

THE CLEANER S2

'FUNERAL PREPARATIONS'

Pink revisions

11/9/22

Written by

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Based on "Der Tatortreiniger" by Mizzi Meyer

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Wicky is driving through rural Wales, down country lanes. We see woodland and sheep but little sign of human life. He is clearly lost and pulls up his van.

He does not have a mobile signal and curses this fact. To try and get one, he climbs a tree. Once higher up, he sees he has bars and makes a call to Ruth. When we cut to her, at a Birmingham police station, she isn't especially pleased to hear from him.

WICKY

Hey, I'm up a tree.

RUTH

Oh well, I'll let the pride of Britain people know.

WICKY

Don't be like that, it doesn't feel stable but its the only place I could get a signal.

RUTH

What do you want Wicky?

WICKY

I'm in Wales.

RUTH

Again, congratulations. Give my love to...

(struggles to think of a
Welsh person)

... one of those dolls with the big hats. Now what do you want?

WICKY

I can't find this murder scene. I can't even find any houses to be honest. I thought I saw a bloke to ask directions but it turned out to be a very big crow.

(beat)

Crazy big actually. A kid could probably ride it big.

RUTH

Look, I can't help you.

WICKY

Why not?!

1A/1B CONTINUED:

1A/1B

RUTH

It's not my jurisdiction.

WICKY

But you always know. How come we're not on the same jobs anymore?

Ruth looks guilty. She may have had something to do with this.

RUTH

I don't know. I don't do the roster!

WICKY

Go on Ruth, help me out. For old times sake.

RUTH

I can't help you because we don't cover Wales. I don't even know about a murder!

WICKY

Well who do I speak to?! My boss only has the address!

RUTH

I don't know, you berk! The Welsh police?!

WICKY

Wales doesn't have it's own police force, grow up!

She giggles despite herself.

RUTH

I need to get on.

WICKY

Yeah you get on. Don't worry about me, old Wicky will manage on his own. He always does.

She scoffs with as much good nature as she can muster but this is a barbed response.

RUTH

God, the bloody nerve of you.

Suddenly Wicky sees something in the distance. A cottage.

WICKY

Hang on, I can see a house. Thank God, I'll go to that. Thanks for being no help whatsoever!

1A/1B CONTINUED: (2)

1A/1B

WICKY (CONT'D)

And when are you coming down the Horse
next, you've not been for weeks? Are
you a lightweight now too? Eh? Ruth?

Ruth has long gone. Wicky shrugs and before he climbs down we
see a hint of sadness that the friendship has clearly fizzled
after he failed to take her out.

2

EXT. COTTAGE. OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR - DAY

2

As Wicky's van pulls in, we see two undertakers (one middle
aged, sallow one and a young man with a too large funeral
director's hat, aged 19/20) loading a coffin into a hearse.

Wicky pulls up and smiles. Neither man smiles back. Wicky
waves and the younger man instinctively waves back. As he
does so, he drops the coffin. The bigger man explodes.

RICHARD

Timber, you bloody fool!

TIMBER

Sorry!

RICHARD

Have you no respect for the departed?

Timber scrambles to pick the coffin back up and get it in the
hearse. Wicky is out of the van now.

WICKY

Butter fingers.

RICHARD

What?

Wicky points at Timber.

TIMBER

I don't have butter on my fingers.

Wicky looks at the gormless youth and then at the older man,
who is shaking his head.

RICHARD

He doesn't, he just has a pathological
disregard for those that have passed.

Timber is whiningly upset.

TIMBER

I do respect those that have passed,
Richard!

2

CONTINUED:

2

WICKY

He looks pretty respectful. Size of that hat.

RICHARD

You think this is the first body he's dropped?! He drops a body on a near weekly basis! Treats those who are no longer with us like a collection of yo-yo's.

TIMBER

I was waving Richard!

Timber looks ashamed. Wicky decides these two men are too strange for him and he heads into the crime scene. Timber stays outside, Richard follows.

3

INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN - DAY

3

Inside the traditional Welsh cottage are all the trappings of a game keeper. Stuffed animal heads adorn the walls and various traps etc are littered about. On the floor and walls is a lot of blood. Clearly something awful has happened.

WICKY

Good grief.

RICHARD

Harrowing isn't it?

Wicky had not expected the man to be behind him and he jumps.

WICKY

Ok, we need to instigate a 'no sneaking up in the creepy cottage rule.'

(beat)

What the hell happened here?

(NB: I know there is sneaking in other scripts - especially TRANSACTIONS - but I quite like that Wicky can't abide a sneak up.)

