

OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT

EPISODE 1

IT MUST BE THE SUIT

by

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1 INT. CELLAR. NIGHT. 1

(IN MONOCHROME) BLURRED FORMS, WRAITH LIKE IMAGES, MOVE WITHIN THE CLAUSTROPHOBIC CONFINES OF A SMALL UNDERGROUND SPACE - SILENCE -

AS THE IMAGES HARDEN, WE ARE GRADUALLY AWARE OF FIVE MEN SILHOUETTED IN THE UNCOMPROMISING GLARE OF TWO POWERFUL LAMPS PLACED STRATEGICALLY TO LIGHT A CELLAR WALL.

SLOWLY SOUNDS CREEP IN, THEIR BREATHING, TENSE AND NERVOUS, THEIR SHUFFLING MOVEMENTS AMONG THE DEBRIS FROM HOLES DRILLED IN THE WALL, MUFFLED INSTRUCTIONS WHISPERED FROM ONE TO ANOTHER. ALL OF THEM ARE WEARING DARK BLUE COVERALLS AND PINK RUBBER GLOVES.

THE IMAGES BEGIN TO FOCUS AS THE SOUNDS BUILD. A MONTAGE OF DETAILS HOOK TOGETHER AS THE MEN MOVE IN AND OUT OF THE SHROUD OF WHITE LIGHT ...

HANDS IN PINK RUBBER GLOVES WORKING AT THE WALL WITH CALM PRECISION, PUSHING GELIGNITE INTO THE HOLES.

SWEAT POURING DOWN A SPADE'S NECK, HIS FACE TURNED AWAY.

AN ANXIOUS GLANCE AT A WRIST WATCH UNDER A PINK GLOVE.

A MOTH HOVERS, TRANSFIXED IN THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

SNOT AND DUST ARE BLOWN FROM A NOSE.

THE CALIGARI SHADOWS PROJECTED ON THE WALLS.

TOOLS LYING AROUND READY FOR USE, PICK, SHORT HANDLED SHOVEL, CROWBARS, PLASTIC BUCKETS, ROPE ...

A CUP OF HOT COFFEE POURED FROM A THERMOS AND PASSED ON.

THE SUDDEN FLARE OF A MATCH AS A CIGARETTE IS LIT.

ONE OF THE TEAM HAVING A QUIET PISS IN A DARK CORNER.

TWO OLD SINGLE MATTRESSES PROPPED AGAINST A WALL.

A TWIST GRIP FIRING DEVICE, ROLLS OF WIRE, A CARDBOARD BOX OF DETONATORS, A PAIR OF WIRE STRIPPERS.

CONTINUED:

A LEATHER SACHEL OF SPECIALIST TOOLS PUT WELL OUT OF THE WAY.

AS THE IMAGES AND SOUNDS LOCK TOGETHER WE START TO SEE THE FIVE INDIVIDUALS WHO MAKE UP THE TEAM:--

FRANK ROSS (31) BIG, GOOD LOOKING, SIPPING THE COFFEE, A SMEAR OF DIRT ACROSS HIS FACE, HIS EYES TOTALLY CONCENTRATED ON THE WORK IN PROGRESS.

VIC LEE (35) THIN, BALDING, CHEWING GUM, WORKING WITH QUIET CONFIDENCE WIRING UP THE WALL. FRANK LOWERS THE PLASTIC CUP OF COFFEE, VIC BREAKS OFF FOR A MOMENT TO TAKE A MOUTHFUL.

(PRETTY) BILLY BINNS (24) EVERY YOUNG GIRL'S WET DREAM, CURLY HAIR, WICKED EYES, COCK LIKE A COBRA. HE MOVES AWAY FROM THE REST TO CHECK HIS TOOLS IN THE LEATHER BAG BY THE LIGHT OF A SMALL HAND TORCH.

BERNIE MACHEN (20) SPADE, HARD, THE WET END OF A HALF SMOKED CIGAR CLENCHED IN HIS PIKE SMILE TEETH. HE STARTS TO MOVE ANY GEAR THAT ISN'T BEING USED BACK FROM THE POTENTIAL BLAST AREA.

RALPH VENEKER (33) MASSIVE, FIST KISSED FACE, DRINKS SCALDING COFFEE STRAIGHT FROM THE THERMOS AS THOUGH HE HAS AN ASBESTOS THROAT. THEN HE STABS A HALF SMOKED SNOUT BETWEEN HIS LIPS AND GOES TO HELP BERNIE.

THE WALL IS LEGGED (WIRED). VIC AND FRANK RUN THE ROLL OF WIRE BACK TO THE FIRING DEVICE ROUND THE CORNER OF THE CELLAR WHERE BILLY IS WITH HIS BAG.

RALPH AND BERNIE MOVE THE LAMPS BACK THEN THEY PICK UP THE MATTRESSES AND PLACE THEM OVER THE CHARGES, AGAINST THE WALL.

VIC CUTS THE WIRES, STRIPS THE END, WETS THEM IN HIS MOUTH, THEN CLIPS THEM ONTO THE FIRING DEVICE.

BERNIE AND RALPH COME BACK ROUND THE CORNER FOR COVER. VIC STUFFS COTTONWOOL INTO HIS EARS. THE OTHERS CROUCH DOWN AND WRAP THEIR ARMS ROUND THEIR HEADS FOR PROTECTION. FRANK SMILES BRIEFLY AT VIC ... THEN VIC TWISTS THE FIRING HANDLE.

THE WALL DISINTEGRATES (OVER CRANKED) THE MATTRESSES ARE FLUNG ACROSS THE CELLAR ... JUMP CUT TO!!!

2 EXT. TUNNEL. DAY. 2

THE ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION CROSS FADES INTO THE ROAR OF A TRAIN SCREAMING INTO THE BLACK HOLE OF A TUNNEL! (FULL COLOUR).

3 INT. CARRIAGE. DAY. 3

THE LIGHTS FROM THE CARRIAGE STROBE ON THE TUNNEL WALL. FRANK ROSS, EIGHT YEARS OLDER, THINNER, DRESSED IN AN ILL-FITTING SUIT, A SHABBY HOLDALL ON THE SEAT BESIDE HIM, STARES BLANKLY OUT OF THE GRIMEY WINDOW, HIS FACE ETCHED WITH FATIGUE.

THE TUNNEL ENDS WITH A SPLASH OF LIGHT, THE TRAIN ROARS ON, THE ENDLESS BACKDROP OF COUNTRYSIDE SMEARS MONOTONOUSLY BY.

FRANK TURNS AWAY FROM THE WINDOW, TAKES A SNOOT TIN FROM HIS POCKET, OPENS IT AND STARTS TO ROLL A SMOKE. THE TRAIN HURTTLES ON, THUNDERS THROUGH A DERELICT STATION AND OUT AGAIN INTO THE UNIMPOSING COUNTRYSIDE.

FRANK RUNS HIS TONGUE ALONG THE GUMMED EDGE OF THE PAPER, ROLLS THE SMOKE, PRESSES IT BETWEEN HIS LIPS AND LIGHTS IT.

THE CARRIAGE DOOR CRASHES OPEN. FRANK LOOKS UP, ALARMED! THE METALIC CRASH OF A CELL DOOR AND THE OMINOUS RATTLE OF KEYS IN LOCKS ECHO THROUGH HIS MIND. A TICKET INSPECTOR STANDS IN THE CARRIAGE DOORWAY WITH A CONFIDENCE BORDERING ON ARROGANCE. FOR A FLEETING MOMENT FRANK SEES HIM AS A SCREW STANDING IN HIS PETER DOORWAY. THE SCREWS HAVE THAT SAME INSOLENCE, ONLY THEIRS WAS DANGEROUS, CROSS THEM AND YOU COULD END UP WITH A BLEEDING KIDNEY OR DOG SHIT IN YOUR FOOD.

THE TICKET INSPECTOR ENTERS THE CARRIAGE AND RUNS A SUSPICIOUS EYE OVER THE BIG MAN IN THE ILL-FITTING SUIT WITH THE ROLL-UP STUCK BETWEEN HIS LIPS. HE HAS SEEN RELEASED PRISONERS BEFORE, THEY WERE NATURAL VICTIMS, YEARS OF BLIND OBEDIENCE HAD SLOWLY DRAINED THEM OF SELF RESPECT.

TICKET INSPECTOR

Ticket?

FRANK CHECKS HIS POCKETS FOR HIS TICKET ... CAN'T FIND IT. THE TICKET INSPECTOR STANDS ALMOST MENACINGLY OVER HIM AS FRANK REACHES FOR THE SHABBY HOLDALL BESIDE HIM. HE OPENS IT AND FERRETS DOWN AMONG THE PAUCITY OF POSSESSIONS, ANGRY AT BEING FORCED TO PERFORM.

CONTINUED:

TICKET INSPECTOR

You'll have to pay!

FRANK SUDDENLY FINDS THE TICKET. HE HOLDS IT OUT TO THE INSPECTOR. DISAPPOINTED HE TAKES IT, CHECKS IT, CLIPS IT, PASSES IT BACK, WALKS TO THE OPEN DOOR, AND TURNS BACK TO FRANK DETERMINED TO ESTABLISH HIS AUTHORITY. HE POINTS TO A "NO SMOKING" SIGN ON THE WINDOW.

TICKET INSPECTOR

Can't you read?

THERE IS A SUDDEN MOMENT OF POTENTIAL VIOLENCE. FRANK GLARES AT THE CUNT, THEN TURNS BACK TO THE WINDOW. THE TICKET INSPECTOR SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT AND MOVES LIKE A BLUE SERGE PREDITOR UP THE CORRIDOR.

4 EXT. STATION. DAY. 4

THE TRAIN PULLS SLOWLY INTO EUSTON STATION. THE DOORS OPEN LIKE SO MANY GILLS. PASSENGERS JUMP OFF AND HURRY UP THE PLATFORM, PULLING THEIR COATS ROUND THEM TO KEEP OUT THE WINTER CHILL.

START TO TAKE OPENING TITLES SUPERED OVER THE ACTION.

OUT

5 INT. CARRIAGE. DAY. 5

FRANK IS SUDDENLY OVERCOME WITH A MORBID DREAD OF THE BUSY STATION OUTSIDE. HE SITS STIFFLY IN HIS SEAT, CLUTCHING HIS HOLDALL, SWEAT POURING DOWN HIS FACE.

SUPER SECOND CAPTION:

1.

THE DIN OF THE STATION OUTSIDE GROWS AND GROWS UNTIL IT DEAFENS FRANK, HE SITS WEDGED IN THE CORNER, EYES CLOSED, FISTS CLENCHED, BREATHING LIKE A BOXER IN BETWEEN ROUNDS. SUELMINAL IMAGES FROM THE STATION START TO BOMBARD HIM.

SUPER THIRD CAPTION:

IT MUST BE THE SUIT

CONTINUED:

FRANK FORCES HIMSELF TO HIS FEET, HIS LEGS HAVE TURNED TO PISS. HE MOVES UNSTEADILY INTO THE CORRIDOR.

6 EXT. STATION. DAY. 6

FRANK STEPS LIKE A DRUNK OUT ONTO THE PLATFORM AND FORCES HIMSELF FORWARD. HE SUDDENLY FEELS THE BITING WINTER COLD THROUGH HIS THIN SUIT. HE MAKES HIS WAY SLOWLY THROUGH THE BUSY STATION CONCOURSE. THE SKIRMISH OF PEOPLE MOVING IN ALL DIRECTIONS LIKE ANTS ON AN ORANGE MAKES HIM ANXIOUS AND HESITANT, HE TRIES TO AVOID PHYSICAL CONTACT, HUGGING THE HOLDALL TO HIS BODY LIKE A FRIGHTENED REFUGEE. THEN, AS HE MOVES THROUGH THE CROWD THE PANIC EBBS AWAY LIKE THE TEMPORARY PAIN OF HOT TEA ON A ROTTEN TOOTH.

7 EXT. TAXI RANK. DAY. 7

A REGIMENT OF BLACK CABS WAIT FOR FARES. FRANK MOVES TO ONE DRIVEN BY A BIG MAN ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS FRANK. HE IS WEARING A DENIM HAT AND HAS LONG SIDEBARDS. A BIT OF A LAD.

DRIVER

Where to chief?

FRANK

Tulse Hill.

FRANK CLIMBS INTO THE CAB. THE DRIVER REACTS TO THE DISTANCE OF THE JOURNEY.

DRIVER

Tulse Hill!

FRANK

I'll tell you where when we get there.

DRIVER

That's a long way.

