

No Way!

Story and
screenplay by
Stan Thompson

NO WAY!

By Stan Thompson

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OVERVIEW

Within days of being released from prison, with a sentence for armed robbery under his belt, Liam Deacon becomes embroiled in a matrix of contemporary crime, including murder and blackmail.

And, at the same time, a glamorous serial killer is slashing her way through a hit list of Liam's former partners in crime. Could Liam be next on her list?

But it doesn't take long for Liam to unravel the agonising truth behind a web of deceit and betrayal, which leads him to a devastating discovery and a shocking outcome.

The action takes place in and around the fictional market town of Linton, Bedfordshire, during the summer of 1990.

CAST (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)

Character	Age guide
<i>Jack Boyle (no dialogue)</i>	42
<i>Maggie Deacon</i>	45
<i>Liam Deacon</i>	24
<i>Detective Chief Inspector, Gordon Palmer</i>	56
<i>Detective Sergeant, Dave Lovelock</i>	33
<i>Home Office Pathologist, Jacob Foster</i>	57
<i>Paula Richardson</i>	23
<i>Frank Brewer</i>	44
<i>Stuart Lambert</i>	47
<i>Rick Spicer</i>	24
<i>Mandy Gibbs</i>	23
<i>Colin Pritchard</i>	24
<i>Edward Deacon</i>	65
<i>Vernon Walker (no dialogue)</i>	43
<i>Tracy Sharp</i>	23
<i>Martin Draper (no dialogue)</i>	42
<i>Stephen Deacon (no dialogue)</i>	30
<i>Mary Pritchard</i>	62
<i>Eric Reed</i>	64
<i>Uniform Police Officers x 2</i>	30

*THE CHARACTERS AND FIRMS DEPICTED IN THIS SCREENPLAY
ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD,
OR TO ACTUAL FIRMS IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.*

Superimpose opening titles over first three scenes.

EXTERIOR: JACK BOYLE'S house, New Linton Road, early morning

An establishing shot of an imposing, detached 1930s house in a salubrious neighbourhood.

INTERIOR: JACK BOYLE'S bedroom, early morning

An attractive woman is getting dressed. (We do not see her face – all shots of her are taken from behind, or from below.) She buttons-up a silk blouse and slips on a tailored suit jacket. Even in the filtered, early morning daylight we can appreciate the beauty and deportment of this woman of an indiscernible age. She applies some lipstick, puts on a mink stole, collects her handbag and leaves the room. She has blonde hair. JACK BOYLE'S mutilated body continues to saturate the expensive bed linen. Crimson tributaries flow from his lacerated throat. The scene is a blood bath.

EXTERIOR: JACK BOYLE'S, New Linton Road, early morning

The attractive blonde leaves the house. (Again, we do not see her face.) She does not hurry. She walks slowly to a waiting mini-cab, parked on a nearby corner. She gets into the back of the blue Datsun, which drives off. A milk float pulls up opposite the house.

EXTERIOR: Bedford Prison, later that morning

MAGGIE DEACON has driven to the prison in her son's (LIAM DEACON) 1965 Ford Zodiac. She is an attractive blonde in her mid-forties. She is wearing blue Levi jeans and a denim shirt. She is leaning against the car's front wing. Liam is let out from a side door of the prison at precisely 07:00.

MAGGIE: *(waiving at LIAM)*

Liam! Over here luv!

LIAM: *(approaching MAGGIE)*

Mum! What are you doing here? I told you not to come. And you've brought my motor!

MAGGIE: *(beginning to cry)*

Oh, Liam...

LIAM: *(giving her a big hug)*

Don't cry, mum. I'm all right, really. And you're looking great.

MAGGIE:

Well, I don't feel that great. And just look at you – you're so thin! Didn't they feed you in there?

LIAM:

Sort of. Nothing like your cooking though.

MAGGIE: *(handing him the car keys)*

Drive us home, Liam. I've got it insured for you.

LIAM and MAGGIE get into the car. LIAM takes the wheel and they drive off.

INTERIOR: LIAM DEACON'S Ford Zodiac, morning

LIAM and MAGGIE are driving along the A6 towards Linton.

MAGGIE:

Why wouldn't you let us visit you in prison, son?

LIAM:

Oh, I dunno...I suppose I didn't want anyone seeing me banged-up.

MAGGIE:

We all wanted to come. Especially Paula.

LIAM:

I know you did, mum. I just couldn't face seeing nobody. I tried to explain in my letters.....anyway, I'm out now. No point going on about it.

MAGGIE: *(deep in thought)*

Liam, I want you to know how very sorry I am about everything that's happened. I just want you to know that.

LIAM: *(slightly puzzled)*

Thanks mum. But I've only got myself to blame. Haven't I?

MAGGIE and LIAM are both silent for a short while.

MAGGIE: *(reaching for a carrier bag on the back seat)*

I've got you a welcome-home present, son.

LIAM:

What is it?

MAGGIE opens the bag and shows Liam its contents.

Wow! Eight-track tape cassettes! Motown too! Cheers mum.

He slips one of the tapes into the car's ancient stereo system. The sound of the Four Tops singing 'It's The Same Old Song' comes booming out.

EXTERIOR: The A6, morning.

The car travels through open countryside.

INTERIOR: Liam's Ford Zodiac, morning

MAGGIE and LIAM are approaching the outskirts of Linton, where they both live. The music continues in the background.

LIAM:

Motor's going really well, mum. Thanks for looking after it.

MAGGIE:

Well, you've got your uncle Edward to thank for that. Kept it in one of the firm's garages. Serviced it too. He knows how much you worship it.

LIAM:

Yeah, I love this motor. You must too? I'm glad you kept it for me after dad died. It means a lot to me. Does it bring back memories? You and dad must have driven in it a lot?

MAGGIE:

We did our courting in it. Them early days were wonderful: we were so young. It's funny seeing you behind the wheel. You remind me so much of your dad. You look a lot like he did in them days.

LIAM:

Wish I could remember more about him.

EXTERIOR: JACK BOYLE'S house, New Linton Road, morning

The police have cordoned-off the road. Several police vehicles and a mortuary van are parked outside. A uniformed officer stands guard outside the house.

INTERIOR: JACK BOYLE'S bedroom, morning

Scene of crime officers are active in the room. The area is awash with blood and gore. Home Office pathologist, JACOB FOSTER, is examining Jack Boyle's mutilated body. A police photographer records every gruesome detail. Technicians search for vital forensic evidence. DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR, GORDON PALMER and DETECTIVE SERGEANT DAVE LOVELOCK have been assigned to investigate this heinous crime.

PALMER: *(staring at the body)*

Poor bastard. Do we know who he is?

LOVELOCK:

Jack Edwin Boyle, 42. Second-hand car dealer. We found ID in his desk downstairs.

FOSTER: *(getting up from examining the body)*

Morning gentlemen. A nice messy one for you, this time.

PALMER:

Hello Jacob. Dragged you away from the golf course, have we?

FOSTER:

Golf? No such luck. But my wife won't be happy – I'd promised her a trip to Harrods today.

PALMER:

Well think of all the money you'll be saving instead. (*looking at the body*) Any idea of the time of death?

FOSTER:

At a rough guess, I reckon between two and seven this morning. I'll be able to give a more precise time once I've sliced and diced this afternoon.

PALMER:

Cause of death? I suppose that's obvious.

