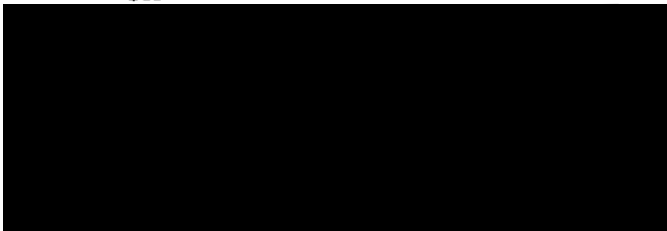


THE NUMBERS MAN

Episode One: Sheik, Rattle and Roll
by Ken Follett

50 minutes

Ken Follett



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Sheik, Rattle and Roll - characters

Regular Richard
 Nutsy (studio & film)
 Mrs Monkton (studio & film)
 Neil Riley

This ep. Ramir
 Abram (studio & film)
 Makepiece (studio & film)
 Peter
 Caroline
 Francoise
 Diane
 Peter Peters
 Waiter
 2nd customer

Non-speaking
 1st customer
 1st & 2nd hostesses
 3rd & 4th hostesses
 1st & 2nd businessmen
 Cleaner
 Carpenter

Waiters, hostesses, customers & gogo dancers

Sheik, Rattle and Roll - sets & locations

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

This ep. Hotel Suite
 Warehouse
 Nightclub } integral
 Club Office
 Hospital (conscience)

Film Ext Hotel (stock) (day)
 Ext Richard's Office (day & evening)
 Ext Nightclub (night)
 Ext London Streets (day & night)

SHEIK, RATTLE AND ROLL

by Ken Follett

TELECINE 1

Ext Hotel Day

Establishing shot: the London Hilton or similar expensive hotel - stock footage.

1 INT HOTEL DAY

(THE DRAWING-ROOM OF AN EXPENSIVE SUITE.

GAMEL RAMIR IS A WESTERNISED ARAB, WEARING A LOUNGE SUIT AND SPEAKING PERFECT ENGLISH. ABOUT 40, HE IS CULTURED, EDUCATED AND SHREWD.

ABRAM IS HIS CHAUFFEUR AND GENERAL MANSERVANT. ABOUT 25. HE IS NOT QUITE AS DEFERENTIAL AS WE MIGHT EXPECT.

THE THIRD MAN IN THE ROOM IS GEORGE MAKEPIECE, AN ENGLISH BUSINESSMAN 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.

RAMIR AND MAKEPIECE
SIT IN EASY CHAIRS
DRINKING COFFEE
FROM TINY CUPS
WHILE ABRAM HOVERS
IN THE BACKGROUND.
ARAB MUSIC IS
PLAYING.)

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

(RAMIR NODS TO
ABRAM, WHO
TURNS THE VOLUME
DOWN.)

RAMIR: Doesn't it
remind you of Beirut?

MAKEPIECE: That's right.

(MAKEPIECE SIPS
HIS COFFEE AND
SETS IT ASIDE.)

RAMIR: You don't
like the coffee, either?

MAKEPIECE: I'm here to
do business, not have a
good time - which is just
as well.

(RAMIR MAKES A
SIGN TO ABRAM.
ABRAM BRINGS A
POT AND REFILLS
RAMIR'S CUP.
MAKEPIECE IS
IMPATIENT.)

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.

(RAMIR STANDS AND
MAKEPIECE FOLLOWS
SUIT.)

RAMIR: (CONTINUING)
Now all I have to do is get
His Holiness to ratify the
terms.

MAKEPIECE: I thought you
had full powers -

RAMIR: A formality,
I'm sure.

(RAMIR TAKES
MAKEPIECE'S ARM
AND LEADS HIM
TO THE DOOR
WHILE:-)

MAKEPIECE: I hope so.

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

MAKEPIECE: (MOLLIFIED)
By all means.

(THEY SHAKE HANDS.
EXIT MAKEPIECE.
RAMIR CLOSES THE
DOOR.)

IN THE CORRIDOR,
MAKEPIECE TURNS
AND SPEAKS TO
THE CLOSED DOOR.)

MAKEPIECE: Mug!

OPENING TITLES

2 INT THE FLAT NIGHT

(SEATED AROUND THE
DINING TABLE ARE
RICHARD, NUTSY,
PETER AND CAROLINE.)

PETER IS AN
AMBITIOUS YOUNG
STOCKBROKER.
CAROLINE IS
GLAMOROUS IN
A BRITTLE WAY.

THE TABLE BEARS
THE REMAINS OF
A DINNER PARTY.

(RICHARD PICKS UP
THE BRANDY BOTTLE.)

RICHARD: More cognac,
Peter?

(PETER SHAKES HIS
HEAD AND COVERS
HIS SNIFTER WITH
HIS HAND.)

RICHARD: Caroline?

CAROLINE: (FLIRTING) Yes,
please, darling.

(RICHARD POURS
AND OFFERS TO
NUTSY.)

NUTSY: (MIMICKING
CAROLINE) Yes, please, darling.

(RICHARD GIVES
HER A WARNING
LOOK AS HE POURS.)

PETER: How's business,
Richard?

RICHARD: Rather good.
I've just moved to a bigger
office and hired a full-time
secretary.

