

42190978

THE NUMBERS MAN

Episode One: Sheik, Rattle and Roll

by Ken Follett

50 minutes

Ken Follett



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Sheik, Rattle and Roll - characters

Series: Richard Liddel (studio & film)  
Nutsy (studio & film)  
Mrs Monkton (studio & film)  
Neil Riley

This episode: Gamel Hamir (studio & film)  
Abram (studio & film)  
George Makepiece (studio & film)  
Paul  
Caroline  
Francoise  
Diane  
Peter Peters  
Waiter  
1st Dancer  
2nd Customer  
3rd Customer  
Dora  
Cashier (film only)

Non-speaking: 1st Customer  
1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th hostesses  
1st & 2nd businessmen  
2nd Dancer  
Carpenter  
Nurse  
Stonehand  
Arab (film & studio)  
Piano Man (film only)  
Teenage couple (film only)  
Waiters, hostesses, customers

Sheik, Rattle and Roll - sets and locations

Regular

The Flat  
Nutsy's Office  
Richard's Office } integral  
Anteroom

This episode

Hotel Suite  
Warehouse  
Nightclub  
Club office (cornerpiece) } integral  
Hospital (cornerpiece)  
Doorway (cornerpiece)  
Composing room (cornerpiece)  
Telephone backing

Film

Ext Park Lane (day)  
Int/Ext Limousine/Streets (day)  
Ext Office Block (day)  
Ext Richard's Office (day & evening)  
Ext Nightclub (night)  
Ext Park (day)  
Ext Petrol Station (day)  
Int/Ext Car/Streets (day)  
Ext London Streets (night)

SHEIK, RATTLE AND ROLL

by Ken Follett

TELECINELLI

Ext Park Lane Day

Limousine up and past.

Int/Ext Limousine/Streets Day

SOUND:

ARAB MUSIC.

In the back seat are GAMEL RAMIR and GEORGE MAKEPIECE.

RAMIR is a Westernised Arab, wearing a lounge suit and speaking perfect English. About 40, he is cultured, educated and shrewd.

MAKEPIECE is an English businessmen in his thirties. He is dressed well, if a shade flashily, in a three-piece suit. He speaks with a moderated London accent which will turn to Cockney in other company.

The driver is ABRAM, an Arab of about 25, handsome, with long hair and trendy clothes. He is also Ramir's manservant. He is not quite as deferential as we might expect.

RAMIR and MAKEPIECE are drinking from the cocktail bar in the back of the limousine.

MAKEPIECE: Could we have the music turned down a bit, d'you think?

RAMIR touches a switch and the music becomes quieter.

RAMIR: Doesn't it remind you of Beirut?

MAKEPIECE: That's right.

RAMIR: Look, the flag is flying. That means the Queen is in residence.

Their PoV: Buckingham Palace. (NB If the flag is not flying, dialogue can be altered accordingly.)

MAKEPIECE: When I want a sightseeing tour, I'll get on a bus.

RAMIR takes another drink. MAKEPIECE is impatient.

RAMIR: It reminds me of a time, when I was at Oxford -

MAKEPIECE: Look. I've come up with what you wanted, and I've met your price. Have we got a deal?

RAMIR: You've done very well. Now I just have to get His Holiness to ratify the terms.

MAKEPIECE: I thought you had full powers -

RAMIR: A formality, I'm sure.

MAKEPIECE: I hope so.

The car pulls up at the kerb. RAMIR looks out.

His PoV: a large prestige office block.

RAMIR: Would you be kind enough to have the documents drawn up in the meantime?

MAKEPIECE: (MOLLIFIED) By all means.

They shake hands, MAKEPIECE gets out of the car.

Ext. Office Block Day

MAKEPIECE stands on the pavement.

His PoV: the limousine driving away.

MAKEPIECE: Mug!

He turns and walks, not into the prestige office block, but into a small, very scruffy building beside it.

OPENING TITLES

(SEATED AROUND THE  
DINING TABLE ARE  
RICHARD, NUTSY,  
PAUL and CAROLINE.)

PAUL IS AN  
AMBITIOUS YOUNG  
STOCKBROKER,  
NICE ENOUGH BUT  
JUST A LITTLE  
TOO SURE OF  
HIMSELF.

CAROLINE, HIS  
WIFE, IS VERY  
GLAMOROUS IN  
A BRITTLE WAY.

ALL FOUR ARE  
ABOUT THE SAME  
AGE.

THE TABLE BEARS  
THE REMAINS OF  
A DINNER PARTY.

RICHARD IS  
POURING BRANDY.)

RICHARD: London Leasing  
Limited ... Yes, I've heard  
of them. Who wants to know?

(RICHARD PASSES A  
GLASS TO CAROLINE.)

PAUL: One of my  
Arabs.

CAROLINE: (FLIRTING)  
Thank you, darling.

(RICHARD PASSES A  
GLASS TO NUTSY.)

NUTSY: (MIMICKING  
CAROLINE) Thank you, darling.

(RICHARD SHOOTS A  
WARNING LOOK AT  
NUTSY, AND SPEAKS  
TO PAUL.)

RICHARD: You trying  
to flog them some shares?

NUTSY: Richard,  
stockbrokers don't 'flog  
shares'.

RICHARD: Quite so. Are  
your clients contemplating  
the purchase, through you,  
of an equity in London Leasing?

PAUL: No cognac,  
thanks. Actually, they want  
to buy the whole shebang.  
A one hundred per cent  
takeover.

RICHARD: London Leasing's  
small beer for Arabs, isn't it?

CAROLINE: They're buying  
up everything. In Harrods -

PAUL: (INTERRUPTING)  
It is small beer, but my  
clients are looking for a  
sort of starting point.

CAROLINE: They want to  
begin with London Leasing and  
finish up leasing London.

PAUL: Anyway, perhaps  
I could send them along to  
see you.



(CAROLINE GETS UP AND HELPS HERSELF TO MORE BRANDY, GETTING CLOSER TO RICHARD THAN SHE NEEDS TO.)

NUTSY: Is there something fishy about the company?

PAUL: (SHRUG) Frankly, it wouldn't have been our first choice - not in the first eleven, you know - but it's a profitable little outfit, it's for sale, the Arabs took a fancy to it ... and we have to go along with our clients - provided the company is as sound as it looks.

NUTSY: Can't your firm investigate?

PAUL: Up to a point, yes. But Richard is the specialist in this sort of thing.

CAROLINE: He's so clever.  
(SHE TOUCHES HIS HAIR.)

RICHARD: Fine, let's meet your Arabs.

PAUL: I'll ring you in the morning. (RISING)  
Which isn't very far away, Caroline.

CAROLINE: It was lovely, Nutsy.

(NUTSY GOES INTO  
THE BEDROOM TO GET  
CAROLINE'S COAT.  
CAROLINE FOLLOWS  
AS FAR AS THE DOOR.)

CAROLINE: (CONTINUING)  
You're a lucky girl.

NUTSY: (OOS) I am?

CAROLINE: Your man has  
such an interesting job -  
investigating phoney  
companies, dubious deals,  
cooked books ...

NUTSY: (OOS) Yours  
does all right.

(SHE COMES OUT  
WITH CAROLINE'S  
MINK COAT.)

CAROLINE: Stockbroking  
is dull, darling.

NUTSY: (HELPING HER  
WITH HER COAT) But lucrative.

(PAUL AND RICHARD  
MOVING TO THE  
STREET DOOR.)

PAUL: Your reputation  
is getting around the City, you  
know.

RICHARD: That's what  
I like to hear.

PAUL: No shortage  
of work, I imagine.

RICHARD: You'd be  
surprised how many suspicious  
partners, shareholders,  
investors, insurers, bankers ...

PAUL: All a bit  
cloak-and-dagger, no doubt.

RICHARD: Most of it  
is just numbers, you know.

(PAUL KISSES  
NUTSY CHASTELY.  
CAROLINE KISSES  
RICHARD LASCIVIOUSLY.)

CAROLINE: You must come  
to us for supper very soon.

(AD LIB GOODBYES  
AND EXIT PAUL  
AND CAROLINE.)

NUTSY: What a dear,  
sweet nature Caroline has.

RICHARD: I don't like  
her either.

NUTSY: I suppose you  
hated having to kiss her like  
that.

RICHARD: It was almost  
insupportable.

NUTSY: Come on,  
James Bond. You wash,  
I'll dry.

2 INT WAREHOUSE DAY

(A LARGE, BARE  
BUILDING, WITH  
LOTS OF CRATES.

HOWEVER, FOR NOW  
ALL WE SEE IS:-

CU: MAKEPIECE  
FIRING A RIFLE  
INTO CAMERA.

ANOTHER ANGLE:  
HE IS FIRING  
INTO A PILE OF  
OLD MATTRESSES.

PAUSE WHILE  
SMOKE CLEARS  
AND ECHOES FADE.

THEN MAKEPIECE  
LAUGHS HIS HEAD  
OFF.

CUT IN MID-LAUGH.)

3 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD, IN  
SHIRTSLEEVES,  
PACING UP AND  
DOWN, SPEAKING  
INTO A  
DICTAPHONE.)

RICHARD: Inflationary  
upvaluation of the distribution  
company's fixed assets has  
disguised a steady decline  
in sales -

(HE LOOKS OUT  
OF THE WINDOW  
AND STOPS.)

TELECINE 2Ext Richard's Office Day

PoV from 1st-floor window:  
the limousine (from T/C 1)  
is at the kerb.

