

# **THE BANK JOB (BAKER STREET)**

**Original Screenplay**

**By**

**Dick Clement**

**&**

**Ian la Frenais**

**Director: Harold Becker**

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Over a black screen we read:

***A D-Notice is issued by the British Government as an advisory to the Press to refrain from publishing news in which 'considerations of National Security could be involved.'***

***In 1971 a D-Notice was issued in connection with the Baker Street Bank Robbery. Until now the true story has never been told.***

FADE IN:

1

MONTAGE

1

Newsreel footage give us a flavor of the year 1971. The opening image is an astronaut in the moon buggy.

TERRY (V.O.)

In 1971 astronauts took a ride in a buggy on the moon... Disneyland opened in Florida and London Bridge ended up in Arizona... The Vietnam war was still on. The IRA was letting off bombs. India was fighting Pakistan and Iceland had a dust-up with the Royal Navy. I think that was about fish. Britain's Prime Minister was Edward Heath. He did a spot of sailing himself.

Edward Heath waves from the deck of his yacht, *Morning Cloud*.

TERRY (cont'd)

Idi Amin took over Uganda, Louis Armstrong died and Smoking Joe Frasier took the title off Muhammed Ali. I lost a bundle on that.

Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor wave to fans at a premiere.

TERRY (cont'd)

The biggest movie stars in the world were Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. They were filming in London that year, which is why their yacht was in Wapping.

2

EXT EAST END DOCKS (LONDON) DAY

2

A cold grey day. TERRY LEATHER stands with his mate, KEVIN SWAIN, both dressed for a wedding, in their best dark suits, carnations in their buttonholes. Terry is the more serious and intense. Kevin rarely takes anything seriously, except the latest fashions and women.

They're on a patch of waste ground, looking down through the rain on a dock basin. A sixty foot ocean yacht is moored, incongruously, between a coal barge and a dredger. A small crowd of sightseers takes photographs.

KEVIN

Looks a bit out of place. Boat like that should be in Monte Carlo.

TERRY

So should we, mate, if there was any justice.

DAVE SHILLING joins them. He's also their age. Handsome and knows it. Sadly no brains to match. A carnation in the buttonhole of his tailored top coat.

DAVE

Sorry I'm late. My Mum forgot to press my trousers.

KEVIN

We haven't seen Elizabeth Taylor yet.

DAVE

You won't. She's with Richard at the Dorchester.

TERRY

On first name terms, are we?

KEVIN

What's this film Burton's making?

DAVE

Funnily enough he plays an East End villain.

KEVIN

What are you, technical advisor?

DAVE

No, I'm his stand-in.

KEVIN  
What's that exactly?

DAVE  
I 'stand-in' for Richard while they're  
lighting the shot.

KEVIN  
Can't he do that?

DAVE  
No. He's in his dressing room. Resting.

KEVIN  
Well, if you're standing around for him,  
why's he need a rest?

TERRY  
'Cos he's a wanker, they all are.

A Steward comes out on deck, walking two miniature long  
haired dogs. He has an umbrella, more for the dogs' benefit  
than his. They strut the deck, as if aware of their  
importance. Kevin starts taking pictures on a long lens.

DAVE  
There they are. As long as they're on  
board they can stay in England. It's the  
only way round the quarantine laws.

TERRY  
And she'd pay big to get 'em back?

DAVE  
Oh, Elizabeth dotes on those dogs. I  
reckon she'd pay twenty grand.

KEVIN  
Twenty grand?

DAVE  
You'd bend down to pick that up, wouldn't  
you?

The sight of the pampered dogs ignites a fuse of frustration.

TERRY  
I live in a manky two roomed flat and  
those poodles live on a fuckin' yacht!

DAVE  
Lhasa Apsos in point of fact.

3 INT CHURCH DAY

3

The church is filling up - dark suits and flowery outfits. Terry slips into a pew next to his wife, WENDY, and their two daughters, CATHERINE, 5 and JULIE, 3. Wendy's a good looking girl, showing early signs of being worn down by parenthood.

WENDY

Where have you been?

TERRY

Business.

Heads start to turn at a new arrival. MARTINE LOVE is a stunning looker, supporting her mother, MRS. LOVE, who walks with the aid of a stick. Pretty soon, every head, from every pew, is looking in her direction. Everything about Martine exudes style and class. As she passes Terry she gives him a brief smile.

WENDY

Surprised she showed up.

A woman in the pew in front of them swivels round.

WOMAN

Martine Love!

WENDY

Yes, we know. Don't stare, Terry!

TERRY

What? No, I was just thinking how well her Mum looked.

4 EXT CHURCH DAY

4

Kevin is the official photographer, stooped over his camera as he snaps the wedding party.

KEVIN

Dad, I can't see you behind Mum's hat...  
that's better, here we go - lovely!

As the group breaks up, Terry offers his hand to the Father of the Bride, JACK JESSELL. He's small and dapper but there's steel behind his smile.

TERRY

Congratulations, Jack. Your daughter looks radiant.

Jessell squeezes Terry's hand till his eyes water.

JESSELL

Thank you, Terry. You still owe me.  
Three weeks ago I gave you three weeks  
and that was three weeks ago. Enjoy the  
day...

5 INT RECEPTION ROOM DAY

5

The speeches and meal are over. Flushed faces and loosened ties. Dancing to a dodgy version of *Sweet Caroline*. Jack Jessell is dancing with Martine. He twirls her around, proud of his nimble footwork.

Terry, Kevin and Dave are watching her every move at the edge of the floor, drinks in their hands. The music stops and she comes over to the lads. They're bathed in the brilliance of her smile.

MARTINE

So here we all are. Come a long way from  
Park View Junior School.

KEVIN

No one more than you, Martine. Saw you  
in a magazine the other day. Bacardi ad,  
on a beach.

MARTINE

Must've been an old one, I'm not  
modelling any more.

KEVIN

Don't know why, you're still a dazzler.

We can see he means it. But she reserves her special look for Terry and her eyes linger on his.

MARTINE

So how are you doing, Terry?

TERRY

Fine. Still in the motor trade. Still  
got that Jensen I sold you?

MARTINE

Yeah.

TERRY

(to the boys)  
I gave her a sweetheart deal.

KEVIN

I'm sure you did.

We get the impression there's some history between these three.

MARTINE

And you're still snapping, Kevin?

KEVIN

Oh, the wedding photos were just a favor for the family. Fashion's my game.

DAVE

Fashion and passports.

Kevin will kill him for that later. The moment is broken by Wendy's arrival. Julie's half asleep on her shoulder.

MARTINE

Oh she's adorable, your little one. And the oldest er -

WENDY

Catherine.

MARTINE

I do envy you. Lovely to see you all.  
*Ciao!*

WENDY

She envies me. Was she being sarcastic?

KEVIN

I s'pose what she meant was, money can't buy what you two have got.

Kevin and Dave head back to the bar.

WENDY

Did you go out with her?

TERRY

No that was Kevin. He had a big thing for her.

WENDY

And you didn't?

TERRY

Everyone fancied her. But, y'know, we were kids, we knew nothing.

WENDY

We were just kids when we met.

TERRY

And I'll never forget the night. You were with your friend Audrey at that big disco. I saw this gorgeous little bum in a pencil skirt and I thought 'I've got to have that'. But Audrey already had a bloke so I pulled you!

WENDY

(with a laugh)

Cheeky sod!

6 EXT SONIA BERN'S HOUSE NIGHT

6

An elegant Georgian house in Regents Park. Lights spill from the windows.

7 INT SONIA BERN'S HOUSE DRAWING ROOM NIGHT

7

Velvet drapes and Tiffany lamps. A pianist tinkling on a baby grand. The room is filled with the rich, the cultivated and the powerful - and attractive young women, much younger than most of the men.

The hostess, SONIA BERN, is in her fifties - not that she'd admit it. And the dress was made for a woman younger than her. She moves among her guests with practised ease, a smile and a word for everyone.

TIM EVERETT watches her, a glass of champagne in his hand. He's in his thirties, well-cut clothes, educated voice. She sees him and approaches.

SONIA

I don't think I know you. I'm Sonia.

TIM

I know. I'm Tim. Charles brought me.

SONIA

A friend of Charlie's? Are you at the Foreign Office with him?

TIM

Across the street.

Sonia likes the look of Tim. She takes his arm and steers him towards two of the girls.

SONIA

This is Naomi, and this is Sandra. Sandra can speak three languages.



The girls flash practised smiles. A Waiter approaches Sonia. He indicates 'Telephone'.

3 INT SONIA'S HOUSE HALLWAY DAY 8

Sonia crosses the hallway, passing an elderly man going upstairs with a young girl. She moves into a recess and picks up the phone.

SONIA

Yes?

9 INT VOGEL'S OFFICE DAY 9

A shabby room with a roll-top desk and a girlie calendar. Bump and grind music comes up through the floor boards. A faulty neon sign outside casts flickering blue light across LEW VOGEL's face. He's about fifty, with small watery eyes that squint as if he refuses to wear glasses.

VOGEL

My man's had a tip, Sonia. The police are on one of their clean-up crusades. Heading your way...

He turns to another man standing in the shadows. CHARNLEY is in his forties - hard-eyed, thin lipped.

VOGEL (cont'd)

She says how long?

CHARNLEY

Half an hour.

10 INT SONIA BERN'S HOUSE BEDROOM NIGHT 10

LORD DRYSDALE, a grey haired man in his sixties, is being undressed by a young woman dressed as a schoolgirl. Sonia opens the door.

SONIA

School's out, Teddy, get dressed.

11 EXT SONIA BERN'S HOUSE NIGHT 11

Police pile out of cars. Some of them go round the back, the others up the steps, pounding on the front door.

12 INT SONIA BERN'S HOUSE DRAWING ROOM NIGHT 12

The police crowd into the elegant room - to find all Sonia's guests sitting on chairs around the pianist, giving a Chopin recital...

13 EXT TERRY'S DEALERSHIP DAY 13

Terry pulls up in a Ford Granada on a corner lot outside a car dealership. The sign above reads 'Terry Leather Motors'. He gets out and puts a price sign behind the wipers. A few more cars on the lot, and inside the glass-fronted showroom.

14 INT/EXT TERRY'S CAR DEALERSHIP DAY 14

INGRID, a 19 year old girl in bifocals and a mini-skirt sits in the tiny 'office' at a desk covered with mail and unopened bills.

The pick of Terry's cars are in here, including an 'E' type Jag. A couple are looking at them as Terry enters. He winks at Ingrid and dives straight into his pitch.

**TERRY**

Buying a car isn't like buying a fridge or a toaster, you've got to ask some fundamental questions about yourself. Who you are and who you want to be.

**CUSTOMER**

I'd like to be Michael Caine.

**TERRY**

Well what car would Michael choose? A Singer Gazelle - I don't think so.

He waltzes over to the 'E' type, singing:

TERRY (cont'd)

'What's it all about, Al-fee...'

WOMAN

Michael Caine doesn't have to drive two kids to school every day.

Terry's expression changes as he sees two men approaching the showroom. Big Lads. In spite of their menacing looks they're known on the street as PINKY and PERKY.

Terry slips into his office and ducks out of sight. He gestures to Ingrid to deal with the two guys.

Pinky and Perky enter the showroom. They check out the cars, then shift their attention to Ingrid's legs.

INGRID

Can I help you?

PERKY  
Looking for Terry Leather.

INGRID  
Mr. Leather's not here at the moment.

PERKY  
What's your name then?

INGRID  
Ingrid. After Ingrid Bergman. My Mum  
loved her films so she called me Ingrid.

PERKY  
My Mum called me Gordon. Fuck knows why.

They pull lead piping from their coats, walk over to the  
Gazelle and smash the windshield. Ingrid screams. The  
customers take off, terrified.

In the office, Terry reacts to the sound of breaking glass.  
He runs into the showroom as Pinky and Perky pound the car -  
bodywork, windows and head-lamps. Then eye the Jag.

TERRY  
Not the Jag, lads!

PERKY  
Only motor worthy of our attention,  
Terry.

TERRY  
Wait. I've got Jessell's money! Well,  
I've got a job. It's all lined up!

PERKY  
What job?

TERRY  
It's bent, but there'll be a bob or two  
in it. I'll be able to settle, I swear,  
Perky.

PERKY  
What did you call me?

TERRY  
Perky. Everyone calls you Perky and him  
Pinky.

PERKY

Pinky and Perky? They're fuckin' cartoon pigs on the telly! And people call us that behind our backs?!

TERRY

No one's going to say it to your face.

PERKY

You just bloody did!

TERRY

Well you got me rattled! You're very intimidating.

Perky takes this as a compliment.

PERKY

Don't make us come back again.

15 EXT BACK STREET (WAPPING) NIGHT

15

A grey Ford transit van comes down the narrow street past old warehouses with signs from another era - Ship's Chandlers, Spice Merchants.

The van stops. Dave, Terry and Kevin get out in track suits and trainers. Terry carries a duffel bag. They angle off into a narrow alley and reach a fence. Kevin rips out a couple of planks, leaving enough room for them all to squeeze through.

16 EXT EAST END DOCKS NIGHT

16

The lads cross a patch of waste ground filled with refuse. A ship's siren on the river, otherwise silence. They reach stone steps leading to the wharf, take stockings from their pockets and yank them over their heads.

The trio look at each other, then do a ritualized, three-way handshake they've been doing since they were kids. Terry squeezes Dave's hand too tightly and he yelps.

At the bottom of the steps they round a corner to see the wharf, glistening from recent rain in the overhead lights. The coal barge wallows in the wash from a ship's wake. Next to it is a great empty space, about sixty feet of it.

All three stare in silence.

KEVIN

So where's the sodding yacht?!

Terry's mind is reeling, trying to take this in. He turns to Dave for an explanation, but before Dave can say anything, they hear a noise behind them and turn to see a DERELICT huddled in the shadows in a tangled heap of clothing.

DERELICT

It sailed. Mustique they said.

They rip off the stockings. Terry is furious with Dave.

TERRY

You've arseholed me, Dave. How could you not know the boat was leaving? Even that bundle of rags knows more than you do!

DAVE

Well Richard never said anything -

TERRY

I'll fuckin' Richard you!

Kevin is taking this much better than the other two.

KEVIN

Aw, knock it off. We'll see the funny side of it one day.

TERRY

I bloody won't!

KEVIN

Yeah, well you're a bit more desperate than we are.

Now Terry wants to take a swing at Kevin. Dave gets in between them. Terry stares at the empty space of black water, then turns his gaze to the sky, as if asking how God could piss on him in this way. It starts to rain.

DERELICT

Could you spare a quid, pal?

17 EXT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE DAY 17

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the Houses of Parliament from the river.

18 INT HOUSE OF LORDS DAY 18

Lord Drysdale is only half-listening to the debate.

PEER

Britain is an island. It gives us our strength, our fortitude, our character.

A brown envelope is passed down a line of hands till it reaches Drysdale. It's addressed to him, marked: 'URGENT'. He reaches for his spectacles.

PEER (cont'd)

Drag us into the Common Market and you violate that birthright. You deny our island heritage.

Cheers and boos. Drysdale slips out a photograph from the envelope and his face goes white.

19

INT LISLE'S OFFICE (M.I.5.) DAY

19

The photograph lies on a desk. It's Drysdale in a compromising position with two young women.

A WIDER ANGLE reveals a bureaucrat's office. TIM EVERETT is forty, handsome, ambitious. His immediate boss is MILES URQUHART, slim and waspish. Above them in the pecking order is PHILIP LISLE, a veteran of Intelligence. Bland features, bland clothes. A head filled with secrets.

TIM

That's Lord Drysdale.

LISLE

(irritably)

I know who it is, I was at school with the silly bugger.

TIM

The message is clear. She's saying 'I want protection in high places and I don't want to be bothered by any more raids from the boys in blue.'

URQUHART

You said she was tipped off. So she's probably got the police in her pocket.

LISLE

What sort of people were at this knocking shop?

TIM

Diplomats. City suits. Old farts from the House of Lords. And girls with pretty legs and Essex accents.

URQUHART

I trust you availed yourself of the amenities?

TIM

Wasn't part of my brief, Miles.

LISLE

Why don't we deport the bloody woman?  
Isn't she a Rumanian countess or  
something?

URQUHART

Claims to be. Actually born in  
Manchester. Father was a window cleaner.

