

THE CLEANER

'THE STATUE'

Green Shooting Script

4/10/22

Written by

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Based on 'Der Tatortreiniger' by Mizzi Meyer.

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1

I/E. WICKY'S VAN - DAY

1

Wicky's car radio plays 'Perfect Day' (or something along those lines).

Wicky comes off the motorway.

Wicky comes to a forced left turning, even though his sat nav indicates to go right.

WICKY

Eh?

He comes to a dead end. It doesn't tally with the sat nav.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Oh come on.

Wicky finds himself facing the wrong way up a one-way street. He growls and reverses out. A PASSERBY shouts at him.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Sorry!

Another dead end.

WICKY (CONT'D)

What the f... No!

Wicky comes to a halt at a gyratory with an extremely confusing road sign. His sat nav indicates just a simple straight road.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Seriously...?

He gets HONKED at by other drivers.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, get over yourself!

1A

~~EXT. PARK. ENTRANCE GATE - DAY~~

1A

SCENE OMITTED

1B

I/E. WICKY'S VAN / PARK. REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

1B

He comes to a section of road that's been blocked off by telescopic bollards.

SAT NAV

Continue for 200 metres, then: your destination is on the right.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY
Bollards.

He leans out of the window and presses the intercom.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)
(into intercom)
Hello? Lausen Cleaners. I'm here
for the statue. Hello?

VINCE
Doesn't work, that. You might as
well be talking to a cup.

Wicky turns to see VINCE (60), an onsite maintenance operative, who is leaning into Wicky's passenger side window. He is Afro-Caribbean and has worked for the council as it's changed over the years.

WICKY
Okay, well. Can you let me through,
please? I'm here for the statue.

VINCE
I can't mate, sorry. They have an
outside company who deals with
access now.

WICKY
So, who do I speak to?

VINCE
Wouldn't know my mate. The
department that deals with access
company aren't about that much.
Based at home mainly. It's called
'agile working.'

WICKY
My god, the world's in a mess!

Vince chuckles and wanders off. Wicky gets out of the van and shouts after him.

WICKY (CONT'D)
What do you do then?!

He chuckles as he walks away.

VINCE (O.C.)
You're not the first to ask it,
mate! These days, I'm unsure
meself. They say, 'do it' and I
have a go.

Another figure trots up behind him: COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN CULPEPPER (early 30s). Home-repaired cardigan. Bead-wearing.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Hiya! Sorry. Council Officer Fran
Culpepper.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

You're with the council?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Urban redevelopment with culture
brief, yes. And you are our valiant
cleaner!

WICKY

Crime scene cleaner. And your one-
way system is ridiculous.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

I hardly think a three million
pound pedestrianization rerouting
system can be described as
'ridiculous'.

She laughs and Wicky laughs along, only to tail off and say:

WICKY

It's rubbish.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

(ignoring his comment)

Now, we're in a vehicle free zone.
But it's only a 15 minute or so
walk from there if we get a wriggle
on.

WICKY

Can't we just get these bollards
down and I'll drive across the
pedestrian zone? They're
telescopic, no? And it's a
maintenance job.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Ooh, that's the responsibility
of...

WICKY

The Access Team. I know.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

And they follow an agile...

Wicky cuts her off.

WICKY

They don't come to work, yeah, I
heard.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Pop your van over there and let's
get you to the statue.

2

EXT. PEDESTRIANIZED AREA (MARKET SQ) - DAY

2

Council Officer Fran Culpepper walks briskly and happily. Wicky, overladen with as much kit as he can carry, struggles to keep up. There's no sign of anyone else. The streets that lead to the park are empty, the shops that are seen are boarded up or barely being used.

WICKY

Are the shops struggling? Feels like you're making people walk a long way to get to them.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Just a period of adjustment. I like to think we've given the town a shot in the arm.

WICKY

I like to think that if I hold my stomach in, when I talk to women, I look thin.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Consensus is: people like a low emission town centre.

WICKY

What people? There aren't any.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

And what's he? A mirage?

She points at an OLD MAN wandering near a boarded-up shop.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN (CONT'D)

Morning! How are we finding the pedestrianization zone?

OLD MAN

You've ruined the town.

She smiles at Wicky.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

So many characters around here.

3

EXT. PEDESTRIANIZED AREA (MARKET SQ) - MOMENTS LATER

3

Jump cut. They are still going. Wicky is sweating.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

...and given the feelings towards the previous incarnation, I mean, that was a fairly straight forward decision.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN (CONT'D)

Of course, most people had to google it before they could get angry about it, but there was a palpable sense of relief when it was gone. Especially from me. I'd been lobbying to get rid of it for years and even had a focus group approved and a fully budgeted alternative all lined up. And frankly everyone was thrilled with it but then, out of the blue, this happens.

