

OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT

EPISODE 4

A LITTLE HEART TO HEART WITH MISS BANGOR

by

TREVOR PRESTON

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

Tel. No. 01-741 1011.

224 INT. SOLARIUM. DAY.

224

EVE IS SITTING IN A CHAIR IN A DRESSING GOWN WITH A BLANKET WRAPPED ROUND HER LEGS. HER FACE IS VERY PALE, NO MAKE UP, SHE LOOKS STRANGELY AGED. FRANK IS SITTING BY THE SIDE OF HER TRYING TO MAKE CONTACT BUT EVE IS BECOMING MORE AND MORE ISOLATED, MORE AND MORE DISORIENTATED. HER WRISTS ARE STILL BANDAGED FROM THE SUICIDE ATTEMPT.

FRANK

I've been to see Paul...

EVE SCRATCHES AT THE BANDAGE ON HER LEFT WRIST.

FRANK

Hardly recognised him... tall...
tall as me nearly...

EVE SCRATCHES THE RIGHT WRIST. HARDLY LISTENING.

FRANK

He misses you Eve, misses coming
to see you...

EVE LIFTS THE EDGE OF ONE OF THE BANDAGES AND LOOKS UNDERNEATH IT AT THE HEALING SUICIDE SCAR. FRANK STUMBLES ON.

FRANK

Keith told me about the upset you
had with Paul. (BEAT) It must
have been about the same time you
stopped writing to me?

EVE STARTS TO UNTIE THE BANDAGE.

FRANK

You said you didn't want to see
him any more, didn't want him to
visit?

EVE STARTS TO UNWIND THE BANDAGE FROM HER WRIST.

FRANK

Why Evie... what happened...
I mean, just suddenly like that...
why?

EVE

You...

CONTINUED:

FRANK IS ALMOST STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN SINGLE WORD FROM EVE.

FRANK
I wasn't here Eve.

SHE CONTINUES TO UNWIND THE BANDAGE FROM HER WRIST.

EVE
You know what I mean.

FRANK
I don't!

EVE
Eyes... mouth... hands.

SHE HAS THE BANDAGE OFF. SHE DROPS IT ON THE FLOOR.

FRANK
Try to explain.

EVE STUDIES THE SCAR ON HER WRIST.

EVE
I used to watch them.

FRANK
(MYSTIFIED) Who?

EVE
Looking at you... standing
close to you... smelling your
body... wishing.

FRANK
I don't understand?

EVE
Other women. (SHE STARTS TO
UNTIE THE OTHER BANDAGE) You
knew... enjoyed it... smiled
back at them, that smile, his
smile, your mouth, his mouth...
lips!

SHE UNWINDS THE SECOND BANDAGE.

FRANK
Eve... I promise you, I
don't know what you're trying
to tell me.

CONTINUED:

EVE

Liar!

SHE DROPS THE SECOND BANDAGE ON THE FLOOR AND LOOKS
AT THE OTHER SCAR.

EVE

Why didn't they leave me...
let me die? (PAUSE - THEN
SHE TURNS TO FRANK) Sick...
help me... help me Frank.

FRANK

I want to Evie... we all want
to!

SHE REACHES OUT TO TOUCH HIS FACE.

EVE

It's all edges.... your face,
your face is all corners.
(PAUSE) Still love him, never
stopped loving him, thinking
about him...

FRANK

Paul?

EVE REPEATS THE NAME AS THOUGH TRYING TO FORCE
HERSELF TO REMEMBER IT.

EVE

Paul... Paul... Paul...
Paul... (SHE HOLDS HER SCARRED
WRISTS OUT TO FRANK) Kiss them
better.

FRANK BENDS HIS HEAD AND GENTLY KISSES EACH SCAR.

EVE

Every time he came it got worse.

FRANK

What did?

EVE

Every ... every time I looked
at him I saw ... saw you ...
wanted ... wanted you ... kiss
him, not like a mother ...
wanted him to love ... him to

CONTINUED:

EVE (Cont'd.)
love me, but not like a son ...
you ... wanted you ... he was
you... then ... your eyes ...
your mouth ... hands ... you,
wanted you, him, you, him ...
frightening ... secret ...
dirty ... dirty ... perverted!

SHE DROPS HER HEAD AND STARTS TO SOB. FRANK GOES
TO TRY AND COMFORT HER BUT SUDDENLY HE REALISES THAT
THE SOBS HAVE TURNED TO LAUGHTER.

FRANK

Eve?

EVE THROWS BACK HER HEAD AND LAUGHS AT FRANK.

EVE

Eight years ... eight years in
prison. Guess who did that
to you ... guess who told the
police? (FRANK STIFFENS) Guess
who betrayed you Frank. (PAUSE)
Me ... me Frank ... I told them ...
that policeman Bryce ... told
him ... everything ... he wrote
it all down.

FRANK GOES ALONG WITH EVE'S FANTASY.

FRANK

Why? Why did you do it Evie?

EVE IS SLIGHTLY THROWN BY FRANK'S QUESTION.

EVE

Why? Because ... because I
didn't want Paul to be like
you, grow up like you ... a
criminal ... a thief!

FRANK TURNS AWAY FROM EVE, HER WORDS HAVE A BITTER
TASTE OF HALF TRUTH.

EVE

What are you going to do Frank?
(FRANK DOESN'T MOVE) Kill me?
(FRANK TURNS) Isn't that what
happens?

CONTINUED:

EP. 4 Amendments
21/12/77

192.

FRANK BENDS AND PICKS UP THE TWO BANDAGES FROM THE SOLARIUM FLOOR.

EVE

You can't hurt me any more
Frank, you can't kill me, I'm
already dead!

225 INT. OFFICE. DAY.

225

CHRIS COTTLE IS ALONE IN HIS OFFICE, ON THE BLOWER, TRYING TO DRUM UP SOME WORK TO SAVE HIS BUILDING BUSINESS.

CHRIS

... how much was his quote?
(BEAT) I would have dropped
two hundred! (BEAT) Why the
hell didn't you give me the
nod? (PAUSE) After all the
favours I've done you? (BEAT)
I bloody needed that job!
(BEAT) That weren't my fault...
That bastard sub-contractor went
down the pan! (PAUSE) You
miserable pig ... don't piss
on my shoes then tell me it's
raining!

HE ANGRILY SLAMS THE RECEIVER DOWN. FUMES FOR A FEW SECONDS. THEN PICKS IT UP AGAIN AND DIALS. HE PUTS ON A BREEZY VOICE.

CHRIS

Hello ... hello, Mr. McCallin...
Chris Cottle ... Cottle ...
morning. (BEAT) I was wondering
if you've had any reaction to my
estimate? (PAUSE) Oh. (HIS
FACE CLOUDS) No I haven't
received your letter yet...
(FLAT AND PISSED OFF BUT POLITE)
Yes the post is very erratic.

HE DROPS THE RECEIVER.

CHRIS

(TO HIMSELF) Stupid old bastard,
couldn't find his arse with both
hands!

HE STARTS TO DIAL YET ANOTHER NUMBER.

EP. 4

Amendments

21/12/77

193.

226 INT. BINGO HALL. DAY.

226

FRANK WALKS INTO THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF AN OLD CINEMA THAT HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO A BINGO HALL. SAM FINE, FIFTY, BALDING, FLACCID, SCRUFFY, CRASHES THROUGH A DOOR THAT LEADS TO THE MAIN AUDITORIUM AND SEES FRANK. HE TAKES A CHEWED CIGAR FROM HIS WET LIPS.

SAM

Thought I heard someone?

FRANK

Sam. Fine?

SAM

Might be ... who wants to know?
(BEAT) Hang about.

SAM TAKES A PAIR OF THICK FRAMED GLASSES FROM HIS TOP POCKET, PUTS THEM ON AND TAKES ANOTHER LOOK AT FRANK.

SAM

I remember that profile ...
Frank Ross.

FRANK

Billy Binns put me on to you.

AT THE MENTION OF BILLY'S NAME, SAM BECOMES NERVOUS.

SAM

You seen Billy then?

FRANK

Yeah.

SAM

I thought ... in't young
Billy on the trot ... for smakin'
a nightwatchman?

FRANK

He was ... he's in hospital ...
broken back.

SAM

(GENUINELY SURPRISED) What happened?

CONTINUED:

EP. 4 Amendments 2/12/77

FRANK
(ENIGMATICALLY) Accident.

194.

SAM
Nasty ... shame ...

FRANK
Billy told me what you told
him.

SAM
What was that then?

FRANK
About Big Ralph ...

SAM
Oh yeah?

FRANK
And Cimmie Vincent.

SAM SUCKS ON HIS CIGAR.

SAM
We was just talking ...

FRANK
I want you to tell me.

SAM
But Billy's already ...

FRANK
Again.

SAM
Why don't you ask Big Ralph?

FRANK
He's away ... up north ...
It's important Sam.

SAM
It would stay private like ...
just between you and me?

FRANK
My word.

SAM
(SHRUGS) I'm sorry to hear about
Billy ... nice boy ... he done
me one or two kind turns ... so,
what do you want to know?

CONTINUED:

EP. 4 Amendments 21/12/77

195.

FRANK

Anything you can remember.

SAM

(SELF MOCKING) Come into the nerve centre of my financial empire ...

HE LEADS FRANK TO HIS OFFICE.

227 INT. BINGO HALL OFFICE. DAY.

227

THE SMALL OFFICE IS COMPLETELY CHAOTIC - PAPERS AND FILES EVERYWHERE - CUPS ALL OVER THE PLACE WITH CONGEALED COFFEE IN THEM - CIGAR STUBS LEFT BURNING THE EDGE OF THE DESK ETC...

SAM CROSSES TO AN OLD SAFE IN ONE CORNER, OPENS IT, TAKES OUT A BOTTLE OF MALT SCOTCH AND TWO GRUBBY GLASSES. FRANK HAS TO SMILE.

