

THE GETAWAY (PILOT EPISODE)

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SNOOKER HALL OFFICE - MORNING

The office is all dark wood and leather.

Around the walls are pictures of snooker players in action.

There is a hint of cigarette smoke in the air.

Asleep in a deep winged-back leather armchair is BILLY FRENCH(38).

Standing over him is GWENDOLINE FINCH (Early 40's), she looks every inch the powerful executive. Next to her is the hulking mass of her brother BIRDY FINCH (Late 40's).

Billy starts to stir as the faces of Gwendoline and Birdy come into his focus.

GWENDOLINE

Oh good, it looks like Mr Slumber-Days is finally waking up.

BIRDY

It's about time.

GWENDOLINE

What did you give him?

BIRDY

Just the usual.

GWENDOLINE

Not one of your "chasers"?

BIRDY

(sheepish)

Yes.

GWENDOLINE

What have I told you about those. You'll kill someone one of these days.

BIRDY

Sorry, Gwen.

Billy half opens his eyes. He mumbles incoherent words. His head flops forward. With some effort he sits up.

BILLY

Where am I?

GWENDOLINE

Never mind that. More to the point,
when can I expect the money you owe
me?

BILLY

(shocked)
Money? What money?

GWENDOLINE

You owe me five grand.

Billy rubs his face, trying to wake up. His mouth is sticky.

BILLY

What do you mean? Five grand?

GWENDOLINE

Five thousand pounds, sterling.
Five large ones. A five followed by
three zeros. Does it ring any
bells?

BILLY

I know what it means, but I don't
know anything about owing five
thousand pounds to anyone.

Billy holds his head.

BILLY (CONT'D)

God, my head.

GWENDOLINE

Don't try to play the innocent, I
want my money.

Birdy leans over Billy and brings his face close.

BIRDY

She wants her money.

BILLY

(pleading)
What money? I told you, I don't
know anything about owing you any
money, let alone five grand.

BIRDY

Do you want me to refresh his
memory?

Birdy looms over Billy and cocks his fist ready to smash it
down on Billy's face.

Billy closes his eyes and winces.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

CHYRON: THE NIGHT BEFORE.

A small bedroom with very cheap slightly wonky old furniture. There are various posters on the wall: Cagney, A Lamborghini, Batman. They fail to cheer the room.

Perched on a dining room chair is an old TV set. It is showing a grainy black and white film. FRED ASTAIRE is singing "Top Hat and Tails."

FRED ASTAIRE

(singing)

I just got an invitation through
the mails:

"Your presence requested this
evening,

It's formal, a top hat, a white tie
and tails."

Nothing now could take the wind out
of my sails.

Because I'm invited to step out
this evening

With top hat and white tie and
tails.

Billy is getting ready to go out. He sings along as he dresses.

FRED ASTAIRE O.S.

(singing)

I'm puttin' on my top hat,

Tyin' up my white tie,

Brushin' off my tails.

I'm dudin' up my shirt front,

Puttin' in the shirt studs,

Polishin' my nails,

I'm steppin' out, my dear,

To breathe an atmosphere

That simply reeks with class;

And I trust that you'll excuse my
dust

When I step on the gas,

For I'll be there,

Puttin' down my top hat,

Mussin' up my white tie,

Dancin' in my tails.

Billy finishes with a spin and faces himself in the mirror.

He is out of breath.

He turns and looks at his unmade bed. There is a cat on it who looks back with an expression of utter indifference.

BILLY

Well, Kitten-Face, what do you think?

The cat starts licking itself.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Do you have to do that? I have to sleep there. If you're that hungry I'd better give you your supper. Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Billy does a clumsy tap dance through to his kitchen.

Kitten-Face follows silently and rubs against Billy's leg as he opens a small fridge.

Billy takes out a carton of milk. He shakes it, it rattles. He sniffs it and is repelled. He throws the carton into the bin.

BILLY

Milk's off.

He looks in the fridge. There is a plate with a small amount of corned-beef wrapped in some cling film.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I was saving this for tomorrow's dinner, but as it's you.

Billy takes out the plate, He finds a fork in the kitchen sink, mashes up the corned-beef and puts the plate on the floor for the cat.

He smiles at the cat. Suddenly a look of panic crosses his face.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Money!

MONTAGE:

...Billy checks his jacket pockets and finds a few coins.

...He goes through a pile of trousers in his bedroom.

...He looks through his laundry basket.

...He looks under his bed.

...He puts his hand down the back of the sofa.

...He smashes a piggy bank.

Billy now has a hand full of coins.

BILLY (CONT'D)

That should be enough. I hope.

He pockets all of the loose change.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(to the cat)

Now, I won't be too late, but don't wait up. I've got one of those feelings that tonight is going to be my lucky night.

The cat, being a cat, couldn't care less.

CUT TO:

INT. SNOOKER HALL OFFICE - SAME TIME

Gwendoline is sitting at her desk. Her red manicured nails drum on an A5 brown envelope that's stuffed with cash.

Standing opposite her is DETECTIVE INSPECTOR GEOFFREY MALLARD. (50s)

Behind him Birdy wearing the bouncer's uniform dinner suit, leans against the wall of the office. He is silent but looks menacing.

Mallard keeps glancing back over his shoulder at Birdy.

GWENDOLINE

Don't worry, Inspector. He doesn't bite. Not unless I tell him to.

MALLARD

That's nice to know.

GWENDOLINE
Or if anyone upsets me.

MALLARD
Oh.

GWENDOLINE
Or he thinks they've upset me. Or
that he thinks that they're
thinking of upsetting me.

MALLARD
I get the picture.

GWENDOLINE
Good. As long as you know, Birdy is
very protective of his little
sister.

BIRDY
(Low and menacing)
Very.

Gwendoline taps the envelope with her index finger, Mallard
hungrily stares at the money.

GWENDOLINE
Just so that my mind is at rest,
let's just go over it one more
time.

MALLARD
It's just how you asked. We're all
set for Thursday. I'll have the
team watching the post office, I'll
get as many as I can on it. That
will keep all us plods busy and out
of your hair, while you do whatever
it is you're going to do. What **is**
it you're going to do?

GWENDOLINE
You don't need to know that,
Inspector. I'm sure you'll find out
soon enough. Needless to say, no
trail will be left for anyone to
follow. Am I clear about that?

MALLARD
Crystal.

GWENDOLINE

Good. Now Thursday, the two boys doing the job are down from a firm up north. They have no more use for them, so it was either help prop up a flyover or send them to me. They will be armed so if you want to go all guns blazing then I'm sure your police watchdog, whatever they call themselves now, will be satisfied should you wish to take them out of the game. If anything, you should come away with a few brownie points.

MALLARD

That's nice to know. And the firearms boys will be happy, they love taking out scum. No offence.

GWENDOLINE

None taken. Isn't that right, Birdy?

