

Stratford Quilter - Episode 1 - 2-Hours (2021)

'Operation Bumblebee'

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STRATFORD QUILTER - EPISODE 1

'Operation Bumblebee'

FADE IN:

EXT. COVENT GARDEN - NIGHT

Blackness. Traffic noise from London streets against the sound of an orchestra tuning-up.

As blackness fades, a view of the Royal Opera House.

INT. CORRIDOR, ROYAL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The corridor is deserted except for a Royal Protection Officer impatiently pacing up and down outside a disabled toilet and an anxious-looking Lady-In-Waiting with her eyes cast down demurely as she fiddles, nervously, with her fingers.

The faint sound of an orchestra tuning-up wafts through the air coming from the end of the corridor.

Moving to the disabled door - a large disability sign. The grunts and moans of a couple having sex from behind the door.

INT. DISABLED TOILET, ROYAL OPERA HOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

STRATFORD QUILTER (32), charismatic, handsome, rugged, mass of curly hair, is fucking PRINCESS VERITY (28), granddaughter to the Queen. She is dressed in an evening gown with her feet over his shoulders and close to climax.

Stratford's mobile phone rings. He slows the pace as he reaches inside his jacket and answers it mid-flow.

STRATFORD QUILTER
Stratford Quilter - hello?

Princess Verity wraps her legs tighter around Stratford and pulls him closer in sexual desperation.

PRINCESS VERITY
(Pleading, straining)
Stratford!

Stratford ups his pace - Princess verity squeals.

STRATFORD QUILTER

(into mobile phone whilst
looking directly at
Princess Verity who's eyes
are now glazed and locked
into his)

She won't be long now - in fact,
she's just coming.

Stratford rings off and pops his phone back into his pocket,
nonchalantly.

INT. CORRIDOR, ROYAL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The Protection Officer shakes his head and the Lady-In-Waiting averts her eyes to the floor as Princess Verity nears climax. A powered wheelchair-user appears at speed as if from nowhere, approaching the disabled toilet as Princess Verity climaxes noisily, her toes clamping both Stratford's ears as she does so.

The Royal Protection Officer is caught unawares and makes to prevent the wheelchair-user from approaching the toilet.

ROYAL PROTECTION OFFICER

I think that's busy sir.

(pointing)

there's another down the other end
of the corridor.

The wheelchair-user speeds off.

After the last of Princess Verity's satisfied sobs die down from behind the door, all is silent.

The toilet door opens tentatively. As Princess Verity exits the toilet, the hand of Stratford Quilter appears around the door to hold her back for a moment. She looks back behind the door as Stratford's other hand expertly pops a tiara onto her head.

STRATFORD QUILTER (O.C.)

Go get 'em, Princess!

Princess Verity smirks, staggering slightly, walking down the corridor attended by her Lady-In-Waiting who titivates her hair and clothes as she walks. The Royal Protection Officer leads. At the end of the corridor, a doorman opens a red velvet-covered door into the auditorium of the Royal Opera House. Princess Verity enters, accompanied by her Lady-In-Waiting. The Royal Protection Officer remains in the corridor.

INT. THE ROYAL BOX, ROYAL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Princess Verity enters the Royal box and remains standing beside her waiting husband, RUPERT (38), a stuffed shirt with a stupid grin. There is an air of excitement among the audience as she takes her place. Down in the dimly-lit orchestra pit, the conductor can be seen in a little 'bubble' of light as he points his baton at the side-drummer who reponds with an immediate, piercing and rousing drumroll to kick the orchestra off into a rousing rendition of 'God Save The Queen. The audience rises to its feet.

INT. CORRIDOR, ROYAL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Stratford leaves the disabled toilet to the sound of 'God Save The Queen.' He is nonchalant. As he walks away up the corridor he turns to the Royal Protection Officer and points back toward the disabled toilet.

STRATFORD QUILTER

I think you'll find that the seat
in there has come adrift somewhat,
old boy.

The Royal Protection Officer shakes his head disdainfully, rolling his eyes.

EXT. BOW STREET OUTSIDE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Stratford leaves the opera house, striding confidently, fully breathing-in the night air as the strains of 'God Save The Queen' fill the London night.

He is happy and at ease with himself - like the cat that got the cream.

EXT./INT. CENTRAL LONDON BACK STREET - SECRET GARAGE - NIGHT

Stratford Quilter, roars down a moonlit London back street in his convertible sports car with the lid down, up to an innocuous-looking double garage door. He points a device at it. The doors open. He drives in onto a revolving turntable. He descends a level then drives off the turntable into a small holding-type area.

He gets out of the car carrying a large brown leather bag and enters a room through a small red door in the corner of the holding area.

INT. CELLAR ROOM - SECRET GARAGE - NIGHT

Stratford stands before a large, full-length mirror. He undresses then takes clothes from the large leather bag. He dresses entirely in black looking like a 'goth.' He slips on large, thigh-length black boots. He uses a device that scoops up all his curly hair and fixes it on top of his head. He then affixes a large black, pony-tailed wig over his head, covering the device. He puts a tall black chimney-pot hat on top of the wig.

He slips a pistol into his long black coat and admires himself in the mirror with a smirk.

EXT. ENTRANCE GATES TO DOWNING STREET - NIGHT

Stratford Quilter lollops his way toward the policed-gates of Downing Street. Big Ben is in the process of striking the four quarter chimes, continuing with the midnight chimes.

He approaches the police guard.

STRATFORD QUILTER
(laid back, drawn-out
accent - not his own
rather posh accent)
How do!

GUARD
Sir?

Stratford whispers something in the ear of the guard who immediately orders the gate to be opened.

Stratford lollops his way up Downing Street - a lone figure out of context.

He walks up to the door of Number 10 (PRIME MINISTER'S RESIDENCE) The Downing Street cat lurches up onto the railings beside Stratford as he approaches a lone policeman standing guard - in silhouette against the moon, the three beings present a Victorian-style image.

The lone policeman silently nods to Stratford and moves aside.

Stratford knocks on the door. It opens. The Prime Minister holds out a welcoming hand to be shaken.

THE PRIME MINISTER
(enthusiastic, welcoming)
Stratford!

STRATFORD QUILTER

How do!

Stratford enters. The door closes behind him.

EXT. BLACKTHORNE PARK, MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

A beautiful early summer morning. View of typical English meadows with the mist just lifting as the sun burns through.

Birdsong.

Moving through the old iron gates of the entrance to Blackthorne park - a long drive at the bottom of a hill. A tired sign reads 'Blackthorne Park - Sir Julian Floxley'

Sweep uphill, a long tree-lined drive to the front of the Mansion where SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (80), excitable, impatient, well-dressed, overly upright and aristocratic, is waiting in his idling landrover - he beeps the horn and revs the engine and taps his fingers on the dashboard impatiently - he hates waiting.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(Shouting)

Clunky!

CLUNKY (50), dishevelled, stocky with a large mop of jet black hair, appears from a cart shed close to the mansion. He's carrying a bow-saw and begins to run on being called.

CLUNKY

Yes sir?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(Looking away)

You found the bow-saw then?

CLUNKY

(Waving the saw)

Yes sir, I've got it.

Sir Julian begins to drive away with Clunky in hot pursuit. Sir Julian shouts out of the driver's window but looks straight ahead, oblivious to Clunky's efforts.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Well, come on man, we haven't got all day - need to get on with some tidying up - we have a Mr Quilter moving in today - some sort of artist or some such...

Sir Julian looks about him for the presence of Clunky.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
Clunky? You there?

Clunky runs even faster as Sir Julian continues to accelerate.

CLUNKY
(Breathless)
I'm coming sir.

Clunky disappears down the hill frantically waving the bow saw as he chases Sir Julian. In the distance he wrenches open the Landrover passenger door and clambers aboard the moving vehicle. He slams the door.

INT. LANDROVER, TRAVELLING - DAY

Sir Julian acts normally, ignoring Clunky's breathlessness.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
Lovely morning Clunky, what?

CLUNKY
(catching his breath)
Indeed sir, it is.

Bird's eye view of the Landrover making its way down the hill among the vast estate meadows of Blackthorne Park.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

An iconic view of Buckingham Palace early morning.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - QUEEN'S PRIVATE STUDY - DAY

THE Queen sits at her desk with her back to her EQUERRY (60) who stands holding a notepad and pen, full of his own piss-and-importance.

THE QUEEN
(Without turning around or
making eye contact)
Would you fetch me The Ferret -
right away.

EQUERRY
Of course Ma'am. Right away Ma'am.

The Equerry, disappointed at having nothing important to write, slightly bows his head to the Queen's back, and leaves, respectfully, walking backwards.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, CORRIDOR - DAY

The Equerry has a quiet word into the ear of a HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY OFFICER who promptly reacts, shouting down the long corridor to another Household Cavalry Officer. The Equerry flinches - it's just not his scene.

HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY OFFICER
(Barking)
Send for The Ferret!

The second Household Cavalry Officer repeats the phrase to yet another officer further down the corridors - quieter from being further away and the next and the next until the command fades away to a whimper somewhere down the long corridors.

EXT. BIRD'S EYE VIEW, SUFFOLK COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Sir Julian's landrover makes its way through the Suffolk countryside.

INT. LANDROVER, TRAVELLING - DAY

Sir Julian and Clunky make their way in silence - Sir Julian with a grinning, grimacing smile, loving life and Clunky, with a resigned glumness.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - CORRIDOR TO DOOR OF QUEEN'S STUDY - DAY

The Equerry and THE FERRET (50), a short balding man, exquisitely-dressed with a pinched, ferret-like face, walk as though on a mission. The Ferret is even more full of his own piss-and-importance than the Equerry.

They approach the Queen's door. The Equerry puts his hand to block The Ferret's access while he knocks on the door.

THE QUEEN (O.S.)
(Muffled squeak)
Enter.

The Equerry opens the door slightly.

EQUERRY

Ma'am?

THE QUEEN (O.S.)

Have you summoned The Ferret?

EQUERRY

I have him here Ma'am.

THE QUEEN (O.S.)

Send him in.

The Ferret enters the Queen's study, shutting the door behind him.

EXT. LANTERN HOUSE FARMYARD - DAY

Lantern House Farm, an adjoining satellite farm of Sir Julian's Blackthorne Park - a large, remote Georgian residence in need of significant repair, also accessed by a long drive (chase) Stratford Quilter's distinctive convertible stands in the cart shed.

Sir Julian and Clunky arrive into the Farmyard from the chase. As the Landrover comes to a stop, Sir Julian beeps the horn for no reason - it's habitual.

Two of his live-in FLUNKIES are sweeping the yard with large brooms. A large removal lorry is parked near to the farmhouse gate. Sir Julian opens the driver's door to get out but inadvertently lets his foot slip off the clutch which lunges the vehicle forward until it stalls causing Clunky to bang his head - he rubs it as he leaves the Landrover. He sticks close to Sir Julian's side.

Sir Julian stands for a moment, surveying his Flunkies hard at work. Inhales noisily, holds his breath, then exhales noisily.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Splendid!

FLUNKIES

(together while continuing
to sweep)

Morning Sir Julian.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(Disinterested)

Ah ha.

Stratford Quilter appears at the back of the removal lorry, directing the porters.

Sir Julian stands straight-backed, hands close to his sides, observing Stratford Quilter with some intrigue.

Stratford spots Sir Julian and makes a beeline for him.

STRATFORD QUILTER
(Smiling, holding out a hand)
You must be Sir Julian?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
Ah...yes.

Sir Julian reluctantly shakes his hand.

STRATFORD QUILTER
Happy New Year!

Clunky nods uncomfortably to Stratford without making eye-contact.

CLUNKY
New Year sir.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
What?

STRATFORD QUILTER
(grinning)
Happy New Year to you, Sir Julian!

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
(Confused)
But we're in June - which new year are you talking about - the one that's just 'gawn' or the one to come?

STRATFORD QUILTER
(Impish)
Whichever one you'd like sir!

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
Bah! I don't like New Years Mr Quilter - not any of them.

STRATFORD QUILTER
Really?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
Don't like change. Change is boring.

Sir Julian turns to address the two flunkies still sweeping the yard. They are perspiring heavily, carrying out a Herculean task sweeping such a large area.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
 Make sure you get right into the corners won't you?

FLUNKIES
 (together)
 Yes, Sir Julian.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Only, I can't bear any
 (heavily accented)
 RESIDUE piled-up in corners. Can't
 BEAR it.

Stratford takes an amused sideways glance at Sir Julian as he surveys his Flunkies.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
 Mmm. Splendid. Now, Mr Quilter, let's have a look at your hedges. I'm afraid they've overgrown the paths somewhat since the place has been left empty. We'll see what we can do, won't we Clunky?

Stratford follows, watching bemusedly.

CLUNKY
 Yes sir.

Sir Julian strides over to the garden gate. Clunky follows with his bow-saw.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 (pointing to an overhanging branch)
 Right Clunky, this one wants coming 'orf.'

Clunky reaches up above his head and starts sawing vigorously. Sir Julian immediately finds another overhanging branch as Clunky is still sawing the first.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
 This one wants coming orf.

Clunky goes into overdrive trying to finish the first branch.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
I say Clunky, this one wants coming
orf?

CLUNKY
(still sawing)
Yes sir.

Clunky manically finishes off the first branch and darts to the second, sawing like someone deranged.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
(pointing to yet another
branch)
And this one needs to come orf,
Clunky?

Clunky begins to perspire heavily. He saws through the second and races to the third and begins to saw again.

