

Production No. C5110

July 21st 1971

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

"FRENZY"

Screenplay

by

Anthony Shaffer

Part of a printed map FILLS THE SCREEN. At the top right hand corner the word London is written in elaborate scroll work in a white inset together with its scale. The CAMERA FAVOURS the curving blue snake line space which indicates the course of the River Thames. As we follow the route of the Thames, the printed map gradually changes into the real thing. We follow the course of the river with the helicopter, from which the scene is being shot, which gradually lowers until it is a couple of hundred feet above the Thames - ahead of us we see Tower Bridge. As we approach the bridge, the bascules open as though welcoming us. With the help of a zoom, the CAMERA goes through and under the upper part of the bridge. We are now on the opposite side of the bridge, having just gone through. An imperceptible dissolve, perhaps a few frames, enables us to continue our journey with a slight increase in speed. We pass over several bridges, the last one being Waterloo Bridge. As we approach Westminster Bridge, we can see the Houses of Parliament on our right and just before we reach the bridge, the CAMERA DESCENDS and makes a swinging turn left-wards and points at County Hall.

We see a group of people gathered near the terrace. The CAMERA MOVES IN slowly to reveal that a ceremony is taking place.

(As soon as we have revealed the map and begin to follow the route of the Thames, all the MAIN TITLES are superimposed and as soon as the Director's title has gone off, that is when the picture changes from map to actuality.)

- 2 CLOSE SHOT of the MINISTER OF HEALTH - a tall, angular, 2 affected man, with carefully brushed silver winged hair over his ears. The CAMERA EASES BACK to show the people surrounding him who are a mixed bag of dusty officials and untidy journalists - one or two of them women. Some have cameras which they use with no great urgency. On the fringes of this group there is a fair sized crowd of onlookers, consisting of housewives and the unemployed.

MINISTER OF HEALTH

When I was a lad, a journey down the
rivers of England was a truly blithe
experience - bliss was it in that dawn
to be alive, as Wordsworth has it. Brook
lime and flag iris, plantain and marsh
marigolds rioted on the banks; water shrews
sang by the mossy alder stumps, and king-
fishers swooped and darted about, their
shadows racing over the brown trout jumping
from the clear waters to snap at the mayflies

Continued

MINISTER OF HEALTH (Cont)

that danced away their short lives just out of reach. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm happy to be able to tell you that these ravishing sights will be restored to us again in the near future, thanks to the diligent efforts of your Government and your local authority. All the water above this point will soon be clear! Clear of industrial effluent. Clear of detergents. Clear of the waste products of our society with which, for so long we have poisoned our rivers and canals!

There is a sporadic round of applause from the crowd. The journalists write busily, and a few cameras click.

MINISTER OF HEALTH

Let us today welcome back those water creatures, which so delighted us as children - the tadpole, the crested newt, and the stickle-back. Let us rejoice that pollution will soon be banished from the waters of this river and that there will soon be no foreign bodies ...

We HEAR a sudden sharp female CRY of ALARM, which cuts off the MINISTER in mid-sentence. He is in BIG CLOSE UP on the left hand side of the screen. The nude body of a girl, face down in the water, floats slowly into the screen from the right. A necktie is tightly tied round the victim's neck with the ends floating in the water. On the bank, onlookers point, in disbelief.

1ST WOMAN

Look! ... Over there!

2ND WOMAN

Where? ... What is it?

1ST WOMAN

Over there by the bank.

2ND WOMAN

Christ! ... Yer right.

Continued

2 Continued - 2

2

1ST MAN

What's that round 'er neck?

The reporters rush forward, elbowing the Minister out of the way.
The hub-bub increases.

1ST REPORTER

She's been strangled.

The cry of "strangled" is taken up as the reporters start taking flash pictures of the body. WE PAN DOWN to it, and move to a CLOSER SHOT with the flashes of the photographers overlaying it.

2ND REPORTER

It looks like a tie.

3RD REPORTER

It's a tie, all right.

2ND MAN

Not again. Oh God!

1ST REPORTER

Yes.

(with relish)

Another Necktie Murder!

3RD WOMAN

(shaky but loud
enough to be
heard by many)

It's a tie! It's another necktie murder!

The cry of another necktie murder is generally taken up by the crowd.

4TH WOMAN

It's the third he's done.

3RD MAN

Fourth. There was the Stepney Baths one, the Plumstead Librarian, and the one they found in Epping Forest three weeks ago. Don't you remember? She was the one with the mole on her ...

Continued

2 Continued - 3

2

4TH WOMAN

All right Herb, I remember.

A MAN with a boathook stops the body floating further down stream, and having hooked it into the necktie, hauls the corpse to the bank like a becalmed yacht. One woman nervously fingers the string of pearls round her neck. Another hides the sight of the corpse from her small son's eyes.

5TH WOMAN

What are the police doing about it, that's what I'd like to know. Why can't they find him?

6TH WOMAN

He's a regular Jack the Ripper.

3RD MAN

Not on your life. He used to carve 'em up ... sent a bird's kidney to Scotland Yard once, all wrapped up in a bit of violet writing paper ...

4TH WOMAN

That'll do Herb. I'm sure the lady doesn't want to hear anymore about it.

3RD MAN

(mutinously to himself)

Or was it a bit of 'er liver ...

The CAMERA PANS AWAY through the crowd to find the Minister. He is staring in horror at the tie round the dead girl's throat. Suddenly he turns anxiously to an official and whispers urgently in his ear.

MINISTER

I say. That's not my old school tie, is it?

CUT TO

3 INT. RICHARD BLANEY'S BEDROOM IN THE GLOBE - DAY 3

RICHARD BLANEY, a tallish ex-RAF pilot of about thirty-five

Continued

3 Continued

3

stands before the mirror in his dingy bedroom, carefully knotting his tie. The face above the tie is already shadowed by failure. He turns, picks up his brown tweed suit jacket, with leather patches on elbows and shoulders, and EXITS the room while putting it on.

4 INT. STAIRCASE, THE GLOBE - DAY

4

WE SEE him descend a narrow staircase and open the door to the bar.

5 INT. THE SALOON BAR OF THE GLOBE - DAY

5

The bar is empty. Our back is toward the street, and we have the leisure to note from the towel folded over the beer pumps, that the pub has not yet opened for business. In the distance Blaney opens a door, and makes his way towards and behind the bar. He comes down to the f. g. nearer to the CAMERA, and pours himself a large brandy which he tosses off in one shuddering swallow. At the same time he puts his hand into his trouser pocket. His body has masked from us the appearance in the bar of the proprietor, a self-important, corpulent little tradesman called FORSYTHE. The SOUND of the latter's VOICE makes him whirl round, somewhat startled.

FORSYTHE

(sarcastic)

Cheers Squadron Leader. Chin chin!

BLANEY

Morning.

FORSYTHE

It may come as something of a surprise to you Blaney, but in this pub we sell liquor. We don't give it away. Still less do we expect our employees to steal it.

BLANEY

I was going to pay for it.

FORSYTHE

Indeed? Blaney, that's the last drink you'll have on this house. Get out.

Continued

BLANEY

I told you. I was going to pay for it.
I always pay for my drinks, even for
your watered down scotch.

FORSYTHE

Don't you slang me, you pipsqueak,
and don't try and brazen it out, either.
My stocks have been well down this past
month.

BLANEY

Watch what you're saying Forsythe.

FORSYTHE

To a thief?

Blaney advances menacingly on Forsythe, who retreats awkwardly.
BARBARA (BABS) MILLIGAN ENTERS the bar at this moment
through the same door that Blaney used. She is a twenty-three year
old shortish, chestnut haired cutie -- one of nature's barmaids.
She has a slight cockney accent.

BABS

What's going on?

BLANEY

The Gauleiter here thinks I've been
nicking the booze.

BABS

That's ridiculous.
(to Forsythe)
He always pays.

FORSYTHE

How would you know?

BABS

I work with 'im don't I?

FORSYTHE

And what else?

BABS

What's that supposed to mean?

Continued

FORSYTHE

You keep out of this Babs. Blaney,
you're fired.

BABS

You can't do that. He never stole nothing
in his life. He puts the money in the till.
I've seen him.

FORSYTHE

A thief or a boozier, it's all the same to
me. I don't need either as a barman.
Quite apart from the fact that half the
day he's pulling your tits instead of pints.

He gestures to the beer handles.

BABS

Now look 'ere Mister For ...

FORSYTHE

He can't keep his hands off you. Many
of the customers have commented about
it.

BABS

And what about you? Always fingering
my arse.

FORSYTHE

You keep your lying mouth shut Babs,
or you'll go too.

Babs shapes up to Forsythe and is about to let loose a flood of
invective on him when Blaney steps between them. Forsythe
retreats again.

BLANEY

That's enough. I'm off. Here, keep
the change.

He takes an octagonal ten shilling piece from his pocket, and bowls
it down the bar to where Forsythe stands. He then walks towards
the door.

Continued

5 Continued - 3

5

BLANEY

I'll send for my things later.

As he is passing Forsythe the latter stops him with a slightly nervous gesture.

FORSYTHE

Just a moment. There's the little matter of the ten pounds I advanced you on your salary. Or are you planning to steal that too?

Blaney takes out his wallet, and removes two five-pound notes, which he places on the bar.

* INSERT A

WE CUT to a CLOSE UP in which we note that he has only two pounds left.

* FULL SHOT

He replaces his wallet, screws the two notes up into little paper balls and flicks them down the bar towards Forsythe with his middle finger.

BLANEY

Here you are, Forsythe, shove them up.

Blaney walks through the back door of the bar into the downstairs hallway.

6 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY AT GLOBE - DAY

6

Blaney takes his raincoat off a hook and returns to the bar.

7 INT. SALOON BAR - GLOBE - DAY

7

Blaney walks through the bar completely ignoring Forsythe. Babs FOLLOWS HIM OUT towards the front door of the pub.

8 EXT. GLOBE - DAY

8

Blaney unlocks the door and comes out of the pub and stands on

Continued

8 Continued

8

the street talking to Babs who has followed him out. One or two thirsty customers who have been waiting, enter the pub.

BABS

You shouldn't let him talk to you like that.

BLANEY

I know. But what can I do?

BABS

Tell him. Tell him where 'e gets off.

Blaney shrugs helplessly. They smile at each other.

BABS

What are you going to do, love?

BLANEY

I don't know. Another pub perhaps.

She examines his threadbare suit solicitously, and straightens his tie for him.

BABS

Are you all right? ... I mean, you just gave him back the ten quid you borrowed.

BLANEY

I had to. He didn't think I'd got it.

BABS

You are a fathead.

BLANEY

Don't worry Babs. I've got a bit left.

Forsythe APPEARS in the doorway of the pub and stares malevolently at the couple.

FORSYTHE

This pub's in Covent Garden, Babs, not in the garden of love. How about starting work.

Continued

8 Continued - 2

8

BABS

(under her breath)

Oh, get stuffed.

She gives Blaney a quick kiss as Forsythe turns back inside the pub.

BABS

Look after yourself.

Blaney gives her a wink.

BLANEY

Don't worry. I'll call you.

She smiles reassuringly at him and darts into the pub. Blaney turns away and his eye catches a newspaper placard on the corner. It reads "ANOTHER NECKTIE STRANGLING". The pile of newspapers has just been arrived from a van, and the vendor is busy stacking them. Blaney buys one and crosses the road towards Covent Garden.

9 EXT. COVENT GARDEN - DAY

9

Blaney strolls over the cobbles towards the outer perimeter of Covent Garden.

10 EXT. COVENT GARDEN, EASTERN COLONNADE - DAY

10

A CLOSER SHOT of Covent Garden. Blaney walks down the Eastern Colonnade of Covent Garden. He turns the corner into the Southern side.

11 EXT. COVENT GARDEN, SOUTHERN COLONNADE - DAY

11

Blaney APPEARS round the corner and walks towards CAMERA. He is hailed by BOB RUSK, a burly self-confident man a few years older than Blaney. He is in the wholesale fruit business, and works as a salesman for a firm called Hartletts, outside whose premises he is standing, taking the morning sun, and eating an apple.

RUSK

Hullo Dick. I was just coming over for a quickie. Why aren't you back there polishing the sausages or watering the gin, or whatever it is you do before opening time?

Continued

BLANEY

Hullo Bob. I've just been given the chop.

RUSK

What for? You were pissing in the beer again?

BLANEY

Forsythe and I had a set to.

RUSK

Oh him! You duffed him up I hope.

Blaney shakes his head.

BLANEY

He's a bastard. He was on my back from the start. From Squadron Leader to Barman in one easy lesson. He couldn't leave it alone.

RUSK

Forsythe's a brother-in-law of the boss, isn't he?

BLANEY

I think so.

RUSK

Brother-in-laws are the worst.

(posh voice)

Or, should I say, brothers-in-law?

Blaney smiles weakly.

RUSK

What are you going to do now?

BLANEY

I haven't decided yet.

RUSK

Well, if you're in schtuk, you know where to come.

Continued

BLANEY

Thanks Bob.

RUSK

Why don't you go and have a chat with your ex? She's doing alright, isn't she?

BLANEY

No. I don't think I will. As you know I haven't seen her for ages. There's no use opening all that up again.

RUSK

I suppose not. Well as I say you know you can always rely on Bob Rusk. Are you alright for a few quid?

BLANEY

Yes. Thanks all the same.

Rusk undoes his Jacket to reveal a large wad of notes in an inner pocket.

RUSK

'cos if you're not ...

BLANEY

No, really, thank you. I er ... just got paid.

Rusk looks around the showroom, and picks up a bunch of expensive grapes.

RUSK

Well, have some grapes. Here, look ... finest Muscats, fresh in this morning. Take 'em home to your girl friend Babs and get her to peel you one.

He laughs and wrapping them in tissue paper puts them into a box.

Continued

RUSK

(posh voice)

Beulah, peel me a grape.

(normal voice)

When I was a kid, that's what my mum
always used to say.

BLANEY

Thanks Bob. They look great.

RUSK

At least you won't starve to death.

Are you sure you don't need a few bob?

BLANEY

No thanks. I'm O. K.

RUSK

You don't look O. K. Anything else
the matter?

BLANEY

(nervous)

No. What should be?

RUSK

I dunno. Well, pop by any time.
And remember, anything I can do
will be a pleasure.

(Rusk shakes his
head thoughtfully)

It won't be the same in the old Globe
now.

BLANEY

Babs is still there.

RUSK

Yeah, that's true, and she's prettier
than you.

BLANEY

(lightly)

It's a matter of opinion. 'bye now.

Continued

11 Continued - 4

11

Blaney waves his newspaper and is about to move away when Rusk stops him.

RUSK

Here. Wait a minute. Give us your paper.

Blaney hands over his paper and Rusk, taking a pencil from behind his ear circles the name of a horse -- "Coming Up".

* INSERT B

WE CUT to an EXTREME CLOSE UP of the paper to see the horse's name, and also note that in the Stop Press column there is a freshly printed brief account of the new Necktie Murder. It is headed: New Victim for "Necktie Murderer", and goes on -- "A young woman, believed to be the fourth victim of the strangler was found floating this morning in the River Thames near Westminster Bridge. As before the tie which strangled her had been left round her neck."

* FULL SHOT

Rusk takes no notice of the item.

RUSK

This'll make your fortune. Coming Up in the 3-15 this afternoon. Never been out before but very highly fancied at home. It's a four horse race, and the three others are previous winners. She'll start at twenty to one, maybe more.

BLANEY

(surprised)

Twenty to one?

RUSK

Put your wad on. She can't lose. A little birdie told me, and my little birdies are reliably well informed.

BLANEY

Thanks again, Bob.

Continued

11 Continued - 5

11

RUSK

Anytime. Remember Bob's your
uncle.

A uniformed police sergeant suddenly appears at Rusk's side.

SERGEANT

Morning Mr Rusk.

RUSK

Hello Sergeant. What's new?

SERGEANT

Not much. This neck tie feller's giving
'em a bit of a headache. Can't seem
to get a line on him.

RUSK

Have you tried advertising?

SERGEANT

Very funny! Look, you're one for the
birds. Ask 'em if they've ever had
a near miss with a bloke like this, or
if their girl friends have.

RUSK

Sure. Mind you half of them haven't
got their heads screwed on the right
way to start with, let alone knowing
when they're being screwed off. 'Ere
do you know my friend Dick Blaney.

Rusk turns to discover that Blaney has vanished into the crowd.
He shrugs.

RUSK

Funny bloke. Don't worry Sergeant.
I'll put the word about.

SERGEANT

Thanks Mr Rusk.

The sergeant moves away through the market as Rusk throws the
core of his apple away, removes an elaborate gold tie pin studded

Continued

11 Continued - 6

11

with diamonds which form the letter R, from his tie, and starts to pick his teeth with the pointed end. WE SEE the pin in sufficiently big CLOSE UP to be able to recognise it again.

12 EXT. NELL OF OLD DRURY PUB, DRURY LANE - DAY

12

Blaney, holding his newspaper and box of grapes, is seen approaching a small public house on whose windows WE CAN SEE the name "Nell of Old Drury". He goes inside.

13 INT. NELL OF OLD DRURY PUB - DAY

13

It being the lunch hour, the pub is cheerfully full, and Blaney has to elbow his way to the bar counter. A certain amount of arm waving secures the BARMAN's attention.

BLANEY

Large Brandy, please.

The barman pours it and puts it on the counter.

BARMAN

Ten shillings.

Blaney hands over a one pound note and pockets the change. He takes a quick swallow of his drink then turns, looks around and finally makes his way to a small table with two chairs, both of which are unoccupied. He opens his paper and starts to read it. WE PAN OFF Blaney to FAVOUR two professional types who come in through the door of the pub. One man, a SOLICITOR, is thin, gangling and youngish -- dressed soberly in the garb of his trade, relieved hardly at all by a shabby regimental tie which he sports against an ill-fitting striped shirt. His companion, a DOCTOR, is older, stouter and more successful. His untidiness has an air of studied floridity about it. They make their way to the bar.

SOLICITOR

What are you going to have, Doctor?

DOCTOR

A pint, and a morsel of cheese will do me fine.

Continued

SOLICITOR

Let me order us a hot lunch. We've plenty of time. Old Boardman's the magistrate this afternoon and he'll never get to the medical evidence before three o'clock. Maisie!

An **ELDERLY BARMAID** with Henna died hair, and a face of hopeless optimism creaks down the business side of the counter.

MAISIE

Hullo, Mr Chester.

SOLICITOR

What's good today, my dear!

MAISIE

Stick to the Shepherds I would.

SOLICITOR

Right. Then that's two Shepherd's Pies, and two pints.

She goes.

SOLICITOR

I see our Necktie Murderer's been up to it again. I saw the newspaper headlines as we came away from court.

DOCTOR

I wouldn't envy the lot of any medical man giving evidence in that trial.

SOLICITOR

Why not? Surely, things are easier in these days of legally diminished responsibility.

DOCTOR

In many cases you may be right, but not here. The man who's killing these women is a criminal, sexual psychopath, and the legal profession

Continued

DOCTOR (Cont)

has never really known how to treat them. It used to be different when they could just break their necks for them and forget they ever existed, but these days they can't even do that.

Throughout this conversation, WE CAN CLEARLY SEE Blaney sitting in the b. g., studying his paper, and apparently paying no attention to it. Perhaps he is unable to hear it entirely, because of the rest of the hub-bub in the bar. Maisie puts two pints of beer down on the bar, in front of the two men.

SOLICITOR

We were just talking about the tie murderer, Maisie. You'd better watch out.

MAISIE

(hopefully)

He rapes them first, doesn't he?

SOLICITOR

Yes, I believe he does.

DOCTOR

I suppose it's nice to know that every cloud has a silver lining..

Maisie gives him a mock disapproving look and LEAVES.

SOLICITOR

Tell me, Doctor, what exactly do you mean by a psychopath? It's a word that's always being bandied about, but personally I've never understood precisely what it meant.

DOCTOR

I suppose you'd call them social misfits. On the surface, in casual conversation, they will appear as ordinary likeable adult fellows, but emotionally they remain as dangerous children whose conduct may revert to a primitive, subhuman level at any moment.

Continued

13 Continued - 3

13

During this last speech, Blaney has risen from his chair, and APPROACHED the bar counter, and orders a drink from behind the two men.

BLANEY

(loudly)
Double brandy!

SOLICITOR

You mean they will kill at any time --
just when the mood takes them?

DOCTOR

Exactly. But being governed by the
pleasure principle, they are partic-
ularly dangerous when their desires
are being frustrated.

The Barman gives Blaney his drink. He looks at it closely and then speaks wrathfully to the barman.

BLANEY

Are you deaf? I distinctly said a
double brandy. Actually, make it a
triple. There's scarcely enough in
this glass to cover the bottom of it.

The barman shoots Blaney a look, but does as he's bid. Blaney changes his last pound note to pay for it. The two men look briefly at Blaney and resume their conversation.

SOLICITOR

I wonder if the police have got any
sort of line on this fellow.

DOCTOR

(cheerful)
I shouldn't think so. With psychopaths,
there's usually no linking motive.

Blaney walks back to his table. The Doctor takes a vast pull at his beer.

SOLICITOR

Well, let's hope he slips up soon.

13 Continued - 4

13

DOCTOR

In one way, I rather hope he doesn't.
We haven't had a good juicy series
of sex murders since Christie -- and
they're so good for the tourist trade.
Foreigners somehow seem to expect
the squares of London to be fog-
wreathed, full of hansom cabs, and
littered with ripped whores, don't you
think?

The Doctor drains his beer. The Solicitor laughs as Maisie crosses carrying two plates. The two men walk out of frame leaving Blaney sitting alone reading his paper.

