

THE CLEANER S2

'TRANSACTIONS'

PINK SHOOTING SCRIPT
14/10/22

Written by

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Based on 'Der Tatortreiniger' by Mizzi Meyer

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Wicky's van parks up. Shot of his hand grabbing his bag out the back. Shot from behind as he ambles over to Ruth, who is just tying off the last of the police tape.

WICKY
(re pub)
A job in a pub? It's like you're
trying to destroy me.

Ruth turns with a weary smile. But is shocked by what she sees.

RUTH
Bloody hell! What's happened to
you?

Reveal Wicky's new look: No earring. Circular horn-rimmed glasses. Hair slicked to the side. Maybe no beard?

WICKY
(little self-conscious)
What do you mean?

RUTH
No, it's just...

Looks him up and down.

WICKY
I'm just trying something new.

RUTH
What, a full breakdown?

Wicky pats down his slicked hair. Hiding his vulnerability.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I'm winding you up.
(beat, then playful)
No, I think it's great what this
girl has managed to do.
(winking)
Changed in five weeks what others
couldn't in fifty years... You
really *must* like her.

Awkward silence. Flicker of guilt from Wicky.

Neither know what to say. So quickly try to fill the silence.

RUTH (CONT'D) (re his glasses) They even prescript-?	WICKY (bold yet unconvincing) Course they are.
--	--

They both can't help but smile.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I... coz we were going to
go out and... I just met...

RUTH
Eh, don't you worry about me, I'm
benefitting from this new woman...
There's loads more naan breads left
at curry night now you're not down
The Horse every Friday night.

WICKY
Yeah, well, she's not a 'down the
pub' kinda woman.

Ruth's response is loaded.

RUTH
Well, who in their right mind would
want one of them, Wicky?

Ruth and Wicky look at each other for a beat. What she has
said lands. He changes the subject.

WICKY
What happened here, then?

RUTH
Pretty gruesome, young bloke died
in a fight, started as a brawl then
a knife got pulled... Bar manager
is around though. I'll let him fill
you in on the...

CUDDLE (O.C.)
I'm not the bar manager, he was.

The booming voice makes them jump. Reveal Cuddle (big,
threatening, dead behind the eyes), stood right behind them.

WICKY
Jesus! Have you been there the
whole time?

CUDDLE
Yeah.

WICKY
You're better at sneaking than you
look. You don't look like a
sneaker. No offence.

Wicky turns to a smirking Ruth.

WICKY (CONT'D)
Wish me luck.

Ruth looks at him meaningfully.

(CONTINUED)

RUTH
Good luck Wicky.

Wicky frowns as he goes into the pub. What did she mean by that?

2 INT. PUB. FRONT OF BAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

2

CUDDLE
It was here.

Wicky is playfully sarcastic.

WICKY
No way?

CUDDLE

WICKY
(beat; he digests the
bluntness)
I'm very sorry for your loss. The
loss of your boss?

Cuddle just stands there staring. The awkwardness of the rhyme hangs in the air.

WICKY (CONT'D)
Well, I guess I'll...

CUDDLE
(pointing to blood)
Jacko.

WICKY
Oh, that was his (name).

CUDDLE
His real name was Michael. But everyone called him Jacko. Don't ask me why.

Cuddle remains looking at Wicky threateningly. Wicky half smiles and swallows. He decides to make conversation.

WICKY (CONT'D)
You know, it's funny. I'm trying to
lay off the booze and I thought it
would be hard being in a pub, but I
feel fine.

(CONTINUED)

CUDDLE
He was only 28. He bled to death.

WICKY
(genuine)
Oh, that's very sad.

Cuddle nods. They continue to stare at each other.

CUDDLE
Not sad for him, he's gone. Sad for
her.
(beat)
I need to work.

WICKY
Yep.

Cuddle walks behind the bar.

CUDDLE
I'll be back here.

WICKY
Ok.

CUDDLE
Setting up.

WICKY
For what?

CUDDLE
Match day.

Wicky looks at all the blood and guts around him.

WICKY
You're actually opening?? Well, I'm
going to need 6 hours.

CUDDLE
It's a business! We open in 5.

Wicky nods, clearly there will be no negotiation.

WICKY
I can try and do 5.

CUDDLE
We open in 5.

Wicky cleans up the mess, headphones on, spring in his step. Until he notices Cuddle staring at him as he cleans a PINT GLASS to perfection. It puts Wicky off a little -- he struggles to tweezers up an ear from the floor. Cuddle puts the glass down and heads into the cellar.