TIM

If we remove the woman, we don't remove  
the problem. Her little black book would  
still exist. We could have a Profumo  
scandal all over again. Only worse.

LISLE

Where does she keep this book? Can we  
seize it? Steal it.

TIM

It's in a safety deposit box. Bank in  
Baker Street.

URQUHART

Young Tim has a solution, but I should  
warn you it's rather radical.

20

EXT PLAYBOY CLUB NIGHT

20

Terry approaches the Playboy Club, the height of seventies  
'swinging' sophistication. He's stopped by a BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

Sorry, members only.

TERRY

I'm meeting someone.

BOUNCER

Not unless you're a member you ain't.

The bouncer holds Terry back as he ushers through a couple of  
Middle Eastern businessmen.

MARTINE (O.S.)

It's OK, Gavin. He's a mate.

Terry spins around to see Martine, looking gorgeous, in a  
beautifully cut black cocktail dress, her hair swept back.

21

INT PLAYBOY CLUB NIGHT

21

Terry and Martine are at a table, with drinks and appetizers.

MARTINE

This is on me, by the way.

TERRY

Won't hear of it.

MARTINE

I asked you here.

He scopes the room as Waitresses in ridiculous bunny suits glide by with trays of exotic drinks.

MARTINE (Cont'd)

Ringo and Keith Moon, corner table -  
don't look now.

TERRY

If I wanted to go star-gazing I'd have  
stayed home and watched *Top of the Pops*.

MARTINE

I thought this place might titillate your  
interest.

TERRY

What titillates me is why you asked me  
here.

She sips her drink, taking her time.

MARTINE

When you told me, things couldn't be  
better, Terry. Was that true?

TERRY

Not exactly.

MARTINE

I heard you've got Jessell on your back.

TERRY

That's nothing new. I'll sort it out.

Martine can't suppress a smile.

MARTINE

Planning another dognapping? Queen's  
corgis this time?



TERRY  
(astonished)  
Where d'you hear all this stuff?

MARTINE  
Not many secrets round your manor.

TERRY  
You don't live round my manor anymore  
remember, this is your patch.

MARTINE  
I know you, Terry. And your mates.  
You've always been 'at it'. Always  
looking for the big score that makes  
sense of everything. I have it for you.

TERRY  
What?

MARTINE  
A bank.

Terry stares at her. No way did he see this coming.

TERRY  
A bank? As in 'rob'?  
(she nods)  
How do you know about a bank?

MARTINE  
I've been seeing this guy. Runs his own  
business. Security systems. Next month  
they're installing new alarms in a bank  
in the West End. So for a week or so,  
they won't have any.

TERRY  
Why would he tell you all this?

MARTINE  
We were having a laugh about it. 'Imagine  
if half the villains in London knew about  
this,' he said. And I thought, 'I know  
half the villains in London. I was at  
school with some of them.'

Terry shakes his head, trying to absorb this.

TERRY  
Fuck me... didn't expect this from you  
tonight, Martine.

MARTINE  
(her eyes on his)  
What did you expect?

22 INT BUNCH OF GRAPES PUB DAY

22

A no-frills, ugly Victorian pile in South London. It's a warm summer evening so the Customers have spilled out onto the pavement. *Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep* by Middle of the Road plays. Terry and Kevin sip pints.

KEVIN  
Taking a bank in the West End? Bit daunting, isn't it?

TERRY  
Know what scares me more? Living and dying in this place with nothing to show for it. D'you know how old Mozart was when he composed his first minuet?

KEVIN  
No.

TERRY  
Five.

KEVIN  
How would you know?

TERRY  
'Lives of the Great Composers'. When I was in Borstal the place only had two books and the other one was on rock-climbing. Five, Kev! You couldn't write your name at that age.

KEVIN  
But a bank's so out of our league. Who put you up to this?

TERRY  
Martine Love.

Kevin puts his beer down and turns to look directly at Terry.

KEVIN  
Martine? How did this happen?

TERRY  
She gave me a bell.

KEVIN

She called you? She called *you*?!

TERRY

I'm talking about a bank. What's it matter who she called first?!

The moment is punctured by two girls. Low-cut blouses and a ton of make-up each. One of them, ELAINE, in skin-tight PVC pants, knows Kevin.

ELAINE

Hi, Kev.

KEVIN

Oh, hi er...

ELAINE

Elaine.

KEVIN

Elaine, right.

ELAINE

You took those photos of me. Said you were going to get them to a magazine.

KEVIN

I did, doll. Vogue. You should've worn those pants. How d'you get into those?

ELAINE

(a wicked grin)

A vodka and tonic might do it.

KEVIN

Great! And what will your friend have?

TERRY

(pointedly)

We're having a conversation here.

KEVIN

I'll sleep on it.

TERRY

I bet you will.

He moves away, pissed off by Kevin's laid-back attitude.

TERRY (cont'd)

She's meeting us tomorrow night. Your place. Be there.

23 EXT LLOYDS BANK BAKER STREET DAY 23

Terry and Martine are opposite Lloyds Bank on the busy corner of Baker Street and Marylebone Road.

Terry takes a bit of fluff off his suit as they cross the road looking at the other buildings - to the north is a fast food restaurant, a Chicken Inn, and next to that a luggage store with a notice in the window: 'CLOSING DOWN SALE - FINAL REDUCTIONS'.

Terry enjoys being seen with Martine. They enter the bank looking like a young professional couple.

24 INT LLOYDS BANK LOBBY VAULT DAY 24

They come down stairs into a carpeted lobby. A Guard sits behind a desk. Behind him is a locked, barred gate and beyond that banks of safety deposit boxes. Martine hands the Guard a card, and a key. He gestures for them to sit while he walks into an adjacent room.

TERRY

How long have you had a box down here?

MARTINE

I opened it last week.

The barred doors glide open and the stooped figure of Vogel comes out. Terry notices Martine tense as he passes.

TERRY

Who's he?

MARTINE

That's Lew Vogel. Owns a whole chunk of Soho. Creepy bastard.

TERRY

Wonder what he keeps down here.

The Guard returns. He hands her a second key along with her own and the card.

25 INT LLOYDS BANK VAULT DAY 25

Martine uses both keys to open her box. She slides it out. Terry watches as she puts it on a table, opens the lid and takes out a piece of jewelry.

TERRY

Nice.

MARTINE

Got a posh party at the weekend.

Terry checks out the room.

TERRY

That door must be fifteen inches thick.

MARTINE

We won't be coming in that way.

26 INT KEVIN'S STUDIO NIGHT

26

A wall of typical sixties high contrast black and white fashion photographs. Nearly all of them are of Martine, in various hairstyles and miniskirts, taken a few years ago.

The SHOT develops to reveal Martine studying them. Kevin brings her a drink. Terry and Dave sit in canvas chairs. The only other furniture is an old sofa. Photographers' lights and backdrops. Stairs at one end lead to a balcony and a bedroom.

MARTINE

I can't believe you took all these.

KEVIN

I did your first portfolio, remember? I was gonna be David Bailey to your Shrimp.

MARTINE

But you kept them all.

Kevin's embarrassed by the evidence of his obsession. Terry doesn't help.

TERRY

That wall's a shrine to you, Martine. But you sacrificed him on the altar of your ambition.

KEVIN

Piss off, Tel!

TERRY

She left us all behind, mate.

Dave fills the awkward pause.

DAVE

So about this bank -

KEVIN

Yeah, what about it? I don't see us lot tooled up, coming on like the James gang.

MARTINE

This isn't about waving a water pistol at a cashier's head. This is about getting into the basement where the deposit boxes are. Hidden, secret wealth. Money that's safe to steal because people won't report it.

The guys look at each other, surprised by her know-how.

DAVE

How d'you know all this?

MARTINE

I've got a box down there myself.

KEVIN

Your little nest egg, huh?

MARTINE

Too little. Or I wouldn't be sitting here talking to you lot.

Terry moves to the table, using a glass, an ashtray and a pack of cigarettes as props.

TERRY

The bank's here. Then a restaurant. Then this shop that's going out of business. We can lease it and tunnel in. Martine's bloke is certain the alarms are off that weekend.

KEVIN

Bloke? Is this serious? Wedding bells in the air?

MARTINE

He's married. All the best ones are.

She flashes a smile at Terry. It's not lost on Kevin.

DAVE

What do us lot know about tunneling?

TERRY

Bambas would be up for it. He hates English winters. He'd like to go back to Cyprus with a bit of money in his pocket.

KEVIN

I don't know - this just doesn't seem our style.

**TERRY**

Style? What fucking style? Everything we do's petty and pathetic. Martine's talking about a big score.

MARTINE

Terry's right. You've spent your whole lives assuming the sun's going to come bursting through the clouds one day and you'll all live in clover. Doesn't happen that way.

She looks around each of them in turn.

MARTINE (cont'd)

You have to make it happen.

27 EXT KINGS CROSS AREA DAY 27

Martine drives a silver Jensen Interceptor down a back alley, bouncing down its pot-holed, cobbled surface. Terry sits beside her. Most of the buildings are condemned, including a warehouse at the end of the alley. Its rotting timbers and windows are stained with pigeon shit.

She parks beside Kevin's black Mini Cooper and Dave's two-tone '55 Chevvy Bel Air.

28 INT BAMBAS'S WORKSHOP KINGS CROSS DAY 28

BAMBAS 'fixes' cars here. One is halfway through a paint job, another is hoisted on a hydraulic jack. Work benches are cluttered with the tools of his trade. The windows rattle each time a train clatters by on the main line below.

Bambas faces Terry, Kevin and Martine. He's Cypriot, his accent a strange mixture of Greek and Cockney.

BAMBAS

We'll need a thermic lance, jack hammer, timber, a portable genny and lighting cable. Picks and shovels.

**TERRY**

Nothing Bambas doesn't know about tunnels.

MARTINE

It's about forty feet from the shop to the bank.

DAVE

How long, d'you reckon?

BAMBAS

At least a week. Depends on what we hit.

DAVE

Sounds like a lot of hard work. Why can't we hire a couple of Irishmen from Camden Town to do the digging?

KEVIN

Oh brilliant, Dave. We'll pay their National Insurance contributions and you won't have to get dirt on your Tommy Nutter suits.

BAMBAS

When we did this diamond merchants in Hatton Garden, we worked eight days straight. Six hour shifts. Drilled through right on the button.

DAVE

Fantastic! How much did you get?

BAMBAS

Ten years. But I came out after six.

29

INT JENSEN TRAVELLING DAY

29

Terry sits beside Martine, heading through the traffic.

TERRY

We need a front man, Martine. Someone who can sign the lease on the shop and looks like he's got the bona fides.

MARTINE

Anyone in mind?

TERRY

Yeah. Calls himself 'The Major'. It's a load of bollocks but he's got the right plummy accent if nosy parkers come knocking.



30

EXT TERRY'S DEALERSHIP DAY

30

Martine parks the Jensen in front of his showroom. She looks him in the eye and puts her hand on his knee. It's like an electric shock.

MARTINE

Listen, you and me, Kevin and me. It was a long time ago.

TERRY

(surprised)

So?

MARTINE

I don't want it getting in the way.

TERRY

That's Kev's problem, not mine.

MARTINE

Is it?

Without warning one of his cars - a big Humber Super Snipe - drives straight through the plate glass window! Shards of glass cascade into the street as Terry glimpses Perky behind the wheel.

TERRY

Jessell's cowboys - shit!!!

MARTINE

You've got to sort this out, Terry!

TERRY

With what?

Martine looks worried - this could be a problem.

31

INT RESTAURANT NIGHT

31

A local trattoria, check table cloths and candles in chianti bottles. Photographs of Italian soccer teams. A Waiter fills Wendy and Terry's glasses. She waits till he's gone.

WENDY

What don't I know?

TERRY

What d'you mean?

WENDY

A candlelit dinner on a Monday night?

TERRY

Well, thing is, I'll be working some strange hours, the next week or two. So don't ask me what I'm doing, 'cause I don't want to lie to you.

WENDY

What are you doing?

TERRY

What did I just say?! Look, all you need to know is... you have to trust me.

She's not sure. He takes her hand.

TERRY (cont'd)

I know I've caused us a few problems. Gambling an' that. All I was ever trying to do was get ahead of the game. This thing will put us there. In a better place. It's for all of us.

WENDY

How afraid do I have to be?

32 INT BILLIARD HALL NIGHT

32

About six snooker tables in the room, empty except for an old man sweeping up. Jessell is working late in a glass-fronted corner office. His desk and walls are covered in framed photographs of himself with celebrities from sports and show business. He's on the phone.

JESSELL

Fancy a late one? Get a taxi to Dolly's. I'll see you there in half an hour, darling.

He looks up in surprise as a stranger enters. SNOW is lean, leather-jacketed, hard-nosed.

JESSELL (cont'd)

Who the hell are you?

Snow tosses a brown envelope onto the desk.

SNOW

That's what Terry Leather owes you. It's all there.

JESSELL

How do I know that?

Snow reaches him in three quick strides, grabs him round the throat and literally lifts him off the ground. Jessell's choking and his eyes are terrified as Snow looks into them.

SNOW

It's settled.

Jessell manages to choke out 'Understood'. Snow drops him in his chair.

33 EXT TERRY'S DEALERSHIP DAY 33

Glaziers are installing a new window. Terry's putting prices on the car windshields when the big Humber Super Snipe appears behind him! He glimpses Pinky and Perky behind and backs against a car, fearing the worst.

The Humber pulls up inches from his legs and the heavies get out. Why are they smiling, and genial?

PERKY

No hard feelings, Tel. And Mr. Jessell says the welcome mat's down at any of his establishments.

PINKY

We'd've brought the car back sooner but it broke down. A.A. said it needs a new clutch.

He tosses a startled Terry the keys.

34 EXT MARTINE'S MEWS NIGHT 34

Terry, in the Granada, pulls up in a Kensington mews. Bijou houses with window boxes and hanging plants. He gets out, walks up stone steps and bangs impatiently on one of the doors. He looks around, wondering how much it costs to live here.

Martine answers the door. She's in a robe and her feet are bare. She didn't expect to see Terry.

TERRY

Did you pay off Jack Jessell?

MARTINE

I had a friend take care of it, yes.

35 INT MARTINE'S MEWS HOUSE (CONTINUOUS) EVENING 35

Terry pushes past Martine and she closes the door behind him. The house is warm and feminine with soft lights and chintz.

TERRY

You had no right. That's my business, my responsibility. Why didn't you tell me?

MARTINE

'Cos I'd've got the same head-of-the-household East End macho bullshit you're laying on me now.

TERRY

Look -

MARTINE

No you look! With Jessell on your back you put us all in jeopardy. Pay me back out your share, right?

Martine pushes him towards the door, agitated. Terry holds his ground.

TERRY

You know what puzzles me, Martine? Why you need this!

MARTINE

If you don't need it, Terry, walk away, I'll get someone else.

TERRY

That's not my point! We all still live in the same shithole. You're the one who got away. Top model, cover of Vogue - you even strumped Terence Stamp!

MARTINE

Long time ago, Terry. I stopped being flavor of the month a while back.

TERRY

Well someone pays for all this. Who? Your bloke?

Martine stiffens.

MARTINE

No, I do. I've always been around rich and successful people. Now they pay for my company.

TERRY

(shocked)

What - you mean you're a call girl?

MARTINE

When it's the right call.

The two just stare at each other. Martine, suddenly feeling vulnerable, pulls her robe close around her.

MARTINE (Cont'd)

(softly)

Just go.

Terry's expression changes as his mind shifts.

TERRY

You got someone with you?

She ushers him to the door without answering.

MARTINE

(softly)

I've always survived on my looks. But nothing lasts forever.

She shuts the door on Terry.

Tim comes out of the bedroom, a towel around his waist, as we hear the car door slam outside.

TIM

Which one of them was that?

MARTINE

Why don't you fuck off too, Tim. Go home to your wife.

36 INT TERRY'S FLAT BEDROOM NIGHT

36

Wendy is asleep, Terry's staring at the ceiling. He turns over, kisses her shoulder, puts his hand on her hip and pulls her body against his.

She half-wakes, tries to shrug him off, but he persists, mumbling in her ear:

TERRY

I do love you...

37 INT TERRY'S DEALERSHIP NIGHT

37

The showroom blinds are down. Terry introduces a newcomer to Kevin, Dave and Bambas.

