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THE NUMBERS MAN

Episode One: Sheik, Rattle and Roll

by Ken Follett

50 minutes

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Sheik, Rattle and Roll - characters

Series:	Richard Liddel (studio & film) Nutsy (studio & film) Mrs Monkton (studio & film) Neil Riley
This episode:	Gamel Ramir (studio & film) Abram (studio & film) George Makepiece (studio & film) Paul Caroline Francoise Diane Peter Peters Waiter 1st Dancer 2nd Customer 3rd Customer Dora Cashier (film only)
Non-speaking:	1st Customer 1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th hostesses 1st & 2nd businessmen 2nd Dancer Carpenter Nurse Stonehand Arab (film & studio) Piano Man (film only) Teenage couple (film only) Waiters, hostesses, customers

Sheik, Rattle and Roll - sets and locations

Regular	The Flat	
	Nutsy's Office	
	Richard's Office	integral
	Anteroom	integral
This episode	Hotel Suite	
	Warehouse	
	Nightclub	integral
	Club office (cornerpiece)	integral
	Hospital (cornerpiece)	
	Doorway (cornerpiece)	
	Composing room (cornerpiece)	
	Telephone backing	
Film	Ext Park Lane (day)	
	Int/Ext Limousine/Streets (day)	
	Ext Office Block (day)	
	Ext Richard's Office (day & evening)	
	Ext Nightclub (night)	
	Ext Park (day)	
	Ext Petrol Station (day)	
	Int/Ext Car/Streets (day)	
	Ext London Streets (night)	

SHEIK, RATTLE AND ROLL

by Ken Follett

TELECINE11

Ext Park Lane Day

Limousine up and past.

Int/Ext Limousine/Streets Day

SOUND: ARAB MUSIC.

In the back seat are GAMEL RAMIR and GEORGE MAKEPIECE.

RAMIR is a Westernised Arab, wearing a lounge suit and speaking perfect English. About 40, he is cultured, educated and shrewd.

MAKEPIECE is an English businessmen in his thirties. He is dressed well, if a shade flashily, in a three-piece suit. He speaks with a moderated London accent which will turn to Cockney in other company.

The driver is ABRAM, an Arab of about 25, handsome, with long hair and trendy clothes. He is also Ramir's manservant. He is not quite as deferential as we might expect.

RAMIR and MAKEPIECE are drinking from the cocktail bar in the back of the limousine.

MAKEPIECE: Could we have the music turned down a bit, d'you think?

RAMIR touches a switch and the music becomes quieter.

RAMIR: Doesn't it remind you of Beirut?

MAKEPIECE: That's right.

RAMIR: Look, the flag is flying. That means the Queen is in residence.

Their PoV: Buckingham Palace. (NB If the flag is not flying, dialogue can be altered accordingly.)

MAKEPIECE: When I want a sightseeing tour, I'll get on a bus.

RAMIR takes another drink. MAKEPIECE is impatient.

RAMIR: It reminds me of a time, when I was at Oxford -

MAKEPIECE: Look. I've come up with what you wanted, and I've met your price. Have we got a deal?

RAMIR: You've done very well. Now I just have to get His Holiness to ratify the terms.

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MAKEPIECE: I thought you had full powers -

RAMIR: A formality, I'm sure.

MAKEPIECE: I hope so.

The car pulls up at the kerb. RAMIR looks out.

His PoV: a large prestige office block.

RAMIR: Would you be kind enough to have the documents drawn up in the meantime?

MAKEPIECE: (MOLLIFIED) By all means.

They shake hands. MAKEPIECE gets out of the car.

Ext Office Block Day

MAKEPIECE stands on the pavement.

His PoV: the limousine driving away.

MAKEPIECE: Mug!

He turns and walks, not into the prestige office block, but into a small, verys scruffy building beside it.

OPENING TITLES

1 INT THE FLAT NIGHT

(SEATED AROUND THE DINING TABLE ARE RICHARD, NUTSY, PAUL and CAROLINE.

PAUL IS AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG STOCKBROKER, NICE ENOUGH BUT JUST A LITTLE TOO SURE OF HIMSELF.

CAROLINE, HIS WIFE, IS VERY GLAMOROUS IN A BRITTLE WAY.

ALL FOUR ARE ABOUT THE SAME AGE.

THE TABLE BEARS THE REMAINS OF A DINNER PARTY.

RICHARD IS POURING BRANDY.)

RICHARD: London Leasing Limited ... Yes, I've heard of them. Who wants to know?

(RICHARD PASSES A GLASS TO CAROLINE.)

PAUL: One of my Arabs.

CAROLINE: (FLIRTING) Thank you, darling.

(RICHARD PASSES A GLASS TO NUTSY.)

NUTSY: (MIMICKING CAROLINE) Thank you, darling.

(RICHARD SHOOTS A WARNING LOOK AT NUTSY, AND SPEAKS TO PAUL.)

RICHARD: You trying to flog them some shares?

NUTSY: Richard, stockbrokers don't 'flog shares'.

RICHARD: Quite so. Are your clients contemplating the purchase, through you, of an equity in London Leasing?

PAUL: No cognac, thanks. Actually, they want to buy the whole shebang. A one hundred per cent takeover.

RICHARD: London Leasing's small beer for Arabs, isn't it?

CAROLINE: They're buying up everything. In Harrods -

PAUL: (INTERRUPTING) It is small beer, but my clients are looking for a sort of starting point.

CAROLINE: They want to begin with London Leasing and finish up leasing London.

PAUL: Anyway, perhaps I could send them along to see you.

(CAROLINE GETS UP AND HELPS HERSELF TO MORE BRANDY, GETTING CLOSER TO RICHARD THAN SHE NEEDS TO.)

NUTSY: Is there something fishy about the company?

PAUL: (SHRUG) Frankly, it wouldn't have been our ~~fixxx~~ choice - not in the first eleven, you know - but it's a profitable little outfit, it's for sale, the Arabs took a fancy to it ... and we have to go along with our clients - provided the company is as sound as it looks.

NUTSY: Can't your firm investigate?

PAUL: Up to a point, yes. But Richard is the specialist in this sort of thing.

CAROLINE: He's so clever.

(SHE TOUCHES HIS HAIR.)

RICHARD: Fine, let's meet your Arabs.

PAUL: I'll ring you in the morning. (RISING) Which isn't very far away, Caroline.

CAROLINE: It was lovely, Nutsy.

(NUTSY GOES INTO THE BEDROOM TO GET CAROLINE'S COAT. CAROLINE FOLLOWS AS FAR AS THE DOOR.)

CAROLINE: (CONTINUING) You're a lucky girl.

NUTSY: (OOS) I am?

CAROLINE: Your man has such an interesting job - investigating phoney companies, dubious deals, cooked books ...

NUTSY: (OOS) Yours does all right.

(SHE COMES OUT WITH CAROLINE'S MINK COAT.)

CAROLINE: Stockbroking is dull, darling.

NUTSY: (HELPING HER WITH HER COAT) But lucrative.

(PAUL AND RICHARD MOVING TO THE STREET DOOR.)

PAUL: Your reputation is getting around the City, you know.

RICHARD: That's what I like to hear.

PAUL: No shortage of work, I imagine.

RICHARD: You'd be surprised how many suspicious partners, shareholders, investors, insurers, bankers ...

PAUL: All a bit cloak-and-dagger, no doubt.

RICHARD: Most of it is just numbers, you know.

(PAUL KISSES NUTSY CHASTELY. CAROLINE KISSES RICHARD LASCIVIOUSLY.)

CAROLINE: You must come to us for supper very soon.

(AD LIB GOODBYES AND EXIT PAUL AND CAROLINE.)

NUTSY: What a dear, sweet nature Caroline has.

RICHARD: I don't like her either.

NUTSY: I suppose you hated having to kiss her like that.

RICHARD: It was almost insupportable.

NUTSY: Come on, James Bond. You wash, I'll dry.

2 INT WAREHOUSE DAY

(A LARGE? BARE BUILDING, WITH LOTS OF CRATES.

HOWEVER, FOR NOW ALL WE SEE IS:-

CU: MAKEPIECE FIRING A RIFLE INTO CAMERA.

ANOTHER ANGLE: HE IS FIRING INTO A PILE OF OLD MATTRESSES.

PAUSE WHILE SMOKE CLEARS AND ECHOES FADE.

THEN MAKEPIECE LAUGHS HIS HEAD OFF.

CUT IN MID-LAUGH.)

3 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD, IN SHIRTSLEEVES, PACING UP AND DOWN, SPEAKING INTO A DICTAPHONE.)

RICHARD: Inflationary upvaluation of the distribution company's fixed assets has disguised a steady decline in sales -

(HE LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW AND STOPS.)

