DOPPELGANGER

A FILM SCRIPT by

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FADE IN ON

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE  DAY

A tracking-shot encompassing the wasteland look of the place – and resting on a parked car.

EXT/INT. IAN’S CAR  DAY

IAN – in the car, looking at the entrance to a block of flats. He picks up a small tape-recorder and rewinds – then plays. We hear a variety of local voices – old and young – all in a ‘schemie’ dialect. IAN smiles.

EXT. STREET  DAY

IAN listening to the taped conversations in his car. PAN-TO a small red van parked diametrically across from IAN’S car. Two youths passing the van – their attention alerted. They bend low and speak to the driver. YOUTH*1 looks up – points across to IAN’S car and nods. YOUTH*2 stares across at IAN’S car – as YOUTH*1 converses again with the driver. (All unseen by IAN.) YOUTH*1 steps back from the van – smiling and flashing a number of notes. He nods to the driver of the van – smiles – and hands some notes to YOUTH*2. They both head across towards IAN’S car.

EXT/INT. IAN’S CAR  DAY

IAN is lost in listening to the tape – suddenly startled by YOUTH*1’S head poking-in the window. Beside him is YOUTH*2.

YOUTH*1
What’s the game, pal? You the ess-ess?

IAN
I’m just – waiting. Waiting, for somebody.

YOUTH*1
You’re the fuck’n so-shul, aren’t you? Scared to tell us?

YOUTH*2
C’mon pal. We’re no fuck’n dummies.

IAN – worried. He throws the recorder into the rear seat and prepares to start the engine.
IAN
No, really. I’m waiting for someone, but, eh – I don’t think they’re coming.

YOUTH*1
Who’re you tryin’ to kid – eh?

YOUTH*2
You with the dee-ess, eh? That it? Fuck’n drug squad. Looking for dealers, eh? Junkies’n that?

YOUTH*1 leans his face in closer – smiling.

YOUTH*1
Oh! You don’t like it, do you? Sussed you out.

YOUTH*2
Aye! Away to fuck – snoopy basturd!

IAN starts the car – both youths banging on the roof. As he pulls away they kick at the doors. IAN zooms off – scared.

EXT. A LEAFY SUBURB DAY

Titles roll as IAN’S car comes into view along an avenue – stopping in front of a Victorian house. IAN exits the car – studies the side of it – examining the doors – both showing dents. IAN looks in an angry mood as he heads into the house.

INT. IAN’S HOUSE DAY

IAN enters and immediately heads to a side room (his study).

INT. IAN’S STUDY DAY

IAN heads directly to a computer and switches it ‘on’. As titles end – we see words appearing on the screen as IAN types – a slugline appearing – we enter into the screen – via DEEP FOCUS

(SceneS IAN writes (for television) – are all in italics.)

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE DAY

We repeat-(almost)– the first scene – except the person in the car is now MALCOLM. YOUTH*1 and YOUTH*2 are the same.

YOUTH*1
What’s the game, pal? You the ess-ess?

MALCOLM lifts his head and gives both youths a serious stare.

YOUTH*2
Aye! What’re you up to?
You a social security snoop – eh?

MALCOLM (Smiling)
As a matter-of-fact lads, I wondered how long I’d have to wait before two tubes came up to ask me stupid questions.
The youths look to each other.

**YOUTH*1**

Think you’re a fly-man, eh? You a bizzy?

**MALCOLM**

Listen son! I’m no with anybody, okay? On my own. Just me - nobody else. Not the police. Not the social. No one - right! Now why don’t you just fuck-off! Either that, or go away.

**YOUTH*1** turns to his mate - a cheeky smile on his face.

**YOUTH*1**

Oooh! A big hard man here, Davie.

**YOUTH*1** unzips his jacket - exposing a tyre lever in his belt.

**YOUTH*1**

See this pal.(Puts his hand on the tyre lever) This is for cheeky bastards like you.

**MALCOLM** (Smiling)

Hey! No need for that. My tyres are fine. But - maybe help to straighten these dents in your head.

**YOUTH*1**

You don’t get it - do you?
I want your wallet - pal. Now!

**MALCOLM**

Well, I can’t help you there, son. Now, why not do like I said, and just fuck-off.

**YOUTH*1** tries to grab **MALCOLM** - **YOUTH*2** tries to get his arm in the car. **MALCOLM**’s hand appears with a spray-can - he squirts - causing both youths to reel backwards - holding their faces.

**MALCOLM**

That, by the way, is mace, lads.
Two little squirts, for two little squirts.

**MALCOLM** drives of leaving the youths moaning on the ground.

**DISSOLVE** - come out of **DEEP FOCUS** - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.
INT. BATHROOM  DAY

ANNE is showering. The curtain is thrown aside (Psycho-style) terrifying her. IAN stands smiling - holding drinks in one hand.

ANNE
Christ, Ian! Don’t do that! I could’ve died. My heart could-

IAN
Your heart! What heart?

ANNE glowers at him and grabs a towel.

INT. BEDROOM  DAY

IAN sits on the edge of the bed – a glass in each hand. ANNE sits alongside him – flopping down in a tired fashion.

IAN
I didn’t hear you come in. Heard the shower running, thought maybe it was Meryl Streep or-

ANNE
I could hear you typing. So, didn’t want to disturb you.

IAN– (Smiling)
I was finishing-off something. Malcolm has to-

ANNE
Malcolm! Malcolm who?

IAN– (Huffy look)
Malcolm – you know? Malcolm Dunbar. No? The working-man’s private dick, into his second series on telly. The guy that pays the bills. Ring any bells?

ANNE stops rubbing her hair with the towel – gives IAN a ‘look’.

ANNE
Okay! I understand. You don’t have to be so sar-

IAN
Yeah, I know he’s not Tom Joad – Travis Bickle or Sam Spade, but, he pays the bills.

ANNE
Ian! I don’t know what’s got into you! I only asked why you were back early. And – who are those other people?

IAN
Doesn’t matter, dear. Only fiction. Nothing important.

ANNE gives a strange look – rubs her hair – accepts the drink.

ANNE
I saw the car. Did you have a bump?

IAN
Not with another car. I was up Drumchapel and-

ANNE
Drumchapel! Whatever for?
IAN
Research, dear! Malcolm has to-

ANNE
Oh! I don’t understand you. Back - there!

IAN
You know what they say. Somebody’s got to do it.

ANNE
But why? Drumchapel - of all places! Surely-

IAN
Why not? I know it. Where better to pick-up the new words. The patter.

ANNE
I’d’ve thought you’d had enough of the place.

IAN
Well, it’s changed a bit since I lived there. For the worse.

ANNE
And? What happened then? With the car?

IAN finishes his drink. He smiles at ANNE.

IAN
It was mugged! Two yobs. Couldn’t get me, so - they got the car.

ANNE sips at her drink - shakes her head - ‘tutting’.

IAN
I wonder about you, Ian. I really do. You could’ve been hurt. Killed!

IAN
Then what would I do, eh? (Smiles) Anyway, I’ll see Gavin, get the car fixed.

ANNE
Oh God! I don’t know what’s worse. Him - or Drumchapel.

IAN cuddles close to ANNE and takes a sip of her drink.

IAN
Oh c’mon. Gavin’s okay. His mate made a good job of the gearbox, even if it took him three months. Would’ve cost more than twice what he charged.

ANNE
I think you miss it all, Ian. Don’t you?

IAN gives her a ‘look’.

ANNE
The risks. On the edge. Running around - into bother. Drumchapel - Oooh!

IAN smiles - takes a corner of her towel and pulls. It falls to the floor. ANNE tries to protest - but is prevented by IAN kissing her.

ANNE
Ian! Jack and Audrey’ll be coming in ten minutes.
IAN eases ANNE onto her back on the bed.

IAN

Hmm. We can do it five!

INT. IAN’S STUDY NIGHT

IAN at the computer. Opens a file and we see the text describing MALCOLM driving-off from the two youths.
IAN begins typing – as the words appear on the screen – the start of another scene – we enter again into DEEP FOCUS.

EXT/INT. MALCOLM’S CAR NIGHT

MALCOLM sits in the car pouring hot coffee from a flask. He watches the entrance of a club across the street. On the other seat – we see a tape-recorder and a camera with a long lens. Sipping the coffee as he eyes the street – he channel-hops on the radio – fixing finally on a song that brings a smile to his face. People start to exit the club. MALCOLM lays the cup down and lifts the camera – focusing-in on the people emerging – then losing interest in them. He repeats this action a couple of times – until his subject appears – a couple.
He clicks-off some shots – lays the camera down and prepares to move off – hurriedly undoing the flask and pouring coffee back. As the couple enter a taxi and drive-off – MALCOLM lifts the tape-recorder and speaks into it –’left club, two forty-five ay-emm, Sunday, twenty-fifth’.
MALCOLM follows the taxi at a distance – heading through the city – to end in a select neighbourhood. MALCOLM parks further behind them as they enter a block of flats. He snaps off a another couple of shots. He watches the windows of the building. A light appears on the second floor – he records it into the tape – with the time. He has a look along the street, then prepares to exit.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

MALCOLM exits the car – leaves the door half-closed – walks to the entrance of the flats where the couple entered – checks the names on the entry board. He returns to the car.

EXT/INT. MALCOLM’S CAR NIGHT

MALCOLM records the name and time into the tape. He switches the radio ‘on’– unwraps a packet of sandwiches and pours another cup from the flask. Eases into his seat – for a long wait.
DISSOLVE – and come out of DEEP FOCUS – return again to the computer screen – with the above scene written in format on the screen – the last segment visible – being ‘saved’ then filed.

INT. IAN’S STUDY NIGHT
IAN switches the computer ‘off’ - makes a few notes in a pad on the desk. He rubs his eyes - blinks - exits the room.

**INT. A LANDING ** NIGHT

IAN knocks on a door and we hear a voice beyond - GAVIN.

**GAVIN- (Off)**

Come in. It’s open.

**INT. GAVIN’S FLAT ** NIGHT

IAN enters a world resembling an electronic disaster zone. Typical student posters bedeck the walls and a mattress covered in blankets with an untidy heap of clothes lies in a corner. The main focus of the room is a long running makeshift desk along the length of a wall, supporting a variety of computer screens and electronic keyboards. GAVIN sits by a screen displaying a range of colours; pulsing each time he types onto the computer keypad. IAN enters - GAVIN swivels round in his chair and greets him.

**GAVIN**

Hail Ian! How you doing? Hey! What time is it?

**IAN**

Eh, about eight. No - no, maybe half past.

**GAVIN**

Gawd! That’s about six hours solid. No wonder my eyes feel pickled.

**IAN**

What is it? College work?

GAVIN slides another swivel chair along for IAN to use. He then presses a button on the side of one of the computer screens - and it opens like a microwave. He extracts a clear poly-bag of grass - holds it up - smiles.

**GAVIN**

You’ll like this Ian. Good skunk. Ripping stuff.

IAN gives a long ‘phew’ as he sits in the chair.

**IAN**

I don’t know - Gav. I’m not like I used to be.

**GAVIN**

Up to you - man. I know I need it. I’m wiped out.

IAN watches as GAVIN stuffs some grass into a small pipe- lights it- and has a puff. He holds it out to IAN. IAN reluctantly takes a puff and immediately coughs- causing GAVIN to laugh. When IAN regains his breath - he smiles. GAVIN takes some cigarette- papers and starts rolling a joint.

**GAVIN**

This’ll suit you better - Ian - believe me.

IAN looks at the array of colours on the screen in front of them.
IAN
It looks pretty interesting - this. What is it?
GAVIN
I don’t know yet. Pretty wild though, eh?

GAVIN completes the joint, examines it - hands it over to IAN.
GAVIN
I told you about making music - into colours?

IAN nods, studying the joint - hesitantly puts it in his mouth.
GAVIN
Colour-coding the notes then reversing it.
Playing it over again through the keyboard -
transforming it to coloured gifs on the screen -
kinds of visual music. Bizarre.

IAN passes the joint over to GAVIN.
IAN
Sound a bit like William Burroughs - with visuals.

GAVIN takes a deep drag on the joint.
GAVIN
This is the first time I’ve stopped since I got up. Had to sequence all the music through the decoder. Colour tones for every note - everything.
IAN
I actually came to see you about the car. Some kids kicked the doors in. Think Tommy could do it?
GAVIN
Aye! Tommy’ll sort it out no bother. Look at this.

GAVIN points to the screen with jumping colours. He switches a tape ‘on’. The colours fragment - bursting into crazy patterns, rainbows and mad mazes.

INT IAN’S BEDROOM NIGHT

IAN sits on the edge of the bed, removing his clothes.
He laughs. ANNE lies in the bed - turned away from him.
IAN
I’m telling you Anne - he’s a genius. I know he’s pretty weird, Christ. But he does amazing stuff.

IAN looks to ANNE who merely snores.
IAN slips under the sheets and switches ‘off’ a bedside lamp -
leaving the light of a digital clock visible - the time at 1:18.

LATER - we see the time on the digital clock at 4:42.

IAN comes awake - raises his head and listens intently. He looks to ANNE - who is sound and snoring - then silently gets into slippers and a dressing-gown and creeps out of the room.
INT. IAN’S HALLWAY   NIGHT

IAN comes down stairs to the hall, treading silently, stopping at times to listen. We hear(Off)muffled noises. He pads down the last steps and creeps to the closed study door - presses his ear to the door. He looks around the hall - a glass pane above allowing some small light - he picks up a heavy standing ash-tray and holds it aloft like a club and listens at the door again then swiftly rushes into the room - the ash-tray raised, ready to strike.

INT. IAN’S STUDY   NIGHT

MALCOLM stands beside IAN’S desk - the computer screen visible with scrolled text. He has a glass in his hand(whisky)- a drinks cabinet across the room has a door lying open. MALCOLM turns, a smile on his face as he looks at IAN, standing open-mouthed in the door-way. MALCOLM raises the glass in salute. (At this point - IAN doesn’t recognise MALCOLM.)

MALCOLM
Nice bit of malt this. Makes a change from the piss I drink.

IAN - ready to explode, standing shocked, half-way in the room. MALCOLM wanders to a chair and begins replenishing his glass.

MALCOLM (Big smile)
Aye! This is the style.

IAN (Foaming)
What the hell’s going on?

IAN heads to his desk and lifts the phone.

IAN
I’m calling the police.

MALCOLM smiles and raises the glass again.

MALCOLM
Oh, by all means. Don’t let me stop you. I’ll have a word with you after you’ve seen to them. I’ve got all the time in the world.

IAN stops - the phone in one hand and the ash-tray in the other.

IAN
I’m not kidding, you know? I’m calling the police!

MALCOLM
Oh! I don’t doubt you.

IAN stares at MALCOLM a moment.

IAN
I, I know you. Don’t I? You’re up to something. It’s a joke - right? One of Gavin’s practical jokes, eh?

MALCOLM shakes his head.
IAN
Aye! That’s it. Gavin. Bastard! Well, we’ll see when the police come - who laughs last.

MALCOLM indicates ‘cheers’ with glass and empties it.
IAN
Right! We’ll see then.

IAN looks at the ash-tray, then at the phone in his hand, then at MALCOLM. Cautiously, he rests the ash-tray on the floor - watching MALCOLM all the while - and quickly dials a number into the phone. MALCOLM smiles.

MALCOLM
Look Ian. Maybe we should talk first. You could make a fool of yourself - if the polic-
IAN
Ooh! You think I’m kidding, huh?
MALCOLM
No, but it’d be better if we talked. Then, if you still want to call them - go ahead.

IAN slowly replaces the receiver. He looks at the ash-tray, then slowly moves over to the cabinet - keeping his eyes on MALCOLM. He takes out a glass and pours a whisky.
IAN
Okay! I’m listening. How did you get in here? How come you know my name?
MALCOLM
Hmmph! You still don’t recognise me, do you?

IAN takes a moment of thought - sips his drink - shakes his head.
MALCOLM
You leave me hanging about in the cold for hours - days! Doing all your dirty deeds, acting-out your wild fantasies, but never getting the goods. Ring a bell?

MALCOLM holds his glass out to IAN for a refill.
MALCOLM
I usually get the rotgut whisky. No-name brands, but this! This is more like it. But you know all that, don’t you? You know I get nothing but the crap.
IAN
Look! I don’t understand any of this. How do I know what you like. I don’t know you.
MALCOLM (Laugh)
You don’t! Malcolm Dunbar (Extends a hand to IAN) Cheapest private-eye in Glasgow, credit terms available, debt-collections, general dog’s-body for any chance going.

IAN refuses to shake his hand - leans away from him.
IAN
Right! Okay! Who set this up? Gavin?
MALCOLM (Laughing)
You still don’t get it, do you?
IAN
I’ve had enough. You had your chance.

IAN heads back to his desk and picks-up the phone.
ANNE enters, wearing a dressing-gown. She looks sleepy.

ANNE
Ian! Are you alright?
I heard you way upstairs - talking.

IAN looks at ANNE - then to MALCOLM - and he smiles.

IAN
I’m okay. Yes. Don’t worry about him.
I’m calling the police. They’ll sort it out.

ANNE stares strangely at IAN.

ANNE
You said - HIM - Ian. Who did you mean?

IAN looks over to MALCOLM, who is smiling.
MALCOLM
She can’t see me, Ian. Nor hear me.

ANNE
And why have you got two glasses out?
Ian! Are you alright?

IAN lets the desk take his weight. He sighs and rubs his brow.
ANNE closes on him and comfortingly puts an arm around him.

ANNE
You’re tired. I told you to take a break. Your health’s more important than that bloody script.

IAN nods and hugs her.

IAN
Maybe your right. It, it was just some dialogue I had to work on. You go up - I’ll finish here and be up in a minute.

ANNE kisses him - heads to the door - turning before leaving.

IAN nods - and ANNE exits the room. He looks drained - turns and sees MALCOLM with a smile on his face.
MALCOLM
Aye, she’s a good soul. You should be happy.
IAN
You still here?-(Shakes his head). This is crazy!

IAN looks at the computer - starts to type - but nothing happens.
MALCOLM
You see Ian. You’re the only one I can speak to.
Mind you – nobody else can see or hear me anyway.

IAN
You’ve done something to this – haven’t you?

MALCOLM
I told you. We’ve got to talk.

IAN
Oh Christ! This is crazy. Dafter than that!
You’re a loony – d’you know that?

MALCOLM
Oh! I’m the loony – right! Who’s talking to me?
As I’ve tried to tell you, I’m just a figment of
your imagination. You created me – remember?

IAN switches the computer ‘off’ – waves dismissively at MALCOLM.

IAN
I don’t know what’s happening here. You’d better
tell me something – or-

MALCOLM
Hey, steady on. Calm down for Christ’sakes.

IAN-(To himself)
Okay! Anne was right. I need a break. A rest.

MALCOLM
Uch – nonsense!

IAN
Doing too much. This is it – right? Wondered
about these. Nervous breakdown. See things-

MALCOLM
Oh c’mom Ian. Don’t go filling yourself with self-
pity. If anyone’s due a breakdown, it’s me!
There’s nothing wrong with you! You’re probably
saner than most people. You’re getting a wee
glimpse into your sub-conscious – that’s all.

IAN sits holding onto the edge of his desk, looking worried.

IAN
I, I don’t understand this. Maybe-

MALCOLM
Of course you don’t. Nobody does! Nobody wants to!

IAN
I knew! Something about you. I just knew!
But, how come you don’t look like – him! George!

MALCOLM
You mean Ferguson. George Ferguson! Christ!
Him you got to play me? Give me some measure of
sense, son. He’s a bloody pansy. Big nancy-boy.
And as for acting – he’s a pig’s arse!

IAN
Oh Christ! I must be-

MALCOLM
You expected ME – to be like HIM! Come on!
Don’t you remember the way you described me?
Like this! No some big balloon from Morningside!
IAN
That’s it! That’s how I knew you. Just like him.

MALCOLM
And why not? You described me at the start. A walking jumble-sale, less style than Columbo. Christ! Driving that stupid old Cortina, clothes from Oxfam.

IAN
Jeeesus! Now I’m talking to you as if this is real. I don’t know what’s going on.

MALCOLM
Oh! – this is real alright, son. As real as you’ll get! Might not be the real you’re used to – fed by television, whiter-than-white detergent. No! Reality’s something most people never encounter – and if they did, it’d scare them!

MALCOLM pours himself another drink.

MALCOLM
People prefer their plastic reality, electronic gimmicks. Live in luxury and throw small change to people starving in Africa, afraid to accept that the only reason they are starving – is for them to live in their luxury. That’s reality! No economic clichés or big political ideas. No! Reality isn’t in a handy environmental friendly spray-can you use to hide the truth. No – no. Reality is YOU!

IAN wanders to the cabinet – replaces the whisky bottle.

IAN
This is crazy. I’m ready to argue – with whom? Somebody I made-up. God! I’ve had enough.

IAN leaves the room – intentionally avoiding looking at MALCOLM.

INT. IAN’S BEDROOM    NIGHT

IAN disrobing, getting into bed. Anne stirs – still sleepy.

ANNE
Are you okay? I could still hear you – arguing.

IAN touches her gently.

IAN
Mmm. Just working stuff out. Dialogue – see how it sounds. Go back to sleep.

The clock displays 5:07.

INT. IAN’S BEDROOM    DAY

The clock displays 8:26. IAN emerges from the shower as ANNE begins to stir awake.
IAN
I feel good today. Move over - I’ll show you.

ANNE swiftly slips out of bed and heads to the bathroom as IAN makes a grab for her. IAN continues to speak - raising his voice to be heard.

IAN
Must be all that craziness at Gavin’s. Gave me a bad dream. He had this real heavy dope - skunk. Hit me like a brick.

IAN is dressing as ANNE emerges from the shower.

ANNE
Did you say you had dope? At Gavin’s?

IAN
Not half. Knockout drops stuff. Smelt like dead frogs. But, I tell you - he’s a genius, so he is. Makes all this weird art-stuff - very psychedelic.

ANNE
I suppose that explains the carry-on last night!

IAN
The - carry-on?

ANNE
Hmm! All the shouting you did downstairs. Talking to yourself at half-four in the morning. Neighbours’ll think you’re round the bend.

IAN stops dressing and considers this.

IAN
Christ! Did I really go downstairs?

ANNE
I told you Ian. You’re doing too much, and as for that - Gavin! Huh! I thought you would have more sense. Smoking dope - at your age! When’ll you grow-up?

IAN pulls her to him on the bed - starts to kiss her navel.

IAN
Maybe you’re right, about taking a break. Could go to the south of France. Second honeymoon.

ANNE- (Pouting)
I’m still waiting on the first!

IAN unfolds the towel from around her, letting it drop to the floor. His arms encircle her and she topples across the bed.