PETER: You seem to
have done awfully well in
such a short time.

RICHARD: (GRIN) Haven't
I, though.

(CAROLINE GOES TO
RICHARD'S SIDE
AND HELPS HERSELF
TO MORE BRANDY,
GETTING MUCH
CLOSER TO RICHARD
THAN SHE NEEDS
TO.)

CAROLINE: What's the
secret of your success?

RICHARD: Well, most
accountants go for
respectable business: they
prefer to deal with
accounts which are clean,
clear, and totally above
board. I do the opposite.

(CAROLINE STILL
AT RICHARD'S
SHOULDER.)

NUTSY: He specialises
in cooked books.

CAROLINE: How clever
of you!

PETER: Who gives you
this kind of work?

(CAROLINE GETS
BORED AND MOVES
AWAY WHILE:-)

RICHARD: Disgruntled
shareholders, sleeping partners
who suddenly wake up,
nervous investors, authors
who think their publishers
are cheating on royalties ...

CAROLINE: (TO PETER)
 You must set up your own company, it's the only way to make a fortune.

PETER: You can't just set up in business as a stockbroker - it's a closed shop -

RICHARD: I'm not quite making a fortune, you know -

CAROLINE: (RATTY) Oh, Peter just hasn't got the initiative -

PETER: Good Lord, look at the time.

(RICHARD INDICATES
 THE BRANDY BOTTLE.)

RICHARD: One more?

PETER: No, thanks.

(PETER STANDS.)

PETER: Caroline had a coat.

NUTSY: I'll get it.

(EXIT NUTSY TO
 BEDROOM.)

RICHARD AND
 PETER MOVE
 TOWARD THE
 FRONT DOOR
 WHILE:-)

PETER: For instance, if one of my Arabs wanted to buy into a particular British company, and we had our doubts ... you could look into whether they were overvaluing their assets, and so on ...

RICHARD: Right up my street.

(ENTER NUTSY. SHE
HELPS CAROLINE WITH
HER COAT.)

PETER: And all strictly
hush-hush, no doubt.

RICHARD: Quite.

PETER: That's jolly
useful to know.

(PETER KISSES
NUTSY CHASTELY.)

CAROLINE KISSES
RICHARD LASCIVIOUSLY.)

PETER: Thankyou for
a splendid supper. You must
come to us very soon.

(AD LIB GOODBYES
AND EXIT PETER
AND CAROLINE.)

RICHARD AND NUTSY
REGISTER RELIEF.
ARM-IN-ARM, THEY
MOVE BACK INTO
THE CENTRE OF
THE ROOM.)

NUTSY: What a dear,
sweet nature Caroline has.

RICHARD: I don't like
her either.

NUTSY: I suppose you
hated her kissing you like that.

RICHARD: It was almost
unbearable.

(NUTSY HAMMERS ON
RICHARD'S CHEST
WITH HER FISTS
IN MOCK RAGE.
HE KISSES HER.)

NUTSY: Anyway,
Peter's going to introduce
you to his Arabs, and
that was the object of the
exercise ... wasn't it?

(HOLD ON RICHARD,
PRETENDING TO
LOOK INNOCENT.)

3 INT WAREHOUSE DAY

(A LARGE, BARE
BUILDING. THERE
ARE SEVERAL BIG
CRATES STENCILLED
"DUBAI".

HOWEVER, FOR NOW
ALL WE SEE IS A
BLANK WALL AND:-

CU: MAKEPIECE
FIRING A RIFLE.
IT IS A
"MARTINI-HENRY"
RIFLE TAKING
A 577/450 CARTRIDGE.
N.B. IF THIS IS
DIFFICULT THERE
ARE ALTERNATIVES.

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

PAUSE WHILE
SMOKE CLEARS AND
ECHOES DIE AWAY.)

MAKEPIECE: (TO HIMSELF)
Very impressive.

(AND HE LAUGHS
HIS HEAD OFF.

CUT IN MID-LAUGH.)

4 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD, IN SHIRTSLEEVES, GETS UP FROM HIS DESK AND GOES TO THE WINDOW.)

TELECINE 2

Ext Richard's Office Day

PoV from first-floor window.
A Rolls-Royce at the kerb.
ABRAM gets out and moves
TOWARD CAMERA.

5 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD PUTS ON HIS JACKET AND CHECKS HIS APPEARANCE IN A MIRROR.)

6 INT ANTEROOM DAY

(MRS MONKTON AT HER DESK. ABRAM IS LEANING ACROSS THE DESK AND SPEAKING TO HER IN A LOW VOICE.)

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

(MRS MONKTON IS SPEECHLESS.)

7 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

SFX: BUZZER.

(RICHARD PRESSES
THE INTERCOM
BUTTON.)

MRS MONKTON: (VO) (FILTER)
Mr Liddel -

RICHARD: I'll come out.

(EXIT RICHARD.)

8 INT ANTEROOM DAY

(ENTER RICHARD
FROM HIS OFFICE.)

HIS PoV: ABRAM
LEANING ACROSS
THE DESK
MURMURING TO
MRS MONKTON.)

ABRAM: You and I
could fall in love, and -

(ABRAM CATCHES
MRS MONKTON'S
REACTION AS SHE
SEES RICHARD.
ABRAM LOOKS UP,
UNEMBARRASSED.)

