

OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT

EPISODE 2

NOT JUST PENNIES

by

TREVOR PRESTON

EUSTON FILMS LTD.,  
COLET COURT,  
100 HAMMERSMITH ROAD,  
LONDON, W.6.

Te1: 01-741 1011.

66 INT. EVE'S ROOM. DAY.

66

EVE ROSS IS THIRTY SIX. A VERY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. WEARING AN EXPENSIVE SILK DRESSING GOWN, SHE SITS IN FRONT OF A SMALL DRESSING TABLE, STARING AT HER FACE IN THE MIRROR.

THE PRIVATE NURSING HOME ROOM IS SMALL BUT COMFORTABLY FURNISHED. THE FLOOR IS CARPETED, THERE IS A COLOUR TELEVISION AND A RADIO. ON ONE WALL IS A FRAMED REPRODUCTION OF DECAS' "THE DANCING CLASS".

EVE SLOWLY RAISES A HAND TO HER HEAD AND RUNS HER FINGERS THROUGH HER SHORT HAIR. SHE IS NOT WEARING A WEDDING RING. SHE THEN PICKS UP A LIPSTICK FROM A CASE OF MAKE-UP ON THE DRESSING TABLE. SHE HOLDS THE BLOOD RED PHALLUS TO HER MOUTH WITH SHAKING HANDS AS THOUGH TRYING HARD TO REMEMBER THE ACT OF MAKING-UP. SHE FUMBLES AND DROPS THE LIPSTICK. AS SHE GOES TO RETRIEVE IT SHE KNOCKS AN OPENED BOTTLE OF PEARL NAIL VARNISH OVER, IT SPILLS OVER THE GLASS TOP OF THE DRESSING TABLE AND STARTS TO DRIP DOWN ONTO THE CARPET. INSTEAD OF TAKING A TISSUE FROM THE BOX AND SWABBING IT UP, EVE WATCHES MESMERICALLY AS THE NAIL VARNISH DRIPS ONTO THE EXPENSIVE CARPET.

67 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

67

THE JAGUAR POWERS ALONG A WINDING, HEDGE-LINED COUNTRY ROAD.

68 INT. JAGUAR. DAY.

68

FRANK IS DRIVING. CHRIS IS WITH HIM. HE LIGHTS TWO CIGARETTES FROM THE DASHBOARD LIGHTER AND PASSES ONE TO FRANK.

CHRIS

Last night.....?

FRANK

Sorry about leaving like that, it all got a touch too much, I wasn't ready for so many people, but I should've said something, I was out of order.

CHRIS

Anne come on a bit strong after you left ... give my best brandy a right seeing to. (HE LOOKS FOR A REACTION FROM FRANK) There's

CONTINUED:

Amended EP.2 2/12/77

68.

CHRIS (Cont'd)  
bin problems, her and Mitch, she  
give him a terrible coating ...  
'ee give her a right 'ander! (STILL  
NO REACTION FROM FRANK. CHRIS  
TRIES AGAIN) Young Hazel said  
you was in the garden with Anne  
before you went missin'? (FRANK  
JUST DRIVES) She thought she  
was interruptin' sumthin', said  
Anne give her a look that melted  
her nail polish!

FRANK  
(EDGY) You trying to say  
something?

CHRIS  
(AWKWARDLY) I know about you  
and Anne.

FRANK IS TOTALLY IMPASSIVE.

CHRIS  
I've known about it from the  
beginning. I never ever said  
nothin', it weren't none of my  
business, you was both so  
careful, had the rest of them  
thinkin' you didn't even like  
each other.

CHRIS GLANCES AT FRANK, THERE IS AN ATMOSPHERE OF  
QUILTED SILENCE. NOW THAT HE HAS STARTED HE CAN'T  
STOP, HE NERVOUSLY RAMBLES.

CHRIS  
She's top of the milk Frank, a  
class bird, you always was a bit  
of a connoisseur, she's different  
Anne, like you in lots'a ways, clever,  
uses words I've never heard, I mean  
(CONFUSED AND A BIT EMBARRASSED) what  
the hell do I mean?

FRANK DRIVES THE CAR HARD. NOW CHRIS HAS STARTED, HE  
PUMPS IT ALL OUT.

CHRIS  
I always thought you and Evie  
were so ... suited ... everyone  
did ... everyone said ....What

CONTINUED:

Amended EP. 2 21/12/77

69.

CHRIS (Cont'd.)  
are you goin' ter do, I mean,  
like, you an' Anne? (BEAT)  
Evie needs you more than she  
does Frank.

FRANK  
(FLARES) I know that!

— 1m 43s

69 INT. EVE'S ROOM. DAY.

69

EVE HAS MADE HER FACE UP, BUT BADLY. SHE STANDS IN  
FRONT OF THE DRESSING TABLE (BACK TO CAMERA) - HOLDS  
HER ROBE OPEN, LIKE SILK WINGS, AND STUDIES HER  
NAKED BODY CRITICALLY.

70 EXT. NURSING HOME GROUNDS. DAY.

70

THE JAGUAR IS PARKED A DISTANCE FROM THE HOUSE. FRANK  
AND CHRIS WALK SLOWLY TOWARDS THE FRONT ENTRANCE.  
FRANK IS CARRYING A BUNCH OF ROSES WRAPPED IN WHITE  
TISSUE PAPER. FRANK LOOKS AROUND APPROVINGLY.

FRANK  
It's a nice place Chris.

CHRIS  
They've been very good to her.

FRANK  
Evie always did fancy the country.

CHRIS  
(SMILES) Not like you ... eh?

FRANK STOPS.

FRANK  
Listen!

CHRIS STOPS AND LISTENS.

CHRIS  
What?

FRANK  
(INSISTS) Listen.

THEY STAND SILENTLY. ALL THAT CAN BE HEARD IS A  
LIGHT BREEZE THROUGH THE TREES THAT SURROUND THE  
HOUSE.

CHRIS  
I can't hear nothin'.

CONTINUED:

Amended EP.2 21/12/77

70.

FRANK

That's what I don't like about  
the country, too quiet, like being  
down the Hole ... on segregation.

THEY WALK ON TOWARDS THE HOUSE. CHRIS APPEARS TO  
BE MORE NERVOUS THAN FRANK.

CHRIS

Frank. (PAUSE) Don't expect  
too much ... at first like ...  
it has been a long time.

71 INT. DR. WHYTE'S ROOM. DAY.

71

THERE IS NO DESK, NO TELEPHONE, NO FORMAL TRAPPINGS  
OF AN OFFICE, JUST COMFORTABLE CHAIRS. ON ONE WALL  
IS A FRAMED REPRODUCTION OF MAGRITTE'S "La Vie  
secrete IV".

DR WHYTE IS A STRANGE MAN - IN HIS LATE FORTIES,  
LONG HAIR. COLLARLESS SHIRT, NO WATCH, TINTED GLASSES.

THERE IS A POLITE KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

DR WHYTE

Come in.

FRANK ENTERS BY HIMSELF. DR WHYTE CROSSES TO HIM  
WITH HIS HAND EXTENDED.

DR WHYTE

Mr Ross ...

FRANK SHAKES THE OFFERED HAND. HE IS A TOUCH TAKEN  
ABACK BY THE OFFICELESS OFFICE. DR WHYTE STEERS  
HIM TO ONE OF THE CHAIRS. FRANK LOOKS AT THE MAGRITTE,  
HE HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE IT BEFORE.

DR WHYTE

Not quite "The Haywain" is it?

FRANK

(SMILES) Not quite.

FRANK SITS.

DR WHYTE

Some coffee?

FRANK

No ... thank you.

DR WHYTE CROSSES TO A CUPBOARD AND OPENS IT.

CONTINUED:

DR WHYTE  
 Something stronger? (FRANK  
 IS SURPRISED) I often have one  
 about this time. I'm afraid I  
 have all the vices. (BEAT)  
 Brandy?

DR WHYTE POURS TWO BRANDIES - HE TAKES ONE OVER TO  
 FRANK.

DR WHYTE  
 Nervous?

FRANK  
 Very.

DR WHYTE  
 Me too.

FRANK  
 (SURPRISED) You?

DR WHYTE  
 Eve is one of my special people ...  
 Today is a big day for her ... you  
 ... me ... (HE RAISES HIS GLASS)  
 Here's to us all ... (HE SIPS HIS  
 BRANDY).

FRANK  
 I didn't quite expect ... (HE  
 GESTURES ROUND THE ROOM)

DR WHYTE  
 Not the accepted image of a  
 psychiatrist? (BEAT) I mean ...  
 no bronze bust of Freud ... no  
 couch ... no Viennese accent ...  
 I don't even wear socks. (HE  
 SHOWS FRANK HIS BARE ANKLES).

FRANK  
 Chris said you were ... (HESITATES)  
 ... a bit of a cowboy.

DR WHYTE SMILES THEN SITS IN A CHAIR OPPOSITE FRANK  
 AND BECOMES MORE SERIOUS.

DR WHYTE  
 Where do we start?

FRANK  
 (SHRUGS) How is she?

DR WHYTE  
 Excited ... maybe too excited.

CONTINUED:

72 INT. EVE'S ROOM. DAY.

72

EVE HAS DRESSED HERSELF. SHE LOOKS IN THE MIRROR, IS DISSATISFIED, RIPS THE FRONT OF THE DRESS OPEN, THE BUTTONS FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS. IN A MOOD OF SUDDEN PANIC, EVE PULLS THE DRESS OFF, THROWS IT ON THE FLOOR AND TAKES A SECOND DRESS ON A HANGER FROM A WARDROBE.

73 INT. DR WHYTE'S ROOM. DAY.

73

FRANK HOLDS HIS GLASS OF BRANDY STIFFLY AS HE FACES THE PSYCHIATRIST.

DR WHYTE

Are you asking me for a diagnosis?

FRANK

I suppose so.

DR WHYTE

There's a lot of words ... they roll off the tongue. (RAISES HIS GLASS) like a good brandy ... for instance ... (MELODRAMATICALLY) schi-zo-phrenia ... Bleuler's greek mouthful ... that's a favourite ... neuroses ... psychoses ... take your pick, (PAUSE) they're only scientific name-calling ... I mean ... how relevant or important are they to you ... to Eve ... to me ... to psychiatry?