IAN
We’d need to get lots of practice in - first.

They kiss - slowly building-up to ‘the wild thing’.

INT. IAN’S STUDY DAY
IAN tries the computer, but access is denied. He tries again – same thing. He curses – turns – sees MALCOLM standing nearby.

MALCOLM—(Smiling)
It’s no use, Ian. I’ve written-in a password. Only takes orders from me now.

IAN’S mouth drops – his face worried.

MALCOLM
I told you last night. We’ve got to talk. That’s not so unreasonable, is it? We negotiate – come to an agreement – you carry-on – never see me again.

IAN
Look! This is crazy. I don’t know if it’s me or you that’s round the twist, but – tell me – will you? What’s going on?

MALCOLM
Ah – as old Marvin said, what’s going on?
Yes, well – I told you last night.

IAN
You always were a difficult bastard! But how?
How can I see you? Am I going crazy?

MALCOLM
Of course you’re not crazy. I told you last night. I’m only here because you see me, hear me, inside your head! Here! Look!

MALCOLM walks through a table like a ghost – melts into the floor and rises again.

MALCOLM
Neat trick, huh?

IAN
You’re - a - ghost?

MALCOLM—(Annoyed)
Ghost my arse! Jeez! These bloody things fly around all the time looking for redemption, God! Like wee kids getting in your way all the time, wanting this, that. Ghosts are really boring.

IAN
You’re saying – you’re a - fantasy? A dream?

MALCOLM
Give it a rest, Christ! I’m your reality, okay? You see me – hear me – but other people can’t confirm that reality because they don’t see me. It’s nothing new. Look at Copernicus – Columbus-

IAN
I’m – a – I’m getting confused.

MALCOLM
Yeah, and what’s wrong with that, eh? You’re part of a world that thrives on confusion. You seen inside the stock-market when a panic’s on? People ready to kill – for what? Pieces of paper. Numbers on a board.
MALCOLM wanders over to IAN’S desk.

MALCOLM
This -(Points to the computer)Electronic wizardry. Machines that do everything except fuck each other - but they’ll get round to that one day.

IAN
I - I can’t think. I-

MALCOLM
Well - I’m here, right! You and your machine - happy as hell, having me doing all the things you want. But soon as I assert myself - demand a tiny say in my life, you can’t handle it! Start looking for a way out. ‘I’m cracking-up’ - ‘I’ve been working too hard’. Bullshit!

IAN
Okay! Okay.

MALCOLM
Listen Ian. Like everybody - you’re terrified of what’s in there.-(Points to IAN’S head.) Scared of the dark side - but you don’t mind using it when it suits you! Those young bastards that gave you a hard time yesterday - what do you do? Get me to do the things you can’t. Revenge - through sublimation, right?

IAN
Okay! Okay! What, what is it you want?

MALCOLM
Ahh! At last. Now we can negotiate.

ANNE enters - wearing a coat - ready to go out.

ANNE
Ian - are you okay? Every time I come in here you’re arguing - with no-one!

IAN looks from ANNE to MALCOLM - who smiles and fades away.

IAN
I know. It’s, ah, dialogue - you know? Has to be - spoken. Can’t just - write it.

ANNE
I’ve never heard you before. So - worked-up.

IAN
Well, I’m letting Proctor know. I promised this script for Monday but, he can wait.

ANNE
I could check some late bookings. I think we both need it.-(Looks at her watch). We’d better get going if your meeting’s at eleven. You can drop me off at Claire’s.

IAN nods and switches the computer ‘off’. He picks up a folder then looks around the room before heading out the door with ANNE.
IAN/ANNE emerging from their house to the car at the kerb. ANNE shakes her head and points at the dented doors.

ANNE
Oh Ian! You’ll have to get this fixed.
IAN
Aye! Gavin’s mate Tommy will do it. Cheap.

EXT/INT. IAN’S CAR DAY

ANNE/IAN in his car.

ANNE
Ian! Are you alright?

He nods - smiling - leans across and kisses her gently.
IAN
I’m fine.

ANNE
I still don’t know why you had to go to that place? Drumchapel- (Visibly shivers)- Oohhh! Surely your memory’s not that bad.
IAN
I told you, it’s the language. Always changing.
ANNE
I don’t know! With that place, and all that talking last night - to yourself! It can’t be good for you, Ian.
You don’t have to go back there again, do you?
IAN
Drumchapel?
ANNE
Yes! Even the sound of it sets me on edge.
IAN
Christ Anne! I was brought-up there. It’s not that bad.
ANNE
That was a long time ago, IAN.
You don’t belong there now.
IAN
Oh - forgive for being born on the wrong side of the tracks. Look! Knightswood isn’t any dear green place now either!
ANNE
I know but Drumchapel was always like that.
IAN
Anne. You know who you’re sounding like?

ANNE gives a contemptuous look.

ANNE
Ian! Now don’t! Just - don’t say it!
IAN- (Laughing)
What? All I was going to say was-
ANNE
I warned you, Ian!

ANNE reaches for the car keys - but Ian’s hand covers hers.
IAN-(Smiling)
But - you do. It’s like, oooh, don’t mention
Drumchapel, tatties and mince, or - you know?
ANNE
I’m not like that at all! I know what you mean -
er her bloody supercilious attitude, better than
them! But I’m not like that! I worry, that’s all.
IAN
But, it’s the same. The same attitude.
You’re mother’s just more direct.
ANNE
Oh - what’s the use. You don’t know what I mean.
Here! Just at the corner.

IAN pulls the car to the kerb. ANNE leans over and gives him a
quick kiss - then makes to leave - turns and leans over again -
this time kissing him BIG!
ANNE
And you tell him, the producer or whatever, you
need at least two weeks holiday.

ANNE exits the car. IAN drives off again - takes a quick glance
to his side and almost jumps - noticing MALCOLM beside him.
The car strays off it’s lane - causing a drivers to hoot at IAN.
IAN
Jeeessus! You nearly had us killed there. God!
MALCOLM
Ah, well. Death’s not a thing that concerns me too
much, isn’t that right? Me - being a part-time
existentialist, finding life a bad trip.
A seven-day hangover, as you once had me say.
IAN
Hey! Stop this? I don’t know if I’m crazy or-
MALCOLM
Oh Christ! Not the cracking-up bit again.
IAN-(Angry)
Look! Oh Christ! How the hell. I’m trying to
reason - with who - whom? A figment-
MALCOLM
Aye, well. I’m here - so that’s it. Like I said
last night. You’ll just have to get used to me.

IAN shakes his head - reaches out a hand to touch MALCOLM - but
his hand passes right through MALCOLM’S body. IAN pulls his hand
back - lets out a yell - again managing to avoid an accident.
MALCOLM
Good eh? You think you’ve got problems.
IAN
Oh God! I thought, last night - a dream. Hadn’t smoked dope for years, maybe a bad reaction.

MALCOLM
You know, Anne’s right. You do need a break.

IAN glances over to MALCOLM - then shakes his head again.

IAN
Can you see things? I mean, when you’re not here. When I can’t see you - are you still watching?

MALCOLM-(Smiling)
Sort of. Mainly just the interesting bits.

IAN appears to consider this a moment.

MALCOLM
She’s okay though. You’ve done alright there.

IAN
What the hell’s that supposed to mean?

MALCOLM
Well, her body and that, for her age. She’s okay.

IAN
You bastard!

MALCOLM
Uch, how was I to know. I appeared in the bathroom - she just happened to be in the shower.

IAN
Christ! I should’ve known. Your mind’s a sewer.

MALCOLM
Oh aye! And all conjured-up in that sick sexual pit you call a brain. Makes you think, eh?

IAN lunges a fist at MALCOLM - then realises it’s useless.

MALCOLM
Ooh! Touchy subject, eh?

IAN brings the car to a halt - turns his attention to MALCOLM.

IAN-(Angry)
What’s going on here? Let’s get it out - NOW!

MALCOLM
Getting angry makes you look, old. Really.

IAN
C’mon! Why’re you doing this?

MALCOLM
I told you. Changes, that’s all. No more mister cheapskate, getting the girl but not the sex. A wee bit of passion for Christ’s sake. Is that so bad? A wee bit more realism, know what I mean? That grubby office - jumble-sale clothes. C’mon!

IAN
Is that it?

MALCOLM-(Shrugs)
Yeah, that’s it. Mind you, some decent lines too, instead of being the straight man all the time.
A bit of romance maybe. A holiday somewhere.

IAN
Oh! There’s a long list, is there?

MALCOLM
C’mon. Glasgow’s okay, but running through these mean streets every bloody week, nothing but schemes like Alcatraz. It does your head in.

IAN sits deep in thought.

MALCOLM
I’m no being pushy, Ian. Christ-
IAN
You’re right. Change. I’ve got a meeting now-
MALCOLM
I’ve got all the time in the world – remember?

IAN watches MALCOLM as he slowly fades into the seat of the car. IAN cautiously leans across and rubs his hand over the seat – feeling it. He shakes his head – gathers his folder from the rear seat and exits the car.

PAN TO the small red van parked across the street.

INT. PROCTOR’S OFFICE DAY

IAN sits on a couch beside PROCTOR (a producer).

IAN
And the closing scene has the car slipping into the river – Malcolm thumping his hands on the wheel, frustrated, losing all the money.

PROCTOR
Mmm! Leaving the ending open. Possibilities.

IAN
As I said, only take a few days. I’ll do most of it when I’m away, tidy it up when I get back.

PROCTOR
Jings Ian! Can you no get it in before you go? Take your break – as long as you want.

IAN
No Ted. I’ve got to go – now!

PROCTOR mutters under his breath and shakes his head.

PROCTOR
Brian’ll no like it Ian. You know what he’s like. Expecting it this week then finds out your on holiday – shooting-script still not done.

IAN
Ted – that’s your problem. I’ve got to go. It’ll be in by the end of the month.

PROCTOR
But you know him. ‘I’m having to lay-off the crew then get them back’– that’s what he’ll-
IAN
Ted! Tell him to sue me. He’ll like that.
IAN heads to the door - only to find MALCOLM there.

IAN
Shit! You! You’re beginning to piss me off!

PROCTOR looks at IAN in astonishment.

PROCTOR
I’m sorry you feel like that Ian. I’m only-

IAN- to Proctor)
No, Ted. Not you. Eh, it was him, eh Brian. Aye - I was thinking about him.

PROCTOR
You know me, Ian. I out for your best interests.

IAN
I know Ted. I know. I was just raving. I don’t like Brian. He’s a spiralist, you know? Twisting anyway he can to get to the top. A slimebag, as Marlowe would say. Anyway, I don’t give a fuck, Ted. Tell him that - from me.

PROCTOR
Okay Ian, but I don’t know how he’ll take it.

IAN turns at the door.

IAN
Up the arse - Ted! A good dollop of vaseline - and up his shiter. That’s how he takes it!

INT. OFFICE/HALLWAY  DAY
IAN walks from PROCTOR’S office along a corridor of open-plan offices on either side. He has a smirk on his face. He notices MALCOLM smiling at his side.

IAN
Hey! What is it with you, eh?

As IAN speaks - quite loudly - people from the offices take notice, seeing him walking along the corridor - alone - arguing. One girl nudges another - they look at him, then giggle.

IAN
You going to give me a break, eh? Let me think things out?

MALCOLM- (Sarcastic smile)
Want to know another of my tricks?

IAN stops and gives MALCOLM a long stare - unaware of the attention from the people in the surrounding offices.

IAN
Go on then. This your party-piece this one?

MALCOLM
Aye, very funny. But, with me being a part of the unconscious mind - I can see people’s thoughts. I can tell straight away when somebody’s lying.
IAN makes a face - shakes his head and walks on, stopping at an elevator. He punches the button to summon the lift. MALCOLM still has a smirk on his face.

**IAN**
So you can tell when people lie. Great. What you going to do, hire yourself out as a lie-detector-

**MALCOLM**
Proctor!

**IAN**
Proctor? What about him?- (Looks back to office.) He was lying?

**MALCOLM-** (Smirking/nodding)
Sure as eggs are eggs.

IAN spends a moment in thought.

**IAN**
What’s he got to lie about? He’s got nothing to do with-

**MALCOLM**
Gordon Edwards! Ring a bell?

IAN gives MALCOLM a curious look.

**IAN**
Edwards! The guy writing that fucking soap stuff. Him? What about him?

As IAN is watching MALCOLM - the lift doors silently open - a few people standing waiting for IAN to enter. IAN is unaware of the lift/people - concentrating on MALCOLM - unseen by the others.

**MALCOLM**
As Proctor spoke to you, I saw the name Gordon Edwards enter his head - then a face.

**IAN**
That bastard!- (Points a finger at Malcolm) He’s up to something. All this fanny about laying-off the crew.

MALCOLM points to the open lift door and people staring. It takes a second for IAN to realise the occupants of the lift have just witnessed him speaking to himself. He wipes a hand across his face, produces a wide grin and steps into the lift, smiling to all. MALCOLM fades as the doors close.

**INT. ELEVATOR DAY**

People stand back exchanging ‘looks’, as IAN enters the lift.

**EXT/INT. IAN’S CAR DAY**

IAN gets into his car and heads off. MALCOLM appears.

**IAN-** (Surprised)
Jeesus! Do you have to be so abrupt. I could have a heart attack one of these times.

MALCOLM sits smiling in the passenger seat.

IAN
Can you not give me a signal or something.
A hint, a sign - instead of scaring me to death.

MALCOLM
Aye, I could do that, f it makes you feel easier.

IAN
Well - I’d feel a lot easier if you just fuck-off all together. But if you’re determined to hound me - I’d be grateful for a wee warning.

MALCOLM
Aye, fair enough. Give it a wee try, eh?

MALCOLM disappears - melting into the seat.

IAN
But - you never said. What’s the signal?

IAN’S attention is on the road as the radio suddenly clicks ‘on’ - music filling the car. Immediately - MALCOLM re-appears.

MALCOLM
Another good trick, eh?

IAN looks puzzled - at MALCOLM - then the radio.

IAN
How can you do that?

MALCOLM
Uch, it’s not that difficult. What you’d call kinetic energy, mind over matter sort of stuff. Actually there’s more to it than that. Using parts of the brain you’ve forgot how to use, but that’s progress huh! Picking-up energy waves, same as you can’t see radio or television signals. Fly through the air - switch on - hey presto!

IAN looks thoughtful as MALCOLM concentrates on the radio - staring hard at it - and it switches ‘off’.

IAN
You know, what you said, about Proctor lying. Are you sure?

MALCOLM
I told you. I could see this face in his mind and he was thinking of that name, Gordon Edwards.

IAN
Maybe you’re right. I think there’s a move on. Get that idiot on board, do a couple of episodes then renege on my contract.

MALCOLM
Well! Is that so bad? You’d still get royalties every episode. Right?
IAN
Oh aye! Healthy money too. But, just the thought of that idiot Edwards turning it into a bloody kitchen-sink series.

MALCOLM
But why? Why would they want to change it?

IAN
Oh – that prick Brian. Doesn’t like me. Always wanting to—(Feminine voice)—’tone the language down – get away from the political edge. Less socialism, more yuppie’. Dickhead! Where does he think he is, Brighton?

IAN’S tone is angry - his face serious as he pulls the car to the kerb at his house. He turns to MALCOLM.

IAN
But! Nothing’s over ‘till it’s over, right? I think it’s good you appeared when you did.

MALCOLM gives a puzzled look.

IAN
These changes you want. Let’s do it. Everything! Make this the final script, let the idiot Edwards pick-it up after that!

MALCOLM nods - unsure what he’s agreeing with - but echoing IAN. IAN heads to the house – MALCOLM following slowly at his back.

INT. IAN’S STUDY DAY
IAN/MALCOLM looking at the computer screen - a message asks for the password. IAN points to the machine, indicating for MALCOLM to access it. MALCOLM stares at the keyboard - keys depress on their own and the password ‘Doppelganger’ appears. The screen clears, access allowed, and IAN’S script scrolls up, halting at the ending of the last scene written about MALCOLM’S exploits.

IAN
Doppelganger?

MALCOLM nods and smiles.

IAN
Aye! I suppose it’s fitting in a way.

IAN settles into the seat by the computer – MALCOLM at his side.

IAN
Right! Let’s have these changes you want.

MALCOLM smiles and sighs.

MALCOLM
I knew you’d see it my way – eventually.
IAN
You’re way! Huh! Don’t flatter yourself. You’re just an excuse. Came along at the right time, let me drop Edwards in the shit. So, let’s have it.

MALCOLM smiles and begins slowly wandering round the room.
MALCOLM
Well—there’s the car—
IAN
Right! New motor. What—
MALCOLM
And the clothes. These—
IAN
Gotcha! Right—designer gear.
MALCOLM
And, I thought, a wee bit of romance, like. Y’know, female company, a shag now and—
IAN
Right! Got it.
MALCOLM
Aye—and—I was thinking about a wee trip. Somewhere warm. South of France, Spain maybe or—
IAN
Right! That it?
MALCOLM
Well, more or less, though, I wouldn’t mind some decent lines. Kind of intellectual stuff, catchy repartee—y’know? Maybe get rid of the boozy image—into this fitness kick, jogging, weights. Keeping in trim for all these women.
IAN

IAN turns to the keyboard and begins typing a new scene. MALCOLM slowly disintegrates—drift into the screen via DEEP FOCUS.

EXT/INT. MALCOLM’S CAR DAY
MALCOLM’S head is slumped against the car door—his eyes closed. A taxi enters the street—passing MALCOLM’S car. He stirs—slowly wakens—raises the camera with long lens—focusing-in on the taxi—outside the flats MALCOLM had earlier checked-out. A woman exits the flats and gets into the taxi—MALCOLM clicks off some film of her. As the taxi move off—MALCOLM follows the taxi—at a distance. We follow the taxi at a distance through the empty city streets. MALCOLM lifts the tape-recorder—checking the time on his watch. ‘Left house at six-forty-eight ay emm—by taxi’. The taxi enters a quiet street—stopping halfway along. MALCOLM pulls his car to the kerb—raises the camera and clicks off more film as she exits the taxi and enters a house.
He lifts the tape-recorder and records the time she enters the house. He reaches for the flask - shakes it and realises it’s empty - he makes a face. He lights a cigarette - has a look at the house - then slowly slips the car into gear and moves off. DISSOLVE - and come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.

INT. IAN’S STUDY DAY

The final slug-line of the last scene visible on the computer screen - as we PULL BACK - see IAN saving the file. IAN looks at his watch and quickly closes down the computer and rushes out of the house.

EXT. STREET DAY

IAN rushing from the house to his car. ZOOM to the small red van parked further back. IAN drives off, an anxious look on his face.

EXT/INT. IAN’S CAR DAY

IAN parks facing an office-block - again checks his watch. He settles back in the seat - staring ahead at the entrance. A few people emerge from the office-block - then in crowds. People leave - some chatting - others waving ‘cheerio’ to mates. IAN studies a brown-haired woman who emerges with a younger man - then both part and she heads to a nearby bus-stop and stands at the end of a long queue. IAN continues watching. The woman gets on a bus for Drumchapel. IAN drives off - following the bus awhile - overtaking it. He parks the car at the same location of the opening scene - when two youths hassled him. He waits - unaware of the small red van parked behind him. The bus comes along and stops. IAN watches intently, and as the bus goes away, we see the woman walking into a block of flats. As she goes out of sight, the stereo comes alive, startling IAN. MALCOLM appears on the passenger seat - smiling. Irately, IAN turns the stereo ‘off’.

MALCOLM
Hey! I like this music bit. A good intro, eh?

IAN
Christ! You still startled me. My nerves are about shot. I thought we had an agreement?

MALCOLM
We do, but I don’t see any changes yet.

IAN
What’d you expect - Christ! I’ve got to work at it. Can’t have you coming from one scene like a tinker, then suddenly you’re sporting designer suits and pulling women as if you’re Brad Pitt. It’s got to flow. But, don’t worry. I’ve got it together. All the goodies are coming - soon.
MALCOLM looks to the entrance of the flats where the woman went.

MALCOLM
Why are you here again? I thought you had enough with these two yo-yo’s kicking your door-in.

IAN-(Shrugging)
Ach, a bit of peace and quiet. Space to think.

MALCOLM-(Smiling)
C’mon Ian! I know what’s going on inside your head. More than you do!

IAN shifts his gaze from MALCOLM to the flat’s entrance

MALCOLM
There’s no need to be coy with me. I know your wee devious schemes. Sick sexual fantasies - getting your kicks through sublimation.

IAN stares at him.

MALCOLM
That wee blonde you had me watching, eh? Sadie. Me peeping in the back window while she’s bent over a table and Big Hammy’s giving her one from the back. Christ! Wouldn’t take a brain surgeon to know what all that was about.

IAN allows a small smile to cross his face.

MALCOLM
And wee Sadie just happens to be exactly like your wife’s pal, Claire. Who is Big Hammy, eh?

MALCOLM gives IAN an unconvincing innocent look.

MALCOLM
So! What you can’t get in real life, you fictionalise, right? There you are, chatting away socially to Claire and her man, laughing and joking while in your head and on the screen, you’re fucking the arse off her. Better yet! She doesn’t even know! Christ it’s laughable, eh? You humping her goodstyle and she’s totally oblivious to it.

MALCOLM laughs - causing IAN to chuckle with him.

MALCOLM
I mean – some people would think that’s pretty sick stuff, but I don’t. I know it’s a way of getting it out of your head - and it works! That’s the problem with all these sex weirdo’s - rapists and that. Don’t know how to displace their fantasies. They act them out - for real!

IAN
That’s what I like about you Malcolm. That philosophical edge - that need to analyse everything.
MALCOLM
Oh! It's all a kind of therapy for you, isn't it? You're allowed to exhibit your fantasies through the television. Nobody any the wiser, right? In fact, you get acclaim, and all you're really doing is mental masturbation. And!- You get paid for it! Can't be bad, eh?

IAN gives him a sly grin.

MALCOLM
Then you have the audacity to tell me you're here for a wee bit of peace and quiet. Gives a break, Ian. Think I'm zipped up the back? I know why you're here!

MALCOLM points across to the flats.

MALCOLM
Ruth. Ruth MacKenzie, right?

IAN looks a little confused.

MALCOLM
Christ sake, Ian. I told you. I'm in your head! I don't miss anything in there, believe me. When you saw her name in the papers the other week - same address, your wee wires in here-(Points to Ian's head)- were going haywire. You want to see her again, right?

IAN stares across at the flats.

MALCOLM
Oh, don't come the big deafy with me - Christ! I'm closer than a brother to you. I am you! - in some weird kind of way. Now c'mon. Admit it. You fancy your chances again?