FOSTER:

Well it looks like a classic textbook throat slitting - massive blood loss and trauma occasioned by repeated slashing of the carotid arteries and jugular veins – that's my initial findings. No sign just yet of any murder weapon, which could be a barber's razor judging by the injuries inflicted.

LOVELOCK:

We're looking for the murder weapon, sir, as we speak - I've ordered a thorough search of the house and all of the nearby gardens.

PALMER:

It might be worth looking down the drains. The killer might have dropped it down a grid on his way out.

FOSTER: (*returning to the body*)

I'll see you later at the PM then, gentlemen. Fifteen hundred hours. Don't be late.

PALMER:

We wouldn't miss it for the world, Jacob. (*addressing Lovelock*) So who found the body, by the way?

LOVELOCK:

The cleaning woman – a Mrs Rita Purvis. She phoned for an ambulance at 07:28. She comes in early during the week to make Boyle's breakfast. The poor old girl's so upset that I've had to get a WPC to take her home. I'll take her statement later.

PALMER:

So, what have we got to go on so far, then?

LOVELOCK:

Well, it looks as though Boyle spent the night with a woman. There's evidence of sexual activity. And a strong smell of perfume on the bedclothes. Chanel Number 5, I reckon – I bought some for my Brenda last Christmas.

PALMER: *(surprised)*

Really? I can't afford that stuff for my wife. Anything known about the deceased?

LOVELOCK:

We think he's a bachelor. Looks like he lives here alone. Oh yes, and believed to be a close friend of one, Frank Albert Brewer. The uniform boys are pretty certain that Boyle's been involved in some dodgy dealings with Brewer. I'm told both Boyle and Brewer have got form as juveniles. But nothing recent though. Brewer lives in a posher house on The Avenue. Still thought to be involved in local crime – strong belief that he was behind an armed robbery in Linton a couple of years ago.

PALMER:

Let's look into that, then. Maybe there's a connection. In the meantime, interview the neighbours. Find out if anybody saw Jack Boyle with a woman last night. Check out any relatives. He's bound to have some family locally. And let me know if the murder weapon turns up. Then meet me back at HQ. Hopefully, we'll get to the PM on time to keep Jacob happy.

EXTERIOR: MAGGIE DEACON'S house, Linton, morning

LIAM and MAGGIE pull up in the Zodiac. They both get out and LIAM takes a lingering look at the house and the surroundings. They both go inside.

INTERIOR: LIAM DEACON'S bedroom, morning

LIAM drops his bag on the bed. He opens the window and looks round the room. He selects a cassette tape for playback in his stereo system. 'It Was Just My Imagination' by the Temptations fills the room. Liam gazes at the bed.

[DISSOLVE TO FLASHBACK]

INTERIOR: LIAM DEACON'S bedroom, night, 18 months earlier

LIAM and his girlfriend, PAULA RICHARDSON are in bed. They have just made love. The same Temptations' track is playing softly in the background.

PAULA: *(worried)*

Are you OK, Liam? You're not your usual self. Is it anything I've done?

LIAM:

Hey, I'm sorry, Paula. I've got a lot on my mind, that's all. It's not you. Honest.

PAULA:

Do you want to talk about it?

LIAM:

No, it's all right. I've just got a few things to sort out. Nothing to worry about.

PAULA:

Well, forget about them then and show me how much you love me.

LIAM:

Look, Paula – it's late and I've got a really heavy day tomorrow. Do you mind if I run you home now?

PAULA:

Oh, I was hoping I could stay the night. Are you sure it's not me?

LIAM:

No. It's not you – it really isn't. I promise. I'm not good company right now. I'll make it up to you another time.

He gets out of bed and pulls on his jeans.

PAULA:

I love your bum....

**[END OF FLASHBACK – CUT TO PRESENT DAY IN LIAM'S
BEDROOM]**

LIAM'S reminiscences of that last night with PAULA are suddenly interrupted and dissipated.

MAGGIE: *(voice over – calling from downstairs)*

Liam, do you fancy a cup of tea?

LIAM: *(calling down to her)*

Yes please, mum. Two sugars and a bacon sandwich!

LIAM opens his wardrobe and takes out his favourite jeans.

EXTERIOR: Offices of solicitor, STUART LAMBERT, Linton, day

STUART LAMBERT'S brass nameplate is displayed outside. FRANK BREWER pulls up in a well-preserved, classic Bentley. He is alone. He parks the limo on a double yellow line and enters the building.

INTERIOR: Reception area of solicitor, STUART LAMBERT'S office, day

Receptionist, PAULA RICHARDSON, is typing as FRANK BREWER enters.

BREWER:

Morning, Paula. You're looking as gorgeous as ever.

PAULA: *(ignoring his patronising remarks and not looking up from her typewriter)*

Good morning, Mr Brewer. You can go straight through. Mr Lambert's expecting you.

BREWER:

Always so formal, aren't we, Paula? I suppose it impresses the punters.

PAULA does not respond. She carries on typing. Brewer goes straight through to LAMBERT'S private office. He enters without knocking.

INTERIOR: Private office of solicitor, STUART LAMBERT, day

BREWER barges in. LAMBERT is at his desk conducting a conversation on a new, brick-like, mobile phone. He looks up at BREWER.

LAMBERT: *(talking on his mobile phone as BREWER enters)*

"Look, sorry, I've got a client. I'll call you back later. Yeah, this afternoon, I promise. Bye."

BREWER:

Hope I haven't interrupted anything important, Stuart?

LAMBERT:

No, Frank. Nothing that can't wait. Take a pugh. Fancy a drink? I've got a splendid single malt.

BREWER:

No thanks, Stuart. It's a bit early, even by my standards! Look, I haven't got much time. So what's so important that you wanted to see me so urgently?

LAMBERT:

Liam Deacon.

BREWER:

Deacon? That little tosser?

LAMBERT:

Yeah. He got out this morning. His mum, Maggie picked him up from Bedford prison.

BREWER:

How do you know this? His little tart out front tell you?

LAMBERT:

Maybe, but I do have plenty of contacts in my game. But what are we gonna do about Liam Deacon now he's out?

BREWER:

Wait a day or two then pay him a visit when the lovely Maggie's not around. Remind him of his obligations. Ask him when he proposes to return my property. Then give me a bell. Me and the boys will also look him up. But don't warn him about that. We'll keep it a surprise. We'll surprise him all right.

EXTERIOR: County Police HQ, day

An establishing shot of this typical 1960s ugly concrete office building.

INTERIOR: Third floor Incident Room, County Police HQ, day

DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR, GORDON PALMER and DETECTIVE SERGEANT DAVE LOVELOCK are standing in front of a huge display board on which they have pinned scene of crime photos of JACK BOYLE'S murder.

PALMER:

So what do we know so far about the night of Jack Boyle's murder?

LOVELOCK:

Local door-to-door enquiries haven't turned up that much. Just one sighting of Boyle arriving home with 'an attractive blonde woman' at around 02:30. A neighbour opposite had to visit the bathroom and saw them from his window getting out of a dark blue or black minicab. Not much of a description of his female companion, just a blonde woman in a fur coat.

PALMER:

Fur coat and no knickers, no doubt.

LOVELOCK:

But the local milkman witnessed seeing a 'tasty blonde tart in a fur coat' leaving Boyle's house at around 06:10 and getting into a dark blue minicab – possibly a Datsun, or (*laughing*) 'Dachshund', as he described it.

PALMER:

How are we getting on trying to trace these mini-cabs? Possibly the same vehicle, or cab company both times?