FRANK

(IMPASSIVE) Yeah.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT FRANK THAT TELLS THE CABBIE NOT TO ARGUE. HE SHRUGS PHILOSOPHICALLY, GETS INTO HIS CAB, SETS THE METER AND DRIVES AWAY FROM THE STATION RANK.

8 INT. TAXI. DAY. 8

AS THE TAXI MAKES ITS WAY SLOWLY THROUGH THE CENTRE OF LONDON FRANK STARES OUT OF THE WINDOW, NOT QUITE BELIEVING JUST HOW MUCH IT HAS CHANGED IN EIGHT YEARS - THE FILTH IN THE STREETS, THE ANARCHY OF TRAFFIC, THE UNEXAMPLED UGLINESS OF THE NEW BUILDINGS, THE TAT DENIM BOUTIQUES, PIZZA PARLOURS, CUNT AND GUN FILMS, THE STRESS AND DEPRESSION ETCHED ON THE FACES OF THE SCURRYING PEOPLE, HE CAN FEEL THE TENSION, HE CAN SMELL THE MIASMA OF FRUSTRATION AND APATHY, FRANK LOVES LONDON AND IT ANGERS HIM.

9 EXT. VAUXHALL BRIDGE. DAY. 9

THE TAXI EASES ITS WAY ACROSS THE RIVER, THROUGH THE TRAFFIC, OVER VAUXHALL BRIDGE, HEADING FOR SOUTH LONDON.

10 INT. TAXI. DAY. 10

FRANK LOOKS AT THE COLD GREY WATER AND THE BRIDGES IN THE DISTANCE. THE FURTHER SOUTH HE TRAVELS THE MORE HE SEEMS TO RELAX.

THREE YOUNG GIRLS RUN ACROSS THE ROAD IN FRONT OF THE TAXI, THEIR FACES AN EXPLOSION OF PUNK MAQUILLAGE, THEIR CLOTHES EXTREME.

DRIVER

If the bleedin' Martians landed  
what would they think?

FRANK ONLY HALF HEARS.

FRANK

What?

THE CABBIE NODS AT THE THREE GIRLS AS THEY DISAPPEAR DOWN THE ROAD.

DRIVER

What do they think they look  
like? A cross between old  
brass and an 'orror film!  
(HE LAUGHS AT HIS OWN  
INGENUITY) Right little  
tossspots!

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7.

FRANK  
It's changed.

DRIVER  
You bin away?

FRANK  
Yeah.

DRIVER  
Long?

FRANK  
Too long.

DRIVER  
It has changed.

11 EXT. ROAD. DAY. 11

THE CAB MOVES DOWN THE STOCKWELL ROAD AND ON PAST THE BLOOD RED EMPIRE OF PRIDE AND CLARKE. EVERY OTHER FACE IS BLACK.

12 INT. TAXI. DAY. 12

THE DRIVER CHATS TO FRANK AS HE DRIVES, OVER HIS SHOULDER.

DRIVER  
Slits ... Sootys ... Towl'eads ... Yanks  
... Frogs ... Itiis ... Bubbles ... there  
soon won't be a Londoner left in the Smoke!

FRANK ISN'T REALLY LISTENING TO THE CAB DRIVER'S COMIC PREJUDICE.

DRIVER  
I 'ad a fare the other day who'd just  
knocked out eight grand down Bond Street,  
presents for his wives ... eight grand!  
I could buy a new cab for that!

13 EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA. DAY. 13

THE CAB HEADS AWAY FROM THE WORST OF BRIXTON. TREES START TO APPEAR. MORE WHITE FACES.

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14 INT. TAXI. DAY.

14

THE CABBIE IS IN FULL FLOOD. FRANK JUST LISTENS TO HIS DIATRIBE.

DRIVER

Them juggernaughts ... soddin' monstrosities, how do they expect to keep the traffic movin' with them cowsons stuck up every street, half of 'em are foreign! (PAUSE) I know I've had enough ... I'm gonna turn it in, sign on the dole, why not, every other sod seems to. (BEAT) Nineteen years I've bin drivin' one of these pigs, ain't worth a bleedin' carrot!

THE CAB MAKES IT WAY DOWN A QUIET, TREE LINED ROAD OF DETACHED HOUSES MOST OF WHICH STAND IN THEIR OWN GROUNDS. FRANK SMILES SOFTLY TO HIMSELF. HE LEANS FORWARD.

FRANK

Hundred yards on the right.

15 EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD. DAY.

15

THE CAB STOPS IN FRONT OF A HOUSE WHICH LOOKS ABANDONED. THE EXTENSIVE FRONT GARDEN IS OVERGROWN, THE PAINT IS PEELING OFF THE FACADE, THE CURTAINS HAVE BEEN DRAWN ACROSS THE WINDOWS IN EVERY ROOM.

FRANK CLIMBS OUT OF THE CAB AND STANDS FOR A MOMENT JUST LOOKING AT IT, A MIXTURE OF RELIEF AND SADNESS ON HIS FACE. THE CABBIE CHECKS HIS METER.

DRIVER

Call it four quid, guv.

FRANK ONLY HALF HEARS. TURNS.

FRANK

How much?

DRIVER

Four quid ... bleedin' robbery ain't it?

AMENDED  
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FRANK TAKES A FEW POUNDS FROM HIS POCKET, THE MONEY HE WAS GIVEN WHEN HE WAS RELEASED. THERE ARE FIVE ONE POUND NOTES.

FRANK  
I've only got three.

THE CABBIE'S VOICE HARDENS.

DRIVER  
I'm doin' you a favour  
callin' it four!

FRANK FINDS SOME CHANGE IN HIS POCKET, HE STARTS TO COUNT IT OUT, NO WAY IS IT GOING TO MAKE THE EXTRA POUND. THE DRIVER WATCHES HIM CLOSELY.

DRIVER  
None of my business chief, but  
have you bin away, yer know,  
inside?

FRANK ISN'T OFFENDED.

FRANK  
It must be the suit?

FOR THE FIRST TIME A BIG SMILE CREASES THE CABBIE'S LUGUBRIOUS FACE.

DRIVER  
Have it on the Guvnor, he can bleedin'  
afford it, you're gonna need that few  
quid believe me.

FRANK IS MOVED BY THE CABBIE'S GENEROSITY, HE KNOWS HE'S HOME.

FRANK  
Thanks.

DRIVER  
Me bruver, young David, he done  
three at Wandsworth.

HE REVS THE TAXI AND PREPARES TO DRIVE OFF.

CONTINUED:

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## DRIVER

Evil swines ... give him a  
right 'ard time. (SMILES)  
Don't let the bastards wear  
you down cock!

FRANK SMILES AND WAVES TO THE CABBIE AS HE DRIVES OFF.  
THEN HE WALKS TO THE CHAIN AND PADLOCKED FRONT GATE  
AND CLIMBS OVER IT.

- 16 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE. DAY. 16
- FRANK MAKES HIS WAY UP THE WEED COVERED FRONT DRIVE  
TO THE FRONT DOOR.
- HE TAKES A KEY FROM HIS POCKET AND FITS IT INTO THE  
LOCK. HE TURNS THE KEY AND PUSHES THE DOOR TO ENTER,  
BUT THE DOOR WILL NOT OPEN. HE PUSHES HARDER BUT  
THE DOOR REMAINS OBDUKATE.
- 17 EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD. DAY. 17
- A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN, OSTENSIBLY WALKING HER DOG,  
WATCHES FRANK UNEASILY FROM THE COVER OF THE HEDGE  
AS HE TRIES THE DOOR YET AGAIN.
- THE DOG TRIES TO PULL HER ON, DOWN THE ROAD FOR ITS  
AFTERNOON WALK. BUT SHE IS FAR TOO INTERESTED IN  
WHAT FRANK IS DOING.
- 18 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE. DAY. 18
- FRANK GIVES UP WITH THE FRONT DOOR. HE MAKES HIS  
WAY ROUND TO THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE.
- 19 EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD. DAY. 19
- THE WOMAN WATCHES CAREFULLY.
- 20 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE (SIDE). DAY. 20
- FRANK TRIES THE SIDE DOOR BUT THAT TOO IS LOCKED.

- 21 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE. DAY. 21  
THE WOMAN WATCHES AS FRANK MAKES HIS WAY ROUND TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE.
- 22 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE (REAR). DAY. 22  
FRANK ARRIVES AT THE FRENCH WINDOWS AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE, THEY TOO ARE LOCKED. HE HALF TURNS AWAY AND THEN EXPERTLY HAMMERS HIS ELBOW THROUGH ONE OF THE SMALL PANES OF GLASS.
- 23 EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD. DAY. 23  
WHEN SHE HEARS THE CRASH OF BREAKING GLASS, THE WOMAN, ALARMED, HURRIES OFF, DRAGGING HER PET BEHIND HER.
- 24 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE (REAR). DAY. 24  
FRANK HAS HIS ARM THROUGH THE BROKEN PANE, HE LIFTS THE CATCH AND OPENS THE FRENCH WINDOWS.
- 25 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE. DAY. 25  
FRANK ENTERS ONE OF THE MAIN DOWNSTAIRS ROOMS. ALL THE FURNITURE IS COCOONED IN GREYING DUST SHEETS. THE PICTURES HAVE BEEN REMOVED FROM THE WALLS AND THERE ARE NO ORNAMENTS ON THE SHELVES.  
FRANK REMOVES ONE OF THE DUST COVERS FROM A CHAIR. HE WEARILY DROPS DOWN INTO THE CHAIR AND JUST - SITS.
- 26 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE (KITCHEN). DAY. 26  
FRANK WANDERS INTO THE KITCHEN. THE TELEPHONE EXTENSION HAS BEEN REMOVED, LEAVING THE WIRES BARE.  
HE TRIES THE LIGHT SWITCH - BUT OF COURSE, THE ELECTRICITY SUPPLY HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED. HE TURNS A TAP ON - TO HIS SURPRISE, RUST COLOURED WATER STUTTERS OUT! HE TURNS IT OFF.  
THEN HE PICKS UP A HALF USED BOTTLE OF HAND LOTION, COVERED IN DUST, USED BY HIS WIFE, YEARS PREVIOUS.

- 27 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE. DAY. 27
- FRANK HAS MOVED INTO ANOTHER OF THE MAIN ROOMS DOWNSTAIRS. HE REMOVES THE DUST SHEET FROM A TABLE.
- UNDERNEATH HE FINDS A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH LYING FACE DOWN. HE GENTLY LIFTS IT UP AND LOOKS AT IT. IT IS A WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH, BRIDE AND GROOM CUTTING THE CAKE, FRANK AND HIS WIFE, EVE, IN 1959. EVE IS VERY ATTRACTIVE, EVEN BEAUTIFUL. THE HAPPINESS THAT RADIATES FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH CONTRASTS SHARPLY WITH FRANK'S SALLOW SADNESS. HE MOVES OUT OF THE ROOM TAKING THE PHOTOGRAPH WITH HIM.
- 28 INT. PAUL'S ROOM. DAY. 28
- FRANK ENTERS HIS SON PAUL'S ROOM. HE REMOVES THE DUST SHEET FROM A TOY BOX, OPENS IT AND TAKES OUT A DEFLATED FOOTBALL ... THEN A PAIR OF VERY SMALL BOXING GLOVES. JUST ABOVE THE TOY BOX, STUCK TO THE WALL WITH YELLOWING SELOTAPE IS A SEVEN YEAR OLD'S DRAWING OF FRANK, UNDERNEATH, WRITTEN IN AN ECCENTRIC HAND IS "My Dad by Paul Ross", FRANK, CAREFUL NOT TO TEAR IT, TAKES THE DRAWING DOWN FROM THE WALL.
- 29 INT. BEDROOM. DAY. 29
- FRANK IS UPSTAIRS IN THE MASTER BEDROOM. LIKE THE REST OF THE HOUSE IT IS IN MOTH BALLS.
- FRANK REMOVES THE DUST SHEET FROM THE WARDROBE AND OPENS IT. INSIDE IT IS STILL FULL OF HIS CLOTHES.
- HE UNHOOKS A SUIT, TAKES IT OUT AND HOLDS IT UP AGAINST HIMSELF.
- 30 INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM. DAY. 30
- A TALL MAN IN HIS LATE TWENTIES, OVERDRESSED, LONG HAIR, QUIETLY ENTERS THE HOUSE THROUGH THE FRENCH WINDOWS THAT FRANK HAS LEFT OPEN. HE MOVES STEALTHILY THROUGH THE ROOM.
- 31 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE (BEDROOM). DAY. 31
- FRANK HAS REMOVED HIS PRISON SUIT AND IS FITTING A CLEAN SHIRT THAT HE HAS TAKEN FROM A CELLOPHANE

CONTINUED:

WRAPPER. HE BUTTONS THE CUFFS AND THE FRONT, THEN GOES TO FIT THE TROUSERS OF THE SUIT HE TOOK FROM THE WARDROBE.