TERRY

I'd like to introduce the final member of our team, Major Guy Singer.

GUY is in his fifties, with an air of seedy elegance and a phony military bearing. His well cut suit is shiny from too many pressings.

BAMBAS

I don't know him.

TERRY

I do. We had the same probation officer when he'd just come out the nick.

BAMBAS

What was he in for?

GUY

None of your damn business.

TERRY

It's all right, Guy, no secrets here. The Major's a con artist, usually wealthy widows. He also has a nasty habit of flashing his dick outside girls schools.

GUY

No need to bring that up...

TERRY

But he's now the official owner of the Boutique Parisien.

GUY

Handbags and leather accessories.

TERRY

After extensive redecoration.

Bambas spreads blueprints on the bonnet of one of the cars.

BAMBAS

I told the District Planners Office about the redecorations. They give me the specs on sewage, drainage, gas and power lines.

MARTINE

Bank holiday's in two weeks. Shops will be closed, a lot of people in the flats above will be away.

TERRY  
 (pumped up)  
 We're doing this, aren't we? We're  
 bloody going for it!

Bambas waves his arm to reveal their new acquisition.

BAMBAS  
 And we do it bloody fast with all-  
 electric, Ingersoll Rand jackhammer.

He flicks the power switch. Nothing happens. He checks the  
 plug. It's on. Plays with the switch again - still nothing.

TERRY  
 I'll check the fuse box.

38 INT TERRY'S DEALERSHIP BASEMENT NIGHT 38

Terry enters and switches on the light. A fuse box is  
 mounted on the wall between pipes, dust and cobwebs. He  
 fixes a fuse and replaces it in the box.

39 INT TERRY'S DEALERSHIP NIGHT 39

The jack hammer comes to life! The guys nearly piss  
 themselves. The noise is earsplitting and the thing starts  
 pogo-ing crazily across the showroom, bouncing off Terry's  
 finest cars, completely out of control.

Kevin leaps away as the jack hammer nearly side-swipes him.

Terry enters - he can't believe his eyes. He sees the  
 machine careening towards his precious Jag. He dives to the  
 ground and pulls the plug from its socket just in time.

A relieved silence fills the room. Dave checks his mohair  
 suit, in case the thing brushed against it. Terry checks the  
 damage to his cars.

LISLE (V.O.)  
 They know what they're doing these  
 people, do they?

40 INT LISLE'S OFFICE (MI5) DAY 40

CLOSE on Lisle and Tim.

TIM  
 Absolutely. Professional criminals.

Lisle looks out over the London rooftops. Urquhart sprawls  
 languidly in a chair. Tim sits on the edge of another.

LISLE

What's the worst case scenario?

TIM

They get caught and go to jail. No possible connection to us.

URQUHART

What about this girl you're screwing?  
What promises have you made her?

TIM

None that can't be broken.

MUSIC OVER: Badfinger's current hit:

*If you want it, here it is...  
Come and get it,  
Come and get it, 'cos it may not last...*

41 EXT BOUTIQUE BAKER STREET DAY 41

The windows of the boutique are whitewashed. Guy pastes a sign: 'BOUTIQUE PARISIEN - OPENING SEPTEMBER AFTER RENOVATIONS'

42 EXT MARYLEBONE ROAD EVENING 42

The evening summer light is fading. A Bedford van makes the turn into Baker Street, passing the bank on the corner. It has a newly painted sign: 'Camden Construction, Building Contractors', and metal ladders clamped to the roof.

CAPTION: *Friday September 3rd, 7.43 p.m....*

43 EXT BOUTIQUE NIGHT 43

The song continues as the Builder's Van pulls up. The lads get out in workman's overalls, though Dave's look tailored and tapered. Guy unlocks the boutique door.

The song continues as we make a TIME CUT. A human chain passes equipment quickly from the back of the van into the boutique. Drilling gear, hard-hats, sleeping bags, flashlights, food, drinks, blankets, a portable TV and a radio...

44 INT BOUTIQUE NIGHT 44

A stack of timber against one wall, next to a portable generator. A camp bed in the corner, with sleeping bags and pillows.



And two canvas chairs nicked from the film set - one with 'Producer' on the back, the other 'Richard Burton'. The floor is stripped down to bare concrete.

The gang are ready for the big moment.

DAVE

I've got a question. What do we do with all the dirt we dig out the hole?

KEVIN

It's all worked out, Dave. We dig another hole and put it down there.

Dave nods - 'Got it'. The others shake their heads. Terry hands Martine a pickaxe for the ceremonial 'ground-breaking'.

TERRY

Want to do the honours, Martine?

The guys react as she strokes the shaft with manicured fingers. They stand back to give her room. She swings the pick axe and brings it down in the center of the floor.

A cheer, followed by a yell of pain as a concrete chip hits Dave on the cheek.

45

INT APARTMENT BLOCK LANDING NIGHT

45

An apartment door opens to reveal VALERIE, a buxom woman in her fifties, slippers on her feet. Guy raises his soft trilby hat. He likes the look of her - she's his type.

GUY

Sorry to disturb you. Thing is, I've taken the boutique below, and there's going to be some renovations, I'm afraid. Came to apologize in advance for any inconvenience.

He offers a bottle of white wine and a box of Black Magic chocolates. Valerie speaks with flat Northern vowels.

VALERIE

Well I must say that's extremely considerate, Mister er...

GUY

Major. Major Gibbs.

VALERIE

What kind of business are you in?

GUY

Rare books. Specializing in erotica.

Valerie bends down to scoop up a cat. It takes a supreme act of will to stop Guy from grabbing her ass.

46 INT CHICKEN INN NIGHT 46

Customers and Waiters react to a vibration rattling cups and saucers. One of them we recognize - Snow. He sits with a sidekick, QUINN. He's the same type, the same ex-SAS look.

CAPTION: *Tuesday, September 7th, 9.27 p.m....*

47 INT BOUTIQUE DAY 47

There's now a hole in the center of the floor with an eight foot vertical shaft. Cables snake into it. The SOUND of drilling from below.

48 INT TUNNEL 48

The tunnel's about five feet high and fifteen feet long, the sides and roof shored up with timber. 'Showman's cable' - like you get in fairgrounds - has been stapled to the roof, with a light bulb every eighteen inches.

Bambas uses the jack hammer to attack the face of the tunnel - hard packed earth and sand. As it falls round his feet, Dave rakes it away. Both wear goggles and handkerchiefs knotted across their mouths to keep out dust.

Bambas switches off to take a break. A strange rumbling sound fills the cramped tunnel.

Trickles of sand and earth fall from the roof.

DAVE

Always make me jump, those tube trains.

Bambas spots something.

BAMBAS

Move yourself.

He leans forward and rakes away rubble from the floor of the tunnel, then clears away more with his hands. To their surprise what they see is old brickwork...

49 INT BOUTIQUE DAY 49

Kevin lies on the camp bed, taking a break. Guy is making sandwiches. Martine and Terry watch the news on television.

A black man with an Afro haircut leaves a courtroom, flanked by white lawyers and black henchman. The biggest of these we saw in the credit sequence - DOCTOR JOHN.

## NEWSCASTER

Michael X, leader of the British Black Panther movement, was released on bail today, pending appeal.

## MARTINE

Can't believe he made bail, he's on two murder raps. Bunch of thugs.

Bambas's voice crackles over a walkie-talkie on the table:

## BAMBAS (V.O.)

Come and have a look at something.

50

INT TUNNEL

50

Terry and Bambas crab along the tunnel to join Dave. A whole stretch of brickwork is now exposed.

## TERRY

What's this?

## BAMBAS

No idea. Wasn't on the plans.

## TERRY

Roof of the Underground tunnel?

## BAMBAS

No. The trains run a hundred feet south of here.

Terry moves forward to examine it better. Without warning, the brickwork gives way and he falls through the hole!

Bambas grabs his arm, just before he slips into emptiness. They hear the echoing sound of bricks hitting the bottom.

Bambas takes the strain of Terry's weight, bracing his feet against the side of the tunnel. Dave crawls forward to help. Slowly, hand over hand, they haul his ass out of there.

## TERRY

(shaken)

Jesus... thanks, fellas.

Bambas unhooks a flashlight and shines it into the hole. Its beam shows the brick walls of a cavernous chamber and at the bottom the ghostly sight of piles of human skeletons!

BAMBAS

What the fock is this about?

DAVE

Let's hope it's not the last guys who  
tried to take this bank...

The beam catches a Latin inscription on one wall. *'Agnus Dei, Miserere Nobis'* and a date in Roman numerals: MDCLXV.

BAMBAS

What's that?

GUY (V.O.)

Roughly translated it means 'Lamb of God,  
forgive us our sins'.

51 INT/EXT BOUTIQUE NIGHT

51

Everyone is crowded in the boutique after Terry's near  
accident.

DAVE

How d'you know Latin, Guy?

GUY

Catholic school. The Bleeding Heart  
Sisters of Eternal Misery.

Martine puts a blanket over Terry's shoulders and wipes some  
dirt from his face.

MARTINE

Sure you're okay?

Kevin's needled with the attention Martine is giving Terry.

KEVIN

Course he's okay. It's those skeletons  
we should be worried about.

GUY

Interesting thing is the date. 1665.  
You know what year that was, don't you?

It's obvious they don't.

KEVIN

The last time West Ham won the cup?

GUY

It was the Great Plague of London.  
That's a Burial Chamber down there, a  
crypt where they dumped the bodies.

DAVE

All those poor bastards had the plague?  
Could be infectious.

KEVIN

Not after three hundred years, you  
pillock.

DAVE

Why not? All those germs have been  
bottled up and we've... unleashed them.  
Say what you like, it's a bad omen.

MARTINE

Fellas, we've gotta keep moving. Board  
it over and tunnel on. Work double  
shifts if you have to.

BAMBAS

You want to get your skinny arse down  
there and dig like the rest of us?

TERRY

Hey, hey - don't have a go at Martine!

KEVIN

Yeah, or you'll have Sir Galahad here to  
answer to.

TERRY

What's that mean?

Before he can reply a knock on the door startles them all.  
They freeze, for a moment not knowing what to do. Martine  
nods to Guy. As he heads for the door the others cover the  
hole with a tarpaulin.

Guy unlocks the door - to reveal a uniformed POLICEMAN!

POLICEMAN

Evening. Working late?

GUY

Round the clock, Officer. Trying to  
complete renovations for the grand  
opening.

POLICEMAN

You using a drill or something? Only some of the pavement out here seems to be subsiding. Your blokes should take a look.

Guy wonders how to handle this. Terry comes forward, acting like a Foreman.

TERRY

I'll check it out, Guv'nor.

52 EXT BOUTIQUE NIGHT

52

Terry follows the Policeman - and sees the problem. Several paving stones have subsided between them and the Chicken Inn.

TERRY

Oh yeah. I'll get onto that pronto, before somebody breaks their neck. Thanks for the tip, Officer.

The Policeman moves off. Terry gives a sigh of relief.

A car is parked across the road in the glow of a street light. We recognize Snow behind the wheel.

53 INT BOUTIQUE NIGHT

53

Terry re-enters and Guy locks the door behind him.

TERRY

The plod's right. The pavement's bloody caving in. What we gonna do, Bambo?

BAMBAS

Have to get jacks to shore it up. Shit!

KEVIN

We'll need some camouflage. A canvas thing round the hole, as if we were telephone engineers.

GUY

Personally, I need a little something for my heart.

He opens a cupboard and finds a bottle of scotch.

MARTINE

We should have a look-out. Someone on a roof somewhere.

KEVIN  
We're not cutting anyone else in.

TERRY  
No - flat fee. A few readies.

They freeze at another knock at the door.

BAMBAS  
Fuck, he's back.

Guy doesn't look as if he can handle this. Martine unlocks the door - to find a young WAITER from the Chicken Inn with a bag of food cartons.

WAITER  
Take-away for Mr Shilling.

MARTINE  
(skipping a beat)  
Yes. Thank you.

She takes the bag. The man stays there, smiling.

MARTINE (cont'd)  
Yes?

YOUNG MAN  
It's not paid for.

MARTINE  
(handing him a pound)  
There you go. Thank you.

She shuts the door. Immediately, everyone glares at Dave.

KEVIN  
You can't be fuckin' serious!!

DAVE  
I was starving!

54 INT CLUB DINING ROOM DAY

54

Lisle and Tim are having breakfast in the discreet panelled walls of Clubland.

LISLE  
This operation of yours. I didn't sanction it just for the sake of some harlot from Manchester's grubby little black book, crucial as it is.

Tim is surprised. He lowers his fork. He opens an envelope and slides across surveillance photographs of Michael X.

LISLE (cont'd)

There's another agenda. You're familiar with this man? Michael de Freitas?

TIM

Yes of course. Calls himself Michael 'X'. Used to be a rent collector for a slum landlord.

LISLE

Why did he get bail? Why isn't he in prison? He has leverage. Something in another box in that vault. Talk to the girl. Make sure she gets it.

TIM

What's in it?

LISLE

A photograph of a very important person.

TIM

More important than Sonia Bern's clients?

LISLE

Much more. When I tell you who, you'll be only the fourth person to know.

He writes down something on a piece of paper and slides it across to Tim. His eyes widen.

55 INT TUNNEL 55

Terry and Bambas use industrial jacks to lever up additional timbers, shoring up the sagging roof of the tunnel.

56 EXT/INT BAKER STREET DAY 56

A canvas shield now surrounds the sagging section of pavement. Kevin and Dave are inside it in overalls, trying to look as if they belong there. A manhole is open to make things look convincing.

Inside the Chicken Inn, customers react curiously as Kevin and Dave rise a couple of inches. Kevin starts to sing:

KEVIN

*I have often walked down this street  
before... But the pavement always stayed  
beneath my feet before...*



DAVE

It's not funny, Kev.

KEVIN

It's got its funny side, Dave.

DAVE

I fail to see it.

Lew Vogel leaves the bank, carrying a slim briefcase. He heads for a black 3.5 Rover saloon parked at the kerb. The driver, a hard looking Scot called MAGOWAN, opens the door for him. Vogel passes Dave - and recognizes him!

VOGEL

You did two films of mine. You were quite good, I remember.

DAVE

That's right, Mister Vogel.

VOGEL

Why did you stop?

DAVE

Well... I wanted to do real films, like.

VOGEL

Real films? Doing a real film now, are you?

DAVE

Um...not exactly. Doing a spot of work for the council. In between, like.

Vogel shakes his head - 'Pathetic' - and moves on to his car.

KEVIN

What were these films of his you were in?

DAVE

I suppose, technically, they're what you'd call porn.

KEVIN

You're joking! Have you got a big one, is that it? Are you walking around with twelve inches of mutton dagger down your pants?

DAVE

(embarrassed)

Piss off!

KEVIN

We could put that to work down the tunnel! Be useful if the thermic lance breaks down.

57

INT SHERLOCK HOLMES PUB BAKER STREET DAY

57

The pub's a mecca for Sherlock Holmes fans. Tourist quaint, with memorabilia on the walls. Snow sits at the bar, nursing a lager and watching the TV above the bar. Round the world yachtsman Chay Blyth is being welcomed back to an English harbor by the Royal Family and Prime Minister, Edward Heath.

HEATH (T.V.)

*...We are proud of the British boat,  
British built, British materials which  
have carried you so successfully.*

A bookish young man sits at a table with a plastic grocery bag and a half pint of Guinness. He reacts - as all men do - as Martine enters. He even risks a smile, which she ignores. His name is ERIC ADDEY and we'll meet him later.

MARTINE

(to Barman)

Two packs of Rothmans, one Senior Service and one Olivier. And twelve bags of crisps, please.

Snow sits on a bar stool. He speaks quietly, without looking at her.

SNOW

Fixed your little problem?

MARTINE

Yeah.

SNOW

Back on track?

MARTINE

Till the next problem. You pull rank on coppers. Can't you keep 'em away from our door?

SNOW

We can't show our hand, you silly cow. We're invisible.

MARTINE

Wish I fucking was.

58

INT TUNNEL

58

Work has resumed. Terry and Kevin's shift. They're using pickaxes on a section of soft earth.

KEVIN

The dodgy bit will be when we break in the vault. 'Cos if the alarms do go off -

TERRY

Martine says they won't.

Kevin lowers his pick, bugged by the remark.

KEVIN

If Martine says it, it must be true.

TERRY

What's your problem with her?