PoV from ground floor:  
ABRAM gets out of the  
car and walks toward  
the building.

4 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD TURNS FROM  
THE WINDOW AND PUTS  
DOWN THE MICROPHONE.  
HE CHECKS HIS  
APPEARANCE IN A  
MIRROR.

HE PRESSES THE  
INTERCOM BUTTON.

RICHARD: Visitors,  
Mrs Monkton.

5 INT ANTEROOM DAY

(MRS MONKTON, AT  
HER DESK, IS  
LOOKING UP,  
STARTLED, AT ABRAM.)

ABRAM: You have the  
loveliest eyes I have ever seen.

6 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD LISTENING  
TO THE INTERCOM.)

ABRAM: (VO) (FILTER)  
You and I could fall in love,  
and r..

(RICHARD GOES INTO  
THE ANTEROOM.)

7 INT ANTEROOM DAY

(ENTER RICHARD.)

HIS PoV: ABRAM  
LEANING ACROSS  
MRS MONKTON'S  
DESK, MURMURING:-)

ABRAM: Somehow I  
know that the two of us -

RICHARD: Harrumph ...  
Gamel Ramir?

ABRAM: (UNEMBARRASSED)  
No, sir. I am his driver Abram.  
I have come to take you to his hotel.

8 INT HOTEL DAY

(THE DRAWING-ROOM  
OF AN EXPENSIVE  
HOTEL SUITE.)

RICHARD AND RAMIR  
SIT IN EASY CHAIRS  
DRINKING COFFEE  
FROM DEMITASSES.  
ABRAM LEANS AGAINST  
THE WALL READING  
"MAYFAIR".)

RICHARD: London Leasing own four valuable buildings in Central London. The rest is small stuff - three petrol stations, a nightclub and an old factory. Frankly, I don't see what attracted you to this little company.

(RAMIR GETS UP  
AND WALKS AROUND.)

RAMIR: It's a profitable business, and the price is right - what more should we want?

RICHARD: Some assurance that the profits are soundly based and will continue.

RAMIR: That's why you're here.

RICHARD: You also want to use the company as a springboard into British business.

RAMIR: Indeed.

RICHARD: So you need a management structure capable of growing by acquisition.

RAMIR: We will be the management.

(RAMIR HOLDS OUT  
HIS COFFEE CUP TO  
ABRAM, WHO LOOKS  
BLANK FOR A MOMENT  
THEN REFILLS IT.)

RICHARD: Well, you have my short report - but I think you need a clearer picture of how the total profit is built up.

(RAMIR RETURNS TO  
HIS SEAT.)

RAMIR: The conclusion  
of your investigation is that  
further investigation is  
necessary.

RICHARD: I think so.

RAMIR: Meaning more  
fees for you.

RICHARD: Of course.  
I charge -

RAMIR: - what the  
traffic will bear. (SMILE)  
I know. I'm an accountant  
myself.

RICHARD: Then you must  
see the necessity -

RAMIR: I do. (RISING)  
Please continue your  
investigation.

(ABRAM OPENS THE  
DOOR. RAMIR AND  
RICHARD SHAKE  
HANDS. EXIT RICHARD.)

ABRAM: I don't like this.

RAMIR: You think I do?

ABRAM: I thought we  
were so close!

RAMIR: A few more days ...  
what difference will it make.

ABRAM: You know what  
difference it will make!

(RAMIR NODS.)



9 INT WAREHOUSE

DAY

(CU: A BUNDLE OF  
NOTES BEING  
COUNTED.

PULL BACK TO  
SHOW THAT IT IS  
MAKEPIECE WHO:  
IS COUNTING THEM.

HE PUTS THE BUNDLE  
INTO A BRIEFCASE  
WHICH IS ALMOST  
FULL OF IDENTICAL  
BUNDLES.

HE CLOSES THE  
CASE AND CHAINS  
IT TO HIS WRIST.

HE STANDS UP.)

10 INT ANTEROOM

DAY

(MRS MONKTON AT  
HER DESK.

ENTER RICHARD  
FROM THE STREET.)

RICHARD: We're doing  
London Leasing in depth.

(HE GOES THROUGH  
TO HIS OFFICE.  
MRS MONKTON FOLLOWS,  
NOTEBOOK IN HAND.)

11 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD TAKES OFF  
HIS JACKET AND SITS  
AT HIS DESK WHILE:-)

RICHARD: Put them on  
the newspaper-clippings list.  
See what you can get by way  
of biographies of the  
directors.

MRS MONKTON: Shall I run  
a credit check?

RICHARD: Yes. Ask the  
agency to do each one of the  
companies in the group  
separately, see if that  
throws up any anomalies.  
(MUTTERS) I wonder if it's  
the nightclub?

MRS MONKTON: What?

RICHARD: Perhaps the  
nightclub will account for  
the group's high profit.

MRS MONKTON: What kind of  
place is it?

RICHARD: Don't know, but  
it's called The Pussy Willow.

MRS MONKTON: Never heard of it.

RICHARD: I don't suppose  
you go to nightclubs much.

MRS MONKTON: Depends who's  
taking me.

(SHE GOES TO THE  
DOOR.)

RICHARD: By the way ...  
you know, some of these Middle  
Eastern types have a different  
sort of attitude to women ...

MRS MONKTON: Don't worry, I  
can handle them. (SMILE)

(EXIT MRS MONKTON,  
LEAVING RICHARD  
LOOKING FAINTLY  
SILLY.)

12 INT THE FLAT

DINING

(RICHARD IRONING  
A SHIRT. ENTER  
NUTSY FROM THE  
KITCHEN, CARRYING  
TWO PACKETS.)

NUTSY: For dinner,  
shall we have frozen Cheesies  
or frozen prawn cocktail ...  
or both?

RICHARD: I'm going out.

NUTSY: Where?

RICHARD: A nightclub  
called The Pussy Willow.

NUTSY: Another meeting  
of the Association of Chartered  
Accountants?

(SHE GETS RID OF  
THE PACKETS.)

RICHARD: It's owned by  
London Leasing. One of their  
enterprises is making a fat  
profit - maybe it's this one.

NUTSY: And tomorrow  
you'll do a tour of their  
petrol stations.

RICHARD: The directors are not a very distinguished bunch - it's conceivable they make their money by exporting young ladies to foreign countries.

NUTSY: What used to be called white slavery.

RICHARD: It's not impossible. And it might explain how this little company caught the eye of His Holiness.

NUTSY: Hurry up with that iron - I'm coming with you.

RICHARD: Why?

NUTSY: It's time my Women's Page got stuck into a juicy expose.

RICHARD: I'd rather you didn't come.

NUTSY: Afraid I'll be shanghaied and end up in a bawdy house in Teheran?

RICHARD: You haven't got the figure for it.

(SHE THROWS A CUSHION AT HIM AND HE DODGES, LAUGHING.)

RICHARD: Seriously, I doubt if it's the kind of place people take ladies to - and I don't want to be conspicuous.

NUTSY: I don't see -

RICHARD: Look. Be the submissive little woman for once, will you? You're not coming, and that's that.

(CUT FAST TO:-)

13 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(RICHARD AND NUTSY  
AT A TABLE.

THEIR CLOTHES ARE  
INFORMAL AND VERY  
FASHIONABLE.

THE CLUB HAS A  
BAR, A TINY DANCE  
FLOOR, TABLES AND  
SEVERAL DIM  
BOOTHES. THERE  
ARE TWO GOGO  
DANCERS ON A PODIUM,  
PLUS WAITERS AND  
GLAMOROUS "HOSTESSES".

FEATURE A BAKE  
1ST DANCER FOR  
A MOMENT? THEN: -)

NUTSY: Now I know  
why you wanted to come alone.

RICHARD: The place isn't  
exactly packed, is it?

NUTSY: There was a  
profile of His Holiness in  
one of the Sundays ... he's  
quite young.

RICHARD: What else did  
it say?

NUTSY: He took over  
about a year ago, when his  
uncle died. One of the  
northern tribes used that  
as an excuse to rebel, and  
he's still fighting them.

RICHARD: I wonder he  
can be bothered investing in  
London clubs.

NUTSY: He needs guns,  
but there's an international  
embargo - he's a troublemaker.  
Also, eh likes middle-aged  
Western women.

RICHARD: You might  
be allright there.

NUTSY: That does it.

(NUTSY GETS UP  
AND HEADS FOR  
THE EXIT.

RICHARD BEGINS TO  
THINK SHE IS  
REALLY OFFENDED.

AT THE LAST  
MINUTE SHE TURNS  
INTO A DOOR  
MARKED "LADIES".

RICHARD MEETS HER  
EYE AND REALISES  
HE'S BEEN HAD.

WAITING FOR HER,  
HE LOOKS AROUND  
FOR A WAITER  
BUT CAN'T GET  
ONE.

WHEN HIS GAZE  
RETURNS TO NUTSY'S  
SEAT, IT IS  
OCCUPIED BY  
FRANCOISE, A  
BLACK HOSTESS.

SHE IS BEAUTIFUL  
AND HAPPY-GO-LUCKY,  
WITH A COCKNEY  
ACCENT.)

FRANCOISE: Hi, there.

(RICHARD IS THROWN.)

RICHARD: Ah ... hello.

FRANCOISE: I'm Françoise.

RICHARD: Ah ... how  
do you do.

(HE OFFERS HIS  
HAND AND THEY  
SHAKE.)

FRANCOISE: What's your name?

RICHARD: It's ... Liddel.

FRANCOISE: Are you a  
businessman?