LOVELOCK:

Enquiries are still ongoing with the local mini-cab firms. We'll widen our enquiries, if necessary. She may have come from outside the area.

PALMER: *(slightly irritated)*

Well let's get a move on with that. And what about Jack Boyle's family? Anything helpful there?

LOVELOCK:

He never married. We don't know yet of any recent relationships. Both his parents died of natural causes in the 80s. He's got an only sibling - older brother, Cyril, 63, in a nursing home in Eastbourne. But they've not seen each other in years, according to the matron at the nursing home. But I'm running some checks on brother, Cyril. His name seems to ring a bell.

PALMER:

Follow that up, then. *(a moment)* Well, according to Boyle's diary, we know that he had a meeting with Frank Brewer on the day leading up to his murder. Let's pay Brewer a visit and see what he has to say.

EXTERIOR: M1 motorway, day

FRANK BREWER is speeding along the south bound carriage way in his Bentley. He is alone.

INTERIOR: FRANK BREWER'S Bentley travelling along the M1, day

FRANK BREWER is speaking on his car telephone to STUART LAMBERT.

[INTERCUT WITH LAMBERT IN HIS OFFICE]

BREWER: *(anxious)*

Stuart, I've had a phone call from the police. They want to interview me in connection with Jack Boyle's murder.

LAMBERT:

That's not a problem, is it? You didn't top him, I assume?

BREWER:

Of course I fucking didn't!

LAMBERT:

Then you've got nothing to worry about, have you? Just stay calm and tell them only what they need to know.

BREWER:

Yeah. I will. Poor old Jack. Nasty business. His head was almost severed.

LAMBERT:

Yeah, so they say. And the murderer is believed to be a woman, apparently. Could have been a girlfriend. Someone he spent the night with.

BREWER: *(puzzled)*

A girlfriend, eh? That's rum.

EXTERIOR: Dog and Duck pub's car park, Linton, day

LIAM DEACON drives into the pub's car park in his Ford Zodiac. He is meeting up with his best mate, RICK SPICER.

INTERIOR: Dog and Duck pub, day

LIAM DEACON walks into the lounge bar. RICK SPICER is leaning against the bar. He is wearing a brown, leather bomber jacket with a girly pin-up motif on the back.

LIAM:

Mine's a lager, Rick.

RICK: *(surprised)*

Fuckin' hell! Who let you out then!

They hug each other and shake hands.

You might have written.....

LIAM:

Thought I'd come and surprise you.

RICK:

Always the cool one, eh?

LIAM:

That's me. And I could murder that pint.

RICK: *(addressing the barman across the bar)*

Another pint here please, Tom.

RICK pays for the beer and passes it to LIAM.

LIAM: *(gulping down the beer)*

Cheers, Rick.

RICK:

Cheers, Liam, mate. Welcome home!

LIAM:

So, how's things?

RICK:

Not bad. Got myself a steady woman at last!

LIAM:

Yeah?

RICK:

You remember Alison Simpson? Works up at the Shell garage?

LIAM:

Yeah I remember her – fit tall bird with curly blonde hair?

RICK:

That's her. Me and Ali have been living together for about six months. Got ourselves a mortgage, would you believe? Got one of them new town houses on the Barratt estate.

LIAM: *(sincere)*

That's great. I'm really pleased for you both. You'll have to invite us over some time. So what happened to you and Tracy? I thought you'd still be together?

RICK:

Nah, we split up shortly after you went inside. We was never that properly suited. You know? Things are much better with Ali. She understands me more.

LIAM:

I'm really sorry, mate that I never got to explain about me and your Tracy. Seeing her behind your back. I was a right cunt behaving like that. I'm surprised you ain't thumped me yet.

RICK:

Well I was pretty pissed-off when I found out. But it's all water under the bridge. I'm with Ali now. Things are great. That's the main thing. So, what about you? You seen your Paula since you got out? You do know she's working for that bent brief, Brewer? The one who defended you in court.

LIAM:

Yeah, I had heard. Have you seen her around while I've been banged-up?

RICK:

No. She's not been putting herself about. No other blokes, if that's what you mean. Hardly seen her at all, to be honest.

LIAM:

I thought she might have forgotten about me. Wouldn't have blamed her. I'm going round her place later.

RICK:

You know you haven't said what it was like inside? I was worried about you. You must have realised?

LIAM:

I know. I should have written. I'm sorry. There's not much to tell, really. Just that I survived. And I just want to forget about it now. Put it all behind me. But thanks for caring.

RICK:

There's one thing that puzzles me, though?

LIAM:

Yeah? What's that?

RICK:

How did you know I'd be here?

LIAM:

That was easy. I phoned the crematorium. Eric Reed told me it was your day off. I guessed you'd be here.

RICK:

Eric's a good bloke. He's retiring next month. He reckons I'll be up for his job as chief operator.

LIAM:

Ha-ha! Hope you've got plenty of change for the gas meter!

RICK:

Cheeky sod! So what are you going to do, then? Go back to working for your uncles up at the funeral parlour? You love driving them big Daimler hearses, don't you?

LIAM: *(confident)*

Yeah. I'm seeing my uncle Edward later. Mum reckons he'll offer me my old job back.

RICK:

That's brilliant. Then you can pop in for a cuppa when you're dropping a stiff off!

EXTERIOR: Dog and Duck pub's car park, Linton, day

RICK SPICER follows LIAM DEACON out of the pub. Rick is still clutching his pint beer glass.

RICK: *(staring at LIAM'S car)*

Zodiac's still looking tasty, Liam.

LIAM:

Yeah. My uncles looked after it for me. Serviced it as well. OK. I'll catch up with you later, then.

RICK:

We'll be in here tonight from about eight. Ali's coming straight from work.

LIAM:

Might see you later, then. Bye.

RICK:

Bye, mate.

LIAM DEACON climbs into the Zodiac. He switches on the stereo. 'Dancing in the Street' by Martha Reeves and the Vandellas thunders out from its speakers. LIAM drives off. RICK watches until the car is out of sight. He walks back inside the pub.

EXTERIOR: FRANK BREWER'S car showrooms, Linton, day

DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR, GORDON PALMER and DETECTIVE SERGEANT DAVE LOVELOCK pull up in an unidentified police Jaguar. They get out of the car and go inside the car showrooms.

INTERIOR: FRANK BREWER'S car showrooms, Linton, day

FRANK BREWER is sitting behind his desk in his private office. DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR, GORDON PALMER and DETECTIVE SERGEANT DAVE LOVELOCK are shown into the room by the receptionist, MANDY GIBBS.

MANDY: *(concerned)*

The police are here to see you, Mr Brewer.

BREWER:

Thank you, Mandy.

Addressing the police as MANDY leaves the room

Come in, gentlemen. Please sit down.

PALMER: *(producing his formal ID)*

Thank you. Detective Chief Inspector, Gordon Palmer and Detective Sergeant, David Lovelock, CID, County Police.

BREWER:

Frank Brewer. How can I help you?

PALMER:

I'll come straight to the point, Mr Brewer. As I mentioned over the telephone earlier, we're investigating the murder of Jack Edwin Boyle. I believe you were acquainted with him?

BREWER:

Terrible news. Shocking. Yes, we did some business together, from time to time.

LOVELOCK:

What kind of business would that have been, Mr Brewer?