KEVIN

I don't have a problem with her. But I can see what's going on. I can see every time you look at her. Keep your dick out the equation, Terry.

TERRY

Me? Who offered to run her home the other day?

KEVIN

Why should you give a toss? You hypocritical fucker! What's the matter, not getting any from Wendy?

Terry drops his pick and goes for Kevin's throat. They grapple, fists flailing in the cramped space, crashing against one of the support timbers.

THE ROOF CAVES IN! Kevin's buried under an avalanche of soil and rubble!

59

INT BOUTIQUE NIGHT

59

Martine, Dave, Guy and Bambas react as Terry's panicked voice crackles out of the walkie-talkie.

TERRY (V.O)

Bloody roof's collapsed!!

60

INT TUNNEL

60

Terry desperately claws soil away from Kevin's body with his bare hands. Bambas and Dave come up behind him. They grab Kevin's feet and haul him free of the spill.

DAVE

We've got to get out of here - the whole lot could come down.

Terry ignores him, cleaning the dirt away from his mate's face, then slapping his cheeks, urging him to revive.

TERRY

Kev, Kev! Come on, speak to me...  
(his ear to his mouth)  
He's not breathing!

Bambas pushes Dave aside and applies C.P.R. He keeps pressing and pressing, then shakes his head - nothing's happening.

Terry has an idea. He rips Kevin's shirt open and pours bottled water on his chest. He grabs the overhead lighting cable. Breaks it in two, exposing sparking wires. Most of the bulbs go out.

DAVE

You'll kill him!

TERRY

He's already dead!

He brushes Kevin's wet chest with the two naked wires. His body convulses into life! His legs twitch, his back arches. They sit him up as he starts coughing and retching.

61

INT KEVIN'S STUDIO BEDROOM NIGHT

61

Kevin is fast asleep in his bed. Martine sits beside him, a hand on his forehead. She gets up and switches off the bedside lamp.

62

INT KEVIN'S STUDIO NIGHT

62

The radio's playing softly. *Slave to Love*, by Roxy Music. Martine comes down the stairs from the bedroom.

MARTINE

He'll be fine. Fast asleep now. I'll check on him later.

Terry hands her a large vodka. She knocks it back.

TERRY

I'm a bit jangly myself. If I hadn't given him a jump start he'd've croaked.

MARTINE

I don't want anyone dying for this.

He tops up her glass. They both need to wind down after what's happened. She lights a joint, takes a deep hit and hands it to Terry. She glances again at the wall of photographs.

MARTINE (cont'd)

Kev wasn't bad, y'know. Trouble is there are too many people better.

TERRY

He took it up to meet birds. Never really worked at it. Just wanted to be rich and famous fast.

MARTINE

We'll all be rich when this is over. And you can be anything you want.

TERRY

What are you going to do?

MARTINE

Vanish. Martine Love will cease to exist.

TERRY

You think if you vanish you'll be someone else?

MARTINE

At least no one will know who I was.

She turns up the song on the radio. Terry watches her slip off her shoes and sway her body to the music.

TERRY

Why'd you pick Kev and me? You could've found better thieves.

MARTINE

(with a shrug)

Old times sake?

TERRY

Most of your old times were spent with Kevin.

MARTINE

Kevin has it in his mind we had this passionate affair. The truth is it came down to four Chinese meals and a roll on the studio floor.

Terry automatically glances down. She nods with a smile.

MARTINE (cont'd)

It was over there actually.

TERRY

I was doing my nut, I was so jealous.

MARTINE

Maybe that's why I did it. Girls do that sometimes. Sleep with the best friend.

Both of them are only aware of one thing - each other. The simmering sexual tension between them explodes. His hands are all over her, her hair, her clothes...

DISSOLVE TO:

63 INT THE SAME (LATER) NIGHT

63

Terry and Martine make love on the floor. It's as if the adrenaline of the night has fuelled their passion, they're almost out of control.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 INT THE SAME NIGHT

64

Terry and Martine are entwined on the sofa, their clothes scattered around the floor.

Kevin comes out of the bedroom, rubbing sleep from his eyes. He's in a Led Zeppelin T-shirt over jockeys. A bit groggy but okay. Then he reacts as he sees Terry and Martine. They break apart - as if it made any difference.

TERRY

We stayed. To make sure you're okay.  
How're you feeling?

Kevin looks gutted.

KEVIN

How are you feeling?

65 INT TUNNEL

65

A length of rope spirals down from the hole Terry made in the ceiling. A flashlight angles into the gloomy depths. Above it the ghostly faces of Bambas and Dave.

DAVE

Shit, I'm not going down there!

A third face joins them at the hole - Terry.

TERRY

We've got no choice. If we're not in that vault Saturday we can forget the whole thing. Maybe this crypt goes all the way under the bank.

DAVE

But we'd have to drill through the ceiling. How do we do that?

BAMBAS

How did Charlton Heston paint the Sistine Chapel?

66 INT CRYPT

66

The guys have erected scaffolding, like an adult's erector set. Clamp-on ladders lead to a platform of wooden planks. The brickwork of the crypt has been pickaxed away and earth removed to reveal a section of concrete floor.

Bambas pulls on goggles, fires up the thermic lance and attacks the ceiling. Below, Terry and Dave are bathed in the light from its heat. The place still gives Dave the creeps. The floor's covered in bones and the air foul.

DAVE

We don't belong down here. We might unleash spirits that have lain dormant for centuries. I'm covered in dead people's dust!

Something brushes his body and he shrieks:

DAVE(cont'd)

Bloody hell - shit, shit!!! What was that?

Kevin materializes out of the darkness.

KEVIN

Only me, you silly sod.

DAVE

Oh, Kev! Good to see you back, mate.

Kevin and Terry eye each other awkwardly.

TERRY

Sure you're okay?

KEVIN

Never better. Let's get paid.

Chips hail down from air pockets in the concrete. Terry switches on his walkie-talkie.

TERRY

Stand by, team...

67 INT BOUTIQUE NIGHT

67

Guy speaks into another walkie-talkie. The situation has brought out the military in him.

GUY

Are you in position, Nightjar? Command H.Q. here. Acknowledge.

68 EXT APARTMENT BLOCK ROOF NIGHT

68

Perky is the look-out, wedged between two chimney stacks, binoculars round his neck, a thermos at his feet.

PERKY

I hear you. All quiet on the Western Front...

He has a clear view of Baker Street and a good stretch of Marylebone Road including Madame Tussauds.

CAPTION: *Saturday, Sept 11th, 9.44 p.m. ...*

69 INT ERIC ADDEY'S BED-SIT NIGHT

69

Eric Addey is a radio 'ham'. His equipment takes up most of the space in his attic room - a Grundig short-wave radio receiver, hooked up to headphones and tape recorders. He's surfing the airwaves when he suddenly hears:

TERRY (V.O.)

*If any alarms do go off it'll be when we get through the floor.*



70 INT CRYPT

70

Terry and Kevin have joined Bambas on the platform as he operates the thermic lance, completing a circle in the roof.

KEVIN

If we've hit the restaurant by mistake,  
we're going to be knee deep in deep fried  
chicken.

Suddenly, Bambas is through! A chunk of concrete the size of a manhole cover and three foot deep falls out of the ceiling and just misses Dave.

Terry angles a flashlight through the hole and it catches a metallic glint of safety deposit boxes. They look at each other, not quite believing they've done it. Bambas crosses himself. Terry grabs the walkie-talkie.

TERRY

We're through!

71 EXT APARTMENT BLOCK ROOF NIGHT

71

Perky is huddled up against the chimney stack.

PERKY

What, you mean you're in the actual  
vault?

72 INT ERIC ADDEY'S BED-SIT NIGHT

72

Eric fine-tunes the radio, trying to improve the signal.

TERRY (V.O.)

*Not actually in it. Have to wait for the  
concrete to cool down.*

PERKY (V.O.)

*Lucky you, Tel, my eyes are like organ  
stops.*

TERRY (V.O.)

*We can smell the money though!*

Then static. Intrigued, Eric notes the frequency and jots it down on a piece of paper.

73 EXT APARTMENT BLOCK ROOF NIGHT

73

RESUME Perky on the walkie-talkie.

PERKY

Well get a move on, I'm freezing me  
bollocks off up here!

74 INT LLOYDS BANK VAULT NIGHT

74

Terry, Kevin and Bambas squeeze through the hole into the vault. Their flashlights shine over rows and rows of numbered boxes. No one speaks. They're filled with a sense of wonder, like Egyptologists entering a hidden tomb.

Terry finds the master switch and floods the room with overhead, fluorescent light. The walls and aisles are lined with boxes. The guys take this in with red-rimmed eyes.

Dave passes a bag of tools through the hole and follows it.

DAVE

Bloody hell, where do we start?

Bambas tips the bag's contents onto the floor - crowbars, chisels and stake hammers. He hands a crowbar to Terry and takes a hammer for himself.

Terry jams the crowbar between two boxes. He holds it steady. Bambas brings the hammer crashing down - once! Twice! Three times! The metal buckles, but the crowbar's only advanced an inch. One more smash and the door opens. Terry draws out the box. Inside is a beautiful diamond studded necklace and a vintage bottle of Dom Perignon.

TERRY

Happy days!

75 INT POLICE STATION C.I.D. ROOM NIGHT

75

The clock on the wall reads 10.47. Detective Sergeant ROY GIVEN walks through the Ops Room. He's about 38, compact, self contained. He puts his head round the door of his Superior.

GIVEN

Got a radio ham on the phone. Says he's  
picking up a bank robbery in progress.  
Thinks it's our area.

76 INT LLOYDS BANK VAULT NIGHT

76

Everyone has found a new lease of energy. They are literally attacking the boxes. This is brute force - hammer and crowbar, crowbar and hammer. Kevin holds open a black, plastic garbage bag.

CLOSE ON a black, bound address book, among bundles of cash and envelopes. Bambas empties the stuff into a bag and tosses the box away, onto a pile already discarded, like empty tuna cans.

It lands near Martine, who is on her knees, sifting through ledgers, stock certificates and correspondence.

She sees something still in the box - a bundle of letters secured by a rubber band. Reacts as she sees the name on them: 'Sonia Bern'! She gets to her feet, holding the box.

MARTINE

Where's the stuff that was in here?!

BAMBAS

Why?

MARTINE

We have to have some system! You don't know what you're keeping and what you're throwing away!

KEVIN

We know what money looks like. We're not throwing any of that away.

They keep working. Martine's eyes turn to the pile of garbage bags already filled and stacked against the wall. It could be in any one of them. Terry, puzzled, joins her. He takes the envelopes from her hand.

TERRY

What's the problem?

Martine's mind goes shopping for an excuse.

MARTINE

I saw this woman's name. She's a Madam. I worked for her a few times. If she's got pictures of me I wouldn't want the boys to see them.

Terry looks at Martine curiously - not sure he buys it. She can't hold his gaze. Something about her behavior bothers him - he just can't put his finger on it.

77

EXT LLOYDS BANK NIGHT

77

Quinn sits in a car, parked about fifty yards from the bank, listening to the radio.

DEE-JAY (V.O.)

Here's something to shake up you night owls. A Radio ham has been picking up signals between bank robbers somewhere in the West End of London!

Quinn reacts, leaps from the car and runs to a call box.

78

INT TIM'S OFFICE M.I.5. NIGHT

78

Tim's at his desk, with a framed photograph of his wife and their teenage children, a boy and a girl. Snow enters. He puts a transistor on the desk.

SNOW

Your cowboys are on the radio.

Tim listens with growing horror. Snow is amused - this is not his problem.

TERRY (V.O.)

*What d'you mean, you're going home, we're almost in the bank!*

PERKY (V.O.)

*My eyes are like organ stops.*

TERRY (V.O.)

*We can smell the money though!*

PERKY (V.O.)

*Money may be your God, but it's not mine, I want a hot bath and a cup of tea.*

TIM

Jesus wept!

79

INT ERIC ADDEY'S BED-SIT NIGHT

79

Eric is surrounded by six Policemen, crammed together in his tiny space. The two in plain clothes are Roy Given and Sergeant TOM DRISCOLL.

GIVEN

Why did you feel the need to send a tape to the BBC, sir?

ERIC

Because I rang four other police stations before you and nobody took me seriously! Said it was probably a hoax.

Given shakes his head - can't believe this could happen.

GIVEN

How strong's the signal?

ERIC

I'd say they're within a two mile radius.

GIVEN

And when was the last time you picked them up?

ERIC

They've been quiet for about an hour.

80 INT LLOYDS BANK VAULT NIGHT

80

The air is thick with dust. CAMERA moves slowly round the group. The guys sit, their backs against the banks of unopened boxes. They're drained with fatigue and emotion as they come down from the ferocity of their efforts. Only Martine still sifts through the debris on the floor.

In SLOW MOTION a drop of sweat falls from Terry's brow onto a bundle of crisp new Hong Kong Dollars. He turns to Kevin next to him. Kevin hands over a champagne bottle. He takes a big pull, passes it back and they start to laugh...

81 EXT STREETS MAYFAIR MORNING

81

Empty streets, early Sunday morning. Church bells.

Caption: *Sunday, September 12, 8.22 a.m....*

The only thing moving in the street is a Police car. It pulls up outside a bank in Mount Street.

Another Police car, another bank in Hanover Square...

The same thing in Cavendish Street...

82 INT BOUTIQUE DAY

82

*One Bad Apple* by the OSMONDS is on the radio. Martine smokes a cigarette. In daylight the strain shows on her face. Dave leans back against about twenty full sacks of stuff while Guy pours fresh tea into thermos flasks.

The MUSIC fades on the radio and an Announcer kicks in.

ANNOUNCER

*On the hour, every hour - Radio Two News Break. Police are sweeping the West End this morning in search of daring Bank Thieves, after Mr. Eric Addey...*

83

INT TERRY'S FLAT LIVING ROOM DAY

83

Wendy has the radio on too, as she gives the kids their breakfast. Sunday tabloids are spread out on the table.

ANNOUNCER

*...picked up two way radio transmissions  
of the robbery in progress.*

PERKY (V.O.)

*I've worked a double shift, I'm starving  
and I need some kip.*

TERRY (V.O.)

*Hang in there, it's Alladin's cave down  
here. Like to give your old Mum a tiara?*

CATHERINE

That's Daddy!

A bottle slips from Wendy's hand, shattering on the floor, leaving her feet in a pool of milk and broken glass.

84

INT BOUTIQUE DAY

84

RESUME Martine, Dave and Guy frozen, staring at the radio.

PERKY (V.O.)

*She'd rather have an electric blanket.*

Guy grabs the walkie-talkie and barks into it:

GUY

Nightjar - I want you off-air!

85

EXT APARTMENT BLOCK ROOF DAY

85

Perky is fast asleep, his head on the folded blanket. He doesn't hear the voice crackling from the walkie-talkie.

GUY (V.O.)

*Acknowledge, then kill the radio - I  
repeat, kill the radio!!*

86

INT BOUTIQUE DAY

86

RESUME Martine, Dave and Guy.

DAVE

Silly sod's dozed off!

GUY

Asleep at his post - court martial  
offence.

MARTINE

Get over there, Major, sort it out!

87 EXT BAKER STREET DAY

87

Guy lets himself out of the boutique - just as a Police car  
pulls up at the Lloyds Bank corner! The Bank Manager waits  
in the doorway.

Guy nearly has a coronary. He does a U-Turn and staggers  
back the way he came.

88 EXT APARTMENT BLOCK ROOF DAY

88

Perky shifts his body. The walkie-talkie rolls from his lap  
and skittles down the tiles of the sloping section of roof.  
The noise wakes him. He sees the walkie-talkie in the  
guttering. And as he crawls out of the sleeping bag, he sees  
something else - the Police car outside the bank! Shit!

89 INT LISLE'S OFFICE (M.I.5.) DAY

89

Lisle, Urquhart and Tim are too tense to be tired. Lisle's  
in a tweed jacket, having driven down from the country.

LISLE

This was supposed to be a covert  
operation and it's on the bloody radio!

URQUHART

What were you thinking of, Tim?

TIM

You authorized it.

URQUHART

(indicating Lisle)  
No, he did.

LISLE

On your recommendation.

URQUHART

I assumed he knew what he was doing!

TIM

Fuck you, Miles!

URQUHART

No fuck you!!

LISLE

Shut up, both of you!