RICHARD: I'm an accountant.

FRANCOISE: You don't look  
like one.

RICHARD: (WARMING) What  
do accountants look like?

(FRANCOISE MAKES  
A SEVERE FACE.)

RICHARD LAUGHS.

ENTER WAITER.  
HE HAS A FRENCH  
ACCENT.)

WAITER: What is your  
pleasure, sir?

FRANCOISE: Buy me a drink?

RICHARD: Oh, well, of  
course, um ...

FRANCOISE: Champagne.

(RICHARD'S REACTION.)

WAITER: (WRITING) One  
bottle of champagne.

(ENTER NUTSY.)

FRANCOISE SEES  
NUTSY AND  
REALISES ... )

FRANCOISE: Oh! My mistake.  
Goodbye, Liddel. Nice  
meeting you.

(EXIT FRANCOISE.)

NUTSY SITS.)

NUTSY: I suppose that  
was your old Sunday School teacher.

RICHARD: (TO WAITER)  
Make that two spritzers.

WAITER: Very good, sir.

(EXIT WAITER.)

RICHARD: You were quick.

NUTSY: Caught you,  
didn't I?

RICHARD: She was trying  
to pick me up.

NUTSY: Oh, of course.  
But then, waitresses always  
do, don't they? I mean, you  
have this magnetism -

RICHARD: She's a hostess,  
not a waitress.

NUTSY: All right, man  
of the world, what's the difference?

RICHARD: She's here to  
chat up the customers - single  
ones, that is. She made a  
mistake with me. Let's dance.



(THEY GET UP  
AND GO TO THE  
DANCE FLOOR.  
THEY BOTH DANCE  
WELL.)

AT FIRST THEY  
ARE THE ONLY  
DANCERS. THEN  
1ST HOSTESS (NS)  
COMES ON TO THE  
FLOOR WITH  
1ST CUSTOMER (NS).)

NUTSY: These ...  
hostesses ... they're so young.

RICHARD: You bet.

(SHE GIVES HIM A  
PRETEND DISGUSTED  
LOOK.)

NUTSY: Why do they do it?

RICHARD: No idea.

NUTSY: What do they  
get paid?

RICHARD: No idea.

NUTSY: Are there any  
laws about hostesses?

RICHARD: No idea.

NUTSY: How come you  
know so much about it?

(IN THE BACKGROUND  
A MAN WITH A  
BRIEFCASE CROSSES  
THE CLUB.)

CLOSER: IT IS  
MAKEPIECE.

HE ENTERS A  
DOOR MARKED  
"MANAGER".)

14 INT NUTSY'S OFFICE DAY

(NUTSY IS TRYING  
IN VAIN TO TIDY  
UP.)

NEIL RILEY POKES  
HIS HEAD AROUND  
THE DOOR.)

RILEY: Your recipe  
for crab-apple chutney  
was great.

NUTSY: (UNINTERESTED)  
I stole it from Mrs Beeton.

(RILEY COMES IN  
AND SITS IN HER  
CHAIR.)

RILEY: This place  
wants tidying up.

(SHE GIVES HIM A  
"HA, HA" LOOK.)

RILEY: You should  
run more recipes.

NUTSY: This is a women's  
page, not a housewives' page.

RILEY: So you keep  
telling me. But our  
advertisers want to catch  
the mums - they spend the  
money.

NUTSY: You're wrong,  
as it happens. They want to  
catch the nineteen-to-thirty-  
four-year-olds.

RILEY: (GENUINELY  
INTERESTED) Is that a fact?

(NUTSY STOPS  
TIDYING AND  
GIVES HIM HER  
FULL ATTENTION.)

NUTSY: Who's been  
making chutney for you?

RILEY: My ex-wife.

NUTSY: Oh, Neil ...

RILEY: She worries about me.

NUTSY: Yes, but you  
know what'll happen ...  
No: it's none of my business.  
Listen: what would you say  
if your daughter told you  
she was going to work as  
a hostess?

RILEY: Oh, no you're  
not, is what I'd say.

NUTSY: Why not?

RILEY: A hostess in  
a nightclub? It's the first  
step down a very slippery slope.

NUTSY: Right. I want  
to do a feature on hostesses:  
where they come from, what they  
get paid, the people they meet -  
and how they end up.

RILEY: This is a  
family newspaper, Nutsy -

NUTSY: So let's warn  
your precious mums about the  
dagger to their daughters.

RILEY: It's no story  
for a woman to do -

NUTSY: (FLARING)  
Why not? It's about women!

RILEY: All right,  
don't get out of your pram.

NUTSY: Suppose I  
could show how girls are  
persuaded to go on dancing  
tours of Africa, and never  
come back.

RILEY: White slavery.  
We all know it goes on, but  
the problem is to make the  
story stand up.

NUTSY: Let me do  
some more work on it, then  
see what you think.

RILEY: On your own  
time, then.

NUTSY: You're a teddy bear.

RILEY: Don't you dare  
run the story without showing  
it to me first.

(RILEY GOES TO  
THE DOOR.)

RILEY: Where do you  
propose to start?

15 INT NIGHTCLUB DAY

(THE PLACE IS  
EMPTY EXCEPT FOR  
DORA, AN ELDERLY  
CLEANER WITH A  
NOISY HOOVER.  
THE CHAIRS ARE  
UP ON THE TABLES.)

ENTER A BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN DRESSED TO  
KILL: EVENING  
GOWN, YARDS OF  
CLEAVAGE, MAKE-UP,  
SUNGLASSES.

SHE TAKES OFF  
HER GLASSES  
AND WE REALISE  
IT IS NUTSY  
IN A WIG.

SHE SHOUTS TO  
DORA OVER THE  
NOISE OF THE  
HOOVER.)

NUTSY: Is the manager here?

(DORA SWITCHES OFF  
THE HOOVER.)

DORA: Yes.

NUTSY: Will he see me?

DORA: In that dress  
he could hardly miss you, could  
he, love?

(SHE GOES TO  
THE OFFICE DOOR  
AND POKES HER  
HEAD INSIDE.)

DORA: Someone to see you.

MAKEPIECE: (OOS) Who is it?

DORA: Mother Superior.

(DORA COMES BACK  
AND BEGINS TO  
ROLL A CIGARETTE.

ENTER MAKEPIECE.)

MAKEPIECE: What can I  
do you for, darling?

(HE FANCIES NUTSY.)

NUTSY: I'm looking for  
a job. Do you need hostesses?

MAKEPIECE: I always need  
hostesses.

(HE TAKES TWO  
CHAIRS OFF A  
TABLE AND THEY  
SIT.)

DORA IS LEANING  
ON HER HOOVER,  
WATCHING THEM  
AND MAKING HER  
CIGARETTE.)

MAKEPIECE: Ever been  
a hostess before?

NUTSY: I haven't, but -

MAKEPIECE: Good.

NUTSY: That's good?

(MAKEPIECE NOTICES  
THAT DORA IS  
LOOKING ON WITH A  
CYNICAL SMILE.)

MAKEPIECE: Dora, go and  
have a cup of tea or something,  
will you?

(EXIT DORA.)

MAKEPIECE: We open at  
nine p.m. and shut when the  
place empties out - usually  
soon after two o'clock.  
We're closed Mondays and  
Tuesdays.

NUTSY: What does it pay?

MAKEPIECE: Five pounds for every bottle of champagne.

NUTSY: What?

MAKEPIECE: It works like this. A punter comes in - a man on his tod. You're a beautiful girl, you sit with him and chat him up. He says, Buy you a drink? You say, Champagne, please. Bang - five quid.

NUTSY: And that's it?

MAKEPIECE: Anything else is up to you.

(HOLD A BEAT  
ON NUTSY.)

16 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE EVENING

(RICHARD ON THE  
PHONE, AND AT  
THE SAME TIME  
SIGNING A FILE  
OF LETTERS.)

RICHARD: It's complicated, Paul. These accounts might have been drafted so as to obscure the earnings structure.

17 INT TELEPHONE BACKING EVENING

PAUL: The Arabs are pushing me - they want to go ahead with the deal. What do I tell them?

18 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE EVENING

RICHARD: (INTO PHONE)  
Ask them what the hurry is.

NOW INTERCUT AT WILL.

PAUL: It sounds  
almost as if you don't  
trust them.

RICHARD: I wouldn't  
go that far. But I do  
suspect they know more  
than they're saying.

PAUL: All right.  
Fast as you can, then.

RICHARD: Bye.

(RICHARD HANGS UP.  
HE IS STILL SIGNING  
LETTERS.)

MRS MONKTON: (OOS) I'm  
off, Mr Liddel.

RICHARD: (NOT LOOKING)  
Goodnight.  
(NOW HE  
(NOW HE LOOKS UP.

HIS PoV: MRS  
MONKTON IS ALL  
DOLLED UP.)

MRS MONKTON: Goodnight.

(HER APPEARANCE  
SURPRISES RICHARD.)

RICHARD: Going out?

MRS MONKTON: To dinner.

RICHARD: Don't go to  
The Pussy Willow.



MRS MONKTON: Why not?

RICHARD: You might  
never come back.

(SHE LAUGHS. EXIT.)

RICHARD RETURNS  
TO HIS WORK.  
AFTER A FEW  
BEATS, HE GETS  
UP RESTLESSLY  
AND GOES TO THE  
WINDOW. HE  
FROWNS.)

TELECINE 3

Ext Richard's Office Evening

PoV from 1st-floor window:  
Ramir's limousine at the  
kerb.

