

THE THALLIUM COVERED TAG

By

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A London located gritty and brutal thriller based on true events.

Archive scenes of the battle of Britain, Spitfire planes engaged with German fighters. A German plane is on the tail of a smoking Spitfire, close up of German Pilot as he fires a deadly salvo at the British plane. Inside the Spitfire cockpit the fatally injured pilot reaches out towards the control board where a sepia photograph of a striking blonde woman (Sarah Crane) with two young boys (Stephen and Robert) is wedged. Planes crashes to the ground. **Close.**

Legend: London is still coming to terms with the end of World War II; The German bombing has left its devastation all around.

Its people are continuing to struggle with the buying of basic commodities, everything is still rationed. Ration book tokens for extra food are at a premium. People will do anything and everything for a much easier life.

Open: External view of a typically large three tier Victorian London house. The large black front door opens, and a woman smartly dressed in a coat and hat of the era, walks out.

She is SARAH CRANE (age 35), a wartime widow who has and will do anything possible to raise without too much hardship the two boys that follow her outside.

She seems tall in her high-heeled shoes, the faultless seam line of her stockings runs absolutely straight along her long perfect legs to the hem of her coat, the pulled in belt, enhances her slender waist and gives her a more voluptuous bust line.

STEPHEN CRANE (age 13); He's a blond boy with a tall and strong stature.

His younger brother ROBERT (age 10); He's dark haired, a little shorter and fatter, he is bouncing an old laced leather football. As he steps out of the door, he jumps the three outside steps and lands firmly on the roadside pavement.

The three of them walk away down a street where the rows of houses are interrupted by spaces of partly cleared shelled- out homes. At the front of each garden, short metal stumps stick out from dwarf walls where the metal railings and gates have been cut away to help with the war efforts.

SARAHS P.O.V.

AHEAD OF HER SHE SEES TWO WOMEN TALKING AT THEIR FRONT DOORS.

One (age 35) has a cigarette dangling from her lipstick lips, her bleached hair in curlers, is held under a red scarf. The other (age 45) is holding a broom and pretends to sweep as she speaks.

WOMAN WITH BROOM

Here comes the local bike that'll
shag anyone to feed her two brats.

The woman smoking looks around, and sees the Crane family coming towards them; She pulls a face, and flicks her index finger under her nose.

WOMAN WITH CIGARETTE

Yes, and with everybody knowing, the
bitch is still as snooty as ever.

Sarah can't hear, but by their facial expression she knows that they are talking about her. She holds young Robert's hand firmly and raises her head in defiance: All three look straight ahead of them.

As they walk past, Robert without turning his head daringly takes a glance at the two women who pull a face at him.

The woman with broom attempts to whisper under her breath, but she is loud enough for Sarah to hear her.

WOMAN WITH BROOM

Slut.

Without turning her head, Sarah replies.

SARAH

Fat cow.

Sarah looks down at Robert, who looks up at her in shock, she smiles and winks at him. She and the boys continue their journey along a section of demolished houses towards a butcher's shop.

The Butcher's shop is the first in a row of buildings still standing intact after the London Blitz.

A sign reading "JENKINS FAMILY BUTCHER TRADING SINCE 1908" is painted across its front. Someone has daubed beneath it in white paint "Even the Germans could not get him out"

As Sarah opens the glass door, a bell attached to a spring, RINGS out.

INT. THE BUTCHER'S SHOP.

The butcher's shop is empty, the cold shelves are almost empty of meat, there are only a couple of trays, one of scrap ends and loose sausages, and the other brawn and minced meat. This is the extent of product on view. Although World War II is well and truly over, rationing times are still hard.

The lone figure of the butcher wearing a bloodstained white apron is bent over with a knife in hand de-boning a small joint. The BUTCHER looks up and seems shocked at seeing Mrs. Crane in the doorway of his shop.

The butcher is a short fat balding man in his mid-forties. He picks up a piece of rag and attempts to wipe his hands. He stammers as he searches for the correct words to say.

Sarah and the boys walk in; Robert begins to BOUNCE the football on the tiled sawdust floor.

BUTCHER

Oh! Hi Mrs. Crane, didn't expect to see you so soon. Has the new ration book already arrived? It seems as if it were only yesterday you used your last coupons.

Sarah does not answer; instead she speaks to the boys.

SARAH

Why don't you both go outside and play football while I do my shopping.

The boys leave and Sarah shuts the door behind them. She reaches for the white sign and hangs it to read CLOSED. She turns around and looks at the butcher who, knowing what is about to happen nervously smiles as his face begins to perspire.

Sarah does not take her eyes off his, as she reaches behind her and turns the door key.

From inside the shop, we see the two Crane boys outside being approached by a group of four menacing young lads.

EXT. FOUR YOUNG SCRUFFY BOYS HAVE APPROACHED STEPHEN AND ROBERT.

The four boys are aged between: (10) TO (13) and are very poorly dressed.

The shortest is JACK SMITH (Smithy) He is thirteen-years old, acne spots are prominent all over his dirty face, his hand me down clothes are well worn and torn.

He squares up to an uneasy Robert Crane.

SMITHY

Give me your ball or I'll smash your
toffee nose face in.

Stephen moves forward, and with the single movement of an arm, he brushes Robert behind him, brings his face close to Jack Smiths face, and stares down at him.

STEPHEN

Smithy! Why don't you just crawl back
under whatever stone you came from, and
play with yourself.

Smithy looks back towards his friends and gives them a wink.

SMITHY

(Nonchalant)

Oh! We are touchy today: Does that mean
you won't have a kick-around with us
then?

STEPHEN

No, not on your Nelly, not if you're
just going to boot the ball away as you
did the last time we played, and then
run off laughing while I went to fetch
it back.

SMITHY

No ... that was just a bit of a laugh...
No trust me, we'll play three a side,
you and Tosh being the tallest can be
the goalies, your Bob and me will be the
two forwards, the other two can
defend... Agreed?

STEPHEN

Yeap, all right then... lets mark out
a couple of goals with our jumpers.

The boys remove their clothes and LAUGHING, pace out a section of the empty road and begin to PLAY football.

They play for a while, and then Smithy takes a wild kick at the ball and sends it into the rear garden of the butcher's shop.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(Hands on hips, shakes
his head)

FOR Christ sake Smithy! Not again.

Smithy makes a face as Stephen finds his way over the pile of rubble, and eases himself through a gap in the wooden fence. The ball has landed near the back wall of the butcher's house.

Stephen makes his way towards it. There, he spots the ball near a window at ground level.

The glass is dirty and partly broken. The window gives light into the cellar of the butcher's shop.

Stephen picks up the ball and HEARS a grunt coming from inside the cellar. Intrigued, he approaches and takes a closer look inside.

STEPHENS P.O.V. INSIDE THE CELLAR.

The floor is littered with empty chicken crates. Hanging on a metal frame, are half a dozen dead chickens and rabbits all awaiting gutting out.

A DIMLY LIT light bulb gently swings to and fro over a large wooden table.

Stephen can see the naked backside of the Butcher, his trousers are around his ankles, with his arms at his side, his hands are holding up the stocking clad legs of a woman lying flat on her back on top of the table.

The Butcher GROANS with pleasure as he thrusts himself at her.

Stephen, with wide opened eyes goes to the woman's face that is turned sideways looking down at the floor in disgust.

The woman is his mother.

THE BUTCHER'S P.O.V. OF SARAH.

The butcher's face is awash with sweat; he licks his lips as he looks down at the shape of the woman lying in front of him.

BUTCHER

(Grunting and out of
breath)

Sarah... Show us your tits, and I'll
give you an extra four sausages on top
of the chops.

EXT. STEPHENS P.O.V. OF HIS MOTHER.

He sees her face CONTORT in sheer horror, as she brings a hand
to her mouth to stifle her cry. SHAKING, with the other hand
she begins to undo the buttons of her blouse.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FAMILY KITCHEN - SAME EVENING.

A single light over a table that is littered with the dirty dishes
containing well-chewed pork chop bones.

The windows are RUNNING WITH CONDENSATION coming from the steam
of a long handled water pan boiling on the coal stove.

Young Robert is sitting in a tin bath in front of the FIRE. He
is attempting to float his old leather football by placing it
on top of a spread out flannel on the milky soap colored water
of the bath.

Stephen is in his white vest and trousers. He attempts to get
an old radio to play. He gives his mother dirty looks.

Sarah is in a revealing pink slip; She is unaware of his feelings,
as she hangs washed stockings over a line that is stretched over
the stove. It's bath and laundry night at the Cranes.

SARAH

Robert! Will you get yourself out of
the bath.

ROBERT

No... You go out of the room first.

Sarah LAUGHS and pretends to make a grab for Robert.

SARAH

Do you think I haven't seen it before?

STEPHEN

(Coldly)

Not since he's grown three more pubic hairs.

SARAH

Stephen! I don't know what's wrong with you tonight, but whatever it is... stop it. Now get undressed and have your bath, so that I can use the water boiling for mine.

STEPHEN

I don't want a bath, I'll have one tomorrow.

SARAH

No you won't, if you think I'm boiling water two nights on the trot, then you can think again young man. If you don't bath, you can go to school smelling bad until next week.

Stephen smacks the side of the radio and goes to the tin bath; he clips Robert around the head.

STEPHEN

I hope you haven't pissed in it?

SARAH

Stephen I...

Sarah begins to CHASE Stephen around the kitchen as Robert LAUGHS.

She corners him and is about to give him a playful smack, but Stephen grabs both her arms and fights her off. What would normally have been a PLAISANTRY now seems to look serious.

Stephen stares into his mother's eyes, she into his, his expression changes as a sexual awareness dawns IN HIS EYES and a horrible SMILE appears on his face as he looks down at her cleavage, Sarah notices this and begins to feel uneasy.

A KNOCK at their door defuses the situation.

Sarah shrugs Stephen's hands off hers, and puts on her housecoat. She uses the LIGHT SHAFT coming from the partly opened kitchen

door to walk through the unlit hall to the main door, which she opens.

Standing outside is a MAN. He is tall and wearing a raincoat and hat. He is holding a notebook and pen in his hands. He is Andrew Simonds (age 35) the rent collector.

As Sarah opens the door, the FAINT SHAFT of light coming from the kitchen lights up his face as he tips his hat to her.

ANDREW SIMONDS

Sorry I'm late Mrs. Crane, but your rent was due yesterday, I must have missed you.

On seeing the man, Sarah's hands automatically bring together the top of her open housecoat.

SARAH

Oh! You startled me Andrew...Yes, just wait a second I'll fetch it.

Sarah goes back to the kitchen and picks up a small tin from the shelf above the stove. She opens it and empties the contents of a few coins on the table, which she nervously counts. Stephen has gone back to playing with the radio.

She rushes to her handbag and searches through her empty purse. She empties out the content of her bag and picks up the few coins from the table and goes back to the front door.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(Embarrassed)

Sorry Andrew, but I seem to be a little short, perhaps you could take this, and call back tomorrow for the rest?

Andrew Simonds opens his book and his fingers search for the name Crane. He opens the page and there are more crosses for unpaid than ticks for paid.

ANDREW SIMONDS

No I'm sorry Mrs. Crane I just can't let this go on.

SARAH

(Whispering and
looking behind her)

Andrew come back tomorrow, I'll make it
worth your while.

Sarah lets go of the top of her housecoat, and allows Andrew Simonds a full view of her ample heaving and glistening cleavage.

He swallows hard as his hand reaches out. He runs his fingers along her shiny soft looking skin.

He makes a move for her, but Sarah's hand grasps the top of the housecoat back together again, and pushes him back.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(Looking frightened)

No! Not now, the boys are here.
Tomorrow... Tomorrow, when they are
both at school.

Andrew Simonds is not taking 'no' for an answer. Like a wild man, he pushes Sarah back into the dark hall and attempts to push her down to her knees.

ANDREW SIMONDS

Then you'd better keep quiet then.

SARAH

(Struggling quietly)

Please Andrew no, not out here... Come
back tomorrow.

Andrew's action is stopped for a second as the SOUND of music comes blaring out from the kitchen. They both look towards the kitchen door.

As nothing happens, Andrew Simonds opens a side door that leads into a bedroom and still attempting to pry her housecoat open he pushes the fighting Sarah inside.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(Trying hard to stifle
her cries)

Don't you dare rape me you perverted
dirty bastard...

ANDREW SIMONDS

(Smirking)

It wasn't rape the last time and it won't be rape this time or the next either, will it? Call it a favor for rent arrears.

He pushes Sarah back onto the bed, and looking down at her heaving half-naked body, he quickly removes his raincoat, which he throws to the floor. Prying her legs apart with his knees, he begins to undo the buckle of his belt and pop the buttons of his flies open.

STEPHEN

Get off my mother you fucking filthy raping bastard.

Stephen is standing at the door; He is holding the long handled pan of boiling water ready to throw at him.

Andrew Simonds seeing the danger swiftly moves away.

ANDREW SIMONDS

Now don't be stupid boy, put that down.

Andrew Simonds takes a step forward.

ANDREW SIMONDS (CONT'D)

You don't want your mother to get into any trouble now... Do you?

Andrew Simonds can see, that Stephen is hesitating. Taking this as a sign of weakness, he lunges at Stephen.

Stephen, on seeing the man come at him, throws the boiling water at his face. With the boiling water hitting his face and upper body, Andrew Simonds SCREAMS in pain, he barges past Stephen and runs outside to the landing.

Cut to:

INT. SEMILIT LANDING.

His face is covered in large red blisters and steam pouring from his saturated clothes, Andrew Simonds attempts to remove the steaming garments. As he SCREAMS in pain, a neighbor's door opens.

P.O.V. FROM NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR DOOR.

The neighbor is an OLD LADY (age 85) she is very frail, and her white hair is held in a bun at the back of her head. She is ready for bed. With her door ajar, and from the light only coming from her neighbor's open door, she can partly see a writhing man screaming as he leans against the landing balustrade. She can see that he's in distress as he attempts to remove his wet clothing.

In the narrow slit, which is her view from her partly opened door, the old lady can now just about see someone's bare arms holding a small sharp pointed knife.

The arms appear to lunge at the man, and the small knife plunges deep into the man's stomach.

The man SCREAMS in pain, as he TOPPLES OVER the balustrade.

Putting her hand to her mouth, the old lady shuts her door.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. THE FAMILY KITCHEN - LATER THE SAME EVENING.

CAMERA SHOT of Sarah and Stephen sitting quietly at the table.

A man's Irish voice is heard.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Now if what you say is true, then for a thirteen-year-old lad, you were very brave in defending your mother against a full-grown man.

Camera shot expands to focus on the whole kitchen. Detective Jim O'Brian (age 35) is also seated at the table.

He is wearing a light colored Mac, his black hat is on the table. He has a notepad in hand and is taking down notes; he speaks with a very light Irish accent.

SARAH

It's exactly as he told you Mr. O'Brian. Andrew Simonds just ran out of the bedroom screaming, he was blinded by the hot water and must have misjudged where the stairs were, and fell down.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

So no one followed him out?

SARAH

No... Robert was still sat in the bath, and Stephen was in the bedroom trying to calm me down, when we heard that dreadful scream from the stairwell... we went out, but he was gone.

There's a knock at the kitchen door and a MAN (age 30) with a small dark moustache, thick reading glasses and wearing a hat and coat, sticks his head around the door.

He gestures for O'Brian to come out into the hall. Detective O'Brian leaves the table and exits the kitchen he leaves the door ajar. Sarah and Stephen can just about hear their voices outside.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Are you sure?... she positively saw him do it?.

A murmur, then a beat again.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

She's made a statement already? And still no sign of any weapon yet? I wonder what that kid did with it?... Ok, leave it with me.

Detective O'Brian returns into the kitchen, his face is like thunder. He stares down at Stephen.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

O.K, now we stop bugging about... You tell me exactly what you did.

Stephen does not answer but looks towards Sarah for help. Detective O'Brian is angry and his Irish accent becomes broader and very prominent.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

Don't look at her, look at me and give me the truth. In the eyes of the law you are still a silly juvenile, in which case the Courts will be extremely lenient with you.

STEPHEN

But... It's as I said Sir, I just threw the hot water over him and helped my mother, I didn't push him.

Detective O'Brian shakes his head and runs a hand across his forehead. Then with a now much calmer voice:

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

It's not the pushing Stephen... It's the knife you stuck in him.

Sarah lets out a GASP as Stephen in shock, stands up.

STEPHEN

(With a fearful voice)

I never stabbed him... I haven't even got a knife...Mummy tell him I never left your side. Please Mum.

SARAH

There must be a mistake; he must have fallen on something sharp... My boy didn't do it. I swear it...

Detective O'Brian lets out SIGH and reaches inside his jacket pocket and brings out a card.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Mrs. Davis, do you know who she is?

Sarah and Stephen both nod 'yes'

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

She made a statement to one of my detectives. In it she says that she saw Mr. Simonds thrashing in pain on the landing...

O'Brian looks at Stephen who is nodding affirmatively as if pleased at what the old lady had said up to then.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

Then she saw Stephen come out holding the knife in both hands and lunge at him with it. She then, saw Simonds fall to his death.

Stephen SCREAMS out loud. Sarah wraps her arms around him and clutches him to her bosom.

STEPHEN

No! She's lying; the old lady is bloody lying.... It could not have been me...
No, no no...

