

Roy Ward Baker

MINDER IV

SECOND HAND POSE

BY

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Episode 15

ACT ONE

1. EXT. STREET. DAY. DAY 1 1.

We pan on an ambulance up and past as it roars down the street it's bell ringing insistently.

2. EXT. DEEP FREEZE DEPOT. DAY. 2.

Establish depot and the ambulance, stationary now, rear doors open. Several curious WORKERS hover around the entrance to the building and the ambulance, as:

Two ambulance ATTENDANTS emerge from the building with TERRY on a stretcher as an apologetic ARTHUR scurries alongside, trilby held over his heart. TERRY has been locked in the deep freeze. He is blue of complexion and frost covers his hair and eyebrows. He is, however, conscious but can hardly articulate through his chattering teeth as he glares up at ARTHUR, and:

TERRY

You bloody....I'll.....stupid...
if Icretin....that's it...
last time you.....

ARTHUR

Terry, Terry, I don't know why
you're takin' this cold attitude.
Is it my fault there was a mix
up in communications?

TERRY

I'll mix....you....an' I'll.....
wait til.....bleedin' frozen....

ARTHUR

Don't worry, don't worry. A
quick rub down by a nice young
nurse in a starched uniform and
a plate of chicken vindaloo an'
you'll be as right as ninepence.

TERRY

You....you.....I'll.....

ARTHUR

Terry it was me who called the
meat wag-...I mean these angels
of mercy.

2. CONTINUED.

2.

This gets him an odd look from one of the ATTENDANTS as they bundle TERRY into the ambulance, and:

ATTENDANT

(To ARTHUR) Coming along are you Sir?

ARTHUR eyes the ambulance apprehensively and makes vague gestures indicating his car parked off somewhere:

ARTHUR

Er, no, no....I'm sure you'll...
I'll just follow up in my, er...

But the ATTENDANT is no longer listening as he shuts the ambulance doors and disappears to climb into the front and drive off, bell ringing.

ARTHUR is left standing there with several of the onlookers casting him disapproving looks. He offers them a weak apologetic smile and scurries off towards his car.

3. INT. OLD MAN'S FLAT. DAY.

3.

The living room of a modestly furnished flat which once belonged to an elderly gentleman, now deceased.

We open on CHARLIE, mid 30's. He is what you might imagine a young ARTHUR to have been like, but in his appearance he's more TERRY'S stamp. With him is a woman, JANE, mid 40's, the daughter of the deceased. She appears a little intimidated and unsure, as:

CHARLIE'S back as he inspects a piece of furniture

CHARLIE

I mean I gotta be honest with you luv, (indicating some of the furniture) half this stuff I couldn't give away, but I'll do you a right favour an' clear the lot for, let's say another twenty quid on top of my offer. How's that?

bereavement?

JANE

Well I don't know, I....

CHARLIE

It's the best I can do.

JANE

It doesn't seem like much but... well, what else can I do with it?

3.

3.

CHARLIE

Not a lot now with your poor
ol' Dad dead an' gorn,
God rest his soul. (beat)
Are you sure there's nothin'
else you want to?

JANE

No, no, just that little cab-
inet in the bedroom and the
china.....when do you think
you can.....?

CHARLIE

Soon as you like.

JANE

Well there are a few personal
effects of my father's that I
still have to.....

CHARLIE

I understand. Tell you what,
sort out what you have to an'
leave the keys with the estate
agent. I'll collect them later,
okay?

She nods, and:

4.	INT. WINCHESTER.	DAY.	NEXT DAY	4.
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Usual sprinkling of punters in B.G. as we open on ARTHUR
and DAVE at the bar:

DAVE

So whose bright idea was it to
lock him in the cold storage
room?

ARTHUR

Well mine as a matter of fact...
but it wasn't my fault he was
left stuck in it, was it.

DAVE

Wasn't it?

ARTHUR

Look, if the geezer who was
nickin' the meat had shown and
if my pal's car hadn't've bro-
ken down, it wouldn't have
happened, would it?

DAVE

Arthur, whatever way you look
at it, it was a pretty stupid
idea. Terry could've died in
there.

4. CONTINUED

4.

ARTHUR

Don't remind me. But what can you do? The best laid plans of mouses an' men, Dave. I mean look at Hitler and Napoleon, both of 'em made a right ricket over the Russian winter, didn't they.

DAVE

(bemused) What's that got to do with it?

ARTHUR

Frozen corpses, Dave, frozen corpses, thousands of them. At least I got Terry out of it before the real chill set in.

DAVE shakes his head a little despairingly at ARTHUR'S peculiar logic.

DAVE

(sardonic) Yeah, I'm sure he'll be very grateful to you for that. (glancing at watch) Incidentally, ain't you supposed to phone the hospital about pickin' him up?

ARTHUR

(realising) Oh my gawd, you're right.....

And as he makes a move for the phone:

5. EXT. HOSPITAL/ROAD. DAY

5.

A fed up looking TERRY stands waiting outside the hospital looking around for signs of ARTHUR. We get the impression he's been waiting some time. He takes another glance at his watch, gives up and heads for the road.

Another angle.

As TERRY reaches the pavement and spots a taxi heading towards him. He goes to hail it then quickly changes his mind as he realises he probably hasn't the money to pay for it. He checks his pockets and sure enough all he has is a bit of loose change. Really pissed off now, he heads for a bus stop nearby.

6. INT. WINCHESTER. DAY

6.

As a dismayed ARTHUR puts down the phone:

ARTHUR
(to DAVE) He's already been
discharged.

DAVE
He is gonna be pleased with
you.

ARTHUR
D'you think he'll come straight
here?

DAVE
Very likely.

ARTHUR
Er, I think I'd better make my-
self scarce..... give him a
chance to cool down. What d'you
think?

DAVE
Given the circumstances, Arthur
I should think the last thing
he wants to do is cool down.

ARTHUR'S face.

7. EXT. HOSPITAL/ROAD. DAY.

7.

TERRY, alone at the bus stop, holds his hand out to stop
an approaching bus. The bus simply drives straight by.
TERRY'S face is a picture of bemusement, which turns to
anger and frustration, as:

8. INT. TRANSIT VAN. DAY.

8.

Establish CHARLIE driving, whistling tunelessly to himself,
then:

His P.O.V. through windscreen.

Of TERRY gesturing rudely after the receding bus as he
drives by.

Resume.

CHARLIE reacting and slamming on the brakes.

9. EXT. HOSPITAL/ROAD. DAY.

9.

As the transit skids to a halt and CHARLIE jumps out to greet TERRY with a big smile - they are old mates:

CHARLIE
Terry.....

TERRY
Charlie.....you're a sight for
sore minces.

CHARLIE
Wanna lift?

TERRY
Not so you'd notice.

CHARLIE
What're you doin' around here?

10. INT. TRANSIT VAN. DAY.

10.

Travelling: TERRY and CHARLIE, as:

CHARLIE
You're kiddin', ain't you?!

TERRY
Kiddin'? Another half hour
and I'd've ended up in Beejams
next to the fish fingers.

CHARLIE
(short laugh) Sorry to laugh
mate, but how did you stand for
that?

TERRY
Bleedin' Arthur. (a look from
CHARLIE) Yeah, I know. (beat)
And he was supposed to pick me
up at the hospital.

CHARLIE
Good old reliable Arthur.

TERRY
He can rely on one thing, as soon
as I see him I'll jump up an'
down on his trilby while his
head's still in it.

*
*
*
*

11. EXT. STREET/CLUB. DAY. 11.

ARTHUR climbing out of his car and entering a fairly ritzy looking night club.

12. INT. WINCHESTER. DAY. 12.

TERRY, DAVE and CHARLIE, as:

DAVE

He did mean to pick you up,
Tel. He rang the hospital from
here but you'd already been let
loose.

TERRY

So where is he now?

DAVE

(shrugs) Bit of business, he
said.

CHARLIE

Maybe he actually has gone to
Beejams to see what sort of
price he could have got for
you.

DAVE chuckles. TERRY casts him a look. DAVE'S amusement
dies.

TERRY

Give you version that made it
all sound like a jolly jape in
which he was totally blameless,
did he?

DAVE

I did tell him it was a stupid
thing to do, Tel.

TERRY

Well if you see him before me
you can tell him this; me an'
him are finished, definately
terminated as from now. I'm
totally pissed off with ending
up the wally in his bits of
lunacy.

DAVE

So what're you gonna do to get
a crust?

12. CONTINUED

12.

TERRY

I'm not totally helpless without Arthur 'hole in the head' Daley, you know.

DAVE

I know, I didn't mean.....

TERRY

And for your information, I've got a livin' lined up. Charlie here is puttin' me on wages.

DAVE

(at CHARLIE) Oh?

CHARLIE

Yeah, you know Keith, my partner? Just copped a three month lay down for a silly assault on a cop.... well elephants at the time, weren't he. Stupid bark. Anyway, I need someone to give me a hand humping gear and at the shop.

DAVE

Arthur won't be pleased with you nickin' Terry off him.

TERRY

'Ere, I ain't a bit of property, you know. There is a brain in here that is capable of makin' its own decisions.

A look from DAVE tells us that he's aware that TERRY really does have the hump.

DAVE

Leave off, Tel, just a manner of speakin', that's all. You know what I mean.

13. INT. NIGHT CLUB. DAY.

13.

More an up-market disco. Imaginatively designed with bar, dancing area, tables for dining, etc. The place is empty except for a CLEANING LADY in the background as we come up on ARTHUR and ROLY-POLY PETER having a drink and a chat at the bar. An old acquaintance of ARTHUR'S, ROLY-POLY is a very fat man, thus his nick-name, to which he takes no offence. An ex-villain who has moved on to become a respectable club owner - if there is such a thing.

13. CONTINUED

13.

ARTHUR

(of club) I know what you mean, Roly..... definatly not the sort of place to have an 'accidental' fire in or a series of ugly fracas.

ROLY-POLY

There was a time when I would have sorted it myself, Arthur, but I'm too old and (pats cor-pulant stomach) you know for that sort of agg' these days.

ARTHUR

I thought the 'demanding money with menaces' days were more or less finished as a way of gettin' an earner. Too much porridge involved now.

ROLY-POLY

There'll always be a few nutters around who'll have some of it.

ARTHUR

How much are they at the demand for?

ROLY-POLY

Monkey a week.

ARTHUR

(impressed) Much as that? Must cut into the profits a bit?

ROLY-POLY

A bit.

ARTHUR

Situation like this, Roly, you wouldn't be totally out of order to call in the ol' Bill.

