

(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

EXT - MANCHESTER STREET - DAY

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?

INT - SAM'S FLAT/BEDROOM - DAY

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.

EXT - MANCHESTER STREET - DAY

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 up 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 two 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
enquiries.

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, Phylliss, 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.

Phylliss 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 sees 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!

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.

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