Stephen slumps down in his chair as O'Brian is about to reads him his rights.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Why don't you make it easy on yourself son, tell me how it happened, show me where the knife is, and I'll tell them to go ever so easy on you.

STEPHEN

I've told you I didn't do it I
know nothing about it...

O'Brian goes to the door and nods to someone to come in.

Two policemen in uniform enter the kitchen, followed by Robert who is wearing his nightclothes and has heard every word from the next room.

Robert is now holding a deflated leather football in his hands. He begins to CRY and runs into Sarah's arms clutching to her he LOOKS up at her as if he needed to say something, but Sarah ignores him.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Stephen Crane I am arresting you on suspicion that on the 8th of November 1946 at around 8.25 p.m. You willfully murdered Andrew Simonds. You don't have to say anything, but anything you do say will be taken down and used in evidence during your trial... Take him away lads.

In a heart-wrenching scene, Sarah moves in between Stephen and the approaching Officers. She tries to beat them away.

SARAH

(Screaming)

It was me... It wasn't him. I killed the raping bastard; I wanted to cut his balls off... It was me. Please I beg of you... Don't take my boy away.

The Policeman pushes her back, and she slumps down to her knees, her hand reaches out and clutches at O'Brian's trousers, looking up at him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(In total distress)

Please, I'll do anything but don't take my boy away...

The two Policemen put their hands on Stephen's shoulders and lead him out of the kitchen.

Stephen, with TEARS in his eyes tries to be brave. He looks back at Sarah then he gives Robert a long lingering look.

As Stephen approaches the hall, he loses his bravado and grips the door, SCREAMING.

STEPHEN

Mum! Don't let them take me away...

He STRUGGLES as the two Policemen attempt to pry his fingers off the door. Detective O'Brian, slightly emotional, restrains Sarah and Robert from following him out. He kneels down and produces a silver Florin from his pocket, which he offers to Robert as a reward for being so brave.

Cut:

FADE IN:

INT. BRITISH COURTROOM.

The Juvenile Courtroom is full. There are three Judges: One is a WOMAN (50). Looking very matronly, she is dressed in a two-piece woolen suit and she is seated in between TWO MEN.

The MEN are both (60). They are dressed in dark pinstriped suits, and all three of them look very stern as they stare straight ahead.

Sarah and Robert are seated upstairs in the gallery.

Smithy and all of Stephen's Friends are also there, looking on as the final verdict is about to be read aloud.

In a very cultured voice the woman Judge reads out from a sheet of paper.

WOMAN JUDGE

Stephen Crane, although you have proclaimed your innocence throughout this trial, you have been found guilty of the charges as said.

There is UPROAR in the public section of the gallery.

The woman Judge KNOCKS the bench with her gavel.

WOMAN JUDGE (CONT'D)

Order...Order or I'll have the Court cleared, is that understood?

She waits for order to be restored before continuing.

WOMAN JUDGE (CONT'D)

That on the 8th of November of last year. You murdered Andrew Simonds. The Court understands and appreciates your initial motive was to help your mother who was in distress by throwing the scalding water over Mr.Simonds, but once he was in no position to cause any further harm to her, you felt the need to pursue him out onto the landing with the sole intention of callously inflicting more physical harm to him. Although the knife you used has never been found, you stabbed a defenseless man in the abdomen. This was the fatal blow which caused him to lose his balance and fall to his death. Hence you are still a juvenile the custodial sentences that I am sadly about to impose on you, will run concurrently.

There is a widespread murmur amongst the crowd.

The woman Judge looks sternly over her glasses to the gallery.

WOMAN JUDGE (CONT'D)

Today you will be taken and detained in a high security remand home until your eighteenth birthday. Then, as an adult you shall be taken to Wormwood Scrubs Jail, where, you will stay for the duration of his Majesty's pleasure. Take him down.

At these words Sarah collapses in her seat. The public GALLERY erupts once again in defiance to the verdict.

Objects are THROWN DOWN into the courtroom below. The police move in to try and restore law and order.

The words of "Do you call this British Justice?" can be heard all around.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

EXT. WORMWOOD SCRUB PRISON: - SPRING MORNING 1963.

The small front exit door opens but nobody comes out.

A few seconds later, a Prison guard in his sixties with cropped white hair and wearing a white shirt and prison officer cap in hand, comes out and looks around.

EXT. GUARDS P.O.V:

A few empty cars are parked nearby along the wall and people are walking past unassuming pursuing their daily business.

The guard turns around and BECKONS someone out.

A thin tall BLOND MAN (30) dressed in a baggy dark suit, gingerly steps out. He is carrying a small parcel wrapped up in strong brown paper and held together by string. He looks fit and has chiseled features; he is nervously looking around him. He is STEPHEN CRANE; he has been paroled and is coming out of jail.

Also coming out with Stephen, is an OLD MAN (70):

He is dressed in the same prison clothing as Stephen; he is also carrying a paper parcel holding all of his belongings. The man is tall and thin, and for his age he moves very athletically.

He is DOC WINSTON HARPSDEN, a very famous cat burglar descended from Aristocracy; he has never lost his posh way of talking.

PRISON GUARD

You see, no need to worry, no one is waiting for you.

STEPHEN

Thanks Mr. McKay, but I didn't want the embarrassment of anyone greeting me out here.

PRISON GUARD

No shame in letting your emotions show Lad.

STEPHEN

It's not that type of emotion, Mr. McKay.

PRISON GUARD

I know how you feel. You've told me that story so many times over the years, that I can almost re-live that night better than you, but all I can say to you is, make sure of your facts before you act. And you Doc... I don't want to see you inside my jail again.

DOC

Don't you worry yourself, Mr. McKay. I do not ever want to repeat this part of my life ever again, but, nevertheless, I'd like to thank you for your courteous hospitality.

STEPHEN

I'll make sure he doesn't.

Doc throws a look at Stephen, then at McKay and smiles.

They shake hands with McKay and both men walk across the road towards a Bus Stop.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Well Doc... I guess this is where we go our separate ways.

DOC

Yes, young Stephen... We talked about it so often, but now the time has arrived, I find it very hard to think that this is really goodbye.

STEPHEN

I'll miss your stories and plans. Thanks for looking after me when times were hard.

DOC

You were a good kid, too good to have been thrust in a shit hole like this, but, it is I who must thank you for having kept me young in body and spirit, funny how an old postbag label kept us sane.

STEPHEN

Yep it is... But promise me that you won't go back to your ways... Retire gracefully; today's safes will need more than just that old stethoscope of yours to break their codes.

DOC

(Laughing)

Stephen, there isn't a safe made yet that I would not be able to open. It might take me a little longer... but open it I will. I plan to go into business of making a foolproof safe. Here, take my telephone number... you never know, you might want a job or a little talk... Don't forget, I am always there for you, and if you should decide to go ahead with what we talked about, then I am your man.

Doc takes out a piece of paper and scribbles a number down, and hands it to Stephen who places it in his wallet.

STEPHEN

You know, the more that plan keeps going around in my head, the more I think it could be realized, I just need to find the right people and the right backing to take it on.

DOC

That won't be hard, I know of a few that could help, some are the nicest rogues you are ever likely to meet, hard and trustworthy.

STEPHEN

Oh no Doc! You ain't getting involved in this, this is a young members club only.

DOC

Experience lad... You can't beat experience.

STEPHEN

That's what I mean... Yours is well past it.

They both LAUGH.

At this moment, a large old fashion Bentley car driven by a very smart looking YOUNG WOMAN (28) draws up against the curb.

DOC

Ah! Here is my daughter Louise... Late as usual....

(He turns to Stephen)

Stephen! it has been my pleasure.

STEPHEN

(Trying to peer inside)

I think she might have had all of your pleasures, Doc.

DOC

No good spoiling them when you're dead. But remember son, that all that shines is not always what it seems.

STEPHEN

What do you mean Doc?

DOC.

Well... You should not always accept shiny things on face value...You see a nice girl in a nice car and you assumed right away that she is rich...But in reality she is not, she had to struggle since I've been behind bars.

STEPHEN

I'll remember that point, Doc.

DOC

So you should...A woman is a vision of beauty filled with mystery, and as such should always be revered.

Doc gets into the car and is driven away under the watchful eyes of Stephen and Mr. McKay who had watched everything; SHAKING his head he WALKS back into the jail CLOSING the wooden door behind him.

A RED double Decker bus arrives and Stephen boards it. He makes his way upstairs and sits at the window so that he can absorb the brand new world of the swinging sixties. His eyes are everywhere. He can't believe the short skirted mini fashion or the colorful cars of the era.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. THE RED LION PUBLIC HOUSE, HACKNEY:

Stephen JUMPS off the bus and attempts to find his bearings. A group of young Mods driving past on their highly chrome-laden scooters make him JUMP as they HOOT their horns at him.

He looks at the piece of paper in his hand and spotting the Public House, he crosses the road and enters into the Public Bar section.

P.O.V. STEPHEN

His eyes travel around the room where people are leaning at the bar, and a few glance at him before resuming their conversation.

A group of young men are playing bar billiards; they take one look and ignore him.

Stephen approaches the bar where a barman with a cigarette hanging from his lips is spit polishing a glass. He ignores Stephen.

Stephen lets out a shallow COUGH.

STEPHEN

Excuse me!

The barman (40) A large beer belly overhangs the waistband of his trousers; His red check shirt is open to his sweaty navel. He looks up, as do the other people drinking around the counter, but once again the barman ignores him and continues his glass cleaning.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, but do you think I could get
a bit of service here?

The barman, lets out a sigh, then throwing the cloth over his shoulder, he approaches Stephen.

BARMAN

Yep?

STEPHEN

A glass of beer please.

The barman looks at him and waits, Stephen becomes a little nervous as what to say.

After a few seconds:

BARMAN

Well?

STEPHEN

Well what?

BARMAN

What kind of beer do you want, Brown
ale, Pale ale, Light ale, bitter,
Stout, Milk stout, Guinness,
Mackesson?... Pint or a Half?

People are SNIGGERING, as Stephen looks around for help.

STEPHEN

A half please, yes half of milk stout.

At these words, people burst into LAUGHTER and the ice seems to have been broken.

Barman smiling, shakes his head 'NO'.

BARMAN

No son you don't want that, a pint of bitter is what you need. You're not from around here, are you?

Stephen is a little nervous.

STEPHEN

No... I was supposed to meet someone here, but I must have missed him.

BARMAN

Anyone I might know?

STEPHEN

I don't know? Do you know someone called Robert Crane?

At these words the room goes absolutely quiet. Everybody stops what they are doing and menacingly, they close ranks. The CLICK of a flick knife is heard and the GLINT of the naked blade catches the light. A knuckle-duster is brought out of someone's pocket and is pushed onto the fingers, and then a fist is made which viciously SMACKS an open palm.

Stephen nervously licks his lips, places his parcel on the bar and turns around to face the men who are slowly approaching him.

BARMAN

Robert? Yep I know a Robert the Copper, but his name ain't Crane, it's Hannegan.

Stephen frowns and looks around him as the tension in the room continues to build up.

STEPHEN

Hannegan? That was his mother's maiden name; I wonder why he should be using it?

BARMAN

Presuming it's the same Robert, What is he to you?

STEPHEN

He's a relative...

BARMAN

Then it's your lucky day, lad.

At these words the whole room erupts into CHEERS.

A double swing door bursts open, and the group of men separate to allow two young women in miniskirts and high heeled boots to come through pushing a small table on which a CANDLELIT cake is displayed with the words WELCOME HOME.

Following the girls is a man (Age 27). He is of medium height his film-star tanned chiseled faced commands respect, he is wearing an immaculate tailored beige three-piece suit, his black hair is cut in Tony Curtis style, he is in keeping with today's fashion, everything about him reads tidiness and cleanliness. He looks like Jack the lad, but there is an air of danger and hostility about him, as he without looking, FLICKS a silver Florin in the air and catches it. He is ROBERT CRANE, now known as ROBERT HANNEGAN. The two brothers stand there looking at each other, Robert's face breaks into a smile as he catches the spinning coin and puts it into his pocket.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. RED LION BAR - MOMENTS LATER: THE PARTY IS IN FULL SWING AS STEPHEN AND ROBERT ARE SITTING TOGETHER TALKING OVER TWO FULL GLASSES OF BEER.

STEPHEN

You still haven't answered my question... Why did you stop visiting me after Mum died?

ROBERT

Stephen, are you going to be a prick for the rest of your life? I tossed a coin alright? Head I carried on seeing you, tail I was going to become a cop... You lost end of story.

STEPHEN

The spin of the coin?... Was that all I was worth? A miserable spin of a coin.

Robert makes a face.

ROBERT

No...But I did have your best interest at heart. Have you any idea what life inside would have been like for you had the lags

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Discovered that you had a cop as a brother. It was hard for me as well you know. With Mum dying of a broken heart so soon after you were taken in. Me, I was just shoved into care.

STEPHEN

How come the name change?

ROBERT

That was the only bit of luck to come my way in those days; a clerical error gave me this new surname, which I've used ever since. Do you think that with a name like Crane I could have joined the force?

Stephen looks around him and tries to spot faces from the past.

STEPHEN

So no one here knows who we are then?

ROBERT

Of course not... No, apart from my wife, everyone else that matters believes you are a relation that lived abroad... My life has moved on, Stephen. I now mix with the lower than low and also with the higher than high. Nothing or any one is going to stop me. You, as far as anyone is concerned, are a Hannegan, a distant relation. I must never be connected to you as a brother or that part of our lives... Do you understand?

STEPHEN

Are you a bent cop, Robert?

ROBERT

No Stephen... Not bent but I do look after Number One. And no person is going to take advantage of me anymore, I'll fucking kill all of them before that happens.

STEPHEN

Like you took advantage of me?

Robert's face drops with a sad smile.

ROBERT

What do you mean by that?

Stephen face is like thunder.

STEPHEN

By that I mean, it had to be you, you cowardly piece of shit... It was you and not me who stabbed that raping bastard Simonds.

Robert becomes a little agitated as Stephen's voice becomes LOUDER.

A SHAKEN Robert retaliates.

ROBERT

No! Not me... It was you, I was in the bath remember... You had the courage to run in that room and put a stop to whatever he was doing to her I wished it had been me: I would have killed him as well...

Robert turns his head to face away from the crowd so that no one can see a sign of weakness coming from him.

Stephen also becomes emotional and picks up his glass as an excuse.

Stephen puts the glass back down, and with the back of his hand wipes away a TEAR. He leans over and places his hand over Roberts.

STEPHEN

I guess you would have, you were always like a little viper to strike. But if it wasn't you, then who stabbed the old sod?

ROBERT

Perhaps it was our Dad's spirit or old Mrs. Davis next door in her sleep.

STEPHEN

Now stop it, don't joke about things like that..

Robert lets out a brief LAUGH and shoves Stephen's hand away.

ROBERT

Yep, that's me all over joking, then striking first and asking fucking questions later.

Robert turns around and faces Stephen again.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Can you forgive me for letting you down? And never acknowledging you.

Stephen shakes his head 'NO'.

STEPHEN

Forgive you? Right at this minute I can't... But with time who knows?

ROBERT

Give me time Stephen... I beg of you, I need to wipe out that look you gave me on the night they marched you out. It's been fucking eating at my soul ever since then.

STEPHEN

A little justice hasn't done anybody any harm yet.

Robert begins to RAISE his voice now at Stephen's coldness.

ROBERT

Justice? Have you any fucking idea what it felt like sitting in that bath?

Some of the people turn to look at what is going on; when he notices them staring, Robert loses his cool.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Why don't you fucking mind your own business, and let us talk in peace.

People quickly turn their heads away.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I could hear every single groan and pleadings coming from Mum.

STEPHEN

Is that why you became a cop to avenge our Mother?

ROBERT

No... Not really, I was left all on my own, what the fuck else could I do?

STEPHEN

What probably you do best now... Not much.

ROBERT

Yea you're right. You've no idea how good my life is.

STEPHEN

How come you don't speak of Mum?

ROBERT

Mum? She was nothing but a whore...

STEPHEN

Don't talk about her like that...What she did was to give us a better existence after Dad died... We were always her top priority in life.

ROBERT

I think you got it wrong. Sex was her main priority.

STEPHEN

For a copper you are talking a load of crap.

ROBERT

Well, was it not you who told me that the butcher was shafting her?

STEPHEN

Yes, but only because I'd never seen anyone having sex before... Did we not eat well that night?

ROBERT

Sex for gain... Yes that's what I mean... sex, that's was all she was ever good at. Women always allow men to take advantage of them.

STEPHEN

No, not all men do that... Anyway why are you acting like that?

ROBERT

It's along story.

STEPHEN

I wish now I'd never told you what I'd seen... I had no idea that you would have such a crude perception of our mother.

ROBERT

No! Not just mother...Women, they are all the same.

STEPHEN

No Robert, they're not, if they were, why did you choose the one you married?

ROBERT

It's a long story; Come on, let's go home where you can meet her.

STEPHEN

I'm looking forward to that. It will be nice to feel part of a family again.

ROBERT

Don't expect too much.

Stephen with a concerned look on his face picks up his parcel as Robert makes his way round the room shaking various peoples hands.

EXT. OUTSIDE RED LION PARKING LOT.

Outside in the car lot, is parked an open top BLUE ZEPHYR with WHITE LEATHER INTERIOR, the car is immaculate it is still in showroom condition. As Robert opens the driver's side door, Stephen lets out a short WHISTLE.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE. - LATER

They enter into the gravel drive of a smart suburban house. Next to the garage is an old CORTINA car.