He grabs the phone as it rings.

LISLE (cont'd)

Lisle...

(to the others)

The police are at the bank now. The situation just moved from critical to career ending.

90 INT LLOYDS BANK VAULT DAY

90

The boys are absorbing what Martine and Dave have told them.

BAMBAS

How long have they been hearing us?

MARTINE

Since last night.

KEVIN

Then we're bollixed.

MARTINE

Maybe not! They've been listening all night, no one's traced us. There must be a hundred banks in the West End.

Guy's sweaty face appears through the jagged hole in the floor. When he finds his voice it's a hoarse whisper.

GUY

Police!!

He points to the ceiling above them. They get it. They freeze, like a submarine crew waiting for a depth charge.

TERRY

If Perky wakes up and tries to warn us, they'll know exactly where we are.

KEVIN

They're pretty bloody warm now...

They strain their ears, but can't hear anything through the reinforced ceiling. The seconds tick by like hours...



91 EXT APARTMENT BLOCK ROOF DAY 91

Perky edges down the sloping roof, trying to reach the walkie-talkie wedged in the gutter, several feet below him.

92 INT LLOYDS BANK DAY 92

The Cops watch as the Manager swings open a walk-in safe behind the cashiers' stations. He shrugs - no problem here.

93 EXT APARTMENT BLOCK ROOF DAY 93

Perky is spread-eagled across the tiles. He's not built for this and the height makes him dizzy. His fingers edge closer to the walkie-talkie. He has it!... for a second... then it falls from his grasp. It smashes against a metal trash can in the courtyard below. He curses - he's screwed them all.

From his POV he sees the Cops and the Manager leaving the bank! No panic, just handshakes. Perky's baffled.

94 EXT BAKER STREET DAY 94

Snow and Quinn watch the Police leave, sitting in a nondescript car, parked diagonally across from the bank.

QUINN

What do you make of this?

Snow just shrugs.

**SNOW**

Ours not to reason why. Ours just to sit here, eat Mars bars, piss in a bottle and wonder which set of wankers will cock it up first.

95 INT LLOYDS BANK VAULT DAY 95

The team are finally allowing themselves to celebrate what they've achieved. Kevin is getting drunkenly emotional over a huge pile of notes - Dollars, Deutschmarks and Swiss francs. Martine is less elated than the others.

MARTINE

Have you finished? Look at all the boxes  
you haven't touched!

DAVE

We're knackered! Enough's enough.

KEVIN

How rich do you need to be, Martine?

She doesn't answer. Turns away and starts riffling through the loot. Terry watches her, doubt worming in his mind.

BAMBAS

(toasting Guy)

Here's to you, Major. A lot of people would've jumped on the nearest bus when they saw the cops.

GUY

Well, you see, my generation came through a war -

KEVIN

Oh God, don't get him started.

DAVE

Were you really a major, Major?

KEVIN

Corporal's what I heard.

GUY

Malicious rumors. And now that I'm fiscally secure I'll promote myself to Colonel.

DAVE

What will you do, Bambo? Take the family back to sunny Cyprus?

BAMBAS

I sent them before this thing started. In case everything went to shit.

DAVE

You pessimistic old sod.

KEVIN

I suppose you're going to Copenhagen are you, Dave?

DAVE

Why would I want to go to Copenhagen?

KEVIN

To get your cock shortened.

Dave doesn't mind the joke - too much to feel good about.

KEVIN (cont'd)

What about you, Martine? Sailing into some sunset with that bloke of yours?

MARTINE

I told you, he's married.

KEVIN

Married men do leave their wives for a beautiful woman. Has been known.

He looks pointedly at Terry, who ignores the remark. He raises his champagne in Martine's direction.

TERRY

I think we owe Martine a vote of thanks, lads. Without her this would never have happened. To Martine!

The others chorus the toast. Terry's eyes never leave hers.

TERRY (cont'd)

Now let's get the fuck out of here.

96

EXT LONDON STREETS NIGHT

96

The Builders van moves through the almost empty streets. Keeping a steady pace. Nothing to draw attention to itself.

Caption: *Monday September 13, 4.34 a.m. ...*

97

INT VAN (TRAVELLING) NIGHT

97

Bambas is driving, Kevin and Terry on the bench seat next to him. Behind them, bulging black plastic garbage bags.

TERRY

She worries me.

The other two stare at him, surprised.

BAMBAS

Martine?

TERRY

Yeah. Why was she so edgy?

KEVIN

None of us was exactly nonchalant, man.

TERRY

At the end. We were all pumped. Bubbly flowing. It was like her head was somewhere else. No one behind us is there?

BAMBAS  
 (checking the mirror)  
 No. Streets are empty.

KEVIN  
 Bit paranoid, ain't you?

TERRY  
 Maybe. But if her boyfriend clued her in  
 about the job, what if he's part of it?

Now he's got the other two worried.

TERRY (cont'd)  
 Bambo - let's not stash the loot at your  
 place.

98 INT LLOYDS BANK VAULT DAY 98

Fluorescent lights flicker into life, illuminating the vault. Two Bank Guards open up for the day's business. It's a moment before they register the destruction. Holes like missing teeth where the boxes were prised out. Dust and debris everywhere...

99 INT TERRY'S FLAT LIVING ROOM DAY 99

Terry lets himself in to the cramped, ground-floor flat. Toys litter the floor. Wendy sits on the sofa. She hasn't slept and it shows on her face. The kids' voices are heard from the next room.

WENDY  
 I heard you on the radio!

TERRY  
 (with a grin)  
 Oh. That was a bit of a wobbly.

WENDY  
 What have you done, Terry? You could go  
 to jail for years for a thing like that!  
 I couldn't bear it.

TERRY  
 (softly)  
 No one's going to jail. We'll all act  
 normal. Still go to work, the pub and  
 the pictures. And when the dust's died  
 down, we'll have everything we ever  
 wanted...

100 EXT APARTMENT BLOCK ROOF DAY 100

The same POV the lookouts had. The whole corner of Lloyds Bank and the section of Baker Street to the boutique is now a police crime scene, cordoned off with tape...

101 EXT LLOYDS BANK DAY 101

The Manager faces angry deposit box holders, anxious for information. They include Sonia Bern, MICHAEL X and his bodyguard, a six foot five dread-locked West Indian called Doctor John. The most vocal is LADY LAVENHAM, a sixty something woman with the outraged voice of the English aristocracy.

LADY LAVENHAM

We've been waiting for hours and so far you people have told us absolutely nothing.

MANAGER

If you can all give us itemized lists of the contents of your boxes -

LADY LAVENHAM

Are you mad, young man? The point of one having a safety deposit box is that people like you don't know what's in it.

102 INT LLOYDS BANK DAY 102

The bank's crowded with staff and policemen. Given is arguing vehemently with Urquhart and another dark suited man. He turns away angrily and joins Driscoll.

GIVEN

They won't let us in the bloody vault! Say it's classified.

DRISCOLL

Who won't?

GIVEN

The spooks. M.I.5, M.I.6 - I can never tell the difference. They all go to the same tailor and went to the same bloody school!

A uniformed Cop hands them a copy of the *Evening Standard*. The bold headline screams: 'Amazing Escape of the Walkie-Talkie Tunnelers!' Given scans it.

GIVEN (cont'd)

'Radio ham tapes it all...Police did not take it seriously' We look like total idiots.

103 INT LISLE'S OFFICE (M.I.5.) DAY 103

Urquhart shows Lisle a copy of the same newspaper.

URQUHART

The dailies will have a field day tomorrow.

LISLE

Get the Committee to issue a D-Notice. We have to gag this.

104 EXT SOHO ALLEY DAY 104

Sonia gets out of a taxi. She moves past a grubby row of Girlie-mag book shops, Peep Shows and Massage Parlors and enters a doorway.

105 INT VOGEL'S OFFICE DAY 105

Vogel is at his desk. Sonia has lost her poise, fumbling for a cigarette. He stops her.

VOGEL

Not in here, please.

SONIA

The bank won't give out any information, I don't know if our boxes are intact or not. Let's hope they were only after money and jewels.

VOGEL

I assume the worst, I always do. You have friends in very high places, Sonia. Talk to them. I'll find the villains.

106 INT MARTINE'S MEWS HOUSE LIVING ROOM DAY 106

Martine hasn't slept since Friday. Make-up can't hide the pallor in her cheeks. Tim confronts her accusingly.

TIM

You had a whole weekend! We were very specific, Martine.

MARTINE

I got her letters, photographs, a diary -

TIM  
They're nothing! Where's the book?!

MARTINE  
(flustered)  
We might have it, I don't know.

TIM  
And the other item - the photo?

MARTINE  
I can't swear to it. They didn't open  
all the boxes! It was chaos down there.

TIM  
Where's the van with the loot?

MARTINE  
I told you. At Bambas's.

TIM  
It isn't. I had the place staked out -  
it never showed up.

MARTINE  
(shocked)  
Then I don't know.

He slaps her hard, leaving a red weal across her cheek.

TIM  
You don't know? You just let them ride  
off with everything?

He slaps her again.

MARTINE  
I trust Terry!

TIM  
Then maybe you'd better fuck him again  
and find out where it is.

MARTINE  
I'm not going to set him up!

TIM  
It's a little late in the day to be  
getting religion. For Chrissake, we  
don't give a shit about these yobs,  
they're expendable.

MARTINE

That wasn't the deal! The deal was, you left them alone and they kept the money!

He grabs her face, forcing her to look him in the eye.

TIM

There is no deal, you stupid bitch!  
Not while they've got what we want.

107 INT TERRY'S SHOWROOM DAY 107

Business as usual for Terry in the showroom. He's got a customer looking at one of his cars.

CUSTOMER

How many miles on the clock?

TERRY

(with a grin)

How many miles? How many would you like?

Ingrid puts her head out of the office.

INGRID

Martine Love, Terry.

He gestures 'Excuse me' and is across the showroom in a few strides to grab the phone.

TERRY

Yeah?... Why, what's up?....Okay, we could meet later... Seven thirty, all right. Why not The Playboy Club, that was a laugh.

108 INT MARTINE'S MEWS HOUSE DAY 108

RESUME Martine as she puts the phone down and turns to Tim.

MARTINE

We're meeting at The Coach and Horses.  
It's a pub in Soho.

TIM

Better...

109 INT SCREENING ROOM (SOHO) 109

Vogel's face is lit by the flickering light of a projector. The hard-eyed Charnley is behind him, watching a scratchy porn film, not yet at the hard core stage.



It's in a doctor's waiting room, where two mini-skirted 'Nurses' are undressing Dave.

VOGEL

That's him. He was right outside the bank. I thought at the time he looked a bit shifty.

CHARNLEY

Christ, is that thing real?

VOGEL

His name's Dave Shilling. Lives in Battersea with his Mother.

CHARNLEY

Wouldn't mind the address of those two nurses.

VOGEL

Find him.

Vogel stands and winces in pain and rubs his back.

CHARNLEY

You all right?

VOGEL

I've been getting this pain on and off. And this aggravation isn't helping.

110 INT VALERIE'S APARTMENT DAY

110

Given is interviewing Valerie, taking notes on a pad.

VALERIE

He warned me in advance about the noise and brought a box of chocolates. You don't get that these days. Manners.

GIVEN

And did you see him after that?

VALERIE

(a little coy)

He dropped by a couple of times. But he can't be anything to do with the robbery. He's a war hero. He was in 'The Great Escape'. Richard Attenborough played him in the film.

GIVEN

Richard Attenborough was shot, ma'am.

Her face clouds with doubt.

111      INT    BAR    HOTEL    EVENING      111

Sonia is having a drink with Lord Drysdale in a discreet corner. Cocktail piano in the background.

LORD DRYSDALE

I got the police off your back, Sonia. I don't see what you expect me to do about this.

SONIA

That photograph I sent you, Teddy, was only one of many. And I have tape recordings. Live film. Of all my regulars. You all know each other, if it's any consolation.

The color drains from Drysdale's face.

LORD DRYSDALE

Good God...

SONIA

Be a big boy. Talk to your Whitehall chums. When these thieves are caught, you'd better make bloody sure the police don't get their hands on the evidence.

112      EXT    MARTINE'S MEWS HOUSE    NIGHT      112

Martine comes down the steps and heads for her Jensen. A couple are necking in a car parked nearby. The man is Quinn. Martine knocks on the window and they break apart.

MARTINE

The pub's in Dean Street if you lose me.

As she walks away we hear the woman's voice:

WOMAN

Cheeky bitch.

113      EXT    FILLING    STATION    NIGHT      113

The Jensen pulls up at the pumps. Martine pops the hood and climbs out as an Attendant walks forward.

114 INT SURVEILLANCE CAR NIGHT 114

Quinn brings the surveillance car to a halt across the street. He and the woman watch Martine move into the glass fronted cashier's office as the Attendant starts to gas up.

115 INT FILLING STATION OFFICE NIGHT 115

A turbanned Sikh behind the cash register. Shelves of cigarettes and confectionery.

MARTINE

Mind if I use the loo?

116 EXT FILLING STATION NIGHT 116

The meter on the pump shows 'Full' - and it only cost three pounds to fill it up...

117 INT SURVEILLANCE CAR NIGHT 117

Quinn and the Woman watch the Attendant slam down the hood and take the nozzle from the gas tank. He's edgy suddenly.

WOMAN

She's not going to walk away from that flash car.

Quinn's not so sure. He's already out the door.

118 INT FILLING STATION OFFICE NIGHT 118

The Sikh is startled as Quinn strides past. Straight to the toilet. He kicks open the door - to find an open window.

QUINN

Shit!

119 EXT FILM STUDIO NIGHT 119

The hulk of a sound stage looms behind Dave as he hangs a garment bag in the back of his Chevy. Charnley comes out of the shadows.

CHARNLEY

Dave Shilling?

Dave turns, startled, although the voice is friendly enough.

DAVE

Yeah?

CHARNLEY

I wonder if we could have a word.

DAVE

Word about what?

CHARNLEY

A bank.

The color drains from Dave's face.

120

EXT PLAYBOY CLUB NIGHT

120

Terry checks his watch, then turns to the Bouncer.

TERRY

Could you just check again?

BOUNCER

If Martine Love was here, I'd know it.

TERRY

Could I wait at the bar for her?

BOUNCER

No.

121

INT WAREHOUSE DAY

121

We're a long way from the West End. Builders' equipment, timber and a sandblaster. Just one bare bulb - most of the place is in darkness.

Dave sits on a chair in his underpants, his hands tied with cord. He's been roughed up. Charnley sits a few feet away, eating pistachio nuts, enjoying his fear.

Footsteps, as Vogel appears with Magowan. He walks straight over to Dave and puts his face close to his.

VOGEL

I want to tell you something, because it will save time. I have a very jaundiced view of life. From what I see, most of it is corrupt, venal and vile. I say this, so you'll know I don't have a better nature to appeal to, or a compassionate streak. Do you understand?

DAVE

I think so, Mister Vogel.

VOGEL

On top of all that, I'm on pain killers.

Dave attempts a weak joke as he looks at Charnley.

DAVE

I could use a couple.

Charnley hits him viciously in the stomach. Dave retches.

VOGEL

You stole from me. And a friend of mine.  
Where is it all?

DAVE

I dunno where the stash is, I swear.  
Only Terry knows that.

VOGEL

Terry?

Dave hesitates - he knows he shouldn't have let that slip.

DAVE

He's just a bloke... one of the lads.  
I hardly know him, Mister Vogel!

Charnley kick starts a compressor, picks up the hose of the sandblaster and points it at the leg of a table. It demolishes it in seconds.

Dave's eyes widen in fear as the table collapses.

VOGEL

His name. All their names.

122 INT COFFEE BAR DAY

122

Terry sips a frothy coffee, listening to the news on the owner's radio.

NEWSREADER

*...Scotland Yard and Bank Security staff  
are disputing responsibility for the  
failure to prevent this weekend's daring  
robbery in Baker Street...*

Kevin walks in and sits beside him.

KEVIN

So what's the word then?

TERRY

I'm worried about Martine. I was supposed to meet her last night -

KEVIN

Oh yeah? That's acting normal, is it? Taking Martine out?

TERRY

Oh leave it out, Kev. She sounded edgy. And the point is, she didn't show. I called last night, again this morning. Nothing. I'm gonna get over there. See if you can find Bambas and the Major.

