

# Studio Hamburg UK

## ‘LICENCE TO CLEAN’ (W/T)

Pilot Episode:  
‘NOT ON MY SOFA’

Written by  
**GREG DAVIES**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

(20.02.2020)

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NOT ON MY SOFA

[SHOOTING SCRIPT]  
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Written by  
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Based on *Der Tatortreiniger* by Mizzi Meyer.

Studio Hamburg UK  
5 Market Place, 4th Floor  
London W1W 8AE, UK

T: +44 20 7183 5628

1 EXT. A GRAND HOUSE.

1

A police car sits outside a fairly grand house in a well-to-do suburb. POLICEMAN TONY is packing away scene of crime paraphernalia in to the boot. RUTH, a Sergeant sits at the wheel with the window open.

\*  
\*

RUTH

Here he comes, Mr Mop.

WICKY

I don't use a mop as well you know.  
What am I dealing with?

RUTH

The most boring bloodbath I've ever seen. Posh old lady disturbs burglar, he falls down the stairs and dies. Case closed. Didn't stretch the DC's expertise.

WICKY

Poor old girl though.

POLICEMAN TONY hears and leans from behind the car.

\*

POLICEMAN TONY

I wouldn't shed too many tears for her, she's a pain the arse.

\*

RUTH snaps at him like he's a naughty child.

RUTH

Tony! What have I told you?

POLICEMAN TONY

Sorry, fortunately the victim is a robust character.

\*

RUTH

Better!

He goes back to the boot.

RUTH (CONT'D)

He's right, she's a pain in the arse. Get her precious floorboards clean and I'll aim to bring you something more juicy next time.

WICKY

Just no blood on curtains. You've got a compulsion to kill, fine do it in the bath!

She smiles.

RUTH

How come you weren't at Villa on Saturday?

WICKY

Someone was sick in my shoes.

RUTH

Weasel?

WICKY

Of course Weasel.

RUTH

Why do you keep hanging out with him?

WICKY

We don't hang out! I've been telling him to stop following me since primary school. Took me an hour to get it out.

RUTH

Poor Mr Mop, always cleaning.

A hint of flirtation between the two.

WICKY

I don't use a mop though do I Ruth?

RUTH

Sergeant Edwards if you don't mind.

She smiles, the PC gets in the car and they drive away.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. FRONT DOOR.

2

WICKY approaches the front door which has an intercom. He buzzes it. After a long beat a well spoken old lady answers.

VIVIEN

Hello?

WICKY

Hello, It's Wicky from Lausen.

VIVIEN

Who?

WICKY

Lausen cleaning. The police recommended us?

VIVIEN

You are not the charming elderly gentleman I spoke to.

WICKY

That's the boss, he sent me but I can assure you when it comes to charm I...

She cuts him off.

VIVIEN

And you are?

WICKY

Wicky.

VIVIEN

And that's on your birth certificate is it?

WICKY

Oh, no it's Wickstead, Paul Wickstead. Wicky for short.

VIVIEN

I.D Please.

WICKY holds up an I.D.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I need to see it next to your face.

WICKY holds it up next to his face.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Step back! It's not a wide angle lens man.

WICKY rolls his eyes and steps back whilst muttering.

WICKY

Jesus, sorry Nanna.

VIVIEN

Did you just call me Nanna?

WICKY

No.

VIVIEN

You did, you called me Nanna.  
Perhaps you'd like to meet Saltren!

We suddenly hear a manic barking dog.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Kill him Saltren, bite to kill!

WICKY panics. We hear the sound of a door been unlocked.

WICKY

Wait! There's no need to set a  
bloody dog on me!

The door opens and the barking immediately stops. A well dressed old lady pops her head out. WICKY stares at her confused. She eyes him up and down.

VIVIEN

I don't have a dog.

WICKY

You don't?

She reveals a remote control which she presses. A barking dog sounds and she immediately silences it. She raises her eyebrows at WICKY.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Ok. Sorry about the Nanna thing,  
I...

VIVIEN

ID please.

He holds it up, she looks from his face to it and seems satisfied.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Boots off please.

WICKY

Oh. I've got covers for them.

He holds some up, VIVIEN raises her eyebrows sarcastically.

VIVIEN

Ah, professionalism at last!