STEPHEN

(In awe, stands up)

You live here?

ROBERT

This is the pad, not bad for a rough East Ender eh? Mum and Dad would be proud.

STEPHEN

On copper's pay?

ROBERT.

I thought you would have learned inside jail not to ask any questions!

P.O.V. OF STEPHEN:

Large Victorian house, with large window bays either side of an imposing entrance with colored glass windows. As they get out of the car, the front door opens.

A woman (25) stands there. She is tall and slender.

Her long dark hair falls across her face, she has high cheekbones, and as she moves, her simple white dress caresses her voluptuous body. She is very beautiful.

With the grace of a leopard she moves towards them.

ROBERT

Stephen, meet the Mrs.... Veronica
shhh.

(He places his index
finger to his lips)

Meet my long lost brother, Stephen.

Veronique remains silent as she holds out her hand. Stephen grasps her hand and closes his eyes for a second as if he was absorbing her perfume.

They STARE into each other's eyes for what seems an eternity. The magical silence is broken by Robert.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Come on you two, he can't be that bad
Veronica, don't forget he hasn't seen
a good-looking woman for all those
years.

They all enter the house.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. THE ENTRANCE HALL- MOMENTS LATER.

A WIDE STAIRCASE SWEEPS UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR. The hall is beautifully furnished with expensive antiques.

ROBERT

Tell you what, she can show you to your
room and I'll get the drinks.

Stephen and a smiling Veronique exchange embarrassed GLANCES with each other that Robert spots.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(Sharply)
Get moving then.

Veronique's SMILE briefly DROPS, and she stares icily at Robert.

Robert exits the hall, as Stephen follows Veronique up the stairs.

Stephen gazes at her legs and body. Veronique turns around and catches him looking at her with wishful eyes. She SMILES at him

and shakes her head in a way which says 'You men are all alike'
Reaching a door, Veronique speaks for the first time with a
French accent.

VERONIQUE

In here please.

Stephen follows her into the spacious bedroom with sink and
wardrobe; He goes directly to the window.

STEPHEN

Not used to all this bright sunlight
and space.

They stand looking at each other; Veronique appears awkward and
unsure of herself. Veronique moves towards the wardrobe: which
she opens, and points to some men's clothes.

VERONIQUE

If these are O.K for you, use them.

STEPHEN

I will... I will, thank you.

From down the hall Robert's voice can be heard.

ROBERT

Come on, I am dying for a drink.

Veronique nervously hurries out of the bedroom followed by
Stephen.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LARGE MODERN KITCHEN OF THE TIME: - EVENING

All three are sat at a small dining table having dinner. As
Veronique moves around serving various dishes, Stephen keeps
staring at her and she at him. Robert notices this intimate
detail.

ROBERT

We'll have to introduce you to our
friend Shirley, won't we Veronica?
She's been on her own since her old man
Freddy went inside, I think you two
could be good for each other.

Veronique makes a face and nods in agreement, but does not speak.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I've got several things lined up for you brother, a little early to brag about them but, if, they should come up, you too could have a place like this.

STEPHEN

(Coldly)

How would you know what I want, if I haven't even thought about it myself yet?

ROBERT

You will... And then you could end up with a girl like my Veronique.

Robert pulls Veronique roughly towards him and tries to kiss her, but she pulls away from him.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(Angry)

Don't you ever do that in front of my brother, if I want a kiss then a kiss I'll have.

VERONIQUE

But it's so unlike you...

Robert SLAPS her hard across the backside, Veronique WINCES with pain and runs out of the kitchen.

Stephen with a look of anger rises from his chair and attempts to follow her. Robert with a challenging glare grabs Stephen's arm, and gives him a negative shake of the head.

ROBERT

I see you never had anything to do with women, Stephen?

Before Robert can continue, Stephen abruptly SHAKES his hand off his arm.

STEPHEN

Your motto must be, treat them rough and they'll love you for it. Is that it? Show them who's master and they'll respect you for it? But I can't understand why?...Have you forgotten how our mother was treated and the price I had to pay for it?

ROBERT

No... It's not as bad as that, I treat her O.K. She'll have a little sob and then she'll come round and be putty in my hand.

(He laughs)

She's half-French, expect you noticed the accent? They're a funny lot, those Frogs.

Stephen looks at Robert with hatred as he realizes that Robert has a problem with women. Robert notices this, and pours himself another whisky. He offers the bottle.

STEPHEN

No I don't think so. I'm off to bed, not used to late nights.

Stephen gets up as Robert pours himself another drink.

ROBERT

You stick with me brother and you won't go wrong. We've a lot of catching up to do.

Robert LAUGHS out aloud in a mocking way. FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM: - MOMENTS LATER.

Stephen can HEAR Veronique sobbing in the next room.

Stephen places his ear against the wall, and pressing the palms of his hands against the wall, he closes his eyes as he listens to her lament.

In the other room Veronique has heard Stephen enter his room and has also pressed her ears to the wall. She stops crying as she tries to listen to his movements.

Stephen goes to the bed, opens up the small parcel containing his belongings and pulls out a post card and a framed photograph with a man standing and a woman sitting in a chair, he kisses the picture before placing it on the bedside cabinet together with the postcard which is glued to a white metal postbag tag, the words Glasgow to London are barely visible: The postcard is a view of the Lake District.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. STEPHENS BEDROOM - NIGHT.

The MOONLIGHT falls through the open window on to Stephen in bed.

He is tossing and turning with visions of Veronique, when he sits up with a JOLT.

Stephen is aware of HEATED VOICES coming from the next room as Veronique begins TO CRY again.

VERONIQUE

No please Robert...Not like this. Your brother is in the next room.

ROBERT

So what?

VERONIQUE

No Robert not tonight...

Stephen HEARS a smack and a wince coming from Veronique.

Stephen places the pillow over his ears and tries to go back to sleep.

Cut TO:

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM WINDOW: - NEXT MORNING.

Stephen doing up his shirt looks out of the window and notices that the old Cortina car is gone.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: INT.KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER.

P.O.V. STEPHEN

Stephen leaning against the doorframe watches as Veronique is cooking breakfast; He lets out a GENTLE COUGH.

Startled, Veronique turns around and Stephen can see that her green eyes are slightly puffy.

STEPHEN

Where's Robert?

VERONIQUE

He's been called away; There has been a murder at the Old Mill.

STEPHEN

(Sharply)

Well, he's the right one to do with murder. I don't think there's much he doesn't know about that.

VERONIQUE

Why are you saying this?... What do you mean?

STEPHEN

Nothing... Don't take any notice of what I say... Where has the old Cortina gone?

VERONIQUE

(Sarcastically in
broken English)

Your brother only uses this for work...
He not want, work friends to have wrong
impression.

Stephen sits down at the table and notices a gold watch, which he picks up and weighs in his hand.

STEPHEN

No, I bet you he doesn't.

VERONIQUE

He could not wear this... For work he has an old Timex. He is very careful not to make people jaloux, how you say in English? Jealous... Breakfast? Did you sleep O.K?

STEPHEN

No... I kept thinking of someone.

VERONIQUE

You had nice dream of someone?

Stephen's silence makes Veronique blush as she serves him.

STEPHEN

What part of France do you come from?

VERONIQUE

Near the Pyrenees, Pau, do you know it?

Stephen shakes his head 'NO' as he stuffs food in his mouth.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

My mother was French, she died many years ago, I came to England when my Papa returned.

Veronique brings a cup of coffee to the table and places it next to Stephen who instantly puts his hands on hers and looks up into her green eyes. Veronique leaves her hand there for a second, a look of emotion appears on her face, then, suddenly she pulls hers away.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

No Stephen... you mustn't. Robert is a very jealous man, you must not be on wrong side of him, he is a very bad man when cross, he can be as coarse as he can be charming, I not know the real man.

STEPHEN

I don't think I do either, but he has every right to be jealous, I would be proud to have you, and be very frightened every time another looked at you.

VERONIQUE

Why?

STEPHEN

Because you are the most beautiful person that I have ever seen... How did he ever get to marry you?

An uneasy silence falls between them and the body language of a secret burning passion is there for all to sense.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Do you love him?

VERONIQUE

Of course I do, what a silly thing to ask.

STEPHEN

But you could have been a Model or even a Film star. Why agree to so little?

Veronique goes to the sink, and turns around to look at him with sad eyes.

VERONIQUE

There are things that I shouldn't talk about, it is my cross to bear, I, would not want to see you hurt.

STEPHEN

Hurt? You have no idea how badly hurt I've been already; I know exactly what my brother can do.

VERONIQUE

What do you mean?

STEPHEN

I've had years to think what he could be capable of.

VERONIQUE

What are you talking about? Did Robert have something to do with you being in prison?

Stephen pushes his plate away and wiping his mouth with the serviette he stands up.

STEPHEN

No...Forget it, I've told you before
not to take any notice of
Thing I say... I'll get washed.

VERONIQUE

You are so different to your brother,
not what I was expecting at all.

STEPHEN

And what were you expecting?

VERONIQUE.

ANOTHER ROBERT, I SUPPOSE.

STEPHEN

Not disappointed, I hope?

VERONIQUE

Au contraire. Just the opposite:

They stand looking at each other.

STEPHEN

(Uneasy)

I better go... Don't want Robert to
come back and get the wrong impression.

VERONIQUE

He'll be out all day and I have to go
shopping. His friends are coming
tonight and he wants plenty of food.

STEPHEN

Robert always gets what he wants?

VERONIQUE

From me?... Yes, always, he gets very
angry if he doesn't.

STEPHEN

Hum...I see.

VERONIQUE

Robert tell me that tonight, no one
must see you here; So we'll eat on in
the kitchen. After I have done my Irma
La Douce bit, we talk Oui?

STEPHEN

Irma La Douce? That'll be worth watching.

VERONIQUE

I am French, and we French know how to play many parts if we want something or someone special... What are your plans for today?

STEPHEN.

(Surprised at her comment)

Oh! A nice long walk perhaps? I need to find the freedom that's been denied to me by a rat.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Stephen is shaving at the small sink in his bedroom. He can hear Veronique SINGING. Curious, he opens the door and looks down the corridor and sees that the bathroom door is slightly ajar.

P.O.V. OF STEPHEN FROM INSIDE HIS BEDROOM DOOR:

The water stops running and he suddenly sees the naked reflection of Veronique in the bathroom mirror. He stares as she dries herself unaware that she can be seen, Stephen is now aware of dark bruising on her body.

Veronique turns around and catches him in the mirror. Veronique freezes for a second and allows him to continue his gaze. Looking at their reflections in the mirror, she pushes the door shut.

STEPHEN

I can't stay here, I'll go mad.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. HALL - LATER.

Veronique is dressed and ready to go out, she shouts out.

VERONIQUE

Stephen I'm going out. I'll leave a
spare key on the table!

Upstairs, Stephen is looking out of the window.

STEPHEN

No wait, I'm coming down.

Stephen rushes down the stairs like a young gazelle.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(Out of breath)

I am sorry about... you know.

VERONIQUE

Don't be sorry, we French are not
ashamed of our bodies, in fact...

(She grins at him)

I enjoyed you looking at me.

She drops the keys into his hand and with a backward WAVE she
opens the door and goes out.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

Au revoir.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVE OF THE HOUSE: -SAME AFTERNOON.

Stephen returning to the house walks past the open top Zephyr;
He looks on the back seat and sees a woman's cardigan.

Stephen picks up the garment and places it over his face and
breaths in her perfume.

Stephen walks into the hall and he can HEAR a piano being played.
He calls out.

STEPHEN

Veronica I'm back.

Stephen goes to the lounge door which is slightly ajar, he pushes
it open, and he can see Veronique seated at the grand piano
playing Chopin's ballad NO. 1 in G major Opus 23.

TEARS are running down her face.

Stephen stands there overcome by what he is hearing and seeing.

Veronique, looks up and spots him leaning against the door; She pauses for a second as Stephen quickly puts the cardigan behind him.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I had no idea... I haven't heard such beautiful music before. I've been starved of beauty and softness... I'm lost for words, but... Why are you crying?

VERONIQUE

My mother would play this when I was a little girl in France; I grew up with the desire to be a classical pianist... But it didn't happen.

Veronique, looks at her watch, and then stands up.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

I must go and prepare the food...By the way,

(She smiles)

Did I hear you call me Veronica?

STEPHEN

Yes sorry about that, it won't happen again... Just popping upstairs.

Stephen runs up the stairs into his bedroom, he spreads the cardigan on his bed, when he notices a vase of sweet pea flowers by the side of the framed photograph.

With a smile on his face Stephen makes his way back down the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN. - MOMENTS LATER.

Stephen walks in as Veronique is preparing some sandwiches.

STEPHEN

The Flowers Veronique... It's the first bit of kindness shown to me since I was at home.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

VERONIQUE

Oh it's nothing! I just thought your photo needed a little je ne sais quoi...

She pulls her hand away and pretends to be busy again.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

Put the bottles of beer in the fridge. We can't let him have warm beers, can we?

Stephen puts the bottles in the fridge and opens one for himself. Silently sitting at the table, he watches her every move.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

What have you been up to today?

STEPHEN

Took a long walk and ended up in a village called... Eh... Graney?

VERONIQUE

(Laughing)

Grangey.

STEPHEN

I wonder where they get those Names from? Sitting in this old quaint pub I realized what a change it was to be able to talk to ordinary people. They asked where I was from, but I couldn't even tell them that, so I evaded the question.

Stephen knows he is attempting to make small talk. Veronique looks at him, and he can't control himself any longer.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

For goodness sake Veronique what made you marry him?... You must have known what he was like?... I've been thinking about it all day long...

Veronique begins to CRY, she SOBS and sits down. Stephen grabs her hand.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Tell me... Please tell me.

VERONIQUE

Please, do not let him know that I have said something to you... He would...

(She shudders)

Promise me, it will be our secret.

STEPHEN

I promise... Now I'm here he won't ever hit you again, I saw the bruises today... If he does, he'll live just long enough to regret it, I'm not the boy who went to prison, you learn how to look after yourself in there.

Stephen pitifully looks at her.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I can't believe you fell for him.

VERONIQUE

He was much fun at first, and as he quickly go up the Ranks, he have more and more money, and he spent it on me.

STEPHEN

When did you first meet him then?

VERONIQUE

He was investigating a robbery at my Papa's company a lot of money was taken, everybody think Papa did it. Robert come and speaks with me, I liked him very much then, and he, take me out for first time. We did not say we were going out together, Papa would not have liked the idea.

STEPHEN

(Sarcastically)

No, I bet he wouldn't have.

VERONIQUE

The robbery was not proven and Robert did not find the robber. It was after this that he changed. He begin to tell me I was his, and he owned me. He forced me to marry him, but I say no... He started to be cruel to me, I wanted to go back to France, but he showed me some papers and he laughed.

STEPHEN

What papers?

VERONIQUE

He show me proof that my Papa was a robber, Papa had stolen the money from his own company for insurance.

STEPHEN

Oh no! That's all he needed.

VERONIQUE

Robert, not show this to police inquiry, and everything was stopped. He blackmail me into marriage, I say yes, otherwise Papa would go to prison for many years, Robert wanted a beautiful presentable wife as you says, but why? I don't know...

STEPHEN

The bastard! I knew there had to be a reason why someone like you should end up with a rat like him, I'm going to kill him. He's ruined my life and now yours. I'll kill him.

VERONIQUE

And go back to prison? I think not...

STEPHEN

Have you ever seen these papers? Does your father know about this blackmail? Is he still alive? For God sake tell me...

VERONIQUE

What do you want me to say?... No, Papa thinks he got away with it, and believes I married for love. And the papers... well, I see them each time I try to not do what he wants, he put them under my nose.

STEPHEN

Where does he keep them?

VERONIQUE.

In the cofre fort in his room. Me his own wife, cannot even go inside there. The room is locked all the time.

STEPHEN

Cofre fort, is that a safe?

VERONIQUE

Yes a big safe. He, say that nobody can open this.

Stephen looks thoughtful for a second, then he pulls out his wallet and takes out a piece of paper with a telephone number on it, looks at it, then puts it back in the wallet.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

What are you thinking of doing? Don't be stupid. I am frightened.

STEPHEN

Don't be, I will protect you.

Stephen with lust in his eyes looks at her, then, striking like a cobra, he grabs her into his arms and kisses her passionately. Veronique responds. He pushes her back on to the table. In between kisses, Stephen hands attempt to remove some of her clothing, but she fights him off.

VERONIQUE

(Panting)

No stop it... No Stephen...We can't do that to him, he is your brother.

She straightens up her clothing.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

It must never happen again.

STEPHEN

Veronique you can't do this to me.

VERONIQUE.

I must, otherwise we will both be dead.
Have you not seen it in his eyes? Robert
can kill...

Veronique, tucking her blouse, back into the waistband of her skirt, walks away CRYING.

STEPHEN

Can I use the phone?

Veronique does not answer, Stephen pulls out his wallet again, and gets Doc's piece of paper out. He lifts the receiver and dials out. Phone RINGS. At the other end a man's voice answers the phone.

DOC

Hello... Hello... Who is it?

Stephen remains silent for a while. Then he speaks.