SAM

(LIGHTLY) The cleaner's a dipsomaniac!

HE POURS TWO HEFTY SCOTCHES AND HOLDS ONE OUT TO FRANK.

SAM

There's not much to tell. (HE SIPS AT HIS DRINK) I used to run a spieler in Paddington ... Cimmie worked for me ... she was a good girl ... (SIPS HIS DRINK) Ralph used to pick her up ... he never came in like ... never ... but once a week he'd collect her in a cab ... she had a little place in Chelsea Bridge Road ... opposite the barracks...

FRANK

When was this?

SAM

As far as I know it started three ... four months before your little firm got done. They were very discreet, I suppose they had to be with Ralph's wife knowing so many

CONTINUED:

SAM (Cont'd.)
faces ... I reckon it was getting
serious, then ... (SHRUGS) Well...
you know the rest.

FRANK
Billy said someone put the
frighteners on her?

SAM
Just after your trial finished,
she come in one night, terrible
state, took her clobber and
that's the last I saw of her.

FRANK
What did she say?

SAM
She wouldn't say nothin' ... I
tried to talk to her ... she
was shakin' ... I went to get
her a brandy - she legged it.

FRANK
Did she say anything to anyone?

SAM
She give the key to her drum
to one of the girls and asked
her to pack her clothes, leave
them at Victoria and post the
ticket, but when the girl went
over Cimmie's place was a right
mess, someone had really given
it a spin, cut up all her
clothes, left the taps runnin',
paint all over the walls, there
wasn't much point in packing
what was left.

FRANK
Any idea who it was Sam?

SAM
No ... if she'd come to me I
might have been able to help ...
I mean a lot of useful people
used my place. (BEAT) All I
can tell you is the poor cow
was terrified.

CONTINUED:

EP. 4 Amendments 21/12/77

197.

FRANK

Did anyone come to the club
looking for her?

SAM

Yeah.

FRANK

Who?

SAM

I wasn't there ... didn't give
no name, but one of the girls
reckoned he was filth.

FRANK

(SURPRISED) Filth?

SAM

(SHRUGS) She reckoned she'd
seen him before, in another
manor.

FRANK

What was her name?

SAM

Angela ... a dancer, well that's
what she called herself, bit of a scrubber,
she'd go case for fifty - you know.

FRANK

Angela?

SAM

Rees, sort of Welsh, she an'
Cimmie were close, shared a
place at one time.

FRANK

Where can I find her?

SAM

Last time I heard she was working
the holiday camps with a knife thrower.
(REMEMBERS) No ... hang about ... she's
back in the smoke ...

228 INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR. DAY.

228

FRANK ENTERS A TATTY SAUNA/MASSAGE PARLOUR. A FACE,
EARLY TWENTIES, TALL, TWO HEAVY RINGS ON NICOTINED
STAINED FINGERS, IS BENT OVER THE RECEPTION DESK
READING "CAGE AND AVIARY BIRDS". HE LOOKS UP AS
FRANK APPROACHES.

FRANK
Is Angela around?

FACE
Who?

FRANK
Angela?

FACE
No.

FRANK
Do you know where I can find
her?

FACE
No.

FRANK
It's important.

FACE
You a member?

FRANK
Look ... I just ...

FACE
You have to be a member.

FRANK
She does work here?

FACE
Who?

FRANK
Angela Rees?

FACE
Never heard of her.

CONTINUED:

EP. 4 Amendments 21/12/77

199.

FRANK SHOOTS A HAND OUT AND GRABS THE FACE'S TOP LIP IN A PINCH GRIP AND PAINFULLY PULLS HIS HEAD DOWN ONTO HIS PAPER.

FRANK
I'm trying to be polite!

FRANK LETS GO. THE LIP IS WHITE WHERE HE HAS GRIPPED IT. THE FACE'S EYES ARE WATERING AND HE IS FRIGHTENED.

FACE
She left.

FRANK
When?

FACE
Two month back. She's working for an escort agency.

FRANK PICKS UP A NIBBLED BIRO FROM THE RECEPTION DESK AND PUSHES IT INTO THE FACE'S NERVOUS HAND.

FRANK
You can write?

THE FACE SCRIBBLES AN ADDRESS ON TOP OF HIS BIRD PAPER. FRANK TEARS THE TOP OF THE PAPER OFF AND TURNS TO GO.

FRANK
Thank you.

HE EXITS.

FACE
Dial. deleted

229 INT. ESCORT AGENCY. DAY.

229

MRS. MECKLER, FIFTY, OBVIOUSLY ONCE ATTRACTIVE BUT NOW GOING TO SEED, IS INSIDE A CUPBOARD PUTTING MONEY INTO AN ELECTRICITY METER. THE DOOR OPENS, FRANK ENTERS. MRS. MECKLER CLOSES THE CUPBOARD DOOR, CROSSES TO HER DESK, FISHES AROUND IN HER BAG AND TAKES OUT A SET OF CAR KEYS.

CONTINUED:

MRS. MECKLER
It's parked round the back ...
a beige Rover ...

SHE THROWS THE KEYS TO FRANK. HE CATCHES THEM.

FRANK
I hope it's not on a yellow
line.

FRANK THROWS THE KEYS BACK TO HER. SHE IS SURPRISED.

MRS. MECKLER
You are from the ... (FRANK
SHAKES HIS HEAD) I thought
you'd come to pick up my car
for servicing.

FRANK
No love.

SHE DROPS THE KEYS BACK IN HER PURSE.

MRS. MECKLER
Sorry. (BEAT) Can I help you?

FRANK
I'm trying to contact Angela
Rees?

MRS. MECKLER IS INSTANTLY ON GUARD. SHE REMAINS
STUM.

FRANK
I'm not the Bill.

MRS. MECKLER
You're no punter either.

FRANK
No.

MRS. MECKLER
Does Angela know you?

FRANK
Old friends, eight years back,
when she was working the clubs
as a dancer. (BEAT) I've been
abroad.

CONTINUED:

FRANK ISN'T CONVINCING MADAM MECKLER.

MRS. MECKLER
I can't help you. (BEAT) An
agency ruling ... you understand ...
we have to be careful.

FRANK
(APPEALING) Oh ... come on
love ... we were very close
Angie and me ...

MRS. MECKLER PUSHES A PAD AND PENCIL ACROSS HER
DESK TO FRANK.

MRS. MECKLER
Leave your name and number ...
I'll get her to ring you (SHE
LOOKS HARD AT FRANK) if she
wants to. That's the best I
can do.

FRANK MOVES FORWARD AND GRABS MRS. MECKLER.

MRS. MECKLER
What the hell do you think
you're ...

BEFORE SHE CAN SCREAM, FRANK CLAMPS A HAND OVER HER
MOUTH. SHE STRUGGLES AND KICKS OUT AT FRANK AS HE
CARRIES HER TO THE CUPBOARD. HE OPENS THE DOOR
AND SHOVES HER IN, SLAMS THE DOOR AND LOCKS IT.
MRS. MECKLER HAMMERS AND KICKS AT THE LOCKED DOOR.

MRS. MECKLER
(OS) I'll have you for assault
you bastard!

FRANK MOVES ACROSS TO HER DESK AND STARTS TO SORT
THROUGH THE DRAWERS. MRS. MECKLER CONTINUES
SHOUTING.

MRS. MECKLER
(OS) Let me out! (SHE KICKS
THE LOCKED DOOR) Let me out!

FRANK FINDS AN ADDRESS BOOK. HE LAYS IT ON THE
DESK AND STARTS TO FLICK THROUGH IT. MRS. MECKLER
BECOMES QUITE VIOLENT IN THE CUPBOARD.

CONTINUED:

MRS. MECKLER

(OS) Open this bastard door!

FRANK FINDS WHAT HE WANTS. HE MAKES A NOTE OF ANGELA REES' ADDRESS ON A PAD. TEARS OFF THE TOP SHEET. MRS. MECKLER'S ANGER MOUNTS.

MRS. MECKLER

(OS) I'll have you done over!

FRANK PUTS THE ADDRESS BOOK BACK WHERE HE FOUND IT AND THEN LEAVES THE OFFICE VERY QUIETLY. MRS. MECKLER DOESN'T REALISE HE'S GONE. SHE CONTINUES TO SCREAM AT AN EMPTY OFFICE.

MRS. MECKLER

(OS) You must be a bloody basket case. Open this door!

230 INT. CHRIS' OFFICE. DAY.

230

CHRIS IS OUT OF THE OFFICE, IN THE YARD. HE HAS LEFT THE DOOR OPEN. TURPITT, TWENTY-SIX, SLIM, GLASSES, LOOKS LIKE A SUCCESSFUL INSURANCE SALESMAN, APPROACHES ... PEERS INTO THE OFFICE ... ENTERS. CHRIS COMES BACK. HE LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY AT TURPITT.

TURPITT

The door was open.

CHRIS

Mr...?

TURPITT

Turpitt.

CHRIS CLOSES THE DOOR.

CHRIS

You look like you've got something on your mind?

TURPITT

An 'M' registered four two Jag.
(BEAT) Your payment arrears are over four hundred. My client has written to you several times over the past few weeks?

CHRIS TRIES IT ON.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
(INNOCENTLY) They didn't get
my cheque?

BUT TURPITT KNOWSTHEM ALL.

TURPITT
No Mr. Cottle ... they didn't.

CHRIS ECHOES HIS PREVIOUS TELEPHONE CONVERSATION
WITH MR McALLIN.

CHRIS
The post is very erratic lately.

TURPITT
Don't make it more difficult
than it is Mr. Cottle. I've
checked with your bank.

CHRIS
(OFFENDED) You're full of it
(shit) aren't you?

TURPITT IGNORES THIS.

TURPITT
You seem to be in some financial
difficulty.

CHRIS
(FLARES) They'll get their bloody
money!

TURPITT
When?

CHRIS
I've paid nine hundred!

TURPITT
Less than a third of the total
sum advanced.

CHRIS
Give me a month?