RICHARD: Gamel Ramir?

ABRAM: No, sir. I am
his chauffeur, Abram. I have
come to pick you up.

9 INT HOTEL DAY

(RAMIR AND RICHARD
TALKING; ABRAM IN
THE BACKGROUND.
WE JUMP INTO THE
MIDDLE OF THE
CONVERSATION.)

RAMIR: The company
is called London Leasing
Limited - do you know them?

RICHARD: Not at all.
Are they very large?

(RAMIR PASSES
HIM A SLIM
FOLDER.)

RAMIR: It's a
private limited company
which owns several valuable
office buildings in
London.

RICHARD: So it's a
property company.

RAMIR: Mainly. They
own some petrol stations, a
nightclub, and a small
factory - you'll find a
complete list of their
properties in the file -
but ninety percent of
the company's income
consists of rents.

RICHARD: And ...

RAMIR: And His Holiness
would like to invest in it.

RICHARD: What sort
of share will you take?

RAMIR: One hundred
percent. Their profits are
quite remarkable. It looks
a very good buy.

RICHARD: Too good?

RAMIR: Perhaps ...
More important, this will
be our first venture into
British business, and we
must be sure the company
is financially respectable ...
in every way.

RICHARD: I understand
perfectly. Well, now, I
charge -

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

10 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 IN A
BRIEFCASE
WHICH IS ALMOST
FULL OF IDENTICAL
BUNDLES.

HE CLOSES THE
CASE AND STANDS
UP.)

11 INT ANTEROOM DAY

(MRS MONKTON AT
HER DESK. ENTER
RICHARD FROM
STREET. HE TAKES
OFF HIS COAT,
ETC; WHILE:-)

RICHARD: Open a file
on London Leasing Limited.

MRS MONKTON: Right ...

(SHE WRITES ON
A PAD.)

RICHARD: We'll start
with their balance sheet.
Then run a credit check.
Put their name on the
clippings-service list,
and I'll look them up
at Companies House
tomorrow.

MRS MONKTON: Yes.

RICHARD: (HESITATES,
THEN) I'm sorry about that
amorous Arab.

MRS MONKTON: Don't worry.

(AN ENIGMATIC SMILE.)

12 INT THE FLAT NIGHT

(RICHARD AND NUTSY
ARE PREPARING TO
GO OUT. THEIR
CLOTHES ARE
SMART-CASUAL, AND
TRENDY. NUTSY IS
PUTTING FINISHING
TOUCHES TO HER
MAKE-UP IN A HAND
MIRROR. RICHARD
IS FILING HIS
NAILS.)

RICHARD: His Holiness
is one of the richest men
in the world, and he lives
in a tent.

NUTSY: What does he
spend his money on?

RICHARD: Middle-aged
Western women, by all accounts.

NUTSY: Really?

RICHARD: He wouldn't
like you, you're too thin.
Anyway -

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

RICHARD: Anyway, he
tried to buy an air force
a while back, but no one
would sell him one.

NUTSY: What did he
want it for?

RICHARD: To wipe out
a rebel tribe. However,
there's an international
embargo on arms sales to
that country.

(NUTSY HAS
FINISHED HER
MAKE-UP.)

NUTSY: So he wants
to buy Britain instead -
starting with London Leasing
Limited.

RICHARD: Mmm ...

NUTSY: What does
"Mmm ... " mean?

RICHARD: It's a very small company to interest a multimillionaire ...

(HE HAS FINISHED HIS MANICURE.)

RICHARD: (CONTINUING) Still, the Arabs can be subtle. (PRETENDING IMPATIENCE) Are you ready, for goodness' sake?

NUTSY: (TAKING THE BAIT) Am I ready!?

(THEN SHE MEETS HIS EYES AND REALISES SHE'S BEEN HAD.)

13 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(BAR, TINY DANCE FLOOR, INTIMATE BOOTHS, GOGO DANCERS ON A PODIUM, A FEW CUSTOMERS, WAITERS, AND GLAMOROUS "HOSTESSES".

ENTER RICHARD AND NUTSY. THEY SIT AT A TABLE. NUTSY LOOKS AROUND, TAKING IT ALL IN.)

NUTSY: May I ask you a question?

RICHARD: Be my guest.

NUTSY: What are we doing in this dump?

RICHARD: It's owned
by London Leasing Limited.

NUTSY: That's no
excuse. A gentleman would
not bring a respectable young
lady here, Mr Liddel.

RICHARD: I agree. I
wouldn't dream of bringing
a respectable young lady
here.

NUTSY: (IN A HUFF)
Excuse me.

(SHE GETS UP
AND HEADS FOR
THE EXIT.

RICHARD BEGINS
TO THINK SHE'S
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 CATCH ONE.

WHEN HIS GAZE
RETURNS TO THE
SEAT WHERE
NUTSY WAS, HE
SEES FRANCOISE,
A BLACK HOSTESS.)

FRANCOISE: Hi, there.

(RICHARD IS THROWN.)

RICHARD: Ah hello.

FRANCOISE: My name's
Francoise.

RICHARD: Ah ...

(HE PUTS OUT
HIS HAND AND
THEY SHAKE.)

RICHARD: How do you do.