Birdy unfolds his arms and holds up an index finger

BIRDY

That's one.

Mallard looks alarmed.

MALLARD

One?

GWENDOLINE

Yes. You must know about Birdy and his number system.

MALLARD

I don't think I do.

GWENDOLINE

It started a few years back. Birdy and shall we say, a "business associate" of his, bought a racehorse in partnership and wanted to run it.

She looks over at Birdy.

GWENDOLINE (CONT'D)

What was the name of that horse?

BIRDY

Gentle Lamb.

GWENDOLINE

(Back to Mallard)

That's right. Gentle Lamb. A lovely horse it was too. Gentle by name, gentle by nature. Well anyway. They took it out to put it through its paces and while it was cantering away out on the flats, it stumbled and the jockey fell off. Well Birdy turned to his associate and said.

BIRDY

That's one.

GWENDOLINE

That's one. So, the jockey gets back on the horse and do you know? The same thing happened a few minutes later. So Birdy said.

BIRDY

That's two.

GWENDOLINE

That's two. The jockey got back on for a third time and no sooner had they reached a decent pace the bloody thing stumbled again and threw the jockey. So Birdy turned to his associate and said.

MALLARD

That's three?

GWENDOLINE

That's right. So, then Birdy went over to the horse pulled out his Glock and shot it. Right between the eyes. Right there on the track. Well his associate went ape-shit, as well as you can imagine. Started protesting and shouting the odds about his investment and how he wanted Birdy to recompense him for his losses. Do you know what Birdy said?

MALLARD

No.

BIRDY

That's one.

Mallard loosens his collar and swallows hard.

GWENDOLINE

Oh, just one last thing. I'm having to replace Razor as the driver.

MALLARD

It's a bit late in the day, isn't it?

GWENDOLINE

No choice, I'm afraid. Silly sod broke his arm in some fight with some heavies or something.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SKATING RINK - DAY

RAZOR, a hulk of a man, is precariously skating while an eight year old BONNIE skates around him. She spins elegantly while he tries to keep his balance and stays close to the side.

Razor lets go of the rail and his legs go flying into the air as he badly crashes to the ice and onto his arm.

Bonnie skates up to him. Performing a perfect stop inches from his face.

BONNIE

Are you alright, Grandad?

His face is a picture of agony as he starts to scream.

RAZOR

FFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUU.....

END FLASHBACK:

INT. SNOOKER HALL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MALLARD

That's a shame. I've been after him for years.

GWENDOLINE

Don't worry, he'll be back. He says the doctor told him six weeks tops. We'll line him up for you sooner or later. He's getting well past his sell by.

MALLARD

Who've you got instead?

GWENDOLINE

I'm not sure yet. I'm still working on it.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Billy is sitting at a table for two. He is facing the door. He checks his phone for the tenth time. On the dating app a message says. "Looking forward to meeting you tonight at 8. Amy XX"

He checks her profile picture again.

There is a clock on the wall that says it is now 8:15.

A WAITER looks sympathetically at him. Billy tries to smile back, but his confidence is waning.

The door opens and a GIRL rushes in. She looks very much like the girl in the picture. As she walks towards him she smiles and waves.

Billy stands and extends his hand in greeting.

The girl looks at him, puzzled. She then walks past him and hugs her DATE who was sitting at the bar a few feet directly behind Billy.

The girl and her date look at Billy and laugh.

Billy sits back down, embarrassed.

The waiter comes over to Billy's table.

WAITER

Do you think your other party is still coming?

BILLY

I'm sure she is. She must have just got delayed or something. She'll be here soon. What do you say, we give it 'til half past?

WAITER

You've been here well over an hour, sir. I'm going to have to ask for the table if you're not going to order anything.

BILLY

I'll wait just a bit longer if it's all the same. If she's not here by half past then I'll assume she's not coming.

The waiter rolls his eyes and wanders off.

Billy hears the couple behind him giggling and looks embarrassed.

MAN AT BAR

(laughing)

I think he's been stood up.

GIRL AT BAR

(Mock sympathy)

Shame.

MAN AT BAR

Oops no, it looks like another lonely-heart has turned up.

Another girl comes into the restaurant. This is AMY(30 something) She looks around trying to spot Billy.

As Billy stands, he knocks his chair over. It makes a load noise as it falls to the floor. The conversation in the restaurant stops. All heads turn to him as he looks back apologetically.

He rights the chair and turns back and faces Amy.

BILLY

Amy?

AMY

Billy?

They smile awkwardly at each other then shake hands nervously.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I'm late, I had to wait for the water to get hot.

BILLY

That's alright. I was running a bit late myself. I've only just got here. I was hoping I hadn't missed you.

The waiter ear-wiggling the conversation raises an eyebrow to this.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Are you hungry?

AMY

Famished.

The waiter rushes over with the menus and hands them out.

Billy and Amy peruse the menus.

BILLY

What'll you have?

AMY

I'm not sure, it all looks so yummy. What are you having?

Billy runs a finger down the menu checking out the prices. He falls on a chicken wrap for £4.50

BILLY

I had quite a big lunch, so I'm just going to have something light, but have whatever you want, it's my treat.

AMY

No, I insist on paying my half.

Amy glances over the menu at Billy. She smiles, Billy smiles back.

AMY (CONT'D)

I think I'll have the four topping combo.

WAITER

A good choice, if I may say so. One of my favourites. And what will sir be having?

BILLY

I'll have the chicken wrap, please.

WAITER

I'm sorry sir, that's only served at lunch time.

BILLY

Oh, I'll have the same then, please. The four topping combo.

WAITER

Certainly sir. And to drink? Maybe you'd like a bottle of sparkling wine. Push the boat out a bit, eh?

Billy checks the menu and sees that a bottle of Lambrusco is £22.00. He does a quick calculation on his fingers.

BILLY

(To Amy)

What do you think? Bubbles?

AMY

Why not?

BILLY

Why not indeed. Waiter, bring us a bottle of your finest Lambrusco.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

The restaurant has filled. The bottle has emptied and the food has been eaten. Billy and Amy are getting on very well.

Billy spots a man peering through the window. He is looking at them. This is RONAN (43). Billy turns back to Amy.

BILLY

It's popular here tonight. We were lucky to get a table.

AMY

It's a good job you booked.

BILLY
I'm glad you came.

AMY
Me too.

BILLY
You know? You're the first date
I've ever had from an online app.

AMY
You are too. I was reluctant to try
it out. You hear so many stories.

BILLY
I s'pose. But nowadays we all lead
busier lives. I'm just surprised
you even needed to find a date.

AMY
I've been out of circulation for a
while. My last relationship ended
badly and it's been difficult
getting to meet anyone.

BILLY
I'm sorry to hear that. Well, I
suppose I'm not really that sorry,
to be honest, otherwise you
wouldn't be here tonight.