BREWER:

Motor trade. I specialise in top-end, second hand vehicles. You probably noticed a few of them on your way in: big Mercs, Rollers, Jags, etc. We do well here with them sort of motors. Jack buys, or used to buy, some of my trade-ins from time to time. And he'd sell me any of his vehicles that he couldn't shift.

PALMER:

I see, so it was purely a business relationship?

BREWER:

Yeah, that's right.

LOVELOCK:

You weren't actually close friends, then?

BREWER:

Well, not really. We had the odd drink or meal together. But that was to discuss business. We weren't proper mates, if that's what you mean?

PALMER:

Can you confirm your whereabouts for Tuesday night and the early hours of Wednesday morning, Mr Brewer?

BREWER: *(making an exaggerated point of checking his desk diary)*

Let me see now. Tuesday night – yes, lodge meeting. I left there around eleven. Had a curry afterwards at the Bombay Tandoori on West Street with the Worshipful Master, Trevor Collins. We stayed there till gone one. They had to phone for a minicab to take us home. We dropped Trevor off first, and I got back home about two, I guess. It was a bit of a heavy night – I overslept the next morning and didn't arrive here till gone ten. You can check that with Mandy.

LOVELOCK:

You live alone, Mr Brewer?

BREWER:

Yes. I'm not married, or nothing.

LOVELOCK:

So, can we assume then that there's no one to corroborate that you did not leave your home again during the early hours of Wednesday morning?

BREWER: *(irritated)*

No. What are you getting at? Surely you don't suspect me of murdering Jack? It said in the papers that his murderer was probably a woman. A girlfriend or someone. So why are you asking me about my whereabouts? I don't understand.

PALMER:

We have to check out everything, Mr Brewer. It's just routine. But we understand that you did have a meeting with the deceased on the day of his death. We have to investigate and eliminate all possibilities.

BREWER:

I had a business meeting here with Jack on Tuesday. I bought a couple of Beamers off him. You can see them for yourselves – they're both out in the yard. You can even check their log books and the paperwork, if you like?

PALMER:

That will not be necessary, thank you. If you could just tell us the name of the minicab company you used early Wednesday morning, we'll disturb you no longer for the time being.

BREWER:

I'm afraid I don't know. You'll have to ask Yakub, the curry house owner. He phoned for the minicab. The driver was Asian, too. Probably one of Yakub's relatives, knowing him.

PALMER:

Thank you, Mr Brewer. We will be speaking with Yakub at the restaurant, and with Trevor Collins at the masonic lodge – the one in Midland Road?

BREWER:

Yeah, that's the one.

LOVELOCK:

Thank you for your co-operation, sir. One last thing: would you happen to know whether Jack Boyle had any regular girlfriends? An attractive blonde in her forties, perhaps? One who is very well-dressed? Wears expensive, designer clothes?

BREWER:

I'm sorry, but I wouldn't know. I never saw him with any women. And he never spoke of any, either. In fact he never discussed much about his personal life with me. He was a secretive kind of bloke.

EXTERIOR: County Police HQ, day

An establishing shot of this typical 1960s building.

INTERIOR: Third floor Incident Room, County Police HQ, day

DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR, GORDON PALMER and DETECTIVE SERGEANT DAVE LOVELOCK have arrived back from their interview with FRANK BREWER.

LOVELOCK: *(finishing a phone call)*

Well, Frank Brewer's alibi seems to hold out, sir. Trevor Collins up at the masonic lodge confirms that he was with Brewer at the Bombay Tandoori on Tuesday night. And Regal Minicabs can confirm the times that both Brewer and Collins were dropped off afterwards. But we've nothing to corroborate that Brewer didn't leave his house again after he got home.

PALMER:

So nothing yet to link Frank Brewer with Boyle's murder, but I've a hunch we'll find a connection. What have you dug up on Brewer?

LOVELOCK:

Our friends in 'Robbery' have an informant who says that Brewer was behind the armed robbery on the Co-op bank in Linton, two years ago.

PALMER:

I seem to recall that. Didn't somebody get shot?

LOVELOCK:

Yes, sir. The manager. Took a bullet in the shoulder. Luckily not fatal. But there was no evidence to connect Brewer with the raid. There were three in the gang – all wearing rubber horror masks – but they all scarpered on foot after the shooting. Got clean away with it, except for the getaway driver.

PALMER:

But didn't we arrest him?

LOVELOCK:

Yes, sir. Young local tearaway, Liam Deacon. He was waiting outside with the engine running. Behind the wheel of a big Ford Zodiac. He managed to get as far as the M1 before we nabbed him. A member of the public spotted the vehicle at Toddington Services.

PALMER:

Didn't we lean on Deacon? Surely we squeezed him a little?

LOVELOCK:

DI, Bill Morgan was the arresting officer. He tells me that he tried some gentle persuasion, but Deacon wouldn't cough. He elected to remain silent after his brief advised him to say nothing. Deacon continued with the silence even at his trial and went down for three years.

PALMER:

Who was his brief?

LOVELOCK:

Have a guess.

PALMER:

Don't tell me. Our local defender of the innocent and persecuted? Stuart Lambert, by any chance?

LOVELOCK:

The very same.

PALMER:

That oily bastard. Maybe we'll pay him a visit too. So, did Bill Morgan learn anymore from his informant?

LOVELOCK:

Word was that Frank Brewer advanced Liam Deacon five grand to get hold of a tuned-up getaway motor from an untraceable source. But dopey Deacon decided to use his own vehicle instead – the hulking Ford Zodiac. Who, in their right mind, would use such a recognisable motor like that for a local bank robbery? And their own motor, too?

PALMER:

Only a complete idiot, I guess. I would have gone for an Audi with bent plates. So what happened to Brewer's five grand? Was it ever found? And was it ever mentioned in evidence?

LOVELOCK:

Bill Morgan's lads searched all of Liam Deacon's hang-outs. They even turned-over his uncles' funeral parlour in Linton. Looked inside the coffins! Deacon was driving for the firm at the time. But no trace of any five grand. But here's a turn up for the book: Liam Deacon was released from Bedford Prison on the morning following Jack Boyle's murder. I had a tip-off from 'Intelligence'. So I pulled his records.

PALMER:

Really, now? Do we know if anyone was there to meet him? Brewer or Lambert, perhaps?

LOVELOCK:

No, but his mother, Maggie Deacon, was waiting for him. She'd driven over in the very same Ford Zodiac used in the robbery! And Liam drove the car home afterwards.

PALMER:

We'd better keep an eye on young Liam. Brewer will be wanting his five grand back. He's been waiting a long time.

EXTERIOR: PAULA RICHARDSON'S apartment block, Linton, day

LIAM DEACON is standing at the main entrance. He activates the bell-push and talks into the intercom.

LIAM:

Hi Paula. It's me, Liam. Can I come up?

PAULA: *(voice over)*

'Liam! Yes, of course!'

The front door opens and LIAM DEACON enters the building.

INTERIOR: PAULA RICHARDSON'S apartment, Linton, day

PAULA RICHARDSON opens the door. LIAM DEACON walks in, looking round the flat at the same time.

LIAM: *(ill at ease)*

Hey. Nice flat. Really cosy.

They embrace awkwardly.

PAULA:

I was hoping you'd come over, Liam. I've missed you so much.

LIAM:

Yeah. Me too.

They gradually become more relaxed. Their embrace becomes more intimate. They move onto the sofa.

LIAM: *(slightly coldly)*

I suppose your boss, Stuart Lambert, told you I'd been let out?