- 32 INT. HALLWAY. DAY. 32  
 THE INTRUDER, HAS A QUICK GLANCE IN THE KITCHEN AND THEN MOVES TOWARD THE STAIRS.
- 33 INT. BEDROOM. DAY. 33  
 FRANK TESTS THE WAISTBAND OF THE TROUSERS, THEY ARE A TOUCH TOO BIG. HE HAS LOST WEIGHT OVER THE YEARS IN PRISON.
- 34 INT. STAIRS. DAY. 34  
 THE INTRUDER AND ANOTHER MAN BEHIND HIM (AS YET WE DON'T SEE HIM) MOVE CAUTIOUSLY UP THE STAIRS.
- 35 INT. BEDROOM. DAY. 35  
 FRANK IS SITTING ON THE BED TYING HIS SHOE LACES. HE BECOMES AWARE OF A SLIGHT MOVEMENT OUTSIDE. HE MOVES QUICKLY AND SILENTLY TO A POSITION NEAR THE BEDROOM DOOR.
- 36 INT. LANDING. DAY. 36  
 THE INTRUDER AND HIS CO-PILOT MAKE THEIR WAY ON THEIR TOES ALONG THE LANDING TO THE BEDROOM DOOR. THE INTRUDER TURNS THE HANDLE SLOWLY AND ENTERS.
- 37 INT. BEDROOM. DAY. 37  
 AS THE INTRUDER ENTERS FRANK MOVES IN. HE GRABS HIS ARM AND HURLS HIM FORWARD. THE INTRUDER, TAKEN COMPLETELY UNAWARE, SPRAWLS ACROSS THE BED. FRANK IS ON HIM BEFORE HE CAN MOVE, HE KNOTS HIS POWERFUL FINGERS IN HIS HAIR AND DRAGS HIM TO HIS FEET.
- A UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER, BIG, YOUNG, STRONG, APPEARS IN THE BEDROOM DOORWAY. (THIS SHOULD BE THE FIRST TIME THAT WE REALISE THE TWO INTRUDERS ARE COZZERS). FRANK HAS HIS BACK TO HIM. HE CURLS AN

CONTINUED:

ARM AROUND FRANK'S THROAT FROM BEHIND. FRANK ELBOWS BACK VICIOUSLY, CATCHING THE YOUNG COPPER IN THE GUT, HE DOUBLES UP WITH A GASP! FRANK TURNS AND IS JUST ABOUT TO LAND A LETHAL BLOW WHEN HE SEES THE UNIFORM AND REALISES IT IS THE POLICE. HE STEPS BACK IN ASTONISHMENT.

FRANK

What the hell are you....!

THE TWO POLICE OFFICERS TAKE THEIR CHANCE. THE UNIFORMED OFFICER GRABS FRANK.

FRANK

Leave it out!

C.I.D.

Take him Len!

HE LEVERS ONE OF FRANK'S ARMS PAINFULLY UP BEHIND HIM AND HANGS ON. FRANK IS INCENSED.

FRANK

This is my place!

UNIFORM

This house has been empty for years.

FRANK

(INSISTS) It's my place!

THINGS CALM SLIGHTLY. THE C.I.D. OFFICER FLICKS A QUESTIONING GLANCE AT HIS UNIFORMED COLLEAGUE.

C.I.D. (TO FRANK)

Can you prove it?

THE YOUNG UNIFORMED OFFICER DOES NOT LOOSEN HIS HOLD ON FRANK.

FRANK

Wallet! (HE INDICATES WITH HIS HEAD THE PRISON SUIT LYING ON THE BED) In the jacket ... driving licence!

THE C.I.D. OFFICER CROSSES TO THE BED, LIFTS THE JACKET, TAKES THE WALLET FROM AN INSIDE POCKET, OPENS IT AND CHECKS THE NAME AND ADDRESS.

CONTINUED:

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C.I.D.

Frank Ross?

FRANK

And this address!

THE C.I.D. OFFICER NODS TO HIS YOUNGER COLLEAGUE. THE UNIFORMED CONSTABLE RELEASES THE HAMMER LOCK HE HAS ON FRANK. THE C.I.D. OFFICER REPEATS THE NAME AS THOUGH TRYING TO PLACE IT.

C.I.D.

Frank Ross?

FRANK

The front door was bolted from the inside.

C.I.D. (TO FRANK)

Don't I know that name?

FRANK MASSAGES HIS SHOULDER AND GLARES AT THE TWO INTRUDERS.

FRANK (ANGRILY)

You're both trespassing!

UNIFORM

A forced entry was reported.  
(BEAT) We found the broken window.

THE C.I.D. OFFICER SUDDENLY PLACES THE NAME. HE TURNS TO FRANK.

C.I.D.

You've been away?

FRANK

You're contaminating my house.

C.I.D. TURNS TO HIS MATE.

C.I.D.

We've got a celebrity here  
Len.

THE YOUNG CONSTABLE ISN'T TOO QUICK ON THE UPTAKE.

UNIFORM

What?

CONTINUED:

THE C.I.D. OFFICER TAKES A COMB FROM HIS INSIDE POCKET  
AND STARTS TO COMB HIS HAIR STRAIGHT. HE LOOKS HARD  
AT FRANK.

C.I.D.  
So ... you're Frankie Ross!

END OF PART ONE

# AMENDMENTS 21/12/77

17.

## PART TWO

38 EXT. BUILDER'S YARD. DAY. 38

CHRIS COTTLE, THIRTY SIX, A SLIGHTLY BUILT, GOOD LOOKING SOUTH LONDON LAD, IS IN HIS YARD WITH ONE OF HIS WORKERS.

A SMALL LORRY IS LOADED UP WITH SAND, CEMENT, SCAFFOLD BOARDS, WHEELBARROWS, AND A SMALL POWER DRIVEN CEMENT MIXER, ALL READY TO GO OUT ON A JOB.

THE LORRY HAS BROKEN DOWN. ALF, A HEAVY SET LABOURER AND CHRIS ARE BENT OVER THE ENGINE TRYING TO SORT IT OUT. CHRIS IS NOT PLEASED.

CHRIS

(ANGRILY) What the 'ell have you bin doin with it Alf!

ALF

(EQUALLY ANGRY) It needs a new motor!

CHRIS

You drive it like a bleedin' tank!

ALF

It's done eighty thousand, it's clapped!

CHRIS

You done the gearbox in last month, that cost me I don't know how much.

ALF

What are you screamin' about son, you ain't paid the geezer yet, you ain't paid no one ... I'm still waitin' for my bonus money.

CHRIS

You'll get it.

ALF

When son ... when ... a bob in the pound from some bankruptcy pay out?

CONTINUED:

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18.

CHRIS  
(FLARES) You wanna shut your  
crack Alf ... or I might just  
shove your cards right up your  
nose!

ALF  
I'd like to see you try son, you'd  
end up in traction. (BEAT) I'll  
take my cards tonight, when you  
come across with my wages ... and  
the rest!

CHRIS  
Bloody too right you will!

CHRIS' SECRETARY APPEARS. SHE IS YOUNG, DOLLY, A  
BIT CHEEKY. SHE SUSSES THE SITUATION BETWEEN CHRIS  
AND ALF.

SECRETARY  
Call for you Chris.

CHRIS  
(ANGRILY) I'll ring back.

SECRETARY  
Personal.

CHRIS  
(FLARES) Who is it!

SECRETARY  
Frank?

CHRIS  
Who!

SECRETARY  
He just said "tell him it's  
Frank".

CHRIS SUDDENLY REALISES WHO IT IS. HE MOVES QUICKLY  
TOWARDS THE OFFICE, LEAVING ALF WITH THE SECRETARY.

SECRETARY  
You two bin havin' words?

ALF  
He come on strong ... 'bout  
the bleedin' lorry!

CONTINUED:

SECRETARY  
 (DEFENDING CHRIS) He's got  
 problems Alf.

ALF  
 If he don't come up with the wages  
 tonight he's gonna have more  
 problems, the lads'll do him up!

39 INT. OFFICE. DAY.

39

CHRIS IS ON THE PHONE AT THE SECRETARY'S DESK.

CHRIS  
 Frank! (SMILES) Frank ... for  
 Christ's sake mate ... why didn't  
 you let me know. (LISTENS) You're  
 out ... you're really out! (HE  
 IS SO EXCITED) Where are you?  
 (BEAT) Look ... I'll meet you  
 back at the house!

CHRIS DROPS THE RECEIVER. THE SECRETARY APPEARS IN  
 THE OFFICE DOORWAY, SHE HAS HEARD THE LAST PART OF  
 THE TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

SECRETARY  
 You've got an appointment at the  
 bank Chris.

CHRIS  
 Screw the bank.

SECRETARY  
 What about the wages?

CHRIS  
 Go round. Make some excuse, tell  
 them I'm sick, anything. Make  
 another appointment for tomorrow,  
 same time. (BEAT) Then draw  
 the wages.

SECRETARY  
 But ... you know what it was  
 like last week.

CHRIS  
 Wag yer arse at 'em, use your  
 charm.

CONTINUED:

SECRETARY

They won't let me draw no more money Chris, you know they won't.

CHRIS PUTS HIS ARMS ROUND HER, CUPS HER NEAT LITTLE BUM IN HIS HANDS.

CHRIS

I'll ring the Manager, sort it out, you get over there like I say.

SECRETARY

He said last time definitely was the last, and if you didn't...

CHRIS

Don't you start givin' me an 'ard time Linda, I told you, I'll sort the old bastard out.

SECRETARY

It could get nasty if you don't ... I mean ... Alf just said the lads are all very pissed off.

CHRIS

Alf's got a mouth like a drain.

SECRETARY

I don't want to see you in no trouble Chris.

CHRIS GIVES HER A BIG KISS AND FORCES A SMILE.

CHRIS

Me! Trouble! I'm Jack-the-lad, next week, you see, we'll have so much work come up you won't have time to paint yer nails!

CHRIS GRABS HIS OVERCOAT FROM THE BACK OF THE DOOR AND LEAVES THE OFFICE.

40 EXT. OFFICE. DAY.

40

CHRIS, PULLING THE COAT ON, WALKS TO AN EXPENSIVE JAGUAR PARKED OUTSIDE THE OFFICE. HE UNLOCKS THE DOOR, GETS IN AND DRIVES QUICKLY AWAY.

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21.

41 INT. OFFICE. DAY.

41

THE SECRETARY WATCHES HIM THROUGH THE OFFICE WINDOW.  
ALF ENTERS.

ALF

Where's he off to now?

SECRETARY

(LYING) The bank.

ALF

I'll be back at six for me cards  
and ~~money~~... it better be here!

(ME cards and me  
coppers')

SECRETARY

(SURPRISED) You leavin' Alf?

ALF

The way he's carryin' on he's  
gonna end up inside!

42 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE. DAY.

42

CHRIS ARRIVES IN HIS JAG. HE GETS OUT, REMOVES THE  
PADLOCK AND CHAIN, OPENS THE GATE, THEN PARKS THE  
CAR IN THE FRONT DRIVE.

FRANK HAS SEEN HIM ARRIVE. HE COMES OUT OF THE  
FRONT DOOR TO MEET HIM. IT IS VERY EMOTIONAL. AT  
FIRST THEY SAY NOTHING - JUST HUG ONE ANOTHER, CHRIS  
IS IN TEARS.

CHRIS

Why didn't you let me know  
Frank? I'd've come up for you.

FRANK

I needed a few hours by myself.

CHRIS WIPES HIS EYES.

CHRIS

It's great to see you.

FRANK PUTS AN AFFECTIONATE ARM ROUND CHRIS' SHOULDER.  
HE NODS TOWARDS THE EXPENSIVE CAR PARKED IN THE  
DRIVE.

FRANK

Where's your chauffeur?

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

His day off.

THEY BOTH LAUGH. FRANK TURNS CHRIS TOWARDS THE OPEN FRONT DOOR.

FRANK

We used to talk about days like this, when they banged us up at night, we used to describe to each other what our first day out would be like.

THEY REACH THE PORCH. FRANK PAUSES FOR A MOMENT.

