

THE CLEANER: CARNIVORES
SHOOTING SCRIPT - 20/4/21

Written by

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Based on Der Tatortreiniger by Mizzi Meyer.

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HELENA (CONT'D)

You okay?

WICKY

Yeah I'm just 50 and the old legs
a

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HELENA

Are you surprised to meet a nice
disabled person

HELENA

In this instance isn't it just
being nice to get the orange for
me?

WICKY

Yeah, I listen but I shouldn't be
noticing what Weasel says anyway.
He shouldn't be allowed to work
there. As a dirty bastard he'll
try and hump anyone...

HELENA

Really? Even... (me)?
(gestures to herself)

WICKY

Oh yeah.

HELENA

And do I not

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HELENA

Of course. I didn't lik

WICKY (CONT'D)

And what if you went to a
restaurant and there was a big
table?

HELENA

What are you talking about?

WICKY

Well you'd know better than me but
I guess in the wrong restaurant
you're eating with a floating head.

He mimes a table being just under her chin. She deci

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HELENA (CONT'D)

all he had in his basket was.

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HE...
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... a dr...
y... ..

WICKY

I

WICKY

Just so you know. I stink of death
because this morning I cleaned u

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n d n d n n

He knows that smell... it's beef! Wicky conceals himself behind a pillar and watches as Helena opens the door.

HELENA'S MUM

Hello Love.

HELENA

Hello Mum.

HELENA'S MUM

Thought you

HELENA

What do you want?

WICKY

I wanted to say sorry for earlier.

HELENA

Fine. Bye.

She goes to close the door.

WICKY

I've been reading about

WICKY

Well it's definitely not in my bag
anymore.

HELENA

No!

Wicky looks at her and in slow motion we see him leap in to the air. He hurdles over the top of her and lands in

CARNI

WICKY

Is it not? I think it's a hot pot.

HELENA

It is.

WICKY

Unbelievable. You're not Mega!

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HELENA

Nah, it was 6 years ago. Car
accident. Drunk dr

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HELENA

WICKY

Not in my local you can't. They've only got cashews in the last year. He calls them 'space beans'.

HELENA

I prefer a joint these days anyway.

Wicky looks at her.

WICKY

Is that right?

HELENA

No animals in a joint.

WICKY

Have you... ummm...

She opens the arm of her wheelchair

HELENA (CONT'D)

He chose to come into my life, mum
chose to give me it.

WICKY

Cool, you don't mind your mum
having meat orgies. I get it.

HELENA

Don't put my mum in the same
sentence as orgies... oh and...
never call him Gazza again!

WICKY

There's a double standard that I'll
let slide. I have another question.

HELENA

Bloody hell, I don't want to talk
about him any more.

WICKY

It's not about him. Or meat. But
it's serious.

Her face drops and she leans in.

HELENA

What?

WICKY

Can you get me one?

HELENA

One?

Wicky raises his eyebrows as if to say 'you know

WICKY

You know.

She half smiles and half looks shocked.

HELENA

You mean a parking badge don't you?

WICKY

The sweet ~~freedom~~ of the city.

HELENA

No, I will not get you a bloody disabled parking badge.

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WICKY (CONT'D)

Have it your way...

He