IAN refuses to look at MALCOLM.

MALCOLM
Look! I know all about it. I'm there - (Points to Ian's head) watching all the old images like t.v. re-runs - whenever you think about her. At that old railway hut, the first time for both. Her knickers tearing as you tug them off - her worrying what her Ma will say.

IAN has a small smile now.

MALCOLM
And! Ruth baby-sitting and doing it in bed for the first time, huh! Ian! You re-run that everyday in your head, so don't try and kid me, pal. Cont. Now you've found out she's still living here. Think she'll remember you? Remember these times - the way you do?
IAN looks at MALCOLM - gives a sheepish shrug of his shoulders.

MALCOLM
Get in there, man. Get up that stair and ask her. Just say you saw her name in the papers, thought it would be good to see how she is, y’know, all the patter. See how she’s doing and would she get her pants off again and resume where you left off.

IAN- (Angry)
You’ve got to make it so crude!

MALCOLM
Oh aye! That’s good. Me - crude! Christ! All I’m doing is stating what’s in your head. Any crap I come out with is only because you put it there - so don’t come the wee angel bit. Christ! I’ve just told you how I see everything that goes on in there. It’s worse than a fucking sewer so it is. Dylan was right. If people could see your thoughts, you’d be locked-away for keeps.

Mind you, same with everyone else.

Their attention is diverted by a car screeching to a halt outside the flats. The car is flashy - the driver is tall and broad. He exits the car - slams the door - heads to the flats.

IAN
Now there’s a guy who likes a dramatic entrance.

MALCOLM
Know something, son. I think you know him.

IAN- (Puzzled)
Him! Can’t place the face. Anyway, I think he’s a guy I’d rather no like. I think you’re wrong.

MALCOLM
Well, it’s funny, but I get the feeling he’s registered somewhere, way back in your brain. Past history.

IAN
What the hell am I doing here, huh? Am I kidding Myself? Thinking she’ll remember me. And talking to you! Somebody that doesn’t exist. Godalmighty!

MALCOLM
Oh! Not all that cracking-up crap again.

IAN- (Angry)
Hey! I’m having a bad time, okay? Why don’t you piss-off and let me get my head straight.

Soon as I’m back at my desk I’ll make the changes for you. I mean - SHIT! What the hell am I doing? Apologising? TO YOU!

Their attention is taken again by the emergence of the man from the entrance of the flats, in less of a hurry. A top flat window opens as he gets to the car and RUTH -(the woman IAN followed)- shouts at the man.
RUTH

And Sammy! Don’t bother coming round again. Go back to you’re mammy. Nobody else’ll have you!

The man turns - looks at her for a second - then makes to get into his car. He stops - the driver’s door open - looking at IAN. He casually walks over and opens the passenger door of IAN’S car - MALCOLM dissolves and re-appears in the rear seat. SAMMY gets in and sits down.

IAN looks stunned at the man - SAMMY - who shows a cheeky grin.

SAMMY

Did you see enough - then?

IAN looks perplexed - MALCOLM looking from IAN to SAMMY and back.

SAMMY

Whit urr yi da’en here, anywe? Jeest being a nosy basturd? Watchin’ uthur peepul’s bizniz?

IAN’S mouth drops - then he eventually speaks - haltingly.

IAN

I’m - I’m waiting, eh, on a friend. - (Nods to the flats behind him) He’s coming down in a minute.

MALCOLM

Tell him to shut his fucking trap or you’ll zap him one! Go on, Ian. Don’t let him fuck with you.

SAMMY studies IAN a moment - his smile more threat than cheer.

SAMMY

Do I know you, pal? Ah’ve a feelin’ ah know you. Whit’s yu’rr gemme?

IAN

My game? I - I don’t know-

SAMMY

Yurr bizniz, pal! Whit dae yi dae?

MALCOLM

Tell him your the polis. C.I.D. or something.

IAN

Look - I - I don’t see - it’s any of your, eh-

SAMMY

Listen pal! I’m beginning’ no tae like you so don’t fuck me about, eh?

IAN

I’m a - a writer. Eh, stories and - uh, televisi-

MALCOLM

Uch - dead boring. Should’ve said something like-

SAMMY

Aye! Well, you stick tae it pal an’ keep yurr fuck’n eyes tae yursell in future. Ah don’t think ah like you, an’ ah don’t want tae see you again.

SAMMY opens the door - then turns back to IAN.
SAMMY
An’ also - ah don’t like knowin’ yu’rr face an’ no able tae place it. That bothurs me.

SAMMY slams the car door and heads over to his car.
MALCOLM appears in the front again - they both watch SAMMY drive off - giving IAN a hard stare as he roars past.

MALCOLM
Great place this. Eh? Nice and friendly.

IAN
I have a feeling I do know him. Just a feeling.

MALCOLM
I told you - you do! Somewhere in that sexual pit you call a brain he’s imprinted like a bad smell. Anyway, he’s a wee bit out of your league Ian. He’s not the kind of guy you’d invite home to meet Anne, is he?

IAN
Terrified me so he did. Maybe Anne’s right about this place. I’m not geared-up to it now. Was okay when I was a kid - but this is now!

IAN drives off - we hear MALCOLM’S voice(Off).

MALCOLM-(Off)
Hmm! Guy’s like that are all tongue and no dick. Into the sound of their own voice. Bampots!

INT. IAN’S STUDY NIGHT

The clacking of a keyboard opens the scene - IAN working at the computer - looking at notes on a pad beside him.
CLOSE IN ON the screen - a slug-line froming - go to DEEP FOCUS.

EXT. THOMAS’S HOUSE DAY

MALCOLM exits his car carrying a brief-case and walks up a leafy drive-way to a large house, brushing fluff from his trousers, running his fingers through his hair, then takes a deep breath. He pulls on a bell-chain that chimes melodically and stands back. The door opens and THOMAS appears - casually dressed. THOMAS has a wide smile and greets MALCOLM - ushering him into the house.

INT. THOMAS’S HOUSE DAY

MALCOLM follows THOMAS into a house displaying an opulence of art and design - into a large room bedecked with period furniture with fine art prints on the walls. THOMAS stands near a large fireplace and smiles at MALCOLM.

THOMAS
So, Malcolm! Have you some news for me?
MALCOLM stands awkwardly in the room - THOMAS indicates a chair. MALCOLM sits and opens the brief-case - producing a notepad.

**MALCOLM**
I - don’t know if it’s good, Mister Agnew, but I’ll go through it.

**THOMAS**
Thomas - Malcolm. I like to think we’ve got more in common than mere business. Almost friends.

**MALCOLM**
Well, mist-, eh Thomas. I did what you asked.

**THOMAS**
And?

**MALCOLM**
She went to her sisters at Bearsden, I waited.

MALCOLM hesitates a moment - looks at THOMAS - who nods.

**MALCOLM**
She was there just under an hour.

**THOMAS**
And?

**MALCOLM**
Then, a taxi arrived and she went from there to Mario’s rest-

**THOMAS**
Anyone besides the driver, in the cab?

**MALCOLM**
No. Nobody else. - (Consults his notepad.)
It was just a couple of minutes after eight when she got to the restaurant.

MALCOLM looks at THOMAS a moment - then refers to the notepad.

**MALCOLM**
Well, she left at twenty-past ten, with eh, a male of, eh, about twenty-eight, thirty, dark-hair. Both got in a taxi and went to the Bellvue Club.

**THOMAS**
And?

**MALCOLM**
They were there- - (Checks pad) - until ten-past two.

**THOMAS**
What’s your pleasure Malcolm?

**MALCOLM**
No mist- Thomas. No thanks. It’s-

**THOMAS**
Nonsense Malcolm! This is a very special day, for both of us. It’s the conclusion of our business. We must have a celebratory drink. Now! What do you like? And, before you say no, let me say, I’d like to use the day wisely. Both of us. Celebrate together.
MALCOLM looks uncomfortable.

THOMAS
Oh! - don’t worry. We’ll keep the same arrangement. Your daily rate - we’ll include today, until we finish. Now how does that sound?

MALCOLM
Well - I - I was going home. Have a shower-

THOMAS
Oh that’s no problem. You could do that here!

MALCOLM shifts uneasily in his chair.

MALCOLM
Aye - but, I need to change. Get someth-

THOMAS
I know. Look! Tell you what. You have a shower - I’ll find something suitable for you - your size - same as mine. So! What do you say?

MALCOLM looks unsure.

THOMAS
I want to enjoy the day, Malcolm. Simple as that. I prefer company to do it.
- (Smiles - raises his drink)
I also have another proposition in mind. If you’re up for it?

MALCOLM takes a glass from THOMAS - then clinks it with THOMAS’S

THOMAS
To women, Malcolm. And their cheating hearts.

MALCOLM looks uneasy as he sips his drink.

DISSOLVE - and come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.

INT. IAN’S STUDY  DAY

IAN switches the computer ‘off’ and makes a notes on the pad. ANNE’S voice is heard (Off).

ANNE-  (Off)
Ian?.......Ian? Are you there?

IAN nods - though she isn’t in the room - and continues writing.

IAN
Yeah. Come in. I’ve just wrapped for now.

ANNE enters - her hair different.

ANNE
I was telling Claire about the holiday.
She says there’s some good deals at the mom-

IAN rubs a hand over his face—presents a disappointed look.

IAN

Things’ve changed. I can’t go just yet.

ANNE’S face changes—her mouth hung open—moody-looking.

IAN

I know. I know. I really want to go, but, ah—it’s hard to explain.

IAN gets up and closes on ANNE. He holds her—shaking his head.

IAN

This bastard, Proctor. He’s up to something.

ANNE looks at him oddly.

ANNE

How? Up to something?

IAN wanders from her—shakes his head again.

IAN

Uch, just a feeling. He’s waiting to ditch me—

get someone else to write the scripts.

That idiot, what’s—it? Him that does that soap—

Glenross—or whatever it’s called.

ANNE thinks a moment.

ANNE

Did he tell you?

IAN

No! No—he wouldn’t, would he? I’d be the last
to know. No. He didn’t need to. I knew.

ANNE gives a puzzled look.

ANNE

But—I thought it was yours. The copyright.

IAN

Still is, but they’ve got the serial rights.

I’ll get a share for every episode— but I’d

rather end it.

ANNE

Then—do what?

IAN—(Smiling)


Anything—but t.v. trash.

I’m only contracted for this last script. Christ!

I only meant it as a one-off, not running on like

Dallas or something. So—I’ll deliver the script

on time. But! I’m going to screw it up in such a

way there’ll be no way to continue it.

ANNE

What if they decide not to run it?

IAN
I don’t give a shit. That’s up to them.
I’ll have done my part of the deal.

ANNE shrugs her shoulders and heads to the door.

ANNE
Well. You always seem to know what you’re doing?
IAN-(Whispering)
Aye- along with everybody else!

IAN switches the computer ‘on’- we enter via DEEP FOCUS.

INT. THOMAS’S BEDROOM DAY

The bedroom echoes the opulent style throughout the house.
THOMAS opens a door leading to the bathroom.
MALCOLM stands looking around - cautiously.

THOMAS
Here you go. Everything’s in there.

THOMAS wanders over to MALCOLM.

THOMAS
While you shower, I’ll look out some clothes.
We’re about the same size, don’t you think?

MALCOLM nods - bemused by everything. THOMAS heads to the door.

THOMAS-(Smiling)
I think today can be special - for both of us.

THOMAS exits - leaving MALCOLM looking uncomfortable in the centre of the room. He eases himself down and sits on the bed - looking around - realises where he is sitting and jumps-up.

DISSOLVE - and come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.

INT. IAN’S STUDY NIGHT

IAN switches the computer ‘off’ and makes a note on a pad beside him. A light flashes ‘on’ from a stereo unit near the desk and music intrudes. IAN stares a moment at the stereo - a confused look - then spins in his chair and looks around the room.
MALCOLM sits relaxed on a chair.

IAN
You!

MALCOLM
Aye! Clever man. It is me. Expecting someone else?
IAN- (Annoyed)
Nobody. Anybody!- but you!

MALCOLM
Uch- away. Don’t be like that, all sulky and stuff. I’m here to help you now, no hassle you.
IAN shakes his head - a dubious look on his face.

IAN
Oh yeah. Free tickets to the funny farm, that it?

MALCOLM takes on a pained look.

MALCOLM
Oh, when you going to forget all that crap about cracking-up. It’s a load of toss.
Listen Ian, there’s more nut-cases getting-on with life outside than there is in the balmy-cane!
Politicians, teachers. They’re the crazy ones.

IAN looks a exasperated.

IAN
Oh- and you’re here to help! That’s all I need.

MALCOLM
No- really. I am. Mind you, I’m a wee bit worried about this carry-on with Thomas.
Wanting me to have a shower and that.
Seems a wee bit iffy. Is he a poof?

IAN lets a wry smile cross his face.

IAN
No. I never thought of that angle. That’s good.

MALCOLM rises and heads over to IAN.

MALCOLM
Forget it! No way!

IAN
Got you worried, eh?

MALCOLM
Hey- I know you’re changing things so Edwards won’t be able to keep it going, but I’m not getting into this gay stuff.

IAN laughs as MALCOLM appears outraged.

IAN
It’s a nice idea though. Glad you mentioned it.

MALCOLM stands shaking his head.

MALCOLM
I’m telling you, Ian. No way!

IAN smiles.

MALCOLM
And! What’s all this, wanting me to spend the day with him?

IAN
Thomas! I don’t know. Not worked it all out yet.

MALCOLM looks at IAN amazed.
MALCOLM
Christ! You kill me, so you do! I thought writers had their plots all planned-out in their heads.
IAN-(Smiling wryly)
Huh! Don’t confuse t.v. writers with serious fiction. You don’t have to be Dostoevski to write for television. In fact, it’s important you don’t have any ideas of literary greatness. Soon bring you down to earth with a crunch.
MALCOLM
I keep forgetting. Keep thinking it’s art.
IAN
Aye- and there’s the rub. A lot of sad people do.

The door opens and ANNE appears. She looks puzzled at IAN.
ANNE
Is that you? Talking again - to yourself?
IAN looks to ANNE - then back to MALCOLM, grinning at his side.
IAN
Uch- this script. Doing my head in.
ANNE
Why not give it a rest. It’s nearly midnight.
IAN
Hmm. I feel more frisky than sleepy.

ANNE smiles - a sexy smile. She stands a moment at the door.
ANNE
Well- they say it’s the best thing for a good night’s sleep. We don’t want you up half the night arguing with yourself again. Do we?

ANNE heads out the door - and IAN follows - with MALCOLM in tow.
MALCOLM
By the way. I’ve been rummaging around in there.
-(Points to IAN’S temple.)
See if I can find who that guy was.
Remember? Him with the motor - at Ruth’s.

As he mentions RUTH - IAN looks angry - raises a finger to mouth.
IAN-(Whispery)
Christ! Don’t mention her name.

MALCOLM suddenly erupts into laughter.
MALCOLM
Jeez- you should see yourself. You forget.
She can’t hear me.

As IAN is leaving the study - ANNE re-appears at the door.
ANNE
Whose name, Ian? I didn’t say anything.

IAN rubs both hands through his hair - forces a smile.
IAN
It’s nothing dear. Dialogue.

ANNE
You really need a break from all this.

IAN
-(Kisses ANNE - his hands undoing her top)
I know. I’m on the case.

INT. IAN’S BEDROOM NIGHT

IAN - on the bed, dressed only in shorts. The light is dim. ANNE enters from the bathroom, walking slowly; a long silky negligee covering her body. IAN smiles, as she glides round the bed, twirling gracefully, moving nearer to him. She bends towards him - cups her breasts - then retreats as he moves to lay his hands on them. She shakes her head and dances round a little more. She stops near his side and slowly undoes the cord holding her negligee together, slowly teasing IAN with quick glimpses of her flesh before letting the negligee fall - exposing black stockings and skimpy matching underwear. She stands a moment just beyond IAN’S reach - her hands sliding over her body suggestively. She smiles, then stretches one leg out onto the bed - her toe prodding IAN’S genitalia.

ANNE-(Sexy - whispery)
Hmmm. I feel the beast, rising.

IAN’S hand slides slowly up her leg - caressing it - moving her foot along his body and eventually sucking her toes. ANNE closes her eyes and sighs as IAN raises himself and begins kissing her leg - his hands sliding to her thighs. ANNE takes hold of his hands and slowly slides them around her waist as she leans over onto him. As if choreographed, they eventually become one on the bed and IAN slips the stockings and underwear from her while she lies back, moaning ecstatically. When both are nude and at the height of their passion - IAN enters her. Nearing the climactic moment - the bedside radio suddenly comes alive. IAN jumps-up - looking around the room.

IAN-(Loud - angry)
Not now! You bastard!

ANNE looks on bewildered as IAN rushes to the bathroom.

INT. IAN’S BATHROOM NIGHT

IAN rushing into the bathroom, frantically looking around and calling-out in a whispered, but angry tone.

IAN
Malcolm! C’mon! Where are you- you bastard!

He looks in every nook - finding no-one. He slopes back out.

INT. IAN’S BEDROOM NIGHT
ANNE - sitting on the side of the bed - her negligee covering her again. She has a concerned look as IAN enters from the bathroom - his eyes scanning the room - wild and angry.

ANNE
Ian! What’s wrong?

IAN sits on the bed beside ANNE. He looks very intense.

ANNE
Are you alright?
IAN
Aye! I’m fine.
ANNE
What happened? Were you sick?

IAN shakes his head and forces a smile.
IAN
No! That bloody thing.- (Nods towards the radio)
ANNE
The radio?
IAN
Just- just at the moment too. Freaked me out.

ANNE takes on a huffy look.

ANNE
Shows how much I excite you if a daft radio-
IAN
But why? Why’d it come on?
ANNE
Oh! I don’t know. The alarm timer’s always been funny. I actually found it quite exciting.

IAN gives her a serious look - then puts an arm round her.
IAN
Bloody thing! Just about gave me a heart attack.

ANNE looks at him - serious.

ANNE
And you were shouting again. In the bathroom. Who were you looking for?
IAN
I don’t know. I was angry. Let my temper off.

ANNE cuddles close to him - her voice concerned and whispery.

ANNE
Maybe you should see Doctor Munroe.

IAN shakes his head - smiles, dismissively.
IAN
Oh aye! Tell him I’m talking to myself and-
ANNE
You’re so wound-up. Proctor. This script!
IAN
Believe me. Another couple of days. Finito.
ANNE strokes his hair gently.              **ANNE**
Well. I hope so.                             **IAN**-(Smiling)
Then nothing but sun, sea and sangria.       **ANNE**-(Nodding- smiling)
Do you want to try again, or get some sleep?

IAN’S hand slips under ANNE’S negligee.          **IAN**
What do you think? First! Unplug that radio!

**INT. THOMAS’S BATHROOM**  **DAY**
MALCOLM emerging from the shower; half clad in a towel.

**INT. THOMAS’S BEDROOM**  **DAY**
MALCOLM with the towel round his waist. A wall of wardrobes await with open doors. THOMAS sits on the edge of the large round bed.  **THOMAS**
Ahh! Feeling better now?
- (Motions to the wardrobes)
I’m sure you’ll find things to fit you in there.     **MALCOLM**- (Smiling - looking around)
Reminds me of my old single-end flat in Maryhill. **THOMAS**- (Laughing)
Believe me, Malcolm. I know all about that life.
Twenty-eight Rosevale street, Partick.

MALCOLM looks at him oddly.       **THOMAS**
Oh yes! One room, a brother and a sister too.
But- that’s long ago and far away.
How’d you like this guest room?
 **MALCOLM**
My flat’d just about fit in that wardrobe.

THOMAS gets up from the bed and heads to the door.  **THOMAS**
I’ll be downstairs, if there’s anything you need.

THOMAS exits. MALCOLM softly creeps to the door and locks it. DISSOLVE - and come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.

**INT. IAN’S STUDY**  **DAY**
ANNE enters the study with a tray, teapot, cups and toast. She lays them on a small table - lifts a newspaper from the table - and sits, looking at the paper.
IAN switches the computer ‘off’– writes a few notes in his notepad – goes and sits beside ANNE. He pours a cup from the pot – selects a piece of toast biting the toast as he speaks.

IAN

I was thinking–

ANNE her head in the newspaper – cuts-in quickly.

ANNE

Oh dear! You really must be ill.

IAN looks at her strangely a moment – then catches her drift.

IAN

Yes. Very droll for such an early hour. But, I think I’ll give the doctors a miss.

ANNE looks up from the paper – her face surly.

ANNE

You’re always like this, Ian. Afraid of doc–

IAN

Afraid! What the hell’ve I got to fear!

ANNE

Yourself- Ian!

IAN

Bollocks. I’m working under pressure that’s all.

ANNE

Ian. I never seen you act the way you have. It’s worrying. You’ve got to admit. Up at all hours – talking, arguing. And that! Last night. The way you flew off just because the radio came on. It’s a sign of disturbance.

IAN gulps tea down and another piece of toast. He smiles.

IAN

More like a sign of rage, dear. Think about it? Proctor– all smiles and good-day’s while he’s lining-up some soap-hack to step into my shoes. The long kiss goodbye. It’s pretty slimy stuff, don’t you think? No wonder I’m a wee bit demented!

ANNE

How do you know that, Ian? If he didn’t tell you?

IAN

Ah, I could tell. Like one of Edwards soapy scripts, me fading-out as he fades-in.

ANNE

Couldn’t it be just– the way you feel.

IAN

That’s right. I’m cracking-up. God! I forgot! It’s my paranoia, isn’t it! Talking to myself, thinking everyone’s plotting against me. What next? Dribbling out the side of my mouth?

ANNE

No use trying to reason with you, Ian.
IAN
Hey- c’mon! I’m going through a hard time, that’s all. I feel the knife entering my back while that ass Proctor tells me everything’s going swimmingly. Swimmingly! What the hell’s that supposed to mean? He’s such a turd.

IAN reaches his hand to cover ANNE’S.

IAN
But- nothing’s over, till it’s over. Right? I’ve got this last script going nicely. Be glad to kill off Malcolm Dunbar, private-eye of the people.

ANNE gives a look with a forced smile.

ANNE
Then- we all live happily ever after?

IAN
Then- my dear. A languid second honeymoon - eh? Get back, refreshed, write something meaningful.

EXT/INT. IAN’S CAR   DAY
IAN in the car looking across to the office-block where RUTH works. The small red van is parked nearby - unknown to IAN. He checks his watch - looks across the road - as the radio sparks to life and MALCOLM appears beside him - in new clothes.

IAN- (Startled)
Shit! I thought we had a deal?

MALCOLM
We have! But, I told you. I know who that guy is?

MALCOLM
What guy?-(Thinks a moment)- Oh aye! Sammy.