CHRIS

Is it ... like you thought?

FRANK

Is anything ... ever?

THEY ENTER THE HOUSE. THE DOOR CLOSES.

43 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE (HALLWAY). DAY. 43

THE HALLWAY IS GLOOMY. CHRIS SHIVERS.

CHRIS

It's bloody freezin'. Why don't you come an' stay with me Frank?

FRANK

No ... no thanks.

CHRIS

Just for a few days. (BEAT)  
I'll send the lads round to get the place cleaned up, put the heatin' on?

THEY MOVE INTO THE BACK ROOM.

43A INT. FRANK'S HOUSE (BACK ROOM). DAY. 43A

THEY ENTER.

FRANK

It's going to take time ... for me to sort myself out ... I'd rather be here.

CONTINUED:

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23.

CHRIS SEES THE WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH. FRANK HAS PUT IT ON A SHELF. FRANK SEES CHRIS LOOK AT IT.

FRANK  
How is she Chris?

CHRIS AVOIDS A DIRECT ANSWER.

CHRIS  
We can go and see her tomorrow.

FRANK  
How is she?

CHRIS  
You know ... up and down.

FRANK  
I haven't had a letter since December.

CHRIS  
~~(SURPRISED) I didn't know that.~~

FRANK DOESN'T DWELL ON IT, HE CAN SEE THAT CHRIS IS UNCOMFORTABLE. THEY ARE BOTH HAVING TO LEARN HOW TO TALK TO ONE ANOTHER AFTER HAVING BEEN PARTED FOR SO LONG.

FRANK  
How's Paul, he must be goin' on sixteen?

CHRIS  
(BRIGHTENS) Trrrrific, ~~tell as you~~, spittin' image of Evie, got your ways though. (BEAT) He wanted to come to see you ... kept askin'.

FRANK  
(FIRMLY) It wouldn't have helped... ~~Chris~~, him or me.

CHRIS  
He's a bright kid Frank, got a tongue on him an' all, he give me the rough edge of it a few times.

CONTINUED:

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24.

FRANK

There were days when I would have given anything to see him, Evie, you, anyone!

CHRIS TAKES A PACKET OF CIGARETTES FROM HIS POCKET, HE OFFERS FRANK ONE. FRANK TAKES OUT HIS SNOOT TIN.

*(Not knocked pen in the hand.)*

FRANK

I've got used to these.

*I don't use 'em no more.*

CHRIS LIGHTS HIS CIGARETTE. FRANK ROLLS HIMSELF ONE AS THEY CONTINUE TO TALK.

FRANK

I never have thanked you properly.

CHRIS

For what?

FRANK

Finding the right place for Eve ... sorting Paul out ... everything.

CHRIS

*mate*  
Don't be daft ... what are friends for ... I mean ... you'd 'ave done the same for me Frank.

FRANK LIGHTS HIS SMOKE. CHRIS TURNS ON THE HUMOUR.

CHRIS

'Ere ... you've gotta meet my bird ... Trudie.

FRANK

(LIGHTLY) Very exotic ... foreign? —\*

CHRIS

(LAUGHS) Comes from Penge. (HE CORRECTS HIMSELF WITH A MOCK POSH VOICE) Anerley actually. (BEAT) Her old lady can't stand me, reckons I'm common 'cause I don't wear a vest.

CONTINUED:

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25.

*900 to witness look out at  
car in drive.*

~~FRANK~~  
~~You are common.~~

~~CHRIS~~  
~~What!~~

~~FRANK~~  
~~(SMILES) I wouldn't have it no other~~  
~~way. (BEAT) How's the business?~~

CHRIS WAS HOPING FRANK WOULDN'T ASK. AGAIN HE IS  
NON COMMITTAL.

~~CHRIS~~  
~~A graft.~~

~~FRANK~~  
~~You look on top with a motor~~  
~~like that.~~

~~CHRIS~~  
~~It's all front ... impresses~~  
~~the customers.~~

FRANK SENSES SOMETHING. HE DIGS.

~~FRANK~~  
~~Problems?~~

~~CHRIS~~  
~~You can't bloody move nowadays.~~  
~~What they don't take off you in~~  
~~tax they find some other way.~~  
~~(BEAT) Bloody banks are like~~  
~~vultures. (BEAT) Money's not~~  
~~worth a wank. (BEAT) Do you~~  
~~know how much my labourers take~~  
~~off me each week? A ton ...~~  
~~(BEAT) Wages for my lads on~~  
~~cards is six hundred a week!~~

*Nearly a grand a  
week*  
*1900*

FRANK CAN SEE THAT HE'S TOUCHED A NERVE.

~~FRANK~~  
~~I must owe you?~~

~~CHRIS~~  
~~(DISMISSES IT) Ahhh.~~

~~FRANK~~  
~~(PUSHES IT) How much is the~~  
~~hospital?~~

CONTINUED:

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26.

CHRIS  
Forget it Frank.

FRANK  
That eleven grand I had couldn't  
have lasted. Not the way things  
are.

CHRIS  
You wouldn't believe it.

FRANK  
I want to know Chris.

CHRIS  
We can talk about it later.  
Christ this is your first day  
out.

FRANK  
(FIRMLY) I'd prefer to know.

CHRIS  
(SHRUGS) The hospital fees have  
risen every year, it's just under  
five grand now. (BEAT) I got a  
letter last week, it's goin' up  
again.

FRANK  
(STAGGERED) Five grand!

FRANK IS REALLY SHAKEN.

CHRIS  
Everything's ridiculous, no one uses  
oncers any more, you go to the bank  
for some readies and it's fives and  
tens ... no wonder fellas go bent!

FRANK  
How much have you laid out? ... *altogether?*

CHRIS PULLS AN 'I DON'T WANT TO DISCUSS IT' FACE, BUT  
FRANK INSISTS.

FRANK  
I want to know Chris.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS  
 (RELUCTANTLY) Twenty eight grand thereabouts. (QUICKLY) You give me eleven ... I pulled two on the car. (BEAT) Anyway ... I don't want to talk about it no more, that's all in the past Frank.

FRANK  
 You're in trouble ... aren't you?

CHRIS TRIES TO JOKE IT OFF.

~~CHRIS  
 I'll just have to cut down on the fags and sherbert.~~

FRANK  
 The motor?

CHRIS  
 On the book ... they tried to snatch it back last week. (SMILES) One of 'em got his fingers shut in the door!

~~FRANK  
 It's as bad as that?~~

CHRIS  
 What the hell are we standing round like a pair of old daiseys discussing my problems, this is your day!

FRANK  
 I'm going to need some money.

CHRIS TAKES FIFTY QUID FROM HIS POCKET.

CHRIS  
 We'll sort something out. Something straight eh?

HE HOLDS THE MONEY OUT TO FRANK BUT FRANK WON'T TAKE IT.

FRANK  
 No ... no way my son.

CHRIS  
 I shall be offended.

CONTINUED:

HE TUCKS THE NOTES IN FRANK'S POCKET.

FRANK

How much would this place fetch? *Frank said and the room is*  
*not for any business in*

CHRIS

I told you ... we'll sort something out.

FRANK

(STUBBORN) A quick sale?

CHRIS

You can't Frank. What about Evie? She loves it here.

FRANK

It's Evie I'm thinking about, and Paul. There is no other way.

CHRIS

There must be.

FRANK

What do I do ... get a job ... nine to five ... put a tenner a week in the Post Office?

CHRIS

I could have let the place while you were away. I wanted to ... remember?

FRANK

I remember.

CHRIS

I could have done a temporary conversion ... three flats ... no sweat. It would have been something coming in. — *not want to get rid of the lobby*  
*Squabbles.*

FRANK

I know ... it's just ... I don't know ... I didn't fancy people living in my ... Evie's house.

CHRIS

Just like you didn't want no one visiting you in prison?

CONTINUED:

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29.

FRANK

It's my way ... I can't help it.

PAUSE.

CHRIS

What are you going to do? Frank?

FRANK

There's a few questions needing answers. A few faces to see.

CHRIS

It's eight years ago!

FRANK

Don't talk to me about time, Chris, I'm an expert on time.

CHRIS

You've got the God given chance of a fresh start Frank!

FRANK

(SMILES) That sounds like the routine gate spiel you get from the Governor. "You've paid your debt to society ... a new life ... a second chance ... an opportunity to contribute".

(BEAT) I'm lucky that I've got a house to sell. Most of them end up with a creased suit, a train ticket, and just enough money to drink themselves senseless!

CHRIS

I know how you must feel Frank.

FRANK

Do you, I wonder. Eight years, eight years of my life some grassing bastard's had - my wife in a mental hospital, my son not my son, living with strangers, my home (GESTURES ROUND) turned into a mausoleum! (BEAT) Wouldn't you want to know who did that to you? Wouldn't you want to know every line on his face? Wouldn't you want to find out why!?

- skin -

snatch off dust sheet  
Eng Frank.

CONTINUED:

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EP. 1

30.

CHRIS CHALLENGES FRANK - HARD.

CHRIS

What are you goin' ter do when  
you find out who grassed you Frank?  
(FRANK DOESN'T ATTEMPT TO ANSWER)  
Break his back, cut his tongue out,  
(FRANK IS VERY SILENT) What good  
will that do Evie ... Paul ... you  
... me, anyone? (BEAT) That's just  
what the filth want, they'll have  
you back inside so fast your nose'll  
bleed, twenty years, and for what,  
what would you call it Frank,  
revenge, street justice, the three  
monkeys, blind deaf and dumb, break  
the code and you're dead!

PAUSE - CHRIS DOESN'T WANT TO SAY THIS BUT HE KNOWS  
IT HAS TO BE SAID - STRAIGHT TALK BETWEEN CLOSE  
FRIENDS.

If you don't change now you never  
will ... you'll be lost ... you'll  
end up old and broken in some Victorian  
pig sty, where all the doors open inwards,  
slopping out, hoarding snout, telling  
some poor little snot in for the  
first time what a big man you were  
once. (PAUSE) Is that what you  
want Frank? (BEAT) Is that all  
you care about Evie and Paul? (BEAT)  
Is that all your life means to you?

CHRIS THROWS THE END OF HIS SMOKED CIGARETTE INTO  
THE FIREPLACE. FRANK IS IMPASSIVE.

If they put you away again you won't  
make it next time ... they'll break  
you ... just like they did Vic Lee.

FRANK

(REACTS) You've seen Vic?

CHRIS

He looks a hundred years old...  
working as a potman in a scabby  
drinker!

FRANK

(wobbly) Take me to him!

— *He walks to the door.*  
CONTINUED:

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31.

*to slandy frank*  
CHRIS PULLS A FACE OF LONG SUFFERING.

CHRIS  
You ain't listened to a word I've  
said 'ave yer?

44 INT. DRINKER. DAY. 44

FRANK AND CHRIS ENTER AN ARMPIT DRINKER. VIC LEE  
LOOKING TWENTY YEARS OLDER, WALKING WITH A PAINFUL  
LIMP, IS MOVING BETWEEN THE TABLES COLLECTING  
GLASSES. AS SOON AS FRANK SEES HIM HIS MIND FLASHES  
BACK EIGHT YEARS TO THE BLAG.

(GENERAL NOTE:FOR VIC DAKIN NOW READ VIC LEE.)

45 INT. CELLAR. DAY. 45

(MONOCHROME) WE PICK UP ON THE END OF SCENE ONE.  
FRANK SMILES AT VIC ... VIC BLOWS THE WALL!

THE EXPLOSION IS EFFICIENTLY MUFFLED BY THE MATT-  
RESSES WHICH ARE FLUNG ACROSS THE CELLAR. WHEN  
THE SMOKE AND DUST HAVE CLEARED SUFFICIENTLY,  
FRANK AND VIC GO TO INSPECT. THEY FIND A HOLE BIG  
ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO CLIMB THROUGH COMFORTABLY,  
BLOWN IN THE THICK BRICK WALL. FRANK, IN A GESTURE  
OF RELIEF, KISSES VIC ON THE FOREHEAD. BILLY BINNS,  
BERNARD MACHEN AND RALPH VENEKER MOVE IN WITH  
PICKS AND SHOVELS. MACHEN CLIMBS THROUGH THE HOLE,  
BILLY BINNS AND VENEKER HAND THE TOOLS THROUGH TO  
HIM. FRANK STAYS OUTSIDE WITH VIC, STUDYING A DIA-  
GRAM OF THE JOB IN THE BEAM OF A POWERFUL TORCH,  
WORKING OUT WITH VIC (THE ENGINEER) THEIR NEXT  
MOVE.