Wicky finally gets the ear, when suddenly his headphones pack in. He's irritated. He puts the ear down again and takes the headphones off.

Wicky remains impressed with his handiwork nonetheless, and then his eye is drawn to the juke box. Brilliant, he can still have music while he works. He puts change in it and selects a track.

A deeply inappropriate track plays - 'Bring your daughter to the slaughter' or something. Wicky sings along with it, picking the ear up again with the tweezers, waving it around in time to the music in a dramatic mime-along.

He doesn't see LISA (55-65, authoritative presence) enter, carrying a bag and using a walking stick. She greets Wicky disapprovingly.

LISA
Good Morning.

Wicky panics and tries to stop the record but he ends up smearing blood on the juke box -- a hilarious physical routine, until he finally pulls the plug out (he's still holding the ear).

WICKY
Morning!

LISA
Having a nice time?

Wicky suddenly remembers where he is.

WICKY
Oh... I was just having a... Lausen
Cleaners. I'm here to--

LISA
Have a good time instead of work,
it seems.

WICKY
It started playing by itself, the
place is haunted.
(points to the blood)
Not by that guy... too soon. He'll
not be a proper ghost yet...
Probably, what?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)
(long beat)
A Pirate? Sorry, who are you?

LISA
Lisa Smith. The one on the board
above the door.

Wicky all manners and best behaviour.

WICKY
Oh this is your... I just presumed
the big fella was the... (landlord)

LISA
Well, why would it be a lady that
ran the gaff? We're too delicate.

She smiles, coughs and lights a cigarette.

WICKY
Sorry, I'm Wicky. I'm here to...

Wicky offers his hand. Realises he's still holding the ear.

LISA
You're the cleaner. I gathered.

She stares at the ear. Wicky slowly puts it down as if it's invisible and no one has seen it. Cuddle arrives back behind the bar with more bottles of beer. Normally so dead behind the eyes, he lights up seeing Lisa. She's oblivious.

CUDDLE
I'm getting ready for the match,
Lisa.

LISA
Good Cuddle. Double bourbon please.

Wicky smiles.

WICKY
Cuddle?

LISA
Cuddle. You got a problem with
that?

WICKY
No, it's just a funny name for a
man who I've felt -- and I hope
this isn't too crass -- might at
the slightest provocation pull my
entire skeleton out through my
arsehole/ bumhole.

She chuckles.

LISA
You're very quick to judge, cleaner
man. You'll fit in well here. Want
a beer?

Wicky isn't sure if she's joking. She's not.

WICKY
I'm at work.

Cuddle delivers a large bourbon.

LISA
And I'm about to do my accounts.

She takes a sip. Wicky stares in disbelief. He's conflicted.

WICKY
No, I can't. I promised...

Lisa chuckles knowingly

LISA
The things we do for love, eh?

Lisa stares down at the pool of blood and memories of the
victim clearly flood back.

LISA (CONT'D)
Had to go and act like a big shot,
didn't he? Now I've lost my bar
manager.

Wicky has spotted something on the floor.

WICKY
Yes. And he lost...

He ducks out of shot and comes up with another ear in his
hand.

WICKY (CONT'D)
Weirdly, BOTH ears!

Wicky smiles but is soon brought back to earth.

LISA
And I also lost my lover.

Wicky spins into an instant blind panic, waving the ear
about.

WICKY
Your what? He was 28! (beat) Which
is a horribly young age to die.
And that's all. Not too young for
anything else! Great to kiss I bet.
But now he's dead.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)
And he lost both his ears. Lose one
ear, call me careless, lose two
maybe I don't want ears... God, I'm
sorry for your loss.

(into the severed ear)
Age is just a number. Ear.
(at what he's just done)
Oh my god.

LISA
Want that pint?

WICKY
Yes please.

He puts the ear in the finger bin. Lisa looks at him. Sizes him up. She then glances at Jacko's blood all over the floor.

LISA
Put him out of his misery, Cuddle.

Lisa sits at the bar. Grabs her ACCOUNTS BOOKS from her bag. Cuddle brings him a drink over. He slams it down and looks at Wicky threateningly. He then leaves.

LISA (CONT'D)
I knew you were a beer man, the
second I saw you. Go on, have a
slug, you're shaking like a
shitting dog?

WICKY
I'm trying to be a bit more
sophisticated. My girlfriend
prefers...

He takes a sip. It is clearly delicious to him. Lisa sips her whiskey going over the books. She speaks without looking up.

LISA
'Sophisticated' was the *first* thing
I thought of when I saw you dancing
around in Jacko's blood whilst
dressed as a tent. A fat tent at
that.

