

MINDER SERIES III

"DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES"

by

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CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

DRIVER OF FORKLIFT TRUCK
MRS CHAMBERS
MONTY WISEMAN
RANDOLF (MONTY'S CHAUFFEUR)
ARTHUR DALEY
DAVE
PUNTER AT THE BAR
TERRY MCCANN
NANCY
GREGORY MEDHURST
INCAPABLE
MATRON
PUNTERS IN PUB
ROCK GROUP - "GROPE"
BARMAN
MRS CHAMBERS' MOTHER
CHISHOLM
D.C. JONES
VICAR
EXTRAS AT THE CREMATORIUM
EXTRAS AT THE WINCHESTER CLUB
WINOS

LOCATIONS:

EXTERIORS

HEATHROW CARGO SHED
HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE
ROAD GOING OUT TO HEATHROW
ROAD WITH FUNERAL PARLOUR
HAMMERSMITH FLYOVER
ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP
STREET OUTSIDE INCAPABLE'S BEDSIT
STREET WHERE NANCY'S SQUAT IS
TERRY'S FLAT
OFF LICENCE
CREMATORIUM

INTERIORS

CARGO SHED/HEATHROW
WINCHESTER CLUB
TERRY'S FLAT
MEDHURST'S OFFICE
SAUNA
PUB
INCAPABLE'S BEDSIT
ARTHUR'S CAR
MONTY WISEMAN'S OFFICE
MEDHURST'S FLAT
MRS CHAMBERS' SITTING ROOM
ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP
NANCY'S SQUAT
CHISHOLM'S OFFICE
POLICE STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM
CREMATORIUM

ACT ONE

1. EXT. HEATHROW. DAY.

1.

A forklift truck trundles its way across the tarmac towards a cargo shed, as we ESTABLISH the airport, etc. We see it carries a casket. (NOTE: This is an oblong casket, as opposed to coffin shaped, without handles. It has been hermetically sealed with solder, is zinc lined and has a simple plate on the lid bearing the occupier's name. Not that we can see this at this point because it is covered by a non see-through plastic vinyl covering which is pinned down with studs to a board supporting the casket. This covering has a sign attached to it - about a foot by nine inches - with the words: "Urgent Medical Supplies" on it).

CLOSE ON THE SIGN

ANGLE ON DRIVER: Bored and obviously indifferent to his cargo.

ANOTHER ANGLE: As the fork lift truck moves towards the cargo shed to eventually disappear inside, as over:

MONTY (V/O)

Believe me, Mrs Chambers, you
have my deepest sympathy ...
I know what you must be feeling.

MRS CHAMBERS (V/O)

Do you Mr Wiseman?

2. INT. MONTY'S CAR. DAY.

2.

Sat in the rear of the car (A Rolls or Merc) are MONTY WISEMAN, mid 40's, rotund and balding, and MRS CHAMBERS, late 30's to early 40's. Attractive, but with a cool hard edge to her. She wears black. Driving is MONTY'S CHAUFFEUR/MINDER, a laconic and not unintelligent guy in his, say early 30's. As we continue the above conversation:

MONTY

Of course, my dear, your husband
Joe wasn't just an employee ...
he was also a close personal friend ...

CHAMBERS

Really? He never said.

2. CONTINUED

2.

MONTY

Well, that was Joe, you know,
discreet, loyal, shtum ... a
nice man, God rest his soul.
Believe me, he's a great loss,
a tragedy, I can't tell you ...
(Suddenly the business man) I
trust you had him well insured?

CHAMBERS

Yes, there is a policy.

MONTY

A person has to protect theirsself
from the wicked tricks of fate
..... very sensible.

CHAMBERS

One of us had to be.

MONTY casts her an uncomfortable smile. She isn't conforming to
his idea of the grieving widow.

3. INT. CARGO SHED/HEATHROW. DAY.

3.

As the forklift DRIVER manoeuvres the truck and sets the casket
to rest among the rest of the various boxes, packages, etc.,
awaiting collection or delivery. We HEAR OVER:

MONTY (V/O)

Listen, I want you should let
me help ... I'll take care of
the funeral expenses, help
you to organise things; it's
the least I can do.

CHAMBERS (V/O)

Thank you Mr Wiseman.

MONTY (V/O)

Monty ... call me Monty, please.
And don't mention it. I just
want to help, and a man should
be laid to rest with dignity.

The casket is dumped wherever without much ceremony, as:

4. INT. WINCHESTER CLUB. DAY.

4.

One or two PUNTERS. ARTHUR and DAVE at the bar:

4. CONTINUED

4.

ARTHUR

Dead?

DAVE

Well an' truly a furry
pancake needed a shovel
to lift him off the road.

ARTHUR winces at the imagery.

DAVE

Well what d'you expect, twenty
ton of articulated lorry - you
can't argue with.

ARTHUR

'Spect the wife's upset?

DAVE

You'd think he was human the
way she's goin' on.

ARTHUR

Well, women get attached,
don't they.

5. EXT. ROAD/FUNERAL PARLOUR. DAY.

5.

ESTABLISHING MEDHURST'S Funeral Parlour as MONTY'S car draws up
outside and RANDOLF climbs out to open the rear door for MONTY
and MRS CHAMBERS. As they clamber out:

CHAMBERS

I hope this isn't going to take
long?

MONTY

Not at all my dear a small
formality. All you have to do
is sign a few papers and then
you can leave everything to me.
(To RANDOLPH) Wait here.

And MONTY and MRS CHAMBERS enter the Funeral Parlour.

6. INT. WINCHESTER. DAY.

6.

A little more crowded now. ARTHUR is still at the bar. DAVE
serving a PUNTER. ARTHUR glances at his watch and glances
towards the door. DAVE catches it as he turns to the till:

DAVE

You got a meet or somethin'?

6. CONTINUED

6.

ARTHUR

Just wonderin' where Terry
was ... he's usually in here
by now.

DAVE

He pulled that blonde sort
that was in here last night
after you left. Probably
'sleeping' late.

ARTHUR

Sleeping I dunno how he
does it the boy's obsessed
with crumpet he'll catch
something one of these days, mark
my words and it drains his
strength, interferes with business.
He's got no consideration.

DAVE

What would you be doin' if you
were twenty years younger, Arthur?

ARTHUR

That is not the point.

DAVE

Innit?

7. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. DAY.

7.

TERRY is laying face down on the bed being gently massaged by a
slim beautiful young lady called NANCY.

NANCY

You know as lovers go, you're
not too bad.

TERRY

Yeah, well I practise a lot
on my own.

NANCY gives him a playful slap and leans forward to whisper in
his ear.

NANCY

Something else ... I thought we
were going to have a bath before
we did this?

TERRY (Turning to face her)

Okay, but you get the end with the taps.

NANCY

My hero.

8. INT. FUNERAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

8.

MONTY, MRS CHAMBERS and the Funeral Director, GREGORY MEDHURST. He is a youngish man who out of office hours has quite a jolly disposition, but is now in a formal suit and appropriately sober:

MEDHURST (Glancing over papers)
Well, that all seems in order,
Mrs Chambers.

CHAMBERS
Thank goodness for that.

MEDHURST
I'm sorry we're not able to
accommodate your late husband
on the premises until the
funeral arrangements can be
made, but

CHAMBERS
Well, I don't know what I'm
supposed to do I can't have
him at home, I have my mother
staying; she and my husband
hated each other to have
him lying around the house would
be just too intolerable.
(To MONTY) Perhaps we should try
somewhere else?

MONTY
Mrs Chambers, this is not the
kind of thing you shop around for.
Mr Medhurst here, does a lovely
funeral, believe me ... and he's
already handled the arrangements
for getting Joe, God rest his soul,
back into the country.

CHAMBERS
But what about ?

MONTY
Not a problem. I will arrange
a dignified place of temporary
rest what are friends for?

9. EXT. ROAD/FUNERAL PARLOUR. DAY.

9.

RANDOLF is holding the car door open for MRS CHAMBERS to climb in. As she does, MONTY draws him just out of earshot:

9. CONTINUED

9.

MONTY

I want you should drive me back
to the office then take
Mrs Chambers home.

RANDOLF

She's standin' it then?

MONTY

D'you think I get a living by
being a bad judge of people?
She's a million.

RANDOLF

Yeah, but Arthur Daley?

Gestures: Suggesting how dodgy he thinks ARTHUR is.

MONTY

Intellectuals I should trust?
Geezers with nouse? Randolph,
you wanna make a crust in this
wicked world you have to use
mugs ... and believe me, they're
all around us.

He glances round at MRS CHAMBERS in the car.

RANDOLF

What about Incapable?

MONTY

When you've dumped the grieving
widow, go find him.

10. EXT. OFF LICENCE. DAY.

10.

Emerging from the Off Licence is INCAPABLE. Mid 50's, wearing what was once quite a respectable suit but unkempt and unshaven. INCAPABLE was once a respectable middle class surgeon but is now a chronic alcoholic. He clutches two bottles of cheap wine. As he moves to scurry off along the pavement he bumps into a middle aged MATRON:

INCAPABLE (Leaning into her)

I'm so terrible sorry,
madam ...

The MATRON, reacting to INCAPABLE'S breath, turns her head away in disgust.

MATRON

God

10. CONTINUED

10.

INCAPABLE

Would that I could make contact with Him, madam. If perchance you have His ear, so to speak, perhaps you could have a word on my behalf ...