123 EXT MARTINE'S MEWS DAY 123

Terry approaches Martine's front door. Uncollected milk on her doorstep. He takes a car tool and jemnies open the lock.

124 INT MARTINE'S MEWS HOUSE LIVING ROOM DAY 124

Terry slips through the door and closes it behind him, unsure what he's going to find. He moves through to the bedroom.

125 INT MARTINE'S MEWS HOUSE BEDROOM DAY 125

The bed's unmade, discarded clothes lying around. Terry checks the closets. Moves into the small bathroom. Holds his breath before he pulls back the shower curtain. Nothing.

126 INT/EXT MARTINE'S MEWS HOUSE LIVING ROOM DAY 126

Terry re-enters and stares at framed pictures of Martine on a table, several with celebrities - actors, football players.

He spins round as the front door opens and Snow and Quinn step into the room.

SNOW

What are you doing here?

Terry has no idea who they are, but think the worst.

TERRY

Oh, I'm a friend of the girl who lives here. She hasn't been answering her phone. I thought she might be ill or something.

Quinn picks up the phone and dials a number.

TERRY (cont'd)  
Are you the law? Got a badge to show us?

SNOW  
I can show you this.

He opens his jacket to show them a gun in a holster!

127 EXT TERRY'S DEALERSHIP DAY 127

Ingrid arrives for work and walks across the lot towards the showroom. She stops, puzzled, registering a car that wasn't there yesterday. It's Dave's Chevy Bel Air.

128 INT MARTINE'S MEWS HOUSE LIVING ROOM DAY 128

Terry looks up from the sofa as Tim enters. He can see he's a different breed from the foot soldiers in his custom made suit.

TIM  
Which one are you, Terry or Kevin?

TERRY  
How d'you know our names?

TIM  
I'm a friend of Martine's too. Where is she?

TERRY  
Bit pointless being here if we knew that.

Terry never sees Snow move. He throws a right arm jab into his face, sending him reeling off the end of the sofa. Quinn pulls down the blinds.

TERRY (cont'd)  
Who are you bastards?

He gets to his feet, spitting blood and checking his teeth.

TIM  
There's more of that. Unless you tell us what we want. We know who you are and what you did.

The front door is pushed open to reveal two young uniformed Police Constables. Terry has never been so pleased to see the law.

P.C.

The people across the street reported a suspected housebreaking.

TIM

(a disarming smile)

They were absolutely right, but my men and I are dealing with the situation.

The young coppers take in the scene - the two hard men, and Terry with his bleeding face. Tim shows them an I.D.

TIM (cont'd)

Snow, why don't you step outside and explain a few things to the Officers?

Snow ushers the two Cops through the open door. As Quinn closes it, Terry sees a chance. He grabs Tim's lapels and slams a head butt into his face. Tim staggers into the fireplace. Terry hares out of the room.

129 INT MARTINE'S MEWS HOUSE BEDROOM DAY 129

Terry grabs the bed and jams it against the door. He picks up a chair and throws it at the rear window. It shatters in a shower of flying glass.

130 EXT MARTINE'S HOUSE REAR DAY 130

Terry leaps through the window. It's a twelve foot drop to a walled garden. Bushes break his fall. He scrambles to his feet and keeps running.

131 INT/EXT MARTINE'S MEWS HOUSE BEDROOM DAY 131

Quinn and Snow crash through the bedroom door and move to the window. Behind them Tim holds a handkerchief to his bleeding nose.

Their POV: Terry vaults over the fence into the garden of the adjacent house.

132 EXT GARDEN DAY 132

Terry races down a narrow path at the side of the house, bouncing off dustbins, leaving their lids clattering in his wake. He goes through an iron gate and hits the street.

133 EXT SIDE STREET DAY 133

Terry races into a side street. Fly posters on the walls for T Rex and a huge whitewashed CND symbol.



An Old Lady is fumbling in her purse to pay off a taxi. He scrambles past her.

TERRY

This one's on me, love.  
(to the Cabbie)  
Just drive, mate.

134 EXT TERRY'S CAR DEALERSHIP DAY

134

Terry pays off the taxi and registers the Chevy Bel Air. A CUSTOMER is taking a look at it, sitting behind the wheel. He climbs out as Terry walks over - young, trendy haircut, sure of himself.

CUSTOMER

James Dean had one of these, didn't he?

TERRY

No, James Dean had a Porsche.

CUSTOMER

You sure?

TERRY

He topped himself in it, didn't he?

Ingrid appears in the doorway of the showroom.

TERRY (cont'd)

Did Dave leave this here? Does he want me to sell it?

INGRID

Dunno. It was here when I opened up.

CUSTOMER

How much d'you want for it?

Terry's not in the mood for selling cars.

TERRY

I dunno if it's for sale, mate, okay?

CUSTOMER

Can I test drive it?

TERRY

You can fuck off is what you can do.

CUSTOMER

Oh yeah? Motor trade salesman of the year, are you? I might've bought that. Cash. Bollocks!

He walks away, pissed.

INGRID

Maybe Dave's gone for a coffee or something.

TERRY

He wouldn't leave it here, unlocked. He worships this car, does Dave.

He walks to the rear and opens the boot with a click of his thumb. Then reacts, repulsed.

Dave's dead body is crumpled inside, his head tilted back, his open, hollow eyes staring.

TERRY (cont'd)

Jesus Christ!

INGRID

What is it?

A note is pinned to Dave's jacket. Terry rips it off, then slams the trunk, fighting faintness and nausea.

135

INT UNDERGROUND CAR PARK DAY

135

Terry drives the Chevy into the bowels of the car park. The tires squeal on the bends. He parks in a slot on the bottom floor and gets out. He's wearing gloves but still wipes the steering wheel and door handle with a handkerchief.

BANG! He whips round at the sound of a metal door, his nerves frazzled. Footsteps...

Kevin appears, his face as tense as Terry's. He looks questioningly in the direction of the trunk. Terry nods.

Kevin opens it apprehensively and looks inside. Not for long... He staggers away. Terry closes it again and wipes away the prints. He's still gutted by this.

KEVIN

Jesus, I've known him for ever...

TERRY

I know. Since we were kids. Never the brightest bulb in the chandelier but the nicest bloke you could know.

KEVIN

Not a mean bone in his body.

TERRY

D'you find the others?

KEVIN

I spoke to Bambas. The Major's up north.  
What about Martine?

TERRY

I went round her place and got braced by  
three fuckers from the Special Branch or  
something.

KEVIN

What's the note say?

TERRY

It's just a phone number and a time.

KEVIN

No other message?

TERRY

The body is the message! They're telling  
us they know who we are, they know what  
we did and we've got something they want.

KEVIN

Well yeah - about three million quid  
according to the papers.

TERRY

It could be something else. It's like  
Martine said, that vault was full of  
secret shit.

KEVIN

What're we gonna do?

TERRY

I'm gonna get Wendy and the kids out of  
town. Give the police an anonymous tip  
about this. Dave deserves a decent  
burial.

Kevin nods, still numbed by what's happened.

136

INT TERRY'S FLAT LIVING ROOM DAY

136

The kids are watching TV. Wendy stuffs toys into one of two  
suitcases. Terry unlocks the door and enters.

TERRY

Are you packed?

WENDY

Are you going to tell me why?

TERRY

That cottage we took at Peacehaven last year. It's free, I called them.

He turns to the kids, trying to hide his anxiety.

TERRY (cont'd)

Want to go to the seaside, girls?

The girls like the sound of this. Wendy's not buying it.

WENDY

What's happened?

TERRY

(dropping his voice)

Some blokes worked over Dave.

WENDY

How bad is he?

TERRY

He's dead.

WENDY

God Almighty. What have you done to us?

They're startled by the doorbell. Terry tenses. Wendy, panicked, picks up Julie and goes to the window. Can't see anyone. Footsteps in the hall. A moment later a cautious knock on the door.

TERRY

Who is it?

No reply. Terry picks up a poker, presses his back against the wall. Another knock. The handle turns. The door opens slowly. Terry raises the poker...

A grey-haired lady with a walking stick steps into the room. It's Martine's mother!

MRS. LOVE

I'm glad you live on the ground floor,  
'cos I'd never manage those stairs.

Terry lowers his weapon.

TERRY

Mrs. Love!

She instantly responds to the kids.

MRS. LOVE

So which one is this? Julie, isn't it?

WENDY

That's right. And this is Katie.

MRS. LOVE

I keep saying to Martine, when are you going to make me a grandmother? I know she'd love kids. All that success, all those famous friends of hers, hasn't made her happy, you know.

TERRY

So what brings you round here, Mrs. Love?

MRS. LOVE

She called me with a message for you. But for some reason she didn't want me to use the phone.

Wendy shoots Terry a look. What else doesn't she know?

137

EXT RAILWAY STATION DAY

137

A train pulls into Clapham Junction station. Terry is with Wendy and the kids, their luggage and toys on the platform beside him. He's nervous to be in such a public place, imagining every other face belongs to a cop - or worse.

TERRY

I'll call you tonight. Make sure you're settled in.

WENDY

Martine was part of this, was she?

TERRY

She brought us the job in the first place.

WENDY

Did you sleep with her?

The suddenness of the question stuns Terry. He takes refuge in the kids, opening the carriage door for them.

TERRY

Find some good seats then, Cathy. Hold Julie's hand.

He turns back to Wendy. He can't lie to her. And she already knows the answer.

WENDY

From day one, it was always you, Terry...  
The first time we met, I told my friend,  
Audrey, I said 'I'm gonna marry him and  
have his kids.' And I've stuck by you,  
no matter what. You bastard!

TERRY

It was only once, I swear. It wasn't  
about that.

He reaches for her hand. She shrugs him off. It will take  
time before she's ready for that.

138      EXT    HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT      TERRACE    NIGHT      138

Lights cast a yellow glow on the Thames. Lisle and Lord  
Drysdale are alone at the end of the terrace.

LORD DRYSDALE

I'm sure these thieves will be  
apprehended. It's what happens after,  
you see. A question of containment.  
There are certain delicate issues...  
other colleagues -

LISLE

We know. We've known for some time.  
You've been a bloody fool, Teddy. You're  
in the Ministry of Defence, for God's  
sake!

This brings a flush to Drysdale's pale cheeks.

LORD DRYSDALE

I didn't come here out of self interest.  
I've already penned my letter of  
resignation. But if it all comes out, it  
could severely embarrass the Government.

139      INT    DANCE    HALL      NIGHT      139

A classic, old-fashioned London ballroom, the air filled with  
dance music, cigarette smoke and cheap perfume. Terry and  
Kevin are huddled at a table overlooking the dance floor.

KEVIN

Why would she choose this place to meet?

TERRY

Reckon she thought it was safer somewhere public.

KEVIN

I used to bring her here in the old days. Seems a lifetime ago.

TERRY

Everything does.

Kevin's the first to see Martine, weaving through the tables as the glitter ball casts flickering patterns of light. She takes dark glasses from tired eyes as she sits.

MARTINE

Thanks for coming. I wasn't sure you would.

TERRY

I showed up last night. Where were you?

MARTINE

I had to get away. Hole up and think.

TERRY

Why d'you send a message through your old Mum?

MARTINE

'Cos your phones are probably tapped.

The lads exchange looks - what?!

KEVIN

Tapped?! What do you know we don't?

She reaches for one of Kevin's cigarettes. This isn't easy.

MARTINE

There never was any boyfriend in burglar alarms. MI5 was behind the whole thing.

KEVIN

MI5? What - spies?!

TERRY

I think I might have met them round your place.

KEVIN

Why in Christ's name would MI5 want us to rob a bank?!

MARTINE

They were after blackmail stuff on famous people.

Their anger erupts.

TERRY

So you lied to us! We were sitting ducks from the start!

KEVIN

How could you do that -

TERRY

How come you're working for these people?

MARTINE

I had no choice! I was set up myself!

TERRY

What do you mean? Who by?

MARTINE

By them! Look, a year ago I was picked up by the Vice Squad. They planted coke on me. Handed me over to this guy called Tim Everett. He said he could cut a deal to get me off the hook.

KEVIN

Hold up - vice squad?!

TERRY

She's a call girl, Kev.

KEVIN

(to Terry)

How d'you know?!

TERRY

She told me.

KEVIN

So you're a whore in other words?

MARTINE

Yes, Kevin, I'm a whore, and you guys are thieves and losers and I was trying to change all that! See, I got to know this Tim. He was okay at first. Then he told me about the bank. He knew I knew some villains. Told me to find a team. It was that or go to jail.



TERRY

You didn't have any worries about us lot going to fuckin' jail!

MARTINE

You weren't going to get collared, you were just going to get rich. They didn't give a shit about the money.

Before they can respond a Waitress brings a tray of drinks.

TERRY

We didn't order these.

WAITRESS

Compliments of the gentleman over there.

This instantly fuels their paranoia - is someone screwing with them? Their eyes swivel round the room. Then they see Pinky walking towards them with a big grin on his face, his arm wrapped round the slender waist of Ingrid.

PINKY

On me, lads.

In spite of the gut-wrenching tension they're going through, Terry has to ask:

TERRY

How long's this been going on?

INGRID

He rang me the day after he came round to smash up your cars.

PINKY

She said I terrified her but there was a certain attraction.

TERRY

I'm happy for both of you. And cheers for the drinks.

They go off, heading downstairs to the dance floor. The guys refocus on Martine.

KEVIN

Why didn't you clue us in from the start, Martine?

MARTINE

These people are dangerous.

TERRY

You screwed us, however you sugarcoat it -  
and because of you Dave's dead!

The news shakes Martine to the core.

MARTINE

What?! What are you talking about?  
Dave's dead? Who killed him?

TERRY

Not your lot, but it doesn't make him any  
less dead. There was a message. I was  
supposed to call a number at six tonight.

MARTINE

Did you?

TERRY

Not till we'd seen you, no. Any ideas?

Martine tries to take this in, as the glitter ball throws  
flickering patterns across their faces.

MARTINE

We have to go through what we took.  
Maybe we can give them what they want and  
keep the cash.

TERRY

So you want me to take you to the stash?  
Why d'you think I moved it in the first  
place? 'Cos I didn't trust you, Martine.

KEVIN

Why should we trust her now? Is this  
another set up?

MARTINE

(emotionally)

I walked out on them! I'm as dispensable  
as you are now. If you don't believe me,  
screw the pair of you, I'll take my own  
chances!

She gets up, but Terry pulls her back into her chair.

TERRY

You're right. We have to know what we're  
sitting on. We'll pick up Bambo and go  
down in the morning.

KEVIN

What do we do tonight?

TERRY

We stick together.

140

INT POLICE STATION C.I.D. OPS ROOM NIGHT

140

The room is packed with Officers, plain clothes and uniformed. Shirt sleeves, coffee cups, cigarette smoke and ringing phones. Given looks up as Driscoll enters carrying muddy overalls in a plastic evidence bag.

DRISCOLL

I think this Dave Shilling could be one of our bank robbers. We found these overalls at his house. Covered in mud with a drill bit in one of the pockets.

GIVEN

Get forensic to check with the soil from the tunnel. And we've got a positive ID on this 'Major Gibbs', who signed the lease on the store.

He pulls a head shot of Guy from a folder.

DRISCOLL

Sounds like Guy Maurice Singer. Has some form. Con man, fraudster and flasher. Did a stretch in the Scrubs a few years back.

GIVEN

Good work, Tom.

As he pins Guy's picture on a cork board, Charnley enters - and greets Given like an old buddy.

CHARNLEY

Roy, how are you?

*For the first time we realize Charnley's a cop!* Given doesn't particularly care for him.

GIVEN

Long way off your patch, aren't you, Alec?

CHARNLEY

Regional Crime Squad now, I get everywhere. How's this fiasco going?

GIVEN  
(irritably)  
Whitehall's calling all the shots.

CHARNLEY  
I'd like to help any way I can.

GIVEN  
Why?

CHARNLEY  
Thing like this makes us all look bad.

141 EXT LONDON STREET NIGHT 141

A street filled with cheap hotels and B & Bs, somewhere near one of the major rail terminals.

142 INT SMALL HOTEL BEDROOM/CORRIDOR NIGHT 142

Terry and Kevin look round a featureless room with drab wallpaper, twin beds, a sink and a wardrobe.

KEVIN  
We're supposed to be millionaires and look at this. Not a toothbrush between us.

