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Beautiful Creatures

By Simon Donald

I deliver perfection... | and don't brag about it! :D

- I know you do, Tony.

You're a totally gorgeous creature.

I love you as well. You know I do.

Can I get a kiss?

anywhere, have you?

- I came home with them.

New golf clubs in a leather golf bag.

- I'm a mysterious kind of guy.

Dead mysterious.

- Seen what?

- When did you learn to play?

- Will you teach me?

- I would've seen them.

Of course. That's why I'm telling you...
they were gone.
losing a set of golf clubs.

I haven't lost them.

I think maybe you have.

I've no interest in golf whatsoever.

- Yeah, but I was kidding.

I was joking with you.

You mean you've been lying to me?

- I have no idea.

the golf clubs?

- I haven't.

- I've pawned nothing!

- Leave me alone!

or where they went.

- Dorothy, I need my golf clubs! | - You can't play golf!

If you've moved them, tell me. | I left them in the living room.

You're saying you're going to Amsterdam | to play golf?

I don't even think Amsterdam has golf.

What do you know about Amsterdam?

What, in God's name, | do you know about golf?

Listen, you!

I know I left a bag of clubs | in the living room...
...and they weren't there | when I went to get them.

If you left a bag of clubs in the flat, | then they're in the flat.

- You're lying! | - Shit!

Stop!

Here, that's enough of that!

I'm going to tear that flat apart...
...and see if my golf clubs aren't there.

I swear to God | I'm going to drink your blood.
I'm sorry. Must be the golf.
It's driven him mad.
I'm awful sorry about that.
Sorry.
Pluto, my boy.
Come and see your daddy.
Tony?
Pluto?
When marimba rhythms start to play #
Dance with me #
Make me sway #
Like a lazy ocean hugs the shore #
Hold me close #
Sway me more #
Like a flower bending in the breeze #
Bend with me #
Sway with ease ##
It's the middle of the fucking night!
Not in Cairo, it isn't. | Not in Hong Kong, it isn't.
You think they care | it's the middle of the night here?
I've got personal things to attend to.
Dear, but my eyes will see only you #
Only you have the magic technique #
When we sway I go weak #
I can hear the sound of violins #
Long before it begins ## | - Get in the car!
Get in the fucking car!
You and me will start a new life this time.
No more dealers or junkies or maniacs.
We'll be long gone before he gets back.
Don't be scared, big boy.
I don't think this is going to come out.
Thank God.
You rotten, shitty bastard, Tony.
Somebody smells nice.
Don't look at me.
It's the dog.
Bloody lunatics.
An ounce of rolling tobacco | and a packet of Maltesers.
Excuse me. When you have a second.
You shouldn't read that shite | 'cause it badly exploits women.
4.29, please.
He's taken my money.

- Can I owe you? | - You mean, can you exploit me?
- I'll send it to you in the post. | - Not allowed to give credit.
I need a smoke.
I'm on the run from a maniac. | So's my dog.
That's not a very healthy color, | right enough.
Go on. I'll sub you.
Go on.
Shut up, Pluto.
Give me ten seconds to catch my dog.
Fucking disappear!
You are going nowhere!
Leave her alone!
You fucking bitches!
Get the fuck, you fucking bitches!
Come here.
You're an evil, lying bitch!
- Stop it. | - You're mine.
Brian, stop it!
Right, you're going nowhere!
Do you hear me?
I'm going to fucking kill you!
I'll be all right in a minute.
Get my breath back.
You just get sick of listening to all that | "I'm going to fucking kill
you" stuff.
Right, I'll help you get him in the car.
What for?
So you can drive him home, call the police.
I can't drive.
And I'm not calling the police. | He's my boyfriend.
I want you gone as soon as he wakes up.
If I was you, I'd dump him here.
I can't dump him here.
I'd lose my home and my job, | and everything.
- How? | - 'Cause I work for his big brother.
Fuck, he's heavy, isn't he?
- I think Brian's going to be sick again. | - To the left.
Quick.
Shit.
Let's put him in the bath | in case he throws up over anything else.
I've never seen a pink | and white dog before.
He's half part pedigree, half part acrylic.
Really?
I've never heard of them.