\*

She ducks back in to the house, the inference being he should follow her. He breathes in and enters.

CUT TO:

3

INT. FRONT PORCH.

3

As WICKY puts his covers on she stands and watches. He stands up and goes to enter, she stops him.

VIVIEN

That vase. How much do you think it is worth?

She indicates a large floor vase.

WICKY

Um. Two hundred quid?

VIVIEN

It was valued at auction at twenty thousand pounds.

WICKY

Jesus Christ! What's it doing in the hall?

VIVIEN

Exactly. This is not a house where you may flail your arms around. In here your movement must be poised, thoughtful. You must be a heron. What must you be?

WICKY

I must be a heron?

She looks up at him.

VIVIEN

A lanky heron at that. Enter.

CUT TO:

4

INT. DRAWING ROOM.

4

They are in the "drawing room". A large, elegant room. A staircase, that goes up. An antique sofa dominates the room. It is set below a high window. Clearly the point of entry. It has been repaired crudely after a break-in. There is blood at the foot of the staircase; there are remnants left by the police, disposed gloves, parts of duct tape etc.. A cat has walked through the blood and left a blood trail everywhere. The sofa is ripped apart brutally.

WICKY

Wow, pretty messy.

She corrects his casual tone.

VIVIEN

Devastating, absolutely  
devastating. (Beat) The footprints  
are from my cat. She has been  
disciplined.

WICKY looks around, the place has been turned over.

WICKY

None on the curtains though,  
result.

He scans some more. He speaks in to a dictaphone, clearly a  
record for his boss.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Blood primarily gathered at floor  
level, original oak boards, not  
ideal but less porous than some.  
With a hydrogen peroxide base  
anticipate full restoration. (Beat)  
Okay, this is a category six.

VIVIEN

A category six?

WICKY

Surface level staining. You got off  
lightly, yesterday's was a lump  
hammer attack in a headmasters'  
study, I practically had to torch  
the gaff.

VIVIEN looks confused.

WICKY (CONT'D)

By the time I've finished you wont  
remember that right here someone  
was butchered.

\*  
\*  
\*

He looks proud. VIVIEN bursts in to tears suddenly and  
unexpectedly. WICKY responds kindly to the first sign of her  
vulnerability.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Oh I'm sorry, it must have been  
terrible for you.

He goes to place a hand on her arm but she moves away.



VIVIEN

It's a miracle I survived. At first I thought the noise that woke me must be the cat, God knows she's a heavy footed madam when she's tired but when I came to check....there he was. He must have thought I was out because he looked shocked and that's when he took out a knife, this big.

WICKY

Yikes!

VIVIEN

I glanced down to check my dressing gown was appropriately tied and that's when he came for me. I thought: 'This is it, it is over. You've beaten cancer twice and this is how it ends!'

WICKY

Did he lunge?

VIVIEN

He lunged.

WICKY

They always lunge!

VIVIEN

He pushed me in to that chair with such a force, I still feel like I've been skiing. Then he demanded to know where the Jewel safe was and I was NOT going to reveal that!

WICKY

Always reveal the safe! As the boss says 'A necklace compliments a ladies outfit, unless her head's been chopped off.'

VIVIEN

Which is exactly why I feigned passing out.

WICKY

Clever.

VIVIEN likes his approval.

VIVIEN

Thank you. I continued to monitor him through one eye.

WICKY

A half peep? Sounds like you played a blinder. Well, a peeper. I mean...doesn't matter (beat) Peepy blinders, go on.

VIVIEN

I stealthily observed him lowering swag through that window and he...he...I can barely bring myself to say it...it was monstrous...awful...

WICKY

Oh god...what?

VIVIEN

He stood on the sofa!

WICKY is underwhelmed by the reveal.

WICKY

Oh!

She ignores him and continues.

VIVIEN

I leaped to my feet! 'You!' I said, 'you may break in to my home and rob my possessions but you will not stand on that sofa in dirty shoes!'

She freezes in dramatic remembrance of the incident. WICKY'S sarcasm is joyously delivered. \*

WICKY

He must have put his knife down and died of embarrassment!

VIVIEN

Quite the reverse. A smirk crept across his dastardly lips. "This is what I think about your chair you crumpled hag" he said and with one swift awful movement...he did it.