TURPITT
Where is the car?

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
Twenty eight days ... I'm
expecting some money in any
time.

TURPITT
I didn't see it outside?

CHRIS
One of my directors is using
it.

TURPITT
You are the only registered
director of your company?

CHRIS
Why don't you sod off squire!

TURPITT
(CALMLY) I'll call back at
three. Then I must either have
a banker's draft for the
outstanding amount or the log-
book and keys.

CHRIS
What difference does another
four poxy weeks make?

TURPITT
Three o'clock.

TURPITT TURNS AND EXITS. CHRIS SLAMS THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM. THE GLASS BREAKS IN IT.

231 INT. ANGELA'S FLAT (BEDROOM). DAY.

231

THE FLAT IS DECORATED IN THE MOST EXQUISITE BAD
TASTE. ANGELA, SMALL, BOTTLE BLONDE, IS IN A
DRESSING GOWN, SITTING ON THE BED SHAVING HER LEGS
WITH AN ELECTRIC RAZOR. THE DOOR BELL CHIMES. SHE
LOOKS UP, SWITCHES THE RAZOR OFF, SLIPS HER FEET
INTO FLUFFY SLIPPERS AND GOES INTO THE HALLWAY.

232 INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

232

SHE OPENS THE DOOR TO FRANK.

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Angela Rees?

ANGELA
Who are you?

FRANK
You are Angela Rees?

ANGELA
Yes but?

FRANK
I want a word with you.

ANGELA
I haven't got time, I'm dressing,
I've got to go out ... I'm ...
I'm late already.

FRANK
It'll only take a minute ... in
private.

ANGELA
(SUSPICIOUS) Who the hell are
you?

FRANK
Frank Ross.

THE MOMENT ANGELA HEARS THE NAME HER ATTITUDE
CHANGES.

ANGELA
When did you get out?

FRANK
Can I come in?

FRANK DOESN'T GIVE HER A CHANCE TO REPLY, HE PUSHES
PAST HER INTO THE FLAT. SHE PULLS HER DRESSING
GOWN AROUND HER AND LOOKS UNEASILY AT FRANK.

ANGELA
I really do have to go out.

ANGELA WALKS INTO THE MAIN ROOM OF HER FLAT.
FRANK FOLLOWS.

233 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

233

SHE OPENS A CIGARETTE BOX, TAKES ONE, LIGHTS IT WITH A CLUMSY TABLE LIGHTER. SHE SUCKS IN DEEPLY AND LOOKS AT FRANK.

FRANK

Sam Fine tells me you were close to Cimmie Vincent?

ANGELA TRIES TO HIDE HER REACTION FROM FRANK.

ANGELA

That old bit of sugar ... is he still burning furniture with his cigars?

FRANK

I know about her and Ralph.

ANGELA

(DISMISSIVE) It was nothing. Ralph was a married man. He just took a shine to Cimmie ... bought her a few drinks ... had a few laughs ...

FRANK

She was at the trial ... every day?

ANGELA

So it was a bit more than nothing. She knew it was hopeless, she knew Ralph would never leave his family.

FRANK

Who put the frighteners on her?

ANGELA

(EDGY) I don't know what you're talking about.

FRANK

Sam said she was terrified.

ANGELA

Sam always did exaggerate.

FRANK

She done a runner, left everything. It don't sound like Sam was exaggerating.

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

All this is years ago.

FRANK

Who was she running from Angela?

ANGELA

I don't know.

FRANK

Sam said a face came to the club asking after Cimmie?

ANGELA

He was law.

FRANK

How do you know?

ANGELA

Recognised him, seen him before.
(BEAT) Maybe Cimmie was in trouble?

FRANK

The filth don't make a habit of flooding flats, cutting up clothes, daubing walls, putting it on young birds!

ANGELA

She knew a few villains ... I mean, like Ralph, maybe one of them...

FRANK

This copper that got a bit busy, what was his name.

ANGELA

I don't know his name, but I'd seen him around ... bit flash ... he was pointed out once by a fella I was entertaining. (PAUSE) Look ... I haven't seen Cimmie in near on nine years. She went to Australia. She wrote a few times. (SHRUGS) End of story.

FRANK

You've no idea where she is now?

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Still over there I suppose.
(SMILES) If I know Cimmie she's
shacked up with some oversexed
Aussi who's got more money than
sense ... she never was one to go
short. (BEAT) I really do have
to get dressed.

FRANK

Well ... thanks anyway.

ANGELA

(RELIEVED) If you see Ralph say
hello for me.

FRANK

I'll let myself out.

234 INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

234

FRANK MOVES QUICKLY INTO THE HALLWAY, OPENS THE
FRONT DOOR, QUICKLY CHECKS THE LOCK, THEN EXITS.
ANGELA COMES TO THE DOOR OF THE SITTING ROOM TO
MAKE SURE THAT HE'S GONE.

235 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

235

WHEN ANGELA IS SATISFIED THAT FRANK IS WELL OUT OF
THE WAY, SHE STABS HER CIGARETTE OUT IN AN ASH
TRAY, CROSSES TO THE 'PHONE AND DIALS NERVOUSLY ...
WAITS ...

ANGELA

Can I speak to Kath ... Angela.
(PAUSE) Kath ... listen ...
I've just had a visit from Frank
Ross. (BEAT) Yea, he's out and
he's looking for Cimmie Vincent!

236 INT. JAGUAR. DAY.

236

FRANK WATCHES ANGELA'S FIAT FROM HIS CAR, WAITING
FOR HER TO LEAVE. WHEN SHE DOES COME OUT, HE DUCKS
BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE WINDOW SO THAT SHE DOESN'T
SEE HIM AS SHE HURRIES PAST. WHEN SHE IS WELL DOWN
THE ROAD, HE GETS OUT OF THE JAG.

237 EXT. ANGELA'S FLAT. DAY.

237

FRANK SLIPS UP TO THE FRONT DOOR OF ANGELA'S FLAT. HE CHECKS TO SEE THAT HE IS NOT BEING OBSERVED. THEN HE TAKES OUT HIS WALLET AND FROM IT TAKES A CELLULOID CARD WITH A GARAGE CALENDAR PRINTED ON IT. HE SLIPS THE LOCK ABOVE THE DOOR AND WITHIN SECONDS EASES THE FRONT DOOR OPEN. HE MOVES QUICKLY INSIDE.

238 INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

238

FRANK MOVES QUICKLY THROUGH THE HALLWAY INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

239 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

239

HE PULLS A PAIR OF DRIVING GLOVES ON AND STARTS TO SEARCH THE ROOM. HE CHECKS THROUGH ANGELA'S ADDRESS BOOK BESIDE THE 'PHONE. HE IS VERY CAREFUL TO REPLACE EVERYTHING AS HE FOUND IT. HE MOVES FROM THE MAIN ROOM.

240 INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

240

FRANK CROSSES THE ROOM AND STARTS TO SEARCH THROUGH A BEDSIDE CUPBOARD. HE FINDS A CARDBOARD BOX WITH A NUMBER OF PERSONAL LETTERS, POSTCARDS, PHOTOGRAPHS AND OTHER PRIVATE PAPERS IN IT. HE SORTS THROUGH AND FINDS SEVERAL LETTERS AND POSTCARDS WITH AUSTRALIAN POST MARKS. HE TURNS ONE OF THE PICTURE POSTCARDS (A VIEW OF SYDNEY) OVER AND QUICKLY READS THE MESSAGE FROM CIMMIE TO ANGIE. THEN HE OPENS A COUPLE OF THE LETTERS AND QUICKLY SCANS THROUGH THEM, FROM CIMMIE FIVE YEARS AGO. FRANK PUTS THE LETTERS BACK IN THE BOX. HE IS JUST ABOUT TO PUT THE BOX BACK IN THE CUPBOARD WHEN HE DECIDES TO TAKE A QUICK LOOK AT SOME OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS. HE FINDS SEVERAL OF CIMMIE, ANGELA AND RALPH VENEKER, TAKEN EIGHT YEARS PREVIOUSLY ON A TRIP TO THE COAST. HE FINDS AN ENVELOPE OF PHOTOGRAPHS HELD TOGETHER WITH A RUBBER BAND. HE ALMOST DISMISSES THEM, BUT ON SECOND THOUGHTS HE OPENS THE ENVELOPE AND TAKES OUT TWENTY SMALL COLOUR PRINTS OF ANGELA, RECENTLY, ON A FARM. AS FRANK FLICKS THROUGH THEM HE IS SUDDENLY STOPPED DEAD. IN ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS THERE IS A WOMAN IN THE BACKGROUND WHO FRANK THINKS HE RECOGNISES. AS HE TAKES THE PHOTOGRAPH TO THE WINDOW FOR MORE LIGHT, HE HEARS THE FRONT DOOR OF THE FLAT OPEN.

CONTINUED:

HE QUICKLY SLIPS TO THE BEDROOM DOOR JUST IN TIME TO SEE A MIDDLE AGED HOME HELP GOING INTO THE KITCHEN. HE POCKETS THE PHOTOGRAPHS AND MEASURES THE DISTANCE TO THE FRONT DOOR OF THE FLAT. HE IS JUST ABOUT TO MAKE HIS WAY DOWN THE HALLWAY WHEN THE WOMAN COMES OUT OF THE KITCHEN AND HEADS TOWARDS THE BEDROOM. FRANK FLATTENS HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL BEHIND THE DOOR. THE WOMAN WALKS INTO THE BEDROOM, SEES THE BOX OF LETTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE BED, PICKS THEM UP, PUTS THEM ON TOP OF THE CUPBOARD, THEN STARTS TO MAKE THE BED. FRANK WATCHES HER IN THE REFLECTION OF THE DRESSING TABLE MIRROR. HE WAITS UNTIL SHE HAS HER BACK TO HIM AND THEN SLIPS ROUND THE DOOR...