TERRY  
I'm gonna check on Martine.

KEVIN  
(pointedly)  
Shall I wait up for you?

Terry ignores this, walks down a shabby corridor, and knocks on another door.

TERRY  
It's me.

Martine opens the door of a similar, smaller bedroom.

MARTINE  
I didn't think it was room service.

143 INT SMALL HOTEL MARTINE'S BEDROOM NIGHT 143

He walks in and she closes the door. A passing train rattles the windows.

TERRY

Our room's a bit bigger if you want to swap.

MARTINE

I'm fine.

TERRY

Let me ask you something. Was sleeping with me part of the plan?

Martine sighs - she doesn't need this right now.

MARTINE

If it had been part of the plan it would have happened before the job. Anyhow, what difference does it make?

TERRY

It makes a difference to me.

MARTINE

Why, Terry? Think you're gonna ride up on horseback and take me away to the land of dreams? I'm not a Princess. Kevin's right, I'm a whore.

TERRY

Don't say that -

MARTINE

I used you all, I set you up! Why d'you think I picked you guys? I knew you wouldn't say no to me. I could always make men do what I want.

TERRY

You never made me do anything I didn't want.

MARTINE

Don't be in love with me, Terry. You've got Wendy.

TERRY

She knows about us.

MARTINE

Oh God. How?

TERRY

'Cos I'm not as good a liar as you.

144 INT DRAWING ROOM NIGHT

144

An elegant room, softly lit. We HEAR the closing movement of Mahler's '*Das Lied von der Erde*'. CAMERA features a Canaletto on the wall by a grand piano, covered with family photographs in silver frames - Lord Drysdale with wife and children, in the countryside and ski slopes.

Now a desk. Several hand addressed envelopes, one to the Prime Minister. A half bottle of Veuve Cliquot champagne.

CAMERA PANS still further to reveal Lord Drysdale in a leather wing-back chair. A plastic bag is secured tightly over his head, and he's not breathing any more.

145 EXT BAMBAS'S WORKSHOP DAY

145

Kevin drives his Mini Cooper down the pot-holed alley towards the open doors of Bambas's workshop.

146 INT MINI (TRAVELLING) DAY

146

Kevin shifts down. Terry's beside him, Martine in the rear. He drives from sunlight into the gloom.

147 INT BAMBAS'S WORKSHOP DAY

147

Kevin stops the car. Something's not right. Bambas is tied to a chair. Doctor John stands behind him. Behind them, another dread-locked Panther closes the workshop doors. None of this looks good.

Kevin reverses, the rear wheels spinning on the greasy floor. He drives it straight back into the Panthers, pinning him against the doors. He screams in pain.

Kevin guns the car and races it straight at Doctor John. He leaps out of the way. The Mini sideswipes a couple of oil drums and brakes next to Bambas.

Terry and Martine leap out. Terry registers a half painted Citroen Safari.

Kevin zips the Mini around like a dodgem car, keeping Doctor John at bay.

Terry and Martine grab the chair with Bambas tied to it and bundle them through the open rear hatch of the Safari.

Terry slides behind the wheel of the Safari and starts the engine. Martine closes the hatch and tries to untie Bambas.

Kevin does a hand brake turn, wheeling the car a hundred and eighty degrees, spraying a wave of oil in Doctor John's face.

He leaps out of the car and sprints for the moving Safari.  
He leaps on the roof, grabbing the luggage rack.

Doctor John pulls a machete from his coat and chases after the Safari - but it's not going to stop.

Kevin can't believe what he sees - the fast approaching back wall.

The Safari smashes through it as the rotting timbers cave in. A rack collapses, spilling rubber tires over the floor.

148      EXT    BAMBAS'S    WORKSHOP    (REAR)    DAY      148

For a few moments the Safari is in mid air, a gaping hole behind it - then it hits a grassy bank sloping downhill.

Only a wire fence between them and a maze of railway tracks.

They demolish the fence. Kevin clings desperately to the luggage rack as the car bounces and bucks over the sleepers like a mechanical bull.

A train is coming. Terry jack-knives in front of it onto a cinder path. The train thunders past, deafening their ears, rattling their teeth.

Terry stops the car. Kevin climbs down shakily from the roof and catches his breath.

KEVIN

Sod this for a game of soldiers. Who was that lot?!

149      EXT    COUNTRY    ROAD    DAY      149

The Safari turns up a rough farm track, past a sign, 'Belmont Boarding Kennels.'

150      EXT    KENNELS    DAY      150

The car pulls up at the back of an old farmhouse to the frantic barking of dogs. Terry, Martine, Kevin and Bambas get out. A chicken-wire fence surrounds two dozen kennels filled with breeds of all shapes and sizes.

TERRY

This is where I was gonna bring the Burtons' dogs...

NORA comes from the house, yelling at the dogs to shut up. She's in her sixties, wearing several layers of skirts, a cardigan and wellington boots.

TERRY (cont'd)  
Only me, Auntie Nora.

NORA  
I was expecting a man with a retriever.

TERRY  
We'll be here a while. There's some stuff in that van we need to go through.

NORA  
Suit yourself. Don't expect any lunch.

151 INT BARN DAY

151

A cobwebbed barn with holes in the rafters. A broken down tractor, rusting agricultural tools. And the van, its rear doors open, the jack hammer and thermic lance still inside.

The team is going through loot-filled garbage bags. Money, papers and jewelry is strewn around the floor. Terry reacts as he finds the 'black book'.

TERRY  
Exhibit 'A' - Sonia Bern's diary of shame!

Martine grabs it from him to check it out. Kevin finds some photographs - very like the one we saw in the MI5 office.

KEVIN  
These must be hers too. Look - same angle, high speed film, locked off camera. Blackmail's the only reason to take pictures like this.

TERRY  
(looking at one)  
I know that bloke. He's in the Government. Always wears those poncey bow ties.

KEVIN  
Not in this picture he isn't.

MARTINE  
Sonia has a partner called Lew Vogel. Soho porn merchant.



She turns to Terry.

MARTINE (cont'd)

We saw him when we went in the vault,  
remember?

KEVIN

Hold up. I saw him, when Dave and me  
were fixing the pavement. And he  
recognized him! That's how he got a jump  
on us.

TERRY

Then he's the fucker who killed Dave.

Bambas holds up bundles of Hong Kong dollars and papers with  
writing in Asian characters.

BAMBAS

Look at this. Chinese money, Chinese  
documents.

KEVIN

That's all we need, the Triads on our  
back. Chinese water torture, something  
else to look forward to.

Martine finds what she's been looking for and her eyes widen.

MARTINE

Oh my God! Tim said the Panthers were  
using a picture to keep Michael X out of  
prison. This must be it.

She shows a photograph to the others. [We don't see it.]  
They're staggered.

TERRY

I can see why!

BAMBAS

Is that who I think it is?!

TERRY

No question.

KEVIN

Don't recognize the two black girls...

BAMBAS

I tell you, my friends, we've opened  
Pandora's box.

KEVIN

We opened a lot of boxes, which was hers?

BAMBAS

It's a Greek fable, you berk. It was a box no one was ever supposed to open.

KEVIN

And what happened when they did?

BAMBAS

Plagues and pestilence. Everyone got boils and their dicks fell off.

TERRY

So what do we do? Sit around and wait for that to happen? Live in this barn? We've got enough cash to repair the roof. I don't think so. This stuff's our lifeline. Time we took the game to them.

KEVIN

To who?

TERRY

The people who can help us most, the suits.

(to Martine)

Fix it up for Kev and me to see your man Tim.

MARTINE

Don't you want me along?

TERRY

No, I want you to stay here.

MARTINE

You trust me with all this money?

TERRY

(with a smile)

I do if Bambas is with you.

152

EXT CEMETERY DAY

152

A Victorian cemetery in a shabby part of London. Trees droop over the headstones and overgrown grass. Mourners stand round an open grave, waiting for the service to begin. They comfort Dave's Mum as she reads the cards on the flowers.

Given stands a discreet distance away, scoping the faces. Among them we recognize Ingrid, Snow - and Charnley. Given frowns - what's he doing here?

Driscoll joins him and shows him the lunchtime edition of the *Evening Standard*. The headline reads: '*Police link Car Park Corpse to Baker Street Robbery.*'

DRISCOLL

Quite a few of his mates have shown up.

GIVEN

I'm more interested in the ones who haven't. Did you check the floral tributes?

DRISCOLL

Yeah. The biggest one is from the Burtons.

GIVEN

I think we can safely cross them off the list of suspects.

153 INT CLOTHING STORE DAY

153

Racks of suits, raincoats, jackets and pants. Terry comes from a cubicle in a navy blue suit covered in price tags. Kevin comes from the next cubicle, in a new suit of his own.

TERRY

Very sharp, Kev. Very 'now'.

KEVIN

Trousers are a bit roomy. I think I've lost weight from all that tunneling.

Terry spots Perky, weaving between the clothes racks, carrying a plastic Sainsbury's bag.

PERKY

Morning, lads. People have been asking after you round the manor.

TERRY

What people?

PERKY

Men in suits. Vogel's muscle. An' a big black rasta rope-head.

TERRY

We've met them all in one way or another.  
That's why we need protection.

PERKY

Step in the office.

He and Terry go into one of the changing booths and pull the door behind them. Perky pulls two handguns from the plastic bag. Terry gives him a roll of cash.

PERKY (cont'd)

Papers said you got a bundle. I  
should've been on commission not a flat  
rate. And I brought me own sandwiches!

154 EXT PALL MALL (LONDON) DAY

154

The heart of London's Clubland. Terry and Kevin appear in their new suits and ties.

Across the street is the imposing facade of the Royal Automobile Club with chandeliers sparkling through the windows. We hear Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance*, as they cross the road toward this bastion of the Establishment.

155 INT R.A.C. CLUB READING ROOM DAY

155

Deep leather chairs and sofas, tables with reading lights and racks of newspapers. Tim is in conversation with Lisle and Urquhart, who is reading the *Telegraph* with a picture of Lord Drysdale and a headline 'PEER IN SUICIDE RIDDLE'.

The guys approach, followed by a flustered DOORMAN.

TERRY

Tim, how are you? I'm Terry, you  
remember Kevin?

DOORMAN

I'm sorry, Mr. Everett, they pushed right  
past me.

TIM

It's all right, Munton, I'll sign them in  
later.

The Doorman reluctantly moves off. The guys slide into armchairs between the three men. Terry studies Lisle.

TERRY

You his boss?

LISLE

Yes.

TERRY

So you're all spies?

The word pains them. An elderly Waiter appears, with a silver tray.

WAITER

Drinks, gentlemen?

KEVIN

I'll have a dry sherry.

TERRY

Dry sherry?!

KEVIN

Just trying to blend in.

TERRY

I'll have a pint of Nigerian lager.

(the Waiter looks blank.)

Guinness!

The Waiter shuffles off.

LISLE

What is it you want?

TERRY

Well we know what you want. And now we've seen it, we realize how much you want it. So here's the deal. You get it back and you take care of us. Fresh IDs, new passports and safe passage out the U.K. For all of us.

Urquhart indicates the headline about Lord Drysdale.

URQUHART

I suppose it's pointless appealing to your sense of patriotism? Ruining reputations, possibly bringing down the government - does that mean anything to you?

TERRY

Not a flying dog's bollock, mate. Oh, and I believe the original agreement was, we get to keep the loot - I'm sure you want to honour that.

The men are silent, stunned. Kevin picks up a bowl with a few peanuts in it.

KEVIN  
Got anything to nibble?

156 EXT SEA FRONT DAY 156

Summer rental cottages border a pebbly beach. The only person in sight is a woman with an old Labrador. OVER, a phone ringing.

157 INT COTTAGE DAY 157

Wendy answers the phone. The kids are on the sofa, toys around the floor. She looks tense and drawn.

WENDY  
Hullo?...Terry?

158 EXT PHONE BOX LONDON STREET DAY 158

Terry is in the box, Kevin having a cigarette outside.

TERRY  
It's all gonna be fine, love... No  
really, we're gonna be free and clear.  
Go abroad...  
(his expression changes)  
Who the fuck are you?

159 INT COTTAGE DAY 159

Charnley has taken the phone from Wendy!

CHARNLEY  
That depends. I could be your best mate,  
or your worst nightmare. You know where  
I am, you know what we want. And you  
know what happened to Dave.

TERRY (V.O.)  
You touch my wife -

CHARNLEY  
You're wasting time, Terry. Get the  
stash and give me a bell when you're on  
the way.

160 EXT BREWER STREET (SOHO) DAY 160

Terry hangs a savage left and pulls the Safari right up on the kerb by Vogel's alley. He and Kevin leap out.

They push past two Hookers and vault up the steps to Vogel's office, two at a time.

161 INT VOGEL'S OFFICE DAY 161

An ageing TART, looks up, startled, as Terry and Kevin crash through the door of the grubby office.

TERRY  
Where is he?

TART  
Mister Vogel? He's in the hospital.

TERRY  
Hospital?!

TART  
Kidney stone they think.

162 INT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR DAY 162

BAM! Swing doors open and Terry and Kevin stride through. There's an intensity of purpose about Terry, fuelled by pure adrenaline and anger. Nobody better get in his way.

163 INT PRIVATE ROOM HOSPITAL DAY 163

Vogel lies on a gurney, hooked up to an IV. A West Indian NURSE withdraws a needle from his arm and swabs it.

Terry and Kevin enter. Terry glances briefly at Vogel, noticing his half-closed eyes.

TERRY  
What's his state, then?

NURSE  
He's in pre-med. He'll be in surgery in half an hour.

TERRY  
No he won't. Walk us out of here.

Terry grabs the end of the gurney and starts to pull it towards the door. The Nurse is horrified.

NURSE  
He can't be moved!

Terry pulls his gun from his jacket.

TERRY  
Yes he can! Now walk us out of here.

164 INT HOSPITAL UPPER FLOOR DAY 164

Terry and Kevin flank the frightened Nurse as she gurneys Vogel down the corridor. Kevin wheels the IV alongside her. They pass a couple of Orderlies - and a patient, trying out crutches.

165 INT HOSPITAL ELEVATOR DAY 165

Vogel's eyes flutter open, sedated and disoriented. He wonders who the strange faces are above him.

NURSE

Where are you taking him?

KEVIN

We want a second opinion.

NURSE

When the Demarol wears off he'll be in great pain.

TERRY

Good!

166 INT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR DAY 166

Now they're really moving, picking up the pace as they pass the Nurses' station. Only two sets of doors between them and the outside.

Two suspicious hospital Porters move to intercept them. One of them holds up a hand. The guys pull out their guns. The men back off. Somewhere behind them a Nurse screams.

167 EXT HOSPITAL CAR PARK DAY 167

The Safari's parked by the ambulance bays, hatch back raised, rear seats folded down. The guys and the Nurse wheel the gurney down a sloping ramp.

Kevin and Terry collapse its legs and slide it into the rear. Terry does the same with the IV, then turns to the Nurse.

TERRY

If it's any consolation, he's an evil bastard.

He slams the hatch and the boys jump into the car.

168 INT SAFARI (HOSPITAL) DAY 168

As Terry accelerates, Vogel's eyes flick open.



VOGEL

Who are you? Why are you doing this?

TERRY

You went after my family...

169 EXT HOSPITAL CAR PARK DAY 169

Vogel's black Rover turns into the car park - with Magowan at the wheel. He sees Terry drive away as if leaving a starting grid.

170 INT BAMBAS'S WORKSHOP DAY 170

Kevin holds the doors open as Terry drives the Safari through and parks on the greasy floor. Kevin's Mini still sits on the car jack. The wind whistles through the hole in the rear wall.

Kevin closes the doors, then he and Terry haul the gurney from the Safari. Vogel's fully conscious now, frightened, and in pain.

VOGEL

I could die!

TERRY

Very possibly. But you're going to make a phone call first.

The guys stretch him across the room and dump him none too gently on a workbench among lathes, tools and oil cans. Terry hands him a paint-splattered phone.

TERRY (cont'd)

You tell your man to walk out of there. Tell him that, or I'll take out your fucking kidney stone!

171 INT COTTAGE DAY 171

Wendy busies herself at the stove, tense and frightened. The Kids are watching TV. Charnley answers the phone. She watches him. Sees his expression change.

CHARNLEY

Say that again?...You don't mean that...