Lisa chuckles.

WICKY
I will take that, because you've
just lost your fella. Although, I
get the sense you're always this
mean. Probably to avoid being sad.

LISA
Oh I am sad. I just have a business
to run and grief is a luxury of the
rich.

WICKY
(impressed)
True. When my mate Weasel's mum died he didn't take a single day off work. Went straight back to re-moulding tyres.

(beat)
Turned out she was alive and he made the whole thing up for attention. But I think the principle still works.

Cuddle comes out of the back room.

CUDDLE
The IPA is empty and there's no barrels to change. I think I forgot to order them.

He is quite defensive, but sweet.

LISA
Just bring extra bottles up then!

She tuts and heads to check herself. Cuddle immediately goes back into the cellar. She looks back at Wicky who is taking a slug of his beer.

LISA (CONT'D)
Will we be cleaning at any point, cleaner man?

WICKY
Make your mind up!

She stops and scowls at him and he goes back to work.

INT. PUB. FRONT OF BAR - DAY - LATER

Wicky is cleaning. Lisa is doing accounts. But something's bugging him about the remnants of Jacko. He looks from the blood to Lisa, and then to Lisa's WALKING STICK.

Lisa catches him doing so.

LISA
I know what you're thinking. What did a 28 year old want with that old boot?

WICKY
(cleaning to avoid eye contact)
I was not thinking that! You can't be more than...
(a painfully long beat)
Fafftyyyy? Threetee? Threetee fave?

(CONTINUED)

LISA
Tell the truth. Lies stink a bar
out.

WICKY
Well, I guess I was half wondering.
Not that there's anything wrong
with it. Love is love. I mean, my
uncle's girlfriend...
(beat)
...actually that's a bad example,
he was arrested.

LISA
What do you think he wanted with
me, cleaner man?

Wicky cannot hold back the sarcasm.

WICKY
Relaxed chat? Someone to chill
with?

LISA
Kickbacks. Quid pro quo. Why else
would a man that age be with me?

WICKY
What?

LISA
Every relationship is a deal. The
sooner you realise that, the
better. Did you think this new girl
who's making you stop drinking is
into you for your looks, Robert
Redford? *

She chuckles. We see Cuddle listening intently trying to
learn something.

WICKY
Well I haven't got any money, so
that's your theory buggered!

LISA
Not all transactions are financial.

She chuckles at a perplexed Wicky. Then points up at a
bloodstained wall, football flags hanging sadly.

LISA (CONT'D)
Could you get Jacko's blood off the
wall? It might take the edge off
goal celebrations.

Lisa sits at the same table doing accounts with another whiskey. Wicky up a ladder, cleaning England-flag bunting. Cuddle is holding the ladder.

WICKY
You know, I really don't need you to hold it Cuddle, it's not that high.

Cuddle looks at Lisa, who nods that he can let go.

LISA
Just trying to avoid another tragedy. Cuddle, check the pork scratchings.

He slopes off. Wicky remains at the top of the ladder. Lisa lights another cigarette and stares wistfully out the window.

LISA (CONT'D)
I met him when I was visiting my dad in prison. He was doing a two year stretch and was in the cell next door. Shortly after, he appears on my doorstep. Says he just got out and wanted to tell me in person that my old man was dead.

WICKY
Oh, I'm sorry.

LISA
Don't be. He was an awful father but a brilliant fraudster. They called him The Raisin -- he'd dry you out completely.

WICKY
Wouldn't The Vampire or The Leech have been better then?

LISA
He also looked like a raisin.

Wicky is unsure he should push this but can't stop himself.

WICKY
Right. What percentage of the nickname was about his face?
(beat)
It doesn't matter, carry on.

Lisa gets his attention, holding up a photo of Jacko from her purse. Wicky leans over to see the photo.

(CONTINUED)

LISA
This is Jacko.

WICKY
Jesus, he was a proper hunk! My god!
(beat)
I mean, I fancy him a bit!

LISA
Exactly, hard to turn down, scam artist or not.

WICKY
Why do you think he was a scam artist?

LISA
Turning up to a pub owned by a terminally ill old woman...
Seducing her? Come on cleaner man!
Didn't bank on me lasting as long as I have.

WICKY
Oh, I didn't know you were...

She dismisses the potential illness chat with a wave.

LISA
Argh, we're all dying. I called him out. Told him I knew exactly what he was up to. He apologised. Six months later, we got together anyway. And then...

WICKY
You fell in love.

She snaps at him, angrily.

LISA
No I did not! Who said anything about love? Do you think I'm stupid? Because that'd be a big mistake.