241 INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

241

AND INTO THE HALLWAY. HE QUIETLY OPENS THE FRONT DOOR AND SLIDES OUT, CLOSING IT SLIGHTLY BEHIND HIM.

242 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S DARK ROOM. DAY.

242

FRANK IS WITH DES, AN OLD FRIEND, A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER. DES, BOW TIE AND BINS, IS IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES. IN THE SAFE LIGHT WE SEE HIM FIXING A BLACK AND WHITE ENLARGEMENT OF THE WOMAN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH. HE TURNS A WHITE LIGHT ON. FRANK LOOKS AT THE FACE IN THE TRAY.

DES

It's a bit fuzzy.

FRANK

Her hair's different ... she's put on weight. (BEAT) As soon as Billy said, I could see her face ... every detail ... that's her.

DES SLIPS ANOTHER ENLARGEMENT UP OUT OF THE WASH TRAY. IT IS THE BACK OF A LANDROVER FROM ANOTHER OF THE PRINTS SHOWING CLEARLY THE REGISTRATION NUMBER.

DES

I've got something else for you Frank. (BEAT) Shouldn't be too hard to trace.

243 EXT. MEWS HOUSE. DAY.

243

D.C.I. BRYCE CLIMBS THE STAIRS TO A SMALL MEWS HOUSE, RINGS THE BELL. THE DOOR IS QUICKLY OPENED BY EX D.I. HALLAM.

HALLAM

Thanks for coming.

244 INT. MEWS HOUSE. DAY.

244

THE MEWS HOUSE IS TASTEFULLY DECORATED. HALLAM LEADS BRYCE INTO THE MAIN ROOM. HE IS NERVOUS. HE WALKS TO DRINKS ON TOP OF A CUPBOARD.

HALLAM

Same old poison?

BRYCE

No thanks.

HALLAM

Ah ... come on, for old times' sake.

BRYCE

(SOURLY) I'd rather forget the "old times"! (BEAT) What do you want Roy?

HALLAM

I've been hearing about Frank Ross.

BRYCE

(KNOWINGLY) I thought that was it. He had to come out some time.

HALLAM

He's got his nose up everyone!

BRYCE

Is that all you dragged me over here for?

HALLAM

You know what a cunning bastard he is.

CONTINUED:

BRYCE
He's just another thief, with
form, that's all.

HALLAM
He's gonna sniff out something!

BRYCE
Is he?

HALLAM
Unless someone stops him.

BRYCE
I think I better go.

BRYCE TURNS TO LEAVE. HALLAM COMES ACROSS TO STOP
HIM.

HALLAM
You know what he's after
dontcha?

BRYCE
He wants to know who grassed him.

HALLAM
Triffic!

BRYCE
What did you expect him to do
Alec, swallow it, Frank Ross?

HALLAM
He's only been out two weeks,
Eddie Archer's dead, Lew Wilson's
on remand, Pretty Billy's in
intensive care...

BRYCE
Precisely.

HALLAM IS ANGERED BY BRYCE'S CRYPTIC REMARK.

HALLAM
What the hell's that suppose to
mean, "precisely"?

BRYCE
You're an ex copper, a smart one,
think it out. (BEAT) I've
pulled Ross for questioning twice

CONTINUED:

BRYCE (Cont'd.)
already. On the street he's
caused a lot of aggravation in a
very short time ... he's in the middle
isn't he ... caught between us and the
chaps ... not a very healthy place to
be. (BEAT) The way he's going, Frank Ross
is going to be back inside or covered
in dog shit in an alleyway with a chalk
line drawn round him!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

245 INT. McGRATH'S APARTMENT. DAY.

245

HALLAM IS WITH TONY McGRATH - FORTY, POCK MARKED FACE, A FAINT GEORGIE BURR IN HIS VOICE. THE APARTMENT IS OVER A CAR SALES SHOWROOM.

McGRATH

What did Bryce say then?

HALLAM

He reckons Ross will be back inside or dead before long.

McGRATH

He could be right.

HALLAM IS SUDDENLY ALARMED BY THE INFERENCE IN McGRATH'S VOICE.

HALLAM

Look Tony ... I don't want any part of ...

McGRATH

(ICE) You shut your mouth!

HALLAM BACKS OFF.

HALLAM

He's pulled Ross for questioning twice already. He reckons he was on that roof with Eddie Archer and Pretty Billy.

McGRATH

I know he was!

HALLAM

How?

McGRATH

Eddie was my man.

HALLAM IS ASTONISHED AT THIS STATEMENT.

HALLAM

Your ... your man?

CONTINUED:

McGRATH

He was on the 'phone to me when
Ross turned up with Billy.

HALLAM JUST CAN'T BELIEVE THIS.

HALLAM

But ... Eddie was Lew Wilson's
minder, in his pocket.

McGRATH

That's what you thought, that's
what Lew thought, that's what
everyone thought. (BEAT) Every
little number Lew had going I
knew about, every little bit of
business, every little bit of
naughty, every little bit of
domestic. (LAUGHS) I've even
got a photostat of his will!
(BEAT) How do you think I always
kept three steps ahead of him ...
Eddie was my man inside. (HIS
FACE SETS HARD) I'm going to miss
him!

HALLAM DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. McGRATH SUDDENLY
ROARS WITH LAUGHTER.

McGRATH

Don't you think it's funny?

HALLAM

You always did have a weird
sense of humour.

McGRATH

Well here's something that should
crack that face! (BEAT) Frank
Ross is on to Cimmie Vincent.

HALLAM'S FACE REGISTERS HIS ALARM.

McGRATH

I thought that might amuse you.

HALLAM

Are you sure?

McGRATH

He's out now looking for her mate,
that other slag...

CONTINUED:

EP. 4 Amendments 21/12/77

216.

HALLAM
Angela Rees?

McGRATH
Right.

HALLAM
She knows nothing.

McGRATH
(SNEERS) How do you know ...
you only met her once ... at
the club.

HALLAM
(INSISTS) Cimmie Vincent's in
Australia.

McGRATH
That was eight years ago!

HALLAM
She wouldn't come back.

McGRATH
Let's hope you're right ... but
just to make sure, you better
take it on your arches and go
and have a little heart to heart
with Miss Bangor!

HALLAM
But ... I don't know where she ...

McGRATH PASSES HALLAM A SLIP OF PAPER.

McGRATH
Here's her address, (MOCKINGLY)
ex-detective!

246 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

246

THE JAG IS PARKED OFF A NARROW COUNTRY ROAD.
FRANK IS AWAY FROM IT OBSERVING A RUN-DOWN ESSEX
FARMHOUSE AND YARD THROUGH BINOCULARS. THE
LANDROVER WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH REGISTRATION IS
PARKED OUTSIDE. NEAR TO IT IS ALSO PARKED A MINI
VAN.

247 EXT. FARMHOUSE/YARD. DAY.

247

KATH UPCOTT (CIMMIE VINCENT) IS FEEDING SOME DUCKS. HER BLONDE HAIR IS SCRAGGED BACK AND HELD WITH A SLIDE. SHE IS WEARING BAGGY, OLD CLOTHES, A PAIR OF MUD COVERED WELLINGTONS AND AN OLD ARMY COMBAT JACKET. SHE EMPTIES A BOWL OF FOOD SCRAPS ON THE GROUND. THE DUCKS GREEDILY MILL AROUND PECKING THEM UP. SHE TURNS AND WALKS BACK INTO THE UGLY BRICK FARMHOUSE AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

248 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

248

FRANK SWINGS THE GLASSES TO ANOTHER PART OF THE FARM.

249 EXT. FIELD. DAY.

249

RHYS UPCOTT, THIRTY-SEVEN, BALDING, TALL, BONEY, IS OUT IN A FIELD NEAR TO THE FARM. HE IS CARRYING A LOADED TWELVE BORE. HIS DOG, WAY AHEAD OF HIM, STARTLES A RABBIT FROM THE HEDGEROW. AS IT ZIG-ZAGS ACROSS THE OPEN FIELD, IN ONE FLUID MOVEMENT, RHYS SWINGS THE GUN UP TO HIS SHOULDER, AIMS AND FIRES. THE RABBIT IS THROWN INTO THE AIR, THE DOG POUNCES ON IT. RHYS WALKS ACROSS TO COLLECT IT.

250 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

250

FRANK LOWERS THE GLASSES.

251 INT. VILLAGE SHOP. DAY.

251

FRANK ENTERS A SMALL VILLAGE SHOP-CUM-POST OFFICE. THE BELL ON THE DOOR RINGS VERY LOUDLY. MISS PHIPPS, SIXTY, WITH AN OLD FASHIONED DEAF AID STRAPPED TO HER SHOULDER COMES INTO THE SHOP FROM THE LIVING QUARTERS BEHIND.

FRANK

Good afternoon.

MISS PHIPPS

Good afternoon.

FRANK

I was wondering if you could help me.

CONTINUED:

MISS PHIPPS

Pardon?

FRANK RAISES HIS VOICE.

FRANK

I'm looking for Round Oak Farm?

MISS PHIPPS

Rhys Upcott?

FRANK

That's right.

MISS PHIPPS

You're well passed it.

FRANK

It's very confusing...

MISS PHIPPS

Pardon?

FRANK

(LOUDER) No names on the roads.

MISS PHIPPS

Used to be...when I was a girl...
but no one cares now ... just
left them to rot.

FRANK

It's back to the crossroad is
it?

THE OLD GIRL REALLY IS VERY DEAF. SHE SMILES AT
FRANK.

MISS PHIPPS

No ... you have to go back to
the crossroads ... then left ...
then bear right into Round Oak
Lane, the farm's about a mile
and a bit further ... down an
unmade track ... it is marked,
Rhys put it up himself.

FRANK

You know Mr. Upcott?

MISS PHIPPS

Pardon?

CONTINUED:

FRANK
(LOUDER) You know him?

MISS PHIPPS
Who?

FRANK
Mr. Upcott?