MATRON

Well really. Your're disgusting!

INCAPABLE

I'll have you know, madam, I was once a professional man of some repute.

MATRON

You're a filthy drunk!

And she stalks off.
then shuffles off.

INCAPABLE watches her go somewhat sadly,

11. INT. WINCHESTER. DAY.

11.

DAVE is handing ARTHUR the phone:

DAVE

For you Monty Wiseman.

ARTHUR (Into phone)

Monty? (Listens) Of course, you know me Monty, always ready to discuss a bit of business Yeah, sure, where?

12. INT. SAUNA. DAY.

12.

ARTHUR and MONTY, wrapped in towels, sit sweltering in the sauna. ARTHUR looks drained and thoroughly uncomfortable:

ARTHUR

You can't be serious?

MONTY

I'm serious already. You think I bring you here to tell jokes?

ARTHUR tries to rise but flops back in exhaustion.

ARTHUR

I don't think I feel very well ...

MONTY

I'm not surprised look at you you're an affront to nature. A bottle on some laboratory shelf you'll end up in.

ARTHUR eyes MONTY'S portly figure a little askance. Then on his dignity:

ARTHUR

That may well be but I assure you my brain is in excellent condition.

MONTY

Then have the good sense to have a trade so much money you've got you don't need a grand for a few hours graft?

ARTHUR (Suddenly interested)

A grand?

MONTY

You want to haggle?

ARTHUR

No, no, I'm, er ... thinking ... I mean, there are certain things to be considered here

MONTY

Cash. Reddies in the hand, no VAT. What's to consider?

ARTHUR

Well, it's a bit, er (look of distaste) I mean why can't you handle well, not handle exactly (A little shudder) I mean deal with it?

MONTY

It's the wife she has a nervous disposition. Something like that lying around the house; you understand, it's not nice. Anyway, Joe she didn't know.

ARTHUR

Oh, he's not a relation then?

MONTY

He's not even the same religion. Not that it bothers me ... but the wife? Oi! And what would the Rabbi say?

12. CONTINUED

12.

ARTHUR looks a little confused for a moment, then:

ARTHUR

But if he's not a relation
why are you, you know?

MONTY

He was a close personal friend
with no family, what can I do?
A man should be laid to rest
with dignity.

ARTHUR

Dignity? In my lock-up?

MONTY

Well, he won't be complaining,
will he?

The heat and the morbid request is causing ARTHUR to take on a distinctly queasy look. MONTY glances at ARTHUR'S legs.

MONTY

You know, Arthur, the last
time I saw a pair of legs
like that, one of them had
a message tied to it.

ARTHUR's face.

13. EXT. LOCATION TO BE DECIDED. DAY.

13.

Any place where 'wino's' gather to seek oblivion in the bottle and each others company, i.e., the Embankment, outside one of a number of dossers hostels around town, a derelict building site.

No need to hear any dialogue as we see RANDOLF chatting to a couple of WINO'S, asking questions, but clearly not getting any positive response. As he walks off we HEAR rock music OVER, and:

14. INT. PUB. EVENING.

14.

TERRY stands at the bar with a drink watching a small rock group belting out some number and we see that NANCY is the singer in the group. TERRY, along with the rest of the PUNTERS appear to be enjoying it. HOLD this for a moment.

ANOTHER ANGLE

On ARTHUR, as he pokes his head around the pub door, spots TERRY and enters. TERRY seems surprised to see him:

14. CONTINUED

14.

TERRY

Hello Arthur, what're you
doin' here?

ARTHUR

Looking' for you Terence
(Winning at loud music) and
searching for culture.

TERRY

Come to right place for both
then, ain't you. Wanna drink?

ARTHUR

Need a drink, Terry, need.

He winces again as NANCY and the group reach the climax of the
number.

TERRY

Good, ain't they.

ARTHUR

Some people have opinion,
Terry, others taste. I
belong to the latter.

TERRY smiles and catches the BARMAN'S eye and orders ARTHUR a
vodka and tonic as ARTHUR looks at the rock group with distaste
- recognising NANCY.

ARTHUR

Isn't that the bird you pulled
in the Winchester last?

TERRY

You've been talkin' to Dave.
Yeah ... only she pulled me.
An' singing ain't the only
thing she's good at.

ARTHUR casts him a look. TERRY smiles. The BARMAN arrives
with the drink. TERRY pays and hands the drink to ARTHUR.

ARTHUR

Ta.

TERRY

What's the matter, you got
problems?

ARTHUR

No, no, not problems exactly ...
just a little job I want you to
help me with.

14. CONTINUED

14.

TERRY (Sceptical)
Help you, or do it for you?

ARTHUR
Help, assist aid, lend
support, you know.

During this the rock group has finished its number and NANCY has left the stage and crosses to join them - offering a friendly smile on arrival:

NANCY
Hello Arthur, isn't it?

ARTHUR
Such is my name.

NANCY
Sorry, thought it was Arthur.

ARTHUR
It is Arthur.

NANCY
So who's Such?

ARTHUR
Uh?

TERRY and NANCY exchange amused looks. ARTHUR looks from one to the other with a slightly bemused expression, then leans in close to whisper in TERRY'S ear:

ARTHUR
Terry, what is going on
here? I seem to be
missing something.

TERRY
Don't worry about it
(Winking at Nancy) So
what's this job you've got
lined up?

ARTHUR
Ah, yes ... well we have
to go down to Heathrow
tomorrow and collect
well sort of pick someone
up, you know

TERRY
What, someone who's flyin'
in you mean?

14. CONTINUED

14.

ARTHUR

Been flown in, ye-es ...

TERRY

Well, that's no problem,
is it ... but how come you
need me? You've got a motor.

ARTHUR

Well, actually it's a bit more
complicated than that ...

TERRY

Oh?

ARTHUR

The fact is he's, er, a bit
incapacitated.

TERRY

What, like an invalid, you
mean?

ARTHUR

Yes, you could say that ...
yes, he's very, very ill.

TERRY

How ill?

ARTHUR

Well, er, terminally you could
say

TERRY

Terminally?

ARTHUR

Well to be precise ... to be
absolutely accurate ... he's dead.

A MOMENT. TERRY simply stares at him in disbelief. NANCY
giggles.

15. INT. INCAPABLE'S BEDSIT. EVENING.

15.

Perhaps a basement bedsit - part of a partly derelict house.
The room is tatty with quite a number of empty wine bottles
strewn about. But for all the tat there is one corner of the
room that is curiously out of key - an elegant bookcase with
rows of assorted classics and medical tomes. And on a small
table close by a small black case (containing surgical instruments
not that we know at this point.) However:

15. CONTINUED

15.

We OPEN ON RANDOLF as he kicks the door open. He enters and looks around the room with distaste. Clearly annoyed that INCAPABLE isn't there. He strides out leaving the door open.

16. EXT. HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE. EVENING.

16.

We watch an empty wine bottle as it falls from the bridge, then:

ANGLE ON INCAPABLE

As he leans on the parapet watching the bottle hit the water. He watches the bottle bob out of sight then, eventually, turns and shuffles away.

17. INT. ARTHUR'S CAR. DAY.

17.

Travelling. ARTHUR and TERRY aboard.

TERRY

Let me get this right ...
Monty Wiseman is payin' you
five hundred quid to collect
this dead mate of his and
you're going to keep the body
in your slaughter?

ARTHUR

Well, you can't turn down that
sort of dough, Terry.

TERRY (Shakes head in disbelief)

It's incredible If I
didn't know you better I'd
swear you were at the wind up.

ARTHUR

No, it's dead serious.

TERRY

Dead serious is right.

ARTHUR (Pained)

Terry, please

TERRY

Arthur, Monty Wiseman doesn't
have any friends ... Monty
Wiseman is so crooked he'd steal
the rings from under his mother's
eyes. If he's partin' with a
monkey there has to be a catch.

17. CONTINUED

17.

ARTHUR

I don't know, so young and yet so cynical. (BEAT) The man was a close personal friend even the Monty's of this world are entitled to a moment of genuine grief, Terry.

TERRY

If he was grieving he wouldn't be dumpin' this 'friend' in your slaughter, would he?

ARTHUR

Terry, it is a warehouse, not a slaughter which I might add happens to be a very unfortunate term considering this, er, job we've got to do.

TERRY (Look)

One of us must be drunk.

 18. INT. INCAPABLE'S BEDSIT. DAY.

18.

INCAPABLE enters, bleary eyed, haggard from sleeping rough somewhere for the night. He eyes the broken door catch curiously for a moment, then shuffles into the room and begins looking amongst the empty bottles, checking to see if there's any booze remaining. Eventually, he finds a bottle with some dregs in and swigs it down. Then he studies the empty bottle for a moment, his hand shaking, and:

INCAPABLE (Quoting)

"If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink;
Good wine - a friend - or being dry -
Or lest we should by and by -
Or any other reason why."

He sighs, drops the bottle and then moves to study the books in the bookcase - perhaps he touches the books a hint reverently, recalling better times. Then he looks down at the table and the small black surgical case laying there. He eventually opens the case and we see the surgical instruments therein.

He moves a few instruments aside to reveal a five pound note. He pockets it - and we know it's his last bit of money - and then moves to exit.

19. INT. MONTY'S OFFICE. DAY.

19.

ESTABLISH that it is a Travel Agency, posters, brochures, etc.
MONTY sat behind a desk, RANDOLF standing.

