

OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT

EPISODE 5

THE MOMENT HE OPENED HIS ENVELOPE ...

by

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300 INT. BMW. MORNING.

300

TONY McGRATH AND JOHN PAVEY SIT IN THE BMW WHICH IS PARKED ON THE CINDER FORECOURT OF A LORRY DRIVER'S CAFE. THEY WATCH A HUGE CONTAINER LORRY EDGE ITS WAY INTO THE PARK, THE DRIVER SKILFULLY PICKING HIS WAY BETWEEN THE OTHER LORRIES. IT COMES TO REST WITH A SHRIEK OF AIR BRAKES. THE DRIVER JUMPS DOWN, CAREFULLY LOCKS AND CHECKS THE CAB DOOR, THEN MOVES OFF TOWARDS THE CAFE WHISTLING.

JOHN PAVEY'S ATTENTION IS CAUGHT BY AN OLD VW SLOWLY APPROACHING. HE NUDGES McGRATH.

JOHN

Here he is.

THE DRIVER OF THE VW PARKS IT SOME DISTANCE AWAY, GETS OUT AND WALKS SLOWLY TO THE BMW.

301 EXT. LORRY PARK. MORNING.

301

MR. SMITH IS FIFTY TWO, AVERAGE BUILD, TRIM, HIS WALK AND POSTURE BETRAY HIS YEARS IN THE ARMY. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH, THOUGH ONLY AS A HABIT, HE KNOWS THAT HE IS ALWAYS EXACTLY ON TIME.

302 INT. BMW. MORNING.

302

JOHN OPENS THE BACK DOOR. MR. SMITH SLIDES IN AND CLOSES IT. THERE IS A HINT OF YORKSHIRE IN HIS VOICE.

McGRATH

Still driving that old kraut tank?

MR. SMITH

It does me.

McGRATH

Good trip?

MR. SMITH

(FLAT) You said it was urgent?

MR. SMITH IS A MAN OF FEW WORDS. McGRATH OPENS THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT AND TAKES OUT TWO ENVELOPES. HE GOES TO PASS THE LARGER ONE TO MR. SMITH, WHO SHAKES HIS HEAD AND HOLDS HIS HAND OUT FOR THE SMALLER ONE.

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH
You know the form McGrath.

McGRATH
(HALF SMILES) I should do by
now.

MR. SMITH TAKES THE SMALLER ENVELOPE AND TEARS
ONE END OPEN. HE LOOKS INSIDE AND SEES A WEDGE OF
TWENTY POUND NOTES. HE WEIGHS IT IN HIS HAND.

MR. SMITH
Feels about right.

HE TUCKS THE MONEY AWAY IN AN INSIDE POCKET THEN
TAKES THE LARGER ENVELOPE AND OPENS IT. HE PULLS
OUT A PHOTOGRAPH OF FRANK ROSS.

MR. SMITH
He looks useful.

JOHN
He is ...

McGRATH
Sharp as a shithouse rat.

MR. SMITH QUICKLY FLICKS THROUGH TWO TYPED PAGES
OF BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON FRANK ... ADDRESSES ...
NAMES OF FRIENDS, ASSOCIATES ETC.

McGRATH
Anything a bit iffey an' he'll ...

MR. SMITH LOOKS AT McGRATH WITH A SORT OF AMUSED
CONTEMPT. HE DELIBERATELY FOLDS THE PHOTOGRAPH
ACROSS FRANK'S FACE AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET.

McGRATH
What I mean is, you don't put
a notice on someone like Frank
Ross every day.

JOHN
He's not like the other two ...
they were both dummies.

McGRATH
Frankie's first division.

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH SAYS NOTHING. HE JUST GETS OUT OF THE CAR AND SLAMS THE DOOR. McGRATH LOOKS ACROSS TO JOHN.

JOHN
You're paying for the best,
enjoy it.

McGRATH
(RELAXES) Yeah ... you're right
Johnno. (BEAT) The moment he
opened his envelope Frank Ross
was dead.

303 EXT. LORRY PARK. MORNING. 303

MR. SMITH GETS BACK INTO HIS VW, FIRES IT UP AND DRIVES SLOWLY AWAY.

OPENING TITLES

304 INT. BEDROOM (CHRIS' FLAT). MORNING. 304

CHRIS IS LYING FACE DOWN IN BED, HIS NOSE BURIED IN A PILLOW. THE DOOR BUZZER GOES. CHRIS MOANS AND BURIES HIS FACE DEEPER IN THE PILLOW. THE BUZZER GOES AGAIN.

TRUDIE (FROM 'OUT 1') MOVES INTO THE BEDROOM DRESSED IN CHRIS' ROBE.

TRUDIE
The door!

CHRIS DOESN'T MOVE. THE DOOR BUZZER RASPS A THIRD TIME. TRUDIE SHAKES CHRIS.

TRUDIE
Chris!

CHRIS ROLLS OVER TO FACE HER.

CHRIS
See who it is you daft cow!

TRUDIE
I ... I can't.

CHRIS
Why not?

CONTINUED:

TRUDIE
(EMBARRASSED) I'm not decent.

CHRIS
(MOCKINGLY) She's a modest
little thing ...

HE GETS OUT OF BED, NAKED, QUICKLY PULLS ON A PAIR OF STRIDES AND GOES TO LEAVE THE BEDROOM. AS HE PASSES BEHIND TRUDIE HE SMILES AND SQUEEZES HER TITS.

305 INT. HALLWAY. MORNING.

305

CHRIS MOVES UP THE HALLWAY AS THE BUZZER GOES YET AGAIN. CHRIS CALLS OUT ANGRILY.

CHRIS
Where's the sodding fire!

HE SNATCHES THE DOOR OPEN. PAUL IS STANDING THERE.

CHRIS
(SURPRISED) Paul!

PAUL
Sorry ... I didn't ... were you
still in bed?

CHRIS
Sort of.

PAUL
Sorry.

CHRIS
Come in son.

PAUL ENTERS AND CHRIS CLOSES THE DOOR.

PAUL
Do you know where my father is?

CHRIS
You bin to the house?

PAUL
He's not there.

CHRIS
Is Frank expecting you?

CONTINUED:

No ... PAUL

Anything wrong son? CHRIS

No. PAUL

I mean ... you look a bit ... well, y'know. (BEAT) How did you get down? CHRIS

Thumbed it. PAUL

(CONCERNED) Do your people know? CHRIS

I told Lucy. PAUL

PAUL SHIVERS. CHRIS RUBS HIS HANDS.

'Tis a bit, innit (HE CALLS OUT) I hope that kettle's on! CHRIS

CHRIS PUTS A BARE ARM ROUND PAUL'S SHOULDER AND GUIDES HIM TOWARDS THE KITCHEN.

306 INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

306

TRUDIE, STILL IN THE ROBE, IS MAKING MORNING COFFEE. CHRIS ENTERS WITH PAUL.

Who was it? TRUDIE

SHE HAS HER BACK TO THEM.

It's Frank's boy, Paul. CHRIS

TRUDIE TURNS, EMBARRASSED - SHE PULLS THE ROBE TO COVER HER AMPLE BREASTS.

(TO PAUL) We was late last night. TRUDIE

CONTINUED:

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CHRIS
(TO PAUL) This is Trudie.

TRUDIE
(TO CHRIS) Aren't you goin' to
put a shirt on or somethin'?

CHRIS CROSSES TO HER AND REACHES OUT FOR HIS ROBE.

CHRIS
You're wearing my "somethin'".

PLAYFULLY HE GOES TO STRIP IT OFF. WITH A SQUEAKY
GIGGLE AND AN EMBARRASSED GLANCE AT PAUL, TRUDIE
HANGS ON.

TRUDIE
Be - have!

CHRIS WINKS AT PAUL.

CHRIS
She loves it. They're all the
same son ... You'll soon be
findin' out.

CHRIS EXITS. TRUDIE SMILES AT PAUL.

TRUDIE
You do look like your Dad ...
same eyes. (BEAT) Hungry?

PAUL
(SHEEPISHLY) A bit.

TRUDIE
Sit down.

PAUL SITS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE WHICH IS LAID FOR
BREAKFAST. CHRIS COMES IN WEARING A DENIM SHIRT
HE POINTS TO TRUDIE'S SHAPELY LEGS.

CHRIS
(TO PAUL) No one with pins like that
should be able to cook ... but she's magic.

HE SITS BESIDE PAUL.

PAUL
Any idea where he might be?

CONTINUED:

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307 INT. CAR. DAY.

307

THE JAGUAR HAS BEEN REPOSSESSED. FRANK SITS IN AN 'H' REGISTERED MG, IN A QUIET SIDE ROAD, WATCHING A LARGE DETACHED HOUSE WITH A VOLVO SHOOTING BRAKE PARKED OUTSIDE.

308 EXT. BACK GARDEN. DAY.

308

THE BACK GARDEN OF THE HOUSE IS WELL CARED FOR. AN IMMACULATE LAWN, TRIMMED HEDGES, POND, FRUIT TREES ETC.

AN EIGHT YEAR OLD BOY IS PLAYING WITH THE FAMILY DOG. CHARGES THURLOWE, FORTY FOUR, TALL, DISTINGUISHED, IS PRACTISING PUTTING ON THE LAWN. ALTOGETHER A PICTURE OF UPPER MIDDLE CLASS BLISS.

309 INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

309

PAUL AND CHRIS ARE SORTING OUT EGG AND BACON. TRUDIE IS FUSSING AROUND WITH THE COFFEE POT ENJOYING THE DOMESTICITY OF THE SITUATION. SHE POURS PAUL ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE.

CHRIS
(INNUENDO) She does it the
French way ...

TRUDIE
Chris!(BEAT) What will he think?

CHRIS LAUGHS INNOCENTLY.

CHRIS
I meant the coffee ... none of
that instant rubbish.

PAUL
You have a key to the house don't
you Chris?

CHRIS
What?

PAUL
A key?

CHRIS
Yeah ... but ...