MISS PHIPPS
Oh ... I know him ... knew his
mother ... went to school with
his father ... used to smell ...
put lard on his hair he did,
couldn't afford hair oil.
(SMILES AT THE MEMORY)

FRANK
What about his wife?

MISS PHIPPS
Whose wife?

FRANK
Mr. Upcott's?

MISS PHIPPS
She's not his wife. Wears a
ring ... uses his name but it
weren't an altar job. (BEAT)
Dyes her hair y'know. (BEAT)
Got a boy they have ... nice
little thing ... got her looks.
(BEAT) She's from London, you
can tell ... don't talk much
but when she does you can tell.

252 INT. LANDROVER. DAY.

252

KATH IS DRIVING THE LANDROVER THROUGH THE COUNTRY
LANES.

253 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS. DAY.

253

FRANK TAILS THE LANDROVER IN THE JAGUAR.

254 EXT. VILLAGE SCHOOL. DAY.

254

THE LANDROVER PULLS UP OUTSIDE A SMALL VILLAGE SCHOOL. KATH IS LATE, KIDS ARE ALREADY POURING OUT, BEING MET BY THEIR VARIOUS PARENTS AND DRIVEN OFF IN MUD SPATTERED VEHICLES.

255 INT. JAGUAR. DAY.

255

FRANK WATCHES KATH FROM THE JAGUAR AS SHE LEAVES THE LANDROVER AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE SCHOOL. HE GETS OUT.

256 EXT. LANDROVER. DAY.

256

FRANK WAITS BY THE LANDROVER BUT HIDDEN FROM THE SCHOOL. KATH SOON RETURNS WITH HER SIX YEAR OLD SON, JIMMY. AS SHE APPROACHES THE LANDROVER, FRANK STEPS OUT.

FRANK

Hello Cimmie.

KATH STOPS, LOOKS AT HIM.

KATH

I'm sorry ... you must be mistaken.

FRANK

I'm not mistaken.

KATH

(TO JIMMY) Get in Jimmy...
I won't be a minute.

THE CHILD CLIMBS INTO THE LANDROVER AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

FRANK

I just want to talk.

KATH

I don't know who you are but
my name is Katharine Upcott.

FRANK

No one knows I'm here ... not
even Angela.

CONTINUED:

KATH
I'm sorry ... but I don't know
you at all.

SHE GOES TO GET INTO THE LANDROVER. FRANK BARS HER
WAY. HE SHOWS KATH ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS HE STOLE
FROM ANGELA'S FLAT.

FRANK
Now tell me you don't know
her!

KATH STARES AT THE PHOTOGRAPH ... LOST FOR WORDS.
THEN SHE TRIES TO STEP ROUND FRANK. HE PUTS AN
ARM OUT AND HOLDS HER.

FRANK
Maybe Big Ralph would like a
day in the country.

KATH PUSHES PAST FRANK. HE IS ABOUT TO GO AFTER
HER WHEN HE REALISES THAT HE IS BEING WATCHED BY
TWO OF THE MOTHERS WHO EYE HIM SUSPICIOUSLY FROM
ACROSS THE ROAD. KATH GETS INTO THE LANDROVER,
STARTS IT AND DRIVES AWAY FAST. THE TWO WOMEN
WATCH FRANK AS HE GETS INTO THE JAG.

257 INT. CHRIS' OFFICE. DAY.

257

CHRIS IS IN HIS OFFICE, FEET UP ON THE DESK.
HE HAS NEARLY FINISHED OFF A HALF BOTTLE OF SCOTCH.
THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. CHRIS CHECKS HIS
WATCH, LOWERS HIS LEGS, CROSSES THE OFFICE AND
OPENS THE DOOR. HE KNOWS WHO IT IS.

CHRIS
Three o'clock ... on the
button ... I bet you were a
brussel sprout.

TURPITT ENTERS THE OFFICE.

TURPITT
Is the car back?

CHRIS IS HALF CUT. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD SLOWLY AT
THE DEBT COLLECTOR.

TURPITT
And the money?

CONTINUED:

CHRIS EMPTIES HIS POCKETS ON THE DESK. THERE ARE NOTES, SOME LOOSE CHANGE AND A HANDKERCHIEF.

CHRIS
Fifteen pounds ... thirty
eight pence ... and a snotty
wipe!

TURPITT
Oh dear ... I thought we were
going to be sensible.

CHRIS
Look ... brussel sprout ... I
tell you what ... I'll give
you a cheque ... if your client
presents it in say two weeks ...

HE OPENS THE DESK DRAWER AND STARTS TO TAKE OUT A
CHEQUE BOOK.

TURPITT
No Mr. Cottle ... that just
won't do. (BEAT) Now I'll tell
you what. (BEAT) That timber
in your yard, that must be worth
what ... six hundred?

CHRIS
That's for a job.

TURPITT
I'll send someone round for it.
We'll reimburse anything we
make over what you owe ... of
course, minus a small consideration
for inconvenience.

CHRIS CAN'T BELIEVE THAT TURPITT IS SERIOUS. HE
SMILES.

CHRIS
For a minute there brussel
sprout, I thought you were
serious.

TURPITT'S FACE SETS.

TURPITT
I never joke about money Mr.
Cottle.

CONTINUED:

THE SMILE DECAYS FROM CHRIS' FACE. THE DRINK TAKES OVER.

CHRIS
You polisher! (BEAT) Get
out of here!

CHRIS GOES TO BUNDLE TURPITT OUT OF THE OFFICE, BUT HE HAS BADLY MISJUDGED THE QUIETLY SPOKEN, SLIM YOUNG DEBT COLLECTOR. TURPITT TURNS AND HITS CHRIS. WHACK! RIGHT BETWEEN THE BLUES! HE STAGGERS BACK ACROSS THE OFFICE AND LANDS ON HIS KNEES BESIDE THE DESK.

TURPITT
You're out of condition Mr.
Cottle.

HE REMOVES HIS GLASSES AND CAREFULLY PUTS THEM TO ONE SIDE. CHRIS HEAVES HIMSELF TO HIS FEET, PICKS UP THE SECRETARY'S TYPEWRITER AND HURLS IT AT TURPITT, WHO EASILY SIDESTEPS ... THE TYPEWRITER CRASHES THROUGH WHAT'S LEFT OF THE DOOR GLASS.

TURPITT
(SHAKES HIS HEAD) Tcht Tcht!

CHRIS FLINGS HIMSELF DESPERATELY AT TURPITT. THIS TIME TURPITT REALLY CUTS LOOSE. HE GIVES CHRIS A RIGHT SEEING TO. CHRIS FINDS HIMSELF ON HIS BACK NOT KNOWING WHAT'S HIT HIM. TURPITT RECOVERS HIS BINS, PUTS THEM BACK ON, PICKS UP HIS BUSINESS CASE AND HAS A PARTING WORD WITH CHRIS.

TURPITT
I do hope that's an end to
the unpleasantness Mr. Cottle.
(BEAT) I'll send a lorry round
for the timber.

HE TURNS AND EXITS, AS COOL AS WHEN HE ARRIVED. CHRIS, BLOOD POURING FROM HIS NOSE, HEAVES HIMSELF UP AND SLUMPS INTO THE DESK CHAIR. HE DRAINS THE LAST TOT OF SCOTCH AND DROPS THE EMPTY BOTTLE IN THE WASTE PAPER BASKET!

258 INT. FARMHOUSE (KITCHEN). DAY.

258

RHYS UPCOTT IS FINISHING OFF A CUP OF COFFEE IN THE FARMHOUSE KITCHEN. HE HEARS THE FRONT DOOR SLAM. HE CALLS OUT.

CONTINUED:

RHYS
That you Kath?

259 FARMHOUSE (HALLWAY). DAY.

259

KATH HEARS RHYS BUT DOESN'T REPLY. SHE HAS TAKEN HER SHOES OFF AT THE FRONT DOOR. SHE TAKES HER HEADSCARF AND COAT OFF. RHYS APPEARS.

RHYS
Where's Jimmy?

KATH
Gone to see the pigs.
(IRRITABLY) You can clean that up!

SHE POINTS TO THE MUD RHYS' BOOTS HAVE LEFT IN THE HALLWAY.

KATH
Bloody mess!

RHYS
It's only a bit of mud.

KATH
You might as well move the pigs in here!

RHYS
What's up Kath?

KATH
Nothing!

RHYS
Don't look like it. You've got a face like a fox trap.

KATH
Jimmy'll be looking for you.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS. KATH LOOKS AT IT, AFRAID TO ANSWER IT.

RHYS
Aren't you going to answer it?

CONTINUED:

JUST AS RHYS GOES TO LIFT THE RECEIVER, KATH
SNATCHES IT UP.

KATH
Two six eight?

FRANK
(V/O) All I want to do is
talk ...

KATH
You've ... you've got the
wrong number.

FRANK
(V/O) Couldn't we meet
somewhere?

KATH
(FORGETS HERSELF) No! (LOOKS
AT RHYS) This is two six eight!

SHE SLAMS THE RECEIVER DOWN. RHYS SENSES SOMETHING
IS WRONG. KATH TURNS ON HIM.

KATH
Haven't you got anything to do?

RHYS GOES TO EXIT. HE TURNS BACK AND LOOKS AT
KATH WHO IS STANDING BY THE 'PHONE LOOKING PENSIVE.
KATH SUDDENLY BECOMES AWARE OF HIM STARING AT HER.

KATH
(SNAPS) Jimmy'll be in with
them pigs!

260 EXT. 'PHONE BOX. DAY.

260

FRANK STEPS FROM A 'PHONE BOX IN THE VILLAGE. HE
GOES BACK TO THE JAGUAR PARKED HEARBY AND GETS IN.

261 INT. JAGUAR. DAY.

261

FRANK SITS IN THE JAGUAR - LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.
AN OLD BOY (JACOB) PASSES THE PARKED CAR PUSHING
AN EMPTY PRAM UP THE ROAD.