RANDOLF

Well, I dunno where else to
look piss artist like
that, could be anywhere,
couldn't he.

MONTY

He always ends up back at that
filthy flop of his sometime.
You'll have to go round there
and dwell 'til he shows.

RANDOLF

Leave off, Monty, I'll probably
catch somethin' have you
seen it?

MONTY

It's the only way.

RANDOLF

Listen, Mont', you sure about
all this ?

MONTY

Randolf, possession is nine
points of the law, right?

RANDOLF

So they say.

MONTY

So if things turn a little
difficult, who's in possession?

RANDOLF

Arthur.

MONTY

Right.

20. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

20.

PANNING with ARTHUR'S CAR as from before:

TERRY (V/O)

Apart from anything else, it don't
even sound legal to me.

20. CONTINUED

20.

ARTHUR (V/O)

Of course, it's legal, would
I be doing it if it wasn't?

TERRY (V/O)

Look, I don't claim to know
anything about the law on
anythin' like this, but it
can't be right to go around
collecting bodies an' dumpin
them where you like.

21. INT. ARTHUR'S CAR. DAY.

21.

CONTINUING:

ARTHUR

One body, Terry, one. And
I assure you it's all inside
the law legal an' proper.

TERRY (Disdainful)

Yeah ... Monty Wiseman. (BEAT)
Listen, the people he knows ..
and places, he could have parked
this dear pal of his anywhere;
so how come he's picked on us?

ARTHUR

Trust, Terence, trust, pure an'
simple. I am, after all, a
man of some reliability and
status on this manor.

TERRY

Yeah, you are ain't you. (Meaning opposite)

ARTHUR casts him a look.

22. EXT. ROAD AND FUNERAL PARLOUR. DAY.

22.

As ARTHUR'S car draws up outside the Funeral Parlour and he and
TERRY climb out. They both stand a moment eyeing the Funeral
Parlour with slight misgiving. Parked close by is a Transit Van.
They move to the entrance in silence. ARTHUR rings the bell.
No answer. ARTHUR peers through a window:

ARTHUR

Looks closed ... strange.

TERRY

Maybe business is bad ...
it's been a bad month for death.

ARTHUR

Terry! (Glances at watch)
They're probably not open yet.

TERRY

Listen, what did this geezer
die of?

ARTHUR

Heart attack, on board a ship
heading for Malta, Monty says ...
that's why the, er, departed
has been flown back ... and
naturally the mortal remains
have to repose somewhere until
Monty can arrange the funeral.

TERRY

Arthur, this is where the mortal
remains usually 'repose'.

ARTHUR

Yes, but there may be other,
er, company in there (The parlour)
.... Monty needs to mourn in
private.

TERRY gives a disdainful snort. ARTHUR eyes the upper building
- there is a flat above the Funeral Parlour.

ARTHUR

He said something about the
geezer living over

TERRY (Indicating)

There's a side entrance there.

The move to it and this time TERRY rings the bell. After a
moment the door opens and the Funeral Director, GREGORY MEDHURST,
appears. He is a youngish man with quite a jolly disposition
- and not at all the image ARTHUR expects:

ARTHUR

Mr Medhurst?

MEDHURST

That's right. Can I help you?

ARTHUR

Are you the, er ... (Indicating Funeral
Parlour) the Under er

MEDHURST

The Funeral Director, yes.

ARTHUR

Well, my name is Mr Daley ...

MEDHURST

Ah, yes, Mr Wiseman did ring
and explain things ... come
in a minute, I'll just get
my coat and the papers

ARTHUR and TERRY hesitate and exchange glances.

MEDHURST

It's alright, it's my flat.
(Winks) Only the walking
allowed.

ARTHUR offers the parody of a smile, and he and TERRY enter.

23. INT. MEDHURST'S FLAT. DAY.

23.

Quite nicely furnished and decorated with a lived in look. Signs
of kids - few toys, etc. A desk, which MEDHURST heads for when
he, ARTHUR and TERRY enter.

MEDHURST (Rummaging in desk)

Are you accompanying me in the
van to the airport, or have you
a car?

ARTHUR (Quickly)

Car. We'll er, just follow
you up, you know.

MEDHURST nods and sorts through some papers, as ARTHUR notices a
small macabre toy tin coffin sitting on a coffee table. He
indicates it with his eyes for TERRY'S attention. TERRY looks
at it and pulls a face. MEDHURST has turned and caught this
exchange.

MEDHURST

My kids money box.

ARTHUR (Pained smile)

Money box?

MEDHURST

Yes. Look

And he takes a coin from his pocket and places it on the end of
the toy coffin. There is a whirring sound and a skeletal hand
appears and snatches the coin into the coffin. (NOTE: These
macabre toy money boxes are on the market - my daughter has one!)

ARTHUR and TERRY exchange strained looks.

23. CONTINUED

23.

MEDHURST (Brightly)
Don't know what they'll think
of next, do you?

ARTHUR and TERRY try to offer appreciative smiles - without
success.

MEDHURST
I understand from Mr Wiseman
that you are related in some
way to, er ... (Studying paper)
Mr Chambers?

ARTHUR
Mr Chambers?

MEDHURST
The deceased.

ARTHUR
Ah, yes, er ... distantly
second cousin we never
actually met er, socially
that is.

TERRY casts ARTHUR a sharp look, which ARTHUR studiously ignores.

MEDHURST
Ah, I see. Still it's never
pleasant, is it? (Bright smile)
I'll just get my coat and we
can be on our way.

And he exits to another room. TERRY looks at ARTHUR pointedly.

ARTHUR
Well, I wasn't to know Monty
was going to tell him that,
did I.

24. EXT. HEATHROW CARGO SHED. DAY.

24.

PARKED outside the open Cargo Shed is the Transit Van and ARTHUR'S
car - which TERRY and ARTHUR stand leaning against waiting for
MEDHURST to return.

ARTHUR
This don't seem right to me.

TERRY
That's what I've been trying
to tell you.

24. CONTINUED

24.

ARTHUR

No, no not that, I mean this ...
(Indicating Transit) I mean it
should be a hearse with blokes
in dark suits, an' that and
what about this undertaker bloke ...
a sports coat he's wearing!
You'd think we were collecting
furniture. There's no respect
any more Terry, no respect at all.

TERRY

Well your second cousin won't
be complaining, will he?

ARTHUR simply casts him a look as MEDHURST appears, carrying
some papers.

MEDHURST

Well, that's all in order,
Mr Daley. They're bringing
the body out now.

And a fork-lift truck appears from inside the cargo shed with
the casket on it. ARTHUR and TERRY react to SIGN.

ARTHUR

Urgent medical supplies?

MEDHURST

Oh, it's alright, that's quite
standard. Just a discreet way
of transporting, you know.

TERRY

How long's he been dead, this
cousin of yours Arthur?

ARTHUR (Pained look)

Terry

TERRY

Well, it could be unhealthy,
couldn't it?

ARTHUR just pulls a face of distaste.

MEDHURST

Actually, the body was embalmed
at the port of call.

TERRY

That's a relief.

The fork-lift truck manoeuvres the casket to the rear of the
Transit and the DRIVER looks to MEDHURST.

24. CONTINUED

24.

MEDHURST (To ARTHUR/TERRY)

If you could just give me
a hand to put it aboard?

ARTHUR'S car is parked close to the rear of the Transit - too close for the casket to be placed inside without difficulty.

TERRY

Yeah, well we'd better move
the van forward a bit.
The keys in it ?

MEDHURST

Yes

ARTHUR (Quickly)

No, er, I'll, er do that Terry
.... you, er, help Mr Medhurst
to, er

He indicates the casket and moves quickly to move the Transit before anyone can interfere. TERRY'S face takes on a resigned look and waits for ARTHUR to move the van forward a few yards. It will be useful if we can manage the Transit to be on a slight slope - though I don't think essential. The fork-lift manoeuvres the casket to a position suitable near the rear of the van. TERRY and MEDHURST get hold of separate ends of the casket as ARTHUR reappears.

TERRY

Get the doors then.

ARTHUR

Oh, right

And he opens the back of the Transit. MEDHURST and TERRY lift the casket and MEDHURST places his end on the edge of the van's floor.

MEDHURST

Just give it a push, it'll
slide in.

TERRY pushes the casket. The Transit starts to roll forward. TERRY reacts by pulling back on the casket

ARTHUR

Oh my gawd ... forgot the brake.

And he rushes to try and get to the brake at the front of the van, but it is too late. TERRY'S reaction has caused the casket to slip out of the van and it crashes to the floor

TERRY

Bloody hell

24. CONTINUED

24.

MEDHURST

Oh dear.

Having secured the brake now, ARTHUR returns and stares with dismay at the fallen casket. TERRY gives him a long suffering look and shakes his head.

 25. EXT. HAMMERSMITH FLYOVER. DAY.

25.

ESTABLISHING that the Transit is now following ARTHUR'S car as they head back into town. And:

ARTHUR (V/O)

You don't think that little mishap caused any damage, do you?

TERRY (V/O)

You can't get more damaged than dead, Arthur.

 26. INT. ARTHUR'S CAR. DAY.

26.

Travelling. Continuing above.

ARTHUR

That is not funny, Terence, not funny at all. That is the sort of irreverence for the human condition I find totally offensive.

TERRY

Especially at five hundred quid a time. (BEAT) How much am I getting out of that incidentally?

ARTHUR

Well, that depends how long you have to stay with the, er, late lamented Mr Chambers.