MRS MONKTON walks up to  
the car. ABRAM springs  
out and holds open the  
front passenger door.  
She gets in. They  
drive away.

19 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE EVENING

(RICHARD TURNS  
AWAY FROM THE  
WINDOW, REGISTERING  
INTRIGUE.)

20 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(IT IS EARLY:  
THE PLACE IS  
RATHER EMPTY.  
NUTSY AT A  
TABLE WITH  
ANOTHER HOSTESS,  
DIANE.)

DIANE IS NONE  
TOO BRIGHT.  
SHE HAS A  
NORTHERN ACCENT  
AND A BIG CHEST.)

DIANE: I usually get  
one a night.

NUTSY: At five pounds  
each ... can you live on  
twenty-five pounds a week?

DIANE: No, you have  
to do okays.

NUTSY: Okays?

DIANE: Out-of-club ... O.K.

NUTSY: Out of club?

DIANE: You are new,  
aren't you. It means going  
home with the customer.  
That's how you make your  
money.

(NUTSY GLANCES  
TOWARD THE ENTRANCE  
AND DOES A  
DOUBLE-TAKE.)

HER PoV: RICHARD  
ENTERING THE  
CLUB IN HIS  
OFFICE SUIT.)

NUTSY: Oh, dear.  
Excuse me.

(SHE GETS UP.)

DIANE: Sure.

NUTSY: (TO RICHARD)  
What are you doing here?

(THEY GO TO  
A TABLE AND  
SIT WHILE:-)

RICHARD: I was bored.  
Even Mrs Monkton has gone  
out on the tiles.

NUTSY: Now you'll  
have to buy a bottle of  
champagne.

RICHARD: I like champagne.

NUTSY: It's Spanish.

RICHARD: I don't mind.

NUTSY: It's twenty  
pounds a bottle.

RICHARD: I mind.

(MAKEPIECE, WITH  
HIS BRIEFCASE,  
IS STANDING NEARBY,  
TALKING TO WAITER.  
NUTSY SEES HIM.)

NUTSY: Oh, go on,  
buy a girl a drink.

(RICHARD CATCHES  
ON. HE DOES A  
WELSH ACCENT.)

RICHARD: I only came  
in here for a cup of tea,  
really, my lovely.

(MAKEPIECE MOVES  
ON AND ENTERS  
HIS OFFICE.)

RICHARD: Who was that  
smoothie?

NUTSY: Makepiece,  
the manager.

RICHARD: George Makepiece?!

21 INT THE FLAT DAY

(IT IS MIDDAY  
ON SUNDAY.  
RICHARD IS  
WORKING WITH  
PAPERS AND A  
CALCULATOR.)

ENTER NUTSY.  
SHE HAS JUST  
GOT UP.

THEY WEAR  
MATCHING  
NIGHTSHIRTS.

SHE TOUCHES  
HIS FACE AS  
SHE WALKS PAST  
HIS CHAIR;  
THEN SHE STRETCHES  
OUT ON THE SOFA.

HE GETS UP,  
GOES TO THE  
KITCHEN, AND  
RETURNS WITH  
A GLASS OF  
ORANGE JUICE  
WHICH HE GIVES  
HER.

HE RETURNS TO  
HIS WORK.)

NUTSY: My feet hurt.

(RICHARD SITS  
ON THE END OF  
THE SOFA AND  
MASSAGES HER  
FEET.)

RICHARD: How many does  
that club hold when it's full?

NUTSY: It's never full.  
Fifty customers is the most  
I've ever seen there.

RICHARD: Fifty.

(HE GOES BACK  
TO HIS CALCULATOR  
AND DOES SOME  
FIGURING.)

NUTSY: Is there any coffee?

RICHARD: Coming up.

(HE GOES OUT  
TO THE KITCHEN.)

RICHARD: (OOS) How much does  
each customer spend?

NUTSY: Don't know.

RICHARD: (OOS) Guess.

(SHE THINKS. HE  
ENTERS WITH CUP  
OF COFFEE AND  
GIVES IT TOHER.)

NUTSY: I suppose ...  
twenty-five pounds each.  
Thanks.

KIEN (RICHARD DOES  
SOME MORE  
CALCULATIONS.)

RICHARD: That can't be right.

NUTSY: Pass me a cushion.

(HE GETS UP,  
FINDS HER A  
CUSHION, AND  
SITS DOWN AGAIN.  
AS SOON AS HE  
TOUCHES THE  
CALCULATOR,  
A BUZZER GOES  
IN THE KITCHEN.)

RICHARD: Oh, fiddle,  
that's your egg.

(EXIT TO KITCHEN.)

NUTSY PICKS UP  
THE SUNDAY TIMES.)

NUTSY: What do you  
think about the price of  
commodity futures?

RICHARD: (OOS) (DOING  
COCKNEY) Personally, I say  
it's a diabolical liberty.

(HE COMES BACK  
WITH A TRAY:  
BOILED EGG,  
TOAST, SPAPER  
SERVIETTE, ALL  
NEATLY LAID OUT.  
HE GIVES IT  
TO HER AND  
SITS DOWN.)

NUTSY: How lovely.

RICHARD: Now. In fact,  
each customer at that club  
must spend one hundred and  
fifty-five pounds. How's  
the egg?

NUTSY: Rubbish.

RICHARD: It was in for  
exactly four minutes.

NUTSY: The egg's smashing.  
The customers don't spend  
anywhere near that much.

RICHARD: It seems  
a bit unlikely.

NUTSY: Where d'you  
get the figure from?

RICHARD: Well, the company's  
assets are mainly office buildings  
in London, which are rented at  
five per cent of sale price -

NUTSY: Like, if the  
place is worth a hundred  
thousand, it will fetch five  
grand a year rent, regardless?

RICHARD: It can vary  
a couple of percent according  
to the tenant, but roughly,  
yes.

NUTSY: Salt?

(HE GETS THE SALT  
FROM THE TABLE  
AND GIVES IT  
TO HER, WHILE:-)

RICHARD: The company's  
balance sheet gives me the  
value of their assets -it  
has to, by law. So their  
annual income ought to be  
about five percent of that.  
See?

NUTSY: All right, I'm  
awake now. What's that clever  
little calculation got to do  
with the Pussy Willow?

RICHARD: Well, the company's  
income is not five but twelve  
percent of their assets. So where  
is the extra cash coming from?

NUTSY: They've got  
petrol stations ...

RICHARD: Which don't  
make a fortune.

NUTSY: - and a factory ...

RICHARD: Which is  
leased to a hat manufacturer.  
That won't be a high rent.

NUTSY: Leaving the club.

RICHARD: Yes.

NUTSY: Will you rub  
my feet again, please?

(HE DOES.)

NUTSY: This might  
explain why George Makepiece,  
chairman and managing director  
of London Leasing Limited, is  
pretending to be a nightclub  
manager.

RICHARD: I love your toes.

NUTSY: After all,  
he would need to be on the  
spot, wouldn't he, if he  
was selling dancers one-way  
tickets to Arabia?

TELECINE 4

Ext Park Day

LS: RICHARD and NUTSY in  
the distance, wearing coats  
and scarves, walking down  
a long, straight path  
through the park.

RICHARD: I want you  
to drop this investigation  
and clear out of The Pussy Willow.

NUTSY: I know.



CLOSER: They walk with their arms around each other, not looking at one another, speaking in flat voices, their expressions blank.

RICHARD: Will you?

NUTSY: No.

A BEAT.

RICHARD: At the start it was quite funny - a joke: Nutsy dressing up as a scarlet woman; like that time Jeremy gave a tarts-and-vicars party and you wore a slit skirt.

NUTSY: And stockings, with seams.

RICHARD: Now, it frightens me a little. Brutal men go to places like The Pussy Willow; they might take the view that, if you're there at all, you're fair game.

NUTSY: I'm not helpless.

Their PoV: two TEENAGERS (NS) are kissing on a park bench, oblivious of the world.

RICHARD and NUTSY smile.

RICHARD: If Makepiece is a criminal, and he discovers you're trying to expose his secrets ... you might get shot or something.

NUTSY: You're not thinking of giving up your investigation.

RICHARD: I'm not required to enter the lion's den.

NUTSY: If I back away from this kind of thing, I'll be writing recipes for crab-apple chutney the rest of my life.

RICHARD stops and looks at her.

RICHARD: Suppose I tell you I'm going to leave you unless you drop the story - what would you say?

NUTSY: Goodbye.

RICHARD: I thought as much.

They walk on.  
A MAN passes them, pushing an old upright piano on castors.

RICHARD: Taking his piano for a walk.

NUTSY laughs.

RICHARD: If you weren't so damn bullet-headed, I suppose I wouldn't have fallen in love with you in the first place.

A few steps farther on, NUTSY stops and embraces RICHARD. The piano MAN stares.

LS: The embrace and the piano MAN.

22 INT HOTEL

DAY

(RICHARD AND RAMIR  
TALKING. ABRAM IN  
THE BACKGROUND,  
READING "THE  
WATCH TOWER".)

RICHARD: In short,  
the company is earning  
twice as much as I would  
expect from its assets -  
and I'd like to know how.

RAMIR: So should I,  
Mr Liddel. So should I.

RICHARD: You're sure  
you've no idea?

RAMIR: None.

RICHARD: You know of  
no aspect of the group's  
business which doesn't  
appear in the documents?

RAMIR: Please don't  
cross-examine me, Mr Liddel.

(RICHARD RISES.)

RICHARD: Very well.  
I thought I should ask you.