STEPHEN

Doc? It's me, Stephen...You never
prepared me for any of this... I need
to talk to you or I'll bloody go insane.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE. - EVENING

Two large prestige cars pull up on the drive.

The drivers get out and open the rear doors to allow two smart looking men to get out.

The front door opens and Robert dressed in a smart suit comes out; he is flipping his coin in the air as he watches his visitors march towards him.

JEREMY

Tails Robert.

ROBERT

Sorry you lost Sir Jeremy, but nice to see you and Mr. Walker, come in.

SIR JEREMY CHRISTIAN (AGED 65) is a tall man with thick white hair, which cover his ears, this, gives him an effeminate look, he is wearing A WHITE TUXEDO with a RED cravat. He has had an upper class upbringing, which shows in the way he speaks and in his total mannerism.

Mr. SAMUEL WALKER (AGED 60) he is much shorter and fatter he is bald. His sun tanned complexion gives an impression that he spends most of his life abroad living in luxury, unlike Sir Jeremy's upbringing, he is an East Ender rough neck made good, manners and posture are not words in his vocabulary, and without the word "bloody" he would not be able to string a long sentence together. As a pair of friends, he and Jeremy are as different as chalk and cheese, but something sinister binds them together.

WALKER

Rob my old Mucker; Nice of you to bloody invite us. How is Scotland Yard treating you these days?

ROBERT

Well, I am not there as yet Mr. Walker.

They all shake each other's hand.

JEREMY

It won't be long my dear fellow... Not long at all, if we have anything to do with it.

They all LAUGH as they make their way inside the house.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBERTS HOUSE KITCHEN: - LATER SAME EVENING.

Through a small opening of the serving hatch, Stephen can see inside the dining room where Robert is entertaining his guests at the table.

They have finished their meal and are talking with Brandy glasses in hand. Veronique, dressed in a revealing red cocktail dress looks stunning. She is playing the dutiful wife.

JEREMY

Can I say Veronique, that this has been one of the best Beef Bourguignon I have had the pleasure to taste. My colleagues at Whitehall would be absolutely envious of me.

Veronique using the excuse to collect a plate leans over his shoulder rubbing her breasts against him. With the broadest French accent she replies.

VERONIQUE

You are such a charmer, Sir Jeremy.

ROBERT

Now, now you two: No flirting in my presence. Veronique, have the two men outside had their refreshments yet?

VERONIQUE

No, I'll do it now.

Veronique leaves the room carrying a tray back to the kitchen.

The three men watch her go out.

JEREMY

You are a very lucky man to possess such a jewel Robert, French as well.

The men LAUGH at the suggestion.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Right... down to business now, I can report that Sir Palmer is very impressed with the latest figures on crime in the Capital. The figures have dropped yet again. The raids carried out on illegal gambling rooms and prostitution rackets in the last year brought very little prosecutions.

ROBERT

I should think so too; we managed to pre-warn every one, hence we were richly rewarded for it.

SAMUEL

I'm bloody pleased that you got your pat on the back Jeremy, but I wasn't too bloody pleased with not having been warned of the early morning raid at the Bellevue. The cash and the confiscation of the gaming tables was quite a bloody loss to my syndicate.

ROBERT

Yeah, sorry about that one...It came completely right out of the blue... I don't know who sanctioned that raid, but I shall find out and make sure that they involve me the next time.

JEREMY

Yes I must apologize for that Samuel; I can't have some of my best allies against crime troubled by the Met.

They all burst into fits of LAUGHTER.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Yes...That's one more reason for us to push forward a promotion for Robert.

SAMUEL.

I'm all for that your Lordship... Anyway, in the bloody long run it will even itself out, but at the time some high people got their collars felt...If, you know what I mean?

JEREMY

No...I don't know what you mean and don't want to know. What you and Robert get up to is your business. All that I am interested in is keeping crime figures down, and my political future desperately depends on it... How it's done, or the seedy side of your business, I just don't want to know it... thank you very much.

SAMUEL

No, I bet you bloody don't... You toffee nosed ponce, but you bloody like the two thousand quid donations that the party's purse gets from it every so often.

Robert lets out a WHISTLE of approval.

CUT TO:

FADE IN: INT- Kitchen.

Veronique, walks into the kitchen as Stephen shuts the serving hatch door.

VERONIQUE

Naughty, naughty... You have listened?

STEPHEN

Yes very interesting. But who are they?

VERONIQUE

Sir Jeremy Christian is a big man in Whitehall, he reports to the Lord Chancellor about crime, Samuel Walker is very rich, he, makes very generous donations to Sir Christian's political party. But both are very bad and crooked men as you say, both must do cortonsionist acts to stand up straight.

Stephen LAUGHS at the word.

STEPHEN

You mean contortionist... But if they are so crooked, why does Robert disclaim my existence?

VERONIQUE

Because at the home, he told everyone he was an orphan, and that is why Sir Jeremy have pity for him.

STEPHEN

That explains it, if he had known he had family in jail, Christian would have given him a wide birth and not championed him for the Police force.

VERONIQUE

Yes, but you must not be seen by them, you go upstairs; I'll take the sandwiches to the drivers.

STEPHEN

No, you clear up and I'll quickly take them out.

Stephen takes the plate and bottles of beer and makes his way out to the drivers.

EXT. DRIVE. - MOMENTS LATER

Stephen walks towards two men who are leaning against a car smoking and talking to each other.

FIRST MAN

Ah! Here comes the grub.

SECOND MAN

About bloody time too... What took so long mate?

As Stephen approaches the second man who is in his mid thirties tall and thin, frowns he eyes Stephen up and down.

SECOND MAN (CONT'D)

I've seen you somewhere before mate. Now where would that be?

STEPHEN

No idea mate. Can't say I recognize you. Enjoy your beers.

Stephen walks away under the watchful eye of the drivers.

SECOND MAN

Where in the hell do I know him from?

CUT TO:

KITCHEN:

STEPHEN

SHIT... SHIT!

Veronique who is drying the plates turns around to see a worried Stephen.

VERONIQUE

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

STEPHEN

One of the drivers... He was in remand home with me for a while... I think he recognized me.

VERONIQUE

Oh my God no!... He will punish me now; you were not supposed to be seen. What I am going to do?

STEPHEN

I'll tell him, I'll say you weren't here when I decided to help out.

Veronique slowly opens the serving hatch and sees that Robert and the other two are getting pretty drunk.

INT. DINING ROOM:

JEREMY

What are you doing with your share?

ROBERT

Right now not much...It's all right for you two, but I can't keep stashing my money away in the safe, I need to be able to spend some of it, or what's the point? If we get rumbled I might never be able to enjoy it

JEREMY

Robert, be patient, I know it's hard, and it has been a long journey since I met you at the home, but I promised you then that I'd look after you and I will. Your rise up the ladder in the police

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Force, has not been without our help. Very soon you will be near the top. With a salary to match... Then you'll be able to spend it freely.

SAMUEL

The last cash amount that I bloody took over to Switzerland was well over a grand.

ROBERT

Very nice... very nice indeed: My only concern is that soon, someone might point the finger at me... I need to make a very large bust... We need to throw some little prick to the big bad wolves to take the heat off me.

SAMUEL

No... You bloody don't do anything silly yet. I'll need to think this one out properly. Otherwise we could have an all out gang war out there. I don't want my bloody balls blown off just yet.

JEREMY

Samuel is right, we need to tread very carefully here, these gang leaders are not stupid, they know someone high up is pulling the peace strings...If they talk, it could open hundreds of lines of enquiries and who knows? No... He's right, let things ride.

ROBERT

If you say so...Am only your whipping boy anyway...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. INSIDE THE FRONT HALL: - LATER SAME EVENING

The SOUND of cars can be heard pulling away as Robert shuts the front door.

Robert although drunk, seems to be happy as he DANCES along the hall towards the kitchen.

Inside the kitchen Stephen and Veronique are waiting with stern looks on their faces.

Robert looks at them and smiles.

ROBERT

What?...What's the matter? I only had a couple of drinks.

Stephen and Veronique look at each other:

STEPHEN

Someone recognized me tonight.

ROBERT

Who? How? You didn't go out anywhere.

STEPHEN

One of the drivers... I thought I'd help Veronique by taking out the beers while she was in there doing her dutiful bit for you.

Robert's cheerful expression changes to a mad man's.

ROBERT

Screw you... Don't do the condescending act on me...Which was it?

STEPHEN

The skinny one, I remember him as Wilkins... Scraggy Wilkins.

ROBERT

He's got a mouth as wide as the bloody Thames.

Robert places his hands each side of his head and walks around talking to himself as he thinks

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Shit...Shit...Shit If he talks.

Robert walks out of the kitchen and runs up the stairs as Stephen and Veronique look at each other in dismay.

Upstairs Robert walks past Stephen's bedroom open door where Veronique's cardigan on Stephen's bed catches his eyes. He walks in and picks it up as an inquiring look comes across his face, he looks back towards the door.

Robert runs back downstairs and picks up the car keys from the small hall table. He shouts out.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I am going out, don't wait up for me.

In the kitchen Stephen looks at Veronique and makes a face.

STEPHEN

Wow....

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. A SMOKY STRIP JOINT ROOM IN THE BACK STREETS OF SOHO.

LOUD MUSIC playing. People are shuffling in and out.

A stripper is cheered on by groups of men seated in rows of well-worn RED VELOUR seats.

CROWD OF MEN

Get them off...

LOUD WHISTLING and LAUGHTER is heard.

Robert, standing at the curtained entrance, looks through the cloud of smoke and spots Wilkins sitting right in the front row.

Wilkins, although on his own, has a lot to say to the Stripper who has just removed her last garment and is seductively passing it across the front of her face.

WILKINS

Rather you than me darling...

The stripper glares at him as the room erupts into LAUGHTER.

The music stops and the Stripper carrying her clothing makes her way backstage.

Robert goes behind Wilkins and taps him on the shoulder, then, flashing a five-pound note before his eyes, he bends down and WHISPERS something in his ear.

Wilkins looks back up at him and nods his head as he smiles, then he takes the note, unsteadily, he gets up to follow Robert out of the strip joint.

The MUSIC begins again and a new stripper comes on.

FADE OUT:

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM: - LATER

Stephen is asleep, but he is awoken by Veronique's SCREAMS.

VERONIQUE

He's your brother. How could you think of this from him?

ROBERT

How did your poxy cardigan end up in his bedroom then? Are you saying he's a cross dresser?

VERONIQUE

I don't know...It was in your car.

ROBERT

Are you sleeping with him already?

VERONIQUE

No! I am not... But who would blame me if I did... You never touch me... Am I not enough for you?

ROBERT

No... You're nothing but a filthy French whore.

Stephen can HEAR a smack and another scream from Veronique.

VERONIQUE

No Robert... please no more.

Stephen barges out of his room and BURSTS into Robert's bedroom.

Veronique is half-naked and CRYING. She is LAYING on the bed with her legs kicking out as Robert dressed in just his white under pants, is kneeling across her naked chest and is SMACKING her face with force.

Stephen pulls him off and throws him to the floor. Veronique SCREAMS and covers herself up at seeing the two brothers come to blows.

STEPHEN

What in the hell do you think you're doing?

Robert is very drunk, and as tries to get up, he falls down again.

ROBERT

I got proof you're already screwing my wife...You bastard.

STEPHEN

What proof?...The Cardigan?It was in the back of your open top car and it was beginning to rain What was I suppose to do Mr. Brains.

Robert does not answer but turns around and is sick on the bedroom carpet, then collapses in a heap.

Stephen tries to help him up as Veronique in fear, runs out of the room.

Stephen guides Robert to the bed and lies him down.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You got the wrong end of the stick; she's only got eyes for you.

Through drunken eyes Robert looks up to Stephen, and speaks with a slur.

ROBERT

I know...I got too much on her for her to play away...I fucking hate women...I'll fucking kill her if she ever reneged on me...Forgive me Stephen for what I've done to you.

STEPHEN

YEH...I forgive you.

Robert doesn't hear this; Stephen covers him up with the bedclothes as Veronique returns with a bowl of water to clean up the mess.

Stephen shakes his head 'NO'.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Not now, leave it till the morning.

He switches the light out and leaving the door open he leads her out as Robert begins to SNORE.

Stephen stares at the partly clad Veronique. She looks at him and at this moment in time you can see love in each of their eyes.

Stephen makes a move forward and takes the bowl from her and puts it down on a small hall table. Then with one hand, he caresses her face and looks deep into her eyes.

He runs his hand down the side of her neck and along her partly naked shoulder. Veronique just stands there with eyes closed.

He then cups her face with both hands and closing his eyes he brings his face close to her and kisses her.

Veronique is confused she begins to raise her arms around him in slow movements, but something is holding her back.

Stephen still kissing and cupping her face he pushes her against the wall rubbing his body hard against hers. He begins to kiss the side of her neck; Veronique with eyes closed is moving her head from side to side.

Veronique opens her eyes and quickly pulls away, turns her back to him. The magic moment is once again broken. She picks up the bowl and walks away.

Shaking his head in desperation, he watches her as she goes down the stairs.

From inside the bedroom, Robert who was pretending to be asleep opens his eyes; he has witnessed all that went on. He allows himself a smirk.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL CAFÉ:

Doc and Stephen are seated at a table by a window.

It is obvious that Stephen has poured his heart out to old Doc.

DOC

Love has a funny way of showing up in the most unexpected circumstances.

STEPHEN

Doc it's tearing me apart... I just don't know what to do. I know you said that women were a mystery but she is totally and utterly unexplainable... He beats her up and she goes back for more.

DOC

If your brother is as brutal as what she says he is, then you must walk away boy and never look back.

STEPHEN

I can't Doc; I can't leave her to him.

DOC

She's his wife, do not get caught in the marital crossfire, it could be deadly... Something else apart from that bit of paper must be keeping her there... are you sure she's not playing you like a violin?

STEPHEN

No, she's not that type...

DOC

Have you slept with her?

STEPHEN

No Doc! It's not like that... I know that we both feel the same way for each other, but her loyalty or fear is holding her back.

DOC

So you want me to crack the safe open and steal that piece of paper... Once the blackmailing proof has been removed, you want to see which way she jumps.

STEPHEN

Yes, if you can make it look like a robbery, he will think someone has taken it not knowing its meaning.

DOC

That's no problem. I'll do it when I'm ready.

STEPHEN

Thanks, I knew I could rely on you; I'll owe you one.

DOC

More than one my dear boy I want full membership to the club.

STEPHEN

No Doc, but you can be its first honorary member.

Doc's face looks upset at being rejected by his friend.

DOC

Give me a call after I've done the job, we'll meet up and I'll let you have the evidence and the combination for the safe... You never know you might just need it to get into it yourself one day.

Doc gets up and leaves the Cafe.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. ROBERT'S HOUSE - DAYS LATER.LATE AFTERNOON.

Stephen and Robert are sat at the table drinking beer.

ROBERT

Can you drive?

STEPHEN

Well yes...But I haven't driven for quite a while, at the remand farm I was taught to drive the tractor and the old jeep. Why?

ROBERT

They found Scraggy Wilkins drowned.

Show in black and white the body of Wilkins floating face down in a canal.

Stephen shocked, looks at Robert, but he, keeps his eyes firmly down as if nothing had happened.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

They think he was drunk and lost his footings, he drowned in the canal running at the back of his house.

STEPHEN

Bloody convenient for you, ain't it?

ROBERT

It is for me...But more for you. Because I'm going to offer your services to Walker, this way you can be my eyes and ears there.

STEPHEN

And what about: if Walker already knows about me?

ROBERT

No... No way. He would have contacted me long before now to ask who you were and what was going on...Can you really drive?

STEPHEN

Yes, I've told you, I was taught to drive tractors when I worked on the farm.

ROBERT

Never driven a car then?

STEPHEN

No... But it can't be that difficult or different.

ROBERT

No I suppose not...It's got a clutch and accelerator and with a bit of practice who knows?

Robert makes a face as he takes a sip from his bottle of beer.

STEPHEN

Well if you think you can swing it why not... I need the cash; I can't keep sponging off you.

ROBERT

I tell you what... Why don't we take the car out, you can have a practice run around London... I'll show you the sights and perhaps We'll meet a couple of mates of mine.

They RAISE and toast each other's bottles.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON STREETS: - LATER THAT DAY.

Stephen is driving Robert's Zephyr car. He is crunching the gears and making mistakes. Robert cringes at what is happening to his prized possession.

ROBERT

I've bloody told you... Let the clutch out slowly.

As the car kangaroos to a stop by the curb: A tall man (35) smartly dressed, wearing glasses, is walking along the pavement towards a parked Aston Martin sports car. He stops and looks. Then with a look of recognition he comes towards them. He is BRUCE REYNOLDS

a local villain well known to the Police. He LAUGHS at the two men in the car.

MAN

Hello Bob! Didn't take you for being a driving instructor.

Robert looks up at the man and tries to ignore him.

ROBERT

Brucey, just fuck off will you.

BRUCE

We are touchy... What's happened? No one to nick today?

Bruce LAUGHS again and walks away; Looking back, he smirks at Robert.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Why don't you pop over to the Star one night and have a drink with the lads.

STEPHEN

Who's that?

ROBERT

A dickhead... His name is Reynolds... a small time crook, he's been in and out of jail more times than the delivering milkman.

STEPHEN

Vicious?

Stephen starts the car up again and pulls out into the road, as he passes Bruce's Aston Martin, he looks over towards him, Robert ignores Bruce's wave of the hand.

