?

VANESSA

Yes?

BIG PETE

Sorry to interrupt your afternoon, but there was an incident today at the wedding.

VANESSA

What wedding?

Leonard's face betrays him.

VANESSA (cont'd)

Leonard?

LEONARD

(sheepish)

I don't know what he's talking about.

INSP. HIGGINS

It's really important we talk to you, we're colleagues of your son.

Vanessa holds the crucifix around her neck and looks away.

VANESSA

I don't have a son.

EXT. RURAL PETROL STATION - DAY

This petrol station is small and inconspicuous. Just what they need, despite the 'VOTE UKIP' sign in the window.

Right next door is a dusty, long-closed garage with a pair of rotting old cars on the forecourt.

Clyde fills the Rolls with fuel as Donnie heads into the shop. Clyde calls after him.

CLYDE
Cash only! And buy a screwdriver.
Phillips head.

DONNIE
Phillip's getting what now?

CLYDE
A screwdriver with the cross head.
And get some snacks.

Donnie puts his thumb up and enters the shop --

INT./EXT. RURAL PETROL STATION SHOP - DAY

A bell rings as Donnie enters. The shopkeeper, NIGEL, looks up from his copy of The Daily Mail. He's in his 60s, white -- a UKIP type. He looks in admiration out the window.

NIGEL
That's a real black beauty you've got
out there.

DONNIE
Excuse me?

NIGEL
Amazing power under that handsome
face.

Donnie puts snacks on the counter, looks out of the window.

DONNIE
Er... right. Do you have a bathroom I
could use?

NIGEL
Just out the back there.

He motions and Donnie goes off to use the facilities.

INT. RURAL PETROL STATION TOILET - DAY

Donnie enters the small room, shuts the door behind him and immediately turns his nose up at the smell.

He opens the window above the sink. It's tiny, for ventilation only, no way you could fit a person through it.

INT./EXT. RURAL PETROL STATION SHOP - DAY

Meanwhile, Nigel is eyeing Clyde through the window suspiciously. Clyde finishes filling up and sits in the car.

Donnie returns to the counter. Nigel is still staring.

NIGEL
Quite the beast.

DONNIE
Look, I'm sorry but...

NIGEL
Rolls-Royce V12, 1934.

DONNIE
Oh... I see! Um, do you have a screwdriver? Phillips...

Nigel pulls a screwdriver from the wall.

NIGEL
Same Merlin engine they used in the Spitfire. A real British classic.

Donnie looks out at Clyde.

DONNIE
(under breath)
Yeah, he is.

NIGEL
Special occasion?

DONNIE
Er, yeah, wedding day.

NIGEL
Oh congratulations.
(rings up till)
So with the fuel, that's going to be seventy-two pounds and fifty pence.

Donnie pulls the cash out of his sporran.

NIGEL (cont'd)
Well, I hope it all goes smoothly for you.

DONNIE
That's very kind, thank you.

The shopkeeper nods toward Clyde as he gives change.

NIGEL
Though I'm surprised your driver didn't fill the tank up before he collected you.

Donnie's face drops, he stops at the door.

DONNIE
He's not my *driver*. He's my husband-to-be.

The shopkeeper's face blazes with righteous indignation but no chance for reply as Donnie leaves --

INT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Janey and Andrea fidget while Uncle Phil sits contemplating.

JANEY
Where the hell are they?

Andrea hangs up her phone.

ANDREA
Well, both phones turned off, so my guess is somewhere they don't want to be found. Somewhere far away, hopefully.

JANEY
Don't say that. I want them here where I can look after them.

ANDREA
They're wanted by the Police, mum.

JANEY
What did you have to say that for?!
Make yourself useful and put the kettle on.

ANDREA

Oh yeah, that'll solve everything,
more tea.

JANEY

Well, I don't see you coming up with
any solutions.

Uncle Phil shouts.

UNCLE PHIL

Enough!

They look at him in surprise but his gaze is fixed on a
photo on the wall.

UNCLE PHIL (cont'd)

Where was that photo taken?

It's a framed pic of a younger Donnie and Clyde beaming on
the seafront either side of legendary Drag Queen MEG CRYIN'.

EXT. GARAGE FORECOURT - DAY

A faded commemorative photo of Charles & Diana's wedding
looks out from the dusty window of the rundown garage next
door to the petrol station.

Donnie stands looking at it curiously from behind a
knackered old car.

DONNIE

I don't get it. People love a
wedding. When *they* got married the
whole country took the day off.

Clyde looks up from his position on his knees, using the
screwdriver to remove the number plate --

CLYDE

You want to help or what?

Donnie stretches and puts his hands behind his head --

DONNIE

I'm just keeping a lookout.

Clyde shakes his head as he struggles to get the rusted
number plate off --

What they don't realise is that Nigel has slipped out the back door of the petrol station for a smoke. He lights up and looks across --

From this angle it does really look like something DODGY -- *Clyde on his knees before Donnie who has his hands behind his head.*

Nigel takes his phone out and begins recording video, though after a moment he moves to get a better position and clatters into a wheelie bin --

Donnie and Clyde turn to see him and there's a stare-off --

Clyde has the number plates now and he stands. He gives eyes to Donnie to go and they start to edge away.

NIGEL

Wait! I know what you're up to.

DONNIE

We were just borrowing these...

NIGEL

That's not what it looks like on the video I made. I'm guessing you don't want this getting out in public, or, say, to the Police?

CLYDE

Look, we'll just leave the number plates here and pretend this didn't happen.

NIGEL

No, that's not going to cut it, I'm afraid.

(a beat)

I mean, what you were doing looked very... *wrong*.

Donnie and Clyde exchange glances.

DONNIE

Are you saying you thought it was... *naughty*?

Nigel looks suggestive, Clyde looks worried.

NIGEL

Maybe we could come to some arrangement?

DONNIE

Alright...

(thinking quickly)

...why don't you go into the bathroom
back in the petrol station, strip off
and I'll come and join you...

CLYDE

(gritted teeth)

What are you doing?

NIGEL

Not you... *him*.

He points at Clyde who's eyes go wide.

DONNIE

Alright.

CLYDE

What?!

DONNIE

(aside)

Just go with it.

NIGEL

He goes in first and strips or I'll
send this video to the Police. You
stay outside.

DONNIE

It's a deal.

Nigel turns and Clyde follows him back into the Petrol
Station. Donnie waits outside the door.

CLYDE

I hope you know what you're doing.

DONNIE

Hey, trust me. It'll be like Cyprus
all over again.

CLYDE

You and I remember Cyprus very
differently.

INT. PETROL STATION TOILETS - DAY

In the public 'restroom' Clyde bitches to himself alone, as he strips off, carefully folding his clothes and pulling a face as he places them on the top of the cistern.

He lets out a naked, vulnerable sigh as he stands waiting.

NIGEL (O.S.)

Are you ready? No funny business or I'll send this to the Police. Do you agree to those terms?

CLYDE

I do...

He shakes his head at the absurdity as Nigel enters. He shuts the door behind himself and looks Clyde up and down.

NIGEL

You've got big... *hands*.

Clyde is hiding his modesty with his hands, but from a strategic angle we see him lift his hands up and (remaining PG-13) we see Nigel's eyes widen.

Nigel takes off his shirt and slowly undoes his trousers and drops them to the floor, then his underpants.

An awkward pause.

CLYDE

(loudly)

Alright, what happens now?

It's meant for Donnie more than Nigel.

Nigel tries to look sultry but it's grotesque.

Nigel drops to his knees and does a weird kneeling walk toward Clyde who's looks in terror and backs away as far as he can --

But he backs into the wall and still Nigel approaches, shuffling like a racist penguin. He looms large and Clyde clenches his fists ready to fight --

Saved by the bell --

DONNIE

Aaaaand CUT!

Nigel stops dead and his head spins to where Donnie's voice is coming from -- the tiny, open window. Just large enough for Donnie to film it all on his mobile phone.

Clyde covers himself up in relief. Nigel's in shock.

NIGEL

What's going on?

DONNIE

I'm quite the amateur filmmaker and I got some lovely angles of you. Managed to keep my fiance's face out of the picture though.

NIGEL

But, but... I'll send my video to the Police.

DONNIE

Well, it looks like we've got a naked stand-off then, because if you do that, I'll publish this to every social media site going. Maybe the Daily Mail would enjoy it...

Nigel admits defeat and holds his phone up to Clyde.

NIGEL

I'm not gay, you know...

INT. CLYDE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Inspector Higgins and Big Pete sit on a floral sofa in a meticulous front room, sipping tea from cups with saucers.

A picture of the Queen on the wall next to a Crucifix.

Leonard and Vanessa sit across from them. Awkward.

INSP. HIGGINS

I am sorry, Mr and Mrs Hudson, I had no idea you weren't in touch with your son. I can reassure you that he was an exemplary officer.

LEONARD

Was?

VANESSA

I always warned him not to get mixed up with the wrong crowd.

They're interrupted by Big Pete's Police radio --

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
Echo-two-three? Are you in company
with Inspector Higgins?

BIG PETE
Yes, he's listening QJ, go ahead.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
We've had a ping on a mobile phone
belonging to Donnie MacGregor.
Triangulates to a petrol station near
Birmingham. West Mids are sending a
unit. Over.

Inspector Higgins nods.

BIG PETE
That's all received, thank you.

LEONARD
What does that mean?

INSP. HIGGINS
Well, both their phones have been
switched off, but we've been
continuing to 'ping' them anyway and
it would seem that Clyde's, er...
partner must have turned it back on
somewhere near Birmingham.

LEONARD
So they're heading north?

INSP. HIGGINS
It would appear so. I don't suppose
you have any idea where they might be
going? Any places that hold special
sentimental value?

Leonard tries to keep a poker face. Vanessa sucks her teeth
and shakes her head at him.

VANESSA
Every year we used to take a little
holiday. He thinks I don't know...
(Leonard sheepish)
But that's where they met...

INSP. HIGGINS
I'm sorry, where?

VANESSA

Blackpool.

Inspector Higgins raises his eyebrows.