MALCOLM has a huge grin on his face.

MALCOLM
You still don’t remember him, do you?

IAN is distracted as a trickle of people begin to exit the offices. He returns his attention a second to MALCOLM.

IAN
Well? You going to tell me, or what?

IAN looks over again to the offices. RUTH exits with another woman and both head along the road. IAN starts the car.

IAN
Well?

MALCOLM has a big cheesy grin on his face.

MALCOLM
You should see yourself Ian. Totally obsessed.

IAN moves the car into traffic - his eyes on the women ahead.
MALCOLM
You’re a perv, Ian. What’s she got, Anne hasn’t?

IAN- (Angry)
Hey! It’s nothing like that, right! Curiosity, that’s all. We were close years ago. Just want to-

MALCOLM
Ian! It’s me! Remember? You want to experience that old feeling again.—(Laughs)
You can’t re-live your first time.

RUTH and the other woman enter a take-away sandwich bar.
IAN pulls the car to the kerb - looks at himself in the mirror.

MALCOLM- (laughing)
Curiosity! Give us a break, eh?

IAN makes to exit the car. He gives MALCOLM a hard look.

IAN
You’d better not screw this up!

MALCOLM
Me? Would I do such a thing?

EXT. TAKE-AWAY DAY

IAN gets to the door of the shop as the women are about to exit. He holds the door open for them - smiling. RUTH and MAGGIE - don’t notice IAN and are heading off. He calls out.

IAN
Ruth! Ruth McKenzie!

The women stop - face IAN. Both shake their heads - smile. IAN walks closer to them - his face beaming a smile.

IAN
I don’t believe it. Ruth?

Both women stare hard at IAN - then recognition hits RUTH.

RUTH
Ian! Right. Eh- Ian, eh-

IAN
Watson. Remember?—(He laughs - nodding.)

RUTH nods - agreeing - then shaking her head. MAGGIE stands looking at them - and smiles.

RUTH
God! I never thought I’d see you again.

IAN
Well. I never thought, either. It’s been, Christ. How long, eh?—(Stands appraising her.) You look really good.

RUTH
Me! God! Look at you. You’re the one who made it!
RUTH turns to her friend - indicates IAN.

  RUTH
  Mind I told you I knew him. The writer.
  Thingmy? The private-eye guy.
  IAN
  Malcolm Dunbar.

MAGGIE is nodding her head, repeatedly.

  RUTH
  That’s him. Oh! Maggie- this is Ian.

IAN shakes MAGGIE’S hand.

  MAGGIE
  Wait till I tell Tony. He loves your programme.
  IAN
  That’s what I like to hear.
  RUTH
  No. He does though. Maggie tells me.
  Never misses it.
  IAN
  I can’t get over- you! You look-
  RUTH-(Laughing)
  Older!
  IAN
  No! No- really. Well, I guess we’re both-

MAGGIE taps RUTH on her arm - points along the road.

  MAGGIE
  I’ll go. Let you’se reminisce about old times.
  RUTH
  Okay. I’ll see you back there! Take my lunch.

RUTH gives MAGGIE the sandwich bag she was carrying.
MAGGIE leaves - waving as she does. IAN waves and smiles at her.

  RUTH
  Oh, that’s it. Be all round the office in ten
  minutes, then on the internet.-(She laughs.)

IAN makes a lot of looking at RUTH - as if for the first time.

  IAN
  Are you working, nearby?

IAN points along to the office-block.

  RUTH
  Tele-tech. Answering calls all day.
  IAN
  Must be 15- no- 18 years or so.
  RUTH
  What? Us? Uch, surely no. I was working in Scotts
  and you were, eh, you were painting, decorating.
  IAN- (Nodding)
  Oh!- God. Paint in your hair, under your nails-
RUTH
You’ve came a long way now, though?
IAN
Well, suppose we both have.
RUTH
Oh aye! I’m still answering phones.
IAN
How is your Mum? Jeanie.

RUTH makes a face - shrugs.
RUTH
She died ages ago. Gasping for a fag as she went.
IAN
Oh- I’m sorry.
RUTH
Shouldn’t be. Remember? Hated the sight of you.
IAN nods - smiling.
RUTH
Would you believe, I’m still in that house. In the Drum?
IAN-(Mock surprise)
Yes! Same house?
RUTH
Dead same. Well, all been renovated, double-glazed and stuff. But number 16- that’s me.
IAN
And- you- got any kids? Married?
RUTH smiles - shakes her head.
RUTH
You’re out at Bearsden now, eh? All the toffs. I seen a bit in the paper about you last year. S’funny. I used to watch the programme. Never knew you wrote it till I seen that in the paper.
IAN
I still find it amazing. After all this time.
RUTH- (Looks at her watch)
God. I’d better go. My lunch’ll be-
IAN

RUTH shrugs her shoulders - nods.
RUTH
Aye! That’d be good.
IAN
Good. When d’you think- ( Shrugs)
RUTH
God. I don’t know. Well, are you busy tonight?
IAN shakes his head.
RUTH
There’s this party thing. Me and Wendy are going. Up at Zeno’s. That wee gallery off Byres Road.

IAN
No. I don’t know it, but- I’m sure I’ll find-

RUTH turns and makes ready to hurry off.

RUTH
Well, we’re going there for eight. You come?

IAN
Aye! I’ll try my best.

RUTH smiles as she walks away.

RUTH
I could always guarantee that about you, Ian.

IAN watches RUTH – heads to his car – passing the small red van.

EXT/INT. IAN’S CAR DAY
As IAN gets in - MALCOLM smiles.

MALCOLM
You’re just a dirty old man.

IAN
I thought you were going to give me peace?

MALCOLM
God, you’re touchy. I just thought you’d like to know who Sammy is? I can go if you want?

IAN-(Huffy look)
Right! C’mon! Who is he then?

MALCOLM- (Smiling)
It took me ages wading through all that crap you store in there-(Points to IAN’S head).
Right! Schooldays! Sam Forsyth. Ring a bell?

IAN thinks for a moment - shakes his head.

MALCOLM
Him and a mate- Gordon somebody, stuffed your new jacket down the toilet. Remember?

IAN
Aye. I mind something about that.

MALCOLM
The headmaster lined everybody up. You picked them out.

IAN
He was- one of-

MALCOLM
Oh aye. Better still. Both supposed to go on a trip to France the next week. Never got going.

IAN considers this for a moment. He nods - slowly - remembering.
IAN
That’s right! Jeez! I had to keep out their way all the time. And- that’s Sammy.-(Blows out his cheeks.) Wonder if he’s remembered yet?

IAN heads off - the small red van slowly following.

MUSICAL MONTAGE #1
(A chronological legend of inter-cut scenes.)

1) IAN and MECHANIC studying damaged car-doors.
2) IAN handing over keys to MECHANIC - then heading off.
3) Steam fading to view MALCOLM - smiling - in IAN’S bathroom.
4) Close-up of MALCOLM - his eyes widening - his smile leering.
5) IAN walking along the street where he lives.
6) Close-up of IAN’S face - a solemn look.
7) MALCOLM - leering - watching ANNE showering.
8) IAN entering house - removing his jacket - calling upstairs.
9) IAN entering his study.
10) ANNE showering - as MALCOLM looks on - excited.
11) IAN at his desk - switching ‘on’ the computer.
12) IAN writing a scene heading - ‘slugline’.
13) The shower screen being pulled back - ANNE emerging.
14) MALCOLM - his eyes bulging - his body slowly melting away.
15) Computer screen - scrolling - we enter, via DEEP FOCUS.

INT. THOMAS’S LOUNGE    DAY
MALCOLM enters dressed in style. THOMAS smiles holds out a drink.  
THOMAS
Yes! You certainly look the part now, Malcolm.

MALCOLM stands and shows the clothes off - smiling.  
MALCOLM
You think so? Look alright?
THOMAS
Hmm. Look fine. Much better on you than me.

THOMAS sits on an easy chair - indicates for MALCOLM to sit.

THOMAS
We’ve a good day ahead, Malcolm. I’ve been making arrangements. All appears well with the world.

THOMAS
My man- ah- I suppose you’d call him an Accountant, but he’s much more than that. He says I need to spend money. Kind of strange, eh? Having to get rid of the stuff while you spend a lifetime accumulating it. But! When Roger says spend- then spend it is.

THOMAS moves to a cabinet and lifts a whisky bottle.

THOMAS
S’funny, Malcolm. We’re all in this big dream. Lives dictated by cash, money. Yet- it’s nothing at all! Coloured paper. No better than Christmas decorations. Can’t eat it. Can’t wear it- no real value except what we give it.

THOMAS carries a bottle over - replenishes their glasses.

THOMAS
Yet most people believe money has power. Even treat it with reverence like some religious commandment. Some!- kill for it! But- that’s not where the power is at all. No!

THOMAS replaces the bottle and sits down again.

THOMAS
Words- Malcolm! That’s the power! Simple scraps of language used effectively. The right word- the right time- and all the money in the country can change hands. That’s power!

THOMAS downs his drink - indicates for MALCOLM to do the same.

THOMAS
Alice’ll be along in a tick. She’ll take us into town. S’that okay?

MALCOLM now looks relaxed and casual. He smiles - nods.

MALCOLM
Aye. Suits me.- (Gulps down rest of his drink.) I could get into this sort of thing. This style of life. Beats waiting for hours in a car - drinking cold coffee and smoking too many fags.

THOMAS
Oh, don’t believe it Malcolm. Too much of anything’s no good. Moderation. A sense of balance. You take too much- it takes you!
The noise of a car crunching on the gravel alerts THOMAS. He motions for MALCOLM to follow - they look out a large window. Alice parks her small car at the side of the driveway - and gets behind the wheel of the Mercedes. She looks up at the house a moment - then honks the horn and gives a wave of her hand.

THOMAS
That- is Alice! Incredible girl. Straight as the best way home. I’ve tried time and again to get her to add a little pleasure to her work- take time-out, socialise, party a little. No! She does her own thing. I even asked her out- a date. She laughed. Told me to grow-up, stop being foolish. Huh! Best personal secretary I’ve known.

MALCOLM- (Smiling)
Looks like she’s got some fine attributes.

THOMAS
Oh, indeed. A gift of love, if ever.
Right! We’d better go then. She hates tardiness.

DISSOLVE - and come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.

INT. IAN’S STUDY   DAY

IAN is writing - ANNE enters - a towel covering her body.

ANNE
I didn’t hear you come in. Are they doing the car?
IAN
Yes. Be ready tomorrow.

ANNE
Were you upstairs, just a moment ago? When I was in the shower?
IAN
No! I got back a few minutes ago. Why?

ANNE sits near his desk. She smiles - then shrugs her shoulders.

ANNE
Oh- nothing. My imagination. I could’ve sworn you were there- like you do sometimes. Just- watching. Very strange. I could feel your eyes all over me.
IAN
Well, I can assure you I didn’t leave this desk since I got back. It’s probably - (IAN’S mind slowly clicks onto it.)

IAN looks at the screen - then at ANNE.

IAN
Just a few minutes ago- was it?

ANNE nods. IAN mouths the words- ‘Malcolm - bastard’.
IAN
Wild imagination, Anne. Hot, steamy, all very erotic surroundings.—(hand under her towel.)
Best thing to do is take advantage of it.
IAN gives a leering smile — causing ANNE to go ‘huffy’.

ANNE
I don’t believe you Ian. Every time I get myself ready— you always want to mess me up.

ANNE heads to the door — then turns.

ANNE
Yet! When we do get round to it— you lose it all.
Put off by a wonky radio. Very romantic!

As she is about to head out the door — IAN remarks.

IAN
Bad karma, dear. Must’ve been a bastard in my other life.

ANNE exits the room. We hear her response from beyond the door.

ANNE— OFF)
Hmm! You’ve not improved at all, have you?

INT. GAVIN’S FLAT DAY

A screen displaying a colour-bar chart — each column dancing, splitting and splintering into tiny different coloured stars.
PULL BACK—reveal IAN sitting beside GAVIN at his desk, banked with recording equipment, keyboards, multi-screens and computers.

GAVIN
You notice the different voice inflections alters the colours and the frequency response.

IAN
Aye— I— I think so.

GAVIN
Creates a visual character like a painting for each tonal sound. Like audio fingerprints.

IAN
Aye — I could see it’s uses.

GAVIN looks astonished at IAN — and shakes his head.

GAVIN
You can plot each milli-second of sound, produce a chart for every aspect of dialect. When’s it’s plotted, look at the graph of somebody’s speech and— well— tell you what part of the country they’re from, maybe even their social background, middle-class or such.

As GAVIN speaks — we see a screen depicting his speech in modulating colours on a bar-chart.

IAN—(Bored)
A visual Pygmalion idea.
GAVIN
Aye, in a way. I use it as a sort of game, but there’s got to be some practical—

GAVIN turns and switches ‘on’ another screen - another shock of colour floods the screen as Beethoven blasts from somewhere. The music startles IAN for a second. As he relaxes again - MALCOLM appears at his side - startling him.

MALCOLM
What’re you doing here? This guy’s off his tree?

GAVIN-(More excited)
You notice- Points to the first screen again) when somebody speaks, the music doesn’t interfere with it. Only programmed for the human voice. It filters everything else out. Any background stuff.

GAVIN points to another of the screens.

GAVIN
This one- the reverse. It recognises only music - and totally dismisses any human voice. Disseminating it and filtering it from-

MALCOLM
Jesus Christ! He’s fuck’n nuts Ian!

IAN
Aye, well, must’ve taken you a long time.

GAVIN
No really. You see-

IAN
Actually, Gavin. I only popped in for a second. See if, well, if you could do me a favour?

MALCOLM
Asking him! To help you! He’s a bloody loony!

GAVIN
Yeah. If I can, Ian. Just name it.

MALCOLM
A designer straight-jacket pal.

IAN
I- I was wondering, if you had any more of that grass. Y’know? We had the other night.

GAVIN gives a huge grin.

GAVIN
You likee, eh?

IAN nods - a daft smile on his face. GAVIN reaches to the only screen not displaying anything - presses a button and it opens - he extracts a bag of grass.

GAVIN
How much you want? A quarter?

IAN
Oh, aye. That’s plenty. How much’ll that be.

GAVIN
For you Ian. Give me twenty notes..
MALCOLM
No wonder this guy’s head’s up his arse.

IAN
That was good stuff, Gavin?

GAVIN smiles - teases some grass into a smaller bag.

MALCOLM
Ian! You’re making an arse of yourself.

IAN suddenly turns and faces MALCOLM.

IAN
Fuck off- will you!

GAVIN gives IAN a concerned look.

GAVIN
How? What’s up?

IAN
No. No. Sorry Gavin. Ach-(Rubs his neck)it’s a pain I’ve been getting for days. Ahhh. Spasms - like knives. Right up the side- here.

GAVIN-(Smiling)
I thought it was me. Something I said.

MALCOLM
Oh no, son. Wouldn’t be something you said, would it? Words spew from you like skitters.

IAN picks up the bag of grass - leaves the cash down.

IAN
Thanks Gavin. This should make my night.

GAVIN
No bother, Ian. I know the score.

MALCOLM
Aye! Like a fish knows how to sing!

IAN heads out the door. When he’s gone - GAVIN looks at the door - shakes his head - then smiles. He looks at the bag of grass - sniffs it - smiles - and brings out his small pipe. He hits a button and a riot of African drums begin.

INT. ZENO’S GALLERY   NIGHT

IAN wandering into a small hallway lit by light in the floor - a variety of artwork along each wall. He follows the light at the end of the hall - opening into a huge warehouse/gallery. A woman in African robes smiles and hands him a pamphlet and a small red star.

AFRICAN  WOMAN
Place the star on the work that pleases you most.

IAN enters the gallery and stands looking around. The walls display many works - wooden sculptures around the floor. One side of the room - a makeshift bar is attracting a crowd. IAN looks through the thronging crowd - fails to see RUTH.
He wanders round the first wall - studying the work with half a mind - while constantly looking around for RUTH. He stands before a wooden piece on the floor - a tree stump with a metal t.v. antenna protruding from it. A very effete, gay young man raises his eyes above his glasses and smiles at IAN.

GAY MAN
I see you’re interested. Does it, please you?

IAN looks again at the work on the floor - then at the gay man.

IAN
No. It bothers me.

GAY MAN-(Excited)
Oooh! That’s encouraging. A real emotion. I don’t often hear unpleasantness.

IAN is uninterested in the work - his eyes looking around.

GAY MAN
My friend believes it’s a message to us all.

IAN
I think I’d need to move the aerial. I don’t get the picture.

GAY MAN
Ooh! That’s very good. I must tell Josh.

IAN moves across the room - looking at a collage on the wall - and wandering his eyes over the rest of the room. A voice startles him. He turns - to face a huge, barrel of a woman with wide glasses. She is WENDY.

WENDY
Is it- all you’d expect?

IAN is taken aback by WENDY’S statement - her gross form almost on top of him - an oozing smile bending her frumpy face.

IAN
I’m sorry. I didn’t quite catch-

WENDY’S smile widens and she flutters her eyes at him. She has a drink in one hand – offers her other to IAN.

WENDY
Oh, don’t worry. I’m always talking nonsense.

IAN reluctantly takes her hand - and she grips his tight - pulling him closer to her. Her eyes beam as she stares in his eyes and smiles - still holding his hand tight in hers.

WENDY
You’re looking for- something, more. Aren’t you?

IAN looks uncomfortable - tries to look beyond her for RUTH.

WENDY
Looking at art, but wanting, something else.

IAN attempts to release his hand - WENDY keepS hold of it.
IAN
I’m actually, looking for someone.

WENDY smiles - bigger!

WENDY
We all are, pumpkin.- (She blows a kiss to him)
Hormonal excitement- we must follow.

IAN attempts to go - trying to extricate his hand gracefully.
WENDY places his hand on the exposed mound of flesh of her left breast - protruding above her dress. Her smile widens.

WENDY
You’re seeking something, more than, someone.

IAN pulls his hand from her breast. He mocks her serious tone.

IAN
Of course, you’re right. A drink! Excuse me.

IAN heads towards the bar – he hears her words follow him.

WENDY - (OFF)
You’ll never find her in the bottle.

IAN makes his way through a crowd and finally reaches the bar. He takes a glass of wine from one of the many trays laid-out with different wines. As he sips - he looks around. He becomes aware of a man next him - staring at him.
IAN turns - looks into the face of SAMMY - studying him hard.
IAN looks away - then back. SAMMY is scrutinising him.

SAMMY
You like to wind people up - eh?

IAN shakes his head - looks around the room again.

SAMMY
Ah tell’t you ah didnae want tae see you
Again. Din’t ah?

IAN says nothing - keeps looking around the room.

SAMMY
An’ there’s somethin’ aboot you - pal? I
know you frae’ somewhere. You gonny tell me.

IAN ignores him and starts to wander off.

SAMMY - (Off)
Aye - you can run, pal- but you canny hide!

IAN wanders by a crowd studying a table with two bottles; one lying on it’s side and the other upright. Much discussion is going-on - when a waiter walks by and casually lifts the empties onto his tray and leaves. IAN smiles - finds WENDY beside him.

WENDY
You can fool critics, but waiters aren’t so dumb.

IAN
Ooh! That’s very good.- (Looks for RUTH.)
Would you excuse me, but I’m looking for-

WENDY

I know!

IAN

No. I really am looking for someone. Would you-

WENDY

She isn’t here.

IAN stares at WENDY a moment.

IAN

Do you mean- Ruth?

WENDY nods - smiling.

IAN-(Exasperated)

Well. Do you know where-

WENDY

She’s outside. She didn’t want to bump into him.

WENDY looks over to SAMMY - who returns a dagger stare.

IAN

She’s, just outside?

WENDY

She’s- waiting.

IAN heads to the exit - returns to WENDY and places the red star on her right breast. He smiles - and heads off again.

EXT. ZENO’S GALLERY  NIGHT

IAN exits the gallery - looks around. RUTH’S head pokes out a taxi. She whistles - waves him over. As IAN nears the taxi - WENDY rushes from the gallery - alarmed.

WENDY

Bugger-off Ruth. He’s coming. Go on, I’ll-

WENDY is pushed to the side as SAMMY bursts through. He sees IAN at the taxi and rushes over. RUTH opens the door and tries to get IAN inside - but SAMMY grabs IAN by the shoulder.

SAMMY

You’re that wee bastard, Watson! Eh?

Knew I knew you.

RUTH gets out of the taxi and tries to intervene - but SAMMY holds IAN tight by the lapels - spitting words into IAN’S face.

SAMMY

Wee fucking grass, eh? Running tae tell the heidy. ‘Aw, it wuz him, sir’.

RUTH

Sammy! Leave him, you hear?

SAMMY turns to RUTH and smiles - still holding IAN’S lapels.

SAMMY

Whit the fuck wid you care- aboot him?
RUTH
Never mind. Just let go-

SAMMY
Don’t tell me you’re into kinkier stuff noo.
Is that it? Teacher’s pet.
Whack e’s arse wi a cane? Eh?

WENDY tries to grab SAMMY from the back – but he pushes her away. She undoes a shoe and is about to strike him with it – as a POLICEMAN grips her hand – and shakes his head – smiling. A second policeman moves between SAMMY and IAN – holding SAMMY.

LATER

RUTH/WENDY/IAN get into the taxi - with one of the police officers holding the door open for them. The officer leans in and speaks to them - closes the door and the taxi heads off. The officer wanders back from the pavement - stands beside his colleague - who is speaking very sharply to SAMMY. After a severe ‘finger-pointing’ by the officer - SAMMY is allowed to go. The officers watch as SAMMY heads away in another direction. He gets into his car and heads off - followed discreetly by the small red van.

EXT/INT. TAXI NIGHT

RUTH/WENDY sit facing IAN - both giggling hysterically.

IAN
But, he’s got a right to be angry. Christ!
I was a shit! I shopped him to the headmaster.
He’s got every right to-

WENDY
It doesn’t matter. Sammy doesn’t need an excuse.

IAN
Well. How come- eh- how do you know him?

RUTH-(Hesitant,.then)
I married him.

RUTH turns to WENDY and they resume giggling. IAN looks puzzled.

INT. NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

IAN is seated next RUTH - with WENDY at her side. The club caters for the over 30’s - music from the 60’s and 70’s. RUTH pulls IAN up onto the dance-floor - WENDY clapping and laughing as they dance. When they return they are laughing.

RUTH
You were always a good dancer, Ian. Remember that night at Sheena’s party?

IAN
Oh. Don’t remind me. The dance-a-thon.

WENDY
You’re were well away, weren’t you’se?
Down the old mammary lane, was it?—(She laughs.)