ROLY-POLY

Yeah, I know, but I always sorted out my own aggravation when I used to be at it, Arthur, and I can't change that much even if I have gone legit.

ARTHUR

Know what you mean, Roly, know what you mean. There are certain lifestyles an' codes of conduct that the great unwashed out there will never understand. We're talkin' about proper people with proper values.

13. CONTINUED

13.

ROLY-POLY

Right, and the only thing these bastards understand is violence. So if you can get Terry to 'persuade' them to try elsewhere, there's a grand in it for you.

ARTHUR

(reacting to the amount) No problem, Roly, leave it with me.

14. EXT. CHARLIE'S SHOP. DAY.

14.

Establishing the shop. We've all seen them: a second hand furniture shop, the type where bits and pieces of old furniture are stuck outside on the pavement. Most of it rubbish, but often some interesting stuff verging on the antique. There is nothing on the pavement at this time however, as we:

Open on TERRY and CHARLIE emerging from the shop. CHARLIE locks up, as:

TERRY

So where we off now?

CHARLIE

Flat clearance job....gotta pick up the key from the estate agents first though.

TERRY

I often wonder about where you find all this junk you knock out.

CHARLIE

Ain't too difficult. You can bang on doors and ask, keep an eye on the obituary columns in the local papers, culture a few geezers in estate agents offices, see who's movin' house, sellin.....

And as they head for the transit parked close by:

15. INT. WINCHESTER. DAY.

15.

ARTHUR and DAVE

ARTHUR
(indignant) Charlie Pope?

DAVE
Yup.

ARTHUR
He's supposed to be a friend of mine! He's well out of order poachin' my labour force, well out of order.

DAVE
That ain't the way Terry sees it. And I can tell you this, he's well got the needle with you. Your relationship is, how did he put it? Finished, totally terminated as far as he's concerned.

ARTHUR
What, really?

DAVE
You could say his attitude is decidedly frosty.

ARTHUR
He'll thaw out. That boy can't cross the road without me to guide him.

DAVE
Don't bet on it. Exit ←

16. INT. ESTATE AGENTS OFFICE. DAY.

16.

Usual set up: two or three desks, etc. The only person present as CHARLIE enters is MARY TATE, youngish and a hint scatty, as:

CHARLIE
Hello Mary. Mr. Rawlings about?

MARY
He's gone to view some properties; I'm afraid he won't be back until later this afternoon. Can I help?

16. CONTINUED

16.

CHARLIE

I've come for the keys to a flat in Elsmere Court.

MARY

Oh yes, he mentioned something -

CHARLIE

Clearance job.

MARY

(rising from behind desk) That's it.

CHARLIE

Keepin' busy?

MARY

Sort of. (heads for cabinet where keys to properties are kept) What's the number of the...

CHARLIE

Six.

And as MARY begins to search for the keys:

17. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

17.

Open close on door lock as CHARLIE'S hand appears in frame and inserts key. The key has a small tag attached to it with the number 6 written on it. At least that's the impression we get from the merest glimpse.

It is in fact a 9.

Wider angle

To establish TERRY and CHARLIE outside the door to flat 6. Along the hallway several other doors leading to other flats. A lift and stairway somewhere. The key won't turn in the lock. A puzzled look from CHARLIE as he withdraws the key and glances at the tag:

TERRY

What's up?

A fleeting, but very subtle look of cunning crosses CHARLIE'S face, and:

CHARLIE

(of himself) Silly bleeder...

17. CONTINUED

17.

TERRY

What?

CHARLIE

I must be crackin'up.....
number nine, innit.

TERRY

What is?

CHARLIE

The flat.

Giving TERRY a quick flash of the tag and moving down the
corridor to flat number 9.

TERRY

(following) Oh.

As they reach number 9, and before CHARLIE tries the key,
he taps his head as though just remembering something:

CHARLIE

Dunno what's the matter with me
today.....the trolly.

TERRY

What trolly?

CHARLIE

The trolly to help hump some of
the gear....it's in the back of
the van.

It's a moment before TERRY realises CHARLIE is asking
him to go and get it:

TERRY

Oh, right.

And he moves off, either to get in the lift or disappear
down the stairs. CHARLIE waits until he's out of sight
then knocks on the door to number 9. No response. Just
to be sure he knocks again. No response. He puts the
key in the lock and opens the door.

18. INT. MISS TURNER'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 18.

As CHARLIE enters and glances cautiously about. Although
a single lady's flat it isn't particularly 'feminine'.
If anything a touch austere, though tastfully decorated
with good quality furniture, some pieces definately falling
into the antique bracket, particularly two matching and
immaculate period chairs. CHARLIE eyes the room and its
contents with a mixture of excitement and nervousness.
Still just inside the doorway, he calls:

18. CONTINUED

18.

CHARLIE
Er, anybody home?

No response. He moves quickly to examine the rooms off -
kitchen, bedroom, bathroom.

19. EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS. STREET. DAY. 19.

CHARLIE'S transit van is parked directly outside the block of flats and we are on TERRY as he opens the rear doors and reaches, or climbs, inside to collect one of those two-wheel~~ed~~ upright trolleys.

20. INT. MISS TURNER'S FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY. 20.

As CHARLIE frantically removes Miss Turner's clothes from the wardrobe and stuffs them under the bed. He finds an empty suitcase and sweeps the top of the dressing table clear of bottles of perfume, creams, etc., into the suitcase. Then opens the drawers and snatches out underwear, jumpers, etc., and jams them into the case and stuffs it under the bed just as we HEAR OVER the door knocker (or bell). CHARLIE reacts and quickly surveys the room then exits into:

20A. INT. MISS TURNER'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 20A.

Where, again, he quickly surveys the room. Any 'personalised' effects that may have been in evidence when he first entered, like photographs, whatever, have now disappeared. The door bell rings again. The door has one of those security spy-glasses in it. CHARLIE peeps through this to check who's outside before opening the door to reveal TERRY standing there with the trolley:

TERRY
(entering) You took your time.

CHARLIE
Just takin' a leak, wun I.

TERRY eyes the room a hint surprised.

20A.

CONTINUED

20A.

TERRY

Oh.....ain't what I expected.

CHARLIE

What?

TERRY

(of room) This.

CHARLIE

(hint wary) What did you expect?

TERRY

Dunno when you said it
was some ol' boys gaff I thought,
well, you know.....

CHARLIE

Not all ol' boys are boracic
members livin' in poverty, Tel'.
C'mon then, let's shift what we
have to a bit lively, got a
busy day ahead.

21.

EXT. ARTHUR'S CAR LOT. DAY.

21.

ARTHUR is with ROGER COLLINS, mid 40's, smart middle class
businessman. ARTHUR is showing him a respectable looking
second hand car, say, one of those small economical Metros.
Parked close to the Lot is COLLINS' own car, a newish looking
Merc, as:

ARTHUR

..... as a little run-around for
your good lady wife, Mr. Collins,
you couldn't do better than this.
Economical? Petrol stations
would go skint if they had to
rely on these for a drink.
Stylish, easy to park....
and of course it's British.

*

COLLINS

I'm not sure I wanted to go to
the sort of price you're asking.

ARTHUR

Well as an old customer...I
mean you're satisfied with
the Merc, aren't you? (indi-
cating it)

COLLINS

Yes, yes, it's um.....

21. CONTINUED

21.

ARTHUR

Good, good....and I'm sure
I can accommodate you again.
Let's say a five per-cent dis-
count on my askin' price?

COLLINS

Let's say ten.

ARTHUR

(pained) Ten?

COLLINS

Cash.

ARTHUR

Well.....

COLLINS

And on the proviso that my wife
likes it.

22. INT. MISS TURNER'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 22.

Most of the furniture has been removed, including the pair of period chairs, as we come up on TERRY and CHARLIE preparing to lift a tasteful and expensive looking sideboard:

TERRY

Right?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

They lift the sideboard but CHARLIE hasn't quite got a grip on it and it tilts sideways causing one of the doors to fall open. Out tumbles various bic-a-brac, including some cookery books and a sewing basket containing what you'd expect, cottens, etc., along with a half knitted jumper with the needles still attached. CHARLIE reacts a hint pained at the sight of these items, as:

TERRY

Bleedin' hell, Charlie, what're
you doin'?!

CHARLIE

Sorry, hand slipped.

Now TERRY reacts to the sight of the knitting, etc.

TERRY

'Ere, there's still gear in
this.

22. CONTINUED

22.

CHARLIE

Er, yeah....

Curious, TERRY picks up the knitting.

TERRY

Knitting?

CHARLIE

What?

TERRY

Cookery books?

CHARLIE

Er, I dunno..... maybe he was
an old queen? (a look from
TERRY) Could be his daughter's...

TERRY

Thought you said he lived
alone?

CHARLIE

I think she used to stay here
now an' then..... him bein'
sick like.

TERRY

So how come she's left -

CHARLIE

I dunno, must've forgot... now
I think of it she did mention
somethin' about a few personal
items still bein'.....

TERRY is making a move to open the other door in the side-
board. CHARLIE hastily distracts him, with:

CHARLIE

Look, tell you what, you cop
that standard lamp over there...
take it down to the van and
I'll sort this stuff, stick it
in a bag or somethin'....I'll
give the daughter a bell an'
let her know.

A moment, then TERRY shrugs and moves off to collect the
standard lamp. CHARLIE emits a small silent sigh of
relief, as we:

23. EXT. COLLINS HOUSE. DAY.

23.

Nice detached house in its own extensive grounds. It has a driveway leading up to it from the road. COLLINS' Merc. parked ~~up~~ near the house. Establish this, then:

As the Metro we saw earlier sweeps into the driveway with ARTHUR driving. He pulls up close to the house, climbs out, approaches the front door, where he rings the bell. A moment - and the door opens to reveal COLLINS.

COLLINS

Ah, Mr. Daley.....you found us then.

ARTHUR

A natural directional instinct, Mr. Collins.....and the A to Z helps.

COLLINS

Yes, of course..... well you'd better come in, ~~then~~.

And as ARTHUR enters:

24. EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS. STREET. DAY.

24.

TERRY and CHARLIE as the latter shuts the rear doors of the transit:

TERRY

That it then?

CHARLIE

That's it.

CHARLIE produces the keys to the van and hands them to TERRY.

CHARLIE

You drive. Gotta drop the flat keys off at the estate agents on the way.

TERRY

Right.

And as TERRY moves off to climb into the drivers seat we stay on CHARLIE for a brief moment as he glances up at the flats and up and down the street to check if anyone is observing them. He seems satisfied no one is. He moves quickly to climb into the front of the van.