46 INT. DRINKER. DAY. 46

VIC SEES FRANK, FOR A MOMENT HE FREEZES, THEN HE  
CONTINUES COLLECTING POTS AS THOUGH FRANK ISN'T  
THERE. FRANK MOVES TO THE BAR. CHRIS CAN'T UNDER-  
STAND THE SITUATION. HE FOLLOWS FRANK TO THE BAR.

FRANK  
Scotch?

CHRIS  
Vodka ... ice, no lemon ...  
tonic.

THE BARMAID COMES UP, SHE HAS HEARD CHRIS.

CONTINUED:

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32.

BARMAID

Vodka tonic ... and you love?

FRANK

Tomato juice.

THE BARMAID MOVES AWAY TO GET THE DRINKS. VIC  
BUSIES HIMSELF AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM. CHRIS  
WATCHES HIM.

CHRIS

He must have seen you Frank?

FRANK PULLS CHRIS' ATTENTION AWAY FROM VIC LEE

FRANK

Tell you what son ... I'll  
get rid of the house, knock  
it out on a quick sale, then  
we'll get the business back on  
its feet, partners, down the  
middle.

CHRIS' EYES LIGHT UP - VIC LEE IS FORGOTTEN.

CHRIS

Do you mean it Frank?

FRANK

Do I usually say what I don't  
mean?

THE BARMAID ARRIVES WITH THE DRINKS.

BARMAID

Sixty two luv.

FRANK HANDS HER A FIVER. SHE TURNS AWAY TO THE TILL.

CHRIS

(EXCITED) It's a good little  
business Frank, last year I turned  
over a hundred and sixty thou ...  
it just needs someone with a bit  
of money sense. We could make a  
real go of it together. And  
when we got sorted out, got  
ourselves straight, we could  
build Evie a house anywhere she  
wants. (LAUGHS) I didn't tell  
you ... I've got a maintenance  
contract on five of the local  
nicks, Christ I can see their  
faces when you walk in with me.

CONTINUED:

ALTHOUGH FRANK APPEARS TO BE LISTENING TO CHRIS, HIS WHOLE ATTENTION IS ON VIC. THE BARMAID ARRIVES WITH FRANK'S CHANGE.

CHRIS  
Ross and Cottle Building  
Contractors, sounds handsome!

VIC TURNS, LOOKS AT FRANK, THEN OPENS A DOOR AT THE FAR END OF THE BAR THAT LEADS INTO A PRIVATE PART OF THE PUB. FRANK TURNS TO CHRIS.

FRANK  
Hang about Chris.

HE MOVES OFF AFTER VIC. CHRIS REMAINS AT THE BAR. A FOXY FACED GEEZER SITTING IN A CORNER, PRETENDING TO READ A RACING PAPER HAS CLOCKED EVERY MOVEMENT FRANK HAS MADE SINCE HE WALKED IN THE DRINKER. HE WATCHES AS FRANK GOES THROUGH THE DOOR AFTER VIC.

47 INT. DRINKER. CORRIDOR. DAY. 47

FRANK WALKS DOWN A DIMLY LIT CORRIDOR. HE CAN HEAR VIC MOVING AROUND IN AN ADJOINING ROOM.

48 INT. BACK ROOM. DAY. 48

VIC LEE LIMPS ACROSS THE ROOM WITH A CRATE OF EMPTIES, HE DUMPS IT ON TOP OF A PILE OF CRATES. FRANK ENTERS.

FRANK  
Hello Vic.

VIC  
(TURNS) You've lost a bit of weight.

FRANK  
What happened to you?

VIC  
Fell off a roof. (BEAT) I was on farm detail, we was demolishing an outhouse ... slate roof ... like a poxy ice rink. (BEAT) Busted pelvis ... got an infection in the bone. They reckon there's not much they can do.

CONTINUED:

VIC (Cont'd.)  
 (BEAT) Still ... (FORCES A  
 SMILE) got an early parole.  
 (BEAT) When did you get out?

FRANK  
 Today.

VIC  
 You ain't wastin' much time.

FRANK  
 You know why I'm here?

VIC  
 I reckon so.

FRANK  
 I've got to find out who it  
 was Vic.

VIC  
 I'm not going to be much help  
 Frank ... I just don't know  
 nothin' ... Never could work  
 it out. (BEAT) I felt like  
 you for the first year ...  
 bitter ... screwed up inside.  
 (BEAT) I mean we was the only  
 ones who knew exactly where and  
 when - Billy, you, me, Bernie,  
 Ralph ... an' I mean, stands to  
 reason none of us put it in the  
 frame, I mean, no one's gonna  
 give himself some is he. (BEAT)  
 As far as I was concerned it was  
 the last one, my share would've  
 bin around forty grand, I could've  
 got lost, somewhere quiet, always  
 fancied a little shop.

FRANK  
 Someone talked.

VIC  
 It weren't none of us Frank ...  
 you picked us careful enough.  
 You could burn Bernie's hands off  
 before he'd give you the time of  
 day. (BEAT) Billy worshipped  
 you. (BEAT) Ralph's like a  
 stone ... my old lady didn't even  
 know I was into somethin' I was

CONTINUED:

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35.

VIC (Cont'd.)  
that careful. (BEAT) We all  
done like you said, went to work  
regular, everything normal, never  
two of us seen together. No  
snout could have picked up  
anything from watching us Frank.

FRANK  
It wasn't a snout ... it was  
someone close ... it had to be.

VIC  
You want my advice, for what it's  
worth. (PAUSE) Forget it Frank.  
You've done your bird. You start  
puttin' your nose up people you'll  
be in bother. (BEAT) Things have  
changed Frank, in eight years  
things have changed a lot, it's  
all bloody violence now ... no  
class ...

FRANK  
Who's running things Vic?

VIC  
Lew Wilson ... Tony McGrath.

FRANK  
That figures.

VIC  
Evil slags ... I don't know which  
of 'ems worse.

FRANK  
Still hate each others' guts?

VIC  
Poison. (BEAT) You watch  
yourself Frank, they ain't gonna  
take too kindly to you being  
back.

FRANK  
Yeah.

VIC  
I know I don't want none of it.  
(BEAT) I live in two rooms, work in this  
shite'ouse, but I don't 'ave to look  
over me shoulder no more, an' I sleep

CONTINUED

VIC (Cont'd.)  
 nights. (BEAT) That last bit  
 did me in Frank, I can't take  
 being banged up no more.

FRANK REALISES THAT VIC IS BROKEN IN SPIRIT AS WELL  
 AS IN BODY.

FRANK  
 Where are the others?

VIC  
 Ralph moved out of the manor.

FRANK  
 Any idea where?

VIC  
 No. (BEAT) Billy's on the trot.

FRANK  
 (SURPRISED) What?

VIC  
 He done a screwer on a factory.  
 The watchman caught him. Billy  
 whacked him!

FRANK  
 (SHOCKED) That's not Billy's  
 way.

VIC  
 (SHRUGS) The old boy's dead.

FRANK  
 (CAN'T BELIEVE IT) Dead!

VIC  
 I tell you ... it's all gettin'  
 like that. (BEAT) I mean, Billy  
 Binns wanted for murder. He was  
 an artist ... the best hands in  
 the business!

FRANK  
 Any idea where Billy might be?

VIC  
 I keep meself to meself Frank ...  
 best that way ... they'll have  
 him. Billy isn't patient enough  
 to stay loose for long.

CONTINUED:

FRANK

What about Bernie?

VIC

He's gone back to pimping ...  
in Brixton ... never did get  
on too well with that one.

FRANK

Where in Brixton? Do you know?

VIC

Yeah ... but I'd stay away from  
him Frank.

FRANK

Why?

VIC

I don't reckon he's all there.  
(HE TAPS HIS HEAD)

FRANK

Maybe he knows where Billy is?

VIC

Maybe.

VIC TAKES A STUB OF PENCIL FROM HIS POCKET, THEN HE  
TEARS A STRIP FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER LYING ON A  
CRATE OF BEER. HE WRITES DOWN AN ADDRESS AND HANDS  
IT TO FRANK.

FRANK

Thanks Vic.

VIC

Don't thank me ... I'm tellin'  
yer ... he's gone bad.

FRANK PUTS THE ADDRESS IN HIS POCKET. HE MOVES OFF  
TO THE DOOR OF THE BACK ROOM, TURNS BACK TO VIC.

FRANK

I'll come and see you again.

VIC

Don't bother ... nothin'  
personal Frank ... we always  
got on good you an' me ...  
respectful ... but I just  
don't want to know no more.

CONTINUED:

FRANK TURNS AND EXITS.

49 EXT. DRINKER. DAY. 49

FRANK AND CHRIS LEAVE THE PUB AND WALK TO THE JAG PARKED DOWN THE ROAD. FOXY COMES OUT AFTER THEM - FOLLOWS AT A DISCREET DISTANCE.

FRANK  
I need a motor.

CHRIS  
Take the jag.

FRANK  
What about you?

CHRIS  
I've got a van back at the yard.

FRANK  
You sure?

THEY ARRIVE AT THE JAG. CHRIS HOLDS THE KEYS OUT TO FRANK.

CHRIS  
It uses less petrol. Drop me off.

THEY GET INTO THE JAG. FOXY PASSES, BRIEFLY GLANCES IN, THEN CONTINUES DOWN THE ROAD.

50 INT. JAG. DAY. 50

FRANK STARTS THE CAR AND ACCELERATES AWAY FROM THE KERB, RELISHING THE FEEL OF THE EXPENSIVE WHEELS.

FRANK  
Nice ...

HE POWERS IT UP THE ROAD.

CHRIS  
(LIGHTLY) The speed limit's still thirty!

FRANK SMILES AND DROPS IT INTO TOP GEAR.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Let's have a few at my place  
tonight ... you can meet Trudi.

FRANK

You're on.

51 INT. TELEPHONE BOX. DAY. 51

FOXY IS IN A CALL BOX. HE PUSHES HIS MONEY IN.

FOXY

'Ello ... 'ello Mr. Wilson ...  
I just thought you'd like to  
know that Frank Ross is out ...

52 EXT. BACKSTREET. DAY. 52

FRANK PARKS THE JAGUAR IN A TATTY BRIXTON BACK  
STREET. HE GETS OUT, CAREFULLY LOCKS THE DOOR,  
THEN ENTERS A BLOCK OF RUN-DOWN FLATS.

53 INT. CORRIDORS. DAY. 53

THE FLATS ARE OLD, THERE IS NO LIFT. FRANK CHECKS  
THE NUMBERS ON THE GROUND FLOOR DOORS. HE CLIMBS  
THE CONCRETE STAIRS TO THE FIRST FLOOR AND CHECKS  
THE NUMBERS AGAIN. HE CLIMBS THE STAIRS UP TO THE  
SECOND FLOOR, THEN WALKS DOWN THE CORRIDOR UNTIL  
HE FINDS THE NUMBER HE WANTS.

HE PRESSES THE BELL PUSH. AT FIRST THERE IS NO  
ANSWER. HE RINGS THE BELL AGAIN. HE KNOWS IT IS  
WORKING, HE CAN HEAR IT RINGING FAINTLY INSIDE THE  
FLAT. HE HEARS SOMEONE COMING. THE DOOR OPENS ON  
A CHAIN AND A YOUNG COLOURED GIRL, GLORIA, GLANCES  
ROUND THE EDGE OF THE OPEN DOOR. SHE SAYS NOTHING,  
JUST LOOKS AT FRANK WITH BIG EYES.

FRANK

I'm looking for Bernie. (NO  
REACTION FROM THE GIRL. HER  
FACE IS BLANK) Bernie Machen.  
(GLORIA STILL DOESN'T REPLY) I  
was given this address.

FRANK HEARS A MAN'S VOICE FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE  
FLAT.

CONTINUED:

CLIFF (OS)

Who is it?

THE GIRL TURNS AWAY FROM THE DOOR AND CALLS BACK TO THE MAN.

GLORIA

Don't know.

FOOTSTEPS. THEN THE TWO OF THEM TALK BEHIND THE DOOR IN WHISPERS.

CLIFF (OS)

I've told you before about opening the door!

GLORIA (OS)

I thought it was ...

CLIFF (OS)

(ANGRILY) Get your black arse back in there!

FRANK CALLS THROUGH THE DOOR.

FRANK

My name is Frank Ross ...

A BIG, RAUNCHY SPADE, IN HIS LATE TWENTIES GLARES SUSPICIOUSLY PAST THE CHAINED DOOR AT FRANK.