Sir Julian walks a few feet further down the path and takes hold of another branch, lifting it up into the air.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
If I hold this one up you can get
this orf...

Stratford Quilter chuckles, shaking his head as he slips away back into the house.

The proceedings recede to a bird's eye view like a scene from an old silent movie with a couple of character, one of whom, seems to be having a great deal of fun with a bow-saw.

Silence interspersed with birdsong.

PAUSE

From the peace of the bird's eye view, hurtle down towards the large, grimmacing, over-exerted, beetroot-red face of Clunky until up close as he continues to saw like a madman, grunting and snorting. Sir Julian shouts from a distance, enthusiastically.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
We've got another one here Clunky -
Clunky, I say, this is a real
beauty - it'll come orf a treat,
this one, Clunky.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARM, KITCHEN - DAY

The REMOVAL PORTERS finish their cups of tea and say their goodbyes ready to depart. Stratford is making himself a cup. Sir Julian and Clunky appear outside the kitchen window.

The removal lorry's air-brakes hiss as it departs the yard in the distance.

Sir Julian takes hold of another overgrown branch near the Kitchen window.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

This is the one Clunky. It needs coming orf - it's growing all over the window.

STRATFORD QUILTER

(To Sir Julian and Clunky)

Would you gentlemen like a drink - tea, coffee?

Clunky's eyes widen and his mouth opens, desperate for a drink.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(Amused at the thought)

No...Clunky doesn't...and I never drink at this time of day - keep the waterworks in order, what?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Er...Yuh?

Sir Julian takes hold of the branch.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Right, saw it just here Clunky.

Clunky saws. Sir Julian addresses Stratford through the open window as he holds the bough for Clunky.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)

Aren't they good, these bow-saws? Look at it, goes through it like a knife through butter - easy. Better than those damn stupid chainsaws, eh Clunky?

CLUNKY

(Reluctantly)

Yes...sir.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Call me old-fashioned, but I love
 watching a man with a bow-saw - I
 could watch that all day...

CLUNKY
 (under his breath)
 You do sir.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 What man?

CLUNKY
 I said they're good sir.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Whaaat?

CLUNKY
 Bow-saws sir.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 I know Clunky - that's what I just
 said - keep up!

Clunky saws through the branch and Sir Julian passes it to
 him.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
 There, take that across the yard to
 the fire heap.

Clunky disappears.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
 (still talking through
 window)
 Right, Mr Quilter, we're done. I'll
 be seeing you this evening about
 payment for that little bit of
 heating oil left in the tank so
 that we're all square to be going
 on.

STRATFORD QUILTER
 (slightly puzzled)
 Uh huh?

Sir Julian points through the window at the AGA in the
 kitchen.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Oh, by the way, I've had the men in
 to service that old AGA

Stratford feels the top of the AGA.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Nice and warm.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Yees. I got them to set it orf for you yesterday. They tell me that it's a wonderful thing to cook on...I've a large one at Blackthorne Park, only, I couldn't really tell you what it's like as, I've never cooked anything in my whole life. Mind you, it's rather cosy watching my man do it, all the same.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Hmm.

The two Flunkies appear suddenly - out of breath and startled. They approach Sir Julian.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

What is it?

FLUNKIES

(together, with
trepidation)

It's the witch Mardella!

Sir Julian's demeanour immediately changes - he's anxious, ashen-faced.

Stratford is puzzled observing the unfolding incident through the kitchen window. He motions to Sir Julian.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Mardella? Who...

Sir Julian ignores Stratford.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(Shouting with an urgency)

Clunky!

Clunky appears, also out of breath.

CLUNKY

It's the witch Mardella sir!

Sir Julian goes into operational mode.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Clunky, you take these two
 (pointing at the Flunkies)
 Put them in the back of the
 Landrover.

CLUNKY
 Yes sir.

Clunky disappears with the two Flunkies.

Sir Julian follows them without looking back.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Good day to you Mr Quilter.

Stratford is left perplexed. He leaves the kitchen and heads for the front door.

EXT. OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR, LANTERN HOUSE FARMHOUSE - DAY

Stratford watches with intrigue as Sir Julian jumps into the Landrover with Clunky and the two Flunkies then speeds off, screeching the tyres in an effort to leave as quickly as possible.

As the Landrover leaves, there is an eerie stillness as Stratford notices a figure walking into the yard from the chase - it is the witch 'MARDELLA' (75). She limps along with the aid of a stick - she has a mass of white hair tied-up in a bun. She approaches him slowly but determinedly. Stratford is unusually transfixed.

THE WITCH MARDELLA
 So here you are, finally.

Stratford is uncharacteristically unnerved and taciturn.

THE WITCH MARDELLA (CONT'D)
 (pointing over her
 shoulder to the
 disappearing Landrover)
 They may not know who you are...

She takes a step closer to Stratford, looks directly into his eyes and whispers.

THE WITCH MARDELLA (CONT'D)
 But I'm not them.

She smiles and nods knowingly with a hint of menace. Stratford, seeming to understand her intuitively, is momentarily speechless. She turns and limps away, not turning back when she addresses him.

THE WITCH MARDELLA (CONT'D)

Make no mistake, I shall return. I
will know when you'll be needing
me.

She laughs quietly but with mischievous menace. Stratford is caught in a kind of reverie. He snaps out of it, hearing her laugh as though it is close at hand although when he looks closer, she seems suddenly to be in the far distance.

INT. LANDROVER, TRAVELLING - DAY

Sir Julian, Clunky, and the two Flunkies travel in complete silence, shell-shocked and sombre.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARM, DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Stratford Quilter sips his tea and gazes out of the tall Georgian windows of the large drawing room. He retrieves a large brown envelope tucked inside his jacket. It is marked 'Specialist operations' 'Protection Command - The London Metropolitan Police.' He removes the papers and starts to peruse them.

A large old-fashioned bakerlite telephone rings, startling him. He picks it up.

STRATFORD QUILTER

(tentatively)

He..llo?

He strains to hear as the line is breaking up.

INT. COVENT GARDEN - THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Jenna (30), his live-in muse/lover/companion - strikingly attractive, thick luscious curly black hair, buxom, full of life and a natural clairvoyant. She has a beautiful Lincolnshire dialect. She's on the phone, standing with a cup of tea looking out of her Covent Garden therapy room window

INTERCUT between STRATFORD and JENNA

JENNA

Can you hear me?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Yeah...

(tapping the receiver)

...can now...the line was breaking up. Didn't know the line would be connected so quickly?

JENNA

Told you, I don't hang about!

STRATFORD QUILTER

You certainly don't Jenna.

JENNA

I tell you, there are no flies on me.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Hmm, True...

Silence as Stratford takes a closer look at his papers.

JENNA

...are you reading something?

STRATFORD QUILTER

What? Yeah No, sorry I...

JENNA

(playful)

Got something more interesting than me as usual?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Oh, you know...

JENNA

No, I don't know - enlighten me!

STRATFORD QUILTER

It's business.

JENNA

Ah ha.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Listen, I've got to...

JENNA

...to go off somewhere by any chance?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Yup, you got it.

JENNA

Thought as much. I won't ask.

STRATFORD QUILTER

What time are you...

JENNA

(playful)

Told you! Do you never listen
Stratford Quilter?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Course I do.

JENNA

So what time did I say then?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Um...?

JENNA

Sorry, I didn't quite catch that?

STRATFORD QUILTER

I've forgotten Jenna.

JENNA

I know you, you don't forget
anything - you weren't listening in
the first place!

Stratford is still distracted reading, shuffling papers.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Hmm.

JENNA

The film director? In Covent
Garden? Ring any bells? He wants me
to give him a clairvoyant reading
today?

STRATFORD QUILTER

(still distracted)

Oh yeah.

JENNA

I'm about to do that reading then
I've got another couple to do later
- be home around 7?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Alright. See you then.

JENNA

I'll pick up some bread from that farm shop on the way.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Yeah great.

JENNA

And don't forget to get that hot-tub-spa-thingy blown up and ready for action.

STRATFORD QUILTER

It hasn't arrived yet.

JENNA

Should come tomorrow then.

There is a loud knock at the front door.

Stratford clocks it.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Listen Jen...

JENNA

Heard it.

STRATFORD QUILTER

What?

JENNA

The knock at the door.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Right.

JENNA

See you later Quilty.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Alright.

Stratford replaces the receiver and puts his papers back into his jacket.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARM, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Stratford pauses for a moment behind the front door, slightly unsure.

The knock comes again - this time louder.

Stratford opens the door speedily.

There is an official car with Royal Regalia flags, idling outside the gate. The Ferret stands in front of him with a large brown envelope - it bears a royal insignia seal.

THE FERRET

(formal)

Do you know what the lions are made of in Trafalgar Square sir?

STRATFORD QUILTER

They're made of honey.

THE FERRET

(menacing)

And what kind sir?

Stratford looks directly into The Ferret's searching eyes.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Apple blossom.

The Ferret thrusts the brown envelope into Stratford Quilter's chest and holds it there.

THE FERRET

Details! Your presence IS required sir.

Stratford takes the letter.

The Ferret nods, turns away, and departs.

Stratford watches the official car pull away.

INT. COVENT GARDEN - THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Jenna's therapy room is beautifully set out - tasteful, quiet, and serene with soothing music filling the room. She sits on a chaise longue sipping tea, waiting for her client.

There is a knock at the door.

JENNA

Come in.

Her client, a film director JEREMY (35), artistic with a successful air about him, enters tentatively.

Jenna puts down her tea and addresses him as he's shutting the door behind him.

Jenna always speaks informally despite the content of her knowledge being incredible. She's totally indifferent to the extent of her extraordinary gift.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Jeremy?

JEREMY

Yeah, hi.

She raises her hand to him, stop-sign fashion.

JENNA

Stay right there a moment.

JEREMY

(concerned)

O...K?

JENNA

I know why you've come.

JEREMY

(surprised)

You do?

JENNA

You've got a very big decision to make and it's going to affect everyone that you work with - Am I right?

JEREMY

(Amazed, slightly shaken)

Exactly...um...

JENNA

It's going to upset what they call the 'Big Man' - Rupert? Isn't it?

JEREMY

Christ! How...did...you...?

Jenna gets up from the chaise longue and points toward it.

JENNA

Come, sit here. We'll have a little chat about it.

Jeremy stretches out on the chaise longue.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Right. Are you ready for this?

Jeremy looks over with anticipation.

JEREMY

Mmm. I think so.

JENNA

I hope so because I'm going to tell
it like it is, OK?

Jeremy grimaces with trepidation.

JEREMY

Yup.

JENNA

Right. Now, this Rupert...

INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARM, STRATFORD'S ARTIST STUDIO - DAY

Stratford is unpacking his artist's equipment and rearranging the furniture and equipment in the upstairs existing artist's studio. He finds it in some disorder.

He puts one of his own contemporary paintings on the easel - it has the distinctive 'SQ' signature in the bottom right hand corner.

He opens the tall French doors, steps out onto the balcony and takes in the view down the beautiful exterior stone steps to the lawn, and beyond across the farmyard and on to the woods. He returns back into the studio and takes a seat in an easy chair, lighting-up a slim cigar for a moment of reflection as the sun streams in amid the birdsong.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, VEHICLE ENTRANCE - DAY

The Ferret pulls up in his official car outside Buckingham Palace. He winds the window down. A guard mutters something to him and he is waved through the gates.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - CORRIDOR TO DOOR OF QUEEN'S STUDY - DAY

The Ferret walks alone, as though on a mission - purposefully and pompously in such a way that he *knows* that he's the dog's bollocks.

Arriving at 'The Door' he pauses, snorts and puffs his chest out before knocking three solid knocks, followed by four solid knocks. He awaits The Queen, angling his head up just that little bit more than is normal.

The Queen's muffled voice comes from inside. The Queen is not seen.

THE QUEEN (O.S.)

Enter.

The Ferret opens the door just enough to put in his head.

THE FERRET

Good morning Ma'am.

THE QUEEN (O.S.)

(business-like, expectant)

Good morning.

THE FERRET

Mr Quilter has been notified Ma'am.

THE QUEEN (O.S.)

Very good. I shall expect him. Send me my Equerry, I will need to make some arrangements.

THE FERRET

Very well Ma'am. Good day to you Ma'am.

THE QUEEN (O.S.)

Would you shut the door on the way out.

The Ferret gently closes the door, double-checking that the catch has engaged. He turns away - soldier-fashion, then re-snorts, assuming his pompous swagger once more as he departs.

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - STUDY - DAY

Sir Julian sits at a large antique desk in a huge, high-ceilinged, oak-panelled, museum-of-a-study in his Blackthorne Park mansion.

He looks over the 'Racing Post'

The telephone rings - a large antiquated desk phone.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(disinterested, perusing horses)

Yah, hello...Ah ha...Ah ha...Ah ha...

Sir Julian Yawns with boredom and moves his finger over the runners and riders in the Racing Post.

PAUSE. SILENCE. Sir Julian pushes the button on the phone for hands free room-volume. He leans in toward the phone listening hard but still looking intensely at the horses.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)

Contract?

LETTING AGENT (V.O.)

(sycophantically)

Um, yes Sir Julian, we drew up a contract...

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Oh?

LETTING AGENT (V.O.)

You signed it sir?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Signed? Signed what?

LETTING AGENT (V.O.)

The contract sir - I have it here...

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(gruffly)

Don't know anything about any blithering contract...

LETTING AGENT (V.O.)