(ABRAM GOES TO  
THE DOOR WITH HIM.)

RICHARD: I hear you  
dined at the Savoy.

ABRAM: Indeed. Good  
food, and very cheap.

RICHARD: Mrs Monkton  
enjoyed herself.

ABRAM: Good.

RICHARD: I'll be in touch.

(EXIT RICHARD.  
ABRAM SHUTS THE  
DOOR.)

ABRAM: Perhaps that  
was a mistake.

ABRAM: (WEARY  
RESIGNATION) They usually are.

23 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD POURING  
A GLASS OF DRY  
SHERRY FOR PAUL.)

RICHARD: You can't  
figure where this extra  
profit is coming from?

PAUL: That's your  
job. Cheers.

RICHARD: Cheers. You  
see, a nightclub could be a  
front for all manner of  
unsavoury enterprises, from  
blue films to white slavery.

PAUL: I hope you're  
not letting your imagination  
run away with you.

RICHARD: I think not.

PAUL: (GETTING A  
LITTLE TOUGH) It's a check  
on the company's finances  
we want, Richard ... and we  
want it fast. I must say  
we're beginning to wonder  
whether you're rather making  
a meal of it.

RICHARD: Then consider this. Ramir is an accountant. How come he never asked the questions I'm asking?

PAUL: Perhaps he's not a very good accountant.

RICHARD: I'm sure there's more to it than that.

PAUL: You'd better be right.

(HE RAISES HIS GLASS AND DRINKS.)

24 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY AT A TABLE WITH 2ND CUSTOMER, A MIDDLE-AGED ASIAN, VERY POLITE.)

MAKEPIECE ENTERS THE CLUB, CARRYING HIS BRIEFCASE.)

2ND CUSTOMER: You wouldn't like to have a drink in my hotel room?

NUTSY: Not me, sorry. Try the other girls.

2ND CUSTOMER: I think I will do that, if you don't mind. Excuse me, please.

(HE GETS UP JUST AS MAKEPIECE PASSES THE TABLE. THEY COLLIDE. MAKEPIECE DROPS HIS BRIEFCASE.)

MAKEPIECE: Damn!

2ND CUSTOMER: Terribly sorry ...

(CU: THE CASE  
IS CHAINED TO  
MAKEPIECE'S  
WRIST.)

NUTSY SEES THIS.

MAKEPIECE PICKS  
UP THE BRIEFCASE  
AND GOES TO  
HIS OFFICE.

2ND CUSTOMER  
GOES TO THE BAR.

NUTSY GOES TO  
THE OFFICE DOOR  
AND TRIES IT.  
IT IS LOCKED.)

MAKEPIECE: (OOS) Who is it?

(NUTSY WALKS AWAY.)

25 INT THE FLAT NIGHT

(RICHARD AND NUTSY  
IN DENIMS, PREPARING  
DINNER FOR TWO.  
NUTSY LAYING THE  
TABLE. RICHARD  
STANDING IN THE  
KITCHEN DOORWAY,  
WEARING AN APRON  
(SOMETHING JOKEY)  
AND MIXING A  
CONCOCTION IN  
A BOWL.)

RICHARD: What's in the  
briefcase?

NUTSY: I couldn't tell.  
I left my X-ray glasses in the  
Batmobile. Have we got any  
mayonnaise?

RICHARD: I thought we'd  
try making our own. Bottled  
mayonnaise isn't very chic,  
you know. Try.

(SHE DIPS A  
FINGER INTO  
THE BOWL AND  
TASTES.)

RICHARD: Well ... ?

NUTSY: Very chic.

(SHE OPENS A  
BOTTLE OF WINE.)

RICHARD TASTES  
THE MAYONNAISE  
AND MAKES A  
FACE.)

RICHARD: D'you think I  
should have used olive oil?

NUTSY: Yes! What did  
you use - chip fat?

RICHARD: Don't be silly.  
Castrol GTX. Can you walk in  
on Makepiece when he opens the  
bræefcase?

NUTSY: He locks the  
door. However -

26 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY AT THE  
DOOR TO THE  
OFFICE, ACTING  
CASUAL, CHEWING  
GUM. SHE LOOKS  
AROUND.)

NONOSE IS WATCHING..

SHE TAKES THE  
GUM FROM HER  
MOUTH AND  
SHOVES IT INTO  
THE KEYHOLE.

SHE MOVES AWAY,  
LOOKING AT HER  
WATCH AND AT  
THE CLUB ENTRANCE.

SHE SEES 3RD  
CUSTOMER, A  
PINSTRIPED  
SALESMAN. SHE  
GOES TO JOIN  
HIM.)

NUTSY: Hi! I'm Sandy.

3RD CUSTOMER: Geoffrey.

(ANOTHER ANGLE:  
ENTER MAKEPIECE,  
CARRYING BRIEFCASE.  
HE CROSSES THE  
ROOM, PASSING  
NUTSY AND 3RD  
CUSTOMER, AND  
ENTERS HIS OFFICE.)

27 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(CORNERPIECE:  
A DOOR AND A  
SAFE.

ENTER MAKEPIECE.



HE CLOSES THE  
DOOR, TAKES A  
KEY FROM HIS  
POCKET, AND  
INSERTS THE  
KEY IN THE LOCK.  
IT STICKS. HE  
FUMBLES WITH  
IT FOR A FEW  
BEATS, THEN  
SHRUGS AND  
LEAVES IT. HE  
OPENS THE SAFE.)

28 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY AND 3RD  
CUSTOMER.)

3RD CUSTOMER: So I told the  
Managing Director, if you  
want me to go to London  
once a month -

NUTSY: Excuse me.  
I'll be right back.

(SHE GETS UP  
AND GOES TO  
THE OFFICE DOOR.

SHE HESITATES A  
BEAT, TAKES A  
DEEP BREATH,  
AND OPENS THE  
DOOR.)

29 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(ENTER NUTSY.)

HER PoV:  
 MAKEPIECE IS  
 TAKING BUNDLES  
 OF NOTES OUT  
 OF HIS BRIEFCASE  
 AND PUTTING THEM  
 INTO THE SAFE.  
 HE LOOKS UP,  
 STARTLED.)

NUTSY: Oh! I just  
 wanted to ask for an evening off.

MAKEPIECE: Later!

(EXIT NUTSY.)

30 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY CLOSES THE  
 OFFICE DOOR AND,  
 LOOKING PLEASED  
 WITH HERSELF,  
 RETURNS TO 3RD  
 CUSTOMER. SHE  
 SMILES BRIGHTLY.)

NUTSY: So you told  
 the Managing Director a  
 thing or two.

3RD CUSTOMER: I certainly  
 did. Look here, Jack, I said -

31 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(MAKEPIECE TRANSFERRING  
 MONEY INTO THE  
 SAFE. HE IS  
 STRUCK BY A THOUGHT.

HE GETS UP AND  
 LOOKS AT THE  
 JAMMED LOCK.

HE WONDERS ... )

32 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(NUTSY SITTING AT RICHARD'S DESK, PLAYING WITH INTERCOM? DICTAPHONE, CALCULATOR, EXECUTIVE TOY, ETC. IT IS HER DAY OFF AND SHE LOOKS RAVISHING IN, SAY, DRAINPIPE JEANS AND AN OLD FUR JACKET.)

MRS MONKTON SITS IN AN UPRIGHT CHAIR. RICHARD IS PACING THE FLOOR.)

NUTSY: So Makepiece is putting money through the club.

RICHARD: Which is why he needs to be there every night.

MRS MONKTON: Why every night?

RICHARD: Either the cash comes to him in daily instalments - or he gets lump sums and just brings it in a bit at a time. I mean, there's a limit to how much money he can reasonably pretend comes through the club tills. in one night.

NUTSY: But where does the money come from?

MRS MONKTON: Does that matter?

RICHARD: Very much. We don't know whether the money is made legally or illegally. (TO NUTSY) Don't play with that, you run the batteries down.

NUTSY: It can't be legal. Why should straight money be laundered?

RICHARD: Lots of reasons.

NUTSY: Give me a for-instance.

RICHARD: Okay ...  
Suppose Makepiece buys wine in bulk and re-sells it to restaurants in the area. Now, if the wine business is making a large profit and the nightclub losing money, there will be tax advantages in merging the two enterprises, and having the club buy and sell the wine.

NUTSY: (INTO  
DICTAPHONE) Open Channel D.

RICHARD: Leave it alone.

MRS MONKTON: What does Paul think?

RICHARD: He doesn't know. I want to go to him with answers this time, not more questions. Did you find a photograph of His Holiness?

MRS MONKTON: There are none in existence.

NUTSY: Really?

MRS MONKTON: (A LITTLE BASHFUL) I believe it's against their religion - if you have their picture, you have their soul.

RICHARD: How d'you  
find that out?

MRS MONKTON: Abram told me.

(WHICH IS WHY  
SHE WAS BASHFUL.)

NUTSY: (TO RICHARD)  
Why did you want a photograph?

RICHARD: I'd like to  
see the colour of his eyes.

(MRS MONKTON AND  
NUTSY LOOK AT  
ONE ANOTHER AND  
SHRUG.)

33 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(THE PLACE IS  
FAIRLY FULL,  
AND SWINGING.  
NUTSY STANDS  
TALKING TO  
FRANCOISE AND  
1ST DANCER.)

1ST DANCER IS  
AN UPPER-CLASS  
DROPOUT WITH  
PLUM IN MOUTH  
BUT NO "SIDE".)