FRANK SHIFTS UNEASILY IN HIS CHAIR.

74 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

74

CHRIS SITS WITH THE BUNCH OF ROSES IN HIS LAP, WAITING FOR FRANK. A PRETTY NURSE WALKS PAST. CHRIS GIVES HER A WINK. TO HIS AMAZEMENT SHE WINKS BACK BUT DOESN'T STOP.

75 INT. DR WHYTE'S ROOM. DAY.

75

FRANK HAS FINISHED HIS BRANDY.

DR WHYTE

Eve is very evasive (BEAT) about ... one, specific aspect of your relationship. (PAUSE) When I raise the subject of your criminality she shuts off.

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Can you blame her?

DR WHYTE

Why do you say that?

FRANK

If I hadn't been put away she wouldn't be here. The judge sentenced me ... but I sentenced Evie.

DR WHYTE

You blame yourself?

FRANK

(CORRECTS HIM) My criminality.

DR WHYTE

You see them as separate?

FRANK

Perhaps?

DR WHYTE

Interesting ... go on?

FRANK

We always kept them separate.  
(PAUSE) There's two ways you can play it ... A lot of villains say the only people they can trust are their mothers and wives. (PAUSE) When Eve and me got married we made a bargain ... she never asked ... and I never told her ... safer that way.

DR WHYTE

You were arrested previously?

FRANK

Twice ... and sent for trial.

DR WHYTE

You were innocent?

FRANK

(SMILES) They couldn't prove me guilty.

DR WHYTE

What was Eve's reaction then?

CONTINUED:

FRANK  
I sent her and the kid away.

DR WHYTE  
Both times?

FRANK  
It was best.

DR WHYTE  
She agreed to go?

FRANK  
I said ... it was best.

DR WHYTE  
For whom?

FRANK  
Both of us. (PAUSE) The police  
can be evil. When they want you  
bad they'll get at you anyway  
they can. They'll use your wife  
... your family ... anything ...  
anyone, to put pressure on you.

76 INT. BRYCE'S OFFICE. DAY.

76

D. I. RIMMER IS REPORTING TO D.C.I. BRYCE.

RIMMER  
Ross had a run in with supercoon  
last night.

BRYCE  
(SURPRISED) Machen?

RIMMER  
Our Frankie's lost none of his  
charm.

BRYCE  
How bad?

RIMMER  
Nothing we can pull him on.

BRYCE  
Have you talked to Machen?

RIMMER  
Couldn't find him but the street  
talk is that Frank was asking  
after Big Ralph, supercoon give

CONTINUED:

RIMMER (Cont'd.)  
him some trap, so Frank sorted  
him. (BEAT) He's out to find  
who grassed him guv and he ain't  
wasting much time. He's bin seen  
with Vic Lee, now Machen, he's  
tracking down the old firm, that  
only leaves Big Ralph and Pretty  
Billy ...

BRYCE  
He must have heard about Billy  
by now.

RIMMER  
Day one guv ... Vic Lee was sure  
to tell him.

BRYCE  
Warn him off Alec.

RIMMER  
(TAKEN ABACK) But guv ...

BRYCE  
Make sure he knows that it's me  
on Billy's case, make it very  
personal.

RIMMER  
(BEMUSED) If that's what you  
want.

BRYCE  
The one sure way to get Frank  
Ross to do anything is to warn  
him off. He'll find us Pretty  
Billy quicker than anyone.

RIMMER  
Who did put Frank Ross' name in  
the frame guv, you never did tell  
me?

BRYCE  
You know better than to ask me  
that Alec.

RIMMER  
If he ever does find out ...

BRYCE  
He won't.

CONTINUED:

RIMMER

I hope you're right guv, because Frank's spent eight years thinking about different ways to punish him!

RIMMER MOVES TO THE DOOR.

BRYCE

Alec. (RIMMER TURNS BACK)  
Put the word out on the street, if Frank Ross farts I want to know where and when!

77 INT. EVE'S ROOM. DAY.

77

EVE IS DRESSED. SHE STANDS BY THE WINDOW STARING DOWN INTO THE GROUNDS, NOT MOVING.

78 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

78

FRANK, CHRIS AND DR WHYTE ARE WALKING THROUGH THE HOSPITAL.

FRANK

When will Evie be able to come home?

DR WHYTE

Not for a while yet.

FRANK

But soon ... I mean ... weeks not months?

DR WHYTE

It depends on so many factors. The first one being how she reacts in the next half hour.

THEY STOP OUTSIDE EVIE'S ROOM. FRANK LOOKS APPREHENSIVE.

DR WHYTE

I won't come in with you.

CHRIS HANDS FRANK THE FLOWERS.

CHRIS

Give her my love Frank.

DR WHYTE

There's a bell by the door ... if you need ... anything.

CONTINUED:

79 INT. EVE'S ROOM. DAY.

79

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. EVE TURNS FROM THE WINDOW BUT SAYS NOTHING. FRANK ENTERS. HE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. THEY STAND FOR SOME TIME JUST LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER.

FRANK

Hello love.

EVE

Roses.

FRANK

Your favourite.

HE HOLDS THE FLOWERS OUT. EVE MAKES NO MOVE TO TAKE THEM. FRANK STANDS WITH THEM HELD TOWARDS HER FOR A FEW MOMENTS AND THEN HE PUTS THEM ON A LOW TABLE BY THE BED, EVE STILL MAKES NO MOVE TOWARDS HIM.

FRANK

Your hair's different?

EVE FLICKS HER FINGERS THROUGH HER HAIR SELF-CONSCIOUSLY.

EVE

I look a mess!

SHE RUNS HER FINGERS OVER HER MAKE-UP MASK OF A FACE.

FRANK

(QUIETLY) You're beautiful.

EVE SMILES BRIEFLY, ALMOST FURTIVELY. SHE MOVES ACROSS THE ROOM TO FRANK, TAKES ONE OF HIS HANDS, SLOWLY RAISES IT AND KISSES THE PALM. FRANK IS ALMOST IN TEARS. HE HOLDS HER VERY TIGHT AND KISSES THE TOP OF HER HEAD. THEY STAND LOCKED TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME, SAYING NOTHING.

EVE

I'm sorry about the letters  
Frank.

FRANK

That's all right love.

EVE

It wasn't because I didn't want  
to write.

FRANK

I understand.

CONTINUED:

THEY SEPARATE.

EVE

I get so depressed, sometimes everything seems pointless, meaningless, so futile. (PAUSE) You and me Frank, nothin's altered has it?

FRANK

Not a thing.

SHE TOUCHES HIS FACE IN MUCH THE SAME WAY AS ANNE DID IN THE GARDEN - WITH JUST THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS.

FRANK

I love you Evie ...

EVE

(SMILES) I'm going to get better Frank. Now you're out ... you see. (BEAT) There's nothing really wrong with me ... I mean ... I'm not really sick ... not like some of them ... I just get depressed ... we all get depressed ... don't we ... I mean ... I'm not ill!

80 EXT. STREET. DAY.

80

EDDIE ARCHER - MID THIRTIES - SHARP DRESSER - HARD - APPROACHES A NEW MERCEDES PARKED ON A DOUBLE YELLOW LINE. HE SNATCHES A PARKING TICKET FROM THE WIND-SCREEN, SCREWS IT UP AND DROPS IT INTO THE GUTTER. A VOICE COMES FROM BEHIND.

RIMMER

(OS) Your wheels Eddie?

EDDIE SPINS ROUND TO FACE RIMMER.

EDDIE

Mister Wilson's as a matter of fact.

RIMMER

Mister Wilson?

EDDIE

He's a ratepayer ... a property owner ... and a mason ... you should learn a bit of respect Mister Rimmer!

CONTINUED:

RIMMER  
He's a rubbish Eddie ... like  
you.

EDDIE  
You're a regular shaft of  
sunlight..

RIMMER  
Careful Eddie.

EDDIE  
Is this official?

RIMMER  
Social. (BEAT) I'm the  
bringer of glad tidings ...  
Frank Ross is out ... but  
then you know that don't you  
Eddie ... I hear you got a bit  
lively ... I hear Frank made  
you look a lemon, tossed you  
out of his party ... I hear  
you've got the dead needle?

EDDIE GETS INTO HIS MOTOR.

EDDIE  
I'd offer you a lift Mr Rimmer,  
but I know you have to be  
careful who you're seen with.

- 1 mi 11/5AC

HE STARTS THE MOTOR AND ACCELERATES AWAY FROM THE KERB,  
RIMMER HAS TO JUMP BACKWARDS TO AVOID HAVING HIS FEET  
RUN OVER.

81 INT. EVE'S ROOM. DAY.

81

EVE AND FRANK ARE SITTING ON THE BED. FRANK IS  
SMOKING. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING WELL.

FRANK  
I like Doctor Whyte.

EVE  
(GIGGLES) Did Chris warn  
you?

FRANK  
(SMILES) He said he was a bit  
of a wag ... eccentric.

EVE  
He's very clever ... very kind.  
(PAUSE) What did he say?

CONTINUED:

FRANK  
We just talked.

EVE  
About me?

FRANK  
All sorts.

EVE  
Tell me.

FRANK  
What?

EVE  
What he said about me?

FRANK  
He was vague.

EVE  
(GETS EDGY) I want to know  
what he said Frank.

SHE GETS OFF THE BED.

EVE  
I have a right to know.

FRANK GETS UP. STUBS HIS CIGARETTE OUT.

EVE  
Tell me!

FRANK  
He said about the sessions you  
have ... the psychotherapy ...  
encounter groups (BEAT) We  
talked about ... criminality ...

EVE  
(FLARES) Me ... me ... me  
Frank. What did he tell you  
about me?

FRANK IS GETTING ALARMED AT EVE'S SUDDEN CHANGE OF MOOD.

FRANK  
Calm down love.

EVE  
Why won't you tell me?

CONTINUED:

FRANK

I'm trying to tell you.

EVE

I'm not an idiot Frank ... I'm not ga ga ... my brain still functions ... I'm not a cabbage yet ... I do still comprehend basic English!

FRANK

Eve ...

EVE

Eight years ... in eight years you haven't changed ... not one iota ... you're still talking to me like I'm a ... a ... a ...

FRANK

Evie ...