TERRY

Do what?!

ARTHUR (Innocently)

Oh, sorry, didn't I explain? Monty wants someone to watch over his poor perished pal until he can sort out the arrangements.... you know, just sort of sit with him.

END OF ACT ONE:

(TERRY'S FACE)

ACT TWO

27. INT. MRS CHAMBERS' SITTING ROOM. DAY.

27.

MRS CHAMBERS is handing her elderly MOTHER a cup of tea and biscuits, as:

MOTHER

How do you feel now, dear?

CHAMBERS

I feel perfectly alright,
Mother.

MOTHER

Good.

CHAMBERS

I did know about his heart.

MOTHER

Gadding about the world like
that he never did have
any consideration for others.

CHAMBERS

Not totally inconsiderate ...
at least he's left me comfortable.

MOTHER

Yes, and you be careful some
other man doesn't come along
to take advantage of it.

CHAMBERS

Don't worry, I will be.

MOTHER

When's the funeral, did you
say?

CHAMBERS

Tomorrow.

MOTHER

It's nice of that Mr Wiseman
to help out.

CHAMBERS

Convenient, yes.

28. EXT/INT. ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP. DAY.

28.

As the Transit and ARTHUR'S car pull up outside the lock-up.

TERRY (V/O)

No Arthur definitely not.
There's no way I'm gonna sit
mindin' a bleedin' corpse!

ARTHUR (V/O)

Terry, be reasonable

TERRY (V/O)

No, definitely, I ain't gonna
do it.

They climb out of the car - MEDHURST also emerges from the Transit
to join them, as:

ARTHUR

It'll only be for a short
while, just til Monty can sort
things out.

TERRY

No that's it, N.O.
no.

ARTHUR

There's no need to be so
indecisive about this, you'll
be on nice wages and

MEDHURST'S presence deters ARTHUR from pursuing the argument for
now. ARTHUR casts MEDHURST an apologetic smile and unlocks the
garage. MEDHURST seems a bit bemused by the premises. He
glances around the interior of the lock-up and casts ARTHUR a
quizical look:

MEDHURST

Here ?

ARTHUR

Well, er, it's just temporary
you understand ... until
Mr Wiseman can arrange a more
suitable ... um ... I'll just
make a bit of room while you
and Terry here, er

Indicates Transit.

MEDHURST

This is very, er, unorthodox,
Mr Daley.

28. CONTINUED

28.

ARTHUR

I understand my late cousin
never was one for formality

TERRY casts him a look, which ARTHUR chooses to ignore.

ARTHUR

But it's alright, isn't it?
I mean there's no lawful
reason why, ah ... ?

MEDHURST

Well no, but ...

ARTHUR

Good, good, I'll er ...
well, don't just stand there
Terry, give Mr Medhurst a hand.

29. INT. INCAPABLE'S BEDSIT. DAY.

29.

INCAPABLE enters clutching a bottle of scotch. He sits on the edge of the bed, studies the bottle for a moment, then opens it and takes a long drink.

30. INT. MONTY'S OFFICE. DAY.

30.

MONTY is on the phone. RANDOLF will appear from, say, the toilet during this:

MONTY

Okay Arthur I'm not
sure, a couple of hours
maybe right, just
make sure he's not left
on his own ... right.

He replaces the phone and stands.

RANDOLF

I'll be off then.

MONTY

We'll both be, come on.

31. INT. ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP. DAY.

31.

ARTHUR (On phone)
Monty ? Monty ?

But the line is dead. ARTHUR sighs and replaces the receiver and looks to TERRY, who is standing close by.

TERRY
No, Arthur.

ARTHUR
A couple of hours, that's
all, a couple of hours

TERRY
Not even ten minutes, Arthur.

At some suitable point during this we see an old mongrel DOG appear in the open door way of the lock-up for a brief moment. Also establish that the casket has been laid out, say, on top of two or three fridges with a sheet now draped over it.

ARTHUR
Tell you what, hundred sovs ...
now I can't be fairer than that
can I? And that's on top of the
pony I've already given you.

TERRY (Thinks about it)
Hundred quid?

ARTHUR
In your claw, cash soon as
Monty weighs in, you collect.
You have my totally committed
word.

TERRY (Hesitates)
Nah ... I don't think so ...
knowing Monty Wiseman he'll
probably knock you anyway.
In any case, I've got a meet.
(Glancing at his watch)

ARTHUR
A meet?

TERRY
Promised Nancy I'd call round
her place, take her for a drink.

ARTHUR (Disbelieving)
A drink? That's nice, that's
charmin'. I'm in shtook an'
you want to go off birdin' it.

31. CONTINUED

31.

TERRY

If it's only a couple of
hours I don't see why you
can't dwell yourself?

ARTHUR

I would Terry, I would, but
I promised her indoors I'd
take her over to Brent Cross
shoppin' ... she'll drive me
potty if I don't show.

TERRY

Give her a bell ... explain
things.

ARTHUR

Leave off, she wouldn't
believe it.

TERRY (Smiles)

Arthur, I don't believe it.
See you later.

And he moves off.

ARTHUR

Terry Terry!

But TERRY disappears. ARTHUR sits there a moment in frustration,
then glances nervously at the casket and gives a little shiver.
He rises and crosses to close the doors of the lock-up, skirting
the casket by as wide a margin as he can. Having closed the
doors, he glances across at the casket again and decides to
reopen the doors slightly.

32. EXT. STREET. DAY.

32.

A street of grotty houses. MONTY'S car draws up outside one of
the houses and he and RANDOLF climb out. They head for the
street door, which hangs open and enter:

33. INT. INCAPABLE'S BEDSIT. DAY.

33.

MONTY and RANDOLF enter. Lying sprawled unconscious on the
tatty single bed is INCAPABLE, the empty whisky bottle still
clutched in his hand.

33. CONTINUED

33.

MONTY eyes INCAPABLE and the room with distaste.

MONTY

Wake the shmuck up, Randolph.

RANDOLF moves over to INCAPABLE and shakes him. No response. He slaps his face a few times. Still no response. He goes to the sink, fills a jug with water and throws it over the recumbent INCAPABLE. Nothing.

RANDOLF

He's well zonked, Monty ...
you ain't gonna get a lot of
joy out of him for some time.

MONTY (Sighs)

Wonderful. That's all I
need. (BEAT) Tie the
drunken bum to the bed so
he can't get at any more
booze when he wakes. We'll
call back later.

34. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

34.

TERRY arrives in his car outside a house in a road of large terraced houses in good condition. There is a Volkswagen mini bus also parked outside. It is painted in psychedelic colours with the name of NANCY'S GROUP - "GROPE" - in evidence somewhere. TERRY gives it a glance over, smiles at the name and heads for the front door.

We hear rock music emanating from inside the house.

35. INT. SQUAT. DAY.

35.

TERRY climbs the stairs of the house heading for the room where the music is coming from. He reaches it and pokes his head around the door.

NANCY'S GROUP are in the middle of a number. One of the group spots him and shouts out with a wave and points upwards. TERRY nods and exits.

CUT TO:

Another room. Quite well furnished and decorated in a novel kind of way. NANCY is sprawled on a couch smoking a 'joint' and glancing through a magazine as TERRY enters:

TERRY

Hey.

NANCY

Terry what are you
doing here?

TERRY

You invited me, remember?

NANCY

That's right, I did ...
come in, come in ...

TERRY

The front door was open so

NANCY

Yeah, sure, don't worry
it's open house, a squat ...
everybody's welcome.

TERRY (Crossing to her)

Everybody?

NANCY (Reaching up to plant a
small kiss)Not every body.

TERRY (Po faced)

I don't want to be the
plaything of an idle hour
you know.

NANCY (Smiles and gestures)

There's a drink over there if
you want one... or perhaps
something else?

She waves 'joint'.
look.

TERRY'S face takes on a slightly disapproving

TERRY

No thanks, I don't need it.

NANCY

Really.

A moment between them.

TERRY

I thought we were going
out for a drink?

35. CONTINUED

35.

NANCY (Reacting to music from
room below)

Hey, listen to that!

(Laying back) Fan-tas-tic.

TERRY takes the 'joint' from her, drops it on the floor and squashes it underfoot.

TERRY

Have you got to smoke that
crap?

NANCY (Dismayed)

Hey, that's good grass!

36. INT. ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP. DAY.

36.

ARTHUR sits at his desk with his back to the casket trying to concentrate on working out his 'accounts'. HOLD this for a moment. Then suddenly he stiffens, alerted by a strange growling noise. He turns slowly, fearfully:

HIS POV: The sheet that covers the casket is slowly sliding off.

RESUME ARTHUR

His face stricken with fear. He emits a gurgle of terror and slips off the chair in a dead faint.

ANOTHER ANGLE

And we see it is the DOG seen earlier pulling at the sheet which is gripped firmly between its teeth. The sound of ARTHUR crashing something to the floor in his fall startles the DOG and it scampers out of the partially open doors, to disappear.

37. INT. MRS CHAMBERS' SITTING ROOM. DAY.

37.

MRS CHAMBERS on the phone. Her MOTHER sat in the b.g. listening to the conversation.

CHAMBERS

But I don't understand, Mr Medhurst,
why would the Oh I see. Well
in that case you'll have to contact
Mr Wiseman, he knows where ...
(Reacting) Where, did you say ...?
Good God ... (Long suffering sigh)
Yes, I suppose it will have to
rearranged very well, if you
think so Yes, goodbye.