CONTINUED:

PAUL
I'll wait for him.

CHRIS
He could be gone some time son.
(BEAT) Why doncha wait 'ere ...
it's warmer?

PAUL IS UNDETERRED.

PAUL
I'd like to see the house.
(BEAT) Inside.

- 310 INT. FRANK'S CAR. DAY. 310
FRANK WATCHES AS MRS. THURLOWE, THE BOY AND THE DOG PILE INTO THE VOLVO AND DRIVE OFF. HE GETS OUT OF HIS CAR.
- 311 EXT. QUIET ROAD. DAY. 311
FRANK MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS THE ROAD TO THE HOUSE.
- 312 EXT. BACK GARDEN. DAY. 312
THURLOWE ABANDONS HIS PUTTING. HE PICKS UP THE BALL AND GOES INTO THE HOUSE.
- 313 INT. KITCHEN. DAY. 313
THURLOWE ENTERS, STANDS THE CLUB IN A CORNER, DROPS THE PRACTISE BALL INTO A BOWL OF FRUIT, THEN MOVES OUT OF THE KITCHEN.
- 314 INT. STUDY. DAY. 314
THURLOWE MOVES SLOWLY INTO HIS STUDY. IT IS EXPENSIVELY AND TASTEFULLY DECORATED. THE PAINTINGS ON THE WALLS ARE COLLECTOR'S PIECES. THE DESK IS ANTIQUE ROSEWOOD, THE FLOOR THICKLY CARPETED.
HE WALKS TO THE DESK - PICKS UP THE 'PHONE AND STARTS TO DIAL A NUMBER. A VOICE FROM BEHIND SPINS HIM ROUND.

CONTINUED:

FRANK
 Onto another little earner ...
 Mr. Thurlowe?

THURLOWE DROPS THE RECEIVER. HE FACES FRANK. HE
 CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

FRANK
 You look like a scalded rat.

THURLOWE
 Ross!

FRANK
 (MOCKINGLY) You remember ...

315 INT. PUB. EVENING.

315

(IN BLACK AND WHITE) EIGHT YEARS EARLIER. FRANK
 AND THURLOWE ARE MET IN A QUIET RIVERSIDE DRINKER
 WHICH IS EMPTY SAVE FOR A COUPLE ON THE FAR SIDE
 WHO ARE MUCH TOO INTERESTED IN EACH OTHER TO TAKE
 NOTICE OF THEM.

FRANK
 Just under two hundred grand.

THURLOWE
 (IMPRESSED) What currencies?

FRANK
 Mostly guilders ... Swiss francs ...
 some Maltese sterling ... Canadian
 dollars ...

THURLOWE
 It sounds very interesting ...
 when?

FRANK
 Soon.

THURLOWE
 The sooner the better ... demand
 is healthy at the moment.

FRANK
 How much time would you need?

THURLOWE
 After delivery?

CONTINUED:

FRANK

The chaps don't like to wait too long.

THURLOWE

Quite understandably. (BEAT)
Ten days ... two weeks at the outside.

FRANK

And your royalty?

THURLOWE

Modest, Mr. Ross ... in the circumstances.

FRANK

(SUSPICIOUS) How much?

THURLOWE

Thirty five per cent.

FRANK

(REACTS) Do Morecambe and Wise know about you?

THURLOWE

I don't think you quite appreciate what is involved.

FRANK

I've got five mouths to feed.
(BEAT) Twelve and a half.

THURLOWE

Thirty and that's generous.

FRANK GETS UP TO LEAVE.

THURLOWE

You won't find anyone else with my contacts. (FRANK HESITATES)
I'll get us another drink.

HE PUTS A HAND ON FRANK'S ARM. FRANK DOESN'T LIKE TO BE TOUCHED. THERE IS A MOMENT OF POTENTIAL VIOLENCE. THEN FRANK SNATCHES HIS ARM AWAY.

FRANK

You're wasting my time.

FRANK LEAVES THE PUB.

316 INT. STUDY. DAY.

316

(BACK TO COLOUR) FRANK FACES THURLOWE. HE
GESTURES ROUND THE IMMACULATE STUDY.

FRANK

Nice room ... in a nice house ...
in a nice respectable road.
(BEAT) Do your nice respectable
neighbours know about you Mr.
Thurlowe? Do they know how you
can afford all this. Do they
know you're at it?

THURLOWE

What do you want Ross?

FRANK

Information.

THURLOWE

But ... what ... what could I
possibly ...

FRANK

Our little meet that night ...
who did you tell about it?
Who did you tell about my
"arrangements"?

THURLOWE

Tell! (BEAT) Not a living soul!

FRANK

I was grassed!

THURLOWE

I swear to you Ross ...

FRANK

Who!

THURLOWE

No one!

FRANK

You put the whisper on me!

FRANK PICKS UP A PAPER KNIFE FROM THE DESK AND IN
ONE VIOLENT MOVEMENT SLASHES A VALUABLE MARITIME
PAINTING ON THE WALL BEHIND THE DESK. THURLOWE IS
HORRIFIED.

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Tony McGrath?

THURLOWE
You're mad! I've never met
McGrath!

FRANK
No?

THURLOWE
Never!

FRANK RUNS HIS ARM ALONG THE MANTLESHELF, SWEEPING
DELICATE CHINA FIGURES ONTO THE FLOOR, SMASHING
THEM.

FRANK
I hope you're insured!

THURLOWE
Stop it!

FRANK PICKS UP A BEAUTIFUL OLD CLOCK IN ONE HAND.
THURLOWE JUMPS FORWARD TO TRY AND TAKE IT FROM
HIM. FRANK HITS HIM WITH THE BACK OF HIS FREE HAND.
THURLOWE FALLS AGAINST THE DESK. FRANK LOOKS
DOWN AT HIM.

FRANK
When is Mrs. Thurlowe due back?

THURLOWE WIPES THE BLOOD FROM HIS MOUTH. HE
SLOWLY GETS TO HIS FEET AND SLUMPS DOWN INTO A
CHAIR.

THURLOWE
I'm not an indiscreet man, Ross.
I can't afford to be ... ask
anyone who's done business with
me.

FRANK
Forget the character reference ...
get to the facts!

THURLOWE
I did mention our meeting ...
to one of my close contacts.

FRANK
You lying stump!

CONTINUED:

THURLOWE

(QUICKLY) I ... thought you'd be back. (BEAT) I ... I would have settled at twenty per cent. (BEAT) I ... I started to tap the market.

FRANK

Go on?

THURLOWE

Word must have got back to McGrath somehow. The next thing I know he barges his way into my office. I'd never heard of him then. (BEAT) He asked about you ... our meeting ... I told him I didn't know you or what he was talking about. (PAUSE) The next morning we found the dog ... dead ... in the front garden ... poisoned ... an alsation bitch. (BEAT) My wife was pregnant ... high blood pressure. (BEAT) She wanted to call the police. (PAUSE) I got a 'phone call that morning ... McGrath ... asking the same questions. (BEAT) He said next time it could be the brakes on the car ... a fire in the house ...

THURLOWE SHRUGS THE HOPELESSNESS OF SUCH A SITUATION.

FRANK

So you told him?

THURLOWE

I had to.

FRANK

I ought to break your arms!

THURLOWE

(APPEALS) What else could I do?

FRANK

You could have contacted me ... told me what was going down!

THURLOWE

He warned me ... if I tried that he'd ... Sheila ...

CONTINUED:

FRANK

I would have seen to it that
he didn't bother you again.

THURLOWE

I was too frightened to take
that chance.

FRANK PICKS UP THE ANTIQUE CLOCK AGAIN.

FRANK

Eight years you gutless bastard ...
eight years your mouth cost me!

HE HURLS THE CLOCK AGAINST A WALL. IT EXPLODES
LIKE A MECHANICAL GRENADE!

317 INT. VW. DAY.

317

MR. SMITH HAS PARKED THE VW IN A QUIET LAY-BY NEAR
A WOOD. HE POURS HIMSELF A CUP OF COFFEE FROM A
THERMOS FLASK AND LISTENS TO THE CAR RADIO TURNED
DOWN LOW. HE SIPES HIS COFFEE APPRECIATIVELY THEN
HE CAREFULLY PUTS THE PLASTIC CUP ON TOP OF THE
DASHBOARD. ON THE PASSENGER SEAT BESIDE HIM IS A
SMALL, BATTERED LEATHER CASE. HE UNLOCKS IT AND
OPENS IT. INSIDE, METICULOUSLY ARRANGED, ARE A
NUMBER OF COMPLEX ELECTRONIC DEVICES. CLIPPED
INSIDE THE LID OF THE CASE ARE SPECIALISED TOOLS.
ALSO TUCKED AWAY IN ONE CORNER OF THE CASE IS A
LETHAL LOOKING AUTOMATIC.

318 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE (PAUL'S ROOM) DAY.

318

PAUL IS IN HIS BEDROOM. HE STANDS IN THE CENTRE OF
THE COLD ROOM - FEELING IT - RECOLLECTING CHILD-
HOOD MEMORIES.

OUTSIDE WE HEAR A CAR PULL UP. CHRIS CALLS UP.

CHRIS

(OS) He's back ... Paul?

319 INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

319

FRANK ENTERS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. CHRIS MEETS
HIM.

CONTINUED:

FRANK

What are you doing here?

PAUL COMES DOWN THE STAIRS. FRANK IS NOT PLEASED TO SEE HIM BUT TRIES HIS BEST TO CONCEAL IT.

PAUL

I wanted to see you.

FRANK

How long have you been here?

PAUL

(DEFENSIVELY) Not that long.

FRANK

You should have 'phoned.

PAUL

You would have told me not to come.

FRANK

Would I?

PAUL DOESN'T REPLY TO THIS CHALLENGE FROM HIS FATHER.

FRANK

Do Keith and Lucy ...?

PAUL

I told Lucy.

FRANK

Is anything wrong?

PAUL

Why ... does there have to be something wrong for me to want to talk to you?