EVE

My name's Eve ... Eve ... not 'Evie' ... Eve!

FRANK TRIES TO PHYSICALLY CALM HER - HE GOES TO PUT HIS ARMS ROUND HER - SHE SNATCHES AWAY.

EVE

You keep away from me ... don't you ... dare ... touch ... me.  
 (PAUSE) You put me in here!  
 (PAUSE) Well ... I don't have to stay ... I don't have to ... I'm not committed ... I can walk out any time ... anytime I bloody well want!

FRANK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

FRANK

Eve ...

BUT HE CAN'T STOP HER. SHE GRABS HOLD OF THE ROSES.

EVE

I hate you! (BEAT) I loathe the sight of your face! (BEAT) Look! (SHE HOLDS HER LEFT HAND OUT TO FRANK) See! (SHE WAVES IT DEFIANTLY IN HIS FACE) No ring ... no wedding ring! (FRANK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY OR DO) You hadn't even noticed ...

CONTINUED:

Amendments EP. 2 2/12/77

82.

EVE (Cont'd.)  
had you! (FRANK REMAINS VERY  
STILL) I got rid of it ...  
just like you got rid of me ...  
flushed it down the lavatory.  
(PAUSE) Instant divorce!

FRANK SAYS NOTHING. WHAT CAN HE SAY? EVE FLARES  
AGAIN.

EVE  
Why didn't they lock you away  
for longer ... for ever!

SHE STARTS TO SMASH THE FLOWERS AGAINST THE WALL.  
FRANK TRIES TO STOP HER, BUT THE BUNCH OF ROSES IS  
VERY SOON A MESS OF BROKEN STEMS, TORN TISSUE PAPER  
AND MANGLED BLOOMS.

FRANK GRABS HOLD OF EVE AND SHAKES HER HARD. EVE  
CALMS. SHE LOOKS AT THE FLOWERS AND SLOWLY REALISES  
WHAT SHE HAS JUST SAID AND DONE. SHE BURSTS INTO  
TEARS AND HUGS FRANK.

EVE  
I'm sorry ... I'm sorry ... I'm  
sorry ... I'm sorry ... I didn't  
mean it ... I didn't mean any of  
it...

FRANK  
It's all right love.

HE HOLDS HER TIGHT - COMFORTINGLY.

EVE  
Take me home Frank ... for  
God's sake take me away from  
this place .. I'm dying in here!

FRANK  
As soon as I can ... I promise.

EVE  
Today Frank ... now!

FRANK HOLDS ON TO HER.

FRANK  
You know that's not possible.

EVE  
Why not?

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Soon Eve ... I promise you it'll  
be soon.

EVE

You want me still don't you Frank?

FRANK

Of course.

EVE

I mean physically ... sexually ...

FRANK

Eve ...

EVE

We always were good together ...  
weren't we Frank ... remember ...  
we always were ... in bed? (SHE  
STARTS TO PULL AT HER DRESS)  
Put the chair against the door!

FRANK

(LOST) Eve love ...

EVE SLIPS HER DRESS OFF. SHE GRABS AT FRANK'S JACKET  
AND TRIES TO PULL IT OFF. FRANK RESISTS.

EVE

What's the matter?

FRANK PULLS HIS JACKET BACK ON AND TRIES TO CALM HER.

FRANK

(SOFTLY/APPEALING) No love  
... no ... no Evie!

EVE

No Evie! No Evie! No Evie!  
Christ! God! Jesus!

SHE STARTS TO SCREAM. THE VEINS STAND OUT IN HER  
TEMPLES. FRANK DASHES TO THE DOOR AND RINGS THE  
BELL.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

82 INT. JAGUAR. DAY.

82

CHRIS IS DRIVING BACK. FRANK SITS INTROSPECTIVELY BESIDE HIM. IN HIS MIND HE CAN STILL HEAR EVE'S MANIC SCREAMS.

CHRIS

I did try to warn you Frank.  
(FRANK IS STOIC) I did say.  
(CHRIS GLANCES AT FRANK)  
She's not always like that  
... not like that.

FRANK

One minute ... just ... normal.

CHRIS

I know.

FRANK

The next ... frightening ...  
like two different ... I didn't  
expect ... I just didn't realise  
she was so ill.

THEY DRIVE ON IN GLOOMY SILENCE. FRANK TURNS TO CHRIS.

FRANK

Does Evie know about Anne and me?

CHRIS

(REACTS) No!

FRANK

You sure?

CHRIS

Positive. (SUDDENLY UN-POSITIVE) Why, did she say ...?

FRANK

No ... it's just ... I thought  
... maybe ...

CHRIS

No one knows but me Frank ... on  
my life.(BEAT) I wish I hadn't said  
nothin' now.(SELF SCORNFULLY) Rent-  
a-mouth!

CONTINUED:

THEY ARE DRIVING THROUGH THE CITY. CHRIS TRIES TO DISTRACT FRANK.

CHRIS

You need a drink ... Amy should be open.

FRANK

Do you know what really brought me down ... She never mentioned Paul once ... not once. It's as if he didn't exist.

CHRIS

Amy would love to see you.

83 INT. PUB. DAY.

83

IT'S PAST THREE O'CLOCK. AMY, AN EX-BARMAID, NOW LANDLORD - FAT - FIFTY - VERY FRIENDLY, IS CHECKING THE MONEY IN THE TILL. SHE HEARS THE DOOR OPEN BUT SHE DOESN'T TURN - JUST CALLS OVER HER SHOULDER.

AMY

The towels are up ... sorry love ... gone closing.

FRANK AND CHRIS WALK TO THE BAR WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. AMY TURNS ON THEM.

AMY

I told you ... (SHE SEES FRANK, HER FACE BEAMS) Frank! Frank! Frank Ross ... you lovely man!

FRANK

(SMILES) Hello Amy.

AMY MOVES QUICKLY FROM BEHIND THE BAR.

AMY

Let me look at you. (SHE WALKS ROUND FRANK APPROVINGLY) You're looking better than ever darlin'. (SHE HUGS HIM AND PLANTS A SISTERLY KISS ON HIS CHEEK) Made my day seein' you. When did they let you out of the queer place?

FRANK

Yesterday.

AMY

Wonderful ... like old times. (BEAT) Have you been to see Evie yet?

CONTINUED:

Amends. EP. 2 21/12/77

86.

SHE HITS A NERVE. CHRIS GIVES HER A LOOK.

CHRIS

Just got back.

AMY UNDERSTANDS CHRIS' GLANCE.

CHRIS

We could both use a drop of gargle.

AMY

Of course ...

SHE MOVES BACK BEHIND THE BAR AND STARTS TO POUR THREE LARGE BRANDIES.

AMY

How's that boy of yorn Frank, young Paul?

FRANK

He's fifteen going on sixteen now Amy.

AMY

He never is!

FRANK TAKES OUT HIS WALLET AND FROM IT TAKES A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRANK

Chris took this two months back.

FRANK PASSES THE PHOTO TO AMY. SHE LOOKS AT IT, SMILES, THEN MEASURES A SMALL CHILD WITH HER HAND.

AMY

I remember him this high ... when he used to play in the back with that old dog I had while you and the lads had your sunday morning drink. (TO FRANK) He reminds me of pretty Billy when he was younger. (SADLY) You've heard?

SHE HANDS THE SMUDGE BACK TO FRANK. HE PUTS IT AWAY IN HIS WALLET AND BECOMES SERIOUS.

FRANK

Vic Lee told me. I couldn't believe it.

CONTINUED:

AMY

He never was like that Frank.  
Wouldn't hurt no one. Well,  
you know.

FRANK

What happened?

AMY

Ask Lew Wilson and that pig  
Eddie Archer.

FRANK

Billy got caught up with them?

AMY

When he got out you weren't  
around. You know what he's like.  
You know how impressionable he  
is. (SHE HANDS THE BRANDY ROUND)  
They got their bloody hooks into  
him!

THE PUB DOOR OPENS AGAIN. AMY CALLS OUT.

AMY

It's a quarter past!

RIMMER ENTERS. AS SOON AS FRANK SEES HIM HIS MIND  
FLASHES BACK TO THE NIGHT OF HIS ARREST EIGHT YEARS  
AGO.

84 INT. CELLAR. NIGHT.

84

(IN BLACK AND WHITE) FRANK, EIGHT YEARS YOUNGER,  
TRIES DESPERATELY TO SCRAMBLE BACK THROUGH THE TUNNEL  
THAT HE AND HIS TEAM HAVE DUG TO GET INTO THE BANK.  
COVERED IN MUD AND SHIT, HE CLAWS HIS WAY THROUGH THE  
TUNNEL ONLY TO EMERGE INTO A HALO OF TORCH LIGHTS IN  
THE CELLAR. FRANK IS DRAGGED FROM THE RAT RUN TUNNEL  
BY TWO HEFTY COPPERS. ALTHOUGH HE IS DISORIENTATED,  
HALF BLINDED BY THE LIGHT, AND EXHAUSTED, FRANK FIGHTS  
HIS WOULD-BE CAPTORS OFF, HE LAYS ONE OF THEM OUT COLD,  
BUT ANOTHER SOON TAKES HIS PLACE, FRANK IS DRAGGED TO  
HIS FEET AND HIS ARMS ARE PINIONED PAINFULLY BEHIND  
HIS BACK.

RIMMER (THEN A DETECTIVE SERGEANT) GRABS HOLD OF  
FRANK'S HAIR AND FORCES HIS HEAD BACK.

RIMMER

You're bloody nicked!

FRANK

Who! Who was it! Who grassed us?

CONTINUED:

RIMMER  
You're finished Ross! We've  
got you by the balls this time,  
bang to rights!

BRYCE APPEARS (THEN AN INSPECTOR). HE STANDS FACING  
FRANK.

BRYCE  
(TO FRANK) I've waited six  
years for this.

FRANK  
(HISSES) Who ... who was it  
Bryce, who put it on us!?

BRYCE JUST SMILES IN FRANK'S FACE.

FRANK  
You maggot!

HE SPITS IN BRYCE'S FACE. RIMMER HITS HIM LOW AND  
VERY HARD. FRANK BLACKS OUT.