Do you know of anything | I could use as a roach?
Don't make yourself too comfy. | I didn't invite you back for a party.
I'm sorry.
I'm just a little shaky. | It would help calm me down.
Have a scrounge in my rucksack.
There's bound to be something.
Fancy a cup of tea?
Yeah.
Here.
I'm Petula, by the way.
Nice grass.
You missed your bus.
Petula?
Are you okay?
It's okay. It's just the cold.
It's only when we have too much to drink.
A bit silly.
It was my own fault tonight...
...'cause he caught me | going through his desk.
I was looking for my passport.
I wanted to visit my mum.
She's moved to Majorca.
Why does he keep your passport?
Why?
'Cause he loves me.
What do you think?
I had it like that once.
- Do you think Brian will like it? | - Go on.
Trust me. It'll really suit you.
Nice surprise when he wakes up.
Petula!
Is he okay?
Brian?
Are you okay?
Brian, say something.
What is the matter with him?
Is he German?
Brian, stop it!
Shut up, Pluto.
Brian, I'm sorry.
- Is he kidding? | - Brian, please. I'm sorry.
Just slap his face gently.
Come on now. I'm really sorry.
Just give his face a gentle slap.

Don't be angry.

That's what you do to wake them up.

He's dead.

He's dead! Brian's dead.

Get out of my road!

Dear God.

Will the police be able to tell | I bashed his head in with scaffolding?

- 'Cause I didn't mean to kill him. | - I know.

- I was trying to stop him killing you. | - I know.

You wouldn't have lasted another minute...

...the way he was choking you | and whacking your head.

I'll have to spend...

...years of my life in a jail cell all by myself.

I mean, that's not fair.

I was only trying to help.

I don't even know the guy.

I was only trying to help.

What if we make an anonymous phone call | and then disappear?

We can't because I haven't got a phone.

- If we don't say who we are. | - But I haven't got a phone.

I know, but they won't be able | to trace the call.

I haven't got a phone. | We don't have a phone.

You have to go to work.

I helped you, so you have to help me.

Now, before you're late. | As though everything is hunky-dory.

Petula, wait.

You can't go yet. Take off your coat.

Phone me on Brian's phone.

Two rings, then hang up.

Then ring again immediately | so I know it's you.

Thanks for coming to help me...

...last night.

Listen. You have to give me some money.

Right. Yeah, of course.

- How much do you normally charge? | - What?

No, not for the haircut.

out the pawn shop.

If he comes back, I'll send him packing...

and stumble across your dead boyfriend.

Where's Brian?

Where is Brian?

I don't actually know where he is.

Morning.

Your Brian back on the drink again?

Then let's just pray His Lordship's met | with a particularly horrible accident.

Yes, Mr. McMinn.

I see.

Right. Yes, I'll start with Eastern General.

The police have found | Brian's car abandoned.

Mr. McMinn wants me | to phone the hospitals.

I am so sorry.

That's all right, Sheena. He'll be just...

...lying in a heap somewhere.

Dorothy, they found the car abandoned...

...and there's a policeman | coming to see me tomorrow...

... if Brian doesn't show.

Do you know Northcraigs Beach?

I will meet you at the coffee stall at 6:30.

Well?

The hospital...

...people have no idea about anything | to do with Brian, Mr. McMinn.

No, that's terrific.

We were just curious | if you knew whether...

...he'd had an accident or something, | or died.

We've had no admissions of that name...

...or fitting that description.

Oh, good.

Goodbye then, | and thank you for being so...

...helpful and...

...informative.

They have not had any admissions | fitting that name or that description.

Was he with you last night?

Early on, he was.

Then, later on, he wasn't.

Now, this is called a decapod crustacean.

That's a lobster.

Nature uses them to clean dead bodies.

Them and shrimps get | all the drowned flesh off the bones.

What was the name of that fish | I showed you?