RICHARD

The police are baffled. They think foul play.

Wicky looks around at the bloody carnage.

WICKY

Not necessarily, he might have cut himself shaving.

He looks at Richard for acknowledgment of his sarcasm and receives nothing.

3

CONTINUED:

3

RICHARD

But they don't have the faintest idea
of who would have beef with a game
keeper.

WICKY

No, you'd go with pheasant if
anything. Play to his strengths. Side
serving of root veg and glass of heavy
red. A charming evening all round.

He waits for acknowledgement of his joke. Again, nothing.

RICHARD

I'd prefer not to jest.

WICKY

You're telling me. Well someone didn't
like him. This was a frenzied attack.

RICHARD

Crossbow, through the heart. He would
have died almost instantly.

WICKY

Eh? So why all the blood?

Richard moves away and puts on his long coat with a view to
exiting. Timber has arrived and is waiting patiently by the
door.

RICHARD

I'd rather not say.

WICKY

What? Why?

RICHARD

Respect for those who have crossed to
another realm.

WICKY

Don't be daft mate.

RICHARD

I am not being 'daft.' I am never
daft. Look at the way I am dressed.
This is not daft attire.

WICKY

It's a serious hat game you guys play
all right. Look, it's not going to
bother him if you tell me what
happened. He's long gone.

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

RICHARD

Well that depends on one's belief
system.

He looks at the young man.

WICKY

Can you tell me?

RICHARD

Don't you dare, Timber.

WICKY

Ignore him Tim...

(realises what's been said)

Timber? Timber is it?

TIMBER

Yes.

RICHARD

He won't say either.

WICKY

Right. Sorry, it's Timber, is it? His
name?

RICHARD

Yes!

Wicky looks at both men and then back at the pool of gore on
the floor. He walks over to Richard.

WICKY

Okay.

(shakes his head)

Look lads. I do have respect for the
dead...

Richard corrects him.

RICHARD

Those that are no longer in earthly
constraints.

WICKY

Yes. Them. It's just, you could be
really helping me out here. I need to
know what sort of blood that is.

TIMBER

It's the game keeper's blood.

RICHARD

Quiet Timber! What do you mean?

3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

WICKY

Well, I have different chemicals for different spills. If this is arterial blood I'll need Hypochlorite solution as it is more oxygen rich and needs something that lifts it. If it's circulatory blood then anything other than trillistadrone will just smear it around the floor. If anything, it's more respectful to tell me so I'm not smearing 'he who would not be constrained by life' around the floor like a meat pie.

Richard considers this and side-eyes Timber.

RICHARD

Timber wait in the car.

Timber whines like a child.

TIMBER

Why?!

RICHARD

Because I asked you to. You may drive us to the parlour.

Timber's face lights up.

TIMBER

Really!? I'll warm up the engine!

RICHARD

Don't rev it! Remember we have a distinguished passenger!

Timber runs out like an excited child.

WICKY

Sweet kid.

RICHARD

He is naive, too naive, but I can't help but protect him. Do you wish me to explain the amount of blood?

WICKY

Sorry, yes.

Richard lowers his voice like a priest in church, he looks around to make sure Timber isn't listening.

RICHARD

Let's just say the cadaver was not left intact.

3

CONTINUED: (4)

3

WICKY

Here we go...

RICHARD

The remains were not appropriately fused, post-mortem.

WICKY

Jesus Christ mate...

RICHARD

The victim's earthy remains had been tampered with...

WICKY

Yes! How?

RICHARD

The proportions had been artificially altered!

WICKY

Mate, you and me are going to fall out...

RICHARD

I'm being respectful...

WICKY

This isn't respectful, it's like talking to a pissed wizard!

RICHARD

In the attack that snuffed out the life of the...

A voice from behind the two men startles them both.

TIMBER

Someone chopped his head off.

Richard is furious.

RICHARD

Get out! GET OUT!

TIMBER

I just want to know if I can bring the hearse around.

RICHARD

Yes you may bring the hearse around! Slowly, remember you are...

He clearly quotes Richard back at himself.

3

CONTINUED: (5)

3

TIMBER

'At the helm of a person's final
earthly journey', I know.

Richard is calmed by this and Timber leaves. Wicky shakes his
head and draws focus back to the murder.

WICKY

Well who the hell would do that?

RICHARD

I wouldn't like to speculate.

WICKY

How did they...?

To save Richard being offended he does a massively offensive
mime of a head being chopped off.