85 INT. PUB. DAY.

85

(BACK TO COLOUR) RIMMER APPROACHES THE BAR. CHRIS  
GLANCES UNEASILY AT FRANK, WORRIED AT WHAT HE MIGHT  
DO. AMY'S FACE SETS IN A FROWN OF DISAPPROVAL.  
RIMMER FACES FRANK.

RIMMER  
How about a swift half Amy?

AMY  
Sorry.

RIMMER  
Oh come on.

AMY  
(FIRMLY) I'm closed.

FRANK DELIBERATELY RAISES HIS GLASS AND SIPS HIS  
LARGE BRANDY. CHRIS DRAINS HIS AND GLANCES AT RIMMER.

CHRIS  
We best be off Frank.

FRANK  
What's the hurry?

RIMMER  
He's worried that you might  
have a go at me.

CONTINUED:

FRANK

He may be right.

RIMMER

You've still got the stink of the nick on you ... the last thing you need is a run in with me.

FRANK

I read a lot ... in prison ... (MOCKINGLY) I had to learn to control my natural impulses. (BEAT) So I got books ... "Frustration and Conflict" ... "Human Aggression" ... "The Criminal Psychology". (BEAT) You can learn a lot about yourself from books. (TO RIMMER) I don't suppose you get much time to read?

RIMMER

Not much. (BEAT) I'm too busy protecting society from intellectuals like you.

FRANK

You wanted a word?

RIMMER

Why should I want words with you Ross?

FRANK

Then this is purely a chance encounter?

RIMMER

Amy is usually more obliging.

FRANK

I thought you might want to reminis? I thought you might feel that eight years have added a certain perspective to our relationship.

RIMMER

It's sad. (BEAT) You're a clever man. You could have been almost anything you wanted to be ... but for one thing ... one fatal flaw in your make-up.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS  
 (SENSES TROUBLE) Come on  
 Frank.

RIMMER  
 You're corrupt ... you can't  
 help it, it's like an illness,  
 a deformity ... and you infect,  
 you taint all those round you.  
 (BEAT) That's why me and others  
 like me have to separate you and  
 others like you from decent ...  
 normal ... healthy people.

FRANK  
 (MOCKINGLY SINCERE) Sort of ...  
 social surgery?

RIMMER  
 Facts Frank ... just facts. (BEAT)  
 Oh by the way ...

CHRIS  
 Here comes the commercial.

RIMMER  
 Mr Bryce sends you his regards.

FRANK  
 That's thoughtful of him.

RIMMER  
 And he asked me to tell you that  
 if you should be foolish enough  
 to have words with Pretty Billy  
 ... tell him it's only a matter  
 of time. (BEAT) We're going to  
 have him.

RIMMER TURNS AND WALKS TO THE DOOR. TURNS BACK  
 BRIEFLY.

RIMMER  
 One way or another, and that's  
 a million!

HE EXITS.

86 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE. (KITCHEN). DAY.

86

FRANK IS WITH A MAN IN HIS LATE FORTIES, AN ESTATE  
 AGENT CALLED HINDE. HE STUDIES A NOTE PAD AND TURNS  
 TO FRANK.

CONTINUED:

HINDE

What sort of price did you have  
in mind Mr Ross?

FRANK

You tell me.

HINDE

(CONSIDERING) Needs a bit doing  
to it. (BEAT) Frankly the market  
for properties this size is not ...  
what shall we say ...

FRANK

(IRRITABLY) Look... Mr Hinde ...  
can you sell it or not?

HINDE

It's a nice property ... it's just  
that ...

FRANK

Yes or no?

HINDE

Certainly ... we can sell it ...  
it just might take a little time,  
that's all.

FRANK

What do you mean by a little  
time?

HINDE

From our experience ...

FRANK

Weeks?

HINDE

Months Mr Ross ... maybe even  
a year.

FRANK

That's no use to me.

HINDE

(QUICKLY) Depending on the asking  
price of course.

FRANK

How much is it worth?

CONTINUED:

HINDE  
Worth? (BEAT) Thirty eight ...  
forty thousand ... something in  
that region.

FRANK IS AMAZED. WHEN HE BOUGHT THE HOUSE IT COST  
HIM THIRTEEN.

FRANK  
Twenty five ...

HINDE  
I beg your pardon?

FRANK  
Would it sell for twenty five?

HINDE  
Mr Ross ...

FRANK  
Quickly.

HINDE  
You don't ...

FRANK  
Cash. No pissing around waiting  
for mortgages ... Yes or no?

HINDE  
Yes ... yes of course, if that's...

FRANK  
That's what I want.

HINDE MOVES TOWARDS THE BACK DOOR. ALMOST AS IF AT  
THAT RIDICULOUS PRICE HE ALREADY HAS A BUYER.

HINDE  
(OBSEQUIOUS) You're obviously a  
gentleman who knows his own mind.

FRANK  
Don't waste your breath Mr Hinde  
... you think I'm a mug.

HINDE SLIPS OUT OF THE BACK DOOR WITHOUT ATTEMPTING  
A REPLY. FRANK CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

87 INT. FLAT. DAY.

87

ANNE IS SITTING AT A PIANO WITH A LARGE BRANDY IN ONE HAND. SHE PICKS OUT THE FIRST FEW BARS OF "AUTUMN LEAVES" WITH ONE FINGER. THE FLAT IS SMALL, TASTEFULLY FURNISHED AND DECORATED, BUT VERY DEFINITELY A BATCHELOR FLAT.

THE BELL RINGS. ANNE LOOKS UP. GETS UP. PUTS THE DRINK DOWN ON TOP OF THE PIANO.

88 INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

88

ANNE OPENS THE DOOR TO FRANK.

ANNE  
I didn't think you'd come.

FRANK  
Nor did I.

THEY MOVE INTO THE MAIN AREA OF THE FLAT.

89 INT. FLAT. DAY.

89

FRANK LOOKS THE ROOM OVER.

ANNE  
It's a friend's flat. He's away ... in Singapore. (FRANK GIVES HER A LOOK) Not that sort of friend.

FRANK  
(ABRUPTLY) Does Mitch know about us?

ANNE IS SURPRISED BY FRANK'S SUDDEN QUESTION.

ANNE  
No one knows.

FRANK  
Chris does.

ANNE  
(SHOCKED) How?

FRANK  
Does it matter?

ANNE  
Anyway ... he wouldn't care ... Mitch ...

CONTINUED:

FRANK

He'd care ... he'd care, so  
would I. (BEAT) I grew up with  
Mitch.

ANNE

(LAUGHS) Our marriage ... is not  
what you might call ... sacred ...

SHE REACHES FOR THE GLASS OF BRANDY. FRANK PICKS IT  
UP AND WON'T LET HER HAVE IT.

ANNE

He doesn't know who to screw  
next! (BEAT) Business trips to  
Amsterdam, secretaries who can't  
type ... he makes sure I know,  
that's half the fun.

ANNE GOES TO TAKE THE GLASS OF BRANDY FROM FRANK. HE  
POURS IT INTO THE EARTH OF A POTTED PLANT.

FRANK

When did this start?

ANNE

Don't pretend to be naive Frank,  
it demeans you.

FRANK

Is it that bad?

ANNE

What ... the drinking or the  
reasons?

FRANK

Both?

ANNE

Did you think of me Frank ... in  
prison ... I mean, honestly think  
about me ... about us ... the way  
we were ... what we did ... said  
to each other ... felt?

FRANK

Often.

ANNE

How often?

FRANK

I can't stay long Anne.

CONTINUED:

ANNE

How often ... once a day ... once a week ... once a month ... less and less until you'd almost forgotten me ... forgotten the shape of my face ... the colour of my eyes?

FRANK

What do you want me to say Anne?

ANNE

The truth.

FRANK

All right ... the truth. (PAUSE) I'm just out of prison ... my clothes don't fit ... the only money I've got I borrowed ... the car I'm driving is due to be repossessed. I'm having to sell my house for half its real value to pay my wife's hospital bills ... I haven't seen my son for nearly nine years - I don't even know if he'll recognise me ... One of my closest friends is wanted for murder ... and the filth have already made it clear that I've got some sort of contagious disease. (PAUSE) I'm sorry Anne, but on my list of priorities an eight year old affair doesn't rate very high at the moment!

THERE IS A LONG SILENCE. THEN ANNE TURNS TO FRANK.

ANNE

I'm ... I'm sorry Frank ... I ... I didn't mean to be a clinging, neurotic bitch. (PAUSE) - THEN TENDERLY) How was Evie?

FRANK

I hardly recognised her.

ANNE

(SYMPATHETICALLY) You didn't realise how ill she is?

FRANK

It turned me over. I don't know what to do. I don't know what I can do.

CONTINUED:

FRANK DROPS HIS HEAD AND LOOKS UTTERLY DEFEATED.  
ANNE WANTS SO BADLY TO TOUCH HIM, TO COMFORT HIM,  
BUT SOMEHOW SHE CAN'T MAKE IT. FRANK LOOKS UP AT HER.

FRANK

Someone called me "corrupt"  
today. He said that I infect the  
people close to me. I think he  
may be right. I haven't made the  
people I care most about very  
happy ... have I?

ANNE MOVES TO A CHAIR, PICKS UP HER BAG, OPENS IT,  
TAKES OUT AN ENVELOPE AND HANDS IT TO FRANK. HE OPENS  
IT, INSIDE IS A THOUSAND POUNDS IN NEW TWENTY POUND  
NOTES.

ANNE

It's my money, nothing to do with  
Mitch.

FRANK PUTS THE MONEY BACK IN THE ENVELOPE AND HANDS  
IT BACK TO ANNE.

FRANK

No ... but thanks.

ANNE

No strings ... no conditions.

FRANK

No.

ANNE

The police are just waiting for  
you to ... what I mean is ...  
it'll tide you over until you  
get something sorted out ... I  
don't want you to ...

FRANK

I'm not going back inside ... never  
... ever ... don't worry. (PAUSE)  
Makes me feel a right bastard. (HE  
POINTS TO THE MONEY) Was that why  
you wanted to meet?

ANNE

Partly.

SHE LEANS FORWARD AND KISSES FRANK GENTLY ON THE LIPS.

Amendments EP.2  
2/12/77

97.

90 INT. DR WHYTE'S ROOM. DAY. 90

THE YOUNG NURSE BURSTS IN.

NURSE

Mrs Ross!

DR WHYTE

What's happened?