- A halibut. | - That's right.

Fishermen like halibut | because of their shapes.

Fishermen like to make them | their girlfriends...

...even though their body temperature | is much lower than a proper girlfriend.

- Usually, that is. | - Sandy.

Sandy, come here. Come away.

- I brought you some clothes. | - I bought you a coffee.

Your stuff's covered in paint.

What? Oh, lovely. Thanks.

- We've got to shift him. | - Where?

Somewhere it'll look okay | that nobody found him straight away.

Somewhere he might have gone | without taking you...

...where he could fall, bang his head...

...and die without us doing it.

His boat.

- He's got a boat? | - It's his secret hideaway.

It's where he goes if he wants to hide | from his big brother.

We could drop him down the hatch, | and it would look like he fell.

Traditionally, | they are very dangerous things, hatches.

- How do we get him to the boat? | - In a car.

- You told me you couldn't drive. | - I can't. Brian was giving me lessons.

At least he was screaming at me | and punching me in an old Saab.

Pluto, teatime. Come on.

What have you got?

Give it to me.

Pluto, give.

Fuck!

Oh, my God.

That is very, very, very bad.

Brian?

Is that you?

It's me.

I know. I didn't really think it was him.

I thought you might be | somebody checking.

I just wanted to see if you were...

...all right, you know, and...

...I wanted to say thank you for...

...everything.

Don't be silly.

You're welcome. Go to sleep.

Night-night.

Sleep tight.

- You, too.

Sleep tight.

"Don't let the bugs bite."

Hi, Miss Peplow.

Detective Inspector Hepburn, | Eastern and District CID.

- Hello, Inspect... Detector. | - George is okay.

I'm Petula.

Sorry, I didn't sleep very well.

Come in, please. Sorry I'm not up.

Sorry.

Please, allow me.

Would you mind waiting here | till I'm dressed?

Of course.

- You going in to work? | - I have to.

They won't mind if I'm late, though.

Who won't mind? Ronnie McMinn?

Big softie, isn't he?

You a friend of his?

There's no such thing as friends | on the golf course, I'm afraid.

So, Petula, you work for Brian McMinn?

Well, I work for his big brother, technically.

How long have you been living with Brian?

A year.

How long have you worked for the firm?

About a week longer | than we've been living together.

Love at first sight, eh?

Absolutely.

It really was very much | and completely that.

Firstly, I should ask you:

Do you have any idea | where your boyfriend might be?

None.

- You last saw him? | - Tuesday night.

We'd been for dinner. We came home.

Brian sat up drinking, and I went to bed.

I suppose I just drank too much.

I didn't so much go to bed as crash.

Was Mr. McMinn in a similar condition?

He was probably.

I was only drinking Sea Breezes.

You got the bruise from walking into | something while you were inebriated?

Not from being punched by Brian?

What's that supposed to mean?

I'm a detective inspector, Petula.

Do you know | what a detective inspector does?

This is one of those police questions | you're supposed to say no to, isn't it?

What a detective inspector does, | is he detects things.

And then when he's successfully | detected them, he inspects them...

...in order to establish whether or not | there was any point in detecting them.

And from where I'm standing...

...I can detect some bruising around | your cheekbone, consistent with a blow...

...and discoloration around your neck, | consistent with an attempted throttling.

I'm not being too personal, am I, Petula?

Do you have other men in your life...

...or does Brian get violent when he drinks?

He doesn't.

I don't have any other men in my life.

So, either lover-boy hit you | and stormed out in a raging temper...

...or you've killed him and hidden his body.

That is just utterly...

...and completely ridiculous! | - What is?

That I've killed him and hidden his body.

I know.

I was being facetious | to stop you getting upset.

Even joking you shouldn't say.

How would you feel | if your wife had disappeared?

I'm not married, and neither are you.

What you're saying isn't the sort of thing | you should make facetious remarks about...

...because it could be the sort of thing | that people could get upset by.

Oh, my God!

Stuart, I've got a wee bit | of a situation developing here.