RICHARD

I have no idea, there was no weapon
left behind the police said, but they
think sawn off post mortem.

WICKY

And where was the... bonce?

He mimes a head.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I went with bonce.

RICHARD

By the door. Almost as if dropped on
exit. One feels like the intention was
to remove it from the scene, the local
police were quite traumatised.

WICKY

Well they would be, I imagine the
biggest crime in this part of the
world would be someone nicking a zoom
lolly out of the post office freezer.

RICHARD

A 'zoom'...?

WICKY

I'm projecting, it's the crime I got
away with as a kid. I've been haunted
by the guilt ever since.

RICHARD

Well, we should get the poor fellow
back to the parlour for preparation.

3 CONTINUED: (6)

3

WICKY

Bit of powder? New shirt? Sew his head
back on?

RICHARD

Please! Some respect!

Before Wicky can say anything there is the sound of a revving engine, followed by a scream (Timber) and a crash. The two men rush outside to see what has happened. As they do so, the POV changes.

3A **EXT. BINOCULARS POV - CONTINUOUS**

3A

We can see the cottage as if through binoculars, from some distance way. WICKY and RICHARD rush out of the front door of the house.

4 **EXT. WOODS - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

4

A young fidgety MAN lowers binoculars. Next to him, an elegantly dressed WOMAN asks questions.

*

HER

Well?

The young man is defensive, as stressed as she is serene.

HIM

I dunno, they've gone out the front!

She speaks in a low seductive voice.

HER

And my present?

He twitches with irritation.

HIM

Well it's gone, hasn't it!?

HER

Where would it have gone?

Irritable sarcasm.

HIM

Well I imagine they've put it in the coffin with the rest of him!

HER

But it's mine!

He's snappy like a tired parent but it's clear he has no real authority here.

4

CONTINUED:

4

HIM

Not anymore!

HER

It would still be mine if you hadn't
dropped it!

HIM

I didn't think we'd be disturbed!
(almost to himself)
If I had, I might have put my fingers
up the nostrils for a better grip.

HER

You dropped my head!

HIM

There wouldn't have been a head to
drop if it wasn't for me!

She draws in air and poses dramatically against a tree for
this next line.

HER

I must have it, so that part of him
still belongs to me. I must 'own' him.

HIM

Oh, give it a bloody rest!

She stares at the odd little man. He is panting with stress.
A smile creeps to the corners of her mouth and she turns the
charm on.

HER

Give what a rest?

HIM

The husky voice. The dramatic
gestures. The flared nostrils.

She whips around and stares at him. He is immediately
awkward. His authority compromised.

HER

You think I flare my nostrils?

HIM

You bloody do! Giving it the biggun
while I do all the work?!

She is calm and slowly starts to approach him.

HER

Oh really?

He panics and starts to hastily justify his irritation.

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

HIM

Who selected the kill, who planned the route, who filled the car up, arranged for a dog sitter? Hey? Who packed the killing kit? You don't even know what's in the killing kit!

HER

Why you being like this?

He turns away.

HIM

I'm not being like anything. I just wouldn't mind a bit of gratitude sometimes.

She moves close to him, her sexuality having an instant effect. She milks the moment, whispering close to his face.

HER

Do you not find me grateful?

She breathes near his face. He attempts to style it out. Staring at the house as she smoulders near his face.

HIM

Don't start!

HER

Will you get it back? For me.

He cracks and blurts.

HIM

You know I will!

She smiles. She leans in and softly kisses his face. Perhaps a lick.

HIM (CONT'D)

We can't have creepy death sex now, we've got things to do.

She ignores him, devouring his little face with hot kisses.

HIM (CONT'D)

Oh god! I'm helpless!

The two kiss passionately and fall from view.

5

EXT. COTTAGE. OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR - DAY

5

The hearse has been driven into a pile of rocks and its front end is suspended in the air. The back door is open and the coffin has slid out onto the floor. *

5

CONTINUED:

5

Richard is calm but has his head in his hands. Timber is explaining. Wicky watches on fascinated.

TIMBER

I'm just not used to an automatic,
Richard!

RICHARD

Please. No excuses. Let's just try and
afford our client some dignity.

Together they lift the coffin and gently place it on the
ground.

WICKY

He's not really the client is he?

When Richard turns around, Wicky is eating a sausage
sandwich. He decides not to say anything but his eyes give
him away. Wicky picks up on it.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I didn't get breakfast because it's
such a long drive.

RICHARD

Why wouldn't he be the client?

WICKY

Oh, no reason... I mean he may
struggle to settle the invoice with
his head being separate from his body.