INSP. HIGGINS

Well, that's a long way out of our force area.

(to Big Pete)

Want to earn some overtime?

BIG PETE

Er, yeah, I better just let the missus know.

He pulls his mobile out and begins texting while Inspector Higgins smiles at Clyde's unhappy parents.

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/COUNTRY ROADS

The sun's getting lower in the sky as Clyde negotiates the on-ramp to join the motorway.

DONNIE

You think the motorway is a good idea?

CLYDE

Well, at least it doesn't involve me being naked...

DONNIE

But I thought you said we'd be spotted?

CLYDE

Yeah, but with a bit of luck our new number plates will do the trick. Plus it's the most direct route if you want to get to Funny Girls in time to get married today?

Donnie gives him a smile.

DONNIE

I do...

He laughs in surprise as **Billy Idol - White Wedding** comes on the radio. Clyde rolls his eyes and they motor past a sign for THE NORTH.

INT./EXT. BOY RACERS/MOTORWAY - DAY

A convoy of the football hooligans are on the motorway now too, led by Oggie's Subaru full of lads, with Aaron in the passenger seat.

OGGIE

How do we know we can trust your
Police "source"? One of them's a fed
isn't he?

AARON

Cos he's a Town fan.

SPAMMER

Swindon Town?

AARON

No Lazy Town. He loves Robbie Rotten.

Spammer looks confused.

OGGIE

Alright so what do we do when we get
to Blackpool?

AARON

I'm messaging the England supporters
club there now. They'll put the word
out. They ain't gonna be able to
hide. A couple of gays in a Rolls-
Royce will stick out like a sore
thumb...

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/MOTORWAY - DAY

Clyde's sticking to the speed limit and they trundle along in the first lane listening to the radio. But the song has Donnie feeling guilty -- **Queen - Bohemian Rhapsody:**

'Mama, just killed a man...'

He quickly retunes to another station but it's no better -- **Talking Heads - Psycho Killer:**

'Psycho killer, qu'est-ce que c'est...'

Another -- **Cypress Hill - How I Could Just Kill A Man:**

'Here is something you can't understand, how I could just kill a man...'

One more -- ***Electronic - Getting Away With It:***

'I've been getting away with it, all my life...'

Donnie flicks it off and sighs... but then jumps at the blaring HORN of a car coming up behind them --

Clyde looks in the mirror in shock. But the tooting becomes more frequent and friendly as they realise they're being overtaken by a convoy of VINTAGE MOTORS.

CLYDE
Classic car rally.

DONNIE
Well, *they* seem to like us!

Other Rolls-Royce enthusiasts wave as they pass.

CLYDE
Yeah, but they don't know we're gay.

Donnie ignores him and waves back enthusiastically.

EXT. RURAL PETROL STATION - DAY

The low sun glints off the Police patrol car that pulls up on the forecourt. Two local cops get out to look around.

INT. RURAL PETROL STATION SHOP - DAY

They enter to the ring of the bell above the door. Both frown at the empty space, then hear a muffled cry --

INT. RURAL PETROL STATION TOILET - DAY

They push open the door and discover a still half-naked Nigel, gaffer-tape on his mouth, bound to the toilet. His modesty is preserved by the 'VOTE UKIP' sign on his lap.

They pull the tape from his mouth --

NIGEL
I was mugged by two gays!

PC
Mugged? What did they take?

NIGEL
Umm... *number plates*...

INT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE - DAY

Janey, Andrea and Uncle Phil are still arguing --

JANEY

We can take our car.

ANDREA

You heard that little midget copper,
he said stay here as a point of
contact.

UNCLE PHIL

We don't even know that's where
they're heading.

JANEY

It's better than sitting here doing
nothing.

They're interrupted by a knock at the door. Janey jumps up
and rushes to answer it, but it's not the Police.

It's a woman in her 30s -- KIRSTY.

KIRSTY

Oh hello, is this the residence of
Donnie MacGregor?

JANEY

Aye, who the hell are you?

KIRSTY

My name's Kirsty, I just wondered if
I could talk to you about Donnie and
his partner...

JANEY

What, how do you know about Donnie?

KIRSTY

His partner's a Police Officer, yes?

ANDREA

Are you a bloody reporter?

KIRSTY

Well...

Kirsty almost has her face smashed by the door which
couldn't be slammed shut any quicker --

INT./EXT. BMW/MOTORWAY - DAY

Inspector Higgins is being driven by Big Pete in an unmarked BMW Police saloon. They have the covert blue lights flashing and they're making up time on the motorway.

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/MOTORWAY - DUSK

The sun approaches the horizon as Donnie and Clyde peel off the motorway at the sign for BLACKPOOL. They pull up to red traffic lights at the junction. Clyde looks to the right --

A Police car waiting. Clyde accidentally makes eye contact. The officer points. Donnie panics.

DONNIE

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

Clyde smiles through gritted teeth.

CLYDE

Alright don't panic.

The lights turn green and Clyde moves off toward Blackpool, but before they know it, the cop's behind them.

CLYDE (cont'd)

Let's just hope they don't run the plates... oh shit.

Too late. The Police car starts persistently flashing it's headlights in the dusk, ordering them to pull over.

CLYDE (cont'd)

OK, just stay calm.

DONNIE

Calm? I'd be crapping my pants if I were wearing any.

Clyde pulls over in a convenient spot, the Police car stopping just behind. The driver gets out and approaches. Clyde winds down the window.

CLYDE

Good evening.

POLICE OFFICER

Good evening?! You've got some nerve.

Donnie looks wide-eyed. Clyde remains cool.

CLYDE
Nerve?

POLICE OFFICER
(appalled)
You people make me sick.

CLYDE
You people?

POLICE OFFICER
Driving round like you haven't got a
care in the world, not a worry who
might get hurt.

Donnie gulps hard.

CLYDE
Listen...

POLICE OFFICER
Would you step out of the car,
please?

Clyde slowly opens the door and steps out. Donnie looks at
him in panic...

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)
Come with me.

He takes Clyde by the arm and starts walking towards the
Police car. Clyde's mind is racing... But instead of going
to the Police car he turns Clyde to face the back of the
Rolls Royce --

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)
Well?

CLYDE
Umm...

POLICE OFFICER
Can you tell me what's wrong with
this picture?

Clyde desperately tries to think. Donnie has opened his door
and is stood looking sheepish.

CLYDE
I, er...

POLICE OFFICER

Let me put you out of your misery. Do you really think it's acceptable to be driving around without a care in the world... with no lights on?!

Clyde stifles a huge sigh of relief. Donnie's relieved.

CLYDE

Oh, yes of course, I mean no...

POLICE OFFICER

Look, the sun's nearly disappeared. You're going to cause an accident. Someone could get hurt.

CLYDE

Of course, I'm really sorry, won't happen again.

POLICE OFFICER

Right, see it doesn't. Off to the seafront to show off this beauty, I take it?

CLYDE

Seafront?

POLICE OFFICER

The classic car rally?

CLYDE

Oh, yeah, that's the plan...

The officer's Police Radio interrupts --

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)

Charlie-Victor-Eight-Two?

POLICE OFFICER

Go ahead.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)

We have you mapping near the motorway junction, is that correct?

POLICE OFFICER

Yes, yes, but I'm just with a stop at the moment.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)

Instructions are to drop what you're doing.

(MORE)

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
We've had an ANPR hit at that
junction on a vehicle connected to a
murder.

Clyde holds his breath. Donnie tries to keep it together --

POLICE OFFICER
Roger. What am I looking for?

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
A couple. From out of our force area.
Real Bonnie and Clyde types
apparently...

POLICE OFFICER
Roger that.

The Police Officer looks at Donnie, then at Clyde.

A pregnant pause.

But luckily, he doesn't see two men as a couple.

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)
Well, duty calls. Sounds like I've
got some real desperadoes to find...
Get those lights on.

He turns on his heels and heads back to the Police car.

Donnie and Clyde quickly get back in the car. Clyde starts
the engine.

CLYDE
We better get out of here, it won't
be long until he realises...

They pull away trying not to seem hurried.

INT./EXT. HOOLIGAN CONVOY/MOTORWAY - DUSK

The convoy of boy-racers and hooligans pass a sign for
BLACKPOOL 1 MILE.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED BMW/MOTORWAY - DUSK

Inspector Higgins and Big Pete are catching up too as
they're able to break the speed limit.

BLACKPOOL 10 MILES.

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE/BLACKPOOL SEAFRONT - NIGHT

The sun sets over the sea in the west and Blackpool sparkles with night-life as the Rolls-Royce pulls on to the SEAFRONT.

DONNIE

Are you just going to drive right up to the front door of the club?

CLYDE

Might be a little conspicuous and there's no parking round there either. I was thinking maybe we should just hide in plain sight...

He's been following signs for the classic car rally and turns into the big open seafront car park which is full of vintage cars and people. It's close to the TOWER and PIER --

They're waved through, directed to 'their section' and backs it in between other Rolls-Royces.

Donnie grabs his father's letter from the glove-box. They get out and Clyde locks the car behind them.

Donnie straightens himself up in the window. Clyde puts his jacket on and tightens his tie.

Donnie puts the letter inside his jacket --

CLYDE (cont'd)

What's that?

DONNIE

Oh I forgot in all the excitement. Letter from my dad. He gave me his blessing.

CLYDE

Oh, Don. Maybe it is meant to be.

Donnie smiles.

CLYDE (cont'd)

Come on...

They hurry off, through the crowds of classic car enthusiasts and toward the tower --

INT./EXT. MOTORWAY JUNCTION - NIGHT

The Police Officer sits in his marked car with a view of vehicles getting off the motorway. The convoy of hooligans pass, slowing down as they see him. He eyes them suspiciously but they're not what he's looking for.

A few moments pass then he sees the flashing blue lights of Inspector Higgins and Big Pete coming up the off-ramp.

They spot him and pull up alongside.

POLICE OFFICER
Good evening, Sir.

INSP. HIGGINS
I take it, you've been tasked with looking out for our fugitives from Wiltshire?