NURSE

She's not in her room ... we're  
checking the grounds.

91 EXT. RIVER BANK. DAY. 91

RALPH VENEKER, FORTY ONE, IS A BIG MAN. HE IS BAITING A HOOK. HIS HANDS ARE HUGE BUT HIS TOUCH IS DELICATE AND HIS CONCENTRATION TOTAL. HE IS BY HIMSELF ON A LONELY STRETCH OF RIVER BANK. HE IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC AND EXPERIENCED ANGLER, HE HAS ALL THE GEAR. FRANK APPROACHES AND WATCHES HIM FROM A DISTANCE. HIS MIND RACES BACK TO THE TIME OF HIS ARREST, EIGHT YEARS PREVIOUSLY.

92 EXT. CITY SIDE STREET. NIGHT. 92

(IN BLACK AND WHITE) FRANK, HANDCUFFED TO RIMMER, IS BEING ESCORTED DOWN A SIDE STREET. BRYCE IS WITH THEM. VENEKER, HIS FACE BRUISED AND BLEEDING, IS FROGMARCHED BETWEEN TWO HUGE COZZERS, BOTH OF WHOM LOOK AS IF THEY HAVE WALKED INTO A BRICK WALL. THE TWO GROUPS MEET!

VENEKER

It was a set up Frankie!

RIMMER

Shut your crack Veneker!

VENEKER

(TO BRYCE) Who was it? Who grassed  
us!

THE TWO ESCORTING COPPERS TWIST VENEKER'S ARMS. BIG RALPH GOES UP ON HIS TOES, HIS FACE FLUSHED WITH PAIN.

RIMMER

Shut it!

FRANK

Easy Ralph.

BIG RALPH SMILES AT FRANK.

CONTINUED:

VENEKER

It was still a sweet job Frankie.  
You can't help it if the worms got  
in.

FRANK

(RUEFULLY) Yeah!

93 EXT. RIVER BANK. DAY.

93

FRANK APPROACHES RALPH AS HE CASTS INTO THE RIVER.  
HE HAS HIS BACK TO HIM.

FRANK

Caught anything?

RALPH

(TURNING) The wind up me aris ...  
(HE SEES FRANK AND CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT) When did you get out?

FRANK

Yesterday. (PAUSE) I went to the  
house, Marge told me you were  
skiving down here.

VENEKER GETS OVER HIS DELIGHTED SURPRISE. HE LAYS  
DOWN HIS ROD AND SHAKES FRANK'S HAND WARMLY.

VENEKER

Her old boy died ... left her his  
kennel. (SHRUGS) I didn't want to  
move but ... well, the kids, you  
know ... they love it out of the  
smoke ... Marge too. (PAUSE) It's  
great to see you Frank.

FRANK

Any news for me Ralph?

VENEKER

You mean ...

FRANK

Any idea who put us away?

VENEKER

I thought about it. (SMILES) 'Ad  
plenty of time eh? (BEAT) No  
bugger knows Frank, it's a bloody  
mystery. I've put the hand on  
everyone, everyone I can think of,  
snouts, bent cozzers, villains  
who owe me a favour, it's a right

CONTINUED:

VENEKER (Cont'd.)  
 puzzle, no one knows nothin'.  
 (BEAT) It don't aggravate me so  
 much, not now, I mean like, I've  
 done mine.

HE SMILES HIS BIG SMILE AND PICKS UP A THICK CHUNK  
 OF DRIFTWOOD FROM THE BANK.

VENEKER  
 That is not to say my son that  
 if I knew who grassed us I would  
 not deal with him unmercifully!

HE SNAPS THE WOOD LIKE A PENCIL IN HIS HUGE HANDS.

FRANK  
 Someone's got to know who it was.

VENEKER  
 Bryce!

FRANK  
 All that cowson wants to give me  
 is another eight stretch.

VENEKER  
 You seen him already?

FRANK  
 No ... he's playing games, sent  
 his Man Friday, Rimmer, to hassle  
 me about Billy.

VENEKER  
 He wants Billy bad ... bin a bit  
 busy. He give me a spin, I told  
 him to shove it in his ear.

FRANK  
 Any idea where Billy is?

VENEKER  
 Australia if he's got any sense.  
 (BEAT) Leave it out Frankie,  
 don't go looking for bother, you  
 know Bryce, he's a dog, you so much  
 as bell Billy he will 'ave you back  
 inside ... so fast you won't know  
 you've bin out! (PAUSE) 'Ere ...  
 how you off for dosh, I mean, if  
 yer short I can let you ...

FRANK  
 I'm selling the house.

CONTINUED:

VENEKER

No ... no, don't do that, no need. Listen ... look, I know it's a bit approximate but ... er ... a friend of mine ... well more an associate is into something very promising. I'm meeting him tonight to straighten out a few wrinkles. (BEAT) Not your division Frank, but not a tosser. (BEAT) We could do with some coaching. (QUICKLY) You wouldn't have to be involved ... I know you wouldn't want that ... but in an advisory capacity ... say. (BEAT) I know he'd put something up front.

FRANK

(SMILES) I thought you were retired?

VENEKER

I was like ... sort of ... well let's say not in trainin' ... but this is a doddle.

FRANK

Thanks but no Ralph ... I've got other things on my mind right now.

VENEKER

(COAXING) Why don't you just meet him, have a drink, somewhere quiet ... I know he'd be very interested.

FRANK

No.

VENEKER

(SHRUGS) If you change your mind ...

FRANK

You ever known me change my mind?

VENEKER

I'm going to take the liberty of tellin' you one thing son. (BEAT) You can't beat the faceless bastards ... the system ... they won't let you off the hook. (BEAT) Once a villain ... (SHRUGS). Not unless they break you. Look at poor old Vic ... he can't even afford a set of national health

CONTINUED:



97 INT. WILSON'S FLAT. (MAIN ROOM). DAY.

97

LEW WILSON IS IN HIS EARLY FORTIES. HE WEARS GLASSES. HIS CLOTHES ARE CASUAL, CARDIGAN, OPEN NECK SHIRT, GOLFING TROUSERS, VERY EXPENSIVE. HIS HANDS ARE DELICATE, TAPERING FINGERS LIKE A PIANIST. THE ROOM IS SHOWY, THERE ARE AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS OF FIGHTERS IN FRAMES ON THE WALLS.

LEW WILSON IS BENT OVER AN ARCHITECT'S MODEL, STUDYING IT. HE LOOKS UP AS FRANK ENTERS.

LEW

Well well ... Mr Ross, I heard you were out.

EDDIE FOLLOWS FRANK INTO THE ROOM AND STANDS BEHIND HIM.

FRANK

Out and back.

LEW

What can I do for you?

FRANK

Where's Billy?

LEW

Ask his mother.

FRANK

Don't run your numbers on me Lew, you don't have the pedigree.

LEW

It's been a long time Frank, things have changed.

FRANK

I've heard ... you're heavy duty now ... you and Tony McGrath.

LEW

Do you play squash Frank?

FRANK IS A LITTLE TAKEN ABACK BY THIS OBLIQUE QUESTION.

FRANK

What?

LEW

Squash ... you know ... squeaky plimsolls and black eyes. Even the punters are playing now.

CONTINUED:

LEW (Cont'd.)  
(HE POINTS TO THE MODEL) Eight  
courts ... sauna ... massage  
... gymnasium ... pool ...  
health food bar. (BEAT) I'm  
going to make a fortune.

FRANK  
I just want to talk to Billy.

LEW  
All those eager young executives  
sweating themselves legless.

FRANK  
You owe me Lew.

LEW  
That was a long time ago.

FRANK  
You haven't forgotten. (BEAT)  
You'd be in a wheelchair if I  
hadn't pulled those two soldiers  
they sent down from Manchester -  
off you!

LEW  
(EMBARRASSED) Maybe.

FRANK  
(GLANCES AT EDDIE) You never  
had a minder then ... just a  
lot of mouth ... and too much  
ambition.

LEW  
You're living in the past  
Frank.

FRANK  
Maybe.

LEW  
You could get buried in it.

FRANK  
Think about it Lew ... but not  
too long.

FRANK EXITS FROM THE ROOM. THE FRONT DOOR SLAMS.  
LEW TURNS TO EDDIE.

LEW  
That sounded like noise ... I  
don't like noise!

CONTINUED:

98 EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

98

HINDE, THE ESTATE AGENT, APPROACHES THE HOUSE, KNOCKS AT THE FRONT DOOR, WAITS ... KNOCKS AGAIN, WAITS ... HE TURNS TO LEAVE. AS HE WALKS FROM THE PORCH HE SEES EVE'S PALE FACE AT ONE OF THE WINDOWS. HE GOES BACK INTO THE PORCH AND KNOCKS A THIRD TIME. WAITS. THE DOOR OPENS. HINDE SMILES, PROFESSIONALLY.

HINDE  
Might I speak with Mr Ross?

EVE DOESN'T REPLY.

HINDE  
Mr Ross ... is he in?

EVE  
No.

HINDE  
Oh ... might I leave him a message? My name is Hinde ... I'm from the estate agents.

EVE  
(ANIMATES) Estate agents?

HINDE  
Bellingham and Hinde.

EVE  
I'm Mrs Ross.

HINDE  
Oh ... well ... yes ... it's about the house Mrs Ross.

EVE  
This house?

HINDE  
Erm ... yes.

EVE  
What about this house?

HINDE  
Perhaps I better come back.

EVE  
This is my house.

CONTINUED:

HINDE  
 (VERY UNEASY) I would have  
 'phoned but ...

EVE  
 This is my house! (BEAT) Is  
 he trying to sell this house?  
 Is he!?

HINDE  
 Well ... perhaps you and  
 Mr Ross should discuss it.

EVE  
 This house is not ... not for  
 sale. Do you understand?

SHE SLAMS THE DOOR IN HINDE'S FACE. IN A QUANDRY  
 HE TURNS AND WALKS DOWN THE PATH.

99 EXT. ROAD. DAY.

99

HINDE GETS INTO HIS CAR AND DRIVES OFF. AS HE DOES  
 WE SEE CHRIS ARRIVE IN HIS VAN. HE PARKS IT IN THE  
 DRIVE OF THE HOUSE.