But, Sir, it was only last week when...

Sir Julian pushes the volume button to off and replaces the receiver cutting the letting agent off as he is still talking.

Sir Julian continues to peruse his horses unperturbed.

He looks up with a start, screwing up his nose, sniffing the air, moving his head side to side like a dog - he can smell something unsavoury.

He stands up, still sniffing, and looks over his desk at the floor in front of it. There is a fresh pile of steaming dog-shit in the centre of an antique rug. He cries out like a weightlifter.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Ughhh!

(shouting)

Tangmo!

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - KITCHEN - DAY

TANGMO (30), id his live-in housekeeper. She is Thai with a happy disposition. She is folding laundry onto the kitchen table.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (O.S.)

Tangmo!

Tangmo, unsure whether she's heard something or not as the kitchen is noisy, looks at the cook MR GRAINGER (55), a tall Yorkshire man with a very distinctive northern accent. He is preparing Sir Julian's poached eggs for lunch.

TANGMO

You hear anything Mr Grainger?

Mr Grainger cocks his head, listening.

MR GRAINGER

Ah, not sure me duck.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(shouting louder)

Tangmo!

MR GRAINGER

(pointing at the door)

That's for you Tangmo.

Tangmo drops everything and slips out the kitchen.

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - STUDY - DAY

Tangmo enters the study.

TANGMO

Yes, Sir Julie?

Sir Julian looks up.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Oh, there you are.

(pointing to the dog-mess)

Look, Blaster has left us something again.

BLASTER, an exceptionally large chocolate labrador, full of beans, slinks out of the study.

TANGMO

Oh dear sir.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Would you send for Clunky - this
 needs getting rid of, what?

TANGMO
 Yes, Sir Julie.

Tangmo scuttles off.

Sir Julian puts his finger on a horse in the Racing Post
 'Ratty Boy.'

He picks up the telephone and dials.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Yes, hello, I'd like to place a
 bet...

EXT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - KITCHEN GARDEN - DAY

Clunky is feverishly sawing overhanging branches in the old
 Victorian walled kitchen garden. The sweat is dripping off
 the end of his nose. Tangmo appears at his side. She prods
 him in his side as he's sawing.

TANGMO
 Clunky?

CLUNKY
 (continues sawing)
 Hullo?

TANGMO
 Blaster done it again.

CLUNKY
 (disgruntled, tutting)
 Where this time?

TANGMO
 In study. Sir Julie look at it.

CLUNKY
 (huffing)
 Oh shit!

TANGMO
 Sir Julie say Clunky get rid of it.

CLUNKY
 Mmmm!

Clunky throws down his bow-saw, wipes his brow and stomps off.

CLUNKY (CONT'D)
(resigned)
Ok, I'll deal with it.

Tangmo stays where she is and shouts ahead.

TANGMO
Thank you Clunky!

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - STUDY - DAY

Sir Julian is still on the phone.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
(irritated)
No, I don't want an each way bet. I told you, I want to place five-hundred quid on Ratty Boy - that's five hundred on Ratty Boy - to win - in the three o'clock - at Newbury!

Clunky enters the study. Sir Julian, otherwise engaged on the phone, motions to Clunky to get rid of the dog-shit.

Clunky is wearing disposable rubber gloves and has a little polythene bag, a brush, and a steaming bowl of soapy water. He looks glum as he bends down to deal with the problem.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
That's correct - we got there! Five hundred on Ratty Boy to win in the three o'clock at Newbury. What could be simpler - good bye.

Sir Julian puts down the receiver before giving the bookie a chance to reply.

He leans over his desk looking at Clunky who is on his hands and knees, scrubbing hard with a brush and a bowl of soapy water. The steam rises.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
That wants scrubbing Clunky.

Clunky stops scrubbing, frustrated, swallowing hard with a pained expression.

CLUNKY
 (Exasperated)
 Yes...sir.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 (upbeat)
 Well I'll leave you to it Clunky.
 Got to go for my lunch. Mr
 Grainger's doing my favourite -
 poached eggs...

Sir Julian walks to the study door mumbling to himself.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
 Mmm, poached eggs, I do hope he's
 been generous with the pepper...

As Sir Julian disappears, Clunky looks back over his shoulder, rolls his eyes and shakes his head, then scrubs as if his life depends on it.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - QUEEN'S PRIVATE DINING ROOM - DAY

The Queen is lunching with Prince Philip. They sit at opposite ends of a long table. The silence only broken by the exaggerated, regular slurps of prince Philip's enjoyment of his soup. Every 'slurp' seems to annoy Her Majesty who is obviously using all her hard-won diplomacy to keep her comments to herself. It is one of those little things that irks her so much that she's having to bite her tongue so much so that her eyes are nearly popping out of her head. Suddenly, after a particularly loud slurp, the slurping stops.

PRINCE PHILIP
 What was all that business with
 sending for The Ferret this
 morning, sausage?

THE QUEEN
 I'm afraid one needs the services
 of Mr Quilter again.

PRINCE PHILIP
 What the ruddy hell for?

THE QUEEN
 Trooping the Colour, dear.

PRINCE PHILIP
 (Coughing, spluttering)
 Trooping the Colour - Stratford
 Quilter?

THE QUEEN

Official advice. No need to worry yourself darling.

Prince Philip begins to shake with irritation.

PRINCE PHILIP

I'm not worried. It's just an arse-ache...all these bits and pieces of 'efficial' advice...

(he takes a long, loud slurp of tea)

It just gets up one's nose...

Prince Philip resumes slurping his tea noisily - peeved, wide-eyed and unblinking looking directly into the eyes of Her Majesty in a sort of rebellion.

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - DINING ROOM - DAY

Sir Julian is finishing-up his poached eggs. Tangmo enters the dining room.

TANGMO

You all cleared-up Sir Julie?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Yes. Thank you. Please let Mr Grainger know that *that*

(pointing at the empty plate)

was delicious.

TANGMO

Yes, Sir Julie.

Sir Julian rises from the table.

I'm off to my study for a little reading and shut-eye. I don't want to be disturbed for a while.

TANGMO (CONT'D)

Very well Sir Julie

(she whispers softly as though he's already in 'quiet mode.')

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Give me a prod around three o'clock for the racing at Newbury.

TANGMO

I prod you at three, Sir Julie.

As Tangmo clears the table, Sir Julian belches and farts simultaneously as he leaves the dining room.

Tangmo clears the dining table.

INT. COVENT GARDEN - THERAPY ROOM -DAY

Jenna is giving a reading to SIR CHARLES SOMERSET-MONTAGU-SCOTT (70), a fit, rugged, handsome man and estranged father to Stratford Quilter but totally unknown to her.

JENNA

I'm getting the strangest feeling that you should be known to me in some way?

SIR CHARLES

Really?

JENNA

Mm. I can't quite put my finger on it yet...

SIR CHARLES

Intriguing?

JENNA

I can see that you were some kind of explorer?

SIR CHARLES

I was.

JENNA

You got some sort of recognition for it - a title perhaps?

SIR CHARLES

Yes I did get a title...

JENNA

Sir?

SIR CHARLES

Ah ha!

Jenna pauses in deep contemplation

JENNA

I feel that you've an emptiness in your life...actually, more than one - someone died, your wife?

SIR CHARLES

(With sadness)

Yes.

JENNA

She went too early - I can feel the cold - so very cold...

SIR CHARLES

(Pained)

No...

JENNA

Mm. And so very tired.

Sir Charles bows his head in sadness, his eyes filled with tears.

JENNA (CONT'D)

But she's ok now. She says "It's ok to go in the ice house" - Does that mean anything to you?

SIR CHARLES

(Head bowed in a whisper)

Yes, it does.

Jenna closes her eyes in deep thought.

JENNA

I'm feeling another emptiness...

She concentrates hard

JENNA (CONT'D)

Have you lost touch with someone - maybe someone close - your son?

SIR CHARLES

Ah ha.

JENNA

He misses you. He's alive isn't he?

SIR CHARLES

Yes he is.

JENNA

I feel that you'll get back
together one day...but not yet...

SIR CHARLES

He lives a strange life. I don't
even know what he calls himself
anymore...

JENNA

I'm getting Quo...Quen - Quentin!

SIR CHARLES

(perkily)
Yes, that's him!

JENNA

Ah, you see, I still have this
feeling that I know him somehow?

Jenna concentrates further.

FADE TO:

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - STUDY - DAY

Sir Julian is asleep on the chaise longue for his afternoon
nap. He snores, lying on his back, holding a half-open book
on his chest 'Dahlias to Die for.'

Tangmo enters. She approaches the snoring Sir Julian with
caution, gently shaking him.

TANGMO

(quietly)
Sir Julie. Wake up Sir Julie.

Sir Julian continues to sleep deeply, snoring.

Tangmo shakes him more vigorously.

TANGMO (CONT'D)

(louder)
Sir Julie!

Sir Julian half wakes with a start - his arms outstretched as
though in some sort of confrontation.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(half-dreaming)
Hold him down! That's it, hold him
firm - the scoundrel, we'll show
him what's *what*.

TANGMO

Sir Julie?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(confused, coming to)

What?

TANGMO

You told me to wake you Sir Julie?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

(confused)

I did?

TANGMO

Yeh, for horses? Three o'clock
new...berry? It's nearly three
o'clock?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Ah yes! Ratty Boy! Alright Tangmo,
you can go, oh,

(hand gesturing)

Get...Clunky to come and see me.

Tangmo scuttles off.

Sir Julian mutters to himself. He crouches over a very large valve vintage radio set. He flinches as he switches it on - a loud hum emanates from the set. He fiddles with the dial as squeaks and hisses pierce the air.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)

Ruddy thing...I can't find...

He suddenly lands on the horse racing channel.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)

Ah ha - Bingo!

He eagerly perches back on the edge of the chaise longue with anticipation. The race is in its final stages.

RACING COMMENTATOR

...and this is such a close race
with one fence to jump and Roger
Dodger and Ratty Boy are neck and
neck...

Sir Julian sits bolt upright with an excited shake on.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Ratty Boy!

RACING COMMENTATOR
 ...and they're approaching the
 last, Rodger Dodger and Ratty Boy
 are still neck and neck...

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Come on...Ratty Booy!

RACING COMMENTATOR
 ..and they're...ooh...Ratty Boy
 stumbles...

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Ratty Boy!

RACING COMMENTATOR
 ...but he's recovered! This is a
 contest. Two furlongs to go and
 there is nothing between these
 two...

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 (unconstrained excitement)
 Ratty Boy, come ON Ratty Boy!

Clunky enters the study.

CLUNKY
 You wanted me Sir Julian?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 (angrily dismissive)
 Not now man!

Clunky makes a hasty departure.

RACING COMMENTATOR
 ...and they're coming up to the
 line...

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Get on with it Ratty Boy!

RACING COMMENTATOR
 ...there's nothing between them...

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Ahhh!

RACING COMMENTATOR
 ...but, it's Ratty Boy that takes
 it by a nose!

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Raaaaty Booooy! Oh YES! Ratty
 Boy...Clunky!...Clunky!....CLUNKY!!

INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARM, DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jenna reclines on a chaise longue in the drawing room. She's alone in the house. Total silence. She closes her eyes, drifting off in the peace of the afternoon.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. THE ICE HOUSE, SIR CHARLES'S ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Jenna enters the ice-house. She wraps her arms around herself trying to keep warm. Water drips from the ceiling. She notices something sinister protruding from a heap of ice - with some trepidation, she moves the ice to reveal the protruding head of Sir Charles's wife - the body is ashen and cold - her eyes are closed.

Suddenly, Sir Charles's wife's eyes open. Jenna recoils, stepping back. Sir Charles's wife speaks with her voice echoing all around the ice chamber.

SIR CHARLES'S WIFE
 Quentin. Quentin. Quentin.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Jenna still slumbers with the words 'Quentin, Quentin, Quentin' resounding through her head until they come into focus much louder, like they're coming from outside the window. She jumps up off the chaise longue and looks out of the window to find the Witch Mardella walking away, laughing. Mardella 'twists' her head back towards Jenna at the window dramatically, mouthing the word 'Quentin' which resounds unnaturally in Jenna's head. Jenna holds her chest as though in pain as the witch Mardella disappears.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE, SHOWER ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jenna is taking a hot shower.

EXT. OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR, LANTERN HOUSE FARMHOUSE - DAY

The sun is low in the sky - dusk. Lantern House Farmyard is quiet except for the crunch of gravel underfoot as Sir Julian and Clunky make their way across the yard to Lantern House.

Sir Julian and Clunky stand outside the front door. Sir Julian lifts a very large door-knocker and lets it drop.

Jenna answers the door, barefoot, wearing a long skirt and is completely topless save for a colourful slim neck-scarf draped provocatively between her ample naked breasts but not covering any part of them. She is eating a juicy pear. She is totally without inhibition.

JENNA
 (While sucking on the
 pear)
 Hi fellas.

Clunky's eyes widen with desire and focus upon Jenna's bosom.

Sir Julian is aware of Clunky's 'enthusiasm.'

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Good evening to you...
 (turning to Clunky)
 I think it'd be best if you go and
 sit in the Landrover Clunky.

Clunky is transfixed. He isn't registering anything.

Jenna cocks her head back in a knowing manner, thrusting her chest out towards Clunky, looking provocatively down her nose at him.

JENNA
 Do you like my scarf, Clunky -
 pretty isn't it?

Clunky reddens-up, looking down at the ground with embarrassment.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 I say, Clunky, snap out of it man.

