

THE CLEANER

'THE STATUE'

Green Shooting Script

4/10/22

Written by

Mike Wozniak and Greg Davies

Based on 'Der Tatortreiniger' by Mizzi Meyer.

STUDIO HAMBURG UK LTD  
41-42 Eastcastle Street  
Fifth Floor  
London, W1W 8DU  
T: 020 7183 5628  
E: v.muller-rommel@studiohamburguk.com

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!

SCENE OMITTED

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.

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 mis-  
judged my wink audience.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)

Not like me. I winked at a lollipop 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...

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.

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.

SCENE OMITTED

Council Officer Fran stands outside the door.

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 may 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.

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.

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.

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...

8

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

8

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.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

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

LUCILLE

Colonel Sir William Arthur Balfour  
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)

TED

Could we pay the unemployed to  
carry them?

BARBARA

Jackpot!

Fran shakes her head

COUNCIL OFFICER FRAN

(pained)

Will you excuse me...

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.

10

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

10

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)

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...

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!

(CONTINUED)

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...

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!

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.

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 tail 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.

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.

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**