That's right, the missing persons.

Anybody needs me | I'll be in the office after lunch.

Could you look at it again?

I'm okay now, I think.

It's Brian's ring.

- Did he have it on when you last saw him? | - Yes.

He wears it all the time. It's stuck.

He says he'll never get the bloody thing off.

That's Brian's mobile phone.

Are you up to trying it now?

No, I don't... I mean, do I have to?

We have to know a few things quickly.

We have to know Brian's state of health...

...whether or not this is a hoax, | and we have to...

...you have to make sure | that if there is a real problem here...

...that we don't jeopardize | Mr. McMinn's well-being by our actions.

Am I being clear?

What's the matter?

Are you not okay?

I don't know what I'm going to say.

Find out what they want. They'll tell you.

Hello?

Hello, Petula.

If Brian's brother wants Brian back | he'll have to pay money for him.

They know my name.

Ask them what they want.

They want money.

How much money do they want?

How much money do you want?

What's a reasonable sum?

How much is he worth?

get his hands on?

I don't know what you mean.

How much?

He's dead now...

...and we killed him.

So, if we could get away from here forever.

I can't think of anything else to say.

Brian is dead. You're all alone. | It's just you and me.

Help me.

You want...

...exactly 1 million cash.

No. A real number. A serious number.

Not a bloody imaginary...

1 million or...

...Ronnie McMinn | will get his brother's head...

...in a green nylon knapsack...

...all tied up with a ribbon | through the post.

Bloody hell.

Tell them you have to speak to Brian.

I have to speak to Brian.

- To know that he's all right. | - To know that he's all right.

We can't bring him to the phone.

They can't bring him to the phone.

Then how do we know that they haven't | already decapitated Mr. McMinn?

Ask him something.

- Brian.

- Ask me to ask Brian a question. | - I have to ask him something.

- What? | - What do you want me to ask him?

Something only you and Brian both know.

Something only me and Brian both know.

On you go.

Ask him...

Tell him to...

God, I can't think of what to ask.

Tell them to ask Brian to tell you | when and where...

...you and him last made love.
When and where did Brian and me...
...last make love?
Half an hour ago, up the bottom.
That is precisely...
...100 percent spot on.
You're not contemplating | something silly here, are you, hen?
It's a favorite spot, you know.
It's lovely.
It's not lovely | when you're fishing them out of the water.
Away home and take an overdose.
They've hung up.
Did they answer the question?
What did they say?
They said, | "On the leather couch in his office...
...Tuesday lunchtime...
...twice."
And would that be correct?
Then I have to say | that I think Mr. McMinn...
...is a very, very lucky man...
...because obviously...
Obviously he hasn't had his head cut off.
I'm so sorry.
- I thought you meant... | - You've had a massive shock.
Now, let me ask you before I go:
Do you have an easily accessible | back entrance I can make use of?
Dave, have you seen Neil McIndoe?
- Who's Neil McIndoe? | - Regional pathologist.
Big ugly fucker, no taste in clothes, | bad personal hygiene.
Got you. In the canteen.
Reason I didn't know who you meant, | was everybody calls him "dog-breath".
Fuck me. You're not eating that swill | out of choice, are you, Neil?
Detective Inspector Hepburn.
How's the golf, George?
It'd be a lot better if some fucker | hadn't ripped off my clubs out my
car.
The reason I come here to eat this swill...
...is so I can enjoy my lunch | without being surrounded by body parts.
I thought pathologists had no feelings.
That's a myth...
...like all pathologists have bad breath. | Where is your finger from?
You tell me. | Off a dead person or a live one?
Obviously dead.
If you cut a finger from somebody | that's alive that finger will

exsanguinate.

All the blood will drain from it.

Cut that finger from a corpse, | the blood is already semi-coagulated.
That's what I thought.

Somebody playing practical silly fuckers?

Some medical student, no doubt. | They're such scum, those fuckers.

This is Brian's finger.

- You recognize the ring? | - I know my own flesh, George.

Does this mean he's alive?