Cuddle reappears from the cellar and walks towards Wicky. He grabs the ladder and starts to shake it.

CUDDLE
She's not stupid! Do you think she's stupid?

LISA
I can handle this Cuddle.

WICKY
I don't think anyone is stupid.
(to Cuddle)
I mean, you're a bit sneaky but no
one is stupid!

Cuddle walks back to the cellar. Wicky comes down the ladder.

LISA
It worked out well. I got a bit of
eye candy and someone to run the
bar for me and he knew he'd end up
with a business. Then the silly
bugger goes and snuffs it first.

Wicky puts the cloth he was using into a bucket, and picks it up. Lisa senses he wants to say something.

LISA (CONT'D)
What?

WICKY
I dunno. It all seems so... cold. I
mean, call me an old romantic,
but... look it's none of my
business. I better get on.

He takes the bucket outside to the pub garden to empty it and get clean water.

5A pt1 **EXT. PUB. BEER GARDEN / BACK ALLEY - DAY**

5A pt1

Wicky empties his bucket into the drain and heads inside....

5A pt2 **INT. PUB. FRONT OF BAR - DAY - SECONDS LATER**

5A pt2

...where Lisa immediately ambushes him.

LISA
I bet you think we didn't have sex!

WICKY
Jesus Christ, is this a sneakers
society!

LISA
The sex was amazing. We had lots of
it, too, if you're wondering!

WICKY
I don't think I've ever wondered
about anything less.

LISA
I think he was surprised. Old ill
woman with a displaced hip...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LISA (CONT'D)
'You go like a train Lisa', he
would say...

WICKY
I might chop my ears off.

LISA
Not pedestrian stuff either. He's
always say I could suck a golf ball
through a....

WICKY
Please stop talking.

LISA
He'd be at me for hours
sometimes... like a horny pony he
was...

WICKY
Help! Someone help me!

A sad looking Cuddle draws their eyes from the door. He has
clearly heard this exchange.

CUDDLE
Lisa, I was just wondering if you
wanted me to put the bottles in a
pattern on the bar again?

WICKY
I was expecting you that time.
You're losing it mate.

LISA
Thanks Cuddle, that would be nice.

He slopes off again.

WICKY
All I'm saying is, I think it's odd
you don't even consider love might
have been involved.

She smiles sardonically.

LISA
You in love are you, Wicky?

WICKY
(coy)
Well... I'd like to think -- I
mean, I don't know exactly how *she*
feels... but I aspire to be.

LISA
Love is just another transaction.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY
Well, there's give and take...

LISA
And everyone tries to take more
than they give.

WICKY
Yeah but...
(romantic in him)
Haven't you ever just loved
someone... for love?

A moment of vulnerability from Lisa. She goes somewhere.

LISA
There was a special lady.

Wicky is immediately a giggling teenager.

WICKY
Lady? Hello.

Lisa rolls her eyes.

LISA
Grow up.

WICKY
Sorry. At least you admit you've
been in love.

LISA
I thought I was but she proved it's
all a lie. Money never disappointed
me the way she did.

Wicky hears her on that. A vulnerable moment for him too.

LISA (CONT'D)
Everything is easier when love
isn't involved. Sex included.

They stare at each other. A long beat.

WICKY
I don't want us to have sex.

LISA
I wasn't offering.

A beat. Wicky holds his hand in the air and clicks his fingers. The camera moves to find Cuddle in the door again.

WICKY
Right on cue.

(CONTINUED)

CUDDLE (O.C.)
Lisa.

LISA
What is it?

Cuddle looks at Wicky. For ages. Until Wicky gets the hint.

WICKY
Oh! I have to get some special
fluid stuff from the van.

Wicky heads out....

5A pt3 EXT. CAR PARK OUTSIDE THE PUB - DAY - CONTINUOUS 5A pt3 *

...Wicky grabs some stuff from his van, heads back inside... *

5A pt4 INT. PUB. FRONT OF BAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS 5A pt4 *

...and as Wicky's about to reenter the room he overhears
Cuddle speaking. Cuddle and Lisa are clearly having a bit of
a private moment. Wicky decides not to interrupt. But he also
can't resist listening in, hidden in the doorway: *

CUDDLE
I just wanted to say... Well, that
Jacko really did like you. He
wanted to book a trip to the
Bahamas -- it was going to be a
surprise. He showed me this
brochure.

He puts it down. On Lisa, surprised.

CUDDLE (CONT'D)
Take you on the honeymoon you never
got to have, he said... the one you
deserved.
(sad)
I just thought you should know.