Richard spins away from him.

RICHARD

We need to phone a recovery vehicle.

TIMBER

I tried there's no signal.

RICHARD

Then you'll have to find one.

WICKY

There's a tree you can climb, about
two miles that way. Jump in, I'll give
you a lift.

Wicky gets his keys out and starts to walk to the van.

RICHARD

The walk will do him good. Quick as
you like Timber.

Timber trudges off, leaving the two men in silence. Wicky
chews and swallows the last mouthful of his sandwich.

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

WICKY

I have a question.

Richard reflects, looking out into the middle distance.

RICHARD

Why am I so hard on him? Because I know one day he'll have to fend for himself, because I won't be here. And because every night I go to bed knowing he will never be able to cope.

(beat; whispers)

That's why I'm so hard on my poor baby brother.

Richard still looks off into the middle distance. The camera finds Wicky after a long beat.

WICKY

No. Why's he called Timber?

RICHARD

Oh. When he was a kid he kept falling down.

WICKY

Nice! What's his real name?

RICHARD

Timber.

WICKY

Oh, right.

6

EXT. WOODS - DAY

6

Him and Her sit looking out towards the cottage. She is finishing getting dressed after having had sex.

HER

Well?

HIM

They've just gone back in. Well, two of them have.

HER

And the other has taken my head!

HIM

No, the hearse hasn't left. Listen when I tell you things or you take over the watch.

HER

You're being really grumpy today!

6

CONTINUED:

6

HIM

I'm not being grumpy! You forget this is my day off, I've a mountain of paperwork waiting for me tomorrow! This is supposed to be fun!

She has arranged herself dramatically against a tree.

HER

I must have it. The head is my ownership. It's how I possess him. You know that!

He sighs, exasperated but affectionate. Then, he steels himself to ask something he knows won't go down well.

HIM

I've been thinking... Do you think. Just this once. Can we just leave it there today? We did a really good kill. It was neat. Could you maybe leave without a trophy just this once?

She looks totally incredulous.

HER

Are you serious?

He panics.

HIM

Just for today? Only this time.

She folds her arms like a school teacher.

HER

And what would you propose we do with the rest of the day?

HIM

Well, we'll have to clean the saw, wash the car, do a print wipe.

HER

And then? That should take us til 5pm. Then what?

He is sheepish.

HIM

I thought we could get a take away in and watch The Chase.

Her eyes boggle with incredulity and she moves closer to him. He winces.

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

HER

Everyone takes a trophy! All our favourites! Ted (Bundy), Peter (Sutcliffe), Dennis (Nielsen). They all took trophies. We said we would do this properly, we said we would be the best. This is a vintage dress, you know that. I had it sent from the States.

HIM

I know, I just...

HER

Does he think's better than Dennis all of a sudden? I've done enough for today, now let me eat this jalfrezi. Fingers crossed I go down in history anyway! Look at the state of you, you've barely pulled a comb through your hair!

He bows his head. He knows he's beaten.

HIM

I'm sorry, I'm just tired.

HER

Well go to sleep, I'm sure Fred and Rose built naps into their routine.

HIM

I'm sorry, I'll get you the head.

Like an exasperated mother again.

HER

Thank YOU!

She arranges herself dramatically against the tree again and he picks up the binoculars.

7

INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN - DAY

7

Wicky has his hazmat suit on and is on his knees cleaning blood off the floor. Richard has made a tea and he delivers it. Wicky nods and Richard sits at a table and watches him.

RICHARD

You must see some awful things.

WICKY

Yes, but you just normalise it after a while though don't you... You'd know that though.

7

CONTINUED:

7

RICHARD
You normalise death?!

WICKY
Blood is blood after a while, no? A
body is just...

RICHARD
No it is not! The earthly remains are
precious to those left behind. They
shoulder the burden and it is to them
I show my respect with the care that I
show.

*
*
*
*
*
*

WICKY
Yeah, makes sense. I never get to meet
the relatives but I do like...

RICHARD
Putting things right?

WICKY
Yes! That's what I always say! I like
to put things right.

RICHARD
Erase the signs of the pain their
loved ones endured.

*
*

WICKY
Spot on Mr Big Hat. See, we're not so
different.

Richard smiles.

RICHARD
What does your partner think of this
grizzly profession?

WICKY
That lucky lady has yet to make
herself known.

RICHARD
You don't have a partner?

WICKY
No, do you?

RICHARD
Of course, I'm in my 50s!

WICKY
It's the new 35!