Billy reaches across the table to touch Amy's hand. She reciprocates and gives Billy's hand a little squeeze.

AMY
Thanks.

BILLY
What happened? If you don't mind me
asking.

AMY
Oh, you know, the same old same
old. He became too possessive,
obsessed. After I finished with him
it took three months to get rid of
him. He would always find some
excuse to turn up at my flat. Or
he'd follow me around because he
needed to ask me something. Or he'd
send me flowers or chocolates or
teddy bears. Always trying to get
me to go out with him again with
stupid gestures.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. OUTSIDE AMY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Ronan is standing in the middle of the road looking up at Amy's flat. He is very wet because it's pouring with rain.

He is playing a guitar and singing, serenading to Amy.

RONAN

(Singing, Back for Good)

Whatever I said, whatever I did
I didn't mean it
I just want you back for good
Want you back, want you back, want
you back for good.

Amy looks from inside an upstairs window. She shakes her head at the pathetic sight and pulls down a blind as Ronan carries on singing all the parts while trying to do a boy-band dance.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Amy are now on their coffees.

AMY

So what are you looking for?

BILLY

In what way? Date wise?

AMY

I suppose, in a way. But more than that. What are you looking for in life?

BILLY

Oh, you know. The usual boring stuff. A place to lay my head. A few creature comforts. A steady income. A quiet time of it and someone to share it with.

AMY

Really?

BILLY

(panicking)

I didn't mean I'm out to get married to the first girl who'll have me or I'm looking for someone to settle down with. But I'm not really a one night stand kind of guy either.

AMY

(laughing)

It's alright. I was only asking. And it isn't boring. It's nice to know what your aspirations.

BILLY

(calmer)

Aspirations. I've always wanted to have aspirations. It's been an ambition of mine for years.

Amy laughs.

AMY

So, what do you do for a living?

BILLY

A bit of this and that. Mostly cheffing, but I'll put my hand to anything at the moment. Driving, labouring. Anything that's going.

AMY

Nothing permanent then?

BILLY

No. It's the gig economy. One day, I hope to have my own restaurant. A Mexican, something a bit streety.

AMY

What's stopping you?

BILLY

You know, that little obstacle that always gets in the way of people's dreams. Money.

AMY

Ah, that one. Still it's nice to dream. Who knows? One day you could be handed sack loads of cash, then you can run away to Acapulco with your deep fat fryer.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

I could even come with you. Or we could go to Majorca. I've always wanted to go there. Open a little Mexican restaurant close to the beach.

BILLY

That would be great. If only life were that kind. What about you? What do you do? I expect you work in an office as some high powered buyer, ordering expensive accessories for department stores or something like that.

AMY

Not really. Nothing that glamorous, I'm afraid. I'm a..er..I work in logistics.

BILLY

Sounds interesting. What do you do exactly?

AMY

I keep things moving. Keep the traffic flowing, that sort of thing.

BILLY

Sounds stressful.

AMY

It can be. Which reminds me. I have an early tomorrow.

BILLY

That's a shame, the night was just starting. I'd love to see you again. If that's alright with you.

AMY

You'd better had. It's nice to be with someone normal for a change.

BILLY

I've never been called that before.

Amy laughs and reaches out to hold Billy's hand.

AMY

You're so funny. Now get the bill, I need to visit the little girls' room.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

Don't pay it all, I said we'd go halves. You can treat me properly when we get to Acapulco.

BILLY

(Trying to sound resigned)
OK. I promise.

He nods to the waiter and does the little air squiggle as Amy leaves for the ladies.

The waiter brings the bill.

Billy digs deep into his pocket for his change. He struggles to get it out. When he finally manages to clear his pocket the fist-full of change flies from his hand and onto the floor.

Billy scrabbles around trying to collect it all before Amy returns. Some of the other customers help.

He counts out his half of the bill in coins and gives it to the waiter as Amy returns.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(to the waiter)
We're splitting it. Here's my half.
Keep the change.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE AMY'S FLAT - LATER

Billy and Amy are walking arm in arm. They are taking their time. They are both holding their phones.

Amy presses a button.

AMY

There. Now you have my direct number so there's no excuse.

BILLY

And you have mine.

They stop outside Amy's flat.

They are being watched from a distance by Ronan.

AMY

Well, this is me.

They stop, face each other and kiss passionately.

AMY (CONT'D)

Do you want to come in for a coffee?

BILLY

I'd love to. But, you've got an early start, you said. And I'd rather be the gentleman and not spoil things by coming on too strong. If you know what I mean.

AMY

You're right. I'm new at this game and not sure what the expectations are.

BILLY

Well, my expectations are to see you again, as soon and as much as you'll let me and see where we go. But I've had a wonderful evening.

AMY

Me too.

Billy walks her to the door and they kiss again.

AMY (CONT'D)

Call me tomorrow?

BILLY

Absolutely.

AMY

Promise?

BILLY

Promise.

They kiss one more time, then Amy goes inside leaving Billy breathless but walking on air as Ronan who is hiding across the road, is fuming.

Billy walks on whistling something like "The Street Where You Live"

Ronan follows him.

Billy walks past the snooker hall. He puts his hand in his pocket. Still has some money left so he goes in.

Ronan turns and goes on his way.

CUT TO:

INT. SNOOKER HALL BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bar is at one end of what used to be a warehouse. Eight snooker tables are spaced out. Most are occupied.

Billy recounts his change and approaches the bar.

The barman - GRANT(30) is polishing glasses, the way barmen do to look busy. He sees Billy.

GRANT

Billy Boy! Haven't seen you in weeks. Where've you been all cuffed up with your chains on?

BILLY

Things are finally looking up.

GRANT

You found some work?

BILLY

Better than that. I've found a girl. I've been on a date.

GRANT

It's about time. I was getting fed up of seeing your sad face moping around the town. What'll you have?

BILLY

Half a lager, please.

GRANT

Only half?

BILLY

I'm a bit short tonight. I've been out to that Italian place with my girl.

Billy puts his change on the counter

GRANT

I'm sure I can stand you a pint.

BILLY

Thanks mate.

CUT TO:

INT. SNOOKER HALL OFFICE

Gwendoline is at the desk counting stacks of cash into a suitcase. She glances up at the monitor that is covering the bar area. Birdy is now seated opposite her, he is relaxed and drinking scotch.

GWENDOLINE
Who's that at the bar?

BIRDY
Let me see.

Gwendoline swivels the monitor so that Birdy can see it.

He squints at the screen for a moment.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
That's Billy French. He's a mate of Grant's. Comes in from time to time, not regular. He's a bit of a loser if you ask me.

GWENDOLINE
Oh.

She stares at the screen a little longer. We see Billy talking to Grant. Grant pours him another beer then writes it down on a tab.

BIRDY
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

GWENDOLINE
I do believe I am. Why don't you pop out there and find out whether the young man has a clean driving license?