WICKY

You mean you had a statue and it was replaced and now its replacement has been vandalised?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Yes.

Wicky, friendly.

WICKY

You use a lot of words. Your meetings must go on for ages!

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

(smallest hint of a edge)

Well, I am sorry if you find me a little verbose.

He clearly doesn't know what that means but gives her a friendly pat, which she does not like.

WICKY

Hey, come on. Aren't we all though?
I'm verbose as anything sometimes.
Mad verbose.

EXT. PARK. SQUARE WITH STATUE - DAY

Council Officer Fran and Wicky round a corner and are greeted by the statue. A giant chickpea.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

And there it is.

WICKY

Oh my God.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Quite striking, isn't it?

Wicky is speechless. He looks at Council Officer Fran, back at the statue and at her again.

(CONTINUED)

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN (CONT'D)

We wanted something that reflected
a rich period in the town's history
so we did some research and then...

WICKY

...put a big bollock on a plinth?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Put a what?

WICKY

A big bollock. A giant golden plum.
You've put a huge gonad on plinth.

She hisses.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

It's not a gonad!

WICKY

It's a sweetmeat, it's a nut, a tea
bag, a purple popper, a Jacob, I
know a grandad's clockweight when I
see one...

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

I find this quite triggering
actually.

WICKY

Who's triggered?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

I'm triggered!

WICKY

Hello, I'm Wicky. Your town statue
is a testicle!

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

It's a chickpea!

WICKY

What? Is it?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Yes!

WICKY

Why?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Because the town used to import
chickpeas.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

When? I've been coming here for years, no one's mentioned chickpeas.

Council Officer Fran is lacking in conviction.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

1856-1858. It was quite the hub.

Wicky giggles.

WICKY

That's not what the town's famous for!

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Well for a local man you have clearly opted to remain ignorant to it's history and, indeed, to a wider history that would require change.

WICKY

Are you being verbose again? What's that on it?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Goose blood we think.

WICKY

Is that part of council training, identifying bird blood? Is that what tax payers are getting stung for?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

There's feathers and a couple of goose beaks around the other side.

WICKY

Probably goose blood yeah.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Can you clean it or not?

WICKY

Of course I can. You will have a squeaky clean plum within the hour.

He winks

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Did you actually wink at me?

WICKY

As I was doing it I knew I'd misjudged my wink audience.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)

Not like me. I winked at a lollypop
lady this morning and she let me go
before the kids. So some ladies...

Fran stares at him.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

I'm amazed you didn't wolf whistle

WICKY

At Jan? No point, she's got
profound hearing loss. She
shouldn't be doing the job really.

Beat.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

My God...

He changes the subject off her stare

WICKY

Why would anyone chuck goose blood
at it?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

There are sinister forces at work
in this little town.

(beat)

I must go, I have a planning sub-
committee to attend.

She starts to walk away. Wicky starts to get cleaning
equipment out and under his breath...

WICKY

Planning a big boob for the steps
of the town hall?

She freezes.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Pardon?

WICKY

Nothing. You better get a move on,
it's miles away!

She walks off leaving Wicky chuckling to himself. He mixes
two bottles of chemicals and is made to jump by a voice
coming from behind the statue.

FEMALE VOICE

I'm glad you agree that it is a
carbuncle!

From behind the statue, the owner of the voice steps out
ceremoniously. This is LUCILLE (50s/60s).

(CONTINUED)

Carries herself as high status. Boden catalogue regular.
Shops in Peter Jones. Pressed pause on her fashion choices
many years ago.

WICKY

Hello.

LUCILLE

You are not a photographer!

WICKY

I am not. You are not a hurdler.

LUCILLE

What?

WICKY

Sorry, I thought it was a game. I'm
here to clean.

LUCILLE

Well, the public toilets are over
there. I wouldn't have thought they
need cleaning, though. The park is
barely used since they killed the
town centre. Fair warning: I
defecated in each of the stalls
myself to make a point!

Wicky's got no idea what she's on about but is fascinated by
her rage.

WICKY

In all of them? You must be
starving!

(beat)

I'm not here for the bogs. I'm here
for the golden ballbag.

He indicates the statue and starts assembling his kit.

LUCILLE

Oh no. No, this doesn't need
cleaning. Move on.

WICKY

It's covered in blood.

LUCILLE

Yes, goose blood. Damn near three
buckets of it. Walk on!