*

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

RICHARD

You have no one? Well, who will deal
with things if you were to...

*

WICKY

Die?!

(he laughs)

I think we're all right for a few
years mate.

The undertaker raises his eyebrows. He walks over to Wicky
and looks him up and down.

RICHARD

Are you sure? How much do you weigh?

*

WICKY

I'm at my fighting weight.

*

RICHARD

You're very fat. Blood pressure high?

*

WICKY

Not that I'm aware...

RICHARD

Get dizzy when you stand?

WICKY

(Yes.)

No!

RICHARD

You're almost certainly pre-diabetic,
you know that. How many days a week do
you drink?

Wicky grins.

WICKY

Only on ones with the word 'day' in
them. Am I right?

He grins and offers up a high five. Richard does not smile
back.

RICHARD

It is not a laughing matter. Your
liver must be foie gras!

*

WICKY

What are you saying; I'm a human
goose?

*

7

CONTINUED: (3)

7

RICHARD

You have had no one in your life to
implore you to exercise restraint.
Delayed gratification. You eat and
drink what you want, when you want.
You have no one to love you and you
have failed to love yourself.

*
*

WICKY

Bloody hell.

*
*

Richard realises he has overstepped the mark.

RICHARD

Sorry. It's none of my business.

*

WICKY

I'm fine, I am perfectly happy on my
own.

*
*

RICHARD

For now, but if you've had no one to
look after you in this life, who will
look after you when you've gone?

*

Richard leaves the cottage and steps into the yard. Wicky
frowns and follows.

WICKY

What?! Don't walk off now!

*

7A

EXT. FIELDS AND WOODS - DAY

7A

We cut to Timber stumbling along. Maybe he has got to the
tree and climbs it a bit before falling down. If not here
somewhere.

8

EXT. WOODS - DAY

8

HER

I'm starting to get bored. You know
what happens when I get bored.

He is engrossed in his binoculars suddenly.

HER (CONT'D)

Are you listening?

HIM

Yes. Shhh. Just give me a minute.
Something's happening. I might have
had one of my ideas.

8

CONTINUED:

8

HER

Ohh, I like your ideas. Is it very
dark?

HIM

Black as baby.

Him and her watch on.

9

EXT. COTTAGE. FARMYARD - DAY - LATER

9

WICKY

Why would I need someone to look after
me when I'm dead?

RICHARD

Pauper's grave for you then? Isn't
that a little Dickensian?

*
*

WICKY

You're a little Dickensian.

RICHARD

What?

WICKY

Nothing. What are you talking about?

*

RICHARD

Let's start with the basics? Who would
arrange and pay for your funeral?

WICKY

I dunno, my family. The lads...

RICHARD

You have sons?

WICKY

No, the lads down the White Horse...

RICHARD

No partner or children, no family.
Your parents are?

WICKY

One dead, one dead to me.

*

RICHARD

I see...

*
*

Wicky is looking worried himself now.

WICKY

I have a sister.

RICHARD

Someone to bury you at least. Are you
close?

9

CONTINUED:

9

Wicky is lost for a moment. It's as if all this hits him suddenly.

WICKY

No... I mean yes but... she has a family of her own...

RICHARD

So, just the lads from a pub left...

*

WICKY

Yeah, they'd probably see me right...
Oh my God.

RICHARD

What?

WICKY

I've just remembered the funeral they organised for 'Trinidad Dave'.

RICHARD

Would he not have approved?

*

WICKY

I mean, they meant well but I can't...
I can't take the risk...

RICHARD

What did they do?

A contra zoom on Wicky's horrified face. We hear Steve, band music and clapping and cheering.

WICKY

They...

RICHARD

Yes?

WICKY

They limbo'd under his coffin!

The music gets louder and we hear the voices of the lads chanting 'take him lower'.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I can't leave them to organise my funeral! You're right.

Off Wicky's face.

RICHARD

What happens to your body is the tip of the iceberg. Your soul should be your biggest concern.

*

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

He walks back into the house.

WICKY

Stop saying cryptic things and leaving
the room.

10 **EXT. WOODS - DAY**

10

Timber is walking through the woods. He has realised he's a
bit lost. He checks his phone and confirms, still no signal.

TIMBER

Oh, Richard will be so cross...

He shakes his head and carries on pushing through the woods.

11 **INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN - DAY**

11

Richard sits respectfully on a chair, Wicky stands over him.

WICKY

Basically, it's religious mumbo jumbo.

RICHARD

You think so?