262 INT. ANGELA'S FLAT. DAY.

262

ANGELA OPENS THE DOOR TO HALLAM. SHE RECOGNISES HIM IMMEDIATELY BUT PRETENDS NOT TO.

HALLAM

Remember me?

ANGELA

(WITH DISTASTE) Should I?

HALLAM

Sam Fine's club.

ANGELA

That was a long time ago.

HALLAM

Eight years back.

ANGELA

Like I said, a long time, a lot of faces, what do you want?

HALLAM

I'd like a quiet word with you.

ANGELA REACTS AS IF SHE HAS JUST SUSSED WHO HE IS.

ANGELA

You're that cozzier ... come down the club looking for Cimmie?

HALLAM

I resigned ... I run a hotel now, in the country. (BEAT) Can I come in?

ANGELA

No!

HALLAM

I want to help.

ANGELA

Help? Help who?

HALLAM

Cimmie Vincent.

CONTINUED:

ANGELA
(ANGRILY) What is all this!
I haven't seen Cimmie Vincent
for going on nine years! She's
in bloody Australia!

HALLAM
Are you certain?

ANGELA
What do you mean?

HALLAM
Can't we talk inside?

HE GOES TO STEP INTO ANGELA'S FLAT. ANGELA BARS
HIS WAY.

ANGELA
Look you ... I said no!

HALLAM
What did you tell Frank Ross?

ANGELA
The same as I'm telling you.

HALLAM
So he was here asking?

ANGELA
He was.

HALLAM
He's a sick man.

ANGELA
(REACTS) What do you mean?

HALLAM
Head case ... obsessed with
revenge, he's only been out
two weeks and he's already been
the cause of the death of one
man and the critical injuring
of another. If he ever finds
Cimmie Vincent ...

ANGELA
Why? She never even met him.
I mean, what did she ever do
to Frank Ross?

CONTINUED:

HALLAM
It's a long story. (BEAT)
When was the last you heard
from her?

ANGELA
(LYING) She sent a card last
Christmas.

HALLAM
From Australia?

ANGELA
Well not from bloody Brixton!
(BEAT) Is the interrogation
over? (BEAT) I mean ... I
can go!

SHE SLAMS THE DOOR IN HALLAM'S FACE.

263 EXT. FARM YARD. DAY.

263

FRANK DRIVES THE JAGUAR UP TO THE FARM. RHYS
UPCOTT WALKS TOWARDS IT. FRANK GETS OUT.

264 INT. FARMHOUSE. DAY.

264

KATH SEES THE JAGUAR ARRIVE. SHE STANDS NERVOUSLY
IN THE WINDOW WATCHING AS FRANK AND RHYS TALK.

265 EXT. FARM YARD. DAY.

265

FRANK GOES TO GET BACK INTO THE CAR.

FRANK
(TO RHYS) Thanks ...

FRANK SEES KATH'S FACE AT THE WINDOW. HE GETS BACK
INTO THE JAG AND REVERSES IT OUT OF THE YARD.
KATH WATCHES. RHYS LOOKS ACROSS TO THE HOUSE AND
SEES KATH'S PALE, WORRIED FACE AT THE WINDOW, WATCHING
FRANK DRIVE AWAY.

RHYS WALKS TO THE FRONT DOOR. KATH OPENS IT. SHE
TRIES TO SOUND CASUAL.

KATH
Who was that?

CONTINUED:

RHYS
From London.

KATH
What did he want?

RHYS
The road to Colchester.

KATH
(RELIEVED) Oh ... your tea's
nearly ready.

266 INT. JAGUAR. DAY.

266

FRANK DRIVES SLOWLY AWAY FROM THE FARM. THE
COUNTRY SHADOWS GROW LONG, EVENING IS CLOSING IN.

267 INT. McGRATH'S APARTMENT. DAY.

267

HALLAM IS BACK REPORTING TO McGRATH.

McGRATH
Was she telling you the truth?

HALLAM
Yeah ... I think so.

McGRATH
You think so!

HALLAM
You never know with that sort.

McGRATH
You were filth ... for twelve
years ... and you don't know
when someone's lying to you?

HALLAM
I couldn't kick her door in and
bounce her around, that's the
only way you can be sure of
getting it straight from a slag
like that!

McGRATH
You listen to me Alec ... If
Cimmie Vincent is around and
Frankie Ross finds her ...

CONTINUED:

McGRATH (Cont'd.)
your mate Bryce is going to
start counting bodies!

268 INT. FARMHOUSE (KITCHEN). DAY. 268

RHYS AND JIMMY ARE EATING THEIR TEA. THE 'PHONE
RINGS IN THE HALL. KATH MOVES QUICKLY OUT OF THE
KITCHEN AND IS CAREFUL TO CLOSE THE DOOR.

269 INT. FARMHOUSE (HALLWAY). DAY. 269

KATH PICKS UP THE RECEIVER, TURNS HER BACK TO THE
KITCHEN.

KATH
Two six eight ...

FRANK
(V/O) You've got a choice ...
you either meet me ... or I
come back to the farm?

KATH
(WHISPERS) Why don't you
leave me alone!

270 INT. FARMHOUSE (KITCHEN). DAY. 270

RHYS WAITS FOR KATH TO RETURN TO THE KITCHEN.
JIMMY IS POKING HIS FINGERS INTO THE LOAF ON THE
TABLE. RHYS SEES HIM - SLAPS HIM.

RHYS
Don't do that!

271 FARMHOUSE (HALLWAY). DAY. 271

KATH
I'll see you there in twenty
minutes.

SHE GENTLY LOWERS THE RECEIVER AND RETURNS TO THE
KITCHEN.

272 INT. FARMHOUSE (KITCHEN). DAY.

272

SHE ENTERS.

KATH
I'm just going down to the
village.

RHYS
What for?

KATH
I forgot to pick up a
prescription.

RHYS
They'll be closing.

KATH
Not if I hurry ... I'll take
the van.

KATH GOES BACK INTO THE HALLWAY. RHYS HEARS THE
FRONT DOOR SLAM AND THEN THE MINI VAN START AND
DRIVE AWAY. WHEN HE IS SURE KATH HAS LEFT, HE
GOES INTO THE HALL.

273 INT. FARMHOUSE (HALLWAY). DAY.

273

HE PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE AND DIALS A LOCAL NUMBER.

RHYS
It's Rhys Upcott ... My wife
left a prescription with you.
(A KNOWING LOOK PANS ACROSS
HIS FACE) She did ... this
morning ... I must have got it
wrong ... thank you.

HE DROPS THE RECEIVER. PULLS HIS COAT ON.

RHYS
(CALLS OUT) Jimmy ... You
sit tight ... I'm just going
out a few minutes ...

RHYS OPENS A CUPBOARD, TAKES OUT THE TWELVE BORE
AND A PAIR OF SHELLS. HE BREAKS THE GUN, LOADS
IT, THEN EXITS!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

274 INT. ANGELA'S FLAT. DAY.

274

ANGELA, TARTED UP, MOVES FROM THE BEDROOM INTO THE LIVING ROOM, FITTING AN EARRING. A MAN IS WAITING FOR HER, JOHN PAVEY, THIRTY-ONE, GOOD LOOKING, SMART GEAR, OBVIOUSLY HAS A FEW BOB. A MARKED EXCEPTION TO THE TIRED OLD BUSINESSMEN WHO ARE HER USUAL CLIENTS.

ANGELA

Last week, one of my regulars took me as his guest to a Freemason's dinner. (BEAT) I spent the whole evening listening to the saga of his partner's wife's hysterotomy. (BEAT) I was so bored I thought me tits would drop off!

JOHN LAUGHS.

ANGELA

Where are we going?

JOHN

Do you like Greek food?

ANGELA

Love it.

JOHN

Good...

SHE CHECKS THROUGH A HANDBAG.

ANGELA

Mrs. Meckler did explain the... financial arrangements?

JOHN

I gave her fifteen pounds introduction fee... and for you it's ...

ANGELA

Fifty.

JOHN

Fair enough.

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Sorry to sound so mercenary,
it just saves any misunderstanding...
later on. (BEAT) Some of them
think that just because they take
you out to dinner they're going
to get the lot for fifteen quid.

JOHN SMILES. AS HE HELPS ANGELA ON WITH HER COAT
HE GIVES HER A PLAYFUL SQUEEZE. SHE ENJOYS IT.

JOHN

It all goes down as ...
"personal expenses"!

THEY EXEUNT.

275 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. EVENING.

275

THE LANDROVER SKIDS TO A HALT BESIDE OLD JACOB
WHOSE PRAM IS NOW LOADED DOWN WITH FIREWOOD. RHYS
LEANS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

RHYS

Hello Jacob.

JACOB

Llo' there.

RHYS

Seen Kath?

JACOB

Up t'ward the wood ... in the
van.

RHYS

You sure?

JACOB

Got eyes ain't I? Course I'm
sure. No more than a few minutes
back.

RHYS POWERS THE LANDROVER IN A SCYTHING 180 DEGREE
TURN AND ROARS OFF IN THE DIRECTION JACOB POINTED.

JACOB

Mad bugger.

276 INT. BMW. EVENING.

276

ANGELA IS SITTING COMFORTABLY NEXT TO JOHN IN THE EXPENSIVE CAR. SHE PUSHES ONE OF THE BUTTONS ON THE CASSETTE RADIO. SUDDENLY THE CAR EXPLODES WITH MILITARY MUSIC. IT MAKES HER JUMP. JOHN SMILES, REACHES DOWN AND SWITCHES IT OFF. ANGELA CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ANYONE CAN ACTUALLY LIKE THAT SORT OF MUSIC.

ANGELA

D'you like brass bands?

JOHN

That's a military band.

ANGELA

Is there a difference. I mean they all sound the same to me?

JOHN

They do to most people.

ANGELA

I like soul ... do you like soul?

JOHN STEERS THE BMW DOWN A NARROW ALLEYWAY BETWEEN TWO TALL BLOCKS OF FLATS. HE PULLS IT UP IN FRONT OF AN IRON GATE. ANGELA LOOKS ABOUT.