FRANK

I didn't mean ...

PAUL

(EMOTIONALLY) I'll go if you don't want to ...

FRANK

... calm down!

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
(TACTFULLY) Have you eaten
Frank?

FRANK
No.

CHRIS
Fancy some chink take-away?

FRANK
Good idea.

HE FEELS IN HIS POCKET FOR SOME MONEY.

CHRIS
My treat.

FRANK
Get me some fags.

HE EXITS.

PAUL
He needn't have done that.

FRANK
What?

PAUL
That performance to leave us
alone.

320 EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

320

AS CHRIS GETS INTO HIS VAN, WE SEE THE OLD VW PASS
THE HOUSE AND CONTINUE ON SLOWLY DOWN THE ROAD.

321 INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

321

FRANK TAKES HIS COAT OFF AND DROPS IT ON A CHAIR.
HE PICKS UP THE KETTLE FROM THE STOVE AND CROSSES
TO THE SINK TO FILL IT.

PAUL NOTICES AN INCH OF GUN HANDLE PROTRUDING FROM
ONE OF THE COAT POCKETS. HE DOESN'T LET HIS FATHER
KNOW HE HAS SEEN IT.

CONTINUED:

FRANK PUTS THE KETTLE BACK ON THE STOVE AND LIGHTS THE GAS. THEN HE TAKES A PACKET OF FAGS FROM HIS JACKET POCKET AND GOES TO LIGHT HIMSELF ONE.

PAUL

Can I have one?

FOR A MOMENT FRANK IS SHOCKED - THEN HE HOLDS THE PACKET OUT TO PAUL, THERE IS ONLY ONE LEFT, PAUL TAKES IT AND PUTS IT BETWEEN HIS LIPS, FRANK LIGHTS IT, THEN SCREWS THE PACKET UP AND DROPS IT INTO A BIN. PAUL DRAGS ON THE CIGARETTE AND EXHALES A SHROUD OF SMOKE.

FRANK

What is it son ... are you worried about Thursday, going to court?

PAUL

I don't want you to come.

FRANK

(CALMLY) You've got reasons?

PAUL

None that I can explain.

FRANK

I think you better try son.

PAUL

I ... I just don't want you there.

FRANK

You'll have to do better than that.

PAUL

I can't ... I can't explain. Please don't come.

FRANK CONSIDERS, DRAGS ON HIS CIGARETTE, LOOKS AT PAUL.

FRANK

Is that what you came to say?

PAUL

Part of it.

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Let's have the rest then?

PAUL

We've got to start again ...
you and me ... that's if you
want to?

FRANK

What's that suppose to mean?

PAUL

You may not want to?

FRANK

You're not making much sense
Paul?

PAUL

I'm just trying to be practical ...
I mean ... maybe its better for
everyone if I stayed with Keith
and Lucy, I mean for good, (HALF
LAUGH) they could adopt me.

FRANK

(PUZZLED) Is that what you want?

PAUL

It's what they want.

FRANK

I didn't ask you that.

PAUL STUBS HIS CIGARETTE OUT IN AN ASH TRAY.

PAUL

I want to come back here ...
to live ... with you ... after
Thursday.

322 EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. DAY.

322

HIGH UP ON THE ROOF OF A NEW CONSTRUCTED OFFICE
BLOCK THAT OVERLOOKS THE GARAGE AND SHOWROOMS
OVER WHICH TONY McGRATH LIVES, DES, FRANK'S PHOTO-
GRAPHER FRIEND (FROM 'OUT 4') IS FOCUSING A LONG
LENS ON JOHN PAVEY AS HE LEAVES. HE CRASHES OFF
THREE FAST FRAMES AS PAVEY CLIMBS INTO HIS MOTOR
AND DRIVES AWAY.

323 EXT. ROAD. DAY.

323

CHRIS DRIVES HIS VAN DOWN THE ROAD AND TURNS INTO THE DRIVE OF FRANK'S HOUSE. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL MR. SMITH CLEANING THE WINDSCREEN OF HIS CAR - AND WATCHING CHRIS.

324 INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

324

PAUL HAS PUT FRANK ON THE SPOT.

FRANK

What about school?

PAUL

I've only got a few months to go. I could transfer ... anywhere ... it's not important.

FRANK

What about university?

PAUL

No way.

FRANK

What do you mean?

PAUL

No chance.

FRANK

Keith told me ...

PAUL

(FLARES) Keith talks a load of balls! (BEAT) I don't want to go to university ... even if I could!

FRANK

Just look at the place ... it's a tip.

PAUL

I'll clean it up ... evenings ... weekends ... redecorate.

FRANK

There's washing ... cooking ... all the things you take for granted with Lucy.

CONTINUED:

PAUL
 There must be a launderette ...
 I can eat out ...

FRANK
 No.

PAUL
 (ANGRILY) At least tell the
 truth. You don't want me here.

FRANK
 There's a right time Paul ...
 it isn't now! (BEAT) I need a
 while to get myself sorted out.

PAUL
 What about me ... me! (BEAT)
Paul Ross! Don't I count ...
 doesn't what I want count? You
owe me a chance, that's all I'm
 asking for, a chance to be myself,
 not "the sure university place" ...
 not "Frank Ross' boy" ... not
 "Keith and Lucy's lodger" ... not
 "poor Evie's son" (WITH SCORN)
 poor Evie (BEAT) she's not going
 to come out of that place, you do
 realise that ... she's insane!

FRANK
 (FLARES) Shut up!

PAUL
 She hates you ... she hates me.
 (BEAT) Did they tell you what
 she did to me, what she said to
 me ... did they ... did they?

FRANK
 (SADLY) You don't understand.

PAUL
 (ANGRILY) I'm not eight years
 old any more! (HE POINTS OUT OF
 THE WINDOW TO THE OVERGROWN LAWN)
 We're not out there playing
 football! I'm trying to understand.
 I'm trying to pick up the pieces!
 I can't live on memories any more!

CONTINUED:

CHRIS ENTERS WITH A BAG OF FOOD.

CHRIS
(BRIGHTLY) Cow heel and noodles.

HE THROWS A PACKET OF CIGARETTES AT FRANK.

CHRIS
Catch!

FRANK CATCHES THE CIGARETTES AND PUTS THEM IN HIS POCKET. CHRIS REALISES HIS RETURN MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER TIMED. HE STARTS TO TAKE THE SILVER CARTONS OF FOOD FROM THE CARRIER BAG.

CHRIS
Get some plates Paul.

PAUL
(SULLENLY) I'm not hungry.

HE TURNS AND MOVES QUICKLY FROM THE KITCHEN. FRANK CALLS AFTER HIM.

FRANK
Paul!

FRANK GOES TO GO AFTER HIM. CHRIS STEPS IN FRONT OF HIM.

CHRIS
Let me Frank.

THE FRONT DOOR SLAMS.

325 EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

325

PAUL LEAVES THE HOUSE AND HURRIES UP THE DRIVE. THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND CHRIS COMES AFTER PAUL.

CHRIS
(SHOUTS) Paul!

326 EXT. STREET. DAY.

326

CHRIS CATCHES UP WITH PAUL IN THE STREET OUTSIDE THE HOUSE. PAUL DOESN'T STOP WALKING.

CHRIS
Woa up!

CONTINUED:

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PAUL
If he's sent you to ...

CHRIS GRABS PAUL AND ROUGHLY TURNS HIM, FORCING HIM TO STOP.

CHRIS
Listen son ... you want some advice ... freemans ... (POINTS TO PAUL'S MOUTH) You wanna stop dropping that lip.

PAUL
He doesn't understand.

CHRIS
Hang about a minute ... has it ever occurred to you that it might be the other way round?

PAUL
(DEFENSIVELY) I've tried.

CHRIS
It's not that simple son. (BEAT) You've only ever known one side of your father ... the same with Evie. (BEAT) How can you have any idea what it's like to be banged up for eight years ... or what it's like when you're released.

PAUL
He wouldn't even let me see him in prison!

CHRIS
There were reasons.

PAUL
What?

CHRIS
Good reasons. You've no idea

PAUL
(CHALLENGING) Well ... what were they?

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
He'll tell you ... one day.

PAUL
(SNEERS) One day.

CHRIS STARTS TO WALK PAUL SLOWLY BACK TO THE HOUSE.

CHRIS
Come back and have something to eat.

PAUL STOPS ... UNCERTAIN OF HIS FEELINGS.

CHRIS
As a personal favour to me if you like.

THEY ENTER THE FRONT GARDEN.

327 EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

327

THEY WALK UP THE DRIVE TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

PAUL
Is he still in trouble?

CHRIS
Trouble?

PAUL
He's got a gun?

CHRIS IS COMPLETELY TAKEN ABACK.

CHRIS
How do you know ...

PAUL
I saw it ... in his coat.

CHRIS
You haven't said nothin' ... to Frank.

PAUL
Of course not. (BEAT) Is he in trouble Chris?

CHRIS
What sort of trouble?
CHRIS DOESN'T QUITE KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

CONTINUED:

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CHRIS

There are one or two people
around who don't take kindly to
your dad being back. (BEAT) I
can't say no more. (BEAT)
And don't you say nothin' to
him neither!

PAUL

Why doesn't he go to the Police?

CHRIS SMILES AT PAUL'S NAIVITY.

PAUL

(ANGRILY) He's got rights ...
like anyone else!

CHRIS

No one with form has got rights
son, you learn that very quickly
when you come out.

PAUL

What is he going to do?

CHRIS

He'll sort it out ... his own
way.

PAUL

He could get hurt.

CHRIS

He can look after himself, don't
you worry. (BEAT) But you can
hurt him. (BEAT) He'd do
anything for you and Evie. (BEAT)
But just at the moment son, he's
got his hands more than full ...
he don't need no extra aggravation!

CHRIS UNLOCKS THE FRONT DOOR. THEY BOTH ENTER.
THE DOOR CLOSES.