14 EXT. RUSK'S PARTMENT, HENRIETTA STREET - DAY

14

The CAMERA is on the pavement outside Rusk's apartment in Henrietta Street. It is shooting towards the direction of Bow Street which intersects the main entrance to Covent Garden. Blaney is walking towards us, and as he NEARS THE CAMERA, still carrying his box of grapes, a window is thrown up and a VOICE CALLS to Blaney.

RUSK

Hey Dick! What about "Coming UP"
eh?

Blaney looks up and sees Rusk looking out of the window.

BLANEY

(misunderstanding)

What? No, I've no time now, thanks
all the same.

RUSK

No. "Coming UP"! The horse. Won
by a mile. Twenty to one. What did
I tell you eh?

BLANEY

Oh!

(light dawning)

Oh yes!

He makes a circle with thumb and forefinger.

Continued

14 Continued

14

BLANEY

Great. Made a packet. Thanks,
Bob.

RUSK

Glad to oblige. Any time.

Blaney waves and makes to move on.

RUSK

Here. Just a minute.

Rusk's head withdraws from the window for a minute, and returns with that of his MOTHER -- a diminutive sixty-five year old, timid with strangers.

RUSK

This is my Ma. Ma, meet Dick
Blaney -- the best pilot who ever
drew a pint of beer.

BLANEY

Hello, Mrs Rusk.

MRS RUSK

Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

RUSK

(putting his arm
round her shoulders)

She lives down in Kent -- in The
Garden of England. Comes up every
week to scrounge a ton of fruit for the
Mothers Union.

Rusk laughs uproariously.

MRS RUSK

Don't you listen to him, Mr Blaney.
I can't carry back half of what he
wants to give me.

Mother and son exchange affectionate glances. She smiles at
Blaney and WITHDRAWS. Rusk notices the box of grapes.

Continued

14 Continued - 2

14

RUSK

Still got the grapes, then?

BLANEY

I'll save them for later.

RUSK

You want to get her to take the
pips out as well. They're bad for
the old appendix.

(laughs)

Ta-ra.

BLANEY

'bye Bob. And thanks again for
the tip.

RUSK

(airily)

Any time, Dick. Any time. I
told you Bob was yer Uncle.

Rusk WITHDRAWS his head and closes the window. Blaney MOVES
ON down the street out of sight of Rusk's house.

15 EXT. HENRIETTA STREET - DAY

15

Blaney WALKS TOWARDS CAMERA in Henrietta Street. His face
is set; his expression savage.

BLANEY

(bitter)

Twenty to one! Twenty to bloody
one! Christ dammit to hell!

He throws the box of grapes onto the pavement, and stamps on
them violently so that they spurt messily all over the place. He
storms off up the street. A few yards further on he angrily throws
his newspaper into the gutter before DISAPPEARING behind a truck.

16 EXT. OXFORD STREET - DAY

16

Blaney is threading his way through the crowds in Oxford Street.
He turns into the entrance of a rather wide arcade-like alleyway.

17 EXT. ALLEYWAY OUTSIDE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY 17

Blaney APPROACHES CAMERA which is shooting back into Oxford Street. As he draws level it SWINGS him to the right past a small alleyway and into a doorway, over which a sign is hanging which reads "Blaney Matrimonial Agency".

18 INT. STAIRS LEADING FROM STREET TO MATRIMONIAL AGENCY ON FIRST FLOOR - DAY 18

Blaney mounts the rather dingy stairs and stops outside an open door. On the door is another sign reading "Blaney Matrimonial Agency". Underneath we read the words Please Enter. He looks inside where a semi-formal ceremony is being concluded.

19 INT. OUTER OFFICE OF MATRIMONIAL OFFICE - DAY 19

MONICA BARLING, the secretary to the Agency, is wishing luck to TWO CLIENTS whom the agency have brought together. She is thirty-two, over-fussy, spinsterish, and zealously bossy. She has a sharp, wary face which she can contort into the simulacrum of a kindly, beaming countenance whenever two clients of the agency hear wedding bells. On this occasion the two clients differ widely in size and disposition. The MAN is smaller than SHE, mild-mannered and already apprehensive of her dominance. She is older, a good deal larger, recently widowed, and a dab hand at husband training.

MONICA

Well, my dears, I'm sure I can say on behalf of Mrs Blaney, as well as myself, that it's moments like this that make our little efforts here so worthwhile.

MRS DAVISSON

(Australian accent)

You mean you just don't do it for the money?

She guffaws hugely. For a second Monica loses her contorted smile.

MONICA

(pained)

Of course, Mrs Davisson, this is a business, and financial considerations prevail but our ultimate satisfaction is the making of two lonely people happy.

Continued

19 Continued

19

MRS DAVISSON

Nice of you, Miss Barling. Keep up the good work.

She shakes hands vigorously with Monica.

MRS DAVISSON

It's up to us now, I guess.

Monica manages to extricate herself from Mrs Davisson's grip and turns to the man.

MONICA

Goodbye, Mr Salt.

MR SALT

Goodbye, Miss Barling. Thank you.

MONICA

It's been our pleasure. I'm sure you'll both be very happy. After all, I know you're both mad about bee keeping, and there's nothing like a shared interest.

MRS DAVISSON

I'm sure we will be. Come on, Neville. Best foot forward.

Mrs Davisson starts out of the door. Mr Salt gives a half wave to Monica and FOLLOWS HER OUT.

MR SALT

I suppose we should go straight off and get the marriage licence, my dear.

MRS DAVISSON

What's your rush? Let's go to my place first.

She takes his arm and starts down the stairs.

20 INT. STAIRS LEADING FROM MATRIMONIAL AGENCY TO
STREET - DAY

20

Blaney watches Mrs Davisson and Mr Salt slowly descend the stairs.
Their voices begin to fade.

MRS DAVISSON

Did you know, Neville, that my late husband, Mr Davisson, was up at five-thirty every morning of his life. By the time he brought me up my cup of tea, which he did punctually at nine-fifteen, he'd have cleaned the whole house, and he was so quiet about it in 14 years he never woke me once - not once!

MR SALT

(guardedly)

A neat man was he then?

MRS DAVISSON

He liked a tidy place.

(firm)

So do I, come to that.

Mr Salt looks at her nervously. She slaps his collar with sudden violence. He flinches away.

MRS DAVISSON

Dandruff! We'll have to get you something for that.

Blaney smiles mirthlessly to himself and walks into the outer office.

21 INT. OUTER OFFICE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY

21

Blaney COMES INTO the room, swaying very slightly from the effects of the brandy he has had. He confronts Monica Barling belligerently.

BLANEY

Hullo. You're new here aren't you?

MONICA

I've been here for over a year now.
What can I do for you, sir?

Continued

BLANEY

Did you know that Bernard Shaw said that people adopt marriage because it combines the maximum temptation with the maximum opportunity?

MONICA

Really?

BLANEY

Yes. For my money, it combines the maximum opportunity with the minimum temptation.

MONICA

Excuse me, sir. Would you mind stating your business, please.

BLANEY

Now now. No petulance. You can tell Mrs Blaney that one of her less successful exercises in matrimony has come to see her.

MONICA

(frostily)

And who shall I say is calling?

BLANEY

Mr Blaney. Or, if you prefer it, ex-Squadron Leader Blaney, late of the Royal Air Force and Mrs Blaney's matrimonial bed.

MONICA

I see. Is Mrs Blaney expecting you?

Continued

21 Continued - 2

21

BLANEY

She must be. Everybody expects bad pennies to turn up sooner or later.

Monica goes to her desk and presses a switch on the intercom.

MONICA

Mrs Blaney, there's a Mr Blaney to see you.

BRENDA BLANEY

(surprised, voice
scrambled by the
intercom)

Mr Blaney! Send him in will you,
Monica, please.

Blaney crosses to the door leading to the inner office. As he nears it, it opens and his EX-WIFE stands framed in it. She is a neatly turned out lady just the right side of forty. Her clothes are business-life, her coiffeur and manicure faultless. We are looking at a woman who has made her peace with emotion and now has her life well in control. Quite obviously, it is her broken marriage which has schooled her into this sort of competence.

BRENDA

Hullo Richard. What are you doing here?

She extends her cheek to be kissed. He obliges and they go into the inner office.

DICK

Hullo Brenda. I just thought I'd call round.

The door between the two offices is closed.

22 INT. INNER OFFICE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY

22

In the inner office Brenda indicates a chair to Blaney, and walks at the same time round to her side of the desk.

Continued

22 Continued

22

BRENDA

(still surprised)

Come in, take a seat. It is good
to see you.

BLANEY

You too. You look fine.

They smile at each other uncertainly.

BLANEY sits down slowly.

BRENDA

I'll be with you in a minute. I've
just got a couple of notes to finish
writing up.

She smiles at him apologetically, and busies herself with her papers.
Gloomily, Blaney watches her write. There is silence for a minute.
He looks round the room, which is cosier and more expensive than
the outside office, though, at no point, does it run to frivolity.

BLANEY

How are you doing then, Brenda?
Making your fortune?

BRENDA

(not looking up
from her writing)

Things are going very well.

BLANEY

The streets of London thronged with
lonely hearts all beating a path to
your door?

BRENDA

(lightly)

That's right.

BLANEY

I must say I'm amazed, Brenda ...
absolutely amazed.

Continued

BRENDA

Oh, why?

BLANEY

I'm amazed that in an age where practically everybody agrees that marriage is dead, you can find any clients.

Brenda puts down her pen, and smiles icily.

BRENDA

Well, I'm equally amazed that in an age where practically everybody agrees that war is dead, you regret leaving the armed forces.

BLANEY

(hotly)

Don't knock the R.A.F., Brenda. They saved this country. You wouldn't be here now raking in the shekels if it wasn't for them.

BRENDA

Look here, Richard, if you've just come round to insult me, perhaps you'd better ...

BLANEY

(raised voice)

I'm not insulting you, for Christ's sake. I'm just pointing out to you the debt you owe, that's all ...

Brenda glances towards the door.

BRENDA

Will you please lower your voice.

BLANEY

(loud)

Why should I? I don't care if Vinegar Joe out there does hear me. Why don't you get her married off by the way -- preferably to a seven hundred pound

Continued

22 Continued - 3

22

BLANEY (Cont)

Japanese wrestler. That should iron out some of the creases in her.

Brenda rises and moves round the desk to the door which she opens. Blaney also rises and starts to pace.

23 INT. OUTER OFFICE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY

23

We are looking at Brenda standing in the open doorway, across Monica Barling who is in the f. g.

BRENDA

Monica, dear, it's nearly four-thirty. Why don't you take the rest of the afternoon off? I'm sure there's some shopping you'd like to do.

MONICA

Well, thank you, Mrs Blaney ... if you're sure you don't need me.

BRENDA

I'm quite sure thank you. Good night.

Monica peers suspiciously into the inner room, trying to catch a glimpse of the fuming figure of Blaney. The door is closed. WE STAY with Monica as she tidies her desk, and puts her hat and coat on. WE HEAR the following DIALOGUE, MUFFLED BUT CLEAR, from the next room.

BRENDA

Why do you always come to see me when you've had too much to drink?

BLANEY

I do not always come to see you when I've had too much to drink. As a matter of fact, I don't always come to see you. I haven't seen you for over a year.

BRENDA

You were half seas over then, and violent. I do hope we're not going to have a repeat of that.

24 INT. INNER OFFICE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY

24

Brenda and Blaney face each other over the desk.

BLANEY

Me violent? Don't be bloody ridiculous.
Would I lift a hand to the Goddess of
Love?

(declaiming)

What Brenda Blaney brings together
let no man put asunder.

Blaney slaps the desk with his open hand. Through the ground
glass door, WE SEE the SHADOW of Monica Barling in the outer
office, stop for a moment, and then HURRY OUT.

BRENDA

I didn't say you were violent to me.
But you certainly acted the fool
and threw the furniture about a bit.

Blaney turns and casually strolls to the open window through which
the curtain is flying. He closes the window, and the room becomes
suddenly quiet.

She smiles protectively and goes over to him.

BRENDA

Just look at the state you're in --
really!

She makes a gesture to straighten his clothing. He recoils
instinctively.

BLANEY

(sharply)

Leave me alone.

(more relaxed)

Bachelors are supposed to be untidy,
aren't they -- helpless and untidy. I
thought that tidiness was most women's
dowry ... or, don't you preach that
here?

BRENDA

Oh, we are bitter today. What's the
matter?

Continued

24 Continued

24

Blaney sits down heavily in his chair.

BLANEY

I'm sorry. I suppose I'm behaving like a pig. I've had a bad day, that's all. I lost my job.

BRENDA

How?

BLANEY

I got fired, that's how. What did you think -- that I mislaid it?

She makes an impatient gesture.

BLANEY

For pinching a glass of brandy. My employer thought I was not going to put the money in the till.

Brenda looks puzzled.

BRENDA

Till ?..

BLANEY

I was working, until this morning that is, as a barman.

Brenda tries unsuccessfully to hide a pained look.

BLANEY

And another thing - I was given a great tip by a good friend of mine, one Bob Rusk. It came in at twenty to one, but I hadn't got enough scratch to back it.

BRENDA

I'm sorry.

BLANEY

These things always come in threes. I wonder what the end of the day has in store for me.

Continued

24 Continued -2

24

BRENDA

Dinner with me, I hope.

BLANEY

Well, that, of course, would be delightful, but ...

BRENDA

I mean, of course on me. We'll go to my club.

(smiles)

You remember? The marble chicken coop, you called it.

They both laugh. She starts tidying her desk.

BRENDA

Just let me finish these letters.

WE MOVE to a CLOSE UP as her hands start to straighten her already immaculate desk.

25 INT. DINING ROOM - WOMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

25

Blaney and Brenda sit at a table in the corner of the dining room of the latter's club. Most of the other tables in the large pillared room, have been vacated, though a number of late diners, mostly women, remain. Waitresses in formal attire move amongst the tables. THE CAMERA ESTABLISHES the room and then MOVES SLOWLY IN to Brenda and Blaney's table. They are at the coffee and liqueur stage. A balloon glass of cognac stands next to Blaney's cup. Brenda has taken only the coffee.

BLANEY

Thanks for a lovely evening, Brenda.
It was great. I mean that.

BRENDA

Thanks for joining me.

BLANEY

It was a darn sight better than the leftovers at the Globe. Not that I'm in for any more of those.

Continued

BRENDA

You ought to get married again,
Richard.

BLANEY

Not me. You should know I'm not
good at it. How long did we have?
Nine years was it?

BRENDA

Ten.

BLANEY

The ten year dog fight! It was a
good thing you baled out when you did,
Brenda.

BRENDA

I don't know. I suppose I'm lucky
the Agency worked out for me.

BLANEY

You mean you're lucky you haven't
had to rely on me these past two years.

BRENDA

I didn't say that.

BLANEY

But you meant it, didn't you?

BRENDA

Look, Richard, I suppose some people
are good at organisation and others
aren't. That's all.

BLANEY

And I'm not, I suppose. Rot! You
know what absolutely filthy luck I had.
Was it my fault the Road House didn't
go? It was doing fine till they built the
new motorway.

BRENDA

I know, dear, but ...

Continued

BLANEY

Was it my fault the council made me
tear down my riding school?
Planning permission indeed! They
don't need any planning permission
to build their piss-elegant mini box
estates all over the countryside.

BRENDA

(gently)

I know. I know. Life can be very
unfair. But you never used to be
sorry for yourself. Where's the
Richard Blaney I married?

BLANEY

Ha!

BRENDA

Richard Blaney, D. F. C. Do you
remember the citation -- for
inspiring leadership, skill and
tenacity of purpose ...

BLANEY

You divorced him, that's what happened
to him. That's if he ever existed.
Tell me, what kind of skill do you need
to combat paunchy shopkeepers, and
interfering officials, eh?

(loud)

Do you know, if I ever met that little
pinstriped runt who came to my stables
that day, again, I'd know what to do with
him. By God, I would!!

A number of other diners, disturbed at their meals, look curiously
over at Blaney. His VOICE is getting LOUDER and LOUDER.

BRENDA

Ssh! Everyone's listening.

BLANEY

So let them. I'll bet they've never
had to tear down their own livelihood
with their own hands. It's all right

Continued

BLANEY (Cont)

for you. You'd just build it up again
somewhere else. You're like that.
You're good at business.

(he glares round
the room)

I'll bet they're all good at business here.
I'll bet you're making a fortune out of
that Agency. And why not? If you can't
make love, sell it. The respectable kind,
of course. The married kind!

* INSERT C

A CLOSE UP of Blaney's hand as it grips his brandy glass. He
crashes it, and blood covers his palm.

* FULL SHOT

A waitress who has been hovering near, half listening to the
conversation, MOVES FORWARD to pick up the pieces.

BRENDA

(hissing)

Now look what you've done.

The furious Blaney directs a look of rage at his wife. The waitress,
picking up the pieces of glass from the table, intercepts the look.

WAITRESS

Oh sir, let me help.

BLANEY

Leave me alone.

The waitress HURRIES AWAY, half scared. There is a silence
between them. The room resumes its chatter. Blaney's look of
rage fades, and is replaced by a look of conciliation.

BLANEY

(in control)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

BRENDA

Come on, we'd better be going.

Continued

25 Continued - 4

25

Blaney nods.

BRENDA

Will you be all right? I mean, well, you did say you had no money to put on that horse.

BLANEY

Don't worry. You've done enough for one day.

They push their chairs back from the table.

They rise and make their way from the restaurant in CLOSE SHOT, under the stares of the other diners.

26 INT. LOBBY OF WOMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

26

Brenda and Blaney come out of the dining room into the lobby. It is rather grand, with black and white tiled floor, and a good staircase curving away upstairs. By the entrance is a cloakroom presided over by an elderly woman in uniform. They walk towards it through a small crowd of people.

BRENDA

(cool)

You had a coat, didn't you?

Blaney hands the coat woman his ticket and she hands over his raincoat. Brenda takes it from her.

BRENDA

Here, let me help you on with it.

She helps him put his raincoat on. Blaney makes to tip the coat woman, but Brenda intervenes.

BRENDA

Not allowed. Rules of the club.

She hands the coat woman a two shilling piece. They both go through the doors of the club, and down the steps to the street.

27 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WOMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

27

As Brenda and Blaney walk down the steps of the club, an empty

Continued

27 Continued

27

taxi cruises slowly round the square. They run down the last three steps and hail it.

BLANEY

Taxi!

The taxi stops and they climb in. WE MOVE CLOSE ENOUGH to overhear Brenda giving the driver her address.

BRENDA

37 Berkeley Mews, please.

The taxi drives off.

28 EXT. MEWS, BRENDA BLANEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

28

The taxi cab comes rattling down the cobblestone mews, and finally stops outside a particularly neatly kept house. Everything from the paintwork to the window boxes, is fresh and trim. The door of the cab opens and Brenda emerges first, followed by Blaney. Blaney makes a desultory effort to pay, but Brenda steps between him and the CABBY.

BRENDA

It's all right, Richard. I've got it right here.

As Brenda opens her handbag to pay off the cabby, WE CUT TO A HIGH ANGLED SHOT. WE CAN CLEARLY SEE that it holds a good number of notes. She extends some coins and hands them over to the cabby.

TAXI DRIVER

Thank you madam.

The cabby turns and drives off as, Blaney surveys the exterior of the house.

BLANEY

So this is where you live. How's about me coming up? I'd like to see where you live.

She shakes her head.

Continued

28 Continued

28

BRENDA

Go on, now. Run along home now.
It's late.

BLANEY

Do you call this late?

BRENDA

Late enough for a working girl.

BLANEY

Oh come on, Brenda. Just a quick look,
then I'll be off, I promise.

BRENDA

All right, then. But, only a couple of
minutes mind.

Brenda turns and opens her door as the cabby DRIVES OFF. She and Blaney go into the house. The door closes and WE HOLD ON IT for three or four feet.

29 INT. DORMITORY IN SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL - NIGHT

29

Blaney's head lying on a pillow FILLS THE SCREEN. His eyes are closed. WE EASE BACK to SEE he wears no tie. WE EASE BACK FURTHER and TILT UP to SEE the Notice on the wall behind him setting out certain Salvation Army Hostel Regulations. WE NOW CUT AWAY to SEE the whole dormitory. The lights are very low, but afford sufficient illumination for us to be able to make out the rows of beds, bunched closely together, and their unfortunate occupants -- the broken flotsam of bar and bomb site. The SOUND of SNORING is insufferable. THE CAMERA DOLLIES ALONG between the beds, REVEALING the quality of the occupants in greater detail. It finally COMES TO REST at the bed occupied by Blaney. He lies asleep on the top of the bed covers, and has not undressed, except for his jacket and tie which hang over the back of the bed. The tie is not visible, but the top button of his shirt is open. He has spread his raincoat over himself as a bed covering. THE CAMERA MOVES to a CLOSE UP of the pocket of this coat to show it hanging down, slightly over the side of the bed. Suddenly, from the left hand side of the screen, a gnarled, corroded hand is seen to creep in surreptitiously. The black and yellowed fingers move slyly over the coat like a Tarrantula, and come to rest briefly inside the pocket. After a moment, they emerge holding twenty pounds in notes made up of two five-pound notes, and one ten-pound note. As cautiously as it entered,

Continued

29 Continued

29

the hand starts to withdraw from the picture. WE CUT TO A BIG CLOSE UP of Blaney's head, which shows him stirring at the unaccustomed movement. He opens one eye, and then the other. His head jerks to an upright position. CUTTING TO HIS VIEW-POINT, WE SEE the occupant of the next bed, a battered IRISHMAN, holding out the notes which FILL THE f.g.

IRISHMAN

They was on the floor, sor, honest to God. You was twisting about in your sleep something cruel, and they sort of jerked out of your pocket like, and fell on the floor. I was slipping them back a bit quiet, so as not to waken you.