WICKY

I have to have people to look after my
soul?! You think you'd get away with
spouting nonsense like that to
Professor Brian Cox? He'd make you
feel this big with his piercing blue
eyes and soft wet lips.

*
*
*
*
*

RICHARD

I'm not religious.

WICKY

What?

RICHARD

I don't have a faith.

WICKY

So why do you need a bloody soul
chaperone!

*
*

RICHARD

I have people who love me above all
others. My wife, my daughter, my
beautiful, innocent brother. These are
my chaperones. When I pass, I will
live on. Through them.

*
*
*
*

11

CONTINUED:

11

WICKY

How?!

RICHARD

Everything you have done, every memory you created, every positive influence you had in the world, they take on a life of their own. They live in the minds of those once touched. My father lives here, my grandparents even...

He touches his heart.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

And anyone I tell of them takes them on. My father's name was Trent. You now have a little of my father inside you...

WICKY

I don't want your father inside me!

RICHARD

Where have you cast your shadow Wicky? Who will be taking you on? Keeping the memory of you alive? The boys from the pub?

WICKY

You're going to walk out of the room again aren't you?

Richard stops at the door.

RICHARD

Do you know what Philip Larkin said on the subject.

WICKY

Something like 'perfick'. (beat)
That's the Larkins. Go on.

*

*

RICHARD

He said 'What will survive of us is love'.

*

Richard leaves. Wicky winces and follows him outside:

WICKY

Shit.

12

EXT. WOODS - DAY

12

Him puts down the binoculars and shrugs.

12

CONTINUED:

12

HIM

Okay, the young one has clearly gone off to get the hearse fixed.

HER

That could take ages.

HIM

We'll wait it out.

She puts her bottom lip out like a kid.

HER

But then when he comes back, they'll take my head!

HIM

I know, but we have to be practical sometimes, sweetheart. We've probably lost that trophy, but I told you... I have an idea.

He breathes deeply for the pitch.

HIM (CONT'D)

I thought we might get another one, a different head.

She looks excited and confused.

HER

A jogger on the way home?

He shakes his head and passes her the binoculars.

HIM

Once the undertakers have gone, I could get you a very big head indeed.

She looks and through the binoculars we see Wicky, getting something out the back of his van.

HER

I like the big head! I want the big head!!

He chuckles affectionately.

HIM

We're getting a curry later, though!

She starts to undo her blouse.

HIM (CONT'D)

No, not now, we need to stay focussed. I need to get into the blood lust zone if I am to take a second life...

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

She happily does the blouse back up. As she looks up, we see Timber is standing there looking at them. She nudges him.

TIMBER

I didn't hear anything you said. You
can just let me go.

A beat. And then, with cold indifference, Him raises his crossbow and shoots Timber (we don't see where the bolt impacts). Timber falls from view with a scream.

13 INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

13

The scream reaches Richard and Wicky, who look towards where the sound has come from.

WICKY

Is that?

RICHARD

Timber?

14 EXT. COTTAGE / COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

14

The two men run out of the cottage and we run with them through the woodland.

*

15 EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

15

Wicky and Richard run into a clearing, expecting to find Timber. What they actually find is Her standing over Him. He is holding his leg and screaming in an approximation of Timber's scream. Timber is nowhere to be seen.

HER

Oh thank god, can you help? He has had
a terrible fall.

Him looks up pathetically. He screams like Timber again.

16 INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN - DAY

16

Richard and Wicky help a limping Him into the cottage and sit him down. Her follows on, excitement and blood lust in her eyes. She carries a large bag (it has the crossbow in it).

HER

Thank you so much.

16

CONTINUED:

16

WICKY

What were you two doing out there?

HIM

We're birdwatchers.

'Her' is too excited to hide her blood lust. It falls to
'Him' to try to distract Wicky and Richard from their true
intentions.

*
*
*

HER

We are. We like watching.

(beat)

Birds.

She smiles. Him throws her a glance; too weird.

*

RICHARD

There's no phone signal here but my
brother will be back soon and we'll
organise something. It doesn't seem
broken to me.

HER

Are you very close with your brother?

Richard somewhat uncomfortable at the intimacy of the
question.

RICHARD

Yes. Very.

She smiles broadly, enjoying the knowledge of what they have
done to Timber.

*
*

HER

Adorable.

Him changes the subject quickly, constantly trying to draw
from her weirdness.

HIM

What happened here?

WICKY

Oh... just ummm, an accident.

They all look at the horrific blood spatter.

HER

Did someone cut themselves shaving?

WICKY

I said that!

RICHARD

Please!

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

Wicky whispers conspiratorially.