25. INT. COLLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY. 25.

It's a large house with lots of period character. COLLINS and his wife have literally only just moved in a few days previously and the evidence of this is everywhere: opened and unopened boxes, packing cases scattered about, furniture dumped anywhere, rolls of carpet, etc. General disorder. However:

We open on ARTHUR eying this with mild interest as COLLINS calls up the stairs:

COLLINS
Abigail.....Mr. Daley's here
with the car.

ABIGAIL
(O.O.V. - from upstairs) Okay..
I'll be down in a minute.

25A. INT. COLLINS HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 25A.

(Large living room) As ARTHUR and COLLINS enter. Same general disorder. There isn't much furniture about but what there is is of quality and mostly antique.

COLLINS
.....of course it's a lot larger
than our last place. Took us
ages to find what we wanted and
we didn't really want to move
this far out from town....which
is partly the reason for the
second car.

ARTHUR
It's very nice, Mr. Collins,
very nice indeed. You can't
beat a touch of the suburbs
and a hint of the rurals within
strikin' distance of the beating
heart of the metropolis is what
I always say.

COLLINS casts him a slightly askance look:

COLLINS
You do?

*
*

ARTHUR, not quite knowing how to respond to this, indicates some pieces of furniture.

25A. CONTINUED

25A.

ARTHUR

I see your eye for quality
doesn't just run to houses and
cars, Mr. Collins... very taste-
ful, very tasteful.

COLLINS

Yes, we like it. (rueful smile)
Unfortunately I'm going to have
to buy one or two more pieces
if we're to avoid looking some-
what spartan.

ARTHUR

Really? Well as a matter of
fact I may be able to help
you there.....

COLLINS

Oh?

ARTHUR

Yes. The goods an' chattels
trade is part of my extensive
business interests, and what
I haven't got I can get. You
only have to -

But he is interrupted by the arrival of ABIGAIL. She is a
very attractive and vivacious lady and some fifteen years
younger than her husband, COLLINS.

COLLINS

Are, here you are. (introducing)
Mr. Daley, my wife, Abigail.

ARTHUR is at his most charming as he takes her hand and holds
on to it:

ARTHUR

A pleasure and an honour to
make your acquaintance, my dear.

ABIGAIL

(a quick amused glance at COLLINS,
as) How perfectly charming of
you to say so Mr. Daley.

ARTHUR

(still holding her hand and
studying her) Ah yes...yes, most
definately.

ABIGAIL

(bemused) Pardon?

25A. CONTINUED.

25A.

ARTHUR

Excuse me, my dear lady, but
 may I say, as a man who has
 been in the motor trade for
 some considerable time and is
 noted for some discernment in
 these matters, a set of wheels
 should, like clothes, fit and
 suit the appearance and per-
 sonality of the person that
 owns same.

ABIGAIL

Oh.....really?

ARTHUR

And if I may be so bold, what
 awaits you in your driveway
 will blend perfectly with your
 goodself like the finest haute
 couture what with minis
 coming back and all that.

*
*
*
*
*
*

ABIGAIL eyes ARTHUR for a moment with a mixture of dis-
 belief and amusement, then exchanges another quick glance
 with COLLINS and giggles.

ABIGAIL

Good God.

Close on ARTHUR'S face - not knowing how to respond.

26. INT. ESTATE AGENTS OFFICE. DAY.

26.

MARY holds the keys CHARLIE has just returned with a look
 of confusion on her face:

MARY

The wrong ones?

CHARLIE

'Fraid so darlin'. Completely
 wasted journey. I was prac-
 tically there before I noticed
 you'd given me the wrong ones.
 An' me with a right busy schedual...

MARY

Oh dear, I am sorry. Mr. Rawlings
 will really have a go at me if
 he finds out. I did the same
 thing with a potential client
 only last week. He was ever so
 annoyed, the client that is...
 and Mr. Rawlings...said it cost
 him a sale. I didn't think that
 was fair, but -

26. CONTINUED.

26.

CHARLIE

Look, don't worry about it.
If you don't say anythin', I
won't. Okay?

MARY

Oh that's ever so good of you.
I.....I'll get you the right
ones.

CHARLIE

Lovely.

And she moves to where the keys are kept to look for the
right ones, as:

MARY

I don't know what's the matter
with me lately.... I guess I've
been getting over excited...
well nervous actually.

CHARLIE

Oh yeah? Why's that?

MARY

I'm going on holiday tomorrow...
abroad, in a plane....I've never
flown before....I get this sick
feeling every time I think of
it.

CHARLIE

Take a coupla mogodons an' a
large drop of duty free, you'll
be all right.....

At which point RAWLINGS enters carrying a briefcase. He's
the estate agent. Age not important:

CHARLIE

'Lo John. All right?

RAWLINGS

Hello Charlie.

CHARLIE

I've just called for the keys
to the Elsmere Court flat.

RAWLINGS

Ah yes. (to MARY) Have you
got them?

MARY

(having located the right ones)
Yes, here they are.... number
six?

RAWLINGS

(taking them from her and chec-
king) That's them. (hands the
keys to CHARLIE) There you go.
Take you long, will it?

26. CONTINUED

26.

CHARLIE

Well as a matter of fact I'm a bit short on time today. I thought I'd cop them now an' make an early start in the mornin'. That all right?

RAWLINGS

Sure. Just drop them back as soon as you're done.

CHARLIE

Will do. Ta, John.

And as RAWLINGS turns away to place his briefcase down, or whatever, CHARLIE gives MARY a quick conspiratorial wink and heads for the street door.

27. EXT. ESTATE AGENTS OFFICE. STREET. DAY. 27.

As CHARLIE emerges from the estate agents' and moves to the Transit parked outside - in which TERRY sits behind the steering wheel. CHARLIE climbs into the van, and:

28. INT. TRANSIT VAN. DAY. 28.

As CHARLIE settles into his seat:

TERRY

Okay?

CHARLIE

More'n okay. Just had a nice result.

TERRY

Oh yeah, what's that?

CHARLIE

Just copped for another clearance job in the same block of flats.

TERRY

Same block? How come?

CHARLIE

(of the estate agents) Well they handle all that property. (beat) Some geezer sellin' up an' goin' abroad.

28. CONTINUED

28.

TERRY
That's handy, innit.

CHARLIE
(small smile to himself as TERRY starts up the engine) Yeah, very handy.

TERRY
Where to, the shop?

CHARLIE
Nah, dealer mate of mine in Rathbone Street. I can unload most of this gear straight away.

TERRY
All go, innit.

29. EXT. COLLINS HOUSE. DAY.

29.

ABIGAIL sits in the Metro, trying it out for size so to speak. COLLINS stands by the open front door looking on as ARTHUR hovers near the car awaiting ABIGAIL'S decision. She fiddles with the gear stick, indicator, whatever. The side window is open and ARTHUR moves in closer as ABIGAIL indicates she wants to ask him something - The phone rings and COLLINS goes back into the house:

ABIGAIL
Does it have reclining seats?

ARTHUR
More than that, my dear. (indicating seat lever) One touch and you can be positively prostrate.

ABIGAIL
(sly smile) Oh good. I'll be able to bless it then. (lowa seat)

ARTHUR
(bemused) Bless it?

ABIGAIL
(suggestive) Yes, you know....

ARTHUR
(strained smile) Ah.....

ABIGAIL
Springs strong? (ARTHUR can only nod) And of course the whole thing is guaranteed?

29. CONTINUED

29.

ARTHUR

Guaranteed?.... Er, yes, yes,
naturally. Any commodity I
pass on to a purchasing punter
has my own personal guarantee.
A deal with Daley is a trade in
trust.

(raises seat)

ABIGAIL

I believe ex-president Nixon
said something similar, didn't
he?

ARTHUR

Uh?

30. INT. MISS TURNER'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 30.

key in door, showing flat number.

As MISS TURNER enters. A rather severe looking lady dressed
in a smart business suit. She stands there rooted to the
spot for a moment in reaction to the near barren room, then:

TURNER

My God.....

She crosses quickly to:

30A. INT. MISS TURNER'S FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY. 30A.

Only the bed remains. Again she reacts:

TURNER

Oh my God.....

She re-enters:

30B. INT. MISS TURNER'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 30B.

And crosses to the phone, which sits now on the floor.
She lifts the receiver and dials three nines. A moment,
then:

TURNER

(on phone) The police please.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

31. INT. ~~RYCOTT'S OFFICE.~~ DAY. NEXT DAY (3) 31.
INTERVIEW ROOM

MISS TURNER is sat at RYCOTT'S desk looking through a book of mug-shots as RYCOTT and MELLISH hover one each side of her. MISS TURNER is a somewhat intimidating lady and our two cops exchange looks as she turns the pages irritably, and:

TURNER

I don't know why you've dragged me down here to look at these ghastly criminal faces. If I'd seen anyone stealing my possessions I would have done something about it there and then, or at the very least been able to describe them to you. I am not a fool.

RYCOTT

Of course not, madam. But to remove so much stuff would have taken some time..... which would have been a bit risky unless they knew you wouldn't be around.

TURNER

Meaning?

RYCOTT

Meaning they probably cased... that is spent some time observing the flats and you. Your habits, when you were likely to be there, when not.

MELLISH

Probably even followed you to work.

RYCOTT

So it's just possible you may have subconsciously noticed some -

TURNER

Rubbish. I am an extremely observant person, Sergeant, and I can assure you if any man followed me I would be aware of it.

RYCOTT and MELLISH exchange looks again, then:

31. CONTINUED

31.

MELLISH

Have you had any callers at the flat recently, you know, on some pretext or other?

TURNER

No one that I didn't know or wasn't expecting....and as I told you, I only moved into the damn place a little more than a week ago. (she slams the mug-shot book closed) This is a total waste of my time!

An uncomfortable moment, then:

RYCOTT

Well if you could just give my colleague here a complete list of everything that was taken and an approximate valuation...

A dismayed look from MELLISH, as we:

32. INT. CHARLIE'S SHOP. DAY.

32.

TERRY, alone in the shop, is moving bits and pieces to make room for the two matching period chairs we saw earlier in Miss Turner's flat.

The two chairs are all we see in the shop that remain of the stuff taken from Miss Turner's flat. However:

ANOTHER ANGLE

As ARTHUR enters the shop. TERRY reacts to the sight of him, glaring:

TERRY

Oh, decided to show your face then, have you.

ARTHUR

I beg your pardon?

TERRY

Beg all you like, you ain't gettin' it!

ARTHUR

Terry, what are you talkin' about? I have simply come here to clarify a misunderstanding.

32. CONTINUED

32.

TERRY
Misunderstanding?!