Blaney seizes the notes back.

BLANEY

You keep your hands out of my pockets, Paddy, or I'll break you in half.

IRISHMAN

To be sure, sor. There's nothing I detest more than the thought of someone taking liberties with a fine gentleman like yourself.

Blaney counts the money. WE SEE one ten-pound note and the two five-pound notes in CLOSE UP. Raising himself on one hip, he carefully stows the money in his back pocket. He then settles back on the pillows. The Irishman has watched the whole procedure anxiously.

IRISHMAN

May Mary, Mother of God, bless your rest this night, sor.

THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN to catch a strange enigmatic expression on Blaney's face.

30 INT. INNER OFFICE, MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY

30

A MED. SHOT of Brenda Blaney's office. Her high backed desk chair has been swung round so that its back is to us, and we cannot see it is occupied. On the desk, we note the remains of her half-

Continued

30 Continued

30

finished lunch; a sandwich, a half eaten apple, and a glass of milk. Her handbag, opened, stands next to the food. Abruptly, the chair swings round and WE SEE Brenda is in it, alive and well, and making up her face. Suddenly, she looks up as the door of her office is heard to open.

BRENDA

Yes ?

THE CAMERA CUTS BACK to SHOW a tableau of the two, as Bob Rusk enters, hesitantly.

BRENDA

Oh, so it's you again, Mr Robinson.

Rusk smiles affably.

RUSK

Yes -- I'm afraid so.

BRENDA

Well, I'm having my lunch just now. If you want an appointment, perhaps you would be good enough to see my secretary. By the way, how did you get past her ?

RUSK

No problem really. Just a question of using yer head. I waited in the courtyard till I saw her go out to lunch.

BRENDA

It all seems a bit elaborate.

RUSK

Perhaps. But it was you I wanted to see.

BRENDA

I thought I had already explained to you, that we cannot help you.

RUSK

Oh come now. I know you can be most helpful, when you try.

Continued

BRENDA

Look, Mr Robinson, you need women of a specific type, how shall I put it -- certain peculiarities appeal to you, and you need women to submit to them. Here we have, I'm afraid, a very normal clientele. As I say, we have nothing for you, so now if you'll please let me get on with my lunch ...

Rusk, who has been prowling about the office suddenly swings on Brenda.

RUSK

I don't think you're really trying your best for me.

He waves a hand toward the cabinet.

RUSK

If you can fix up a lot of idiots then why not me?

BRENDA

I've explained. You're different.

RUSK

How so? I've got my good points. I like flowers ... and fruit ... people like me.

(sudden)

I've got things to give.

BRENDA

I'm sorry.

Rusk's face flushes angrily. He stops his pacing and glares at Brenda.

RUSK

I thought Matrimonial Agencies were supposed to bring people together.

BRENDA

Not people like you. Somehow I don't think our clients would appreciate your conception of a loving relationship.

Continued

30 Continued - 3

30

RUSK

I get on with all sorts of people.

BRENDA

Good. Then you don't need us.

Rusk APPROACHES the desk and looms over it.

RUSK

You're not the only Matrimonial Agency, you know.

BRENDA

Then go elsewhere. Not that any reputable Agency would service you.

RUSK

I have been, but for me, this one is the best. You see, I like you. You're my type of woman.

BRENDA

Don't be ridiculous.

RUSK

(slowly)

I'm serious. I respect a woman like you and I know how to treat her too. You know, in my trade, we have a saying which we put on the barrows -- "Don't squeeze the goods till they're yours." Well that's me. I'd never do that. You know that, don't you?

Rusk advances round the desk. Brenda takes fright.

BRENDA

Excuse me. I've just remembered a call I must make.

She picks up the receiver and starts to dial. Rusk pushes down the telephone bar.

RUSK

There's no need to call the police.

Continued

BRENDA

What made you think I was going to call the police?

RUSK

Just intuition, I suppose.

Rusk takes the receiver from Brenda and replaces it in its cradle. Then he picks the apple up off the desk, and bites into it.

RUSK

That's a very frugal lunch you've got there. Frugal and mean -- certainly not enough to support a lady with your opulent figure.

Brenda attempts a laugh.

BRENDA

Rather too opulent, I'm afraid these days, hence the frugality.

RUSK

Why not come out and have a real slap up lunch with me?

BRENDA

I'm afraid I can't really leave the office.

Rusk bends over her. There is a new look in his eyes.

RUSK

I'd buy you the best lunch in town.

She shies away from him, then collects herself.

BRENDA

No. I ... all right ... it's a deal.

RUSK

You mean that. You'll come and have lunch.

BRENDA

Of course. Just let me wash my hands.

Continued

30 Continued - 5

30

She rises from her chair and walks round the desk. Rusk suddenly takes one hand and attempts to kiss her. She twists her head away.

BRENDA

I thought we were going to lunch.

Rusk attempts to kiss her again.

RUSK

(matter of factly)

Of course, we're going to lunch ... afterwards.

Rusk starts kissing her. She realises he is enormously strong and that she is helpless in his grip, but keeps throwing imploring looks towards the door, hoping against hope that Monica will suddenly return.

BRENDA

(playing for time)

All right. I know what you want. But not here, please. We'll go back to my place.

RUSK

This is your place, isn't it? You've got nothing to worry about here.

BRENDA

Look, my secretary will return at any minute.

Rusk laughs confidently.

RUSK

Really? How long do you give her to eat her frugal lunch?

BRENDA

Fifteen minutes. That's all, I'm afraid. We're very busy here.

RUSK

I don't believe you. Don't you know it's very wicked to tell lies. And you know what happens to wicked girls ...

Continued

He crushes her brutally in his huge arms. She struggles fiercely and then goes limp, pretending to faint. He picks her up and places her in an easy chair. He then kneels in front of her and whispers desperately to her.

RUSK

(whispering)

Don't worry. Don't worry. You've got nothing to worry about.

She kicks out at him with both feet. He's jerked backwards and she bounds up and runs towards the door. He stretches out and catches her ankle bringing her crashing to the floor. She tries to scream, but no noise comes. He bends down, picks her up and throws her bodily into the chair.

BRENDA

(moaning)

Leave me alone, please. Take the money in my bag, but please leave me alone.

She looks up at his enraged face as it bends down over her.

BRENDA

Look in my bag ... please. There's enough money in it to buy any woman you want. It's yours ... just take ... take it.

RUSK

I don't buy women.

(crooning)

It's you I want. You're my type. You are ... yes. You're my type of woman.

The telephone RINGS in the outer office.

BRENDA

Please let me answer the telephone. If you don't, the caller will be round here in person.

Rusk laughs deep in his throat -- a sound like a death rattle.

Continued

30 Continued - 7

30

RUSK

And how will he be able to get in? I
locked the door to the outer office, so
you see, we have nothing to worry about.
We shan't be disturbed.

He lowers his suffused face to hers. She looks up straight into his
insane eyes. She shudders with terror.

BRENDA

Oh God! All right ... all right ... I
won't struggle.

RUSK

But I like you to struggle ... a lot
of women like to struggle.

He tugs suddenly at the fabric of her dress.

BRENDA

Don't tear my dress. I'll take it off
if you like.

He snatches the Alice band from her hair with his teeth and tosses it
across the room like a dog throwing a bone. Her hair falls loose. He
then rips her dress slowly all the way down, savouring the sound of
tearing material.

RUSK

(murmuring)

Has anyone ever told you, you're a
fine looking woman -- really -- you're
beautiful ... beautiful ... lovely ...
my type ...

Counterpointing this stream of endearments WE HEAR Brenda PRAYING
fiercely under her breath.

BRENDA

(softly and sometimes
incomprehensibly)

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror
by night; nor for the arrow that flieth
by day ... nor for the pestilence that
walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction
that wasteth at noon day ... He shall give
his angels charge over thee to keep thee in
all thy ways ...

Continued

RUSK

(more and more harsh)

Lovely. Lovely. Lovely. Lovely.
Lovely.

His mad eyes are urgent, his face inflamed, but no relief comes.
He is suddenly still. Brenda opens her eyes.

RUSK

(little boy)

Please don't deny me.

BRENDA

(a whisper)

Deny you?

RUSK

(furious)

You bitch women ... you're all the same.
But I'll show you.

He calmly takes the tie pin out of his tie, and pins it on the lapel of his coat. He then unties the tie and leaves the ends hanging down on each side of his neck.

BRENDA

What are you ... doing?

RUSK

I told you I never squeeze the goods
until they're mine.

He gives the tiniest giggle as his hands move to the tie.

BRENDA

My God! The Tie ...

She SCREAMS LOUDLY, but briefly. With incredible dexterity, Rusk has his tie off and round her neck. THE CAMERA SHOOTs ALONG the tie in both directions to SEE the strength in each separate fist as they pull mightily. His knee works energetically in her crotch, and her legs kick out and flap in a wild, ugly dance. All this WE SEE in CLOSE DETAIL. WE MOVE AGAIN to the face, passing her broken lacquered nails scrabbling alternatively at his shoulders, and at the tie round her throat.

Continued

30 Continued - 9

30

BRENDA

Dear Jesus ... help me ... help me ...
Dear Jesus ...

RUSK

(in a frenzy)

You'll pay now! Pay! -- Pay! -- Pay! --
Pay!

She falls silent. All WE HEAR is the SOUND OF DESPERATE BREATHING, his counterpointing hers, as the knot grows tighter and tighter. There is a sudden gurgle as WE CUT TO AN EXTREME CLOSE UP of her eyes wildly moving, and then slowly coming to a staring stop. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN the face to the tongue which is now thrust out repulsively. THE CAMERA LOOSENS a little to SEE Rusk peering into the dead face. He lets the two ends of the tie fall as his eyes fill with tears of exhausted relief. He has finally attained the satisfaction he sought so desperately. Rusk rises and adjusts his dress. As he crosses to the desk, WE SEE Brenda's body in a LONGER SHOT lying twisted in the chair. The legs are bare from the top of the stockings upwards. Rusk looks around and sees the half eaten apple on the desk. He takes a big bite out of it and chews noisily. He then sees the open handbag and tipping it up, takes the money from the pile of objects and puts it in his own pocket. Slowly he moves away out of the room, picking his teeth with his tie pin. He opens the door and LEAVES, and after closing it, WE SEE, distorted through the opaque glass, his figure unlocking the outer door and closing it.

31 INT. HALLWAY BOTTOM OF STAIRS OUTSIDE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY 31

Rusk, wearing no tie, comes quickly down the stairs towards us, and WE PAN HIM OUT into the forecourt outside the building.

32 EXT. ALLEYWAY OUTSIDE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY 32

We watch Rusk cross the courtyard, and go through the alleyway which leads to Oxford Street. He mingles with the crowd and DISAPPEARS. THE CAMERA NOW PANS BACK TO the narrow alleyway which is just to the left hand side of the entrance to the Matrimonial Agency as we look at it. Blaney walks out of it. He has obviously had the time to spruce himself up and he looks an altogether neater figure than the one we last saw in the Salvation Army Hostel. He still wears the same suit - the one with the leather patches -- and he carries his raincoat over his arm. He makes his way into the entrance of the building.

33 INT. HALLWAY BOTTOM OF STAIRS OUTSIDE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY 33

SHOOTING UPWARDS WE WATCH Blaney mount the stairs and APPROACH the door at the top on which is written Blaney Matrimonial Agency. It is, of course, closed. He rattles the door handle but finds it locked. He knocks on the door several times but gets no response.

BLANEY

Hullo. Is anyone there? Brenda ...
are you there? ... It's Richard.

After a pause, he turns and starts down the stairs again towards us.

34 EXT. ALLEYWAY OUTSIDE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY 34

We are in the main courtyard of the alleyway SHOOTING THROUGH the archway towards Oxford Street. Monica Barling detaches herself from the stream of pedestrians and turns into the alleyway. As she APPROACHES THE CAMERA, she sees something behind us, and WE CUT TO A TRACKING SHOT which represents her movements. WE SEE Blaney emerge from the doorway of the building, turn and go down the small alleyway. THE CAMERA BECOMES OBJECTIVE again, and PANS Monica over to the entrance of the Matrimonial Agency as she continues to watch Blaney go down the alleyway. She goes inside and we wait below for her reaction. Imperceptibly, THE CAMERA RETREATS, giving us a wide view of the back end of the courtyard. People cross and recross in front of us, going about their business. After a reasonable pause, WE HEAR the SHRILLING SCREAM which tells us that Monica has discovered her dead employer. One or two people stop and look about them. Others ignore it, but even those who stop cannot tell where the scream is coming from, and after a pause, they too move on about their business.

35 INT. TELEPHONE BOX IN CROWDED STREET - DAY 35

Blaney has the phone to his ear and inserts his sixpence. He dials the numbers and waits.

BLANEY

Hullo. Globe? May I speak to Barbara Milligan, please.

36 INT. BAR AT GLOBE PUB - DAY 36

The scene opens in a curtained-off phone alcove under the stairs.

Continued

36 Continued

36

Forsythe is holding the phone to his ear. He is in his normal spiteful mood. Behind him WE SEE and HEAR that the bar is busy.

FORSYTHE

Is that you Blaney? You've got a nerve ringing up here in my busiest time.

There is a pause while Forsythe listens to what Blaney is saying.

FORSYTHE

I don't know where she is ... probably in the other bar.

Another pause while he listens.

FORSYTHE

No, I most certainly won't nip round and fetch her ... she's busy, and so am I ...

He is about to slam the phone down, when Babs APPEARS from nowhere and snatches the receiver from him.

BABS

Hello Dick. Is that you? How are you?

FORSYTHE

Make it snappy. This isn't a lonely hearts club, you know.

She sticks her tongue out at him, and pushes him out of the alcove into the bar where he is immediately spotted by a CUSTOMER.

CUSTOMER

'ere guvnor, give us a pint. And I'll 'ave a couple of them pickled eggs and all.

Forcing a smile on his face, Forsythe starts to serve the customer.

37 INT. PHONE BOOTH.- DAY

37

Blaney is in the booth holding the phone to his ear.

BLANEY

Babs ... are you there? ... How are you?

38 INT. BAR OF GLOBE PUB - DAY

38

Babs is speaking on the phone.

BABS

I'm fine. How about you, Dick?

39 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

39

A CLOSE UP of Blaney with the phone to his ear.

BLANEY

I'm O.K. Look, I need my things but I don't particularly want to meet Forsythe. Do you think you could possibly pack them up for me in my suitcase, and meet me this afternoon?

BABS (V. O.)

Can do.

BLANEY

Are you sure? It would be great if you could, but I don't want to mess things up for you ...

40 INT. SALOON BAR GLOBE PUB - DAY

40

BABS

Don't worry. It's my half day today, silly. Where shall I meet you?

BLANEY (V. O.)

I'll be opposite the Leicester Square Odeon at four o'clock, O.K. ?

BABS

O.K. At four. Got to run now, 'bye.

She puts down the phone, turns and bumps into Forsythe who has been listening.

FORSYTHE

Don't start lending him money. You'll never see it again.

Babs pushes past him.

Continued

40 Continued

40

BABS

Why don't you mind your own rotten business?

FORSYTHE

He's no good for you, Babs.

BABS

And you are?

She jerks her thumb in the direction of the customer Forsythe just served with the pickled eggs. He is smelling one of them dubiously.

BABS

I think you're wanted.

Forsythe turns angrily. The customer holds out the pickled eggs.

CUSTOMER

'ere guv. 'ave a whiff of this.

Reluctantly Forsythe crosses to the customer as Babs flounces away down the bar.

41 INT. MATRIMONIAL AGENCY OUTER OFFICE - DAY

41

Uniformed police and plainclothes detectives, photographers, and fingerprint men move in a steady stream from the outer office and back again. Monica, half collapsed, sits at her desk, with her head buried in her arms. After a moment or two CHIEF INSPECTOR TIM OXFORD makes his ENTRANCE. He is a tall, spare, thorough-going man of about fifty. His face is expressive enough to show us the reflective nature of the man -- the possibility of imaginative leaps as well as conscientious factual compilation. He has an air of benevolent authority. As he APPEARS, there is a muttered chorus of welcome.

VARIOUS POLICEMEN

Afternoon, sir.

OXFORD

Good afternoon, one and all. Sergeant Spearman, would you do the honours.

SERGEANT SPEARMAN, shortish, cheerful and dogged, steps forward. He is dressed in the very plainest of plain clothes.

Continued

41 Continued

41

SPEARMAN

The murdered woman is a Mrs Brenda Blaney. She ran this business here, sir.

(he points to Monica)

She was found by her secretary, Miss Barling, on her return from lunch at approximately two o'clock, sir.

Oxford steps into the inner office.

42 INT. INNER OFFICE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY

42

Oxford looks down at the body of Brenda Blaney.

43 INT. OUTER OFFICE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY - DAY

43

Oxford ENTERS the outer office again.

OXFORD

Has she any ideas?

SPEARMAN

She certainly has, sir. She says she saw the dead woman's ex-husband leaving the building just as she came back.

Monica raises her head and stares at the Inspector, with eyes brimming in a tear-blotched face.

MONICA

(choked voice)

I saw him. Clear as day. It was Blaney, all right ... he came out of the door down-stairs, and walked down the alley ...

Monica is wracked by a new flood of tears. Oxford kneels down beside her.

MONICA

... the beast.

OXFORD

I'm sorry, Miss Barling. I must press you. Are you quite sure it was Mr Blaney?

Monica lifts her head, and looks at Oxford steadily.

Continued

43 Continued

43

MONICA

Absolutely. I'd know him anywhere. You see he came in here yesterday afternoon and was perfectly horrid. He had been drinking and insisted on seeing Mrs Blaney.

OXFORD

And did he see her?

MONICA

Oh yes . . . she'd never turn anyone away, not even him.

OXFORD

What happened?

MONICA

I don't know. They started having a row almost immediately and Mrs Blaney came out and told me I might go. Quite naturally, I didn't want to embarrass her, so I left. As I did so, I couldn't help overhearing that Mr Blaney was becoming very violent, both in his language, and his behaviour.

OXFORD

Did he strike Mrs Blaney?

MONICA

I think so. I heard the sound of a blow.

Oxford stands up.

OXFORD

I see. Mrs Barling, could you describe Mr Blaney for us -- what he looked like; what he was wearing and so on?

MONICA

(rapidly and precisely)

Well yes, I could. He's a man in his thirties, an inch or so under six foot tall. He is dark haired, with blue eyes and moustache. I estimate his weight to be about one hundred and fifty five pounds, and he was wearing a rather old fashioned

Continued

MONICA (Cont)

jacket, patched with leather on the shoulders and at the elbows. In my opinion it was quite unsuitable for London. He was also carrying a rain-coat.

OXFORD

That's an extraordinarily precise description, Miss Barling.

MONICA

(acidly)

In my job, I've learnt to keep a sharp eye on men, Inspector.

Both Oxford and Spearman who has been taking shorthand notes, stiffen appreciably.

A DETECTIVE CONSTABLE emerges from the inner office carrying Brenda's handbag. It is still open.

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE

Excuse me, sir, I found this handbag on the desk in there. The contents were tipped out, but there's no sign of any money.

MONICA

That doesn't make sense. I cashed a cheque for fifty pounds for her at the bank only yesterday lunchtime.

OXFORD

It makes perfect sense to me.

He takes the bag from the detective constable and sniffs the inside gingerly.

OXFORD

Did she carry her money in this bag?

MONICA

Yes. Sometimes she zipped it up in the side pocket.

Continued

43 Continued - 3

43

WE MOVE to a CLOSE UP as Oxford unzips the pocket, and runs finger first round it, then the main compartment of the bag.

OXFORD

Have this face powder identified please,
Sergeant. You never know. We might
be lucky.

Spearman takes the handbag and carefully zips it up.

44 EXT. LEICESTER SQUARE - DAY

44

Blaney is in Leicester Square near the Odeon. He looks at his watch which shows four o'clock. Walks in a leisurely fashion. A taxi carrying Babs passes him, as he is crossing the road, so that he has to sprint across to prevent her leaving it. He jumps in and slams the door. Babs, we note, is wearing a peach and gold shantung silk suit.

45 INT. TAXI CAB - DAY (PROCESS)

45

Blaney seats himself next to the surprised Babs, then leans forward and speaks softly to the driver through the glass partition.

BLANEY

Coburg Hotel, Bayswater.

The taxi lurches off. Blaney settles down comfortably in the seat.

BABS

Hey! Wait a moment. Where are we
going?

BLANEY

(American gangster
voice)

Where your father will never find you,
Miss Van Dergilder. In fact, he ain't
gonna see his little cutie pie ever again,
unless he co-operates.

BABS

Co-operates? What are you talking about?

Continued

45 Continued

45

BLANEY

(American gangster
voice)

He's had his instructions. A hundred
grand in used bills to be left in a brown
paper bag attached to the testicles of the
statue of King Charles I's horse in
Trafalgar Square.

Babs laughs uncertainly.

BLANEY

(normal voice)

What's the matter? Don't you like me
kidnapping you?

BABS

'Course I do. Specially on my half day.
It's not the same without you at the Globe.
Forsythe's a real pain.

He smiles warmly at her.

She laughs and relaxes, squeezing up against him.

BABS

So what have you been up to, Dick?

Blaney snatches his arm away.

BLANEY

Hey! Careful. The lice might pop out.

BABS

Lice?

BLANEY

Last night I allowed myself to be
pampered by the handmaidens of the
Salvation Army. After a night in a
place like that your clothes need fumi-
gation. Here smell!

Babs draws away.

Continued

45 Continued - 2

45

BABS

(incredulous)

You mean you slept there?

BLANEY

Yes. Spasmodically.