1ST DANCER: I suddenly  
thought: I want to see life  
before I settle down with  
some chin~~ness~~ wonder chosen  
for me by Mummy. So I took  
off my wedding dress and  
caught the next train. I  
phoned the best man from the  
railway station. Poor Nigel,  
he lay down and had piglets.

FRANCOISE: Did you wanna  
be a dancer?

1ST DANCER: Not particularly -  
but, you see, I hadn't been  
educated to earn a living.  
Dancing was the only thing  
anyone would actually pay  
me to do. Well, almost the  
only thing.

NUTSY: Have you ever  
been asked to do a dancing  
tour abroad?

1ST DANCER: Yes, but I  
wouldn't. Darling, some  
people never come back.

NUTSY: Who asked you -  
Makepiece?

1ST DANCER: No, it was  
in another club -

FRANCOISE: Oh, boy, it's  
freebie time.

(MAKEPIECE IS  
ENTERING THE CLUB,  
CARRYING HIS  
BRIEFCASE, WITH  
PETERS AND 1ST & 2ND  
BUSINESSMEN (NS).  
THEY ARE ALL  
WELL-OILED, LAUGHING  
AND SMOKING  
CIGARS.)

PETERS IS A  
PREENING, BOASTFUL,  
IMPOLITE MAN  
IN EXPENSIVE BUT  
ILL-CHOSEN CLOTHES.)

FRANCOISE: (CONTINUING)  
I'm going to the loo.

(EXIT FRANCOISE.)

NUTSY: What does she mean?

1ST DANCER: Friends of the boss. Everything on the house. No commission. If I were you, I'd scarper.

MAKEPIECE: Nutsy!

1ST DANCER: Too late.

(NUTSY GOES TO  
MAKEPIECE.)

MAKEPIECE CALLS  
1ST AND 2ND  
HOSTESSES.)

MAKEPIECE: Come here, you two.

(NUTSY ARRIVES  
FIRST.)

MAKEPIECE: I want you to look after Mr Peters. (TO WAITER) A bottle of brandy on the house.

PETERS: (TO NUTSY)  
Let's sit here and get acquainted.

(HE EXPECTS HER  
TO SIT BESIDE HIM.  
INSTEAD SHE SITS  
OPPOSITE HIM.)

MAKEPIECE SEATS  
1ST AND 2ND  
HOSTESSES (NS)  
WITH 1ST AND 2ND  
BUSINESSMEN (NS).)

MAKEPIECE: Relax and enjoy yourselves. Back in a flash.

(HE HEADS FOR  
HIS OFFICE,  
CARRYING HIS  
BRIEFCASE.)

NUTSY: What's he  
so happy about?

PETERS: Business.  
What's your name?

(WAITER ARRIVES  
AND POURS BRANDIES.  
PETERS DRINKS  
IMMEDIATELY AND  
REFILLS HIS  
GLASS. HE  
CONTINUES TO  
KNOCK IT BACK  
THROUGHOUT  
THIS SCENE.)

NUTSY: Would you  
believe Lulu?

PETERS: It'll do.

WAITER: (FRENCH ACCENT)  
Will there be anything else, sir?

(PETERS GIVES A  
DISMISSIVE WAVE.  
EXIT WAITER.)

PETERS: Your place  
place, my place or a hotel?

NUTSY: What a smooth  
talker you are.

PETERS: I don't beat  
about the bush. Are you on  
the house, too?

NUTSY: I'm not even  
for sale, Mr Peters. What's  
your first name?

PETERS: (THIN SMILE)  
Actually, it's Peter.

NUTSY: Peter Peters?



PETERS: Anything wrong  
with it?

NUTSY: Not at all.

(1ST AND 2ND  
HOSTESSES ARE  
GETTING MORE  
THAN FRIENDLY  
WITH 1ST AND 2ND  
BUSINESSMEN.  
PETERS OBSERVES  
THIS.)

PETERS: Have you decided?

NUTSY: About what?

PETERS: Your place, mine -

NUTSY: Sure, I've decided.

PETERS: Now look,  
Georgie Makepiece and me do  
a lot of business, and I  
mean a lot.

NUTSY: Oh, my, you  
really know how to charm a  
girl right off her feet,  
don't you.

PETERS: (BURPS) Pardon me.

NUTSY: Mr Debonair of  
nineteen-seventy-nine.

(PETERS IS NOW  
HAVING TROUBLE  
FOCUSSING HIS  
EYES.)

NUTSY: (CONTINUING)  
Can I get you a cab?

PETERS: You can get us  
a cab. Shall we stay at  
Claridge's? We could take a  
suite. Pay with my credit card.

NUTSY: Credit card ...  
so romantic.

PETERS: Listen. I  
spent a huddred grand, sterling,  
in Georgie's warehouse tonight.  
Now say you won't go home  
with me.

NUTSY: I won't go  
home with you.

(PETERS IS ON  
THE POINT OF  
COLLAPSE.)

NUTSY: (CONTINUING)  
What did you buy for a hundred  
thousand pounds?

(PETERS' EYES  
ARE CLOSED.)

NUTSY LOOKS  
AROUND: NO ONE  
IS WATCHING.  
SHE LEANS FORWARD  
AND PINCHES  
PETERS' CHEEK  
HARD. HE OPENS  
HIS EYES.)

NUTSY: What did you  
buy from Georgie?

PETERS: I feel ill.

(ENTER MAKEPIECE.)

MAKEPIECE: Take him home,  
Nutsy, will you? He's  
harmless now.

NUTSY: Sure.

34 INT DOORWAY

NIGHT

(A CORNERPIECE:  
THE CORRIDOR OF  
A MODERN  
APARTMENT BLOCK  
WITH THE FRONT  
DOOR OF PETERS'  
FLAT.)

ENTER NUTSY  
HALF-CARRYING  
PETERS.)

NUTSY: The key.

(PETERS FUMBLES  
FOR IT AND TRIES  
TO UNLOCK THE DOOR.)

PETERS: Where's that  
ruddy keyhole.

(NUTSY TAKES  
THE KEY FROM  
HIM AND UNLOCKS.)

SHE TURNS TO  
HIM AND PUTS  
HER HANDS ON  
HIS SHOULDERS.  
HE THINKS HIS  
LUCK HAS  
CHANGED AT LAST.)

NUTSY: What did you  
buy from Georgie that cost  
a hundred thousand pounds?

PETERS: (CONFIDENTIAL) Guns.

(HE TRIES TO  
EMBRACE NUTSY.  
SHE DUCKS OUT  
OF THE WAY AND  
GIVES HIM A PUSH  
WHICH SENDS HIM  
STUMBLING INTO  
THE FLAT. SHE  
SHUTS THE DOOR.)

NUTSY: Guns!

35 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(THE PLACE IS  
CLOSING UP BY  
THE TIME NUTSY  
GETS BACK.)

ENTER NUTSY.  
DIANE SPOTS HER.)

DIANE: That was quick.

NUTSY: He could hardly  
open the front door - I didn't  
go in.

DIANE: You're daft.  
You could've had the money  
off him anyway.

(ENTER MAKEPIECE.)

MAKEPIECE: Was Peters all right?

NUTSY: He was falling-down  
drunk, but otherwise he was fine.

MAKEPIECE: You might as well  
go on home. Thanks.

TELECINE 5

Ext Nightclub Night

NUTSY comes out of the  
club dressed in leather  
jacket and leather  
trousers. She puts on  
a crash helmet, climbs  
on a large motorcycle,  
and roars away.

36 INT THE FLAT

NIGHT

(CU: A LARGE TOME.  
WE SEE A CHAPTER  
HEADING: "RETROSPECTIVE  
TAXATION OF  
CORPORATE MULTIPLES"  
OR SIMILAR  
GOBBLEDYGOOK.

ANOTHER ANGLE:  
THE BOOK IS ON  
RICHARD'S LAP,  
AND HE HAS  
FALLEN ASLEEP  
OVER IT.

ENTER NUTSY FROM  
THE STREET?  
WEARING HER  
LEATHERS. SHE  
SEES HIM AND  
SMILES AFFECTIONATELY.

SHE LOOKS AT  
HIS BOOK, MAKES  
A FACE, AND  
TAKES IT OFF  
HIS LAP. THIS  
WAKES HIM.

HE WATCHES AS  
SHE TAKES OFF  
THE LEATHERS TO  
REVEAL HER  
EVENING DRESS  
(FROM SC. 33)  
UNDERNEATH.

HE STANDS UP  
AND KISSES HER.)

NUTSY: Makepiece is  
in the armaments business.

(RICHARD'S REACTION.)

TELECINE 6Ext Petrol Station Day

Richard's car drives in and stops at the pumps. While RICHARD fills the tank, NUTSY goes around the back of the building.

RICHARD goes to the cash window to pay.

CASHIER: Didn't need much petrol, did you?

RICHARD: (AWKWARD) The lady wanted the loo.

CASHIER: Thirty-eight pence, please.

RICHARD and NUTSY return to the car.

NUTSY: No warehouse.

They get in and drive away.

Int/Ext Car/Streets Day

RICHARD and NUTSY driving along.

NUTSY: That's it - we've been to every building on the list, and there's no warehouse.

RICHARD: Perhaps London Leasing doesn't own the warehouse.

NUTSY: Is it so vital  
to know where it is?

RICHARD: I want to see  
it. Until I do, all we've  
got is the word of a drunk -  
I can't base my report on that.

NUTSY: If the company  
doesn't even own the building,  
how can we possibly find it?