328 EXT. ROAD. DAY.

328

MR. SMITH DRIVES THE VW SLOWLY PAST THE HOUSE IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

END OF PART ONE

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PART TWO

329 EXT. GARAGE. DAY. 329

A CAR PULLS UP ON THE FORECOURT. ROY HALLAM GETS OUT AND ENTERS QUICKLY.

330 EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. DAY. 330

DES - ON TOP OF THE ROOF - MANAGES TO GET TWO QUICK FRAMES OF HALLAM AS HE ENTERS.

331 INT. McGRATH'S FLAT. DAY. 331

McGRATH IS GETTING READY TO GO OUT. HALLAM ENTERS. HE IS CARRYING AN EXPENSIVE PIGSKIN BRIEFCASE. McGRATH TAKES THE PISS.

McGRATH

Come to read the meters Roy?

McGRATH LOOKS AT HALLAM'S SCOWLING FACE.

McGRATH

Look at that puss ... what's up?

HALLAM

Frank Ross. (BEAT) We've got to do something before that bastard works things out.

McGRATH

We've got to? (BEAT) All I ever see of you is your daily disappearing out of a door!

HALLAM

He knows it was you who put it on him.

McGRATH

I put it on him! Where's the "we" suddenly gone to?

HALLAM

You know what I mean. That slag Cimmie Vincent.

CONTINUED:

McGRATH

I thought that friendly filth
of yorn, bloody Bryce was supposed
to be sorting him out ... or was
that just propaganda?

HALLAM

He can't touch him without help.

McGRATH

(MOCKING) What are you suggesting?

HALLAM

With his form Ross'd draw ten for
doing a gas meter.

McGRATH

(ANGRILY) He's not some snotty
little villain who'd take a fitting!

HE POINTS TO HALLAM'S EXPENSIVE BRIEFCASE.

McGRATH

You try something like that on
Frankie Ross and they'd find your
head in that pigskin peter!

HALLAM

You don't seem that bothered?

McGRATH

(CALMLY) It's sorted ... isn't
it?

HALLAM

Sorted? How?

McGRATH

I put a notice on him.

HALLAM

You what! Who?

McGRATH IS GETTING PISSED OFF WITH HALLAM.

McGRATH

Go home Roy. (BEAT) It's all
under guarantee!

HALLAM

I don't want any part of murder!

CONTINUED:

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McGRATH

You wanna watch it Roy, you worry too much an' you'll make yourself ill, an' then you're gonna need ... treatment!

332 INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

332

FRANK, PAUL AND CHRIS ARE FINISHING OFF THEIR CHINESE TAKE-AWAY.

FRANK

(AWKWARDLY) I've got to go out again Paul.

PAUL

I told Lucy I'd be back by the afternoon.

CHRIS

I'll give you a lift.

PAUL

I can hitch.

CHRIS

It's all arranged.

THE 'PHONE RINGS IN THE HALLWAY. FRANK EXITS.

333 INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

333

FRANK ENTERS THE HALL AND PICKS UP THE RECEIVER.

FRANK

Hello ...?

334 INT. FLAT. DAY.

334

ANNE IS RINGING FROM HER FRIEND'S FLAT.

ANNE

Frank ...?

FRANK

(V/O) Yeah?

ANNE

When am I going to get to see you?

335 INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

335

FRANK IS EMBARRASSED AT ANNE RINGING WHILE HIS SON IS ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY. HE LOWERS HIS VOICE.

FRANK

I can't talk now.

ANNE

(V/O) I'm at the flat ... do you want me to ring back?

FRANK

I'll see you there ... later.

336 INT. FLAT. DAY.

336

ANNE

When?

FRANK

(V/O) About seven?

ANNE

I'll make us something to eat.

FRANK

(V/O) That'd be nice.

ANNE

You will come?

337 INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

337

FRANK

I'll bring a bottle.

ANNE

(V/O) Take care.

SHE RINGS OFF. FRANK DROPS THE RECEIVER - PAUSES FOR A MOMENT, THOUGHTFULLY, THEN TURNS AND WALKS BACK INTO THE KITCHEN.

338 EXT. GARAGE. DAY.

338

HALLAM AND McGRATH LEAVE TOGETHER.

339 EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. DAY. 339

DES FOCUSES ON HALLAM AND McGRATH AS THEY HAVE PARTING WORDS. THEN EACH OF THEM GETS INTO HIS OWN CAR AND DRIVES OFF IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

340 INT. KITCHEN. DAY. 340

FRANK AND CHRIS ARE ALONE. PAUL HAS GONE FOR A SNAKES.

FRANK

What did you say to him?

CHRIS

Nothin' much.

FRANK

How did you get him back?

CHRIS

Personality ... pure personality.

PAUL ENTERS.

CHRIS

(TO PAUL) You fit?

FRANK TAKES TEN QUID FROM HIS POCKET.

FRANK

Buy yourself something.

PAUL

No thanks.

FRANK

Take it.

PAUL

(FIRMLY) I don't want it.

CHRIS LOOKS AT FRANK AS MUCH AS TO SAY - "WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN?"

FOR SOME MOMENT PAUL AND FRANK STAND FACING EACH OTHER, BOTH OF THEM WANTING TO COMFORT THE OTHER BUT NEITHER MAKING THE FIRST MOVE.

FRANK

Give it time son.

CONTINUED:

PAUL TURNS AND WALKS INTO THE HALLWAY. CHRIS HAS A PARTING WORD WITH FRANK.

CHRIS
Why don't you eat with us tonight? Trudie's doin' somethin' special.

FRANK
I can't.

CHRIS
Previous engagement?

FRANK
Something like that.

CHRIS
(KNOWINGLY) Well ... keep your shirt over it!

HE MOVES OFF - JOINS PAUL - EXEUNT.

341 INT. DARK ROOM. DAY.

341

FRANK IS WITH DES. HE IS LOOKING THROUGH SOME OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CALLERS AT TONY McGRATH'S PLACE THAT DES HAS PRINTED UP FROM THE DAY BEFORE.

HE COMES TO ONE OF JOHN PAVEY.

DES
That's John Pavey.

FRANK
McGrath's minder ... I've heard about him. Word is he's a bit educated.

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH IS ANOTHER ONE OF HALLAM.

DES
He was there again today.

FRANK
I'll take these Des.

DES
I've got another reel to print up.

CONTINUED:

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FRANK
When will they be ready?

DES
Later on.

FRANK
I'll call back.

FRANK TAKES TWENTY QUID FROM HIS POCKET.

FRANK
It's worth more Des but it's
all I can manage at the moment.

DES
Just give me a fiver Frank ...
to cover me costs.

FRANK
(INSISTS) Don't be bloody silly.

HE TRIES TO PRESS THE MONEY ON DES.

DES
No ... leave off Frank ... a
fiver'll be plenty.

FRANK
(SHRUGS) All right ...

HE PEELS OFF ONE OF THE FIVE POUND NOTES AND
PRESSES IT IN DES' HAND.

FRANK
Thanks.

342 EXT. PHOTOGRAPHERS. DAY.

342

FRANK WALKS FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S SHOP, ACROSS
THE ROAD. HE REACHES HIS CAR PARKED NEARBY, GETS
IN, STARTS IT AND PULLS OUT INTO THE FLOW OF TRAFFIC.
FOUR CARS BEHIND THE OLD VW NOSES OUT INTO THE
TRAFFIC, A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE BEHIND FRANK'S CAR.

343 INT. VAN. DAY.

343

CHRIS IS DRIVING PAUL HOME. PAUL IS VERY QUIET,
THOUGHTFUL, STARING OUT OF THE VAN WINDOW AS SUBURBIA
SMEARS PAST.

(THE REMAINDER OF THIS SCENE IS DELETED)

PAUL
What happened eight years ago
Chris?

CHRIS
You know what happened.

PAUL
Not really. I was to

CHRIS
Didn't whatisname . . . tell
you?

P
They never talk . . .

(DISMISSIVELY . . . it's all
water under . . . ge now.

I want to

CHRIS
Why?

PAUL
Like . . . I've only ever
kno' . . . de of my Father. I
war w the other.

CHRIS
don't want you to.

THEY DR . . . SILENCE FOR A WHILE. BUT PAUL IS
ONLY S' . . . ENCOURAGED BY CHRIS' OBVIOUS
RELUCT . . . TALK ABOUT THE PAST.

PAUL
are were three other men?

CHRIS
Four...

PAUL
(CRAFTY) Four?

CHRIS
You crafty little sod . . . you've
got me at it.

CONTINUED:

PAUL
(FIRMLY) I'm going to find out!
(BEAT) I'd rather it from
you.

CHRIS
Christ ... you're ju ...
a bleedin' bulldog, ... t go!

PAUL
You know better th ... what
happened.

CHRIS
You do realise J ... gning on
at the cemetary ... er susses
I've told you?

He'll never k

A LONG PAUSE.

Please Chr

~~DELETED~~

They was
rights,
hundred
(BEAT)
a dog
your D
unstu
(BEAT)
his
didr

IS
- bang to
lift two
foreign currencies.
sting Officer was
yce, he'd pulled
before and come
ck of evidence like.
is time Frank had
ne jam! Bryce
miling for a year.

PAUL
Ho y know ... the Police?

CHRIS
A ... an informer ... put
e frame.

PAUL

CHRIS
I no to Christ Frank never
finds out.

CONTINUED:

PAUL
 What would he do? If
 he did?

I don't want + about it no
 more.

(INSISTS) u?

CHRIS WISHES HE F STARTED THIS WITH PAUL.

Don't ~~DELETED~~ CHRIS
 body silly!

PAUL
 Wr

CHRIS
 Nothin' ... well ... I
 . nothin' like that!

PAUL
 are you frightened he'll find
 then?

CHRIS
 Let's leave it, eh son?

344 EXT. PUB. DAY.

344

MR. SMITH SITS IN HIS CAR WATCHING THE FRONT DOOR
 OF AMY'S BATTLE. (FROM 'OUT 2')

345 INT. PUB. DAY.

345

FRANK AND BIG RALPH ARE TUCKED AWAY IN A CORNER
 TALKING.