On balance, Ronnie...

...all things taken into account...

...and after listening to expert advice, | I can say...

...absolutely.

He was alive when it was cut off.

The girl's spoken to him.

If they hadn't killed him by then, | they won't kill him now.

What are you... Sorry, I have to keep that.

I'm going to see it's returned | to my brother.

Not now, later. I have to keep it | in custody for the time being.

Custody?

I mean, as evidence.

Don't! Sorry.

Sorry, Ronnie. Please.

Don't touch that. | I haven't had time to have it dusted yet.

For fingerprints?

I'm sorry, Ronnie, but I have to ask you | one question just to get...

...the possibility out of the way.

And this is simply to eliminate | a line of enquiry.

George, ask me.

There's no possibility, is there...

...that Brian would be so hard up for money | he would sacrifice his own
finger...

...in an attempt to finagle funds | out of his big brother?

He'd only have to ask me.

Right.

In that case, we proceed with this being | a bona fide kidnapping and
extortion.

They want precisely 2 million.

All right, then.

Well, I'll meet you about 7:00 tonight.

- Listen, can you drive? | - So, that's it then?

Sorry. What do you mean, that's what?

That's the famous couch | where it all happened:

"Tuesday lunchtime..."

...twice."

Does Brian think | he can still keep you happy...

...with only nine fingers?

- What? | - Still...

...that's a lot of money | for a wee bit of your body.

Isn't it?

Which bit of your body | is worth the most to you?

Stop it.

Those are lovely lips.

My wee brother was still alive | when his finger was cut off from him.

Can you imagine how sore | that must've been...

...chopping through bone | and gristle and tender flesh?

Brian's too soft for any of that.

Isn't he?

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

You didn't do it for him...

...did you?

'Cause if I thought...

Well, you could kiss | those lovely lips goodbye.

And I wouldn't stop there.

Any messages for me?

Somebody called Ronnie McMinn | phoned this morning. Got his number.

Just a pal of mine wanting a game of golf.

- Any luck with your clubs? | - What do you expect?

The police are a bunch of worthless, | skiving assholes.

What about your missing persons?

Fucked off in a drunken huff | and left his missus.

Is she a dog?

Stuart, my son, she is a total fucking dog.

Can't blame the poor fucker.

Maybe he topped himself having to gaze | at her ugly mug while trying to digest.

Clutch, accelerator, brake.

No. Brake, accelerator, clutch.

Surely.

Neutral.

"Always make sure | your vehicle is in neutral...

...before you start your engine, Petula...

...or I will punch your fucking lights out."

"Mirror, signal, maneuver."

Now what the fuck was that about?

Oh, my God!

We bring Brian's body here after it's dark.

We'll make it seem | the kidnappers held him here...

...and tortured him for days | before they killed him.

You have a very brilliant criminal mind.

- What are you doing? | - Torturers don't tidy up.

The place should be a complete smelly tip, | reeking of lager.

Right.

We should get some Chinese take-aways | and chuck them about.

Also, we should get some filthy socks | and pants of Tony's.

I bet you 1 million, | kidnappers' pants smell just like Tony's.

- "Fick mich in meinen Arsch", Petula. | - What?

- Are you judging me? | - No, I'm not judging you.

If I was judging you, | you would be in jail for murder...

...kidnapping, torture.

Dorothy, that is totally gross.

- Get off me, you monster. | - Sniff my cheesy "grunties", flower.

Gonna suck "mein" socks | and "fick meinen Arsch"!

Come on. That's disgusting!

I'm going for a pee.

No, dog, get out.

Bloody hell. That can't be pleasant.

That is as thick as a baby's arm.

Would you let a baby | do that to you with his arm?

Get away from there!

Fuck!

Is that somebody we know out there?

- Who's the fucking stiff, Dot? | - Tony, that's...

...Petula's boyfriend. | He was in an accident.

And it's got nothing to do with you. | So just don't start!

You've got to be kidding.

Right.

I want my golf clubs.

Is this what you were looking for, | you evil bastard?