RUTH

That’s what I like about here. You can have a laugh. Nowadays—disco’s are like a machine-gun.

IAN

First time I’ve been here. Good atmosphere.

WENDY

Aye! Wee bit better than that poncy gallery too!

RUTH

Oh c’mon! It was a laugh. Everybody so serious.

RUTH and WENDY giggle—a waiter brings another round of drinks. IAN pulls out his wallet as if to pay—WENDY shakes her head.

WENDY

The drink’s are on the house.

RUTH

Wendy’s Dad owns this place. That’s another reason why we come.—(RUTH/WENDY laugh.)

WENDY

What did you think then, Ian? At the gallery?

IAN takes a sip of his drink—smiles.

IAN

Pretty much what I expected. Pretension overload.

WENDY

And me! Did you think I was—one of—them?

IAN—(Nodding/smiling)

I’d just got away from one of them. A gay bloke. Wanting to know what I thought of a tree stump with an aerial. Then— you!

I thought I was going to be molested.

WENDY—(Laughing)

Wished—maybe!

IAN

And, all that obtuse dialogue. Very—it!

But how? How did you know—it was me?

WENDY

Oh. You were dead easy to spot. Ruth told me what you looked like. And anyway. You were the only normal one there, looking like you were lost.

RUTH

Wendy’s good at fooling people.—(Smiles to WENDY.)

The music takes on a romantic tone—WENDY rises and grabs IAN

WENDY

C’mom! I’ve got to dance to this song.

WENDY tugs IAN onto the floor and clasps him in a bear hug. IAN’S head rests on WENDY’S shoulder—MALCOLM appears—smoothly gliding round the floor—keeping in IAN’S sight.

MALCOLM

Well, you always wanted to make it big.

WENDY—(Into IAN’S ear)
So you and Ruth were school sweethearts.

IAN
Yeah. Young and- ready for life.

WENDY
What was she like then? Just as crazy?

IAN
I suppose. We both were.

MALCOLM
Fuck’n hell, Ian. I’m going to need a sick-bag.

IAN shows a face of anger to MALCOLM - indicating he should go.

WENDY
And- was she a good fuck?

IAN pulls back a little from WENDY - stares into her face.

IAN
What kind of question is-

WENDY-(Smiling)
It’s the important one- isn’t it?

MALCOLM
She might be gross, but she talks my language.

IAN stands a moment - smiles and shakes his head.

IAN
A gentleman wouldn’t answer such a question.

WENDY
I know. That’s why I asked you!

MALCOLM laughs - keeps skipping round - staying in IAN’S sight.

MALCOLM
Oh she’s a beauty. I’m beginning to like her.

IAN-(Laughing)
Well, it was a long time ago, and, let’s just
Say, she made me very happy.

WENDY-(Squeezing him close)
D’you think- I could?

MALCOLM eagerly nods to IAN - mouthing ‘yes!’ yes’.
IAN is held tight to WENDY - head on her shoulder - as he smiles.

IAN
Oh- exceedingly.

WENDY holds IAN away from her a moment - he shakes her head and
smiles - then crushes him close to her again.

WENDY
You’ve got to be a good liar, for your job!

MALCOLM
She’s really got you taped, Ian.

INT. NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

RUTH- watching WENDY/IAN dance. She produces a small vial from
her bag - snaps it open - drops it into IAN’S drink.
EXT. RUTH’S HOUSE NIGHT

RUTH/WENDY support IAN - all laughing as they head up the stairs.

INT. RUTH’S HOUSE NIGHT

RUTH/WENDY help IAN on a settee - giggling as IAN’S eyes keep closing - his head nodding - then jerking awake.

WENDY
Wish he’d make up his mind.-(Giggles.)

RUTH gently pushes WENDY away - ‘shushing’ her. She takes IAN’S shoes off and gently closes his eyes.

WENDY
And that!-(Pointing at IAN)- was your big introduction to sex!-(Cracks-up into a laugh.)

RUTH gives her another gentle shove and smiles.

RUTH
You stop it, will you? It was a long time ago. We were too young to know what we were doing.

WENDY-(Laughing)
Aye. What’s your excuse now!

They both laugh - head out of the room - switching the light off.

LATER

Open into near darkness and the sound of heavy snoring. Gradually - we see the shape of IAN asleep on the couch. MALCOLM’S dark figure appears - leaning close to IAN.

MALCOLM-(Hushed shout)
Ian! Ian!

IAN’S eyes flicker a moment - then return to sleep.

MALCOLM
Ian! Gerrup! C’mon!

Slowly IAN’S eyes open - filled with sleep - trying to focus.

MALCOLM
C’mon Ian. Quick!

IAN focuses on MALCOLM - shakes his head - closes his eyes.

MALCOLM
Ian! C’mon!

Slowly IAN re-opens his eyes and sits up - holds his head.

MALCOLM
Ian! Gerrup- quick! C’mon!

IAN slowly gets to his feet - stands a moment perfecting balance - then follows MALCOLM out the door of the room.
In a hallway, MALCOLM indicates for silence - finger on his lips. He motions for IAN to follow and heads to another door half-open with shaded light coming from the room. IAN follows. Noises come from the room as MALCOLM walks boldly through the half-open door. He emerges again, grinning - waves IAN in, still with a finger on his lips. IAN edges his head round the door.

**INT. RUTH’S BEDROOM  NIGHT**

RUTH lies naked, stretched-out on a bed with WENDY, also naked - on top of her. We see the back of WENDY - and a series of leather straps round her buttocks and hips - as she pumps hard into RUTH. Both make animal sounds as the pace heats-up to a frenzy.

**INT. RUTH’S HALLWAY  NIGHT**

IAN emerges from the doorway of the bedroom - a shocked look on his face. MALCOLM stands beside IAN and smiles.

**EXT. STREET  NIGHT**

MALCOLM/IAN trudging along a lonely street. IAN is shoe-less. The sound of a car approaching alerts IAN. On seeing the ‘taxi’ sign. IAN waves frantically - it comes to halt next them.

MALCOLM
Tell him you lost your shoes playing poker.

IAN
Bearsden, okay? And- if you must know- my wife took the shoes. Thought she’d stop me going out.

DRIVER -(Laughing)
Oh. They’re a scream, women- eh? I had one in here wanted to pay me in kind. -(Laughs)
All ready in the back seat- knickers off- the lot. I said, okay- but what you gonny do for a tip?

**INT. IAN’S HOUSE  DAY**

IAN sits at the computer in a dressing-gown. He begins to type - we enter DEEP FOCUS - zooming into the slug-line - and beyond.

**INT. DIAMOND HEART CLUB  DAY**

THOMAS leads MALCOLM through the club - the kitchen - a lounge - a bar/dance area - and the casino. He then ushers him to a door leading from the casino - opening into a large office. A young man sits at a desk working at a computer. He glances at them.

THOMAS
This here, is Gary.

GARY smiles at them - then returns to his work.

THOMAS
Doesn’t say a lot but can find everything I
He leads MALCOLM to a darkened window - flicks a switch - they are looking over the casino from a one-way window.

MALCOLM
Yeah! It’s really something.

THOMAS turns to GARY.

THOMAS
I hate to disturb you, Gary, but could you take a break for half-an-hour.

GARY sits back from the computer and gives THOMAS a huffy look.

THOMAS-(Smiling)
I’m sorry Gar, but I really need some time.

GARY - in huffy mood - hits a few keys - clicks the monitor off.

GARY
Don’t try and see what I was doing. I’ve changed the password- okay?

GARY heads to the door - as THOMAS watches him – still smiling.

THOMAS
I’m sorry Gary. I’ll get you an office this week.

GARY goes out. THOMAS smiles - shrugs - shakes his head.

THOMAS
What do they say- the family that works together- don’t work together. That it?

MALCOLM smiles - nods.

THOMAS
You know, Malcolm. When I was his age- if I’d have acted like that to my Dad- ooh boy! Army belt across the arse. Anyway, down to business.

THOMAS presses a button on his desk and speaks into an intercom.

THOMAS-(Into intercom)
Hi! Caroline. How are you? Oh, wonderful. You deserve it. Oh, thanks. Is Harry there? Ask him to send up some scotch and two glasses, will you please? Thanks.

THOMAS sits alongside MALCOLM on a lengthy sofa.
He looks at MALCOLM a moment - a big smile on his face.

THOMAS
You’ve done me proud, Malcolm. I like your work. I hope you don’t mind when I tell you, but I also did some background on you. Do it with everybody.

MALCOLM
I don’t mind. I’d expect it. Mind you, nothing much to find out about. Was there?
THOMAS lets out a small laugh – and slaps MALCOLM on the back.

THOMAS
Oh- nothing sinister. No skeletons at all. You lead a pretty staid lifestyle.
MALCOLM
I would’ve said- dull.
THOMAS-(Smiling)
Oh! Don’t kid yourself. Your very reliable. But- I was quite taken by your approach. Very honest. Respected by your clients- yet- (Shrugs.) You really don’t make much money at it, do you?
MALCOLM– (Shrugs, smiles)
It’s always a struggle, but better than dole.
THOMAS
That’s what I mean. You’ve got integrity. Do an honest job, work all sorts of hours, and what? Just better than dole money. It’s all wrong –
MALCOLM-(Smiling)
Think I should write to my emm-pee?
THOMAS–(Smiling)
Huh! Still with a sense of humour too.

A knock on the door heralds a waiter entering with a drinks tray. He smiles at THOMAS – sets the tray down on the table and leaves. THOMAS opens the whisky – sniffs the top of the bottle – closes his eyes and smiles – then pours out two healthy shots – drops some ice in them. THOMAS raises his glass to salute MALCOLM.

THOMAS
Here’s- to you, Malcolm. A good future to you.

MALCOLM clinks his glass with him and swallows a gulp.

MALCOLM
Now- that’s what whisky should taste like.

THOMAS
Aye! Good stuff. So- you must be curious– about this other job?

MALCOLM nods.

THOMAS
As I said- I know you’ve not been doing too well. Seems you’ve got to be a bastard to make money nowadays. Anyway- this is a simple task. Nothing to it, really. A wee trip- a week or two in the sun- then home again and a healthy bucket in the bank.

MALCOLM smiles and shakes his head.

MALCOLM
Is this the bit I’m supposed to say- Sounds too good to be true!
THOMAS laughs and fills the glasses up again.

THOMAS
Exactly, Malcolm! Too good to be true, right? And it does seem that way. Dead easy. Money for nothing. But no! There is– a serious side to it.

MALCOLM
There’s always a downside, eh?

THOMAS
Well. It’s nothing too bad, really.

THOMAS gets up and walks over to window overlooking the casino. He flicks the switch and beckons MALCOLM over beside him.

THOMAS
Take a look at the blackjack table. See there, by the wall. That croupier, RITA. Nice, eh?

THOMAS looks at MALCOLM and smiles.

THOMAS
Poor girls’ been working her socks off for months. Now she has a chance of a break. A nice villa in France– swim in the Med– bit of sun.

THOMAS turns again to MALCOLM - smiles.

THOMAS
Guess who’s the lucky guy to go with her?

DISSOLVE - and come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.

INT. IAN’S STUDY DAY

IAN writes some notes in the pad beside him.
ANNE enters - carrying a tray of tea and toast. She sits down.

ANNE
C’mon Ian. Get it before it gets cold.

IAN
You never say that about sex.

ANNE gives him huffy look - and starts to read a newspaper.
IAN studies the headlines - ANNE speaks from behind the paper.

ANNE
What time did you get in at? Must’ve been late?

IAN
I don’t know. I was quite drunk. You know Gavin.

ANNE
I really don’t know what you do with him! Okay– he may be a genius, but into drugs, and now you!

IAN
Oh c’mon, Anne. A bit of grass, for Christ-sake.

ANNE
Oh! It’s nothing! Look what it’s doing to you!
IAN- (Smiling)
What? What’s wrong with me? Two heads- a fish on my nose? What?

ANNE
See! That’s it. All you ever do. Make fun of it.

IAN
Christ! What the hell am I supposed to do? You make out as though I’m a freak.

ANNE
Remember? Arguing with yourself? Running into the bathroom as we’re making love? Is that normal?

IAN
God! I told you about that.-(Points to computer) Look! I’m working on it all, right now! Another two days, three at the most- finito!

ANNE gathers the tray of things and makes to leave.

IAN
You book a flight for the weekend- anywhere. This time we go- ready or not. Right!

ANNE screws her face-up as she leaves. IAN turns to the computer.

INT. CASINO - DIAMOND HEART CLUB  DAY

MALCOLM sits with a drink - watching the blackjack players. A door behind the blackjack table opens and a girl enters and talks to RITA. RITA points to the cards and players - says a cheerio to them and leaves by the same door. MALCOLM studies the rest of the place. He lifts his drink for a final swallow and finds RITA at his table - smiling.

RITA
Hi!-(Extends a hand)I’m Rita.

MALCOLM shakes her hand - RITA slips into the seat beside him.

RITA
Thomas said we should get together.-(Laughs) here I am!

MALCOLM echoes her laugh.

MALCOLM
You- eh- want a drink?

RITA gives MALCOLM a downward look - with a cheeky smile.

RITA
I do, but we’re not allowed to drink here. Club rules.-(She shrugs- smiling.) But there’s a room.-( Her eyes twinkle.)

MALCOLM looks at her - lets a small smile cross his face.

MALCOLM
Sounds good. You lead- I’ll follow.
RITA leads the way - out of the casino room - along a small corridor and into a room furnished as a bedroom.

**INT. CASINO - BEDROOM DAY**

MALCOLM looks around the room in astonishment. RITA sits demurely on the bed - smiling - watching MALCOLM.

MALCOLM

*Is this- part of the place. I mean -*

RITA - (Shakes her head)

*Uch no! It’s not like that! It’s for staff-breaking shifts, anyone too drunk, tired to go home. Anything. There’s another two rooms.*

MALCOLM opens a small cabinet and stares at the array of drinks.

MALCOLM

*Go ahead. It gets refreshed every day.*

RITA

MALCOLM selects a bottle and two glasses.

MALCOLM

*I suppose- you can drink now.*

RITA

*Not too much. Plenty of lemonade too.*

MALCOLM pours two drinks and carries them over to the bed - hands one to RITA and sits next her. He clinks glasses with her.

MALCOLM

*I’ve a feeling we’re going to need some good cheer.*

RITA

*Why?*

MALCOLM

*Just a feeling.*

RITA looks seriously at MALCOLM a moment.

RITA

*Has Thomas told you what’s involved?*

MALCOLM nods - sips his drink.

MALCOLM

*That’s why I get the feeling!*

**DISSOLVE - and come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.**

**INT. IAN’S STUDY DAY**

IAN sits looking at the lines written on the screen. He makes a note on the pad - hits the save button and switches ‘off’. 
INT. IAN’S BATHROOM   DAY

IAN - showering and emerging from the steamy cubicle as MALCOLM appears - making IAN jerk back with fright.

IAN
Fuck sake! I thought we had an agreement!

MALCOLM
But I warned you. I turned the radio on. It’s in-

IAN-(Angry)
I thought you were going to give me peace.

MALCOLM
Aye, well, I’m just a wee bit worried.
Don’t know what’s going on.

IAN heads through to his bedroom - MALCOLM follows.

IAN
You’re really fucking me off now Malcolm! The deal was you stopped hassling, right?

MALCOLM
Sure- but-

IAN
Forget the buts. You’re getting what you wanted? Clothes- good lifestyle-

MALCOLM
They’re Thomas’s clothes!

IAN
Right! Fuck you, Malcolm! I’ve had it!

MALCOLM
C’mon, for Christsakes. I’m only wanting to know what’s going on.

IAN
Yeah! Well so do I Malcolm. So do I!

ANNE enters - seeing only IAN on the bed - screaming at no-one. She stands a moment - looking.

ANNE
You say- you’re okay! Nothing to do with drugs!

ANNE storms out. IAN falls across the bed - eyes closed tight. The radio is still on in the b/ground.
IAN opens his eyes - MALCOLM is hovering above him.

MALCOLM
What about this one. It’s great for relaxat-

IAN-(Angry)
I’m telling you now, Malcolm!
Get outta my fucking life!

IAN throws the radio at him - sailing through MALCOLM - hitting the ceiling and smashing.

INT. IAN’S STUDY   DAY

IAN heads to the desk - switches ‘on’ and we enter DEEP FOCUS.
INT. CASINO - BEDROOM  DAY

RITA slips her arms across MALCOLM’S back - removes his jacket. He smiles at her - they kiss - soft - then more. RITA takes his drink and places it on the floor. She then stands astride him and pushes him back to fall across the bed - undoes his trousers - sliding them from him and slowly lifts her dress to reveal no tights or stockings - but a thong barely covering her pubic area. She raises the dress above her - throws it aside and lies across MALCOLM. Within a moment - she has disrobed MALCOLM totally and both roll across the bed naked.

PULL BACK - to reveal THOMAS and a large man - BEN THE KITCHEN looking through a similar window we saw that looked out on the casino floor. THOMAS smiles.

THOMAS
That’s him- if you can remember the face.

BEN THE KITCHEN
He’s nothing to write home about, is he?

THOMAS
So- don’t see any problem?

BEN THE KITCHEN
With him? Huh! No problem at all.

DISSOLVE - and come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.

INT. IAN’S STUDY  DAY

IAN - at the computer - the doorbell rings-(Off) and heavy thumps on the door-(Off). The ringing and thumping persist. IAN angrily gets up and heads to the door - opens it to GAVIN - who looks in a terrible state - eyes wide - obviously ‘tripping’.

IAN
Gavin! What the hell are-,. You okay?

GAVIN shakes his head - tries to smile - blows his cheeks out.

GAVIN
No Ian. I’m trying- it’s getting worse.

IAN looks at him - oddly - then invites him inside.

IAN
What is it? Here.-{(Leads him to his study.)
Take a seat.

GAVIN walks cautiously - as if treading on eggshells. IAN guides him - expecting him to collapse - sits him down.

IAN
Is it your breathing? Shall I call a doctor?

GAVIN shakes his head. IAN looks on a moment - confused.
GAVIN extracts a strip of silver foil from his pocket - hands it to IAN. IAN studies the strip a moment - looking confused.

IAN
I- I don’t understand, Gavin. What are they?

GAVIN smil — makes aeroplane sounds - waves his arms - flying.

GAVIN
Trips. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. Wild, coloured, trips.  
IAN
They’ve all got Tony Blair’s face on. Why?

GAVIN
That’s what they are. New vision.-(Laughs)
Take one. They’re like- bendy rainbows. Wow!

IAN shakes his head - hands the strip back to GAVIN.

IAN
Stay there, Gavin. Okay? I’ll make a some tea.

IAN eases out of the room - cautiously. GAVIN sits staring around - sometimes being excited and laughing. We hear(Off)water running and cups clashing. GAVIN’S stares at the computer - his eyes lit-up and a huge smile on his face. He is about to head to the computer - when IAN returns - GAVIN slumps back into his chair.

IAN
I’ll no be a minute. You sure you’re alright?

GAVIN gives him a huge smile.

IAN
What’s- what’s it like? Pretty weird.

GAVIN shrugs - then smiles again.

GAVIN
Colours- Ian. Can you see them? Wow!

The doorbell rings - IAN jumps. He lays a hand on GAVIN.

IAN
I’ll see who this is. Get rid of them.
God. Wish Anne was here.

IAN leaves the room . GAVIN’S eyes fall on the computer again.

INT. IAN’S HALLWAY  DAY

IAN opens the door to two suited men. One of them flashes a card. They are C.I.D. police - Inspector ALLEN and Detective MILLER.

ALLEN
Good afternoon. Mister Ian Watson?

IAN looks bemused - and nods.

ALLEN
I wonder if you help us- just some questions.
IAN—(Bemused)
Actually— it’s a bit of a bad time for me.
Can you call back?

ALLEN
I’m sorry. It’s important we speak to you— now!
Could we— come in?

IAN nods — reluctantly — and leads them into the hallway.

ALLEN
I must warn you, mister Watson. Our enquiry is regards to a very serious matter. Any questions you answer could be used against you. You could have a lawyer present— if you wish.

IAN looks at them — this time seriously.

IAN
I don’t understand. Why would I need my lawyer?

ALLEN
It’s simply procedure mister Watson. Doesn’t really mean you have to. Just as long as you are aware and I’ve told you your rights.

The sound of a kettle whistling interrupts. IAN opens a door facing the study and shows the C.I.D. men in.

IAN
Thing is— I have a guest just arrived. I was about to make tea. Would you like a cup?

ALLEN looks to MILLER — then nods.

IAN
If you just bear with me, take a seat and— I’ll get back in a minute or so.

IAN closes the door and has a look in the study. GAVIN is still seated and staring at the computer. IAN heads to the kitchen.

INT. IAN’S LIVING-ROOM     DAY

The C.I.D. men wander round the room looking at the array of books on the shelves and other curios. MILLER picks up a BAFTA trophy— holds it for ALLEN to see.

MILLER
He must be doing okay. You ever see his stuff?

ALLEN
S’quite funny. The guy— Malcolm. Always doing the right thing yet always gets screwed. Mind you, the force don’t come off too well in it.

MILLER
I meant to watch it but Susan’s always got that soap on. What’d you think? Think he done it?

ALLEN shrugs.

MILLER
I’d love it to be him. Ha! See if he could
write his way out of this one - eh?

ALLEN gives MILLER a ‘look’ and shakes his head - smiling.

INT. IAN’S STUDY  DAY

IAN enters with a tray of cups/tea-pot etc. which he lays on a small table next GAVIN. The noise of the front door closing alerts IAN and he goes to the hallway.

GAVIN looks at the tea-pot - smiles - takes the foil-strip from his pocket - drops it into the pot.

INT. IAN’S HALLWAY  DAY

IAN meets ANNE in the hallway - as she comes in the door. He holds a finger to his lips and beckons her close.

IAN -(Whispery)
Thank God! Gavin’s in there - (Points to study) - he’s not too well. Go and sit with him, eh?
He’s pretty fragile.

ANNE -(Surprised)
Fragile! What! I don’t even know him!

IAN -(Still whispery)
Please! Will you? There’s two Cee-eye-dee men in there. -(Nods to l/room door)
God knows what they want. Pleeeaasse!

ANNE
Cee-eye-dee! Police?

IAN
Must be about the car. I don’t know.
Gavin!- Please!

ANNE braces herself, takes a deep breath - and enters the study.

INT. IAN’S LIVING-ROOM  DAY

IAN wanders into the room - smiling. ALLEN/MILLER sit on a sofa.

IAN
The tea’ll just be a moment. My wife’s came in, well - I told you. I’ve a friend turned-up.

IAN
Well- how can I help you?

ALLEN
We need to ask some questions. Do you mind if we put them on tape?