Clunky comes to.

CLUNKY
 Yes sir, sorry sir.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 You'd better go and sit in the
 landrover.

Clunky wanders off with his tail between his legs.

JENNA
 (waving)
 Bye bye Clunky
 (MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)
 (to Sir Julian)
 Aww! Poor Clunky.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 (uncomfortably clearing
 his throat)
 Clunky has a long day ahead of him
 tomorrow - he doesn't need any
 excitement.

JENNA
 (still sucking her pear)
 So...you must be SIR...something or
 other?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 (formally)
 Sir Julian Floxley, madam.

Jenna wipes her hand clean of the pear juice, on her
 backside, provocatively, then offers it to Sir Julian. He
 shakes it tentatively.

JENNA
 Lovely to meet you.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Likewise madam.

JENNA
 And what can I do for you Sir
 Julian?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 I've come to see Mr Quilter about
 collecting the rent and payment for
 that little bit of heating oil
 that's left in the tank from the
 previous tenants some time ago.

JENNA
 Ah, Ok...I'm expecting Quilty any
 moment - won't you come in?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Yes, if he'll not be too long.

Jenna motions for Sir Julian to enter. She stands close to
 the door, leaving a very tight gap for Sir Julian to squeeze
 through, purposefully creating quite a challenge for him
 regarding the close proximity of her ample, naked bosom as he
 steps into the doorway.

She giggles a little as she closes the door behind him.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARM, KITCHEN - DAY

Jenna walks over towards a large bottle of brandy. She motions for Sir Julian to take a seat at the kitchen table. She takes out the stopper and pours it liberally like lemonade.

JENNA

I'm going to pour you a nice little drink - Sir!

INT. STRATFORD QUILTER'S SPORTS CAR, DUSK - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Stratford Quilter roars around the country lanes in his convertible sports car with the top down. The wind blows through his hair. He's happy and humming to himself.

EXT. LANTERN HOUSE FARMYARD - CART SHED - NIGHT

Stratford roars into the farmyard, straight into the cart shed, revs once then shuts down.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARM, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jenna is propping herself up on the edge of the AGA, talking to Sir Julian who is sitting rather formally at the kitchen table with a brandy in his hand.

Jenna perks up as the front door is opened, breaking the silence. Sir Julian looks sheepishly at Jenna as Stratford breezes into the kitchen carrying a plastic supermarket bag. He kisses Jenna on the lips before putting the bag on the table and addressing Sir Julian.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Sir Julian!

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Mr Quilter.

Jenna pours a large brandy and hands it to Stratford.

JENNA

There, get that down you.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Cheers Jenna.

Stratford downs half of it in one, then puts it on the table, picking up the carrier bag.

STRATFORD QUILTER (CONT'D)
Now, Sir Julian, about that rent...

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
(now keen)
Ah yes, the rent...and...er...about
that little bit of oil left in the
tank...from the...

STRATFORD QUILTER
...I think we may be able to forget
about that little bit of oil...

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
(alarmed)
Oh...umm...

STRATFORD QUILTER
You said that you'd like a little
bit of rent in advance, in cash?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
Yes, that would be...er...

Stratford plonks the bag down on the table in front of Sir
Julian.

STRATFORD QUILTER
There. Two-year's rent - in cash,
up front.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
(happily taken aback)
Crikey! My word! This is most un...

STRATFORD QUILTER
That Ok Sir Julian?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
Well I...er...of course!

STRATFORD QUILTER
Good.

There's a 'pop' as Jenna uncorks the brandy bottle and tops
up Sir Julian's glass. She fills hers. She and Stratford
raise their glasses in celebration toward Sir Julian. He
tentatively raises his.

JENNA
(To Sir Julian)
Up your bum sir!

STRATFORD QUILTER
 (to Jenna)
 And yours.

They both look at Sir Julian expectantly.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 ...and...mine!

There is laughter and easy merriment from Stratford and Jenna along with a little chuckle from Sir Julian as they all slug back their drinks. Pulling away out from the kitchen with the merriment fading into the distance, then pulling away further out of the house with a distant view of the cosy light of the kitchen from across the fields.

INT. LANDROVER - NIGHT

Clunky sits alone and miserable waiting for Sir Julian - there is a faint sound of merriment emanating from Lantern House Farm.

EXT. RIVER THAMES/LONDON SIGHTS - DAY

Sunrise. View of the Thames: seagulls squawk, barges pass by. The Houses of Parliament are brightly lit by the morning sun.

Sign: New Scotland Yard

INT. MET POLICE, SPECIALIST COMMAND - HALLWAY - DAY

Travel the hallway up to a door.

Sign: Specialist Operations - Protection Command

INT. PROTECTION COMMAND OFFICE - DAY

A meeting is taking place with 5 top-ranking officials from protection Command around a large oval table. Commander Stevens takes notes.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 Do we regard this as a serious
 threat to Her Majesty?

DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 I'm afraid we have no choice at
 this juncture Ma'am.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
And has she been informed?

DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
(nodding in the direction
of Commander Johnson)
I believe Commander Johnson can
enlighten you on that Ma'am.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
So what have you got Commander?

COMMANDER JOHNSON
Her Majesty has been informed of
the likely intentions of the
suspects Ma'am.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
Intentions?

COMMANDER JOHNSON
Well, as usual Ma'am, we got our
man inside to communicate the
possible severity of the threat
without actually revealing any
possible dates, times, places...

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
...and neither the possible
suspects I hope?

COMMANDER JOHNSON
No Ma'am, it was felt that any
indication of the nature of the
suspects would only serve to put
Her Majesty on edge as it were.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
(with relief)
Quite Commander. We need her to
feel totally confident - the
Trooping of the Colour is important
to her, and indeed, one her
favourite occasions.

The Assistant Commissioner shuffles her papers.

Silence.

On the wall behind the Assistant Commissioner hangs a
'Stratford Quilter' painting with the distinctive 'SQ'
signature in the bottom right hand corner.

The Assistant Commissioner finds what she's looking for.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
 Ah, so, what about Mr Quilter?
 Isn't that your responsibility
 Commander Coleridge?

COMMANDER COLERIDGE
 Ma'am, we've been in contact with
 Stratford Quilter only yesterday...

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 ...And?

COMMANDER COLERIDGE
 He's been briefed and is operation-
 ready. Her Majesty is expecting
 him.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 Where is he now exactly?

COMMANDER COLERIDGE
 He has another 'Private View' of
 his artworks in a couple of days,
 Ma'am.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 Oh? Where is that?

COMMANDER COLERIDGE
 In Bond street Ma'am - you have an
 invitation.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 Oh, we'll see.

COMMANDER COLERIDGE
 He told me to mention the...er...
 (coughs awkwardly)
 ...um...the...er...Fuck Tree Ma'am?

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 (nods with serious
 interest)
 Ah ha.

Silence as the Assistant Commissioner flicks through her
 papers once more.

The Assistant Commissioner's personal alert device starts to
 beep. She looks at it.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
 Gentlemen, I have to go. I think
 that concludes this morning's
 business. Please keep me informed.

The group mutter in agreement as she departs.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARM - BEDROOM - MORNING

Sun streams into the bedroom through tall Georgian windows. Antique clock face shows 11am. Stratford Quilter is kneeling on a sumptuous bed, wearing a shirt, half undone. He is having vigorous doggie-style sex with Jenna. Her head is on the pillow, turned to one side - she's very vocal.

JENNA
 Ooh, Quilty, I want you to fuck my
 brains out...

There is a loud knock on the front door.

JENNA (CONT'D)
 (in response to the knock)
 Ignore it, just fuck me.

Stratford ups the pace - Jenna responds accordingly.

EXT. OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR, LANTERN HOUSE FARMHOUSE - DAY

A DELIVERY DRIVER unloads a large box under the porch by the front door - it is labelled 'Luxury Blow Up Spa'. As he walks away he cocks his head and his eyes widen in reaction to the noises coming from the open window of Stratford's bedroom.

BACK TO:

INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARM - BEDROOM - DAY

Stratford is fucking Jenna with all his energy.

JENNA
 Oh yeah - right there big boy. Ooh,
 you dirty dog...ah ha..ah ha.. ah
 ha..yes yes yes... I'm gonna..I'm
 gonna..I'm gonna...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - QUEEN'S PRIVATE STUDY - DAY

The Queen, viewed from behind, relaxes in an easy chair. She beckons her corgis.

THE QUEEN

Come!

The corgis obey. She strokes and praises them. Gives them a little treat.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

There, wasn't that nice!

The corgis let out a little groan of enthusiasm. As she strokes them some more, she looks at a painting on her wall - it has the distinctive 'SQ' signature.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

(with loving affection)

Mmm.

BACK TO:

INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARM - BEDROOM - DAY

Stratford Quilter and Jenna are on the bed relaxing, post-coital fashion. Stratford picks up his mobile phone and speed-dials a number. Jenna takes no notice.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE SECRETARY - DAY

The PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY (35) is at her desk. The phone rings. She picks it up.

INTERCUT between Stratford Quilter and the President's secretary.

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY

Hello The Oval Office.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Hi Cathy.

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY

(warmly, inviting)

Stratford Quilter! It's been too long!

STRATFORD QUILTER

Mmm!

Jenna looks at Stratford, rolls her eyes, then gets out of bed shaking her head in playful disapproval.

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY
So, you were informed that we'd be operational at six in the morning?

STRATFORD QUILTER
I was. Poor you.

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY
Part of the job.

STRATFORD QUILTER
You love it anyway.

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY
I do! Shall I put you through to the President - he's expecting you?

STRATFORD QUILTER
Thank you Cathy.

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY
(playful)
As they say...one moment please!

The President's secretary pushes a button on her desk phone.

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY (CONT'D)
I have Stratford Quilter on the line for you Mr President.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President sits at his desk, viewed from behind. He gazes at a painting on the wall with the distinctive 'SQ' signature.

PRESIDENT
(enthusiastic, jovial)
Put him through!

There is a 'click' on the line as Stratford is connected.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
(Jovial and familiar)
Stratford! How goes it - still painting?

INT. HESTON GALLERY - BOND STREET, LONDON - DAY

Early morning in Bond street. London hasn't quite woken up yet and Stratford and Jenna are in their element directing the porters and gallery assistants to set up Stratford's private view for the next evening.

Stratford glances at his watch.

STRATFORD QUILTER

(to Jenna)

What you say to a coffee Jenna?

JENNA

Lovely, and a bit of cake if you can find it at this hour.

STRATFORD QUILTER

(pointing to a large painting)

Make sure they don't hang this until I get back.

JENNA

Yup, I know I know

(tenderly)

Come here and give me a kiss before you get that coffee and cake, Stratford Quilter.

Stratford strides over to her and they kiss. Jenna playfully pulls away a little.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Shut your peepers!

Stratford laughs, shuts his eyes, and kisses her again.

JENNA (CONT'D)

That's more like it.

Stratford strides off toward the exit and turns back, mimicking Jenna's northern accent, playfully.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Let's see if I can find you that 'nice piece of cake'.

EXT. OUTSIDE HESTON GALLERY, BOND STREET - DAY

Outside the gallery, Stratford spots a man with a small flatbed lorry having trouble securing a load of plastic pipes. He shouts to the LORRY DRIVER.

STRATFORD QUILTER
Throw me your rope over sir.

The driver throws a rope over the load to Stratford. Stratford catches it, puts a foot on the side of the lorry and deftly ties a fascinating (dolly) knot that pulls down the load in a safe secure fashion.

Jenna is leaning against the door of the Heston Gallery with her arms folded, unseen by Stratford. She is watching Stratford bemusedly and rather adoringly.

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - STUDY - DAY

Sir Julian sits at his desk. On the wall behind him are a set of six antiquated switches set on a wooden board. They are labelled with the roles and a sub-heading of the person assigned to the role. 1.Cook(Mr Grainger), 2.Housekeeper(Tangmo), 3.Driver(Clunky), 4.Gardener (Clunky), 5.Butler (Clunky), 6.Grunt(Clunky). Each has its own distinctive audible bell or horn.

Sir Julian gets up, turns to the board and pushes the switch labelled 'Grunt'. It lets out the sound of a klaxon horn both within the house and without the house around the house and gardens.

EXT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - KITCHEN GARDEN - DAY

Clunky is hard at work digging/clearing an area. He sweats profusely. As he bends down the Klaxon sounds, making him jump.

CLUNKY
(Exasperated)
Dah!

Clunky exhales, throwing down his spade with irritation.

As he walks out of the garden the klaxon sounds again. He stops, shaking with irritation.

CLUNKY (CONT'D)
Oh...Bollocks!

Tangmo appears from nowhere. Clunky addresses her, annoyed.

CLUNKY (CONT'D)
What!

TANGMO
Sir Julie need you.

CLUNKY

I know that I just heard it!

He stomps off out of the Garden, furious.

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - STUDY - DAY

Sir Julian still stands facing the board of switches as Clunky walks into the study. There is another deafening sound of the 'Grunt' klaxon as Sir Julian impatiently pushes the switch again, not noticing that Clunky has arrived.

Sir Julian looks up, catching sight of Clunky.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

Ah, there you are!

The two wait in silence as the deafening klaxon runs its course.

CLUNKY

(end of his tether)

Problem sir?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

No, no problem? I want to go to this blithering

(heavily over-accented)

'exhibition' tomorrow evening in Bond Street...it...it's to do with Mr Quilter...a show of his paintings and such like...