37. CONTINUED

37.

CHAMBERS replaces receiver and turns to her MOTHER.

CHAMBERS

I'm afraid the funeral
arrangements for tomorrow
will have to be cancelled,
Mother.

MOTHER (Tutting)

Can't rely on the man even
when he's dead.

38. INT. MONTY'S OFFICE. DAY.

38.

MONTY'S phone is ringing as he and RANDOLF enter. MONTY grabs
the receiver:

MONTY

Wiseman Enterprises

39. INT. MEDHURST'S FLAT. DAY.

39.

MEDHURST (On phone)

Mr Wiseman? Ah, this is
Mr Medhurst that's right

40. INT. MONTY'S OFFICE. DAY.

40.

MONTY (On phone)

What can I do for you,
Mr Medhurst?

INTERCUTTING with MEDHURST where appropriate.

MEDHURST

I'm afraid we have a little
problem concerning the late
Mr Chambers...

MONTY

Problem? What problem?

MEDHURST

I've had a phone call from the Coroner's Office it seems they're not satisfied as to the cause of your friend's death and are requesting a post mortem I have informed Mrs Chambers.

MONTY looks a little shaken and doesn't comment.

MEDHURST

Mr Wiseman are you still there?

MONTY

What do you mean by requesting?

MEDHURST

Well ordering really I realise it's somewhat distressing

MONTY

Distressing? It's outrageous! They can't do this to me ... I mean to my dear departed friend it's it's immoral, that's what it is!

MEDHURST

I realise how you must feel, Mr Wiseman, but I'm afraid it's the Coroner's prerogative and there isn't anything you can do about it.

MONTY

But the ship's doctor made out the death certificate ... and the authorities in Gibraltar were satisfied, so why isn't the Coroner already?

MEDHURST

I've no idea, but I can assure you it's quite common and normal practise.

MONTY

It's gross, that's what it is. And how come the Coroner knows about my friend?

MEDHURST

Well, you've probably forgotten, but I did explain to you that it is incumbent on the Funeral Director to inform the Coroner when -

40. CONTINUED

40.

MONTY

A courtesy call you said!

MEDHURST

That's true, but nevertheless -

MONTY

So what are you telling me?

MEDHURST

Well, I'm afraid I shall have to collect your late friend and deliver him to the mortuary in order for the post mortem to be carried out. That's the law Mr Wiseman and there's little we can do about it.

41. INT. ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP. DAY.

41.

ARTHUR is regaining consciousness. He groans and staggers to his feet, still a bit disorientated. Then he remembers what caused him to faint and shoots an apprehensive glance in the direction of the casket and the sheet now lying on the floor. He utters a little whimper and stumbles towards the doors in a bid to escape

42. EXT. ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP. DAY.

42.

As ARTHUR stumbles out MONTY'S car arrives and screeches to a halt and MONTY and RANDOLF pile out. ARTHUR, indifferent to their arrival, scrambles to get in his car. MONTY and RANDOLF head towards him.

MONTY

Hey Arthur!

RANDOLF pulls ARTHUR back before he can get fully into his car.

MONTY

Where the hell d'you think you're off to?

ARTHUR

I'm leaving goin' home I don't feel very well ...

MONTY

You ain't going nowhere.

42. CONTINUED

42.

RANDOLF strengthens his grip on ARTHUR to emphasise this.

ARTHUR

Please Monty I've had a very
disturbin' experience
I feel quite wretched.

MONTY

Wretched? What's with
wretched already?

ARTHUR (Indicating lock-up)

That that whatever it is in
there ... (Shudders) It was 'horrible,
'orrible ... it moved and made this
.... this very weird noise ... I'm
telling you Monty, it wasn't of
this world.

ARTHUR'S voice has faded to a whisper. MONTY stares at him
blankly for a long moment, then:

MONTY

Have you been drinkin'?

ARTHUR (Puzzled)

Drinkin'?

MONTY indicates to RANDOLF he should 'escort' ARTHUR, and turns
to head for the lock-up.

MONTY

Come on

43. INT. ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP. DAY.

43.

As MONTY, RANDOLF and ARTHUR (Protesting) enter:

ARTHUR

Monty, no ... you'll be
tampering with forces beyond
the pale the un-dead ...
it's not natural

MONTY

Shut up, Arthur.

MONTY tugs the vinyl covering on the casket. ARTHUR winces and
cringes back into RANDOLF and watches with deep anxiety as MONTY
proceeds to remove the covering and reveal the casket. Then he
walks around it closely examining the lid and testing to see it's
secure. ARTHUR reacts to this:

43. CONTINUED

43.

ARTHUR

Monty, I've read Dennis Wheatley ...
you're interfering with the super-
natural ouija ... ectoplasm,
stuff like that. (Appealing to RANDOLF)
Evil beyond man's understanding.

RANDOLF

What are you, a crank or somethin'?

ARTHUR looks injured.

MONTY

Arthur, this casket is zinc lined
and is hermetically sealed with
solder. Nothing could get out
... and that includes the un-dead.

ARTHUR casts him an arch look, trying to regain his dignity.

ARTHUR

I know what I heard and saw,
Monty. I am not an idiot.

MONTY

Yeah, yeah, Arthur. Listen,
have you got a roof rack around
here anywhere?

ARTHUR

A roof rack?

MONTY (Patiently)

A roof rack they fit on
top of cars to carry luggage.

ARTHUR

I'm perfectly aware of what a
roof rack is. (On his dignity)

MONTY

Well have you?

ARTHUR (Shaking himself free of
RANDOLF'S relaxed grip)

As a matter of fact I've got
a very good line in roof racks
.... I can let you have two
dozen at cost.

MONTY

I only want one. (Indicating casket)
We've got to shift this, now.

43. CONTINUED

43.

ARTHUR
Shift ? Why?

MONTY
Because, Arthur, they want to
commit unspeakable indignities
on my friend here?

ARTHUR (Bemused)
Unspeakable indignities?

MONTY
And that I can't allow them
to do.

ARTHUR
Who?

MONTY
Interfering bureaucrats, that's
who. Unfeeling schmocks.

ARTHUR casts a bewildered look at RANDOLF.

RANDOLF
The Coroner wants to slice 'im up.

ARTHUR winces at the thought. Then turns to MONTY.

ARTHUR
But that's official you
just can't hide a a body.

MONTY
You wanna bet?

ARTHUR
But where?

MONTY
You'll think of somewhere.

ARTHUR
Me?

44. EXT. LOCATION TO BE DECIDED. DAY.

44.

TERRY and NANCY are walking and talking together in some suitable setting.

NANCY
You've got a nerve

TERRY

What?

NANCY

You've only known me two minutes and already you're trying to organise my life.

TERRY

It's you who said you fancy a walk.

NANCY

What about my bit of dope you trod on?

TERRY

Come on, what does a good lookin' bird like you need with that crap?

NANCY

See what I mean ? Lectures already.

TERRY says nothing but studies her from the corner of his eye as they continue to stroll, then:

TERRY

You on anythin' heavier than grass?

NANCY

What's that got to do with you? God, you're starting to sound like a cop.

TERRY (Shrugs)

Your business if you wanna be exploited and used by slags who deal in that crap ... you won't be the first rock singer to end up sittin' around Boots in the dilly with your tongue hanging out.

NANCY (As to non-existent companion)

Now he's a social worker.

TERRY just casts her a slightly disdainful look. It's NANCY'S turn to study him for a moment. Eventually:

44. CONTINUED

44.

NANCY

You're a nice bloke, Terry ...
(Smiles) Bit old fashioned I
suppose ... but okay. Not
like most fellers I meet, anyway.

TERRY

Gee, thanks, kid.

They exchange smiles - at ease with each other again.

NANCY

Anyway, you can talk about being
used what about that Arthur
of yours? From what I can make
out he uses you all the time.

TERRY

Suppose, in a way ...

NANCY

I mean, that business with the
dead boy. (Giggles)

TERRY (Smiles)

Yeah, but me an' Arthur have an
understandin'. He knows how far
he can an' can't go with me ...
what I'll stand for an' what I
won't.

ARTHUR (V/O)

I'm telling you Monty, he won't
stand for it he'll go potty.

45. INT. ARTHUR'S CAR. DAY.

45.

ARTHUR driving, MONTY in the passenger seat. Continuing from
above:

MONTY

We'll let Randolph worry about
that, shall we?

ARTHUR casts him a bleak glance, then his eyes travel upwards
to the roof of the car.

46. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

46.

ESTABLISHING that the casket, now without its vinyl covering, is
resting on the roof of ARTHUR'S car and that following close behind
is RANDOLF in MONTY'S car.

46. CONTINUED

46.

MONTY (V/O)
Do me a favour, Arthur, stop
whining about Terry ...

47. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. DAY.

47.

MONTY and RANDOLF are struggling to get the casket through TERRY'S door. A distraught ARTHUR hovers by:

ARTHUR
But this is the boy's home,
Monty no one likes strangers
parked in their livin' room, do
they ? Especially dead ones.

MONTY (Panting with exertion)
You're right Arthur. (To RANDOLF)
He's right we'll put it in
the bedroom, it'll be easier.

ARTHUR'S face.

48. INT. WINCHESTER CLUB. DAY.

48.

TERRY and NANCY at the bar. DAVE busy in b.g.

TERRY
You workin' this evening?