WICKY

Right, well. This is not a question
I ever thought I'd ask, but: Was it
you that chucked goose blood onto
the big bronze chickpea madam?

(CONTINUED)

LUCILLE

Maybe I did and maybe I didn't.

WICKY

Is that goose blood on your skirt?

LUCILLE

Perhaps.

WICKY

I've got lot's of questions
jostling for position now but
here's the front runner... Why?!

LUCILLE

Why would a woman want to take a
stand about the demise of a
previously thriving market town?
Why would a lady seek to have a
symbolic carbuncle removed from the
place she once ran free as a child?
It is a mystery, isn't it? In much
the same was as why would an
illiterate be sent to end a
legitimate protest with his mop?
Move along please.

He does not like this.

WICKY

Illiterate?! I've just finished the
Deathly Hallows! Ok. Fun's over.
Clean up time.

He unzips a kit bag and she immediately zips it back up.

LUCILLE

This is not 'fun'. This is popular
protest. I have a legal right to
undertake it and until the local
press arrives to document it, I
shall defend that right.

WICKY

Can you call it a popular protest
if there's one of you?

She tries to hide it but a nerve has been struck.

LUCILLE

The others have probably been
slowed down by the lack of vehicle
access. Another local council
crime. I won't be leaving until the
protest has been logged.

Wicky sighs, then despite himself...

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

When's this photographer coming then?

LUCILLE

He didn't specify but I can't imagine he has a bigger scoop than this.

WICKY

Yeah, stop the press; 'nutter defiles chick pea'.

LUCILLE

I'll not be insulted by a minimum wage, Mr Mop!

WICKY

Okay. You've got the time it takes me to mix these two chemicals and then it is with a heavy heart that I shall have to clean this statue regardless. I'm playing in my pub's darts team later and, this might seem trivial, but no one else on the squad can hit a double 10. It's a blind spot for the lot of them. It's weird genetically but that's where I come in. It's my favourite double, 'game shot and the match to the Brummie bomber'.

LUCILLE

Do you have a carer?

Wicky's phone rings.

WICKY

Yes, here he is...

He starts to mix two large bottles of cleaning fluid into a bucket-like open container. He then transfers it back to two bottles with spray heads on them. His phone rings. Wicky walks away to take the call. The camera stays with him but we can see the statue and Lucille out of focus behind him.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Hello, boss. Yeah I'm here. Well, it's not a massive job but I had a nightmare getting here and there's a small complication... Well, no, it's not just a matter of wiping a statue down... Yeah, yeah, don't worry I'm on it. I'll be as quick as I can.

We see movement behind him and the distant splash of fluid.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)

I'd say an hour or so but...

He turns to see that Lucille has picked up his containers of cleaning fluid and is pouring the contents on the ground. All the while staring him straight in the eye.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I'll ring you back.

(to Lucille)

What are you doing?!

LUCILLE

Believe in the power of popular protest yet?

WICKY

I'll have to go back to the van now! It's bloody miles away!

She shouts.

LUCILLE

Down with this chickpea! Down with all chickpeas! The chickpea does not speak for us!

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Bloody right!

WICKY

If anything, this is going to make me pro-chickpea! Up the chickpea!

He starts to walk away.

Lucille starts singing 'We Shall Not Be Moved'.

Wicky snatches up his kit and stomps off. As he walks away, he shouts a series of pro-chickpea slogans.

5

EXT. PEDESTRIANIZED AREA. OUTSIDE TOWN HALL - DAY

5

Wicky, with all his kit, marches back to his van. Furious. When he gets there his face drops. There is a notice on it. He reads it and marches into the town hall.

6

~~**EXT. STREET WHERE VAN IS PARKED - DAY**~~

6

SCENE OMITTED

6A

INT. TOWN HALL. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE PLANNING COUNCIL - DAY

Council Officer Fran stands outside the door.

(CONTINUED)

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
You can't just pull me out of a meeting!

WICKY
Your voice probably needs a rest.
All my chemicals have been taken!

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Yes, well you left them unattended.
The health and safety team had to impound them. An infant my have consumed them.

WICKY
You made me leave the van there!
And where's the plague of infants come from? Where's the health and safety team?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
They are centralised in Cardiff and our representatives are on a course this afternoon.

WICKY
What?! Right, well I can't clean your bloody chickpea! Some woman poured away the only chemicals I had.

Frans face changes. She knows who he is talking about.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
I'll bet she did! I knew she'd be back!

WICKY
You know her?

Council Officer Fran does not respond.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Now, you listen to me. How you clean the statue is your concern but if it is not cleaned your boss will be losing a very lucrative council contract! Now, if you'll excuse me I have to speak too much in a meeting!