POLICE OFFICER
I have indeed. No chance they've got past me here though. A right Bonnie and Clyde, so I heard?!
(laughs)

INSP. HIGGINS
No, *Donnie* and Clyde.

POLICE OFFICER
What?

INSP. HIGGINS
It's two men. In a Rolls-Royce.

POLICE OFFICER
Oh...

EXT. BLACKPOOL SEAFRONT - NIGHT

Donnie and Clyde rush through busy nightlife, hand in hand.

EXT. BLACKPOOL SEAFRONT ROAD - NIGHT

The hooligans cruise down the seafront, looking out for the Rolls-Royce.

EXT. BLACKPOOL TRUNK ROAD - NIGHT

The unmarked BMW races toward the town with the marked Police car in tandem, blues flashing.

EXT. BLACKPOOL TOWN CENTRE - NIGHT

Lights from the town's nightlife flashes in Donnie & Clyde's face as they pass the Tower Ballroom --

DONNIE

Come on, just round the corner.

CLYDE

If we have to queue after all this...

They bustle past drunken revelers, turning the corner in a rush of expectation --

Except, something's wrong.

They stand, hand-in-hand, staring in confusion...

...at the building that used to be ***Funny Girls***.

DONNIE

Are you sure we're in the right place?

It's a Pret-a-Manger.

CLYDE

Yeah, it was right here....

Donnie asks a drunk guy.

DONNIE

Excuse me, what happened to Funny Girls?

DRUNK GUY

Got shut down, pal. Why, you looking for somewhere to perform in yer skirt?!

It angers Clyde, Donnie pulls him away and they start to walk back, forlorn --

They walk back in a daze, the rug pulled from under them.

INT. BLACKPOOL SEAFRONT - NIGHT

As they turn back onto the seafront near to the pier, they hit another obstacle. Blue lights flashing from a cluster of Police vehicles in the centre of the classic car rally.

Clyde stands on a bench for a better view and can see that the Police have found their car. He jumps down and ushers Donnie across the road, but they're not paying attention and cause a car to stop inches from them.

A Subaru. Donnie & Clyde look through the windscreen. Aaron and the hooligans stare back. Unbelievable. A beat, then Clyde grabs Donnie's arm and they leg it up the promenade.

Aaron and the lads jump out and give chase --

They weave through the busy throng. Donnie struggles --

CLYDE

Come on!

DONNIE

It's these bloody formal shoes.

Behind them, the hooligans knock pedestrians flying. Donnie's concerned that they're gaining on them. Searching for options he's drawn to a busy amusement arcade on the beach-side of the road.

DONNIE (cont'd)

Clyde! In here!

CLYDE

No, wait!

Before he can change his mind, Donnie's dipped inside. Clyde follows and catches up. The hooligans aren't far behind --

INT. BLACKPOOL PIER ARCADE - NIGHT

The buzzes and beeps and flashing lights of ARCADES as Donnie and Clyde hurry around machines.

The hooligans bash through the crowd knocking an old lady's coins flying --

Donnie leads them through a fire escape door at the side of the building --

EXT. BLACKPOOL CENTRAL PIER - NIGHT

-- outside, they haul a wheelie bin in front of the door.

INT. BLACKPOOL PIER ARCADE - NIGHT

-- the hooligans slam into the door but can't get it open.

EXT. BLACKPOOL CENTRAL PIER - NIGHT

Clyde looks at Donnie.

CLYDE

Great. What now? The arcade is the
only way in and out of the pier.

They take a few steps around the corner and see people
coming through the arcade onto the pier.

DONNIE

Maybe they've gone back to the front?

CLYDE

Maybe not...

The chase is back on as the hooligans stream through the
arcade in their direction. Donnie and Clyde leg it down the
pier.

Past the FERRIS WHEEL with folks looking down on them in
amusement. Past the WALTZER making people's heads spin.

They can't lose them. The end of the pier. Nowhere left to
run. Only a handrail between them and the Irish Sea.

The hooligans stop and confront them, Aaron leads.

Clyde looks over the handrail. Black water. Back to Aaron.

DONNIE

(pleads)

Please, we didn't *mean* to kill him
but you must've known he was beating
your sister?

Aaron frowns. Clyde puts a protective hand across Donnie.

CLYDE

He doesn't care.

They step forward, menacing. Donnie clenches his teeth, ready for what's coming but then Clyde pushes him over the handrail and follows him in with a SPLASH!

Aaron and his cronies rush to look over but they've disappeared into the darkness.

AARON
Well come on then!

OGGIE
I thought you black lads couldn't swim?

AARON
What? Where'd you hear that?

OGGIE
Well, why don't you go in after him then?

Aaron's face -- angry but embarrassed.

EXT. BLACKPOOL COASTLINE - NIGHT

From out in the Irish Sea, the iconic promenade flashes busily, its lights twinkling on the water.

EXT. BLACKPOOL RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Damp and bedraggled, Donnie & Clyde trudge up to the front door of their last hope... *Meg Cryin'*.

Clyde presses the doorbell. A moment, then a light comes on and the door is answered --

A man in his 50s in a dull old dressing-gown, with several day's stubble on his chin. Handsome but a little shabby around the edges. The boys squint...

DONNIE
Meg?

LARRY
No, it's Larry.

CLYDE
Where's Meg?

LARRY
Meg's dead, baby. Meg's dead.

INT. LARRY/MEG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a decent-sized boho townhouse with a little balcony-terrace looking out to sea.

The boys sit in blankets while their clothes hang out to dry. Larry sets hot tea down on a table and sits.

DONNIE

Thanks.

LARRY

You're welcome. It's been a while since I had two young men on my terrace.

CLYDE

What happened?

LARRY

The party's over darling, didn't you get the memo?

DONNIE

What about the rest of the troop?
Julia Probe-erts, Sandy Buttocks...

CLYDE

Catherine Zeta Bones...?

LARRY

Halcyon days, sweetie.
(sighs)

But we started in the 90s and the world was a different place then. There was an optimism, a sense we were accepted. Not like now.

CLYDE

But Funny Girls? It was always packed. Steve and Simon got married there.

LARRY

Some crusaders in the local council said they wanted to 'clean' the town up. It seems weddings were the last straw and a petition shut us down.

DONNIE

So what do you do now?

LARRY
I'm retired.

CLYDE
Are you still ordained?

LARRY
Officially, yes. But it's been a long time since the Vicar of Dribbly saw the inside of a dog-collar.

DONNIE
What about Meg?

Donnie motions to a framed playbill with a picture of Larry as Meg -- ***FUNNY GIRLS presents 'Meg Cryin' in the hilarious one-woman show 'WHEN HAIRY MET SALTY'.***

LARRY
I'm sorry darlings, but Meg Cryin' threw herself off the pier... Now Sleepless in Seattle is sleeping with the fishes.

EXT. BLACKPOOL SEAFRONT - NIGHT

In a timelapse fashion, the lights go out one by one, until only the moon remains before giving way to...

INT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE/CLYDE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

...early morning. Janey makes a call on her phone.

SPLIT SCREEN

It's a duel of Jamaican and Scottish accents --

VANESSA
Hello?

JANEY
Oh hello, love, is that Mrs Hudson?

VANESSA
Yes, who's this?

JANEY
My name's Janey MacGregor... er, my boy Donnie was supposed to be marrying your son yesterday.

VANESSA

(curt)

So I heard.

JANEY

I understand, love. No mother wants to find out their child's getting married without their knowledge. I mean, I had to sneak off to Gretna Green because I was pregnant...

VANESSA

Is that so?

JANEY

Look, I just thought you ought to know the Police said they found their car. In Blackpool.

An awkward pause. Leonard looks at her expectantly.

VANESSA

And what about my boy?

Leonard looks a little hopeful.

JANEY

They've not found them yet, thankfully.

VANESSA

Thankfully? They need to hand themselves in to the Police.

EXT. BLACKPOOL POLICE STATION - DAY

On the lawn, Inspector Higgins is in the middle of reading a prepared statement to the press --

INSP. HIGGINS

...and so I would like to make a personal appeal to my colleague, Clyde and his partner, Donald, to hand themselves in peacefully. While the Police service nation-wide condemns homophobia in all forms, I would also remind them that the law is impartial and homosexuality is not an excuse to commit crime.

INT. LARRY/MEG'S HOUSE - DAY

On TV, the Inspector continues with his press conference --

PRESS

Can you confirm this is now
officially a *murder* enquiry?

INSP. HIGGINS

While we have yet to receive the
results of the post-mortem, given the
evasive behaviour of the suspects, I
think it's important we provide
reassurances to the family of the
deceased that we are taking this
seriously and will seek to prosecute
within the full scope of the law once
they have been apprehended.

The boys stare, slack-jawed. Larry has a coffee on the go --

LARRY

Your Inspector is quite cute. In an
Elmer Fudd kind of way...

DONNIE

What are we going to do?

CLYDE

Alright, lets just calm down and
think about this.

LARRY

Why didn't you boys just elope in
private, like good shameful homos?
Gretna Green and all that jazz. It's
full of queers ever since it became
legal.

CLYDE

(raises eyebrows)

Didn't your mum say that's where she
married your dad?

DONNIE

Yeah, but she was pregnant, it was
all a rush.

LARRY

Well, darling, unless you want to get
married in prison, I'd suggest you
get a wriggle on. You'll need to get
registered by midday.

DONNIE

What do you mean?

LARRY

Gretna's the only place in the country you can register and get married on the same day. But you have to register by midday...

The boys both stare in surprise.

LARRY (cont'd)

You know, considering it's your big day, you really do have tiny minds...

DONNIE

(earnest)

Come *with* us.

Larry backs down immediately --

CLYDE

You can officiate...

LARRY

No, no, no, no, no, noooo... It's very sweet of you, but aiding and abetting... well... I mean, come on...

He gestures to the 24hr news on the TV that is now running the ticker headline:

'KILLER QUEERS STILL ON THE LOOSE'

LARRY (cont'd)

I'm living a normal life now, boys...

CLYDE

Normal?