ANGELA

Where are we going?

THE METAL GATE LIFTS. HE DRIVES THE BMW INTO AN EMPTY, RESIDENTS' CAR PARK, UNDERGROUND. AS SOON AS THE BMW IS THROUGH THE GATE CLOSES AUTOMATICALLY.

ANGELA

(ALARMED) I thought we were going to eat?

JOHN PULLS THE BMW UP AND SWITCHES OFF THE ENGINE. HE TURNS TO ANGELA.

ANGELA

(SCARED) What are we doing down here?

JOHN

Get out.

CONTINUED:

ANGELA
I'm not getting out!

JOHN LEANS ACROSS, OPENS HER DOOR, THEN VIOLENTLY
PUSHES HER OUT OF THE CAR.

277 INT. CAR. NIGHT.

277

FROM A BIG AMERICAN CAR PARKED IN THE DEEP SHADOWS
OF THE UNDERGROUND CAR PARK, TONY McGRATH WATCHES
IMPASSIVELY AS ANGELA FALLS ON TO THE OIL STAINED
CONCRETE. JOHN GETS OUT OF THE CAR AND STANDS
MENACINGLY OVER HER.

278 INT. CAR PARK. NIGHT.

278

ANGELA IS VERY FRIGHTENED. SHE DOESN'T MOVE.

JOHN
All I want is the answer to
one simple question ... and
you can go home.

ANGELA
What question?

JOHN
Where's Cimmie Vincent?

ANGELA
Who are you. (BEAT) Did Frank
Ross send you?

JOHN
(SMILES) Yeah ... that's
right ... Frankie.

ANGELA
I told him ... Australia.

JOHN
You're lying!

ANGELA
She's in Australia!

JOHN KICKS HER.

JOHN
Watch ... scrubber!

CONTINUED:

ANGELA'S BAG IS LYING A YARD FROM HER BODY. JOHN TAKES SOMETHING FROM HIS POCKET, SLIPS IT INSIDE THE BAG, THEN STAMPS ON IT. ACID IMMEDIATELY STARTS TO FUME AND EAT AWAY AT THE IMITATION LEATHER. WITHIN SECONDS THE BAG IS A MESS. ANGELA LOOKS ON WITH HORROR.

JOHN

Pretty isn't it?

HE TAKES ANOTHER PHIAL FROM A SMALL BOX IN HIS POCKET AND HOLDS IT WITHIN INCHES OF ANGELA'S FACE.

JOHN

Where's Cimmie Vincent?

279 EXT. WOOD. NIGHT.

279

THE JAGUAR IS PARKED NEXT TO THE MINI VAN. KATH AND FRANK ARE SITTING IN IT TALKING.

280 INT. JAGUAR. NIGHT.

280

KATH

Ralph had been seeing me for over a year ... no one knew, except Angela ...

FRANK

And Sam Fine.

KATH

Not much got by Sam ... but he never let on that he knew.
(BEAT) We used to go to my place ...

FRANK

Opposite the barracks?

KATH

Sam again?

FRANK NODS.

KATH

I loved Ralph ... still do a bit. (SHRUGS) But what with Marge and his kids, I knew there was no chance. (BEAT)

CONTINUED:

KATH (Cont'd.)

Still ... once a week I could forget all the sweaty hands ... the whisky mouths, all those nasty bastards that think because you work in a club you're rubbish.

IT'S AN INCREDIBLE RELEASE FOR CIMMIE TO GET ALL THIS OUT AFTER SO LONG SUPPRESSING IT.

KATH

Ralph is a big, hard man, cross him and he'd break your arms without thinking ... but with me he was so gentle. (SMILES - LOOKS AT FRANK) He was always on about you ... about wanting to be like Frank Ross. The only time he ever hit me was when I said something silly about you.

281 EXT. WOOD. NIGHT.

281

THE LANDROVER PULLS UP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE WOOD. RHYS GETS OUT CARRYING A TORCH AND THE SHOT GUN AND MOVES LIKE A HUNTER INTO THE WOOD.

282 INT. JAGUAR. NIGHT.

282

FRANK AND KATH ARE NOT AWARE THAT RHYS IS CLOSING IN ON THEM.

KATH

I swear, Ralph was one hundred per cent loyal to you ... he would have killed me if he knew ... I was too frightened to say anything ... frightened of them .. frightened of him ... but I swear Ralph knew nothing about it.

KATH IS TALKING IN RIDDLES AS FAR AS FRANK UNDERSTANDING WHAT SHE IS TELLING HIM.

FRANK

About what! You keep on "about it", about what!?

CONTINUED:

SUDDENLY A POWERFUL TORCH BEAM IS SHONE IN THEIR FACES. RHYS' VOICE COMES FROM THE DARKNESS BEHIND IT.

RHYS
Get out of that car Kath.

KATH TURNS TO FRANK IN ALARM.

KATH
It's Rhys!

RHYS
You sit tight mister ... or
you'll get both barrels!

FRANK LOOKS AT KATH.

KATH
Do as he says.

RHYS
You hear me Kath!

KATH
(CALLS OUT) It's not what you
think Rhys.

SHE GETS OUT OF THE JAGUAR. FRANK WATCHES THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN.

283 EXT. WOOD. NIGHT.

283

KATH FACES RHYS. SHE SEES THE SHOTGUN IS POINTED AT FRANK.

KATH
It's not...

FRANK OPENS HIS DOOR.

FRANK
Listen to her.

RHYS STIFFENS - JABS THE GUN AT FRANK.

RHYS
Stay in the car!

CONTINUED:

FRANK JUST STANDS STARING AT RHYS, TRYING TO WEIGH HIM UP, TRYING TO MAKE UP HIS MIND IF HE WOULD USE THE SHOTGUN. KATH TURNS TO FRANK.

KATH
Please Frank.

RHYS
(SNEERS) Frank is it?

KATH
Put that gun down Rhys.

RHYS
Who is he?

KATH
He's a friend of a friend from a long time ago.

RHYS
If he's a friend why did he come sneaking up to the house like that, pretending to be lost, (TO KATH) and you hiding behind the curtains! And all those 'phone calls ... wrong numbers - (TO FRANK) that was you?

KATH
Put the gun down Rhys and I'll try to explain.

RHYS
You must think I'm a bloody idiot. I always wondered why you wouldn't marry me, I knew there was something wrong somewhere. You'd never talk about yourself, about before we met. (POINTS TO FRANK) I know almost as much about him as I do you!

FRANK MOVES CAUTIOUSLY AWAY FROM THE CAR.

RHYS
Get back in!

FRANK
You won't use that.

CONTINUED:

FRANK MOVES SLOWLY TOWARDS HIM.

RHYS

Try me.

FRANK CONTINUES TO WALK TOWARDS HIM.

FRANK

That's exactly what I'm doing.

KATH IS VERY NERVOUS. SHE SEES RHYS' FINGER TREMBLING ON THE TRIGGER.

KATH

Careful Frank!

FRANK GETS WITHIN A YARD OF RHYS. THE TWIN BARRELS OF THE GUN ARE WITHIN INCHES OF HIS CHEST. HE LOOKS STRAIGHT AT RHYS.

FRANK

I've known too many faces who use shooters, there's something about their voice.

RHYS SLOWLY LOWERS THE SHOTGUN. KATH PUTS HER ARM ROUND HIM BUT HE ANGRILY SHAKES HER AWAY.

RHYS

Is this the sort of man you knew before you came here Kath?

KATH

Rhys ...

RHYS

Big car ... fancy clothes ... guns ... what else ... what else Kath!

KATH

Rhys I ...

HE TURNS AND STARTS TO WALK SLOWLY AWAY. KATH GOES AFTER HIM.

KATH

At least give me a chance to explain!

CONTINUED:

RHYS STOPS ... TURNS.

RHYS
Jimmy's by himself ...

284 INT. ANGELA'S FLAT. NIGHT.

284

ANGELA, STILL IN A STATE OF SHOCK, IS SITTING IN A CHAIR WITH THE LIGHTS OFF. SHE HAS SWITCHED THE TELEVISION ON BUT TURNED THE SOUND DOWN. SHE IS STILL IN HER COAT - SHE HAS BEEN CRYING, MASCARA SNAIL TRAILS MEANDER DOWN HER WHITE FACE. SHE GOES TO POUR HERSELF ANOTHER SCOTCH FROM A BOTTLE ON A TABLE BESIDE HER ...HER HANDS ARE STILL SHAKING BADLY.

285 EXT. BUILDER'S YARD. NIGHT.

285

CHRIS ... EVEN DRUNKER THAN HE WAS BEFORE, IS LOADING THE TIMBER THAT THE DEBT COLLECTOR IS AFTER, ONTO THE BACK OF HIS OPEN TRUCK. HE HAS THE HEADLIGHTS OF THE VAN TRAINED ON THE BACK OF THE TRUCK. CHRIS, CARRYING A SHOULDER FULL OF FOUR BY TWO, STUMBLES. HE LIES ON THE GROUND TALKING TO HIMSELF.

CHRIS
You send 'em round brussel
sprout ... you send 'em round
with a lorry, all they're gonna
collect is a lot of grief!

286 INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

286

FRANK SITS IN AN ARMCHAIR IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE FARMHOUSE. A LOG FIRE IS BURNING IN THE OPEN GRATE.

KATH IS TRYING TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED EIGHT YEARS AGO TO FRANK. RHYS, WHO HAS CALMED DOWN, IS FINDING IT VERY DIFFICULT TO TAKE IT ALL IN.

KATH
(TO FRANK) ... one night ...
I'd been later at the club than
usual, it was Sam's birthday
and we all stayed on for a
drink ...

CONTINUED:

EP. 4 Amendments 2/12/77

242.

KATH LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

KATH

Ralph turned up ... I wasn't expecting him, to take me home.