100 EXT. DRIVE. DAY.

100

CHRIS GETS QUICKLY OUT OF THE VAN AND WATCHES AS  
 HINDE'S CAR DISAPPEARS DOWN THE ROAD. CHRIS  
 SUDDENLY SEES EVE'S FACE FLEETINGLY AT THE WINDOW.  
 AS SOON AS SHE SEES CHRIS SHE MOVES OFF. HE GOES  
 QUICKLY TO THE FRONT DOOR AND UNLOCKS IT.

101 INT. HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

101

CHRIS STANDS IN THE DARKENED HALLWAY. HE CALLS OUT.

CHRIS  
 Evie? (PAUSE) Evie!

NO ANSWER. CHRIS MOVES INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

102 INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

102

CHRIS  
 (CALLS) Evie ... it's Chris.  
 Where are you?

HE EXITS.

103 INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

103

HE MOVES QUIETLY INTO THE KITCHEN.

CHRIS

Evie?

HE FINDS A RAZOR SHARP CARVING KNIFE ON ONE OF THE WORKING SURFACES. HE PICKS IT UP AND PUTS IT AWAY LOOKING VERY CONCERNED. HE CALLS OUT AGAIN.

CHRIS

Evie ... I know you're here  
... where's Frank?

104 INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

104

EVE IS SLUMPED ON THE BED CLUTCHING ONE OF THE PILLOWS TO HER BODY, ROCKING GENTLE BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS. A FRAMED WEDDING PHOTO OF HER AND FRANK IS SMASHED AND TORN. ALL AROUND THE ROOM ARE STREWN FRANK'S CLOTHES WHICH EVE HAS SLASHED TO RIBBONS WITH A KNIFE. SHE CAN HEAR CHRIS DOWNSTAIRS BUT MAKES NO EFFORT TO REPLY.

105 INT. STAIRS. DAY.

105

CHRIS SLOWLY CLIMBS THE STAIRS, LISTENING FOR ANY SOUND. HE SEES THE BEDROOM DOOR AJAR, HE MOVES CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD IT.

CHRIS

Evie ...

HE PUSHES THE DOOR SLOWLY OPEN, SEES EVIE SURROUNDED BY THE CHAOS. IT TAKES HIM BY SURPRISE BUT HE DOESN'T SHOW IT. HE STANDS IN THE OPEN DOORWAY AND SMILES AT HER.

CHRIS

Hello love.

EVE

(WHISPERS) Dead bird ...

CHRIS

What love?

HE ENTERS A FEW FEET. NOT FAR ENOUGH TO ALARM EVE.

EVE

(WHISPERS) No eyes ...

CHRIS

What?

CONTINUED:

EVE  
(LOUDER) Cat got it!

CHRIS APPROACHES AND BENDS DOWN BESIDE HER. SHE SHIVERS.

CHRIS  
You look cold Evie?

HE GOES TO GENTLY TOUCH HER. SHE SNATCHES AWAY.

EVE  
Don't you touch me!

CHRIS DRAWS BACK.

CHRIS  
Sorry love ... I didn't mean to ...

EVE STANDS UP.

EVE  
Not for sale. (BEAT) This is my house! My home!

CHRIS CAN SEE THAT SHE IS IN A TERRIBLE STATE. HE IS FRIGHTENED. HE TRIES TO PLACATE HER.

CHRIS  
Of course it is.

EVE  
Down the lavatory ... I told hi... (SNIGGERS) Instant divorce ... should have seen his face!

CHRIS  
Come downstairs love ... I'll make us a drink.

EVE  
My house!

SHE PUSHES PAST CHRIS.

106 INT. HOUSE. LANDING. DAY.

106

EVE RUSHES OUT ONTO THE LANDING AND THEN INTO THE BATHROOM. CHRIS IS ONLY A FEW FEET BEHIND. SHE SLAMS THE DOOR AND LOCKS IT. CHRIS RATTLES THE HANDLE.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Evie ... please Evie ... it's  
your house, everyone knows that  
it's Evie's house. (BEAT) Open  
the door ... please open the  
door!

THERE IS A CRASH OF GLASS AND A SCREAM. CHRIS  
RAISES A FOOT AND KICKS THE DOOR IN.

107 INT. HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY.

107

EVE HAS PUNCHED HER FISTS THROUGH THE BATHROOM  
WINDOW AND IS HANGING BY HER WRISTS FROM IT. BLOOD  
POURING DOWN HER ARMS!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

108 INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

108

FRANK AND CHRIS ARE SLUMPED IN ARMCHAIRS, BOTH OF THEM LOOK WIPED OUT. THEY HAVE DONE ABOUT HALF A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH.

CHRIS

I can sell the lease on the premises, knock out the gear, the vehicles, pay off who I can.  
(PAUSE) Pity ... you an' me would've made a good team Frank.

FRANK

I'll talk to Evie ... maybe when she's calmer she might ...

CHRIS

You saw the state she was in, you heard what she said about this place.

FRANK

Maybe I can raise a few grand, enough to keep you going for a couple of months. There's a lot of faces around who owe me.

CHRIS

(ANGRILY) You keep away from 'em Frank, I'm tellin' you, they're rubbish an' you know it ... screw the business, so this one does a dive, you know me, a survivor, couple of years I'll get something together again, no sweat. (BEAT) It's you I'm worried about, you're gonna need money, just to keep Evie comfortable, looked after, and not just pennies!

109 INT. PAWN BROKER'S SHOP. NIGHT.

109

FRANK IS WITH NATHAN, AN OLD FRIEND. HE IS TRYING ON AN EVENING SUIT JACKET, CHECKING IN A FULL LENGTH MIRROR. NATHAN ENTERS WITH TWO MORE SUITS ON HANGERS.

FRANK

Too tight.

CONTINUED:

NATHAN HOLDS OUT ONE OF HIS SUITS.

NATHAN  
Try this one ... quality ...  
nice cut.

FRANK SLIPS THE JACKET HE HAS ON - OFF. NATHAN  
HELPS HIM ON WITH THE SECOND JACKET. FRANK IS  
PLEASED.

FRANK  
Handsome.

NATHAN  
That's the one Frank.

FRANK  
What about the trousers?

NATHAN SLIPS THEM FROM THE HANGER.

NATHAN  
Should fit. He was your build.  
Couldn't pay his hotel bill. I  
said to him ... buy a tent.

FRANK SLIPS HIS TROUSERS OFF.

110 INT. FLAT. NIGHT.

110

ANNE ENTERS THE FLAT ... TURNS THE LIGHTS ON ...  
GOES TO POUR HERSELF A DRINK ... DECIDES SHE DOESN'T  
WANT ONE ... LIGHTS A CIGARETTE ... WAITS.

111 INT. PAWNBROKER'S SHOP. NIGHT.

111

FRANK IS DRESSED TO PERFECTION. NATHAN COMES IN  
WITH HALF A DOZEN GOLD CIGARETTE CASES.

NATHAN  
These are the best Frank.

FRANK SORTS THROUGH THEM, PICKS A NEAT ONE, OPENS IT -  
CLOSES IT. SLIPS IT INTO HIS BREAST POCKET.

NATHAN  
And just to set things off.

NATHAN SMILES AND PRODUCES A BLACK LEATHER CASE. HE  
OPENS IT. INSIDE IS A VERY EXPENSIVE GOLD WATCH.  
FRANK TAKES IT AND PULLS IT ONTO HIS WRIST.

FRANK  
You have a touch of creative  
genius Nathan.

CONTINUED:

NATHAN  
 (SMILES) For a gentile that is very eloquent ... and of course quite true. (BEAT) You won't lose it will you Frank ... he'll be in Thursday to redeem it.

FRANK  
 No gravy on the suit ... no blood on the shirt. (HE CHECKS IN THE MIRROR) I'm nearly ready for the ball.

NATHAN UNLOCKS A DRAWER, TAKES OUT SOMETHING WRAPPED IN A YELLOW DUSTER, HIS VOICE IS NOW VERY SERIOUS.

NATHAN  
 Are you sure about this Frank?

FRANK SAYS NOTHING, HOLDS OUT HIS HAND, NATHAN HANDS HIM THE DUSTER. FRANK UNWRAPS A SMALL, COMPACT AUTOMATIC, CHECKS IT, LOADED. NATHAN WATCHES FORLORNLY AS FRANK PUTS THE SAFETY CATCH ON, CAREFULLY TUCKS IT INTO THE BACK OF HIS TROUSERS, BUTTONS THE JACKET AND CHECKS IN THE MIRROR THAT IT DOESN'T SHOW. HE TURNS BACK TO NATHAN.

FRANK  
 I won't forget this Nathan.

NATHAN  
 Nor will I if anything happens to you. (NATHAN SHRUGS, THEN BURIES HIS CONCERN FOR FRANK IN HIS HUMOUR, HE FORCES A SMILE AND AN EXTRAVAGANT GESTURE) What are friends for ... I mean ... I've got a concert harp round the back if you ever need it. The previous owner got too old, I mean, all the humping, she plays bazooki in a greek restaurant now!

112 INT. JAGUAR. NIGHT.

112

FRANK DRIVES THROUGH LONDON. HE TAKES THE GOLD CASE FROM HIS POCKET, SNAPS IT OPEN AND TAKES A TURKISH CIGARETTE OUT. LIGHTS IT. HE CHECKS THE TIME ON THE BORROWED GOLD WATCH.

113 INT. FLAT. NIGHT.

113

ANNE IS STILL WAITING. THE BELL RINGS.

114 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 114

ANNE OPENS THE DOOR TO FRANK IN ALL HIS FINERY.

FRANK  
If I'm not home by midnight  
I turn back into a toad.  
(ANNE SMILES)

THEY GO INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

115 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 115

ANNE GOES STRAIGHT TO A CHAIR, PICKS UP HER BAG,  
TAKES OUT THE ENVELOPE OF MONEY AND PASSES IT TO FRANK.  
FRANK TAKES THE THOUSAND FROM THE ENVELOPE AND SLIPS  
IT INTO AN EXPENSIVE PIGSKIN WALLET NATHAN HAS LOANED  
HIM.

FRANK  
Twenty four hours.

ANNE  
I told you ... keep it as  
long as you need it.

FRANK  
(FIRMLY) You'll have it back  
tomorrow.

ANNE  
No point in asking you...