Wicky shrugs in dismay.

Wicky walks toward the exit and finds Vince, arranging a cordoned-off area.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

Hello mate, how you getting on?

WICKY

They've locked my cleaning stuff up
Vince.

VINCE

Health and safety team, all agile
working this afternoon kid. You'll
have to contact Cardiff.

WICKY

I've got to clean it today! This
place is insane.

VINCE

What you need mate is someone who's
worked here so long he's got a key
to everything.

He winks at Wicky and walks away.

WICKY

See, I didn't mind the wink at all.

A relieved Wicky follows.

7

INT. COUNCIL OFFICES. STORE ROOM - DAY

7

A CLICK and a CREAK as Vince opens a basement door into
something more like a lost property room than a security
office. All sorts of discarded tools, books and miscellaneous
tat are in there. Wicky and Vince enter.

Vince points to a large cardboard box that contains the
cleaning fluid. It is on top of various pieces of bric-a-
brac.

VINCE

There is it, our kid!

WICKY

Jackpot, thanks mate.

As he goes to pick them up, he notices half the room is taken
up by a large, bronze statue -- a COLONIAL ERA STATUE of a
military figure.

WICKY (CONT'D)

That's the old statue, is it?

Vince nods and salutes him.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

That's him... daft looking fella.
When we was kids we'd climb on top
of him and pretend we was off to
cause mayhem.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

Which committee took him down then?

VINCE

Dunno which one but I know something...

WICKY

They're at home in their pyjamas?

Vince chuckles

VINCE

Spot on mate, spot on.

He taps the statue affectionately...

EXT. PARK. SQUARE WITH STATUE - DAY

Wicky returns with his kit and his new batch of cleaning fluids. Lucille has chained herself to the statue.

WICKY

Oh, for God's sake! Where did you get a chain from?

She is wide eyed with defiance.

LUCILLE

Britain!

She starts singing 'Swing Lo, Sweet Chariot'.

WICKY

This just feels like one of my cheese dreams. Look, I can't keep doing that walk... I'm very fat!

LUCILLE

Yes, I can see you're a product of the fast food generation! Burgers! Microwave pizzas and chicken nuggets! Chicken? You wouldn't know a Sussex Bantam if I threw one at you!

*

WICKY

Look, I just want to do my job, I can see why you might not like the chickpea but...

LUCILLE

I despise it but then I would. My name Sir is Lucille Rice-Dennison!

Wicky looks baffled and then realises.

WICKY

Oh! Is that the bloke... the old
statue...

LUCILLE

Colonel Sir William Arthur Balfor
Rice Dennison and I his great great
great niece!

*

WICKY

So that's why you're here! I've
just seen him at the town hall...
fine looking chap to be fair.

LUCILLE

A renowned military officer, a man
of respectable breeding, a revered
colonial governor, famed for his
horse husbandry. A father, a
patriot, an uncle and woefully
underrated water-colour landscape
painter!

*

*

*

*

WICKY

I'd have left that last bit off...

LUCILLE

...Replaced by a chickpea!

*

WICKY

Yeah. You might have a point.

(beat)

I've got to clean it though, my
boss will go mad at me if I don't
finish the order...

LUCILLE

Oh! Only following orders are we?
Just like the Nazis!

WICKY

Got there a bit quick didn't we?

LUCILLE

Oh I bet you would have loved to
have buffed statues of the Führer
as the Wehrmacht goose stepped by!
They liked to erase history too.

*

Wicky walks toward her.

WICKY

Look, can I just clean around you?

Lucille starts kicking out at Wicky. Moving around the statue
and blocking him at every turn.

(CONTINUED)

LUCILLE

Never!

WICKY

If I miss this darts match...

LUCILLE

Darts! An opiate for the masses!
The man that once stood on this
plinth put this town on the map! He
sang its name around the corridors
of power, tossed it into the winds
of the Americas, whispered it into
the waters of the East Indies. Then
he poured his energies in to the
creation of this town. But they
squeamishly seek to pretend he
didn't exist.

*

She starts to sing 'Land of Hope and Glory' at the top of her
voice. Wicky bows his head, turns and walks away.

8A

INT. TOWN HALL. MEETING ROOM - DAY

8A

Council Officer Fran is chairing a meeting.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Now there is some suggestion that
the supermarket we gave planning
permission for has drawn trade away
from the town centre but I'm
excited to hear your ideas for the
regeneration... Barbara?

The camera cuts to Barbara Chant from Series One

BARBARA CHANT

A vegan cheesemonger?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Why not! I think that's the sort of
lateral thinking that will get
people coming back...