FRANCOISE: What's your
name?

RICHARD: Ah, it's
Liddel.

(ENTER WAITER.)

WAITER: Sir?

FRANCOISE: Buy me a
drink?

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

FRANCOISE: Champagne.

(RICHARD'S REACTION.)

ENTER NUTSY.

FRANCOISE SEES
HER 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)
Two spritzers.

(EXIT WAITER.)

RICHARD: You were quick.

NUTSY: Caught you,
didn't I?

RICHARD: She was making
a pass at me.

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 ARE THE
ONLY DANCERS,
APART FROM THE
GOGO GIRLS.
RICHARD AND NUTSY
BOTH DANCE WELL.)

NUTSY: So this is
where you come when you
tell me you have evening
appointments.

RICHARD: Found out -
curses!

RILEY: Your recipe for crab-apple chutney was great - my wife made some.

NUTSY: I stole it from Mrs Beeton.

RILEY: You should do 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. Advertisers want the nineteen-to-thirty-four-year-olds.

RILEY: (GENUINELY INTERESTED) Is that a fact?

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

NUTSY: Yes. Listen, do you know what hostesses are?

RILEY: (TAKEN ABACK) I do, but you're too young to understand these things.

NUTSY: I want to do a feature on hostesses: where they come from, what they get paid, why they do it, the people they meet -

RILEY: This is a family newspaper, Nutsy -

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

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

NUTSY: Why not? It's about women!

RILEY: I don't much like it.

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.

15 INT NIGHTCLUB DAY

(THE PLACE IS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR A CLEANER (NS) WITH A NOISY HOOVER. THE CHAIRS ARE UP ON THE TABLES.)

ENTER NUTSY, DRESSED TO KILL. SHE SPEAKS TO THE CLEANER, SHOUTING OVER THE SOUND OF THE MACHINE.)

NUTSY: Is the manager here?

(THE CLEANER
LEAVES THE HOOVER
RUNNING AND GOES
TO A DOOR MARKED
"MANAGER". SHE
PUTS HER HEAD
INSIDE, THEN
COMES BACK,
FOLLOWED BY
GEORGE MAKEPIECE.)

THE CLEANER
RESUMES HOOVERING.

MAKEPIECE APPROACHES
NUTSY. HE REACTS
TO HER STUNNING
APPEARANCE,
FANCYING HIS
CHANCES.)

MAKEPIECE: What can I
do for you, darling?

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.)

MAKEPIECE: Ever done
the job before?

NUTSY: What?

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

(THE CLEANER
SWITCHES OFF
THE MACHINE,
AND EXIT.)

MAKEPIECE: Ever been
a hostess before?

NUTSY: I haven't, but -

MAKEPIECE: Good.

NUTSY: That's good?

MAKEPIECE: We open at nine p.m. and close when the place is empty, 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: Look. A punter comes in - a man on his own. You're a beautiful girl, you sit with him and chat him up. He says, Buy you a drink? You say, Champagne. Bang - five quid.

NUTSY: And that's it?

MAKEPIECE: Anything else, is up to you.

(HOLD A MOMENT
ON NUTSY.)

16 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE EVENING

(RICHARD AT HIS
DESK. ENTER MRS
MONKTON, ALL
DOLLED UP.

MRS MONKTON: I'm off, Mr Liddel.

RICHARD: (NOT LOOKING
UP) Goodnight.

(NOW HE LOOKS
UP AND REACTS
TO HER APPEARANCE.)

MRS MONKTON: Goodnight.

RICHARD: Going out?

MRS MONKTON: To dinner.

RICHARD: Enjoy yourself.

MRS MONKTON: Thankyou.

(EXIT MRS MONKTON.

RICHARD CONTINUES
WORKING. AFTER A
FEW BEATS, HE GETS
UP RESTLESSLY AND
GOES TO THE WINDOW.
HE FROWNS.)

TELECINE 3

Ext Richard's Office Evening

PoV from first-floor window:
Ramir's Rolls-Royce at the
kerb. MRS MONKTON walks up
to it. ABRAM springs out
and holds open the front
passenger door. She gets
in. They drive away.

17 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE EVENING

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

18 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(IT IS EARLY:
THE PLACE IS
RATHER EMPTY.
NUTSY SITS
CHATting TO
DIANE, ANOTHER
HOSTESS.)

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 DOOR
AND DOES A
DOUBLE-TAKE.)

HER PoV: RICHARD
IS ENTERING THE
CLUB, WEARING
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.

(SUDDENLY GEORGE
MAKEPIECE IS
CLOSE TO THEM,
CARRYING HIS
BRIEFCASE. HE
LOOKS AROUND
THE CLUB, NOT
AT THEM, BUT
PERHAPS HE IS
LISTENING.)

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

RICHARD: (CATCHING ON)
I only came in for a cup of
tea, really, love.

(MAKEPIECE MOVES
OFF AND GOES INTO
HIS OFFICE.)

RICHARD: Who was
that smoothie?

NUTSY: Makepiece,
the manager.

RICHARD: George Makepiece?!

(NUTSY FROWNS,
INTRIGUED ...)