Wicky reacts.

CUDDLE (CONT'D)
He thought you were... really
great.
(beat)
And I just wanted to say...

Cuddle looks longingly at Lisa. We realise in this moment
that Cuddle loves Lisa.

(CONTINUED)

CUDDLE (CONT'D)
(falters last minute)
...all the glasses are nearly
cleaned. And there's plenty of
bottles of IPA.

LISA
Thank you Cuddle. Thank you.

Wicky realises he should move on and slips away. Cuddle, disappointed in himself, heads in. Lisa sits lost in thought, drains the remaining whisky.

Wicky reaches up as he cleans blood spatters off a FRAMED PICTURE of Lisa's dad.

WICKY
(to self)
Fair play, they weren't lying, were they, Raisin face?

Lisa re-enters with a coffin brochure. She holds it up to Wicky before sitting back down in her booth.

LISA
Five hundred quid for a simple wooden coffin but £6,450 for a
(tuts)
"satin lined mahogany casket"? Who do they think they're kidding? A coffin's nothing more than a people bin.

WICKY
I guess people like the idea of a nice send off.

Lisa raises her eyebrow at him.

WICKY (CONT'D)
Go mid-range, chipboard and veneer but give him a bit of velvet.

Lisa half-smiles, Wicky has read the room well. His phone goes and when he sees who's calling, he answers.

WICKY (CONT'D)
(boyish excitement)
The most beautiful woman in the world! What's she doing on the phone to me?

Lisa glances over, embarrassed for him.

WICKY (CONT'D)
(to phone)
Yes! I'm looking forward to... Oh. Oh I see. No, no that's fine. If it can't be avoided that's fine. Okay, well, I'll call you on --
(she clearly interrupts him)
You'll call me. Yeah. Okay, well, great! Okay -- (bye).

She's already hung up. Wicky hangs up, a little upset. He smoothes down his slicked hair, vulnerable.

(CONTINUED)

Sad, he picks up his cleaning equipment and walks over to the blood covered POOL TABLE opposite the bar. Plonks his equipment on it. Starts mindlessly flinging the POOL BALLS into pockets -- thoughts elsewhere.

Lisa watching him, grins broadly. Mischief on her lips.

LISA
Problems?

WICKY
Noo, no. Just. She's just busy.
Again.

Lisa winks at Cuddle who's putting the finishing touches to his bottle display. He grins back just thrilled that she's bringing him in.

LISA
Oh dear. The power of blossoming
love not quite enough eh?

She chuckles.

WICKY
She's just remembered another thing
she had on.

LISA
Yeah, I'll bet.

WICKY
What do you mean by that?

LISA
She's remembered a thing she's got
on with a bigger bank balance! I
wonder what the 'thing's' name is.
I wonder what car the thing drives.

WICKY
My god, it must be exhausting being
you.

Lisa chuckles.

LISA
Maybe cleaning won't ever pay
enough for her tastes!

WICKY
Oh piss off.

Wicky tosses a balled-up cleaning cloth in the direction of the bar. It clips one bottle, which causes a giant chain reaction around the bar. All of the bottles and glasses that Cuddle has been stacking neatly for the match come crashing down in a spectacular domino effect.

(CONTINUED)

In the beat of silence after it, Wicky hears a blood-curdling scream. Cuddle has leapt on the bar and is diving in Wicky's direction.

WICKY (CONT'D)
Cuddle!!!

7 INT. PUB. POOL TABLE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

7

Wicky's face squashed against the floor. Cuddle has him pinned there, down by the pool table.

CUDDLE
Now, what are they gonna drink?

WICKY
Yes. Cuddle I do apologise. Would you mind taking some of your weight off my head?

LISA
Keep him down there, Cuddle!

Suddenly Wicky notices something on the underside of the pool table. He speaks through his smooshed-up lips.

WICKY
Hang on -- there's something down here!

On Cuddle, not buying it.

WICKY (CONT'D)
I'm not trying to get out of this --
I love this... But trust me, you're going to want to have a look.

8 INT. PUB. POOL TABLE - DAY - SECONDS LATER

8

Wicky, Lisa and Cuddle crowded around what Wicky has pulled from the underneath of the pool table. It's an UNSEALED ENVELOPE -- a wad of CASH inside poking out, immediately visible. Thousands.

Lisa and Cuddle gobsmacked.

LISA
(quickly, decidedly)
Someone must've lost it.

WICKY
Lost? It was taped under a pool table! More likely someone hid it when the fighting broke out.

(CONTINUED)

LISA
(counting the notes)
Well. No way to know.