Get out...

...or I'll stab you, I honestly will. | - Where'd you get one of them?

Jesus.

Listen.

I'm not well. I'm sick, doll.

I didn't know that was in there, darling. | Don't get upset at me.

There's something in my golf bag I need.

Make me feel better, doll.

I'm feeling shite.

And then I'll be out of here. | You know me, babe.

I'll get my gear and mellow out | and vamoose, babe.

You get it and you get out.

See?

My stash, doll.
And my works. | 'Cause I need my stash, eh?
I need my gun.
Now what the fuck | is fucking going on here?
I'm asking you right now.
What the fuck were you doing | with my underpants?
There's no way | you can describe these as cheesy.
These are as fresh as a newborn daisy.
Pluto, my baby. Come to bed.
Pluto, no. No!
Now put the knife down...
...or I'll shoot Scooby-Doo here, | right in the middle of his face.
So what's the score then?
Who's the poor bastard out in the cold?
- He's my boyfriend. | - Who killed him?
Well, he was beating me up | and Dorothy came and rescued me.
Nobody meant to kill anybody.
That makes it okay, then, does it?
Some poor fucker | goes down that fucking tunnel...
...and it's okay by you pair | 'cause it was only an accident.
How come he's not buried in a grave, | in a fucking cemetery, if it's
hunky-dory?
- We were going to phone the authorities. | - Don't you patronize me.
I'll cut your face off.
He's been kidnapped.
I heard you just now.
So how much is your stiff worth?
If you lie to me, | I'll hurt the dog really badly.
- Tony, it's not... | - 1 million.
You're kidding.
That's enough for all three of us | to play with, isn't it, girls?
Now then...
...come and sit down next to me.
Hit me with some of that...
...really fabby gear out of my golf bag.
Your friend is gorgeous, by the way.
Have you pair got a wee thing going?
That would be...
...rather nice.
- Do yourself. | - No, Tony, please.
Do yourself...
...or I'll shoot the dog in the face | with my golf gun.
Look at her.
A former connoisseur.

The good old days, eh, Dorothy?
Now, let me be frank with you.
I'm not interested in money.
There's other things | I need more than money.
Here.
Now, I want you to take off your tights...
...and tie Dorothy's hands behind her back.
Now, Petula...
...I want you to take off your pants.
Why?
'Cause I'm gonna fuck you, gorgeous.
Then you and I are gonna watch | while Scooby-Doo fucks Dorothy.
You bastard!
I'm gonna fucking kill you!
You bastard!
One...
...two...
...three.
Leave it.
- Still here, boss? | - You got the keys for the secure room?
- What are you looking for? | - Just checking something.
I can't stay.
I have to go back to the house.
If I stay out, | the police will know something's wrong.
Can you manage?
All right, phone me in the morning, | first thing.
Tony's tied up. I have to go.
Oh, Jesus!
Wait.
Will you get my dog to the hospital?
Don't worry. I'll take care of him.
And he's not your dog.
He's my dog.
And if he dies...
...you die as well, you bad, evil bastard.
It's not my dog. | He's called Pluto or something.
Right.
How much do vets cost? Here.
Sorry, miss. You can't just...
Also, watch when you sew him up | because he's 50 percent acrylic.
I was only joking about you and Pluto.
I love you.
I'm sorry I hurt you.
I'm dying.

If you don't get me to a hospital, I'll die.
You'll be in a hospital in a couple of hours.
My arm's numb, my fingers are cold.
I'm freezing cold all over.
Just a wee bit longer.
"Don't let the bugs bite."
Remember? You used to say that.
The time you were ill | and I looked after you.
You remember?
It was you who made me ill.
Brian?
Who's there?
I could put you in the jail...
...or I could lose a little bit of weight.
Work on my tan.
Please.
I'll make you very, very happy.
Please. I'm sorry.
I'd be right in thinking I can smell blood, | gorgeous?
Blood and shampoo.
Chicks.
I've wanted one like you all my life.
You're a very lovely creature.
- The number called is switched off.
Oh, shit.
Back upstairs to bed.
I want you to have a nice sleep | so that you look gorgeous for Brian...
...when he comes back to get my money.
Sleep tight.
Mr. McMinn.
These gentlemen are here to see you.
Then show these gentlemen | into my office, Maureen.
Pluto!
My baby.
Thank you.
Bridges service station, please.
All right, bitches...
...I'll drain your blood.
All right, Maureen.
I can't get over it.
- The suffering he must've gone through. | - Don't think about it. He'll be fine.
Makes me sick to my stomach.
That's a mere pittance.