ARTHUR
Yes. I am informed by Dave
that for some incomprehensible
reason you have got the hump
with me. Naturally I am some-
what bewildered considerin' -

TERRY
Stop! Before you go into one,
I ain't listenin'. As far as
I'm concerned you an' me are
finished. Finito, no more, got
it?

ARTHUR
Oh I see, this is my reward is
it? This is the gratitude I am
to receive for years of loyal
friendship, for givin' you a
livin', a place to live, a crust
to eat? A dagger in the back I
get for the totally unselfish
succour and support I've given
you along life's hazardous road.
Is this what it comes to? Treach-
ery my take home pay? Betrayal
my bunce? (And without pause -
of the Regency chairs) And how
much is Charlie askin' for those
chairs?

The rhetoric followed by the flat question is too much for
TERRY. He just stands staring at ARTHUR for a moment sha-
king his head in wonder, then:

TERRY
Unbelievable.

ARTHUR
D'what?

TERRY
You.

ARTHUR
Me?

TERRY
Not a word....not one single
word.

ARTHUR
(puzzled) Are you all right?

TERRY
(voice rising in stages) All
right? All right? You've
got the front to come in here
and...and...I could have died
in that bleedin' freezer! Do
I get an apology? Do I get one

32. CONTINUED

32.

TERRY (cont.)
single bloody word of explanation?! No! (grabbing a startled ARTHUR and pulling his face close to his own) Garbage is all I hear! Garbage is all I ever hear! Daley's dose of verbal diarrhoea!

ARTHUR
Now, now Terry....

TERRY
Don't Terry me!

ARTHUR
Well Mr. McCann wouldn't sound right, would it?

TERRY looks as if he's about to hit him, but then simply pushes him away with contempt.

TERRY
Do me a favour Arthur.....just piss off before I really get the needle.

ARTHUR
You're being very unreasonable. I explained to Dave what happened and he told me he told you. I simply assumed, knowing full well the concern I've always shown for your welfare, that you understood the innocent role I played in the unfortunate chain of events that led to the frosty fate you suffered.

TERRY
(tiredly) Arthur, to tell you the truth I ain't even interested anymore in anythin' you have to say, or do. So just go will you, now?

ARTHUR
Can I take it from that that you're not interested in earning two hundred sovs for what'll amount to about ten minutes of your time...?

33. INT. NIGHT CLUB. DAY

33.

ROLY-POLY, with FIRST HEAVY at his side, looks on dismally as a SECOND HEAVY smashes a number of bottles of booze behind the bar with a club hammer. The FIRST HEAVY raises an enquiring eyebrow at ROLY-POLY, who sighs fatefully and produces a roll of notes and begins to peel off the required amount.

34. INT CHARLIE'S SHOP. DAY.

34.

As before:

TERRY

You were right, I ain't interested.

ARTHUR'S face, and:

35. EXT. CHARLIE'S SHOP. DAY.

35.

ARTHUR emerging from the shop in a huff as CHARLIE pulls up in the transit and climbs out. He reacts a hint apprehensively on spotting ARTHUR, expecting some sort of indignant outburst and is instead surprised when ARTHUR greets him with a big smile, and:

ARTHUR

Charlie... nice to see you.
Doin' all right are you?

CHARLIE

Yeah, yeah, I'm er... how're you keepin'?

ARTHUR

I don't wear handmade suits because I'm a pauper, Charlie. Business as usual... with or without hired help.

CHARLIE

Ah, yeah, well...

ARTHUR

It's all right, no need to get embarrassed. I just called by to see if his nibs is okay. Terry's his own man; if he wants to start at the bottom again that's his prerogative. How is the junk furniture game by the way?

CHARLIE

It's not all junk Arthur: I do get hold of the odd bit of cream.

During this TERRY has appeared in the shop doorway and stands looking at ARTHUR and CHARLIE for a moment. ARTHUR has spotted him but studiously ignores his presence, as we continue:

35. CONTINUED

35.

ARTHUR

Really? Well I can't say I noticed. Pity, her indoors has been aggin' me for a nice pair of chairs to go with the regency stripe we've just had stuck on the lounge walls.....

If there's a little cafe just along the street it'll be handy - as TERRY moves off towards it, and:

TERRY

(to CHARLIE) Just gonna get a cup of tea an' a sandwich, see you in a bit.

CHARLIE

Okay Tel'.....don't forget we've got that clearance to do.

TERRY

Yeah, yeah.....

And he moves off as ARTHUR pretends disinterest and glances at his watch:

ARTHUR

Oh well can't hang about.... coupla deals to close before noon.

CHARLIE

Hang on a sec, Arthur....I might have just what you're looking for.

ARTHUR

Oh?

36. INT. WINCHESTER. DAY.

36.

DAVE

(on phone) 'Fraid not, Roly. Have you tried his car lot?... *He ain't there* What about the lock-up?... *Well* if he shows I'll tell him to *try it* give you a bell... Important, right...yeah, bye. *Tell him it's important.*

37. INT. NIGHT CLUB. DAY.

37.

ROLY-POLY replacing the phone receiver. He eyes the broken bottles and emits a long suffering sigh.

38. INT. ARTHUR'S CAR. DAY.

38.

Driving from Charlie's shop to Winchester Club

Travelling. A happy looking ARTHUR at the wheel.

39. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

39.

On ARTHUR'S car up and past. ESTABLISH the pair of Regency chairs tied in the open boot.

40. INT. RYCOTT'S OFFICE. DAY.

40.

RYCOTT and MELLISH. The former is looking over the list of property stolen from MISS TURNER'S flat that MELLISH has compiled:

RYCOTT

...and a pair of Regency chairs...

Two grand?

MELLISH

That's what she said she paid for them.

RYCOTT

She must be at it for the insurance. Look at the prices she's got down for some of these things.

MELLISH

I don't think so, gov. She says she has receipts for all of them.

40. CONTINUED

40.

RYCOTT

Oh well, puts us in with a bit of a chance to trace some of it I suppose. Get on to the Antique Squad at the Yard, see if they can supply us with some sort of local list of any suspect dealers they may have on their books.

MELLISH

Right.

RYCOTT

After you've done that we'll check out her neighbours. Someone might have seen something or some bodies.

 41. INT. TRANSIT VAN. DAY.

41.

On the road from Charlie's shop to Elmsmere Court

TERRY and CHARLIE. Travelling, as:

TERRY

I still can't believe Arthur parted with seven and a half for those chairs.

CHARLIE

Genuine antiques Terry. He's had a right deal, take my word for it.

TERRY

How much did they stand you in?

CHARLIE

'Bout a monkey I suppose.

TERRY

(impressed)
And I thought this game was all three ply and hardboard crapola.

CHARLIE

Now and again you get a result, you'd be surprised.

TERRY

I am surprised.
(beat)
Did he have a moan about me graftin' with you?

41. CONTINUED

41.

CHARLIE
Not a word.

TERRY
(looking a bit disappointed)
Not like him. I thought...

CHARLIE
What?

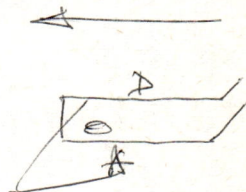
TERRY
(shrugs)
Don't matter.

42. INT. WINCHESTER. DAY.

42.

Maybe a few PUNTERS in B.G. now as we come up on ARTHUR:

ARTHUR
(on phone)
.... a beautiful pair of
Regency chairs, Mr. Collins....
Yes, yes, certainly....
What time? ... No, no problem...
right, will do... bye.



DAVE joins him as he replaces the reciever:

DAVE
Okay?

ARTHUR
Yeah, thanks Dave.

DAVE
What d'you want me to tell
Roly Poly if he phones again?

ARTHUR
Tell him not to worry, I'm
working on it.

DAVE
How? if Terry's given you a
blank?

ARTHUR
That ingrate isn't the only muscle
on the plot... I'll find
someone.

(Exit ←)

43. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

43.

TERRY and CHARLIE are manoeuvring a single wardrobe into the lift. It's not a very big lift so they have a bit of difficulty, but eventually they manage to get it in. There's really only enough room for one of them to accompany the wardrobe, so:

CHARLIE
I'll nip down the stairs an'
open the street door, all right?

TERRY
Right.

And CHARLIE heads off down the stairs as TERRY presses the button to descend. Assuming we're only one or two floors up, we cut to:

44. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. LOBBY. DAY.

44.

As CHARLIE appears trotting down the stairs.

45. EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS. STREET. DAY.

45.

RYCOTT and MELLISH climb out of their car. They have parked directly behind CHARLIE'S Transit, the doors of which are open. Inside the van are several items of furniture that TERRY and CHARLIE have already loaded. RYCOTT, naturally, reacts to the sight of this and exchanges looks with MELLISH. They approach for a closer look, as:

46. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. LOBBY DAY.

46.

CHARLIE reaches the street door and opens it.

His P.O.V. of RYCOTT and MELLISH peering into the rear of the Transit with suspicion.

CHARLIE reacts to the sound of the car R.T. and shuts the door quickly. He is frozen for a second in panic, then turns to scamper to the lift as the doors open and TERRY steps out. CHARLIE arrives at the same moment and hustles him quickly back into the lift and crams himself in beside him, as:

46. CONTINUED

46.

TERRY
'ere, what... what're you
doin'.... hold up! What...?

CHARLIE punches the button to ascend, with:

CHARLIE
Terry, there's something I've
got to tell you...

47. EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS. STREET. DAY.

47.

RYCOTT
(to MELLISH - of the van and
its contents)
Well, well, well.. this could
be very interesting.

48. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

48.

CLOSE on the lift doors and they open to reveal CHARLIE
and a stunned looking TERRY crammed face to face:

TERRY
You did what?!

CHARLIE
I was gonna tell you, honest...

TERRY
(grabbing him)
I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

CHARLIE
Now don't get upset, Tel,
please... we can get out of
it.... just listen....

49. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. LOBBY. DAY.

49.

RYCOTT, with a predatory look on his face, stands with MELLISH
by the lift doors waiting for them to open. A moment of
this then the doors open to reveal just the wardrobe standing
there. RYCOTT reacts and exchanges looks with MELLISH.

50. INT. OLD MAN'S FLAT. DAY.

50.

An angry TERRY paces as CHARLIE pleads:

CHARLIE

No one saw us yesterday, Tel,
no one, I guarantee-

TERRY

You don't know that? You
can't possible know that...
someone could've been looking
out of a window, anything!

CHARLIE

No Tel, I was watchin'- all the
time I was watchin'... well
I would be wouldn't I?