CLUNKY

(confused, none the wiser)

Oh?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

...it's what they call a

(heavily over accented
with an overly-dramatic
pause before the word)

...'Private View'.

CLUNKY

(still unsure)

Right....?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

I want you to drive me there Clunky.

CLUNKY
 (slightly alarmed)
 Me sir, I thought you normally went
 by train?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Mm. But I'm not sure about the
 timings and my waterworks are
 playing up Clunky - be good if you
 were on hand, so to speak.

CLUNKY
 (turning his nose up)
 Ah.

Sir Julian shuffles through some papers on his desk.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY
 Ah, here it is, the little
 blighter...

Sir Julian places an invitation card face up on his desk. He takes out a large magnifying glass from the drawer of his desk and holds it over the invitation card, squinting hideously. Sir Julian's eye and face appear distorted from the other side of the lens.

He reads out loud.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
 ...you're invited to the...'Private
 View' of an exhibition of the
 contemporary artworks of Stratford
 Quilter...

He squints harder and continues

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
 ...Heston gallery, Bond Street,
 London.

Sir Julian re-squints, moving the glass around to get a better view.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
 Where's the pesky time...I've seen
 it on here somewhere...ah, here it
 is...nine pm. Right, let's work
 this out Clunky - is it going to be
 better if I have a bite to eat at
 my club before the...'Private
 View', or, a little late supper at
 the club after...mmm?

Clunky is numb and indifferent. He shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)

Let's go over this again Clunky,
now, the...'*Private View*' is at
nine...

Clunky glazes over as he stares out of the window as Sir Julian's monologue becomes a dull, muffled, muddled ramble to him and the sound of birdsong coming from the open window gradually takes over until it's all that he can hear.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - MEADOWS - DAY

Birdsong. Views around the meadows surrounding Blackthorne Park.

BACK TO:

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK - STUDY - DAY

Sir Julian is still laboriously working out the timings of his London trip as his rambling voice once again comes back into Clunky's consciousness. Clunky is quietly going out of his mind.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

...and so, if the...'*Private View*'
is at nine then...ooh...ooh dear...

Sir Julian reaches around to his backside.

CLUNKY

Problem sir?

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY

I need a serious toilet Clunky.

Clunky, crestfallen, grimaces.

Sir Julian dashes off to the toilet in the corner of his study. Clunky stands waiting.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)

(struggling to walk)

Clunky, wait there a moment. I
think I'm going to need you - I
still can't reach around with my
bad arm.

Sir Julian reaches the toilet enters and slams the door but it 'bounces' open, slightly ajar.

Clunky leans against the desk.

Spine-chilling, piggy-like noises emanate from the toilet, then all is quiet.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (echoing)
 Clunky!

Clunky puts on rubber gloves and picks up some wet wipes.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Clunky, bring plenty of those arse-wipes - it hasn't come away cleanly.

Clunky, downcast, enters the toilet. View of Sir Julian's trousers and pants around his ankles.

SIR JULIAN FLOXLEY (CONT'D)
 (as Clunky shuts the door behind him)
 Think you're going to need all of *them*, and some! Clunkers.

EXT./INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARMYARD/ARTIST'S STUDIO - AFTERNOON

It's a warm, balmy afternoon. View around the farmyard. Hens cluck and ducks quack. Moving into the studio, Stratford sits at his easel with a cup of tea in one hand, and a paintbrush in the other. He puts finishing touches to a rather interesting, well-crafted contemporary painting.

As he paints, the concentration on his face is intense. He freezes, deep in reverie, thinking about the past as birdsong from the open French doors fills the studio.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. STRATFORD QUILTER'S FAMILY COUNTRY ESTATE - RIVERSIDE/THE BOATHOUSE - AFTERNOON [FLASHBACK]

QUENTIN SOMERSET-MONTAGU-SCOTT (10), the young Stratford Quilter, bundles of curly hair, outdoor type, sits with his father, the explorer SIR CHARLES SOMERSET-MONTAGU-SCOTT (48), rugged but aristocratic.

They enjoy the warm, balmy afternoon. Sir Charles lies on his back with a summer hat over his eyes with his hands behind his head. Quentin mimics him but without the hat.

SIR CHARLES
Enjoying the sun, Quentin?

QUENTIN
Yes father - very much.

SILENCE

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Why did you name me Quentin?

SIR CHARLES
You're named after your uncle.

QUENTIN
Which one?

SIR CHARLES
Peregrine.

QUENTIN
Peregrine? But that's not...Quentin?

SIR CHARLES
No, but one of his names is Quentin.

QUENTIN
Oh.

SILENCE

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
I don't like Quentin.

SIR CHARLES
Tell me, what would you have preferred, young man?

QUENTIN
I think...umm...Stratford.

SIR CHARLES
Stratford indeed. Hmm?

QUENTIN
But I like the 'Q' so if I could choose a surname too it would be...something like...Stratford...

SIR CHARLES
Quincey?

QUENTIN
No...er...

SIR CHARLES
(playfully)
Quick?

QUENTIN
Mm, no, umm...Quilter, Stratford
Quilter - that's it!

SIR CHARLES
Stratford Quilter! It has a certain
ring to it I must admit. Stratford
Quilter: Explorer!

QUENTIN
Yes, exactly - Stratford Quilter -
Ex...plorer!

SILENCE

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Father, why are you called SIR
Charles Somerset-Montagu-Scott and
I'm just Quentin Somerset-Montagu-
Scott?

SIR CHARLES
That's because I was knighted.

QUENTIN
Knighted?

SIR CHARLES
By Her Majesty The Queen.

QUENTIN
(excited)
The Queen! Why?

SIR CHARLES
It was for my services as an
explorer. I had to go to Buckingham
Palace and kneel down before Her
Majesty whilst she drew a sword and
placed it upon each of my
shoulders.

QUENTIN
 (wide-eyed)
 Might she have cut off your head?

SIR CHARLES
 (chuckling)
 Well, very possibly - if she'd been
 in a bad mood.

QUENTIN
 Luck that she wasn't then?

SIR CHARLES
 Yes. Lucky she wasn't.

SILENCE

QUENTIN
 (piercingly inquisitive)
 What happened to mother?

Sir Charles removes the hat from over his eyes and looks at
 Quentin.

SIR CHARLES
 That's a funny question?

QUENTIN
 Why?

SIR CHARLES
 Because you've never asked before.

QUENTIN
 Well, I'm asking now!

SIR CHARLES
 What exactly would you like to
 know?

QUENTIN
 How did she die, father?

SIR CHARLES
 (holding out his hand to
 Quentin)
 Come with me, into the boathouse.

Sir Charles takes Quentin's hand. They go into the boathouse.
 It's cool and shady with echoes of the drip drip drip of
 water.

Sir Charles puts his arm around Quentin and points out of the glassless open window to a small building set in the side of a hill on the other side of the river.

SIR CHARLES (CONT'D)

You see that little building there,
set into the side of the hill?

QUENTIN

(squinting)

Where?

SIR CHARLES

Just under the big old oak tree -
there, see?

QUENTIN

Oh yes. I see it I see it!

SIR CHARLES

That's where your mother died. In
that Ice-House.

QUENTIN

Is that the place that you never go
to, and I'm not allowed in?

SIR CHARLES

Yes.

QUENTIN

How did she die in there, father.

SIR CHARLES

She was depressed...

QUENTIN

Depressed?

SIR CHARLES

Um, feeling sad. That kind of
thing, you know?

QUENTIN

Ah.

SIR CHARLES

So she just lay down amongst the
ice and went to sleep.

QUENTIN

Brrr! It must have been cold?

SIR CHARLES
Yes, but she wouldn't have really
felt it.

QUENTIN
Because she was asleep?

SIR CHARLES
(swallowing hard with
emotion)
Yeah.

QUENTIN
(concerned)
You're not going to do that are you
father?

SIR CHARLES
No.

QUENTIN
(still concerned)
You're not are you?

SIR CHARLES
No. Definitely not.

QUENTIN
That's good because...
(visibly upset)
...I don't want you too.

SIR CHARLES
(cajoling)
Come on. Let's get the boat out.

They untie the boat from it's mooring inside the boat house.
Sir Charles takes the oars and they set off down the river.

Quentin leans back in the boat, soaking-up the sun. As Sir
Charles rows steadily, the gentle splash splash splash of the
oars breaking the surface of the water and the sound of
birdsong filling the afternoon air puts Quentin into a
reverie.

END OF FLASHBACK

BACK TO:

INT. LANTERN HOUSE, ARTISTS'S STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Stratford is still frozen in reverie, paintbrush in hand, cup
of tea in the other enveloped by birdsong.

Somewhere in the far distance a farmer's gun is fired. It shocks Stratford back into his present reality. He takes a considered look at the work on his easel. He nods in the affirmative, liking what he sees. He's at peace with the world.

EXT. HESTON GALLERY STREET ENTRANCE, BOND STREET - EVENING

There is a constant stream of taxis, private cars, and limousines dropping off the great and the good outside the Heston Gallery.

A large old black Mercedes pulls up with Clunky at the wheel. He gets out and opens the passenger door to help Sir Julian out of the car. Sir Julian is dressed flamboyantly but aristocratically. Clunky is dressed in a hideously ill-fitting suit with his mop of jet-black hair with a mind of its own. He's totally out of place.

Sir Julian struggles out of the car with the help of Clunky. He stands for a moment as usual, surveying the scene.

SIR JULIAN

Right, Clunky. You go orf and park the car. Get back here as quickly as you can. I may need some help with the waterworks, what?

CLUNKY

Right, Sir.

Clunky drives away. Sir Julian turns to enter the Heston Gallery. Jenna appears in the doorway from the inside. She's wearing a striking red dress, showing off her ample cleavage. She looks stunning, holding a glass of champagne.

JENNA

Sir Julian! How lovely to see you.

SIR JULIAN

(trying to work out who he is talking to)
Ahh...erm...Mrs Quilter?

JENNA

Pfff! Ha ha ha - I should think so!

She holds out her hand

JENNA (CONT'D)

(helping him out with her name)
Jenna. We met the other evening?

SIR JULIAN
Yes yes - Lantern House Farm.

They shake hands. Jenna pushes her head forward, kissing Sir Julian on the cheek. He recoils a little, not used to demonstrative acts.

SIR JULIAN (CONT'D)
Hmm..ah ha.

JENNA
Won't you come in and have a drink?

SIR JULIAN
That would be delightful, madam.

They enter the Heston Gallery together, arm in arm.

INT. HESTON GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

FOYER SPACE

Sir Julian and Jenna are met by Stratford Quilter with a drink in his hand.

STRATFORD QUILTER
Sir Julian! This is a great a surprise - didn't think you'd make it!

SIR JULIAN
Nearly didn't
(pointing to his nether regions)
Waterworks and whatnot. Never mind, finally got things sorted. That reminds me, can someone keep an eye out for Clunky when he returns from parking the car?

STRATFORD QUILTER
Of course.

SIR JULIAN
Would there be a quiet corner we could plonk him until I need him?

Stratford catches the arm of a passing usher, whispers into his ear while pointing at the door. Then turns to Sir Julian.

STRATFORD QUILTER
All taken care of.

SIR JULIAN
Capital!

A waiter offers up a tray of champagne to Sir Julian. Sir Julian takes one.

SIR JULIAN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

EXHIBITION SPACE

JOHN GENTLY (50), a millionaire private art collector and rather smooth bon vivant, is talking to FELICITY FLIPPANCE (30), a well-known TV presenter known for the combination of her high intellect and stunning looks. Stratford Quilter hovers in the background, unseen, earwiggling.

They are discussing Stratford Quilter's largest and most intriguing work - the centre-piece of the exhibition 'Fuck-Tree' - eight-feet wide, eight-feet high, depicts the trunk of a large oak tree, peppered with a myriad of dildo-like phalluses 'growing' out of the bark. Two old ladies are depicted with their skirts hitched-up and their bare backsides rammed against the trunk, 'riding' the dildos - 'doggie style'. Their faces are wild and ecstatic but unnerving.

JOHN GENTLY
(sipping champagne)
Striking, don't you think?

FELICITY FLIPPANCE
(finding it erotic)
Mmm.

JOHN GENTLY
I think that it's telling us something?

FELICITY FLIPPANCE
That fucking is good at any age.

JOHN GENTLY
Ha, well...come to think of it...

FELICITY FLIPPANCE

I think it's about the older woman
in society sort of 'over-riding',
excuse the pun, society's
debilitating idea that pleasure is
for the taking only by the young...

JOHN GENTLY

(enthusiastically)

Mmm. Maybe.

FELICITY FLIPPANCE

The setting is natural, outdoors -
a kind of lusty, mother-earth-type
symbology...

JOHN GENTLY

And no man required!

FELICITY FLIPPANCE

(unsure)

Hmm?

Stratford steps forward, making himself known. He puts his
arm around Felicity and sensually kisses the back of her
neck. Knowing his touch, she happily falls back into his arms
like an old lover.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Since when has Felicity Flippance
not required a little bit of man,
hey?

She turns her head lovingly so that they are face to face and
purrs.

FELICITY FLIPPANCE

Mmm, naughty!

STRATFORD QUILTER

(to John Gently)

Hello.

Felicity snaps out of it.

FELICITY FLIPPANCE

(to John Gently)

Oh, sorry.

(pointing with her thumb
over her shoulder at
Stratford)

This is the person that this hoo-ha
is all about, the artist, Stratford
Quilter.