ROBERT

No, on the contrary, he's got a fantastic brain for organizing the perfect crimes, it's a shame he always gets caught.

STEPHEN

You know him well?

Robert makes a face.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Where is that pub he was talking about?

ROBERT

The Star?... In Belgravia, if any of us need to make up our quota of arrests, that's where we head to.

STEPHEN

How come?

ROBERT

Because they're all there...They congregate in there like a swarm of vampires, all hoping for someone to come up with a perfect master plan... They have this belief that there's a fraternity amongst them, but I know better, when caught and threatened, they all blab like children.

STEPHEN

You know quite a few of them then?

ROBERT

Yep... There's quite a few that actually live around here, these I know only too well.... There's Wilson who works in the bookies shop over there.

Robert points at a bookmakers shop.

ROBERT. (CONT'D)

Down the road, you got Goody the hairdresser. Now for a scissor and comb man he's got plenty of spunk in him...

STEPHEN

An ideal crime recruitment center, around here eh?

ROBERT

You could say that... With the right brain and the right plan behind them, they could be dangerous. A good leader could get the best there is.

They stop at a crossing, and as Stephen looks left and right the Aston Martin car draws up next to them. Robert looks across, Bruce who has now put on a pair of dark sunglasses and a hat, SMILES as he POINTS an imaginary gun at Robert.

BRUCE

Bang...

ROBERT

Any time you fancy your chances
Reynolds, any time....

Bruce LAUGHS as he presses the accelerator down, leaps across the junction, as other cars take evading action.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

One day I'll have that bigheaded
bastard behind bars. Soon he'll take on
something far too big for him.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON STREET: A FEW WEEKS LATER- MORNING.

Stephen dressed in a dark blue driver's uniform with silver buttons down the front of the tunic. He pulls up at the same cafe where he'd previously met old Doc.

Scooters, and bicycles with pedals leaning down on the pavement curb are parked outside on the road.

Sitting in the cafe window is Old Doc.

Stephen goes inside, and as he walks past the counter, he orders a coffee from a smoking BLONDE WOMAN serving behind the counter.

STEPHEN

Thanks for the call Doc, but I've been
waiting to get home one day and hear of
the break-in... Have you lost your
nerve?

Doc is stern, he points with his head towards the empty seat. Stephen sits down.

Doc looks around before speaking in a low voice.

DOC

I've been... I've seen, and you need to
get out of that house fast.

BEGIN S O S

Show in black and white.

Doc outside the house, KNOCKING at the door, with no reply;

Doc using a master key to open the door, and walk in;

Doc looking around and opening the large safe: Shock on Doc's
face as he finds and looks at some photographs.

Doc reading various documents:

Doc removing an old deflated leather football that, he shakes.
He HEARS a rattle coming from within:

Show Doc replacing everything as he found it before leaving.

END OF S O S

BACK TO SCENE:

STEPHEN.

What have you seen?

Doc normally cool begins to get agitated.

DOC

Your brother... He's a Policeman, why
did you not tell me?

He stops as the blonde woman brings the coffee to the table.

WOMAN

That'll be three Pence love, please.

Doc reaches in his pocket, and puts three copper coins on the
table. They wait for her to go before carrying on.

STEPHEN

I only found out myself the day I was
released... why?

DOC

He's a dangerous person to be connected with... He's neck deep in blackmail and corruption; He's playing high stake game against some very high and dangerous people...If that keg of dynamite blows, the 1605 Guy Fawkes gunpowder plot would just have been a mere tame fireworks display.

Stephen makes a concerned face as he takes a sip from the cup.

STEPHEN

Yes, I've seen a couple of them... Samuel Walker and Jeremy Christian. I drive for one of them now.

DOC

What?... Which one?... Have you gone completely insane young man?

STEPHEN

No, not yet... but unless you tell me what's going on, I bloody might.

DOC

Which one has hired you?

STEPHEN

Samuel Walker. Why?

DOC

Oh thank god for that, you're safe... He likes young girls as well as boys.

STEPHEN

What are you going on about?

DOC

Your brother has in his possession compromising pictures of him with youngsters and pictures of more prominent people in all sorts of actions.

STEPHEN

What pictures?

DOC

Pornographic, lewd pictures of famous people in compromising positions, its obvious some of them did not know these were being taken.

STEPHEN

He's blackmailing Sir Christian?

DOC

I think he must be... There are some very old pictures of Christian being very friendly with a young boy... Anyway, I left that pile of filth in the safe. I've got the combination so that you can open it and see for yourself.

Stephen looks around.

STEPHEN

I knew he was bent... but this is far more serious than I'd ever envisaged.

DOC

This is more than damn serious Stephen. This is bloody deadly.

STEPHEN.

What about Veronique's father? What has he got on him?

DOC

Nothing... All he's got inside there is a signed copy of her father's statement, and there's nothing on it to compromise him in any robbery.

STEPHEN

The lousy bastard, he's forced that poor woman for years to... I'll bloody kill him.

DOC

No you won't, you will tell her that she has nothing more to fear from him, and that she can make up her mind with what she wants to do... And if she chooses you, then so be it, and you can take her

DOC (CONT'D)

away to that place up in the lakes that you've always dreamed of.

STEPHEN

And if she decides to stay with him?

DOC

Then you run away as fast as you can my boy... Oh by the way! Why, would your so-called brother, have an old deflated leather football inside that safe?

Stephen chokes on his coffee.

STEPHEN

What? An old laced up leather ball?

DOC

Yes, it's seems very old, and the leather's rock hard, it's got something stuck inside. I could hear it rattling when I shook it.

Stephen looks puzzled.

STEPHEN

Perhaps it's a dying man's rattle.

Doc tilts his head and shakes it in a negative fashion. Then passes over a piece of paper

DOC

Here's the safe's combination, and you'll need this key to open his office door.

STEPHEN

Thanks, I'll take a look to see what's inside when the time is right.

Doc agitated, grabs Stephen's sleeve.

DOC

The time is now boy... Look inside if you must, but get the hell out of that house of sin.

STEPHEN

No... Not till after I've organized and executed our plan.

Doc CHOKES and then COUGHS.

DOC

What! Our plan? Someone needs to have you committed to the loony bin if your thinking of what am thinking.

Doc GRABS hold of Stephen's sleeve and pulls it HARD towards him

DOC (CONTN'D)

Are you sure that the white metal post tag wasn't coated with thallium and the poison hasn't sent you stupid? It was only a dream while we were inside...It kept my brain going, otherwise I would have gone insane. This is the real world. Our plan was total fallacy; you cannot rob a moving train.

STEPHEN

Perhaps there was something on that tag and then again perhaps not. But I've been planning this for real since I came out, I've checked time tables, routes, possibilities, I've even talked to Postal workers at Euston station about getting a position with the Post Office... You'd be surprised what a few cups of coffee and a couple of doughnuts will bring back.

DOC

But you need more than just a lot of verbal garbage son; this is serious business you are talking of now.

STEPHEN

Doc, I've sieved out the garbage and you will be shocked at what remained.

DOC

Stephen... You are not listening my boy. If you try and rob a Royal mail train it will be like robbing Her

DOC (CONT'D)

Majesty the Queen... She'll have you locked up in the Tower of London and then turn her back and throw over her shoulder the key into the River Thames. You can't rob the Crown.

STEPHEN

And what about the Crown robbing me... Her father the King, robbed me of fourteen prime years of my life... So do not tell me not to rob the Crown. It's get even time.

DOC

O.K... O.K... Don't get all bitter and twisted I'm only trying to help... What about the connections? Apart from me, who would you know to help you recruit candidates for such nightmarish task?

STEPHEN

My brother, he has more or less introduced me to more rogues than Law abiding citizens.

DOC

They are just all petty crooks. You are not just popping round the corner to rob your local off license you know... And what about the cash? You'll need a lot of it up front to start this one up... You don't think they are going to follow you out of London like the Pied Piper...Lots of cash they'll want to see and have in their pockets, and perhaps then, they might think about taking you seriously.

STEPHEN

I'll get the cash.

DOC

Where?... How?...I know your brother has got quite a stash in his safe, but I don't think there's enough there or he's going to be the man to give it to you.

STEPHEN

Nope...I know.

DOC

So you're not going to tell me and you are not listening to a word I have been saying, have you?

STEPHEN is only half LISTENING.

He is LOOKING out of the window and MAKING eye contact with a pretty long blonde hair shapely girl.

She is wearing a white mini-dress and knee length white boots. She SMILES each time Stephen catches her eye.

DOC follows Stephen gaze and lets out an exasperating sigh.

STEPHEN

Nope... I've told you before, you are now too old to get involved in something like this. You are just an honorary member of this club.

Doc with CALM voice has a final attempt to persuade Stephen to drop the matter.

DOC

Honorary member my foot...Do you really believe that the old aluminum tag you found inside that damaged Mail-bag with Glasgow-Euston Station Mail train written on it, carried money? It was a Royal mail train boy... Letters and parcels... Nothing more, you might get the odd Bank cheque or postal order but that's all... Forget it...It's sheer madness. I was only playing with you.
(DOC now raises his voice)
You can't rob the Crown...

BEGIN S O S

Show in black and white.

Doc and Stephen are in jail; they are sat opposite each other with a chessboard in front of them.

The chess pieces on the board are in the shape of a large letter S.

The black Queen represents the engine. The other pieces in line are the carriages. The last wagon is the White king, and he represents the mail carriage. The black and white pawns are used as the robbers; these are placed on either side of the train. Two are positioned at the side of the engine, the rest are spread all around the mail wagon.

Stephen and Doc can be seen talking eagerly as they move the Pawns in all directions as other inmates are all around, but no one takes any notice of the weird game of Chess.

END OF S O S

BACK TO SCENE IN CAFE.

STEPHEN

And I played your game with you... But now I can't forget it... I've got to do it... Sorry Doc but you know me, once I get my teeth into something.

DOC

Then I guess there's nothing more for us to say to each other, is there?... Goodbye then Stephen.

Stephen shakes NO with his head and OFFERS Doc his hand.

STEPHEN

Bye Doc...And thanks for the warning.

A forlorn Doc ignores the HANDSHAKE, and dejected he gets up and leaves.

At the door, he turns around hoping that Stephen might have changed his mind and call him back... But he doesn't. Sadly, Stephen watches him shut the door behind him and walk up the street like a very old man.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MOMENTS LATER.

Stephen looking stern is driving at great speed.

He pulls into the drive at Robert's house, the old Cortina car is missing, but the Zephyr is parked there.

Stephen lets himself into the house.

STEPHEN

Anyone at home?

Stephen waits for a reply. With none coming he closes the front door behind him and goes straight to Robert's office door, where he tries the key that Doc gave him.

He opens the door to a smartly organized office; a plush leather chair is behind a heavy well-polished oak desk. Hanging on the wall are a few police certificates of merit with Roberts name on them. On the desk is a framed photograph of a smiling young Robert in his Police uniform; Christian and Walker flank him. In the corner is a heavy light GREEN colored floor safe.

Stephen looks out of the window that leads on to the next- door garden, and makes sure that he cannot be seen.

Taking the piece of paper with the combination on it from his pocket, he kneels in front of the safe and turning the dial, he attempts to open it.

Stephen opens the door. The safe has an enormous amount of cash and papers. The cash is in small bundles and each bundle is bound by a red ribbon. A large envelope is franked with the police department stamp. A bulging old yellowing envelope is wedged to one side of the safe.

Stephen takes it out and looks inside. The envelope contains photographs.

Stephen spreads them out on the desk and GASPS in horror.

He realizes that the boy in the photographs that Doc was talking about, was Robert.

Robert can be seen being kissed by a younger looking Christian, some Photographs are more recent. In them, Robert and Christian can also be seen with other men. There are other photographs of

Walker with some very young girls and of other people in various sexual actions.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(In exasperation)

Robert... Robert, Robert, what have you turned into? That's why you never touch her properly... God I can't believe it... My brother is a bloody woman hating queer.

He picks up the an old yellowing photograph of a young Robert smiling at the camera as he's been kissed on the cheek and fondled by a perversely looking Christian.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You dirty old bastard...

Stephen picks out a few more incriminating photographs of Christian and Walker, and he places these in his wallet.

Stephen replaces the photos, and then takes out the large police envelope. He removes its contents and reads it.

As Stephen reads it, his facial expression changes from being serious to frowning, and as he turns the pages over, he begins to smile and to talk to himself again.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Poor bitch.... If you only knew.

Stephen bends back down and puts the envelopes back inside the safe, but before closing the door, he takes out the old hardened leather football and shakes it, from inside comes a RATTLING SOUND, Stephen opens up the puncture hole and shakes a knife out on to the desk, his face harden as he recognizes it.

BLACK AND WHITE flash back scene of the kitchen table on the night of the murder, with a close up focus on the knife.

Making sure he doesn't handle it, he pushes it back inside. Next, he picks up a wad of five-pound notes and flicks through them before replacing them in the safe; He is about to shut the door, when he jumps back in fright.

VERONIQUE

I did not take you for being a thief.

Stephen quickly spins around, to be confronted by a fearful looking Veronique, who is standing at the office door. Dressed in just a negligee, her hair is pinned up as if she had just come out of the shower, she is menacingly holding up a FIRE POKER in her hand.

STEPHEN

You silly woman... You bloody frightened me out of my skin...Why did you not answer me when I shouted out on my way in?

VERONIQUE

You still haven't answered me! What are you doing inside his office with his cofre fort wide open?

STEPHEN

Put the iron down and come over here, I have something to show you.

VERONIQUE

No... Close the safe and get out before I call the police.

Stephen comes towards her and extends his hand towards the iron; But Veronique RAISES it above her head with both hands.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

Keep away from me...Robert will kill me when he finds out what you have done... Why Stephen? Did you need money?

Stephen is becoming worried at Veronique's attitude.

STEPHEN

No Veronique I did it for you... Can't you understand I needed to find out what hold Robert had over you... I love you Veronique I want you to come away with me... That's why I did it, for us...for you and me.

Veronique drops her hands, and looks shocked at Stephen's declaration.

VERONIQUE

You love me?... But you can't. I am your brother's wife.

Stephen gets up close to her and takes her in his arms.

STEPHEN

Veronique I loved you from the moment I first smelled your perfume as I walked through the front door, I fell even more in love when I first set eyes on you, then completely and without reservation the moment you spoke those very first words with that delightful French accent.

Stephen then kisses her passionately and Veronique responds by dropping the iron to the floor and entwines her arms around him.

They kiss for a while and as Veronique comes up for air, she pushes him away.

VERONIQUE

This is madness...We must get out of this office... Close the cofre. Robert should not be back for quite a while, but you never know.

STEPHEN

Wait Veronique, I must show you something before we go.

Stephen goes back to the safe and brings out the large brown envelope, which he hands to her.

VERONIQUE

What is it?

STEPHEN

Read it... You can read English can't you?... you will find out.

Veronique takes out the hand written statement and begins to read it, as she reads her eyes become moist and then TEARS begin to run down her cheeks as she realizes that her husband had lied to her from day one.

As Veronique fills up with emotion, Stephen takes her into his arms again and attempts to calm her down.

VERONIQUE

How could he be so cruel?

STEPHEN

He's not worth crying over.

Stephen takes the item from her and replaces it in the safe. Then making sure that everything is in its correct place, he closes the safe and they leave the room. Stephen locks the door, and as he turns around Veronique throws herself into his arms and kisses him with unreserved passion, in between heavy kissing Stephen asks.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

When do you expect him back?

Veronique doesn't answer, but kisses him even harder as she begins to undo the silver buttons of his driver's tunic and runs her lips down his naked chest.

Stephen undoes the top button of her negligee, and runs his lips down her neck to her naked shoulder.

Veronique then pulls away and reaches up to her hair that she unclips, and like a temptress in full flight, she shakes her hair to let it cascade loose all around her naked shoulders.

Groping each other, they roll along the hall wall to the bottom of the carpeted stairs on which they fall. Kissing, and undressing each other all at the same time:

As Stephen attempts to remove her final garment, Veronique freezes, and her hand stops him. They open their eyes and look deeply at each other.

Veronique face shows that she had reached the threshold of no coming back, with Stephen look quizzing hers she lets go of his hand and he removes the final garment. They begin to make love as they slowly HEAVE each other up each step. A TRAIL OF CLOTHES has marked their journey to Stephen's bedroom.

Naked, they fall on his bed where Veronique like a tigress, unleashes upon Stephen years of pent-up physical and mental deprivation as her lips search each part of his body.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM: - LATER.

Stephen and Veronique their lust appeased, are lying in each other's arms, she is facing the small bedside table. She reaches up and takes hold of the post card depicting the Lake District.

VERONIQUE

That's nice, where is it?

STEPHEN

It's a shot of the Lake District, that view and the plan in my head, is all that kept me from going insane. One day when the time comes, I'll take you there.

VERONIQUE

When Stephen?...Tell me, how are we ever going to be able to run away from him?

STEPHEN

When the time comes, we won't be running away... We will travel in style.

VERONIQUE

Robert will never let me go... He will hunt us down and kill us both.

STEPHEN

No he won't... He'll be in no position... He will be too busy trying to clear himself, but it will be to no avail...He will finish up from where I've come from... And as an ex-cop, his life won't be worth living.

VERONIQUE

Are you sure... He knows too many influential people.

STEPHEN.