She stops because she has seen Wicky standing at a window,
waving at her. She tries to shoo him away.

TED

Why don't we give free coffee to
blue badge holders?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Well, we have access problems at
the moment but I like the direction
of your thinking...

(CONTINUED)

8A

8A

TED

Could we pay the unemployed to
carry them?

BARBARA

Jackpot!

Fran shakes her head

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

(pained)

Will you excuse me...

8B

INT. TOWN HALL. CORRIDOR - DAY

8B

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

What do you mean she's chained
herself to it?

WICKY

Says she bought it from Britain.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

That bloody woman!

WICKY

Well, to be fair she has got a
point...

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Oh she's got a point has she? Do
share her precious point!

WICKY

Well, she was related to old
whatshisname, she's not going to be
happy with the golden knacker is
she?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Rice-Dennison?

WICKY

The colonel himself!

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

And she told you all about him no
doubt?

WICKY

Yeah. Ever so good at water colours
apparently...

Fran is arch and cool in her delivery. She is going to enjoy
this revelation.

(CONTINUED)

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
I've no doubt you were given a
potted view of his many
achievements. This town hall
included.

WICKY
Yeah, he really was a busy boy
wasn't he? I know he's an old
fashioned looking bloke but, come
on, rather him than a golden
gland...

She laughs and then suddenly her face changes. She knows what
she is about to say will land.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
She told you about the use of slave
labour I presume?

Wicky's face drops and he goes in to free fall panic.

WICKY
Hey! Hey! Hey! Slave labour? What?
Shhh. Don't you be saying that! We
don't say Slaves..we say hello
(whispers)
?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
No, she usually misses that out.
Renowned benefactor of the town who
sat drinking port with his friends
whilst a subjugated people did the
work!

Vince hands Wicky some bolt cutters.

VINCE
There you go mate.

WICKY
Thanks Vince.

VINCE
Don't tell the maintenance team
whatever you do? If they come back
from their health and safety
conference, I'm not supposed to
lend them out. What's this woman
playing at? What's she protesting?

Wicky Panics a bit

WICKY
No idea mate. Bye.

Vince watches him go. He shrugs.

~~EXT. PARK. SQUARE WITH STATUE - DAY~~

SCENE OMITTED

11 ~~INT. COUNCIL OFFICES. VINCE'S OFFICE - DAY~~

11

SCENE OMITTED

12 **EXT. PARK. SQUARE WITH STATUE - DAY**

12

Lucille is singing 'Jerusalem' at the top of her lungs. She is about to get to the chorus when, suddenly, her chains fall away. She looks baffled. Wicky steps out from behind the statue with the bolt cutters.

WICKY

Right, move. New information has come to light and I'm about to buff a chickpea.

Lucille runs over to his bucket and grabs the mop from it.

LUCILLE

Going to struggle to clean without your mop, aren't you?

Wicky calmly walks over to one of his kit bags. He leans down to take something from it.

WICKY

That is not a mop that is a microfibre polypropylene besom with looped ends. It's specialist equipment and as a specialist...

He slowly stands and extends a telescopic replacement. He turns to face her, arches an eyebrow.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I always carry a spare!

LUCILLE

En garde!

Lucille, holding the mop like a sword, takes up the traditional fencing stance. Wicky looks bewildered but before he can react, she attacks!

A mop fencing fight begins with appropriately SWASHBUCKLING MUSIC accompanying. Wicky lunges for the statue, Lucille parries and ripostes. Wicky goes high, she blocks. He goes low, she flicks his mop up and bops him on the nose with her mop. The fight becomes increasingly frenzied. Wicky keeps trying to move around the statue, away from her, but she keeps up every time. He makes contact with the statue, smearing through the goose blood.

WICKY

Ha!

(CONTINUED)

She taps him in the groin. He bends and she uppercuts his chin with the mop. He stumbles back. Seeing red, he goes in even harder. Still, she blocks every attack.

Wicky feigns right, he feigns left. Lucille lunges but this time Wicky is ready. He parries with a spinning motion. Lucille loses her grip and Wicky flicks the mop out of her hand, into the air. They watch it fly. Lucille steps back and trips on a kit bag behind her. Wicky catches the mops on its descent and stands with both mops in an attack position over Lucille, who has landed in an undignified heap on the ground.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Yield!

Seeing Wicky has clearly won, Lucille looks away from Wicky and folds her arms petulantly.

WICKY (CONT'D)

There. And that's how we do it!

Wicky, with both mops tucked under his arms, moves round to the opposite side of the statue with a full bucket of his solution. He swings it back, ready to cast the whole lot against the unguarded half of the statue.