NANCY
Yes.

TERRY
I'll drop in then.

NANCY
Okay.

TERRY (Eventually)
You wanna go back home?

NANCY
Not to my pad, the boys will
be all over the place.

DAVE arrives to join them and indicates their glasses.

DAVE
You two alright?

48. CONTINUED

48.

TERRY

Nance?

NANCY

No thanks, I don't need it.

She offers TERRY a sly smile. He nods and smiles accepting the jibe then turns to DAVE.

TERRY

You don't look too jolly?

DAVE

Had a bereavement in the family, ain't I.

TERRY (Concerned)

Oh ...

DAVE

Our ol' Tom got run over.

TERRY

Tom?

DAVE

Cat.

TERRY

Oh. Fond of it were you?

DAVE

Couldn't stand the bleedin' thing.

49. INT. MEDHURST'S OFFICE. DAY.

49.

MRS CHAMBERS and MEDHURST:

MEDHURST

I don't understand, Mrs Chambers
... you mean Mr Wiseman didn't
inform you about where your
husband was -

CHAMBERS

No, he didn't. And I can see why.

MEDHURST

And you say this man, Mr Daley,
who accompanied me to the airport
isn't in any way a relation?

49. CONTINUED

49.

CHAMBERS

Don't you think I'd know if
he was?

MEDHURST

Well, yes of course, only ...
well, it's all rather a little
odd, isn't it?

CHAMBERS

Odd is hardly an adequate term
to describe the fact that my
late husband has been
parked in a garage, Mr Medhurst.

MEDHURST

I can assure you Mrs Chambers,
I naturally assumed -

CHAMBERS

Oh, it's not your fault, I know
that I also know that you've
probably got the impression that
I'm not exactly distraught with
grief over my husband's death ...
well, it's true that we didn't
get on too well, but that doesn't
mean I want to abandon my
responsibilities entirely. If
there's anything funny going on I
want to know about it ... it could
effect the insurance policy.

MEDHURST doesn't quite know how to react to that.

50. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. DAY.

50.

ARTHUR, MONTY, RANDOLF and the casket all over TERRY'S bedroom
as MONTY and RANDOLF struggle to stand the casket on end so it
ends up leaning lengthways against the wall. ARTHUR watches
with dismay, moving around agitatedly and muttering:

ARTHUR

Potty he'll go absolutely
potty ...

MONTY and RANDOLF complete leaning the casket against the wall.

MONTY (Sighs)

Right, that should do it for
the moment.

50. CONTINUED

50.

ARTHUR eyes the casket balefully, then winces as he spots something.

ARTHUR

Oh, my good gawd ...

MONTY

What's the matter?

ARTHUR (Pointing vaguely)

The ... the name plate ...
it's the wrong way up.

MONTY (Looking)

So what?

ARTHUR

So what? You've got your
... you've got him upside down.

MONTY

Well, I don't suppose the blood'll
rush to his head.

ARTHUR (Winces)

Monty, I have to tell you, I'm
beginning to get the impression
your interest in your ... your
poor friend there, is less than
sentimental.

MONTY (Mock innocence)

Arthur, me, Monty Wiseman?
How could you think such a
thing?

ARTHUR

Also you haven't been entirely
truthful with me ...

MONTY (Hardening)

Really?

ARTHUR (Back-tracking)

Well, not lies exactly
just omissions ... nothing,
er serious, you know.

MONTY just stares at him for a long moment. ARTHUR shifts
uncomfortably.

MONTY (Eventually)

Randolf and me, we have to go and
collect someone. You make sure
you're still here when we get back.
Wouldn't want Randolf to have to
spend time looking for you, would we?

ARTHUR'S FACE.

51. EXT. ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP. DAY.

51.

MEDHURST is studying the closed lock-up with concern. He tries knocking on the door - again. He frowns and moves off to climb into his Transit where MRS CHAMBERS waits.

52. EXT. TERRY'S FLAT. DAY.

52.

TERRY'S car draws up and he and NANCY climb out.

CUT TO

SHOT of ARTHUR'S anxious face at the window watching their arrival.

53. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. DAY.

53.

TERRY and NANCY enter the front door. The bedroom door is open and TERRY spots the casket immediately. He stares in disbelief:

TERRY

What the ?

ARTHUR (OOV)

Terry, I can explain everything,
believe me

ARTHUR stands in the living room doorway with a very unconfident look on his face.

TERRY (Tightly)

I think you'd bleedin' better.

END OF ACT TWO:

ACT THREE

54. INT. INCAPABLE'S BEDSIT. DAY.

54.

RANDOLF is shaking the still unconscious INCAPABLE. MONTY stands waiting impatiently:

RANDOLF

It's no good Monty he's still well out of it.

MONTY

Alright, I'll go back to the office, got a few things to sort out anyway. You stay here with him ... give me a ring when that's got its head together. (Indicating INCAPABLE) I'll come and pick you up.

RANDOLF

Leave off Mont ... I don't wanna dwell about in this karzi, do I.

MONTY

Yes, you do. I don't want to have that stiff on my hands any longer than necessary.

And he EXITS.

55. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. DAY.

55.

TERRY, ARTHUR and NANCY all in the bedroom with the casket. TERRY angry, NANCY more amused by the situation than shocked. ARTHUR on the defensive.

TERRY

That's it Arthur ... this time you've taken a right liberty you've gone right over the top!

ARTHUR

Terry, I've been trying to explain ... there's nothing I could do.

TERRY

I want it out Arthur, an'
I want it out now.

ARTHUR

Terry you know what Monty
Wiseman's like

TERRY

He's gonna know what I'm like!

ARTHUR

..... he can be very
persuasive.

TERRY

So can I.

ARTHUR

You're forgetting Randolph,
Terry he can be even more
persuasive.

TERRY

I can be insistent, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Look, look, calm down ... it's
not that bad -

TERRY

Not that bad! (To NANCY)
Can you believe this? Not that
bad? (To ARTHUR) You've lodged
a dead body in my bedroom an'
that's okay, is it?

ARTHUR

Well I'm not sayin' it's
a situation that one finds,
well desirable ...

TERRY

Arthur, it's obscene.

ARTHUR

Obscene? Now Terry, that isn't
very nice. We are all mortal
remember.

ARTHUR'S sudden lecturing posture leaves TERRY speechless.

NANCY

Well, if we have to be laid to
rest, a bedroom is as good a
place as any.

55. CONTINUED

55.

TERRY

Don't you start and he ain't
been laid to rest has he? He's
standin' up in my flat!

NANCY

I don't think he is.

TERRY

What?

NANCY indicates the name plate. ARTHUR gives a pained grimace.
TERRY catches on:

TERRY

Gawd almighty Arthur,
you've got him standing on his
head!

ARTHUR

Not me, Terry, I didn't put
him there, Monty and Randolph
did

TERRY

That bloody Wiseman!

ARTHUR

Well, I wouldn't call him
Wise, exactly

TERRY glares at him.

ARTHUR

Just a little levity, Terence ...
a small attempt to, er, get the
situation in perspective, that's
all.

TERRY

The situation is, is that I don't
want dead bodies as part of the
furniture, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Look, I can understand you bein'
a bit upset ... but so was I
Terry, so was I, very upset ...
I have been witness to unexplainable
phenomena ... exposed to dark forces
... it has been a very disturbing
experience for me, Terry. You are
not the only one who has been upset,
stand on me.

TERRY (Bemused)

What are you talkin' about?

55. CONTINUED

55.

ARTHUR glances around as if afraid he'll be overheard, and leans in to TERRY:

ARTHUR (Softly)
The occult, Terry spirits
of the nether world ... (Indicating
casket) things that go bump in the
night - or in this case, day.

TERRY looks at him blankly for a moment, then:

TERRY
No, no Arthur, I ain't standin'
for that.

ARTHUR (Puzzled)
For what?

TERRY
I know what you're trying to
do. You're goin' to give me
some lunacy story and I'm
supposed to think, oh, poor old
Arthur, terrible things have
happened to him, let's help him
out, right?

ARTHUR
That has no bearing on the matter
.... it happened. I even passed
out ... I hit my head, look
feel.

TERRY
I am not interested, Arthur.

ARTHUR
Very well, have it your way ...
I was mistaken in thinking I
could get a sympathetic ear
from someone I've always
considered to be a close friend
and confidant.

TERRY
Don't you ever stop? You're
just thinkin' of the dough you're
gonna get for this little lark.

ARTHUR
Ah, I'm glad you've mentioned
that, Terry ... I admit that aspect
did cross my mind, but I dismissed
it immediately. It's like I say,
I had no choice, but now it's a
fait accompli, so to speak, I think
it's only fair you should have half
the fee

TERRY

Arthur, can't you get it in
your head there's somethin'
very dodgy goin' on?

ARTHUR

Well, I did mention to Monty
he wasn't perhaps being entirely
frank with me, but -

TERRY

Why is he so keen for his late
pal to be kept out of the hands
of the Coroner? (Indicating casket)
There's something in there that he
doesn't want found. Come to that,
it might not even be a body ...
could be a hundred and fifty weights
of hash for all we know. We could
find ourselves right in schtook if
it came on top.

NANCY

Well, let's open it and find out?

ARTHUR (Reacting)

Open it? No, no no I don't
think we should do that.

NANCY (Dry)

Not wise-man.... ?

ARTHUR (Missing it)

Uh?