TERRY

It don't make no difference, does
it?! How hard is it gonna be
for them to check with the
estate agents about the cock up
with the keys? Soon as they-

CHARLIE

I told you, the bird's gone
on holiday, she won't even be
about for a fortnight. All we've
got to do is front it out...
I mean what we're doin' now is
totally legit... let them think
what they like, what can they
prove?

TERRY

What if they check the shop and-

CHARLIE

Nothin' there, is there. Arthur
had the last of it and-

They both freeze as from outside in the corridor we hear
the rat-tat-tat of the door knocker to the neighbouring
flat. TERRY creeps to the door and with great care opens
it a fraction to peep out into the corridor:

TERRY'S P.O.V.: through the crack in the door of RYCOTT
and MELLISH outside a flat along the corridor. Perhaps
the door to the flat opens and RYCOTT introduces himself
to the OCCUPANT, as :

TERRY, reacting to recognising RYCOTT closes the door:

TERRY

Gawd almighty...

CHARLIE

What, what?

50. CONTINUED

50.

TERRY
It's Rycott!

CHARLIE
Who?

TERRY
Sergeant bleeding' Rycott..
the ol' Bill out there!

CHARLIE
You mean you know him?

TERRY
Bloody right, an' he knows me.

CHARLIE
Well that might be handy. Can
he be straightened?

TERRY
You gotta be joking. Not only can't
he be straightened, there's nothin'
he'd love more than to nick me....
an' Arthur come to that.

CHARLIE
Well look, don't panic-

TERRY
Don't panic?! I oughta break
your bleedin' neck for puttin'
me in it like this! Rycott...

CHARLIE
Terry, I'm tellin' you, there's
nothing he can do providin' we
just keep calm and front it out.

TERRY
Why don't we just try and duck
out the back way while he's
makin' himself busy?

CHARLIE
Leave off, me van's out there
an' it's a dot on the card he's
taken the number.

TERRY
(reacting to RYCOTT hammering
on the door)
Gawd...

CHARLIE
Now stay calm, just leave
me to do the talking...
(indicating, say, a chair)
Grab hold of that an' look
busy.

50. CONTINUED

50.

CHARLIE goes to the door and opens it to reveal RYCOTT and MELLISH standing there.

CHARLIE
(innocently)
Yes...?

RYCOTT
(producing his warrant card)
Police?

CHARLIE
Somethin' I can do for you
officer?

RYCOTT
I understand you're removing
furniture from this flat. I
wonder if you would mind-

RYCOTT stops mid sentence, jaw dropping in surprise as
TERRY suddenly appears behind CHARLIE carrying a chair:

TERRY
Hello Mr. Rycott. I thought
I recognised your voice.
Something wrong, is there?

51. EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS. STREET. DAY.

51.

As RYCOTT and MELLISH hustle a protesting TERRY and CHARLIE
out of the flats, their voices more or less in unison:

CHARLIE
But this is diabolical...

TERRY
You're making a big mistake,
Mr. Rycott...

CHARLIE
It's a clearance job, I can
prove it...

TERRY
If you'll just listen a minute...

CHARLIE
I shall sue for false arrest!

RYCOTT
You're not being arrested.

51. CONTINUED

51.

CHARLIE

Then what-

RYCOTT

You're volunteering to come
down the station to help
with our inquiries.

TERRY

Volunteering??!

RYCOTT

Of course. Now shut up
both of you and get in the car.

52. INT. RYCOTT'S CAR. DAY.

52.

As TERRY and CHARLIE are bundled unceremoniously into
the back:

TERRY

(to CHARLIE resentfully)
Don't panic, he says... leave
me to do the talkin', he says...

53. EXT. COLLINS HOUSE. DAY.

53.

COLLINS looks on as ARTHUR lifts the pair of Regency chairs
from the boot of his car and sets them down on the ground
as:

ARTHUR

... and craftsmanship like this
deserves the proper settin', the
correct ambience, so naturally
I thought of you and your
beautiful new home, Mr. Collins.
I mean these aren't just chairs
to flop your weary in, these are
your actual works of art.
Chairs like this ain't manufactured
they're created... but I don't
need to tell someone with your
astute eye for quality that,
do I?

COLLINS isn't particularly impressed with ARTHUR'S sales
patter. He simply casts him a look and examines the
chairs then:

53. CONTINUED

53.

COLLINS

How much?

ARTHUR

Well I know what I could get if I stuck 'em in a Sotheby's auction, but as a quick turn-over an' small profit is my motto, and as a personal favour to you, shall we say eighteen hundred the pair?

COLLINS

Shall we say thank you for the offer and good day?

ARTHUR

Ha, ha, you're a hard man to do business with Mr. Collins. Alright, seventeen cash, and we'll forget the V.A.T.?

COLLINS

I don't intend to haggle, Mr. Daley. Fifteen hundred, take it or leave it.

ARTHUR

I'll take it.

COLLINS

I thought you might.
(turns to head for house)
Bring them inside and
I'll write you a cheque.

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

54.

MELLISH (perhaps taking notes) and RYCOTT interrogating
TERRY:

TERRY

Arthur?

RYCOTT

Anything you're mixed up in
must automatically involve
Arthur.

TERRY

I ain't mixed up in anythin'...
and for your information I
don't graft with Arthur any
more.

54. CONTINUED

54.

MELLISH

That'll be the day.

TERRY

It is the day.. the week,
permanently.

MELLISH

Had a little falling out,
have you Terry?

TERRY

You could say that. I told
you, I work for Charlie Pope
now.

RYCOTT

Since when?

TERRY

Few days.

RYCOTT

So you were with him yesterday?

TERRY

Yeah.

RYCOTT

All day?

TERRY

Not all day, no.

RYCOTT

When then?

TERRY

When he was in the shop.

RYCOTT

When was that?

TERRY

When was what?

RYCOTT

When was he in the shop?

TERRY

When he wasn't out of it.

RYCOTT

What time was he there?

TERRY

He was back'n forth.

RYCOTT

How often?

54. CONTINUED

54.

TERRY

I dunno, it's a shop not
a ship. I didn't log him.

RYCOTT

But you were there all day?

TERRY

That's right.

RYCOTT

Can you prove it?

TERRY

Can you prove I wasn't?

RYCOTT

I intend to McCann, I intend to.

TERRY

Does that mean a cup of tea an'
a sandwich is out of the question?

RYCOTT'S face.

55. EXT. COLLINS HOUSE. DAY.55.

The Metro, driven by ABIGAIL, sweeps into the driveway and up to the house, where ARTHUR'S car is still parked. ABIGAIL climbs from the car and casts a glance of mild curiosity at ARTHUR'S car as she retrieves some shopping from the boot of her car.

56. INT. INTERVIEW ROOM/POLICE STATION DAY.56.

RYCOTT and MELLISH interrogating CHARLIE now:

RYCOTT

And the name of the estate
agent?

CHARLIE

John Rawlings.

RYCOTT

Address?

CHARLIE

Eight Carysfort Road, Shepherds Bush.

56. CONTINUED

56.

MELLISH will write down this information as RYCOTT continues:

RYCOTT

I take it you've no objections to us searching your premises?

CHARLIE

None at all, provided I'm present.

(RYCOTT casts him a look)

Well, I wouldn't like any *unwanted* 'fitted' furniture, would I?

RYCOTT'S face twitches.

57. INT. COLLINS HOUSE-LIVING ROOM. DAY.

57.

ABIGAIL is looking over the Regency chairs disapprovingly as COLLINS is about to hand ARTHUR a cheque, and as he reaches for it:

ABIGAIL

I don't like them.

ARTHUR'S hand frustratingly grabs air as COLLINS turns to his wife, and:

COLLINS

Don't like them?

ABIGAIL

No.

ARTHUR

But Mrs. Collins, how can you not like them? They're--

ABIGAIL

I just don't.

COLLINS

Well I do.

And once again he goes to hand ARTHUR the cheque, and once again ARTHUR reaches for it only to have it tantalisingly withdrawn as:

57. CONTINUED

57.

ABIGAIL

You might have consulted
me first.

COLLINS

You weren't here.

And once more he goes to give the cheque to ARTHUR, only
to withdraw it yet again, as:

ABIGAIL

Would it have made any
difference if I were?

COLLINS

Abigail, whether you like
them or not they're damn
fine chairs...

ARTHUR

And apart from anything
else, Mrs. Collins, an
excellent investment...
(plucking the cheque from
COLLINS' hand)
....in these times of
rampant inflation.

ABIGAIL

(plucking the cheque from
ARTHUR'S hand)
Is that so, Mr. Daley?
(glancing at cheque - surprised
at the amount)
Don't you mean rampant
profiteering?

COLLINS

(plucking the cheque from ABIGAIL)
Nonsense, darling, they're a
bargain.

ARTHUR

(plucking the cheque from COLLINS)
A steal, Mr. Collins, truly
a steal.

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

58.

As before:

CHARLIE

Yeah, course I know Arthur
Daley, but I've never done
any business with him.

58. CONTINUED

58.

RYCOTT

That isn't what McCann says.

CHARLIE

(sceptical)
Oh really? Tell you what,
you show me a statement where
Terry says I've done business
with Arthur.

RYCOTT

(casts him a look)
Don't get lemon, Pope.

CHARLIE

Well don't take me for a mug,
Sergeant.

59. EXT. COLLINS HOUSE. DAY.

59.

ARTHUR is shaking COLLINS' hand at the door prior to leaving:

ARTHUR

My pleasure, Mr. Collins,
my pleasure. And if I should
come across any more little
treasures of the antique
persuasion you'd be interested,
would you?

COLLINS

Possibly, Mr. Daley, possibly.

ARTHUR

Good, good. I'll have another
word with my man then, see what
I can do.

60. INT. ESTATE AGENT'S OFFICE. DAY.

60.

RYCOTT, MELLISH and RAWLINGS, as:

RAWLINGS

(frostily)
I do hope you're not implying
that I, or anyone with this
agency had anything to do with
this unfortunate robbery,
Sergeant?

60. CONTINUED

60.

RYCOTT

Not knowingly perhaps, sir, but-

RAWLINGS

Not in any shape or form.

MELLISH

You said yourself, sir, that you have keys to a number of flats in the building...?

RAWLINGS

Yes, that's because we've always handled the entire property for the owners and ~~as~~ half the flats are only let on short term~~s~~ leases.

MELLISH

There could have been a mix-up then?

RAWLINGS

Mix-up?

MELLISH

Well you might have given Mr. Pope the keys to nine instead of six by mistake like?

RAWLINGS

I do not make that kind of mistake. And correct me if I'm wrong, but didn't you say Mr. Pope was in the process of clearing flat six when you 'apprehended' him?