WICKY (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Nutter.

LUCILLE (O.C.)

What did you call me!?

Red in tooth and claw, and with furious speed, Lucille leaps up from the ground and lurches towards Wicky. Wicky doesn't have time to stop himself swinging the bucket.

WICKY

Wait!

SPLASH! Lucille is hit with the full force of the contents of the bucket. For a moment, they look at each other in shock.

Lucille is sat in a soggy heap at foot of the statue. Wicky moves the now empty bucket nearby and upturns it for him to use as a seat. He hands her a large, adsorbent, industrial-sized cleaning cloth to use as a towel.

LUCILLE

Am I going to go bald?

WICKY

No. The acidity's much the same as household vinegar.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)

If anything, you might see a bit more shine and a reduction in frizz.

LUCILLE

Oh really? I might try that at home.

WICKY

Cider vinegar's best.

She gives him a look. That was too off pat.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Apparently.

He absently runs his fingers through his hair. Beat.

WICKY (CONT'D)

That all got a bit out of hand didn't it?

LUCILLE

In that you decided to have a fight with a woman, yes. Why are you so desperate to stop me?

WICKY

Look. I know you're very proud of the colonel and I'm sorry you have to hear this from me but... Well...

Wicky looks right and left and in a hushed tone. Barely pronouncing the word 'slaves'.

WICKY (CONT'D)

...The Colonel he used 'slaves. '

She looks baffled. Again Wicky doesn't pronounce it properly.

LUCILLE

He had what?

WICKY

He used slaves.

LUCILLE

Speak up man!

WICKY

I am! He used 'slave' labour.

LUCILLE

You sound like you've had a stroke! Speak you mind!

(CONTINUED)

WICKY
(too loud)
He used slaves.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
We're all slaves!

WICKY
Mate, have you got nothing to do?

OLD MAN (O.S.)
No!

WICKY
Fair enough. So...

Lucille shrugs her shoulders.

LUCILLE
And who didn't use forced labour in
that era? All the ruling class did.
ALT:
And who didn't in that era? All the
ruling classes did.

*
*
*

WICKY
Yeah but it's wrong!

LUCILLE
It is! I'm sure he wouldn't have
done it if he were alive today.

WICKY
But hang on...

LUCILLE
Do you believe we can't have a
statue of anyone who did things we
wouldn't approve of today? Oh dear,
well, let's get Winston Churchill
pulled down!

Wicky wasn't expecting this.

WICKY
No I just...

LUCILLE
Gandhi had some pretty unhealthy
views, lets draft a letter to the
Indian government, shall we...
Shall we stop driving on the
Roman's roads?

WICKY
No, I get it, I just...

(CONTINUED)

LUCILLE

I hope you won't be watching
Goldfinger on television this
Christmas. Sean Connery thought it
was okay to slap a woman...

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

Leave Bond out of this!

(beat)

Please, if that's okay, Madam.

Thank you. I respect you.

LUCILLE

Not quite as simple as you thought,
is it?

WICKY

I just want to go and play darts,
mate. The Two Johnnies will go mad
if I don't pitch up.

LUCILLE

Who are the Two Johnnies when they
are at home?

WICKY

Well, it's one bloke. He's called
Johnny and he's had the same condom
in his wallet since 1997. Great
darts captain, though.

LUCILLE

My God, you're a simple creature,
aren't you?

WICKY

They can't have someone who used
slaves in the middle of their park!
Can they?

LUCILLE

You think the past is any uglier
than that chickpea?

He's a bit lost.

WICKY

Bloody hell, I don't know...

LUCILLE

They've ruined this town. Pulled
down beautiful Georgian buildings
and replaced them with what?
Overpriced high-rise boxes. And
don't get me started about the town
centre...

WICKY

It does seem quiet...

LUCILLE

All the shops have gone under,
ruined by the big supermarket on
the outskirts of town.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

You can have a dairy free croissant
if you like though.

WICKY

Sorry can I bring you back to the
issue...

LUCILLE

I know and the town hall was
probably built with slave labour.
shall we pull that down too?
They're ruining this town. My
grandfather's butchers made way for
yet another coffee shop.

WICKY

That's how you knew where to get
the goose blood?

She nods sadly.

LUCILLE

Yes, I still have contacts in
farming.

WICKY

Can you get me cheap meat?

LUCILLE

Let's talk another time.

Wicky nods.

WICKY

Could we compromise? I'll get the
worst of it off and then if your
photographer arrives I'll put some
stuff on it. Make it look like
there's been a protest?