WICKY
We'd better report it.

Lisa laughs in Wicky's face. For a very long time.

WICKY (CONT'D)
It could be something dodgy. Who
stashes thousands under a pool
table?

LISA
Doesn't really matter now, does it?

WICKY
It's probably the reason the fight
broke out in the first place. Maybe
Jacko was mixed up in something
dodgy. Not the first time that
theory has been bandied about...
Shamon!

He tries to get a high five from Cuddle for his Michael Jackson joke. Cuddle stares at him.

LISA
Well, we'll never know. Nice little
windfall though.

Lisa puts the cash back in the envelope. Pockets it.

WICKY
You can't keep it! You've got to
tell the police!

LISA
What, so they can have an extra
piss up at the station? Doubt it.

WICKY
None of the coppers I know are
bent!

LISA
No, because you live in a Richard
Curtis film, don't you, cleaner
boy.

WICKY
No, I don't! Not that there's
anything wrong with that. Notting
Hill is in my top 5. 'Just a girl
standing in front of a boy asking
to be loved?' Count me in Roberts
you big lipped stunner.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)
(beat)
You can't keep it.

Turns to see Cuddle, right next to him. Threateningly close.

WICKY (CONT'D)
(changes tune)
Got nothing to do with me, right?

LISA
Right.

Wicky shakes his head 'no'. Lisa shakes her head 'no'. Cuddle shakes his head 'no'. Wicky gets the picture.

WICKY
Right. Well, I've pretty much finished, so I'll be on my way.

Lisa looks at the chaos of the smashed bottles.

LISA
You won't!

Wicky begrudgingly carries a heavy box of BEER BOTTLES from the stockroom out to the bar. Cuddle is re-stacking them.

Lisa waits at the bar, the pile of cash in front of her. She is sipping on another JD, then sees Wicky sweating.

LISA
You should've kept that money and scarpered. Hard work doesn't suit you.

WICKY
I'd like to remind you that this isn't my work.

LISA
You should have kept the money.
Bet you'd be getting ready for that date if you'd kept this.

Wicky just looks at her as he plonks the beers down.

WICKY
Wrong. She's just not into me.

LISA
What does she do?

WICKY
She's a nurse.

LISA
Ahhh! So surrounded by handsome
heart surgeons all day.

WICKY
One in particular I believe. Stupid
to think I could compete.

Wicky looks a little pathetic. Lisa on the other hand has
become wildly animated.

LISA
Oh you absolutely can. Where is
she? Now?

WICKY
She said she's going to the New
Forest for a week to 'think about
everything.' Classic set up for a
dumping.

CUDDLE (O.C.)
(genuine)
Nice ponies there.

Wicky and Lisa turn to see Cuddle carrying out another box of
beers. He just gives them a shrug -- because it's true. Lisa
nods for Wicky to follow her back out to the stockroom.

10

INT. PUB. BACK OF BAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

10

Lisa and Wicky are intermittently getting ready for the bar
opening. (I think they'll need to be sitting around a table
for the big planning moments.) The money frequently visible,
Lisa is making notes in her tax book. Cuddle brings them both
new drinks, a JD and another beer. They both take a sip
simultaneously.

LISA
You have to make a grand gesture.

WICKY
I've done that, it didn't work.

LISA
What? What did you do?

WICKY
I wrote her a song. Well, not
'wrote'. I filmed myself singing it
to her. Well, not singing it,
miming it.

LISA
What song?

Wicky answers as if this is totally normal.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

WICKY
'I just died in your arms tonight'
by Cutting Crew.

CUDDLE
Good song. Difficult key.

He slopes off.

LISA
How did she react to this gesture?

WICKY
I whatsapped it to her but it was
pretty late and she just said, 'wow
someone had a good night'. Think
she liked it.

Lisa is just staring.

LISA
Kidnap her.

On Wicky, surprised at the suggestion. Until:

LISA
Put her in a limousine -- a really
big one -- and you drive to the
airport, surprise her with two
tickets, and you fly her somewhere
really nice...
(sadly, to self)
The Bahamas.

In the background, Cuddle looks up at the mention of the
Bahamas.

WICKY
Lisbon.

LISA
Hmm?

WICKY
If anything, it'd be Lisbon. She's
always wanted to go there.

LISA
Lisbon then. And then you take her
to a fancy hotel. Five stars,
chandeliers, balcony with an ocean
view... Show her you're not a
loser.

WICKY
I'm not a loser!

Lisa points her walking stick at the boxes of beer bottles Wicky needs to pick up; then heads back out empty handed, expecting him to follow. He rolls his eyes.