(a beat)

You know, in a rare moment of lucidity, you once told me we have a duty to make things easier for the generation after us.

LARRY

Yes, darling. By being an example. A role model. Not by punching anyone who disagrees with how you choose to live your life.

CLYDE
But that's not fair!

DONNIE
It's not like we chose to be gay.

LARRY
No, cupcake, you didn't. But you can
choose how you react to life's
unfairness...

Clyde can't hide his disappointment --

LARRY (cont'd)
Look, take my car. If they ask, I'll
tell them you stole it.

CLYDE
Very noble of you...

DONNIE
At least it'll be less conspicuous
than the Rolls-Royce.

INT. LARRY/MEG'S GARAGE - DAY

Larry, still in his dressing gown, switches the light on.
His vehicle is a pink smart car. With *Meg Cryin'* decals.

LARRY
(earnest)
It can be your something borrowed.

Clyde sighs. Donnie gives him a sympathetic look.

DONNIE
Well, the Rolls-Royce was something
old and my kilt was new, so we just
need...

LARRY
Oooh, wait a minute, up in my bedroom
drawer I've got a *massive* blue...

DING-DONG.

He's interrupted by the doorbell. Concerned looks all round.

LARRY (cont'd)
Come on, you better hide...

INT./EXT. CLYDE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Leonard's also in his dressing gown and slippers. He fetches to answer the front door -- it's the reporter.

KIRSTY

Good morning, are you Mr Hudson?

LEONARD

Yes. Who are you?

KIRSTY

I'm Kirsty, I wonder if I could ask you a few questions about your son?

VANESSA (O.S.)

Len! Who is at the door?!

LEONARD

Jehovah's witness!

VANESSA (O.S.)

Tell them Jesus already lives here!

LEONARD

(quietly)

Look, I don't know what I can tell you about my son and his *friend*.

KIRSTY

I understand. It's just *some* news agencies will be trying to put a negative spin on this.

LEONARD

Whatever happened, I know my son is an honorable boy, he wouldn't harm anyone. I think, he just wants to get married, you know?

KIRSTY

Yes, and we just want to help...

LEONARD

Well, I think they're in Blackpool.

KIRSTY

Yes, but it seems that's crawling with Police now, so perhaps they're looking for somewhere else to get married?

Leonard looks guilty...

INT. LARRY/MEG'S HOUSE - DAY

Larry answers the front door. Inspector Higgins & Big Pete.

INSP. HIGGINS
Good morning. Laurence Livingstone, I presume?

LARRY
Yes, but please, darling, call me Larry.

INSP. HIGGINS
Thank you, Larry. My name's Inspector Higgins...

LARRY
Oh, I *know*.

INSP. HIGGINS
I'm sorry?

LARRY
I recognise your handsome face from the news.

INSP. HIGGINS
Oh I see, well, er...
(embarrassed)
...the reason I'm here is because I'm...

LARRY
Hunting *wabbit*?

INSP. HIGGINS
Excuse me?

LARRY
Just a little joke, sweetie, please, come in... tea? Coffee? Breakfast sausage?

Big Pete looks very uncomfortable --

INT. THE GREASY SPOON CAFE BLACKPOOL - DAY

Oggie and the rest of the hooligans are wolfing down traditional English breakfasts. A member of staff sets down beans on toast in front of Aaron.

Oggie looks at it with disdain.

OGGIE
Beans on toast? Where's the sausage
and bacon, bruv?

AARON
I'm vegetarian, init?

SPAMMER
Gay.

Aaron rolls his eyes.

OGGIE
Bacon is da bomb, though, man. Why
would you choose to be vegetarian?

AARON
I didn't choose. I'm bloody muslim,
aren't I?

SPAMMER
But you're black?

AARON
Say what!

He looks in the back of a spoon.

AARON (cont'd)
Why didn't anyone tell me, bro?

OGGIE
I thought you was from Swindon?

AARON
I am, but my fam's from Kenya.

OGGIE
What, so you is muslim just cos your
parents are? What about your sister?

AARON
Well she married a white guy so...
nevermind. Shall we forget the family
history lesson and concentrate on
finding the disgusting queers who
killed her husband?

OGGIE
Calm down, *Isis*, they can't have gone
far...

INT. LARRY/MEG'S HOUSE - DAY

Larry leans in the open doorway to the balcony. Higgins stands in the open plan kitchen/sitting room with a coffee.

INSP. HIGGINS
I do apologise once again for the intrusion. It's just a formality, I'm sure my colleague won't be long.

LARRY
Not at all, glad I can be of service.

He wanders over to gaze out of the balcony.

INSP. HIGGINS
Lovely view you have...

Larry smiles nervously.

INSP. HIGGINS (cont'd)
I understand you're a *performer*?

LARRY
(smiling)
Retired, darling, retired.

INSP. HIGGINS
My wife loves that RuPaul's Drag Race...

LARRY
(smile drops)
She's a bitch.

INSP. HIGGINS
I'm sorry?

LARRY
Oh, not your wife, darling... RuPaul. Stole my TV show idea.

INSP. HIGGINS
Oh, I'm terribly sorry...

LARRY
So, tell me, the boys aren't in too much trouble are they? I'm sure it was all just an accident?

He walks back into the room and Higgins follows.

INSP. HIGGINS

Well, just between you and me, I think we have to treat it as murder. It pains me to say it, but given their evasive behaviour and eye-witness testimony, there does seem to be some degree of pre-meditation.

LARRY

Oh, gosh, well, I hope you find them and they're given a fair trial.

Big Pete enters looking a little worn-out.

BIG PETE

I've searched every room. Upstairs, downstairs, garage... no trace.

LARRY

I hope you've been thorough? Gave it a good *tossing*?

Big Pete blushes uncomfortably.

INSP. HIGGINS

Well, we won't keep you any longer.

They start toward the stairs but Big Pete spots a mystery door at the back of the house.

BIG PETE

What's that?

Larry hides a little anxiety.

LARRY

Just a closet, darling. You won't find anyone hiding in there in this house.

He gives Big Pete a wink but it's in vain.

Big Pete opens the door and pulls a cord for a light to find an enormous walk-in dressing room. He steps in with Higgins.

Racks of clothes and shoes line each wall but there are also several mannequins draped in full drag, two of which are facing the wall. Suspicious. Like a drag Blair Witch.

Big Pete and Higgins share a smile. They've got 'em.

BIG PETE

Nice try, lads...

The two officers grab one each by the shoulder and are shocked to find they are, indeed, mannequins.

LARRY
Seems like you chaps are getting a little desperate.

They both look back at him exasperated.

LARRY (cont'd)
You look like you're hanging on by a thread...

EXT. LARRY/MEG'S HOUSE - DAY

An elderly couple walk past and stop in their tracks at the sight of a BARE-BOTTOMED Donnie hanging from the underside of the balcony in his kilt.

Clyde is already on the lawn beckoning him down as the old man smiles like Benny Hill. His wife gives him a whack as Donnie finally drops awkwardly into a bush.

Clyde helps him out and quickly opens the garage door and they make their getaway in the hot pink Smartcar.

INT. CLYDE'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

Vanessa has rolling news of the case on TV. Leonard watches along sheepishly.

The news room throws to a reporter in Swindon. The scene looks familiar as Kirsty is stood outside a house giving a report to camera.

KIRSTY
(on screen)
Thank you, Brian, I'm here in Swindon, the home town of Clyde Hudson, the Police Officer suspected of being involved, along with his partner, Donald McGregor, in the unlawful death, some would say murder, of devoted family man and Swindon Town fan, Wayne Dennis...

Vanessa stands, one eye on the TV. Leonard looks guilty.

KIRSTY (cont'd)

(on screen)

...because we are the only news outlet to have secured an interview with Leonard Hudson, the father of Clyde Hudson...

Vanessa's eyes widen and she pulls the blinds aside to find Kirsty is literally on the street outside, giving her report to camera with a news van nearby and a small crowd gathering

KIRSTY (cont'd)

...now, Mr Hudson was naturally reluctant to appear on camera in the circumstances, but during a very revealing conversation about his son, he painted a picture of a very confused young man who is clearly in denial about the seriousness of the situation...

Vanessa confronts Leonard.

LEONARD

(protesting)

I didn't say that!

KIRSTY

...but the big revelation that came from our exclusive, and it's information that 24hr news is sharing with the Police as we speak, is that Mr Hudson revealed that he believes he knows exactly where this fugitive couple are heading... Unbelievably, they apparently still have the intention to get married...

VANESSA

You know where they're going?

LEONARD

I just said I thought they might try and elope to Gretna Green, you know? Like the other boy's mother said...

Vanessa stares at him in judgment. A moment.

VANESSA

We need to go. To Gretna Green. And convince your son to hand himself in...

INT./EXT. MAIN ROADS/PINK SMARTCAR - DAY

The boys rattle along as quick as they can in the little pink Smartcar, it's tiny engine whining under the strain.

CLYDE

Time check?

DONNIE

Eleven twenty-two.

CLYDE

Roger. And we're about thirty-something miles from Gretna.

DONNIE

Okay, so if we can average sixty miles an hour, it'll be cutting it fine, but we should make it, shouldn't we?

CLYDE

Theoretically. Except, I'm not convinced we'll make it that far without refueling.

Donnie leans in and sees the needle is almost at zero --

DONNIE

Yeesh. I was hoping we wouldn't have to stop for fuel again.

Clyde gives him serious side-eye.

CLYDE

Perhaps you should just stay in the car this time?

INT. DONNIE & CLYDE'S HOUSE - DAY

Janey, Andrea and Uncle Phil stare at the 24hr News rolling report on the TV. Janey's angry. Grabs her phone.

JANEY

Cheeky mare.

(upon answer)

Hello? You've got some bloody nerve, haven't ye?!

SPLIT SCREEN

Vanessa is in the passenger seat of their very clean car.

VANESSA

I'm sure I don't know what you mean.

JANEY

Your husband told the press where they're going didn't he?

VANESSA

Your boy led my son astray.

JANEY

That's fighting talk where I come from, love. If the public find out, they'll be a feeding frenzy.