172 INT BAMBAS'S WORKSHOP DAY 172

RESUME Vogel, his face creased with pain.

VOGEL

Don't argue, Charnley, just do it.

Terry grabs the receiver.

TERRY

Put my wife on... Wendy? Did he hurt you?... Okay, okay, calm down. Is he walking out the door?... Good. Just sit tight, it's gonna be all right, I promise.

He cuts off the call and starts to dial another number.

A sudden explosion of sound! The doors are demolished as the Rover barrels through them, sending wood fragments showering through the air.

Magowan is out of the car in one lethal movement, a .38 in his hand. He fans the gun around their faces.

MAGOWAN

This is a gun. You move, I'll use it.

As he moves forward to check out Vogel, Kevin raises the gun he's been concealing by his side.

KEVIN

This is a gun too...

He fires twice. One bullet shatters the windshield of the Rover. The next hits Magowan in the hip.

He goes down - but he goes down firing! Terry and Kevin hit the deck as bullets ricochet off the walls.

One bullet hits Vogel in the stomach! He gives a gasp of disbelief and a choking moan. His head tips backwards.

Terry crabs behind the Safari and fires his own gun in Magowan's direction. It's a terrible shot - it shatters the old, stained washbasin.

He sees something else - blood dripping from the workbench, and a crimson stain on Vogel's hospital gown.

TERRY

I think you've just killed the bloke who pays your wages!

MAGOWAN

You're lying!

KEVIN

Don't think so. There's an awful lot of claret on the floor and he don't look too clever.

Magowan shifts his position painfully - and sees it's true. He holsters his gun. The others get slowly to their feet. Magowan grabs the door of the Rover and hauls himself up. His pants are stained with blood, from the thigh wound.

TERRY

You need a doctor, mate.

MAGOWAN

Fuck you!

They all react to the sound of approaching police sirens.

MAGOWAN (cont'd)

Aw, shite!

173 EXT BAMBAS'S WORKSHOP DAY 173

It's now a crime scene, the alley cordoned off. Police cars are parked up, flashing cherries, static from radios. A TV News crew films Vogel's covered body as it's wheeled on a gurney to an ambulance.

Police bring Terry, Kevin and Magowan from the warehouse - all in handcuffs.

174 INT NORA'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM DAY 174

Old furniture, covered in dog hair. Three or four dogs sprawled about. Martine, Bambas and Nora stare at the television, as they watch the evening news.

NEWSCASTER

Three men have been arrested in connection with the shooting death of a man who was abducted from a West End Hospital earlier today -

NORA

That's Terry! That's my nephew.

She slumps in a chair, staring at the screen. Martine nods to Bambas - outside.

175 EXT KENNELS DAY 175

Martine and Bambas come from the house. He looks more shocked than her.

BAMBAS

The guys are fucked. It's over. What we gonna do?

MARTINE

Give me the keys to the van.

BAMBAS

Can't do that.

MARTINE

Give me the keys!

He nods towards the van.

BAMBAS

The stuff in there's our death warrant.

MARTINE

It may be our lifeline.

176 INT INTERVIEW ROOM POLICE STATION

176

A bare room, except for two chairs and a table that separates Terry and Given. A uniformed Cop by the closed door.

TERRY

The bullet in Vogel wasn't from my gun.

GIVEN

What were you and your mate doing with shooters?

TERRY

I told you, it was a desperate situation. One of his thugs was holding my wife and kids. Are they okay?

GIVEN

Sussex police are driving them up to London. Why would Vogel do that, Terry?

Terry shrugs, as if he'd no idea. Given savours the moment before dropping his bombshell.

GIVEN (cont'd)

Could it be anything to do with what you took in the Baker Street job?

Terry blinks - he wasn't expecting that one.

TERRY

Don't know what you're talking about.

GIVEN

I know the whole team. Yourself, Kevin Swain, the late Dave Shilling. Your Greek pal, Bambas and Guy Singer. You're all stuffed, Terry. We know everything.

TERRY

I want a lawyer.

GIVEN

You need one.

177 EXT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE NIGHT 177

The dead of night. The only vehicle on the bridge is a black cab, heading south into Barnes.

178 EXT TIM'S HOUSE BARNES COMMON NIGHT 178

A light comes on in an upstairs window of a comfortable family house. The taxi idles outside the front gate.

The front door opens to reveal Tim, a silk dressing gown over his pyjamas. His expression is a mixture of surprise and relief as he registers the figure on the doorstep.

TIM

Martine...

179 INT LIVING ROOM TIM'S HOUSE NIGHT 179

Tim switches on a couple of lamps, leaving most of the room in shadow. Martine puts a shoulder bag on the floor.

TIM

Can I get you something? Scotch?

She shakes her head, no.

TIM (cont'd)

It's good to see you. Sorry things got messy for a while.

MARTINE

You were sorry for your own arse, Tim, not for me.

TIM

Well, saving your much more attractive arse is in all our interests, isn't it? With the rest of them out of the loop, we're back to square one, just you and me. Have you got everything?

MARTINE

Yes.

He relaxes visibly.

TIM

Then hand it over and you're on your way.  
New person, new country. Somewhere warm,  
I imagine.

She studies his complacent smile for a few moments, then digs into her bag.

MARTINE

I brought you the morning papers.

TIM

'Police quiz robbery suspects'?

MARTINE

No, there's nothing about that.

She hands over the *Express*, the *Mail* and the *Mirror*. He glances at them and the color drains from his face.

In the *Mirror*, a picture of a young blonde on the lap of a naked, middle-aged man. The Banner headline reads: 'THE ADMIRAL AND THE CALL GIRL'. The *Express* has the same picture below: 'MINISTER'S LOVE-NEST IN REGENT'S PARK', and a byline 'Police Probe Link with Drysdale Suicide.'

TIM

Jesus Christ!

MARTINE

Quiet, you'll wake the children.

TIM

How did this happen?

MARTINE

My solicitor has other sealed envelopes.  
If you don't do as I say he'll drip-feed  
them to the press every day.

TIM

We can gag the press!

MARTINE

The French will take them. They'll print  
anything.

TIM

You've fucking ruined me!

Tim's WIFE enters, a wrap over her nightdress. She doesn't know Martine and looks at her curiously.

WIFE

Tim, is something wrong? Who is this?

MARTINE

I'm Martine.

WIFE

Do you work with Tim or something?

MARTINE

I used to work *under* him.

She gives a wicked smile, making it obvious what she means.

OVER, Rod Stewart sings: *'Every Picture Tells a Story'*

180 EXT TEN DOWNING STREET DAY 180

Lisle gets out of a black sedan car and enters Number 10, Downing Street, passing the uniformed Policeman on the door.

CAPTION: *The Prime Minister's Official Residence, Sunday, Sep 19th, 9.05 a.m...*

181 INT ANTE ROOM (TEN DOWNING STREET) DAY 181

The morning papers with their lurid headlines are spread out on a table. Lisle sits waiting nervously under an enormous oil painting of Winston Churchill. He gets to his feet as RAWLEY enters, a humorless Civil Servant in his forties.

RAWLEY

The Prime Minister doesn't like you people. He'd prefer that you stayed in your underground burrows.

LISLE

Nevertheless I think there are certain things he needs to know.

He indicates the lurid headlines.

LISLE (cont'd)

This is just the tip of the iceberg.  
These people have one particular picture -

RAWLEY

Of whom?

LISLE

I can't tell you. Suffice to say it's a very important person.

RAWLEY

(irritated)

I'm a very important person. The Prime Minister is a very, very important person... Good God, it's not him, is it?

LISLE

No, it's not him. It's a very, very, very important person.

RAWLEY

You can't mean the Royal Family...

182      INT    CELL    POLICE STATION    DAY      182

Kevin lies on the bunk. He hasn't slept or shaved. He looks up as the cell door is unlocked. A uniformed Constable gestures him to follow.

183      INT    CORRIDOR    POLICE STATION    DAY      183

Kevin steps out the cell and is surprised to see Terry standing there.

KEVIN

Tel! What's going on?

TERRY

They're letting us go.

KEVIN

What do you mean?

TERRY

I mean we're out of here.

KEVIN

(stunned)

Why?!

Terry can't believe he said that in front of the Cop. He glares at Kevin.

TERRY

Why, Kevin? 'Cos we're innocent!



KEVIN

Oh. Right!

184      EXT      POLICE STATION      (MARYLEBONE)      DAY      184

Terry and Kevin walk into the sunlight. They're surprised to see Guy standing there.

KEVIN

Where did they pick you up, Guy?

GUY

Doncaster races.

KEVIN

Hope you picked a few winners.

He looks embarrassed and sheepish.

GUY

They roughed me up a little. And I have a heart condition. So I'm afraid I told them more than I should.

TERRY

Are you saying it was you who shopped us? Whatever happened to 'Name, rank and serial number' - Major?

GUY

I was frightened, I was confused! Though not as confused as I am now.

He glances at the police station and drops his voice.

GUY (cont'd)

D'you think this is some sort of trap?  
D'you think by letting us go they're hoping we'll lead them to the loot?  
Which of course I've never seen a penny of.

KEVIN

You're asking for a kicking, Guy!

TERRY

Piss off - and keep it in your pants!

Guy walks away as a dark green Jaguar pulls up at the kerb. Kevin's amazed to see Snow get out from behind the wheel. He gives the guys a nod.

KEVIN

(to Terry)

That's the bloke who planked you. What's he now, our chauffeur?

Snow opens the rear door. Terry's kids leap out and run to him. He bends down to scoop them up in his arms. Then looks up to see Wendy getting out behind them. It's hard to read her expression. He gives her a hug and walks her away, out of earshot from the others.

TERRY

Wendy... it looks like we're gonna be okay.

WENDY

What's that mean?

TERRY

We'll be going abroad probably. In the sun, y'know. We'll be in clover, girl.

WENDY

I don't want to bring up my kids in a foreign country. Not speaking the language or having any friends. What sort of life's that?

TERRY

A better life than we had here.

WENDY

What was so wrong with it?

185

INT CONFERENCE ROOM (SAFE HOUSE) DAY

185

An anonymous room, dominated by a large oval table. Urquhart flicks through the contents of a thick folder. Next to it is Sonia's black book. He's watched by Terry, Kevin, Martine and Bambas. Satisfied, he closes it.

MARTINE

We've kept a few choice items. For insurance.

URQUHART

I'm sure you have.

He's waiting for something else. Martine milks the moment before skimming a brown envelope across the polished surface of the table. Urquhart slides out 'that' picture and his face registers relief.

KEVIN  
Glad my old Mum didn't see that.

URQUHART  
And she never will...

He puts everything in a briefcase and locks it securely.

URQUHART (cont'd)  
Your documents will take a day or two.  
Choose what names you want to use. And  
I'll need photographs for the passports.

TERRY  
Kev could do you a good deal on those.

They laugh at this. Urquhart doesn't. He gets up with the briefcase and walks towards the door.

TERRY (cont'd)  
Where's your mate, Tim?

URQUHART  
(with a frosty smile)  
Sierra Leone.

186 EXT SAFE HOUSE DAY

186

The team has been corralled in a large Edwardian mansion in its own secluded grounds. The first autumn leaves blow around the gravel drive.

Terry and Martine walk down the front steps. She's dressed for leaving - coat and a shoulder bag.

TERRY  
I never really thanked you for what you did. 'Cos you could've been long gone. With all of it.

MARTINE  
I have enough. Wendy okay?

TERRY  
I've had to make her a few promises.

MARTINE  
Then you'd better keep them.

He nods, that's for sure.

TERRY  
So you gonna tell me where you're going?

MARTINE

I would've done if you were coming with me.

TERRY

Then I won't ask.

187 INT POLICE STATION C.I.D. OPS ROOM DAY 187

Terry walks into the room and every Cop stops what they're doing. The typewriters are silenced, the buzz of conversation dies. He walks through this gauntlet of hostility towards Given, who's talking into a phone. He's the last to see Terry. When he does he cuts off the caller and puts down the receiver.

GIVEN

What do you want?

TERRY

A quiet word. You and me.

Given gestures him to come inside an empty office.

188 INT OFFICE POLICE STATION DAY 188

Given stares coldly at Terry as he shuts the door behind him.

TERRY

Look, I know you're pissed off. Didn't come to gloat, okay? Came to give you something.

GIVEN

Go on.

TERRY

The guy who found my wife tracked her down from my phone records to the estate agent. Only a cop could do that.

GIVEN

Meaning what?

TERRY

You've got a bent one. A real bad 'un. I heard Vogel say his name. Charnley. Know him?

It's obvious from his expression that he does. Terry takes a ledger page from his pocket.

TERRY (cont'd)

This was from Vogel's box. A pay-out list. Amounts and names. He wasn't the only one.

Given scans the list and his face hardens.

189 EXT SOHO ALLEY DAY

189

Charnley comes out of a strip club, blinking at the daylight. He exchanges a laugh with a Bouncer on the door - he's obviously a regular.

REVERSE ANGLE on a car across the street containing Given and Driscoll in front, Terry and Wendy in the rear.

WENDY

That's him.

Given and Driscoll get out of the car. Charnley sees them, with a smile of recognition. Then his expression changes as he catches a glimpse of Wendy in the car.

He takes off down the alley, knocking people aside. The cops give chase. Terry leaps out of the car.

WENDY (cont'd)

Stay out of this, Terry!

Charnley reaches the end of the alley. A street market ahead. He swerves to his left. Only one route open - a building site.

190 EXT BUILDING SITE DAY

190

Charnley races across the site, dodging between scaffolding and plant. He bounces off a concrete mixer and stumbles over a pile of sand. Workers in hard-hats react from the half-completed building above.

Given and Driscoll stumble after Charnley. Terry angles off, going for a flanker.

Charnley circles round an excavator and sprints across open ground, increasing the gap between him and the two cops.

Terry steps out from behind a pile of bricks, a section of scaffolding pipe in his hand. He whacks it across Charnley's legs. He goes down, screaming in pain and falls into a shallow drainage ditch.

TERRY

That was for Dave.

He throws down the pipe and leaps on top of Charnley, lying in mud and sand.

TERRY (cont'd)  
And this is for my wife and kids!

He pops him with a right. Given wraps his arms round him and pulls him off. Driscoll drops down and cuffs Charnley.

Given looks at Terry as he gulps down air, trying to catch his breath.

GIVEN  
I'll put him away. But I'm still after you, Terry.

TERRY  
I might be a bit hard to find.

DISSOLVE TO:

191 EXT HARBOR MEDITERRANEAN DAY

191

Some time later. Luxury yachts moored in a sun-dappled Mediterranean harbor. One of them is named 'BOODLE', registered in Monaco. Kevin jumps down onto the dock. He gives a piercing whistle and shouts:

KEVIN  
Come on, Tel! English papers will be in.

Terry appears and joins him. They look tanned and fit, in shorts and Lacoste shirts. They walk down the harbor, savoring the sight and sounds and the beautiful people.

Kevin notices something and nudges Terry.

KEVIN (cont'd)  
That look familiar?

It's the Burtons' yacht! Fresh flowers adorn the after deck.

TERRY  
I don't believe it! Looks more at home here than it ever did in ratty old Wapping.

KEVIN  
Still a nice boat. Funny though, it's smaller than I remember.

TERRY

Yeah, yours is bigger. And of course  
you've got the fiberglass hull...

A STEWARD appears with Elizabeth's two dogs. He leads them  
down the gangplank onto the quay. Some instinct makes the  
dogs growl as they pass the boys and snap at their heels.  
The Steward yanks them away.

STEWARD

Sorry. Don't know what got into them.  
They never do that!

TERRY

They'd have been a handful. Yappy little  
bleeders!

MUSIC kicks in: *Mister Blue Sky* by the Electric Light  
Orchestra.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, above the gleaming boats and sparkling  
water, up into that hot, bright, blue sky...

OVER we read the end crawl:

*A few days after the robbery a media  
blackout was imposed 'in the interests  
of National Security'. No follow-up  
stories ever appeared in the press...*

*Several prominent Government figures were  
forced to resign. A dozen members of  
Scotland Yard's elite 'Flying Squad' were  
prosecuted for taking pay-offs from Soho  
pornographers...*

*Michael X returned to Trinidad, where he was  
later hanged for murder...*

*No money was ever recovered. No arrests were  
made. 'Martine Love' achieved her ambition.  
She vanished...*

FADE TO BLACK