MELLISH

Well yes...

RAWLINGS

Then how on earth did he gain entry if I didn't give him the right keys?

RYCOTT casts MELLISH a look of disdain: "You idiot".

61. EXT. ESTATE AGENT'S. STREET. DAY.

61.

RYCOTT and MELLISH emerge from the estate agents:

RYCOTT

I don't know how I suffer you Mellish. You're a cretin.

61. CONTINUED

61.

MELLISH

Sorry.

And as they reach their car and go to climb in:

MELLISH

So, er, what are we going to
do now then....?

62. INT. CHARLIE'S SHOP. DAY.

62.

We are at the rear end of the shop as CHARLIE keeps
a watchfull eye on RYCOTT AND MELLISH as they search
amongst the piled furniture and various tatty bits
and pieces, as:

RYCOTT

I don't believe some of this
stuff. Do people actually
buy it?

CHARLIE

Yeah, matter of fact I get
a lot of ex-coppers in ~
wantin' to furnish their
retirement homes.

RYCOTT

(daggered look - and threateningly)
Keep it up, Pope, just keep
it up...

TERRY'S P.O.V.: ARTHUR'S car pulling up outside. As
ARTHUR climbs out:

TERRY reacting with dismay. He turns to check that
RYCOTT and MELLISH are preoccupied with their search
and ducks out of the shop...

63. EXT. CHARLIE'S SHOP. STREET. DAY.

63.

ARTHUR reacting as TERRY emerges from the shop and
quickly moves to greet him with:

63. CONTINUED

63.

TERRY

Don't hang about, just get
back in you motor and go, now!

ARTHUR

What, what...?

TERRY

Rycott's here turning the shop
over lookin' for bent gear...

ARTHUR

Well what's that got to do
with me?

TERRY

Those chairs you bought off
Charlie are hooky...

ARTHUR

D'what?!

TERRY

I'll explain later, just-

RYCOTT (OOV)

Oi!

They both freeze for a moment then turn to see RYCOTT standing in the doorway of the shop glaring at them with deep suspicion. The faces of both of them struggle to appear innocently composed as RYCOTT steps from the shop to approach them and TERRY, in a quick aside to ARTHUR, not moving his lips...

TERRY

You know nothin', and he
knows we've had a ruck...

RYCOTT reaches them and eyes them both with a kind of cold, smug satisfaction:

RYCOTT

Well, well....

ARTHUR

Mr. Rycott, fancy you bein'
er... keeping well, are you?

RYCOTT

Oh very well, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Well that's, er, well...

RYCOTT

And what might you be doing here?

ARTHUR

Me? Oh, I, er, just
popped by to have a word
with Terry here....

*
*
*
*

63. CONTINUED

63.

TERRY

(aggressively to ARTHUR)
Yeah well now you've had it
you can get on your bike. I
told you, I've had it with
you.

ARTHUR

(catching on to TERRY'S move)
Alright, alright, I will.
Bloody ingrate.
(to RYCOTT)
I dunno, you try and give someone
a leg up in life, keep 'em
on the straight and narrow
and what do you get, a knife
between the blades.

During this MELLISH has emerged from the shop to join
TERRY & CO., followed by CHARLIE, who looks a little
anxious on spotting ARTHUR - not knowing if he's let
anything slip about the chairs. Like TERRY however, he
catches on when ARTHUR points an accusing finger at him:

ARTHUR

And there's another one!
Just because I've been out
of town for a few days on
business he sneaks behind my
back and nicks my labour force!

TERRY

I ain't your bleedin' labour
force!

CHARLIE

(to ARTHUR)
At least I pay him a fair
day's wages, unlike you, you
ol' miser.

ARTHUR

Miser? Miser? You heard that
Mr. Rycott. Defamation of
character! Slander in a public
place! I want this man
arrested!

RYCOTT

Shut it Arthur.

ARTHUR

Wha.....?

RYCOTT

Shut it.
(to TERRY) And you.
(to CHARLIE) And you.

63. CONTINUED

63.

TERRY, ARTHUR and CHARLIE adopt faces of pure innocence as RYCOTT eyes the three of them with deep suspicion for a long moment, then:

RYCOTT

I'm not interested in your petty squabbles... and my unerring instinct, my infallible instinct tells me it's all a lot of cobblers anyway. I don't quite know what little game the three of you are playing, but I will, I will.

(to ~~JONES~~ MELUSH)

Come on, we have further inquiries to make.

And with a final significant look at TERRY, ARTHUR and CHARLIE our two cops move off towards their car.

We hold for a moment on TERRY, ARTHUR and CHARLIE exchanging looks.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

64. INT. WINCHESTER. DAY.

NEXT DAY (4)

64.

ARTHUR, TERRY, CHARLIE and DAVE discussing the situation.
ARTHUR, naturally, waxing indignant:

ARTHUR

Gross is what I call it,
gross! You two have taken
flagrant and outrageous
liberties puttin' me on offer
with Rycott like this!

TERRY

Oh hark who's talking about
taking liberties!

ARTHUR

I do not jeopardise the
freedom of my friends by
deceivin' them into buying
hooky merchandise.

DAVE

(sardonic)

No, course not Arthur, not you.

ARTHUR

Oh I suppose you're on their
side, are you?

CHARLIE

Seems to me Arthur that we
ain't got much choice but to
all be on the same side.

TERRY

And it seems to me that I'm the
only one here who's ended
up with zilch for his whack and
the possibility of getting'
that! (tugging his collar)

DAVE

Well it seems to me that you
three hurlin' abuse at each
other ain't going to solve
anything. Thing is, what're
you gonna do to sort it?

ARTHUR

Why should I have to do
anything? I didn't plunder
no flat... they did.

64. CONTINUED

64.

TERRY

I didn't, he did!
(to CHARLIE)

ARTHUR

Ignorance of the law is
no defence, Terry, as your
solicitor will be quick
to tell you when-

TERRY

(angrily)
When? When?! When what?!
When you're standing beside
me in the dock for receivin'
and selling stolen furniture?!

ARTHUR

Well I don't think that's
likely, not unless you're
thinkin' of adding grassing
to your list of credits?

TERRY

(grabbing him)
Now listen you....!

DAVE

(wincing)
Out of order Arthur, well
out of order.

ARTHUR

Alright, alright... I'm
sorry, I take it back. We
may be havin' our little
differences at the moment
but I know you'd never stick
me up to ~~blod~~... but you are
getting far too emotional
lately, Terry, far too
emotional.

CHARLIE

Yeah, come on Tel, calm down...
Dave's right, blaming each
other ain't goin' to cure
any headaches we might get.

A moment, then TERRY calms down and lets go of ARTHUR:

TERRY

Yeah, suppose you're right...

CHARLIE

Anycase, what's all the hassle
about? Way I see it this
Rycott will have to get more
than luck to prove anythin'
against us.

64. CONTINUED

64.

DAVE

I dunno about that, he can be a tenacious bastard once he thinks he's onto something.

ARTHUR

True, true.

DAVE

D'you mind if I make a suggestion...?

TERRY

Why not... you seem to be the only one with any sense around here.

DAVE

Well seems to me it shouldn't be too difficult to reclaim the gear and return it to the bird's flat.... on the q.t. of course.

CHARLIE

Leave off..

ARTHUR

Don't be ridiculous, Dave.

TERRY

No, hang on, I think he's right.

ARTHUR

But what would be the point?

DAVE

Well for one thing you can't be nicked for theft if the goods are in possession of the rightful owner.

CHARLIE

Yeah, but what if it comes on top while we're returnin' it?

DAVE

Worse thing they can do you for is depriving the rightful owner of his property for a short time... sort've like takin' an' drivin' away a motor for a joy ride or just to get home. That's a misdemeanour: a fine the worse way. The other is theft, and that's a bird for any of you three.

TERRY

He's right.

65. EXT. WINCHESTER. DAY.

65.

As TERRY, ARTHUR and CHARLIE, emerge from the club and head for ARTHUR'S car:

ARTHUR
He is not right.

TERRY
(firmly)
Well I say he is.
(to CHARLIE)
And what do you say?

CHARLIE
I dunno Tel... but I guess
as it's down to me for
puttin' you in it sort've,
I'll give it a whirl.

TERRY
(to ARTHUR)
You're out voted.
(to CHARLIE)
Will you be able to get
the gear back you knocked
out to that mate of yours?

CHARLIE
Yeah, he knows it's bent so
he'd normally tuck it away
for a bit before he tried
to get rid.

ARTHUR
Well my man won't be so
accommodating, he's
embarrassingly straight.

TERRY
Then all the more reason
he'll part with the chairs
when you tell him they're
crooked.

ARTHUR
Terry, when I say straight
I mean as in overscrupulous...
no, no, no, he'll be right on
the trumpet to Plod.

TERRY
Then you'll have to think
of something else, won't you...
won't you ?

TERRY'S emphasis makes it clear to ARTHUR that he
won't brook any argument.

66. EXT. T.B.A. DAY.

66.

Assuming ARTHUR has had to contact COLLINS at his place of work the two of them could be emerging from an office block. COLLINS carrying a briefcase and clearly in a hurry, as:

COLLINS
Defective?

ARTHUR
So I found out from the man who sold them to the man who sold them to the man that sold them to me.

COLLINS
Then he is wrong.
Those chairs are in perfect condition.

ARTHUR
Something about the inner springs he said, you know, where it can't be detected with the naked mince.

COLLINS
(contemptuously)
The chairs do not have springs Mr. Daley... and in any case, I wouldn't consider selling them back to you for what I paid. They are worth at least five hundred pounds more than that.

ARTHUR
(dismayed)
Five hundred...

COLLINS
Now I don't wish to be rude, but I am in rather a hurry.
Good-day, Mr. Daley.

COLLINS moves off perhaps towards his car, leaving a dismal looking ARTHUR staring after him.

67. EXT. CHARLIE'S SHOP. DAY.

67.

ARTHUR has been explaining the latest developement to TERRY and CHARLIE, who are in the process of placing a bit of heavy furniture outside the shop - alongside other bits that are on display:

CHARLIE
Two grand?

ARTHUR
At least.

CHARLIE
I let you have them for
practically nothin' then,
didn't I.

ARTHUR
(indignant)
That's because you knew
they were nicked and I didn't!

TERRY
So how much did you knock 'em
out to him for?

ARTHUR
That is immaterial Terence...

TERRY
(aggressively)
Well I don't think so. How
much? And I don't want to (any)
get moody, got me?

ARTHUR
(moments hesitation - then
reluctantly)
Fifteen hundred as a matter
of fact.

TERRY
Fifteen....!

ARTHUR
But that doesn't alter the
fact that the man refuses point
blank to sell them back to me.
No, no, we're going to have
to think of something else.

TERRY
Yeah, like what?

ARTHUR
Gawd knows.

CHARLIE
What about his missus?

67. CONTINUED

67.

ARTHUR
What about her?

CHARLIE
Well you mentioned she didn't
like the chairs. How about
if Terry tries to get into her...?

ARTHUR
(with distaste)
Get into...? You are talking
about a woman who's husband
I do business with.

CHARLIE
What's that got to do with
it? With Terry's natural
talent for chattin' up the
ladies he could--

TERRY
Turn it in? What am I, some
sort of bleedin' gigolo who's
supposed to go an' do the
business with a bird I've
never even met then say, for
the use of my body I'd like
to claim two grands worth of
antique chairs? What're
you, mental?!

ARTHUR
You're right Terry, the whole
idea is very distasteful....
very distasteful... even if
she is a very attractive lady
who I suspect would not be
adverse to being, shall we
say 'flattered' by a bit of
rough trade, so to speak.

TERRY glares at him for a moment, then:

TERRY
Forget it... alright?

ARTHUR
Alright, alright, no need
to get....

CHARLIE
Don't start all that....
listen, I think I've got an
idea how we can get the
chairs back without any of
us havin' to put our faces
on offer.

67. CONTINUED

67.

TERRY
Oh yeah, how?

CHARLIE
Bill an' Ben, the corner men.

TERRY & ARTHUR
(in unison)
Who?

CHARLIE
Coupla pals of mine:
dynamite con artists...
they'll wanna nice drink mind.

68. INT. ~~PUB.~~ DAY.
WINCHESTER CLUB

68.

ARTHUR, TERRY and CHARLIE at a bar with BILL and BEN,
' We are with
both big men in their late 30's, early 40's. Appearance-
wise they could be taken for cops or villains.

ARTHUR
(pained)
How much?

BILL
Two hundred.

BEN
Each.

ARTHUR
(to CHARLIE)
That's a bit strong, innit?

CHARLIE
(shrugs)
Only comes out of the earner
we had on the chairs anyway.

TERRY
That's right, an' to stay
out of the shovel, cheap at
half the price.

BILL
And half is what we want up front.

Small pause.

TERRY
Well don't just stand there,
pay the men.

68. CONTINUED

68.

CHARLIE
I ain't holdin' Arthur, you
oblige an' I'll weigh in
with the other half when
Bill an' Ben deliver.

ARTHUR reluctantly produces the money and hands it over.

ARTHUR
And just how do you propose to...
no, no, on second thoughts,
I don't wanna know.

69. EXT. COLLINS HOUSE. DAY.

69.

BILL and BEN confronting ABIGAIL on her doorstep as
BILL flashes a moody I.D. card.

ABIGAIL
Police?

BILL
Wimbledon C.I.D. madam.

ABIGAIL
Oh...well what do you want?

BEN
It's a rather delicate matter,
madam. D'you mind if we discuss
it inside?

70. EXT. T.B.A. DAY.

70.

We are outside some kind of lock-up premises in a quiet area
with TERRY as he stacks the last bit of furniture into
the back of CHARLIE'S transit, which we note is already
loaded with the rest of the stuff they took from MISS
TURNER'S flat - with the exception of the chairs of course.

In the B.G. we see CHARLIE shaking hands with his FRIEND just
inside the open lock-up premises - which contains quite
a bit of second hand furniture.

CHARLIE says his thanks and goodbyes and moves to join
TERRY at the rear of the transit:

70. CONTINUED

70.

TERRY
All settled?

CHARLIE
Yup, let's go.

And as TERRY shuts the doors of the transit:

71. INT COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

71.

BILL is examining the two Regency chairs. A somewhat shaken looking ABIGAIL is close by with BEN:

BILL
There's no doubt about it,
madam... these are the chairs.

ABIGAIL
But this is ridiculous, they
can't be stolen! My husband
would never... he bought those
chairs in good faith from Mr.
Daley. I was here at the time...

BEN
Mr. Daley, madam?

ABIGAIL
Yes, he's a business acquaintance
of my husband. But surely
if you knew the chairs were
here...?

BEN
We're just acting on information
received anonymously, madam...
but we'd certainly like to talk
to this Mr. Daley. Do you
know how we can get in touch
with him?

ABIGAIL
Well yes... I've got his
business card somewhere...
my bag I think...

And she moves to get ARTHUR'S business card from her handbag. BILL and BEN exchange sly winks as she does so. ABIGAIL returns with the card and hands it to BEN, who pretends to study it with interest, then BILL moves to take the card from BEN and briefly glances at it, then:

BILL
How well do you know this
Mr. Daley?

71. CONTINUED

71.

ABIGAIL

Well hardly at all...
my husband has bought a
couple of cars from him...
but I can hardly believe
he would knowingly sell
my husband stolen property.
I mean...

BILL

You may be right,
madam, he could have been
duped, but we'll still
have to check it out...
in the meantime I'm afraid
we'll have to take the
chairs with us.

ABIGAIL

Take...?

BEN

Don't worry madam, we'll
give you a receipt .

BILL

And we'll call back later
to interview your
husband.... and try not to
worry, I'm sure you and
your husband are simply
innocent victims in all
this.

72. EXT. CHARLIE'S SHOP. DAY.

72.

TERRY is bundling the pair of Regency chairs into the back
of the transit as we come up on CHARLIE paying off
BILL and BEN:

72. CONTINUED

72.

CHARLIE
Thanks chaps, well
appreciated.

BILL
She went on a bit about
Arthur.

CHARLIE
So he'll get a bit of agg',
but they'll still have a
problem to prove anythin'.

TERRY in the meantime has loaded the chairs and shut
the transit doors and moved to join them:

TERRY
We right then?

CHARLIE
Yeah, no problem.

TERRY
(to BILL and BEN)
Thanks fellers.

BEN
Pleasure.
Love it, don't we.

BILL
Anytime.

And they move off to their car as we stay with:

TERRY
Right, Arthur?

CHARLIE
Arthur.

73. EXT. ARTHUR'S CAR LOT. DAY.

73.

TERRY and CHARLIE with ARTHUR as he casts a very worried look at the transit parked close by:

ARTHUR
What, now?

TERRY
Now.

ARTHUR
Now...

CHARLIE
It's about the same time of day as when we took the gear so there's a good chance there won't be anyone about.

ARTHUR
Well can't you two....I mean you don't need me to... and I have this back, I can't hump anything, can I?

TERRY takes ARTHUR'S arm and leads him reluctantly towards the transit, with:

TERRY
Well you can keep doggo for us then while we hump this gear, can't you.

ARTHUR
Oh my gawd, I've just remembered I've got this appointment with my chiropodist... I've got these dodgy plates... if we have to have it on our toes I'll be under a terrible handicap....

ARTHUR'S feeble protests are ignored by TERRY and CHARLIE, as we:

74. INT. COLLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

74.

As an angry COLLINS slams down the phone and turns to ABIGAIL:

COLLINS
Good God, Abigail, how could you have been so bloody naive?!

74. CONTINUED

74.

ABIGAIL

But they were so convincing...
they even showed me their identification cards.

COLLINS

(of the phone conversation) You
heard me..... that was the local
Chief Inspector himself I was
talking to! They know nothing
about any investigation into
stolen antique chairs and even
less about your two bogus police-
men!

ABIGAIL

I'm sorry, I.....

COLLINS

It's a bit late for oh
well, I don't suppose you...
just get your coat.... we have
to go down to the police station.

ABIGAIL

What for?

COLLINS

They want a statement from us
and any other details that might
be of help.

75. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

75.

TERRY, CHARLIE and an extremely nervous ARTHUR are outside
Miss Turner's flat as CHARLIE produces a small jemmy.
ARTHUR reacts to the sight of it:

ARTHUR

Oh my good gawd.....

CHARLIE

Well we've got to get in ain't
we.

ARTHUR

(frantically glancing around)
But the noise... the damage...
can't you 'loid it or something?

TERRY

You can't 'loid a mortice, Arthur.

ARTHUR looks as if he might be about to have a heart
attack as CHARLIE proceeds to jemmy the door open.

76. INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

76.

A corridor, wherever , as MELLISH spots RYCOTT:

MELLISH

Oh guv, there you are.....

RYCOTT

Yes, Mellish, here I am. What is it?

MELLISH

An Inspector Williams of Wimbledon C.I.D. has been on the phone making enquiries about Arthur Daley.....

RYCOTT

And?

MELLISH

I told him I'd get you to ring him back.

RYCOTT

Well did he say what it was in connection with?

MELLISH

Oh aye,
I think you're going to love it.

77. EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS. STREET. DAY.

77.

TERRY and CHARLIE unloading a piece of Miss Turner's from the transit. Let's say it's a sofa.

78. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. CORRIDOR... DAY.

78.

ARTHUR, glancing at his watch and pacing anxiously. He suddenly stands rooted to the spot in fear for a moment as a door to one of the flats opens and a WOMAN steps out into the corridor. (Could be the occupant from Sc. 50)

ARTHUR doesn't know whether to make a dash for the lift, run up the stairs or down them. One thing he doesn't want is to have his face seen, so a moment before the WOMAN turns from locking her door to move off ARTHUR doesn't just pull his hat down, he literally takes it off and covers his face completely with it and scurries past the WOMAN to duck up the stairs, bumping blindly into a banister, or whatever, en route.

The WOMAN, not surprisingly, observes all this with total bemusement.

78A. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. LOBBY. DAY. 78A.

And TERRY and CHARLIE struggling to get the sofa up the stairs. Any dialogue like: "Down a bit your end.... hold it....round a bit", etc.

They only just disappear from sight as the lift doors open and the WOMAN steps out and heads for the street door - oblivious as to their presence.

78B. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. CORRIDOR. DAY. 78B.

And ARTHUR'S wary face peering along the corridor to see if the coast is clear from the foot of the stairs we saw him run up.

78C. INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. STAIRWAY. DAY. 78C.

TERRY and CHARLIE still struggling with the sofa as a distraught ARTHUR appears above them, and:

ARTHUR
For gawds sake, get a move on...
I don't like working in the
field.

*
*

79. INT. COLLINS HOUSE. DAY. 79.

RYCOTT and MELLISH interviewing COLLINS and ABIGAIL.

RYCOTT
Did Daley tell you where he'd
obtained these chairs from?

COLLINS
Well no.

RYCOTT
You didn't think to ask?

79. CONTINUED.

79.

COLLINS

Why on earth should I?