WICKY struggles to understand and then sees the large rip in the sofa.

WICKY

What? The rip?

VIVIEN

He tore it open as a lion  
disembowels a helpless deer!

WICKY

Dear dear.

WICKY is confused.

VIVIEN

Well as my Grandson would say I  
lost my shiz.

WICKY

You kicked him in the throat.

VIVIEN

I threw a cushion at him.

WICKY

Also good. Was it a heavy cushion?

VIVIEN runs to the stairs, reenacting the drama. WICKY walks  
up with her, the two in a ballet of reenactment.

VIVIEN

He gave chase following me to the  
top of the stairs but I have  
maintained senior pilates and am  
stronger than he had bargained  
for...we grappled but he lost his  
footing...

We see some ornamental golf clubs that have been disturbed,  
two hanging loose and a shield half attached.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

He grabbed at the shields, clubs,  
anything on the wall, no respect  
for any one of them! And the dye  
was cast. I watched him tumble as  
if in a dream; his fall broken  
(dramatic beat) by his own head!

WICKY follows the imagining to the bottom of the stairs.

WICKY

Sheesh!

VIVIEN is slowly following him down the stairs.

VIVIEN

The sound his neck made on impact  
will haunt me for life. It was  
like...it was like...

She pauses, searching.

WICKY

Someone biting a crunchie?

Straight in.

VIVIEN

A mighty oak finally succumbing to  
the woodman's axe.

WICKY

Yeah that's way better.

VIVIEN

I ran down to find him gasping in  
lung fulls of air.

WICKY

He wasn't dead?

\*

VIVIEN

I quickly arranged him into the  
recovery position.

WICKY

Ooh. Someone was a brownie...

VIVIEN (QUICKLY IN)

I was a surgeon in the RAF.

\*

WICKY

Yep.

He motions for her to continue.

VIVIEN

I made him comfortable but alas,  
with a sickening gurgle, he was  
gone.

She looks wistfully in to the distance.

WICKY

Well. It's pretty cool that you  
even tried to help him.

VIVIEN enjoys this summary and turns to face him.

VIVIEN

I have lived long enough to know  
the right thing to do young man.  
Next birthday I shall be 87 years  
of age.

WICKY

Right.

VIVIEN is disappointed by his response and he picks up on  
this.

\*

WICKY (CONT'D)

You do NOT look 87.

She is pleased. Almost flirtatious in her response.

VIVIEN

That silver tongue will serve you  
well.

They both smile, there is mutual respect.

WICKY

Well I'd better get on.

She looks at him intrigued suddenly.

VIVIEN (BRIGHTLY)

I have a mind you would enjoy a pot  
of tea?

WICKY

I should do some work to earn it  
first. I'll get that taken away for  
a start.

He points at the sofa. VIVIEN immediately distressed.

VIVIEN

What do you mean 'taken away?!'

WICKY

Oh, did you wanna have it re-  
covered?

She is almost in tears, traumatised at the thought.

VIVIEN

What?! Do you enjoy being an  
ignorant pig?

WICKY

Bit strong, what's so special about  
a sofa?

[TIME JUMP]

\*

VIVIEN'S eyes dry up and she looks incredulous. Disgust fills  
her face.

VIVIEN

You are familiar with Blenheim  
Palace?

WICKY

Naturally. (Beat) I am not.

VIVIEN

The bulldog himself sat there!

WICKY senses a rage building in her.

WICKY

You're not talking about an actual  
dog are you?

She is thunderous.

VIVIEN

Winston Churchill!

WICKY

Really? It doesn't look like it  
could take his weight.

WICKY smiles, she is incredulous.

VIVIEN

How dare you mock the great man?!

WICKY

I think Winston would admit he  
wasn't shy at the buffet. Did you  
meet him?

VIVIEN

Fleeting as a small girl. My name  
is Vivien Hozier. I am a niece  
three times removed.

WICKY

Great pub fact. My Gran could get  
her whole hand in her mouth.

She rattles off the next section as she clearly has many times.

VIVIEN

It has a rich history. Balfour  
smoked on this very sofa,  
Chamberlin sipped tea from the  
colonies on it long before Winston  
faced that twisted Austrian!

WICKY

Who?

VIVIEN

Hitler!