Lucille smiles. She puts out her hand and offers to shake it.
Smiling, he accepts and their hands touch. In an instant and
fluid motion, Lucille reveals a pair of handcuffs which she
deftly attaches to both wrists. They are handcuffed together.

WICKY (CONT'D)

What the...

LUCILLE

Congratulations you've just become
part of a popular protest!

WICKY

Oh my God!

Lucille starts singing Jerusalem at the top of her voice.
Wicky wrestles with her.

(CONTINUED)

LUCILLE

Fancy a snack, how about a nice
little key?

She swallows the key for the handcuffs and carries on
singing. A voice startles them all.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Enough!

14

EXT. PARK. SQUARE WITH STATUE - DAY

14

Council Officer Fran Culpepper has entered the square. She stands, hands on hips.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Lucille, this has got to stop!

LUCILLE
Over my dead body, Council Officer Fran!

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
This is no way to honour your family.

LUCILLE
And what would you know about honour?

WICKY
(to Council Officer Fran)
You actually know each other?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
In so far as you can know a jingoistic dinosaur.

LUCILLE
Or a politically correct fool who would rip the heart from a town to avoid offending anyone.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
So desperate to keep the family relevance alive you'd see a man who made the lives of a whole race miserable, celebrated!

LUCILLE
Yes, let's erase history and replace it with ugly meaningless nonsense!

*

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Why would you want a shameful past celebrated!?

WICKY
Why don't you put him in a museum?

LUCILLE
Hidden away like a dirty secret?!
We need to educate not deny!

WICKY
Maybe a little plaque saying he did bad things...

(CONTINUED)

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Oh yes great idea! An apologetic
little sign saying sorry we're
celebrating a monster!

LUCILLE
You can't erase a town's history.
People need to know from whence
they came. Good and bad!

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Oh you're a voice for the people
now, are you? I thought chucking
blood at a statue was rather
reminiscent of mob rule!

LUCILLE
And keeping the truth from the
people smacks a little of being a
bloody dictator chairwoman Mao!

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Don't you chairwoman Mao me you one
woman gang of thugs!

WICKY
Was anyone from the town asked?

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
What?

LUCILLE
Yes, what are you banging on about
now, cleaner?

WICKY
Well, you both have opinions but
did anyone ask the people that
matter?

LUCILLE
Black people. Good point. *

WICKY
No, that's not what I meant...

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
He has got point, why don't we ask
Vince?

Lucille looks defiant.

LUCILLE
Yes, why don't we! Settle this once
and for all. *

WICKY
No, I didn't mean that!

(CONTINUED)

The two woman walk toward the council building. Wicky has no choice but to follow.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
I'm sure he will have insight in to
a lineage of pain!

LUCILLE
And I'm sure he'll be intelligent
enough to put it in historical
context!

WICKY
I don't think we should do this
ladies.

14A

INT. COUNCIL OFFICES. STORE ROOM - DAY

14A

The two women and Wicky stand in the room with the statue in it. Vince uses the bolt cutters to free Wicky.

VINCE
Now then. What are you on about?

WICKY
They're talking about the statue
vince.

LUCILLE
The symbol is meaningless! He'll
want the town to celebrate its
past, warts and all.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Better to have a symbol of hate
then, is it...

VINCE
You're talking about the colonel?

They all look at him.

LUCILLE
Yes, a beautifully made historic
statue of a flawed man!

Vince chuckles

VINCE
He was a good climbing frame to be
fair.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Vince, how can you be so blasé...
Your Heritage! The suffering!

VINCE
What are you on about?!

FRAN
Vince, I'm sorry to break this to
you but the colonel was someone who
utilised subjugated labour.

LUCILLE
As did all the ruling classes of
the time.

*
*

VINCE
Yes?!

Wicky decides to intervene.

WICKY
He used slaves Vince.

Vince nods and casually...

VINCE
Oh. yeah I know.

Everyone looks shocked.

FRAN
You do?!

VINCE
Of course. I grew up here.

LUCILLE
Then you'll have a view on it.
You'll want the history of the town
acknowledged and the aesthetic
preserved.

FRAN
Or the shame removed!

VINCE
And why will I have such strong
opinions?

Fran and Lucille glance at each other.

FRAN
Well, because.

LUCILLE
You're...

WICKY
Don't do this ladies...

(CONTINUED)

LUCILLE AND FRAN
Because you're black.

Vince looks mock shocked, glances at his hands.

VINCE
Oh my god... you're right. I am.
He chuckles.

FRAN
So?

VINCE
So?

LUCILLE
Should the statue have been pulled
down or not?

*

VINCE
Yeah, I think it was time to get
rid of the old git.