19 INT THE FLAT DAY

(IT IS MIDDAY
ON SUNDAY.
RICHARD AND NUTSY,
WEARING MATCHING
NIGHTSHIRTS,
ARE SITTING
AROUND WITH COFFEE
AND ORANGE JUICE.
NUTSY IS READING
THE SUNDAY TIMES
BUSINESS NEWS;
RICHARD IS WORKING
WITH PAPERS AND
A CALCULATOR.)

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

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

RICHARD: How much,
would you guess, does each
of them spend?

NUTSY: Mmm ...
twenty-five pounds.

(RICHARD FIGURES
ON THE CALCULATOR.)

RICHARD: Well, you're
wrong. They spend one hundred
and fifty-five pounds each.

NUTSY: Rubbish.

RICHARD: I can't see any other explanation.

NUTSY: Explanation of what?

RICHARD: Look. The company's assets are mainly office buildings in London. They're rented at five per cent of the sale price -

NUTSY: Like, if a building is worth a hundred thousand, it will fetch five thousand a year rent? Regardless?

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

NUTSY: So ...

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

NUTSY: Okay, I'm not stupid. What's that got to do with the nightclub?

RICHARD: Well, the company's income is actually about double what it should be - 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 hatmaker at a low rent.

NUTSY: Leaving the club.

RICHARD: Yes.

NUTSY: Which might explain why the chairman of London Leasing Limited is also the manager of the club ...

RICHARD: Yes ... according to the records filed at Companies House, George Makepiece is chairman of the group.

NUTSY: I can't imagine how so much money comes in.

RICHARD: Maybe you'll find out if you keep your eyes open.

NUTSY: Isn't it useful for you, having a spy in the enemy camp?

RICHARD: (SERIOUS) It is, but still I wish you weren't going there. It's a pick-up joint. The other night I wanted to carry you out of there by force.

NUTSY: If you ever pull that kind of stone-age-man trick with me, I'll leave you.

20 INT HOTEL DAY

(RICHARD, RAMIR
AND ABRAM.)

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

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

(RICHARD GETS
UP TO GO.)

RICHARD: Then I'll
try to find out.

(ABRAM OPENS THE
DOOR FOR HIM.)

RICHARD: (TO ABRAM)
I hear you dined at the
Savoy last week.

ABRAM: Indeed. Good
food, and very cheap.

RICHARD: My secretary
enjoyed herself.

ABRAM: Good.

RICHARD: (TO RAMIR)
I'll be in touch.

(EXIT RICHARD.
ABRAM CLOSES
THE DOOR.)

ABRAM: Perhaps that
was a mistake.

RAMIR: They usually are.

21 INT THE FLAT EVENING

(NUTSY LAYING
THE DINING
TABLE FOR TWO.)

NUTSY: (CALLS) Have
we got any mayonnaise?

(ENTER RICHARD
FROM THE KITCHEN.
HE IS WEARING
AN APRON (SOMETHING
JOKEY) AND MIXING
A CONCOCTION IN
A BOWL.)

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

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

RICHARD: Well ... how is it?

NUTSY: Very chic.

(NUTSY OPENING A BOTTLE OF WINE WHILE:-)

NUTSY: I've got a clue for you. Most nights, George Makepiece comes into the club around ten-thirty, carrying a briefcase. He goes straight to his office.

(RICHARD IS TRYING THE MAYONNAISE. HE MAKES A FACE.)

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

NUTSY: Yes! What did you use?

RICHARD: From the taste, it must have been Castrol.

NUTSY: Listen ...

RICHARD: Makepiece and his briefcase, yes. Can you walk in on him?

NUTSY: I tried to, last night. He locks the door. However ...

22 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

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

NO ONE IS
WATCHING.

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

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

SHE SEES 2ND
CUSTOMER SITTING
DOWN, AND GOES
TO JOIN HIM.)

NUTSY: Hi, I'm Sandy.

2ND CUSTOMER: Uh ... Geoffrey.

(ANOTHER ANGLE.
ENTER MAKEPIECE,
CARRYING BRIEFCASE.
HE CROSSES THE
ROOM, PASSING
NUTSY AND 2ND
CUSTOMER, AND
ENTERS HIS OFFICE.)

23 INT CLUB OFFICE (CORNERPIECE) NIGHT

(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 WILL NOT
TURN. HE
FUMBLES WITH IT
FOR A WHILE,
THEN SHRUGS AND
LEAVES IT.
HE OPENS THE
SAFE.)

24 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY AND 2ND
CUSTOMER.)

2ND CUSTOMER: So I told
the Managing Director, if
you want me to go to London
every month -

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

(SHE GETS UP
AND GOES TO
THE OFFICE DOOR.
SHE OPENS IT.)

25 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(ENTER NUTSY.)

HER PoV:
MAKEPIECE IS
TAKING BUNDLES
OF BANKNOTES
OUT OF HIS
BRIEFCASE AND
PUTTING THEM
INTO THE SAFE.)

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

MAKEPIECE: Later!

(EXIT NUTSY.)

26 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY CLOSSES
THE OFFICE DOOR,
LOOKING PLEASED
WITH HERSELF,
AND RETURNS TO
2ND CUSTOMER.)

27 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(MAKEPIECE RESUMES
TRANSFERRING MONEY
TO THE SAFE.)