Gwendoline and Birdy look at each other for a beat, then burst into cruel laughter.

BACK TO:

INT. SNOOKER HALL BAR

Billy is animated and telling Grant all about Amy.

BILLY
She's absolutely lovely.

GRANT
But, what's wrong with her?

BILLY

What do you mean, what's wrong with her?

GRANT

Well let's face it, and I'm not being nasty or anything, but you're hardly the catch of the day.

BILLY

I know. But seriously, she's funny, she likes the same things as I do and she has that special ingredient I always look for in a woman.

GRANT

Nice tits?

BILLY

No! A kind face. She has a kind face.

Billy takes his phone from his pocket and scrolls to Amy's profile.

He shows it to Grant.

BILLY (CONT'D)

See?

Grant looks at Amy's profile picture.

GRANT

Not bad. I think I know her from somewhere. Can't think where though.

Grant puts the phone down on the bar.

Billy finishes his drink.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Another?

BILLY

No, I'd better be getting home. I promised Kitten-Face I wouldn't be late. Beside's I'm out of money and I don't want to ponce or run up too much of a tab.

Birdy appears at Billy's shoulder.

BIRDY

(To Grant)

Did I hear this gentleman say he is running a tab?

GRANT

(Nervous)

Yes, Just a little one. I know him he's a mate from the old days. He's good for it, or I'll cover it if there was a problem.

BIRDY

Let's see it.

Grant passes the tab to Birdy.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

Eight pounds seventy five?

He tears up the tab

BIRDY (CONT'D)

Not exactly a high roller is he. I'm sure we can run to buying a friend a couple of drink without it breaking anyone's heart.

BILLY

Thank you, that's really kind.

BIRDY

Don't mention it. Any friend of Grant's is a friend of mine. What'll you have.

BILLY

I've had a bit too much already, so I'd better just call it a night.

BIRDY

No. I insist.

Grant gives Billy a warning glance.

BILLY

Alright then, if you insist. A half of lager, please.

BIRDY

(to Grant)

You heard the man, Grant. A pint of lager. And give him a whisky chaser.

Birdy gives Grant a secret nod.

Grant raises his eyebrows back at Birdy

Birdy gives Grant a more emphatic nod.

BILLY

Thank you. Mr Finch

BIRDY

Birdy puts out his hand which Billy takes and shakes.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

Call me Birdy. That's what my
friends call me. Isn't that right
Grant?

GRANT

Yes, Mr Finch, I mean Birdy.

Grant pours a whisky, then takes a small bottle from behind the counter and pops a few drops into the drink. Then hands it to Billy.

Encouraging Billy to drink up, Birdy smiles at him.

Billy drinks the whisky.

Billy tries to smile back but cannot. He slowly slips from his barstool and falls to the floor unconscious. A few of the men playing snooker cheer.

BIRDY

It looks like your friend can't
hold his drink.

GRANT

Never could.

Grant picks up the phone.

GRANT (CONT'D)

He's always been generous, though.

He pockets the phone.

CUT TO:

CHYRON: THE MORNING AFTER.

INT. SNOOKER HALL OFFICE - MORNING

Billy is in the armchair holding his head.

BIRDY

Do you want me to refresh his
memory?

Birdy looms over Billy and cocks his fist ready to smash it
down on Billy's face.

Billy closes his eyes and prepares to receive the blow.

GWENDOLINE

That won't be necessary.

Birdy relaxes his grip but sighs with disappointment.

GWENDOLINE (CONT'D)

Last night, William, - it is
alright of I call you William?

BILLY

Yes, of course.

GWENDOLINE

Good. Last night, William, you came
here, all loved up and it seems
feeling lucky.

BILLY

Yes, I remember that bit.

GWENDOLINE

Birdy, here.

She points at Birdy.

Birdy gives a little wave.

BIRDY

Hello.

GWENDOLINE

Birdy here bought you a drink and
afterwards invited you to join us
at a little game of after hours
poker.

BILLY

But I can't play poker.

GWENDOLINE

As you so clearly demonstrated by losing the three kay just before throwing up all over the Persian.

Billy frowns.

BILLY

Persian? Carpet or Cat?

GWENDOLINE

Neither. Mr Farouz. He owns the shisha bar in the High Street. He was not best pleased.

BILLY

Oh, dear. I'm sorry. I don't remember any of this. The last thing I remember is being at the bar. Birdy insisting I drink a whisky and then everything went blank.

BIRDY

I do hope you're not suggesting there was something nasty in your drink.

He looks menacingly at Billy.

BILLY

Oh, no nothing like that. But what can I say?

GWENDOLINE

It's best to say nothing. However, I do want the money we stood you last night.

BILLY

I thought it was five thousand. Then just now you said I lost three.

GWENDOLINE

That's right. That's the three you lost, plus one in interest and administration costs, then there's compensation for Mr Farouz plus his dry cleaning. In my book that makes five.

BILLY

I really don't know anything about this. Can't we just forget about it?

Gwendoline and Birdy look at each other and laugh their cruel laugh together.

BIRDY

That's a good one. We must remember to tell the others about this.

GWENDOLINE

Anyway, whatever. So, if you just pop home or to the bank or wherever it is you keep your stash, then run back with the readies, then we can clear this up and all be one big happy family again, especially Birdy. I might even half the interest you owe if you're back before lunch.

BILLY

(desperate)

But I don't have any money. Please! I don't have a carrot. I spent the last of everything I had on half a pint of lager in your bar. I even gave my last bit of corned beef to my cat.

GWENDOLINE

(thinking)

I see. So we do have a bit of a dilemma, William, don't we?

BILLY

(resigned)

I suppose we do.

Gwendoline turns to Birdy.

GWENDOLINE

What do you think we should do about young William here?

BIRDY

I could break his legs or maybe eat his cat. That'd be a funny one, a finch eating a cat.

GWENDOLINE

True, you could. But that wouldn't bring me my money, would it?

BIRDY

It would bring you half of it.

GWENDOLINE

How?

BIRDY

Well, I'd pay you two and a half grand just for the pleasure of doing it.

BILLY

(panicking)

No. Don't let him do that. There must be something. I can work for you. I can run your kitchen or work in the bar until the debt's paid off.

GWENDOLINE

You could. Except we already have a cook and our barman is excellent. Besides you wouldn't want to put your old chum out of work, would you?

BILLY

No of course not. There must be something I can do.

GWENDOLINE

I can't think of anything off hand. Can you, Birdy?

BIRDY

Not off hand.

Gwendoline and Birdy make a big show of trying to think of something, while Billy looks at them both.

GWENDOLINE

I suppose there is that driving job.

BIRDY

I suppose. But I did have someone in mind for that.

BILLY

(eager)

I can drive. What is it?

GWENDOLINE

Well, it's only a little job, really. Next Thursday morning. There's a couple of friends of ours need picking up then driving to where they want to go. No, you wouldn't be interested.