(MORE)

FELICITY FLIPPANCE (CONT'D)
 (turning to Stratford)
 Stratford, this is the art-
 collector, John Gently...

STRATFORD QUILTER
 Ah yes, based in Mayfair - likes
 porcelain, I believe?

JOHN GENTLY
 (impressed and thrilled)
 Spot on, spot on, old boy!

The two men shake hands vigorously and amicably.

JOHN GENTLY (CONT'D)
 Of course, I'm also familiar with
 all your work, old boy but couldn't
 put a face to your name. You're
 rather elusive!

FELICITY FLIPPANCE
 (with an uplifting
 congratulatory squeak)
 Well now you know!

Felicity makes a beeline for someone she's seen on the other
 side of the room and walks away

FELICITY FLIPPANCE (CONT'D)
 I'll leave you gents to get to know
 one another.

EXT. HESTON GALLERY STREET ENTRANCE, BOND STREET - EVENING

An official-looking black limousine with Russian insignia and
 diplomatic plates, pulls up outside the gallery. The
 CHAUFFEUR steps out and opens the rear door for MR PETROV
 (45), senior diplomat from the Russian Embassy. He is
 extremely formal and well-dressed.

CHAUFFEUR
 (on opening the door)
 Mr Petrov.

MR PETROV
 (In a whisper, without
 making eye-contact)
 Thank you.

Mr Petrov enters the Heston Gallery. There is a slightly foreboding presence surrounding Mr Petrov that turns heads in this otherwise 'seen-everything fashionable London street.

BACK TO:

INT. HESTON GALLERY - EVENING

EXHIBITION SPACE

JOHN GENTLY

Have you known Felicity long?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Oh yes. We go back donkey's years.

JOHN GENTLY

Oh right...

STRATFORD QUILTER

We used to ride horses and generally muck about together - before she became this glam TV-presenter-thingy.

JOHN GENTLY

Oh right. And now she's gone...all glam-with-brains - and a celebrity to boot!

They both chuckle and sip their champagne.

JOHN GENTLY (CONT'D)

Mind you, must get a bit tiresome though. All the constant attention everywhere she goes and all that?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Oh, I think she takes it all in her stride. She's well-remunerated. It's not such a bad life.

An usher interrupts Stratford.

USHER

Sorry, Mr Quilter?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Hi - Yes>

USHER

There's a gentleman that wants to talk to you about buying your artworks.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Ok. Where is he?

USHER

He's in the foyer, sir - a Mr Petrov?

STRATFORD QUILTER

(to the Usher)

Thank you.

(to John Gently)

Sorry, I...

John Gently, sipping his champagne between words, effusively pats Stratford on the back with a big smile

JOHN GENTLY

That's fine, old boy...you go...and sell your art!

He holds up his glass.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Cheers!

FOYER SPACE

There are a few people milling about in the foyer as Stratford scans for Mr Petrov.

Mr Petrov spots Stratford and catches his arm, taking him by surprise.

MR PETROV

(in a staccato Russian accent)

Mr Quilter?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Yes - Mr Petrov, I believe?

MR PETROV

The very same. I've come about buying your artworks.

STRATFORD QUILTER

OK. Which ones would they be?

MR PETROV
(nonchalantly)
All of them, Mr Quilter - all of
them.

Stratford is rather taken aback.

STRATFORD QUILTER
All of them - that's all thirty-
five?

MR PETROV
I have orders - very important
orders, in fact, from the very
highest order, if you know what I
mean - for *all* of them.

STRATFORD QUILTER
I can do that.

MR PETROV
Good.

STRATFORD QUILTER
But they will have to stay
exhibited until tomorrow lunchtime
- it's in the contract.

MR PETROV
No problem. We will arrange
collection for tomorrow afternoon.
Payment will be made in cash on
collection...if *that* is alright by
you, Mr Quilter?

STRATFORD QUILTER
Payment in cash will be fine, Mr
Petrov.

MR PETROV
Nice doing business with you Mr
Quilter.

They shake hands. Mr Petrov departs, slipping quietly into
his waiting diplomatic limousine into the London night.

EXHIBITION SPACE

Jenna catches up with Stratford as he meanders around the
exhibition, drink in hand.

JENNA

So, word tells me, that yet another
dodgy official buys all your work?

Stratford shrugs with a smirk.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I won't ask!
(drinking up her
champagne)
You're a curious one - no one's
ever going to get to the bottom of
you, Stratford Quilter!

Jenna takes another two glasses of champagne from a passing waiter. She offers one to Stratford, looking him directly in the eye as if she knows something that she shouldn't.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Drink, Quilty?

STRATFORD QUILTER

(cocky)
Yup.

The general hubbub of the evening reaches a peak as Sir Julian, now well-lubricated, over-dramatically leans forward to look at the information label on 'Fuck-Tree'. He almost falls forward onto the artwork but just manages to steady himself.

This catches the eye and attention of the whole crowd who immediately fall silent as though someone is about to give a speech. Sir Julian takes his large magnifying glass from out of his pocket, squinting with his usual hideous grimace as he hovers it over the label. He drunkenly shouts, to himself, in his conservative disbelief but for ALL to hear, piercing the suddenly expectant silence.

SIR JULIAN

Fuck Tree!

The crowd fall about uproariously. John Gently, drink in one hand, puts his arm in the air for everyone to repeat with him as Sir Julian, only half aware, still squints through his magnifying glass with confusion.

JOHN GENTLY & THE CROWD

Fuck Tree!!

Stratford, sipping his drink, looks across to Jenna, knowingly with a chuckle as the moment serves to unite the crowd - beautifully. There is much merriment.

EXT. HESTON GALLERY STREET ENTRANCE, BOND STREET - EVENING

The exuberance of the Private View spills out into the street outside causing passers-by to prick up their ears as they go about their business.

The exuberance gradually fades away as the scene disappears beneath a higher and higher bird's eye view. Travelling further, the rest of the central London landmarks come into view.

EXT. BLACKTHORNE PARK, ESTATE MEADOWS & MANSION - MORNING

Early morning. Travelling bird's eye view of Blackthorne Park meadows, descending to a ground view of Sir Julian's mansion. Birdsong.

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK, DRAWING ROOM - MORNING

Sir Julian sits at a large table with the broadsheet newspaper, *The Telegraph*, spread out over it. He is looking at the 'ARTS' page. He reads out, to himself, the heading that appears magnified through the hovering, shaking glass, 'Stratford Quilter's Private View in Bond Street sells out!'

SIR JULIAN

By Jove, that Quilter fellow is in
the *Telegraph* - Huh!

He drops the magnifying glass onto the table and grins, shaking his head, looking at the spread-out newspaper in bewildered silence.

Suddenly, something comes into his head. He turns his head to one side, gazing out of the window and scrunches-up his nose with a fierce grimace.

SIR JULIAN (CONT'D)

But...but, Fuck Tree?!!

He snatches a glass of whisky sitting beside a bottle of whisky on the table and downs it in one, screwing his eyes shut.

INT. MOORED THAMES BARGE - MORNING

Three hooded men sit around a small table in the galley of a moored Thames barge. Their faces obscured. A plan is spread out on the table in front of them.

1ST HOODED MAN

Right, we've got twenty-four hours.
So, let's go through this again.
She leaves Buckingham Palace and
travels down The Mall in the horse-
drawn carriage - you got that?

2ND & 3RD HOODED MEN

(in unison)

Right, Boss.

1ST HOODED MAN

And I don't want any mistakes like
last time - end of, Right?

2ND & 3RD HOODED MEN

Right.

1ST HOODED MAN

(pointing to 2ND hooded
man)

When she gets to Horse Guards
Parade, you set off the flare, the
moment she stops.

2ND HOODED MAN

Yup.

1ST HOODED MAN

(pointing to 3RD hooded
man)

And then you blow the fucking
carriage to smithereens - Yeah?

3RD HOODED MAN

(nervously excited)

Yeah!

1ST HOODED MAN

Right let's show 'em what trooping
the fucking colour really means -
Yeah?

2ND & 3RD HOODED MEN

Yeah!

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON BACK STREET, SECRET GARAGE ENTRANCE -
MORNING

Stratford Quilter arrives in his convertible at the double
doors of his secret back-street garage. He points his device
at the doors and they open. The doors shut behind him as he
drives in onto the revolving turntable.

INT. SECRET GARAGE - MORNING

Stratford drives off the turntable into his secret space. He gets out of the car, carrying his usual brown leather bag and enters his secret dressing-room through the little red door in the corner.

INT. SECRET GARAGE, CELLAR ROOM - MORNING

Stratford undresses in front of his large, full-length mirror. He takes out a change of clothes from the brown leather bag. He pulls on some very pink, very feminine, trousers. Then a frilly white woman's blouse, and a bright, colourful ladies jacket. He uses his special device to scoop up all his curly hair tightly to his scalp, leaving it in a heap on top of his head. He covers it with a flamboyant ladies floppy hat, such as may be seen at Ladies day at the races at Ascot.

He applies some make-up to change his features somewhat, finally putting on some super-large round, colourful 'in-your-face' spectacles.

He takes a pair of suede, thigh-length ladies boots out of a side cupboard and pulls them on with some difficulty due to them being extremely tight-fitting. He takes out a pistol from the drawer, loads it, and pops it into the inside of the jacket. He pulls out a knife from the cupboard and slips it down into the side of one of his thigh-length boots. He admires himself in the mirror - he has totally changed his whole persona and likes what he sees. He smirks.

EXT. MONMOUTH STREET, COVENT GARDEN/TRAVELLING - MORNING

Stratford 'minces' down Monmouth Street, Covent Garden, cutting a strange, strikingly camp figure. He approaches Jenna's Covent Garden Therapy Rooms with the sign 'Clairvoyant Readings by Jenna'. Jenna approaches him from the opposite direction with a coffee in hand on her way back to her rooms. They look at each other directly but she doesn't recognize him. He smiles wryly as he continues through the streets of London until he reaches the gates of Buckingham Palace.

EXT. GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE - MORNING

Stratford converses with a police officer at the gates and is waved through.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, CORRIDOR TO QUEEN'S STUDY - MORNING

Stratford minces his way through a corridor towards The Queen's study. As he nears her door a security man makes to apprehend him and physically stop him. Stratford 'takes him out' with some incredible deft moves - it's all over very quickly and quietly except for the 'thump' of the officer's head against The Queen's door as he falls unconscious from Stratford's precision manoeuvres. He lies flat on his back.

As Stratford knocks on The Queen's door, two waiting flunkies appear as from nowhere with an already-prepared stretcher and start 'loading' the injured officer onto it.

THE QUEEN (O.C.)
(muffled, rising squeak)
Please enter.

Stratford opens the door and steps half-way in. The Queen is sitting in her chair at her desk with her back to him as the flunkies make quite some noisy fuss over loading the injured officer.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)
Good morning Mr Quilter. The Ferret informed me of your coming.

STRATFORD QUILTER
(nonchalantly)
Morning, Ma'am.

THE QUEEN
I do hope that you haven't hurt my man out there too much.

Stratford looks over his shoulder at the flunkies now removing the injured officer on the stretcher.

STRATFORD QUILTER
He'll live, Ma'am.

THE QUEEN
(indifferently)
Well, that's what he's paid for, I suppose.

STRATFORD QUILTER
(chirpily and cheekily)
And handsomely, I believe?

THE QUEEN
(changing the subject)
Come in and shut the door.
(MORE)

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

I believe you've lots to tell me Mr
Quilter?

Stratford minces-in, closing the door behind him.

INT. ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, MET POLICE - MORNING

The Assistant Commissioner sits at her desk. There is a knock
at the door.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

(orderly)

Come in.

The Deputy Assistant enters with a sense of urgency.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

Ma'am - more info on tomorrow's
Trooping the Colour.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

Fire away!

DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

We think that the suspects are
close. Possibly even living here in
the city.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

On what or who's evidence?

DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

Ma'am, it was a communication from
Stratford Quilter.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

(taking it seriously)

Right. I want you to assign a team
to Commander Johnson - I want him
to get out there and pick up the
feeling on the street.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

Right Ma'am.

EXT. GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE - MORNING

Stratford Quilter speaks with a police officer on the gates
of Buckingham Palace. After a little ladylike fiddle with his
hair and clothes, he leaves the officer and minces away up
The Mall.

His swinging hips eventually disappearing out of sight to the amusement and intrigue of a group of police officers.

INT. SECRET GARAGE, CELLAR ROOM - MORNING

Stratford stands before the full-length mirror, removes his hat along with the special hair-scoop device and shakes his head to return the normal bounce of his curly hair. He begins to disrobe.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY TO THE NEWMAN ARMS, FITZROVIA - MORNING

Stratford, in his normal civilian get-up, strolls through the quaint old passage to the entrance of The Newman Arms in Fitzrovia. Over the door 'The Newman Arms - Home made Pies'. He enters a door marked 'The Pie Room'.

INT. THE NEWMAN ARMS, UPSTAIRS PIE ROOM - MORNING

Stratford sits alone at a simple but stylish wooden table enjoying a home made pie with a Guinness. The Pie Room is small, seating only around 35. It is a dark, oak-panelled room with stripped floors. There are only some five or six other diners.

EXT. BBC BROADCASTING HOUSE, EXTERNAL ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Stratford Quilter walks through the revolving doors of BBC Broadcasting House.

INT. BBC BROADCASTING HOUSE, STUDIO DRESSING ROOM DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Stratford stands outside a studio dressing room door marked 'Felicity Flippance'. He knocks three times, then five times in quick succession with each knock getting louder.