Leonard can hear from his position driving and looks scared.

VANESSA

Well, if your son won't do it, someone has to go and make sure they hand themselves in.

JANEY

Wait a minute.

(listening)

Are you in the car?

(nothing)

Are you going to Gretna to grass them up?!

VANESSA

No. We're going to... *Church...*

Vanessa hangs up and looks at Leonard.

Back at Donnie & Clyde's place, Janey's furious.

JANEY

Grab your coats. We're going to Gretna. Is there fuel in your car?

INT./EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

In the shop, Clyde waits impatiently in the queue. Looks out at Donnie nervous in the Smartcar at the petrol pump.

Nearby, there's a broken-down minibus. It's occupants are a young female NETBALL TEAM in kit (old-fashioned skirts).

Clyde finally pays, the teller not giving him a second look.

He rushes out just in time to see a coach pull up behind the mini-bus. It's an adult RUGBY TEAM and they whistle and cat-call the much younger netball team.

Clyde tries to ignore it. He's almost at the Smartcar, but his Police instincts kick in and he spies one of the rugby lads smack the backside of a young netballer, SCARLETT.

Clyde rushes over and squares up to the rugby lad, TRISTAN -- big and posh.

CLYDE

Oi! What the hell do you think you're playing at?

TRISTAN

Excuse me. What's your problem?

CLYDE

I saw what you did. You realise that's sexual assault?

TRISTAN

Alright, calm down, who are you, her father?

CLYDE

No, but imagine what her dad would think if he saw that.

TRISTAN

It's just a bit of bantz. I mean, come on, if she didn't want the attention she wouldn't be wearing the little skirt would she?

CLYDE

(flabbergasted)
She's a *human-being*...

Donnie shouts through the open window of the Smartcar.

DONNIE

Clyde!

Tristan spots the car --

TRISTAN

Oh hello. Who's that, your boyfriend?

CLYDE

(staring)
Yes.

Tristan smiles smugly.

TRISTAN
Hey, gents, take a look at this.

His cronies gather, sneering.

TRISTAN (cont'd)
I think maybe this chap's boyfriend
needs a lift.

He stalks over to the Smartcar with a gang of rugby lads.
Clyde rushes to get in front of them, but they're huge.

CLYDE
No, no, no, no, noooo...

Donnie looks on in confusion.

CLYDE (cont'd)
Donnie, get out of the car!

DONNIE
You said *stay* in the car.

Too late.

The hulking great posh morons grab hold of the side of the
tiny little pink Smartcar at the bottom and, with thighs and
biceps bulging, tip the car onto its side.

With Donnie in it.

Clyde tries valiantly to stop them but with one more push
they flip it onto its roof and wander off laughing.

Clyde helps dizzy Donnie out and they try desperately to
right the car. All in vain.

INT./EXT. UNCLE PHIL'S CAR/MOTORWAY

Uncle Phil drives, Janey in the front passenger seat, while
Andrea uses her mobile phone in the back seat.

ANDREA
OK, I could get the sack for this but
I've found a match on the insurance
database. A Mercedes C-class in
silver insured to a Leonard George
Hudson...

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

Clyde gives up and slumps onto the floor. Donnie carries on.

DONNIE
Come on, we can still do this!

CLYDE
Give it up, Don. The universe does not want us to get married.

DONNIE
Don't be daft, it's not all bad.

CLYDE
How can you still think that?

He sighs and drops his head into his hands as he leans against the car. A moment.

Then he suddenly feels the car moving. He looks up to find Donnie has enlisted the entire netball team.

DONNIE
All together, on three, two, one...

Clyde jumps up and out of the way as Donnie and the team successfully put the car back on it's wheels. He's amazed.

DONNIE (cont'd)
Come on, Clyde. Thanks, ladies!

He drags Clyde into the passenger seat of the car. The girl Clyde helped, Scarlett, speaks to him through the window.

SCARLETT
Thank you. For sticking up for us.
You're a good person.

Clyde feels a pang of guilt.

CLYDE
You wouldn't say that if you knew what we'd done.

SCARLETT
(laughing)
We know who you are. You're all over the socials...

Clyde mouths a thank you as Donnie blows kisses as he screeches away to cheers from the whole team.

EXT. BLACKPOOL POLICE STATION YARD - DAY

Big Pete is at the wheel of their unmarked BMW, texting as he waits. Inspector Higgins jumps in.

INSP. HIGGINS

Right, come on, you heard comms, a sighting at a service station south of Gretna, so it sounds like 24hr News got it right.

Big Pete sends his message and starts the car.

BIG PETE

Yeah, I heard, was just texting the, er, missus, to say we likely won't be back today.

INSP. HIGGINS

Alright, lets get a wriggle on then, we don't want the locals beating us to the punch.

BIG PETE

Cue the music?

Insp. Higgins confirms it with a nod and hits the sirens.

The race is on. ***The Supremes - You Can't Hurry Love.***

INT. THE GREASY SPOON CAFE BLACKPOOL - DAY

Spammer exits the toilets to find the hooligan seats vacant. He looks around in confusion at the empty plates then spies them in their convoy of cars through the window.

He waves and hollers and rushes out, desperate not to be left behind, finally hopping in the last car as they squeal away too --

INT./EXT. COUNTRY ROADS/SMARTCAR - DAY

Clyde looks at his WATCH. **11:53**. He urges Donnie on as they bomb along in the bright sunshine.

INT./EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

Leonard watches the road while Vanessa's eyes bore holes in the side of his head as they pass a sign for THE NORTH.

INT./EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

Janey and Andrea sit impatiently as Uncle Phil pilots their own journey NORTH.

INT./EXT. GRETNA/SMARTCAR - DAY

Clyde directs as they fly past a sign for Gretna.

CLYDE
Left, left, left...

Donnie overshoots the turning and skids to a halt, throws it into reverse and backs it up to take the turn.

They race through the town, Clyde looking frantically for the place. The clock says **11:58**.

CLYDE (cont'd)
There, there, there!

Donnie hits the brakes and bumps the Smartcar up the kerb outside Gretna Registry Office.

EXT. GRETNA REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY

They both jump out and dash to the door. Locked. Damn it.

Clyde frantically rings the buzzer, looks at his watch.
11:59.

They peer through the glass in the door to see an elderly Scottish lady -- MAGGIE, shuffling toward them from the other side of the lobby.

They bang and knock to hurry her along.

MAGGIE
Alright, alright, hold your horses!

She eventually reaches the door, unlocks it.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Can I help you boys?

CLYDE
We need to register. We need to get married right here, right now.

INT. GRETNA REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY

They open the door and lift a befuddled Maggie by her armpits and carry her quickly backwards to her desk.

MAGGIE

Well, now hold on a second there,
it's not as simple as all that.

Clyde grabs passports from his pockets and offers them.

CLYDE

We've got our ID, we're on time...

MAGGIE

Look, I'm sorry young man, but
marriage is a sacred thing. I've got
a duty as a registrar to make sure
all parties are entering into this
with respect and seriousness.

CLYDE

Do I not look serious to you?

MAGGIE

Yes, in fact to be honest you look
quite intense and I'm a little bit
scared.

Clyde tries to smile through the stress. Donnie helps.

DONNIE

Look, I'm sorry...
(looks at name-tag)
...Maggie... that's a lovely name. My
grandma was called Maggie, and she'd
be mortified that we were being so
rude, but we've been through a lot to
get here and it would mean the world
if you could help us out?

MAGGIE

How do I know you two boys are
serious about marrying each other?

CLYDE

(cynical)
Do you ask that of opposite sex
couples?

DONNIE

Clyde...

MAGGIE

(deflects)

Look, we have a lot of same-sex couples come through our doors and I don't care if it's politically correct or not, I have to say, I'm not convinced they all take it seriously...

Clyde's bubbling with rage --

MAGGIE (cont'd)

...women in morning suits. Guys in wedding dresses. It makes a mockery of the sanctity of marriage... so my question is... what makes you two so special?

Donnie looks at Clyde, fearing the worst --

CLYDE

Because...

(a beat)

...being with this man makes me believe that maybe the world isn't quite such a bad place.

A moment. Maggie considers it.

MAGGIE

Well. I can register you... but you cannae get married here today, we're booked up.

Clyde's head drops. Exhausted.

DONNIE

Is there nothing you can do?

MAGGIE

I can book you in for tomorrow.

CLYDE

No, you don't understand, it's got to be today.

She finally takes pity.

MAGGIE

Well, I suppose I could register you and check with some of the other venues nearby and see if they have availability...

INT./EXT. MAIN ROADS/UNMARKED BMW - DAY

Big Pete races towards Gretna as Inspector Higgins checks his mobile phone.

INSP. HIGGINS

Damn it.

BIG PETE

What's up?

INSP. HIGGINS

The press have gone public with the Gretna location. Cheeky bastards. You better step on it, we need to get there before the crowds do.

BIG PETE

The crowds?

INSP. HIGGINS

Yeah, I don't think public consensus is exactly sympathetic...

BIG PETE

You're worried about *them*?

INSP. HIGGINS

Our job is to make sure they face justice and they can't very well do that if they've been torn apart by an angry mob.

Big Pete agrees nervously...

INT. GRETNA REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY

The boys wait impatiently on chairs as Maggie works away.

MAGGIE

I think you boys might be in luck.

They jump up and approach the desk hopefully.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

How do you feel about getting married in a castle?

CLYDE

If it's available today we'll get married in a dungeon.

MAGGIE

Well, it does have a moat and it's no cheap, but apparently the party they had booked in -- the bride went into labour two months early.

CLYDE

Well, no chance of that with us.

DONNIE

(frowns)

Wait, did you say a castle?

MAGGIE

Aye, Caerlaverock Castle.

DONNIE

(thinking aloud)

Caerlaverock? I think that's...

He pulls his dad's letter out of his pocket, scans it --

DONNIE (cont'd)

...yes! That's where my mum and dad got married! She was pregnant with me...

He shares a smile with Clyde.

