

THE CLEANER S2

'FUNERAL PREPARATIONS'

Pink revisions

11/9/22

Written by

Greg Davies

Based on "Der Tatortreiniger" by Mizzi Meyer

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

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.

1A/1B **EXT. TREE - DAY / EXT. BIRMINGHAM POLICE STATION - DAY** 1A/1B

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.

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!

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 posses him. You know that!

He sighs, exasperated but affectionate. Then, he steals 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:

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:

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 clammers 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