WICKY

He doesn't like people dissing the
dead.

HIM

Very sad for someone to die alone out
here.

RICHARD

Is there anything more tragic?

WICKY

Don't start you!

She grins again and picks up an ornament, a heavy looking
carving of an animal. She stares at it whilst asking a
question.

HER

Where is he?

WICKY

Where is who?

HER

Where is the body?

Wicky doesn't have time to register this strange request
before Him changes the subject.

HIM

What does that matter dear? Could I
have some tea? I think I may be in
shock.

RICHARD

I can make tea. The deceased is in the
hearse if that's what you mean. We are
having transport problems.

HER

Oh, you have problems, all right.

He raises his voice at her.

HIM

Would you like some tea, dear?

A strange thing to say but Richard doesn't fully register it.
Wicky switches the kettle without looking at them.

WICKY

How long have you two been into bird
watching?

*
*
*

*
*

*
*

*

*
*
*

*

16

CONTINUED: (3)

16

HIM

Oh a long time. Years.

WICKY

What's your favourite? Bird.

He immediately answers.

HIM

I like a curlew. They're inquisitive.

Wicky has a tea in his hand and he approaches her.

WICKY

And you?

She smiles.

HER

Why do you ask?

HIM

Just answer the question, dear.

HER

Why should I?

Wicky holds the tea out and maintains eye contact with her.

WICKY

Okay. Don't like that question? I have another. How did you know it was a he?

HER

What?

WICKY

You said the victim was a he. How do you know?

Wicky glances at Richard knowingly and then at Her. He raises his eyebrows, she raises hers.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I'm saying, I think you're murderers.
Just to be absolutely clear. I think
you two are murderers.

Richard suddenly decides to rush Her...

Richard storms Her from behind but she sidesteps and hits him hard over the head with something she's picked up earlier in the scene. An ornament? Wicky turns around to see Him, grinning broadly, holding a crossbow up.

16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

HER

I like the Robin. Fiercely territorial birds.

17 **EXT. COTTAGE. OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR - DAY**

17

The camera finds the hearse in the ditch. Beyond it, Timber comes in to view. An arrow sticking out from his shoulder. He is clearly in pain but a determined look dominates his face.

He reaches the hearse and opens the boot. He takes out a pall bearers pole (or something you could use to attack someone with). He winces in pain and then looks up at the house.

TIMBER

You said I would have to stand up one day Richard. You told me that one day I would be tested. Today is that day. Today I become a man.

Stirring music swells suggesting this is Timber's big moment. He taps the pall bearers pole menacingly and with that, stumbles and falls into the ditch. He screams from the ditch.

TIMBER (CONT'D)

Richard? Richard! I'm stuck. I fell in a ditch, Richard.

18 **INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN - DAY**

18

Wicky is duct-taped to a chair. Him and Her stand over him. Bloodlust in their eyes. Wicky is horrified.

HER

Will we take it now? Will we take it straight away?

HIM

Don't be ridiculous. It has to be dead first! Look at the mess you've made!

HER

Why? It might be more fun just to take it now?

HIM

It wouldn't stay still enough. It would scream. We're lucky to have it tied up at all, the amount of hints you were bloody giving! And now I've got two of them to deal with!

HER

I got over-excited!

18

CONTINUED:

18

HIM

You always do, we were supposed to wait for the undertaker to go...

HER

Don't be cross with her!

HIM

You don't have to kill three of them in a day. And all because you have to take your souvenir...

She turns to a tied up Wicky.

WICKY

(suddenly realising)

Oh my god! Am I one of the three??

(beat)

And what are you planing to take?! Oh my God!

She smiles and Him rolls his eyes. Wicky looks at the bloodstain on the floor and then back at them.

WICKY (CONT'D)

My head?! My beautiful head?!

HER

Beautiful?

WICKY

You can't fucking kill me!!

HIM

Oh, I'm afraid that horse has bolted.

WICKY

Well get it back in the stable! Get the horse back in the stable!

HER

I don't even know where we'll put it. It's massive.

HIM

I'll build a shelf. An extra wide one. After I've had my curry!

She rushes over and kisses him.

HER

You'll get it, I promise.

They start to violently kiss again.

WICKY

Do you fucking mind!

*

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

Him's face changes, he does not like being shouted at.

HIM

Don't you raise your voice to me.

He comes over, grabs Wicky's hair and pulls out a very big knife.

HIM (CONT'D)

Or maybe I'll do as she asked.

HER

Do it! Please! Do it.