DONNIE (cont'd)

It's meant to be.

MAGGIE

So we're going ahead then?

CLYDE

Yeah, it looks like it.

Donnie sits back down, smiling and reading the letter.

MAGGIE

Well, like I said, it's not going to be cheap.

CLYDE

Okay, well can I split it across credit cards?

MAGGIE

Sure...

While they complete the transaction, in the background, something changes with Donnie as he reads the letter.

CLYDE
Where is the venue?

Donnie stares blankly and drops the letter.

MAGGIE
It's about twenty minutes drive from
here.

She hands him a pamphlet. Donnie stands up and despondent,
he walks out. Clyde looks after him, confused.

CLYDE
Donnie?

He starts to go after him --

MAGGIE
The payment?

He stays, hands over the credit cards and waits impatiently
as she processes the payment.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
It does sometimes take a while to get
a connection...

They stand awkwardly in silence as the machine whirs. After
what seems like an eternity, she finally produces a receipt.

CLYDE
Is that everything?

MAGGIE
Aye, but that will only hold the
venue for today and they insist the
ceremony is completed by 7.30.

CLYDE
Okay, thank you.

He picks up the letter from the floor, scans it quickly.

CLYDE (cont'd)
Oh no...

MAGGIE
Everything okay?

His face suggests not. Clyde rushes out of the door.

EXT. GRETNA REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY

No sign of Donnie, but there is a Traffic Warden supervising the lifting of the Smartcar onto the back of a tow-truck.

Clyde protests frantically.

CLYDE

No, no, no, no, no... what are you doing? We need that car.

TRAFFIC WARDEN

We, sir?

CLYDE

Me and my partner. We're getting married, we need that to get to the venue.

TRAFFIC WARDEN

Well, perhaps you should've thought about that before illegally parking? Here's your ticket. There are instructions on the reverse explaining how and where you can collect the vehicle.

The truck leaves. Clyde takes the ticket and scans the back.

CLYDE

Carlisle?! Shit... and let me guess, I also need to be in possession of the registration documents and insurance?

TRAFFIC WARDEN

It sounds like you're an expert, Sir...

He begins to walk away.

CLYDE

Wait!

TRAFFIC WARDEN

Yes, Sir?

CLYDE

Did you see my partner come out of the registry office ahead of me?

TRAFFIC WARDEN

I'm not sure, what does she look like?

CLYDE

He... is white, 5'11", medium build, handsome in a scruffy kind of way...

The Traffic Warden thinks.

CLYDE (cont'd)

He's wearing a kilt.

TRAFFIC WARDEN

Oh, yes, he came out looking a bit glum, I thought maybe he'd been jilted at the altar by some girl.

CLYDE

No, we're a couple. Where did he go?

TRAFFIC WARDEN

Actually you two look familiar, are you famous?

CLYDE

Er...

TRAFFIC WARDEN

I've got it. You're off of that Love Island aren't you?

CLYDE

Er, yeah, that's right... did you see where he went?

TRAFFIC WARDEN

Oh aye, he made a beeline for The Stag and Hen...

CLYDE

Thanks.

Clyde starts heading to the pub across the way. The Traffic Warden continues talking as he goes, pleased with himself.

TRAFFIC WARDEN

Mad. That's what I love about this job, you never know when you're going to run into someone off the television...

INT. BAKERY - DAY

A couple in their 60s, THE BAKERS, give an interview to camera in front of a wedding cake with two figures on top that strongly resemble Donnie & Clyde.

MRS BAKER

You see, we've only made the cake as a demonstration of the filth we were expected to bake.

INTERVIEWER

But you initially refused on the grounds of your religion?

MR BAKER

We are Christians and strongly believe that homosexuality is a sin.

INTERVIEWER

And it doesn't concern you that to discriminate based on a person's sexuality is against the law?

MRS BAKER

Sometimes what is lawful isn't necessarily what is right...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL

The report is another 24hr News exclusive showing on a television in the pub.

INT. THE STAG & HEN PUB - DAY

Clyde tries to hide his anxiety and shock at the TV and keeps his hand up to his face as he searches for Donnie.

He finds him sat at the quiet end of the bar. Heartbroken and staring vacantly at an untouched glass of whisky.

Clyde sits down next to him, letter still in hand.

CLYDE

Your Uncle lied to you, huh?

Donnie barely responds, but Clyde knows it's the truth.

CLYDE (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

(MORE)

CLYDE (cont'd)
(a beat)
I guess we can add your dad to the
long list of people who don't want us
to get married...

Donnie stares.

CLYDE (cont'd)
I'm afraid that list also now
includes the Traffic Warden who had
Meg's Smartcar towed...

No response.

CLYDE (cont'd)
Look, come on, we can still do this.
Who cares what anyone else thinks?
Including your dad.

Clyde looks him in the eye.

CLYDE (cont'd)
I love you. And I want to marry you
today.

Donnie melts a little. Almost smiles. Clyde stands, starts
walking --

CLYDE (cont'd)
Come on...

Donnie takes a deep breath in, holds it and exhales... He
sets himself then, without thinking, he necks the whisky in
one. Clyde looks back in horror, his jaw hitting the floor.

CLYDE (cont'd)
Don. Was that whisky?

Donnie realises what he's done and looks back, nodding with
a goofy look of shock. A moment.

Then... nothing.

DONNIE
Maybe...?

Clyde looks hopeful. Donnie stands. So far so good. He
smiles... then topples like a tree being felled. TIMBER!

He clips the edge of a small table on the way down, flipping
empty glasses into the air before they all hit the deck with
a CRASH.

It garners the attention of the LANDLORD and a handful of LOCAL PATRONS who gather as Clyde taps at Donnie's face, trying to wake him.

LANDLORD
Is he alright?

CLYDE
Er, yeah, he just doesn't usually drink.

PATRON
Hang on a minute, it's you two, isn't it? Off the news?

Clyde panics.

LANDLORD
What? The gay couple?

Clyde grabs Donnie's limp, unconscious body up and slings it over his shoulder, Donnie's bare arse showing.

LANDLORD (cont'd)
Whoa, what do you think you're doing?
(to patron)
Get on the phone to the Police.

CLYDE
Look I'm sorry about the damage...

He rushes out as fast as he can considering the load.

EXT. GRETNA TOWN CENTRE - DAY

Clyde comes out of the pub, Donnie slung across his shoulder and hurries down the road desperate to get away.

The Landlord and his patron step out onto the pavement, on the phone to Police and gesticulating, but they're not brave enough to follow and Clyde manages to round a corner and get out of sight.

He carries on, looking for sanctuary and assistance. He finds a Boots pharmacy, but it's full of customers who all point and stare, so he thinks better of it and crosses the road and around another corner --

He carries on, getting more and more desperate, eventually spotting a small back street VETS. Better than nothing.

INT./EXT. MAIN ROADS/UNMARKED BMW - DAY

Inspector Higgins and Big Pete aren't far. They take a call on the radio --

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
(Scottish accent)
Wiltshire unit from control?

INSP. HIGGINS
Go ahead control.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
I've got you mapping not far from
Gretna and we've had reports of a
suspicious couple causing a
disturbance in a pub in the town
centre, thought it might be your
suspects.

INSP. HIGGINS
That's fantastic, thank you, we're
responding now.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
Roger that, we're dispatching local
units to assist. Over.

Higgins looks in the mirror and spots the convoy of hooligans behind them and frowns. He glances at Big Pete.

INT./EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

Donnie and Clyde's families continue their journeys' north in their respective cars.

INT. GRETNA VETERINARY PRACTICE - DAY

The reception area is thankfully free of customers as Clyde bundles in through the door, the bell ringing.

CLYDE
Can you help me, please?!

He gently sets Donnie down on a waiting bench as the VET, a young Scottish woman called LOUISE rushes out from behind the desk --

LOUISE
What's going on?

CLYDE
He's had a severe allergic reaction
to whisky...

She can see his face already swelling up.

LOUISE
He needs to go to the hospital.

CLYDE
I know, it's just we're in trouble
and the nearest hospital is
Carlisle... I'm scared he won't make
it... please...?

Louise looks at him, can recognise desperation.

LOUISE
Alright... get him into the operating
room. I need to go and get a syringe,
keep an eye on his airways. You
should be able to do that as a Police
Officer?

She gives him a knowing look and Clyde smiles in relief.

CLYDE
Thank you.

EXT. GRETNA TOWN CENTRE - DAY

Big Pete screeches to a halt outside the Stag & Hen, blue
lights flashing. He and Inspector Higgins jump out and get
information quickly from the Landlord and his patron.

LANDLORD
About time.

PATRON
I hope you're going to do something
about this. Bloody disgusting what
these people get up to. And in public
too.

INSP. HIGGINS
Where did they go?

LANDLORD
They went off down that way. One of
them was carrying the other with his
arse hanging out.

INSP. HIGGINS

What? Why was one of them being carried.

As he grills the Locals, the convoy of hooligans pull up behind them. Aaron drops his window...

LANDLORD

I don't know what they were playing at, one of them was flat out...

INSP. HIGGINS

So one of them was injured?

LANDLORD

No, he just collapsed after having a whisky.

INSP. HIGGINS

(to Big Pete)

Get comms to ring around hospitals and doctor's surgeries, it sounds like one of them has had an allergic reaction.

BIG PETE

Roger that.

(deliberate & loud)

You think we ought to check any local pharmacies?

Higgins squints suspiciously. Aaron heard and the hooligans move on.

LANDLORD

Aye, there's a Boots just down there, that's the way they went.

INSP. HIGGINS

Thank you.

(to Big Pete)

You head that way and see if you can find out which way they went. I'm going to make some more enquiries.

Big Pete nods and trots off.

INSP. HIGGINS (cont'd)

(back to Landlord)

Is that a registry office?

He gestures to the Registry Office across the way, where guests are starting to arrive for the pre-arranged wedding.

INT. GRETNA VETERINARY PRACTICE OPERATING ROOM - DAY

In the back room, with Donnie on the operating table, Louise holds the syringe ready to administer a steroid injection.