CLIFF

Who?

FRANK

Frank Ross ... I'm a friend of Bernie.

CLIFF

There's no Bernie here.

HE GOES TO SHUT THE DOOR. FRANK JAMS HIS FOOT IN THE DOOR TO PREVENT HIM.

FRANK

Can I leave a message for him?

CLIFF

You don't hear good? (BEAT)  
Get your foot out!

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Tell him ...

CLIFF RAMS THE DOOR AGAINST FRANK'S FOOT. THE PAIN CAUSES FRANK TO SNATCH HIS FOOT AWAY. THE DOOR SLAMS IN HIS FACE. FRANK - IN A MOMENT OF ABSTRACT RAGE, THROWS HIS WHOLE BODYWEIGHT AGAINST THE DOOR. IT FLIES OPEN, THE CHAIN RIPPING FROM ITS MOUNTING. CLIFF IS TAKEN COMPLETELY UNAWARES. FRANK JUST STANDS IN THE SHATTERED DOORWAY FACING THE BIG SPADE, HIS FINGERS ARE COVERED IN SILVER RINGS.

FRANK

You tell Bernie that Frank Ross wants a word.

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT FRANK THAT WARNS CLIFF TO BACK OFF.

FRANK

You got that, monkey?

CLIFF STANDS, MEASURING THE DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND FRANK, IN CASE HE HAS TO MOVE FAST. FRANK TURNS AND WALKS SLOWLY AWAY. CLIFF COMES TO THE SHATTERED DOORWAY AND STANDS IN IT, GLARING AFTER FRANK.

AS FRANK DISAPPEARS DOWN THE STAIRS, CLIFF SHOOTS A GOB OF SPIT AFTER HIM.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

54 INT. CHRIS' FLAT. EVENING. 54

A GARDEN FLAT IN A LARGE SOUTH LONDON HOUSE. EXPENSIVELY DECORATED IN WHAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS SOUTH LONDON COSTA BRAVA - THE COLOURS JUST A LITTLE TOO INSISTENT - THE FURNITURE A LITTLE TOO BIG - SEMI PORNOGRAPHIC KITCH NUDES IN GILT FRAMES ON THE WALLS - THE INEVITABLE NYLON FUR CARPETS - THE EQUALLY INEVITABLE TONGUE AND GROOVE BAR BUILT IN ONE CORNER. THE WHOLE FLAT HAS A SORT OF 003½ ATMOSPHERE OF SECOND HAND SEDUCTION.

THE DOOR BELL CHIMES. TRUDIE, TWENTY THREE, BUILT FOR PLEASURE, WALKS INTO THE HALLWAY WITH A DRINK IN HER MANICURED HAND.

SHE OPENS THE DOOR TO FRANK. IT TAKES FRANK AT LEAST FIVE SECONDS TO TAKE TRUDIE IN. HE SMILES.

FRANK

You've got to be Trudie?

TRUDIE IS A LITTLE IN AWE OF FRANK, EVEN A LITTLE FRIGHTENED. THEY STAND IN THE DOORWAY, NEITHER MOVING.

FRANK

(LIGHTLY) Can I come in?

TRUDIE

(RELAXES) Sorry ... it's just Chris is still dressing.

FRANK ENTERS. TRUDIE CLOSSES THE DOOR AND LEADS HIM INTO THE MAIN ROOM. FRANK ENJOYS HER HIPS.

55 INT. CHRIS' FLAT (MAIN ROOM). NIGHT. 55

THE ROOM IS LARGE - TWO CONVERTED INTO ONE - A DIVIDER IS PULLED ACROSS ONE HALF. TRUDIE WALKS TO THE BAR. IT IS LAVISHLY AND OSTENTATIOUSLY STOCKED.

TRUDIE

What would you like to drink?  
(BEAT) There's just about everything.

FRANK

A sherry please ... dry.

CONTINUED:

TRUDIE IS SOMEWHAT TAKEN ABACK - SHE IS HALF REACHING FOR THE SCOTCH.

TRUDIE  
Sherry?

CHRIS' VOICE COMES FROM BEHIND THE DIVIDER.

CHRIS (OS)  
Uuuuuuuuggghhh! You haven't changed much you old sod!

THE ROOM DIVIDER IS FLUNG BACK. BEHIND IT CHRIS AND TEN OTHER "OLD FRIENDS" ARE STANDING, DRESSED TO THE NINES, HOLDING GLASSES OF CHAMPAGNE.

TRUDIE TAKES TWO GLASSES OF CHAMPAGNE THAT HAVE BEEN HIDDEN BEHIND THE BAR. SHE PASSES ONE TO FRANK, WHO SUCCESSFULLY CONCEALS HIS INSTANT IRRITATION AT CHRIS' SURPRISE. CHRIS RAISES HIS GLASS AND BECOMES SOLEMN.

CHRIS  
Welcome home Frank.

OTHERS (CHORUS)  
Welcome home Frank.

THEY ALL SIP THEIR CHAMPAGNE LIKE WEDDING GUESTS, THEN SURGE FORWARD TO GREET FRANK, DETERMINED TO WIPE OUT THE MEMORY OF EIGHT YEARS IN PRISON WITH DRINK AND LONG ESTABLISHED FRIENDSHIP.

CON DAVIES, YOUNGER THAN FRANK, WEARING AN EXPENSIVE SUIT AND SAMMY DAVIS TIE, PUTS HIS ARM ROUND FRANK. THEY ARE CHILDHOOD FRIENDS.

CON  
Great to see you son.

FRANK  
Hello Con ...

CON INTRODUCES DEBBIE - THIRTY.

CON  
This is Debbie, Frank.

DEBBIE, A BIT SHY, OFFERS HER HAND. FRANK SHAKES IT GENTLY.

CONTINUED:

FRANK  
I heard you got hitched. (TO  
DEBBIE) You're a lucky girl.

DEBBIE  
I know.

QUINCY, A BIG, FLORID MAN IN HIS LATE FORTIES - GRABS  
FRANK'S HAND AND PUMPS IT.

QUINCY  
You're looking fantastic  
Frank.

FRANK  
Quincy!

QUINCY'S WIFE DEE WAS ONCE A VERY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN,  
BUT NOW THE LINES OF MIDDLE AGE NAG AT HER FACE.  
SHE KISSES FRANK.

DEE  
Welcome home love!

FRANK KISSES HER. HE LIKES DEE A LOT.

FRANK  
When you going to marry me  
Dee?

DEE  
When I get this old sod's Life  
Insurance. (SHE IS ALMOST IN  
TEARS. FRANK HUGS HER) Sorry  
Frank. (SHE SNIFFS BACK HER  
EMOTION) Sorry love.

QUINCY  
(KINDLY) You daft cow.

FRANK GIVES HER A KINDLY PAT ON THE BUM. PETE, FIVE  
FEET FIVE, BUSHYTAILED, MOVES IN. HE HUGS FRANK  
THEN SHAKES HIS HAND.

PETE  
Anything you need Frank, let me  
know.

QUINCY  
(FUN) Do leave off, he's just  
done eight.

CONTINUED:

PETE

I'm straight now Frank ... no graftin'.

THEY ALL LAUGH. PETE'S WIFE MAGGIE, LATE THIRTIES, PLUMP, PRETTY, PUSHES FORWARD.

MAGGIE

He even pays his VAT! (SHE KISSES FRANK AND ENJOYS IT)  
Welcome back Frank.

FRANK

How's the kid Maggie?

MAGGIE

(LAUGHS) Kid ... we've got three now!

CON

That's what going straight does for yer!

A ROAR OF LAUGHTER. DAVE MITCHEL (MITCH), APPROACHES FRANK. HE IS OBVIOUSLY WELL HEELED - HIS SUIT IMPECCABLY TAILORED - A TENNER HAIR CUT - A MONKEY GOLD WATCH ETC. ANOTHER CHILDHOOD FRIEND OF FRANK.

FRANK

Mitch!

MITCH HUGS HIM.

MITCH

Welcome home Frankie.

FRANK FINGERS THE SUIT.

FRANK

Nice bit of schmutter. The travel business must be healthy?

MITCH JOKES BACK AT FRANK, TREATING HIM LIKE A POTENTIAL CUSTOMER.

MITCH

I can do you a very nice fortnight at Santa Ponsa - genuine Spanish decor, chips with everything ... you can even wear your braces on the beach.

CONTINUED:

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46.

MORE LAUGHTER ALL ROUND.

MITCH  
You don't look a day older  
Frankie.

FRANK  
(LIGHTLY) You always were a liar.

MITCH'S WIFE ANNE APPROACHES. SHE IS TALL, DARK,  
A TRULY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, THE SOPHISTICATED  
SIMPLICITY OF HER DRESS AND MAKE UP CONTRASTS WITH  
THE OTHER WOMAN. SHE KISSES FRANK BRIEFLY, ALMOST  
PERFUNCTORILY ON THE CHEEK.

ANNE  
Hello Frank.

FRANK  
How are you Anne?

ANNE  
Well enough.

THERE IS AN EDGE OF AWKWARDNESS BETWEEN FRANK  
AND ANNE. CHRIS, WHO IS HOVERING WITH A BOTTLE OF  
CHAMPAGNE SENSES IT. HE DIVES IN. FRANK HASN'T  
TOUCHED HIS DRINK.

CHRIS  
Come on...get that down you.  
There's plenty more in the  
fridge.

FRANK RAISES HIS GLASS TO THE ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE.

FRANK  
Here's to ... freedom ...  
and friends.

DEE  
God bless you Frank ... and  
Evie.

THERE IS A MOMENT OF CONSTERNATION. QUINCY LOOKS  
SHARPLY AT HIS WIFE. DEE WISHES INSTANTLY THAT  
SHE HAD KEPT HER MOUTH SHUT. BUT FRANK RELAXES  
THEM ALL WITH A WARM SMILE - AND RAISES HIS GLASS  
AGAIN.

FRANK  
And Evie.

CONTINUED:

# AMENDMENTS 21/12/77

47.

THEY ALL DRINK. THE MOMENT OF TENSION IS PAST. FRANK IS SOON SURROUNDED BY LAUGHTER AND REMINISCENCES.

(THIS SCENE WILL HAVE TO BE IMPROVISED TO SOME EXTENT, TO BUILD THE RIGHT, SPONTANEOUS ATMOSPHERE.)

HAZEL, ABOUT THE SAME AGE AND DISPOSITION AS TRUDIE IS HANGING IN THE BACKGROUND. TRUDIE TAKES HER UP TO FRANK, WHO IS WITH THE MEN.

CHRIS

Frank and me are going to be partners.

MITCH

That right Frank?

QUINCY

(TO FRANK) Can't imagine you mixing up muck Frank.

CHRIS

You cheeky lump.

PETE

(OF CHRIS) He ain't touched a shovel in years!

CON

He's the gaffer!

MITCH

From what I've heard his hands are usually too busy.

MITCH LOOKS AT TRUDIE.

QUINCY

(LAUGHS) Not many ... you seen that darlin' little secretary he's got tucked away.

MITCH

Linda!

PETE

Them scotches!

CON

Got a bum like two boys under a blanket.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS GETS A LOOK FROM TRUDIE. HE QUICKLY CHANGES THE SUBJECT.

CHRIS  
Ours is going to be a desk and telephone partnership ... right Frank? ... watch out Wimpeys ... here we come!

CHRIS SEES HAZEL WITH TRUDIE.

CHRIS  
Frank ... this is Hazel.

TRUDIE  
She's my best friend.

FRANK  
Where's her drink?

TRUDIE MOVES TO THE BAR TO GET A GLASS.

HAZEL  
(TO FRANK) Hope you didn't mind.

FRANK  
Mind what love?

HAZEL  
Chris invitin' me ... I mean ... I don't know you ... and ...

FRANK KISSES HER PLAYFULLY ON THE NECK.

FRANK  
You do now.

TRUDIE RETURNS WITH A GLASS. CHRIS FILLS IT UP FROM THE BOTTLE HE IS CARRYING. HE REFILLS ALL THE GLASSES.

FRANK  
I'll be pissed as a rat if you're not careful ... it's been a long time. (Since I had a drink).

CON  
Get it down.

QUINCY  
You can always kip in the bath.  
CONTINUED:

HAZEL  
Chris has told me all about  
you.

QUINCY  
All about him!

PETE  
Watch it Frankie ... I reckon  
she's the filth in drag!

QUINCY HOLDS HIS WRISTS OUT TO HAZEL.

QUINCY  
She can pull me any time she  
likes.