WICKY

Hitler sat on it!? Cool!

VIVIEN is furious.

VIVIEN

No he did not! For God's sake it is  
a symbol of everything that  
defeated him! When we heard my  
father had fallen at Normandy...  
(overcome with emotion she shouts)  
I have mourned on this sofa!

She sobs profoundly.

WICKY

I won't get it taken away!

VIVIEN wails. She wails in tears and flops dramatically on to  
the undamaged part of the sofa. A silence between the two.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. My Dad always said I've  
got a smart mouth that isn't  
connected to a brain. He made up a  
song about it actually. He was an  
appalling role model.

VIVIEN smiles, a weary kindness has returned.

VIVIEN

You're a simple working man I  
understand that.

He is relieved she is calm.

WICKY

Yes.

VIVIEN

You just want to do your work and get home.

He smiles warmly.

WICKY

I promise to do a good job.

She's in a groove now.

VIVIEN

You probably can't read and write...

His face drops.

WICKY

Hang on a minute...

She's on a roll.

VIVIEN

Try and see this as a piece of history and not somewhere to break wind and watch television. You have a television?

WICKY is offended but decides not to respond.

WICKY

I'd better get on.

VIVIEN

I shall warm the tea pot. How many sugars?

WICKY

I don't take sugar.

VIVIEN raises her eyebrows in surprise. They all have lots of sugars don't they?

VIVIEN

Oh!

CUT TO:

5

INT. DRAWING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER.

5

VIVIEN sits in a wing chair drinking tea from a porcelain cup.



She is watching WICKY who is hard at work on the stairs scrubbing blood from the floor. He awkwardly catches her fascinated eye. WICKY has a cup of tea too.

\*

VIVIEN

I must say I am impressed. You work with 'devoument.'

WICKY

Nah, its acetone mainly.

He smirks to signal he's not being serious.

VIVIEN

Ah another little joke! Your job makes you happy, I like that.

WICKY

Well...it's just a job. He really did bleed this bloke.

WICKY looks like he's half considering this to be unusual, VIVIEN ignores the comment and presses on.

VIVIEN (WITH A PATRONISING IMPRESSION)

And would one train to be a...

He is defensive.

WICKY

A crime scene cleaner and of course I trained!

\*

VIVIEN

Of course, you're a cut above the woman who does the house, she can barely dress herself. You like your little role don't you?

He decides to engage. He walks down the stairs and joins her for tea.

WICKY

Well I wouldn't do it if I didn't have to but...I guess you get to see how people live. (Beat) I say live, they're usually horribly dead but...I dunno, you get a taste of another life. (A beat) and...ahh It's daft..,

\*

He falters.

VIVIEN

Go on...

WICKY is earnest.

WICKY

If someone's died in their own home...I like putting things right for them.

VIVIEN

Putting things right? How noble.

WICKY

Better for the place to be left as it was in the happy times (beat) before their brains got splattered on the carpets...

VIVIEN looks lightly horrified.

VIVIEN

For God's sake man!

WICKY

Sorry. (Beat) Be thankful this one was fresh. If they've been left it can be rank...

VIVIEN

Rank?

WICKY gets animated.

WICKY

You don't want to know! Insects, bacteria, gross. I sometimes have to use an industrial steamer to get them in a bag. One last week that was so decayed it looked someone had chucked jelly and hair at a skeleton.

VIVIEN

Please!

He sees VIVIEN'S face of horror.

\*

WICKY

Don't worry. That only happens when I do overtime for the councils..you know, old people that have...

He stops himself but it is too late.

VIVIEN

Died a solitary death?

WICKY tries to paper over the awkwardness.

WICKY

I'm sure you'll live for many years  
to come and...

She is unemotional and clipped.

VIVIEN

I shall die at 93 like all Hozier  
women. Leave me your card, I should  
like you to 'put things right' for  
me. I shall pay in advance. Do you  
think you'll still be cleaning in  
five years?

They both know he will. His eye wanders up to a lampshade  
above the floor area he is cleaning.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

You can leave that. It's an old  
stain. I've tried to get it out for  
a decade.

WICKY seizes the chance to change the tone. He springs in to  
action.

WICKY

Is that right...