FRANK
 I think I know who grassed us.

VENEKER CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

VENEKER
 Who!

FRANK
 What I don't know ... is why?

CONTINUED:

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RALPH IS IMPATIENT TO KNOW.

Who Frank? VENEKER

Tony McGrath. FRANK

(INCREDULOUS) VENEKER
What!

FRANK
That was my first reaction.

VENEKER CAN'T BELIEVE IT. HE JUST CAN'T.

VENEKER
Tony McGrath ... he's a lot of
things Frank ... but a grass ...
who said?

FRANK DOESN'T REPLY.

VENEKER
Who give you this Frank?

FRANK STILL DOESN'T REPLY.

VENEKER
Who?

PAUSE.

FRANK
Cimmie Vincent.

VENEKER'S FACE SETS LIKE STONE. HIS WORDS COME
SLOWLY ... UNCERTAINLY ...

VENEKER
How did you ... are you ...
she ... Cimmie's in Australia!

FRANK TAKES THE PHOTOGRAPH OF CIMMIE ON THE FARM
FROM AN INSIDE POCKET AND PASSES IT TO RALPH.
SLOWLY ... UNBELIEVINGLY, RALPH LOOKS AT THE PHOTO-
GRAPH.

FRANK
I was with her two days ago.

VENEKER LOOKS UP FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH TO FRANK.

VENEKER
Where is she?

FRANK
I'm not telling you.

ENEKER

I swear to you Frank ... I never
so much as mentioned the job to
her!

FRANK

I know that ... she told me.

ENEKER IS COMPLETELY NONPLUSSED.

ENEKER

Then how ... I mean ... how does
Tony McGrath fit in?

FRANK

Do you remember Thurlowe?

ENEKER

That bent broker?

FRANK

McGrath found out about the job
through him. (BEAT) McGrath
must have know about you and
Cimmie. He put the fear of
Christ up her ... told her to
find out details.

ENEKER

But she couldn't Frank! How
could she! I never said nothin'
to 'er ... ever!

FRANK

She found a drawing in your pocket.

ENEKER

(REMEMBERS) Oh no!

FRANK

The one I told you to burn. (BEAT)
She took it to McGrath.

ENEKER EXPLODES.

ENEKER

She what!

FRANK DEFENDS CIMMIE VINCENT.

FRANK

He threatened to kill her.

CONTINUED:

VENEKER

I'll kill 'er when I get 'old
of 'er!

FRANK

No you won't ... not when you
know what happened. (BEAT) She
was going to tell you ... everything.
(BEAT) You were supposed to see her
the night we got done?

VENEKER

That's right ... it was a Wednesday,
I always saw her Wednesday.

FRANK

She was waiting to tell you. (BEAT)
She even tried to see you when you
were on remand to tell you. (BEAT)
McGrath must have found out, he
went after her ... turned her place
over ... she done a runner.

VENEKER

That geordie dreck! I'll have his
eyes!

FRANK

I reckon McGrath put us in the
frame with Bryce. He knew roughly
when ... where and who!

VENEKER

But why Frank ... for Chrissake
why? Royalties?

FRANK

A few hundred at best ... wouldn't
buy his cufflinks.

VENEKER

There wasn't nothin' personal
between you two?

FRANK

A polite nod across a drinker ...
that was about the extent of our
social and professional contact.

VENEKER

I could understand if he wanted
in.

CONTINUED:

FRANK

All I can think of is ... maybe Bryce had something on him. (BEAT) Bryce would never take an earner, but he might deal. (BEAT) If it came to doing me or McGrath ...

VENEKER

(IN QUICKLY) No contest. Bryce wanted you so bad Frank you could smell it!

FRANK

That's what I thought.

VENEKER

So ... what are we goin' to do?

FRANK

Nothing.

VENEKER

(ANGRILY) We can't just swallow it!

FRANK

Until I know everything ... everyone involved ... then (HE SMILES AT RALPH) we'll think of something.

346 INT. VW. DAY.

346

MR. SMITH SITS IN HIS PARKED CAR PATIENTLY WAITING FOR FRANK TO COME OUT OF THE BATTLE. HE TAPS A HARD BOILED EGG ON THE STEERING WHEEL, PEELS THE SHELL AND STARTS TO EAT IT.

347 INT. PUB. DAY.

347

FRANK AND RALPH ARE GOING THROUGH THE PHOTOGRAPHS. SUDDENLY RALPH GETS TO A SMUDGE OF ROY HALLAM.

VENEKER

Well well well ...

FRANK

Who is he?

VENEKER

Filth.

CONTINUED:

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FRANK

Are you sure?

VENEKER

He pinched me once ... Haslam ...
Hasleigh ... he was a D.S. then ...
Hallam ... Hallam ... he was at
Vine Street.

FRANK

When was this?

VENEKER

About two years before our little
business.

FRANK

Hallam?

VENEKER

I'm sure that was his name. ((BEAT))
Hang about Frank ... there's an ex-
cozzer I know, got the prod for
taking it ... Danny Fitt ...

348 INT. VW. DAY.

348

MR. SMITH WATCHES AS RALPH AND FRANK COME OUT OF
THE BATTLE. THEY HAVE A PARTING WORD AND THEN
SPLIT FOR THEIR SEPARATE CARS. FRANK GETS INTO
THE M.G. MR. SMITH PREPARES TO FOLLOW.

349 INT. FRANK'S CAR. DAY.

349

FRANK ADJUSTS HIS REAR VIEW MIRROR A FRACTION SO
THAT HE CAN SEE THE LITTLE MAN IN THE OLD VW PARKED
SOME WAY BEHIND. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THAT FRANK
HAS BEEN AWARE THAT HE IS BEING FOLLOWED. HE
STARTS HIS CAR AND DRIVES AWAY.

350 EXT. ROAD. DAY.

350

MR. SMITH FOLLOWS AT A DISCREET DISTANCE.

351 INT. FLAT. DAY.

351

ANNE ARRIVES AT THE FLAT CARRYING A PAPER CARRIER
BAG FULL OF FOOD. SHE TAKES HER COAT OFF AND
DROPS IT ON A CHAIR. THEN SHE MOVES INTO THE
KITCHEN WITH THE FOOD.

352 INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

352

ANNE TAKES OUT A PACKAGE OF THICK BROWN PAPER FROM THE CARRIER BAG AND SLOWLY UNWRAPS TWO FRESH TROUT...

353 INT. BILLIARD HALL. DAY.

353

FRANK ENTERS. ONLY ONE OF THE SIX TABLES IS BEING PLAYED. DANNY FITT IS READING A PAPER BEHIND THE SMALL COUNTER WHERE THE BALLS AND CUES ARE KEPT. FRANK APPROACHES.

FRANK

Danny Fitt?

FITT LOOKS UP. THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE DOESN'T CHANGE.

FITT

Not here guv.

FRANK

Oh ... pity ... I was going to put some dough his way.

FRANK, PLAYING FITT'S GAME, GOES TO MOVE OFF. FITT DROPS THE NEWSPAPER.

FITT

Can I give him a message?

FRANK

(TURNS BACK) No ... I don't think so.

FRANK TURNS AGAIN TO GO. FITT COMES OUT QUICKLY FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER. HE APPROACHES FRANK.

FITT

Don't I know you?

FRANK

You know a mate of mine ... Ralph Veneker. (BEAT) You're Fitt ... aren't you?

FITT

(UNCOMFORTABLY) You know how it is?

CONTINUED:

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FRANK

No ... tell me how it is Danny?

THE HALF SMILE FADES FROM FITT'S FACE. HE SUDDENLY RECOGNISES FRANK.

FITT

Frank Ross?

FRANK

Are you ready to listen?

FITT

Sure.

FRANK

What's the S.P. on a cozzer called Hallam? Big Ralph says he was a D.S. ten years ago at Vine Street?

FITT

Yeah ... Hallam ... Ray ... no Roy Hallam.

FRANK

You know him?

FITT

Of him. (BEAT) He put his papers in ... DI then ... going places ... big surprise.

FRANK

When was this?

FITT

Ooooh (THINKS) about a year before I got the poke ... seven ... eight years back ...

FRANK

(REACTS) Eight years!

FITT

(REMEMBERS) That's right ... just about the time your little firm was done ... maybe just before ... I could find out exactly ...

CONTINUED:

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FRANK TAKES TWENTY FIVE QUID AND TUCKS IT INTO
FITT'S JACKET POCKET.

FRANK
There's another pony when you've
got the lot on Hallam.

FITT
How soon do you want this?

FRANK
Yesterday.

FITT
(GREEDY) That might come a bit
more expensive.

FRANK LOOKS ROUND THE HALL.

FRANK
(CALMLY) This your place?

FITT
I rent it.

FRANK
Good business?

FITT
It's a living.

FRANK
How long have you known Big
Ralph?

FITT
On and off a few years.

FRANK
Have you ever seen him when
he's cross?

FITT
(UNEASY) No?

FRANK
Frightening ... he wrecks places.
(FRANK LOOKS ROUND THE HALL AGAIN)
Ten minutes in here and you're on
the dole!

FITT
(SWALLOWS) Where can I get
hold of you ... later on?