HE IS STRUCK BY
A THOUGHT. HE
GETS UP AND LOOKS
AT THE JAMMED
LOCK.

HE WONDERS ...)

28 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(NUTSY SITTING
AT RICHARD'S DESK,
PLAYING WITH HIS
INTERCOM, CALCULATOR,
DICTAPHONE, ETC.
MRS MONKTON IN
AN UPRIGHT CHAIR.
RICHARD PACING.)

NUTSY: So Makepiece
is putting money through
the club ...

RICHARD: Which explains
why he pretends to be a
nightclub manager.

MRS MONKTON: But where is
the money coming from?

NUTSY: Does that matter?

RICHARD: It does to
our client. When His Holiness
buys London Leasing, does
he get this source of
income, or not? If it's
legitimate money, he gets it.

NUTSY: It can't be
legit. Why launder straight
money?

RICHARD: There could
be lots of semi-legal reasons:
tax avoidance, ~~xxxxxxx~~ to
name the likeliest.

NUTSY: (INTO DICTAPHONE)
Open Channel D.

RICHARD: Leave it alone.

MRS MONKTON: Well, I tried
to get hold of a photograph
of His Holiness, but there are
none in existence.

RICHARD: Oh?

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

RICHARD: How d'you find that out?

MRS MONKTON: Abram told me.

RICHARD: Ah.

NUTSY: Why do you want a picture of His Holiness?

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

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

29 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(THE PLACE IS FAIRLY FULL, AND SWINGING.)

NUTSY, DIANE AND FRANCOISE STAND CHATTING.

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

FRANCOISE: Oh, boy,
it's freebie time. I'm
going to the loo.

(EXIT FRANCOISE.)

NUTSY: What does
she mean?

DIANE: Friends of
the boss. Everything on
the house. No commission.
Scarper.

(EXIT DIANE.)

MAKEPIECE: (CALLS TO
NUTSY) Come here.
(TO 1ST & 2ND HOSTESSES (NS))
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.

(THEY SIT.)

MAKEPIECE SITS
1ST & 2ND HOSTESSES
WITH 1ST & 2ND
BUSINESSMEN
AT ANOTHER TABLE.)

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,
REFILLS HIS GLASS,
AND CONTINUES TO
KNOCK IT BACK
THROUGHOUT
THIS SCENE.)

NUTSY: Would you
believe Lulu?

PETERS: It'll do.
Your 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. What's
your first name.

PETERS: Would you
believe Peter?

NUTSY: Peter Peters?

PETERS: It's true.

NUTSY: No kidding.

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

PETERS: Have you
decided?

NUTSY: About what?

PETERS: Your place,
my place -

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 HAVING
TROUBLE FOCUSING
HIS EYES.)

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

PETERS: You can get
us a cab. Have you ever
stayed at Claridge's? We
could take a suite. Pay
with my credit card.

NUTSY: Credit card ...
so romantic.

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

NUTSY: I won't go
home with you. What did
you buy, for a hundred
thousand pounds?

(PETERS LEANS
FORWARD, CONFIDING.)

PETERS: Guns.

(AND HE FALLS
ASLEEP.)

TELECINE 4

Ext Nightclub Night

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

30 INT THE FLAT NIGHT

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

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

ENTER NUTSY
FROM STREET,
WEARING HER
CRASH HELMET
AND LEATHERS.
SHE SEES HIM
AND SMILES
AFFECTIONATELY.

SHE LOOKS AT
HIS BOOK AND
MAKES A FACE.
SHE KISSES
HIM, AND HE
WAKES.

HE WATCHES AS
SHE TAKES OFF
THE LEATHERS
TO REVEAL HER
GLAMOROUS
HOSTESS DRESS
(WORN IN SC. 29)
UNDERNEATH.

HE STANDS UP
AND KISSES HER.)

NUTSY: Makepiece
is in the arms business.

(RICHARD HOLDS
HER AT ARMS'
LENGTH AND STARES
AT HER.)

NUTSY: He brought
a drunken friend called
Peter Peters into the club ...
This guy was boasting he
spent a hundred thousand
on guns at Makepiece's
warehouse tonight.

RICHARD: So that's
where the money comes from.

NUTSY: Aren't I
clever?

RICHARD: Will you do something else clever, and stay away from that club from now on?

NUTSY: (HURT) Why?

RICHARD: Makepiece could get very nasty.

NUTSY: Is it a crime to sell guns?

RICHARD: No, but lots of criminals do it.

(SHE LOOKS AT HIM: HE IS WEARING SNEAKERS.)

NUTSY: Lots of criminals wear sneakers. In New York they're called felony shoes.

RICHARD: Don't joke. I'm worried, you know?

NUTSY: Where's the danger?

RICHARD: Arms sales are hedged about with restrictions and regulations ... Makepiece probably breaks a lot of the rules.

(NUTSY BEGINS TO TIDY THE ROOM.)

NUTSY: I don't see how you can know that.

RICHARD: Don't tidy up! Look, he's going to a lot of trouble to keep the business a secret - and you're trying to uncover it. For goodness' sake, he might shoot you!

NUTSY: But you're
investigating him, too.
Are you going to drop it?

RICHARD: Certainly
not - it's my job.

NUTSY: (GENTLY) It's
my job, too. I'm a reporter,
remember?