He reaches in to his cleaning pack for a new bottle of spray,  
considers it and puts it back and takes an alternative. Yes,  
this is the one. He expertly squirts it and rubs with a small  
specialist cloth. VIVIEN leans in to see more. He inspects  
the work and then slowly and triumphantly spins it round.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Et Voila. Looks like the training  
paid off eh?

VIVIEN

A miracle. Can I borrow that? I  
have a job it could make light work  
of.

She picks up the fluid he used, he takes it straight off her.

WICKY

I'll have to do it for you, sorry;  
this stuff is serious, you need a  
permit. I once saw it dissolve an  
entire mouse.

She stands up.

VIVIEN

You're rather good at what you do.

They smile and VIVIEN goes to leave.

WICKY

You sound surprised.

VIVIEN

I am, believe me, I am.

They smile warmly at each other. WICKY put his cup of tea on a nearby table. \*

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Not on there, it's Queen Anne for  
God's sake!

He takes it straight off.

WICKY

Sorry.

She leaves. A frown, something isn't right.

CUT TO:

6

INT. STAIRCASE.

6

Another hour has passed. WICKY is still standing on the stairs. He looks from floor to stairs, to wall and back. A frown creeps across his forehead. It couldn't have got this far, just from a neck break.

WICKY

Ms Hozier? (Beat) Miss Hozier?

He looks to find her...she's nowhere to be seen. He walks into another room in the house.

CUT TO:

7

INT. A WASH/ UTILITY ROOM.

7

A tap is running in the sink but no-one is in there. WICKY frowns and turns the tap off. He sighs and then something catches his eye through the window.

WICKY

Oh shut up!

In the car park behind the house we see a 1970's Aston Martin DBS. VIVIEN walks in, she is holding cleaning spray and a rag. She is shocked to see him.

VIVIEN

Oh God! Do you want my heart to explode?

WICKY

Tell me that's not yours?

VIVIEN

This house has been in my family for generations. It's all mine!

WICKY

You've got an Aston Martin?!

She seems relieved.

VIVIEN

Oh that old thing!

WICKY

It's a Velante! It's one of the most beautiful cars ever made! What year is it, 79?

VIVIEN

80 I think.

WICKY

325 bhp...Have you any idea how much that is worth?! (Beat) At least five vases! I sometimes imagine I'm cleaning up for the mob you know and that...that is the getaway car. Bout the only way I'd afford one.

VIVIEN

Crime doesn't pay, I thought we'd established that.

The doorbell goes.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Ah. That will be Sir James!

WICKY

Hey, what was it you wanted me to clean for you?

She's gone. We stay on WICKY and wonder what he is thinking.

CUT TO:

8

INT. DRAWING ROOM.

8

SIR JAMES, an ex-military man also in his 80's is standing and looking at the sofa. He is puce with incredulity. VIVIEN stands next to him. In the background we see WICKY return to cleaning blood on the staircase.

SIR JAMES

Where is the bastard now? I shall flog him myself.

VIVIEN

He died in the struggle. Fell down the stairs.

She indicates the stairs where WICKY is cleaning.

SIR JAMES

Good! I've a mind to go to the morgue and flog him anyway.

VIVIEN

Who would do this, to an artifact Sir James!?

SIR JAMES

They don't know right from wrong. Morals of a howler monkey. I'm amazed he didn't do toilet on it afterwards!

In the background WICKY rolls his eyes.

SIR JAMES (CONT'D)

Have the police secured the area?

VIVIEN

They sent a man. He's nailed the window down for now.

He goes over and looks at the window, it's a temporary fix with planks.

SIR JAMES

Total bodge job!

WICKY

Temporary measure. It's perfectly secure.

\*

SIR JAMES

They're not trained to do anything, that's the problem! I remember a time when a bobby was an ex-military man, disciplined. These days they are just children in long hats.

\*

\*

\*

WICKY

I know the police lady in charge actually and she's very good.

\*

\*

SIR JAMES

Who the hell are you?!

VIVIEN

Oh this is Wicky, he's here to clean up the mess!

SIR JAMES

Ha! A male cleaner The world's gone mad. Women in pubs drinking pints, two boys taking over Penny's flower shop. Within our life times we'll be swapping clothes and all making love to robots. They're working on that you know?