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

- 354 EXT. HEATH ROAD. EVENING. 354
FRANK DRIVES HIS CAR OFF THE ROAD AND PARKS IT ON THE HEATH, A DISTANCE AWAY FROM SOME BIG HOUSES.
- 355 INT. FRANK'S CAR. EVENING. 355
HE SITS IN THE CAR - WAITING - LOOKING FOR ANY SIGN OF HIS SHADOW IN THE BATTERED VW.
- 356 EXT. HEATH. EVENING. 356
FRANK GETS OUT OF HIS CAR, LIGHTS A CIGARETTE, LOOKS UP THE HEATH ROAD - DESERTED - DOWN IT - NO SIGN OF THE VW ... FRANK MOVES AWAY FROM HIS CAR, MAKING HIS WAY TOWARDS THE HOUSES.
- 357 EXT. HOUSES.. EVENING. 357
HE STOPS, TURNS AND TAKES ONE LAST LOOK BACK FOR THE VW - NO SIGN OF IT. HE FLICKS HIS JUST LIT CIGARETTE AWAY AND ENTERS ONE OF THE HOUSES.
- 358 INT. FLAT (KITCHEN). EVENING. 358
ANNE IS FINISHING OFF IN THE KITCHEN. SHE OPENS THE FRIDGE AND TAKES OUT A BOTTLE OF WHITE WINE THAT HAS BEEN CHILLING. SHE WIPES THE BOTTLE DRY WITH A TEATOWEL AND PUTS IT TO ONE SIDE FOR UNCORKING. SHE TAKES A CORKSCREW FROM A DRAWER AND LAYS IT READY BY THE SIDE OF THE WINE.
THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS. ANNE SMILES - TURNS - QUICKLY CHECKS HER APPEARANCE IN A SMALL WALL MIRROR AND THEN LEAVES THE KITCHEN.
- 359 INT. FLAT (HALL). EVENING. 359
ANNE OPENS THE DOOR TO FRANK.
FRANK
(CONTRITE) I forgot the wine.

CONTINUED:

ANNE
(SMILES) Thought you might.

FRANK ENTERS. ANNE CLOSES THE DOOR. FRANK SNIFFS APPRECIATIVELY.

FRANK
You've been busy?

ANNE
Guess?

FRANK SNIFFS AGAIN.

FRANK
Fish?

ANNE
You can do better than that.

FRANK
Give me a hint.

ANNE
Rye ...

FRANK
(INSTANTLY) Trout?

ANNE
Remember that hotel? The waiter?

FRANK
He was half cut ... lovely old boy. He'd had three horses up that afternoon.

ANNE
You offered him a glass of wine.

FRANK
(LAUGHS) And he told me he never touched anything stronger than port and brandy.

LAUGHING, THEY ENTER THE KITCHEN.

360 INT. KITCHEN. EVENING.

360

FRANK SEES THE BOTTLE OF WINE. HE TURNS TO ANNE CONTRITE.

FRANK

Sorry love.

ANNE GENTLY KISSES HIS EAR.

ANNE

Open it.

FRANK PICKS UP THE BOTTLE AND THE CORKSCREW.

ANNE

You look tired Frank?

FRANK GOES TO DRAW THE CORK FROM THE BOTTLE, IT WON'T COME. HE PULLS A FUNNY FACE.

FRANK

I'm not that tired!

HE GIVES IT ANOTHER MAMMOTH PULL - IT COMES OUT WITH A LOUD POP!

FRANK

Had me worried.

ANNE HOLDS UP TWO GLASSES. FRANK FILLS THEM AND TAKES ONE. HE PUTS THE BOTTLE DOWN. ANNE RAISES HER GLASS.

ANNE

What shall we drink to?

361 EXT. HEATH. EVENING.

361

FRANK'S CAR STANDS ISOLATED ON THE HEATH. IN THE DISTANCE, APPROACHING SLOWLY, WE HEAR THE UNMISTAKABLE CLATTER OF THE OLD VW ENGINE. MR. SMITH PULLS HIS CAR UP BESIDE FRANK'S.

362 INT. VW. EVENING.

362

MR. SMITH CHECKS CAUTIOUSLY AROUND. NO SIGN OF ANYONE. HE SWINGS THE WHEEL AND PARKS THE CAR ON THE HEATH AT THE BACK OF FRANK'S.

363 EXT. HEATH. EVENING.

363

MR. SMITH GETS OUT OF HIS CAR CARRYING HIS SMALL CASE OF TRICKS. HE GOES TO THE BOOT OF FRANK'S CAR AND TESTS IT ... LOCKED. HE PUTS HIS CASE DOWN CAREFULLY. THEN HE TAKES A SET OF PICKS FROM HIS POCKET AND STARTS TO TRY AND UNDO THE MG BOOT. IT TAKES HIM SOME TIME TO FIND THE RIGHT PICK AND EVEN THEN HE HAS TO FORCE IT. THE BOOT LID POPS UP.

364 INT. FLAT (MAIN ROOM). EVENING.

364

ANNE SERVES UP THE TROUT. FRANK POURS MORE WINE FOR THEM BOTH. ANNE SITS DOWN. THEY START TO EAT. ANNE LOOKS ACROSS AT FRANK - SMILES - HE SMILES BACK.

ANNE

Thank you for coming.

FRANK

Did you think I wouldn't?

ANNE

I wasn't sure.

FRANK

Have I become that ... callous?

ANNE

I know you've got a lot on your mind.

FRANK

I wanted to see you ... talk to you.

FRANK SIPS HIS WINE AND CONSIDERS CAREFULLY WHAT TO SAY.

FRANK

You're the only one I can talk to Anne. (ANOTHER SIP OF WINE) You always were.

ANNE

I remember the first time I saw you.

FRANK

The new year party.

ANNE

You remember!

CONTINUED:

FRANK

You were wearing a dark brown dress
... your hair was long ... loose ...
you were sitting on the arm of a chair.
(BEAT) I remember watching you light
a cigarette.

ANNE

You just stood there ... on the other
side of the room, looking at me.

FRANK

(CORRECTS HER) Staring at you.

ANNE

Mitch had told me about you ... he
was always telling me about Frank Ross.
(BEAT) I knew it was you before we
were introduced ... I was frightened ...
no ... not frightened ... excited.

FRANK

You looked so cool ... so above it
all.

ANNE

I was shaking. I'd never been looked at
like that before.

FRANK

You turned away.

ANNE

I had to ... I felt ... (HESITATES)

FRANK

(PROMPTS HER) What?

ANNE LAUGHS AT HERSELF.

ANNE

Vulnerable ... so insecure.

FRANK

You put the cigarette out ... you'd
only just lit it.

ANNE

It was something to do, something to
give me time to (LAUGHS GENTLY) think
what I was going to say to you when we
were introduced.

FRANK

(QUOTES) "I don't know why we haven't
met before ... I've heard so much
about you."

ANNE
(EMBARRASSED) I didn't say that?

FRANK
Word for word. I remember more than
you do.

ANNE
You shook my hand very gently ...
smiled ... but you didn't say anything.
I tried to make polite party conversation.
You kept hold of my hand. I kept thinking
everyone was watching ... guessing what I
was thinking ... feeling.

FRANK
What were you thinking?

ANNE
All sorts of strange things ... I
wondered if you talked in your sleep
... what your body was like ... if you
looked at all women the way you were
looking at me. (PAUSE) How beautiful
Eve was ...

FRANK LOOKS AWAY.

ANNE
I'm sorry ... that was thoughtless.

FRANK LOOKS UP.

FRANK
She was ...

ANNE
I knew (HESITATES) knew we were going
to be lovers. (SHE SIPS HER WINE) You
spent the rest of the evening avoiding
me.

FRANK
It wasn't easy.

ANNE
I watched you dancing with the other
women, each in turn, as though it was
expected of you ... for each a smile
... those eyes ... a few moments of
attention, each one waiting her turn,
patiently ... like some strange ritual,
a sort of shadow play. (PAUSE) Then it was
midnight ... a new year ... our year.

THEY CONTINUE WITH THEIR MEAL IN SILENCE, NEITHER QUITE KNOWING WHAT TO SAY. FRANK LOOKS ACROSS AT ANNE.

FRANK
I'm still using you Anne.

ANNE DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR THIS.

ANNE
Don't ... don't say that.

FRANK
Taking ... not giving much back.

ANNE
I'm not complaining.

FRANK
I know I'm doing it ... not just with you ... Chris ... Billy ... Paul ... even my own son. I've always been a taker. (SELF MOCKERY) Frank Ross ... husband ... father ... lover ... bastard! (BEAT) Why couldn't you just forget me?

ANNE
I tried ... believe me I tried ... I even tried to drink you out of my mind. (SHE REACHES ACROSS AND TOUCHES FRANK'S HAND) You're a survivor Frank.

FRANK
Yeah ... I'm the one that throws all the other people in the boat to the sharks!

365 EXT. HEATH. EVENING.

365

MR. SMITH IS BENT OVER THE BACK OF FRANK'S CAR, WIRING SOMETHING INSIDE THE BOOT. HE WORKS WITH DEFT SPEED. VERY, VERY CAREFULLY HE CLOSES THE BOOT LID AND CHECKS THAT NO WIRES ARE SHOWING. THEN HE QUICKLY PACKS UP HIS CASE AND MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FRONT OF THE CAR. HE KNEELS DOWN BESIDE THE OFFSIDE FRONT WHEEL, UNSCREWS THE DUST CAP FROM THE VALVE AND LETS THE TYRE DOWN. WHEN THE TYRE IS FLAT HE GETS UP, PICKS UP HIS CASE AND WALKS BACK TO THE VW. HE GETS IN, STARTS IT, AND WITH A LAST SATISFIED GLANCE BACK AT FRANK'S CAR HE DRIVES OFF.

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299

366 EXT. MEWS. NIGHT.

366

HALLAM PARKS HIS CAR OPPOSITE HIS MEWS HOUSE. HE GETS OUT OF THE CAR WITH SOME DIFFICULTY, HE HAS HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK. HE MOVES UNCERTAINLY ACROSS TO HIS FRONT DOOR AND SEARCHES FOR A KEY IN HIS POCKET. HE DROPS THE KEY. AS HE REACHES DOWN TO RETRIEVE IT, ANOTHER HAND PICKS IT UP.

HALLAM

What the!

DEAFY NIBBS, FIFTY FIVE, ONE OF HALLAM'S MOST DEPENDABLE SNOOTS WHEN HE WAS IN THE JOB, IS STANDING THERE.

DEAFY

Bin waitin' fer you Mr. Hallam.

HALLAM

(STARTS) Deafy!

DEAFY

You're a touch on yer toes ain't yer Mr. Hallam?