Trust me... They will all be too glad to see him locked up forever.

VERONIQUE

I do trust you.

Veronique replaces the post card and takes down the framed photograph.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

Who's that?

STEPHEN

That's our mum and dad in happier days.
Dad died in Normandy during the war.
Mum died of breast cancer
Robert still maintains it was of a
broken heart because I was jailed.

VERONIQUE

This is the first time I've seen a
picture of your mother and father...
How come Robert hasn't got anything
from his past?

STEPHEN

Which past are you talking about? The
Crane's or the Hannegan's?

VERONIQUE

What do you mean by the Crane?

STEPHEN

Boy!... He has kept you in the dark,
what in the hell has he told you about
me?

VERONIQUE

Well, that you had been sent to jail
because you accidentally killed a man.

STEPHEN

Did he not tell you who the man was, or
what he was doing at the time?

VERONIQUE

No, just that... Robert never spoke
much about his past.

VERONIQUE (CONTN'D)

He has no friends, and the only people
at our registrar wedding were...

Veronique's words are quickly interrupted by Stephen.

STEPHEN

Don't tell me, let me guess...
Christian and Walker.

VERONIQUE

Yes... How did you know?

STEPHEN

And I bet you there were no photographs
taken either...

VERONIQUE

No, there was no one there to take
photos.

STEPHEN

You don't have to answer if you don't
want to, but, has Robert ever made love
to you properly?

Veronique doesn't answer; She replaces the photograph and turns
around to snuggle up tightly against him, then coyly.

VERONIQUE

Once or twice, but most time he...

STEPHEN

No...On second thoughts don't tell me,
I don't want to know; I can just about
guess what you're going to tell me.

Stephen holds her at arms length and looks her in the eyes.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

It's not his fault... He was reared
from a young age to love men and hate
women. I know that I am partially to
blame for his views on women, but
others, are far more responsible for
what he has become...

VERONIQUE

Christian and Walker?

STEPHEN

Yes, they pretended to help those young boys at the home, but their ultimate motive was to prey on them. Robert was one of the lucky ones that made it all the way to the top.... And now I know how.

VERONIQUE

How?

STEPHEN

Just as he did with you, he's blackmailing them with some sordid photographs taken during those early days.

VERONIQUE

Where are they? You've seen them?

STEPHEN

Oh yes! And I know just how to use them.

Veronique closes her eyes and pulls Stephen to her and they begin to make passionate love once again.

Stephen slowly moves on top of her and in between calling him by his name, she writhes beneath him, and like a demented cat playing with its prey, she rakes her long well manicured nails down his naked back.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. A SILVER ROLLS ROYCE IS BEING DRIVEN THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON. - AFTERNOON.

Inside car: Stephen dressed in chauffeurs uniform is driving. He adjusts his cap as he glances in the mirror.

In the reflection he can also see Samuel Walker sitting alone in the back seat.

Walker opens up a small case to reveal that it is packed with money; He takes out a wad and flicks through it. He catches Stephen looking at him. Walker, stares at Stephen via the mirror.

WALKER

At the end of the bloody road, take a left...You never said how you got to know Hannegan.

Stephen steers the car to the left.

STEPHEN

You never asked.... I've known him on and off for years, we go way back...Ever heard him speak of the name Crane?

Walker looking out of the window shakes 'NO' with his head.

WALKER

Who is this Crane chap then?

STEPHEN

Somebody we both knew in our younger days... Just curious to know if he'd ever mentioned him.

WALKER

Turn right just here, and stop at the big house in front of the Park.

Stephen turns right and pulls up outside the front of a very large house.

Walker gets out clutching the briefcase.

Stephen winds his window down.

STEPHEN

Do you want me to wait out here, Mr. Walker?

WALKER

Yes, just stay there; it shouldn't bloody take me long.

Stephen nods his head backwards and Walker follows his movement and sees a Policeman on the beat.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Oh! Don't bloody worry about him... he's... Just don't bloody worry.

Walker makes his way up the short flight of steps and RINGS the bell.

The Policeman walks past and glances at the license plate and ambles straight past. Stephen lights up a cigarette and notes the time on his watch.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. JEREMY CHRISTIAN LOUNGE: - MOMENTS LATER.

The interior is lavishly furnished with oil paintings and large displays of Early Georgian silver ware, a collection of clocks adorn the room and the TICKING SOUND is prominent.

WALKER

(Smelling the air)

You've been smoking that bloody Cuban filth again?

JEREMY

(Offering him a brandy)

If you mean my Cuban cigar rolled on the naked thigh of a young male virgin? Then yes...

They both LAUGH at the comment.

Walker making himself comfortable in a leather Chesterfield armchair, hooks his leg over the armrest.

WALKER

Ever heard Hannegan mention the name Crane?

JEREMY

(Raising his glass)

Cheers... Sorry but no Old Chap... Why, do you fancy him?

WALKER

No. It's my new driver, he bloody asked me. He's been recommended by bloody, Hannegan. Got an uneasy feeling about him. Wonder if he's been planted by Hannegan to keep an eye on us?

WALKER (CONT'D)

Proper East End accent, but, considering he's a driver, he doesn't seem to bloody know his way around London... Hannegan never does anything without something in it for him.

JEREMY

Well Old Boy, Hannegan will only get this Scotland Yard promotion through us, and if he, double crosses us....

Jeremy makes a SIGN of his throat being cut.

WALKER

Well, we do have to bloody watch out, especially as things are changing about minors now.

Walker lifts the case and places it on the small table in front of him and opens it.

Jeremy spots the cash, and smiles broadly before beginning to count it.

JEREMY

Well done, Samuel. This should keep the political cogs well oiled for a while longer.

Both men jump, as the door is suddenly opened, and the ushered old maid is standing there SHAKING with fear, Stephen stands behind her.

OLD MAID

Sorry sir... But he forced his way inside on the pretext of needing water for Mr. Samuel's car.

JEREMY

It's all right Sarah... You can go.

The maid looking worried closes the door behind her as Stephen stands there looking at the barrel of a gun that Walker now holds.

WALKER

What this? I told you to stay put...

Stephen raises his hand in a move to calm the situation.

STEPHEN

Look, I mean you no harm... Put the gun away Mr. Walker, I got things that I need to discuss with the pair of you.

Jeremy Christian has remained cool and collected throughout the interruption; He just sits there with his legs crossed, still sipping his brandy.

JEREMY

Who are you young man? And what makes you think that anything you have to say might interest me, or your governor Mr. Samuel here?

WALKER

He's the one I bloody told you about... Hannegan's bloody stooge.

STEPHEN

(Angry)

I'm nobody's stooge! I've got something to show you if I may?

Jeremy Christian with a nod of the head beckons him to come closer. Stephen reaches inside his tunic pocket. At this move, Walker raises for his gun again.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Put that stupid toy away. It doesn't impress me.

Christian indicates to Walker to put the gun away.

JEREMY

Before you start... would you like a Brandy or something like that? We might as well be civilized. What is your name?

STEPHEN

No thanks I need to keep my head clear. My name is Crane... Stephen Crane, and you Mr. Christian need to focus on these...

Stephen brings the incriminating photographs out and spreads them on the table in front of Christian and Walker.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Recognize some of the faces? A little bit younger perhaps, but the same nevertheless.

Although startled at what's before them, the reaction is not as severe as Stephen had expected.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Plenty more where these came from.

Stephen then throws a SEPIA COLORED photograph of Christian with a young Robert.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

That's my brother Robert...Robert Crane, not Hannegan as you know him, I know all about your years as guardian of that orphaned boy's home...I can guess now why you were so keen to support it.

Unimpressed, Walker continues to sip his drink as he studies the photograph.

WALKER

So your brother has set you up to start bloody blackmailing us...

STEPHEN

What do you mean start? Is he not blackmailing you already?

Walker shoots a glance towards Christian to check if he was being blackmailed, but he makes a long face and shakes 'NO' with his head.

WALKER

No, but I can see where this is bloody going.

JEREMY

Shut up Samuel...So what is it you want?... Money?

Stephen is lost for words.

He was sure that Robert was blackmailing the two men and now it appears he wasn't.

Stephen's confidence is dented a worried look spreads across his face.

STEPHEN

Do you mean to say he wasn't taking money from you or getting personal favors?

Both men LAUGH and look at each other.

JEREMY

No Stephen, it was never the way you think... Yes, we were involved with that boy's home, but we never took advantage of any of them unless they wanted us to. You see we are different, we have different feelings than normal men. We tend to seek comfort and solace in masculine presence, and yes at times, we do let ourselves down by getting too close to someone who is younger, fitter, and perhaps more handsome than we are. This is what happened with Robert. We both loved him.

STEPHEN

I don't want to know what happened.

JEREMY

But you must... You see when we first met Robert, we were told that he was an orphan and that something had happened in his life that made him have a total hate for anything that was feminine. We took him under our protective wing and nurtured him. When he became of age, he had the choice and he chose to be the man the man he is today, he needed a wife, hence he married Veronique, but your brother is a homosexual and you've got to accept it.

Stephen sits down and places his head in his hands.

WALKER

So you see he isn't blackmailing anyone yet, but why he should have all these bloody photos, I don't know...I think you need a drink.

Walker pours a glass of Brandy and hands it to Stephen.

JEREMY

Now you know about our threesome, I presume you will be selling your story to some notorious and sordid Sunday newspapers?

STEPHEN

(Shakes 'NO' with his head)

No... Although I think you are both sick, I am not here to condemn or pass sentence on you.

WALKER

Bloody chivalrous of you, isn't it Jeremy?

Stephen looks at Walker and raises his glass to him.

STEPHEN

I was never going to blackmail you. I needed your money so that I could put him in jail, and secondly so that I could pull the biggest robbery this Country had ever witnessed... I need your money because I've never had any... All right?

WALKER

For what reason would you want to see your brother in jail?

STEPHEN

I asked you in the car if you knew the name Crane... Well now you know that I am Stephen Crane and this...

(He stabs the photo of a young ROBERT)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Is Robert Crane. Well... Years ago, I was sent down for a long time for crime that he as I know now, had committed....

SCENE FADES as Stephen relates his story. The clock ticking becomes LOUDER while BLACK and WHITE images of the his mother being subjected to the assault, Simonds screaming on the landing hollow and of him falling down the stairwell. The judge's voice is also hollow with the words of his sentence. Show Stephen finding the knife inside the Old leather ball.

Then the ticking becomes quiet as the scene FADES back up to date.

STEPHEN

I believe it was Robert who killed my mother's rapist, but I have no hard proof bar a knife.

WALKER

The bloody bastard... If he can do that to a brother...

Walker looks over at Christian who finishes the sentence for him.

JEREMY

What could he do to us? So you want revenge Stephen eh?

STEPHEN

Revenge will be sweet Old Boy... but I'm determined to bring him down from that high branch you two unwittingly perched him on... But to do that I need a lot of money... And if you forward me what I need, you shall be repaid in more than one-way...

WALKER

How and how much do you need?

STEPHEN

A hundred thousand and I promise you three times if not more back in solid cash... A hundred thousand and you will have Robert safely out of your lives forever.

JEREMY

That's a lot of money even for us. If you had it, how do you plan to execute that robbery and Robert?

STEPHEN

By having Robert incriminated for the crime he committed all those years ago, and if everything goes to plan, with much, much more.

WALKER

And what about us? What makes you think he would not bloody bring us down with him.

STEPHEN

With what proof? I shall pass on to you all the evidence he possesses. It will be the word of a murderer against the word of two good men of the community. Who do you think the public would believe?

JEREMY

O.K. Stephen, lets assume we are interested, what is your plan?

WALKER

Are we expected to bloody trust him?

STEPHEN

Your decision, but why don't you first speak to the man who broke into my brother's safe.

WALKER

And, who might that man be?... Another bloody acquaintance, from your days in jail?

STEPHEN

Actually he is, he is none other than the Aristocrate Doctor Winston Harpsden known as Doc. Ask him if what I say is not true.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

He's seen the photos inside Robert's safe... By the way, my middle name is also Jeremy so you see we do have something in common... Go on, speak to Doc.

JEREMY

Excellent credentials you come with.

Stephen passes Doc's Phone number to Jeremy.

WALKER

Jeremy! What are we bloody letting ourselves in for?

JEREMY

Let me check this matter out first.

Jeremy Christian leaves the room. Telephone dialing is heard and Jeremy's voice is heard speaking.

Walker gets up and pours himself another Brandy, then sitting at the large table, he picks up a deck of cards and begins to play a game of Patience, constantly throwing concerned looks towards Stephen. All that can be heard in the room is the TICKING of the clock.

Jeremy walks back in, goes to a gramophone and PLAYS Beethoven's 5th. Without a word, he sits down opposite Stephen and sips his Brandy coldly staring at him.

Suddenly the phone in the room RINGS. Jeremy gets up and turns off the gramophone. He picks up the receiver and stares at Stephen as a muffled voice can be heard from the phone. He replaces the receiver and give out a SHORT COUGH.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

He confirms what you've said.

STEPHEN

Are you in?

WALKER

No...Not bloody likely.

JEREMY

Don't listen to him... What is your plan Stephen?

STEPHEN

The Crime of The Century! But before I divulge it to you, we must secure our identities. If we go ahead with it, then from now on if any of us need to communicate with each other, we will be known as Mr. One for me, Mr. Two for you Jeremy and Samuel will be Mr. Three. No more names, Are we agreed?

Jeremy looks over at Samuel Walker, who lets out a SIGH and carries on with the card game.

WALKER

If we bloody must...

STEPHEN

O.K. Now, I've had years to plan this one out. Did you know that once a month the mail train travels from Glasgow to London with up to perhaps a million pounds or more on board in old bank notes, these are destined for the Bank of England incinerators, all of it completely untraceable.

WALKER

(In a fit of laughter)

What are you going to bloody do...Rob it? Come on... be realistic... You can't bloody touch that train.

JEREMY

If it's as easy as that, why hasn't it been tried before?

STEPHEN

Simple... nobody has thought of it for the same simple reason that Mr. Walker has BLOODY laughed at it.

Stephen accentuates the word 'bloody' as he stares at Walker.

JEREMY

Stephen I'm hooked... draw me out your plan.

Stephen goes to the large table and with the swipe of the arm he clears it. Then taking the deck of cards from Walker's hands, he lays them out face down to form what looks like a railway track and explains.

STEPHEN

The black King is the engine, the black Ace, is the first mail wagon. The red Ace is the H.V.P.wagon.

WALKER

What does this bloody H.V.P mean?

STEPHEN

(Tapping the RED Ace
with his finger)

This is the High Value package Wagon; this is where the money is held. The rest of the cards are just normal mail sorting wagons... Nothing of importance to us... We uncouple the first two and leave the others behind.

Stephen pushes the first three cards away from the rest.

Christian and Walker look at each other, and smile as they nod 'YES' with their heads.

WALKER

When do we bloody start?

STEPHEN

We do it when my contact, the Ulsterman, gives us the nod....

The SOUND of ticking clocks overpowers his words.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Night-time. Two men: In Black balaclava, running along the track, and putting out of action and cutting the telephone wires.

Men place a dark glove over the existing GREEN light and place next to it a RED colored light, which is connected to a battery. The Red light is not yet switched on.

The two men are in a two-way communication with a man dressed all in black. His face, is covered by a black balaclava:

MAN IN BALACLAVA

Do not switch the red light until I give the signal.

MAN WITH RADIO

Very well Mr. Number One, we await your signal.

SECOND MAN

What did he say?

MAN WITH RADIO

To wait for his signal!

SECOND MAN

(Whispering)

Who in the hell is this guy?

MAN WITH RADIO

(Placing a hand over the radio)

He only ever dropped his name once before... Crane, Robert Crane.

SECOND MAN

Never heard of him...But he's good.

The man in the balaclava is Stephen; he is going under the name of Robert Crane, the Mr. One for the robbing operation.

Sound of the train slowly approaching in the distance:

MAN IN BALACLAVA

Right lads! The yellow light down the track has done its job. The train is slowing down. Hit the Red light button to stop it... Now!

BEGIN S O S

Train is slowly arriving down the track, and from the train driver's and his 2 c/o drivers P.O.V show RED light in the distance.

Train stops at the RED light and one of the engine drivers jumps off the train. In darkness he goes to the line telephone where he is ambushed and pushed down the embankment.

Two men dressed in BLACK boiler suits jump into the engine compartment and instantly threaten the first driver. The driver (57) is dressed in a grease-stained blue baggy boiler suit and grease shining black peak-cap. His mate (40) is dressed the same. Both meekly RAISE their hands up in the air.

OUTSIDE in black boiler suits are two men. One has a two-way radio. They UNCOUPLE the first two wagons, and then climb aboard to join the first two men in the engine. One robber already in the engine compartment is RONALD BIGGS.

Biggs is a tall man (35) his face BLACKENED, and tufts of blond hair stick out each side of his black skycap.

He HANDCUFFS the two train drivers then TAKES the train controls and attempts to MOVE it but he is confounded by its complicated operation.

Man with the two-way radio begins to panic. He GRABS Biggs by his boiler suit lapels bringing his face closer, twisting his mouth he WHISPERS so that no one can hear.

MAN WITH RADIO

Biggsy! What's the fucking matter?

BIGGSY

It's a different type of fucking engine than the one I'm used to.

MAN WITH RADIO

OK. No time to fuck about.