IAN- surprised - shakes his head. He sits on an easy chair.

IAN
I don’t mind.

ALLEN nods to MILLER - who extracts a small dictaphone from his pocket - presses a button on the machine - lays it on a table.
ALLEN
Mister Watson. Do you know - Samuel Forsyth?

IAN thinks a moment - then shakes his head.
IAN
No. I can’t think of the name.
ALLEN
Were you at Zeno’s gallery on Byres Road last-

IAN holds his hands up - stopping the questioning.
IAN
Hang-on. Stop the machine.- (Points to the tape)
I’m not so sure about all this.

ALLEN gives a look to MILLER - switches the dictaphone ‘off’.
IAN
I’m happy to help you- answer what you wish.
But I feel maybe I should have my lawyer present.

ALLEN gives an open-palm gesture - and smiles.
ALLEN
It’s your choice mister Watson. We do it here,
Or- (sigh)- down to the station with your lawyer.

IAN thinks a moment. He points to the door.
IAN
See how the tea’s coming- consider what you say.

IAN heads to the door - ALLEN and MILLER look to each other.

INT. IAN’S STUDY DAY

IAN enters - ANNE sits next GAVIN - both with tea. ANNE smiles.
IAN
At least somebody notices!

IAN gives ANNE a confused look.
IAN
Gavin’s just complimented my hair-do.
Said it’s like a rainbow. Isn’t that sweet.

GAVIN is staring at ANNE - a smile on his face - his eyes wild.
IAN
Yeah. Very good. Here-(Lifts the tray, etc.)
I’m not too sure about these police, Anne.
Anyway. I’ll get rid of them soon as I can.
ANNE
Don’t worry. Gavin’s fine.- (Turns to Gavin)
Aren’t you?

GAVIN nods - smiles and raises his tea-cup.
GAVIN
Sound as a pound.
IAN nods - smiling - hurries out the door with the tea things.

INT. IAN’S LIVING-ROOM    DAY

IAN enters - lays the tray on the small table by the settee.

IAN
Help yourself.

IAN takes a cup - leaves the two C.I.D. men to prepare theirs.

IAN
I’m quite prepared to answer any of your questions. However– I’d like some indication as to what it’s all about.

ALLEN stirs his tea and takes a gulp. He nudges MILLER - also in the process of gulping some tea down. ALLEN nods towards the dictaphone. MILLER switches the machine ‘on’ again.

ALLEN
We’re investigating the suspicious death of Samuel Forsyth.

IAN
Why should I know- (Beat)
Sammy! Is that it? His wife, well ex-wife- Ruth?

ALLEN nods.

IAN
He’s dead?

ALLEN nods again.

IAN
Jeeesus Christ! How? What ha-

MILLER - leaning forward - a smile on his face.

MILLER
That’s what we’re trying to find out.

IAN thinks for a moment - as ALLEN and MILLER share a ‘look’.

ALLEN
Did you know him?

IAN
No- I didn’t know him- to speak to. Nothing like that. I saw him at the gallery.

ALLEN
Did you speak to him?

IAN
No.- (Beat)- But- well, I was passing by him, he said something. I don’t know what.

ALLEN
Were you alone?

IAN
Well- no. I’d gone on my own.- (Smile)
To meet Ruth- Sammy’s ex-wife. She invited me. Her friend- Wendy- said Ruth was outside. I went out- met Ruth- we were getting into a taxi- he came out- shouting- arguing with her. That’s all. Two local police handled it. Nothing really. Wendy came with us- we left.

ALLEN
That’s the last time you saw him?
IAN
Yes.

ALLEN nods - looks at MILLER.
IAN
How - how did he die?
MILLER
He was stabbed. Many times- with a serious knife.

INT. IAN’S STUDY DAY

The table shows two empty cups - GAVIN and ANNE sit together at the computer. GAVIN is typing wildly - with ANNE encouraging him.

ANNE
Go on! See what happens.

GAVIN types a slug-line - INT. TAXI -NIGHT

We enter the scene - via - DEEP FOCUS.

INT. TAXI NIGHT

MALCOLM sits in the rear of the taxi. DRIVER turns round - he has the evilest face ever seen. MALCOLM is open-mouthed - in shock.

DRIVER
Where to? Doomsville? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha (echoed).

MALCOLM is thrown back against the seat as the taxi shoots off - into a dark night. The taxi ride is a freaky thing- bouncing through weird and scary scenes. MALCOLM sits pinned to the back seat- scared.

When the taxi stops- the door flies open and MALCOLM is ejected. MALCOLM stands- a door opens and a huge man grabs him by the collar and drags him inside. He finds himself in a small hall- with only one door. He opens it and the scene cants/tilts- throwing him inside. He falls to a floor that is spinning and multi-coloured- same as the walls. A swirling beam of psychedelic patterns flood the place with wild music. MALCOLM holds his head. He looks around- in the dim, psychedelic light- sees a girl across the room- naked except for a small thong- her hands tied together to a hook on the wall.

Trying to stand- walking as if at sea in a heavy swell- MALCOLM reaches the girl- climbs up her body and tries to undo the rope. The girl turns- it is RITA. She indicates with her eyes to a large knife lying on the floor.

MALCOLM struggles but picks up the knife and cuts her ropes.
RITA falls to the floor rubbing her wrists. MALCOLM collapses beside her- they both hug- and slowly RITA undresses him. MALCOLM lies on his back- allowing his clothes to be removed. RITA sits astride MALCOLM and begins a sexual motion- MALCOLM’S face changes from dread to sexual excitation. RITA bumps harder on him- MALCOLM seems near ejaculation. We notice RITA’S hand slip down by her side and lift the knife. RITA’S face takes on an evil smile as she raises the knife. We hold on MALCOLM’S face- as it changes from sexual excitement to pain and agony- as he screams in terror.

DISSOLVE - and come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.

INT. IAN’S LIVING-ROOM DAY

ALLEN/MILLER lay down their empty cups. IAN sits forward.

ALLEN
Have you known Mrs. Forsyth long? Before you met her and her friend at the gallery?

IAN
Oh yeah. We- well- we were- eh- Schoolmates. In fact- we went out together- over a year.

ALLEN gives a sideways look to MILLER.

ALLEN
After the fracas in the taxi. Where then?

IAN stands up - walks around a little.

IAN
We went to a club. The other woman- Wendy- her father owned it. Somewhere up Charing Cross. Stayed there- I don’t know- a couple of hours.

ALLEN
And- after that?

IAN rubs his hands through his hair - the gesture noted by MILLER and ALLEN. IAN sits down again - leans forward in his chair.

IAN
Tell the truth, I was really drunk. I don’t know. I didn’t think I had that much but- anyway. I went home with them and- eh- next thing I remember waking on a sofa in the early hours. I left- caught a taxi and that’s it.

ALLEN notes a few things down on a pad and looks over to MILLER.

MILLER
Did you- sleep with Mrs.Forsyth that night?

IAN gives him a hard look.
IAN
I’m sure it’s none of your business if I did or not- but- if it satisfies your prurient sense of voyeurism- I did not!

A sudden burst of music comes from a stereo across the room – they all to look towards it. IAN shrugs – heads to it and switches it ‘off’ – then sees MALCOLM standing by the door – naked – his hands covering his pubic area as blood flows through his fingers and down his legs.

MALCOLM-(Screaming)
Help me Ian! Fuck! She’s cut it off! Christ!

IAN puts his hands to his face – shakes his head.

IAN
Not now! Christ! Blood’s dripping everywhere.

ALLEN and MILLER look oddly at IAN – and exchange glances again.

IAN
Excuse me- I’ll be back in a minute.

IAN exits the room. ALLEN and MILLER look at each other a moment. MILLER shakes his head – points a finger at his temple.

MILLER
He’s a bloody nutter! D’you see that?
He’s a writer! Should be in a straight-jacket.

ALLEN
What about that- blood dripping everywhere?

MILLER
I think it’s definitely him. Fucking psycho!

INT. IAN’S STUDY    DAY

IAN enters the study to find GAVIN and ANNE sitting at the computer – both laughing. IAN switches the computer ‘off’ and heads out again – followed by jeers and shouts of ‘spoilsport’.

INT. IAN’S LIVING ROOM    DAY

IAN returns – shaking his head. ALLEN and MILLER watch him all the way – as he eases himself into the chair again.

IAN
I’m sorry about that. Now! Where were we?

ALLEN stares hard at MILLER- his eyes wide- glaring. He shrugs- turns his attention to IAN- who now begins to show signs of weirdness happening. IAN rubs a hand across his eyes - then stares ahead- then heads over to the table and picks up the dictaphone. He holds it to his ear then switches it ‘off’.

IAN
It’s taking our words! Mine- yours.

He holds the dictaphone at arm’s length- staring at it.
IAN

Everything. You say it- it takes it. Not right.

He looks at ALLEN then drops the dictaphone to the floor and
smashes it with the heel of his shoe. He smiles at ALLEN, who
cracks-up into laughter, staring into the cup in his hand.
MILLER seems to flinch away whenever IAN walks near him -
shrivelling-up and nervous.
IAN wanders to his chair. He removes his watch and studies it.

IAN

Same as these bloody things. Take your time.
(Laughs) But it’s not funny. It’s the enemy.
No time at all.

IAN goes over to the settee - ALLEN slowly suppressing his
giggles and composing himself again. IAN reaches out to MILLER -
holding the watch forth in his hand. MILLER shies away.

IAN

Here! Take it. No time- like a present.-(Laughs)

IAN drops the watch in MILLER’S lap. MILLER stares at the watch.

ALLEN

That tea!-(He holds the cup out)
Could I- (Blows out his cheeks)- have- more.

IAN looks hard at ALLEN for a moment- then nods.

IAN

Is it- a- question? Should I- ask my lawyer?

IAN breaks into laughter - collapses into the chair - giggling.
ALLEN drains a few drops from the tea-pot into his cup - dribbles
some milk into it and swallows it.
MILLER sits huddled - staring at the watch.
ALLEN looks at the broken dictaphone on the floor.

ALLEN

Time will tell- eh?-(Laughs)- but maybe- another
- time.

ALLEN gets up - nudges MILLER - still fixated by the watch.

ALLEN

Time- to go- Bobby.

MILLER stands up - scared/watchful. Holds the watch to his chest.

ALLEN

I- can’t think- but- I’m sure we’ll be back.

IAN stands up and follows them to the door.
MILLER looks at IAN - then the watch.
He thrusts it out to IAN - and shuffles off behind ALLEN.

INT. IAN’S HALLWAY  DAY
IAN stands in the hallway - watching them go. He places a hand squarely on the flat of his head and blows out his cheeks.

**MUSICAL MONTAGE #2 -(Chronological legend of inter-cut scenes.)**

1) THOMAS - in his office - handing a wad of cash to MALCOLM
2) MALCOLM exiting from a clothes store - laden with bags.
3) MALCOLM - in a dingy flat - packing a suitcase.
4) RITA beeping the car-horn - MALCOLM emerging with suitcase.
5) MALCOLM and RITA driving through country - laughing.
6) MALCOLM and RITA in car - heading through Channel Tunnel.
7) MALCOLM and RITA driving through Paris.
8) MALCOLM and RITA driving south through vineyards.
9) Computer screen - the above lines scrolling - emerge from DEEP FOCUS.

**INT. RUTH’S HOUSE DAY**

The front door lying open - an old woman crying on the doorstep. An elderly man leading a policeman pass the old woman - into the house and pointing along the hall to a room at the end. The policeman approaching the room - cautiously. The bodies of RUTH/WENDY lie across the bed - both naked - the dildo strap across WENDY’S hips. Both horribly mutilated.

**EXT/INT. RITA’S CAR DAY**

RITA/MALCOLM driving through southern France and arriving at a large villa. They exit the car - MALCOLM appraising the austere surroundings - RITA producing a key for the front door.  

MALCOLM

Wow! This is some place.

RITA-(Smiling)

Wait till you see the view from the balcony. Magnifico!

**INT. MARCO’S VILLA DAY**

RITA leads MALCOLM into the villa - showing the opulent furniture and style of the place. MALCOLM is very impressed. RITA grabs his arm and leads him upstairs.
INT. MARCO’S VILLA - (BEDROOM)    DAY

RITA leads MALCOLM to the balcony - overlooking the Med.

RITA
I love this place. I could stay here forever. Just us.

RITA giggles - holds MALCOLM’S arm.

RITA
And at night- so peaceful. I was here with Thomas last year- in winter. It’s beautiful.

MALCOLM marvels at the scenery - looking back into the villa.

MALCOLM
And it doesn’t belong to Thomas? He rents it?

RITA shakes her head and giggles some more.

RITA
No- there’s no rent. It’s Marco’s! Thomas’s friend. They- huh- well- do business together.

MALCOLM
Huh! Business must be good.

RITA grabs MALCOLM by the arm and pulls him back into the room.

RITA
C’mon! Let’s unpack and- (Teasing smile) have some fun before Marco arrives.

INT. MARCO’S VILLA     DAY

RITA/MALCOLM carrying suit-cases. RITA is excited like a child. When MALCOLM enters the bedroom - RITA is lying fully stretched on the bed - her shoulder bag on the floor. MALCOLM rests the suitcases and sits on the bed. RITA pulls him to her - they kiss.

MALCOLM
I need to get out of these clothes. They’re dying on me. Okay to take a shower?

RITA
As long as you’re not too long. Some things go off- in this heat.

MALCOLM playfully slaps her buttocks and heads to the bathroom. RITA lies looking at the ceiling - her hands behind her head.

LATER
MALCOLM emerging from the shower and back to the bedroom. RITA - her head on the headboard - her clothes scattered around.

MALCOLM
It’s really a crazy world- y’know- when you think about it sometimes.
RITA
The trick is- don’t think!
MALCOLM
It’s only yesterday since I was up at Thomas’s
house- the very first time! Next thing I’m here!
Looking out at the Med and living like a prince.
RITA
What else did he tell you?

MALCOLM sits on the edge of the bed - smiles at her.
MALCOLM
Just what I said. Make sure you’re never out of
my sight. Look after you- anything you want.

RITA smiles seductively at him.
RITA
Anything! Hmm! That could be fun.

MALCOLM slides a hand under the cover and up her inner thigh.
MALCOLM
Still not counted the bundle of cash he handed me.
Just change it to francs when we need it.

RITA slithers slowly down the bed - softly moaning.
RITA
Did he say anything- about me? What I’m doing?
MALCOLM
No really! Said you’d show me around.

MALCOLM lifts one of the suitcases onto the bed - opens it and
selects a shirt and shorts - leaves them on the bed.
RITA lifts the other suitcase onto the bed with a thump. She
lifts the top - stands a moment looking into the suitcase - eyes
gleaming - then slides it around - for MALCOLM to see.
RITA
Well! How’d you like them apples?

MALCOLM - pulling on shorts - turns to glance - then stares.
MALCOLM
What the fuck’s that?-(Looks to RITA)
S’it- real? I mean. Not- funny- is it?
RITA
Oh! It’s real alright. No very funny either-
cause I’ve got to give it to that wee tally
dirtbag- Marco!
MALCOLM wanders his hand across the stack of bills in the case.
MALCOLM
Wow! There’s something- very- very sexy- about
a lot of money.- (Looks at RITA and smiles.)
How much is there?

RITA leans on the top of the suitcase and closes it. She pouts.
MALCOLM kisses her lightly. She leans over - pulling him close. 

RITA-(Sexy whispering)
Ninety-two thousand pounds- and all tax free.

They roll over on the bed - RITA begins to undo MALCOLM’S shirt.

RITA
You know what I’ve always wanted to do?

MALCOLM shakes his head. RITA sits astride him and pulls off her top - leans onto him - nestles her head to his ear - whispering.

LATER

CL- UP of RITA’S face as she nears orgasm - PULL BACK - she lies beneath MALCOLM - both in the throes of a wild sexual act -the bed below them spread with the bundles of money - and the suitcase lying on the floor - the top open showing it empty.

DISSOLVE - come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being 'saved' then filed.

INT. IAN’S STUDY DAY

IAN at his desk - ANNE - from the door - she looks worried.

ANNE
Ian! They’re here again. The C.I.D. people.
They said they must see you.

IAN shows signs of annoyance and hits a button to save his work.

INT. IAN’S LIVING-ROOM DAY

IAN enters the room to find ALLEN and MILLER there. IAN sighs - indicates the settee - and makes to head towards the easy chair.

ALLEN
Mister Watson. It’s my duty to remind you of your rights- regarding anything you say which-

IAN-(Waving dismissively)
I know all that.

ALLEN
I would also like you to accompany us to the station. You could call your legal representative - he could meet us there.

IAN gives an incredulous look.

IAN
The station! Am I being charged with something?

ALLEN
Simply questioning. Investigation of a multiple murder.

Again - IAN gives a shocked look.
IAN
Multiple murder! What the hell’s going on?
I know nothing-

ALLEN
It would be better- if you could come with us-
help us clear things up. Then- you can go home.

IAN looks from ALLEN to MILLER - who has a smirk on his face.

IAN
Why the hell can’t you just ask me what you
need to know right here? I could call Murray-
my lawyer- he could-

ALLEN looks to MILLER a moment and smiles.

ALLEN
I think not- mister Watson. The tea- at the
station- is less- eh- stimulating!

MILLER
If necessary- we could return with a warrant.

IAN shakes his head in resignation.

IAN
Okay. Give me a minute to tell Anne.
She can tell Murray to meet us there.

IAN sighs - shakes his head and heads to the door.

INT. POLICE STATION    DAY

An office in the station with a two-way mirror affording a view
into an interrogation room.
ALLEN/MILLER at the window watching and listening to IAN in the
interrogation room. (Echo of THOMAS’S office.)
The interrogation room contains a lengthy table and chairs.
IAN walks along by the table - gesticulating to an empty chair -
shouting -(his voice via speakers). No-one else is in the room.

IAN- (Via speakers)
Hold it! You’ve got everything you asked for?
- (Beat) -
No- no but’s. That was the deal. Right?
- (Beat) -
Get a grip- Malcolm! I don’t need this shit.
I’m in enough trouble as it is- right?

MILLER points to the window/mirror - IAN ranting away in the room
- indicates craziness by pointing a finger at his temple.

MILLER
Hey! Can we video this? If a jury saw that-
he’d be away a long time!

ALLEN- (Smiling)
Can’t- without his permission.

MILLER
What gets me is- he’s a writer! Making loads of
dough- and yet- he’s off his fucking trolley!
ALLEN
It’s a sick world- Bobby.

ZOOM IN ON - the interrogation room - as IAN paces the floor. He turns - points to the chair he was ranting at - and now MALCOLM sits - smiling.

IAN
You’re never fucking satisfied. I gave you everything you asked for. New gear- a woman- holiday in the sun. What’s the problem now- eh?

MALCOLM
I love her.

IAN
What do you mean- love?
How the fuck can you love her? Remember me? The writer! I tell you who to love- right?

PULL BACK- the office - ALLEN/MILLER looking via the window as IAN rants to himself-(MALCOLM now invisible). The door opens and MURRA-(Ian’s lawyer)- enters smiling - shakes hands.

MURRAY
How are you- Robert? Sober- for a change.

ALLEN smiles - shakes MURRAY’S hand. He points to MILLER.

ALLEN
You know Bobby- eh?

MURRAY nods - shakes MILLER’S hand.

MURRAY
Where is he?

ALLEN points to the two-way mirror/window.

MILLER
In there- but- if you ask me- he’s on another planet

ALLEN tweaks a speaker knob - IAN’S voice comes through from the room. They look at IAN - sitting facing an empty chair - ranting.

IAN-(Via speaker)
You wanted some sex- I gave you it.
What you going to say next- she’s pregnant!
- (Beat) -
No! It’s no a fucking joke. I write the bloody words. ME! I decide who falls in love- and who fucking doesn’t!

ALLEN tweaks the speaker volume ‘off’ again - shakes his head and smiles. MURRAY has a serious look. He squints to ALLEN.

MURRAY
How long’s he been like this?

ALLEN
A few minutes.

MURRAY-(Shaking his head)
I’d better see him.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM — DAY**

IAN sits facing MALCOLM.

IAN
Don’t talk shite Malcolm. Nothing to do with fate! It’s me! It’s what I say— what I write!

MALCOLM
But— I love her. She’s a great woman.

IAN—(Head in hands)
Jeeesus Christ!

The door opens and IAN turns. MURRAY enters with a smile.
IAN — shakes his hand and sits. MALCOLM — now disappeared.

IAN
Thank Christ you’re here.

MURRAY
How are you Ian? Feeling okay?

IAN gives MURRAY a hard look.

IAN
Oh aye! Feeling fucking dandy! Stuck here— don’t have a clue what’s happening.
They’re talking about multiple murders.

MURRAY
Well— it’s only talk, Ian. No charges yet.

IAN
Oh! So I should be happy— that it?

MURRAY
They need some answers— that’s all.

IAN
Uch— it’s all such a fucking mess.

MURRAY lays a hand on IAN’S arm.

MURRAY
I know Ian. You’ve been under a lot of stress. Anne told me.

IAN gives MURRAY shocked look.

IAN
Anne! She thinks I’m round the fucking twist.

MURRAY
She’s worried about you

IAN waves dismissively.

IAN
Anyway— forget all that stuff.
What am I supposed to do here? Am I getting out?

MURRAY
I don’t see why not—(Gives a serious look)
You didn’t have anything to do with— this thing?
IAN stares at MURRAY for a moment - then slowly shakes his head.

IAN
No. But- ach. I got myself involved a wee bit with the guy’s ex-wife- Ruth.

MURRAY
Okay. You tell me the story- then we’ll see.

MALCOLM suddenly appears again - sitting across from IAN - his face serious.

MALCOLM
Ian! Listen! There’s something weird here.

IAN’S attention turns from MURRAY - to MALCOLM.

IAN
Fuck!- You!

MURRAY gives IAN a strange look.

MALCOLM
That cee-aye-dee guy has a list of suspects. Guess who’s name’s there?

MURRAY looks across to where IAN is looking.

MURRAY
Ian. Are you okay?

IAN waves a hand dismissively at MURRAY and looks at MALCOLM.

IAN
I don’t know. Who?

MALCOLM-(Smiling)
Edwards! Now- is that weird- or is that weeeird?

MURRAY watches closely as IAN continues a one-sided conversation. He looks to the window(two-way mirror)and shakes his head.

IAN-(Surprised)
Edwards! You sure?

MURRAY-(Concerned look)
Ian! Do- you want to talk- to me?

IAN dismisses MURRAY - ‘shushing’ him - holding up an open palm.

IAN-(To Murray)
Wait! Wait the now. This is important!