ABIGAIL

Sergeant, if you buy something from someone you have no reason to suspect isn't reputable, it's hardly customary to ask how they aquired their stock, is it?

RYCOTT

If you knew Daley like we do madam, it would be the minimum requirement, believe me.

MELLISH

(to COLLINS) Why d'you think he wanted to buy the chairs back off you, Sir?

COLLINS

I imagine because he discovered they were more valuable than he thought.

RYCOTT

Yes, and when you refused to sell them back to him he gets the bright idea to employ a couple of con artists to come around and deceive your wife into parting with them for nothing.

80. INT. MISS TURNER'S FLAT. DAY.

80.

All the furniture is back in the flat now as we come up on TERRY and CHARLIE rubbing various bits with dusters as an agitated ARTHUR enters from the corridor where he's been keeping a watch out:

ARTHUR

For gawds sake, you've put the stuff back, you don't have to polish it as well!

TERRY

Don't be a dummy Arthur, what d'you want us to do, leave our dabs all over the place?

ARTHUR reacts and points a panicky finger at the two Regency chairs:

ARTHUR

The chairs, the chairs.....have you done the chairs?!

80. CONTINUED

80.

And realising he touched the doorknob on the way in,
whisks out his hankerchief to give it a vigorous rub.

81. EXT. COLLINS HOUSE. DAY.

81.

RYCOTT and MELLISH moving away from the house towards their
car parked in the driveway, as:

RYCOTT
(gleefully) This time we've got
that slippery old sod bang to
rights, Mellish

MELLISH
(sceptical) That I'll believe
when I see it.

RYCOTT
(a look) You know Mellish there
are times when I get the uneasy
feeling that you actually like
Arthur bloody Daley (?)

MELLISH
Well life wouldn't be quite the
same without Arthur on the manor,
would it?

RYCOTT
Are you sure you're
cut out to be a police officer,
Mellish?

82. EXT. ARTHUR'S CAR LOT. DAY.

82.

As the transit pulls up and a relieved looking ARTHUR
clanders out, followed by TERRY, and:

CHARLIE
Hey, Tel.....

TERRY
What?

CHARLIE
You quite sure you don't wanna
stay graftin' with me?

82. CONTINUED.

82.

TERRY

Thanks, but no thanks Charlie.
I think I've had enough of first
hand experience of the second
hand game.

ARTHUR

Bloody right he has. Terry's
back on the firm with me where
he can be properly protected
from lunatics like you Charlie.
(beat) Nothing personal, of
course.

CHARLIE

(good natured laugh) Arthur,
you're dynamite. (to TERRY)
I'll see you about, Tel. No
hard feelin's, eh?

TERRY

(good natured smile) On your
bike, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Right. (and to ARTHUR) You
just be careful to have your
story right when Rycott gives
you a tug.

And with a smile and a wave he pulls away, leaving a some-
what bemused looking ARTHUR

ARTHUR

A tug? Rycott give me a tug...?
Terry, Terry.... what is he
talking about?

TERRY

Well it don't take the brains
of Albert Einstein to work that
out, does it? (beat) And pre-
warned is pre-armed, right?

ARTHUR

Pre-warned is pre... I'm not
sure I'm quite with you?

TERRY

You will be.

83. INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY. 83.

A look on ARTHUR'S face not dissimilar from the one we
left him with above, as we come up on him and TERRY sat at
the table facing a confident RYCOTT. MELLISH also present as:

83. CONTINUED

83.

RYCOTT

Don't sit there giving me that
stupid innocent routine, Arthur...
do I look like a complete idiot?

ARTHUR

Well not complete, no.... (hastily)
I mean I simply do not under-
stand your reasoning on all this?
Yes, it's true, I did sell Mr.
Collins a pair of tatty antique
chairs...

RYCOTT

Who said anything about tatty?

ARTHUR

Well the ones I sold to him were,
Terry can verify that, can't
you Terry?

TERRY

Yeah, he's right, they were a
bit soapy.

RYCOTT

How would you know? You weren't
with him when he sold them?

TERRY

Ah, but I'd seen them before.

RYCOTT

Oh yes, where?

TERRY

Arthur's lock-up. They'd been
lyin' around for weeks...hadn't
they Arthur?

ARTHUR

Oh definately, definately...
fact they'd been about so long
I can't remember where they came
from... some job lot of rubbish
I bought in.

RYCOTT

(starting to twitch) Rubbish?
Rubbish? You sold them to Collins
for fifteen hundred pounds!

ARTHUR

Yes, yes, that is true, I did...
and you can verify that with him.

RYCOTT

I already have! How the hell d'you
think I know!

ARTHUR

And didn't he tell you what a
good deal he'd had?

83. CONTINUED

83.

RYCOTT

Good deal...?

ARTHUR

And how I even tried to buy the chairs back from him when I found out quite by chance what their real value was?

RYCOTT

Well of course he bloody did! That's why you're both sitting here on the point of being charged with stealing them!

ARTHUR

Stealing them? Stealing what, Mr. Rycott?

RYCOTT

(tightly) Stealing the pair of Regency mahogany chairs that just happen to be identical to the pair that were almost certainly stolen by Pope and you, McCann!

TERRY

No disrespect intended, Mr. Rycott, but I trust you have more than your suspicions to back up that allegation?

ARTHUR

And I must, in all conscience, support Terry's doubts as to the precise, shall we say, positive nature of the evidence you have on hand....less we err into the area of litigation. Slander, false and malicious prosecution, that sort of thing. Could get very tacky, very tacky...

RYCOTT looks as if he might explode but is defused, so to speak, as his attention is diverted to UNIFORMED CONSTABLE knocking and poking his head around the door:

CONSTABLE

Sorry to interrupt, Sir, but there's a phone call for you... a Miss Turner. Says it's very important.

X

RYCOTT doesn't quite know how to react to the information, but he heads for the door, with:

RYCOTT

(to ARTHUR and TERRY) I'll be back.

TERRY

(sotto voice) Have a nice trip.

83. CONTINUED

83.

RYCOTT hesitates at the door, twitching, not sure if he's heard what TERRY said. A glare and he exits.

ARTHUR

(to MELLISH) He seems a bit upset.
Bit of tummy trouble, is it? Or
maybe some emotional domestic
agg'?

MELLISH

(smile) Something like that,
Arthur.

ARTHUR

I put it down to the long hours
these poor lads have to put in
to earn a crust, don't you Terry?

TERRY

Oh yeah....(a la ARTHUR) The
thin blue line out there stretched
to breaking point, tryin' val/i-
antly to hold back the swellin'
forces of villainy in a heroic
feat of endurance.... all to
protect honest law-abidin' citi-
zens like us, Arthur.

ARTHUR

(mock impressed) That's very
good, Terry....very good in-
deed.

84. INT. MISS TURNER'S FLAT. DAY.

84.

MISS TURNER, still in her street clothes:

TURNER

(on phone) You're not listening,
Sergeant. I said I've been bro-
ken into, not robbed. On the con-
trary.....

85. INT. RYCOTT'S OFFICE. DAY.

85.

RYCOTT on phone, reacting:

RYCOTT

What do you mean, your furni-
ture is back!? It can't be
back!

85. CONTINUED

85.

INTERCUTTING WHERE APPROPRIATE WITH:

TURNER

Are you calling me a liar,
Sergeant?

RYCOTT

No, no, sorry, I ... are you
sure, I mean.....?

TURNER

Of course I'm sure!

RYCOTT

Does that include the pair of
Regency chairs.....?
(not wishing to hear the answer)

TURNER

Yes, yes it does. I told you,
everything has been returned.

RYCOTT

(he can't answer)

TURNER

Hello, hello..... are you there?...
Sergeant Rycott, can you hear
me.....?

86. INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

86.

Tracking with TERRY and ARTHUR as a frustrated and angry
RYCOTT pursues them as they head towards exit for street:

RYCOTT

They were the same chairs that
were stolen from Miss Turner's
flat! You know it! Pope knows
it! I know it! We all bloody
know it!

ARTHUR

Mr. Rycott, please, you're embar-
rassing me... where's your dig-
nity, think of your rank and how
this unseemly display of emotion
could affect discipline.

Casting an apologetic smile at two young POLICE CADETS
who are passing and casting RYCOTT curious looks. And
as RYCOTT seethes:

86. CONTINUED

86.

ARTHUR

Come on, Terence, we have work to do.

RYCOTT

(as TERRY and ARTHUR head for exit) I'll have you Daley... one of these days I'll have you... and you McCann, and you!

PEOPLE are starting to appear from offices to see what all the commotion is about. RYCOTT becomes aware of this and his face takes on a hunted look, as we:

87. EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

87.

ARTHUR and TERRY emerging from the police station:

TERRY

Work, what work?

ARTHUR

You know, that little job I mentioned for Roly-Poly Peter.... fifty sovs for ten minutes of your time.

TERRY

Fifty?! You said two hundred!!

ARTHUR

Ah yes, but that was when you were a market leader and labour was thin on the ground. You see Terry, it's all to do with the forces of supply and demand...

TERRY

Now hold on a minute Arthur...

88. INT. NIGHT CLUB. DAY.

88.

A slightly dishevelled looking ROLY-POLY, clasping a baseball bat, stands with a dismayed looking ARTHUR as TERRY kneels to examine the prone and unconscious figures of the TWO HEAVIES:

89. EXT. ARTHUR'S CAR LOT. DAY.

89.

COLLINS is standing waiting by his car as ARTHUR and TERRY arrive in ARTHUR'S CAR. ARTHUR reacting apprehensively to the sight of COLLINS as they climb from the car:

ARTHUR

Mr. Collins, er, how nice... I suppose you've come to clear up that little misunderstandin' with the chairs?

COLLINS

You could say that...

ARTHUR

You can imagine how bad I felt when Sergeant Rycott, informed me about what happened. I just wish there was something I could say to-

COLLINS

Don't bother, Mr. Daley. I also had a word with Sergeant Rycott, and I must say he gave me some very sensible advice....(produces a cheque and hands it to ARTHUR) That's a cheque for my wife's car.

ARTHUR

But you've already.....

COLLINS

No, I rang the bank and stopped payment on that one. As you can see, that cheque is for two thousand pounds less.... what you might call criminal compensation. Good day Mr. Daley.

ARTHUR is left speechless as COLLINS climbs into his car and drives off. TERRY plucks the cheque from ARTHUR'S hand and glances at it, and:

TERRY

You know Arthur, I'm really glad to be back on the firm with you.

ARTHUR

That's very nice of you to say so, Terence.

TERRY

(sardonic, handing back cheque)
D'you think you could teach me how to be a winner too?

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THE END