FELICITY FLIPPANCE (O.C.)
(excited)
Stratford Quilter!

Felicity opens the door. She is wearing a short, tight, sexy dress.

FELICITY FLIPPANCE (CONT'D)
(knowingly and
seductively)
And what do you want?

Stratford says nothing but strides in purposefully.

INT. FELICITY FLIPPANCE'S DRESSING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Stratford Quilter has Felicity Flippance bent over a stool with her dress hitched-up and her knickers around just one of her ankles as he fucks her from behind. The stool emitting a loud screech as it scrapes across the floor with each thrust of Stratford's hips.

Felicity grunts with animalistic pleasure.

FELICITY FLIPPANCE

Oh fuck! Ah ha...ah ha...ah ha...

There is a knock on the dressing room door. Stratford and Felicity 'freeze' just as they are. The knock comes again. Stratford quietly reaches down and lifts her leg so that he can take off her knickers - he places them in his jacket pocket.

RUNNER

Miss Flippance?

FELICITY FLIPPANCE

(straining with Stratford
inside her)

Yes...

RUNNER

Recording - Studio 5 in five
minutes?

FELICITY FLIPPANCE

Ok. Thanks.

They stay 'frozen' until the runner disappears. Felicity turns her head to look back at Stratford as he slowly but firmly starts to fuck her again.

FELICITY FLIPPANCE (CONT'D)

Now finish me off...ooooh, you
gorgeous fucking animal...

Stratford ups his pace.

FELICITY FLIPPANCE (CONT'D)

Ah ha...ah ha...ah ha...ah ha ah ha
ah ha ah ha ah ah ah ah ah ah...

INT. BBC BROADCASTING HOUSE, STUDIO 5 - MOMENTS LATER

In Studio 5 a live excited audience anticipates the show with Felicity Flippance. She waits in the wings. An announcer over-enthusiastically introduces her.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to
The Arts Show. Please put your
hands together for our very own -
Felicity Flippance!

Rapturous applause as Felicity rearranges her dress a little
before stepping out, centre stage.

FELICITY FLIPPANCE

Thank you and, welcome to The Arts
Show...

Stratford has a wry smile on his face as he watches from the
wings. He cheekily shows her, as she's broadcasting to
camera, that he still has her knickers in his jacket pocket.

INT. HESTON GALLERY, BOND STREET - AFTERNOON

Mr Petrov is directing a team of porters and gallery
assistants at the Heston Gallery as they pack up the entire
contents of Stratford Quilter's exhibition. 'Fuck-Tree' is
being wrapped in its constituent parts - gallery assistants
are carefully 'unhooking' the dildos from the trunk.

MR PETROV

(to everyone)

Splendid! Make sure that they're
packed well. They must be on
display in Moscow this evening.

A label being applied to 'Fuck-Tree' reads 'The Kremlin'.

EXT. LANTERN HOUSE, THE TERRACE - EVENING

Jenna is outside on the terrace enjoying the warmth and
bubbles of her new blow-up spa under a large parasol with
romantic, coloured lights on the underside. She lies back,
naked, with a glass of champagne.

She perks up on hearing the roar of Stratford's convertible
arriving in the yard.

Stratford appears on the terrace.

STRATFORD QUILTER

You found the hot tub then?

JENNA

What are you doing with your
clothes on? Get them off, and get
in here!

Stratford strips off and walks over to the hot tub. Jenna is smiling. She speaks in a jovial but 'clairvoyant,' knowing manner.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Now get in, and wash that woman away, if you please.

She takes a sip of champagne then pours Stratford a glass, handing it to him as he tentatively slips in.

JENNA (CONT'D)

There, get that down you...
 (looking knowingly across
 the top of her glass at
 Stratford)
 You...gorgeous-fucking-animal...

Stratford, slightly taken aback, takes a sip. They 'clink' glasses.

Stratford tries to diplomatically change the subject.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Do you know where my phone-charger is?

JENNA

(friendly but
 sarcastically, sipping
 champagne)
 Yes - it's up my arse!

Stratford smiles and puts his arm around Jenna. She puts her head on his shoulder, lovingly.

They become like a little beacon of light in the dusk from an increasingly higher and higher bird's eye view which eventually takes in the farm, fields, and surrounding countryside.

INT. SPECIALIST OPERATIONS, NEW SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

The same five high-ranking officials sit around the oval table at a late night meeting at Special Operations, New Scotland Yard. A large plan is spread out on the table. The clock on the wall reads 11.45pm.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 Yes, the troops will be forming-up
 at around o-nine-hundred hours on
 Horse Guards Parade but I'm more
 concerned about Her Majesty's trip
 from Buckingham Palace. She leaves
 the Palace at o-nine-forty-five in
 the horse-drawn carriage, arriving
 at Horse Guards Parade at precisely
 eleven-hundred hours.

They peruse the plan on the table. Commander Johnson traces
 his forefinger along the map from Buckingham Palace down The
 Mall to the intersection of Horse Guards Parade.

COMMANDER JOHNSON
 (tapping his finger on the
 intersection)
 It's here...at this intersection,
 that Stratford Quilter has given us
 the 'heads-up', Ma'am.

The Assistant Commissioner looks closely at the map.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 Mmm?

COMMANDER JOHNSON
 And especially here...
 (tapping the map)
 ...when Her Majesty will come to a
 complete standstill to take the
 Royal Salute.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 Ah ha.

The Assistant Commissioner is deep in thought, stroking her
 chin.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
 (to the Deputy
 Commissioner)
 Do we know that Stratford Quilter
 will be fully operational tomorrow
 morning?

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
 Yes Ma'am - on full alert.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
 And how is he going to present
 himself this time - how will we
 distinguish him?

COMMANDER JOHNSON
 (serious and grave)
 As a bumblebee, Ma'am.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 (thoughtfully)
 As a bumblebee....
 (to the Deputy
 Commissioner)
 Would you let operations on the
 ground know what to look out for -
 we don't want an injured bumblebee
 drawing unnecessary attention.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 Of course Ma'am. I'll circulate
 that tonight and early tomorrow
 morning.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 I take it that bumblebee will be
 armed?

DEPUTY ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 Yes Ma'am, but Mr Quilter has, as
 usual, assured me that the firearms
 will only be used as a last resort
 - you remember Ma'am, last time, as
 Little Bo Peep, he managed to
 disable three men, rendering them
 all unconscious without the use of
 overt weaponry and managed to
 disappear discreetly?

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 Yes yes, I remember. Let's look
 forward to a seamless Trooping the
 Colour.

The rest of the group mutter in the affirmative as the
 Assistant Commissioner gathers up her papers and exits.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
 Good evening, gentlemen.

INT./EXT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUEEN'S BEDROOM/GROUNDS - NIGHT

The Queen sleeps 'like a baby,' alone in her bed. She's on
 her back, with curlers in her hair - each one adorned with a
 tiny golden crown. She snores long, deep, and contentedly. A
 'Stratford Quilter' with its distinctive 'SQ' in the bottom
 right-hand corner, hangs above her bed.

Outside, her room, dimly-lit by a small table lamp, gives off a cosy, warm glow from her window nestled in the huge wall of the palace. Around the grounds, owls hoot, guards salute, and in the distance, taxis toot.

EXT. THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW - SUNRISE

An iconic view of The Kremlin bathed in the crimson glow of sunrise.

INT. THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW - SUNRISE

View of The RUSSIAN PRESIDENT's back as he sits smoking a large cigar at his desk. He looks across at the wall in front of him - it's a blur of paintings that gradually come into focus - the entire collection from Stratford Quilter's Private View, with all the usual 'SQ' signatures.

In front of him, in the middle of an easy-seating area, is the large 'Fuck-Tree' installation. He looks over toward it and inhales deeply from his cigar, tilts his head back as he exhales smugly.

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

Ahhh ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

INT. LANTERN HOUSE, BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Jenna wakes from sleep. She puts out her arm, looking for Stratford, only to find him gone.

JENNA

(sighing)

Oh, Quilty - on one of your missions again.

She closes her eyes and snuggles-up.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUEEN'S BEDROOM/CORRIDOR - SUNRISE

The Queen, still wearing her 'golden-crown' curlers, is in her bed, flat on her back with her mouth open snoring like a train. The dawn chorus is just sounding through the open window.

Outside in the corridor her Lady-in-Waiting approaches her bedroom door.

INTERCUT between The Queen and Lady-in-Waiting.

The Lady-in-Waiting knocks softly on The Queen's door.

LADY-IN-WAITING
(softly)
Good morning, Ma'am.

The Queen continues to snore. The Lady-in-Waiting knocks again - a little louder.

LADY-IN-WAITING (CONT'D)
(a tad louder)
Good morning, Ma'am.

The Queen snorts, grunts, and stirs a little before resuming her sleep, snoring once more.

The Lady-in-Waiting knocks very loud and sharp.

LADY-IN-WAITING (CONT'D)
(direct)
Good morning, *Ma'am!*

The Queen wakes with a hard, short 'snort', sitting bolt upright in one move.

THE QUEEN
(with a sense of urgency)
Yes - please come in!

The Lady-in-Waiting enters the bedroom. As she opens the ceiling to floor curtains, the sunlight starts to stream in.

LADY-IN-WAITING
Lovely day for it, Ma'am.

THE QUEEN
Do you know...
(yawning)
..I always seem to oversleep for
trooping the Colour, and yet, it's
one of my favourite days.

The Lady-in-Waiting continues opening the myriad of curtains.

LADY-IN-WAITING
What an irritation, Ma'am.

THE QUEEN
Quite! Now, about that dress...

EXT. THE MALL - SUNRISE

Officials are putting finishing touches to the barriers and road-blocks around The Mall as the public start to arrive, taking their places for the event.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE, SOHO - MORNING

SEATING AREA

Stratford sits in an upmarket Soho coffee house, eating croissants - the French way, dipping them into his black coffee. He reads the newspaper with a headline reading 'Trooping the Colour: all you need to know to enjoy the spectacle'. It's beautifully quiet.

A WAITER (30), a rather refined young man, holding a coffee pot, approaches him.

WAITER
More coffee sir?

STRATFORD QUILTER
Please - you know me by now!

WAITER
I do sir...
(pouring the coffee)
...still painting sir?

STRATFORD QUILTER
I am indeed. More so than ever I feel.

WAITER
Ah, pleased to hear it. You in your studio today?

STRATFORD QUILTER
(ambivalent)
Kind of...

WAITER
Ah. What are you working on today sir?

STRATFORD QUILTER
Well, as you're asking, it's a very large canvas today - I'm just going to take out a couple of blemishes....

WAITER
Finishing touches, hey?

STRATFORD QUILTER
Yup. I'm going to, shall we
say...clean the scene up!

WAITER
Good for you, sir.

The Waiter moves onto the table opposite where an attractive, well-heeled, woman, LADY LEWIS (32), takes a seat as Stratford continues perusing his newspaper, sipping coffee.

She draws Stratford's attention as she over-emphasizes the crossing of her stocking-clad legs whilst intentionally but subtly, giving out a message that she's 'interested' in him.

WAITER (CONT'D)
(to Lady Lewis)
Good morning, Lady Lewis.

LADY LEWIS
(formal, but amicable to
the Waiter)
Good morning Marcus.

WAITER
Your usual?

LADY LEWIS
Please.

The Waiter disappears to see to Lady Lewis's order.

Stratford looks up from his newspaper to find that Lady Lewis has her gaze fixed upon him with an uninhibited, knowing smile - the tip of her tongue just touching her top lip.

CUT TO:

COUNTER

The Waiter puts some toast and tea on a tray for Lady Lewis.

SEATING AREA

The Waiter looks about him confusedly as he puts Lady Lewis's order down onto her table. She is absent, and so is Stratford.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COFFE HOUSE TOILETS - MORNING

Stratford has Lady Lewis bent over a toilet in a cubicle in the Ladies toilets. He fucks her from behind. She is moaning heavily. No words are spoken.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, MET POLICE - MORNING

The Assistant Commissioner is at her desk on the telephone.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

Ah ha, Ah ha. That's all very well
Commander but has anyone made
contact with Stratford Quilter this
morning?

Pause

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Well, if he's told you that, then
I'm happy. I want you to chuck
everything you've got at this one -
I don't want any cock-ups!

Pause

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

And, by the way, put a memo around
that this operation has now been
named officially as 'Operation
Bumblebee'.

Pause

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Right-o. Stay in touch Commander.

The Assistant Commissioner puts down her phone, picks up a pen, which she taps on her desk while holding her face in contemplation, mumbling to herself.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Bumbly bumbly beeee!

INT. SECRET GARAGE, CELLAR ROOM - MORNING

Stratford strips off in front of his full-length mirror. He pulls on a close-fitting 'bumblebee' suit, complete with 'bee' shoes and a balaclava-style 'bee' headpiece.

He loads a pistol before slipping it into his 'bee' suit. He then takes a long tube with a nasty-looking spike on its end. He carefully fills it with a liquid from a bottle marked 'Do not take internally'. He carefully slides it up on the inside of one of his 'bee' sleeves.

EXT. THE MALL - MORNING

Stratford walks up The Mall to take his position at the intersection of Horse Guards Parade. There is a raised level of excitement from the huge crowds that have gathered.

As Stratford walks through the crowd, many children show an interest in the 'bee' being encouraged by their parents who think that it's some kind of jokey 'mascot' for the proceedings. Stratford reciprocates in kind, jokily jostling with the children as he makes his way.