MURRAY relaxes in his chair - looks to the mirror/window - a dejected look on his face.

IAN-(Thoughtful)
Edwards! Eh? Why the fuck’s his name there?

MURRAY leans forward and tries again to get IAN’S attention.

MURRAY
Ian! We have to talk.

IAN nods - absently - his mind ticking-over.

IAN
Edwards!
MURRAY looks on - IAN - thinking - repeating the name 'Edwards'.

EXT. POLICE STATION   DUSK

MURRAY/IAN emerge from the building and into MURRAY'S car.

EXT./INT. MURRAY’S CAR   DUSK

MURRAY drives - with IAN as passenger.

IAN  (Angry)
That bastard Miller was all for fitting me up.
D’you hear him?

MURRAY  (Shaking his head)
Oh- it’s just part of the game. I thought you’d know that!

IAN
The game! Aye! Me the fucking ball-ready to be stuck in goal. Christ!

MURRAY
Hey! Relax. They’re just playing their games. Once they get some real forensics and a motive- they’ll forget about you.

IAN
Well- I don’t know. That wee fucker Miller doesn’t like me. Hey- pull over there Murray.
- (IAN points to a bar.)I need a drink- bad.

MURRAY pulls the car alongside the bar - turns to IAN.

MURRAY
You should go home. Anne’s worried sick.

IAN
Oh- that can wait. Christ! I’ll call her. I’ve got to talk to somebody about all this shit. I’m really worried.

INT. IAN’S LIVING-ROOM    DAY

ANNE enters the room and heads to the window - throws open curtains lets light flood into the room. She stands a moment- looking. We see IAN lying on the settee fully clothed, his shirt undone at the neck. She exits the room- returns a moment later with a tray which she lays on the small table beside the settee. The tray contains a steaming cup of coffee; a rack of toast and a folded newspaper with headlines stating; ‘Top T.V Writer Questioned In Multiple Murder.’( Or similar). She picks up a small clock from a shelf- sets the hands and lays it on the tray. She leaves the room. The sound of the ticking clock increases as we look at IAN snoring deeply.

A sudden ring from the alarm causes IAN to screw his face up and hold his hands over his ears- his eyes remaining shut. As the alarm continues- IAN lifts his head- moaning- slowly opens his eyes. He appears confused by his surroundings- then notices the clock and gets hold of it- his hands unsteady as he tries to stop
the alarm- and eventually manages. He sits a moment- closing his
eyes and breathing slowly. He opens his eyes- rubs them- reaches
for the coffee- blows to cool it- takes a sip.
His eyes fall on the newspaper- picks it up and studies the page
then throws it onto the settee- runs a hand over his head.
ANNE enters again- standing at the door looking at IAN- then
smiling, heads to the settee- picks up the paper and sits down.

ANNE
Well! You’ve finally made the front page- dear!

IAN gives her a look that would strip paint and shakes his head.
He swallows more coffee - holding the cup in both hands.

IAN
We’ll need to talk- Anne. Tell you what it’s all
about.

ANNE looks at him with a sarcastic smile.

ANNE-(Holding newspaper)
Oh! Why bother! I can read all about it in here.

IAN gives her another ‘look’.

IAN
I meant to tell you- everything! There’s lots of
weird stuff going-on- need to talk about it all.

ANNE
Oh- I’ll bet there is. I can’t wait.

IAN holds his shirt front open and sniffs - makes a face.

IAN
I’m sure you can wait till I have a shower.
I feel like a sewer rat at the moment.

ANNE
Hmm! You think a shower will change that?

IAN gives her another ’look’ – then shakes his head and smiles.

IAN
Y’know- Anne? That’s what I love about you.
You tie all your hostility in pink ribbons.

ANNE looks nonplussed.

IAN
No- serious! You bring me breakfast- a nice smile
- and- well- ME! I’d be shouting and breaking
things.

ANNE-(Smiling)
I already done that. Still didn’t wake you.

IAN lays his hand on hers - shakes his head.

IAN
Y’know darling! I’ve never done anything to hurt
you- I never will. I’ve been a little crazy-
sure- but- hell- you know me!
Am I a bad person? Would I kill people?
ANNE
I’ll reserve judgement—till I hear your story.

IAN gets to his feet—holds his head a moment—feeling woozy.
IAN
I wish I could shower—(Points to head)—in here. Wash away everything.

IAN exits—ANNE looks at the paper—then throws it aside.

INT. IAN’S KITCHEN—DAY

IAN sits across a table from ANNE—both drinking coffee. The newspaper lies on the table between them.

ANNE
And you’re saying—you just happened to bump into her. Your old girlfriend—and she invited you to a gallery.
IAN
Well— in a way. But— that’s not the point. I didn’t go because I wanted to have a date with her. It was curiosity—reminiscing.

ANNE gives him a ‘look’.

IAN
Believe me—Anne. I had no intention whatsoever!

ANNE
Who would do such a thing anyway? Could he have done it? Her husband—then—killed himself?
IAN
He’d been killed first! Anyway- all the bodies were sliced with a big knife. It’s madness.

ANNE
What did Murray say?
IAN
He say’s there’s nothing to worry about -(Smiles)- unless I did it!

IAN gets up and is about to leave the room.
IAN
Oh yeah! He also told me to forget about the holiday- until they find the murderer!

ANNE looks to the ceiling and sighs. She picks up the newspaper - rolls it up - and gets up and puts it in a waste bin.

ANNE
We’re never going to get that holiday!

IAN shakes his head - smiles.
IAN
I’m telling you! This script will be finished by the weekend. They’ll need to clap me in irons to stop me. No kidding!

IAN picks up his mobile phone and dials.
IAN-(Into phone)
Carla? Hi!
- (Beat) -
Of course it’s me- who else do you know with such a sexy voice?
- (Beat) -
Hmm. Don’t be silly- I’m in my kitchen and my wife’s hearing every word.
- (Beat) -
No- it’s something else. I need a bit of info. You know- Gordon Edwards?
- (Beat) -
Yeah. Well- do you happen to know if he’s had a meeting with Ted recently?
- (Beat) -
The sixteenth.
- (Beat) -
Oooh! Very interesting.
- (Beat) -
No- of course not. If Ted wants to pretend he’s not there- it’s none of my business.
Tell you what I need though. Have you an address for him?
- (Beat) -
No! Christ- I know Ted’s house better than my own.
No- Edwards! His address!
- (Beat)-(IAN writes the address down.)
Thanks Carla. I’ll remember your next birthday.
Fifty-eth isn’t it?
- (Beat) -
Oooh! And I thought you were a lady! Byeee!

IAN looks at the piece of paper - ANNE looking over his shoulder.

IAN
It’s no surprise you get yourself in such trouble - talking like that to her.

IAN
Oh- Carla’s okay. Proctor’d be lost without her.

IAN
Why Edwards address?

IAN folds the piece of paper and pockets it.

IAN
Well! Remember I told you I thought Proctor had him lined-up to take over the series?
It was just a hunch- but Carla confirmed that they had a meeting a week ago- and after that- Proctor told her not to put Edwards through to him again. Say he’s busy- or out.

IAN sits back in his chair and gives ANNE a strange look.

IAN
Odd- eh?-(He points a finger upwards)
Odder still! At the police station- I found out Edwards was one of the names on the suspect list. Is that weird- or what?

ANNE looks confused.

ANNE
Maybe I’m missing something- but- I don’t see a connection.

IAN smiles - taps his pocket where he placed the piece of paper.

IAN
Neither do I! That’s what bothers me!

INT. MARCO’S VILLA DAY

RITA/MALCOLM doing the ‘wild thing’ on the bed of money - BEN THE KITCHEN’S voice is heard-(Off).

BEN THE KITCHEN-(Off)
Must be good fucking money- eh?
MALCOLM/RITA look round - stunned - seeing BEN on a chair near the door. MALCOLM picks up his shorts and struggles into them - as RITA pulls a cover over her.

**BEN THE KITCHEN**
You were a wee bit busy so I thought I’d let you finish- seeing how you were enjoying it.

RITA - a scowl on her face. MALCOLM looks bemused- from RITA- to BEN - back to RITA.

**BEN THE KITCHEN**
Well- Rita! You no going to introduce us?

RITA sits-up - covered by the sheet - her face scowling. MALCOLM kneels by the bed and collects bundles of cash that are scattered on the floor. He lays them on the bed- with the others - which are all haphazardly strewn around.

**RITA**
Malcolm- this is Ben. Thomas’s- huh- minder!

BEN cracks into a laugh.

**BEN THE KITCHEN**
Ooh! Minder! You’ve been watching too much telly.

**RITA**
Uch- don’t start- with your sarcastic comments. What are you doing here? You’re not needed! That’s why Malcolm’s here!

BEN laughs - wanders to the window - looks out on the balcony.

**BEN THE KITCHEN**
Nice wee place this- eh? Mind we went fishing? Thomas and us- on Marco’s boat.-(Laughs) Nearly crashed it into rocks. Mind Marco’s face?

MALCOLM buttons his shirt - now dressed - and sits on the bed.

**RITA**
C’mon Ben! Don’t play wee games. Why’re you here?

BEN wanders back - sits in a chair at the foot of the bed - looking from RITA to MALCOLM.

**BEN THE KITCHEN**
Well- it’s not to keep an eye on the money. I can see it’s being well looked after.-(Smiles) By the way- hope you didn’t get any smegma stains on it. Gets your fingers all sticky- then you end up licking them.

BEN cracks-up laughing again. He looks directly at MALCOLM.

**BEN THE KITCHEN**
Thomas tells me you’re a private dick- (Laughs) Like poking it about- eh?

MALCOLM gets up from the bed - looks at RITA then back to BEN.
MALCOLM
Am I bothering you somehow? Is there something you want to discuss with Rita? I can wait downstairs— or—

BEN waves a hand at MALCOLM— indicating for him to sit down.

BEN THE KITCHEN
No— I’m sorry pal. Just taking the piss— nae harm meant.

RITA
Never mind him, Malcolm. He’s not happy till he’s upsetting somebody.

BEN laughs— shakes his head.

BEN THE KITCHEN
No— honest. You’re cool. Anyway! My business is with Marco— when he gets back.

BEN gets up and wanders to the door. He turns.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Meanwhile— you could get that cash all back together. There’s a good chance it’s going back.

BEN exits. MALCOLM looks at RITA— who pulls a squeamish face.

RITA
God! He scunners me— so he does. C’mon. We’d better get this back in the case.

RITA gets out of the bed. MALCOLM lifts the suitcase to the bed— begins re-packing the cash.

RITA
I knew this was too good to be true. Something must be up if he’s here.

MALCOLM
Wait a minute— Rita! What’s all this about anyway? This—(Points to the suitcase half re-filled with the cash) I— I don’t know if I should be— doing this.

RITA gives MALCOLM a stern look— then shrugs.

RITA
Has Thomas not told you— anything?

MALCOLM
No! Just— like I said— look after you.

RITA blows out her cheeks and shakes her head.

RITA
There’s no need to know— Malcolm. Believe me! Anyway— it seems it might all be for nothing.

MALCOLM
But— him! Ben?

RITA
Hmmph! You never met him? He’s usually never
away from Thomas’s side. Ben the kitchen—everybody calls him.

MALCOLM—(Smile)
Ben the kitchen! Why?

RITA
Uch— I dunno. His name’s McCutcheon—maybe that’s it. And— he used to be a chef—worked for Thomas in another club— but— I don’t know. He just gets called that.

MALCOLM finishes filling the suitcase. RITA is dressed again.

MALCOLM
I got the feeling— Ben— he didn’t like me.

RITA
Huh! You and the rest of the world.

INT. MARCO’S VILLA—(LOUNGE) DAY

BEN sits on a sofa— channel-hopping the French t.v. RITA enters—MALCOLM trailing, carrying the suitcase. BEN points to a table.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Just dump that there. I’m sure it’s going back.
(Ben gives a smile)— This time— in my car!

MALCOLM rests the suitcase on the table— which also contains a number of jars of olives stacked in a case.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Hey! You like olives— Malcolm?

MALCOLM gives BEN a sour look.

MALCOLM
Not particularly.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Have a jar. Go on.

MALCOLM looks at the case— warily.

BEN THE KITCHEN—(Laughing)
They’re no gonny bite you. Go on— take a jar.

RITA wanders over to the table— picks up a jar and hands it to MALCOLM. MALCOLM studies the jar— turning it round in his hand.

CLOSE-UP of jar of olives in MALCOLM’S hand.

BEN THE KITCHEN—(Smiling)
Go on. Open it.

MALCOLM looks to RITA— a suspicious grin on his face. He twists the top, breaking the seal— removes the top. His face shows surprise— he peers into the jar and sniffs. BEN laughs. MALCOLM stares into the jar— studies the exterior of it again.
CLOSE-UP of jar of olives in MALCOLM’S hand - and his hand turning to see inside the jar - which is empty.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Neat trick- for a tally-brain.

MALCOLM turns the jar over in his hand - back and forth - and again - looking inside it.

BEN THE KITCHEN
The wee Marco- man. Clever- eh?
Yet he’s so stupid!

MALCOLM holds the jar - his mind trying to work things out.

BEN THE KITCHEN
You like it- eh? It’s a holographic picture. Great idea.

MALCOLM nods - turning the jar over again in his hand.

MALCOLM
It’s- it’s on the glass- right?

BEN nods - smiling.

MALCOLM
The image- olives- imprinted on each jar?

BEN waves a hand - shaking his head.

BEN THE KITCHEN
No. Not every jar.? Every third one.

MALCOLM looks to RITA - then BEN.

MALCOLM-(Smile)
And-(Holds the jar out)- every third one-
I suppose contains- eh- talcum powder- right?

BEN THE KITCHEN
Oh! You’re such a smart-ass- so you are!

The sound of car approaching alerts BEN. He stands - looking out a window - then turns to MALCOLM and RITA.

BEN THE KITCHEN-(Serious voice)
Right! You two piss-off upstairs somewhere.
I need time with wee Marco.

RITA grabs MALCOLM’S hand and leads him back out the room. BEN replaces the jar in the case - relaxes in the sofa and resumes to channel-hop the t.v.

(Noises-Off- a car coming to a halt - the engine stopping and a door closing - followed by footsteps nearing).

MARCO enters the room - looks oddly at BEN at first - then smiles - his arms out as he closes on BEN and makes to grip his hand in his - but BEN keeps hold of the remote-control and merely allows a smile to cross his face. MARCO takes on a surprised, hurt look.
MARCO
My good friend- Ben. You are well?
Thom- ass he not say you would come.
Only the girl. But- I am glad.

BEN gives MARCO a dry look. He switches the remote ‘off’.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Don’t fanny me- Marco. You know why I’m here.

MARCO resumes the - surprised/ hurt look.

MARCO
Of course! The money.

BEN points to the suitcase on the table.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Aye- the money. It’s all there- Marco.
Ninety-two grand.

MARCO looks annoyed. He goes over and opens the suitcase.

MARCO
And- the rest?

BEN shakes his head.

MARCO
That’s not good. We have deal- Thomas- Marco.
One hundred and forty thous-

BEN interrupts.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Listen! Thomas had the last lot analysed.
Less than sixty-per-cent pure. Don’t know
what shit you put in it- but there’s two
junkies dead and a panic going on.

MARCO attempts to protest - but BEN waves dismissively at him and
picks a mobile phone beside him. He dials a number - holds it to
his ear - then tosses it over to MARCO.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Thomas worked-out how much you’d ripped-off-
and that’s what he’s paying for- nothing more.
Speak to Thomas- if you don’t like it.

MARCO listens to the phone - then begins a torrent of rage.

MARCO-(Angry- into phone)
Thomas! You don’t fuck me. No- no! This is-
busy- ness!
- (Beat) -
No- sixty-per-cent. I mean deal. Our deal.
- (Beat) -
No! Big trouble. You fuck me- there are others.
- (Beat) -
Yes! Many others. Big! They no say- yes- take
sixty-per cent. No.
- (Beat) -
Yes! He here. I tell you Thomas. This is not good!
MARCO hands the phone to BEN.

**MARCO**
Here! He speak to you. You tell him. No good!
Marco no take sixty-fuck-per-cent.

BEN listens to the phone.

**BEN THE KITCHEN**-(Into phone)
Aye. I know.
- Beat) -
No. They’re fucking the life out of each other upstairs.
- (Beat) -
Aye. I’ll sort it. No sweat.
- (Beat) -
Okay. Here. I’ll put Marco back on.

BEN hands the phone to MARCO. As MARCO holds the phone to his ear - BEN produces a pistol with a silencer - sticks it at MARCO’S other ear and fires.
MARCO lies in a bloody mess on the floor - BEN picks up the phone and wipes it on MARCO’S shirt - then holds it to his ear.

**BEN THE KITCHEN**
I think the connections’s gone dead!

BEN pockets the phone. He looks at MARCO a moment then sits back down on the sofa. He produces a small tub from a pocket and shakes out a small mound of powder on a coffee-table next him. He sorts it into a line with a card - removes the inside from a pen - and snorts it up both nostrils. He then heads to the door.

DISSOLVE - and come out of DEEP FOCUS - return again to the computer screen - with the above scene written in format on the screen - the last segment visible - being ‘saved’ then filed.

**EXT/INT. IAN’S CAR** **DAY**

IAN driving-off in his car from outside his house - followed at a distance by the small red van. As he heads through the town - the radio suddenly comes alive - and MALCOLM appears.

**IAN**
Malcolm! I wish you’d go away- pal.
I’m beginning to like you.

**MALCOLM**-(Smiling)
I knew you would- Ian. I grow on people.

**IAN**
So do warts- Malcolm. It doesn’t mean it’s a good thing.

**MALCOLM**
Christ- your always ready to find a downside.
I’m coming not to hassle Caesar- but help him.
IAN—(Laughing)
Great! I’m already a suspect for three murders. With your help I’ll be in a straight-jacket too—when they lock me up and throw the key away.

MALCOLM
Hey—c’mon! You wouldn’t’ve known the cops had Edwards name— if it wasn’t for me. And—you’d still be thinking your first love—Ruth—was still a sexual possibility.

IAN
Hmm. She’s now a corpse.

MALCOLM
Well—nobody knew that was on the cards.

IAN
Except—of course—the person who done it!

IAN gives MALCOLM a strange look.

MALCOLM
Oh—c’mon. Are you crazy?
Look!—(Malcolm puts his hand through Ian’s body)
I’m nothing— a shadow. I can’t touch anybody.

IAN
Well—it was an idea. Be hard explaining it to the cops though.—(Laughs)
And then—what could they do to you—eh?
Put you in jail?

They both laugh at the absurdity of the idea. IAN fishes the piece of paper from his pocket and looks at it again.

MALCOLM
Where we going?

IAN
We? I’m hoping you’re fucking-off. I’m going to see the mysterious Gordon Edwards.

IAN slows the car at a row of houses—checks the number on one—then drives along a little further and stops.

MALCOLM
Aye—okay. I’ll leave you to it.
You’ve been square with me. Rita’s a honey.
But who’s this big fucker—Ben the kitchen?

IAN—(Laughing)
He’s you’re worse nightmare—Malcolm.

MALCOLM— (Sarcastically) —
Oh—superb! No! Really—Ian. It’s great!
Rita’s marvellous—so she is. I know you don’t understand it—but—well—I really love her.
And—believe me—I’m sorry for the hassle.

IAN smiles and shakes his head.

IAN
As long as you’re happy Malcolm. No use both of us being miserable.
MALCOLM smiles - and disintegrates.

**EXT. STREET** **DAY**

IAN exits from the car - stands a moment looking at the house - then opens the gate and heads up the path.

**EXT/INT. EDWARDS’ CAR** **DAY**

Parked along the street - at a distance behind IAN’S car- is the small red van - with EDWARDS at the wheel -sitting watching - as IAN enters his gate and heads to his front door.

**EXT. HOUSE-(EDWARDS’)** **DAY**

IAN raps on the door. After a moment - he heads down the path. The door of the neighbouring house opens and an old man appears.

**NEIGHBOUR**
Hi! Yi looking fur Gordon- ur yi?

IAN stops midway down the path. He nods.

**IAN**
Yes- I was. But- he’s not in. Should’ve phoned first I supp-

**NEIGHBOUR**
He’l probably be doon utt the garage. Yi know where it is?

IAN shakes his head.

**NEIGHBOUR**
Aye- e’s doon there maist o’ the time. Even goes doon utt night- footering aboot.

IAN stands nodding.

**NEIGHBOUR**
Yi see the wee lane- utt the end o’ the road?

IAN looks along the street - then nods back to the old man.

**NEIGHBOUR**
Aye- well- yi go doon there an’ it’s oan yur right. Yi canny miss it. It’s an auld barn- but e’ uses it as e’s garage.

**IAN**
Right- I’ll go and see. Many thanks.

IAN heads back to the car - the NEIGHBOUR stays at the edge of his front door - watching him go - and waving his arm to indicate when IAN should turn into the lane. When the old man closes his door - EDWARDS drives along and follows IAN’S car into the lane.

**EXT. EDWARDS’ GARAGE** **DAY**

97
IAN stops the car in front of the garage. He sits a moment and surveys the place - a barn-type structure of corrugated metal rusting in places with holes patched. Outside lie various cars in pieces and rusting away. He exits the car and treads carefully - as if afraid he’ll stand on something dangerous. He tries a small door and as it opens - pokes his head inside.

**IAN**

Hello! Hello!

IAN ventures into the garage - the small door closing behind him. EDWARDS’S van stops behind IAN’S car - EDWARDS gets out quietly.

**INT. GARAGE DAY**

EDWARDS opens the small door quietly and slips inside. IAN stands next a car raised on a ramp - turns as he hears EDWARDS enter. EDWARDS raises himself onto a large oil-drum next the door - sits on it - playing with the rubber nozzle which serves as a pourer.

**EDWARDS**

Caught yi- eh? Snooping about?

IAN shakes his head.

**IAN**

I shouted- but- obviously- you weren’t here.

IAN saunters towards EDWARDS.

**EDWARDS**

Aaaahh! Yi canny kid a kidder. Okay- then! Whit are yi eftur?

IAN shrugs his shoulders.

**IAN**

I- wanted a talk- that’s all.

**EDWARDS-(Sarcastic)**

Big talk- small talk. Whit is it?

**IAN**

No- I was just wondering- if you knew anything- about Sammy Forsyth?

EDWARDS mocks astonishment.

**EDWARDS**

Ooh! So you’re doing the polis’s joab noo- that it?

IAN shakes his head.

**IAN**

No- nothing to do with them. I just wondered- if you saw him- before- well- he- was killed.
EDWARDS laughs - his hand thumping on the oil-drum.