LOUISE

Right, I need you to hold his mouth open and make sure he doesn't bite down on the syringe.

CLYDE

Bite down? Can't you just jab him in, you know, his backside?

LOUISE

It's not his backside that's swollen. He needs an injection directly into his tongue and he needs it now.

Clyde opens his mouth, but they're interrupted by the bell from the front door. They both freeze. A moment.

BIG PETE (O.S.)

Hello?! Anyone here? It's the Police.

CLYDE

(whispering)

Shit! Quick give him the jab.

BIG PETE (O.S.)

Hello?! Anyone back there?

His voice is getting closer. Louise acts quickly.

LOUISE

Hello. I'll just be a second.

BIG PETE

It's quite urgent.

Louise thrusts the syringe into Clyde's hand.

LOUISE

(whispering)

Give him the jab. Straight into his tongue, the whole dose.

CLYDE

(whispering)

What? No...

LOUISE
 (hard stare,
 whispering)
He needs it NOW.

She gets up and heads out to the reception.

 LOUISE (O.S.)
Hello, officer, what can I do for
you?

Clyde looks at the syringe and at his stricken partner.

 CLYDE (O.S.)
Hello, I'm looking for a couple of
suspects. I don't know if you've seen
the news...

Clyde holds the syringe up, taps it like he's seen in the
movies and swallows hard. Sweat on his brow.

 LOUISE (O.S.)
Oh yes, that poor wee gay couple?

 BIG PETE (O.S.)
Well, yes, but I'm not entirely sure
they deserve much sympathy.

Clyde squints, recognises Big Pete's voice.

 LOUISE (O.S.)
Really, I think they're very brave.

 BIG PETE (O.S.)
Brave? Killing a defenceless man and
then running away? Pretty cowardly...

Clyde takes a deep breath and plunges the needle into
Donnie's tongue and slowly starts pushing the plunger...

INT. GRETNA VETERINARY PRACTICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

 BIG PETE
...but anyway, I'm not here to debate
the ethics with you, there was a
sighting at The Stag & Hen and some
of the locals pointed out that they
came this way.

 LOUISE
Oooh really? That's exciting!

BIG PETE
Not exactly the word I would use, but
I take it you haven't seen them?

She tries to keep a poker face at the sound of a CLANG from the back. Big Pete squints. Louise squints back. A beat.

BIG PETE (cont'd)
I think I'll just go and have a quick
check out the back.

He strides toward the back. Louise tries her best...

LOUISE
Er, there's nothing to see out
there...

INT. GRETNA VETERINARY PRACTICE OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Big Pete storms in, with Louise in tow. No-one there. The operating table empty. Big Pete scans the room suspiciously, walks over and peers out of the window.

Nothing in the yard except a VINTAGE MOTORBIKE WITH SIDECAR.

BIG PETE
Hmph. Nice bike, your boss's?

LOUISE
No. It's mine. I'm the boss.

BIG PETE
Oh, right. Why the sidecar?

LOUISE
That's for Thelma.

BIG PETE
Who's Thelma?

She makes a little clicky noise with her mouth and THELMA the GERMAN SHEPHERD jumps up from her bed in the corner, approaches Big Pete and growls.

BIG PETE (cont'd)
Whoa, down girl. Bad dog!

LOUISE
No such thing as a bad dog. Only bad
owners.

She clicks again and Thelma stands down. Big Pete's radio beep-boops to life.

INSP. HIGGINS (O.S.)
Come in Pete.

BIG PETE
(into radio)
Go ahead, sir.

INSP. HIGGINS (O.S.)
Any luck there?

BIG PETE
No, bit of a wild goose chase to be honest.

INSP. HIGGINS (O.S.)
Okay. Meet me back at the car, ASAP.

BIG PETE
Roger that.
(back to Louise)
Right, thank you for your...
assistance, I'll be going. Unless
there's anything you want to tell me?

Louise shrugs. Big Pete makes to leave but hears a noise behind a long curtain. He stops and frowns. He stalks over and Louise holds her breath as he whips the curtain back to reveal...

A caged PARROT that makes him jump by flapping it's wings and squawking at him --

PARROT
Piss off! Piss off!

BIG PETE
Charming.

He dusts himself off and heads off out, shaking his head.

Louise waits to hear the bell at the door then breaths a sigh of relief...

Clyde slides open the metal door under the operating table where they've been hiding like the kids in Jurassic Park. He takes his hand off a conscious Donnie's mouth who isn't totally recovered, slurring his words with a lisp --

DONNIE
What the hellsth going on?

EXT. GRETNA TOWN CENTRE - DAY

Big Pete hurries back towards the Inspector but gets another call on his radio on the way.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
(Wiltshire accent)
Echo-two-three from QJ. Are you
receiving us all the way up there?

BIG PETE
(into radio)
Yeah, go ahead QJ, good to hear from
home.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
Are you ready if we pass you an
update for Inspector Higgins?

BIG PETE
Yes, go ahead.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
Thank you, two-three, it's regarding
the results of the post-mortem. The
coroner has determined a cause of
death. Are you status twelve?

Big Pete stops for a moment, puts his ear-piece in so it's confidential.

BIG PETE
Yeah, I'm ready. Go ahead...

INT./EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

Uncle Phil, Janey and Andrea race past a sign saying 'Welcome to Scotland'. Janey squints at a car ahead.

JANEY
What does that number plate say,
Andrea?

ANDREA
(it's too far)
I don't know, I'm not made of eyes.

JANEY
Where are my glasses?

Uncle Phil puts his foot down, closes the gap.

UNCLE PHIL
I think that might just be...

Andrea looks at the note she made in her phone.

ANDREA
Yeah, that's their car.

Uncle Phil pulls into the middle lane alongside and they look into Clyde's parents' car.

Leonard and Vanessa look across in surprise at the car-full of strangers gesticulating wildly at them.

JANEY
Pull over, you *@~&*#!

CROSS CUT to the other car where they can only see her lips moving. Vanessa turns her head proudly back to the front while Leonard looks uncomfortable.

EXT. GRETNA TOWN CENTRE - DAY

The hooligans have been rushing around the pubs and shops searching and now reconvene on the high street. Shrugs and shakes of the head all round.

Aaron jumps in the front passenger seat of the Subaru, with Oggie in the driver's seat, the other idiots in the back.

INT. SUBARU/GRETNA TOWN CENTRE - DAY

Aaron pulls his phone out, waiting.

OGGIE
Nuthin' more from that cop?

AARON
(shakes head)
Nah, not yet...

Oggie sucks his teeth.

OGGIE
I told you we can't trust the feds, man. We need to find 'em.

SPAMMER
Yeah, bruv, before the five-o do.

AARON
Chill, they're round here somewhere.

OGGIE
We need to do more than just find
'em, bro. We need to finish 'em.

AARON
What?

OGGIE
Check under your seat, init?

Aaron frowns and reaches under his seat and pulls out a small black HANDGUN. He holds it in his hand and looks up at Oggie who smiles nastily...

INT. GRETNA VETERINARY PRACTICE - DAY

As the afternoon wears on, Donnie is recovering.

LOUISE
I still think you should go to the hospital.

Louise and Clyde try to give him some water.

DONNIE
I'm thwine...

He dribbles it down his chin.

LOUISE
Seriously. I wasn't sure on the dosage, so I gave you roughly the same amount as I'd give a small horse.

DONNIE
That'sth comthorting.

LOUISE
Fingers crossed you'll find the swelling gone soon.

CLYDE
Thanks for your help. We'll get out of your hair just as soon as we figure out a way to get to the Castle without getting caught.

INSP. HIGGINS

(guarded)

You'll see... So nothing in the town, then?

BIG PETE

They'd obviously been through there but trail went dead at some vet's, though she definitely seemed like she was hiding something.

INSP. HIGGINS

Right. And nothing from back home? I was expecting the coroner would have finished his initial report by now.

BIG PETE

No, nothing my end. But it's not going to make much difference to us is it?

INSP. HIGGINS

Well, it depends what it says. Could put a different slant on it.

Big Pete changes the subject.

BIG PETE

So, we're looking out for the Smartcar again?

INSP. HIGGINS

No, I found out that got towed away, would you believe it...

BIG PETE

So you think they're on foot? Getting a taxi?

INSP. HIGGINS

Well, they've had a vintage Rolls-Royce, a bright pink Smartcar... who knows what next?

Big Pete laughs politely, then a sudden realisation. He surreptitiously texts on his phone by his side.

INT./EXT. GRETNA TOWN CENTRE/SUBARU - DAY

The hooligans pull up outside the VETS. Aaron stares at his phone --

OGGIE

Here?

AARON

That's what he said. Go to the vets and look out for a *motorbike and sidecar...*

SPAMMER

What the hell's a *sidecar* when it's at home?

OGGIE

You know, like Wallace and Gromit, init?

LUMP

What, like that?

They all turn heads to see Clyde on the MOTORBIKE, in helmet and goggles, with Donnie in the SIDECAR, pulling out of the yard. They stop at the road.

A moment as they all stare at each other in shock.

Then Clyde drops the clutch and wheel spins onto the road in the opposite direction.

The hooligans make a pig's ear of turning in the road before the chase is finally on...

EXT. GRETNA/COUNTRY ROADS CHASE - DAY

Donnie and Clyde's motorbike and sidecar races back down the high street, the hooligans now in hot pursuit.

They race past the REGISTRY OFFICE just as the happy couple leave, their tail wind whipping up a frenzy of CONFETTI.

Clyde looks for some way to lose them and cuts across an OPEN PARK. The hooligans follow. Clyde weaves in and out of families on picnic blankets --

Past a bouncy castle. The hooligans get too close and clip the motor generator so the bouncy castle sadly DEFLATES --

DONNIE

Too many people!

Clyde grimaces, aims for a gap in the hedge up ahead, but it means squeezing past an ice-cream van and a Granddad carrying about twelve ice-creams for his family --

Donnie honks an old fashioned horn on the approach and the bike spins the Granddad like a top as they whiz past, Ice-Cream splattering into Clyde's goggles. The hooligans follow --

Donnie & Clyde get through the gap in the hedge, but it's only taken them into the middle of a local GOLF COURSE.