HALLAM

I haven't seen you in bloody years ...

DEAFY

Got somethin' for yer ... knew you'd want ter know straight away like.

DEAFY OPENS THE FRONT DOOR OF THE MEWS HOUSE. HALLAM STUMBLES IN. DEAFY FOLLOWS AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

367 INT. MEWS HOUSE. NIGHT.

367

HALLAM PUTS THE LIGHTS ON IN THE MAIN ROOM. HE STANDS SWAYING, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

HALLAM

Know what?

DEAFY HANDS HIM HIS KEY.

CONTINUED:

DEAFY

I was in a drinker ... these
two faces was talking ... I
know one of 'em ... Danny Fitt.

HALLAM RECOGNISES THE NAME.

HALLAM

Fitt?

DEAFY

Was a copper ... bent as a
butcher's 'ook 'ee was, got
the nudge for takin' it ...
Runs a billiard hall now.

HALLAM

What's this all got to do with
me Deafy?

DEAFY

They was talking about you
Mr. Hallam, the other one was
markin' Danny's card, about when
you was a D.I. at Vine Street
nick, givin' 'im the lot 'ee was.

HALLAM

This other face. (STIFFENS) Who
was he?

DEAFY

Never seen 'im before Mr Hallam
but he was filth ... I can tell.
(HINT) I saw Danny pass him some
money!

DELETED

DELETED

HALLAM TAKES A SCREWED UP HANDFUL OF NOTES FROM HIS TROUSER POCKET AND THROWS THEM AT DEAFY, WHO QUICKLY PICKS THEM UP FROM THE FLOOR.

DEAFY

I'll keep my eye on Danny Fitt
shall I Mr. Hallam?

HALLAM

You stay away from him! You
don't even know who he is!

DEAFY

Never heard of him.

DEAFY SCUTTLES AWAY LIKE A GREY CRAB. THE FRONT DOOR OPENS ... SLAMS. HALLAM GOES ACROSS TO THE 'PHONE, DIALS A NUMBER.

HALLAM

Johnno ... is Tony there?
(WAITS)

368 INT. FLAT (BEDROOM). NIGHT.

368

FRANK AND ANNE ARE IN BED. FRANK LIGHTS TWO CIGARETTES, HE PASSES ONE TO ANNE. THE ROOM IS DARK.

ANNE

Why don't we stay. (BEAT)
Mitch is in Bristol?

CONTINUED:

SHE KISSES FRANK'S EAR.

I can't ... FRANK

(DISAPPOINTED) ANNE
Just a thought.

FRANK
Sorry love.

A LONG PAUSE. THEN ANNE TURNS TO FRANK.

ANNE
I'm going to leave Mitch.

FRANK DOESN'T REPLY.

ANNE
I decided today.

FRANK
Are you sure?

ANNE
This time ... yes.

FRANK
You've thought about it before?

ANNE
A dozen times ... always ended
up talking myself out of it ...
rationalizing everything. I'm
going to tell Mitch when he gets
back. It won't come as any
surprise to him ... he'll probably
be relieved.

FRANK
Relieved?

ANNE
The girl he's with in Bristol,
she's a bit more than his usual
business trip lay, he's been
seeing her regularly for over a
year now. (BEAT) I should think
when I move out she'll move in.

CONTINUED:

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303

FRANK

What will you do?

ANNE

I don't know ... haven't thought that far ahead. (PAUSE) What are you going to do Frank ... about Paul ... and Eve?

FRANK

He wants to come and live with me.

THE 'PHONE RINGS. ANNE IS INSTANTLY ON EDGE.

FRANK

That might be for me.

ANNE

(REACTS) For you!

FRANK

Important.

FRANK PICKS UP THE RECEIVER BUT SAYS NOTHING.

369 INT. BILLIARD HALL. NIGHT.

369

DANNY FITT IS 'PHONING FROM THE HALL.

FITT

Danny Fitt ...

FRANK

(V/O) What you got for me?

FITT

Hallam put his papers in the week before you were nicked. No one knows why. Apparently he said he had other business interests. He runs a hotel near Guildford. I've got the address. (BEAT) And he's got a drum in town, Holland Park, mews house, paid for ... and a tasty little chick to go with it ...

370 INT. FLAT (BEDROOM). NIGHT. 370

ANNE ANGRILY STUBS HER CIGARETTE OUT IN AN ASH TRAY. THEN SHE GETS OUT OF BED AND PULLS A ROBE ON. FRANK LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AT ANNE AS SHE MOVES FROM THE BEDROOM. BUT HE STAYS ON THE 'PHONE.

FRANK

Anything else?

371 INT. BILLIARD HALL. NIGHT. 371

FITT LOWERS HIS VOICE AND TURNS TO THE WALL.

FITT

Yeah ... for what it's worth.
(BEAT) The D.I. that nicked
you ... Bryce?

FRANK

(V/O) What about him?

FITT

Him and Hallam were close ...
very close ... came up through
the job together.

372 INT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 372

ANNE HAS Poured HERSELF A LARGE BRANDY. SHE DOWNS HALF OF IT. SHE LOOKS PISSED OFF. SHE FINISHES THE BRANDY AND POURS HERSELF ANOTHER, EVEN BIGGER. FRANK ENTERS WEARING THE FLAT OWNER'S TOWELLING BATH ROBE. ANNE TURNS ON HIM.

ANNE

You gave someone this number?

FRANK

It was important ... I told
you.

ANNE

You told me ... so that makes
it all right?

FRANK

What's the matter with you?

CONTINUED:

ANNE
 You know bloody well. (BEAT)
 You had no right ...

FRANK TURNS TO GO BACK INTO THE BEDROOM. ANNE
 FOLLOWS HIM.

ANNE
 This place is private Frank ...
 private!

373 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

373

FRANK STRIPS OFF THE ROBE AND STARTS TO DRESS.
 ANNE STANDS IN THE DOORWAY.

ANNE
 Where are you going?

FRANK DOESN'T ATTEMPT TO REPLY, JUST CONTINUES
 DRESSING.

ANNE
 Frank?

FRANK PULLS ON HIS SHOES. ANNE CROSSES TO HIM.
 THE ANGER MELTING FROM HER VOICE.

ANNE
 I'm sorry ... I'm sorry
 Frank ... I didn't mean to ...
 it's just this is the first
 time we've been alone and ...

FRANK PULLS ON HIS JACKET.

ANNE
 Are you coming back?

HE EXITS FROM THE BEDROOM. ANNE FOLLOWS QUICKLY.

374 INT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

374

ANNE CATCHES HOLD OF FRANK.

ANNE
 I wanted everything to be
 so ... so

FRANK KISSES HER.

CONTINUED:

FRANK
I'll ring you tomorrow.

FRANK EXITS, LEAVING ANNE CLOSE TO TEARS.

375 EXT. HEATH. NIGHT. 375

FRANK WALKS QUICKLY TO HIS CAR - GETS IN - STARTS IT.

376 INT. FRANK'S CAR. NIGHT. 376

HE GOES TO DRIVE OFF. HE ONLY GETS A FEW YARDS BEFORE HE REALISES HE'S GOT A PUNCTURE. HE ANGRILY SWITCHES THE IGNITION OFF, THEN SEARCHES UNDER THE DASHBOARD FOR A TORCH. HE SLAMS THE CAR DOOR OPEN AND GETS OUT, LEAVING THE DOOR OPEN.

377 EXT. HEATH. NIGHT. 377

HE SHINES THE TORCH ON THE FLAT FRONT TYRE, THEN HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE BOOT. HE FITS THE KEY INTO THE BOOT LOCK AND TRIES TO UNLOCK IT, BUT IT WON'T OPEN. AS HE SHINES THE TORCH ON THE BOOT LID HE NOTICES GLOVE PRINTS IN THE DUST AROUND THE LOCK. INTUITIVELY HE STEPS AWAY FROM THE BACK OF THE CAR. HE SHINES THE TORCH ON THE GROUND AND WALKS BACK TO WHERE HIS CAR WAS PARKED. IN THE SOFT EARTH OF THE HEATH HE SEES MR. SMITH'S FOOTPRINTS - AND FURTHER ALONG THE TYRE TRACKS OF THE VW - HE WALKS SLOWLY BACK TO THE MG, FITS THE KEY INTO THE BOOT VERY CAREFULLY AND GRADUALLY MANAGES TO TURN IT. HE RAISES THE BOOT LID ABOUT AN INCH, JUST ENOUGH TO SHINE HIS TORCH IN. HE SEES THE WIRING. HE LEAVES THE BOOT UNLOCKED, THE KEY STILL IN THE LOCK. VERY CAUTIOUSLY HE STEPS AWAY FROM THE CAR AND MAKES HIS WAY TO THE COVER OF SOME TREES.

378 EXT. TREES. NIGHT. 378

HE SHINES THE TORCH AROUND ON THE GROUND AND FINDS A SECTION OF HEAVY BRANCH. HE PICKS IT UP, MEASURES THE DISTANCE, AND HURLS IT AT THE BACK OF THE CAR.