12 INT. PUB. BACK OF BAR (TOWARDS BEER GARDEN) - CONTINUOUS 12

They walk and talk. Wicky struggling with the boxes.

LISA
How do you think her friends react
when she tells them she's dating a
cleaner?

WICKY
I'm a crime scene cleaner!

LISA
Yes, exactly! Not a heart surgeon.
That's why you have to offer her
something she can tell all her
girlfriends about. Invest in her.

WICKY
She's not an ISA.

LISA
I'm not saying put a cheque on the
table. I'm saying flight, hotel,
eating out, boat ride, helicopter --

WICKY
Helicopter?! Who mentioned a
shitting helicopter!

LISA
Sightseeing flight over Lisbon.

WICKY
That would be awesome actually.

13 EXT. PUB. BEER GARDEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS 13

Wicky and Lisa walk out to find Cuddle filling a few big PLASTIC BOXES with the hose and ice bags.

LISA
(re beers, to Wicky)
Put them in there.
(off Wicky's confusion)
Well it's match day isn't it, and
you said we'd be open in
(checks watch)
2 hours. So... *

(CONTINUED)

WICKY
You two are a good team, you know that.

Cuddle beams! Lisa looks at him po-faced. She takes a seat on the garden bench as Wicky starts to put the beer in the cold water.

WICKY (CONT'D)
(smiling)
You know what I *would* do in Lisbon?
I'd take her to a quiet, private beach... with a little table, and candles and flowers... I'd order in her oysters and the finest wine I could find. And we'd just... talk, and laugh, and watch the sunset go down...

LISA
Perfect. And that'll cost you about five grand.

WICKY (CONT'D)
What? Well If I'm not good enough for her without all this luxury crap, then she can have can have her surgeon.

LISA
Why have you stopped drinking and ruined your own hair? These are all deposits Wicky. You're selling yourself.

Wicky self-consciously pats down his hair again.

WICKY
Paul Wickstead is not for sale.

Lisa laughs. Game on. She pulls out four £50 notes from the wad of cash they found, slams them on the pub bench.

LISA
Two hundred quid if you continue cleaning naked...

Wicky's top is off immediately. He is about to go for his belt --

LISA (CONT'D)
Good god, stop. You take my point.

Lisa grabs a cold beer bottle, uses the edge of the bench to pop the cap with ease. Wicky edges closer to the envelope of cash now on the table. Stares longingly at it.

(CONTINUED)

LISA (CONT'D)
You should have just put that money
in your pocket when you found it.

WICKY
I am not a thief.

LISA
Oh shame. I was wondering if I
should give it to you. But you
don't need it.

WICKY
I don't "need it", but it doesn't
mean I wouldn't put it to good use!
Give it me!

LISA
What about your precious
principles?

WICKY
I'll make an exception!

LISA
This one time? For love?

WICKY
Yes!

Lisa smiles with a big grin. So does Wicky, excited. She takes out the envelope -- they both stare at the cash bursting from it.

LISA
No. I wouldn't want to compromise
you. Interesting your principles
were such a bargain though.

Wicky's face falls. She gathers the money up.

WICKY
You're SO mean.

LISA
Tell you what, I'll give you fifty
quid to sing 'I just died in your
arms tonight' for me.

She chuckles.

WICKY
You think you've worked it all out
don't you?

LISA
I can smell a bullshitter at fifty
feet.

WICKY
Do you want the truth?

LISA
I know the truth.

WICKY
You're supposed to say you want it,
so I can shout you can't handle it.
Never mind.

Wicky gets his wallet out. He pulls out all the money.

WICKY (CONT'D)
£15

He finds two loose pounds and corrects himself.

WICKY (CONT'D)
£17 says I can tell you something
about your own love life that you
haven't worked out.

Lisa confidently puts a £20 down as her bet.

LISA
(smirking)
Let's hear it then.

Wicky takes a seat on the bench opposite her. Close. Game on.

WICKY
You're an amazing woman to be in a
relationship with.

Lisa starts laughing in his face. Wicky sits and takes it.

WICKY (CONT'D)
I actually think in your own way
you are beautiful.
(sincere)
I do.

Lisa raises her eyebrow. Allows him to continue. On Cuddle,
looking annoyed.

WICKY (CONT'D)
(pushing on, genuine)
Yes you're very stubborn, and a bit
mean... but you're actually very
charming... and funny. There's a
strength to you -- you don't let
anything bring you down.

He pauses for effect.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)
That's why I don't understand why
Jacko wanted to leave you.

Lisa taken by surprise.

LISA
What?