RICHARD: Do you think  
Makepiece knows my face?

NUTSY: I doubt it.  
He's only walked past you  
in a dim nightclub - why?

RICHARD: You took Peters  
home in a cab, you said.

NUTSY: Yes ...

RICHARD: So you know  
his address.

NUTSY: Are you thinking  
what I think ~~me~~ you're thinking?

37 INT DOORWAY DAY

(ENTER RICHARD,  
CARRYING A  
WALKING STICK.  
HE KNOCKS ON  
THE DOOR.

PETERS ANSWERS,  
LOOKING HUNG OVER  
AND WEARING AN  
INCREDIBLE  
DRESSING GOWN.

RICHARD SPEAKS  
WITH A SOUTH  
AFRICAN ACCENT.)

RICHARD: Mr Peters?

PETERS: Who wants him?

RICHARD: (LOUD) I want  
to buy some guns.

PETERS: Hush! You'd  
better come in.

38 INT NIGHTCLUB EVENING

(THE CLUB IS  
PREPARING TO  
OPEN IN AN  
HOUR OR SO.  
WAITER IN  
BACKGROUND  
POLISHING  
GLASSES.)

RICHARD AND  
MAKEPIECE SIT  
AT A TABLE.  
RICHARD STILL  
HAS THE STICK  
AND THE ACCENT.

FRANCOISE WALKS  
THROUGH? WEARING  
HER STREET  
CLOTHES. SHE  
SEES RICHARD  
BUT HE DOES NOT  
SEE HER.)

RICHARD: I represent a  
group of African businessmen ...  
I'm not going to tell you  
who they are, but (POINTING  
AT FRANCOISE'S BACK) they're  
not that colour.

MAKEPIECE: So you need  
something suitable for ...

RICHARD: Killing savages.



MAKEPIECE: I like a man who's honest. Now, Peters said this was too big an order for him to handle on his own, that's why he sent you to me.

RICHARD: So he said. He was very helpful -

MAKEPIECE: Don't worry, he'll get a commission.

RICHARD: So ...

MAKEPIECE: I think I might have just what you're looking for.

39 INT WAREHOUSE NIGHT

(CU: A MACHINE GUN ON A TRIPOD.

ANOTHER ANGLE:  
RICHARD LOOKING AT THE MACHINE GUN, THEN AROUND AT OTHER ASSORTED WEAPONS.

MAKEPIECE REACHES INTO A CRATE AND TAKES OUT A RIFLE. HE HANDS IT TO RICHARD, WHO HOLDS IT AWKWARDLY.)

MAKEPIECE: You familiar with firearms?

RICHARD: No. I'm an accountant, not a mercenary.

MAKEPIECE: So why are you buying guns?

RICHARD: (SIGH) Why do I bail clients out of jail, advise them on their divorces, fire their butlers ... ? Accountants do all sorts of things.

MAKEPIECE: Well I never.

(HE TAKES THE GUN.)

MAKEPIECE: Let me demonstrate, then.

RICHARD: Is this place soundproofed?

MAKEPIECE: I should hope so.

(MAKEPIECE FIRES THE RIFLE. THIS REMINDS US OF SC. 2.)

RICHARD: How many have you got?

MAKEPIECE: Would you believe a thousand?

RICHARD: Make me a price for the whole consignment.

MAKEPIECE: You starting a war?

(RICHARD DOES NOT REPLY.)

MAKEPIECE: Price? Quarter of a million, sterling.

RICHARD: What a pity.

(HE WALKS AWAY.)

MAKEPIECE: How about  
two hundred grand?

(RICHARD WALKS ON.)

MAKEPIECE: Hundred and  
eighty, and that's my best  
price.

RICHARD: Hundred and  
seventy?

MAKEPIECE: It's a cheap  
rifle, at that price.

RICHARD: They're not  
new, though. And I'm taking  
the whole consignment.

MAKEPIECE: It's a deal.

(HE HODDS OUT  
HIS HAND TO  
SHAKE.)

RICHARD: No, it's not.  
I'll have to clear it with  
my principals tomorrow. I'll  
be back the day after.

MAKEPIECE: Now I know  
why they get their accountant  
to buy their guns.

40 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD ON  
THE PHONE.)

RICHARD: London Leasing  
sells guns.

41 INT TELEPHONEBACKING DAY

PAUL: Guns?!

42 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

RICHARD: I was at  
the warehouse last night.

NOW INTERCUT AT WILL

PAUL: So that's  
where the profits come  
from. Well done.

RICHARD: You're missing  
the point, Paul. There's an  
international embargo on arms  
sales to His Holiness - he's a  
troublemaker.

PAUL: Oh, of course ...

RICHARD: If they can't  
buy guns, they can't buy  
London Leasing.

PAUL: Who's going to  
tell them - you or me?

43 INT HOTEL DAY

(RICHARD AND PAUL  
SIT SIDE BY SIDE  
OPPOSITE RAMIR.

ABRAM IN THE  
BACKGROUND,  
READING "WOMAN'S  
OWN".)

RAMIR: We know about  
the arms warehouse.

(RICHARD GETS THE  
PICTURE IMMEDIATELY.  
PAUL TAKES A LITTLE  
LONGER.)

RICHARD: I see ...

PAUL: You know? Then  
why didn't you -

~~XXXX~~ ABRAM ABRUPTLY  
DROPS HIS  
MAGAZINE AND  
WALKS OVER.)

ABRAM: Oil fields  
don't last forever. Our  
present wells are running  
out. There are other fields,  
in the north - and the rebels  
hold the north. We must have  
those guns, no matter what.  
The future of my country depends  
on them.

RICHARD: A fine speech  
for a chauffeur.

PAUL: Richard!

RICHARD: How many chauffeurs  
get to use the limousine when  
they take a woman out to dinner?

RAMIR: His Holiness is  
a generous employer -

RICHARD: His Holiness is  
a young man with a taste for  
middle-aged Western women like  
my secretary. His Holiness has  
never had his photograph taken ...

ABRAM: I am His Holiness.

PAUL: Well, now, you  
chaps really haven't been quite  
straight with us at all, now  
have you?

ABRAM: We regret  
deceiving you, but it was  
necessary.

(RICHARD GETS  
UP TO GO.)

RICHARD: Well, it hasn't  
worked.

PAUL: Not so fast,  
Richard.

RICHARD: Look, your firm  
won't want to get involved in  
breaking an arms embargo -

PAUL: His Holiness  
is not actually buying arms,  
you know - he's buying  
shares. If he subsequently  
uses his position as owner  
to force the company to sell  
arms to his army, that's when  
the law may be broken.

RICHARD: It's a bit thin ...

PAUL: Thin it may be,  
but it's the law. I had the  
lawyers check it before I  
came here. Gentlemen, the  
deal is on.

RICHARD: Okay. If it's  
legal, it's legal. In that  
case I'd like to make one more  
inquiry.

ABRAM: Mr Liddel, we  
are in a hurry.

RICHARD: Give me a day.

(RICHARD AND NUTSY  
STAND TOE-TO-TOE,  
ROWING.)

NUTSY: But that's  
ridiculous! It's a  
technicality!

RICHARD: The law is  
technical.

NUTSY: Don't be daft.

RICHARD: If we can help  
our clients get around the  
law, we do. Tax experts do  
it the whole time.

NUTSY: You do this  
job because you didn't want  
to spend your life helping  
the rich avoid tax.

RICHARD: This obviously  
isn't the same.

NUTSY: No. This is  
you and Paul thwarting  
British foreign policy.

RICHARD: I'm not concerned  
to enforce British foreign  
policy. People hire me and  
I advise them. There's nothing  
to be done about it, anyway.

NUTSY: Oh, yes there is.

(SHE GOES AND  
SITS BEHIND HER  
DESK.)

NUTSY: I can do a  
story on it.

RICHARD: No, you can't.

NUTSY: Try stopping me.

RICHARD: When I told you about the deal, I was revealing a professional confidence.

NUTSY: You knew I was a reporter.

RICHARD: I talk to you about my work because I trust you totally.

NUTSY: Maybe you shouldn't.

RICHARD: Nutsy, it's not your secret.

NUTSY: (DEFEATED)  
Well, damn you.

45 INT COMPOSING ROOM DAY

(A CORNERPIECE. NUTSY STANDS AT THE "STONE", A TROLLEY ON TOP OF WHICH IS A PAGE OF THE NEWSPAPER IN METAL FORM. BESIDE HER IS THE STONEHAND (NS).)

SHE TAPS THE TYPE WITH A RULER.)

NUTSY: Take out the last-but-one paragraph.

(STONEHAND REMOVES SEVERAL LINES OF TYPE.)

ENTER RILEY,  
CARRYING A  
PAGE PROOF.)



RILEY: You look half dead.

NUTSY: I've had some late nights on the hostesses story.

RILEY: Well, I've read your stuff. What happened to white slavery?

NUTSY: Didn't stand up.

RILEY: What's left isn't much.

NUTSY: I know. (TO STONEHAND) And this crosshead. That should do it.

(STONEHAND TAKES OUT A SINGLE LINE.)

RILEY: Get off your backside, girl! It's a good piece, but it's too general. I want some people in there.

NUTSY: Go on.

RILEY: It wants to be based around one girl, with a picture and an on-the-record interview.

NUTSY: That'll be difficult.

RILEY: If it was easy, anybody could do it.

(A BEAT. HE TAPS THE TYPE WITH A PENCIL.)

RILEY: There's a hyphen in Rolls-Royce.