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN
Ha!! Progress. Vince is a
progressive! I knew it. I'll see
you on a mural for this, Vince!

(CONTINUED)

LUCILLE

But you used to climb on the
statue, it's part of your
childhood!

VINCE

We did and my dad always used to
laugh: "that's it kids, you let the
old bastard carry you for a
change."

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

Didn't he lobby to have it pulled
down?

VINCE

No.

LUCILLE

Then he must have appreciated it as
part of the historical landscape
good for him!

*

VINCE

Nope. No one even thought it was an
option back then. Things in this
country were what they were, but he
liked his kids teaching the colonel
a little lesson I think.

FRAN

Then why didn't he take a stand?!

Vince gets irritated for the first time.

VINCE

I'm not sure he had time.

(CONTINUED)

LUCILLE

Well, why not? Prime opportunity to
give the black perspective!

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

It does seem like a missed
opportunity!

Vince smiles

VINCE

Should we all be on standby at all
times then?

They look confused

VINCE (CONT'D)

My dad would be glad he's gone. I'm
glad he's gone.

FRAN

Thank you!

He looks at Fran with contempt.

VINCE

But I don't think he should have
been replaced by a bloody chickpea.

LUCILLE

Thank you!

VINCE

130 grand that thing cost.

WICKY

What? Jesus Christ! For a big brass
gonad?! (beat as he realises this
is bad timing) Sorry.

Vince looks back at the women.

VINCE

Pretty disgusting in this day and
age, with people struggling to make
ends meet, to waste money on that
isn't it? Kids can't even climb it!

FRAN (SADLY)

There are health and safety
guidelines.

WICKY

The Cardiff team probably. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

Vince, you've never engaged with this debate. You didn't attend any of the consultation meetings.

LUCILLE

I did send a petition round... you didn't sign it.

Vince finally gets irritated.

VINCE

Now you two listen to me. I've got to cut this poor kid out of the railings, then someone's broken down in the one-way lane, so I'll have to get a tow truck out. Then, on the fifth floor, one of those venetian blinds has stuck and the woman is trying to show slides about river pollution. And then my shift ends and I'm hoping to make it to the tale end of my grand daughter's birthday party. Like my old dad before me, I'll get on while you all bicker if it's all the same to you.

He shakes his head dismissively, turns and leaves. The two women are left open-mouthed.

WICKY

Should I clean this bloody chickpea or what? (beat) Sorry.

15 **EXT. PARK. SQUARE WITH STATUE - DAY - LATER**

15

Wicky finally gets to clean the statue. At first his movements are forceful as he works off his irritation. He starts with the mop then a series of smaller items such as cloths and brushes. Different cleaning solutions are mixed. Bloody rags are disposed of in a yellow bin bag.

(CONTINUED)

Eventually, Wicky's energy comes down a notch or two as his irritation dissipates and fatigue sets in.

As Wicky is finishing up, he notices two workmen is high-vis approaching. They put down two tool boxes near the statue and start to take out spanners etc.

WICKY
What's going on?

GAVIN
This is coming down.

WICKY
Eh? I've just finished cleaning it.

GAVIN
It's getting melted down. Offensive apparently.

He looks at the chickpea and frowns.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Mind you... This can't be it. It's a statue of a some colonel it says here. This looks like a...

Wicky's face lights up. He has an idea.

WICKY
(interrupting)
A bollock? It's the colonel's bollock. You've got the right statue.

Beat.

GAVIN
I should check.

WICKY
It's okay. I'm with the council.

GAVIN
Not seen you about before.

WICKY
I'm an agile worker. I'm normally at home.

Gavin looks at his colleague and shrugs. They get to work unbolting the chickpea from the plinth. Wicky leaves.

16A **INT. COUNCIL OFFICES. STORE ROOM - DUSK**

16A

Wicky comes into the room. Vince is just about to leave. He has his coat on.

WICKY

All right Vince.

VINCE

Hello mate. I'm just off.

WICKY

Yeah I thought I'd give you a lift
to your party. I've had an idea.

He looks at the statue and smiles. Vince smiles back a bit confused.

17 **EXT. VINCE'S HOUSE. BACK OF GARDEN - DUSK**

17

A little later and Colonel Rice-Dennison's statue has been mounted on the ground in Vince's back garden. Little Children, black and white, crawl all over it at his grandchild's birthday party. Vince chuckles and sips on a drink.

18 **EXT. PARK. SQUARE WITH STATUE - NIGHT**

18

Dimly lit by a nearby street lamp is the now empty plinth. The camera pans around the empty town square. The old man from earlier shuffles by.

END