They tear onto what they now realise is a driving range. Golf balls rain down. Donnie dodges, but a ball CLONKS on Clyde's helmet causing him to swerve and lose pace as the hooligans follow them --

A hail of golf balls CLANG off their cars as they pursue to jeers and protests from the golfists.

Clyde spots an exit toward the clubhouse and races through.

They pop out on the other side but are straight into, yep you've guessed it, a WEDDING. They've no alternative but straight through the huge MARQUEE, followed by the hooligans

Guests stare slack-jawed at tables either side as Clyde guns it straight toward a live band behind a DANCEFLOOR which currently has a table with the WEDDING CAKE on it. The Bride and Groom are just about to cut the cake --

The couple freeze in shock as Clyde seems to be going straight for them, but he SWERVES at the last minute and tears through a gap in the tent.

The married pair dive out of the way as the Subaru skids straight into the cake table, the cake on their windscreen as they slam into band's stage, the drums collapsing with a CRASH.

They're shortly followed by the rest of the convoy of cars which all crash into a heap. They're soon surrounded by angry wedding guests --

Meanwhile, outside Donnie & Clyde motor for the exit onto the main road.

Inside the Marquee, Aaron jumps out of the car angrily pointing the GUN at the protesting guests --

AARON

Get back!

The Bride and Groom look terrified and Aaron catches himself as they all back away. Oggie and the hooligans back the cars up and Aaron jumps back in the Subaru and they race out to see Donnie & Clyde out on the main road in the distance...

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

The sun sits low in the sky and Donnie and Clyde FLY over a rise in the road. They've opened enough distance to lose the hooligans and can see the CASTLE up ahead, but Clyde skids to a HALT.

Between them and their goal is the mother of all POLICE ROADBLOCK. Behind them the hooligans in the distance.

The Police can't see them from their position, but they're stuck between a rock and a hard place. Clyde turns the bike off. He and Donnie look at each other.

CLYDE

End of the road.

Donnie gives him a smile of resignation.

DONNIE

I love you.

Clyde smiles back. But he can't quite bring himself to say it back. That would be admitting defeat... A moment.

CLYDE

Do you trust me?

Donnie nods. Clyde turns the key and wheel-spins the motorbike. But not toward the Police, toward the hooligans.

He races back down the road. The convoy heading straight for them. Like a giant GAME OF CHICKEN.

Aaron wonders what they're playing at. Oggie floors it.

Donnie & Clyde race toward their destiny... what's it going to be? A glorious death a la Thelma & Louise...?!

Clyde slams on the anchors and comes to a standstill, dead centre in the road, takes off the helmet.

Oggie heads straight for them, the other cars close behind. Closing in, closing in. No time left to brake... This is it.

Clyde closes his eyes and HOLDS DONNIE'S HAND TIGHT.

But...

Aaron yanks the steering wheel and the Subaru swerves, clipping another car, causing a domino effect as they all SPIN OUT and miss Donnie & Clyde by inches.

They skid to a halt and jump out to confront them. Oggie rushes up and grabs Clyde by the lapels, drags him off the bike and to the floor.

OGGIE

What the hell, bro, you want to die?

The others drag Donnie out too and Oggie pulls back a fist to punch Clyde...

AARON

Enough.

Oggie turns slowly as he feels the GUN to his head.

OGGIE

What the hell?

AARON

This ain't right.

Clyde and Donnie look on in shock. Oggie's confused.

AARON (cont'd)

These are just two people who want to get married, man. Who cares if it's two guys? You know how many times I got beaten up just for being black, or muslim? The only time I felt I belonged was at the football. But you know what, you can pick which football team you support. You can't choose who you love.

Aaron lowers the gun.

OGGIE

But they killed your brother-in-law?

Aaron looks to Donnie and Clyde.

CLYDE

It was an accident... we just want to get married.

A moment. Oggie concedes. Shakes his head.

OGGIE

How you going to get out of this one, bro?

Clyde narrows his eyes. He has a great idea.

EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK OUTSIDE CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE - DAY

The sun's setting as Inspector Higgins, Big Pete and an assortment of local Police units wait at the roadblock at the junction of the only two roads that lead to the Castle.

Big Pete sneaks a look at his mobile phone -- nothing. Inspector Higgins calls him out.

INSP. HIGGINS

Who were those boyracer types that followed us into Gretna?

BIG PETE

I don't know. Maybe they were just members of the public who were upset at two gays killing someone...

INSP. HIGGINS

(a beat)

You never really liked Clyde, did you?

BIG PETE

I don't know what you mean...

INSP. HIGGINS

It's a shame. He would've made a much better Sergeant than you ever would.

Big Pete opens his mouth to protest, but Higgins holds a hand out to silence him as he can hear something coming toward them. RACING ENGINES. A motorbike and several cars.

He steps forward, the sound getting louder and louder until, over the rise, DONNIE & CLYDE hove into view, in the motorbike and sidecar, unmistakable in their tan suit and kilt, chased by the Subaru and the rest of the hooligans.

They race toward the roadblock.

The Police hold as they approach, but at the last moment, the convoy swerves left and away.

The whole Police force jumps into cars and give chase, blue lights flashing and sirens blaring. Big Pete jumps in their car, but Inspector Higgins has his suspicions and stays put. Big Pete shrugs and joins in the chase.

But Inspector Higgins is right. He looks around and spots what he suspected. Donnie & Clyde in AARON AND OGGIE'S CLOTHES, running across the field to the castle.

EXT. CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE - DUSK

Donnie & Clyde take a run up and leap across the MOAT.

INT. CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE - DUSK

They slam the door shut and bolt it behind themselves.

The place seems eerily quiet. They rush through.

CLYDE/DONNIE

Hello?!

An older, Billy Connolly type shuffles out, a bit vacant.

BILLY

Hello, can I help you?

CLYDE

Yes, we booked earlier. We're here to get married. Right now.

BILLY

(strokes beard)

Oh, I see. We thought you weren't coming. I sent everyone home.

CLYDE

What?

DONNIE

Are you saying there's no-one here who can marry us? No registrar?

BILLY

Oh no. I'm the minister, I could marry you, but...

That's good enough for them.

CLYDE

Great, where's the registry...?

BILLY

Well, it's in the tower, some people like to get married up there, but...

DONNIE

Okay lets do this.

They both rush towards the stairs, but old Billy's a bit slow. They go back and HURRY him along.

INT. CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE STAIRS - DUSK

The boys stick an arm under each side of Billy and carry him up the stone spiral staircase in the tower.

INT. CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE TOWER ROOM - DUSK

The boys bolt the heavy wooden door behind them and quickly prepare themselves. They breath out heavily and HOLD HANDS facing each other in front of Billy.

They give him the eyes to start. Billy looks at them.

They can hear a door slamming downstairs then feet running up the stairs. Noises of a crowd outside --

CLYDE
(desperate)
Please. Quickly.

Donnie has puppy dog eyes.

BILLY
I'm so sorry boys.

They look in confusion, right on the cusp...

BILLY (cont'd)
I can't marry you...
(a moment)
...without witnesses.

Staring. *Heartbroken.*

Then banging at the door.

INSP. HIGGINS
Clyde! Donnie! It's Paul... *Inspector Higgins...*

Donnie and Clyde look at each other. It's over.

INSP. HIGGINS (cont'd)
Come on boys, please. You know you have to let me in.

Clyde sighs and despondently unlocks the bolt. Inspector Higgins steps in...

Clyde holds his hands out for cuffs and drops his head.

INSP. HIGGINS (cont'd)

Clyde...

Clyde lifts his eyes.

INSP. HIGGINS (cont'd)

We had the coroner's report... Wayne Dennis died of a heart attack. Poor lifestyle and bad genes. You two didn't kill him.

Their faces stuck in shock.

INSP. HIGGINS (cont'd)

So, look, we're still going to have to interview and all that, but if you want to get married, now's the time.

Their shoulders drop.

CLYDE

We need two witnesses...

A moment...

INSP. HIGGINS

Well. I'm *one*... and, *I think*, there might be one or two more out there willing to be counted.

They frown and Inspector Higgins gestures to the tiny slit window. Donnie and Clyde rush over and gaze out. We only see their faces in DISBELIEF before Clyde grabs Donnie's hand.

He leads him running up the last set of stairs to the BATTLEMENT/PARAPET...

EXT. CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE TOWER BATTLEMENT - DUSK

Where we look across the valley to see lights in the dusk.

A snaking queue of cars and people, THOUSANDS deep. They honk horns and wave rainbow flags and banners. **The world is here in support of them** - sports clubs and supporters, couples, families, campervans, you name it, they're here.

Inspector Higgins helps Billy up to the roof and into position and the boys once more take each others hands.

They can hear the crowds pouring up the stairs...

Then bursting onto the roof are their respective FAMILIES.
Janey is trying to prevent Vanessa from spoiling it.

CLYDE

Mum, Dad?

DONNIE

Mum?

JANEY

I'm sorry, love, we've been trying to
stop her.

Vanessa has a face like thunder. Leonard pleads.

LEONARD

Vanessa, please?

VANESSA

No, I'm sorry, everyone, but I cannot
allow my only son to get married...
(a loooooong beat)
...without my blessing.

She nods to Clyde who melts into a giant smile and looks
back to Donnie. They give Billy the go-ahead.

BILLY

Dearly beloved...

He's interrupted by a shriek coming up the stairs.

MEG CRYIN'

Wait!!

Larry bursts through the door in full drag regalia.

MEG CRYIN' IS BACK, BITCHES!

MEG CRYIN' (cont'd)

That's my line!

The whole troop of drag queens pour through the door.
Vanessa's jaw hits the floor as Meg takes Billy's place --

MEG CRYIN' (cont'd)

You don't mind do you, darling?

Donnie and Clyde share a broad grin as Meg presides.

MEG CRYIN' (cont'd)

Dearly beloved...

And we pull up and out to witness a giant celebration of...

LOVE