RICHARD: But ... damn!

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: If I were
to say I'll leave you unless
you give up this investigation,
what would you say?

NUTSY: Goodbye.

RICHARD: I thought
as much.

TELECINE 5

Ext London Streets Day

Richard in his car, driving
around, looking at office
blocks, petrol stations;
consulting a list.

31 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD, NUTSY,
AND MRS MONKTON.)

RICHARD: I've been to
every building on the list,
and there's no warehouse
anywhere.

MRS MONKTON: Perhaps it's not owned by London Leasing.

RICHARD: I'm sure it's not.

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

RICHARD: Without that warehouse, all we've got is one drunken confession and a lot of speculation.

MRS MONKTON: If the company doesn't even own the building, how can we possibly find out where it is?

RICHARD: I'll just have to get Makepiece to take me there.

NUTSY: What are you talking about?

RICHARD: Do you think he actually saw me in the club that night?

NUTSY: Not really. The lights are dim, and he didn't come too close ... Why?

32 INT NIGHTCLUB DAY

(EMPTY, CHAIRS
UP ON TABLES,
BUT NO CLEANER.

RE MAKEPIECE AND
RICHARD SITTING
AT A TABLE.
RICHARD CARRIES
A WALKING STICK
AND SPEAKS WITH
A SOUTH AFRICAN
ACCENT.

WAITER BEGINS
TO TAKE CHAIRS
OFF TABLES.
FRANCOISE WALKS
THROUGH WHILE:-)

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

MAKEPIECE: So you need
something suitable for ...

RICHARD: Killing savages.

MAKEPIECE: I like a
man who's honest. Who sent
you to me?

RICHARD: Peter Peters.

MAKEPIECE: One of my
best customers. Good enough.

RICHARD: So ...

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

33 INT NUTSY'S OFFICE DAY

(NUTSY AT HER
DESK. SHE PUTS
THE PHONE DOWN
AND STARES INTO
SPACE.)

(ENTER NEIL RILEY,
CARRYING A SHEAF
OF COPY.)

RILEY: You look
half dead.

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

(RILEY DUMPS THE
COPY ON HER DESK.)

RILEY: Well, it's
not right as it is.

NUTSY: I knew you
wouldn't run it.

RILEY: (CROSS) Get off
your backside, girl! The story's
too general. What you have
to say is interesting enough,
and I think this paper
should say it - but I
want 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.
Get me that, and I'll run
it. Otherwise, go back
to sleeping at night.

34 INT WAREHOUSE DAY

(CU: A CRATE
MARKED "DUBAI".

ANOTHER ANGLE:
MAKEPIECE TAKES
A GUN (THE RIFLE
FROM SC. 3) OUT
OF THE CRATE
AND HANDS IT TO
RICHARD, WHO
HOLDS IT
AWKWARDLY.)

MAKEPIECE: The Martini Henry rifle ... old, but very good. You familiar with firearms?

RICHARD: I'm an accountant, not a soldier.

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: Let me demonstrate, then.

(HE TAKES THE RIFLE.)

RICHARD: Is this place soundproofed?

MAKEPIECE: I should hope so.

(HE FIRES THE GUN. THIS REMINDS US OF SC. 3.)

RICHARD: How many have you got?

MAKEPIECE: The consignment is sold, really, but I can let you have a couple of dozen without the buyer noticing.

RICHARD: Price?

MAKEPIECE: Twenty-five grand, dollars, including one ~~xx~~ box of ammo for each ~~xx~~ firearm.

RICHARD: What a pity.

(RICHARD WALKS AWAY.)

MAKEPIECE: All right, twenty grand.

(RICHARD WALKS ON.)

MAKEPIECE: Eighteen, and that's my best price.

(RICHARD STOPS AND TURNS.)

RICHARD: Seventeen.

MAKEPIECE: Cash?

RICHARD: What else?

MAKEPIECE: Done.

RICHARD: I'll have to organise the money.

MAKEPIECE: You've got twenty-four hours.

35 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD ON THE PHONE.)

RICHARD: War museum? I wonder if somebody there could give me some information about the Martini Henry rifle ...

36 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(MAKEPIECE AND
CARPENTER.)

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

MAKEPIECE
EXAMINES IT.)

MAKEPIECE: Chewing gum ... ?!

37 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY AND
~~MARK~~ DIANE AT
A TABLE.)

DIANE: When I came
to London I was going to
be a model ... I'm from
Bolton, up there we didn't
know big boobs were 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: Yes, that's
what I thought.

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

NUTSY: I know a girl who wants to do a write-up on hostesses for the newspaper she works for ... 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 your bums ... customers.

(3RD AND 4TH
CUSTOMERS
ENTERING THE
CLUB.

NUTSY AND DIANE
GET UP AND GO
TO THEM.

HOLD ON MAKEPIECE,
LOOKING THOUGHTFUL.)

38 INT HOTEL DAY

(RICHARD, RAMIR
AND ABRAM.)

RICHARD: George Makepiece runs an arms business from a warehouse in Wandsworth. The cash comes through the nightclub, but the warehouse is not owned by London Leasing Limited.

RAMIR: But if we
bought the company ...

RICHARD: You wouldn't
be buying the warehouse or
the arms business. That cash
would go somewhere else.
The income of London Leasing
would take a sudden dive,
and you wouldn't know why.