BABS

What? With all the old men?

BLANEY

That's it. We had a high old time. The conversation was mature, the Red Biddy circulated freely, in a clockwise direction of course, and the good fellowship of the open road prevailed.

BABS

Red Biddy? What's that?

BLANEY

It's a blended red wine. Half vino, and half methylated spirits.

BABS

But ... but why, Dick?

BLANEY

Reasonable terms for bachelor men, that's why. Six bob a night in fact.

BABS

I don't understand. I mean, how can you afford the Coburg tonight?

BLANEY

(evasively)

I've ... I've managed to get some money.

BABS

Since last night?

BLANEY

Er ... yes. I ... I collected an old debt.

Babs looks at him closely.

Continued

45 Continued - 3

45

BABS

That was lucky.

BLANEY

(uncomfortable)

Yes. I'll tell you about it sometime.

She squeezes close to him, and rubs her cheek against his arm.

BABS

(with the air of no
more questions)

O. K.

46 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COBURG HOTEL BAYSWATER - DAY 46

We are on the side of the street in Bayswater by the park. A prominent sign reads Coburg Hotel. A taxi pulls up and discharges Blaney and Babs. Blaney pays the driver, and taking his bag, escorts Babs into the hotel.

47 INT. LOBBY COBURG HOTEL - DAY 47

In the lobby of the hotel Blaney crosses to the desk while Babs hangs back a bit. Behind it sits the RECEPTIONIST, old and wee, but with the light of romantic fervour shining brightly in her eyes.

BLANEY

A double room, please.

She looks hopefully from Blaney to Babs and back again. Babs is taken aback.

BABS

(whispering)

What are you up to?

RECEPTIONIST

Will that be with two singles, or the matrimonial size bed?

BLANEY

The mat... a double bed, please.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. I see.

Continued

47 Continued

47

She fumbles through her ledger, blinking shortsightedly.

RECEPTIONIST

Two-twenty-two should suit you. The Cupid Room, we call it.

BLANEY

Really?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. It's very cosy. A room, I always think designed especially to make both little birds in the nest agree.

BLANEY

Splendid.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. I'm sure you'll find it most harmonious ... If you'll just sign the register ...

BABS

(whispers)

I've got no night dress.

RECEPTIONIST

(overhearing)

That's alright madam. We'll send the porter out for one.

BLANEY

That's alright. We'll manage.

She swings the register round to face him. Blaney turns to the discomfited Babs, winks, and turns back to write.

BLANEY

(writing)

Mr and Mrs John Smith ... now let me see, what's our address, darling? I never can remember it.

Babs gives him a sickly smile.

Continued

47 Continued - 2

47

BABS

(helplessly)

Don't you think it's about time you did?

Blaney gives her a dazzling, boyish smile.

BLANEY

Gosh yes. I suppose so ... ah, I have it.

(speaking as he
writes)

Rose Cottage, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

RECEPTIONIST

What a felicitous address, Mr Smith,
if I may say so. It conjures up such
happy images.Blaney gives her the same dazzling smile he gave Babs, and twirls
the register round to face her. He steps back a pace or two and
Babs grabs him.

BABS

(whispering furiously)

Now look here, Dick Blaney ...

BLANEY

(equably)

Smith, if you please. John Smith.

BABS

Look, Dick, will you stop playing games.
I can't possibly ...

The receptionist bangs the bell on her counter.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me. That will be ten pounds plus
service charge.

(apologetic)

Perhaps you would settle now.

Blaney APPROACHES the counter again, and gives her a ten pound
note which WE SEE in reasonably GOOD CLOSE UP, and two one-
pound notes.

Continued

47 Continued - 3

47

BLANEY

Here we are.

RECEPTIONIST

Thank you.

The PORTER ARRIVES and picks up Blaney's suitcase.

HALL PORTER

Room please, Glad?

RECEPTIONIST

Two-twenty-two, Bertie.

HALL PORTER

Follow me please.

The procession GOES OFF towards the elevator, led by the porter. Babs walks at a slightly slower pace than Blaney, but he keeps a firm hold on her, compelling her to keep up. The receptionist follows their progress misty-eyed.

48 INT. COBURG HOTEL, LANDING AT TOP OF STAIRS AND
CORRIDOR - DAY

48

Blaney and Babs, led by the porter, cross the landing at the top of the stairs and walk down a narrow creaking corridor.

HALL PORTER

(conversationally)

You've got two-twenty-two eh? That's nice.

BLANEY

She called it the Cupid Room.

HALL PORTER

(suggestively)

Love's little arrows have struck quite a few hearts in there, sir, I can tell you.

They stop outside the door of number two-twenty-two, and the hall porter unlocking it, throws it open.

Continued

48 Continued

48

PORTER

(whispering)

Can I get you anything from the
pharmacy sir?

BLANEY

(tersely)

No thank you.

Blaney brushes by the porter and goes into the room.

49 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM COBURG HOTEL - DAY

49

"The Cupid Room" turns out to contain a huge double bed marooned in a sea of fussy, apricot quilting. Cupids and entwined heart motifs are everywhere. The porter puts the case down, and giving the room a moue of distaste turns to go. Blaney tips him with a ten shilling coin.

HALL PORTER

Thank you, sir.

The porter retires into the corridor.

50 INT. CORRIDOR COBURG HOTEL - DAY

50

The porter walks along the corridor towards the CAMERA. He flips up the coin and then pockets it. Suddenly, the door of number two-twenty-two opens behind him and Blaney sticks his head out.

BLANEY

Just a minute.

HALL PORTER

Sir?

The porter retraces his steps. WE SEE that Blaney is holding his jacket.

BLANEY

Could you send this to the cleaners for
me. Tell them it's urgent.

PORTER

Certainly sir.

Continued

50 Continued

50

BLANEY

Hang on. There's the other half to come, and you might as well take the raincoat too.

Blaney takes off his trousers and hands them to the porter. He follows it with his raincoat.

BLANEY

Tell them I want them thoroughly sprayed.

HALL PORTER

Sprayed sir? With what?

BLANEY

With DDT, my good man. What else?

HALL PORTER

(suspicious)

Sir?

Blaney comes out into the corridor and stands in his shirt tails.

BLANEY

Death to the lurking roach, porter.
Confusion to the insidious louse. Get them cleaned and pressed, man.

HALL PORTER

Yes sir.

Blaney steps back into his room and closes the door sharply. The porter trudges away, muttering and holding the suit at arms length.

51 INT. BEDROOM AT COBURG HOTEL - DAY

51

Blaney turns expansively to Babs.

BLANEY

I must say, darling, ours is the first wedding I've ever really enjoyed. That reception must have cost your father a mint.

Continued

51 Continued

51

He swirls Babs into his arms and kisses her.

BLANEY

But it's great to be alone!

She pushes him onto the bed and heads for the bathroom.

BABS

I'm sorry, I can't wait to go.

The door closes behind her.

52 EXT. HENRIETTA STREET OUTSIDE RUSKS APARTMENT - NIGHT

52

The front door of the building opens and a girl, fully dressed except for her blouse which she carries, rushes out and runs down the street. A young constable watches her go, speculatively. He turns as Rusk appears through the door. He is in shirt sleeves and his collar is open with his tie loose round his neck.

RUSK

I can't understand it. I'd just undone my tie, when she bolted.

The policeman laughs sympathetically.

POLICEMAN

You can't blame them sir, really, can you, with things being what they are?

RUSK

(good humouredly)

The bloody little fool.

POLICEMAN

I'd change to polo necked sweaters if I was you sir.

RUSK

(laughing)

I think you're right. Goodnight.

POLICEMAN

Goodnight sir.

Continued

52 Continued

52

RUSK goes inside and closes the door.

53 INT. BEDROOM AT COBURG HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

53

SHOOTING ACROSS the end of the bed, WE SEE the recumbent figures of Blaney and Babs. Blaney is sound asleep, but Babs is stirring. The room is in darkness, except that a slit of light under the curtains REVEALS a few items. The first of these is a brassiere hanging over the brass face of cupid which forms part of the pattern of the bed rail. Babs awakens and gets out of bed. She is nude, and shivers slightly at the chill morning air. She puts on Blaney's argyle wool socks and trails off to the bathroom. The light goes on and the door closes. SLOWLY THE CAMERA PANS DOWN to SEE A copy of the morning paper which has been thrust under the door. On the front page is a smiling picture of Brenda Blaney, and above it the banner headline "Another Necktie Murder," and below that in smaller print "Marriage Mart Woman Found Strangled". WE HEAR the TOILET FLUSH, then the bathroom door opens and a bar of light falls across the paper. It is switched off, and Babs' stockinged feet scamper towards us. They cross the paper without stopping, and WE PAN UP with them as she jumps back into bed and snuggles herself up against the sleeping Blaney. He grunts, stirs, but doesn't wake. She nibbles his ear expectantly.

BABS

Darling ... Darling.

He grunts and goes deeper asleep. She sighs and turning on her back, studies the picture on the wall above the bed. WE MOVE INTO A CLOSE SHOT of it to see a saccharine sweet portrait of a girl swooning over a piano, whilst being held in the passionate embrace of her transported music master. Babs sighs deeply in resignation and closes her eyes.

54 INT. LOBBY OF THE COBURG HOTEL - MORNING

54

Down at the reception desk, the porter is leaning against the desk reading the morning paper. WE MOVE IN CLOSE to SEE it is an article about men's fashion on an inside page. He closes the paper and starts to read the front page. His expression slowly changes. At this moment, the wee woman receptionist of the previous afternoon, comes down the stairs and goes behind the desk.

HALL PORTER

Hey Glad, take a look at this.

Continued

He passes her the paper indicating the piece she should read. WE SEE upside down the picture of Brenda. She reads framing the words silently to herself. Finally, she looks up, shocked.

RECEPTIONIST

That poor woman. And she was only trying to bring a little love into people's lives with her marriage bureau.

HALL PORTER

(impatiently)

It's the suit, Glad, I'm talking about -- the suit.

He snatches the paper back.

HALL PORTER

See what it says.

(reading)

The police are anxious to interview a man seen leaving the Matrimonial Agency about the time of the murder. He is described as being between thirty-five and forty; about five feet eleven; dark coloured hair; moustache; blue eyes, and medium build. When last seen, he was wearing a brown tweed jacket with leather pads on the elbows, and carrying a raincoat.

RECEPTIONIST

That's a funny way to patch a jacket.

HALL PORTER

(exasperated)

It's meant to be like that, Glad. The party in two-twenty-two was wearing it.

The receptionist consults the register.

RECEPTIONIST

You mean Mr John Smith.

HALL PORTER

That's not his real name, silly. John Smith indeed!

Continued

RECEPTIONIST

(offended)

I know that, but incognitos are so romantic, don't you think?

HALL PORTER

For Pete's sake, there's nothing romantic about this chap. He's the fellow the police are looking for. He's in his thirties, five feet eleven, dark haired, with a moustache, blue eyes, about the right weight, and he was wearing the jacket with the pads. Don't you see, he's the Necktie Murderer, and we've got him upstairs at this very minute.

RECEPTIONIST

Well I don't know how you can be certain. He looked an awfully nice, forthright sort of man to me.

He reaches for the telephone.

HALL PORTER

I'm absolutely certain. I only hope that girl's not wearing a necktie at this very moment.

They both look up nervously at the ceiling. He dials 999.

RECEPTIONIST

I can't believe it. Not in the Cupid Room!

HALL PORTER

You know, Glad, sometimes, just thinking about the lusts of men makes me want to heave.

(he holds up a hand
for silence)

Hello, Police, I'm the Porter at the Coburg Hotel, Bayswater. Can you come at once. I've got this fellow you're looking for here... you know, the Necktie Murderer. He came here with a girl.

Continued

54 Continued - 3

54

HALL PORTER (Cont)

(he listens for a
moment)

No, I'm serious. It's the right description and I've got the jacket he was wearing when he did it -- the brown one with the leather patches. He gave it to me to have cleaned.

(he listens)

Don't worry about that, officer. I tell you straight, I won't go near him. If he comes downstairs in the meanwhile all he'll get from me is a smile of heart-warming friendship.

He puts down the phone and turns to look for the receptionist. During the conversation she has come out from behind the desk and is peering fearfully up the stairs.

HALL PORTER

Come away, Glad. You're not to do anything suspicious.

He walks across the lobby and GOES OUT to the street. She follows him slowly, shaking her head in disbelief.

55 EXT. BAYSWATER ROAD COBURG HOTEL - DAY

55

There is very little traffic about due to the fact that it is still early morning. The porter comes out of the hotel and stands on the pavement awaiting the arrival of the police. The receptionist comes out also. There is quite a pause. Finally, a patrol car draws up. TWO UNIFORMED MEN get out, and WE SEE IN PANTOMIME, the porter's description of the occupants of Room 222, and of the garment he was asked to take to the cleaners. From time to time, he points to the paper which is still in his hand. One uniformed man talks to the other, who gets back into the car and picking up the receiver talks into it urgently. One or two passers-by stop and look curiously at the small group of police, Porter and receptionist. Some move on, others remain. Having finished his report on the car radio, the second uniformed man joins the others and the group mounts the steps into the hotel.

56 INT. LOBBY COBURG HOTEL - DAY

56

The two policemen, the porter and the receptionist cross the lobby towards CAMERA. They are automatically moving cautiously and

Continued

56 Continued

56

silently. They stop at the bottom of the stairs leading to the bedrooms.

1ST POLICEMAN

Which room?

RECEPTIONIST

The Cupid Room ...

The porter glares at her.

HALL PORTER

Why don't you do yourself a favour
and go behind the desk, Glad -- and
stay there!

(to the policeman)

It's number two-twenty-two. I'll
show you.

With the porter leading self-importantly, the small procession proceed up the stairs on tip toe. Behind them, the receptionist trails across the lobby back to the front desk.

57 INT. LANDING AND CORRIDOR AT COBURG HOTEL - DAY

57

The procession proceeds across the landing and down the corridor with extreme caution. Finally, they arrive outside the door of number two-twenty-two. The porter points to it dramatically, then hastily scrambles back as the first policeman steps forward and knocks authoritatively on the door.

1ST POLICEMAN

Open up please.

He knocks again, louder.

1ST POLICEMAN

Open up. Police.

There is complete silence. The first policeman tries the door handle, but it is locked. The second policeman lays a sudden heavy hand on the porter's shoulder which makes him jump a little.

Continued

57 Continued

57

2ND POLICEMAN

You. Don't you have a master key?

HALL PORTER

(with an attempt
at hauteur)

Naturally.

He produces the key from his pocket and hands it to the second policeman. He, in turn, steps forward and unlocks the door with one swift movement, and flings it open. The room is empty; the bed in disarray. WE SEE prominently the newspaper, with its front page story, lying spread out over the bed.

HALL PORTER

They must have got out the back way.

They run to the window and look out.

58 EXT. BACK OF COBURG HOTEL - DAY

58

WE SEE an iron staircase leading down to an alleyway full of dustbins at the rear of the hotel.

59 EXT. HYDE PARK NEAR THE HILTON HOTEL - DAY

59

It is a bright sunny early morning. WE HOLD A LONG SHOT of Hyde Park near the Hilton Hotel. Due to the early morning hour, there are few people around, though desultory traffic can be seen filtering up the Eastern Hyde Park Carriageway. Two tiny figures are seen in the distance.

A QUICK JUMP CUT brings us to a TIGHT TWO SHOT of Blaney and Babs. As we join them, they are obviously in the middle of an agitated conversation. Blaney is seated on a bench, while Babs paces behind him.

BLANEY

But I ask you, Babs, in all conscience,
is it likely that I would murder a woman
I'd been married to for ten years?

BABS

If it was true it would be horrible.

Continued

59 Continued

59

BLANEY

And rape them? After ten years of marriage? Violently rape them?

BABS

I don't know. I'm always hearing of kinky things. P'raps you were jealous of 'er.

BLANEY

Of Brenda? Come off it.

BABS

I didn't know Brenda. It's possible. Maybe you just wanted to get rid of 'er.

BLANEY

I had got rid of her. We were divorced, remember. Had been for two years. And there was no question of alimony. She earned far more than me.

BABS

You got that money from her, didn't you? You didn't collect no debt.

BLANEY

Well, yes, I did, but she gave it to me the night before when I had dinner with her. Twenty pounds.

BABS

Why lie about it, then?

BLANEY

I suppose I was ashamed to admit it, that's all.

BABS

(softer)

That makes sense, I suppose.

(sharper)

But 'ere, wait a mo. If Brenda gave you the money at dinner, why did you sleep in the doss 'ouse? You could have afforded a hotel.

Continued

BLANEY

(patiently)

I didn't know she'd given it to me,
that's why. She slipped it in the
pocket of my raincoat.

BABS

Go on, Dick, why don't you pull the
other one. It's got bells on it.

BLANEY

(earnestly)

It's true. I suppose she didn't want
to embarrass me.

Babs shakes her head doubtfully.

BABS

You've got to admit, it's pretty tall.

BLANEY

It's not as tall as my sleeping in a
doss house as you put it, with twenty
quid in my pocket. If I'd known, I'd
had it, I'd never have gone there, would
I?

BABS

Maybe!

BLANEY

Maybe! You smelt that suit. Would
you have slept there if you hadn't got
to?

BABS

It wasn't that bad, that suit. I still
think it's a bit suspicious -- your
sending it to the cleaners.

BLANEY

Suspicious of what?

Continued

59 Continued - 3

59

BABS

In them sex cases they always take a laboratory test on the clothes. I read it in Week-end.

BLANEY

(vehemently)

It stank, that suit, that's why! It stank! You know it did.

He takes her hands in his and looks earnestly into her face.

BLANEY

Babs, I swear I'm telling the truth. Do I look like a sex murderer to you? Can you honestly see me creeping round London, strangling all those birds with neckties? It's ridiculous. For a start, I only own two.

Babs considers and slowly smiles.

BABS

Well, it's true the suit was a bit niffy, and I suppose if you had known about the money, you wouldn't have stayed in that crumby place.

BLANEY

You believe me, then?

BABS

(nods)

Thousands wouldn't!

BLANEY

Thanks Babs.

They embrace each slightly surprised at the new found tenderness which has sprung up between them.

BABS

(warmly)

I must be soft in the 'ead, letting a suspected strangler put 'is arms round me.

Continued

59 Continued - 4

59

He raises his hands to her throat and pretends to strangle her.

BLANEY

It shows you trust me.

BABS

I suppose so.

They kiss again with greater passion. Finally, Eabs brings it to an end.

BABS

But what are we going to do? The police will be looking for you.

BLANEY

I don't know. I haven't thought.

BABS

Well, there's only one thing you can do. Go and see 'em. Tell 'em what 'appened, like you told me.

BLANEY

No. I can't do that.

BABS

You've got to.

BLANEY

They'd never believe me.

BABS

Why not? I did.

BLANEY

You're not the cops. I'm probably their only suspect.

BABS

Well, you'll just have to go along and persuade them to search for someone else. I mean, one look at you, and they'd know you wasn't a sadistic killer.

THE VOICE that cuts across the conversation is like a whiplash.

Continued

59 Continued - 5

59

PORTER

Blaney!

Without pausing to look, Blaney grabs Bab's arm in one hand and his case in the other and starts to run.

WE ZOOM TO A CLOSE SHOT of a window in The Hilton Hotel.

INSERT D

HETTY PORTER, a striking looking lady of thirty-five or thereabouts stares down into the park with compulsive interest.

60 EXT. HYDE PARK NEAR HILTON HOTEL - DAY

60

Hetty's POINT OF VIEW. Blaney and Babs are seen running awkwardly, hampered by the former's suitcase, and the latter's tight dress. They are pursued by JOHNNY PORTER, a middle-aged thickset man; dressed in chalk stripe blue suit and a soft felt hat. After a few strides, Blaney looks back and stops. Porter catches them up and there follows a conspiratorial pow-wow with Porter seemingly urging Blaney and Babs to cross the road to the Hilton Hotel, and their refusing. Finally, they capitulate and start to cross the road.

61 INT. LIVING ROOM OF SUITE, HILTON HOTEL - DAY

61

Hetty paces the room. Her face is cold; her manner agitated.

62 INT. DOOR FROM BACKSTAIRS LEADING INTO CORRIDOR, HILTON HOTEL - DAY

62

A furtive group consisting of Porter, Babs and Blaney. Porter leads them, through the door somewhat overdoing the 'on-patrol-in-enemy-territory' aspects of the situation. He nods and then leans against the wall, like a gasping flounder to recover his breath. After a long wheezing moment, he finds the strength to close the door behind the group.

PORTER

Haven't done any of this cloak and dagger stuff since the Suez business. That's when I first met Dicko. You know ... in the Squadron. He was a bit of a split-arsed type then, too.

Continued

63 INT. CORRIDOR, HILTON HOTEL - DAY

63

They assume nonchalant attitudes and stroll down the corridor until they come to the door of Porters' suite. Porter even attempts to whistle jauntily as they go, but simply hasn't got the breath for it. Porter taps on the door. There is a pause during which the elevator doors open further down the corridor and A MAN gets out. He stares down the corridor at the group, and Blaney turns away his head under the distant scrutiny. Eventually, the man moves away in the other direction and knocks at the door of a room. The door of the Porter suite is opened by his wife Hetty. No hint of her former agitation is visible. She smiles a welcome and Blaney, Babs and Porter ENTER the room.

PORTER

Hetty, you remember Dicko, don't you?

HETTY

Of course. Come in.

The door closes.

64 INT. LIVING ROOM OF SUITE IN HILTON HOTEL - DAY

64

Johnny Porter, suddenly somewhat nervous in the presence of his wife, introduces Babs.

PORTER

And this is Miss Milligan.

HETTY

Hullo, Miss Milligan.