TERRY

We ain't opening nothing. (To NANCY)
I'm running you home and then
I'm goin' to sort out Monty Wiseman,
and Randolph his red nosed ranger.
(To ARTHUR) And you can stay here
in case they come back before I've
found them.

ARTHUR

Terry, I can't stay here alone
with ... (Nodding at casket)
you don't know what I went
through.

TERRY

It's like you said, you haven't
got any choice, have you.
(To NANCY) Come on.

55. CONTINUED

55.

And as they EXIT:

NANCY

Don't worry, Arthur, keep a
stiff upper.

ARTHUR'S face.

He glances at the casket nervously and scuttles from the room.

56. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

56.

TERRY'S car pulls up outside NANCY'S squat. NANCY climbs out.
TERRY talks to her from the car:

TERRY

I'll see you down the pub,
later, okay?

NANCY

Or I'll visit you in the
hospital.

TERRY

In which case I'll let you
nurse my body back into shape.

NANCY

Seriously, Terry, be careful.

TERRY

Yeah, don't worry about that
..... see you.

And he drives off. NANCY stands watching him go for a moment.

57. INT. CHISHOLM'S OFFICE. DAY.

57.

MEDHURST, MRS CHAMBERS, CHISHOLM and his D.C. JONES.

MEDHURST

You seem to know Mr Daley and
his assistant, Sergeant ... ?

CHISHOLM

Oh yes, I know them, Mr Medhurst
..... and Monty Wiseman.

CHAMBERS

I hope you don't mean in a professional sense, Sergeant?

CHISHOLM

That's precisely what I do mean, madam.

CHAMBERS

I don't understand what is going on? What has happened to my husband's body?

CHISHOLM

I don't know for sure, madam, but I intend to find out.
(To JONES) What d'you think, Alan?

JONES

Well, with that little firm it has to be iffy, guv but I wouldn't've thought Arthur and Terry were in the same league as Wiseman.

CHISHOLM

Maybe Arthur's getting ambitious.

CHAMBERS

Sergeant

CHISHOLM

Sorry, Mrs Chambers, just thinking out loud. Tell me, you said your late husband worked for Wiseman doing what exactly?

CHAMBERS

Well, we never talked much about what he did ... some sort of travel courier as I understood it. Mr Wiseman runs a travel agency, you see ...

CHISHOLM (Aside to JONES)

And that's not all.

CHAMBERS

Sergeant, I demand that something be done about this.

CHISHOLM

I couldn't agree more, Mrs Chambers.

58. INT. MONTY'S OFFICE. DAY.

58.

MONTY is on the phone when TERRY strides in:

TERRY

I wanna word with you ...

MONTY (Into phone)

I'll call you back. (Replaces receiver)

Terry, what can I do for you?

Sit down, tell me the problem

TERRY

Never mind the bullshit. I want that body, if that's what it is, removed from my flat, an' I want it done now.

MONTY

If that's what it is? Terry, what are you saying?

TERRY

I'm sayin' you're a no good thievin' bastard who takes liberties, and you ain't gonna take them with me, that's what I'm sayin'.

MONTY

You haven't made the mistake of tampering with that casket, have you Terry?

TERRY

No I ain't but don't make the mistake of thinkin' it's because I'm worried about you or that puddin' you keep on a leash.

MONTY

Alright, you've got the needle, I can understand that, but I'm sure we can come to an understanding? Look, I'll tell Arthur to give you half the grand I'm bunging him

TERRY

A grand?!

MONTY

I know, so I'm generous to a fault but what the hell, a favour's a favour, right?

TERRY

Wrong. It ain't stayin' in my flat at any price!

58. CONTINUED

58.

MONTY

Don't be unreasonable, Terry ...
a couple of hours, no more. You
don't even have to go back home.
Soon as Randolph rings me I'll schlep
round there with him and soon after
we'll all be gone, you have my word.

TERRY

I don't want it there another minute,
let alone a couple of hours ... it
gets shifted now, otherwise it gets
dumped in the street an' the Ol' Bill
can sort it out!

MONTY

Terry, what can I do? Randolph is
arranging somewhere this very
minute. I promise you, as soon
as he calls

TERRY

Well, it better be before I get
home already.

And he EXITS, leaving a tight faced MONTY.

59. EXT. TERRY'S FLAT. DAY.

59.

TERRY screeches to a halt in his car, jumps out and heads into
his flat.

60. INT. INCAPABLE'S BEDSIT. DAY.

60.

MONTY stands watching dispassionately as RANDOLF rubs a soaking
wet discloth into a still bleary but protesting INCAPABLE.

INCAPABLE

Don't please, don't ...
please don't do that ... I'm
perfectly alright ...

RANDOLF stops and INCAPABLE sits for a moment on the edge of the
bed holding his head.

MONTY

Incapable, I'm waiting, please.

INCAPABLE lifts his head and studies MONTY for a moment.

60. CONTINUED

60.

INCAPABLE

My name is Mister Simms.

MONTY

Alright Mister Simms shift
your drunken arse... please.

Another MOMENT between them, then INCAPABLE rises and moves to the sink, where he wipes his face with a grubby towel. He stares at his worn face in the broken mirror for a MOMENT.

MONTY

Come on, come on, you look lovely.

INCAPABLE turns from the mirror, trying to adopt a dignity.

MONTY (Indicating surgical case)

And don't forget your bag of tools.

INCAPABLE hesitates, then crosses to the table. He stares down at the case for a moment, then starts to tremble slightly. He turns to MONTY:

INCAPABLE

I'm afraid I need a drink ...

MONTY

You can buy cases of booze with
the money I'm paying you - after
you earn it.

INCAPABLE just stands there, trying to pull himself together.

MONTY

Well, come on then

INCAPABLE stands there gathering all his courage and determination.

INCAPABLE

No.

MONTY

No?

INCAPABLE

I'm not going to do it.

MONTY

What are you, a nut as well
as a lush?

INCAPABLE

No, Mr Wiseman it's both
immoral and illegal.

60. CONTINUED

60.

MONTY (To RANDOLF)
Can you believe this schmorro ...?
(To INCAPABLE) Listen you loser,
you don't even have to worry about
slipping with the scalpel on this
one the man's dead already.

INCAPABLE
I'm sorry but the answer has
to be no.

MONTY (To RANDOLF with tired disdain)
Get hold of him will you.

And he turns to EXIT.

61. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. DAY.

61.

TERRY is struggling with the casket in the bedroom, while an
agitated ARTHUR protests:

ARTHUR
Terry, Terry, what are you
doing?!

TERRY
Gettin' rid, that's what, an'
come here an' give me a hand.

ARTHUR
Terry, you can't we're
supposed to be looking after
it. Monty'll go berserk!

TERRY
I don't give a monkey's what
Monty'll do it's leaving.

ARTHUR
But what're you going to do
with it?

TERRY
I dunno, dump it somewhere.

ARTHUR (Horrificed)
Dump it? Terry, that is a human
body in there ... have you got no
respect? Didn't they teach you
anything in school assembly?
Dump it indeed!

61. CONTINUED

61.

TERRY

What's the matter, Arthur,
frightened you might lose out
on the grand Monty promised you?

ARTHUR

That is not the point, Terry ...
it's a matter of human respect ...
dignity ... it would be sacrilegious.
(Pointing heavenward) And what
would He think ... have you thought
about that?

TERRY

Are you going to help me with it,
or do I drag it out on my own?

62. EXT. TERRY'S FLAT. DAY.

62.

TERRY and ARTHUR are struggling to carry the casket out of the
street door, as:

ARTHUR

You're making a big mistake, Terry
.... you're not thinking. So far
we're all legal an' proper ... I
mean if there is anything dodgy in this,
you know well, we're covered,
ain't we? But if it goes on the
missing list and the Ol' Bill get
involved work it out. We
could be right in trouble.

TERRY

Just move it, Arthur.

And he gives a little shove, which causes ARTHUR to miss his
footing on the porch steps. He staggers and trips, letting go
of the casket. It crashes to the floor and down the steps.

ARTHUR

Oh my good gawd now look
what you've done!

63. INT. MONTY'S CAR. DAY.

63.

ESTABLISH INCAPABLE sitting in the back and MONTY up front with
RANDOLF driving.

POV through WINDSCREEN

63. CONTINUED

63.

As the car approaches TERRY'S flat. TERRY and ARTHUR arguing over the fallen casket. Then ARTHUR reacting to the sight of MONTY'S car approaching. He goes to move off, but TERRY grabs him.

RESUME MONTY and CO.

As the car pulls up. MONTY turns to INCAPABLE.

MONTY
You stay here.

64. EXT. TERRY'S FLAT. DAY.

64.

As MONTY and RANDOLF climb out of the car and move to confront ARTHUR and TERRY. MONTY looks from the casket to a very apprehensive ARTHUR.

MONTY
So what is this desecration?

ARTHUR
I swear to you Monty, this was not my idea ... tell him Terry, tell him

MONTY
Arthur, I'll have your legs for this.

TERRY
You'll have to have mine as well then.

There is a MOMENT between them. Then MONTY turns to RANDOLF.

MONTY
Alright, Randolph, you and Arthur get this (The casket) back inside.

TERRY
If you'll excuse the expression, over my dead body.

RANDOLF steps forward menacingly, but before he and TERRY get into anything ARTHUR, who has reacted to something he's seen approaching along the street, taps MONTY on the shoulder warningly.