PAULA:

He said it should be this week, sometime.

LIAM: *(angrily)*

Why did you have to go and work for that creep? Him of all people.

PAULA: *(firmly)*

I explained all that in my letters, Liam. I needed a job. His old receptionist retired. I saw the job advertised in the local paper. It didn't say it was at Stuart's firm. So I applied and got it. I'm just his receptionist – not his bit on the side. We never socialise. We don't even have lunch together. I just do my work and don't ask questions. Believe me, Liam. That's the arrangement, OK?

LIAM:

It's just the thought of you and that bastard together all the time. Him ogling you while I was banged-up.

PAULA:

He can look at me all he likes, Liam. But I take no notice. Water off a duck's back as far as I'm concerned. I've been saving myself for you, Liam. No boyfriends – this place has been like a convent since you've been away!

INTERIOR: PAULA RICHARDSON'S bedroom, Linton, day

PAULA RICHARDSON and LIAM DEACON are in bed making love. 'My Girl' by The Temptations is playing in the background. Liam is surprisingly virile. He is in perfect control. They both climax together.

PAULA:

It's been a long time, Liam – you haven't lost your touch.....

LIAM:

I've had plenty of time to think about it!

PAULA:

And you've lost some weight – it suits you.

LIAM:

Tried to keep fit while I was banged-up. Worked-out when I could. Volunteered for any outdoor work. Didn't want to come out looking flabby and pasty, like the others.

PAULA:

You look great, considering. *(pause)* I thought you might not want me at first.

LIAM:

You mean you was wondering how I'd cope with sex? Whether I could still get it up? Or whether I'd be a shirt-lifter?

PAULA:

No, Liam, no. That's not what I meant. I just thought you might want some time. Time to get to know each other again. That's all.

LIAM:

I'm sorry, Paula. You know I didn't meant it. Being inside makes you all bitter and twisted. The thought of us being together again was the only way I could get through it.

PAULA:

Was it really that bad? Did you get any grief from the other prisoners?

LIAM:

I got picked on at first. Had to watch out for the bent ones. They gang up on you in the showers. That's normal for first-timers, especially young blokes like me.

PAULA:

Oh, Liam....

LIAM:

I never gave in, though. Got beaten up a couple of times. But in the end they leave you alone. So I kept myself to myself. Made friends with no-one. Just me and my 'old man' for company.

PAULA RICHARDSON gives LIAM DEACON a big hug. They make love again.

EXTERIOR: County Police HQ, day

An establishing shot of this typical 1960s building.

INTERIOR: Third floor Incident Room, County Police HQ, day

DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR, GORDON PALMER is sifting through a pile of reports. DETECTIVE SERGEANT DAVE LOVELOCK enters clutching two telephone notes. He is excited.

LOVELOCK:

A couple of updates, sir: firstly I've tracked down the minicab company who picked up the 'glamorous blonde' from outside Jack Boyle's house. She asked to be dropped off outside the entrance to Stockwood Park. The driver thought it was an odd place to go at that time of the morning. He was worried about her safety – a deserted place at that hour. But she was adamant about being dropped off there. The driver's given our police artist a good description of her. He said she was 'heavily made-up, like Katie Boyle on the telly'.

PALMER:

Really? So she took her time titivating herself after shagging and butchering her victim? Most killers wouldn't want to hang around afterwards....

LOVELOCK: *(nodding in agreement)*

And secondly, 'Forensics' have been on the blower, sir. They thought you should know straight away.

PALMER: *(irritated)*

Well spit it out, then.

LOVELOCK: *(trying not to laugh at Palmer's unconscious gaffe)*

DNA results have identified two different types of semen from the bedding recovered from Jack Boyle's bedroom. One of them has been positively identified as Boyle's.

PALMER:

And the other one?

LOVELOCK:

No cross-match, unfortunately.

PALMER:

So what's your theory, David?

LOVELOCK:

Kinky games? Three in a bed? Then who was the other bloke, then?

PALMER:

Frank Brewer?

LOVELOCK:

I'm not so sure. When I spoke to Yakub at the Indian restaurant, who confirmed that Frank Brewer was there with Trevor Collins on the night of Jack Boyle's murder, Yakub added that they had got through three bottles of red wine and a couple of large cognacs each. Would you deliberately consume all that alcohol, knowing you were going to take part in sex romps afterwards?

PALMER:

Well I know I wouldn't, given the chance. But maybe he needed alcoholic stimulation? Who knows? Check out all the local minicab firms again. He could have got a cab over to Jack Boyle's place after he'd got home from the curry house. I've got this feeling in my water that Frank Brewer's mixed up in this somehow. I just know it.

EXTERIOR: Deacon Brothers, Funeral Directors, Linton, day

An establishing shot of the premises: a stand-alone, two-story 1920s building that has undergone several refurbishments over the years.

LIAM DEACON'S Ford Zodiac is parked outside next to a Daimler Hearse.

INTERIOR: General office, Deacon Brothers, Funeral Directors, Linton, day

LIAM DEACON is waiting to meet his uncle, EDWARD DEACON. He is greeted by one of the staff members, COLIN PRITCHARD.

PRITCHARD: *(cheerful)*

Hello, Liam, mate. All right? Good to see you again. Your uncle, Edward's expecting you. He's in the embalming room. You can go on through, if you like.

LIAM:

Err, no thanks, Col. I'll wait here till he's finished.

PRITCHARD: *(amused)*

Still a bit squeamish, eh? I'm so glad you're back, Liam. You fancy a game of snooker tonight? A chance to catch up. We'll be up at the snooker hall above Burtons.

LIAM:

Sorry, Col. I've promised to take Paula to the pictures tonight. Cheers for asking, though.

EDWARD DEACON enters the room, buttoning up his waistcoat.

EDWARD:

Liam, lad! How the devil are you!

EDWARD DEACON shakes hands firmly with LIAM DEACON.

LIAM:

I'm good thanks, uncle Edward. How are you and auntie Grace?

EDWARD:

We're fine, lad. Just fine. Let's go through to my office. It's quieter in there.

PRITCHARD:

Maybe I'll catch up with you another time then, Liam.

INTERIOR: EDWARD DEACON'S private office, Deacon Brothers, Funeral Directors, Linton, day

EDWARD:

Sit yourself down, lad. Like a drink? I know I would. Embalming always gives me a dry throat. It's the wretched formaldehyde. What would you like?

LIAM:

A lager, if you've got any?

EDWARD: Not a problem, lad.

EDWARD DEACON hands LIAM DEACON a can of lager and an expensive crystal glass

Can't stand lager, myself – all piss and chemicals. I'd rather be drinking the embalming fluid! Now, I'll come straight to the point, Liam lad. It's no use dwelling on the past. You made a mistake and you've been punished enough. Deep down, I believe you're an honest lad, and your uncle Reg and me want to give you a second chance. So, what do you say? Do you want to come back and join the family business

LIAM:

As a driver? Only driving the hearses? No mortuary trips or removals? No helping out round the back – laying out the stiffes or anything?

EDWARD: *(disappointed)*

All these conditions, Liam lad. It should be **us** imposing conditions!

LIAM:

You know I can't stand any direct contact with dead people, uncle Edward. That's why I never fully joined the business when I left school.

EDWARD:

Your uncle Reg and me were hoping that you would become totally involved from now on. We're offering you trainee manager position. And to take over the business when Reg and me are gone. You're the last of the Deacons. We're offering you a fresh start. A future.