WICKY
At first I thought a drug dealer
hid that money, right? But that
doesn't make any sense. Because
they have their own hiding spots.
Somebody panicking and stashing the
money during the fight, makes even
less sense. I mean, who hides dirty
money in a place they know is about
to be crawling with police? Doesn't
add up. That's why I think Jacko
put it there.

LISA
He never could have smuggled so
much money from me.

WICKY
Not all at once, sure. But over a
long period of time? You know,
fifty here, hundred there, fudge
the books... easy as that. Until he
finally had enough to get out of
here.

LISA
Then you would've found more.

WICKY
Would I? When he'd gathered a
certain amount, he'd just go to the
bank and cash it in. Far too risky
to keep the money on him while he
was working. Which is why he stuck
it to the bottom of the pool table.

LISA
(faltering)
But... the Bahamas! Cuddle said he
had a brochure.

WICKY
He did want to go to the Bahamas.
Just not with you.

On Lisa's realisation.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)
He was afraid you'd live to be 100
and he'd never get his hands on
this place.

LISA
No!
(vulnerable)
It wasn't like that.

Wicky starts chuckling.

WICKY
I think that's what you call a win.
Maybe not a trip to Lisbon, but I
can buy her a curry.

He picks up the money they bet.

LISA
What?

WICKY
I made it up. The woman who thinks
she's sussed out romance was just
given an alternative possibility
and she ate it up. Yum yum.

Lisa is crestfallen.

LISA
You're right.

Lisa looks at Wicky, he knows she's not joking.

WICKY
No, no I made it up to make a
point!

LISA
I couldn't understand why we
weren't making more money. The
place is always packed.

WICKY
No. I made it up to win the bet.

She gathers the money up.

LISA
You just proved my point. Another
transaction.

A tear rolls down her face. Cuddle comes up and looks
heartbroken.

LISA (CONT'D)
Cuddle, you take this.

(CONTINUED)

She walks over to the bar with the envelope.

CUDDLE
No, I don't want it...

LISA
Please. You deserve it. You're
so... loyal. Please.

She pulls herself together.

LISA (CONT'D)
Now. I'm going to fix my hair
whilst you two finish up. This
place needs to be open for the
match in two hours -- I've got
people relying on me.

(to Wicky)
Leave the nurse to the surgeon,
Wicky. She'll let you down.

She walks upstairs. On Wicky. That took a turn.

Wicky has finished up and Cuddle is standing behind the bar,
it looks immaculate and ready for match day.

WICKY
Right, that's me done.

Cuddle shrugs and as Wicky goes over he realises that the
huge man is flicking through the Bahamas brochure.

WICKY (CONT'D)
Is that how you'll spend the five
grand?

CUDDLE
No. I'll prob go Blackpool.

WICKY
Blackpool.

CUDDLE
I've always wanted to see the
pleasure beach. They've got the
Krankies signature in the pavement.

WICKY
I think the Bahamas might top that,
mate.

CUDDLE
Too hot for me. I only got this for
her.

(CONTINUED)

As soon as he says it, he realises he's fucked up. Wicky pounces on it.

WICKY
I thought Jacko bought this.

Cuddle looks embarrassed.

WICKY (CONT'D)
You really care about her, don't you?

CUDDLE
Course.

WICKY
So why don't you tell her!

Cuddle
Nah. If she still felt it, we'd have gone on our honeymoon.

Wicky looks at the big man, baffled.

WICKY (CONT'D)
Your honeymoon? You two are...
Married?!

CUDDLE
Used to be. When Jacko came along, I couldn't stand in their way.
(beat)
I just like being near her.

Wicky is stunned. He shakes his head at the big man. He goes to leave but then turns back and takes something out of his coat pocket. We don't see what it is.

WICKY
(with a wink)
This might help.

15 INT. WICKY'S VAN - DAY 15

He scrolls through his phone until he comes to the nurse contact. He pauses, then deletes it and blocks her.

16 INT. PUB. BACK OF BAR - DAY 16

Cuddle opens a laptop and reveals what Wicky gave him: a DVD. (or USB memory stick). He pushes it into the laptop and we cut to Wicky's version of 'I just died in your arms tonight' by Cutting Crew.

(CONTINUED)

We're watching Wicky's self-shot footage, filmed alone in his flat on a propped-up phone. He is drunk and topless, sounds horrendous, and is having the time of his life.

Wicky jostles the table and the camera slips out of position. It reveals a framed picture: Wicky and mates, drunk in the White Horse. Laughing and hugging each other.

Ruth is one of them. Laughing hard.

END.