WICKY

Why would you? I'm just a bloke. I haven't even got someone to look after my soul yet!

HIM

What?

WICKY

At least give me a few more years to find someone to remember me when I'm dead!

HER

What's he talking about?

WICKY

I haven't got anyone who'll care that you've murdered me. I mean I have but it won't ruin anyone's life. Surely you want to kill someone who people will miss!?

HIM

Why would I care about that?

HER

Yes why would he care!

WICKY

I just thought people like you want to be famous. You won't get famous killing a nobody.

Him looks at Her to see if this odd man speaks sense. She walks over and crouches down next to Wicky. She runs her fingers through his hair.

HER

We're here to make you famous, too, silly. Your famous head on my shelf.

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

She stands up and steps back to let Him in. Him's face has changed now. The blood lust has taken over. He toys with the knife.

We suddenly cut to a rear shot of Her. A hand comes into view and taps her on the shoulder. She spins round and is punched hard in the face. She falls out of view.

19 INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

19

Wicky and Him POV. Ruth is standing there. She looks calm and in control. She has a tazer in her hand.

RUTH

Tazer, tazer, tazer.

She deploys the tazer, hitting Him, who goes into a spasm. He dances on the end of the tazer wires. Some funny physical stuff and he hits walls and grabs at stuffed animals before eventually settling on the floor.

Ruth smiles at Wicky.

RUTH (CONT'D)

All right dickhead?

WICKY

They were going to chop my bloody head off!

RUTH

Where would they have kept that? It's massive.

20 EXT. COTTAGE. OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR - DAY - LATER

20

We see all of the storylines resolved:

Richard and Timber hug as Timber is wheeled off on a gurney by a couple of paramedics, towards an OOV ambulance. A pickup truck deals with the hearse. Him and Her are bundled into a police van. *

Wicky and Ruth sit on a log, watching.

RUTH

Bit dramatic all this, innit, babs?

WICKY

Just a bit. I've got a question?

RUTH

How did I know to come? I just heard two DCs in the station talking about some murders in rural Wales. *

*
*

20

CONTINUED:

20

RUTH (CONT'D)

They were getting all excited it was a serial killer and I remembered you ringing.

WICKY

No, why do you say 'tazer' three times?

Ruth giggles.

WICKY (CONT'D)

So you just came on the off chance?!

RUTH

I thought if I know anyone unlucky enough to get murdered in rural Wales, it's you.

WICKY

I'm not unlucky!

RUTH

You've bought tickets for the White Horse Christmas raffle for 25 years. You've won fuck all.

WICKY

He fixes it! The landlord. It's just a way of getting cheap meat to his cousins!

She giggles.

RUTH

Well, back to Brum then?

WICKY

Please!

They get up and walk towards their cars.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I need a bloody pint.

RUTH

Will you be naming your first-born after me? Now I've saved your life?

WICKY

Of course, even if it's a boy.

RUTH

Nah, you'd be better with girls. You're not male enough to raise boys.

WICKY

What? I'm an absolute hunk.

*

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

RUTH

You didn't look very hunky in there.

WICKY

When the murderers were going to chop
my head off?

She smiles. Wicky realises she is not in a police car. It's
just a normal one.

WICKY (CONT'D)

How come you're in this?

RUTH

It's my car?

WICKY

No why aren't you in a cop car?

RUTH

I told you, Wales isn't my
jurisdiction.

WICKY

But you were at work...

RUTH

I took the afternoon off.

Wicky doesn't understand. She looks at him with affectionate
pity.

WICKY

Why?

RUTH

I just had a bad feeling.

WICKY

So you came to save me on a day off?
You're a sickeningly nice person you
know that. Horrible.

*
*
*

RUTH

Yes. Good job too, innit? Bloody hell
you make my neck ache.

She clambers up on to the floor of the car, with the door
open so she's nearer to his height.

RUTH (CONT'D)

You down the horse later then? Or are
you feeling too almost-murdered?

She realises he is staring at her.

*

20

CONTINUED: (3)

20

WICKY

Why did you do that? Come?

RUTH

What? Because I was worried about you.
I often am.

WICKY

I'm a nobody.

Her smile drops, she fixes him with her stare and slowly and deliberately spells it out.

RUTH

Not. To. Me.

(Or a less dramatic version might be.)

RUTH (CONT'D)

Eh? Don't talk daft!

Wicky suddenly leans in and kisses her.

Cut to a drone shot? Up from the kiss and into the canopy of the surrounding woods? I like the idea of a hard cut away from the kiss to something else anyway.

END