BABS

Pleased to meet you.

PORTER

I bumped into them in the park.

HETTY

How fortunate.

(to Blaney)

We haven't seen you in ages, Dick.
How's Brenda? Do you still hear
from her?

Continued

BLANEY

She's ... well ... she's dead, I'm afraid.

HETTY

(savagely)

Yes. And you killed her.

She picks up a newspaper and thrusts it towards him.

PORTER

Here, steady on, Hetty. He didn't do it.
He's just been telling me all about it.

HETTY

Has he, now?

PORTER

Yes. You see, he was seen near the place
where Brenda was murdered so the police
think he's this strangler chap. But he's
not, of course. All he wants is a place to
hide out.

HETTY

So you suggested he could stay here?

PORTER

Well, yes. It seemed a good idea. No
one ever knows who's staying here.

HETTY

You're a bloody fool, Johnny -- getting
yourself involved like this.

PORTER

But he didn't do it.

HETTY

Of course he did it.

PORTER

What? Old Dicko?

HETTY

Yes. Old Dicko: the chivalrous knight
of the skies! He always treated her like
a shit.

PORTER

Really, Hetty ... I think ...

HETTY

Don't you remember that disgusting divorce petition?

(to Blaney)

The things you did to her!

BABS

Divorce petition?

HETTY

Oh, didn't he tell you about that? Did he forget to mention he was divorced from his wife on the grounds of extreme cruelty?

BLANEY

Thank you, Hetty. You're a brick.

HETTY

Well. Is it true?

BLANEY

(low)

Yes.

HETTY

Both extreme mental and extreme physical cruelty. Exceptional depravity, was mentioned, I think!

BLANEY

It had to read that way. But there wasn't a word of truth in it. The lawyers made it all up.

Hetty smiles contemptuously at him.

BLANEY

(to Babs)

I swear it. It was all made up. You see, neither of us wanted to wait three years, until we could get a divorce on the grounds of desertion, so I allowed Brenda to divorce me on the grounds of cruelty.

Continued

64 Continued - 3

64

Babs smiles reassuringly at him.

HETTY

Extreme cruelty. I wonder if the police
have read a copy of it!

BLANEY

(in sudden realisation)

Good God!

HETTY

Yes, I'm sure they'll be fascinated.

BABS

He's innocent, Mrs Porter. I know it.

HETTY

You know it! How do you know it?

BABS

Well, as you say, they'd been divorced.
There was no call for him to do her in.

HETTY

There's no spiteful act I'd put past Dicko
here, particularly when he's drunk. Were
you drunk when you did it? Is that it?

BLANEY

I didn't do it, Hetty. I didn't do it. I
swear.

HETTY

Well, why don't you go to the police and
explain to them instead of involving my
Johnny?

BLANEY

I didn't want to involve him. He insisted.

PORTER

That's right. I did. Can't abandon a
chap in trouble.

Continued

HETTY

I still ask, why don't you go to the police and explain it all to them?

BABS

They'd never believe him, that's why. He's the only suspect they've got, poor lamb, and what with all the circumstantial evidence against him, they'd lock him up without so much as a by-your-leave. Please hide him, Mrs Porter. Just for tonight, until we can think what's best to do.

PORTER

Of course we'll hide him. You can't throw an old comrade to the cops.

HETTY

Well, if you want to be arrested for harbouring a wanted man, or subverting the course of justice or whatever, on your own head be it, Johnny. But I wash my hands of the matter. Thank God we're off to Paris tomorrow morning, that's all I can say -- that's if we're not all in jail ... I'm going shopping!!

Hetty flounces to the door and bangs it behind her. There is an uncomfortable silence for a moment.

BLANEY

Perhaps I'd better go.

PORTER

Nonsense, old chap. You don't want to worry about Hetty. I'll calm her down. You can use the sofa tonight.

BABS

Well I have to be off. I'm ever so late at work now.

PORTER

What do you do, Miss Milligan?

Continued

BABS

I work in a pub -- same place he used to be.

PORTER

Really. I say, why don't both of you slip out of the country till all this has blown over and come and give me a hand in The Bulldog.

BLANEY

The Bulldog?

PORTER

It's the English pub I've opened in Paris. They're the new thing over there.

He laughs.

BLANEY

It's a great idea. Why don't we, eh Babs?

BABS

Not likely. I was never no good at French.

PORTER

You don't need to be. It's an English pub. As long as you can say non, you'll be all right.

BABS

(dubiously)

Well ...

BLANEY

Oh come on, Babs. It's a great idea. You know you don't like the Globe any more than I did. Look, why don't you meet me at Victoria Station by the bookstand at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning? We can go down to the coast, and take the day trip to France. You don't need a passport.

Babs smiles suddenly.

Continued

64 Continued - 6

64

BABS

O.K.

PORTER

Splendid. The froggies will roll over
and die for the smell of a real English
barmaid's apron.

BABS

I must go now. Really.
(to Blaney)
You know Forsythe.

Blaney and Babs kiss.

BLANEY

Mum's the word, Babs. Don't tell a
soul I'm here.

BABS

Cross my 'eart and 'ope to die.
(to Porter)
Thanks for looking after him.

PORTER

Don't mention it, m'dear. See you in the
gay city eh?

He opens the door for Babs and ushers her out, closing it behind her.
He smiles reassuringly at Blaney.

PORTER

Come on. Let's have some champagne
and I'll give you my Paris address. Your
troubles are over.

WE CUT QUICKLY TO THE NEXT SCENE

65 EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

65

A CLOSE UP of the large revolving sign outside Scotland Yard.
It reads "New Scotland Yard." WE CUT SHARPLY TO THE NEXT
SCENE.

66 INT. INSP. OXFORD'S OFFICE NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY 66

WE FAVOUR a desk at which is seated Chief Inspector Oxford. Sergeant Spearman and other men are in the office. We move into a CLOSE UP of the table to SEE that Oxford is speedily demolishing a large plate of eggs, bacon, sausages, kidneys and fried bread. A waitress enters and deposits cup, saucer and coffee etc., from a tray. She leaves. Spearman watches his superior in awe.

SPEARMAN

Enjoying that, are you sir?

OXFORD

(eating)

Sergeant, my wife is currently taking a course at the Continental School of gourmet cooking. Apparently they have never heard of the principle that to eat well in this country, one must have breakfast three times a day, and an English breakfast at that. I don't mean your café complet.

SPEARMAN

Beg pardon, sir.

OXFORD

A cup of coffee half an inch deep in floating bits of boiled milk, and a sweet bun full of air. That's what I had this morning.

SPEARMAN

I see what you mean, sir. I'm a Quaker Oats man myself.

Oxford finishes up his plate of food with three or four rapid fork thrusts, and starts to polish it with a piece of bread. A DETECTIVE CONSTABLE in plainclothes comes in, waits discreetly until the piece of bread is safely installed in Oxford's mouth, then coughs.

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE

Excuse me, sir. This has just come in. It's the lab report on the ten pound note that Blaney paid the hotel with.

Continued

66 Continued

66

OXFORD

Yes?

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE

As you will see, sir, the note bore traces of face powder, identical to that which we found in Mrs Blaney's handbag.

Oxford takes the report from the detective constable.

OXFORD

Thank you.

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE

Thank you, sir.

The detective constable turns and WALKS OUT. Oxford, his jaws still working hard, reads the memo.

OXFORD

Well, Sergeant, we were in luck, after all.

SPEARMAN

Yes sir. That just about does it for him, I'd say.

OXFORD

It looks very much like it.

SPEARMAN

I've never run into one of these jokers before, sir. What are they like?

OXFORD

They vary, but not a lot. The thing to remember is that they hate women, and are mostly impotent.

SPEARMAN

(surprised)

Impotent ...?

Continued

66 Continued - 2

66

OXFORD

Don't mistake rape for potency, Sergeant.
In the latter stages of the disease, it's
the strangling, not the sex, that brings
them on. Above all, of course, they're
sadists, and you know what they are,
Sergeant, I'm sure.

SPEARMAN

Yes, sir.

OXFORD

(to Sergeant)

Because, if you don't, you can read all
about them in here.

He throws Blaney's divorce petition down on the desk.

OXFORD

It's Mrs Blaney's divorce petition. It
tells you a great deal about the habits of
our hero.

The phone on OXFORD's desk rings. The Sergeant takes up the
petition and starts to read.

67 INT. INSP. OXFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

67

OXFORD picks up phone.

OXFORD

(a pause)

Hullo ... yes ... Chief Inspector Oxford
speaking.

68 INT. BAR OF THE GLOBE PUB - DAY

68

Forsythe stands in the telephone alcove in the bar of the Globe, the
receiver to his mouth. Spread out in front of him is the morning
newspaper.

FORSYTHE

My name's Forsythe, Inspector. Felix
Forsythe. I run the Globe public house,
Covent Garden. I understand from the

Continued

68 Continued

68

FORSYTHE (Cont)
newspaper that you are in charge of
these strangling cases.

69 INT. OXFORD'S OFFICE - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

69

Oxford with the phone to his ear.

OXFORD
Yes, Mr Forsythe. That is so.

70 INT. BAR OF THE GLOBE PUB - DAY

70

Forsythe is on the phone.

FORSYTHE
Good. Because I've got some information
to impart. This man you're looking for
with the patches on his suit - I know him.
His name is Richard Blaney and he's a real
bastard.

71 INT. OXFORD'S OFFICE - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

71

Oxford with the phone to his ear, listening.

OXFORD
Are you quite certain it's the same man?

Oxford listens for a moment.

OXFORD
Gone off with your barmaid? What exactly
do you mean by 'gone off'??

Oxford listens hard.

72 INT. BAR OF THE GLOBE PUB - DAY

72

Forsythe is on the phone. He speaks with increasing vehemence.

FORSYTHE
So as she's been out all night with him
and hasn't returned, I thought it my duty
to tell you that I consider her to be in
great danger. That's, of course, if she's
still alive and kicking.

73 INT. OXFORD'S OFFICE - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY 73

Oxford with the phone to his ear.

OXFORD

Thank you for your information, Mr Forsythe. Tell me, what does this bar-maid of yours look like?

FORSYTHE (V.O.)

(distorted)

Petite you might say, Brunette. She's got what I think they call a short cut hairdo.

OXFORD

Then I can set your mind at rest on one point, at least. She was alive and running at eight o'clock this morning.

74 INT. BAR OF THE GLOBE PUB - DAY 74

Forsythe is on the phone.

FORSYTHE

Eight o'clock this morning! Where's she now? We opened at eleven. What I want to know is whether or not she's coming back. She's got all her clothes here.

75 INT. OXFORD'S OFFICE - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY 75

Oxford with the phone to his ear.

OXFORD

I expect she'll turn up sooner or later. These days ladies abandon their honour far more readily than their clothes.

We HEAR an EXASPERATED GRUNT come down the phone.

OXFORD

Thank you, Mr Forsythe, I'll send someone round.

Oxford replaces his phone.

76 INT. BAR OF THE GLOBE PUB - DAY

76

Forsythe looks at the dead phone and slams it violently down into its cradle.

77 INT. THE PRIVATE BAR OF THE GLOBE PUB - DAY

77

The bar is fairly well filled.

Forsythe now behind it in the company of a NEW MAN we haven't seen before. Once or twice in the first part of the scene he indicates to the latter where a particular bottle or glass is. THE CAMERA RETREATS into the private bar, a section partitioned off by a wooden division to find Rusk talking to JIM, an ancient, curmudgeonly vegetable salesman, over a drink. The salesman is in a particularly lugubrious mood.

RUSK

I'll tell you straight, I'm glad I'm not in the potato business, Jim, I've got enough troubles of my own.

JIM

(cockney)

You're not a bad judge, Bob. The spud business is poison. Always was. Costs a fortune to dig 'em up; annuver fortune to transport 'em, and what do you end up wiv? 'Ardly any money for 'em. Mostly you can't sell 'em. A truck load I've got to send back up to Lincolnshire tonight. And what'll they do wiv 'em? Plough 'em back in. Can yer beat it, and they say there's people 'ungry in this world.

RUSK

True, Jim, and a few that are thirsty as well. Have one on your uncle Bob.

Jim drinks up the beer in his glass with an effortless swallow -- nearly half a pint pot, and hands it to Rusk. Rusk walks to the counter and tries to attract the attention of the new barman who is trying to shake off a sensation hunting CUSTOMER.

CUSTOMER

But what's he like, this Blaney? Big staring eyes? That sort of thing?

Continued

77 Continued

77

BARMAN

(bored)

I told you sir. I never met him. I've
just taken over here.

(to Rusk)

Yes sir?

RUSK

Two pints, guvnor.

While the beers are being drawn, Babs walks in through the door
of the saloon bar, and goes behind the counter. Rusk pays for his
beers and resumes his seat with the vegetable dealer.

78 INT. SALOON BAR, THE GLOBE - DAY

78

Forsythe follows Babs' progress to the bar. He watches her slip
an apron over her gold and peach silk suit and start to serve.
Only when she thinks that her late-coming has been unobserved does
he sidle up to her.

FORSYTHE

Good afternoon.

Babs starts to polish a glass in an unconcerned manner.

FORSYTHE

Where the hell have you been? Your
half day was yesterday, not this morning.

She tosses her head and makes no reply.

FORSYTHE

You took a hell of a chance, didn't you --
spending the night with a murderer.

BABS

How do you know I spent the night with
anyone?

FORSYTHE

Come off it. You took his clothes to
him, didn't you? You didn't come home.
It stands to reason.

Continued

BABS

Why don't you mind your own bloody business?

FORSYTHE

Don't you talk to me like that, my girl. I was worried about you. I thought you might be next. I even phoned the police.

BABS

(fearful)

The police!

FORSYTHE

Yes. They want to talk to you. They're sending a man round from Scotland Yard.

BABS

(looks toward the
pub door furtively)

Why?

FORSYTHE

Why! They want your lover, that's why. They want to know where he is so they can pick him up and put him where he can't strangle any more women. And you'd better help them. The sooner that madman's inside, the better.

BABS

Don't you talk about him like that.

FORSYTHE

Listen, my girl, you don't seem to realise how lucky you are to be alive. Christ, Babs, if I wasn't short handed I'd go with you to Scotland Yard. As it is, I'm warning you, right after closing time ...

BABS

I won't be here. You can stuff your rotten job right up your jacksie.

Continued

78 Continued - 2

78

She starts towards the door.

FORSYTHE

(furious)

Come back you!

BABS

Oh balls!

She flounces across the bar and OUT OF THE DOOR. Forsythe looks dumbfounded.

79 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE GLOBE PUB - DAY

79

WE SEE the angry Babs EMERGE, her face flushed, her breasts heave. She strides quickly TOWARDS THE CAMERA until her head FILLS THE SCREEN. Her eyes look about her with a degree of uncertainty. She comes to a decision.

RUSK (V.O.)

Got a place to stay?

She turns, takes a pace out of the picture which immediately reveals a hitherto unseen Rusk.

The CAMERA EASES OUT to a TWO SHOT.

BABS

Oh hullo. It's you, Mr Rusk.

RUSK

Yes. I heard that ding-dong you had with Forsythe.

BABS

He's a right bastard.

RUSK

'Course he is.

They walk along together some distance in silence.

RUSK

You can stay at my place till you get something sorted out, if you want. I won't be in your way. I'm going up

Continued

79 Continued

79

RUSK (Cont)

North for two or three days.

BABS

No strings?

RUSK

Now do I look that kind of bloke?

BABS

(laughing)

All blokes are that sort of bloke. Are you really going away?

RUSK

Sure. Tonight. The place'll be all yours. I'll take you over there now -- it's just across the market -- and if you like, I'll come back here and pick up your things for you. There -- I can't say fairer than that, can I?

BABS

Thanks, Mr Rusk. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rotten.

THE CAMERA MOVES AHEAD of them as they continue to walk down the street, and cross the street to enter the Southern side of Covent Garden.

RUSK

Forget it.

BABS

I'll just stay the one night, if you don't mind.

RUSK

Suit yourself.

BABS

Tomorrow I'm going to go ... er, I'm going to my sister in Southall.

Continued

79 Continued - 2

79

Rusk looks at her curiously.

RUSK

Leaving your boyfriend in the lurch
a bit, aren't you?

BABS

(defensively)

He has to make up his own mind what
to do.

RUSK

You know, I'd like to help him if I can.
Where's he hiding out?

BABS

I can't tell you, Mr Rusk. I promised.

RUSK

Oh come on Babs. Dick and me have
always been pals. You know that.

She shakes her head stubbornly.

BABS

I can't.

RUSK

(a slight edge to
the voice)

All right! All right! Keep your little
secret!

He takes her arm and propels her away from us round the corner.

80 EXT. SOUTHERN SIDE OF CONVENT GARDEN MARKET - DAY 80

Rusk and Babs come TOWARDS US along the Southern side of the
market. As the time is now nearly mid-day, activity is at a pretty
low ebb, and nobody pays particular attention to the couple.

RUSK

You know, changing your job can be a
blessing in disguise, Babs. It gets you
out of a rut. A girl like you ought to

Continued

80 Continued

80

RUSK (Cont)

travel, see a bit of the world -- The Cape, California, Jaffa -- the places where the fruit comes from. That's where I'd go, if I wasn't tied up here. But you, Babs, you're free to go where you please. And you've got all your life before you.

81 EXT. RUSK'S HOUSE IN HENRIETTA STREET - DAY

81

Rusk and Babs arrive outside his house in Henrietta Street.

RUSK

Here we are. You can't say that was far, now, can you ... first floor.

He ushers her into the doorway.

82 INT. THE STAIRS LEADING UP TO RUSK'S APARTMENT - DAY

82

THE CAMERA goes upstairs ahead of Rusk and Babs, with the latter in the lead. Rusk wears an enigmatic expression. The CAMERA turns a corner at the top of the stairs and follows them down to the door of Rusk's apartment. Rusk moves forward and opens the door standing aside for her to enter. He follows, and the door starts to close behind him. Before it does so however we have time to hear one sentence.

RUSK

I don't know if you know it Babs, but you're my type of woman.

The door closes with a click.

THE CAMERA, as if saying goodbye to Babs, retreats down the stairs and out through the front door.

83 EXT. HENRIETTA STREET OUTSIDE RUSK'S APARTMENT - DAY

83

The CAMERA continues its retreat across the street outside Rusk's house and comes to rest holding the whole building in a longish shot.

84 EXT. ASHLEY GARDENS ALONGSIDE WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL - EVENING

84

A police car comes down the street and pulls up in f.g. Chief Inspector Oxford gets out of the back seat and slams the door. He leans in to speak to the DRIVER, a uniformed policeman.

OXFORD

Same time in the morning, Fred.

FRED

Right sir. Good night, sir.

OXFORD

Good night.

The car drives off and Oxford walks into the large Edwardian apartment block, where he has his flat.

85 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, ASHLEY GARDENS, CORRIDOR - EVENING

85

An old iron gated elevator creaks upwards and comes to a halt. Oxford gets out and crosses the corridor to his apartment door. He takes a door key on a chain from out of his pocket and lets himself in.

86 INT. HALLWAY, OXFORD'S APARTMENT - EVENING

86

Oxford shuts the front door behind him and hangs up his hat.

MRS OXFORD (V.O.)

Is that you, Tim?

OXFORD

Hullo dear.

Oxford walks down the hallway into his living room.

87 INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - OXFORD'S APARTMENT - EVENING

87

Oxford ENTERS his living room. It is spacious, high-ceilinged, orderly, and somewhat dowdily furnished. The only sign of relaxation is some fishing tackle standing in a corner. Beyond it we CAN SEE the dining area which has been constructed out of a window alcove. The dining table itself is arranged rather grandly, with two candles in separate holders, flowers, and elaborate place settings. MRS OXFORD APPEARS,

Continued

87 Continued

87

wearing a fairly up-to-date print dress over which is tied a small apron. She is small, forty-fivish, and a doughty fighter for her enthusiasms. She kisses her husband, then picks up a box of matches off a side table and goes to the dining table where she lights the candles.

MRS OXFORD

Hungry?

OXFORD

(warily)

Ye-es.

MRS OXFORD

Good. I'll bring it right in.

Mrs Oxford leaves the room, and goes back to the kitchen. Oxford sits himself at the table.

88 INT. KITCHEN - OXFORD'S APARTMENT - EVENING

88

Mrs Oxford's kitchen belongs more to a provencal farmhouse than a London flat. Garlic and onions festoon the walls; iron skillets, copper saucepans, and steel knives of all sizes hang from the ceiling and butchers block. A huge volume of la cuisine Francaise lies open in a prominent position. She pours some soup from a vast pan into a silver tureen and bears it off to the dining room.

89 INT. DINING AREA/LIVING ROOM - OXFORD'S APARTMENT -
EVENING

89

Oxford, sitting at the table, watches apprehensively as his wife brings in the tureen of soup from the kitchen, and puts it down on the table. His worry increases as she starts to ladle it out, and strangely shaped objects are seen to plop into his soup bowl along with the liquid.

MRS OXFORD

It's a soupe de poisson, dear. I know
you'll enjoy it.

OXFORD

I have no doubt of it.

If there is any irony in her husband's last statement, Mrs Oxford appears to be unaware of it. She moves off towards the kitchen.

Continued

89 Continued

89

MRS OXFORD

I've just got a couple of things to do in the kitchen. Won't be a minute.

Left by himself, Oxford stirs his soup thoughtfully.

MRS OXFORD (V.O.)

Well, what's new in the case?

(mocking him)

Any sensational breaks?

OXFORD

No. I'll be pleased when we get Mr Richard Blaney inside, though.

MRS OXFORD (V.O.)

Any idea where he is ?

Oxford lowers his head and sniffs the bowl of soup.