TELECINE 2

Ext Richard's Office Day

PoV from 1st-floor window:
the limousine (from T/C 1)
is at the kerb.

PoV from ground floor:
ABRAM gets out of the
car and walks toward
the building.

4 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD TURNS FROM
THE WINDOW AND PUTS
DOWN THE MICROPHONE.
HE CHECKS HIS
APPEARANCE IN A
MIRROR.

HE PRESSES THE
INTERCOM BUTTON.

RICHARD: Visitors,
Mrs Monkton.

5 INT ANTEROOM DAY

(MRS MONKTON, AT
HER DESK, IS
LOOKING UP,
STARTLED, AT ABRAM.)

ABRAM: You have the
loveliest eyes I have ever seen.

6 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD LISTENING TO THE INTERCOM.)

ABRAM: (VO) (FILTER)
You and I could fall in love, and ...

(RICHARD GOES INTO THE ANTEROOM.)

7 INT ANTEROOM DAY

(ENTER RICHARD.

HIS PoV: ABRAM LEANING ACROSS MRS MONKTON'S DESK, MURMURING:-)

ABRAM: Somehow I know that the two of us -

RICHARD: Harrumph ... Gamel Ramir?

ABRAM: (UNEMBARRASSED)
No, sir. I am his driver Abram. I have come to take you to his hotel.

8 INT HOTEL DAY

(THE DRAWING-ROOM OF AN EXPENSIVE HOTEL SUITE.

RICHARD AND RAMIR SIT IN EASY CHAIRS DRINKING COFFEE FROM DEMITASSES. ABRAM LEANS AGAINST THE WALL READING "MAYFAIR".)

RICHARD: London Leasing own four valuable buildings in Central London. The rest is small stuff - three petrol stations, a nightclub and an old factory. Frankly, I don't see what attracted you to this little company.

(RAMIR GETS UP AND WALKS AROUND.)

RAMIR: It's a profitable business, and the price is right - what more should we want?

RICHARD: Some assurance that the profits are soundly based and will continue.

RAMIR: That's why you're here.

RICHARD: You also want to use the company as a springboard into British business.

RAMIR: Indeed.

RICHARD: So you need a management structure capable of growing by acquisition.

RAMIR: We will be the management.

(RAMIR HOLDS OUT HIS COFFEE CUP TO ABRAM, WHO LOOKS BLANK FOR A MOMENT THEN REFILLS IT.)

RICHARD: Well, you have my short report - but I think you need a clearer picture of how the total profit is built up.

(RAMIR RETURNS TO HIS SEAT.)

RAMIR: The conclusion of your investigation is that further investigation is necessary.

RICHARD: I think so.

RAMIR: Meaning more fees for you.

RICHARD: Of course. I charge -

RAMIR: - what the traffic will bear. (SMILE) I know. I'm an accountant myself.

RICHARD: Then you must see the necessity -

RAMIR: I do. (RISING) Please continue your investigation.

(ABRAM OPENS THE DOOR. RAMIR AND RICHARD SHAKE HANDS. EXIT RICHARD.)

ABRAM: I don't like this.

RAMIR: You think I do?

ABRAM: I thought we were so close!

RAMIR: A few more days ... what difference will it make.

ABRAM: You know what difference it will make!

(RAMIR NODS.)

9 INT WAREHOUSE DAY

(CU: A BUNDLE OF NOTES BEING COUNTED.

PULL BACK TO SHOW THAT IT IS MAKEPIECE WHO: IS COUNTING THEM.

HE PUTS THE BUNDLE INTO A BRIEFCASE WHICH IS ALMOST FULL OF IDENTICAL BUNDLES.

HE CLOSES THE CASE AND CHAINS IT TO HIS WRIST.

HE STANDS UP.)

10 INT ANTEROOM DAY

(MRS MONKTON AT HER DESK.

ENTER RICHARD FROM THE STREET.)

RICHARD: We're doing London Leasing in depth.

(HE GOES THROUGH TO HIS OFFICE. MRS MONKTON FOLLOWS, NOTEBOOK IN HAND.)

11 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD TAKES OFF HIS JACKET AND SITS AT HIS DESK WHILE:-)

RICHARD: Put them on the newspaper-clippings list. See what you can get by way of biographies of the directors.

MRS MONKTON: Shall I run a credit check?

RICHARD: Yes. Ask the agency to do each of the companies in the group separately, see if that throws up any anomalies. (MUTTERS) I wonder if it's the nightclub?

MRS MONKTON: What?

RICHARD: Perhaps the nightclub will account for the group's high profit.

MRS MONKTON: What kind of place is it?

RICHARD: Don't know, but it's called The Pussy Willow.

MRS MONKTON: Never heard of it.

RICHARD: I don't suppose you go to nightclubs much.

MRS MONKTON: Depends who's taking me.

(SHE GOES TO THE DOOR.)

RICHARD: By the way ... you know, some of these Middle Eastern types have a different sort of attitude to women ...

MRS MONKTON: Don't worry, I can handle them. (SMILE)

(EXIT MRS MONKTON, LEAVING RICHARD LOOKING FAINTLY SILLY.)

12 INT THE FLAT MORNING

(RICHARD IRONING A SHIRT. ENTER NUTSY FROM THE KITCHEN, CARRYING TWO PACKETS.)

NUTSY: For dinner, shall we have frozen Cheesies or frozen prawn cocktail ... or both?

RICHARD: I'm going out.

NUTSY: Where?

RICHARD: A nightclub called The Pussy Willow.

NUTSY: Another meeting of the Association of Chartered Accountants?

(SHE GETS RID OF THE PACKETS.)

RICHARD: It's owned by London Leasing. One of their enterprises is making a fat profit - maybe it's this one.

NUTSY: And tomorrow you'll do a tour of their petrol stations.

RICHARD: The directors are not a very distinguished bunch - it's conceivable they make their money by exporting young ladies to foreign countries.

NUTSY: What used to be called white slavery.

RICHARD: It's not impossible. And it might explain how this little company caught the eye of His Holiness.

NUTSY: Hurry up with that iron - I'm coming with you.

RICHARD: Why?

NUTSY: It's time my Women's Page got stuck into a juicy expose.

RICHARD: I'd rather you didn't come.

NUTSY: Afraid I'll be shanghaied and end up in a bawdy house in Teheran?

RICHARD: You haven't got the figure for it.

(SHE THROWS A CUSHION AT HIM AND HE DODGES, LAUGHING.)

RICHARD: Seriously, I doubt if it's the kind of place people take ladies to - and I don't want to be conspicuous.

NUTSY: I don't see -

RICHARD: Look. Be the submissive little woman for once, will you? You're not coming, and that's that.

(CUT FAST TO:-)

13 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(RICHARD AND NUTSY
AT A TABLE.

THEIR CLOTHES ARE
INFORMAL?AND VERY
FASHIONABLE.

THE CLUB HAS A
BAR, A TINY DANCE
FLOOR, TABLES AND
SEVERAL DIM
BOOTHS. THERE
ARE TWO GOGO
DANCERS ON A PODIUM,
PLUS WAITERS AND
GLAMOROUS "HOSTESSES".

FEATURE A NAME
1ST DANCER FOR
A MOMENT; THEN:)

NUTSY: Now I know why you wanted to come alone.

RICHARD: The place isn't exactly packed, is it?

NUTSY: There was a profile of His Holiness in one of the Sundays ... he's quite young.

RICHARD: What else did it say?

NUTSY: He took over about a year ago, when his uncle died. One of the northern tribes used that as an excuse to rebel, and he's still fighting them.

RICHARD: I wonder he can be bothered investing in London clubs.

NUTSY: He needs guns, but there's an international embargo - he's a troublemaker. Also, eh likes middle-aged Western women.

RICHARD: You might be allrright there.

NUTSY: That does it.

(NUTSY GETS UP AND HEADS FOR THE EXIT.

RICHARD BEGINS TO THINK SHE IS REALLY OFFENDED.

AT THE LAST MINUTE SHE TURNS INTO A DOOR MARKED "LADIES".

RICHARD MEETS HER EYE AND REALISES HE'S BEEN HAD.

WAITING FOR HER, HE LOOKS AROUND FOR A WAITER BUT CAN'T GET ONE.

MMEM WHEN HIS GAZE RETURNS TO NUTSY'S SEAT, IT IS OCCUPIED BY FRANCOISE, A BLACK HOSTESS.

SHE IS BEAUTIFUL AND HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, WITH A COCKNEY ACCENT.)

FRANCOISE: Hi, there.

(RICHARD IS THROWN.)

RICHARD: Ah ... hello.

FRANCOISE: I'm Francoise.

RICHARD: Ah ... how do you do.

(HE OFFERS HIS HAND AND THEY SHAKE.)

FRANCOISE: What's your name?

RICHARD: It's ... Liddel.

FRANCOISE: Are you a businessman?

RICHARD: I'm an accountant.

FRANCOISE: You don't look likeeone.

RICHARD: (WARMING) What do accountants look like?

(FRANCOISE MAKES A SEVERE FACE.

RICHARD LAUGHS.

ENTER WAITER. HE HAS A FRENCH ACCENT.)

WAITER: What is your pleasure, sir?

FRANCOISE: Buy me a drink?

RICHARD: Oh, well, of course, um ...

FRANCOISE: Champagne.

(RICHARD'S REACTION.)

WAITER: (WRITING) One bottle of champagne.

(ENTER NUTSY.

FRANCOISE SEES NUTSY AND REALISES ...)

FRANCOISE: Oh! My mistake. Goodbye, Liddel. Nice meeting you.

(EXIT FRANCOISE.

NUTSY SITS.)

NUTSY: I suppose that was your old Sunday School teacher.

RICHARD: (TO WAITER) Make that two spritzers.

WAITER: Very good, sir.

(EXIT WAITER.)

RICHARD: You were quick.

NUTSY: Caught you, didn't I?

RICHARD: She was trying to pick me up.

NUTSY: Oh, of course. But then, waitresses always do, don't they? I mean, you have this magnetism -

RICHARD: She's a hostess, not a waitress.

NUTSY: All right, man of the world, what's the difference?

RICHARD: She's here to chat up the customers - single ones, that is. She made a mistake with me. Let's dance.

(THEY GET UP AND GO TO THE DANCE FLOOR. THEY BOTH DANCE WELL.

AT FIRST THEY ARE THE ONLY DANCERS. THEN 1ST HOSTESS (NS) COMES ON TO THE FLOOR WITH 1ST CUSTOMER (NS).)

NUTSY: These ... hostesses ... they're so young.

RICHARD: You bet.

(SHE GIVES HIM A PRETEND DISGUSTED LOOK.)

NUTSY: Why do they do it?

RICHARD: No idea.

NUTSY: What do they get paid?

RICHARD: No idea.

NUTSY: Are there any laws about hostesses?

RICHARD: No idea.

NUTSY: How come you know so much about it?

(IN THE BACKGROUND A MAN WITH A BRIEFCASE CROSSES THE CLUB.

CLOSER: IT IS MAKEPIECE.

HE ENTERS A DOOR MARKED "MANAGER".)

14 INT NUTSY'S OFFICE DAY

(NUTSY IS TRYING IN VAIN TO TIDY UP.

NEIL RILEY POKES HIS HEAD AROUND THE DOOR.)

RILEY: Your recipe for crab-apple chutney was great.

NUTSY: (UNINTERESTED) I stole it from Mrs Beeton.

(RILEY COMES IN AND SITS IN HER CHAIR.)

RILEY: This place wants tidying up.

(SHE GIVES HIM A "HA, HA" LOOK.)

RILEY: You should run more recipes.

NUTSY: This is a women's page, not a housewives' page.

RILEY: So you keep telling me. But our advertisers want to catch the mums - they spend the money.

NUTSY: You're wrong, as it happens. They want to catch the nineteen-to- thirty-four-year-olds.

RILEY: (GENUINELY INTERESTED) Is that a fact?

(NUTSY STOPS TIDYING AND GIVES HIM HER FULL ATTENTION.)

NUTSY: Who's been making chutney for you?

RILEY: My ex-wife.

NUTSY: Oh, Neil ...

RILEY: She worries about me.

NUTSY: Yes, but you know what'll happen ... No: it's none of my business. Listen: what would you say if your daughter told you she was going to work as a hostess?

RILEY: Oh, no you're not, is what I'd say.

NUTSY: Why not?

RILEY: A hostess in a nightclub? It'sthe first step down a very slippery slppe.

NUTSY: Right. I want to do a feature on hostesses: where they come from, what they get paid, the people they meet - and how they end lup.

RILEY: This is a family newspapper, Nutsy -

NUTSY: So let's warn your precious mums about the dagger to their daughters.

RILEY: It's no story for a woman to do -

NUTSY: (FLARING) Why not? It's about women!

RILEY: All right, don't get out of your pram.

NUTSY: Suppose I could show how girls are persuaded to go on dancing tours of Africa, and never come back.

RILEY: White slavery. We all know it goes on, but the problem is to make the story stand up.

NUTSY: Let me do some more work on it, then see what you think.

RILEY: On your own time, then.

NUTSY: You're a teddy bear.

RILEY: Don't you dare run the story without showing it to me first.

(RILEY GOES TO THE DOOR.)

RILEY: Where do you propose to start?

15 INT NIGHTCLUB DAY

(THE PLACE IS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR DORA, AN ELDERLY CLEANER WITH A NOISY HOOVER. THE CHAIRS ARE UP ON THE TABLES.

ENTER A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN DRESSED TO KILL: EVENING GOWN, YARDS OF CLEAVAGE, MAKE-UP, SUNGLASSES.

SHE TAKES OFF HER GLASSES AND WE REALISE IT IS NUTSY IN A WIG.

SHE SHOUTS TO DORA OVER THE NOISE OF THE HOOVER.)

NUTSY: Is the manager here?

(DORA SWITCHES OFF THE HOOVER.)

DORA: Yes.

NUTSY: Will he see me?

DORA: In that dress he could hardly miss you, could he, love?

(SHE GOES TO THE OFFICE DOOR AND POKES HER HEAD INSIDE.)

DORA: Someone to see you.

MAKEPIECE: (OOS) Who is it?

DORA: Mother Superior.

(DORA COMES BACK AND BEGINS TO ROLL A CIGARETTE.

ENTER MAKEPIECE.)

MAKEPIECE: What can I do you for, darling?

(HE FANCIES NUTSY.)

NUTSY: I'm looking for a job. Do you need hostesses?

MAKEPIECE: I always need hostesses.

(HE TAKES TWO CHAIRS OFF A TABLE AND THEY SIT.

DORA IS LEANING ON HER HOOVER, WATCHING THEM AND MAKING HER CIGARETTE.)

MAKEPIECE: Ever been a hostess before?

NUTSY: I haven't, but -

MAKEPIECE: Good.

NUTSY: That's good?

(MAKEPIECE NOTICES THAT DORA IS LOOKING ON WITH A CYNICAL SMILE.)

MAKEPIECE: Dora, go and have a cup of tea or somehhing, will you?

(EXIT DORA.)

MAKEPIECE: We open at nine p.m. and shut when the place empties out - usually soon after two o'clock. We're closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

NUTSY: What does it pay?

MAKEPIECE: Five pounds for every bottle of champagne.

NUTSY: What?

MAKEPIECE: It works like this. A punter comes in - a man on his tod. You're a beautiful girl, you sit with him and chat him up. He says, Buy you a drink? You say, Champagne, please. Bang - five quid.

NUTSY: And that's it?

MAKEPIECE: Anything else is up to you.

(HOLD A BEAT ON NUTSY.)

16 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE EVENING

(RICHARD ON THE PHONE, AND AT THE SAME TIME SIGNING A PILE OF LETTERS.)

RICHARD: It's complicated, Paul. These accounts might have been drafted so as to obscure the earnings structure.

17 INT TELEPHONE BACKING EVENING

PAUL: The Arabs are pushing me - they want to go ahead with the deal. What do I tell them?

18 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE EVENING

RICHARD: (INTO PHONE)
Ask them what the hurry is.

NOW INTERCUT AT WILL.

PAUL: It sounds almost as if you don't trust them.

RICHARD: I wouldn't go that far. But I do suspect they know more than they're saying.

PAUL: All right. Fast as you can, then.

RICHARD: Bye.

(RICHARD HANGS UP. HE IS STILL SIGNING LETTERS.)

MRS MONKTON: (OOS) I'm off, Mr Liddel.

RICHARD: (NOT LOOKING)
Goodnight.
(NOW HE
(NOW HE LOOKS UP.

HIS PoV: MRS MONKTON IS ALL DOLLED UP.)

MRS MONKTON: Goodnight.

(HER APPEARANCE SURPRISES RICHARD.)

RICHARD: Going out?

MRS MONKTON: To dinner.

RICHARD: Don't go to The Pussy Willow.

MRS MONKTON: Why not?

RICHARD: You might never come back.

(SHE LAUGHS. EXIT.)

RICHARD RETURNS TO HIS WORK. AFTER A FEW BEATS, HE GETS UP RESTLESSLY AND GOES TO THE WINDOW. HE FROWNS.)

TELECINE 3

Ext Richard's Office Evening

PoV from 1st-floor window: Ramir's limousine at the kerb.

MRS MONKTON walks up to the car. ABRAM springs out and holds open the front passenger door. She gets in. They drive away.

19 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE EVENING

(RICHARD TURNS AWAY FROM THE WINDOW, REGISTERING INTRIGUE.)

20 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(IT IS EARLY: THE PLACE IS RATHER EMPTY. NUTSY AT A TABLE WITH ANOTHER HOSTESS, DIANE.

DIANE IS NONE TOO BRIGHT. SHE HAS A NORTHERN ACCENT AND A BIG CHEST.)

DIANE: I usually get one a night.

NUTSY: At five pounds each ... can you live on twenty-five pounds a week?

DIANE: No, you have to do okays.

NUTSY: Okays?

DIANE: Out-of-club ... O.K.

NUTSY: Out of club?

DIANE: You are new, aren't you. It means going home with the customer. That's how you make your money.

(NUTSY GLANCES TOWARD THE ENTRANCE AND DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE.

HER PoV: RICHARD ENTERING THE CLUB IN HIS OFFICE SUIT.)

NUTSY: Oh, dear. Excuse me.

(SHE GETS UP.)

DIANE: Sure.

NUTSY: (TO RICHARD) What are you doing here?

(THEY GO TO A TABLE AND SIT WHILE:-)

RICHARD: I was bored. Even Mrs Monkton has gone out on the tiles.

NUTSY: Now you'll have to buy a bottle of champagne.

RICHARD: I like champagne.

NUTSY: It's Spanish.

RICHARD: I don't mind.

NUTSY: It's twenty pounds a bottle.

RICHARD: I mind.

(MAKEPIECE, WITH HIS BRIEFCASE, IS STANDING NEARBY, TALKING TO WAITER. NUTSY SEES HIM.)

NUTSY: Oh, go on, buy a girl a drink.

(RICHARD CATCHES ON. HE DOES A WELSH ACCENT.)

RICHARD: I only came in here for a cup of tea, really, my lovely.

(MAKEPIECE MOVES
ON AND ENTERS
HIS OFFICE.)

RICHARD: Who was that smoothie?

NUTSY: Makepiece, the manager.

RICHARD: Geozge Makepiece?!

21 INT THE FLAT DAY

(IT IS MIDDAY
ON SUNDAY.
RICHARD IS
WORKING WITH
PAPERS AND A
CALCULATOR.

ENTER NUTSY.
SHE HAS JUST
GOT UP.

THEY WEAR
MATCHING
NIGHTSHIRTS.

SHE TOUCHES
HIS FACE AS
SHE WALKS PAST
HIS CHAIR;
THEN SHE STRETCHES
OUT ON THE SOFA.

HE GETS UP,
GOES TO THE
KITCHEN, AND
RETURNS WITH
A GLASS OF
ORANGE JUICE
WHICH HE GIVES
HER.

HE RETURNS TO
HIS WORK.)

NUTSY: My feet hurt.

(RICHARD SITS ON THE END OF THE SOFA AND MASSAGES HER FEET.)

RICHARD: How many does that club hold when it's full?

NUTSY: It's never full. Fifty customers is the most I've ever seen there.

RICHARD: Fifty.

(HE GOES BACK TO HIS CALCULATOR AND DOES SOME FIGURING.)

NUTSY: Is there any coffee?

RICHARD: Coming up.

(HE GOES OUT TO THE KITCHEN.)

RICHARD: (OOS) How much does each customer spend?

NUTSY: Don't know.

RICHARD: (OOS) Guess.

(SHE THINKS. HE ENTERS WITH CUP OF COFFEE AND GIVES IT TOHHER.)

NUTSY: I suppose ... twenty-five pounds each. Thanks.

XXEN (RICHARD DOES SOME MORE CALCULATIONS.)

RICHARD: That can't be right.

NUTSY: Pass me a cushion.

(HE GETS UP, FINDS HER A CUSHION, AND SITS DOWN AGAIN. AS SOON AS HE TOUCHES THE CALCULATOR, A BUZZER GOES IN THE KITCHEN.)

RICHARD: Oh, fiddle, that's your egg.

(EXIT TO KITCHEN.

NUTSY PICKS UP THE SUNDAY TIMES.)

NUTSY: What do you think about the price of commodity futures?

RICHARD: (OOS) (DOING COCKNEY) Personally, I say it's a diabolical liberty.

(HE COMES BACK WITH A TRAY: BOILED EGG, TOAST, #PAPER SERVIETTE, ALL NEATLY LAID OUT. HE GIVES IT TO HER AND SITS DOWN.)

NUTSY: How lovely.

RICHARD: Now. In fact, each customer at that club must spend one hundred and fifty-five pounds. How's the egg?

NUTSY: Rubbish.

RICHARD: It was in for exactly four minutes.

NUTSY: The egg's smashing. The customers don't spend anywhere near that much.

RICHARD: It seems a bit unlikely.

NUTSY: Where d'you get the figure from?

RICHARD: Well, the company's assets are mainly office buildings in London, which are rented at five per cent of sale price -

NUTSY: Like, if the place is worth a hundred thousand, it will fetch five grand a year rent, regardless?

RICHARD: It can vary a couple of percent according to the tenant, but roughly, yes.

NUTSY: Salt?

(HE GETS THE SALT FROM THE TABLE AND GIVES IT TO HER, WHILE:-)

RICHARD: The company's balance sheet gives me the value of their assets -it has to, by law. So their annual income ought to be about five percent of that. See?

NUTSY: All right, I'm awake now. What's that clever little calculation got to do with the Pussy Willow?

RICHARD: Well, the company's income is not five but twelve percent of their assets. So where is the extra cash coming from?

NUTSY: They've got petrol stations ...

RICHARD: Which don't make a fortune.

NUTSY: - and a factory ...

RICHARD: Which is leased to a hat manufacturer. That won't be a high rent.

NUTSY: Leaving the club.

RICHARD: Yes.

NUTSY: Will you rub my feet again, please?

(HE DOES.)

NUTSY: This might explain why George Makepiece, chairman and managing director of London Leasing Limited, is pretending to be a nightclub manager.

RICHARD: I love your toes.

NUTSY: After all, he would need to be on the spot, wouldn't he, if he was selling dancers one-way tickets to Arabia?

TELECINE 4

Ext Park Day

LS: RICHARD and NUTSY in the distance, wearing coats and scarves, walking down a long, straight path through the park.

RICHARD: I want you to drop this investigation and clear out of The Pussy Willow.

NUTSY: I know.

CLOSER: They walk with their arms around each other, not looking at one another, speaking in flat voices, their expressions blank.

RICHARD: Will you?

NUTSY: No.

A BEAT.

RICHARD: At the start it was quite funny - a joke: Nutsy dressing up as a scarlet woman; like that time Jeremy gave a tarts-and-vicars party and you wore a slit skirt.

NUTSY: And stockings, with seams.

RICHARD: Now, it frightens me a little. Brutal men go to places like The Pussy Willow: they might take the view that, if you're there at all, you're fair game.

NUTSY: I'm not helpless.

Their PoV: two TEENAGERS (NS) are kissing on a park bench, oblivious of the world.

RICHARD and NUTSY smile.

RICHARD: If Makepiece is a criminal, and he discovers you're trying to expose his secrets ... you might get shot or something.

NUTSY: You're not thinking of giving up your investigation.

RICHARD: I'm not required to enter the lion's den.

NUTSY: If I back away from this kind of thing, I'll be writing recipes for crab-apple chutney the rest of my life.

RICHARD stops and looks at her.

RICHARD: Suppose I tell you I'm going to leave you unless you drop the story - what would you say?

NUTSY: Goodbye.

RICHARD: I thought as much.

They walk on. A MAN passes them, pushing an old upright piano on castors.

RICHARD: Taking his piano for a walk.

NUTSY laughs.

RICHARD: If you weren't so damn bullet-headed, I suppose I wouldn't have fallen in love with you in the first place.

A few steps farther on, NUTSY stops and embraces RICHARD. The piano MAN stares.

LS: The embrace and the piano MAN.

22 INT HOTEL DAY

(RICHARD AND RAMIR TALKING. ABRAM IN THE BACKGROUND, READING "THE WATCH TOWER".)

RICHARD: In short, the company is earning twice as much as I would expect from its assets - and I'd like to know how.

RAMIR: So should I, Mr Liddel. So should I.

RICHARD: You're sure you've no idea?

RAMIR: None.

RICHARD: You know of no aspect of the group's business which doesn't appear in the documents?

RAMIR: Please don't cross-examine me, Mr Liddel.

(RICHARD RISES.)

RICHARD: Very well. I thought I should ask you.

(ABRAM GOES TO THE DOOR WITH HIM.)

RICHARD: I hear you dined at the Savoy.

ABRAM: Indeed. Good food, and very cheap.

RICHARD: Mrs Monkton enjoyed herself.

ABRAM: Good.

RICHARD: I'll be in touch.

(EXIT RICHARD. ABRAM SHUTS THE DOOR.)

ABRAM: Perhaps that was a mistake.

RAMIR: (WEARY RESIGNATION) They usually are.

23 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD POURING A GLASS OF DRY SHERRY FOR PAUL.)

RICHARD: You can't figure where this extra profit is coming from?

PAUL: That's your job. Cheers.

RICHARD: Cheers. You see, a nightclub could be a front for all manner of unsavoury enterprises, from blue films to white slavery.

PAUL: I hope you're not letting your imagination run away with you.

RICHARD: I think not.

PAUL: (GETTING A LITTLE TOUGH) It's a check on the company's finances we want, Richard ... and we want it fast. I must say we're beginning to wonder whether you're rather making a meal of it.

RICHARD: Then consider this. Ramir is an accountant. How come he never asked the questions I'm asking?

PAUL: Perhaps he's not a very good accountant.

RICHARD: I'm sure there's more to it than that.

PAUL: You'd better be right.

(HE RAISES HIS GLASS AND DRINKS.)

24 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY AT A TABLE WITH 2ND CUSTOMER, A MIDDLE-AGED ASIAN, VERY POLITE.

MAKEPIECE ENTERS THE CLUB, CARRYING HIS BRIEFCASE.)

2ND CUSTOMER: You wouldn't like to have a drink in my hotel room?

NUTSY: Not me, sorry. Try the other girls.

2ND CUSTOMER: I think I will do that, if you don't mind. Excuse me, please.

(HE GETS UP JUST AS MAKEPIECE PASSES THE TABLE. THEY COLLIDE. MAKEPIECE DROPS HIS BRIEFCASE.)

MAKEPIECE: Damn!

2ND CUSTOMER: Terribly sorry ...

(CU: THE CASE
IS CHAINED TO
MAKEPIECE'S
WRIST.

NUTSY SEES THIS.

MAKEPIECE PICKS
UP THE BRIEFCASE
AND GOES TO
HIS OFFICE.

2ND CUSTOMER
GOES TO THE BAR.

NUTSY GOES TO
THE OFFICE DOOR
AND TRIES IT.
IT IS LOCKED.)

MAKEPIECE: (OOS) Who is it?

(NUTSY WALKS AWAY.)

25 INT THE FLAT NIGHT

(RICHARD AND NUTSY
IN DENIMS, PREPARING
DINNER FOR TWO.
NUTSY LAYING THE
TABLE. RICHARD
STANDING IN THE
KITCHEN DOORWAY,
WEARING AN APRON
(SOMETHING JOKEY)
AND MIXING A
CONCOCTION IN
A BOWL.)

RICHARD: What's in the briefcase?

NUTSY: I couldn't tell. I left my X-ray glasses in the Batmobile. Have we got any mayonnaise?

RICHARD: I thought we'd try making our own. Bottled mayonnaise isn't very chic, you know. Try.

(SHE DIPS A FINGER INTO THE BOWL AND TASTES.)

RICHARD: Well ... ?

NUTSY: Very chic.

(SHE OPENS A BOTTLE OF WINE.)

RICHARD TASTES THE MAYONNAISE AND MAKES A FACE.)

RICHARD: D'you think I should have used olive oil?

NUTSY: Yes! What did you use - chip fat?

RICHARD: Don't be silly. Castrol GTX. Can you walk in on Makepiece when he opens the brêêfcase?

NUTSY: He locks the door. However -

26 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY AT THE DOOR TO THE OFFICE, ACTING CASUAL, CHEWING GUM. SHE LOOKS AROUND.

NONONE IS WATCHING..

SHE TAKES THE GUM FROM HER MOUTH AND SHOVES IT INTO THE KEYHOLE.

SHE MOVES AWAY, LOOKING AT HER WATCH AND AT THE CLUB ENTRANCE.

SHE SEES 3RD CUSTOMER, A PINSTRIPED SALESMAN. SHE GOES TO JOIN HIM.)

NUTSY: Hi! I'm Sandy.

3RD CUSTOMER: Geoffrey.

(ANOTHER ANGLE: ENTER MAKEPIECE, CARRYING BRIEFCASE. HE CROSSES THE ROOM, PASSING NUTSY AND 3RD CUSTOMER, AND ENTERS HIS OFFICE.)

27 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(CORNERPIECE: A DOOR AND A SAFE.

ENTER MAKEPIECE.

HE CLOSES THE DOOR, TAKES A KEY FROM HIS POCKET, AND INSERTS THE KEY IN THE LOCK. IT STICKS. HE FUMBLES WITH IT FOR A FEW BEATS, THEN SHRUGS AND LEAVES IT. HE OPENS THE SAFE.)

28 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY AND 3RD CUSTOMER.)

3RD CUSTOMER: So I told the Managing Director, If you want me to go to London once a month -

NUTSY: Excuse me. I'll be right back.

(SHE GETS UP AND GOES TO THE OFFICE DOOR.

SHE HESITATES A BEAT, TAKES A DEEP BREATH, AND OPENS THE DOOR.)

29 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(ENTER NUTSY.

HER PoV:
MAKEPIECE IS
TAKING BUNDLES
OF NOTES OUT
OF HIS BRIEFCASE
AND PUTTING THEM
INTO THE SAFE.
HE LOOKS UP,
STARTLED.)

NUTSY: Oh! I just wanted to ask for an evening off.

MAKEPIECE: Later!

(EXIT NUTSY.)

30 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY CLOSES THE
OFFICE DOOR AND,
LOOKING PLEASED
WITH HERSELF,
RETURNS TO 3RD
CUSTOMER. SHE
SMILES BRIGHTLY.)

NUTSY: So you told the Managing Director a thing or two.

3RD CUSTOMER: I certainly did. Look here, Jack, I said -

31 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(MAKEPIECE TRANSFERRING
MONEY INTO THE
SAFE. HE IS
STRUCK BY A THOUGHT.

HE GETS UP AND
LOOKS AT THE
JAMMED LOCK.

HE WONDERS ...)

32 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE . DAY

(NUTSY SITTING AT RICHARD'S DESK, PLAYING WITH INTERCOM? DICTAPHONE, CALCULATOR, EXECUTIVE TOY, ETC. IT IS HER DAY OFF AND SHE LOOKS RAVISHING IN, SAY, DRAINPIPE JEANS AND AN OLD FUR JAKKET.

MRS MONKTON SITS IN AN UPRIGHT CHAIR. RICHARD IS PACING THE FLOOR.)

NUTSY: So Makepiece is putting money through the club.

RICHARD: Which is why he needs to be there every night.

MRS MONKTON: Why every night?

RICHARD: Either the cash comes to him in daily instalments - or he gets lump sums and just brings it in a bit at a time. I mean, there's a limit to how much money he can reaasonably pretend comes through the club tills.in one night.

NUTSY: But where does the money come from?

MRS MONKTON: Does that matter?

RICHARD: Very much. We don't know whether the money is made legally or illegally. (TO NUTSY) Don't play with that, you run the batteries down.

NUTSY: It can't be legal. Why should straight money be laundered?

RICHARD: Lots of reasons.

NUTSY: Give me a for-instance.

RICHARD: Okay ... Suppose Makepiece buys wine in bulk and re-sells it to restaurants intthe area. Now, if the wine business is making a large profit and the nightclub losing money, there will be tax advantages in merging the two enterprises, and having the club buy and sell the wine.

NUTSY: (INTO DICTAPHONE) Open Channel D.

RICHARD: Leave it alone.

MRS MONKTON: What does Paul think?

RICHARD: He doesn't know. I want to go to him with answers this time, not more questions. Did you find a photograph of His Holiness?

MRS MONKTON: There are none in existence.

NUTSY: Really?

MRS MONKTON: (A LITTLE BASHFUL) I believe it's against their religion - if you have their picture, you have their soul.

RICHARD: How d'you find that out?

MRS MONKTON: Abram told me.

(WHICH IS WHY SHE WAS BASHFUL.)

NUTSY: (TO RICHARD) Why did you want a photograph?

RICHARD: I'd like to see the colour of his eyes.

(MRS MONKTON AND NUTSY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER AND SHRUG.)

33 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(THE PLACE IS FAIRLY FULL, AND SWINGING. NUTSY STANDS TALKING TO FRANCOISE AND 1ST DANCER.

1ST DANCER IS AN UPPER-CLASS DROPOUT WITH PLUM IN MOUTH BUT NO "SIDE".)

1ST DANCER: I suddenly thought: I want to see life before I settle down with some chinless wonder chosen for me by Mummy. So I took off my wedding dress and caught the next train. I phoned the best man from the railway station. Poor Nigel, he lay down and had piglets.

FRANCOISE: Did you wanna be a dancer?

1ST DANCER: Not particularly - but, you see, I hadn't been educated to earn a living. Dancing was the only thing anyone would actually pay me to do. Well, almost the only thing.

NUTSY: Have you ever been asked to do a dancing tour abroad?

1ST DANCER: Yes, but I wouldn't. Darling, some people never come back.

NUTSY: Who asked you - Makepiece?

1ST DANCER: No, it was in another club -

FRANCOISE: Oh, boy, it's freebie time.

(MAKEPIECE IS ENTERING THE BLUB, CARRYING HIS BRIEFCASE, WITH PETERS AND 1ST & 2ND BUSINESSMEN (NS). THEY ARE ALL WELL-OILED, LAUGHING AND SMOKING CIGARS.

PETERS IS A PREENING, BOASTFUL, IMPOLITE MAN IN EXPENSIVE BUT ILL-CHOSEN CLOTHES.)

FRANCOISE: (CONTINUING) I'm going to the loo.

(EXIT FRANCOISE.)

NUTSY: What does she mean?

1ST DANCER: Friends of the boss. Everything on the house. No commission. If I were you, I'd scarper.

MAKEPIECE: Nutsy!

1ST DANCER: Too late.

(NUTSY GOES TO MAKEPIECE.

MAKEPIECE CALLS 1sT AND 2ND HOSTESSES.)

MAKEPIECE: Come here, you two.

(NUTSY ARRIVES FIRST.)

MAKEPIECE: I want you to look after Mr Peters. (TO WAITER) A bottle of brandy on the house.

PETERS: (TO NUTSY) Let's sit here and get acquainted.

(HE EXPECTS HER TO SIT BESIDE HIM. INSTEAD SHE SITS OPPOSITE HIM.

MAKEPIECE SEATS 1ST AND 2ND HOSTESSES (NS) WITH 1ST AND 2ND BUSINESSMEN (NS).)

MAKEPIECE: Relax and enjoy yourselves. Back in a flash.

(HE HEADS FOR HIS OFFICE, CARRYING HIS BRIEFCASE.)

NUTSY: What's he so happy about?

PETERS: Business. What's your name?

(WAITER ARRIVES AND POURS BRANDIES. PETERS DRINKS IMMEDIATELY AND REFILLS HIS GLASS. HE CONTINUES TO KNOCK IT BACK THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE.)

NUTSY: Would you believe Lulu?

PETERS: It'll do.

WAITER: (FRENCH ACCENT) Will there be anything else, sir?

(PETERS GIVES A DISMISSIVE WAVE. EXIT WAITER.)

PETERS: Yourplace place, my place or a hotel?

NUTSY: What a smooth talker you are.

PETERS: I don't beat about the bush. Are you on the house, too?

NUTSY: I'm not even for sale, Mr Peters. What's your first name?

PETERS: (THIN SMILE) Actually, it's Peter.

NUTSY: Peter Peters?

PETERS: Anything wrong with it?

NUTSY: Not at all.

(1ST AND 2ND HOSTESSES ARE GETTING MORE THAN FRIENDLY WITH 1ST AND 2ND BUSINESSMEN. PETERS OBSERVES THIS.)

PETERS: Have you decided?

NUTSY: About what?

PETERS: Your place, mine -

NUTSY: Sure, I've decided.

PETERS: Now look, Georgie Makepiece and me do a lot of business, and I mean a lot.

NUTSY: Oh, my, you really know how to charm a girl right off her feet, don't you.

PETERS: (BURPS) Pardon me.

NUTSY: Mr Debonair of nineteen-seventy-nine.

(PETERS IS NOW HAVING TROUBLE FOCUSSING HIS EYES.)

NUTSY: (CONTINUING) Can I get you a cab?

PETERS: You can get us a cab. Shall we stay at Claridge's? We could take a suite. Pay with my credit card.

NUTSY: Credit card ... so romantic.

PETERS: Listen. I spent a hundred grand, sterling, in Georgie's warehouse tonight. Now say you won't go home with me.

NUTSY: I won't go home with you.

(PETERS IS ON THE POINT OF COLLAPSE.)

NUTSY: (CONTINUING) What did you buy for a hundred thousand pounds?

(PETERS' EYES ARE CLOSED.

NUTSY LOOKS AROUND: NO ONE IS WATCHING. SHE LEANS FORWARD AND PINCHES PETERS' CHEEK HARD. HE OPENS HIS EYES.)

NUTSY: What did you buy from Georgie?

PETERS: I feel ill.

(ENTER MAKEPIECE.)

MAKEPIECE: Take him home, Nutsy, will you? He's harmless now.

NUTSY: Sure.

34 INT DOORWAY NIGHT

(A CORNERPIECE: THE CORRIDOR OF A MODERN APARTMENT BLOCK WITH THE FRONT DOOR OF PETERS' FLAT.

ENTER NUTSY HALF-CARRYING PETERS.)

NUTSY: The key.

(PETERS FUMBLES FOR IT AND TRIES TO UNLOCK THE DOOR.)

PETERS: Where's that ruddy keyhole.

(NUTSY TAKES THE KEY FROM HIM AND UNLOCKS.

SHE TURNS TO HIM AND PUTS HER HANDS ON HIS SHOULDERS. HE THINKS HIS LUCK HAS CHANGED AT LAST.)

NUTSY: What did you buy from Georgie that cost a hundred thousand pounds?

PETERS: (CONFIDENTIAL) Guns.

(HE TRIES TO EMBRACE NUTSY. SHE DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY AND GIVES HIM A PUSH WHICH SENDSHHIM STUMBLING INTO THE FLAT. SHE SHUTS THE DOOR.)

NUTSY: Guns!

35 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(THE PLACE IS CLOSING UP BY THE TIME NUTSY GETS BACK.

ENTER NUTSY. DIANE SPOTS HER.)

DIANE: That was quick.

NUTSY: He could hardly open the front door - I didn't go in.

DIANE: You're daft. You could've had the money off him anyway.

(ENTER MAKEPIECE.)

MAKEPIECE: Was Peters all right?

NUTSY: He was falling-down drunk, but otherwise he was fine.

MAKEPIECE: You might as well go on home. Thanks.

TELECINE 5

Ext Nightclub Night

NUTSY comes out of the club dressed in leather jacket and leather trousers. She puts on a crash helmet, climbs on a large motorcycle, and roars away.

36 INT THE FLAT NIGHT

(CU: A LARGE TOME.
WE SEE A CHAPTER
HEADING: "RETROSPECTIVE
TAXATION OF
CORPORATE MULTIPLES"
OR SIMILAR
GOBBLEDYGOOK.

ANOTHER ANGLE:
THE BOOK IS ON
RICHARD'S LAP,
AND HE HAS
FALLEN ASLEEP
OVER IT.

ENTER NUTSY FROM
THE STREET?
WEARING HER
LEATHERS. SHE
SEES HIM AND
SMILES AFFECTIONATELY.

SHE LOOKS AT
HIS BOOK, MAKES
A FACE, AND
TAKES IT OFF
HIS LAP. THIS
WAKES HIM.

HE WATCHES AS
SHE TAKES OFF
THE LEATHERS TO
REVEALTHER
EVENING DRESS
(FROM SC. 33)
UNDERNEATH.

HE STANDS UP
AND KISSES HER.)

NUTSY: Makepiece is
in the armaments business.

(RICHARD'S REACTION.)

TELECINE 6

Ext Petrol Station Day

Richard's car drives in and stops at the pumps. While RICHARD fills the tank, NUTSY goes around the back of the building.

RICHARD goes to the cash window to pay.

CASHIER: Didn't need muchppetrol, did you?

RICHARD: (AWKWARD) The lady wanted the loo.

CAHHIER: Thirty-eight pence, please.

RICHARD and NUTSY return to the car.

NUTSY: No warehouse.

They get in and drive away.

Int/Ext Car/Streets Day

RICHARD and NUTSY driving along.

NUTSY: That's it - we've been to every building on the list, and there's no warehouse.

RICHARD: Perhpps London Leasing doesn't own the warehouse.

NUTSY: Is it so vital to know where it is?

RICHARD: I want to see it. Until I do, all we've got is the word of a drunk - I can't base my report on that.

NUTSY: If the company doesn't even own the building, how can we possibly find it?

RICHARD: Do you think Makepiece knows my face?

NUTSY: I doubt it. He's only walked past you in a dim nightclub - why?

RICHARD: You took Peters home in a cab, you said.

NUTSY: Yes ...

RICHARD: So you know his address.

NUTSY: Are you thinking what I think you're thinking?

37 INT DORRWAY DAY

(ENTER RICHARD, CARRYING A WALKING STICK. HE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

PETERS ANSWERS, LOOKING HUNG OVER AND WEARING AN INCREDIBLE DRESSING GOWN.

RICHARD SPEAKS WITH A SOUTH AFRICAN ACCENT.)

RICHARD: Mr Peters?

PETERS: Who wants him?

RICHARD: (LOUD) I want to buy some guns.

PETERS: Hush! You'd better come in.

38 INT NIGHTCLUB EVENING

(THE CLUB IS PREPARING TO OPEN IN AN HOUR OR SO. WAITER IN BACKGROUND POLISHING GLASSES.

RICHARD AND MAKEPIECE SIT AT A TABLE. RICHARD STILL HAS THE STICK AND THE ACCENT.

FRANCOISE WALKS THROUGH? WEARING HER STREET CLOTHES. SHE SEES RICHARD BUT HE DOES NOT SEE HER.)

RICHARD: I represent a group of African businessmen ... I'm not going to tell you who they are, but (POINTING AT FRANCOISE'S BACK) they're not that colour.

MAKEPIECE: So you need something suitable for ...

RICHARD: Killing savages.

MAKEPIECE: I like a man who's honest. Now, Peters said this was too big an order for him to handle on his own, that's why he sent you to me.

RICHARD: So he said. He was very helpful -

MAKEPIECE: Don't worry, he'll get a commission.

RICHARD: So ...

MAKEPIECE: I think I might have just what you're looking for.

39 INT WAREHOUSE NIGHT

(CU: A MACHINE GUN ON A TRIPOD.

ANOTHER ANGLE: RICHARD LOOKING AT THE MACHINE GUN, THEN AROUND AT OTHER ASSORTED WEAPONS.

MAKEPIECE REACHES INTO A CRATE AND TAKES OUT A KNIFE. HE HANDS IT TO RICHARD, WHO HOLDS IT AWKWARDLY.)

MAKEPIECE: You familiar with firearms?

RICHARD: No. I'm an accountant, not a mercenary.

MAKEPIECE: So why are you buying guns?

RICHARD: (SIGH) Why do I bail clients out of jail, advise them on their divorces, fire their butlers ... ? Accountants do all sorts of things.

MAKEPIECE: Well I never.

(HE TAKES THE GUN.)

MAKEPIECE: Let me demonstrate, then.

RICHARD: Is this place soundproofed?

MAKEPIECE: I should hope so.

(MAKEPIECE FIRES THE RIFLE. THIS REMINDS US OF SC. 2.)

RICHARD: How many have you got?

MAKEPIECE: Would you believe a thousand?

RICHARD: Make me a price for the whole consignment.

MAKEPIECE: You starting a war?

(RICHARD DOES NOT REPLY.)

MAKEPIECE: Price? Quarter of ammillion, sterling.

RICHARD: What a pity.

(HE WALKS AWAY.)

MAKEPIECE: How about two hundred grand?

(RICHARD WALKS ON.)

MAKEPIECE: Hundred and eighty, and that's my best price.

RICHARD: Hundred and seventy?

MAKEPIECE: It's a cheap rifle, at that price.

RICHARD: They're not new, though. And I'm taking the whole consignment.

MAKEPIECE: It's a deal.

(HE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND TO SHAKE.)

RICHARD: No, it's not. I'll have to clear it with my principals tomorrow. I'll be back the day after.

MAKEPIECE: Now I know why they get their accountant to buy their guns.

40 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

(RICHARD ON THE PHONE.)

RICHARD: London Leasing sells guns.

41 INT TELEPHONE&BACKING DAY

PAUL: Guns?!

42 INT RICHARD'S OFFICE DAY

RICHARD: I was at the warehouse last night.

NOW INTERCUT AT WILL

PAUL: So that's where the profits come from. Well done.

RICHARD: You're missing the point, Paul. There's an international embargo on arms sales to His Holiness - he's a troublemaker.

PAUL: Oh, of course ...

RICHARD: If they can't buy guns, they can't buy London Leasing.

PAUL: Who's going to tell them - you or me?

43 INT HOTEL DAY

(RICHARD AND PAUL SIT SIDE BY SIDE OPPOSITE RAMIR.

ABRAM IN THE BACKGROUND, READING "WOMAN'S OWN".)

RAMIR: We know about the arms warehouse.

(RICHARD GETS THE PICTURE IMMEDIATELY. PAUL TAKES A LITTLE LONGER.)

RICHARD: I see ...

PAUL: You know? Then why didn't you -

(ABRAM ABRUPTLY DROPS HIS MAGAZINE AND WALKS OVER.)

ABRAM: Oil fields don't last forever. Our present wells are running out. There are other fields, in the north - and the rebels hold the north. We must have those guns, no matter what. The future of my country depends on them.

RICHARD: A fine speech for a chauffeur.

PAUL: Richard!

RICHARD: How many chauffeurs get to use the limousine when they take a woman out to dinner?

RAMIR: His Holiness is a generous employer -

RICHARD: His Holiness is a young man with a taste for middle-aged Western women like my secretary. His Holiness has never had his photograph taken ...

ABRAM: I am His Holiness.

PAUL: Well, now, you chaps really haven't been quite straight with us at all, now have you?

ABRAM: We regret deceiving you, but it was necessary.

(RICHARD GETS UP TO GO.)

RICHARD: Well, it hasn't worked.

PAUL: Not so fast, Richard.

RICHARD: Look, your firm won't want to get involved in breaking an arms embargo -

PAUL: His Holiness is not actually buying arms, you know - he's buying shares. If he subsequently uses his position as owner to force the company to sell arms to his army, that's when the law may be broken.

RICHARD: It's a bit thin ...

PAUL: Thin it may be, but it's the law. I had the lawyers check it before I came here. Gentlemen, the deal is on.

RICHARD: Okay. If it's legal, it's legal. In that case I'd like to make one more inquiry.

ABRAM: Mr Liddel, we are in a hurry.

RICHARD: Give me a day.

44 INT NUTSY'S OFFICE . DAY

(RICHARD AND NUTSY STAND TOE-TO-TOE, ROWING.)

NUTSY: But that's ridiculous! It's a technicality!

RICHARD: The law is technical.

NUTSY: Don't be daft.

RICHARD: If we can help our clients get around the law, we do. Tax experts do it the whole time.

NUTSY: You do this job because you didn't want to spend your life helping the rich avoid tax.

RICHARD: This obviously isn't the same.

NUTSY: No. This is you and Paul thwarting British foreign policy.

RICHARD: I'm not concerned to enforce British foreign policy. People hire me and I advise them. There's nothing to be done about it, anyway.

NUTSY: Oh, yes there is.

(SHE GOES AND SITS BEHIND HER DESK.)

NUTSY: I can do a story on it.

RICHARD: No, you can't.

NUTSY: Try stopping me.

RICHARD: When I told you about the deal, I was revealing a professional confidence.

NUTSY: You knew I was a reporter.

RICHARD: I talk to you about my work because I trust you totally.

NUTSY: Maybe you shouldn't.

RICHARD: Nutsy, it's not your secret.

NUTSY: (DEFEATED) Well, damn you.

45 INT COMPOSING ROOM DAY

(A CORNERPIECE. NUTSY STANDS AT THE "STONE", A TROLLEY ON TOP OF WHICH IS A PAGE OF THE NEWSPAPER IN METAL FORM. BESIDE HER IS THE STONEHAND (NS).

SHE TAPS THE TYPE WITH A RULER.)

NUTSY: Take out the last-but-one paragraph.

(STONEHAND REMOVES SEVERAL LINES OF TYPE.

ENTER RILEY, CARRYING A PAGE PROOF.)

RILEY: You look half dead.

NUTSY: I've had some late nights on the hostesses story.

RILEY: Well, I've read your stuff. What happened to white slavery?

NUTSY: Didn't stand up.

RILEY: What's left isn't much.

NUTSY: I know. (TO STONEHAND) And this crosshead. That should do it.

(STONEHAND TAKES OUT A SINGLE LINE.)

RILEY: Get off your backside, girl! It's a good piece, but it's too general. I want some people in there.

NUTSY: Go on.

RILEY: It wants to be based around one girl, with a picture and an on-the-record interview.

NUTSY: That'll be difficult.

RILEY: If it was easy, anybody could do it.

(A BEAT. HE TAPS THE TYPE WITH A PENCIL.)

RILEY: There's a hyphen in Rolls-Royce.

(EXIT RILEY, GRINNING. STONEHAND AND NUTSY LOOK AT THE TYPE.)

NUTSY: How does he do that?

46 INT CLUB OFFICE NIGHT

(MAKEPIECE AND CARPENTER (NS).

THE CARPENTER HAS TAKEN THE OLD LOCK OFF THE DOOR AND IS ABOUT TO FIT A NEW ONE. HE SHOWS THE OLD LOCK, NOW DISMANTLED, TO MAKEPIECE. MAKEPIECE EXAMINES IT.)

MAKEPIECE: Chewing gum ... ?!

47 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY AND DIANE SIT ON STOOLS AT THE BAR.)

DIANE: When I came to London I thought I was going to be a model ... I'm from Bolton, up there we didn't know big boobs had gone out of fashion.

NUTSY: How did you get intotthis?

DIANE: I saw an ad in the paper for hostesses. I thought, great, you know, go out every night and get paid for it.

NUTSY: (SMILE) Me, too.

DIANE: Then the money wasn't enough, so I started doing okays ...

NUTSY: (DEEP BREATH) I know a girl who wants to do a write-up on hostesses for a newspaper ... Would you want to talk to her?

(ANOTHER ANGLE: MAKEPIECE IS EAVESDROPPING.)

DIANE: Oh, I don't know ... Any money in it?

MAKEPIECE: Come on, girls, off you bums - customers.

(3RD AND 4THE CUSTOMERS ENTERING THE CLUB.

NUTSY AND DIANE GET UP AND GO TO THEM.

HOLD ON MAKEPIECE, LOOKING THOUGHTFUL.

48 INT WAREHOUSE DAY

(MAKEPIECE AND RICHARD SITTING DOWN, TYING UP THE LOOSE ENDS OF THEIR DEAL. RICHARD IS WORKING THROUGH A LIST OF POINTS.)

RICHARD: And finally, delivery.

MAKEPIECE: I can get them packed, containerised and delivered to Tilbury within a week. From there it's down to you.

RICHARD: Of course. Well, I think that's everything. If you'd let me have an invoice -

MAKEPIECE: No invoices, no receipts. We don't like paperwork.

RICHARD: Somewhat irregular.

MAKEPIECE: It's an irregular trade.

RICHARD: Quite. Well, who do I make the cheque to?

MAKEPIECE: No cheques, either. Just cash.

RICHARD: I see.

49 INT HOTEL DAY

(RICHARD, PAUL, RAMIR AND ABRAM.)

RICHARD: Gentlemen, you have been conned.

ABRAM: What is this "conned"?.

PAUL: All right, Richard, just give us the details.

RICHARD: You thought you were buying an arms business along with London Leasing. You weren't. The arms operation is Makepiece's personal property. All transactions are in cash, there's no paperwork, the premises don't belong to London Leasing ... there's nothing to tie it to the company you're purchasing.

PAUL: But a trick like that would never have got past the lawyers who handled the deal!

RICHARD: Yes, it would. Remember, His Holiness didn't tell any of us that it was the guns he was after. How would anyone have known that something was missing from the documentation?

RAMIR: So, when we took over the group ...

RICHARD: You would have said: "Where are the guns?" And everyone would have replied: "What guns?"

PAUL: And, without the extra cash going through the nightclub, the group's profits would have taken a sudden, inexplicable dive ... Richard, you have done well.

ABRAM: But now that we know we can legally buy the arms business, let us simply write it into the contract.

(RICHARD GETS UP TO GO.)

RICHARD: A waste of time. Makpspiece wanted to sell an undistinguished property group at an inflated price and keep his arms business. Now we've found him out, I think you'll find he won't be in when you call.

ABRAM: (RISING) Mr Makepiece cannot avoid us forever. We will catch up with him, sooner or later.

RICHARD: That's your business. I think mine's done.

ABRAM: Mr Liddel, you have our eternal gratitude for saving our face.

RICHARD: I'll send you my bill.

50 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(NUTSY TALKING TO FRANCOISE. ENTER MAKEPIECE, LOOKING GLUM.)

NUTSY: What are you so miserable about?

MAKEPIECE: Little business deal I was doing just fell through.

FRANCOISE: With Nutsy's fellow?

MAKEPIECE: What?

FRANCOISE: (BRIGHTLY) I saw him in here the other afternoon.

NUTSY: Can't have been.

FRANCOISE: I'm sure it was him. The boy I tried to chat, before you started working here. He was with you, wasn't he, Georgie?

NUTSY: My man's been in Singapore for a fortnight. If he knew I was working here -

MAKEPIECE: (INTERRUPTING) (TO FRANCOISE) With me, was he?

FRANCOISE: Yeah, nice-looking chap with a walking stick. Why does he carry a stick, Nutsy?

(MAKEPIECE GRABS NUTSY.)

MAKEPIECE: Who is he? What's it all about, then?

FRANCOISE: Oh, did I say the wrong thing?

NUTSY: Let go!

FRANCOISE: Georgie, stop it, you great bully.

(MAKEPIECE TWISTS NUTSY'S ARM.)

MAKEPIECE: Why do you ask so many questions? Why did you jam the lock? Who areyyou?

(NUTSY KNEES HIM. HE DOUBLES UP.)

FRANCOISE: Cough.

(EXIT NUTSY AT A RUN.)

TELECINE 7

Ext Nightclub Night

NUTSY runs out, still wearing her evening gown. She jumps on her motorcycle and roars away.

MAKEPIECE runs out, jumps into his car, and gives chase.

Ext Streets Night

MAKEPIECE in his car chasing NUTSY on her motorcycle. The streets are almost deserted at this hour, and the chase is even. MAKEPIECE tries to force NUTSY to stop. SHE crashes. MAKEPIECE drives away without stopping, leaving her lying in the road.

ANOTHER ANGLE: ABRAM is on the scene in his limousine. He looks at NUTSY, and registers fury.

51 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(A CORNERPIECE.

NUTSY IN A HOSPITAL BED, ENCASED IN BANDAGES, UNCONSCIOUS.

RICHARD SITS
BESIDE HER,
DISTRAUGHT.

CAMERA PANS
TO THE DOOR.
THROUGH THE
GLASS WE SEE
A NURSE
TALKING TO
SOMEONE, SHAKING
HER HEAD.

THE PERSON
SHE IS TALKING
TO COMES INTO
VIEW. IT
IS ABRAM.)

TELECINE 8

Ext Nightclub Night

Makepiece's car outside the club.

An ARAB in traditional robes, headgear and sunglasses walks up to the car, looks at it for a beat, then walks past it into the club.

52 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(THE NORMAL
NIGHT-TIME
SCENE.

ENTER THE ARAB.
HE CROSSES THE
ROOM AND ENTERS
THE CLUB OFFICE.)

53 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(RICHARD AND
NUTSY AS SC. 51.)

CU: NUTSY OPENS
HER EYES.

RICHARD LEANS
FORWARD.

SHE LOSES
CONSCIOUSNESS
AGAIN.

RICHARD'S
REACTION.)

54 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(THE ARAB LEAVES
THE OFFICE?
CLOSING THE
DOOR BEHIND HIM.

HE HEADS FOR
THE EXIT.)

TELECINE 9

Ext Nightclub Night

The Arab leaves the club
and goes to a car: it is
Abram's limousine ...

He jumps in and the car
pulls away fast.

55 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(THE LIGHTS ARE DIMMER: IT IS THE EARLY HOURS.

ENTER NURSE. SHE HANDS A NOTE TO RICHARD. HE BEGINS TO OPEN IT AS THE NURSE EXITS.)

56 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(IT IS LATE. THE CUSTOMERS HAVE GONE AND THE STAFF ARE PREPARING TO LEAVE.

DIANE AND WAITER AT THE BAR.)

DIANE: I think old Geoffgie's fallen asleep.

WAITER: (NO FRENCH ACCENT NOW) Well, I'm going home.

DIANE: I'll tell him it's bedtime.

(SHE GOES TO THE OFFICE DOOR, KNOCKS, HESITATES, THEN OPENS THE DOOR AND WALKS IN.

WAITER PUTS HIS STREET JACKET ON.)

WAITER: (CALLS) So long, Diane.

(DIANE SCREAMS.)

57 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(RICHARD READING THE NOTE.)

58 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

(WAITER, DANCERS, HOSTESSES, ALL CLUSTERED ROUND THE OFFICE DOOR.)

WAITER: Good God, is he dead? I think he's dead. Gawd blimey, he's dead.

59 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

(ESTABLISH, THEN:

CU: RICHARD'S NOTE. IT READS: "SHE HAS BEEN AVENGED."

RICHARD DOES NOT UNDERSTAND. HE CRUMPLES THE NOTE INTO HIS POCKET.

CU: NUTSY IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS.)

END CREDITS