\*

VIVIEN and WICKY both look confused.

VIVIEN

Apparently he's trained. He has special fluid...

\*

SIR JAMES

That staircase doesn't need chemicals, it needs tallow!

WICKY

What's tallow?

SIR JAMES

I knew it!

VIVIEN

I have some tallow!

She leaves the room. SIR JAMES monologues.

SIR JAMES

I predicted this when I played golf with the chief inspector last week, there's social housing a moped ride from here, all on benefits!

WICKY

Imagine.

VIVIEN reappears. She has a large white block of fat in her hand.

SIR JAMES

They only leave the house to rob. Rest of their time spent on video games, it won't be long until they evolve giant thumbs. What then? Hopefully they'll starve to death because they can no longer open their precious bags of crisps!

VIVIEN

Tallow!

SIR JAMES takes it and throws it to WICKY on the stairs.

SIR JAMES

Excellent, get that applied to the steps.

WICKY

What is it?

VIVIEN AND SIR JAMES

Mutton fat!

WICKY drops it down.

WICKY

I think rubbing mutton fat into a carpet might be insane.

SIR JAMES

There you have it. The traditional skills are lost forever! (To Vivien) Until we get the house secured the area needs patrolling. I've put a roster together with some of the Pony Club boys.

\*  
\*

WICKY

Gay boy band?

\*



SIR JAMES

Ever been chased by a mounted man?

WICKY (SARCASTIC)

Not for ages.

SIR JAMES

A protester I once pursued soiled himself back and front after merely hearing the thunder of hooves on turf. The environment was the least of his concern, I can tell you. We'll hunt them down (beat) like vermin.

\*

He smiles at VIVIEN. WICKY considers responding and then goes back to his cleaning. It's not worth it.

VIVIEN

You're so kind.

She leads him to the exit.

He huffs and kisses her and after one more eye of WICKY is gone. When VIVIEN returns WICKY is standing on the stairs with his back to her. He is looking at the blood spatter scratching his head.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Sir James is very well connected.

WICKY

He seems, lovely.

He turns round and looks at her.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I still can't believe the blood came this far. It just doesn't make sense from a neck break. Where were you standing?

VIVIEN

There in the middle of the stairs.

WICKY

So why weren't you covered in it?

VIVIEN

It must have missed me.

WICKY I

No...the spatter pattern means you  
would have been...(right in the  
way)

VIVIEN looks uncomfortable and WICKY senses this.

VIVIEN

I must get on.

They both stare at each other. The game is up. WICKY coldly  
fixes her with a stare and pointedly asks.

WICKY

Hang on. What was it you wanted  
cleaning?

\*

VIVIEN

What?

\*

WICKY

You wanted something cleaning in  
the other room?

\*

\*

\*

VIVIEN

Oh it wasn't important, (beat) a  
brass pig.

\*

\*

\*

WICKY is on to her.

WICKY

A brass pig? A brass pig my arse!  
Oh my god!

\*

\*

He quickly walks toward the back room, she attempts to head  
him off but he's too fast.

VIVIEN

Where are you going?!

CUT TO:

9

INT. THE UTILITY ROOM.

9

WICKY walks in and scans the room. We can hear VIVIEN  
approaching. Suddenly his eyes land on the thing he was  
looking for...By the time VIVIEN gets into the room, he is  
sitting against the sink inspecting the head of the club. She  
stops in her tracks.

WICKY

The blood really gets in to the  
grooves doesn't it?

(MORE)

WICKY (CONT'D)

Only a specialist fluid would get this out.

VIVIEN considers denying it but then sighs defeated.

VIVIEN

I'll make a pot of tea.

CUT TO:

10

INT. DRAWING ROOM.

10

WICKY and VIVIEN sit in two chairs. A pot of tea steams on an occasional table.

WICKY

So the fall didn't kill him?

VIVIEN

I thought it had at first, he really did land badly, the sound was like...

WICKY

Yes mighty oak/crunchie. So...

VIVIEN

I picked up one of the clubs he'd pulled down in the fall. I wanted to be armed incase he came for me...

\*

We see disturbed wall mounted golf clubs.

WICKY

After his broken neck had healed?

VIVIEN

I was going to call the police, I really was but then I saw it again...How could he?! All of that heritage destroyed...for what?!