OXFORD

No. Our only lead to him left her job this morning, and what's more, I don't know where she is either.

MRS OXFORD (V.O.)

You're certain, he's the one?

OXFORD

He's the one, all right. There's not even the complication of another suspect. It has to be him.

He lifts his spoon out of the soup and brings out the gaping-mouthed head of a small fish. Carefully he places it on a side plate. He then tries again -- gets some liquid, and drinks it cautiously. He gives it a highly qualified nod.

OXFORD

We have him identified as leaving the matrimonial agency at the time his ex was killed. We have the suit which he found necessary to send to the cleaners in a hurry. And we have the evidence of the face powder and the Salvation Army Hostel.

Continued

MRS OXFORD (V.O.)

I don't follow you, my dear. I didn't think the Salvation Army was allowed to use make-up.

Oxford sips another spoonful of soup. He finishes the liquid only to discover at the bottom a fish's eye, staring up at him. With a shudder, he taps it out of the spoon on to the side plate.

OXFORD

Blaney slept in a Salvation Army Hostel the night before last.

MRS OXFORD (V.O.)

Did he, dear?

OXFORD

Yes. He was incautious enough to sign the register in his own name. Now, I don't think an ex-RAF officer would sleep in such a place unless he was broke, do you?

MRS OXFORD (V.O.)

No, I don't.

OXFORD

So let's assume he was. Last night, however, he slept in the Coburg Hotel in Bayswater, and paid for his extremely expensive room with a ten pound note. The note bore traces of the same face powder we found in Mrs Blaney's handbag. The murderer not only strangled Mrs Blaney, but he stole money from her handbag as well. Ergo, Blaney is the thief, and also the murderer.

Another spoonful of soup, produces the distorted skeleton of a fish lying in the middle of it. He picks it out, wearily, and puts it on the side plate. He then drinks the little liquid which remains in the spoon.

MRS OXFORD (V.O.)

(slightly malicious)

That ties it up, then?

Continued

OXFORD

I think so. Furthermore, there is, in addition to the Agency secretary, whom you know about, a waitress at Mrs Blaney's club who can also testify to Blaney's aggressive behaviour towards his wife the previous night.

MRS OXFORD (V.O.)

He doesn't seem to have been very discreet, does he?

OXFORD

Discretion is not traditionally the strong suit of the psychopath, dear. And believe me, that's exactly who we're dealing with -- a psychopath with strong aggressive tendencies. You ought to read his wife's divorce petition.

He drinks more soup and ends up with the most hideous morsel yet, stuck in his jaws. With considerable exasperation, he removes it, and it joins the others.

OXFORD

What exactly is in this soup?

MRS OXFORD (V.O.)

Why, don't you like it.?

Oxford lifts the lid of the tureen and pours his bowl of soup back into it.

OXFORD

It's delicious, but I find the ingredients are somewhat mystifying.

Mrs Oxford enters the room, carrying a covered dish on a tray.

MRS OXFORD

They're Smelts, Ling, Conger eel, John Dory, Pilchards and Frogfish.

Oxford shudders involuntarily. Mrs Oxford puts the covered dish down in front of him, and clears away the soup plate.

Continued

MRS OXFORD

And now, since that must have been fairly filling, I thought a simple roast bird would be enough.

She lifts the cover to REVEAL one tiny, shrivelled quail lying in the exact centre of the large plate, flanked by two grapes.

MRS OXFORD

Quaille aux raisins.

OXFORD

Eh?

MRS OXFORD

Quail with grapes.

Oxford sighs deeply, as he starts to push the diminutive bird derisively about the plate.

OXFORD

I must say, I'm very worried.

MRS OXFORD

About Mr Blaney?

OXFORD

Yes. He's gone off with a barmaid he used to work with -- you know, the kind that always get into trouble. I think she's in very great danger.

MRS OXFORD

You're wrong, Tim. Absolutely wrong. It can't be this fellow. How long did you say he was married?

OXFORD

Ten years.

MRS OXFORD

Well, there you are. A crime of passion after all that time! Look at us. We've only been married eight years and you can hardly keep your eyes open at night.

Continued

89 Continued - 5

89

OXFORD

That's as may be, but I don't knock you about, either; or make you do degrading things. No, the evidence speaks for itself, and besides, you can't make normal judgments about psychopathic killers. They can be triggered off at any time.

(he stares at the quail,
moodily)

We've got to find him before his appetite is whetted again.

The scene ends with a CLOSE UP of Oxford's knife endeavouring to pare away the minute particles of flesh from the breast of the quail.

90 EXT. CONVENT GARDEN - NIGHT

90

THE CAMERA IS CLOSE on the door of the house where Rusk lives. The door swings open, but WE SEE nothing but blackness. Slowly a HEAD AND SHOULDERS EMERGE from the darkness of the hallway into the soft top light of the nearest street lamp. They belong to Rusk. He is wearing a cap similar to those used by the porters in the market. WE NOTICE, however, that he wears no tie. THE CAMERA EASES BACK and WE now SEE that he is pushing a small two-wheeled trolley on which a sack is stacked. We also notice that he is wearing a sack-like apron tied up with string which completes his temporary disguise as a market porter. As Rusk closes the door behind him, the CAMERA NOW RISES SWIFTLY to a great height to show us a picture of the deserted market. The clock on the Inigo Jones Church strikes one o'clock. From this angle, WE now SEE the tiny figure trundling the sack across the open cobbled street of the market. He DISAPPEARS into the shadows near where a number of trucks are parked. WE CUT to a CLOSER SHOT to show Rusk stop at a particular truck. The tailboard is up and the tarpaulin has been pulled down over the edge. Quickly he releases the tailboard and with great effort lifts the sack onto the back end of the truck. In size and shape, it appears very similar to others which we see standing under the tarpaulin. We notice they are marked Lincolnshire Potatoes. He closes the tailboard again, and fastens down the tarpaulin. He then takes off the cap and apron and throws the latter behind some large empty boxes. He pulls the small trolley further away and stacks it against the wall nearby. WE now SEE HIM cross towards Southampton Street, where he stands on the corner for a few moments looking about, and then with an easy stride makes his way to the house where he lives, and opens the front door and goes inside.

91 INT. HALLWAY AND STAIRS LEADING UP TO RUSK'S 91
APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rusk closes the door behind him and ascends the stairs. At the top, he turns and goes over to his apartment door, which is partly open. He goes inside and as before, the door closes with a click.

92 INT. RUSK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 92

The room is flashily furnished, the principal pieces of furniture being a large bed; a cocktail cabinet; a table and a chest of drawers with two small drawers at the top, side by side, and two long drawers, one underneath the other. On the table is a bottle of beer, a glass, and the remains of a pork pie on a plate. He pours out and drinks some of the beer, and pops a piece of the pork pie in his mouth. While chewing it, he crosses over to the window and pulls the blind aside for a moment.

93 DELETED 93

94 INT. RUSK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 94

Rusk turns away from the window, letting the blind fall back into place. Apparently he has swallowed the remains of his mouthful. He sucks at his teeth for a minute, and then feels down for his toothpick -- his elaborate gold tie pin engraved with his initials. His hands go to his lapel, and a look of slight alarm comes into his face. He turns the lapel out to see whether he pinned it inside, but it is not there. His hands move rapidly over the surface of the jacket, and then go through the pockets, but without result. He is now aware that he doesn't have it on him. He thinks for a moment -- then looks down towards the bed on which are strewn Babs' clothes -- peach and gold shantung silk suit, black lace bra and panties, tights; and on the floor -- golden high-heeled shoes and her handbag. He frantically searches among them, going through each piece with swift movements of alarm; even tipping up the shoes to see whether the pin lies concealed in one of them, but he has no luck. He looks up from his search, and forces himself to think back.

95 INT. RUSK'S APARTMENT - DAY 95

A FLASHBACK SEQUENCE in daylight. THE SCREEN IS FILLED with the straining face of Rusk, as he is in the middle of throttling Babs. Silently his lips form the words: "Pay ... Pay ... Pay ... Pay". Her hands shoot out and desperately try to push him away. In doing so, the right hand covers the engraved tie pin which he has stuck in his lapel. WE SEE this action in CLOSE UP.

96 INT. RUSK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

96

THE FLASHBACK IS OVER, and we are back in the room at night, with Rusk who has realised where the pin probably is.

RUSK

(muttering to himself)

Christ all-bloody-mighty! She must have it in her hand.

Quickly, he gathers up Babs' clothes from the bed, and the shoes from the floor, and bundles them into the bottom drawer of the chest of drawers. He then dashes out of the room, closing the door behind him.

97 INT. STAIRS OUTSIDE RUSK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

97

The large figure of Rusk scuttles down the stairs like a crab.

98 EXT. COVENT GARDEN - NIGHT

98

Rusk EMERGES into Covent Garden and hurries across towards the market, looking frantically to see whether or not the truck has left. Rounding some crates, he suddenly sees it and hurries towards the back of it. He quickly lets down the tailboard, but suddenly freezes at the SOUND of MEN'S VOICES.

1ST VOICE

So, see you later, heh?

2ND VOICE

O.K., Tom.

There is silence again, and Rusk hauls himself up onto the truck.

99 INT. TRUCK UNDER TARPAULIN - NIGHT

99

The scene is intermittently lit with the powerful light from the oncoming cars, causing Rusk, in addition to his other problem, to hide -- and so delay his attempts to free the body. Rusk takes a pen knife from his pocket and cuts the string which ties up the sack. He no sooner has it open than the engine of the truck starts and it moves off. The jerk of it doing so, knocks the sack on its side, and some potatoes roll out. At the same time, we get a glimpse of a white body lying in the depths of the sack, half covered with potatoes. Rusk turns and sees the potatoes which have spilled out rolling away towards the back. He also realises that he is somewhat exposed and makes a frantic effort to tie down the turned back tarpaulin, but without success. In order to get some cover

Continued

99 Continued

99

behind which to work, he is forced to roll some sacks on their sides in front of him. The truck is now moving along at speed, but Rusk has only one frantic object in mind -- to get at that body. Lying on his side, he starts to pull the feet out first. Although we are looking at the body upside down, WE CAN SEE the protruding tongue, and the necktie round the throat. He pulls the feet out further, and WE SEE the two bare breasts for a moment. Intermittently WE ALSO SEE the straining, sweating face of Rusk. Suddenly, he pulls out one of the legs with a jerk, causing the other foot to give him a clip under the chin. At last he is able to pull out one of the arms (the left one). The hand is open -- the fingers stiff in rigor mortis. There is obviously nothing in it.

RUSK

(muttering viciously
to himself)

You bitch Babs, where is it?

100 INT. TRUCK DRIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

100

The DRIVER, a swarthy young man of Italian extraction, is happily steering his truck through the outer suburbs of London. He sings to himself, his voice mingling with the noise of the engine.

TRUCK DRIVER

(singing)

Put your arms around me honey, hold
me tight ... etc ...

101 INT. TRUCK UNDER TARPAULIN - NIGHT

101

Rusk is groping inside the sack for the other hand. Breathing heavily, he struggles and strains, but cannot free it. He takes his knife out again and slits the sack open. This gradually REVEALS the rest of the body, luminescently lying on its bed of potatoes. Its posture is stiff and awkward, making the freeing of the right arm a difficult process. The potatoes escape from around the body, roll down to the end of the truck, and the tailboard being down, start spilling out onto the road. A passenger car, following immediately behind, flashes its lights to draw the truck driver's attention to the falling potatoes, and this makes Rusk crouch low over his victim in order to cover her white body.

102 EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY OUTSIDE LONDON - NIGHT

102

The passenger car blows its horn and continues to flash its lights. It draws up alongside the cabin of the truck, and the PASSENGER in the

Continued

102 Continued

102

car leans out and yells at the truck driver, at the same time pointing backwards.

PASSENGER

You're spilling your load.

TRUCK DRIVER

What?

PASSENGER

The potatoes. They're falling on the road.

The driver acknowledges he has heard, looks in the rear view mirror, then pulls over to the side of the road and stops. The passenger car goes on.

103 INT. THE TRUCK UNDER THE TARPAULIN - NIGHT

103

Frantically, Rusk, who has overheard the conversation with the truck driver, pulls down three sacks on top of himself and the body, and crouches under them like a trapped rat.

104 EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

104

The driver dismounts, and walks round to the back of the truck where he discovers that the tailboard is down. As he walks we see among the irregular sacks, the white foot of the dead Babs. The foot is pulled down out of sight at the last second before the driver sees it. He notes the disturbed sacks, shrugs, lifts the tailboard up, pegs it in each side, and then ties the tarpaulin down tight. He then goes round to the front and swings himself up into his cabin. With a crash of gears he is off. WE HEAR him start to WHISTLE the song he was singing.

105 INT. THE TRUCK UNDER THE TARPAULIN - NIGHT

105

Inside the truck, Rusk, his eyes brimming with tears of frustration, fear, and temper, wrenches himself free from the fallen sacks, pulls them off the body of Babs, and resumes work on the arm. With a great heave, he finally gets it clear of the sack. Faint flashes from oncoming and overtaking cars hit the underside of the tarpaulin with sufficient luminosity to REVEAL to Rusk and ourselves that the hand which he has now freed is clenched in rigor mortis, and that it holds what he is searching for. The gold point of the pin is sticking out, through the flesh of the palm. Rusk, now frantically tries to open the dead girl's fist, without success. He turns the fist round the other way, but there

Continued

105 Continued

105

is no way to pull the pin out by its bulbous engraved end, because that is tightly held in the middle of the clenched fingers. There is only one thing for it.

RUSK

So you would, would you.

He now methodically starts to open the fingers. Due to the rigor mortis, each finger has to be broken, and although the truck roar is loud, we are CLOSE enough on the hand to hear the bones breaking one by one. At last, the diamond initial R is REVEALED, and Rusk retrieves it, pulling it out of the flesh which it has pierced with a rasping sigh of relief. He puts the pin in an inside pocket for safety, and then turns the body over on its face, as though he wants to see no more of it. Dusty suited, and very dishevelled, he now scrambles his way towards the end of the truck, obviously with the idea of getting out. He peers through a gap in the tarpaulin.

106 EXT. THE M.1. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

106

Rusk's POINT OF VIEW. WE SEE that the truck is racing along the M.1 Motorway, and that the road is moving under him at an enormous rate, making it quite impossible for him to get off.

107 INT. THE TRUCK UNDER THE TARPAULIN - NIGHT

107

Rusk, in an agony of fear, settles down amongst the potato sacks, near the body of Babs, waiting for the truck to come to a halt. Tears of self-pity start to fall on the corpse.

108 EXT. ALL NIGHT CAFE ON THE M.1 MOTORWAY - NIGHT

108

THE CAMERA is in the car park of an all night cafe on the M.1 Motorway. An electric sign above its lit window proclaims it to be the Busy Bee. The potato truck turns in off the highway, and comes to a stop, some distance from the front door of the cafe, because further progress is blocked by half a dozen trucks. The driver alights and walks around to the back of his truck, and makes a final inspection. He then moves on past the other trucks, into the cafe. Immediately, WE SEE a hand emerge from the truck and remove the pin on the right hand side of the tailboard. THE CAMERA quickly MOVES OVER to the other side and a hand removes the other pin. Each time, there is great difficulty, partly because the pins are stiff, and partly because the hand is hampered by the tightness of the tarpaulin lashings. Finally, a hand grasps the centre, and the tailboard is thrown down. After a pause, the dusty

Continued

108 Continued

108

distressed figure of Rusk tumbles out. He turns and tries to lift the tailboard back into position, but as he is doing so, he sees through the window of the cafe, the figure of the driver about to EMERGE. As the man does so, Rusk dashes away and hides himself in a Men's Toilet, round the side of the cafe. It is a ramshackle wooden shed with broad slats in the walls.

109 INT. MEN'S TOILET OUTSIDE BUSY BEE CAFE - NIGHT 109

Rusk stares through one of the slats into the car park. He is breathing heavily.

110 CAR PARK AT BUSY BEE CAFE AND M. 1 MOTORWAY - NIGHT 110

We take Rusk's POINT OF VIEW through the slats. WE SEE the driver, who has previously examined his tailboard, jump straight into the driving cabin, and drive out of the car park and onto the motorway. Gathering speed, it grinds away into the night, tailboard hanging.

111 INT. MEN'S TOILET - NIGHT 111

Rusk stands with his head pressed against the wall, gasping with relief. After a moment or two, he pulls himself together and strolls out of the toilet.

112 EXT. BUSY BEE CAR PARK - NIGHT 112

Rusk EMERGES from the toilet, and attempting to brush himself down, he strolls nonchalantly across the car park and into the cafe.

113 INT. BUSY BEE CAFE - NIGHT 113

THE CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE to the window to SEE Rusk, still brushing himself down, APPROACH the counter where he addresses a very large, motherly looking WOMAN.

114 EXT. THE M.1 MOTORWAY - NIGHT 114

WE FOLLOW the truck as it makes its way, tailboard down, along the motorway. After a while, a sack of potatoes falls off and bursts all over the road. The truck turns off the motorway at a sign which reads "To Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire".

115 EXT. HUMP-BACKED BRIDGE LEADING TO A SECONDARY ROAD 115

WE FOLLOW the potato truck as it bumps over the bridge. Another potato sack jerks off the truck and falls plonk in the middle of the bridge.

116 EXT. HILL ROAD IN THE COUNTRY - NIGHT 116

WE FOLLOW the truck towards a hill road. The body of Babs starts to edge towards us, and gets CLOSER and CLOSER with every change of speed and braking.

117 EXT. A SIDE ROAD AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE HILL ROAD - NIGHT 117

A police car sits waiting in the side road. There are TWO POLICEMEN in it staring at the traffic.

118 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT 118

A SHOT FROM THE BACK SEAT to include the two policemen in frame as well as the main road in front of the car. Suddenly, WE SEE the potato truck go by, and the road is of such a nature -- turning away from them, and climbing -- that they get a good glimpse of two bare legs hanging from the back of the truck. They are still, of course, twisted in their rigor mortis position. They exchange glances.

1ST POLICEMAN

Jesus, Bert, did you see what I saw?

2ND POLICEMAN

Let's take a look.

They gun their car and pull out into the main road. Still, from their viewpoint, we see them closing in on the potato truck with the hanging legs. They start their alarm bell ringing.

119 INT. DRIVER'S CABIN OF TRUCK 119

The driver is still blithely unaware of what is going on as we join him.

TRUCK DRIVER

(singing)

Baby, it's cold outside ...

Continued

119 Continued

119

The insistent SOUND of the BELL interrupts the song. He looks into his rear view mirror, and sees the flashing blue light of the oncoming police car. He puts on his brakes and starts to come to a halt at the side of the road.

120 EXT. HILL ROAD - NIGHT

120

WE SEE the truck grinding to a halt. As it does so, Babs' naked body shoots out, on to the roadway. The police car, coming up behind it, pulls up with a screech of its own brakes -- right in front of the unfortunate Babs, nearly running her over. The two policemen get out of their car, stoop to examine the body, then walk down the side of the truck to the driver's cabin.

TRUCK DRIVER

What's wrong?

1ST POLICEMAN

Come and have a look, chum.

The driver climbs down and accompanies the policemen back to the corpse. The driver can't believe his eyes. He bends to get a better look, then suddenly turns away and gags.

121 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF THE PORTER'S SUITE IN THE
HILTON HOTEL - MORNING

121

Blaney lies asleep on the sofa in dim light. Suddenly a shaft of light falls on his face. We PAN up to see Hetty striding into the room from the bedroom next door. She is in her dressing-gown, the cord of which she is tying. Behind her, faintly we hear the voice of a radio announcer.

ANNOUNCER

He is described as being 5 feet 11 inches tall, dark-haired, moustache, blue eyed and medium build . . . Pictures of Blaney have been circulated to all . . .

Hetty draws the curtains back, violently, flooding the room with light. Blaney stirs, and Hetty shakes him roughly, till he is fully awake.

HETTY

Wake up! Wake up!

BLANEY

What is it?

Continued

121 Continued

121

HETTY

Get out of here.

BLANEY

What?

HETTY

Brenda wasn't enough for you. You had to kill that girl too.

BLANEY

What girl?

HETTY

You know, all right. The girl you brought here yesterday.

BLANEY

Babs? Babs, killed?

HETTY

As if you didn't know. You strangled her like the others.

BLANEY

Babs has been strangled?

HETTY

Don't play act with me. Get dressed and get the hell out of here.

She pulls the bedclothes off him.

HETTY

I'd call the police myself, if I could think how to do it without getting involved.

Blaney staggers to his feet.

BLANEY

I don't believe it. I just don't believe it.

Porter ENTERS from the bedroom.

Continued

PORTER

It's true, Dicko. It just came over the radio. They found her on a potato truck in Lincolnshire. The fellow at the pub where you worked, identified her.

HETTY

He knows where they found her. He put her there.

BLANEY

What are you talking about? I haven't left this room all night.

HETTY

Liar. I don't believe you.

PORTER

Hetty, it doesn't matter whether you believe him or not. It said on the radio that Miss Milligan had been dead for at least twelve hours when they found her at 3 o'clock this morning. That means she must have been killed before 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and Dick was here with us, from the time she left, to the time we went to bed. Don't you see, he couldn't have done it.

Blaney sits down wearily on a chair, slowly digesting the news of Babs' death.

BLANEY

(to himself)

Poor Babs . . . poor little Babs.

HETTY

I still don't believe it. They're only guessing when she was killed.

PORTER

We didn't go to bed till eleven, and Dick was still here then. They can't be eight hours adrift.

Continued

PORTER (Cont)

(excitedly to Blaney)

Don't you see what that means, Dicko. You're in the clear. We can give you an alibi.

Blaney looks up with sudden hope.

BLANEY

Yes. I suppose you can.