EDWARDS
You’re a scream- so yiurr. The polis have got you taped for the murders- but you want to know if I know anything!

EDWARDS points a finger at IAN.

EDWARDS
You’re going down for it- pal. You know it- I know it- and they know it.-(Laughs)
I’m glad as fuck. Y’know why?

IAN keeps impassive.

EDWARDS
It’s took a time- but you’re finally getting whit yi deserve. Yi fuck’t me and Sammy up for going to France. I never forgot that. Could’ve changed our lives altogether.

IAN wanders to the door. EDWARDS holds up a small key in his hand - slips it in his pocket. He slides off the oil-drum and wanders over next the car on the ramp. IAN watches him - intently.

EDWARDS-(Laughing)
Mister big-shot writer- eh? That shitey private-eye crap. Aw nicey-nicey- eh? Don’t even fart in it. Aye- well- your tea’s oot- pal. They’ll do you for Sammy and the other two.

EDWARDS drops the key in the front seat of the car on the ramp and presses a button - raising the ramp and the car. He heads back to the door - passing IAN and smiling - shaking his head. IAN watches him - a wary expression on his face. EDWARDS remains smiling - raises himself onto the oil-drum again - twisting the rubber nozzle. IAN shrugs - gives EDWARDS a disapproving look - then heads over to the ramp and presses the button. The ramp starts to descend - then stops - as EDWARDS laughs - his hand held on a power switch above his head.

EDWARDS
You’re no having much luck- urr yi pal?

IAN gives a sad look - shrugs again - and grabs hold of the ramp and raises himself onto it. He eases along - holding onto the roof of the car - and opens the front door. At the same moment - EDWARDS pushes himself forward - jumping to one side as the oil-drum falls over and liquid gushes from it. We see EDWARDS standing laughing - holding the rubber nozzle. He kicks the oil-drum and it rolls under the ramp - spilling liquid all the time. IAN scrambles across the seat and gets hold of the key - as EDWARDS lets out a laught - shows another key in his hand and heads to the door. IAN attempts to back out of the car - EDWARDS strikes a match - sets the box alight - drops it on liquid and rushes out the door.
Flames spread - IAN retreats back in the car - closing the door. The flames engulf the oil-drum - exploding - beneath the ramp. Inside the car - IAN winds-up the windows. Paint begins to melt and drip in small flames from the car - the tyres start to burn. Suddenly, the car stereo switches 'on' - and the ramp begins to descend. IAN turns - and MALCOLM sits in the rear - leaning forward - his face in a grin.

MALCOLM

Fuck's sake - Ian. Get that engine on.

IAN tries the engine - twice - to no avail. MALCOLM gives a hard stare at it - and the engine comes to life.

MALCOLM

Soon as this drops - get to fuck!

Flames are all around the car as it continues descending - flames on all the tyres and curling over the paintwork. When the ramp is a couple of feet from the floor - IAN grinds the car into gear and zooms it off the ramp - rushing ahead - into the metal clad wall. The car smashes through the wall - screeching to a halt as it hits EDWARDS'S red van broadside - as it was heading away - jamming it against a wall.

EXT. GARAGE DAY

The car still burning - some ten feet from the gaping hole in the wall of the garage - crushed against the red van with EDWARDS slumped over the steering-wheel. IAN rushes from the car and stands a distance away. He calls MALCOLM'S name - we see MALCOLM sitting in the rear seat - as the car explodes - also engulfing the red van.

INT. MARCO'S VILLA - (BEDROOM) DAY

MALCOLM/RITA stand near the balcony as BEN enters - the gun in his hand. He opens a wardrobe - sifts through some shirts and selects one - throws it on the bed. He opens a drawer and produces a pair of shorts which he also throws on the bed. MALCOLM and RITA look on - bemused and worried.

BEN THE KITCHEN

Well folks. The game's a bogey. Wee Marco decided to end his partnership.

BEN points the gun at MALCOLM.

BEN THE KITCHEN

You! Take these clothes off - put these on.

MALCOLM doesn't move. BEN produces a pair of flip-flops from the bottom of the wardrobe. He turns - stares at MALCOLM - then RITA - then back to MALCOLM.

BEN THE KITCHEN

Am I talking just to exercise my tongue?
MALCOLM fingers the shirt he’s wearing - looks confused.

MALCOLM
I- I don’t see. What’s the poi-

BEN THE KITCHEN-(Angry)
Are you going to fuck me too!
-(Levels the gun at Malcolm)
Do the fucking thing- now!

MALCOLM looks to RITA - then begins to undress.

BEN THE KITCHEN-(To Rita)
Gather up his clothes- and yours.

MALCOLM replaces his clothes with the ones on the bed. RITA opens MALCOLM’S suitcase and deposits his shirt and shorts. BEN points the gun at the flip-flops - and MALCOLM puts them on.

BEN THE KITCHEN-(To Rita)
His passport- wallet and stuff. Where’s that?

RITA shrugs.

MALCOLM
It’s- it’s all- in the car.

BEN nods. He points the gun at the suitcase - MALCOLM carries it. BEN motions for RITA to take her hold-all bag.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Right. Downstairs- join the party.

INT. MARCO’S VILLA -(LOUNGE)   DAY

RITA enters the lounge first - sees MARCO lying dead. She gasps. -MALCOLM comforts her as she sniffles . BEN enters at their back.

BEN THE KITCHEN-(To Rita)
Hey! Shut-up! Take the case- put it in the car.

BEN points the gun at MALCOLM.

BEN THE KITCHEN
He’ll help me clear this mess up. Go!

RITA takes the suitcase from MALCOLM - heads out the door.

BEN THE KITCHEN-(Motions to the sofa)
Go on. Sit.

MALCOLM sits uneasily on the sofa - his eyes staying on BEN.

MALCOLM
What’s- what’s going on?

BEN grins and shakes his head.

BEN THE KITCHEN
You’re still no with it- are you?
You’re the fall guy- pal. Always were.

MALCOLM looks confused.
BEN THE KITCHEN
Thomas sussed you out ages ago.—(Grins)
You’re Marco’s mystery boyfriend. See it now?
Lover’s tiff- he shoots you- then suicide.

MALCOLM—(Shaky voice)
And- Rita? What—

BEN THE KITCHEN
Oh- Rita’ll be okay. But- what you worry- eh?

BEN levels the gun at MALCOLM.

BEN THE KITCHEN
If Marco’d just left it. Took what he was due- we’d all be hunky-dory. Greedy bastards always fuck things up.
With you- just a shame. Wrong time- wrong place.

BEN shoots MALCOLM - holds the gun up, looking at it. He produces a hanky and uses it to unscrew the silencer. He lays the silencer on the coffee-table and wipes the rest of the gun with the hanky. He then kneels beside the dead body of MARCO and closes MARCO’S hand round the gun butt and drops it beside him. He then slips a hand under MARCO’S waist - removes a pistol which he pockets. BEN surveys the scene a moment - uses his hanky to wipe prints from the remote-control and other places - picks up the silencer - leaves with the case of olive jars and the suitcase of cash.

INT. IAN’S LIVING-ROOM    NIGHT
IAN/MURRAY sit facing each other - across a the small table.
ANNE enters carrying a tray of tea items.
IAN has minor facial scratches - a plaster covering one eyebrow.

MURRAY
Ooh! Is this the famous tea Inspector Allen was telling me about?—(Smiles to Anne.)

ANNE
Oh- that was ever so funny. Wasn’t it Ian?
IAN
Well- not- funny ha-ha- but entertaining.

MURRAY—(Laughing)
Allen was quite laid back about it all- but his sidekick- Miller- he was for pressing charges. Really done his head in.

ANNE
You know- Murray. I never knew what was happening. I felt- oh- excited. And- anyway- Gavin didn’t mean anything. He’s really sweet.

IAN
I wouldn’t advise it- as a regular thing.

MURRAY
No- I suppose it could be- eh- overpowering.

ANNE pours three cups of tea and sits beside IAN.
ANNE
I can assure you- Murray- this is Darjeeling.

MURRAY has a sniff at his tea - then sips it cautiously.

MURRAY
So- Ian. There’s nothing more for you to be concerned about. You’ll have to appear at the inquest- a formality- but that’s it.

ANNE
No more police- coming round.

MURRAY
Oh- not at all. Oh- I’ve got your shoes here. In the car. They knew at the time you were innocent. You’d hardly do such a thing- and leave your shoes there- would you?

MURRAY takes another mouthful of tea - nods approvingly to ANNE.

MURRAY
Anyway- what they found in Edwards’s house told it all. Photo’s of you- newspaper stuff- reviews. Hm! Like some pop fan- (Laughs.) Damning of all- was the knife. Bloody terrifying thing- covered in blood- along with clothes. He must’ve been awfully sick in the head.

ANNE squirms at the mention of the blood and knife.

ANNE
Ooooh! It chills me thinking of it.

IAN
Well- I still feel guilty- in a way.

ANNE and MURRAY give IAN a strange look.

IAN
After all- it was my fault. If I’d never shopped him- and Sammy- to the headmaster- about my jacket- this-

ANNE
Ian! You can’t take responsibility for that! After all these years. Like Murray said- the man was deranged.

MURRAY
Hmm. Anne’s right- Ian. It was more than just simple revenge. He was obsessed about your career- writing- getting-on. He envied that- I’m sure. That’s why he tried to move in there- beat you at it- compete.

IAN shakes his head.

IAN
Well- I’m not so sure.
MURRAY
Oh- I assure you Ian. The man was born with weirdness. If it wasn’t you- he’d have found another excuse to justify his self.

MURRAY finishes his tea - holds the cup out - smiles.
MURRAY
Actually- that was delicious. Could I try another.

ANNE and IAN laugh - as MURRAY helps himself from the tea-pot.

INT. PROCTOR’S OFFICE  DAY
IAN enters an outer office - PROCTOR’S secretary - CARLA - sitting at a desk.
IAN
Hi- Carla! We got time for a quickie- before I see Ted?
CARLA-(Smiling)
I take it- you mean tea- or coffee.

IAN sits on the edge of her desk - smiling.
IAN
Well- no! I had something else in mind
CARLA gives him a naughty look.
CARLA
I’m sure you did- but- Ted’s waiting on you.

IAN gives CARLA a cheeky smile and heads through another door.

INT. PROCTOR’S OFFICE  DAY
IAN enters PROCTOR’S office. PROCTOR sits behind a large desk. IAN smiles - walks over and drops a script on the desk.
PROCTOR
Good to see you- Ian. Everything- okay- now?
IAN
Oh- everything’s going- swimmingly- Ted. That’s the script- and- as far as I’m concerned- my last!

PROCTOR looks bemused - IAN heads to a settee and relaxes into it - staring hard at Ted.
PROCTOR
You’re still upset- eh? This- Edwards business.
IAN
Euphemistically- right. Raging mad would be a more realistic description- Ted.

PROCTOR gives him a strange look.
PROCTOR
Are you- angry with me- Ian?
IAN nods - smiling.

IAN
Ooh- too right I am, Ted.

PROCTOR- (Bemused look)

Why?

IAN
You can’t guess?

PROCTOR shakes his head - totally bemused.

IAN
Stab me in the back- getting that psycho Edwards lined-up to take over the series- then-

PROCTOR
Ian! What the devil’re you on about?

IAN gives a small laugh.

IAN
I knew all about it- Ted! Our last meeting- you were more concerned about Edwards than my fucking script!

PROCTOR
Aye! That’s right. But what do you mean- him taking over the series? What’s that all about?

IAN hesitates a moment.

IAN
Well- why else would you be considering him?

PROCTOR
I never considered him for anything- except maybe a long stay in Carstairs. What’s all this about- Ian?

IAN looks bemused and a little deflated.

IAN
Look- don’t ask me how- but- I knew he was on your mind when we last met. Carla told me you had a meeting with Edwards. So- it doesn’t take a Heinz expert- to make a hill of beans.

PROCTOR leaves his desk and settles on the settee next IAN.

PROCTOR
I wanted to tell you all about it- Ian. Believe me. But- ah- the police said I should leave it. I thought they were right- there was no point worrying you. That’s was all.

IAN looks totally bewildered.

IAN
The police!
PROCTOR
Yes! I had a word with a friend—Inspector McDade. Told him about Edwards— the scripts— the threats.

IAN
I’m lost here— Ted. Run it from the start.

PROCTOR
I don’t know when— couple of months ago I suppose—but Edwards sent two scripts in for the series. God knows why— as far as I was concerned it was your show— always would be. Anyway— I looked at them— curiosity— nothing more. He’d already done two episodes of David’s soap— so I had a look.

PROCTOR’S face changes — a bitter, cold look taking over.

PROCTOR
I’m telling you— Ian! Straight away— I knew he had a serious problem. I felt physically sick halfway through the first script. I glanced at the other— and it was even worse.

IAN is absorbed.

IAN
How’d you mean— sick?

PROCTOR
Ian— the man was perverted! Okay— we know that now— but he had this weird idea for Malcolm to get involved with a witch— modern-day kind of fairy tale— but— it was gruesome! I’m telling you— Ian. Really— perverse stuff. Had wee kids hung on hooks around the house— their genitals cut off and boiled in a big pot. Uch! Just— really horrible scenes.

IAN looks disgusted at the thought.

PROCTOR
Anyway— I sent them back— telling him what I thought. Next thing I get this really abusive letter— threatening me— said he knew my address— mentioned you as well. So— I told McDade about it— he said he’d keep an eye on him. I asked McDade about you— he said not to bother you. Said threats usually don’t come to anything.

IAN blows out his cheeks.

IAN
Wow! And why me?

PROCTOR
Oh— he said lots about you— how you didn’t go far enough— not enough blood. He really disliked you Ian. Said he knew you at school— you were an arse then— you’ve only got worse!

IAN laughs.
IAN
God! I know it now. He was the other one! Him and Sammy Forsyth. I remember them now—Edwards and Forsyth. Huh. I shopped them to the headmaster—put my jacket down the kazzy—Christ— I was only ten—nine— they were eleven. Meant they lost out on a school trip to France.

IAN shakes his head.

IAN
The things that haunt you— eh?

PROCTOR
But— how did you know about Edwards— Ian. If I didn’t tell you?

IAN smiles—taps the side of his nose.

IAN
The shadow knows.

PROCTOR
And— has that— cleared things up for you? Are you— still annoyed with me?

IAN slaps PROCTOR on the thigh and laughs.

IAN
No— Ted. All my crazy paranoia.

PROCTOR gets up and opens a cabinet.

PROCTOR
C’mon. Let’s drink to— the end of all this.

PROCTOR pours two healthy shots and passes one to IAN.

PROCTOR
To— new beginnings— eh?

IAN
I’ll go for that.

PROCTOR
So! Now— we’ve got all this mess cleared away. Will you re-consider continuing the series.

IAN thinks a moment.

IAN
I don’t know— Ted. I’m taking advantage of Marty’s villa for a few weeks. I’ll think about it.

PROCTOR refreshes IAN’S glass—clinks them together.

PROCTOR
Whatever— Ian. Here’s to you.

MUSICAL  MONTAGE  #3 (Chronological legend of inter-cut scenes.)

1) IAN/ANNE taking suitcases from the house to the car.
2) IAN returning – carrying a lap-top.

3) On a plane heading through the clouds.

4) Collecting a hired-car – driving along a coast road.

5) Arriving at villa – looking around – well pleased.

6) In swim-wear – splashing in the sea. – lounging on the terrace – drinks in hand.

7) Making love in the moonlight by the sea.

8) Wandering an old market town.

9) Sitting again on the terrace at dusk – having a drink.

   ANNE
   I could get into this, Ian. It’s- so- easy.

   IAN
   You’re right. I don’t even fancy going back.

   ANNE-(Smiling)
   It wouldn’t be a honeymoon then- even if- it’s a second.

   IAN
   How? We could live our life as one long honeymoon. What’d you think?

   ANNE
   Oh yes! How will you work?

   IAN
   I’ve got the lap-top. E-mail scripts to Ted.

ANNE gets up and kisses IAN on the forehead.

   ANNE
   You dream on. I’m taking a shower.

IAN smiles – calls after her.

   IAN
   Don’t take too long. I’m in a ravishing mood.

IAN- meditating – looking at the sun across the sea. He takes his drink and stands at the balcony – a smile on his face. He is suddenly shocked to hear a male voice behind him – turns to see BEN THE KITCHEN – in shorts – on one of the loungers.

   BEN THE KITCHEN
   It’s no bad here- huh? Mind you- the food’s a bit iffy.

IAN looks shocked – the glass drops from his hand and smashes.

   BEN THE KITCHEN-(Laughing)
   Gave you the shits- huh?

IAN rests on the balcony rail – his face drained.
BEN THE KITCHEN
I was in the shower there- Anne soaping her tits. She’s okay- huh? For her age- like- but- you could do a lot better- Ian.

IAN’S shaking his head - trying to understand.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Anyway- I thought I’d let you know I’m around an’ that. Don’t like it much here though- aw these foreigners. It’s not Glasgow- know what I mean? Get it sorted- eh? And- fucking soon! By the way! I’m no stupid fucking Malcolm! I’m no taking any shit- got me? Hey! Cheer up- fuck’s sake. Your wife’s in there ready for Doing the business. Gie ’er one for me.

BEN fades - into the lounger. IAN stands staring at the lounger. He holds his head a moment - shaking himself - then screams-

IAN
FUCK!- FUCK!- FUCK!

ANNE rushes out from the shower - a towel round her waist. She looks at the broken glass - stands back - alarmed.

ANNE
Ian! What is it? You alright?

IAN slowly regains his composure - nodding and assuring ANNE.

IAN
Nothing. Stay there- all this broken glass.

IAN treads around the glass and places an arm around ANNE.

IAN
I just had a fright. A- bad feeling- y’know. Someone walking over my grave.

ANNE hugs him close.

ANNE
C’mon. I know what you need. -(She places his hand between her thighs) And I’m just the person to-

IAN pulls back from her - his mind alert.

IAN
No! Not now! I can’t.

He heads into the bedroom - looking around - locates the lap-top. He opens it and switches it ‘on’. ANNE stares at him - anger in her face. IAN looks up - sees her.

IAN
I know! I know! But- it’s important Anne!
ANNE- a sour look - flops onto the bed. IAN starts typing with a fury. We view the scrolling text- e-mail - addressed to Proctor.

(Message reads)- CRUCIAL! Replace last scene of script with the following. Repeat- replace- with this;

The slug-line of last scene appears - we enter - via DEEP FOCUS

INT. MARCO’S VILLA -(LOUNGE)  DAY

RITA enters the lounge first - sees MARCO lying dead. She gasps. MALCOLM comforts her as she sniffles . BEN enters at their back.

BEN THE KITCHEN-(To Rita)
Hey! Shut-up! Take the case- put it in the car.

BEN points the gun at MALCOLM.

BEN THE KITCHEN
He’ll help me clear this mess up. Go!

RITA takes the suitcase from MALCOLM - sniffling - heads out the door.

BEN THE KITCHEN-(Motions to the sofa)
Go on. Sit.

MALCOLM sits uneasily on the sofa - his eyes staying on BEN.

MALCOLM
What’s- what’s going on?

BEN grins and shakes his head.

BEN THE KITCHEN
You’re still no with it- are you?
You’re the fall guy- pal. Always were.

MALCOLM looks confused.

BEN THE KITCHEN
Thomas sussed you out ages ago.- (Grins)
You’re Marco’s mystery boyfriend. See it now?
Lover’s tiff- he shoots you- then suicide.

MALCOLM- (Shaky voice)
And- Rita? What-

BEN THE KITCHEN
Oh- Rita’ll be okay. But- what you worry- eh?

BEN levels the gun at MALCOLM.

BEN THE KITCHEN
If Marco’d just left it. Took what he was due- we’d all be hunky-dory. Greedy bastards always fuck things up.
With you- just a shame. Wrong time- wrong place.

BEN raises the gun - a shot rings out. BEN winces - his hand still with the gun levelled at MALCOLM - his other hand moves to

110
an area on his chest - where a stain appears - then blood begins to flow. BEN swallows - his face tightening, he strains to speak. **BEN THE KITCHEN**

Ooh- fuck! Oooh! Fucken sore.

BEN falls to the floor. MALCOLM looks astonished - turns - sees RITA standing at the doorway - hands wrapped round a gun which she slowly lowers. MALCOLM reaches down and feels BEN’S neck. **MALCOLM**

He’s- dead.

RITA moves closer - blowing out her cheeks. She nods. **RITA**

Army training for you. Always go for the chest.

MALCOLM looks fazed.

**RITA**

Well! He was going to kill you.

**MALCOLM**

But- how- I mean- where. Where’d you get- that!-(Points to the gun)

RITA holds the gun out - then slips it in her bag and smiles. **RITA**

Some women carry alarms- mobile phones. I prefer this.

MALCOLM slumps back on the sofa - shaking his head. **MALCOLM**

You- in the army?

RITA uses a hankie to pick up BEN’S gun. **RITA**

Four years. Corporal. Best shot in my squad. There’s lots you don’t know- Malcolm.

RITA cups a hand round his neck and kisses him. **RITA**

We could spend time- getting to know each other.

MALCOLM smiles - shakes his head. **RITA**

First- we better clear this mess.

RITA holds the gun in the hanky - unscrews the silencer from the barrel and drops it in her bag. She wipes the rest of the gun with the hanky then kneels beside the dead body of MARCO and closes MARCO’S hand round the gun butt and drops it beside him. She surveys the scene a - then holds a hand out to MALCOLM. **RITA**

I think you’re job with Thomas is finished. But- I’d like to hold you to his promise.
MALCOLM looks at her strangely. RITA smiles.

RITA
Everything- remember? Keep me- happy.

MALCOLM smiles - as they step over the dead MARCO. RITA points to the suitcase of cash on the table.

RITA
We’d better take that too.

MALCOLM grabs the case - and as they head out the door.

MALCOLM
But- we’ll- we’ll never be able- to go back.

RITA turns - smiles at him - slips her arms round his neck and plants a long kiss on his lips.

RITA
It’ll be hard. Missing winters in Glasgow. But- I know this wonderful island- off Bali. I think you’ll like it.

INT. VILLA DAY

The final ‘Fade Out’ of the previous scene scrolls on the lap-top. IAN hits the ‘send message’ button - the screen displays - ‘message sent’. He closes the lap-top - looks at ANNE on the bed.

PULL BACK - as IAN quietly sneaks over to the foot of the bed. PULL BACK further - (balcony) - as IAN leaps onto the bed.

IAN
Finito! Done! Now!- we can begin!-(Laughs)

PULL BACK further -(Crane shot?)- to view the balcony and the open doors of the bedroom. The sound of giggling follows - as we continue to PULL BACK and

FADE OUT

(Roll Credits)