RAMIR: So Makepiece
is a criminal?

RICHARD: He's none too
particular who he sells to ...
I'd say he's on the fringes
of the law.

ABRAM: You have
seen the guns?

RICHARD: Yes.

ABRAM: They work?

RICHARD: How would I
know? You hired me to
investigate a property
company, not test rifles ...
or did you?

RAMIR: Mr Liddel -

RICHARD: Your country
doesn't have a sea port, does it?

RAMIR: No. I don't
understand -

RICHARD: So you would use ...

RAMIR: Dubai. Why -

RICHARD: Well, I'm damned.
You really fooled me.

RAMIR: We have not -

RICHARD: I wondered why you were interested in a concern as small as London Leasing ... But you never planned to invest in the company. You just wanted to buy guns. And you conned me into checking-out the seller for you.

RAMIR: You're a clever man.

RICHARD: Cleverer than you. Those guns are no good to you.

ABRAM: Why?

RICHARD: And you don't act much like a chauffeur, do you? You used the Rolls to take my secretary to dinner at a fancy restaurant ...

ABRAM: His Holiness is a generous employer -

RICHARD: I read that the old ruler died last year and his twenty-five-year-old son took over the kingdom.

ABRAM: I am His Holiness.

RICHARD: You're a liar, too.

(RICHARD STANDS.)

ABRAM: Mr Liddel. It is against the law for us to buy guns. We needed to make sure the sellers were honest, but we could not tell you our true purpose. Is this so bad?

RICHARD: I understand, but I don't have to like it.

ABRAM: Then tell me why the guns are no good.

RICHARD: The Martini Henry rifle was made in the last century. There's a 303 version, which is still in use around the world, and nothing wrong with it. But the guns Makepiece is selling you take a 577/450 cartridge, which is just about impossible to obtain. The guns work, all right - but you'd never get ammunition for them.

ABRAM: So we, too, were deceived. We thank you for saving us from the consequences.

RICHARD: I'll send you my bill.

(EXIT RICHARD.)

39 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY TALKING
TO FRANCOISE.
ENTER MAKEPIECE.)

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

NUTSY: Can't have been.

FRANCOISE: Yeah, the boy I tried to chat the first night you came here. He was with you, wasn't he, George?

NUTSY: My man's been in Singapore for five weeks.

MAKEPIECE: (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: Let go of
her, you great bullying
pudding.

(MAKEPIECE TWISTS
NUTSY'S ARM.)

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

(NUTSY KNEES
HIM. HE DOUBLES
UP.)

FRANCOISE: Cough.

(EXIT NUTSY
AT A RUN.)

TELECINE 6

Ext Nightclub Night

Nutsy runs out, still wearing
her hostess dress. She jumps
on her motorcycle and roars off.

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

Ext London Streets Night

Makepiece chasing Nutsy. The streets are pretty deserted at this hour, so the race is even. Makepiece tries to force Nutsy to stop. She crashes. Makepiece drives away, leaving her lying there.

Another angle: unaccountably, Abram is on the scene in his Rolls. He looks at Nutsy, registering fury. He gets back into the car and picks up the phone.

40 INT HOSPITAL (CORNERPIECE) NIGHT

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

RICHARD SITS BESIDE HER.

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 7Ext Nightclub Night

Makepiece's car outside the club.
 An Arab in traditional robes,
 headgear and sunglasses walks
 past the car and into the club:
 for now we do not see who he is.

41 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

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

42 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(RICHARD AND NUTSY
 AS SC. 40.

CU: NUTSY OPENS
 HER EYES.

RICHARD LEANS
 FORWARD.

SHE LOSES
 CONSCIOUSNESS
 AGAIN.

RICHARD IS
 DISTRAUGHT.)

43 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(THE ARAB LEAVES
THE CLUB OFFICE,
CLOSING THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM.)

HE HEADS FOR
THE EXIT.)

TELECINE 8

Ext Nightclub Night

The Arab leaves the club and
goes to his car - a Rolls.
As he gets in he takes off
his sunglasses, and we
recognise Abram.

44 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

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

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

45 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(IT IS LATE:
THERE ARE NO
CUSTOMERS LEFT.
THE GOGO DANCERS
HAVE STOPPED.)

DIANE SPEAKS TO
WAITER.)

DIANE: Georgie's
fallen asleep again.

WAITER: I'm going home.

DIANE: I'll tell him
it's bedtime.

(SHE GOES TO
THE CLUB OFFICE,
KNOCKS, HESITATES,
THEN OPENS THE
DOOR AND TAKES
A STEP INSIDE.)

DIANE: (SHE SCREAMS.)

46 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(RICHARD READING
THE NOTE.)

47 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(WAITER AND
OTHERS GATHER
AROUND THE OFFICE
DOOR.)

WAITER: Good God, is
he dead? I think he's dead.
Gawdblimy, he's dead.

48 INT HOSPITAL

NIGHT

(ESTABLISH, THEN:

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

RICHARD FROWNS,
NOT UNDERSTANDING.
HE CRUMPLES
THE NOTE INTO
HIS POCKET.

CU: NUTSY, STILL
UNCONSCIOUS.)

END CREDITS