FRANK  
(INTERJECTS) That's right.

ANNE PUTS OUT A HAND. FRANK TAKES IT.

ANNE  
Take care.

116 INT. JAGUAR. NIGHT. 116

FRANK DRIVES THE CAR THROUGH THE BACKSTREETS OF  
CHELSEA. HE PULLS INTO THE DRIVE OF A BIG HOUSE.

117 EXT. CHELSEA HOUSE. NIGHT. 117

HE PARKS THE CAR, GETS OUT. WALKS TO THE FRONT  
DOOR AND RINGS. THE DOOR IS OPENED BY SWANN -  
THIRTY - BLONDE - GOOD LOOKING - EDUCATED - DANGEROUS.

SWANN  
Good evening Sir.

FRANK WALKS INTO THE HALLWAY.

118 INT. CHELSEA HOUSE. NIGHT.

118

THE HOUSE IS VERY RICH AND TASTEFUL, THE WALLS ARE COVERED IN SILK, THE FURNITURE IS ANTIQUE. SWANN ALLOWS FRANK IN SO FAR AND NO FURTHER. HE IS POLITE BUT SINISTER.

SWANN  
I don't know you Sir. (BEAT)  
Are you a member?

FRANK  
Not exactly.

SWANN  
I am sorry Sir ... but ...

FRANK TAKES OUT HIS WALLET. OPENS IT AND FLASHES THE GRAND.

SWANN  
We have to be very circumspect.

FRANK  
I understand.

HE PEELS OFF A TWENTY. SWANN JUST LOOKS AT HIM. HE PEELS A SECOND TWENTY OFF.

SWANN  
Perhaps you are someone's guest  
Sir. (BEAT) Mr Jacobs?

FRANK  
(SMILES) Why not?

SWANN TAKES THE FORTY.

SWANN  
As it happens there is a spare  
chair this evening. (HE WALKS  
FRANK DOWN THE HALLWAY) Five  
card stud poker ... no limit ...  
we're old fashioned, we use real  
money on the table, there is no  
credit given, no markers taken,  
no cheques accepted, the game  
breaks for ten minutes in every  
hour.

SWANN OPENS A DOOR AND THEY ENTER.

119 INT. CARD ROOM. NIGHT.

119

(NOTE: SO THAT ALL THE FOLLOWING CARD SCENES ARE TOTALLY AUTHENTIC I SUGGEST WE GET A PROFESSIONAL CARD PLAYER TO ADVISE US AND SET THE HANDS. I WILL THEN ADJUST THE DIALOGUE TO FIT THE PLAY. THERE IS NOTHING MORE DEPRESSING THAN CARD GAMES THAT DON'T WORK).

FOUR MEN ARE SITTING AROUND A CARD TABLE IN A SMALL SIDE ROOM, PLAYING STUDD POKER. ALL ARE DRESSED IN BLACK TIE. ALL LOOK LOADED. ONE OF THEM IS THE HOUSE PLAYER, TONY RIX. HE IS IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES, IMPASSIVE, A NATURAL GAMBLER'S PERSONA. RIX IS DEALING. ONLY THREE ARE LEFT IN THE GAME, THE OTHER PLAYER HAS FOLDED ON THE THIRD CARD.

RIX  
Fourth card ... A ten to the seven eight. A queen to the tens ... Another club to the dealer. P ...

- 1. Folded
- 2. 7/8.
- 3. Q/10's
- 4. Rix (D)

TENS TO SPEAK ...

SWANN WHISPERS TO FRANK AND POINTS RIX OUT.

[P3] Drag of a toy.  
£100 two fifty. (cigars)

SWANN

Mr Rix is our house player.

[P2] Smith - let's make it fifty two.

RIX LOOKS UP BRIEFLY AT FRANK.

SWANN

I hope you enjoy your game Sir.  
(BEAT) You can sign the book later.

[Rix] looks at hand - turns cards over.

[P3] OK... (cigars and £100 £250 funds).

FRANK GOES TO THE SPARE CHAIR AT THE CARD TABLE.

£400

FRANK

Good evening gentlemen.

HE SITS AND TAKES OUT HIS WALLET. RIX GIVES HIM A CURSORY GLANCE.

RIX

Last card ... a nine to the seven eight ten ... possible straight flush ...

120 INT. EVE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

120

EVE IS BACK IN HER ROOM AT THE CLINIC. HER ARMS ARE HEAVILY BANDAGED AND THERE IS A DRIP UP. SHE IS SEDATED AND LOOKS DEATHLY PALE. THE YOUNG NURSE IS SITTING WITH HER.

121 INT. CHELSEA HOUSE. OFFICE. NIGHT.

121

RICHARD SLATER, EX PUBLIC SCHOOL, EX GUARDS, PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER, RUNS THE CHELSEA OPERATION. HE SITS AT A BEAUTIFULLY INLAID DESK. THE OFFICE IS RICHLY CARPETED, IT SMELLS OF VINTAGE PORT AND HAVANA CIGARS. SLATER, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, IS IN IMMACULATE BLACK TIE. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. SWANN ENTERS.

SWANN

You wanted me?

SLATER

How many times do I have to tell you about letting in strangers.

SWANN

He's a guest.

SLATER

Mr Jacobs? Again?

SWANN

(SMILES) He has a lot of friends.

SLATER

Who is he?

SWANN

A punter.

SLATER

Are you sure?

SWANN

Am I usually wrong?

SLATER

You do have a certain ... instinct.

SWANN

He was flashing his dummy.  
(wallet)

SLATER

How much has he got to lose?

SWANN

A spare thousand at least.

SLATER

(SMILES) He shouldn't last too long.

P3 Gain of cards as if lost 9/16 to dept.

122 INT. CARD ROOM. NIGHT.

122

FRANK'S THOUSAND POUNDS IS SOMEWHAT DEPLETED. RIX RELAXES ... CHECKS HIS WATCH.

RIX

Shall we have a drink gentlemen ... and a fresh deck to follow?

HE TEARS THE USED DECK IN HALF AND DROPS IT INTO A BIN. THEN HE GETS UP FROM THE TABLE. THE OTHER PLAYERS FOLLOW. THEY STRETCH, LIGHT UP CIGARS ETC. FRANK SEES RIX HEAD FOR THE DOOR. HE FOLLOWS.

123 INT. GENTLEMEN'S. NIGHT.

123

THE CLOAKROOM IS SMALL BUT LUXURIOUS, GOLD TAPS, MARBLE HAND BASINS. RIX ENTERS, FOLLOWED A FEW SECONDS AFTER BY FRANK. THEY STAND SIDE BY SIDE HAVING A SNAKES.

FRANK

That fresh deck ... it's going to be lucky for me.

RIX

(PLEASANTLY) I hope so Sir.

RIX ZIPS UP AND TURNS TO WASH HIS HANDS.

FRANK

You see ... you're going to make sure it is.

RIX

(ON GUARD) I don't follow you Sir?

FRANK TURNS TO WASH HIS HANDS.

FRANK

Howard told me you can do anything with cards ... got the hands.

RIX

(GOES PALE) Howard?

FRANK

Howard. (HE HOLDS UP HIS RIGHT HAND BENDING ONE FINGER AS THOUGH IT IS MISSING) Lost it in a knife fight when you were

CONTINUED:

FRANK (Cont'd.)  
 working the boats. (BEAT) Very  
 talkative was Howard, liked to  
 impress, be one of the chaps.  
 (BEAT) I shared a peter with him  
 for two years.

RIX  
 (FLATERS) But... I ... I don't  
 ... What do you want?

FRANK  
 A little ... le'gerdemain. A few  
 fat hands put my way.

RIX  
 I can't do that.

FRANK  
 You do for Slater ... for the  
 house ... I watched you ...  
 impressive. (BEAT) I'm not  
 greedy.

RIX  
 Slater would know.

FRANK  
 That's your problem.

RIX  
 If I call Slater. (BEAT) He  
 can be rough.

FRANK  
 So can I ... take my word for  
 it ... but you won't.

RIX  
 Why not?

FRANK  
 Because you're not Tony Rix!

RIX BECOMES VERY AGITATED.

FRANK  
 You're not even British. (BEAT)  
 Tony Rix is buried somewhere  
 near Johannesburg.

RIX STARTS TO GET A SHAKE ON. FRANK KNOWS HE HAS  
 HIM.

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Like I said ... Howard had a lose mouth. (BEAT) I'm very sympathetic, but the Home Office, now they're what you might call souless bastards! (HE CHECKS THE BORROWED GOLD WATCH) The punters will be getting restless!

124 INT. CHELSEA HOUSE. (OFFICE). NIGHT.

124

SLATER IS AT HIS DESK. SWANN ENTERS.

SWANN

Problems.

SLATER LOOKS UP. SWANN IS NOT SO CONFIDENT.

SWANN

I was wrong.

SLATER

Your punter?

SWANN

He's making Tony look like a cripple.

SLATER

How much?

SWANN

Five ... six thousand so far.

SLATER

Get Tony up here ...

SWANN TURNS TO GO.

SLATER

Discreetly!

125 INT. CARD ROOM. NIGHT.

125

FRANK FACES <sup>RIX</sup> ANOTHER ~~PLAYER~~ IN A SHOWDOWN. RIX IS DEALING.

RIX

Last card ... (HE FLICKS ONE OVER TO FRANK) ~~(S-OPPONENT)~~  
Another king ... two pairs showing ... possible full house.

CONTINUED:

~~Henry~~ RIX (Cont'd.)  
(HE FLICKS FRANK A FIFTH CARD)  
Seven ... (SWANN ENTERS QUIETLY)  
three showing ... possible fours  
of ~~a kind~~ ... seven's bet.

(Another swan)  
Frank  
3 swan to speak.

RIX PUSHES £300.

FRANK PUSHES A PILE OF NOTES FORWARD.

RIX  
~~FRANK~~

(Swellen) That's hundred -

Three hundred.

Frank

(sath) My don't we ran it off to five - (push £500)

RIX

Three hundred to the sevens.  
(HE LOOKS AT FRANK'S OPPONENT)  
Your bet Sir, (THE MAN LOOKS  
AT HIS CARDS, THEN AT FRANK,  
THEN AT HIS CARDS AGAIN - HE  
THROWS THEM DOWN) Fold!