DEE HEARS HER HUSBAND'S REMARK.

DEE  
Is he being vulgar?

CON  
(TO HAZEL) Flash him your  
truncheon darlin'!

HAZEL GIGGLES. FRANK CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF ANNE  
WATCHING HIM FROM A DISTANCE. CHRIS HAS EMPTIED  
THE BOTTLE.

CHRIS  
This one's dead.

CHRIS MOVES AWAY, GOES INTO THE KITCHEN TO GET  
MORE CHAMPAGNE. HAZEL TALKS TO FRANK, ALL EYES  
AND GLANDS. DEE CROSSES TO MAGGIE WHO IS AT A  
TABLE LAID OUT WITH FOOD, HELPING HERSELF TO A  
PAPER PLATE OF TIT BITS.

DEE  
Thought you was on a diet?

MAGGIE  
Tomorrow.

DEE  
You're like me. (SHE PUTS HER  
HANDS ON HER FLOWING HIPS)  
It's always tomorrow.

DEE PICKS UP A PLATE AND STARTS TO HELP HERSELF TO  
FOOD.

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE LOOKS ACROSS AT HAZEL WITH FRANK. DEE  
FOLLOWS HER LOOK.

MAGGIE  
Who's the bit with the eyes and  
hot knickers?

DEE  
A friend of Trudie's.

MAGGIE  
Frank's coming out present?

DEE  
What?

MAGGIE  
You know Chris ... keeps his  
brains in his trousers.

DEE  
You mean ...

MAGGIE  
You know what I mean.

DEE  
Well ... why not ... Evie's  
not gonna be much use to 'im  
is she? (SMILES) I could -  
couldn't you?

MAGGIE  
(SMILES) Twice on Sunday.

ANNE WATCHES FRANK WITH HAZEL. SHE STANDS APART  
FROM EVERYONE, ALMOST AS THOUGH SHE WANTS TO BE  
ISOLATED. MITCH COMES OVER TO HER.

MITCH  
What's up with you?

ANNE  
(OFFHAND) I've got a headache.

MITCH  
Are you sure?

ANNE  
What's that supposed to mean?

CONTINUED:

ANNE TAKES A GOLD CIGARETTE CASE FROM HER PURSE,  
SHE PUTS A MENTHOL CIGARETTE TO HER LIPS AND WAITS  
FOR MITCH TO LIGHT IT.

MITCH

This is his first night out.

HE TAKES A GOLD DUNHILL FROM HIS JACKET POCKET  
AND LIGHTS ANNE'S CIGARETTE.

ANNE

What am I supposed to do?

MITCH

Just show a little enthusiasm.

ANNE

I don't like cheap champagne.

SHE TURNS AWAY FROM HER HUSBAND, WALKS OVER TO  
THE BAR AND POURS HERSELF A GENEROUS BRANDY.  
MITCH COMES ACROSS TO HER AND WHISPERS.

MITCH

Don't start swilling that down  
you!

ANNE

Why don't you go and join the  
Frank Ross appreciation society?

ANNE NODS ACROSS TO THE KNOT OF MEN ROUND FRANK.

MITCH

You mean mouthed bitch!

ANNE TAKES A LARGE SWALLOW OF BRANDY.

ANNE

I didn't want to come.

MITCH

(SARCASM) A hundred quid dress,  
half the afternoon gettin' ready,  
you really didn't want to come.

56 INT. CHRIS' FLAT (KITCHEN/HALL). EVENING.

56

CHRIS IS JUST LEAVING THE KITCHEN WITH TWO OPENED  
BOTTLES OF SHAMPOO. THE DOORBELL CHIMES. CHRIS  
GOES DOWN THE HALLWAY AND OPENS THE DOOR. EDDIE

CONTINUED:

ARCHER, MID THIRTIES, SHARP DRESSER, HARD, IS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY HOLDING A BOTTLE OF VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE AND SMOKING A JUST LIT EXPENSIVE CIGAR. WHEN CHRIS SEES WHO IT IS HIS FACE SETS.

CHRIS

What d'you want?

EDDIE

Now that's not very friendly.

CHRIS

Get lost!

EDDIE RAMS THE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE INTO CHRIS' CHEST AND PUSHES PAST HIM INTO THE HALLWAY.

EDDIE

Manners!

57 INT. CHRIS' FLAT. EVENING.

57

CON IS TELLING FRANK AND THE REST OF THEM A STORY ABOUT HIS OLD MUM.

CON

So the quack tells her he wants a specimen. Now my old Mum's never been sick in her life before ... So next day ... she only turns up at the surgery with a piss pot with the specimen in it.

QUINCY

(DISBELIEF) Go on...

CON

On my life ... he says to her ... you didn't come here carryin' that? An' she says ... I had to walk ... they wouldn't let me on the bus!

EDDIE ENTERS FOLLOWED BY CHRIS. THE ROOM GOES QUIET, THEY ALL KNOW EDDIE ARCHER AND WHAT HE IS. EDDIE FORCES AN OVERPOWERING SMILE.

EDDIE

Frankie!

CONTINUED:

# AMENDMENTS 21/12/77

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53.

FRANK LOOKS AT CHRIS - SEES THE SITUATION. HE COMES ACROSS TO FACE EDDIE.

FRANK  
You're looking sharp Eddie.

CON  
Sharp as a shithouse rat!

EDDIE  
(TO CON) Comedian.

THERE IS A SUDDEN, URGENT ATMOSPHERE OF TENSION.

FRANK  
Something on your mind Eddie?

EDDIE  
Hey ... what is all this ...  
we thieved apples together ...  
I come to say hello.

FRANK  
(FLAT) Hello ... goodbye.

EDDIE SNATCHES THE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE FROM CHRIS.

EDDIE  
A little gift from Mister  
Wilson.

FRANK  
Mister Wilson?

EDDIE  
Things have changed Frankie.

FRANK  
So I hear.

EDDIE  
From the cripple ... Vic Lee?

FRANK  
You've been busy.

EDDIE  
Mister Wilson likes to know  
what goes on in his manor.

CONTINUED:

FRANK  
 His manor ... I hear that  
 Tony McGrath might have  
 something to say about that?

EDDIE                    *Scotch (grrt)*  
 (SMILES) You mean that ~~Geordie~~ *(slag)*  
 slag who chews his nails?                    *(git)*

FRANK SUDDENLY REACHES FORWARD AND SNATCHES THE  
 BIG CIGAR FROM EDDIE'S MOUTH.

FRANK  
 I can't hear what you're saying  
 Eddie.

FRANK PUTS THE CIGAR BETWEEN HIS OWN LIPS, SUCKS  
 ON IT AND BLOWS SMOKE IN EDDIE'S FACE. THE SMILE  
 DECAYS FROM EDDIE'S FACE, HIS WHOLE BODY STIFFENS.  
 CON SLIPS HIS WATCH FROM HIS WRIST READY TO HAVE A  
 SMACK AT EDDIE IF NEEDS BE. QUINCY REACHES FOR AN  
 EMPTY CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE. EDDIE KNOWS HE'S IN FOR  
 A SPANKING IF HE DOESN'T BACK OFF.

FRANK  
 You tell Mister Wilson I'll  
 be round to see him.

EDDIE  
 He's a busy man ...

FRANK  
 I'm sure he'll spare me a  
 few minutes.

EDDIE TURNS TO LEAVE. CHRIS THROWS THE BOTTLE OF  
 CHAMPAGNE AT HIS GUT, EDDIE CATCHES IT AND LOOKS  
 LONG AND HARD AT CHRIS. THEN HE TURNS BACK TO  
 FRANK.

EDDIE  
 (OF CHRIS) Does your dog  
 bite Frankie?

EDDIE WALKS FROM THE PARTY ROOM, OUT INTO THE  
 HALLWAY, THE DOOR SLAMS. THE SILENCE IS BROKEN.  
 EVERYONE TRIES TO PRETEND THE INCIDENT NEVER  
 HAPPENED.

DEE  
 Someone put some music on.

CONTINUED:

CON  
Gonna do a peel for us Dee?

DEE  
Frighten you all to death.

CON CROSSES TO A CASSETTE DECK AND PUTS ON SOME "PETERS AND LEE". MAGGIE AND DEE PUT THEIR PLATES OF FOOD ASIDE.

DEE GOES UP TO FRANK.

DEE  
You used to like to dance Frank. (GIGGLES) Remember that New Year party at our old place?

QUINCY  
It's a wonder you do ... all that Vera you tucked away.

DEE  
Take no notice ... he's common.

FRANK TAKES THE CIGAR FROM HIS MOUTH, HE LOOKS TIRED AND PENSIVE.

DEE  
He's a wrong 'un Frank, don't let him spoil your party.

FRANK SMILES AT HER, DROPS THE CIGAR IN A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE. HE PULLS DEE CLOSE TO HIM AND THEY DANCE. QUINCY GRABS HAZEL.

QUINCY  
Come on darlin' ... I may be near fifty but the old legs are still working.

MAGGIE  
Nothing else ... just the legs!

DEE  
(GIGGLES) Don't you believe it.

QUINCY DANCES HAZEL INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. CON AND DEBBIE FOLLOW THEM. PETER GRABS MAGGIE.

CONTINUED:

PETE

You're the lucky winner gel, you  
get to partner the New Cross  
Nureyev.

PETE DANCES MAGGIE OUT TO JOIN THE DANCING COUPLES.  
CHRIS IS DANCING WITH TRUDIE, AS CLOSE AS HE CAN  
GET, HE RUNS HIS HANDS APPRECIATIVELY OVER HER ARSE.

CHRIS

Ooooh! What an Aris!

TRUDIE

(GIGGLES) Behave!

CON CALLS OUT TO MITCH WHO IS AT THE BAR WITH ANNE.

CON

Come on Mitch ... break a  
leg.

MITCH TURNS TO ANNE, TAKES THE BRANDY GLASS FROM  
HER HAND, PUTS IT ON THE BAR. BEFORE SHE HAS TIME  
TO REACT, MITCH PUTS HIS ARMS ROUND HER, HOLDING  
HER TIGHTLY, AND DANCES HER OUT IN THE MIDDLE  
OF THE FLOOR. ANNE IS STIFF AND UNCO-OPERATIVE.  
MITCH WHISPERS IN HER EAR.

MITCH

Dance you frigid bitch!

58 INT. OFFICE. NIGHT.

58

DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR CHRISTIE BRYCE, FORTY, A  
LEAN, NEATLY DRESSED, INTENSE MAN, IS CATCHING UP ON  
SOME PAPER WORK AT HIS DESK. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE  
OFFICE DOOR. DETECTIVE INSPECTOR ALEC RIMMER,  
THIRTY FOUR, A BIG, SCRUFFY MAN WITH LONG HAIR,  
ENTERS.

BRYCE

Hello Alec.

RIMMER

Frank Ross is out.

IT TAKES A FEW MOMENTS FOR THE INFORMATION TO SINK  
IN. BRYCE SITS SILENT. THOUGHTFUL.

RIMMER

They're having a knees up  
at Cottle's place.

CONTINUED:

BRYCE

Have you got someone on it?

RIMMER IS A TOUCH SURPRISED AT THIS.

RIMMER

Well ... no guv ... it was just a bit of local gossip from a DS I know out there.

BRYCE

I want to know who's at the party. I want a list of his fan club.

RIMMER

I know how you feel about Frank Ross guv, but he's too bright to get into anything for a long time yet.

BRYCE

He's broke ... he's a grudge bearer ... he's an arrogant bastard, after eight years he's got to re-establish himself. (PAUSE) And, I wonder if Billy Binns knows he's out?

RIMMER

(SMILES) I never thought of that.

BRYCE

Because when he does know there'll be a meet, we could pull Billy before the end of the week!

RIMMER

I'll get something organised.

BRYCE

Frank Ross was never your average villain ... and eight years in college will have sharpened him up. Put your best on him Alec.

RIMMER EXITS AND CLOSSES THE DOOR. BRYCE WAITS FOR A FEW MOMENTS UNTIL HE IS SURE THAT RIMMER HAS GONE, THEN HE PICKS UP THE 'PHONE AND DIALS AN OUT OF TOWN NUMBER. HE WAITS ...

CONTINUED:

BRYCE  
Frank Ros is out ...