Man with radio SNATCHES the pickaxe handle from one of the robbers and HITS one of the cowering drivers over the head. Driver falls to the floor.

Man with radio brutally forces the driver whose head is BLEEDING back onto his feet.

Man with radio brushes the FRIGHTENED train driver down and with a calm voice asks him.

MAN WITH RADIO

What's your name?

Train driver with SHAKING hands WIPES the streaming BLOOD away from his eyes.

TRAIN DRIVER
Jack Sir...

Man with radio resumes his aggressive way.

MAN WITH RADIO
Well Jack fucking move it! Or I swear
to God that I'll rip and shove the train's
dead man's handle up your arse and keep it
there till you're fucking dead.

BIGGS moves out of the way as The SHAKING driver pulls the other driver towards the controls and slowly DRIVES the engine a few hundred yards down the track.

Inside the Royal Mail train, postal wagon sorting staff are working as ordinary unaware of what is happening outside.

Outside a group of six men are waiting with pickaxe handles to force their way into the mail wagon shouting and swearing they manhandle the workers.

Working postmen are all ALIGNED with their hands up.

The train is coming to a stop on a deserted road bridge where a line of Land Rovers, are waiting in DARKNESS in the lane below.

Men are rushing around carrying mailbags and throwing them over the bridge parapet to the men waiting below, who load-up the line of Land Rovers.

One by one the Land Rovers drive off.

The robbery has ended.

In the darkness, the train is there. The eerie SOUND of jets of steam coming from beneath it is the only noise to be HEARD, everyone has gone.

The robbery was a success

END S O S.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. DAWN IS JUST BREAKING- OUTSIDE ROBERT'S HOUSE.

Stephen dressed all in black and wearing a black ski hat is quietly entering Robert's front drive on foot, he is carrying over his shoulder an off-white canvas mailbag filled half the way up and tied with a cord at the neck.

He opens the front door very slowly so as not to make any noise or wake anyone as he enters.

He removes his shoes and climbs the stairs to his bedroom. Once inside, he removes his clothes and lies down on the bed. He lights up a cigarette and listens as the birds outside begin their MORNING CHORUS.

Nervously, he keeps looking at his watch.

All of the sudden, he jumps in fright,

The peacefulness of the house, is broken by the abrupt bell RINGING of the telephone in Robert's bedroom.

Stephen listens, and can hear Robert's voice from the next room.

ROBERT

What?... When?... Where? Shit
almighty... Right, I'll be there at
once.

The phone is SLAMMED down, and Stephen can HEAR Veronique's groggy voice asking Robert what is going on.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Some fucking idiot has only gone and
stopped a train to try and rob it.

VERONIQUE

A real train?

ROBERT

No you silly old cow... A Dinky Toy
train. Of course a real train... The
one traveling down from Glasgow to
London!

VERONIQUE

Did they steal very much?

ROBERT

We don't know if they've stolen anything as yet... I've got to go, I don't know when or if I'll be back today.

Stephen can HEAR Robert coming out of his bedroom and run down the stairs, the front door SLAMS shut, then a car engine starts up and drives away.

In the early morning darkness Stephen taking a draw on his cigarette waits. Slowly his door opens, and Veronique just wearing a short skimpy nightdress stands there, she's peering in, trying to see if he was awake.

With the LANDING LIGHT behind her, Stephen can see through the thin material and realizes that she is naked beneath it. Seductively, she stands there with one arm lazily leaning against the doorframe, her long loose hair tumbling around her shoulders.

She is waiting for him to reach out for her, but he doesn't.

VERONIQUE

Are you awake? He's gone out.

Stephen lying on his bed with one arm behind his head smiles to himself as he takes another long draw.

STEPHEN

I heard.

VERONIQUE

There has been a robbery and he won't be back...

STEPHEN

I know...

VERONIQUE

That he won't be back or there has been a robbery?

Stephen as calm as a cucumber.

STEPHEN

Both...

VERONIQUE

How would you know about the robbery?

Stephen switches his bedside lamp on and looks at her with a cheeky grin. He extinguishes the cigarette.

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

Oh my God no...Don't tell me it was you?

STEPHEN

No not me... But I did plan and organize it all.

Veronique is shocked. She walks up to his bed and sits down facing him.

VERONIQUE

Who did it? How much did they steal?

STEPHEN

I can't tell you who did it, but I can tell you it was far more than I'd ever envisaged... The trucks were too small. They couldn't take it all.

VERONIQUE

I'm frightened of what you have let yourself in for... What will happen when Robert finds out?

Stephen bursts out into LAUGHTER.

STEPHEN

He'll never find out it was me, because everyone involved believes that my name is Robert Crane and by the time he works it all out, we shall be long gone.

VERONIQUE

But he's Robert Hannegan not Crane... Gone? Gone where?... I don't understand... Do you think he won't hunt us down and kill us?

STEPHEN

I told you before; I've got it all worked out. He'll take the rap for it all and we, we will spend days, weeks, months and even years Of luxury happiness together.

Veronique lays across his chest and in between placing small kisses on it, she asks in a child like voice.

VERONIQUE

Am I worth dying for?

STEPHEN

A hundred times over.

He kisses her forehead and gently pushes her away.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Now go and pack whatever you need to take away, for you won't be returning here ever again. I need to leave a little gift for Robert.

Veronique, jumps off the bed, and makes her way out of Stephen's bedroom. Stephen gets up and begins to get dressed. Once dressed, he picks up the mailbag and goes downstairs with it.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: EXT. THE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER. Stephen and Veronique carrying two suitcases and the mail-bag, come out of the house. In haste, they throw the cases into the back of the open top Zephyr car and drive away.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LARGE WHITE EDWARDIAN HOUSE. - MORNING.

The Edwardian house is set on a small hill and overlooks the road; all around the house is a large well-kept garden.

INT. THE INSIDE OF THE EDWARDIAN HOUSE.

The house is furnished with great taste for Antiques and oil paintings. This is Docs house, which he shares with his daughter Louise.

Doc, dressed in a RED silk dressing gown, sits in a large Chesterfield armchair in the Drawing room reading the Daily newspaper. The SOUND of radio music can be heard.

Louise walks into the room; she is wearing an apron and looks a little flushed.

LOUISE

Dad will you come and have your breakfast... You know I'm pushed for time to get to work and still, you sit on your backside.

Doc looks at her over his glasses.

DOC

I have told you before I don't need looking after. I managed quite well on the inside, there's no reason why I shouldn't on the outside.

LOUISE

Look where leaving you alone got us the last time...We now need my money to be able to carry on living here... Without it we would need to sell the Grange... Now come on!

As Doc gets up, the large Grandfather clock begins to STRIKE nine o'clock. The MUSIC on the radio phases out, and a man's voice begins to read the morning's nine o'clock news.

MAN ON RADIO

This is the nine o'clock news from the BBC...During the early hours of this morning the Royal Mail train traveling from Glasgow to London was stopped and robbed...

At those words a shocked Doc rushes to the radio and turns up the volume.

MAN ON RADIO (CONT'D)

The gang of several men stopped the train just outside Leighton Buzzard and forced their way into the Mail wagons and stole an unspecified sum of money. It is believed that this could run into several hundred thousands of pounds.

Doc punch's the air, and LAUGHING out aloud and SHOUTS as the man continues reading out the news.

Doc DANCES around the room like a young Fred Astaire.

DOC

By Jove he did it... The young pretender did it.

On hearing him shout out, Louise comes back into the room.

LOUISE

Who did what Dad?

DOC

The train... Someone has robbed the Mail train.

LOUISE

No one can rob a Mail train...

DOC

He has... The young son of a gun has.

LOUISE

Oh Dad! Please don't tell me you knew about this?

DOC

Knew about it? We damn well planned it together, but I never thought he'd have the balls to go through with it.

LOUISE

Does that mean if he gets caught you'll be put back in prison?

DOC

Good God no... It was only a game... A dream, that, we both shared inside.

LOUISE

Who else knows about it?

DOC

Just him and I.

LOUISE

And who is him?

Doc winks at her and moves past her to get to the table and his waiting breakfast.

At this moment there's RING at the door.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

I'll get it; I just hope its not the police already!

Louise goes through the large hall to the front door, which she opens.

Louise looks left and right but there is no one there. Her gaze drops to the floor, and on the porch is an off-white canvas mailbag. Attached to it, is a note.

Louise steps outside to see who could have left it, but there is no sign of anyone.

Louise placing the note between her teeth picks the heavy bag up with both hands. Then she goes back inside to where Doc is SEATED eating his breakfast.

DOC

Who was it Lou?

Louise is holding the bag in front of her with both hands as if it was something to fear.

In between her teeth she is still holding the note. She spits it out into his lap.

LOUISE

I don't know Daddy; there was no one there but this.

Doc looks up. He looks at the bag first, then at the note on his lap. Slowly he rises from the chair and comes towards her and as if it was a bomb, he gently takes it away from her and puts it down on the table.

He takes the note and reads it to himself first, then, in a trembling voice he reads it out aloud.

DEAR DOC. AFTER LONG CONSIDERATION AND A SHORT BUT FRUITFUL SEASON, IT HAS BEEN DECIDED TO DISBAND THE YOUNG MENS CLUB OF WHICH YOU WERE AN HONORARY LIFE TIME MEMBER. PLEASE FIND INSIDE THE FULL AND UNCONDITIONAL REFUND FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP.

AUREVOIR AND GOOD LUCK DOC. SIGNED S

Doc looks at Louise who has no idea at what is going on, but she picks the bag up, unties the cord and turning it upside down, she tips the whole content on the table.

From it, falls a cascade of money in bundles held together by red ribbons. The bundles tumble and spread right across the table. (It's Robert's own money from his safe.)

DOC

Good God... look at all this.

LOUISE

Dad... Where did it come from? It's not from the train, is it?

DOC

No, definitely not from the train, but from someone who I should imagine is on a train by now...

With emotion in his voice, Doc looks out of the window.

DOC (CONT'D)

Good luck Stephen my boy...

CAMERA PANS OUT of the window, out into the countryside where a train is speeding along.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON STREETS-TWO DAYS LATER, LATE AFTERNOON.

Robert is driving through the streets of London in his Ford Cortina car. The appearance of the forty-eight hour beard growth on his face is a sign that he has not been back home since the night of the robbery.

The Newsagents placards on pavement corners all advertise the great train robbery. The stolen amount ranging from one to three million pounds Sterling.

Robert pulls into his drive and instantly notices that his prized possession the topless Zephyr car, is missing. Agitated, he shouts out to himself.

ROBERT

That bastard has borrowed my car.

Robert rushes indoors shouting, and making his way to the kitchen.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Veronica where's my car? Why did you
fucking allow him to take my car?...
Veronica... Veronica?

With no answer, he rushes upstairs to the bedroom where all the wardrobe doors are opened, clothes are scattered on the bed, the chest of drawers are also all pulled out. Most of his wife's items have gone; he goes back to the wardrobe and looks inside where there are signs that a suitcase is missing.

Robert runs into Stephen's bedroom and opens the door to the large wardrobe and looks through the remaining clothes that are still hanging there.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The two-timing fucking bitch...

Robert runs back downstairs and, using his key, he opens his office door; he looks inside and is happy that nothing has been touched.

Robert picks up the telephone receiver and dials out. Phone RINGS, a strong sounding cockney male voice answers.

VOICE

Yes...

ROBERT

Maverick?... Robert Hannegan here,
it's redemption day... Time for you to
repay your dues to me...

MAVERICK

I was wondering when you were going to contact me? It has been a while; I thought you were bluffing me... And if I repay, what do I get in return?

ROBERT

You know very well what I'm holding...I'll destroy all the evidence in my possession from Leslie McCormack's killing.

Go to black and white.

LESLIE McCORMACK (40) is a smart London hood; a death sentence has been placed on his head.

He is handsome and smart. He is dressed in a pink shirt and tie with a black overcoat. He is coming out of the Ritz Hotel in London; He is flanked by two of his trusted henchmen.

In an empty apartment overlooking the entrance of the Ritz. The dusty floor has sheets of newspaper placed down so as not to leave any footprints in the dust. John Maverick is kneeling on a sheet of newspaper under one of the two opened large bay windows; He's aiming a powerful rifle at McCormack's head.

His finger presses the trigger, and as he FIRES, a RED London double Decker bus passes across the path of the bullet. A woman passenger sitting in the front seat of the upstairs window, slumps forward shot dead by his bullet. The noise of the traffic has covered up the sound of the shot

MAVERICK

Fuck it...

He ejects the spent cartridge, which drops out and rolls down in the gap between two floorboards, he gives it a quick glance, but decides to continue with the kill.

He FIRES his second shot and McCormack's head blows apart.

The Henchmen DIVE for cover, but one spots the whereabouts of the sniper, he points up towards the open windows, with guns in hand they both rush across the road.

Inside the apartment, Maverick is trying to no avail to reach the incriminating cartridge. He opens a penknife but the blade

isn't long enough to reach it. Time is running out for him. He can HEAR the henchmen SHOUTING, as they enter the building. In the nick of time, he makes his way out through the rear fire door and down the fire escape ladder.

Much later same day:

A cocky and younger looking Robert Hannegan walks past the policeman standing on duty outside the empty apartment who, nods at him. Robert is drinking an old fashion glass bottle of Coca Cola through two heavy waxed white straws.

He slowly walks to one of the open windows where the sheets of newspaper have not been disturbed. He pretends to aim, then shakes 'NO' his head.

ROBERT

Nope...

He goes to the next open window. Here, the sheets of newspaper are torn and creased. He pretends now to have a rifle in his hands. He takes aim, presses the trigger finger and raises both arms with a pretence of recoil from the gun.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Humm... So this is where you were eh?

He looks around and spots that the dust around the gap of the two floorboards has been disturbed.

He kneels down and sees the brass cartridge some six inches below the floorboards.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Now now.... What have we got here?

He gets his ball-pen out and tries to reach it, but it's too short. He looks around for something, but the apartment is completely empty.

He places his Coke bottle on the window ledge, and takes out the two drinking straws. He inserts one into the end of the other and forms a rod, then bends the tip to make a small hook.

He uses this to bring out the spent cartridge, which he holds it up to the light, and notices a couple of finger- prints.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I wonder whom they belong to?

BACK TO PRESENT: phone call.

MAVERICK

I want the cartridge with my prints on it, delivered to me personally.

ROBERT

Take it as done.

JOHN MAVERICK (25) is a smart bit of a lad. He has a Beatle type haircut and he wears a black two-piece suit with no collar. He lives very well. His apartment is full of modern furniture, and the walls are covered with black and white photographs of the group The Beatles. His wealth comes from being a hit man with no scruples.

John Maverick goes to a sofa and sprawls out on it.

MAVERICK

Who's the target?

ROBERT

It's not a target.

MAVERICK

No? Well that's all right then... What do you want me to do?

ROBERT

Someone has stolen my Zephyr car if you know what I mean; I want you to find it... Once you find its location, let me know, but don't tell anyone else...

MAVERICK

You must be desperate to want it back. Where do I look? Around London or what?

ROBERT

No, drive up to the Lake District. Ullswater, I've got a strong feeling that's where you'll find my car.

MAVERICK

Bloody hell... That's a long way to take a stolen car...If I find it, do you want me to sort the thief out?

Maverick is still lying down on a plush sofa, and as he speaks he reaches behind him and brings out a revolver. He spins round the chamber and checks them for bullets.

ROBERT

No... You let me know its location and I'll meet you there, you can sort them out afterwards.

MAVERICK

How do you know it's them, Mr. Hannegan?

ROBERT

(Getting angry)

I don't know who the fuck it is. Just fucking find them, and if they are not there, then widen the search to France or something like that, but find the car.

MAVERICK

Hmm! I got the feeling this is more personal... The fee is now the cartridge and five hundred pounds in used notes... Is that agreed?

ROBERT

Just fucking find them...

He SLAMS the receiver down, then leaves locking the door behind him. His face twists in a cold snarl of contempt.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Stephen, Stephen you'll wish you'd never come out of jail or fucking crossed me.

Robert goes into the kitchen, takes a bottle of whisky and biting the cork out, he swigs at it as he sits down at the table. Robert sits there slowly getting drunk. He gets up and taking his silver Florin out of his pocket he FLIPS it in the air and catches it in his hand.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Tails you live, heads you die.

Robert opens the palm of his hand, and goes to the telephone and makes his call.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
On second thoughts Maverick, you're right, the thieves are my brother and my wife... kill them both.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. ROBERT'S KITCHEN. - MORNING

Robert is sprawled asleep on the kitchen table, the toppled over whisky bottle is empty.

There is a short RING at the front door bell, but the sound does not disturb Robert's drunken sleep. He continues SNORING.

A much longer RING of the bell is heard, and gradually Robert BEGINS to stir.

Disheveled, he stretches and yawns before making his way to the front door.

Another PROLONGED RING of the bell.

ROBERT
Alright... Alright I'm coming.

Robert opens the front door, and the BRIGHT SUNLIGHT blinds him and prevents him seeing who's there.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Yeap?

P.O.V. OF DETECTIVE O'BRIAN.

Detective O'Brian has aged. He has lost most of his hair but we can still see it is him.

O'Brian is escorted by two uniformed Policemen, he can see before him a scruffy disheveled man who has just awoken from a deep sleep.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN
Sorry to disturb you, but are you Chief Inspector Hannegan of Scotland Yard?