287 INT. CAR. NIGHT.

287

(IN BLACK AND WHITE) IN A FLASHBACK WE SEE A VERY DIFFERENT CIMMIE VINCENT (KATH), EIGHT YEARS YOUNGER, PLATINUM BLONDE, LOTS OF MAKE UP, FLASH CLOBBER. SHE IS WITH RALPH VENEKER. THE CAR IS PARKED.

KATH

(V/O) I was tired and half cut. Ralph had to get home, so he didn't come in ...

RALPH AND CIMMIE KISS. THEN SHE GETS OUT OF THE CAR. RALPH STARTS THE CAR.

KATH

(V/O) If only he had ... none of this would've happened!

288 EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

288

CIMMIE WALKS THROUGH THE ENTRANCE GATE OF A BLOCK OF RUN DOWN EDWARDIAN FLATS. RALPH DRIVES PAST WITH A FINAL WAVE.

289 INT. FLAT. NIGHT.

289

(IN BLACK AND WHITE) CIMMIE STUMBLES DOWN A STONE CORRIDOR TO THE FRONT DOOR OF HER FLAT. SHE FUMBLES IN HER BAG FOR THE KEY.

KATH

(V/O) All I wanted to do was fall into bed and sleep forever.

THE FRONT DOOR OF THE FLAT OPENS AND TONY McGRATH (EIGHT YEARS YOUNGER) IS STANDING THERE.

CONTINUED:

KATH
(V/O) I remember I couldn't
find my key. Then the door
opened ... Tony McGrath was
standing there!

290 INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT. 290

(BACK TO COLOUR) CLOSE ON FRANK.

FRANK
Tony McGrath!!!

CRASH CUT BACK TO FLASHBACK.

291 INT. FLATS. NIGHT. 291

(IN BLACK AND WHITE) CIMMIE TURNS AND TRIES TO
RUN DOWN THE CORRIDOR BUT McGRATH GRABS HER BY THE
HAIR AND DRAGS HER BACK INTO THE FLAT AND SLAMS
THE DOOR.

292 INT. CIMMIE'S FLAT. NIGHT. 292

(IN BLACK AND WHITE) McGRATH SHOVES CIMMIE INTO A
SMALL, UNTIDY BEDROOM. CIMMIE STARTS TO SCREAM.

McGRATH
Shut it slag!

HE THROWS HER DOWN ON AN UNMADE BED. HE TAKES OUT
A KNIFE. CIMMIE GOES QUIET.

McGRATH
That's better.

CIMMIE
What do you want?

McGRATH LOOKS DISDAINFULLY ROUND THE ROOM.

McGRATH
How can you live in a sty like
this?

CIMMIE
It suits me.

CONTINUED:

McGRATH

What does Ralph say ... does he like dirty sheets ... Turns him on?

CIMMIE

How did y... (BEAT) When I tell Ralph about this he'll cripple you!

McGRATH

But you're not going to tell him, you're not going to tell no one, because slag, you open your gob about our little arrangement and they're gonna find you face down in a ditch!

CIMMIE

What arrangement?

McGRATH

I'm coming to that ... that's the best part ... big bad Ralph is into something ... Frankie Ross is at it again ... I don't know what ... I don't know where ... I don't know when ... but I'm going to find out, and you're going to help me.

CIMMIE

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

McGRATH

You find out slag!

CIMMIE

Ralph never talks to me about anything like that.

McGRATH

Anything you can ... any way that you can!

293 INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

293

(BACK TO COLOUR) RHYS CAN HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT KATH IS TELLING FRANK.

CONTINUED:

KATH

Ralph never mentioned the job,
not once, I swear it Frank.
I wouldn't have ever known about
it but for Tony McGrath telling
me.

SHE NERVOUSLY RE-LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE.

KATH

One night ... Ralph had fallen
asleep. (BEAT) I was looking
for his lighter in his jacket
pocket. I found a drawing ...
sort of map ... roads ... and a
diagram...

FRANK

I told him to burn that!

KATH

I took it to Tony McGrath.
(DEJECTED) I didn't know what
he was going to do ... I was
so frightened ...

SHE SUCKS ON THE CIGARETTE.

KATH

Then ... I couldn't stand it
no more. I decided to tell
Ralph ... everything. (BEAT)
That night I waited for him ...
he didn't come ... no 'phone
call ... nothing. (TEARS IN
HER EYES) It was the night ...
that Wednesday. The next
thing I heard was that you were
all arrested. (BEAT) I knew
it was him ... McGrath ... the
bastard ... it had to be him
who put the police on to you.
I never ever thought he'd do
that ... I mean ... not someone
like him!

SHE LOOKS AT FRANK. THEN ACROSS AT RHYS.

KATH

I tried to get to see Ralph when he was
on remand but they wouldn't let me. I came
to the trial every day, when you were all
sentenced I ... I just didn't know what
to do ... I made up me mind to go to the
police ... tell them everything ...

KATH (Cont'd.)

McGrath must have sussed ... he
come after me ... he'd have
killed me Frank!

FRANK

Did he ever say why ... why
he did it?

KATH

No ... never ...

FRANK

Have you got any idea?

KATH

Maybe he just wanted you out
of the way. I mean ... he
always was a vicious, ambitious
bastard.

FRANK

No! Too simple! There's more
to it than that! There's got to
be!

KATH

I'm sorry Frank. (BEAT) I know
it's a bit late for it but ...
there's not one day gone by when
I haven't thought about it ... if
it's any consolation to you ...
I've hated myself ever since.

294 EXT. FARMYARD. NIGHT.

294

FRANK GETS IN HIS CAR. STARTS IT. TURNS THE LIGHTS
ON. KATH TALKS TO HIM THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

KATH

You can tell Ralph that I won't
be here if he comes!

FRANK

You're still in Australia.

KATH'S FACE FLOODS WITH RELIEF.

KATH

You really mean that ... you won't
tell him?

FRANK

I won't tell him you're back ... here ...
(SHRUGS) The rest he'll have to know.

KATH

I'm glad it's out ... I'm glad I told
you.

FRANK NODS TOWARDS THE FARMHOUSE.

FRANK
All you've got to do is try
and make that poor sod under-
stand it all ...

FRANK DRIVES SLOWLY AWAY. CIMMIE WATCHES BRIEFLY,
THEN TURNS AND GOES BACK INTO THE FARMHOUSE.

295 EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

295

FRANK DRIVES THE JAGUAR AWAY FROM THE FARM, ALONG
THE MEANDERING, PITCH BLACK COUNTRY ROADS. HE
PASSES A ROAD JUNCTION. WHEN HE HAS GONE, A CAR'S
HEADLIGHTS ARE SWITCHED ON. WE SEE IT IS THE
BMW PARKED OFF THE ROAD. JOHN PAVEY IS DRIVING,
TONY McGRATH IS WITH HIM. THEY MAKE THEIR WAY
BACK TO THE FARM.

296 INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

296

KATH IS TRYING TO PLACATE RHYS.

RHYS
Why didn't you tell me Kath?

KATH
How could I?

RHYS
I would have understood.

KATH
(DOUBTING IT) Would you love?

RHYS
I love you Kath ... I always
have done. I would have preferred
the truth to this.

KATH TAKES RHYS' HANDS IN HERS.

KATH
You were the first decent
person I'd met in years ...
I couldn't take the chance of
losing you. (BEAT) When I
came back from Australia I
knew I had to start again ...

CONTINUED:

KATH (Cont'd.)
somewhere right away ... somewhere
quiet ... then I met you.

RHYS
Even your name!

KATH
I'm Kath now, I'll always be
Kath. Cimmie Vincent doesn't
exist any more ... she's dead
Rhys!

THE PIERCING SOUND OF A CAR HORN PENETRATES THE
COUNTRY NIGHT SILENCE.

297 EXT. TRACK. NIGHT.

297

THE BMW IS PARKED NEAR TO THE FARM. ITS HORN IS
BLARING. THE FRONT DOOR OF THE FARMHOUSE OPENS
AND RHYS COMES OUT. HE MAKES HIS WAY QUICKLY ACROSS
TO THE PARKED CAR.

AS HE GETS CLOSE HE CAN SEE THAT THERE IS NO ONE
IN THE CAR. HE OPENS THE DRIVER'S DOOR TO TRY AND
DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE NOISE. JOHN PAVEY SUDDENLY
APPEARS FROM THE SHADOWS BEHIND RHYS AND HITS HIM.
THE FIRST BLOW DOESN'T KNOCK RHYS UNCONSCIOUS.
HE MANAGES TO TURN AND GRAB JOHN'S COAT IN BOTH
HANDS. McGRATH HITS HIM FROM BEHIND, IN THE
KIDNEYS, AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL RHYS SLUMPS TO HIS
KNEES. JOHN PRISES THE FINGERS LOOSE FROM HIS COAT
AND LETS RHYS DROP TO THE GROUND, SENSELESS. THEN
HE LEANS INTO THE CAR AND SWITCHES THE HORN OFF.

McGRATH AND JOHN PAVEY APPROACH THE FARMHOUSE.
AS THEY GET CLOSE THEY HEAR THE CHILD, WOKEN BY
THE ROW, CALLING FOR HIS MOTHER.

298 INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

298

KATH IS JUST ABOUT TO GO UP TO COMFORT JIMMY AND
GET HIM BACK TO SLEEP. THE FRONT DOOR OF THE
FARMHOUSE OPENS. SHE HEARS SOMEONE APPROACHING.
SHE OBVIOUSLY THINKS IT'S RHYS.

KATH
What was that all about?

McGRATH STEPS INTO THE DOORWAY OF THE LIVING ROOM.
JOHN IS JUST BEHIND HIM. KATH'S FACE FREEZES.

CONTINUED:

McGRATH
What did you tell him slag ...
what did you say to Frank
Ross!

CLOSE IN ON KATH'S FACE DRAINED BY FEAR.

299 SCENE OMITTED

299

END OF EPISODE FOUR