PORTER

There's no supposing in it. We'll simply tell the police you were here with us.

BLANEY

Would you do that? Would you do it now -- before you go away?

PORTER

Of course, old boy. Delighted.

HETTY

You'll do no such thing, Johnny.

PORTER

What?

HETTY

Not unless you want to go to jail for harbouring a wanted man.

PORTER

But he's not a criminal.

HETTY

The police think he is and they have a lot of evidence against him.

PORTER

But we know he didn't kill Miss Milligan. We've got to tell them he was here.

HETTY

We don't know he didn't kill Miss Milligan. For all we know, the time of the murder given out on the radio might be a trap.

Continued

HETTY (Cont)

What is certain, is, that if you go to the police, they will probably charge you with being an accessory after the fact. They certainly won't allow us to leave the country, and they might very well put us in jail.

PORTER

Hetty's right, dammit. You can see that, Dicko, can't you?

BLANEY

(incredulous)

You mean you won't come to the police with me!

PORTER

I can't very well, can I? I mean to say -- you heard Hetty.

BLANEY

But you're my only alibi.

PORTER

I'm sorry, old boy, but I've simply got to go to Paris, today. I can't afford to be kept over here.

BLANEY

(hotly)

But you can afford to stand by and say nothing while I go to jail for life. Is that it?

PORTER

Well, it's not quite as bad as that, old chap. I'm sure they'll find this strangler chappie pretty soon, and ...

BLANEY

Of all the cowardly shits I've ever met, you and Hetty certainly take the biscuit.

PORTER

(angrily)

Now look here, Dicko, that's no way to talk to ...

121 Continued - 5

121

BLANEY

It's 'I'm all right, Jack and the hell with anyone else, isn't it? You pair of bastards.

PORTER

(hotly)

Well, if that's the way you feel after all we've done for you, you'd better go.

HETTY

I'll call the manager.

She starts across the room towards the phone.

BLANEY

(sarcastic)

What? And involve yourself?

Hetty stops and glares at Blaney. He laughs.

BLANEY

Don't worry. I'm going. I'm a bit choosy who I spend my last hours of freedom with.

He starts to dress rapidly -- first of all, throwing his pyjamas into his case, an event we note in an unobtrusive CLOSE UP.

PORTER

(uncomfortable)

Look, Dicko, I'm sorry about all this. I'd suggest you came to Paris and worked in the pub, only they're watching all the ports and stations. It said so on the radio.

BLANEY

Well, that lets you out then, doesn't it? Your responsibility for me ends here.

He finishes dressing and slams his case closed.

PORTER

(unhappily)

Where are you going to go?

Continued

121 Continued - 6

121

BLANEY

I don't know. But don't you worry your
big fat head about it. I'll think of somewhere.

The scene ends in a BIG CLOSE UP of Blaney's desperate face.

122 EXT. CONVENT GARDEN MARKET - DAY

122

We are back in Covent Garden. THE CAMERA is placed to give a panoramic view of the market outside the entrance to the house where Rusk lives. There is a bustle of particular excitement because just across from where the potato truck left, there are two police cars, several uniformed men, and several raincoated men who are obviously detectives. They are flanked by a crowd of porters and other onlookers. The picture clearly indicates that the police have tracked the origin of the departure point of the truck that carried Babs. WE TRACK AWAY from this scene and MOVE THROUGH the crowds to see in dumbshow other uniformed men asking questions at various vegetable stalls.

123 EXT. HARTLETT'S FRUIT STALL ON THE SOUTHERN COLONNADE - DAY

123

Rusk stands outside the fruit stall taking the air. WE SEE that he is wearing a different suit from the one we last saw him in when he was on the potato truck. He exudes an air of contentment, and relaxation, and munches an apple with great enjoyment. Forsythe, the manager of the Globe, waddles up self-importantly, and Rusk's benign air changes to one of hostility. It is obvious that he despises Forsythe.

FORSYTHE

'Morning Mr Rusk.

RUSK

Well, if it isn't Mr Felix Forsythe, the well known publican. Have an apple, Mr Forsythe. Taste of the forbidden fruit.

He indicates a pile of rosy apples.

FORSYTHE

No thank you.

Rusk takes out his pin and starts to pick his teeth. He ignores Forsythe.

Continued

FORSYTHE

It looks as if they've got half the law in London in the market this morning.

RUSK

(sarcastic)

Yeah. It makes it very difficult to give shortweight.

FORSYTHE

I suppose they're trying to find out if anyone saw Blaney put poor old Babs on the potato truck.

RUSK

So you think he did it eh?

FORSYTHE

It's pretty obvious, isn't it? Why, don't you?

RUSK

I'm not as eager as some to turn on my old pals.

FORSYTHE

Blaney was no pal of mine. I suppose you knew I fired him for stealing. Blaney was a thief, and a bad lot through and through. I knew it from the start.

(importantly)

I even phoned up that Chief Inspector and told him -- but, of course, he took hardly any notice. Well, he's laughing on the other side of his face now.

RUSK

You reckon?

FORSYTHE

Absolutely. He wasn't so cocky when I saw him at 7 o'clock this morning. I had to go down to Scotland Yard and identify her -- from photographs they'd taken, of course, and rushed down specially.

Continued

123 Continued - 2

123

Forsythe shakes his head ponderously.

FORSYTHE

She was not a pretty sight, I can tell you.

RUSK

(sarcastic)

Some people have all the luck.

FORSYTHE

Well, I'd better be getting along, and seeing about some extra help. I expect business will be pretty brisk this morning. You know how morbid people are.

RUSK

Absolutely. Jumping up to identify dead girls at all hours of the morning.

He shakes his head in mock sorrow, as Forsythe bustles angrily away. Rusk watches him go, then replaces his tie pin, and whistling cheerfully, enters the fruit shop.

124 INT. RUSK'S FRUIT SHOP, COVENT GARDEN - DAY

124

Rusk walks in and comes almost immediately to a startled halt. There, crouched on an apple box, is Blaney, with his suitcase. A number of expressions chase themselves across Rusk's face in a couple of seconds -- bewilderment, delight, and assumed concern.

RUSK

By God, Dick, what are you doing here?

BLANEY

I'm sorry, Bob, but I had nowhere else to go. The people I was staying with left for Paris this morning. I wouldn't have come now, except you did say that if I needed anything, any time ...

RUSK

Yes, yes, of course, but you took a hell of a chance coming here this morning. The whole place is teeming with coppers. Wait a minute.

Rusk moves to the door.

125 EXT. RUSK'S SHOP, COVENT GARDEN - DAY

125

Rusk EMERGES from his shop and looks cautiously all around him. A CUSTOMER startles him by coming up behind him and tapping him on the arm.

CUSTOMER

My Israeli melons in yet, Bob?

RUSK

What -- the kosher ones? Next week.

The customer nods and passes on. Rusk stands still for a minute, thinking hard. Then he turns and re-enters his shop.

126 INT. RUSK'S SHOP, COVENT GARDEN - DAY

126

Rusk's face has relaxed by the time he enters the shop.

RUSK

The coast's clear.

Blaney smiles appreciatively.

RUSK

I suppose you'd better hide up for a week or so, till we get something sorted.

BLANEY

Yes. I'd thought that maybe if you had the room ... I know it's a hell of an imposition, getting you involved and everything, but ... Well you've got to believe me, Bob, I haven't murdered anybody. This whole business is insane ... First Brenda and now Babs ... It's like a crazy nightmare. I mean, you know me - I wouldn't get into anything like this.

RUSK

Of course you wouldn't, Dick. The police, as usual, have got the whole thing wrong. These sort of killings always boggle the mind; not, of course, that there aren't some women who ask for everything they get. But you? ... Don't make me laugh. You're not the type. Now, forget it. You've done just the right thing, coming to your Uncle Bob.

126 Continued

126

BLANEY

Well thank God, I've got one friend.

RUSK

We'll go over to my place now. You know where it is, don't you?

Blaney nods.

RUSK

Great. I'll go first with the bag. It'll be less conspicuous that way. You follow, but take the long way round -- you know -- go down to the Strand, and work your way back along Southampton Street. O.K.?

BLANEY

Roger.

Rusk picks up Blaney's bag, and leaves the shop.

127 EXT. RUSK'S SHOP, COVENT GARDEN - DAY

127

Rusk EMERGES, and threads his way through the barrows and crates of vegetables, into the entrance of the house in which he has his flat. WE PAN BACK to SEE Blaney leave Rusk's shop and walk off in the other direction. He is soon lost in the market crowd.

128 INT. HALLWAY, RUSK'S OUTSIDE APARTMENT - DAY

128

Rusk COMES IN through the door and mounts the stairs to his flat. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS him up the stairs, then PANS ROUND TO SEE him unlocking his front door, and entering it.

129 EXT. SOUTHAMPTON STREET AND HENRIETTA STREET - DAY 129

Blaney walks along with a slightly averted head. He passes a couple of POLICEMEN, who fortunately, have their backs to him, and rounds the corner into Henrietta Street. A THIRD POLICEMAN stands squarely between him and Rusk's door. As Blaney hovers indecisively, not knowing whether to go forward or backwards, the young policeman who is adjusting his wrist watch turns and says to Blaney.

POLICEMAN

Excuse me sir, do you have the correct time?

Continued

129 Continued

129

BLANEY

Sorry, I don't have a watch.

He hurries on and turns into the house where Rusk has his apartment.

130 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RUSK'S APARTMENT - DAY

130

Blaney hurries up the stairs, and WE PAN HIM IN through Rusk's flat door.

131 INT. RUSK'S APARTMENT - DAY

131

Rusk stands looking out of the window as Blaney enters. The latter's suitcase is on the bed. He turns to greet Blaney enthusiastically. It is obvious that he is in high good humour.

RUSK

Well done, boy. Come in, make yourself comfortable.

BLANEY

Thanks.

Blaney looks around at the apartment appreciatively.

BLANEY

H'm -- cosy.

RUSK

Well, it's my little nest.

BLANEY

It's good to have a home.

RUSK

Home is the place, where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in. That's what my ma always used to say. You met my ma, didn't you?

BLANEY

Yes.

RUSK

A grand old lady. Well, I've got to get back to the shop. See you later, eh?

Continued

131 Continued

131

BLANEY

Sure.

RUSK

There's something to eat in the kitchen and some booze over there. So get on with it, eh?

Blaney paces towards the window in his agitation.

BLANEY

Bob, I want you to know that I'm really grateful to you for doing all this for me.

RUSK

I told you -- think nothing of it. But do me a favour, will you -- keep away from the windows.

Blaney ducks hurriedly away from the windows.

BLANEY

Of course. Sorry.

Rusk crosses the room.

RUSK

Ta-ta. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

He LEAVES the room, humming cheerfully. Alone in the room, Blaney crosses and pours himself a swift Scotch which he drinks neat. He puts the glass down, and looks around with a view of settling in. He sees the chest of drawers and THE CAMERA CLOSELY FOLLOWS his POINT OF VIEW as his eyes travel from the top to bottom of it. He takes his suitcase from the bed and places it on the chair next to the chest of drawers. He is about to pull open the top drawer, when suddenly he stops. There is a rush of feet up the stairs, the door bursts open, and in no time, the room is full of uniformed and plainclothed policemen.

1ST DETECTIVE

Are you Richard Ian Blaney?

BLANEY

Yes. What is this?

1ST DETECTIVE

I'm arresting you. Come quietly, and you won't get hurt.

Continued

131 Continued - 2

131

The policemen crowd around Blaney, delighted to be in at the kill. Two hold his arms, and yet another frisk him, roughly.

BLANEY

Is that strictly necessary?

2ND DETECTIVE

We take no chances with bastards like you.

POLICE CONSTABLE

He's clean, sir.

1ST DETECTIVE

Is that your bag?

BLANEY

Yes.

1ST DETECTIVE

Bring it along, constable.

(to Blaney)

Come on, you.

The constable picks up the case, and GOES OUT of the door with it. Blaney, flanked by the two detectives, is led from the room. The rest of the police follow.

132 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RUSK'S APARTMENT - DAY

132

THE CAMERA SHOOTs down the stairs as Blaney is hustled down them by the policemen.

133 EXT. COVENT GARDEN OUTSIDE RUSK'S HOUSE - DAY

133

A small crowd has gathered, and stands around a police car which has pulled up to the front door. The policeman holding the suitcase gets in the front with it, and Blaney is whisked into the back still flanked by the two detectives. It immediately drives off.

134 EXT. COVENT GARDEN, NEAR THE FRONT OF THE INIGO JONES CHURCH - DAY

134

A police car and the POLICE SERGEANT of Scene 11 stand by the pillars of the Inigo Church. Lurking slightly in the shadows of them, stands Rusk. The two men watch the car carrying Blaney, drive off towards Bow Street.

134 Continued

134

POLICE SERGEANT

Well, thank you, Mr Rusk. You've been very helpful.

RUSK

Anything to oblige, Sergeant.

POLICE SERGEANT

(with grin)

There's no reward, I'm afraid. Better luck next time, eh?

RUSK

You know what they say, Sergeant. Virtue is its own reward. If you want me again, I'll be in my shop.

POLICE SERGEANT

All right. We know where you are.

Rusk walks away across the market towards his shop. In the middle of the road, when he has gone about ten paces, he executes a half clumsy skip in the air.

135 INT. C.I.D. ROOM , BOW STREET POLICE STATION - DAY

135

Blaney sits at a table, flanked by the two detectives. His head hangs down in an attitude of complete defeat. His suitcase lies on a small table in the b.g. There is silence for a long moment.

1ST DETECTIVE

How's that kid of yours getting on with the violin?

2ND DETECTIVE

I don't know. I keep out of the way when she's practicing. Don't want to spoil her concentration.

The two men grin at each other. The door opens and Chief Inspector Oxford ENTERS with a number of policemen, some of whom pass round behind Blaney, and go to the suitcase. Oxford faces Blaney across the table.

OXFORD

Richard Ian Blaney?

Continued

BLANEY

Yes.

OXFORD

As the result of my enquiries, you will be charged with the wilful murders of Brenda Margaret Blaney and Barbara Jane Milligan and others. You are not obliged to say anything unless you wish, but anything you do say will be taken down in writing and may be used in evidence.

Blaney emits a soft, almost inaudible groan. At the back one of the detectives opens his suitcase. As the other two detectives step forward to move Blaney out of his chair, he speaks.

3RD DETECTIVE

Just a minute, Mr Oxford. Could you spare a second over here?

THE CAMERA MOVES with Oxford as he walks over to the suitcase. He looks down, and there, lying on the top are Barbara Milligan's clothes -- peach shantung silk suit, black lace bra and panties; even the shoes and handbag. Oxford bends down, and slowly picks the suit out of the case. Silently, he turns and shows it to Blaney, who looks at it in disbelief. Light dawns.

BLANEY

Rusk! ... Christ, it's Rusk! ...

He looks beseechingly up at Oxford who returns his look stonily. He then turns to the detective.

OXFORD

Where was this found?

DETECTIVE

Over at Henrietta Street -- where we picked him up, sir.

OXFORD

Any identification?

The detective takes the handbag out of the case and opens it. He takes from it an opened envelope. THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN to SEE that it

Continued

135 Continued - 2

135

is addressed to "Miss Barbara Milligan, The Globe Public House, Covent Garden, London W. C. 2."

136 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE DOORS OF NUMBER ONE COURT, THE OLD BAILEY - AND INSIDE NUMBER ONE COURT - DAY

136

We are outside the doors of Court Number One at the Central Criminal Courts -- The Old Bailey. Through the glass panelling of the doors, we are only given the opportunity of seeing part of the court. As the scene begins, the JUDGE is seating himself. Almost immediately WE SEE the JURY file back into their places. While this is happening the doors of the court are opening and shutting, and late reporters hurry into court, and make for the well where the press table is situated. Blaney is standing up in the dock and TWO WARDERS are behind him. Unobtrusively they close in on him. The door opens as a late comer passes through and WE HEAR the VOICE of the CLERK OF THE COURT.

CLERK OF THE COURT

Members of the Jury. Are you agreed upon your verdict?

FOREMAN OF THE JURY

We are.

CLERK OF THE COURT

Do you find the prisoner, Richard Ian Blaney guilty, or not guilty of the murder of ...

The door closes. Through the glass, WE SEE the lips of the Clerk of The Court say "Brenda Margaret Blaney". Then WE SEE the lips of the FOREMAN OF THE JURY frame one word. The rest of the colloquy between the Clerk of The Court and the Foreman of the Jury takes place in dumbshow.

CLERK OF THE COURT

(inaudible)

You find him guilty of murder, and that is the verdict of you all?

FOREMAN OF THE JURY

(inaudible)

That is so.

Continued

136 Continued

136

CLERK OF THE COURT

(inaudible)

Prisoner of the bar, you stand convicted of murder. Have you anything to say why the Court should not pass judgement upon you?

BLANEY remains silent.

Another late reporter dashes into the Court, allowing the door to swing open for a brief moment of time.

JUDGE

Richard Ian Blaney, you have been found guilty of a terrible crime. On its ghastly and wicked nature, I will not dwell. I only tell you that you must entertain no expectation or hope that you will escape the consequences of it. The sentence of the Court is that you ...

The door closes, and we can hear no more, though, WE SEE the Judge's lips move.

JUDGE

(inaudible)

... serve a term of life imprisonment, and that further, it is my recommendation that such a term shall be for not less than twenty-five years.

One of the pressmen opens the door, but stops in his tracks and holds it open as Blaney starts to yell from the dock, searching round the Court as he does so for signs of Rusk.

BLANEY

(shouting)

Rusk did it! ... Rusk did it! I've told you all along Rusk! Rusk! Where are you? Show yourself. Come out! Rusk!

Continued

136 Continued - 2

136

The two warders hustle him away down the stairs which lead to the cells.

BLANEY

(his voice echoing
up from the stair-
well)

Rusk! ... Rusk! If I ever get free,	)	
watch out for me. One day I'll get	)	This dialogue to
the chance to kill you. Remember,	)	be re-organized.
I've got nothing to lose now. I might	)	
as well do what I'm locked up for.	)	

137 INT. THE CORRIDOR UNDER THE COURT LEADING TO
THE CELLS - DAY

137

Blaney is hauled along the corridor by the guards towards the cells. As he goes, he laughs hysterically. The warders manage to get him to the doorway of one of the temporary cells, and push him inside. They bang the door hurriedly behind him.

BLANEY

How long will I be kept here?

WARDER

They'll be taking you off in a couple of hours.

One of them looks through the spyhole.

138 INT. THE TEMPORARY CELL AT THE OLD BAILEY - DAY

138

Blaney paces up and down, then suddenly seats himself at the little school bench type of seat and table which is anchored to the wall. His hysteria is not, however, completely spent, and he gives out one peal of laughter which eventually subsides into a giggle. He takes a tiny pencil from his pocket and starts to do multiplication sums on the wall in a bold hand.

Continued

25	YEARS
52	
125	
50	
1300	WEEKS
7	
9100	DAYS
24	
18200	
36400	
218400	
60	HOURS
1310400	
00000000	
13104000	MINUTES
60	
78624000	
000000000	
786240000	SECONDS

The scene ends with him staring at what he has written in disbelief.

BLANEY

Seven hundred and eight six million, two hundred and forty thousand seconds, and then I'll be out!

139 INT. NUMBER ONE COURT, OLD BAILEY - DAY

139

The court is empty except for the lonely figure of Oxford sitting though fully. All around him WE HEAR Blaney's ECHOING VOICE.

BLANEY (V. O.)

(with echo)

Rusk did it! ... Rusk did it! I've told you all along ... Rusk! ... Rusk! ... If I ever get free watch out for me. One day I'll get the chance to kill you ... Rusk! ... Rusk!

140 INT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON - GALLERY - NIGHT 140
(MATTE)

Inside a London prison, WE SEE Blaney, dressed in prison uniform, walking along a gallery towards a flight of iron stairs. He is followed by a warder. Suddenly he leaps forward and takes a dive down the steps.

141 INT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 141

THE CAMERA IS SUDDENLY DOWN level with the concrete on the ground floor so that when Blaney's head lands, it FILLS THE SCREEN. Blood begins suddenly to ooze from the head, and WE HEAR in the b. g. the clattering boots of the running warder.

WARDER (V. O.)

(shouting)

Quick. Down 'ere. It's Blaney! I think he's topped himself. Come on ... double up you two.

THE CAMERA WIDENS OUT to show the arrival of the warder down the flight of stairs. He kneels by the prone Blaney, as two other warders rush up. Together they lift him up off the floor. His head flops backwards and a large goblet of blood snakes to the floor.

WARDER (V. O.)

Hold his head up there!

2ND WARDER (V. O.)

Is he dead.

1ST WARDER

He'd better be.

They carry him away and they pass out of sight BENEATH THE CAMERA.

142 EXT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON - NIGHT 142

An ambulance emerges from the prison gates and drives towards us. It makes a left turn, and drives two or three hundred yards down the road, and turns into the driveway of an adjacent building. We can just read the word "Hospital" on the facade of the building.

143 EXT. UNLOADING BAY OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - NIGHT 143

The ambulance comes to a stop, and two ambulance men emerge from the front, and open the back doors. The stretcher with Blaney on it, looking as one dead, is carefully lifted out, and carried into the hospital, under the watchful eyes of the two warders who accompany him.

44 INT. OXFORD'S OFFICE, SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

144

Oxford sits at his desk reading a letter. WE HEAR Porter's VOICE OVER.

PORTER (V. O.)

For what it's worth, I'd like to state that Richard Blaney was with us the whole day from 10 a.m. onwards, on the day he is supposed to have murdered the barmaid Milligan. Of course, we had no idea, at the time, he was a wanted man -- or naturally we would have done our duty and informed the police. Yours faithfully, Johnny Porter.