LIAM:

Thanks for the offer. I really appreciate it and your trust in me. I don't wanna sound ungrateful, but I could never do that sort of work. I'm just like my dad, I suppose. That's why he never stayed with the business, so I'm told.

EDWARD:

All right, Liam lad. Come back as a driver, then. You've got a way with engines. You know how to look after our Daimlers. And you never know, you might change your mind one day.

LIAM:

It's got to be just driving.

EDWARD:

OK, then. Come back as chauffeur-bearer. You can start tomorrow, if you like. Pick up a uniform from Colin on your way out.

LIAM: *(relieved)*

Thanks, uncle Edward. I'd like that and you won't regret it, I promise. And thanks also for looking after the Zodiac while I was away.

EXTERIOR: ABC cinema, Linton, night

An establishing shot of this 1930s Art Deco building. The cinema displays that it is showing the film, 'Ghost', starring Patrick Swayze and Demi Moore.

INTERIOR: Foyer, ABC cinema, Linton, night

LIAM DEACON and PAULA RICHARDSON are standing at the confectionery counter.

PAULA:

Do you want popcorn, Liam?

LIAM:

No thanks, just a Coke, please.

COLIN PRITCHARD suddenly appears

PRITCHARD:

All right, Liam? Paula?

LIAM: *(surprised)*

Col! What are you doing here? Thought you was playing snooker tonight?

PRITCHARD:

Yeah, well, I was meant to be. Been let down. My bro couldn't make it. And you was busy. So I thought I'd give this film a go. Didn't think it was your kind of picture, Liam?

LIAM:

It's not really, but I promised Paula I'd take her.

PRITCHARD:

Where are you sitting then?

LIAM:

Upstairs in the circle.

PRITCHARD:

Posh seats, eh. I'm slumming it downstairs. Maybe see you afterwards for a beer?

LIAM:

Maybe. Or, if not, see you at work tomorrow.

PAULA RICHARDSON and LIAM DEACON head up the stairs to take their seats in the cinema's circle.

PAULA: *(relieved)*

Glad he's not sitting with us. He gives me the creeps.

EXTERIOR: Cavendish Hotel, Manor Square, Linton, night

An establishing shot of this four-star, Edwardian hotel building. It is raining.

INTERIOR: Elgar Suite, fifth floor, Cavendish Hotel, Manor Square, Linton, night

VERNON WALKER'S crumpled body is hanging half-out of a massive four-poster bed. His head is resting at an unnatural angle on the expensive, blood-stained cream carpet. A gaping wound in his neck has formed into a coagulated scarlet gel. His repulsive, naked buttocks point grotesquely towards the bedroom's door, which is being pulled closed from the outside.

INTERIOR: Main corridor outside the Elgar Suite, fifth floor, Cavendish Hotel, Manor Square, Linton, night

An attractive woman walks towards the lift. She does not hurry. She is wearing an elegant, navy blue tailored suit. Her hair is blonde, and cut in a fashionable bob. We see her only from behind. She summons the lift and gets into it when it arrives. The lift takes her to the basement level, according to its illuminated floor indicator panel.

EXTERIOR: MAGGIE DEACON'S house, Linton, night

MAGGIE DEACON arrives home in a minicab. She looks distraught. She pays the driver and hurries into the house.

INTERIOR: Bathroom, MAGGIE DEACON'S house, Linton, night

MAGGIE DEACON is taking a hot shower. Her clothes are scattered over the bathroom floor.

INTERIOR: Kitchen, MAGGIE DEACON'S house, Linton, night

MAGGIE DEACON is wearing a white towelling robe. She is loading up the washing machine with the clothes she took off in the bathroom. The kitchen clock displays the time: 01:20.

EXTERIOR: Cavendish Hotel, Linton, early morning

An establishing shot of this four-star, Edwardian hotel building. It is still raining.

INTERIOR: Main lobby, Cavendish Hotel, Linton, early morning

The area is buzzing with police activity. Harassed guests are waiting to be interviewed. They are being confined to the residents' lounges. Tempers are fraying. The hotel management are trying to placate the angry and inconvenienced guests. Endless trays of refreshments are being brought up from the kitchens. Access to the fifth floor is prohibited.

INTERIOR: Elgar Suite, fifth floor, Cavendish Hotel, Manor Square, Linton, night

The forensic team is active. The grim scene is being thoroughly recorded by the police photographer. The coroner's people are waiting to remove VERNON WALKER'S pitiful remains. Most of the walls in the suite are splattered with blood. Home Office pathologist, JACOB FOSTER is finding it almost impossible not to tread in the gore to compromise the crime scene.. DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR, GORDON PALMER and DETECTIVE SERGEANT DAVE LOVELOCK have been assigned to this murder also. They are huddled in a corner of the room to avoid contaminating the evidence.

FOSTER: *(moving gingerly away from the body to talk to PALMER)*

We must stop meeting like this, Gordon. People will start talking.

PALMER:

Well it wouldn't be the first time, Jacob. So, what's dragged you from your comfortable Harpenden bed at this unholy hour? Is it the same MO as the Boyle murder?

FOSTER:

You could be right there: same frenzied slashing of the neck. Same massive blood loss. Poor bastard bled to death. Must have been murdered in his sleep, or drugged, possibly? I can't see any defensive wounds on his hands. But I'll know more after I've done the PM.

LOVELOCK:

Have you been able to estimate the time of death, sir?

FOSTER:

I would say between midnight and three this morning according to the rectal temperature.

PALMER:

I don't suppose there's any sign of the murder weapon?

LOVELOCK:

No, sir. But we have found an outline in blood on the carpet – looks like the outline of a cutthroat razor. And a white lace handkerchief was found in the bed, smelling strongly of Chanel No 5. It's been bagged-up for forensic examination.

Foster returns to examining the body.

PALMER:

So, what about the deceased? Do tell me we've got an ID?

LOVELOCK:

Yes, Vernon Geoffrey Walker, 43. He checked in with an "attractive looking blonde" about eleven last night. He demanded the best room and registered as 'Victor Windsor' and paid cash in advance. Gave a false address too. But we've ascertained his true identity from credit cards and his driver's licence found in his wallet. We're checking out his actual address in St Albans.

PALMER:

So what happened to his blonde companion? I suppose the bird has flown without anybody noticing?

LOVELOCK:

Unfortunately, nobody so far recalls seeing her leave the hotel. She probably took the lift and left by the basement car park without having to go through reception. Her description is so very similar to that given by the milkman of the fashionable blonde seen in Jack Boyle's road on the morning of his murder. And similar to the minicab driver's description of the woman he picked up outside. I'll get the police artist to talk to the hotel staff and come up with yet another sketch of our infamous, blonde prime suspect.

PALMER:

Just a thought: some hotels are now installing video surveillance. I don't suppose they've done it here yet. But have a word with their security chap. You never know, they might have caught her on camera to help us 'cherchez la femme'.

LOVELOCK:

I'll check it out, but this isn't the Dorchester, sir. Hopefully, there might be some incriminating fingerprints this time. We could do with a break.

PALMER:

Well, I don't imagine we'll find any useful dabs in here. God knows how many assorted finger prints you'll find in a hotel bedroom. Let's hope our people come up with some interesting DNA evidence. Maybe the lace handkerchief will give us a lead. Check to see if the deceased has any form. Or any connection with Jack Boyle and Frank Brewer.

LOVELOCK:

I'll talk to Bill Morgan again. He'll know something. He's got his ear to the ground locally.