BILLY

I would. Definitely!

GWENDOLINE

It's a strange little job. The friends are a little rough around the edges. A tad volatile even. No, it wouldn't be fair on you.

BILLY

I don't mind. Really I don't.

GWENDOLINE

It's not exactly, shall we say, legal. So there is an element of risk involved.

BILLY

As long as I don't get into trouble and as long as Mr Finch doesn't eat Kitten Face.

GWENDOLINE

Kitten Face?

BILLY

That's what I call my cat.

GWENDOLINE

Ah, bless.

BIRDY

Call me Birdy. We are friends after all. Aren't we?

BILLY

Yes, of course er, Birdy.

GWENDOLINE

Along with the risks comes a decent pay day, however.

BILLY
Really? How much?

GWENDOLINE
Do this, William and I will clear
your slate.

BILLY
(resigned)
What choice do I have?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A man in a suit is looking of over the rooftops of the city. We cannot see his face. This is MARTIN LIMPETT (50s) he is speaking on the phone.

LIMPETT
Yes sir...I know...I have my two
best operatives on it as we
speak...We're just giving him a bit
more rope...There's something
brewing locally...Yes, sir. Don't
worry, by the end of the week
Mallard's arse will be hanging out
to dry...Thank you, sir.

Limpett finishes the call and puts his phone into his jacket pocket.

CUT TO:

CHYRON: THURSDAY.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Detective Inspector Mallard is standing by a whiteboard in the briefing room. He is addressing half a dozen plain clothed policemen. A female officer is walking around with a tray of coffees and a plate of doughnuts.

MALLARD
Ok. Settle down and listen up. My
snout informs me that the blag will
take place at precisely 11:45am.

He points to a crudely drawn street outline pinned to the whiteboard.

MALLARD (CONT'D)

There are a couple of jokers down from Leeds or Sunderland or Lapland or somewhere up North. Study these photos.

He points to two mugshots.

MALLARD (CONT'D)

This is Francis Laine and Thomas Steele. Frankie is the brains of the pair. He is cunning so be careful. Big Tommy Steele is as hard as they come. If it's a question of you or him. Get him first or get out of there. He is Frankie's protector. Has been since they were kids together on the estate.

He points to a picture of Billy pinned to the board.

MALLARD (CONT'D)

This is William French, also known as Billy. A new face on the scene trying to make a name for himself no doubt. He'll be driving the getaway vehicle. He has no record other than a bit of puff when he was 17 and there're some library books overdue. But by all accounts he can be a nasty bugger. He might be armed, so again be careful.

There are a few mutterings from the assembly.

MALLARD (CONT'D)

We'll have a couple of snipers on the roofs, here and here just incase it gets a bit naughty.

He points at the map again.

MALLARD (CONT'D)

If it does blow up, then step back and give the rifle boys some decent targets to aim at. Hopefully they can take all three of them out of the game without anyone getting caught in the crossfire.

He indicates another point on the map.

MALLARD (CONT'D)
I'll be observing from this point.
Along with Trainee Detective
Constable Spence here.

TRAINNEE DECTECTIVE CONSTABLE SPENCE(22 but looking much younger) sits at the front of the group.

The assembly jeer and blow raspberries. Someone at the back shouts "puppy walker".

MALLARD (CONT'D)
Come on ladies, there's no need for
that. We all had to start
somewhere.

More jeers and laughter.

MALLARD (CONT'D)
That's enough. Anyone else says
anything then they'll be the ones
babysitting the useless little
twerp. I mean, Trainee Detective
Constable Spence.

Trainee Detective Constable Spence tries to disappear into his shirt collar by ducking down in his seat.

MALLARD (CONT'D)
The rest of you will be waiting in
the van. Here.

Points at map.

MALLARD (CONT'D)
The plan is to wait until they have
committed the robbery and then
intercept them and the money on
their way back to the car. Our van
will be used to block any escape
route of the getaway car. Terry,
you'll be driving. You will park
down this side road.

Mallard points to the side road on the map.

MALLARD (CONT'D)
And when you receive the nod, you
shoot out of there and block the
getaway car. Ram it if you have to.

TERRY(40) is sitting at the back of the room. He looks uncomfortable and is sweating. He is discreetly holding his stomach.

TERRY

Gov.

MALLARD

At that point, the rest of you boys will jump out of the back of the van and shut down any argy-bargy. Any questions?

An Asian police officer DC CHANDRA(30) puts his hand up.

MALLARD (CONT'D)

Chandra?

DC CHANDRA

Will there be any of us inside the post office, Gov? I mean, we can't just let the job to go ahead and expect the public to face the music.

MALLARD

That's a very good point and I'm glad you mentioned it. No, Mr Singh who's normally in there selling stamps and cashing dole cheques or whatever it is he does, will be safely tucked away out the back or upstairs somewhere. You will take his place.

DC CHANDRA

Me? Why me? Oh, I get it. Racial stereotype. Indian behind the post office counter. Typical.

MALLARD

No. I thought you'd be perfect because of your calmness in a crisis. If it does go all tits up, then I have every confidence in your ability to handle the situation on the inside and not go all Dirty Harry. But your job is to just hand over the money, no heroics. We want these boys to get the money and get out. We don't want to charge them with attempted robbery, we want to put them away for the full works. So try not to shoot them, at least until after they get outside with the loot.

DC CHANDRA
Do you mean I'll be armed?

MALLARD
Yes, we all will be.

There's a muttering of approval from the troops.

MALLARD (CONT'D)
You'll all need to sign out your
P226s from the armoury and don't
forget the ammo. I take it you are
all up to speed with the training.

ALL
Yes, Gov.

MALLARD
Good. But you're not to engage in
fire-play unless you're left with
absolutely no other choice. It's
not a game of cowboys and Indians.
No offence, Chandra.

DC CHANDRA
I still say it racial stereotyping.

MALLARD
Admittedly, Chandra, it does help
because of your family heritage.

DC CHANDRA
My family are all dentists.

MALLARD
Exactly. Anymore questions? No
good. Right. Let's get ready and be
back here by 10.00. Then we can go
and bag us some baddies.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD MONDEO - MORNING

Billy is sitting in the driver's seat. He is nervously tapping his fingers on the steering wheel and glancing up at his rear view mirror. He looks very worried.

He has a passenger in the back, although we are yet to see him. He is talking on the phone.

FRANKIE

(O.S. Angry)

I don't care. You said you'd be ready. We're on the way to you now. No. You better be ready when we get there. I don't care if she's made it special. Just be ready. No. I don't care. No. Alright.

Frankie starts to talk quieter so that it's more difficult for Billy to hear him.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(O.S. softer)

No. I'm sorry. No, I'm not upset with you. No, I wasn't shouting. I just want everything to go properly, that all. I don't know this firm and that makes me nervous. Okay. We'll be there in about fifteen. Just make sure you're ready. OK, see you in a while.