WICKY

Not the damned chair again?!

VIVIEN

I barely remember picking up the club. It was a beautiful swing in the circumstances, I've been taking lessons. One clean stroke and it was done. (She mimes, WICKY is horrified)

\*

WICKY  
You killed him?!

VIVIEN  
Anyone would have done the same.

WICKY  
I wouldn't.

She stands up and takes the club from WICKY.

VIVIEN  
Well. What's done is done. I must  
get on...

She walks toward the bottom of the stairs. WICKY is solemn.

WICKY  
I can't let this go. I have to  
report it. You murdered someone!

VIVIEN pauses for thought and then turns, her face has  
changed. She looks at him coldly.

VIVIEN  
And who will believe the cleaner?

WICKY  
I knew you didn't respect the  
training!

VIVIEN  
I have plenty of people to vouch  
for my character. It's not  
inconceivable that you dreamed the  
whole thing up. An admired member  
of the community, blackmailed by an  
unskilled labourer...

WICKY  
Unskilled! I cleaned your lamp!

VIVIEN  
He was a common criminal, who'll  
miss him?!

WICKY loses it.

WICKY  
How do you know how desperate he  
was, maybe he had a sick child...

VIVIEN bellows.

\*

\*

\*

\*

VIVIEN

Oh put your violin away. An eye for an eye. It's in the bible!

WICKY loses his calm.

WICKY

Oh yeah 'thou shalt not steal or thou will get a smack on the back of the head with a golf club'...

VIVIEN stands with her back to him. She turns and is bright faced once more. It's as if the conversation hadn't happened.

VIVIEN

How much do you want?

WICKY

You're not listening!

VIVIEN

You could get an education, get a better job, really make something of your life...

WICKY

My job pays for everything I need and still have enough left over to give myself a hangover every weekend. Your money can't get you out of this.

WICKY looks shocked, VIVIEN knows she has over stepped the mark and changes tact.

VIVIEN

Well... I really don't have much use for that car.

WICKY

The Aston?!

VIVIEN

Yes, I only use it for popping to the shops.

WICKY

That's the worst thing you've said today! It's an Aston Martin!

VIVIEN

Exactly, such a waste...

She leans the golf club against the bannister and breezily collects the car keys from a side table.

WICKY

Forget it, I couldn't even afford to insure the damn thing.

VIVIEN

Oh I shall insure it for you. Let's call it my advance payment for when you 'make things right' for me.

WICKY looks at her, he is genuinely conflicted.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Now. I must get on, I have church later...

She starts to leave.

WICKY

Miss Hozier...

VIVIEN

Please Wicky. (Beat) Please.

\*

The two lock eyes. She pushes the car keys in to his hand and leaves the room.

HARD CUT TO:

11 INT. THE UTILITY ROOM.

11

WICKY cradles the keys in his hand and wistfully stares at the Aston Martin through the window, conflicted.

WICKY

God it's beautiful.

His phone rings and he answers.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Weasel, what do you want?

WEASEL

It was me.

WICKY

What?

WEASEL

I sicked in your shoes.

WICKY

I know.

WEASEL

Oh, right, it's just Jen said you might have thought it was fat Carl and at first I was happy because you'd be cross with him instead of me. Then I thought if you end up punching him I'll feel bad.

\*

WICKY

It's okay.

WEASEL

I'll clean them if you leave them in the pub.

WICKY

I've done it but thanks for taking responsibility...

\*

\*

WEASEL is instantly defensive.

\*

WEASEL (QUICKLY)

It wasn't my fault! I had a bad pint.

\*

He hangs up on him, looks at the car and sighs. Of course he can't take it. Even WEASEL has a conscience! Suddenly there is a cracking noise from the drawing room that causes WICKY to start. He puts his phone in his pocket and runs into the other room.

\*

\*

\*

12

INT. DRAWING ROOM.

12

The curtain is pulled down and the window open. SIR JAMES is lying on the floor, one trouser leg trapped in the window. WICKY kneels on the sofa and talks down to him.

WICKY

Jesus! What the hell...

SIR JAMES

What did I tell you! 24 hours they've had and I'm able to break in to the very same window!

WICKY

Is that a crow bar?

A wood splintered crow bar is in his hand.