2 million.

I'd pay twice this to catch these fiends.

I know.

Promise me something.

Fifteen minutes alone with them.

I'll show them what happens | when you fuck with Ronnie McMinn.

You are confident this is the best way?

I trust you.

Whenever they tell us where the drop is, | then we've got them.

The hardest part of a kidnapping | is picking up the ransom.

That's where we catch kidnapppers | every single time.

Nobody's ever figured out how to collect | a bag of money without being followed.

Ninety-nine percent are apprehended | at that point.

I'm sorry.

A very peculiar phone call | from some Irish girl who says that:

"Petula has to get in that taxi outside...

...and the drop", | whatever that's supposed to mean...

"...is the Bridges service station."

Hello, Stuart.

The Bridges service station.

Carrier is en route.

is open Monday to Friday...

...10:

That's the backup in position.

Okay?

All right, in you get.

Just hang on, driver.

- Honestly, I don't know if... | - Just do exactly what you're told.

I'll be behind you every step of the way.

What?

He's my brother. I've got to be there.

For God's sakes, | this is a very delicate business.

As you've seen, everything is up shit creek. | You've got to trust me.

What is going on?

Brian's dead and that fucker knows it. | I'll show him what I fucking trust!

- Did you... | - I told her...

...he looks as if he should be at home | in his basket.

Sit.

Down!

Step away from the dog!

- Run! | - You didn't give the money to the dog?

- That's what you told me to do! | - You stupid fucking bitch!

Get off!

CID. This is an official crime scene.

You're officially shut till I get back. | Understood?

Go, Pluto!

Go home.

Shit!

I really feel that I have to say that...

...you're one of the most gorgeous | creatures I've ever set eyes on.

Here, boy. Is your daddy home, Pluto?

Looks like you've got some gear for him.

Your bad dad owes | your Uncle Aidan big time.

- The dog! | - What's with your fucking shoving, pal?

That's a lot of gear | that dog was holding for...

Now, you junkie fuck, | tell me where the dog lives!

Well done.

Come on.

Are you awake?

Hold the gun by the muzzle.

Now, throw the gun to me.

Get your hands in the air. Now!

Is that Brian McMinn in there? | Is that your hostage?

That's him.

He needs a doctor.

Jesus!

It looks like you've just killed | your hostage...

...which is a pretty fundamental error.

Now, miss, would you please not stand | in front of the window.

- What? | - Do as you're told.

Step away from the window | and you won't get hurt.

Come on now.

I'm a detective inspector with | the Eastern District Regional
Constabulary.

You thieving bitch! That's my golf clubs!

No one fucks with Ronnie McMinn.

Ronnie, fuck you.

Oh, Jesus!

I saved your life there, mister. | And I have to tell you...

...this whole thing was dreamt up | by that bitch there...

...and her pal...

No one...

...least of all a fucking filthy creature | like you...

...or your dimwit pal...

...fucks with Ronnie... | - Petula!

McMinn.

What am I going to do about this?

There's bound to be some tools | in the boat.

There's not gonna be any tools in there, | is there?

Dorothy, get the bag.

Dorothy, open the bag!

- You've nothing smaller than a 100 note? | - No. Sorry.

2.60. I didn't charge you for | your funny-colored guide dog or blind pal.

- I'll come back with your change. | - No, that's all right. Keep the money.

It's a present from Pluto.

- Yeah.

- It is.

Really?

So does that make him dry-clean only?