ARTHUR
Monty

THEIR POV of CHISHOLM'S car, followed by MEDHURST'S Transit approaching the flat.

64. CONTINUED

64.

MONTY (A bit shaken)
Just keep schtum leave
it to me.

TERRY (Dry)
That's a comfort.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As they all try to adopt innocent poses without much success as CHISHOLM and JONES emerge from their car, and MEDHURST and MRS CHAMBERS climb from the Transit. The quartet approach TERRY and CO. CHISHOLM takes in the casket and eyes them balefully. MRS CHAMBERS reacts to the sight of the casket sprawled (perhaps on its side?) on the steps. Her face tightens and it's ARTHUR she confronts:

CHAMBERS
What the hell is going on here?!

ARTHUR
Madam, I can assure you

CHAMBERS
Are you responsible for this?!

MONTY
I'm afraid he is, Mrs Chambers
gawd knows what he was up to.
I've only just arrived

ARTHUR
Now wait a minute

But before he can continue MRS CHAMBERS is beating him about the head with her handbag.

CHAMBERS
You bastard I'll have you
arrested ... I'll sue ... you
bastard ...

ARTHUR (Trying to fend off
the blows)
Madam please! I can
assure you there's been
a terrible mistake, I ... ouch!
Oh! Ah please madam!

CHISHOLM indicates to JONES for him to restrain MRS CHAMBERS, which he does:

JONES
Okay, Mrs Chambers calm
down, calm down we'll sort
it out.

64. CONTINUED

64.

CHAMBERS (To MONTY)
You're responsible I'll
sue you as well!

CHISHOLM
Get her in the car, Alan.

CHAMBERS
I want these monsters arrested,
Sergeant!

CHISHOLM
It'll be my pleasure, madam ...
now if you'll just go and sit
in the car and let me handle it?

JONES escorts MRS CHAMBERS to CHISHOLM'S car as she continues to
complain and threaten. CHISHOLM turns back to eye the sorry
looking faces of ARTHUR, MONTY, RANDOLF and TERRY.

MONTY
An unhappy accident, Mr Chisholm ...
I came here to collect my poor
departed friend and -

CHISHOLM
Can it Monty. I don't know exactly
what the wording on the charge sheet
will read body snatching more
or less finished with Burke and Hare,
but I should think conspiracy will
do for starters.

ARTHUR (Hastily)
Now don't be hasty, Mr Chisholm,
this is nothing to do with me

TERRY
Or me!

ARTHUR
..... we were simply doing Mr Wiseman
here a favour weren't we Terry?

TERRY
Yeah, that's right.

CHISHOLM
A favour? You?

ARTHUR
Well, a service then paid hire-
lings, nothing more ... it was simply
a storage problem until Mr Wiseman
could sort out the funeral arrangements
.... at least, that's what he told us.

64. CONTINUED

64.

MONTY glares at him.

ARTHUR

Mr Medhurst can confirm my role
in this unhappy affair, can't
you? (Appealing to MEDHURST)
Please.

MEDHURST

Well I yes, I suppose, as
far as I know. But I did phone
Mr Wiseman some hours ago about
the Coroner's decision.

MONTY

And I came around here as soon as
I could to inform Mr Daley
and what do I find ... (Indicating casket)
my friend cast on the steps like
so much garbage ... A tragedy ...
God knows what they were up to.

Meaning ARTHUR and TERRY.

TERRY

Now hold on, wait a minute !

But CHISHOLM has already turned off to the feeble excuses and has
noticed the shadowy figure of INCAPABLE sitting in MONTY'S car.
He strolls over to the car to get a closer look at the occupant
by opening the rear door. He recognises INCAPABLE: who eyes
him nervously, twitching in need of a drink. TERRY and MONTY
argue in the b.g. (?)

CHISHOLM

Well, well, now what would
Monty be wanting with you, Incapable?

ANOTHER ANGLE

ON MONTY, as he covers his face with his hand in a gesture of
resignation.

TERRY and ARTHUR exchange looks.

65. INT. POLICE STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

65.

The door opens and a slightly dishevelled ARTHUR and TERRY are
ushered in by JONES.

ARTHUR (Protesting)

Over twenty four hours in custody ... in a cell! It's an affront to human dignity, not to add a citizens inalienable rights to adequate toilet facilities! I shall be contacting my MP ... it's a clear case of police brutality.

JONES

Sit down, Arthur, and stop whining.

TERRY

Yeah, turn it in Arthur. It's all your bleedin' fault anyway.

ARTHUR adopts his pose of injured dignity and sits on one of the two chairs. TERRY slumps in the other one.

ARTHUR

Gawd knows what her indoors will say about it.

TERRY

You can always tell her you had a bad fit of coffin.

ARTHUR

Terry! This is not the moment for uncouth levity.

CHISHOLM appears.

CHISHOLM

Well, Arthur, we've managed to sort out a few of the facts, thanks to Incapable.

TERRY

Incapable?

CHISHOLM

The geezer in Monty's car.

ARTHUR (Hastily)

I want you to know neither Terry or me have never met him.

CHISHOLM

I know, Arthur. It must be your lucky day.

ARTHUR

Does that mean we can go?

65. CONTINUED

65.

CHISHOLM (Ignoring it)
D'you know why Incapable is
called Incapable?

ARTHUR
No ... how could we?

CHISHOLM
That's right, Arthur, how could
you? (A smile that suggests the opposite)
Anyway, he used to be a surgeon
and one day he went into the operating
theatre a bit pissed, his scalpel
slipped and the patient died.
He also lost his job and took
to the sauce.

ARTHUR
Really that's very interesting.

Casting TERRY a strained look.

CHISHOLM
So Monty got hold of Incapable to
perform an operation on his so
called mate, Chambers, who was
acting as a courier in stolen
diamonds for the bold Monty and
used the novel idea of smuggling
them in his stomach ... he swallowed
them and waited for nature to take
it's course.

ARTHUR pulls a face of utter distaste.

66. INT. SQUAT. DAY.

66.

TERRY is with NANCY as she prepares to leave for a gig:

TERRY
.... anyway the geezer had a heart
attack shortly after and Monty
wanted his stones back.

NANCY
God it's macabre. So how
did you and Arthur get out of it?

TERRY
No evidence ... they had an autopsy
on Chambers and didn't find anything.

NANCY looks at him surprised.

TERRY

Yeah, weird, innit? Wiseman
got out of it as well.

CUT TO

TERRY and NANCY descending the stairs.

CUT TO

67. EXT. STREET AND SQUAT. DAY.

67.

As TERRY and NANCY emerge from the house. Some of the GROUP
are finishing off loading instruments into the Volkswagen.
TERRY'S car parked by.

NANCY

Are you coming down later?

TERRY

Yeah ... then maybe we can do
something when you've finished?

NANCY

Only this time you get the
end with the taps.

68. INT. PUB. EVENING.

68.

NANCY and the GROUP are belting out some number in the b.g. as
we join TERRY and ARTHUR at the bar:

TERRY

What d'you mean, we've gotta
go to the funeral?

ARTHUR

A formality, Terry, a mark of
respect, that's all.... anyway,
Monty insists.

TERRY

Oh, he does, does he?

ARTHUR

Well, what he said was that either
we go or I don't get paid ... which
amounts to the same thing.
Finish the job, you know

TERRY
Finish the job?!

ARTHUR
No, no, not finish ... that
part's all done with ... just
tidy up the loose ends

TERRY
What loose ends?!

ARTHUR
Terry, I don't understand it
either ...but Monty owes me,
us, for all that agg, and I
intend to see you get it.

69. EXT. CREMATORIUM. DAY.

69.

ESTABLISH Crematorium, cars, including ARTHUR'S outside, also empty hearse? Over this we HEAR the VICAR'S VOICE reading the appropriate sermon: (NOTE: Have to check in the Book of Prayer or whatever for this).

ARTHUR (V/O interjecting at
some point)
And don't forget to dress properly.

70. INT. CREMATORIUM. DAY.

70.

The VICAR'S prayers continue as we:

OPEN ON TERRY and ARTHUR dressed in suits and black ties.

ANOTHER ANGLE

To ESTABLISH the others present. That is: MONTY and RANDOLF, MRS CHAMBERS and a few EXTRAS representing family and friends. What is now a coffin sits on the rollers as the VICAR continues with his prayer. The curtains at the back of the coffin open and it starts to roll slowly inside.

CLOSE on ARTHUR casting TERRY a pained look.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As RANDOLF slips quietly out through the door.

71. INT. ARTHUR'S CAR. DAY.

71.

ARTHUR and TERRY are sat in the car outside the Crematorium, where they have been waiting for MONTY and RANDOLF to join them. However:

OPEN on MONTY as he thrusts an urn into ARTHUR'S hands through the open window.

MONTY

'Ere, cop this.

A startled ARTHUR takes the urn without thinking as MONTY and RANDOLF climb hurriedly into the back of the car. ARTHUR looks at the urn, not wishing to believe it.

MONTY

Come on, let's go, let's go

ARTHUR (Already knowing)

Monty, what is this?

MONTY

Listen, they must've missed 'em in that autopsy, they had to be there (Pointing to urn) in the mortal remains, and diamonds are immune to fire, right? Now let's go!

TERRY

I ain't going nowhere.

ARTHUR (Realising with horror)

Oh my good Gawd ... (Of the urn)
It's still warm.

He and TERRY exchange looks.

FREEZE FRAME on their FACES.

THE END