145 INT. TAXI CAB IN CONVENT GARDEN MARKET - DAY

145

Chief Inspector Oxford sits on the back seat of a taxi. Opposite him, on the jump seat sits a PHOTOGRAPHER with a large, long focus lens. The two men are looking intently out of the window, and WE SEE that the cab is moving slowly in an easterly direction along the Southern colonnade of Covent Garden.

OXFORD

You saw the sign -- Hartletts?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes sir.

OXFORD

Well, it's the big chap in the tweed suit, standing right underneath it. Did you see him?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes I did.

OXFORD

Good -- we'll go round once again, and, I want a good close mug shot.

We travel now with the camera in the f.g., the lens sticking out of the window. As we pass Rusk's shop, WE HEAR a series of very fast CLICKS as the photographer reels off four shots.

146 INT. INNER OFFICE OF BLANEY MATRIMONIAL AGENCY -
DAY

146

The scene starts on a CLOSE UP of a photograph of Rusk. WE PULL BACK to REVEAL that it is being held by Monica Barling, who now sits behind the desk in the chair recently occupied by her ex-employer, Brenda Blaney. Facing her is Oxford.

MONICA

Yes, Inspector, I remember him well.
He came here on two or three occasions.
(she sighs
theatrically)

Every business has its own special cross
to bear, I suppose.

OXFORD

And yours is men like this?

MONICA

That is so. Most of them, you can get rid
of easily enough, but Mr Robinson here was
particularly insistent. Simply wouldn't take
no for an answer.

OXFORD

Mr Robinson?

Monica hands the photograph back to Oxford, then rises and crosses
to the filing cabinet.

MONICA

Yes. That's the man's name.

She opens the cabinet, and after a little search, pulls out a card.

MONICA

Here we are. Mr William Robinson. As
you see, Inspector, he wished us to find for
him women who enjoyed -- well -- certain
peculiarities.

OXFORD

You mean who were sexual masochists?
... who enjoyed being hurt? That sort
of thing?

Continued

146 Continued

146

MONICA

Quite. Perhaps you had better read this for yourself.

She hands the card to Oxford who reads it and gives it back. She replaces it in the file.

MONICA

Naturally, we told him we couldn't oblige, but as I say, he kept coming back.

OXFORD

Is it likely, do you think, that if Mr Robinson couldn't get what he wanted from your Agency, he would go to others?

MONICA

Oh yes. Very likely. Men like that leave no stone unturned in their search for their disgusting gratifications.

THE CAMERA MOVES TO A CLOSE UP of Monica's face. On it indignation and frustrated prurience fight for supremacy, as the scene ends.

147 INT. THE LIVING ROOM/DINING AREA OF OXFORD'S APARTMENT - EVENING

147

Oxford is sitting at table. Well in evidence amongst the candles, finger bowls, and napery is a glass container from which Italian bread sticks protrude. Mrs Oxford ENTERS with a covered dish which she puts down on the table. Oxford eyes it apprehensively.

MRS OXFORD

I told you it wasn't Blaney, didn't I? I told you you were on the wrong track, Tim. A woman's intuition is worth far more than all those laboratories. I can't think why they don't teach it at police colleges.

Mrs Oxford bustles back towards the kitchen to get the plates.

OXFORD

So, you think it's Rusk, do you? You think he's our man?

147 Continued

147

MRS OXFORD
(shouting over her
shoulder)

Of course he is. Anyone can see that.
He knew both Mrs Blaney and that
Barbara whatsername, didn't he?

OXFORD

Yes.

Mrs Oxford stops by the kitchen door.

MRS OXFORD
Well, there you are. You told me the
man's a sexual pervert. That's why he
kept the clothes he put in poor Mr Blaney's
case.

She DISAPPEARS into the kitchen.

148 INT. KITCHEN OF OXFORD'S APARTMENT - EVENING

148

Mrs Oxford picks up a plate from the warming drawer of the cooker.

OXFORD (V. O.)
We've no proof of that.

MRS OXFORD
It stands to reason.

She walks back through the door into the dining area.

149 INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING AREA OF OXFORD'S APARTMENT - 149
EVENING

Mrs Oxford walks back with the plate and puts it on the table.

OXFORD
Don't you mean intuition?

She makes a face at him. Oxford again looks nervously at the covered
dish.

OXFORD
What does your intuition tell you I want
for dinner tonight?

Continued

MRS OXFORD

A steak and a baked potato. But you're getting a pied de porc a la mode de Caens.

She takes the cover off the dish to REVEAL a pig's trotter lying in a heavy sauce. Oxford contemplates it with fortitude.

OXFORD

It looks like a pig's trotter.

MRS OXFORD

That's what it is. I've put it in the same sauce the French use for tripe.

Mrs Oxford heaps the plate with trotter and sauce, and puts it down in front of her husband.

OXFORD

That's comforting.

MRS OXFORD

So, when are you going to arrest this Mr Robinson, or Rusk, or whatever he's called?

OXFORD

When I have the proof I need. It tends to take a little longer to acquire than intuitive insights.

MRS OXFORD

How much longer? When will you have it?

OXFORD

In a few minutes, I hope, dear.

MRS OXFORD

(excited)

Really! You old slyboots! Tell!

Oxford cuts the trotter, and takes a small mouthful -- which he chews thoughtfully, and at length. His wife watches anxiously for his reaction. He gives her a reassuring smile, and satisfied, she turns away for a second. As she does so, he flips the piece out of his mouth, onto the plate, with a deft gesture.

Continued

OXFORD

Well, we know that if Mr Rusk is the murderer, he travelled up in the potato truck with his victim.

MRS OXFORD

How do we know that?

OXFORD

Did you ever hear of a corpse that cut itself out of a tied sack?

MRS OXFORD

H'm. What did he want to take the corpse out of the sack for?

OXFORD

Obviously, he was looking for something.

MRS OXFORD

How do you know that?

OXFORD

The corpse was deep in rigor mortis. He had to break the fingers of the right hand to retrieve what they held.

Unconsciously, Mrs Oxford takes a stick of Italian bread -- and breaks it, with a sharp snap. Oxford winces.

OXFORD

You know, it would be so nice to get back to plain bread in this house.

Mrs Oxford, still unaware, breaks the bread stick in another place.

MRS OXFORD

What do you think they held? A locket?
A brooch?

(dramatic voice)

A cross?

OXFORD

It had to be something that would incriminate him -- something that he missed after he'd put the body on the truck -- a monogrammed handkerchief, perhaps.

Continued

MRS OXFORD

Not a cross, I think.

OXFORD

I don't see why not. Religious and sexual mania are closely linked.

Mrs Oxford purses her lips in disapproval.

OXFORD

Anyway, whatever it was, he found it -- which was unlucky for us. But, we had one piece of good fortune. The truck driver told us that he only stopped once on his journey, and that was at a pull-in, some way out of London.

MRS OXFORD

A pull-in?

OXFORD

It's a cafe frequented by truck drivers, dear.

He stirs his pied de porc round the plate, miserably.

OXFORD

(miserably)

It serves humble food like bacon and egg sandwiches, and sausages and mashed potatoes with tea or coffee.

Mrs Oxford looks meaningfully at his plate. Oxford picks up a small piece of meat and chews it manfully.

MRS OXFORD

(sharply)

How is it so fortunate that this driver stopped there?

Oxford swallows the meat piecemeal. He forces an appreciative smile to his lips.

OXFORD

It's not so much that he stopped there, but that he stopped only once that is

Continued

OXFORD (Cont)

important. The only place our man could have escaped from the truck was there, at that café. I sent Sergeant Spearman up there earlier today to see if anybody could remember Rusk being there. I'm expecting him back at any moment.

MRS OXFORD

Well, eat up, dear. You'll want to be finished by the time he arrives.

Oxford picks up another piece of meat and chews doggedly.

OXFORD

Tasty. Very tasty! -- Not a lot of meat on it, mind.

MRS OXFORD

No sense in gorging, dear. I'll just pop into the kitchen and start beating up my egg whites for my soufflé.

She goes out to the kitchen. He groans, and searches desperately for some way to cut up the trotter. By heaving on it powerfully, using his knife and fork like opposite ends of a chest expander, he manages to separate it, to REVEAL a tiny morsel of meat, which he eats. Finally, he picks up one of the pieces and sinks his teeth in it. They hit bone. With a sigh, he puts it down as the doorbell rings. Oxford rises thankfully from the table and goes to answer it.

150 INT. HALLWAY, OXFORD'S APARTMENT - EVENING

150

Oxford opens the door. Sergeant Spearman ENTERS, looking satisfied with himself. Oxford closes the door behind him.

OXFORD

Evening, Sergeant.

SPEARMAN

Evening, sir. I hope I'm not interrupting your dinner.

OXFORD

(hurriedly)

No, no. Not at all ... put your hat and coat on the chair inside.

151 INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM, OXFORD'S APARTMENT - 151
EVENING

Oxford and the Sergeant ENTER the main room. The Sergeant puts his coat and hat down where indicated, and follows Oxford back into the centre of the room. Mrs Oxford comes out of the kitchen to greet him.

MRS OXFORD

Good evening, Sergeant Spearman. What would you like to drink.

SPEARMAN

Good evening, madam. Well, I don't know that ...

He looks enquiringly at his superior.

OXFORD

It's all right, Sergeant, you're off duty, now.

MRS OXFORD

How about a Margarita ?

Sergeant Spearman looks blank.

MRS OXFORD

It's delicious. Tequila, triple sec, fresh lemon juice and salt pressed round the top of the glass. You'll love it.

SPEARMAN

(doubtfully)

Thank you, madam.

Mrs Oxford moves into the kitchen to make the drink. He exchanges a look with Oxford.

OXFORD

Sergeant Spearman, you are positively glutinous with self-approbation. You might as well speak out.

SPEARMAN

Yes sir. The woman behind the counter at the café positively identified Rusk from the photo I showed her, as being a man who

Continued

151 Continued

151

SPEARMAN (Cont)
called at the café the night the body was
discovered. And that's not all.

He pauses for effect -- one finger raised.

OXFORD
Are you waiting for a roll of drums,
Sergeant?

SPEARMAN
No sir. Sorry sir. The woman also said
Rusk was dishevelled and very dusty, and
asked to borrow a clothes brush. This is
the brush she lent him.

The Sergeant goes to his coat and takes from the pocket a newspaper-
wrapped parcel. He takes it over to the table, opens it to REVEAL a
well-worn clothes brush, and lays it down beside the mauled pigs
trotter.

SPEARMAN
See, sir -- there's dust in the bristles.

Oxford picks up the brush and looks at the bristles closely.

OXFORD
So there is.

He sniffs the brush gingerly. Slowly a triumphant smile crosses
his face.

OXFORD
What do you say, Spearman -- potato
dust?

Sergeant Spearman grins happily, as Mrs Oxford returns with the
Margarita. She hands it to the dubious Sergeant.

MRS OXFORD
Here you are, Sergeant. Cheers!

SPEARMAN
Cheers, madam.

Continued

151 Continued - 2

151

He takes the tiniest sip and covertly puts the glass down on a side table. Oxford turns to his wife.

OXFORD

Well, did you hear all that?

MRS OXFORD

Yes. I told you so. I knew all the time.

OXFORD

Quite.

He hands the brush back to the Sergeant.

OXFORD

(formally)

Get this down to the lab as soon as possible, will you.

SPEARMAN

Very good, sir.

Spearman re-wraps the brush in the newspaper, and moves towards the hallway. Mrs Oxford, bleakly notes the virtually untouched Margarita.

OXFORD

It rather looks like we put the wrong man away, this time.

MRS OXFORD

What do you mean, we? You put him away.

OXFORD

(embarrassed)

All right, Spearman, you can get along now.

SPEARMAN

Good night madam -- sir.

MRS OXFORD

You haven't finished your drink.

SPEARMAN

I'm sorry madam. I have to get to the lab in a hurry.

Continued

51 Continued - 3

151

Spearman picks up his hat and coat purposefully. Mrs Oxford sighs profoundly.

OXFORD

Good night, Spearman. And good work!
Very good work!

SPEARMAN

Thank you, sir.

The Sergeant LEAVES and WE HEAR the door close behind him.

MRS OXFORD

That poor Mr Blaney. You've got to get him out, Tim -- immediately.

OXFORD

Well he's in hospital at the moment but I'll talk to the Assistant Commissioner in the morning and get the case reopened. He won't like it, but there's quite enough evidence for a pardon.

MRS OXFORD

Will they give him any compensation?

OXFORD

I expect they'll give him some money, but there's no real way to compensate in cases like these.

MRS OXFORD

Poor man. The least thing you can do is invite him up here for a good dinner. Let's see - we will obviously need something substantial. I think a nice Caneton aux cerises.

OXFORD

What's that?

MRS OXFORD

Duckling with a heavy sweet cherry sauce.

OXFORD

After that jail food he's been having, I expect he'll eat anything.

Continued

151 Continued - 4

151

Mrs Oxford fixes her husband with an icy stare, and picking up Sergeant Spearman's Margarita, drains it heroically.

MRS OXFORD

(stiffly)

Excuse me. I must see if my souffle's started to rise.

She sweeps out of the room back to the kitchen.

152 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

152

Inside the hospital ward the lights are still on. THE CAMERA TRACKS DOWN the ward to find Blaney in his bed. As it does so, WE SEE the prisoner patients raising their heads off their pillows in expectancy. Blaney carefully raises his head, which is still heavily bandaged, and peers down the ward in the direction of the UNIFORMED GUARD who sits by the ward door, at a table with a paper and a cup and saucer on it. Unable to get a clear view because of a screen, he consults the tough looking prisoner who is lying in the next bed.

BLANEY

(whispering)

Are the pills working?

The prisoner opens one sly eye and flicks a look down the ward. The guard is sound asleep.

PRISONER

(whispering)

'e's sleeping like a baby.

BLANEY

Do you think we gave him enough?

PRISONER

Christ, mate -- e's 'ad 'arf a dozen.

BLANEY

Good. Now, I'm off to get that bastard, Rusk.

PRISONER

Better make sure.

Continued

152 Continued

152

He calls down to GEORGE, a prisoner in the end bed.

PRISONER

All right, George?

George steps out of his bed and gives the sleeping guard a gentle push. He slumps slowly to the floor. George gives a delighted sign that all is well.

PRISONER

(to Blaney)

Right, boy. Time to go. Mind you --- do him up good. And take this strip of mica - you might need it to open his door, if it's locked.

Blaney takes the strip of mica.

BLANEY

Thanks.

Blaney gets cautiously out of bed, and from under the pillow, he pulls out a long white interne's coat, and puts it on over his pyjamas. He then puts on his slippers. While he is doing this, the other prisoners have got out of their beds and start pounding on the door. After a few moments, INTERNES and NURSES rush in. One of the internes notices the tea cup, and tastes the contents with his finger.

INTERNE

Sleeping pills. They've given him all their pills. Quick -- Get him down to the theatre!

PRISONER

Can we all come doctor?

INSERT E

C.S. of remains of pills in bottle.

A HIGH SHOT of the ward SHOWS a crowd of milling nurses, internes and prisoners gathered round the sleeping guard. Some are attempting to raise him from the floor. In all the commotion, we scarcely notice Blaney slipping out of the ward. The guard is carried through the door. The prisoners crowd forward.

Continued

152 Continued - 2

152

INTERNE

Get back. Get back everyone.

The prisoners fall back as the nurses and internes leave. The door is closed and locked upon them.

153 INT. CORRIDOR OF HOSPITAL - NIGHT

153

The corridor is fairly crowded with nurses and internes predominating. Blaney walks from the distance into the foreground. His white coat making him totally inconspicuous. The CAMERA PANS with him to swing doors. He goes through them and exits shot.

154 DELETED

154

155 EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK AND MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

155

A HIGH SHOT as Blaney COMES OUT of the hospital, and walks briskly across the car park, and out into the main road. His white coat makes him an easy target to follow, he crosses to the other side of the road. We see him go to the nearest car.

156 EXT. THE ROAD OUTSIDE WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON - NIGHT

156

Blaney COMES TOWARDS US furtively trying the doors of every parked car along the street to see if he can find one that is not locked. Almost immediately outside the jail, he finds a small saloon with the windows open. He walks round to the driver's side and we watch through the window, as he opens that door, and looks in vain for the keys. Quickly, he locates and pulls the catch which releases the bonnet (hood) of the car. He closes the door, and goes round to the front to lift it up. As he does this, a YOUNG COUPLE stroll by, arm in arm. The girl nudges the boy and points to Blaney's pyjamas and slippers. He looks, then the two of them slowly turn to look at the prison. Their eyes widen in surprise, then the boy pulls the girl away down the street.

BOY

(whispering
fiercely)

Come on.

Continued

156 Continued

156

After a few paces, the girl twists round for a last unbelieving look, but the boy's pace doesn't slacken.

WE NOW CUT to a CLOSE UP of the engine of the car, as Blaney's hands take two wires, and touch them together. The engine leaps to life. Immediately, he closes the bonnet, and gets in the car behind the wheel, and drives off. The boy and girl, now some thirty yards away from us, stop and watch him go.

157 INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM OF OXFORD'S APARTMENT 157
NIGHT

In the Oxford apartment, Mrs Oxford is removing the battered remains of the pied de porc. She examines what her husband has left, critically, and bends on him a look of reproach. He is sitting in an armchair reading a book and affects not to notice.

MRS OXFORD

(tartly)

You must be hungry, Tim. Sit down at the table and I'll bring in the soufflé. It's just about ready, and it's got to be eaten at once.

Under her stern eye, he obediently rises and makes his way towards the table as she goes into the kitchen. Suddenly the telephone rings. Oxford turns and answers it.

OXFORD

(into telephone)

Good God! When was this?

(he listens)

Right! ... What's that? ... I've a good idea. Yes ... Five minutes? I'll wait outside.

He hangs up and yells to his wife in the kitchen.

OXFORD

I'm off. Blaney's escaped, and I bet I know where he's gone.

He dashes out of the room, and WE HEAR the front door SLAM. Mrs Oxford EMERGES from the kitchen, carrying her soufflé. She looks round the empty room in exasperation then at her soufflé which slowly starts to deflate.

158 EXT. COVENT GARDEN, WESTERN SIDE - NIGHT

158

A WIDE ANGLED SHOT of Convent Garden at night. It is about ten o'clock, and the market is deserted. The car stolen by Blaney comes to a stop on the northwest corner of Covent Garden. The lights are put out.

159 INT. CAR, COVENT GARDEN - NIGHT

159

Blaney sits in the car looking cautiously out of all the windows in turn. Assured that the coast is clear, he reaches back to the floor behind him, and brings out the lever used for jacking up the car. He then opens the car door and gets out.

160 EXT. COVENT GARDEN MARKET, WESTERN SIDE - NIGHT

160

Blaney conceals the car jack lever under his white coat, and creeps carefully towards Rusk's doorway on the other side of the square, outside of which is parked a rent-a-van.

161 EXT. COVENT GARDEN, WESTERN SIDE - NIGHT

161

A TRAVELLING SHOT of Blaney APPROACHING closer to Rusk's doorway. With a sudden quick darting movement, he crosses the road, and is in the hallway of the house.

162 INT. HALLWAY AND STAIRS OF RUSK'S BUILDING - NIGHT

162

Once in the hallway, Blaney produces the jack lever from under his coat and starts to tip-toe up the stairs, treading as softly as he can. He turns the corner at the top and silently APPROACHES the door to Rusk's apartment. With his free hand he inserts the strip of mica between the Yale lock and the door jamb. Surprised, he withdraws it, and quietly turns the door knob. To his relief it opens, and opens quietly. He passes inside. The hand holding the lever begins to raise.

163 INT. RUSK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

163

Blaney enters the room. A light burns on a bedside table, illuminating the bed reasonably strongly. Blaney looks across at it, and notes the humped figure under the bedclothes. He crosses the room with quick, silent strides, and stands over the recumbent form triumphantly. Very slowly, savouring the moment, he lifts the lever -- stands poised for a long moment -- then brings it down on the head with three brutal smashes. A dark-skinned hand and arm fall from under the blanket. It is wearing a quantity of gold bangles which clash together as they slide down the arm. Blaney looks down at it in astonish-

Continued

ment, and then quickly pulls back the blanket. WE SEE the dead face of a strangled Pakistani girl. Her tongue protrudes hideously, in the usual manner; a light coloured tie is knotted round her neck. The lever slips from his hand, and he bends down and picks the girl off the pillow by her shoulders and looks intently at her. The noise of the flat door closing makes him turn. Standing in the room is Chief Inspector Oxford. With a start, Blaney lets the dead girl fall back on the bed. The two men stare at each other for a long moment. Finally Oxford shakes his head sadly. Blaney utters a great cry of disbelief.

BLANEY

No! ... No! ... It's not what you ...

OXFORD

Come on.

Blaney takes a stumbling step towards Oxford, holding out his arms as if almost inviting the handcuffs. Suddenly, WE HEAR a curious BUMPING NOISE, which gets louder and louder as it APPROACHES the door. The bumping stops and is replaced by a DRAGGING SOUND. With a quick gesture, Oxford motions Blaney to be quiet. The two men freeze into a tableau. The noise stops and suddenly the door is flung open, and Rusk starts to MOVE INTO the room, dragging behind him, an old trunk. His shirt is open at the neck. He stops and looks at the two men in amazement. There is silence between them for a very long moment -- then quietly, Oxford breaks it.

OXFORD

Good evening, Mr Rusk. You don't have your tie on.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN to an EXTREME CLOSE UP of Rusk's horrified face. Instinctively, his eyes flick directly to the body. The trunk drops to the floor with a crash and his mouth opens wide; but no sound comes.

FINIS