He stops at the intersection of Horse guards Parade. He spots Commander Johnson from Protection Command, speaking into a walkie-talkie. Stratford 'earwigs'.

COMMANDER JOHNSON
(speaking into his walkie-talkie)

Ma'am. Operation Bumblebee is under way. I have located the bee.

Back comes a hissy, crackling reply.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
Very good, Commander. Keep an eye on him, but don't - I repeat DON'T, intervene with anything he does - you got that?

COMMANDER JOHNSON
Loud and clear, Ma'am.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
Just pick up the pieces afterwards, OK?

COMMANDER JOHNSON
Yes Ma'am. I understand Ma'am. Over and out Ma'am.

INT. JENNA'S THERAPY ROOM, COVENT GARDEN - MORNING

Jenna is in the middle of giving a clairvoyant reading to a client.

JENNA

And you will feel that you've actually taken control of your life.

CLIENT

Really?

JENNA

Really! It will be like a breath of fresh air.

CLIENT

Great!

Jenna suddenly shakes her head as though there is a fly bothering her.

The client is concerned for her.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

You ok?

JENNA

Yeah. It's strange - I'm not quite sure where this is coming from...maybe, nothing to do with you, but I'm getting this strange feeling of a bee?

CLIENT

You mean like...a...bumblebee?

JENNA

Yes, a bumblebee. It's definitely a bumblebee. It's such a strong feeling, in fact, overwhelming. Does it mean anything to you?

CLIENT

(puzzled)

No, can't say that it does, sorry.

JENNA

No matter. Now, where were we...

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUADRANGLE LOADING AREA - MORNING

The Queen and Prince Philip mount the horse-drawn glass coach.

The procession begins, leaving Buckingham Palace with other members of the Royal Family leading the way in small horse-drawn 'barouches' while an entourage of officials follow behind.

EXT. THE MALL - MORNING

There is mounting excitement from the crowd as The Queen and Prince Philip make their way down The Mall from Buckingham Palace. The procession arrives at Horse Guards Parade, coming to a halt exactly as Big Ben strikes eleven.

From within the crowd, seemingly out of nowhere, The First Hooded-Man attempts to aim and fire a flare gun over the proceedings. Stratford Quilter, lurking among the crowd in anticipation, pulls out his 'bee' spike and plunges it into the hooded-man's neck - he is unconscious before he hits the floor. The crowd are confused - there is a certain amount of underlying panic, not knowing whether the bumblebee is just 'playing around'.

Commander Johnson is right on the situation with a sense of heightened excitement and urgency.

COMMANDER JOHNSON
(into his walkie-talkie)
Operation Bumblebee...Operation
Bumblebee...

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
I read you, Commander...go ahead...

COMMANDER JOHNSON
The bee has stung. I repeat - The
bee has stung, Over.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
Affirmative, Commander. We have him
in our sights.

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK, DRAWING ROOM - MORNING

Sir Julian sits watching the proceedings of 'Trooping the Colour' on television. Tangmo brings in a tray of tea and biscuits. As she puts down the tray, the TV COMMENTATOR starts to get excited.

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
There seems to be some kind of
kerfuffle involving a bumblebee...

Sir Julian nibbles a biscuit and spits crumbs as he shouts.

SIR JULIAN
Pesky bumblebee! Whats a ruddy
bumblebee doing?

Tangmo takes the tray away as Sir Julian shouts again.

SIR JULIAN (CONT'D)
(now with a mouthful of
biscuit)
Get rid of the ruddy bumblebee!

Tangmo, slightly distraught, dashes off.

TV COMMENTATOR
And, now, the crowd seem to be
parting...

SIR JULIAN
(incredulous, open-
mouthed)
What the Ruddy Hell....

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKTHORNE PARK, KITCHEN GARDEN - MORNING

Clunky is shoveling gravel, perspiring heavily. Tangmo approaches him.

CLUNKY
(still shoveling,
irritated)
What now?

TANGMO
Sir Julie got problem with
bumblebee.

CLUNKY
Bumblebee?

TANGMO
Sir Julie say get rid if it.

CLUNKY
Aargh!

Clunky throws down his shovel and makes his way out of the kitchen garden. Tangmo holds back, shouting.

TANGMO
Thank you, Clunky.

BACK TO:

INT. BLACKTHORNE PARK, DRAWING ROOM - MORNING

Sir Julian is now perched on the edge of the chaise longue with his elbows on his knees, hunched over the television, glued to the unfolding scenes at Trooping the Colour.

TV COMMENTATOR

There seems to be another hooded-man pulling something out of a bag...and the bumblebee figure is approaching him...

SIR JULIAN

By Jove!

Clunky enters the drawing room flailing around a fly-swat.

CLUNKY

Where is it?

SIR JULIAN

(irritated at being
distracted from the
televivion)

What? Where's *what*, man?

CLUNKY

The bee, Sir?

SIR JULIAN

The bee!!
(rising irritability)
There is no *bee!!!*

CLUNKY

I thought there was a problem with
a bumblebee, sir?

SIR JULIAN

Not in here man...on the TV, at The
Trooping of the Colour!!

CLUNKY

I suggest you take yourself - and
that...

(over-accented)
...*fly-swat*, back to work!

Clunky slinks away with his tail between his legs.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MALL - MORNING

Stratford Quilter sets his sights on the second hooded-man who is about to fire a hand-held rocket-launcher at the Royal glass carriage. He draws his spike once again, plunging it into the neck of the second hooded-man with the same immediate debilitating result. The crowd scream as Stratford disappears amongst the kerfuffle.

Commander Johnson is nearby and speaks into his walkie-talkie.

COMMANDER JOHNSON
Operation Bumblebee. Operation
Bumblebee...come in...

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
I read you, Commander...

COMMANDER JOHNSON
The bee has stung again and flown
away...I repeat, stung again and
flown away...

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
Get your team onto it immediately,
Commander. I want it all cleared
away with minimal disruption to the
proceedings. I repeat - minimal
disruption to the proceedings.

COMMANDER JOHNSON
Copy. Over and out, Ma'am.

Commander Johnson directs his men to stretcher away the two hooded men to the waiting ambulances.

EXT. HORSE GUARDS PARADE - MOMENTS LATER

The Assistant Commissioner is at the door of the Royal glass carriage. The Queen has a window slid back. There is an eerie stillness amid the commotion.

She speaks to The Queen and Prince Philip in hushed tones.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
Your Majesty.

THE QUEEN
Did one see a scuffle?

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
Yes Ma'am. It's been dealt with.

THE QUEEN
Sorted by Mr Quilter - the
bumblebee, I assume?

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
Indeed, Ma'am.

Prince Philip leans over The Queen to address the Assistant Commissioner through her open window.

PRINCE PHILIP
(grimacing, to the
Assistant Commissioner)
Ruddy people...
(to The Queen)
Err...have we arranged for some
honey to be sent back to
bumblebee's hive?

THE QUEEN
(to Prince Philip)
It's all in hand darling. I've
informed the ferret - he'll deal
with it.

PRINCE PHILIP
Oh yees...aahh...the
Ferret...mmm...well done, cabbage.

EXT. THE MALL - MORNING

Commander Johnson directs his men as the two hooded-men are driven away in the ambulances. The trooping of the Colour continues in earnest.

EXT. MARYLEBONE HIGH STREET - MORNING

Stratford Quilter, still in full 'bee' costume, walks down Marylebone High Street. He comes upon a road block caused by a broken-down builder's dumper truck. It has run out of fuel. It is surrounded by workers, scratching their heads as to what to do.

STRATFORD QUILTER
(to the workers)
Good morning chaps.

The workers are a little wary of the 'bee'. One of them replies.

WORKER

Morning.

STRATFORD QUILTER

What seems to be the problem?

WORKER

Run out of fuel - can't seem to get it going again.

STRATFORD QUILTER

You got some spare fuel - I take it, it's diesel?

WORKER

Yeah...

(pointing)

In that big can, over there.

STRATFORD QUILTER

(rolling up his 'bee' sleeves)

You got tools?

WORKER

Yeah...

(pointing at a toolbox)

Over there.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Firstly, put all that diesel in the tank.

The road workers fill the dumper truck's tank with fuel from the can.

STRATFORD QUILTER (CONT'D)

Right...

(pointing to the worker)

You start pumping that little lever underneath the fuel filter just there.

The worker starts pumping while Stratford fiddles with a bleed-screw. The rest of the workers suddenly take the 'bee' seriously and are intrigued.

STRATFORD QUILTER (CONT'D)

OK. That's enough. Now the fuel-pump lever just there...

(pointing)

Keep pumping while I bleed the air out of it.

The worker pumps and pumps.

STRATFORD QUILTER (CONT'D)

That's it. Here it comes, see, all the little bubbles of air...and now it's running clear of air - just fuel - done! Now I want you to turn the engine over while I bleed out the injector pipes, yeah.

WORKER

(enthusiastically)

Yeah, ok, mate.

As Stratford bleeds out the air from the injector pipes, the engine fires-up. The workers cheer, patting him on the back as he leaves to continue his journey.

One of the workers shouts after him.

WORKER (CONT'D)

Thank you bumblebee!

Stratford casually puts up one of his 'bee' arms in recognition as he wends his way, without looking back.

EXT. LONDON BACK STREET, SECRET GARAGE ENTRANCE - MORNING

The doors to the secret garage open. Stratford roars out in his convertible with the roof down. The doors automatically shut behind him as he roars off down the street.

EXT./INT. LANTERN HOUSE FARMYARD, CART SHED - AFTERNOON

Stratford screeches into the cart shed in his convertible.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE, ARTISTS'S STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Stratford sits at his easel, painting. He hears a car arrive outside in the yard as Jenna arrives back from London.

Footsteps coming up the exterior stone steps. Jenna breezes in to the studio through the open French doors. She's happy to see him.

JENNA

Quilty, you're back!

STRATFORD QUILTER

Jenna!

JENNA

Didn't expect you until late/ Did it - whatever 'it' was, go alright?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Yep.

She kisses him on the forehead as he paints. In doing so, something catches her eye. She leans in to take a closer look at his painting.

JENNA

(pointing at the painting)
What's that?

STRATFORD QUILTER

What?

JENNA

That...
(pointing precisely)
...in the corner. Is it a bee?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Oh that...yeah...a bumble bee, why?

JENNA

Nothing. Hmm, strange...

She turns to go and looks back.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Cup of tea, Quilty?

STRATFORD QUILTER

Please.

There is a loud knock at the door.

JENNA

I'll get it. Keep dabbing.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Ok.

Jenna clip-clops down the internal stairs to the front door.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE, FRONT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The knock on the front door comes heavier and louder. Jenna opens the door. The Ferret stands before her, holding a large black bag.

JENNA

Hello. Can I help you?

THE FERRET

I'm looking for Stratford Quilter,
madam?

JENNA

I'll get him. Who shall I say is
calling?

The Ferret turns away from Jenna, saying nothing. Jenna looks at him, perplexed, as he stares up towards the moon, now showing in the dusky twilight. He whistles, uncomfortably, short bursts of tuneless nonsense.

Jenna shouts up the stairs to Stratford.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Stratford! There's a man here for
you?

Stratford, now smoking a slim cigar, appears at the door as the Ferret still has his back turned, looking up to the moon and whistling short bursts of tuneless nonsense.

Stratford gently puts his arm around Jenna and directs her away from the door.

STRATFORD QUILTER

Thank you Jenna. I can take it from
here.

JENNA

(diplomatically)
I'll go and make that tea.

Jenna disappears to the kitchen. The Ferret turns around and addresses Stratford.

THE FERRET

Do you know what the lions are made
of in Trafalgar Square, sir?

STRATFORD QUILTER

They're made of honey.

THE FERRET

And what kind?

STRATFORD QUILTER

(casually puffing on his
cigar)
Apple blossom.

The Ferret thrusts the large black bag into Stratford's arms.

THE FERRET
(sinister, drawn-out)
Honey, for the beeeee.

The Ferret turns on his heels and departs with out another word or backwards glance.

Stratford closes the door. Jenna shouts from the drawing room.

JENNA (O.C.)
Your tea's in here, Quilty.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stratford walks into the drawing room to find Jenna completely naked, reclining on a chaise longue in front of the tall, floor to ceiling Georgian windows. She looks radiant and pre-Raphaelite with her gorgeous mass of long black curly hair let loose down her back.

She sips her tea.

STRATFORD QUILTER
You've got your clothes off early?

JENNA
I'm giving someone a little treat.

STRATFORD QUILTER
(shaking his head,
confused)
A treat?

JENNA
Does it matter?

STRATFORD QUILTER
Er...no!

JENNA
Who was that strange little creature at the door just now - or shouldn't I ask?

Stratford empties the contents of the large black bag onto the hearth rug. Thousands of pounds in used notes. Jenna's eyes widen.

STRATFORD QUILTER
(with a smile and a puff
of his cigar)
Does it matter?

JENNA
Not in the slightest, my darling.

Jenna goes over to the music system and puts on a CD.

MUSIC: The opening of Poulenc's ballet 'Les Biches.'

She returns to the chaise longue and signals for Stratford to join her. They nestle-up closely together.

The Music intensifies. Pull away with a view of Stratford and Jenna through the window from the garden. Then, back further, to see the outline of Clunky from behind, sitting in the hedge, peeping towards the drawing room window. Pull away further and upwards with a bird's eye view of Lantern House Farm as the music intensifies further.

END OF EPISODE