(EXIT RILEY, GRINNING. STONEHAND AND NUTSY LOOK AT THE TYPE.)

NUTSY: How does he do that?

46 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(MAKEPIECE AND  
CARPENTER (NS).)

THE CARPENTER  
HAS TAKEN THE  
OLD LOCK OFF  
THE DOOR AND  
IS ABOUT TO  
FIT A NEW ONE.  
HE SHOWS THE  
O OLD LOCK, NOW  
DISMANTLED,  
TO MAKEPIECE.  
MAKEPIECE  
EXAMINES IT.)

MAKEPIECE: Chewing gum ... ?!

47 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY AND DIANE  
SIT ON STOOLS AT  
THE BAR.)

DIANE: When I came  
to London I thought I was  
going to be a model ... I'm  
from Bolton, up there we  
didn't know big boobs had  
gone out of fashion.

NUTSY: How did you  
get into this?

DIANE: I saw an ad  
in the paper for hostesses.  
I thought, great, you know,  
go out every night and get  
paid for it.

NUTSY: (SMILE) Me, too.

DIANE: Then the money  
wasn't enough, so I started  
doing okays ...

NUTSY: (DEEP BREATH)  
I know a girl who wants to do  
a write-up on hostesses for a  
newspaper ... Would you want  
to talk to her?

(ANOTHER ANGLE:  
MAKEPIECE IS  
EAVESDROPPING.)

DIANE: Oh, I don't  
know ... Any money in it?

MAKEPIECE: Come on, girls,  
off you bums - customers.

(3RD AND 4TH  
CUSTOMERS  
ENTERING THE  
CLUB.)

NUTSY AND DIANE  
GET UP AND GO  
TO THEM.

HOLD ON MAKEPIECE,  
LOOKING THOUGHTFUL.

42 INT WAREHOUSE

DAY

(MAKEPIECE AND  
RICHARD SITTING  
DOWN, TYING UP  
THE LOOSE ENDS  
OF THEIR DEAL.  
RICHARD IS  
WORKING THROUGH  
A LIST OF  
POINTS.)

RICHARD: And finally,  
delivery.

MAKEPIECE: I can get them packed, containerised and delivered to Tilbury within a week. From there it's down to you.

RICHARD: Of course. Well, I think that's everything. If you'd let me have an invoice -

MAKEPIECE: No invoices, no receipts. We don't like paperwork.

RICHARD: Somewhat irregular.

MAKEPIECE: It's an irregular trade.

RICHARD: Quite. Well, who do I make the cheque to?

MAKEPIECE: No cheques, either. Just cash.

RICHARD: I see.

49      INT      HOTEL      DAY

(RICHARD, PAUL,  
RAMIR AND ABRAM.)

RICHARD: Gentlemen,  
you have been conned.

ABRAM: What is this  
"conned"?

PAUL: All right,  
Richard, just give us the  
details.

RICHARD: You thought you were buying an arms business along with London Leasing. You weren't. The arms operation is Makepiece's personal property. All transactions are in cash, there's no paperwork, the premises don't belong to London Leasing ... there's nothing to tie it to the company you're purchasing.

PAUL: But a trick like that would never have got past the lawyers who handled the deal!

RICHARD: Yes, it would. Remember, His Holiness didn't tell any of us that it was the guns he was after. How would anyone have known that something was missing from the documentation?

RAMIR: So, when we took over the group ...

RICHARD: You would have said: "Where are the guns?" And everyone would have replied: "What guns?"

PAUL: And, without the extra cash going through the nightclub, the group's profits would have taken a sudden, inexplicable dive ... Richard, you have done well.

ABRAM: But now that we know we can legally buy the arms business, let us simply write it into the contract.

(RICHARD GETS  
UP TO GO.)

RICHARD: A waste of time. Makepiece wanted to sell an undistinguished property group at an inflated price and keep his arms business. Now we've found him out, I think you'll find he won't be in when you call.

ABRAM: (RISING) Mr Makepiece cannot avoid us forever. We will catch up with him, sooner or later.

RICHARD: That's your business. I think mine's done.

ABRAM: Mr Liddel, you have our eternal gratitude for saving our face.

RICHARD: I'll send you my bill.

50      INT      NIGHTCLUB      NIGHT

(NUTSY TALKING TO FRANCOISE. ENTER MAKEPIECE, LOOKING GLUM.)

NUTSY: What are you so miserable about?

MAKEPIECE: Little business deal I was doing just fell through.

FRANCOISE: With Nutsy's fellow?

MAKEPIECE: What?

FRANCOISE: (BRIGHTLY) I saw him in here the other afternoon.

NUTSY: Can't have been.

FRANCOISE: I'm sure it was him. The boy I tried to chat, before you started working here. He was with you, wasn't he, Georgie?

NUTSY: My man's been in Singapore for a fortnight. If he knew I was working here -

MAKEPIECE: (INTERRUPTING)  
(TO FRANCOISE) With me, was he?

FRANCOISE: Yeah, nice-looking chap with a walking stick. Why does he carry a stick, Nutsy?

(MAKEPIECE GRABS  
NUTSY.)

MAKEPIECE: Who is he?  
What's it all about, then?

FRANCOISE: Oh, did I say the wrong thing?

NUTSY: Let go!

FRANCOISE: Georgie, stop it, you great bully.

(MAKEPIECE TWISTS  
NUTSY'S ARM.)

MAKEPIECE: Why do you ask so many questions? Why did you jam the lock? Who are you?

(NUTSY KNEES HIM.  
HE DOUBLES UP.)

FRANCOISE: Cough.

(EXIT NUTSY  
AT A RUN.)

TELECINE 7Ext Nightclub Night

NUTSY runs out, still wearing her evening gown. She jumps on her motorcycle and roars away.

MAKEPIECE runs out, jumps into his car, and gives chase.

Ext Streets Night

MAKEPIECE in his car chasing NUTSY on her motorcycle. The streets are almost deserted at this hour, and the chase is even. MAKEPIECE tries to force NUTSY to stop. SHE crashes. MAKEPIECE drives away without stopping, leaving her lying in the road.

ANOTHER ANGLE: ABRAM is on the scene in his limousine. He looks at NUTSY, and registers fury.

51 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(A CORNERPIECE.)

NUTSY IN A  
HOSPITAL BED,  
ENCASED IN  
BANDAGES,  
UNCONSCIOUS.



RICHARD SITS  
BESIDE HER,  
DISTRAUGHT.

CAMERA PANS  
TO THE DOOR.  
THROUGH THE  
GLASS WE SEE  
A NURSE  
TALKING TO  
SOMEONE, SHAKING  
HER HEAD.

THE PERSON  
SHE IS TALKING  
TO COMES INTO  
VIEW. IT  
IS ABRAM.)

TELECINE 8

Ext Nightclub Night

Makepiece's car outside  
the club.

An ARAB in traditional  
robes, headgear and  
sunglasses walks up to  
the car, looks at it  
for a beat, then walks  
passt it into the club.

52 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(THE NORMAL  
NIGHT-TIME  
SCENE.

ENTER THE ARAB.  
HE CROSSES THE  
ROOM AND ENTERS  
THE CLUB OFFICE.)

53 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(RICHARD AND  
NUTSY AS SC. 51.)

CU: NUTSY OPENS  
HER EYES.

RICHARD LEANS  
FORWARD.

SHE LOSES  
CONSCIOUSNESS  
AGAIN.

RICHARD'S  
REACTION.)

54 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(THE ARAB LEAVES  
THE OFFICE?  
CLOSING THE  
DOOR BEHIND HIM.

HE HEADS FOR  
THE EXIT.)

TELECINE 9

Ext Nightclub Night

The Arab leaves the club  
and goes to a car: it is  
Abram's limousine ...

He jumps in and the car  
pulls away fast.

55 INT HOSPITAL

NIGHT

(THE LIGHTS ARE  
DIMMER: IT IS  
THE EARLY HOURS.)

ENTER NURSE. SHE  
HANDS A NOTE TO  
RICHARD. HE  
BEGINS TO OPEN  
IT AS THE NURSE  
EXITS.)

56 INT NIGHTCLUB

NIGHT

(IT IS LATE.  
THE CUSTOMERS  
HAVE GONE AND  
THE STAFF ARE  
PREPARING TO  
LEAVE.)

DIANE AND WAITER  
AT THE BAR.)

DIANE: I think old  
GeeGie's fallen asleep.

WAITER: (NO FRENCH  
ACCENT NOW) Well, I'm going home.

DIANE: Well tell him  
it's bedtime.

(SHE GOES TO  
THE OFFICE DOOR,  
KNOCKS, HESITATES,  
THEN OPENS THE  
DOOR AND WALKS  
IN.)

WAITER PUSHS HIS  
STREET JACKET ON.)

WAITER: (CALLS) So  
long, Diane.

(DIANE SCREAMS.)

57 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(RICHARD READING  
THE NOTE.)

58 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(WAITER, DANCERS,  
HOSTESSES, ALL  
CLUSTERED ROUND  
THE OFFICE DOOR.)

WAITER: Godd God,  
is he dead? I think he's  
dead. Gawd blimey, he's dead.

59 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(ESTABLISH, THEN:

CU: RICHARD'S NOTE.  
IT READS: "SHE HAS  
BEEN AVENGED."

RICHARD DOES NOT  
UNDERSTAND. HE  
CRUMPLES THE NOTE  
INTO HIS POCKET.

CU: NUTSY IS STILL  
UNCONSCIOUS.)

END CREDITS