RIX  
(look at his swan) Call  
(push £200) (frown)!

Frank has over card King of hearts.  
RIX RISES. (concealed card)

RIX GLANCES AT FRANK AS HE GATHERS IN HIS WINNINGS.  
SWANN BENDS AND WHISPERS IN RIX'S EAR.

RIX

If you will excuse me for a  
minute gentlemen.

Rix turns over the four of clubs.

FRANK WATCHES AS RIX IS ESCORTED FROM THE CARD ROOM  
BY SWANN.

126 INT. CHELSEA HOUSE. OFFICE. NIGHT.

126

SLATER IS LIGHTING A CIGAR. SWANN ENTERS WITH RIX.  
SLATER NODS TO SWANN TO LEAVE THEM ALONE. SWANN  
EXITS, CLOSES THE DOOR.

SLATER

What's happening?

RIX

He's a class player Mr Slater.

SLATER

So are you Tony ... and you  
have that little extra ...  
that's why I employ you.

RIX

I'm not feeling too good tonight  
Mr Slater ... not well.

SLATER

Oh ... I am sorry.

RIX HOLDS HIS HEAD.

CONTINUED:

RIX  
Some sort of virus going  
round ... I was wondering if  
I could leave early?

SLATER COMES GENIALLY ROUND FROM HIS DESK. WHEN HE  
GETS WITHIN A YARD OF RIX HE BACKHANDS HIM, SENDING  
HIM FLYING. RIX CRASHES INTO THE WALL, BLOOD  
TRICKLING FROM HIS MOUTH.

SLATER  
Who is he Tony!

127 INT. CARD ROOM. NIGHT.

127

FRANK IS PACKING AS MUCH OF HIS MONEY IN HIS WALLET  
AS IT WILL HOLD.

FRANK  
I'm sorry I have to leave the  
game gentlemen ...

HE FOLDS THE REST OF HIS WINNINGS AND PUTS THE WADS  
OF NOTES IN HIS JACKET POCKETS.

FRANK  
Thank you for your company.

HE STANDS ... WALKS TO THE DOOR ... OPENS IT.

128 INT. CHELSEA HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

128

AS FRANK GOES TO LEAVE, SWANN BARS HIS WAY, THE  
GENTLEMAN'S SMILE NEVER LEAVES HIS LIPS.

SWANN  
Mr Slater would like you to  
have a drink with him Sir.

FRANK  
Slater?

SWANN  
He owns the house sir.

FRANK  
(SMILES) Then I must compliment  
him.

AS FRANK FOLLOWS SWANN UP THE STAIRS HE FEELS FOR THE  
GUN TUCKED IN THE BACK OF HIS TROUSERS, JUST TO MAKE  
SURE.

CONTINUED:



FRANK  
(DOUBLE MEANING) Too sweet.

SLATER  
How long have you known Tony Rix?

FRANK  
About three hours.

SLATER  
(DISBELIEF) Really?

FRANK LOOKS AT HIS WATCH - IMPATIENTLY.

SLATER  
He's the best stud player in London.

FRANK  
He's too sentimental ... about money ... you get that way when you're playing with house funds.

SLATER IS NOT SURE ABOUT FRANK. HE SUSPECTS SOMETHING ... BUT FRANK IS VERY COOL. SLATER DECIDES TO CONFRONT HIM.

SLATER  
Mr Stephens ... I abhor physical violence. (BEAT) I am a man of much gentler persuasions.

FRANK  
I can imagine.

SLATER  
Mr Rix wasn't feeling well. (BEAT) He's gone home to think about his future. (PAUSE) If you would just place the money on the desk and then leave quietly.

FRANK  
I beg your pardon?

SLATER  
Mr Rix couldn't be persuaded to tell me quite what your arrangement was. Frankly I don't care overmuch. (BEAT) The money ... please.

CONTINUED:

FRANK SAYS NOTHING. HE TURNS TO LEAVE. SWANN STEPS IN FRONT OF HIM. FRANK IS QUIET AND VERY CONTROLLED. HE HALF TURNS BACK TO SLATER.

FRANK

I've never met Mr Rix before tonight. (BEAT) I don't know about any "arrangement" with Mr Rix. (BEAT) I do know Mr Rix carries a spooked deck (SMILES) for emergencies. (BEAT) And I also know that if this gentleman insists on blocking my exit ... I'm going to break his arms!

SWANN GLARES AT FRANK AND THEN LOOKS AT SLATER. SLATER LOOKS BACK AT SWANN AND MOVES HIS HEAD FRACTIONALLY. SWANN, GRUDGINGLY STEPS ASIDE.

FRANK

Thank you.

FRANK OPENS THE DOOR, EXITS, CLOSES THE DOOR QUIETLY BEHIND HIM. SWANN TURNS TO SLATER.

SWANN

Why!?

SLATER

I wasn't certain. (BEAT) It was only six thousand. (HE KISSES SWANN AFFECTIONATELY ON THE CHEEK) and he would have broken your arms!

130 EXT. CHELSEA HOUSE. NIGHT.

130

FRANK, DELIGHTED WITH HIMSELF, LEAVES THE HOUSE. HE TAKES THE JAGUAR KEYS FROM HIS POCKET. AS HE GOES TO UNLOCK THE CAR SOMEONE HITS HIM FROM BEHIND. FRANK PITCHES FORWARD INTO THE JAGUAR AND THEN COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND.

RIX BENDS OVER HIM. CHECKS THAT FRANK IS UNCONSCIOUS, THEN FEELS FOR HIS WALLET. HE FINDS IT STUFFED WITH MONEY. AS HE GOES TO SEARCH FRANK'S POCKETS FOR THE REST OF HIS WINNINGS, FRANK HALF REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS. ALTHOUGH RIX, BENT OVER HIM, IS JUST A BLURR, HE HITS OUT AS HARD AS HE CAN. HE CATCHES RIX ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD AND SENDS HIM SPRAWLING. RIX SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET AND KICKS OUT AT FRANK. FRANK GRABS HOLD OF HIS LEG AND HANGS ON. RIX, CLUTCHING THE WALLET, TRIES TO RUN. FRANK CLINGS DESPERATELY TO THE LEG. RIX DRAGS FRANK ALONG. HE MANAGES TO THROW FRANK OFF AND RUNS DOWN THE DRIVE.

CONTINUED:

FRANK FORCES HIMSELF TO HIS FEET ... STAGGERS TO THE JAG ... GETS THE DOOR OPEN AND FALLS INTO THE DRIVING SEAT. HE FEELS THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, HIS HAND IS COVERED IN BLOOD. HE MANAGES TO START THE CAR AND STEER IT OUT OF THE DRIVE.

131 INT. JAGUAR. NIGHT.

131

A CAR SCREECHES TO AN EMERGENCY HALT AS FRANK SWINGS THE JAGUAR INTO THE ROAD IN FRONT OF IT. THE ANGRY DRIVER BLARES HIS HORN AT FRANK.

BUT FRANK IS TOO INTENT ON FINDING RIX. HE POWERS THE BIG CAR DOWN THE ROAD. AS HE PASSES A SIDE STREET HE SEES RIX RUNNING DOWN IT. HE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, THEN REVERSES WITH SCREAMING TYRES, AND FISH-TAILS INTO THE NARROW ROAD.

132 EXT. SIDE ROAD. NIGHT.

132

RIX RUNS FOR HIS LIFE DOWN THE DARK SIDE ROAD. THE HEADLIGHTS OF THE PURSUING JAG SILHOUETTE HIM AS IT BEARS DOWN ON HIM.

133 INT. JAGUAR. NIGHT.

133

AS FRANK DRIVES THE JAG NEARER, RIX SUDDENLY DARTS ACROSS THE ROAD. FRANK FOLLOWS AND DRIVES UP ONTO THE PAVEMENT AFTER HIM. AS HE ACCELERATES PAST RIX HE SLAMS THE DRIVER'S DOOR OPEN AND CATCHES HIM IN THE BACK. RIX HITS THE PAVEMENT HARD.

134 EXT. SIDE ROAD. NIGHT.

134

FRANK SLAMS THE JAG TO A HALT, LEAVES THE ENGINE RUNNING, JUMPS OUT AND GOES TO RIX WHO IS UP ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES. BUT HE IS IN NO CONDITION TO STOP FRANK TAKING HIS WALLET BACK.

FRANK IS JUST ABOUT TO GO WHEN HE TURNS, TAKES A WAD OF NOTES FROM THE WALLET (£500) AND STUFFS THEM INSIDE RIX'S TORN SHIRT. THEN FRANK GETS INTO THE JAGUAR AND ACCELERATES AWAY.

135 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

135

FRANK IS BENT OVER THE HAND BASIN WITH THE COLD WATER RUNNING OVER THE BACK OF HIS HEAD. HE STRAIGHTENS UP AND HOLDS A TOWEL TO THE WOUND. HIS FACE IS DRAWN WITH PAIN. HE TURNS THE TAP OFF AND DRIES HIS FACE AND HAIR. HE THROWS THE BLOOD SOILED TOWEL INTO THE WASH BASIN AND THEN STARTS TO PULL THE BUNDLES OF NOTES FROM HIS POCKETS. HE DROPS THE MONEY INTO THE

CONTINUED:

BATH, THERE IS OVER SIX THOUSAND POUNDS. HE TURNS AND LOOKS AT THE BROKEN WINDOW WHERE EVE TRIED TO SLASH HER WRISTS, CHRIS HAS DONE A TEMPORARY REPAIR WITH TAPE AND CARDBOARD. HE LOOKS BACK AT THE SCREWED UP MONEY IN THE BATH, TAKES THE AUTOMATIC FROM THE WAISTBAND OF HIS TROUSERS, HOLDS IT ON THE RIM OF THE BATH AND LETS IT GO, THE GUN SLIDES DOWN THE POLISHED ENAMEL SIDE OF THE BATH, SKIMS HALFWAY UP THE OTHER SIDE AND THEN SLIDES BACK DOWN AND COMES TO REST AMONGST THE MONEY. WITH A CONTEMPTUOUS SHAKE OF HIS HEAD, FRANK TURNS THE BATHROOM LIGHT OFF AND MOVES SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY TOWARDS THE BEDROOM.

MUSIC/END TITLES

END OF EPISODE TWO