Frankie finishes his call and lets out a long breath.

Billy looks at the rear view mirror to see the jagged rotting teeth of an evil clown mask of the passenger in the back.

BILLY

OK. Where to?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP - SAME TIME

An ARMED RESPONSE OFFICER has set up his Heckler and Koch rifle on a tripod and mounted its telescopic site. Satisfied he sits low to the roof with his back to a wall. He digs into his kit bag and pulls out a small box. He carefully lays it on the ground next to his rifle. He blows on his fingers and gingerly opens the lid of the box. It contains two rounds of sandwiches and a chocolate bar.

He presses a button on the side of his headset and speaks into his microphone.

ARMED RESPONSE OFFICER 1

One all set. Let me know when you see them. Over.

RADIO

Will do, One. There's plenty of time yet so make yourself comfortable. I'll give you the nod if there's any movement. Over.

ARMED RESPONSE OFFICER 1

Thanks. Out.

He looks around the other rooftops through some binoculars. On a neighbouring roof top another ARO looks back, grins and waves. He gives the thumbs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOMMY'S NAN'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

The Mondeo pulls into a cul-de-sac of the type of bungalows that local councils put old people into.

Frankie puts his phone to his ear.

FRANKIE

We're here. Are you ready? Good.
See you in a mo.

Frankie puts his phone away, leans forward and touches Billy's shoulder.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

He's ready. Should be out in a minute.

A front door of a bungalow opens and TOMMY appears. He is wearing a full clown's outfit complete with great big shoes, baldy-head wig, red nose and painted sad mouth. He is having trouble getting the hang of walking in the oversize shoes.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(to himself)
Oh, please. No!

Frankie puts his head in his hands.

The car's back door opens as Tommy struggles to get in. He is being hampered by the costume. The shoes are almost impossible to negotiate. He finally settles and closes the door.

TOMMY

(cheerful)
Well, what do you think?

FRANKIE

I don't know what to think. Where did you get it?

TOMMY

My nan's old lodger. He worked as a children's entertainer. You know, birthday parties and all that?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. A SMALL GARDEN - AFTERNOON

A party of about 10 children are sitting crosslegged on the lawn, silently watching Tommy's nan's old lodger dressed in the same clown suit.

Some of the children have started crying. A small boy of about 6 is standing up, he has wet himself.

CLOWN

(angry)

You don't know how much I put into this. I'm trying my best to make you laugh and entertain you and all you don't take a blind bit of notice. I'm wasting my time. I didn't even get offered any fucking birthday cake!

In his anger, he upturns his table of props. His hat falls off, so he kicks it. This brings on more crying.

A couple of young mothers run into the garden to see what is wrong.

YOUNG MOTHER 1

How dare you speak to these children like that. Stop it!

CLOWN

If someone had spoken to these snot-nosed little fuckers like this years ago. They wouldn't be such sissies now.

YOUNG MOTHER 1

Get out. Go on get out!

CLOWN

I'm going just as soon as you've paid me.

YOUNG MOTHER 1

If you think you're getting paid then you've got another thing coming!

CLOWN

Then I'll just stay here until you do.

YOUNG MOTHER 1

We'll see.

She turns and punches the clown square on the nose. The children cheer.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE PARTY HOUSE - LATER

Two police officers lead the clown away and put him into the back of a police car. The clown's sad face looks at the house as the children watch him being taken away. They laugh and cheer. Some of them give the finger.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. FORD MONDEO - CONTINUOUS

TOMMY

Anyway, that was before he went to prison. He left all his gear in his room and has never been back for it. So when I said I needed a clown outfit, M'nan said she had just the thing. She said I could keep it. She did me face as well. What do you think?

Tommy shows his face to Frankie.

FRANKIE

You do know what we're up to this morning?

TOMMY

Yes, of course. We're off to rob a post office.

Billy winces.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And your idea of clown disguises was brilliant. You're so clever, Frankie. I don't know how I'd ever cope without you.

FRANKIE

I'm sure you'd manage somehow. But, don't you think going the full hog with the outfit might make you less than your usual agile self?

TOMMY

I did think the shoes were a bit big. Maybe I should have just worn my trainers.

FRANKIE

Maybe.

TOMMY

But my nan insisted. She said a job worth doing is worth doing properly and all that. So I brought this with me as well.

FRANKIE

What?

TOMMY

This!

Tommy digs deep into a cavernous pocket of his clown's trousers and pulls out a bulb horn. He gives it a honk.

FRANKIE

What are you going to do with that.

TOMMY

I'm going to use it at the post office. I'm not going to say anything, I'm just going to use this to tell them what to do. That way no one will recognise my voice.

He gives the horn a couple of honks.

FRANKIE

Don't you think they might not take you that seriously?

TOMMY

They will, I've also got this.

He digs down again and pulls out a revolver and waves it around.

FRANKIE

Bloody hell! Put that away before you attract attention.

TOMMY

Sorry.

Tommy puts the gun back in his pocket.

FRANKIE

I said no guns. We don't want anyone getting shot. That's why we've got baseball bats.

TOMMY

Baseball bats?

FRANKIE

Don't tell me you forgot to get them. You were supposed to get them yesterday.

TOMMY

(getting upset)

I'm sorry, I just got sidetracked. What with staying at my nan's and dressing up in the clown's costume and being excited about today, and yesterday afternoon she wanting to do a practice paint job on m'face and everything

FRANKIE

(soothing)

OK. Don't upset yourself. It's not the end of the world. I'm sure there's a tyre lever in the boot of this car I can use and you can just wave the gun around but try not to shoot anyone.

Billy clears his throat from the front seat.

Tommy notices him for the first time.

TOMMY

(instantly cheerful)

Who's this then?

FRANKIE

This is Billy. He's our Uber for
the day.

Tommy puts his hand through the seats and shakes Billy's
hand.

TOMMY

(friendly)
Nice to meet you.

BILLY

(fearful)
Like wise.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

On the dashboard is a pair of vintage bakelite opera
binoculars. They bear the words. "Not to be taken away" on
one side and "Property of U.A.D.C. Ltd Temple Chambers EC4"
on the other. Obviously would have been stolen sometime in
their life.

Mallard picks the binoculars up and looks towards the post-
office while feeding himself Rolos. He is keeping his
irritation just below the surface as we hear another person
start to speak.

TDC SPENCE

Do you fancy a sandwich, Gov?
They're spam and piccalilli, my
Mum's made me hundreds.

MALLARD

(Through his teeth)
No thank you.

TDC Spence rummages through a little square Adidas holdall.

TDC SPENCE

What about some crisps? Or there're
some fruit pies in here as well and
a packet of bourbons.

MALLARD

No, thanks.

TDC SPENCE

Ooo, she's made me bread pudding. I
love bread pudding. I'll save that
for later.