SIR JAMES

Yes, an every day crow bar and I'm back in! You people are in league with the underworld, I'll have all your jobs!

WICKY

You're the one who's just broken the law.

SIR JAMES

We'll see what the chief inspector says about that! It's called civic duty.

WICKY

Get out!

SIR JAMES is sheepish.

SIR JAMES

I can't.

WICKY

What?

SIR JAMES

I have my trousers caught.

WICKY rolls his eyes. He climbs over the couch and starts to help freeing the mad old fool. WICKY frees his leg and crouches down. \*

SIR JAMES (CONT'D)

They're putting chemicals in the water you know, I've seen crows as big as labradors.... \*

WICKY

Go home you silly man.

SIR JAMES is chastened gets up and walks to the door.

SIR JAMES

Vivien Hozier is a good woman. Good stock. She doesn't deserve any of this.

WICKY breathes hard. What a day! He sees the curtain rail damage and climbs on the sofa to fix it. The camera moves round in front of him finds VIVIEN standing behind him. She has a golf club held over her head and a look of murderous intent. \*



VIVIEN  
GET. OFF. MY. SOFA! \*

WICKY turns around and see's her. \*

WICKY  
Wait! \*

Before he can say any more she brings the golf club down in a chopping motion (slo-mo Alex??) WICKY leaps in to the air avoiding the swing. The club falls on the sofa with such force that it shatters the back off. \*

VIVIEN  
No! No! \*

She paws over the sofa desperately trying to pull it back together. WICKY watches her incredulous. \*

VIVIEN (CONT'D)  
It's ruined, look what you've made me do, it's ruined! \*

WICKY  
Ms Hozier, (firmer) Miss Hozier! \*

WICKY goes over to her and gently pulls her hands away. She looks up at him tearfully, she is confused and tearful. \*

VIVIEN  
You don't understand. Why don't you understand? It's my history, my family! \*

WICKY raises his voice. \*

WICKY  
It isn't! They don't care about the stupid chair, they've gone! \*

The energy falls away from VIVIEN. She looks down at the sofa and up at the walls around it. There are pictures of relatives long gone from the past. He's right of course. WICKY is kind but firm. \*

WICKY (CONT'D)  
He didn't deserve what you did Vivien. \*

She looks away, when she looks back her demeanour changed. A muted formality has returned. \*

VIVIEN

Well (we must get on) I imagine you  
have a phone call to make.

WICKY

Yes. I'm sorry.

She's back to organising mode. WICKY walks away to the middle  
of the room phone in hand. Behind him we see VIVIEN pick up  
the golf club and walk up the stairs. WICKY is about to make  
the call when he sees her.

WICKY (CONT'D)

What are you doing with that?

VIVIEN stops and looks at him.

VIVIEN

I'm putting it back where it  
belongs of course. My barrister is  
a great admirer of my artefacts and  
I'd hate him to see things out of  
place.

WICKY

Your barrister?

VIVIEN

Yes, he's on his way. He doesn't  
think I'll have a problem; the  
circumstances, my reputation. He  
doubts it will even go to trial.  
(Beat) You have your way of  
cleaning up a mess and I have mine.

WICKY is dumbstruck. VIVIEN climbs the final steps to replace  
the club and he turns away. He is just about to call the  
police when the camera finds VIVIEN'S foot. Struggling to  
replace the club on it's mount she slips on the tallow and  
screaming she falls back. WICKY shouts.

WICKY

No!

VIVIEN lies in a pool of blood. The golf club is still in her  
hand. WICKY crouches and feels for a pulse. There is none.

WICKY (CONT'D)

It was just a sofa.

He gently opens her hand and puts the car keys into it. He  
takes his phone out.

13 EXT. A POLICE CAR.

13

Sergeant RUTH from earlier smiles as she see's who's calling.

RUTH

Well, well, well...Mr Mop. A call  
on my private phone this is an  
unexpected treat. (Her flirty tone  
quickly changes) What? What's up?  
No fine, we'll come now...

CUT TO:

14 INT. THE GRAND HOUSE.

14

WICKY hangs up and sighs deeply and runs his fingers through  
his hair. Something catches his eyes. It is the lamp he  
thought he'd cleaned before. The stain has returned.

WICKY

Damn it.

END.