PALMER:

Well, until we get the forensic reports and the results of Jacob's PM, I suggest we head over to St Albans and find out all we can about the late Vernon Geoffrey Walker.

EXTERIOR: Parking bay, Deacon Brothers, Funeral Directors, Linton, day

LIAM DEACON is polishing one of the Daimler hearses. A portable cassette player is playing 'The Tracks of My Tears' by Smokey Robinson and the Miracles. STUART LAMBERT pulls up in a white Mercedes convertible, with its top down. He gets out of the car and walks over to where LIAM DEACON is working.

LAMBERT:

Hello, Liam. Good to see you again. So when did you get out?

LIAM: *(angry)*

You **know** when. Just leave me alone, will you.

LAMBERT: *(teasing)*

Got remission, eh? Kept your nose clean? And back working for the family firm again. How convenient and cosy.

LIAM:

What's it to you?

LAMBERT:

Just trying to be friendly, Liam. Building some bridges.

LIAM:

I bet. So did Frank Brewer put you up to this visit?

LAMBERT:

No. Of course not. I reckon he thinks you're still inside. But it won't be long before he finds out that you're back. How much do you owe him? Five grand, I believe.

LIAM:

You know that his money went missing. Somebody turned my place over. I haven't got it. You knew all that at my trial. You were my brief. You defended me. You're supposed to be on my side.

LAMBERT:

I've always believed you, Liam. You know that. But it's not down to me. You've got to convince Frank Brewer. And he's not very happy. He still thinks you ripped him off.

LIAM:

I've served 18 months for that bastard! Buttoned it about who else was involved in the fucking bank job, like you told me to. Could have grassed him up and the other wankers. But I didn't. And he reckons I ripped him off! He fucking owes **me**!

LAMBERT:

Like I said, it's not me you've got to convince. But if you haven't got his five grand, who the fuck has?

EXTERIOR: Kenton's, dry cleaners store, Linton High Street, day

LIAM DEACON walks into the store carrying a work's uniform for cleaning.

INTERIOR: Kenton's, dry cleaners store, Linton High Street, day

LIAM DEACON walks through the door and immediately recognises a familiar face behind the counter. Her name is TRACY SHARP.

LIAM: *(surprised)*

Trace. I don't believe it!

TRACY:

Liam!

LIAM DEACON kisses TRACY SHARP on the cheek

LIAM:

How have you been? And how long have you been working here for?

TRACY:

I'm fine, thanks. Been here over a year. Manageress now.

LIAM:

Hey, that's great.

TRACY:

So how are you, Liam? I heard you was back.

LIAM:

I'm OK, I guess. Trying to pick up the pieces. Want to put all that bad stuff behind me. No point dwelling on the past. Fresh start and all that.

TRACY:

I suppose you've heard that me and Rick split up ages ago?

LIAM:

Yeah, he did mention it. I'm sorry I fucked it all up for the pair of you.

TRACY:

No need to be sorry, Liam. It was you I really wanted to be with. I nearly died when you started going steady with Paula. I never really thought I would get over you, Liam. Seeing you again now.....

LIAM: *(sincere)*

I'm so sorry, Trace. Really sorry.

TRACY:

Still, as you said – there's no point dwelling on the past. And I'm making a fresh start too – getting married to Andrew Phillips at Christmas.

LIAM:

Andy Philips! That's great news. Congratulations! He's a really nice bloke. I used to play football with him.

TRACY:

I know. He told me. He's another one of your fans, Liam!

EXTERIOR: Kenton's, dry cleaners store, Linton High Street, day

LIAM DEACON leaves the store minus the uniform he was carrying. He walks over to his Zodiac. He is reminded of an evening spent with TRACY SHARP some two years earlier.

[START OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCES]:

EXTERIOR: Flashback: Dunstable Downs, two years earlier, night

LIAM DEACON and TRACY SHARP are making love in the back of the Zodiac. Through the car's rear windows, the shadowy outline of the couple can be determined in the gloom. The seductive sounds of Marvin Gaye singing 'Let's Get It On' are faintly audible from the car's sound system.

INTERIOR: Flashback: LIAM DEACON'S CAR, Dunstable Downs, two years earlier, night

The music carries over from the previous scene, but it is slightly louder. LIAM DEACON and TRACY SHARP compose themselves after having sex.

LIAM:

What will you say to Rick? He'll be pissed-off you didn't turn up tonight.

TRACY:

I'll think of something. He'll get over it. He always does. Anyway, you'll be seeing him later. You can put in a good word for me.

LIAM:

I don't know why you go out with him, Trace? You never seem to spend much time together. It's often just the three of us meeting up?

TRACY:

It's the only way I can get to be with you. It's so great when we can all be together down the pub or at a party. I love looking at you knowing that you really want me, and that when you and me make love it's really special. I love it too when Rick tells me what you've been up to. It turns me on. I feel like I want to shout out that you're screwing me. But I know that would really hurt him. It scares me what he might do if he found out about us. But I don't know why you go round together. You're in a different class, Liam. Rick can be so crude.

LIAM:

I've known Rick most of my life. He used to live next door to us. We started school on the same day and we've always knocked around together. I've had to look after him a bit – he was always getting picked on and bullied at school. He's not a bad bloke, really.
(*a moment*) Do you and him....

TRACY:

Have sex?

LIAM:

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked. It's none of my business.

TRACY:

It's all right. I don't mind you asking. No, not all the way – he's got some sort of hang-up, I think. He just won't do it. He's not impotent. But he won't have sex with me. He makes weird excuses, so we have to do other things. I don't mind, though. I think I'm glad in a way. You're the only one I want inside me, Liam.

[END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCES]

EXTERIOR: PAULA RICHARDSON'S apartment block, Linton, early morning

FRANK BREWER, together with two of his heavies pull up in the Bentley. The force open the street door and bluster in.

INTERIOR: PAULA RICHARDSON'S bedroom, Linton, early morning

PAULA RICHARDSON and LIAM DEACON are in bed asleep. A commotion can be heard outside the bedroom. Suddenly the bedroom door bursts open and FRANK BREWER and his cronies barge in. The bedroom lights get switched on. PAULA RICHARDSON wakes up first and finds it hard to stop screaming.

LIAM: *(half asleep)*

What the fu....!

BREWER:

Liam, Paula. Good morning. How are you? Sorry to disturb you so early.

LIAM calms PAULA and she eventually stops screaming.

LIAM: *(calming)*

It's all right, Paula. It's all right.

BREWER:

That's better. *(a moment)* I heard you was out, Liam. What was it like inside, then? Did they look after you properly?

LIAM: *(bewildered)*

Frank....

BREWER:

Lost for words, Liam? That's not like you. Surely you was expecting me to call?

LIAM:

I guess so, but not in the middle of the fucking night, Frank. And not here. And did you have to force your way in?

BREWER:

We thought we would pay you a surprise visit. I love surprises. Not knowing what's gonna happen next. Such fun.

LIAM:

So what do you want Frank? What is so fucking urgent?

BREWER:

Don't insult my intelligence, Liam. You know precisely why I'm here. I've come for my money. The five grand you owe me.

LIAM:

But I haven't got it, Frank. You know that.

BREWER:

Then who has?

LIAM:

I don't know. Honest.

BREWER:

Perhaps your young lady does? *(looking at Paula)* Do you, Paula? Not so formal today are we, eh?