TDC Spence pulls out a packet of crisps, opens it and starts eating. Mallard looks across at him, there is a pile of wrappers, screwed up silver foil balls and a banana skin at his feet. Mallard takes a deep breath and counts to five before letting it go.

MALLARD

I hope you're gonna clear up that mess. It looks like a teddy bears' picnic.

TDC SPENCE

Of course. I'm just making a bit of room in the bag for all the rubbish. Actually, I think I'll have that bread pudding now. Do you want some?

MALLARD

No, maybe later. Much later. So she looks after you then, your Mum.

TDC SPENCE

Well she says now I've made detective I have to eat well, because of the irregular hours and cold doorways.

MALLARD

Cold doo?..You haven't made detective yet, Trainee Detective Constable Spence, You've got to get passed me first. It all depends upon your assessments now. You just need to last the course and not keep getting on my tits, then you might, just might, make detective.

TDC Spence looks saddened. Mallard notices this and sighs.

MALLARD (CONT'D)

Rolo, Timothy?

DI Mallard passes what's left of his Rolo's across to Spence who is finishing off his crisps by pouring the crumbs into his mouth straight from the packet.

TDC SPENCE

Thanks, Gov.

He goes to take the Rolo.

TDC SPENCE (CONT'D)

It's your last one. Gov. Does that mean you're beginning to like me?

MALLARD

No. It means if I eat any more I'll probably be sick. That and with a toffee in your mouth there might be a chance of some quiet thinking time.

Spence pops the Rolo in and is quiet for a few seconds. Mallards face starts to relax until...

TDC SPENCE

I still don't get it, Gov.

MALLARD

(Sighs)

What don't you get?

TDC SPENCE

Well, why the Finch's would squeal on their own blag.

MALLARD

Squeal on their own blag? Where are you getting these terms?

TDC SPENCE

My Mum.

MALLARD

Oh. You shouldn't listen to her. She'll lead you into terrible ways, Timothy. Terrible ways. But to answer the question so succinctly put. These three villains, what we are about to apprehend, are what are known in the trade as sacrificial prawns.

TDC SPENCE

Prawns?

MALLARD

That's right. The Finches set this whole thing up. It's not supposed to work. It supposed to give us an easy target. The driver and the two mugs in the post office are nobodies who could possibly someday become somebodies unless they're stopped.

TDC SPENCE

And that's what we're here for?

MALLARD

The robbery has been set up with our full knowledge and cooperation. But you have to keep it to yourself. We can't have people knowing that we are in collusion with gangsters.

TDC SPENCE

Isn't that corrupt?

MALLARD

Not at all. It's like sleeping with the enemy. Co-operation of adversaries. It helps to keep the streets clean, keeps the clear-up figures high. It's a fairly safe but high profile collar and everybody wins and it prevents war. The public are reassured, which is our prime role as police officers. We're just part of a PR machine.

TDC SPENCE

Well what's in it for the Finches?

MALLARD

It's the game, Timothy. They throw us the odd crumbs and we let them keep the cake and who knows, sometime we even get a slice.

TDC SPENCE

Oh, that's a thought.

He starts to rummage in his bag again

TDI SPENCE

I think I've got some angel cake in here somewhere.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE VAN - SAME TIME

Terry is in the driver's seat. He has parked the van in the side street.

In the back five DETECTIVES in black flack jackets are getting excited.

Terry is sweating and wriggling a bit in his seat. He looks back at the crew.

TERRY
What do you make time?

DETECTIVE 1
Twenty minutes to.

TERRY
That gives me five minutes 'til they get here, plus at least five for them to get in and out. So ten should be enough.

DETECTIVE 1
Ten? What for?

TERRY
I need a bog.

DETECTIVE 1
Couldn't you have gone before we left.

TERRY
I did. I need to go again.

DETECTIVE 1
Nervous?

TERRY
It's not that. I think it might be something I ate.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING

Terry is looking at a menu. AN INDIAN WAITER standing over him.

Terry looks at the waiter.

TERRY
I think I'll have the king-prawn vindaloo, extra hot.

INDIAN WAITER
Very good, sir.

END OF FLASHBACK:

INT. POLICE VAN - CONTINUOUS

TERRY

It's no good, I've got to go.

Terry jumps from the van and runs in search of a toilet.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mallard puts the binoculars to his eyes. He watches as the Mondeo pulls up outside the post office.

MALLARD

Right on time.

Mallard picks up his radio.

MALLARD (CONT'D)

(into radio)

OK, Boys, it looks like our show's about to start.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD MONDEO - SAME TIME

Billy has parked the car outside the post office. Frankie and Tommy are taking deep breaths in readiness on the back seat.

Frankie is now holding a tyre leaver. Tommy is holding his hooter. He gives it a honk. It startles Billy.

FRANKIE

Come on, let's do this.

Tommy opens his door but has found that one of the oversize boots is stuck under the seat in front of him.

Frankie pushes him out of the car. His foot comes out of the shoe along with his sock. He makes to get them.

TOMMY

My shoe!

FRANKIE

Just leave it! Come on.

Frankie rushes into the post office with Tommy limping behind the best he can.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC TOILET - SAME TIME

Terry sighs as he reaches public toilet. Panicking he pushes the door. It's locked.

TERRY

Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

He looks around for somewhere else, then looks at his watch. It is 11:46.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Frankie bursts through the door of the post office followed by Tommy a few seconds later.

They stand just in the doorway, looking unsure of what to do, hesitating.

Chandra is behind the counter pretending to be engrossed in something or other.

Tommy honks his hooter.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mallard is watching the street. A TRAFFIC WARDEN is approaching the Mondeo.

MALLARD

Hello, what's she doing?

The traffic warden looks at Billy's number plate and writes it into her notebook. She then walked to the driver's side of the car and stands by the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MONDEO - CONTINUOUS

Billy is leaning on the steering wheel with his head in his hands. He is startled by a gloved hand of the traffic warden knocking on his window.

AMY

(A.S.)

I'm sorry sir I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Billy jumps in his seat, swears under his breath then starts to wind down his window to talk to the traffic warden. She bends down to face him and comes into view.

BILLY

I'm sorry I won't be a....Amy!

AMY

Billy! Don't you move!

Amy runs around the front of the car and gets into the front passenger seat. Billy looks desperately over to the post office.

BILLY

You can't get in. You shouldn't...

AMY

Don't you tell me what I should and shouldn't do. You said you'd call me.

BILLY

I know, Amy. I know. I wanted to. I lost my phone. But you shouldn't be here. Not now. Any other time, but not now.

AMY

You don't shake me off that easily. Not after Saturday night. I thought we had something I thought we connected and then you just disappear. You don't call or answer my texts. It's been five whole days! I know, don't tell me, you met someone else didn't you?

BILLY

No.

AMY

We have the most perfect evening together. We clicked you and me, Billy. Well at least I thought we did.