59 EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT.

59

FRANK ESCAPES FROM THE PARTY WITH A COAT PULLED OVER HIS SHOULDERS. HE MOVES ACROSS A STONE PATIO THAT SEPARATES A NEAT LAWN FROM THE BACK OF THE HOUSE. LIGHT SPILLS OUT OF THE FLAT, MUSIC OOZES FAINTLY INTO THE FROSTY AIR OF THE CLEAR WINTER NIGHT. FRANK WALKS ACROSS THE LAWN TO A HIGH WOODEN FENCE THAT BORDERS THAT GARDEN. ANNE COMES OUT OF THE HOUSE WEARING ONLY HER DRESS. FRANK SEES HER AND TURNS AWAY FROM THE FENCE. SHE APPROACHES. SHE HAS HAD TOO MUCH BRANDY. SHE IS SHIVERING, PARTLY FROM THE COLD, PARTLY FROM BEING ALONE WITH FRANK.

ANNE  
Why Frank ... why?

FRANK  
There was no other way.

ANNE  
You could have answered my letters.

FRANK  
I thought about it ... I wanted to ... but ...

ANNE  
One letter ... one line on one page would have been something ... enough.

FRANK  
I wrote that letter ... fifty times ... in my mind Anne.

ANNE  
Say it again.

FRANK  
What?

ANNE  
My name.

ANNE REACHES OUT AND TOUCHES FRANK'S FACE TENDERLY WITH THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS.

CONTINUED:

ANNE

(SOFTLY) What did you think I'd do Frank, stop loving you, smile philosophically, shrug my shoulders, put it down to experience, just forget everything, flick a switch - on ... off? (BEAT) Is that what you expected.

FRANK MOVES AWAY FROM ANNE'S TOUCH. (WE ARE NOW SEEING THE OTHER SIDE OF ANNE, A TOTAL CONTRAST TO THE "MEAN MOUTHED BITCH" OF THE PARTY.)

FRANK

I didn't expect anything. When you've got years of the same faces, the same fear, the same anger, the same pointless longings, the same mindless routines, the same crippling nothingness day in day out, week in week out, months, years, you have to learn not to expect anything, you teach yourself to live without thinking, without caring, without wanting ... because if you don't - you're finished!

ANNE

You're going to need me Frank, I'm the only one who really knows you ... Evie never knew what to ...

FRANK

(ANGRILY) Don't talk about Evie!

ANNE

Don't live in the past Frank. Don't get dragged back in the sewer!

AS ANNE PUTS HER ARMS ROUND FRANK AND GOES TO KISS HIM, HAZEL COMES INTO THE GARDEN.

HAZEL

Frank?

HER EYES TAKE A FEW MOMENTS TO ADJUST TO THE DARKNESS. ANNE TURNS AWAY FROM FRANK. HAZEL SEES THEM TOGETHER. SHE LOOKS AT ANNE AND THEN AT FRANK.

CONTINUED:

HAZEL  
I've been looking for you.

ANNE WALKS BACK INTO THE HOUSE. FRANK IS LEFT WITH HAZEL.

HAZEL  
Chris wants to take some photographs.

FRANK  
(IRRITABLY) I'll be in in a minute tell him.

HAZEL  
He's all ready.

FRANK  
(FLARES) He can wait!

HAZEL BACKS AWAY FROM FRANK'S ANGER.

HAZEL  
Sorry ...

FRANK SOFTENS, PUTS HIS ARMS ROUND HAZEL, DRAWS HER BODY INTO HIS AND KISSES HER LONG AND HARD BUT WITHOUT FEELING. THEN HE SLIPS A HAND BETWEEN HER LEGS, PRESSING HER DRESS INTO HER BODY, HAZEL RESPONDS. FRANK PUSHES HER AWAY.

FRANK  
Go on in ... it's cold out here.

HAZEL DOES AS SHE IS TOLD. WHEN FRANK IS SURE THAT SHE IS OUT OF THE WAY HE PULLS THE COAT ON AND BUTTONS IT, THEN HE GOES BACK TO THE FENCE AND CLAMBERS OVER IT.

60 EXT. BACKSTREET. NIGHT.

60

FRANK DRIVES THE JAGUAR SLOWLY ALONG A PICK UP AREA IN BRIXTON.

61 INT. JAGUAR. NIGHT.

61

HE SEES A YOUNG COLOURED PROSTITUTE IN ONE OF THE DOORWAYS. HE STOPS THE CAR - LOOKS AT HER. SHE STEPS OUT OF THE DOORWAY AND COMES OVER TO THE CAR WITH A CIGARETTE BETWEEN HER LIPS. CONTINUED:

PROSTITUTE

Got a light?

FRANK LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE.

PROSTITUTE

Nice car ...

SHE IS WAITING FOR THE CUSTOMARY ENQUIRY. BUT FRANK SURPRISES HER. HE HOLDS OUT A TEN POUND NOTE.

FRANK

Bernie Machen.

THE TOM IS ON HER GUARD AT THE MENTION OF THE NAME.

FRANK

I want to talk to him.

THE PROSTITUTE REACHES FOR THE MONEY. FRANK DRAWS IT BACK WITH A WARNING.

FRANK

If I don't see you again ... or Bernie ... I've a good memory for faces.

HE STROKES THE EDGE OF THE NOTE LIKE A KNIFE BLADE DOWN THE TOM'S PRETTY FACE. HE MAKES HIS POINT.

PROSTITUTE

Who shall I say?

FRANK

Frank Ross.

PROSTITUTE

What if he don't want ... Bernie can be ... awkward?

FRANK

Just tell him.

THE TOM GRABS THE MONEY AND MOVES OFF QUICKLY, PULLING HER COAT COLLAR UP, HER HIGH HEELS CLACKING ON THE COLD PAVEMENT. FRANK WINDS UP THE WINDOW AND SITS BACK IN HIS CAR TO WAIT.

62 INT. CHRIS' FLAT. NIGHT.

62

HAZEL IS IN THE KITCHEN. CHRIS COMES IN FROM THE GARDEN. HE LOOKS PISSED OFF.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS  
He isn't in the garden.

HAZEL  
He was ... with her.

CHRIS  
Who?

HAZEL  
Anne?

A FLICKER OF REALISATION PANS ACROSS CHRIS' FACE.

CHRIS  
Where the hell is he!?

63 EXT. BACKSTREET. NIGHT.

63

AN AMERICAN CAR, DRIPPING CHROME AND RADIO AERIALS HISSES DOWN THE STREET. IT PULLS UP BESIDE THE JAG. CLIFF, THE BIG-SPADE FROM THE FLAT IS DRIVING. BESIDE HIM IS BERNIE MACHEN, EIGHT YEARS OLDER BUT STILL LEAN AND HARD WITH A PIKE SMILE OF EVEN WHITE TEETH. HE LOOKS AT FRANK, WINDS DOWN THE WINDOW AND HOLDS UP THE TENNER THAT FRANK GAVE THE TOM.

BERNIE  
Frankie!

CLIFF SLOWLY NOSES THE AMERICAN CAR IN FRONT OF THE JAG AND PARKS IT. FRANK'S MIND RACES BACK TO THE JOB EIGHT YEARS PREVIOUS.

64 INT. TUNNEL. NIGHT.

64

(IN MONOCHROME) BERNIE AND FRANK, STRIPPED DOWN TO THEIR UNDERPANTS, SWEATING LIKE PIGS, CAKED IN CLAY, ARE HACKING OUT A CRUDE TUNNEL WITH PICK AXE AND SHOVEL, LIKE TWO PRISONERS OF WAR, HUNGRY FOR ESCAPE. BILLY BINNS IS BEHIND THEM, FOCUSING THE BEAM OF A POWERFUL TORCH ON THE SOLID WALL OF SUB-SOIL AHEAD OF THEM. BERNIE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT, PERSPIRATION DRIPPING FROM HIS FACE, HE TURNS TO FRANK, WHO IS ALSO TAKING A SHORT BREATH, AND SMILES HIS PREDATOR SMILE.

65 EXT. BACKSTREET. NIGHT.

65

(COLOUR) FRANK GETS OUT OF THE JAG. CLIFF AND BERNIE GET OUT OF THE AMERICAN CAR BUT LEAVE THE DOORS OPEN. THEY MEET. BERNIE'S SMILE GETS WIDER AND EVEN LESS SINCERE.

BERNIE  
You've met Cliff?

CLIFF CLOSELY WATCHES EVERY MOVE FRANK MAKES.

FRANK  
He don't know anyone called Bernie.

BERNIE LAUGHS AND PATS THE BONNET OF THE JAG.

BERNIE  
A nice bit of steel!

FRANK  
How are you?

BERNIE  
All the better for seeing you Frankie ... it's been a long time.

FRANK  
How did your bird go?

BERNIE  
Slow man ... slow! (BEAT)  
That's a lot of time to think.  
(BEAT) About all the ladies I wasn't screwing ... all the air I wasn't breathing ... all the money I wasn't spending.

FRANK  
I saw Vic earlier.

BERNIE  
(SNEERS) He's nothing now!

FRANK  
He told me about Billy.

BERNIE  
(SMILES) Pretty Billy ... yeah ... they want him bad.

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Where is he?

BERNIE REACTS WITH MOCK SURPRISE.

BERNIE

I don't associate with criminals.

FRANK

How about Veneker?

BERNIE

Maybe ...

FRANK

(QUICKLY) Where?

BERNIE

(SMILES) Hey! (BEAT) You're really wired up Frankie?

FRANK

That's right.

BERNIE

Looking for the man with the big finger?

FRANK

Any ideas?

BERNIE

(STILL SMILING) If I did ... he'd be dead.

FRANK

Where's Veneker?

BERNIE WAVES THE TENNER IN FRANK'S FACE.

BERNIE

You kicked my door in ... that's unsociable.

FRANK POINTS TO THE NOTE.

FRANK

That should more than pay for it.

BERNIE

If you want to know where Big Ralph is ... it's gonna cost you ... call it ... compensation.

CONTINUED:

FRANK TIGHTENS.

FRANK

You know something Bernie ...  
you always were a black slag!

CLIFF VISIBLY STIFFENS. THE SMILE SMIPS FROM BERNIE'S FACE. FRANK GOES TO MOVE BACK TO THE JAGUAR. CLIFF MOVES QUICKLY AND POSITIONS HIMSELF BETWEEN FRANK AND HIS CAR. HIS HAND GOES IN HIS POCKET.

BERNIE

You're a long way from home  
Frankie.

FRANK TURNS BACK TO BERNIE.

BERNIE

I was telling Cliff ... explaining  
like ... how you owe me ... six  
years Frankie ... six years and  
not even a little pension to come  
home to. (HE FLASHES A DANGEROUS  
SMILE) This is a nice set of  
wheels!

HE CROSSES TO THE JAGUAR AND RUNS HIS HAND SENSUALLY OVER ITS BONNET. THEN HE OPENS THE DOOR AND SITS IN THE DRIVING SEAT, HIS HANDS ON THE STEERING WHEEL ... HE LOOKS UP AT FRANK.

BERNIE

Nice ... nice! (BEAT) I  
tell you what Frankie ...  
I'll take the car!

FRANK SMILES DISARMINGLY BACK AT BERNIE, TAKES THE IGNITION KEY FROM HIS POCKET AND HOLDS IT OUT. CLIFF LOOKS AT BERNIE. THE FLEETING MOMENT HIS EYES LEAVE FRANK IS ALL THE TIME HE NEEDS. HE DIVES FORWARD AND NUTS THE SPADE, THEN KICKS OUT AT THE CAR DOOR CATCHING BERNIE AS HE GOES TO GET OUT.

CLIFF'S HAND COMES OUT OF HIS POCKET WITH A CUT-THROAT RAZOR, ITS HANDLE BOUND IN ELECTRICIAN'S TAPE. BUT FRANK IS ON HIM BEFORE HE CAN USE IT, HE HITS HIM TWICE, LOW AND HARD. AS CLIFF SINKS TO HIS KNEES THE RAZOR SLIPS FROM HIS HAND ONTO THE TARMAC.

BERNIE IS OUT OF THE CAR AS FRANK GOES FOR THE RAZOR. HE KICKS OUT AT FRANK, CATCHING HIS ARM. FRANK AND

CONTINUED:

BERNIE WRESTLE IN THE ROAD, BOTH TRYING TO REACH  
THE RAZOR IN THE GUTTER. FRANK GETS IT.

CLIFF, HOLDING HIS GUT, STAGGERS DOWN THE ROAD, AS  
FAST AND AS FAR FROM FRANK AS HE CAN GET. FRANK  
GRABS BERNIE ROUND THE NECK AND LAYS THE LETHAL  
BLADE OF THE RAZOR ACROSS HIS EYES!

FRANK

Veneker!

MUSIC/END TITLES

END OF EPISODE ONE