LIAM: *(angry)*

No! She doesn't know anything, Frank! Leave her alone!

BREWER: *(threatening)*

I'm beginning to lose patience, Liam. Why I should be so accommodating is beyond me. Not only did you steal my money, but you deliberately failed to carry out your part of the agreement. We could have all gone down because of you. What the fuck were you playing at?

LIAM:

I've explained all this before. Hundreds of times. I thought I would save you the money – why fork out five grand on a fast motor, when I could be using my Zodiac instead? I was gonna give you back the money. Honest. I swear it.

BREWER:

Use your loaf, Liam. Your flashy motor was well known throughout the manor. I'd sold it to your dad in the first place – it still had my garage sticker on the rear window, for fuck sake! Why do you think I gave you the five grand to sort one out privately, so that we could dump and torch it afterwards?

LIAM:

I didn't think, Frank. I thought I was doing you a favour.

BREWER:

Favour my arse. You've got a week, Liam. A week to come up with my five grand. Otherwise you'll end up another customer in your uncles' funeral parlour. Do I make myself clear?

LIAM:

I haven't got it, Frank. I don't know where it is.

BREWER:

Then you'd better start looking. Seven day, Liam. Seven days.

INTERIOR: PAULA RICHARDSON'S apartment, Linton, morning

PAULA RICHARDSON and LIAM DEACON are sitting on the sofa.

LIAM: *(worried)*

What am I gonna do? Where am I gonna find five grand by next week? You heard what Brewer said – he'll kill me if I don't. I know he will.

PAULA: *(trying to be helpful)*

Couldn't you go to the police, Liam? They could put him away.

LIAM:

Do you really think they'd believe me? It's my word against his.

PAULA:

But it must be worth a try, surely? What else can you do?

LIAM:

I don't know! I don't fucking know!

PAULA:

Couldn't you ask your uncles for an advance. They'd surely help you? You are family, after all.

LIAM: *(shaking his head)*

No! I don't want them involved.

PAULA:

What if I speak to Stuart, my boss. Maybe he'll lend me the money? You never know

LIAM:

No! Stay away from that bastard! I don't want anything more to do with him.

INTERIOR: Third floor, Canteen, County Police HQ, day

DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR, GORDON PALMER is enjoying an early lunch. DETECTIVE SERGEANT DAVE LOVELOCK comes in looking for him.

LOVELOCK:

Thought I'd find you in here, sir.

PALMER:

The pie's good today, sergeant. You ought to try some.

LOVELOCK:

I wish. My Brenda's packed me a salad for my lunch. She says I'm putting on too much weight. *(a moment)* Thought you'd want to know that one of the patrol lads saw Frank Brewer entering Paula Richardson's place early this morning.

PALMER:

Paula Richardson?

LOVELOCK:

She's Liam Deacon's girlfriend. He's been staying at her flat since he got out. And Brewer had two of his goons with him.

PALMER:

Was there any trouble?

LOVELOCK:

No sign of any. And nothing reported. They all left after about fifteen minutes. But the patrolman reckons they forced their way in

PALMER:

Did Deacon leave with them?

LOVELOCK:

No. But he was seen later driving one of his uncles' hearses.

PALMER:

So they didn't pull his arms off this time. I wish I'd been a fly on Paula Richardson's wall. I bet Brewer was hoping to collect his five grand. Must have put the frighteners on young Deacon, I reckon. We'd better keep tabs on him.

EXTERIOR: Dunstable Downs, day

LIAM DEACON and PAULA RICHARDSON have driven to this local beauty spot. They walk down from the parking area to where the down land slopes away.

LIAM: *(relaxed)*

It's great here, isn't it?

PAULA:

Terrific view.

LIAM:

Yeah, we're about two-hundred foot above sea level. Visibility's good today – that's the Vale of Aylesbury over there. Fancy walking down to the bottom? Watch the gliders being launched?

PAULA:

What, all the way down there? It looks ever so steep. We might fall.

LIAM:

Not if we stick to the path. Come on.

They follow a track down.

EXTERIOR: Dunstable Downs, day

LIAM DEACON and PAULA RICHARDSON have reached a sheltered clearing about half way down. They are stretched out on the soft grass, soaking up the summer sunshine. Liam has taken off his shirt.

PAULA:

You love it here, don't you?

LIAM:

Yeah. Can't beat it. I used to come here a lot when I was a kid. Sometimes with my dad, and on school outings. It's a great place for spotting butterflies – they like the plants that grow on the chalky soil. We used to fly kites here, too – Rick and me. Seems like a million years ago...

PAULA:

You're so relaxed today, Liam. Just like your old self. I can't believe it.

LIAM:

I'm trying hard to forget about Brewer and the money. I just want to have a special day with you. And it's turning out to be really magic. You and me out here, and all this. Nobody to hassle us. It seems so perfect, doesn't it?

PAULA:

Yes it does. And I'm sure we can work something out. There must be a way to clear things with Brewer.

LIAM:

I don't want to even think about it right now. This is our time, Paula. I just want to stay here with you.

They kiss passionately.

EXTERIOR: Mead Crematorium, Linton, day

LIAM DEACON is waiting by his Daimler hearse while a cremation service is taking place inside. STUART LAMBERT appears suddenly on foot.

LAMBERT:

We need to talk, Liam.

LIAM:

I've got nothing to say to you, Lambert. Fuck off, asshole!

LAMBERT:

Look, I didn't come all the way out here to be verbally abused – I've come here to help you.

LIAM:

Help? I don't need any help from you.

LAMBERT:

Don't piss me about, Liam. I know you've had a dawn visit from Frank Brewer and his boys. I know he's given you a week to come up with his five grand. You know what'll happen if you don't – you'll be sliding through the curtains in there.

Lambert looks towards the crematorium building.

INTERIOR: Liam's hearse parked outside Mead Crematorium, Linton, day

LIAM DEACON and STUART LAMBERT occupy the front seats.

LIAM:

So how do you reckon you can help me, then? Write me out a cheque for five grand? Introduce me to your bank manager? Or maybe get me involved in another armed robbery?

LAMBERT:

Well, it's not going to be straight. You've guessed that.

LIAM:

Yeah...I thought as much. No. I'm not interested. You're wasting your time. Get out!

LAMBERT:

You're in no position to turn your back on an offer of five grand, Liam. And I can get you that for just one evening's work. Think about it. Five grand in cash to keep Frank Brewer happy. Five grand to stop his boys from tearing you apart. You can't refuse.

LIAM:

I'll think about it.

LAMBERT:

But don't leave it too long. Frank's clock is ticking. You've got no choice.

The mourners begin to leave the crematorium.

LIAM:

You'd better go now.

LAMBERT:

I'll be hearing from you, then? Give me a call later.

LIAM:

Maybe.

LAMBERT:

Don't be a cunt, Liam. Take a day off.

LAMBERT gets out of the hearse. LIAM stares up at the crematorium's smokestack.

EXTERIOR: Cemetery adjacent to Mead Crematorium, Linton, day

LIAM DEACON and RICK SPICER walk slowly round the cemetery grounds.

RICK: *(puzzled)*

You said it was urgent on the phone, Liam?

LIAM:

Yeah. It is. And I really don't know where to begin.

RICK:

Has it got anything to do with Frank Brewer?

LIAM:

Paula's told you? Hasn't she? I told her not to.

RICK:

She's trying to help you, Liam. She's dead worried about you. She'd do anything for you, you know. You don't deserve her.