BILLY

We did.

AMY

And then you just go. Is that what you do? You enter a girls life, be all gentlemanly and charming and not just after the one thing - and then once you've got them hook, line and sinker you vanish like a thief in the night. Is that how you get your kicks?

BILLY

(Desperate)

No, not at all. I can't explain, not now, but I will call you later, I promise, if everything goes to plan, I will call you, but you've got to go. Now!

AMY

I'm not going anywhere, not until you tell me why you haven't called.

BILLY

I told you, I lost my phone. It had your number on it.

Billy faces Amy and puts his hand on her arm.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Hook, line and sinker? You mean you really want to see me again?

AMY

Not in so many words, but I did think we had something and that there was at least some...er...potential and I thought I might want to take it further, possibly. Maybe see what developed next time. Even invite you in for er...coffee and that.

BILLY

Coffee?

AMY

And that...

Billy swallows.

AMY (CONT'D)

You should have called. I'd wanted to believe that you're not like other men. You know, they just lead you on, then dump you when they don't get what they want. Quite often even when they do.

BILLY

I'm not like that. And I got exactly what I wanted. I had the perfect evening with a beautiful lady who was charming, who made me laugh, who listened and was interesting who was the one in a million. I thought I'd found my soulmate. Seriously, Amy. I really - really like you and can't wait to see you again.

AMY

You do? Really? You better not be handing me a line because I feel the same and if you play me about you'll be sorry.

BILLY

I'm not playing you about. Honest.

AMY

So when then?

BILLY

Anytime. You say a time.

AMY

(Happy)

Five o'clock. Where do you want to go?

BILLY

Anywhere. Just anywhere. Give me your number again, write it down. I'll take you to dinner or for a picnic on the beach or on holiday to Majorca. Anywhere.

Amy writes her number down in her book and tears the page off and hands it to Billy.

Billy is getting more anxious and keeps looking over towards the post office.

AMY

I've always wanted to go to Majorca.

BILLY

I know. You said when we were at the restaurant.

AMY

You remembered?

BILLY

Of course. I remember everything about that night. Up to a point that is. But I would. I'd take you anywhere you wanted to go. Somewhere romantic. Somewhere away from here. If only...

AMY

(Suspicious)
If only what?

BILLY

If only I had the money. I'd make you so happy. But I can't talk about that now. You have to go. Please get out of the car and go. Quickly. I'll call you at five.

AMY

(Downhearted)
I get it. You don't have to explain. You're just trying to let me down gently. You can't just come out with it and say, "Sorry, Love, we had a great night but on reflection you're not the one for me."

BILLY

Seriously, Amy, it's not like that at all. But you've gotta get out and go away from this end of the High Street. Please!

AMY

That's a thought. You should move off too. I've been told to keep it clear.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

Something's going on and there's a car down the road watching and a van load of police waiting just around the corner to catch some blokes robbing the post office.

Billy sighs deeply and clears his throat.

BILLY

(Sad)

That'll be me. I'm part of it.

AMY

You?

Amy starts to get out of the car.

AMY (CONT'D)

(angry)

Well, you're full of surprises.

BILLY

Wait! It's not what I do. I didn't want to be here. This is the worst day of my life, except the bit when you got into the car that is.

Amy settles back into the seat.

AMY

Go on.

BILLY

(Talking quickly)

I don't have time to explain, but I had to agree to this else they said they'd break my legs or eat my cat or both.

AMY

You've got a cat?

BILLY

Yes, Kitten-Face.

AMY

(dreamy)

That's lovely. I love cats.

BILLY

Me too. But you see? They're in the post office right now. They have guns and they will be back any moment. You have to go!

AMY

But, what about you? I can't just leave you here waiting to get arrested. It's an ambush. Everyone at the station knows about it. You should drive away now, before the men with the guns came back.

BILLY

I can't leave them. They's kill me. Really. I just need to figure a way out of this mess.

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - SAME TIME

Frankie is standing at the counter pointing the tyre lever at Chandra. Tommy is behind him.

FRANKIE

(shouting)

Give us the money and hurry up!

Tommy honks his hooter a couple of times for effect.

Chandra, wearing a Post Office jumper along with a name tag that says DC Chandra stays calm.

DC CHANDRA

Do you have a holdall?

FRANKIE

What?

DC CHANDRA

A holdall, a bag.

Tommy now getting agitated starts honking his hooter repetitively.

Frankie turns to him.

FRANKIE

Stop it! I can't think.

Tommy gives it one last honk then stops.

DC CHANDRA

Or I could give you a bag for life. They're normally 20p, but I think we could waive that, just this once.

FRANKIE

Just do it. Put the money in the bag and hand it over. And no funny business.

Chandra looks at the two men dressed as clowns and raises an eyebrow.

He starts loading the cash into a bag for life.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY WAY - SAME TIME

Terry is in an alleyway behind some shops. He is bent over and holding his stomach. Running the best he can. He sees some dustbins and in desperation drops his trousers and sits over one of them and vacates his bowels. It isn't pleasant. It isn't quiet. Yet the tears of relief fill the policeman's eyes and run down his cheeks.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD MONDEO - CONTINUOUS

AMY

Oh, Billy.

BILLY

Oh, Amy.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Frankie and Tommy run from the post office. Frankie is in front with the bag of money. Tommy limping behind with his one big shoe.

Frankie reaches the car, opens the door and throws in the bag of money. Mallard and Spence appear and grab hold of him, wrestling him to the ground. They hold him.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD MONDEO - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Amy look onto the back seat and see the money. They look at each other then at the police who are occupied with the robbers. The two then turn calmly and look out through the windscreen to an empty road ahead. They are suddenly calm.

BILLY
So what do we do now?

AMY
(Casually)
Picnics on the beach, you say?

BILLY
Yes.

AMY
Somewhere romantic?

BILLY
Yes.

AMY
Majorca?

BILLY
Yes, if you like.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tommy catches up to them.

TOMMY
(shouting)
Let him go!

Busy trying to hold on to Frankie, the two policemen ignore him for a moment.

Tommy pulls out the gun and points it at Mallard.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Let him go, I said. Or I'll shoot.

Mallard and Spence relax their grip on Frankie. Mallard looks up at the pathetic sight of Tommy in his clown's outfit and his one big shoe.

MALLARD

Come on, son. Don't do anything
silly.

TOMMY

(emotional)
Let him go.

Tommy takes aim and pulls the trigger. A flag with the word
"BANG" drops from the barrel of the gun. Instantly 2 shots
ring out as the ARO snipers shoot Tommy.

BACK TO:

INT. FORD MONDEO - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Amy are startled by the gunshots.

AMY

(Shouts)
DRIVE!

Billy starts the engine, puts the car in gear and burns
rubber as he speeds away.

Out of the side road 5 policemen in flack jackets come
running. They stop and watch as the Mondeo races past them.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE.