

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

1                   **EXT - MANCHESTER STREET - DAY**

1

Dreamy, exaggeratedly-happy shots of a deserted Manchester street.

The sky is child's blue, the sun like a child's drawing, silhouetting the shapes of Old Trafford's lighting pylons circa 1973.

A very large orange cat is sat patiently on its own on the corner of the street.

From somewhere far away we hear a woman's voice, soft and gentle and lovely:

MOTHER

(Far away)

Sam. Sam. Can you hear me? It's

Mum. Sam? Sammy?

2                   **INT - SAM'S FLAT/BEDROOM - DAY**

2

Sam wakes with a frightened start, his forehead glistening with sweat.

SAM

Mum?

Then Sam takes in his 1973 room and he realises it was all a dream. He seems disappointed, agitated.

3                   **EXT - MANCHESTER STREET - DAY**

3

Sam walks down a street of scruffy Victorian back-to-backs, similar to the ones in his dream but in reality the gardens overgrown and poor, cars on bricks outside.

There is a view of the Old Trafford floodlights but it's not the same place as his dream and it frustrates him.

He sees a young GIRL looking at him.

SAM

Hello. Do you know a boy called Sam Williams who lives around here? He'd be about your age.

GIRL

(Suspicious)

I'm not meant to talk to strange men. Are you a strange man?

SAM

(Amused)

I think I probably am, yeah.

The girl's MOTHER gestures for her to run back into her house.

SAM  
(To girl's mother)  
Excuse me, I was looking for -

The woman shuts the door, leaving Sam alone. Again.

Sam looks down the street at where the driver of a goods lorry is being pushed roughly up against the side of his truck by another, much larger, man.

Sam trots down the street towards the incident, smells trouble.

SAM  
Can I help you?

The thickset man in his thirties, EDWARDS, glances over at Sam with something close to contempt.

EDWARDS  
Help yourself, mate, is what you  
can do, and keep on walking.

Edwards knees the driver in the stomach, making him double up with pain.

Sam takes out his police badge.

SAM  
I'm a police officer.

The affect of this on Edwards is less than impressive.

EDWARDS  
Good for you. He's been a bit of  
a greedy boy and I'm reminding  
him of the rules.

SAM  
Did you hear what I said? I'm a  
police officer.

EDWARDS  
(Irritated)  
I'm working here. Now run along.

Suddenly the driver takes advantage of Edwards's distraction and makes a bolt for it, legs pumping with fear.

EDWARDS  
Bugger!

To Sam's surprise Edwards gives chase after the driver.

Edwards is running over wasteland after the driver and Sam has no option but to run after them.

SAM  
Stop! Police!

Edwards reaches the driver first, hauls him to the ground and starts bashing his face into the mud.

Sam catches up, throws himself on top of Edwards, reaching for his cuffs.

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

SAM  
I'm arresting you for assault.  
You do not have to say anything  
but it may harm your defence if  
you do not mention when  
questioned something which you  
later rely on in court.

DRIVER  
That's not how it goes.

Sam clicks the cuffs tight.

EDWARDS  
Big mistake, copper.

4      **INT - POLICE STATION/FRONT DESK - DAY**

4

Sam drags the cuffed Edwards and the frightened Driver into the police station, one in each hand.

Phyllis looks up from her desk, recognises Edwards at once. She looks immediately nervous, obviously intimidated by this man.

EDWARDS  
Alright, love. New, is he?

SAM  
Shut up.

DRIVER  
I want it written down that I had  
nothing to do with it!

Annie is there, too, very surprised at the sight of Edwards in cuffs.

Sam notices that this routine arrest has had a profound affect on his colleagues, made them jumpy and nervous.

Edwards growls like an animal at Annie who instinctively steps back.

PHYLLIS  
(To Sam)  
What's the charge?

SAM  
Assaulting this man -

DRIVER  
(Alarmed)  
No, he didn't! We were just wrestling.

SAM  
And resisting arrest.

EDWARDS  
Shall you tell him, darling, or shall I?

PHYLLIS  
(Nervous, To Sam)  
Number three's empty.

Sam twists the cuffs and hauls Edwards into the cell area.

5

**INT - POLICE STATION/CID AREA - DAY**

5

Sam walks into the CID area, brushing the dirt of the earlier struggle from his clothes.

Chris is handing out pieces of torn paper for the weekend's Grand National sweepstake.

CHRIS  
What you got, Ray?

RAY  
(Reads)  
"Crisp".

CHRIS  
Bastard, he's drawn the favourite.

Ray is pleased but his expression changes to the usual sneer when he sees Sam.

CHRIS  
(To Sam)  
Here you go, sir.

Sam takes a piece of paper.

SAM  
(Reads)  
"Proud Percy". Don't understand.

CHRIS  
Sweepstake for the Grand National  
on Saturday.

Gene bursts into the room tucking his shirt into his trousers, all rumbustious energy.

GENE  
Can some slag put some bloody bog  
roll in the loo?

Gene snatches his sweepstake entry from Chris.

GENE  
I had to wipe my arse on Francis  
Lee.  
(Reads)  
"Red Rum".

CHRIS  
Never heard of him.

For once Sam recognises a name and he's very excited.

SAM  
I'll swap you "Proud Percy" for  
"Red Rum".

GENE  
(Suspicious)  
Why?

SAM  
("The Shining" Voice)  
RedRum, RedRum.

Gene just looks at him.

The phone goes on Ray's desk.

SAM  
I just like his name.

GENE  
You got inside information?

RAY  
Guv. Charlie Edwards.

GENE  
What about him?

RAY  
(Looking at Sam)  
Some prat just arrested him.

There are groans, everyone knows this means trouble.

Sam is clueless.

6

**INT - POLICE STATION/CORRIDOR - DAY**

6

Sam walks quickly down the corridor, attempting to catch up with Gene.

SAM  
Who is this Charlie Edwards?

GENE  
An unpleasant little scrotum.  
What we in the business call a  
necessary evil.

SAM  
I don't get it.

GENE  
I dunno what it's like in Hyde  
but in A division we have a  
series of checks and balances. It  
works very nicely, thank you,  
until some dill from the suburbs  
starts waving his willy around.

SAM  
Checks and balances?

GENE  
Edwards works for a local  
businessman called Stephen  
Warren. Mr Warren enjoys cordial  
relationships with the police.

SAM  
(Dawning)  
He's bent?

GENE  
Bent as a fish hook. But he keeps  
his streets spotlessly clean, no  
burglaries, no sex crimes,  
nothing. Lets us know if any  
unsavoury characters arrive in  
the city.

SAM  
And what do we do in return?

GENE

For starters, we don't arrest his  
right hand man.

Gene opens the door that leads to the Front Desk.

7

**INT - POLICE STATION/FRONT DESK - DAY**

7

A smiling Edwards is picking up his belongings from a  
stoney-faced Phyllis as Gene and Sam come through the door.

EDWARDS

Mr Burrows. There's no need to  
apologise, it was an honest  
mistake.

Sam sees that "his" prisoner is being released and he  
doesn't like it one bit.

SAM

(To Phyllis)  
What's going on?

PHYLLIS

(Hates it)  
The assault charge against Mr  
Edwards has been dropped.

SAM

What about resisting arrest?

GENE

That's been dropped, too.

Sam looks appalled.

EDWARDS

Left some free tickets for the  
boys and girls, Mr Burrows, just  
to show there are no hard  
feelings.

SAM

(To Gene)  
He's my detainee, I say when he  
gets released.

GENE

(Irritable, to Sam)  
Shut it.  
(To Edwards)  
On your way and don't push it.

EDWARDS

(Cheery)  
Of course not, Mr Burrows.  
(MORE)



EDWARDS (cont'd)  
 (To Sam)  
 See you again, Hero.

Edwards smiles at Sam on the way out.

GENE  
 (To Sam)  
 What are you doing tonight?

SAM  
 I can't believe what I've just  
 seen.

Phyllis moves away, hasn't enjoyed letting Edwards go free.

GENE  
 Whatever it was, cancel it.  
 (Bright)  
 You're having a drink with me.

8

**EXT - CLUB - NIGHT**

8

Gene and Sam get out of the Capri.

It's a damp Manchester night and there is a long line of  
 young people queuing in their long, sombre coats, BOUNCERS  
 on the door.

"The Warren" in glittery lights above the door.

SAM  
 What's this place? You said a  
 quiet little pub.

GENE  
 Did I?

One of the Bouncers hurries over to Gene, treats him like a  
 celebrity.

BOUNCER  
 Evening, Mr Burrows.

Gene tosses the Bouncer his car keys.

GENE  
 Don't scratch it.

SAM  
 (Realising)  
 This is Warren's place, isn't it?

Gene looks at the enormous "The Warren" sign.

GENE  
 No flies on you, are there?

SAM

What are we doing here?

GENE

Furthering your education so you don't start a bloody war.

SAM

(Hurriedly)

I don't want anything to do with it.

GENE

You are to do with it, twat.

BOUNCER TWO

Evening, Mr Burrows.

9

# **INT - CLUB - NIGHT**

9

The door is opened and Gene and Sam are ushered by the waiting punters and into the dark corridor of the disco, just the muffled beat from the dance floor.

GENE

You don't throw stones in my pond.

SAM

I've seen where this sort of thing leads.

GENE

So now we have to apologise. I say "we" but I mean "you".

SAM

No chance, I've got nothing to apologise for.

Gene opens the door to the dance floor and suddenly there is a blaze of colour and noise, literally dazzling the delighted Sam.

He follows Gene across the dance floor. The drab coats removed, the dancers are dressed in glittery clothes and huge platform shoes, wild hair and make-up.

They stomp away to Gary Glitter's "Do You Wanna Touch?", pretty girls glancing over at Sam and pursing their lips.

In a cage suspended above the dancers and wearing a minuscule glitter bikini is a girl of about 20. Her name is JONI and there is a brief moment when Sam's eyes meet hers.

Sam is surprised to see Annie and some of the other police officers stomping away in their civvies.

Annie looks gorgeous out of uniform, dressed to the nines, and it's not lost on Sam.

ANNIE  
(Pleased, to Sam)  
Hello, didn't think this would be  
your scene.

SAM  
Come here often?

ANNIE  
Only when we get in free on the  
guest list.

Gene walks up some steps to where a red rope blocks the way to the VIP area.

SAM  
(To Annie)  
There's something I want to talk  
to you about.

Sam follows Gene and Annie, naturally as she's talking to him, follows Sam.

SAM  
A much-loved orange cat called  
Ivanhoe.

Gene waits as a Bouncer recognises him and removes the red rope.

GENE  
(To Annie)  
VIP lounge, darling. Don't think  
that includes off-duty slags with  
glitter in their hair, do you?

Annie steps back, cowed.

Sam looks apologetically at Annie but has to follow Gene into the VIP area. The sight that meets his eyes astonishes him:

There are Manchester City and United players of the period socialising together.

SAM  
(Amazed)  
Bobby Charlton. Francis Lee.  
Dennis Law.

GENE  
(Also impressed)  
Half a million pounds wouldn't  
buy you that lot.

Then Sam sees Marc Bolan, drinking with a couple of groupie girls.

SAM  
(Awed)  
Oh my God.

GENE  
What?

SAM  
That's Marc Bolan.

GENE  
Who?

SAM  
Marc Bolan. Lead singer with T-Rex.

GENE  
Stay here and don't touch anything, I'll tell Warren we're here.

Gene moves off to talk to another man who is guarding the door to the inner sanctum.

Sam walks nervously over to Mark Bolan, who is talking to the worshipping girls.

BOLAN  
If God were to appear in my room, obviously I would be in awe, but I don't think I would be humble. I might cry, but I think he would dig me like crazy.

SAM  
Excuse me, Mr Bolan.

Marc Bolan turns to look at Sam.

BOLAN  
What happened to your hair, man?

SAM  
I just wanted to tell you I'm a big fan.

Gene gestures over from the door for the reluctant Sam to join him.

SAM  
(To Bolan, quiet)  
Don't let your girlfriends drive. Especially Minis.

Sam wrenches himself away from the puzzled Marc Bolan, follows Gene into the dark interior of the club.

10           **INT - CLUB/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

10

The still-excited Sam follows Gene down the dark corridor.

He laughs to himself at the craziness of it all.

                  GENE

What?

                  SAM

Nothing.

                  GENE

Don't say anything smart-alec to Warren, it's not worth the grief. And remember, he keeps a lid on a lot of the crap in this city so you can down get off your Hyde high-horse.

Gene knocks and opens a door.

                  SAM

I'm still not apologising.

11           **INT - CLUB/WARREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

11

Warren sits behind his desk, master of all he surveys, eyes fixed with great interest on Sam. Warren is in his forties, not a physically intimidating man but with that utter confidence born of power.

He unscrews a bottle of excellent single malt whisky, pours three glasses.

                  WARREN

So you're the Caped Crusader, Mr Williams?

                  SAM

I saw a man assaulting another man and I did my job.

                  GENE

He's very big on doing his job.

                  WARREN

Glad to hear it. It was a regrettable incident.

Warren presses a button under his desk.

The door opens and Charlie Edwards is standing there.

WARREN

I believe you have something to say to Detective Inspector Williams?

EDWARDS

(Cheery, to Sam)

Sorry about earlier, sir. Won't happen again.

Sam is so taken aback he doesn't know what to say.

Warren gestures at Edwards and he leaves the room again.

Warren pushes a box of Cuban cigars towards Sam and Gene. Gene takes one without hesitation, Sam is tempted but...

WARREN

Please, Mr Williams, it won't explode.

Sam knows he shouldn't really but there is such a clubby atmosphere and it feels good. He takes the cigar, rolls it next to his ear.

Warren smiles, delighted.

Gene gets up, ready to move on.

GENE

Right, now that little misunderstanding is sorted out -

WARREN

As you're here, Mr Burrows. There was one little thing.

Gene sits back down again, knew there would be.

WARREN

Some hippy kids have moved into Stephen Street. They're selling stolen televisions in the pubs and clubs, doesn't look good.

SAM

If someone wishes to make a complaint -

WARREN

Someone has made a complaint, Mr Williams. To me. Nice old fella, sold electrical goods on Chapel Street for years. Decent, working-class member of the community having his business eroded by some out-of-town kids.

GENE

I'll have a word with them.

WARREN

Thank you, Mr Burrows, that's all  
I ask.

Warren scribbles out the address and hands it to Gene.

WARREN

There's no hurry, boys. You enjoy  
yourselves.

The door opens and Edwards ushers too very pretty girls  
into the room. One of them is Joni.

Sam looks at Gene.

12

**INT - CLUB/DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT**

12

Gene and Sam are having the time of their lives, stomping  
around to "The Jean Genie" with the two girls, cigars in  
their hands.

People are clapping, enjoying the sight, especially the off-  
duty cops.

All except Annie, who feels a little jealous if truth be  
told.

Joni dances flirtatiously close to Sam.

SAM

(Loud, above the music)  
You work for Warren, do you?

Joni nods.

JONI

Don't we all?

Joni laughs and continues dancing.

13

**EXT - STEPHEN STREET - NIGHT**

13

Sam and Gene get out of the Capri on a rough, silent  
street, both of them sucking on the butts of their cigars,  
both a bit pissed, both rather enjoying themselves.

GENE

Before Warren moved in this place  
was practically a no-go area.  
Muggings. Burglaries. Even lost a  
copper here once, bled to death.  
Right over there.

Gene looks over at the spot, momentarily lost in thought.

SAM  
So we're bully boys for a bent  
businessman?

GENE  
We're acting on the information  
of a concerned citizen.

SAM  
I don't like it.

GENE  
Hippies selling hot tellies,  
doing some little old man out of  
his livelihood. What's not to  
like?

SAM  
It makes me uncomfortable.

GENE  
(Pointed)  
Nice cigar?

Sam follows Gene into the stairwell of a block of flats.

14

**INT - STEPHEN STREET/FLAT - NIGHT**

14

Gene and Sam stop outside the door of a flat. They can hear  
Led Zep's "Stairway To Heaven" playing very loudly from  
inside the flat.

Sam knocks on the door.

Nothing.

Gene puts his shoulders to the door and shatters the lock.

The door gives onto a living room that is thick with dope  
smoke and piled high with boxes of cheap electronic goods.

Two scruffy, startled men with long hair look up, one of  
them rolling a joint on the back of the Led Zep LP cover.

ROYSTON  
Who the hell are you?

GENE  
Is there anything in this world  
more revolting than a dishonest  
hippy?

The two men get up off the sofa, tensing.



DERRICK

We don't want any trouble, dudes.

Sam flashes his police badge.

SAM

We've reason to believe you're in possession of stolen goods.

Gene takes the record off the record-player with a ghastly scratching noise and frisbees it out of the room and into the street below.

Sam winces.

GENE

Do you know what I'd do if I was you? Apart from wash my hair, obviously.

ROYSTON

(Suspicious)

What?

GENE

I'd pack up my shitty, un-ironed clothes and I'd be out of this city by daybreak.

Sam inspects all the boxes of dodgy televisions.

SAM

I take it you've got invoices for these?

Suddenly a very large hippy called Derrick comes charging into the room, smashes an oil lamp over Gene's head.

Gene goes down and Royston is quickly at him, kicking him in the ribs.

Sam instinctively goes to Gene's aid, trying to wrench them off of his colleague.

ROYSTON

Stick the pig! Stick him!

Sam turns to see that Derrick is standing there with a knife, his hand shaking.

ROYSTON

Stick him, Derrick!

Sam sends a quick, hard punch straight into Derrick's face. He goes down like a sack of potatoes.

15

**INT - RAILWAY TAVERN - NIGHT**

15

Sam and Gene walk into the pub. They are carrying one of the stolen televisions and Sam is very self-conscious of it.

GENE

It's a horrible concept, isn't it? Huge, psychotic hippies fencing stolen tellies.

SAM

(Guilty)

Stealing stolen goods. Is that what it's come to?

GENE

Stop being such a bloody girl. Think of it as a tax on Bad People.

Several of the CID Officers are there, enjoying a pint or seven at the end of the shift - Chris Lord; Ray Evans etc

Xavier is behind the bar.

There is applause for Gene and Sam, but especially for Sam. Almost for the first time, he feels one of the club.

XAVIER

What is that, mon brave?

GENE

It's a television, Chalky.

XAVIER

In a pub?

GENE

Ask the Wonder Boy.

SAM

(Hurriedly)

It wasn't my idea to nick the telly.

GENE

Tell him! what you told me

SAM

(Sheepish)

I could make some brackets and put it on the wall, then we can watch the sport.

XAVIER

(Baffled)

In a pub?

GENE  
Large whisky for the short-haired  
man. Saved my bacon.

There are pats of congratulations from his colleagues and  
Sam quite likes it, basks in it.

GENE  
Sell me "Red Rum".

GENE  
No.

Ray looks very pissed off, so Sam must be doing something  
right.

16      **INT - SAM'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY**

16

Basil Brush is cackling away on TV.

Sam is putting clothes away when he feels a weight in his  
jacket from last night.

He puts his hand in the pocket and takes out a neat roll of  
bank notes. He knows at once where they've come from and it  
doesn't make him feel good.

Sam sits down on the settee, looking at the money,  
wondering what to do.

BASIL BRUSH  
(On Television)  
Sam? Sam?

Sam looks up at the television.

Basil Brush is looking straight out at him from the screen:

BASIL BRUSH  
(On Television)  
What have they done to my  
beautiful boy?

SAM  
(Shocked)  
Mum?

BASIL BRUSH  
(On Television)  
Can he hear me? Can he hear what  
I'm saying?

Sam touches the screen, moved.

SAM  
Mum?

BASIL BRUSH  
(On Television)  
B-boom!

17      **EXT - MOTHER'S STREET - DAY**

17

Sam walks down another Manchester street, squints up at the floodlights. This time they feel right and he's getting excited.

Sam spins, his senses working overtime, as a rag-and-bone man shouts his presence as his cart rattles down the street.

SAM  
(Fond)  
Alfie.

Then Sam turns and sees what he has been looking for:

A large orange cat blinks at him from the street corner.

SAM  
Ivanhoe.

Sam can't believe it, walks slowly towards the cat.

SAM  
Ivanhoe. It's me, Sam. Sammy.

The cat runs up the path of one of the identical Victorian houses, disappears through the ajar front door.

It's a house that Sam remembers.

With a strange mixture of happiness and trepidation, he walks towards the front door.

He is about to press the bell when he gets frightened, his heart-pumping, almost walks away. Then he makes himself presentable, takes a deep breath, and presses the bell.

The door opens to reveal a lovely young woman in her early twenties. She looks a little harassed, her hands soapy from washing-up, a strand of hair flopped across her forehead.

MOTHER  
Yes?

Sam just stands there. How many men get to see their mother as a young, living, breathing equal?

He's so stunned and moved he can't speak.

MOTHER  
Can I help you?

Sam takes out his badge.

SAM  
(Hurriedly)  
Detective Inspector... Bolan.  
There have been a spate of  
burglaries in the area and we're  
making some door-to-door  
enquires.

His Mother suddenly realises she's talking to a handsome man, a man who she finds oddly attractive.

MOTHER  
Burglaries? I didn't think we  
have any, not around here.

She takes off her pinny, dries her hands.

MOTHER  
Would you like to come in?

18

**INT - MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY**

18

Sam follows his young mother into the house. It all seems so familiar to him and yet strange, like a dream.

He instinctively follows the sway of his mother's hips towards the kitchen.

MOTHER  
You'll have to forgive me, I was  
just doing the washing-up.

His Mother catches Sam looking at her body and enjoys it.

SAM  
(Flustered)  
Not at all, Mrs Williams.

His Mother shows him into the little front room.

Sam looks at the familiar room, the family photographs of his mother and father and his own younger self.

Sam bends down and picks up a well-loved Action Man, a soldier in the British Army.

Sam notices that his Mother is looking at him.

MOTHER  
How did you know our name?

SAM  
(Quickly)  
It's all in the records.

MOTHER

A real life detective in the house, my son will be very impressed.

SAM

Is he at school?

MOTHER

He's upstairs in his room. Mumps.

Sam nods, very discombobulated by this information, can't help looking up at the ceiling and imagining the boy beyond.

MOTHER

I'm really surprised about the burglaries.

SAM

It happens, I'm afraid.

MOTHER

Not around here it doesn't, honestly. We move around a lot and this is the safest place we've ever been.

(Remembering herself)

Have you got time for a cup of tea?

19

**INT - MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY**

19

Later.

Sam is taking tea with his mother! They are getting on well, a little flirting in the air.

SAM

What does your husband do, Mrs Williams?

MOTHER

He's a salesman. Not a very good one at the moment, so if anyone does burgle us they'll be very disappointed.

The cat pads into the room and goes straight over to Sam.

MOTHER

That's funny. He only normally likes me and Sammy.

Sam is very moved to be stroking his old beloved cat.

MOTHER

I wonder if I should wake Sam up?  
He'll be so disappointed to have  
missed you.

SAM

(Hurriedly)  
No, don't wake him.

MOTHER

He wants to be a policeman one  
day, so he says.

SAM

He will be.

It's a slightly strange thing to say and his Mother looks  
at him quizzically, amused and oddly fond of him.

There is the sound of a key in the front door.

SAM

(Alarmed)  
Your husband?

The Mother moves towards the hallway where a large, sweaty  
man has let himself into the house.

MOTHER

Mr Carroway, I'd really prefer it  
if you didn't just let yourself  
in. My husband is away on  
business and -

SAM

Is there a problem, Mrs Williams?

Carroway sees Sam with a mixture of disappointment and  
irritation.

CARROWAY

The mouse do play, I see.

Sam doesn't like his tone, moves towards him.

MOTHER

Mr Carroway, this is Detective  
Inspector Bolan.

Carroway looks at Sam with interest.

MOTHER

(Embarrassed)  
As soon as my husband gets back  
he'll pay you this month's rent -

CARROWAY

Not to mention the two months  
before that.

SAM

There's a law against landlord's  
letting themselves into tenanted  
properties.

CARROWAY

No, there's not.

SAM

You can leave now, Mr Carroway,  
or we can discuss it further down  
the station.

CARROWAY

(Quiet, To Sam)

I answer to Mr Warren.

Sam feels the stab of that name again and he doesn't like  
it. He manhandles Carroway out of the house.

CARROWAY

(Genuinely distressed)

He won't like it, he won't like  
it at all.

Carroway knows he is beaten, summons up a bit of pride and  
walks towards the front door.

CARROWAY

(Pointed)

I'll be back to get my money  
later, Mrs Williams, when your  
friend has gone.

Sam shuts the door on Carroway.

He sees that his Mother is crying. He tries not to but she  
is so upset and so pretty. He puts his arms around her.

SAM

Sssh. Come on.

Sam leads his Mother into the kitchen, pours her a glass of  
water.

MOTHER

I'm sorry.

SAM

How much do you owe?

Sam hands her the glass of water.



MOTHER

Lots.

Almost without thinking Sam takes out his roll of notes.

MOTHER

What are you doing?

SAM

I won some money on cards. How much do you need?

MOTHER

(Prickly)

I don't even know you. Why would I take money from you?

SAM

It's only money, what does it matter?

MOTHER

There's no such thing as "only". Like there's no such thing as a free lunch. Put your money away.

Sam puts the money back in his pocket, sees he has made a mistake.

SAM

There's a horse running in the Grand National. "Red Rum". Put your house-keeping money on him, you won't be disappointed.

MOTHER

Put my family's last pennies on a horse?

(Angry)

You should meet my husband one day, you'd get on well. I think you should go now.

Sam realises what his mother is thinking.

SAM

I don't want anything from you. Not in the way you're thinking.

MOTHER

Goodbye, Detective Inspector.

Sam is upset, ashamed of himself, hurries out of the house.

Sam strides across the deserted dance floor.

In the cold light of the day the place looks grubby and dirty, a complete illusion.

Just an ELECTRICIAN changing some bulbs.

Sam walks towards the door that leads to the behind-the-scenes office.

22

**INT - CLUB/BACKSTAGE - DAY**

22

Sam makes his way down the dark corridor, finds Warren's door and opens it without knocking.

Warren is sat at his desk, counting out blocks of bank notes.

He looks up as Sam stands in the open door and, if he's irritated, he doesn't show it.

WARREN

Mr Williams, what a pleasure.  
Take a seat.

Sam takes the money out of his pocket, throws it onto the desk.

WARREN

What's this?

SAM

It's yours.

WARREN

Really? Where did you find it?

SAM

In my pocket.

WARREN

Can't be mine, then, must be yours.

SAM

If you try and bribe a police officer again I'll arrest you.

WARREN

Too early for a little sharpener, Mr Williams?

Warren flourishes a bottle of Scotch.

SAM

I don't care what sort of deals you might have with other officers, you have no deal with me.

WARREN

(Amused)

Is that so?

SAM

In fact, I'm going to go out of my way to make life difficult as possible for you.

Warren smiles at this.

WARREN

You're new here, son, so I'll let that pass. Others have tried to wear the white hat and all have failed.

SAM

I came across one of your landlords harassing one of your tenants, don't ever let me see that again.

Warren presses the button on his desk.

WARREN

Give me his name and I'll see that he's dealt with.

For a fraction of a second Sam is tempted by this. Then Sam gets angry, sees what Warren is trying to do.

SAM

The easy days are over. I'll be watching you.

Warren looks at Sam, getting irritated with the game now.

WARREN

So you say, Mr Williams.

The door opens and Joni is standing there.

WARREN

Show the Detective Inspector out.

SAM

I can find my own way out.

WARREN

What a clever boy. Not too clever for your own good, I hope.

SAM

Every where you go and every thing you do. I'll be watching.

Joni watches this exchange with intelligent, quizzical eyes.

23

**INT - POLICE STATION/CANTEEN - DAY**

23

Sam is sitting with Annie at a corner table, both of them keeping their voices down.

Sam is prodding his food around without much enthusiasm.

ANNIE  
You met your mother?

SAM  
I know how it sounds.

Annie looks at him, never ceases to be amazed with what he comes up with.

SAM  
You don't believe me, do you?

Annie says nothing but her silence is loud.

Sam rubs his brow, he's had one hell of a day.

ANNIE  
(Lowers Voice)  
You look tired.

Annie grabs the local paper and looks at the cinema listings.

ANNIE  
Why don't we go to the flicks or something? You can pay.

Sam smiles at her, grateful for her sparkling eyes and generosity.

SAM  
What's on?

ANNIE  
Something called "Mean Streets".  
Or "Carry On Girls".

Sam can't help but laugh at her affectionately.

ANNIE  
What?

Phyllis comes into the canteen, looking for Sam. She sees him, walks over to his table.

PHYLLIS  
How's the corned-beef hash?

SAM

A triumph, as ever.

PHYLLIS

There's a girl in the cells  
asking after you.

SAM

Who is she?

PHYLLIS

Says her name is Joni Newton.

Her name means nothing to him.

SAM

What's it about?

PHYLLIS

She put a brick through  
Woolworth's front window.

SAM

It's hardly CID, is it?

PHYLLIS

She won't speak to anyone else  
but you.

24

**INT - POLICE STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

24

Sam sits in the interview room with Annie.

Opposite them is Joni. She looks dishevelled, upset,  
vulnerable. A victim.

SAM

You put the brick through  
Woolies' window, Joni, not us.  
Come on now, what is this about?

JONI

Tell her to go and I'll tell you.

Sam sighs, looks apologetically at Annie.

Annie gets the message, stands up.

ANNIE

I'll be right outside.

Annie leaves the interview room, closes the door.

A beat as Sam looks at Joni.

JONI  
You're a good dancer for a  
copper.

SAM  
No more games. Tell me what  
you've got to say or I'm out of  
here.

JONI  
(Serious)  
I'm frightened. I'm really,  
really frightened.

This gets Sam's attention, as it was meant to.

SAM  
Frightened of who?

JONI  
Stephen Warren.

SAM  
Why should you be frightened of  
him?

JONI  
He said he's going to kill me.  
But before he does... he says  
he's going to...

Joni starts to cry.

SAM  
I can't do anything about a  
threat.

JONI  
I'll come back when I'm dead,  
then, shall I?

A beat as Sam considers.

SAM  
You were frightened so you broke  
a window?

JONI  
It was my only way to get to you.

SAM  
Why didn't you tell one of the  
other officers?

Joni laughs.

JONI

Because they would have told  
Warren and that would be the end  
of me.

SAM

(Uncomfortable)

I don't know what you're  
implying.

JONI

That everyone else in this  
station is bent. That's what I'm  
implying.

SAM

I'll have to talk to the DCI.

Sam gets up.

JONI

(Genuinely alarmed)

No! This place is infested, you  
know it is.

SAM

What do you want me to do?

JONI

I'm not safe at my place. I'm not  
safe anywhere in Manchester. Just  
let me stay with you tonight -

SAM

I'll arrange for you stay in one  
of the cells, you'll be safe  
there.

Joni laughs contemptuously.

SAM

I can't take you home with me.  
You're under arrest for damaging  
property and I'm a police  
officer.

JONI

Then behave like one! I've come  
to you because I'm in trouble.

Sam looks at her, trying to figure out what to do next.

JONI

If you let me out of here I'll  
end up dead. A friend is coming  
over from Liverpool to pick me up  
in the morning and you'll never  
see me again, I promise.

Sam is torn.

JONI  
I've got no-one else to turn to.  
Please, please help me.

Sam hesitates, not sure what to do next.

SAM  
Put your coat on.

25

**EXT - POLICE STATION/BACK ENTRANCE - DAY**

25

Sam smuggles Joni out of the back entrance of the station,  
the one that leads directly into the car park.

She has her hood and collar up.

They nearly bump into Ray coming in the other way.

RAY  
Watch yourself!

Sam is about to bundle Sam away when Ray pulls her hood  
down.

RAY  
Hello, Joni, what you doing here?

SAM  
She's a friend of mine.

RAY  
(Amused)  
Is that right? She's a friend of  
a lot of people, aren't you,  
Joni?

JONI  
Not of yours, scum bag.

Ray laughs out loud.

RAY  
(To Joni)  
Does Mr Warren know you're out?

Sam has had enough, pulls Joni towards his car.

RAY  
(After Sam)  
Don't forget to wash your hands  
afterwards. Sir.



26

**INT - SAM'S FLAT/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

26

Sam is chopping up fruit - pineapple, mango etc - on a board and mixing it in a bowl with chilli and garlic.

He's in his element in the kitchen, skilful and in control, listening to T-rex.

Joni comes in from the bathroom, just wearing one of his shirts.

JONI  
(Intrigued)  
What are you doing?

SAM  
Cooking.

JONI  
What's that?

SAM  
This is called a mango.

JONI  
And that thing?

SAM  
That "thing" is a Halapeno  
chilli.

JONI  
Isn't it easier to open a can of  
baked beans?

SAM  
No. Pour some wine and shut up.

JONI  
(Delighted)  
Wine?

Joni picks up a bottle of French wine.

JONI  
You're not your normal copper,  
are you?

SAM  
What time will your friend get  
here?

JONI  
Five in the morning. We'll be  
gone before you're even awake.

27

## INT - SAM'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

27

Sam and Joni are eating at a table in Sam's living room.

JONI

Chicken and fruit, I wouldn't have believed it could taste so good.

SAM

It's a Mexican dish. A chef in Monterrey gave me the recipe.

JON

Where's Monterrey?

SAM

Mexico.

JONI

(Astonished)

You've actually been to Mexico?

Sam nods.

JONI

Were you there for the World Cup?

(Singing)

"Back home they'll be thinking about us when we are far away" -

SAM

(Cutting in)

Tell me about Warren.

Joni looks serious, knew this was coming.

JONI

I've only been at the club a few months. He was really nice when I started.

SAM

What makes a girl like you want to work with a man like that?

JONI

Money, same as everyone else in the world.

SAM

Go on.

JONI

I knew some of the girls did favours for him.

SAM

(Dry)

Helped him decorate the hall,  
things like that?

JONI

Ha ha. He'd ask them to entertain  
important people he wanted to  
impress.

SAM

What sort of people?

JONI

Businessmen. Politicians.  
Coppers.

Sam winces at this, still doesn't want to admit it goes on.

JONI

Then one day he asked me if I'd  
go out to dinner with some old  
French bloke he wanted to do  
business with.

SAM

What did you say?

JONI

I said "no".

SAM

What did he think about that?

JONI

This is delicious, Galloping  
Gourmet.

SAM

(Firm)

Joni.

Joni looks unhappily at Sam, knows she has to finish her  
story.

JONI

I said "no" again. So he got this  
bloke Edwards in to his office.

SAM

I've met Edwards.

JONI

Then you know he's disgusting,  
like a disgusting dog. He pushed  
me over the desk and held my  
hands down. They were laughing  
and Warren lifted up my skirt.

(MORE)

JONI (cont'd)

I couldn't see him but I could feel his breath on the back of my neck... he said if I didn't do it they'd take turns with me and then chuck me in the canal when they were done...

Joni puts her hand in front of her face, too upset to go on.

SAM

Just words, Joni. Men like that like the sound of their own words.

Joni hesitates for a moment, then decides to go on:

JONI

There was this girl from London who came to work at the club. Yvonne. I liked her, she was nice to me. She decided she wanted to leave the club and when she told Warren he went ape and said she couldn't.

SAM

What happened to her?

JONI

They found her dead in a gutter. Hit and run the police said.

SAM

You think he had her killed?

JONI

I don't "think", I know. Everyone knew.

Sam sees how young she is, how miserable she is. He puts his hand on hers.

JONI

Help me, Sam.

Sam makes sure his front door is double-locked, then walks into the living room where he has made up a bed for Joni on the sofa.

Joni has the blanket under her chin, watches him as he walks to the window and pulls a open a tiny gap in the curtain.

SAM

If the phone goes don't answer  
it, if the door goes don't open  
it.

Sam surveys the street. All is quiet.

SAM

I'll wake you up early and we'll  
get you to Leeds.

JONI

(Genuine)  
Thank you, Sam.

SAM

Good night.

JONI

Sam.

Sam looks at Joni.

JONI

Have you got a girlfriend?

A slight beat.

SAM

I used to.

JONI

Where is she?

SAM

A long, long way away.

JONI

In Mexico?

SAM

Even further than that. Anyway,  
she would have moved on by now. I  
hope she has.

JONI

Do you want me to come into your  
bed?

SAM

I'm a police officer and you're  
in my care.

JONI

Wouldn't bother the others.

SAM

I'm not the others.

Sam looks at her, sees how young and vulnerable she looks.

SAM  
It's a beautiful, wonderful life,  
Joni, too beautiful to be wasted  
dancing in a rusty cage for a man  
like that.

JONI  
I know.

Sam turns off the light.

JONI  
Sam.

SAM  
Go to sleep.

JONI  
I'm sorry for all the trouble.

SAM  
(Gentle)  
Go to sleep.

29      **INT - SAM'S FLAT/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

29

Sam is tossing and turning in his sleep, his forehead damp,  
almost like he's in a fever.

The door opens and Sam sits abruptly up in bed.

His young Mother is standing there, smiling at him.

MOTHER  
(Far away)  
Sam. Sam. Can you hear me? It's  
Mum. Sam? Sammy?

SAM  
Mum?

Suddenly his Mother morphs into Basil Brush.

BASIL BRUSH  
Can he hear me? Can he hear what  
I'm saying?

Sam, terrified, puts his hands over his face.

SMASH CUT TO:

Sam as a boy, dwarfed by the great trees in the wood that whisper and creak in the breeze.

SMASH CUT TO:

A huge plasma screen showing assorted images from 2005 television, news and sport and music.

SMASH CUT TO:

A handcuff being closed around Sam's wrist by a female hand.

SMASH CUT TO:

The orange cat sitting serenely on the corner of the street.

SMASH CUT TO:

Joni straddling Sam, both of them naked, riding him.

JONI

Sorry for all the trouble, Sam.

SMASH CUT TO:

The Test Card Girl grins hugely:

TEST CARD GIRL

It's sexual release, nothing to be ashamed of. Your body may be in a coma but your hormones are still working quite splendidly.

SMASH CUT TO:

His mother's appalled face when he offered her the money.

SMASH CUT TO:

Gene looking straight into the camera:

GENE

It works very nicely, thank you, until some dill from the suburbs starts waving his willy around. Sam? Sam?

SMASH CUT TO:

Sam wakes with a start of fear.

To his amazement he is stark naked and cuffed by his wrists and ankles.

He can hear Gene's voice and fists banging on the flat door:

GENE  
(Out Of Vision)  
Sam? Sam!

The sound of the front door being shattered.

Sam realises what is about to happen.

SAM  
Shit.

Gene appears in the bedroom, takes in the situation at once.

GENE  
(Amused)  
Morning.

SAM  
Piss off.

GENE  
WPC Cartwright informed me that  
you weren't answering your phone.  
(Cheery, over his  
shoulder)  
He's in here, love.

Sam gives Gene a look - bastard.

Annie hurries in, worried for him. Then her face drops as she sees him spread-eagled on the bed.

GENE  
It's not all badminton and golf  
in Hyde, eh?

Sam only has eyes for the hurt Annie, who hurries away from the sight.

31      **INT - POLICE STATION/CID AREA - DAY**

31

Sam is trying to rehydrate himself with a large bottle of Tizer as Gene looks on, still amused.

Other CID Officers are working in the background, have heard about Sam's predicament.

CHRIS  
(To Sam)  
Had a few calls for you, sir,  
told 'em you were all tied up.



RAY

You did wash your hands, sir?

Sam is feeling too ill to rise to their bait.

GENE

Bad dreams, were they?

SAM

I've had better.

GENE

Was Lucy there? Did she have her diamond?

SAM

(Grumpy)

What?

GENE

Lysergic acid diethylamide. LSD to you.

CHRIS

Better watch out, sir, that stuff can last for hours.

Phyllis walks through the office delivering paperwork.

PHYLLIS

Several pairs of hand-cuffs missing from stores. If anyone has any ideas...

Laughter.

Phyllis goes up to Sam and this time she is most definitely not joking.

PHYLLIS

I asked you to look after one of my detainees, sir -

SAM

Phyllis -

PHYLLIS

I don't recall asking you to sneak her out of the back door and take her home and sleep with her.

SAM

It wasn't like that.

GENE

Go easy on him, Phyliss, he's had  
a stroll down the Yellowbrick  
road.

PHYLLIS

Where is she now? She was  
arrested for causing criminal  
damage.

SAM

I don't know.

Phyliss says nothing but her silence is scathing. She walks  
away.

Sam looks in horror as Chris' head morphs into that of a  
young Labrador dog:

LABRADOR

His brain functions and heart  
rate are all up. Racing.

Now Sam sees Chris' head morph into a hyena's:

HYENA

It's what we'd expect with a  
change of medication to  
Pentobarbital. Still, nothing  
ventured, nothing gained.

GENE

(Lowering voice)  
You know who she works for?

Sam is snapped back to reality. Well, 1973.

SAM

What?

GENE

The girl. You know who she works  
for?

Sam looks back at Chris and Ray, who are back to normal.

SAM

That's why she came to see me.

Gene looks suddenly serious.

GENE

Don't be a prick, Sam, don't you  
go rocking the boat.

SAM

She's terrified of him.

GENE

So what?

SAM

He threatened to rape her and then kill her.

GENE

(Incredulous)

He what?

SAM

He threatened to -

Gene bursts into laughter, which irritates Sam intensely.

SAM

I'm glad it amuses you. I was the only officer she trusted enough in here not to hand her over to Warren, how funny is that?

Something snaps in Gene.

He grabs Sam by the ear and wrenches him towards the interview room.

The other CID Officers look on and thank their lucky stars it's not them.

32

**INT - POLICE STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

32

Gene drags Sam into the room by his ear and slams the door shut.

GENE

Don't you bloody dare come the self-righteous prick with me! I've been working these streets since I was eighteen years old and I'm telling you they're safer now than they've been in a generation. If you want to shag the inmates that's up to you but don't you dare chuck shit at me or my officers.

SAM

We're not talking about a dodgy telly, we're talking threats of sexual violence and murder.

GENE

You think you know everything, don't you?

SAM

I know the aroma of rotten apples.

GENE

I happen to know your slag is lying through her teeth. Do you wanna know why?

SAM

Go on.

GENE

Stephen Warren is a bum bandit. Do you understand? A pouf. A fairy. A pansy, queen, queer, fudgepacker, pederast, fruit-picking sodomite.

A beat.

SAM

(Stunned)

He's gay?

GENE

As a bloody Christmas tree, my friend. Although he is a little touchy on the subject, being a twisted Catholic with an elderly mother and all, so I wouldn't mention it to him if I were you.

Sam is confused.

GENE

You challenged his authority so he stitched you up like a kipper. Pretty girl who appealed to your vanity as the only decent Sheriff in Dodge City, slipped you a micky, tied you up and bounced on your ding-a-ling.

SAM

But why?

GENE

I suspect the answer will arrive in the post. Photographs, you idiot. And the next time he asks you a little favour you'll do it or the photos will end up on the Chief Constable's desk. And he gets a Christmas Card from Mary Whitehouse, so you'll be out of here in the time it takes to say Red bloody Rum.

SAM  
She was a honey trap?

GENE  
Bingo!

A beat as Sam takes it all in.

GENE  
(Quieter)  
You aren't the first and you  
won't be the last.

Gene goes to leave, pleased he has got through to Sam for once but also feeling a little sorry for him.

GENE  
Checks and balances, Sam. You  
can't come into our manor and  
throw your weight around and  
expect to get away with it.

Gene leaves the room.

Leaving a confused, troubled Sam behind him.

33      **INT - POLICE STATION/CANTEEN - DAY**

33

Annie is at a table on her own, the canteen largely deserted, ready a magazine.

Sam watches her for a moment unnoticed, loves the curve of her face and the flash of her eyes.

SAM  
May I sit down?

Annie looks up.

ANNIE  
Of course, sir.

Sam sits.

Annie goes back to her magazine.

SAM  
I'm sorry you had to see what you  
saw earlier.

Annie looks up again.

ANNIE  
Don't flatter yourself, there  
wasn't that much to see.

SAM  
 (Smiling)  
 "Mean Streets" or "Carry On  
 Girls". You choose and I'll pay.

A beat as Annie looks at Sam.

ANNIE  
 I don't think so.

Despite everything, Sam is taken-aback by her answer.

SAM  
 I can explain everything.

ANNIE  
 You don't have to explain  
 anything to me.

SAM  
 Annie -

ANNIE  
 I've decided something.

SAM  
 What have you decided?

ANNIE  
 I'm going to be a really good  
 friend to you.

SAM  
 A friend? But -

ANNIE  
 (Genuine, lowering her  
 voice)  
 With the enemies you're making  
 you could do with all the friends  
 you can get. You look after  
 yourself, Detective Inspector  
 Williams. Please.

Annie makes sure they're alone and then gives him a kiss on  
 the cheek.

She gets up from the table.

SAM  
 Please, Annie.

ANNIE  
 (Smiles)  
 Hey, I got to see you naked. It's  
 not all bad.

And with a last dazzling smile Annie walks away.

Leaving a really surprised, crestfallen Sam behind.

34

**INT - CLUB - DAY**

34

Sam walks into the club, empty save for Joni and two other girls working on a new routine.

Sam turns the music off, getting their attention.

Joni nods to the other girls and they leave the dance floor. She seems hard, a real moll.

JON

What do you want?

SAM

You're a real class act, aren't you?

JONI

You shouldn't be here, it's dangerous.

SAM

So you said. You seem to have survived.

JONI

I do what I have to do.

SAM

Where are the photographs?

JONI

Being developed.

SAM

"Please help me".

Joni looks around, lowers her voice.

JONI

I'm sorry, I was just doing a job.

SAM

You have a gift for lying.

JONI

Some of it was true. This is a dangerous place for you, Sam, and you shouldn't be here.

SAM

Are you lying to yourself, though, that's the question?

JONI  
Think what you want.

SAM  
You're a loser, Joni - or  
whatever your name is. You live  
in fear, which isn't living at  
all. I don't live in fear. I'm  
alive.

Sam turns and leaves Joni standing alone in the middle of  
the dance floor.

34A      **INT - CLUB - DAY**

34A

Sam is leaving the club when he hears raised voices by the  
exit.

He pushes himself into the shadows, inches forward until he  
can see where Gene and Warren are arguing.

WARREN  
He had it coming to him, little  
prick.

GENE  
You do not humiliate my Officers!

WARREN  
If you can't keep your people in  
line I'll do it for you.

GENE  
I'm the Sheriff, Warren, and  
don't you ever forget it.

WARREN  
No, no, Mr Burrows, you're a bent  
sheriff. Don't you ever forget  
that.

Sam sees the look of anger on Gene's face.

GENE  
Don't push me.

WARREN  
(Enjoying this)  
I know where the bodies are  
buried.  
(Pointed)  
Even poor old Bunny Taylor's.

This name seems to hit Gene like a sledgehammer, shocking  
the anger out of him.



35

**EXT - MOTHER'S STREET - DAY**

35

Sam stands nervously across the street from his Mother's house.

His Mother is pruning in the tiny little front "garden", the cat purring away around her legs.

Sam plucks up courage, walks over to her.

SAM

Mrs Williams.

His Mother turns. Despite everything, she seems pleased to see him.

SAM

(Tongue-tied)

The money... it must have appeared crass and insensitive to you. And I don't think I am. I know I'm not.

MOTHER

You don't think you're what?

SAM

Crass and insensitive.

MOTHER

Oh.

SAM

You might have thought the money was dodgy. Hot. It wasn't. Well, it was a little bit. But I gave it back. All of it.

Sam's Mother doesn't have a clue what he's talking about.

MOTHER

That's good, then.

SAM

I'm not a bent cop. I just wanted you to know that.

MOTHER

Now I know.

The sound of a boy coughing from an open upstairs' bedroom.  
The young Sam!

SAM

How is he?

MOTHER

Much better, thank you.

A beat, Sam and his Mother looking at each other. Sam looks away first.

SAM  
I'd better be going.

MOTHER  
Naughty men to arrest?

SAM  
Exactly. Good bye, Mrs Williams.

MOTHER  
Good bye, Inspector Bolan.

Sam turns and reluctantly leaves his young Mother, starts to walk away.

MOTHER  
Inspector.

Sam turns at the sound of her voice.

MOTHER  
I'm going to buy him a treacle tart tomorrow, his favourite. For being such a brave boy with the mumps.

SAM  
And custard.

MOTHER  
And custard.

SAM  
With the skin on.

His Mother laughs, can't work him out.

MOTHER  
You'd be very welcome to drop in, if you're passing. He'd really like to meet a real police officer.

Sam is touched by this offer.

A subdued Sam is sat up at the bar talking to Xavier.

The rest of the CID Officers - Gene; Ray; Chris - are stood around the television as the horses parade before the Grand National.

Some uniformed officers keep a distance, including Annie and Barry. Annie keeps glancing over at Sam.

XAVIER  
Are those brackets gonna hold  
that telly, man?

SAM  
Of course they will. I worked in  
a DIY store in my Gap Year.

XAVIER  
Your what year?

SAM  
(Weary)  
The brackets will hold.

Over at the television Ray's horse is on screen.

RAY  
Come on Crisp, you bastard!

GENE  
Turn him into glue!

XAVIER  
How were the chillies?

SAM  
Good. Strong.

XAVIER  
Bit too strong I hear.

Xavier does an on-acid bombed face.

A bell rings in the private area behind the bar and Xavier goes to answer it.

A cheer goes up around the television and Sam turns to look at Gene, Ray and the others.

GENE  
(To Sam)  
Anything in the post yet?

SAM  
Not yet.

GENE  
Probably trying to blow it up so  
they can actually see something.

Some of the Officers laugh at Sam, who raises his glass mockingly to them.

Xavier reappears.

XAVIER  
Mr Williams. Someone out back to  
see you.

SAM  
(Suspicious)  
Who is it?

Xavier lifts the flap in the bar and Sam goes behind the  
bar.

GENE  
(Shouting)  
And they're off!

37

**INT - RAILWAY TAVERN/BACKSTAIRS - DAY**

37

Xavier shows Sam to an area of crisp boxes and pickled eggs  
and crates.

We can hear the grandstand commentary on the Grand National  
and shouts from Gene, Ray and the others.

Xavier flicks a switch and Joni is standing beneath a naked  
bulb. She looks good, healthy and well, dressed in a coat,  
a suitcase at her side.

Xavier leaves them to it.

SAM  
You deliver the photographs  
yourself? Very classy.

JONI  
There are no photographs and I've  
got the negatives. The guy  
developing them is a friend of  
mine.

SAM  
You expect me to believe that?

Joni hands Sam the negatives.

She takes a lighter from her pocket and sets fire to them.

SAM  
Even if it's true, why would you  
do this?

JONI  
I couldn't stop thinking about  
what you said. It is a beautiful  
life. Should be, anyway. You know  
you asked me why I started  
working for a man like that?

SAM

Money, I think you said.

Raised voices from inside the pub as horses fall.

JONI

My Mum and Dad used to have a successful cash and carry business until Warren decided he wanted it. And then he started saying Dad had fiddled the books and he was going to go to the police. And the police, as we know, are his friends.

SAM

You set me up. I don't believe a word you're saying.

JONI

Yes, you do.

Joni knows Sam wants to believe her, knows this is the real Joni in front of him now.

JONI

My Dad's dead. The doctor said cancer but I know it was stress. Then Warren turned on my Mum, said she'd have to go to prison instead.

Sam is very frustrated by this story.

SAM

Joni -

JONI

He said if I danced at his club and was nice to some of his friends...

Joni wavers, upset.

SAM

If you're throwing me another line -

Joni shakes her head and he believes her.

JONI

Setting you up was my last job. He said if I did that he'd let me go. But he never will, will he? He was lying to me and I was lying to myself.

SAM  
I'll nail him, Joni, but you have  
to give me the ammunition. Will  
you give evidence against him?

She shakes her head.

JONI  
I'm brave but I'm not stupid.  
Don't stand up to him, Sam, he'll  
have you.

SAM  
What will you do?

JONI  
Mum and me are going on a trip, a  
long way away from people like  
him.

SAM  
Where will you go?

JONI  
Dunno. I hear Mexico is nice.

Sam smiles at her. Admires her.

38      **INT - RAILWAY TAVERN - DAY**

38

Sam re-enters the bar just as Red Rum and Crisp fight their  
famous fight to the finishing line.

RAY  
Go, Crisp! Go you bastard!

GENE  
Red Rum! Come on!

Red Rum wins and Gene hollers with joy.

Ray rips his piece of paper up..

CHRIS  
(Pointed)  
Proud Percy fell at Beechers  
Brook, sir. They had to shoot  
him.

39      **INT - SAM'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

39

Sam is asleep on the sofa.

He wakes with a start. Someone is knocking at his door.  
Loudly.

The Test Card smiles out through the static.

Sam makes his way to the front door, more nervous than usual.

SAM  
Who is it?

GENE  
(Out Of Vision)  
It's me.

Sam unlocks the door to reveal a serious-looking Gene.

SAM  
I'm not cuffed to the bed, sorry  
to disappoint you.

GENE  
Get your coat.

SAM  
What time is it?

GENE  
Get your coat.

40

**EXT - CANAL STREET - NIGHT**

40

A dark, damp night, the street lamps shimmering in the dirty water of the canal.

Sam and Gene walk towards a gaggle of uniformed officers, a few out-late rubber-neckers held back by police tape.

Chris and Ray are there, talking to local people who might have heard something.

They look up as Gene and Sam arrive.

Gene nods at Chris who stoops and removes a blanket from the sodden corpse they have fished from the canal.

Sam looks down on the body of Joni Newton. Her throat has been cut, her eyes stare glassily up at him.

Sam feels physically sick, shocked to his core.

RAY  
(To Chris)  
He might as well have slit her  
throat himself.

Sam stands quietly up, almost as if he didn't hear Ray. Then he turns and speaks to him, his voice quiet:

SAM  
What did you say?

Ray looks around for support from Gene or Chris but isn't getting any.

SAM  
What did you say?

RAY  
(Nervous now)  
Nothing.

SAM  
Be a brave boy. Tell me what you said.

GENE  
Come on, Sam.

SAM  
(Insistent)  
If he's got something to say I want to hear it.

RAY  
If you don't play the game people get hurt. You didn't play the game, she paid the price.

A beat as Sam appears to take this in.

Then he is at Ray's throat, smashing his face against the under-curve of the bridge.

RAY  
Get him off! Get him off!

It takes all of Gene and Chris' strength to prise Sam away from Ray.

RAY  
Nutter!

41      **EXT - WASTELAND - DAY**

41

Gene has parked the Capri in the middle of some wasteland, a hangover from the Second World War.

The sun is trying to come up above the roof tops.

Gene and Sam lean against the car, watch the sunrise unfold.

Gene passes Sam a bottle of Scotch that has already taken a bit of stick.



GENE

I was a kid copper once, full of ideas about how I was gonna change the world.

Gene takes a big swig of Scotch.

GENE

One of my first big jobs was helping nail this pervert who'd killed a kid. We did a brilliant job, bundled him along to the court and the bastard gets off on a technicality.

SAM

Plus ce change.

GENE

What?

SAM

Go on.

GENE

So a few of us decided we'd teach him a lesson, give him a bit of a slap, make sure he didn't do it again.

SAM

What happened?

GENE

Slapped him too hard. We buried him in a field of carrots. Did our own Missing Persons search, never found him. Funny that.

SAM

How did that make you feel?

GENE

Like shit, really.

SAM

Was his name Bunny Taylor?

Gene looks at Sam, astonished that he knows this.

GENE

You know sometimes, you really freak me out. How the hell did you know that?

SAM

How does it make it you feel now?

GENE

He was a scumbag, the World was a better place without him.

(Grudging)

Like there's an animal eating away at my insides.

A beat.

SAM

Do you fancy doing something about it?

GENE

Thought you'd never ask.

42      **INT - SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY**

42

We are in the silent interior of a large industrial slaughterhouse.

Row after row of dead cows, all skinned and hanging from hooks.

In the corner of the slaughterhouse are the swing metal doors that lead to the industrial refrigerator.

43      **INT - SLAUGHTERHOUSE/FRIDGE - DAY**

43

The huge fridge is stacked with frozen cuts of meat.

Sam and Gene are wearing thick coats, hats and gloves.

Which is not the case for Edwards, who is shivering in his trousers and nylon shirt.

EDWARDS

You must need your bloody heads examining.

SAM

Who killed Joni Newton?

EDWARDS

Up your arse, copper, you'll be dead by the end of the day.

SAM

Was it you?

Edwards spits in Sam's face and Gene sends an iron fist hammering into Edwards's stomach, doubling the man up.

GENE

(To Sam)

Done with the questions?

SAM

I tried.

GENE

You did.

With that Gene turns to Edwards.

GENE

Take your clothes off.

EDWARDS

What's got into you, Burrows? I mean this little shit is a wanker but you've been well looked after, you know the score, you know what will happen.

GENE

Take 'em off or I'll take 'em off for you and I so, so do not want to do that.

(To Sam)

Bloody hell, it's chilly in here.

SAM

It can get much colder than this.

Sam turns the temperature dial down even further.

Edwards starts to unbutton his shirt, teeth chattering.

EDWARDS

He'll have you both for this.

GENE

My friend is going to ask you some questions. Personally, I hope you don't answer them because I want you to die in here and end up inside a black forest gateau.

SAM

Who murdered Joni Newton?

Edwards says nothing.

GENE

Trousers.

Edwards is getting frightened now, they're going further than he ever thought.

EDWARDS

Please -

GENE

Don't talk to me! TROUSERS.

Edwards's fingers are trembling so much with cold he can barely unbuckle his belt.

SAM

Who murdered Joni Newton?

Edwards's trousers drop around his ankles to reveal his white skin and purple Y-fronts.

GENE

Sod it, let's leave him in here.

SAM

(To Edwards)

Are you going to answer my question?

Edwards just shakes and shivers, his hands clutched around his chest for warmth.

Silence.

SAM

(To Gene)

You're right, let's go.

Sam and Gene make ready to leave.

EDWARDS

(Alarmed)

I can't tell you, he'll kill me!

GENE

At least it would have been a warm death.

Gene picks up Edwards's clothes and leaves the refrigerator, Sam right behind him.

Gene locks the fridge door and Sam and Gene stand with their backs against it.

A beat.

GENE

How did you know Red Rum was gonna win the National?

SAM

Just a hunch.

GENE  
(Suspicious)  
You didn't have inside  
information? A little bird in the  
racing fraternity?

SAM  
I wouldn't do a thing like that,  
would I?

GENE  
I didn't think you'd lock a  
murder suspect in a giant fridge.

SAM  
He didn't answer my question.

GENE  
I've a feeling he will.

Edwards's fist start to thump against the doors, frantic.

SAM  
How's that animal in your  
stomach?

Gene looks down at his belly. Considers.

GENE  
I do believe he's sleeping.

Gene and Sam turn and open the doors.

Edwards is there, shivering, frightened and miserable.

SAM  
Who killed Joni Newton?

Even now Edwards hesitates, his fear of Warren that great.

EDWARDS  
She was meant to be your honey  
trap. When she didn't come  
through Warren went ballistic.  
Slit her throat. I put her in the  
canal.

Sam knew all this really but hearing it sickens him. His  
head drops.

GENE  
(Firm)  
Job to finish, Sam.

44      **INT - CLUB/DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT**

44

The place is heaving with glittery punters as Sam and Gene make their stoney-faced way through the club.

Sam glances up at the cage where Joni once danced. Another girl has replaced her.

45      **INT - CLUB/BACKSTAGE/WARREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

45

Gene and Sam walk down the dark corridor towards Warren's office.

GENE

D'you like this music?

SAM

Yeah, I do. Don't you?

GENE

Just a bit of noise really, isn't it? My wife and I like Roger Whittaker. Know him?

SAM

Not intimately.

GENE

Keep it to yourself, though, we all have our guilty little secrets, don't we?

SAM

Indeed we do.

Gene gently tries the handle of the door. Locked.

With that Gene slams open the door of Warren's office to find him on his knees and sucking off a young Rent Boy.

Warren jumps to his feet, outraged and humiliated, fumbling with his own trousers.

The Rent Boy smells trouble and makes a bolt for it.

GENE

I'm not a Catholic myself, Mr Warren, but isn't there something about Thou Shalt Not Suck Off Rent Boys?

WARREN

How dare you come in here?

GENE

That's what you could have said to the boy!

SAM

Stephen Warren, I'm arresting you  
on suspicion of the murder of  
Joni Newton.

WARREN

You can't touch me, son, I own  
you.

SAM

You do not have to say anything  
but it may harm your defence if  
you do not mention when  
questioned something which you  
later rely on in court.

GENE

That's not how it goes.

WARREN

One phone call and I'll be out  
again. And your life, Mr Burrows,  
won't be worth living.

GENE

Come on, Wendy Warren, get your  
handbag and we'll be off.

Warren hates this, passes an imaginary knife across his  
throat.

GENE

(Genuine)

Which would you prefer? Out  
through the front, cuffed,  
humiliated in front of your  
punters? Or nice and quiet out  
the back?

WARREN

(Grudgingly)

Out the back.

GENE

That's what I thought.

46

**INT - CLUB/DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT**

46

Sam and Gene roughly lead the cuffed Warren through the  
dancers, which part like the Red Sea.

Some of Warren's Men move to help him but there is a  
steeliness in Sam and Gene's eyes that makes them step back  
again.

47

**INT - RAILWAY TAVERN - NIGHT**

47

Sam and Gene walk into the pub.

There are various CID Officers there - Ray; Chris - and assorted Uniforms at their own tables, including Annie and Barry.

They are noticed and the whole pub bursts into spontaneous applause, a few people even stand. But there's a serious undertow to it, no smiles - they know there will be repercussions.

Ray - his face still showing signs of his battering - manages a few half-hearted claps.

This time it is the applause of proud men and women, grateful that Sam and Gene have made a stand on their behalf.

Phyllis walks by with some drinks.

PHYLLIS  
(Quiet, to Sam)  
Thank you.

Gene is especially touched, puffs his chest out.

Sam looks over at Annie, wants to know how she's thinking. She raises her glass to him.

48

**INT - RAILWAY TAVERN - NIGHT**

48

Later.

Gene and Sam are at their own table at the fag-end of a long night in the pub, the place thick with smoke.

Xavier is cleaning up the dirty glasses.

GENE  
There is no way you can police a  
modern city without a bit of give  
and take.

SAM  
Checks and balances? It can't  
work like that. Every copper has  
to be whiter than white or the  
whole thing falls apart.

Xavier is saluting the image of the Queen on the television as the National Anthem plays.

GENE  
You're living in cloud cuckoo  
land, Sam .



SAM

Otherwise it spreads like a cancer. A free cut of meat from the butcher at Christmas. Waving the paperwork through for a man with a funny handshake. And one day you wake up and your entire body is riddled with cancer and you hadn't even noticed and then you're in real trouble.

Gene just looks at Sam.

GENE

Cheerful bastard to have a drink with, aren't you? We're celebrating!

SAM

What will happen to Edwards and Warren?

GENE

He'll end up floating in the same canal as the girl, Warren'll see to that. Warren will get the best lawyers money can buy, he'll oil the wheels of justice. But we'll still send him down for six months, he'll hate that.

SAM

(Disappointed)

Six months?

GENE

Don't knock it, never been done before.

(Serious)

You did well, Sam. Every officer will walk a bit taller tomorrow because of you.

Sam is touched by this tribute.

GENE.

(Shouting)

Xavier! I'm thirsty!

XAVIER

(Southern American  
Negro)

Yes, sir, Mr Burrows boss. Chop dem cotton.

A beat as they watch Xavier get them fresh drinks.

SAM

Do you really think Warren will  
stir the streets up?

Suddenly a window of the pub caves in as it is blasted with a shotgun from outside.

Gene and Sam instinctively throw themselves to the floor as the shot peppers the astonished Xavier's bar, shattering a jar of pickled eggs and winging the cardboard bikini girl with the salted peanuts.

The screech of tyres outside as a vehicle accelerates away.

Sam and Gene lie on the dirty floor of the pub, covered in shards of glass.

GENE

I think he might, yeah.

Sam and Gene laugh, enjoying each other's company.

49      **EXT - MOTHER'S STREET - DAY**

49

Sam walks up to the front door of his Mother's house. He's well-dressed and groomed, has a bunch of flowers in one hand, a wrapped present in the other.

He knocks but nobody answers.

The door gently swings open.

50      **INT - MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY**

50

Sam wanders through the hastily-deserted house.

There are scattered papers, pieces of Leggo.

He looks up at the ceiling.

Plucking up courage, Sam walks slowly up the oddly-familiar stairs.

He knows which was his bedroom, goes straight to it.

It's empty save for a bed and a mattress, some scattered comics.

A very strange, moving moment for Sam.

He squats down to inspect a photograph.

It's the picture from episode one, of young Sam in an oversized policeman's helmet.

Sam, deeply moved, holds the photograph as if it were a Da Vinci.

51      **INT - SAM'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY**

51

Sam lies on his sofa, looking up at the ceiling, deep in thought.

The photograph is propped up on the mantelpiece.

His eyelids are heavy.

He starts to sleep.

52      **INT - RAILWAY TAVERN - DAY**

52

The pub is deserted this early in the morning, just the traffic rumbling outside.

A long beat.

The weight of the television splinters Sam's feeble DIY shelves and as it crashes to the floor it switches itself on:

First we see the young Roger Whittaker with his guitar: "No you won't believe in if any more, if's an illusion, if's an illusion..."

Then the screen switches to Basil Brush who looks right out at us:

BASIL BRUSH  
Sleep well, darling. Mum's here.  
Mum will always be here. One day  
you'll wake up and I'll still be  
here. I love you.

The dot of the television disappears into oblivion.

**THE END**