ROBERT

(Rubbing the sleep
from his eyes)

Chief Inspector yes, but Scotland Yard
that, isn't not formal yet... Who are
you?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Detective O'Brian from the Camden Town
Force.

The name of O'Brian should shock Robert, but he doesn't flinch
or lose his composure. They both pretend not to know each other.

ROBERT

What can I do for you O'Brian? Have you
got news of my wife?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Your wife?... No sir, why, is she
missing?

Robert RAISES his voice in an attempt to intimidate O'Brian.

ROBERT

Yes, and if it's not about her, what in
the hell do you want? Can't you see it's
a bad time?

O'Brian remains calm and collected as he plays his game.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

It's always a bad time in a detective's
work as you should know sir... Do you
mind if we come in?

ROBERT

What in the hell for... Tell me what
it's all about, and I'll decide whether
you come in or not.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

It is a rather more complicated matter,
Sir.

O'Brian looks around him, pretending to make sure that no one
can hear him.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

We don't want the neighbors to hear, do we? And anyway Sir, I am in possession of a search warrant which I could impose on you, but I don't think it will be necessary, do you?

Robert's self-confident expression changes to anger.

ROBERT

Who in the fuck signed that warrant? Do they know whom they are dealing with here?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

(Cool as a cucumber)

They knew Sir, and that is why they signed it... Now, are you stepping in or do my men do it by force?

Robert begrudgingly steps aside and allows the three men inside.

ROBERT

With all the chaos of the train robbery, I would have thought you would have better things to do than bothering one of our own.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

A good policeman's work has no time, creed or class distinction... It is all in a day's work.

ROBERT

(Raising his voice again))

O.K now we are here, what is all this about?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Well firstly, did you in your capacity of work know a Charles Wilkins alias Scraggy Wilkins?

Robert pretends to think and makes a face.

ROBERT

Yea! I came across him once or twice, I think he drove for someone or another that I know, but, did he not drown or something?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Yes that's right, he drove for one of your acquaintances. A Mr. Samuel Walker. And yes, you are right Sir he was found drowned.

ROBERT

Where is the crime then?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Well, there's the trouble Sir... It was accepted that poor old scraggy had drowned because he was drunk, and fell in the stream that runs along the side of the flats where he lived.

CUT TO:

BLACK AND WHITE SCENE: OF Scraggy Wilkins walking along the river toe-path towards a large block of flats.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

But when we checked the personal belongings that he had on him, we found that one of the five-pound notes was a forgery.

ROBERT

So what has that got to do with me?

The two uniformed Policemen take a quick glance at each other.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

At first nothing, but when we started to investigate his last movements, your name was mentioned...Then looking back on the records of his death, it was noticed that at no time did you forward to anyone that you had seen or been in contact with him on that fateful night...Do you not find it strange Sir,

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

that on hearing of his death you would not have forwarded this information to someone?

ROBERT

He was a no one, I might have spoken to him, but in my job I do speak to a lot of people you know...
Anyway that a apart, where is
(Robert is loosing his cool)
The fucking crime?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

There is no need to get upset sir or use that tone of voice with me; at this moment in time, we are only conducting a search for the source of the forged money.

ROBERT

(Getting very upset
now)

What?... Do you think I'm involved with some fucking tin pan forgery scam?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

No Sir, but you were seen passing a five-pound note to him at the Blue Lagoon strip club in Soho on the night of his death.

Robert calms down and pretends to think.

ROBERT

Yes! I remember, that was the night that Mr.Samuel and Sir Christian came here to dinner, I normally tip the drivers, but that night I forgot, so I went out, saw him and gave him the money, for which he thanked me... End of story.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

A bit late at night to do your good deed of the day sir, wasn't it?

ROBERT

As you mentioned earlier on, we have no time factor in our job... It was late, but there was someone I needed to see and sort out.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

And did you sort him out Sir?

BEGIN S O S.

Go to black. Scraggy Wilkins is swaying about as he walks the footpath to his flat. Scraggy HEARS footsteps behind him and turns around. He smiles as he recognizes the person following him.

Robert is attacking Wilkins and dragging him to the waters edge where he holds his head beneath the surface and drowns him.

Wilkins is floating face down in the stream.

END OF S O S.

ROBERT

Oh yes!

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN.

Do you happen to have a safe in the house Sir?

ROBERT

Yes, why?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

We need to look inside, and hopefully eliminate you from this line of enquiry.

ROBERT

The safe is private; it contains my wife's and my belongings.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

That's what safes are for Sir... We only need to see if any of the money inside is counterfeited...I could serve the warrant on you, but I'd prefer if we did this as Gentlemen.

Robert reaches inside his pocket, and takes out the keys, which opens his office door.

They all step inside and Robert points out the safe.

ROBERT

(Sighing)

Well there it is...

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Can you please open it Sir?

ROBERT

The Cash inside is my wife's from the sale of one of father's small-holdings... All right?

Robert leans down and opens the safe, then steps back without even looking inside it.

At first glance the stash of money looks the same as the last time the safe was opened. The visible bundles of money tied with red ribbons, are visible on top.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

It is a very large amount of your wife's money to have in the house sir. Especially as she is missing.

ROBERT

(Getting very angry again)

Look, your fucking here to check the validity of my money and not as a marriage counselor, anyway once again... It's not a fucking crime to have a bit of money, is it?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

No Sir, it isn't... Sergeant Evans would you please check the contents and see if there are any counterfeit notes amongst it?

ROBERT

And don't take all fucking day... All right?

The young Sergeant looks with a questioning glance towards O'Brian.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

No Sergeant, just have a quick look at a couple of bundles, if there was a stash of illicit notes here, they'd all be together.

The Sergeant brings out a tied pile of money as O'Brian tries to make small talk with Robert.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

Very nice place you got here sir, you must have been very lucky to have married into money.

Robert looking nervously at what the young Sergeant is doing.

ROBERT

Yeap...

The young Sergeant takes a bundle of money from the bottom of the pile. The bundle he brings out isn't tied, but has a bank wrapper around it, the money is old and soiled.

At a closer look you can see that the stamp on the wrapper has a Scottish bank name and location on it.

THE SERGEANT

Sir! You should take a look at this.

O'Brian takes the wad of notes from him, and closely looks at the wrapper.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Been to a Bank in Scotland lately, Sir?

ROBERT

No, why?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Nothing yet Sir... Sergeant would you get everything out of the safe.

As the young Sergeant begins to take out more money, it becomes obvious by Robert facial expression, that this is not his money.

ROBERT

Wait a minute... This isn't my fucking money, you've stitched me up you bastards; How did you manage to get this inside my safe?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

I've no idea of what you are talking about Sir. But I have a suspicion that this large sum of money in your safe could well be from the Mail train robbery of a few nights ago. Any ideas on how it got here?

ROBERT

Someone must have swapped our life savings for stolen cash. No way I would have let you in if I'd known.

As the young Sergeant brings out the brown envelope with the photographs in it, Robert begins to panic.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The photographs are not what you might think they are, alright? I was keeping them as evidence material.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Evidence?...On who sir?

ROBERT

Those perverts... Walker and Christian and all those other Queers who rule our Country.

O'Brian takes the envelope and shakes it upside down, but nothing comes out. The envelope is empty.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Nothing in here... Are you sure you had this evidence, Sir?

Robert is baffled; He SLUMPS down in his office chair.

ROBERT

It's my brother... It's my fucking brother Stephen. He did this to me.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

But you haven't got a brother Sir, I made a profile search on you...You are Robert Hannegan, and you were raised from your young teens in an orphanage in Berkshire, and from an early age with Sir Christians help, you managed to come a long way... Are you now saying that his motive was illegal?

ROBERT

I am not saying anymore until I've seen my solicitor.

The young Sergeant has by now removed everything out of the safe, and the last thing he pulls out is the old leather football. Before Robert can say anything, O'Brian takes hold of the hard ball and SHAKES it.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

(Smiling)

What have we got here?... An old football hidden in a safe? A very strange item to keep so secure, Sir?

ROBERT

I've told you, I am not saying anything until I have legal representation.... I know my rights.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

I am sure you do, Sir... Sergeant go to the car and call the Yard. Tell them we have a grave internal situation here. And you officer, go outside and secure the premises, make sure that no one comes in or out till the investigation team has arrived.

The two officers leave Robert and O'Brian alone. As soon as the two men are out of earshot, O'Brian, grabs hold of Roberts's shirt and yanks him out of the leather chair.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

Now lets drop all the pretences you stinking Son of A Bitch... You know who I am, and I know who you are. I didn't

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)
expect to find any counterfeit money
here, because there never was any...

O'Brian puts a hand inside his back pocket, and brings out a couple of forged five-pound notes.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)
You see, I planted that counterfeit
five-pound note in Wilkins personal
items after a witness had said that
you'd been seen with him that night,
and for some reason flashed a note at
him, that note was the only way I could
secure a search warrant on someone like
you... And quite honestly, all I really
expected to find was what my anonymous
tip-off said I'd find... Sordid
Photos, and an old deflated leather
ball... The ball you kept with you at all
times, we would never have guessed it
that night.

O'Brian takes hold of the ball and looks for the punctured hole;
he opens it and shakes the knife out.

ROBERT, PLACES HIS HEAD in his hands.

Go to black and white.

INT. CRANE KITCHEN: - NIGHT OF SIMONDS KILLING.

Robert is sitting in the bath, his football is floating on top
of the water, he can HEAR his mother pleading with Simonds.

He sees Stephen grab a dishcloth and pick up the hot pan of
boiling water, then, he rushes out of the kitchen with it.

He can hear the commotion and SCREAMS coming from the bedroom.

He reaches out to the table and grabs hold of a sharp pointed
six-inch long knife, and in frustration he begins to STAB the
OLD leather football, which he punctures.

He now HEARS the screaming echoes coming from the landing.
Dripping wet and holding the knife, he jumps out of the bath
and runs out into the hall.

He can see Simonds leaning against the balustrade attempting to remove his wet clothing;

SIMONDS eyes are closed by large blisters on his face.

With the knife pointing forward, he runs at him and PLUNGES it into Simonds's stomach.

Without even looking back as Simonds topples over the balustrade, he runs back into the kitchen where he hides the knife by pushing it into the hole he had made in the deflated football. He then gets back into the bath as if nothing had happened.

BACK TO PRESENT SCENE:

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

The murder weapon of Alan Simonds I presume... Murdered on the 8th of November 1946... A crime that you committed..It was you the half blind old lady saw that night, not Stephen. Had you owned up then, nothing would have happened to you...I never forgot the look your brother gave me when they sent him away, it ate at me year after year...So when I got the call, I began to make some checks on you...And low and behold nothing matched... You were a lucky, bent, phony cop.

ROBERT

Was it my brother who tipped you off? If it was, what are you going to prove?... It's his word against mine; I was only looking after the ball for him.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

I don't think it was him... The voice on the phone was that of an old well-spoken gentleman...He never gave his name... And about having to prove it?...Well the choice is yours... Your name is Robert Crane and not Robert Hannegan. Is that correct?

ROBERT

So what if it is Robert Crane?

O'Brian gives Robert a SHOVE and PUSHES him back into the armchair.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Not a good name to be associated with at this moment in time...Since the robbery, the Banks have all pooled together to offer a huge reward for names... The name that keeps cropping up from the underworld, is that of a Robert Crane...

(O'Brian puts his hands to each side of his mouth and whispers.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

They all whisper the same story, that it is he who masterminded the robbery. Apparently, he was even there on the night giving all the orders. And that's why the robbery went like clockwork, this I would say, portrays you to the very last detail.

Robert looks up to him and SMILES while shaking his head.

ROBERT

What a load of bollocks.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

A load of bollocks it may be to you, but which rap are you going to settle for... I am sure that the knife will still have your prints on it...Forensic science has moved quite a long way since that night in the apartment.

Robert nods his head and bites his bottom his lip.

ROBERT

What are my choices?

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN

Behind bars?... One way or another?...
Not very much but, nevertheless... The
rap choice is yours.

O'Brian goes to the door and shouts out.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

Sergeant will you come back in and read
Chief Inspector Hannegan his rights.

The Sergeant walk's back in as O'brian turns to Robert.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

Have you decided on your choice?

Robert reaches inside his pocket and brings out his Florin, which
he tosses in the air.

As the coin SPINS in the air O'Brian quickly catches it.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN. (CONT'D)

Mine I believe, time's up, no more
choices

O'Brian pockets the coin.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN. (CONT'D)

Arrest him for murder and implication
of cash possession from the Great train
robbery and anything else you might
like to charge him with... I am sure
anything can be made to stick on shit
like him...

O'Brian goes to the window and looks out.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

It's a beautiful day to get such a long
awaited result...

O'Brian rubs in his success even more, by letting out a deep yawn
and stretches his arms in the air.

DETECTIVE O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

God! I might even be able to finally
sleep properly now.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMERA PANS OVER SNOWCAPPED MOUNTAIN TOPS.

CAMERA slowly takes in the beauty of a mountain scene. It SLOWLY MOVES DOWNWARDS and the shore of a lake, come into view. (Audience will believe that this could be the ENGLISH Lake District)

Shot of a happy Stephen and Veronique standing on a steamer boat taking in the view with champagne flutes in hand.

CAMERA MOVES along the boat deck to the rear of the boat and focuses on Jeremy Christian and Samuel Walker standing there with a young looking man, they are also sipping champagne, laughing, they all toast each other.

CAMERA PANS out to the rear of old steamer boat, where the Swiss flag is flying. The boat is on the Lake of Geneva.

CAMERA PANS down into the wake of the waves that follow THE MOVING BOAT where the torn up incriminating photographs can be seen floating and sinking away.

Stephen is now kissing Veronique.

AS THE CAMERA MOVES AWAY THE SHOT OF THE TWO OF THEM IS SEEN THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC LENS OF A POWERFUL RIFLE.

EXT. A SPORTS CAR IS PARKED ON A HILLSIDE ROAD AMONGST THE VINEYARDS OVERLOOKING THE MOVING PADDLE BOAT BELOW.

MAVERICK is seated inside the car. He has located the whereabouts of Stephen and Veronique.

Maverick lowers the rifle and places it down on the front seat of the car.

On the front seat is an English daily newspaper and the headlines read: TOP POLICE OFFICER CONVICTED OF MURDER AND POSSESSION OF GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY STOLEN MONEY, GETS TWO LIFE JAIL TERMS. A photo of Robert leaving the Court Flanked by a police guard is shown.

On the same front page the audience reads a smaller headline print: THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY MASTER MINDS ARE STILL AT LARGE... A Police spokesman speaking today at a press conference believes

that there is little hope in ever catching them or retrieving any of the missing money now....

Maverick makes a gun with his index finger and points it towards the boat, then, he makes the sound of a gunshot.

MAVERICK

POORH....

Maverick starts up the car and is about to put the car into gear, with one hand gripping the steering wheel hard he gravely looks into the rearview mirror. In it, he sees an old black Citroen car stopping a few yards behind. With a look of intrigue, he keeps on looking into the mirror: he waits to see what is going to happen. Suddenly a shot shatters his rear window and blows part of his head off.

At the same time inside Pentonville prison: Robert who for his own protection is segregated from the other inmates, is SAT on the ground looking through a Health and Efficiency magazine, he does not hear the quiet footsteps that approach him from the rear.

He HEARS a commotion coming from the other side of the fence. He looks up and at that moment a knife slashes his throat, Robert slumps to the ground his running blood slowly covers the black and white pictures of the naked naturist women and children in the magazine.

Back on the boat on the lake of Geneva...

From a distance, the camera focuses on Stephen with Veronique still by his side. They are leaning on the boats railing with an inquisitive look on their faces. They are looking up towards the sloping vineyards from where the SOUND of the shot had come from.

The serenity of the moment, is broken by the LOUD SOUND of another shot:

The bullet, HITS STEPHEN in the center of the forehead:

A look of horror appears in his eyes as he topples over.

Veronique lets out a SCREAM. Placing her hands either side of her head, she begins to run on the spot hysterically screaming in fright as in slow motion the impact of the next shot sends

through the air a trail of her long hair mixed with large jets BLOOD.

She falls on top of Stephen. With her dark eyes OPENED WIDE the close up MIRRORED reflection in them shows Christian and Walker. They, despite the commotion around them, are still standing at the rear of the boat as nothing had happened.

They look at each other and a chilling and macabre smile spreads across both their faces, they reach out for each other hands, which they clasp in a gesture of affection.

Camera focuses back on the wavy blue water of the Lake as the sepia photographs gradually FLOAT away and SINK to the bottom.

BEFORE END CREDITS BEGIN, THIS MESSAGE SHOULD APPEAR.

LEGEND:

THIRTEEN MEMBERS OF THE SIXTH OF AUGUST 1963 GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY WERE TRIED AND CONVICTED. DURING THE LONG TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY IN LONDON, IT WAS ACCEPTED THAT MORE PROMINENT BUT NAMELESS PEOPLE WERE INVOLVED, AND FOR REFERENCE ONLY, THESE WERE REFERRED TO AS, MR.ONE, TWO, AND THREE.TO THIS DAY, NONE OF THE NAMELESS MR.BIG INVOLVED, WERE EVER CAUGHT OR THEIR SHARE OF THE MONEY RECOVERED. THIS COULD VERY WELL HAVE BEEN THEIR STORY.

Roll names caption.

MUSIC Chopin's Ballad as played by Veronique.

THE END