

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 tries to hide the recorder. YOUTH*2 also tries to squeeze his head in the window - his face has a sneering smile.

IAN- (Flustered)

What?.....I....uh..

YOUTH*2

We're asking what you're up to pal? And what's that stuff you're listening to?

IAN

I'm just - waiting. Waiting, for somebody.

YOUTH*1 looks to his mate and smiles - then back to IAN.

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 bastard!

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 off 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'.

ANNE

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 -
kind 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-collecting, 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 comfotingly 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.

ANNE

Ian! Don't have any more whisky. Not tonight, eh?

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 Christsakes.

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'mon 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?
I thought I had a weird dream.

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.

EXT. STREET (CAR) DAY

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 - 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

Jeeesus! 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 Christsake. 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- (Smarmy 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

Okay. I've got you. Total transformation job. I like it. Out with a bang rather than a whimper.

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, anywei? 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 nods - and smiles encouragingly to MALCOLM.

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 walks over to a drinks cabinet and pours a drink.

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)

Something meaningful. A novel. Serious fiction.
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 Doystoevski 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?

RUTH 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 come 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

What about meeting somewhere? Talk, maybe a meal.
A drink, something. Wander down memory lane.

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 excitation- 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' about 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- about 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.

56 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'se 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'mon! 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

need to know anywhere in the world.
A wizard on this machine.

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.

RITA

Go ahead. It gets refreshed every day.

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 butts. 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 smiles - 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

Sometimes- whooo- you know? Wild. But- acid.
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. Pleeeeaasse!

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.

ANNE

At least somebody notices!

IAN gives ANNE a confused look.

ANNE

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

Jeesus 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 vilest 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'se 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'.

ANNE

I told you about going back there- Drumchapel.

IAN waves his hands dismissing her assertion.

IAN

Yeah- anyway. The thing is- nothing happened! I told you. I fell asleep- woke-up and left.

ANNE

Without your shoes?

IAN

Yeah! I was- in a hurry.

ANNE

And they were alive- when you left? Well- must've been- if they were doing- what you say they were.

IAN

I'm telling you!-(Laughs)- I was shocked! And you know me. I'm no prude- but- a dildo!

ANNE

Okay- you told me.

IAN reaches out and takes hold of her hand.

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! Byeeee!

IAN looks at the piece of paper - ANNE looking over his shoulder.

ANNE

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.

ANNE

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'll 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 about.

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

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 yi urr. 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 laugh - 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 lounge. IAN stands staring at the lounge. 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 - sniffing - 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

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)