- 379 EXT. HEATH. NIGHT. 379
 THE LUMP OF WOOD FLIES THROUGH THE AIR AND LANDS ON THE BOOT OF THE CAR. THE LID FLIES UP AND THE BACK OF THE CAR EXPLODES!
- 380 EXT. TREES. NIGHT. 380
 BITS OF CAR ... EARTH ... AND TREE RAIN DOWN ON FRANK, LYING FACE DOWN. THE DOOR HE LEFT OPEN CRASHES INTO THE UNDERGROWTH ONLY INCHES AWAY!!!
- 381 INT. VW. NIGHT. 381
 MR. SMITH IN THE PARKED VW SOME DISTANCE AWAY, HEARS THE EXPLOSION - SMILES - STARTS HIS CAR AND DRIVES OFF.
- 382 EXT. HEATH. NIGHT. 382
 THE MG IS A TOTAL WRECK, THE BACK OF IT IS ON FIRE. NO SIGN OF FRANK. WE HEAR THE VW APPROACH. IT PULLS UP ON THE HEATH ROAD AT AN ANGLE SO THAT THE HEADLIGHTS ARE SHINING ON THE MG.
- 383 INT. VW. NIGHT. 383
 MR. SMITH WINDS HIS WINDOW DOWN AND STUDIES THE BURNING WRECK. A FLICKER OF CONSTERNATION PANS ACROSS HIS FACE - HE CAN'T SEE A BODY. HE GETS OUT OF THE CAR, LEAVING THE ENGINE RUNNING.
- 384 EXT. HEATH. NIGHT. 384
 MR. SMITH MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS TO THE WRECK. HE CHECKS AROUND FOR FRANK'S BODY ... SUDDENLY HE HEARS SOMETHING BEHIND AND GOES TO TURN, BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH. FRANK HITS HIM HARD. MR. SMITH IS FLUNG AGAINST THE BURNING WRECK. AS HE PITCHES FORWARD, AWAY FROM THE HEAT, FRANK HITS HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN. THEN FRANK GRABS HOLD OF THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS MR. SMITH AND PUSHES A HAND GUN PAINFULLY INTO HIS NECK.

FRANK

One wrong move and they'll collect
 your head with a sieve!

CONTINUED:

HE HALF DRAGS MR. SMITH TO THE VW, PUSHES HIM INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT AND GETS IN BESIDE HIM.

385 INT. VW. NIGHT. 385

FRANK PUNCHES THE GUN INTO MR. SMITH'S BELLY.

FRANK

Drive!

WITH SOME DIFFICULTY, MR. SMITH GETS THE CAR INTO GEAR AND ACCELERATES SLOWLY AWAY.

386 EXT. HEATH ROAD. NIGHT. 386

THE VW MELTS INTO THE NIGHT, LEAVING FRANK'S CAR LOOKING LIKE A NEWSREEL IMAGE OF BELFAST.

387 INT. BILLIARD HALL. NIGHT. 387

THE HALL IS EMPTY. FITT IS COVERING ONE OF THE TABLES WITH A DUST SHEET. IT IS QUITE DARK IN THE HALL, ONLY THE LIGHT OVER THE COUNTER IS ON. FITT BECOMES AWARE OF TWO MEN APPROACHING. HE CALLS TO THEM THOUGH HE CAN'T SEE THEM CLEARLY.

FITT

We're closed gentlemen.

JOHN PAVEY AND ANOTHER, HUGE MAN, J.W., MAKE THEIR WAY ROUND THE TABLES.

FITT

I'm locking up.

J.W. STAYS IN THE SHADOWS. JOHN APPROACHES FITT.

JOHN

Mr. Fitt?

FITT

Who are you?

JOHN

Acquaintances of Mr. Hallam. I believe you've been making certain enquiries?

CONTINUED:

FITT
(UNEASY) Me?

JOHN
About Mr. Hallam?

FITT
Not me guv.

J.W. PICKS UP A BILLIARD CUE LEFT LEANING AGAINST A TABLE. HE CLOSSES IN ON FITT.

JOHN
You've had your nose up where it don't belong.

J.W. CRACKS FITT ACROSS THE BRIDGE OF THE NOSE WITH THE CLUB END OF THE CUE. FITT FALLS FACE DOWN ACROSS THE TABLE. J.W. SLIPS THE CUE UNDER FITT'S CHIN AND LEVERS HIM UP FROM BEHIND. BLOOD DRIPS ONTO FITT'S SHIRT. JOHN FACES HIM.

JOHN
Who put you up to it?

FITT CAN'T TALK BECAUSE OF THE PRESSURE ON HIS THROAT.

JOHN
(TO J.W.) I think Mr. Fitt wants to tell us something.

J.W. RELEASES SOME OF THE PRESSURE ON THE CUE. FITT COUGHS AND CHOKES TO GET HIS BREATH BACK.

JOHN
I'm waiting?

FITT LOOKS AT JOHN.

FITT
I don't know what you're ...

JOHN CUTS FITT'S LIE SHORT. HE PUNCHES HIM IN THE BALLS. FITT COLLAPSES BUT J.W. HOLDS HIM UP WITH THE CUE UNDER HIS CHIN. FITT IS TERRIFIED.

FITT
Frank ... Frank Ross ...

JOHN TURNS AND WALKS AWAY. J.W. RELEASES FITT WHO THINKS IT IS ALL OVER. BUT THE BIG MAN TAKES A

CONTINUED:

STEP BACK AND SWINGS THE CUE VICIOUSLY ACROSS FITT'S KNEECAPS, SMASHING IT IN TWO. J.W. JOINS JOHN AND THEY WALK FROM THE BILLIARD HALL, LEAVING FITT WRITHING ON THE FLOOR.

388 INT. CHRIS' FLAT (MAIN ROOM). NIGHT. 388

CHRIS IS WATCHING A LATE NIGHT HORROR FILM. HE IS LYING FULL LENGTH ON A SETTEE, HIS HAND DOWN THE FRONT OF TRUDIE'S BLOUSE, AS SHE SITS ON THE CARPET BESIDE HIM. THE DOOR BUZZER GOES. CHRIS SNATCHES UP AND CHECKS HIS WATCH.

CHRIS
It's gone half eleven!

HE ANGRILY SLAMS OUT OF THE ROOM.

389 INT. CHRIS' FLAT (HALL). NIGHT. 389

CHRIS OPENS THE DOOR TO ANNE. SHE IS IN A TERRIBLE STATE.

CHRIS
What the bloody hell ...

ANNE STUMBLES INTO THE HALLWAY.

ANNE
It's Frank!

CHRIS
What's happened?

ANNE
His car ... a bomb!

CHRIS SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT AND THEN GRABS HOLD OF ANNE.

CHRIS
Take it easy love.

ANNE
Blown to pieces!

CHRIS TRIES TO SHAKE ANNE RATIONAL. TRUDIE APPEARS.

CONTINUED:

TRUDIE
What's up?

CHRIS
Get 'er a drink!

TRUDIE JUST STANDS STARING AT ANNE.

CHRIS
(ANGRILY) Move yourself!

TRUDIE DISAPPEARS INTO THE MAIN ROOM.

CHRIS
(TO ANNE) Is Frank dead?

ANNE JUST SHAKES HER HEAD FRANTICALLY.

CHRIS
How bad is he hurt?

TRUDIE ARRIVES WITH A MONSTER SCOTCH. CHRIS
SNATCHES IT FROM HER AND PUSHES IT INTO ANNE'S
TREMBLING HANDS.

CHRIS
I bloody knew somethin' like
this would 'appen ... I told
'im ... I bloody told 'im!

ANNE SWALLOWS SOME WHISKY, HALF CHOKING.

ANNE
I thought he'd be dead ...

CHRIS DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.

ANNE
I heard the explosion ... went
straight out ... the car was on
fire, pieces everywhere ... but
Frank ... (SHE STOPS)

CHRIS
(SHAKES HER HARD) Where is
Frank!?

390 INT. FACTORY. NIGHT.

390

THE VW IS PARKED IN THE DERELICT FACTORY WHERE BILLY AND EDDIE NASH FELL THROUGH THE ROOF. ('OUT 3') MR. SMITH, HIS FACE BADLY BRUISED, COLLAPSES ONTO THE GROUND. FRANK PUTS HIS FOOT ON MR. SMITH'S NECK, PINNING HIM TO THE GROUND, AND POINTS THE HAND GUN DOWN AT HIM.

FRANK

This isn't the first time
McGrath has used you ... is
it?

MR. SMITH MAKES NO ATTEMPT TO REPLY. FRANK COCKS THE HAMMER OF THE GUN.

FRANK

Is it?

MR. SMITH SHAKES HIS HEAD.

FRANK

How many times? (BEAT)
How many?

AGAIN MR. SMITH GOES SILENT. FRANK GRABS HIM VICIOUSLY AND DRAGS HIM ACROSS TO THE VW - THE DOORS ARE OPEN. FRANK THROWS MR. SMITH DOWN ON THE CONCRETE, AGAINST THE CAR, HE REACHES INTO THE CAR AND BRINGS OUT A LUMP OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE. HE HOLDS IT AGAINST MR. SMITH'S FACE.

FRANK

I want to know everything ...
or I'll wire you up like a
bleeding chimney. (BEAT) All
they'll find is your foreskin!

MR. SMITH

(TERRIFIED) You'll blow us both
up you mad bastard!

FRANK

Everything!

FRANK SNATCHES THE ENVELOPE OF INFORMATION McGRATH GAVE MR. SMITH FROM THE SEAT OF THE VW.

FRANK

You got a pen!

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH DOESN'T REPLY. FRANK PULLS HIS JACKET OPEN AND FINDS A BIRO CLIPPED IN THE INSIDE POCKET. HE PUSHES THE ENVELOPE AND THE PEN INTO MR. SMITH'S TREMBLING HANDS.

391 EXT. POLICE STATION YARD. NIGHT.

391

THE VW IS PARKED IN THE BACK YARD OF A POLICE STATION. A PANDA CAR DRIVES IN, ITS HEADLIGHTS FLASH OVER THE VW - A UNIFORMED OFFICER GETS OUT AND GOES ACROSS TO THE VW - HE SEES SOMEONE LYING ON THE BACK SEAT. HE OPENS THE PASSENGER DOOR AND LEANS IN.

392 INT. VW. NIGHT.

392

MR. SMITH IS BOUND AND GAGGED IN THE BACK SEAT. TAPED TO THE CENTRE OF THE STEERING WHEEL IS THE ENVELOPE WITH SMITH'S SIGNED STATEMENT WRITTEN ON IT. ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT, OPENED, IS THE CASE OF ELECTRONIC GADGETS AND THE PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE. LAID OUT ON THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT ARE THE AUTOMATIC ... THE THREE THOUSAND POUNDS ... AND THE PROFILE AND PHOTOGRAPH OF FRANK.

END OF EPISODE FIVE