

**ONCE A THIEF**

By

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Based on a novel by Patrick Forsyth

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PRE-CREDITS

EXT. BUNTINGTON HALL DRIVE - NIGHT SCOTLAND

A tall, masked man, GEORGE GODWIN, 48 yrs, in dark clothes with a holdall, walks stealthily up the quiet, bush-lined driveway.

Godwin's hooded eyes are fixed on the LARGE STONE RESIDENCE ahead.

INT. BUNTINGTON HALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Godwin moves towards a FOUR-POSTER BED.

RHONA MACDONALD(70s) opens her eyes. Godwin lowers his small automatic PISTOL at her. She twists rapidly to the far side of the bed and gets out, attempting to run.

He grabs her arm and propels her to the door, menacingly with the pistol.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Godwin forces Rhoda to open the safe. He knocks her on the side of the head with the pistol. She falls, unconscious to the carpeted floor.

CREDITS

EXT. STREET - DAY LONDON

TRACY (20 yrs) wearing a summer jacket over an orange tee-shirt, ripped jeans and short brown boots, walks down the pavement. She stops and gazes, half longing half resigned, at -

New built three-storey block of APARTMENTS with FOR SALE notices in the windows.

Tracy's smile freezes.

A GIRL about Tracy's age and a YOUNG MAN stand on the top step of an apartment. The girl calls out, waving a KEY.

GIRL

Hi, Tracy. We're moving in. See you.

The girl inserts the key in front door.

Tracy, unacknowledging, walks on scowling. Life is not good at the moment.

FURTHER DOWN STREET.

A young BOY sits on the pavement edge, his feet in the gutter, clutching his knees. He is staring moodily at his MUDIED TRAINERS.

TWO FINGERS of his right hand are bandaged with a DIRTY HANDKERCHIEF.

His BIKE lies, mangled-looking with the CHAIN OFF, on the pavement beside him.

Tracy approaches. She plonks herself down on the pavement next to the boy. He doesn't look up.

TRACY  
Problem?

BOY  
Might have.

TRACY  
Same here.

The boy's head jerks round at her in sudden interest.

TRACY  
Just lost my lousy job. My third  
in two weeks!

BOY  
How come?

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY - FLASHBACK

In an isle at the back of the store, Tracy is breaking up CARDBOARD BOXES used for displaying produce etc. She throws a wedge of cardboard into a -

WASTE BIN further down the isle and - misses.

Tracy giggles.

The MANAGER appears looking furious. He wags a finger at Tracy and jerks his thumb at the store exit door.

Tracy shrugs, removes her tabard, throws it down, and walks disdainfully passed the manager out of the store.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

STREET.

Tracy stands. She grabs the boy's bike and yanks it up onto its wheels.

TRACY

Hold on to it, right.

The boy scrambles up. He steadies the bike by the handlebars, watching her.

Tracy quickly, expertly, restores the chain links back in place on the bike.

The boy gives her thank you grin, and sets off on his bike down the pavement.

Tracy smiles after him, pleased with herself.

INT. FLAT - DAY

In the main room, Tracy stands with folded arms and a resigned look on her face watching her mother, DIEDRE(42).

Diedre is applying lipstick, holding a small folding mirror. She snaps the mirror shut and stuffs it into a shoulder bag. She is smartly dressed to go out. She glances at Tracy.

DIEDRE

Seen enough?

TRACY

Do you have to go? You were out last night.

DIEDRE

It's my day off!

Diedre gives her a hard stare.

DIEDRE

Do something about your hair, Tracy. You look a mess. No wonder you got the sack again.

TRACY

Excuse me - I left!

DIEDRE

I'm not putting up with this much longer, Tracy. You need to start paying your way. And be nice to Roddy. He'll be here in a minute.

TRACY

What happened to Pete?

DIEDRE

He didn't renew his club membership.

She moves close, confiding.

DIEDRE

Roddy's got a jag. And we're off to Richmond.

Tracy smirks.

DIEDRE

At least I'll get a decent meal out of him!

Tracy smirks again.

Diedre rounds on her, angry.

DIEDRE

He's not a waste of space like you, my girl!

They glare at each other.

SOUND. The doorbell *rings*.

Diedre hurries from the room. Tracy follows her.

NARROW HALLWAY

Diedre opens the front door, beaming. RODDY (29) enters. He kisses Diedre on the cheek, looking beyond her at Tracy.

Tracy shrugs, I'm not bothered attitude.

Diedre bundles Roddy out again. She turns and blows Tracy a mock kiss.

DIEDRE

Bye, darling.

The door closes behind them.

Trace stares hard at the closed door and sighs. She straightens up and gives herself a shake.

FLAT.

Tracy comes into the room and sits at a table. She unfolds a LOCAL PAPER and turns to the back pages.

She runs a finger down the JOB ADVERTS.

Trace screws up the paper and gets up from the table. She throws the BALLED-UP PAPER into a WASTEBIN and leaves the room.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

A typical bustling (permanent) North London market with a variety of stalls. Tracy walks through the market, looking disgruntled.

VEGETABLE STALL

JIM(24) stall assistant, ogles Tracy as she passes. She ignores him.

SMALL SHOPS

Tracy passes a row of small shops. She stops at a LOCKSMITH SHOP. A NOTICE in the window catches her attention.

APPRENTICE WANTED.

Tracy stands for a while pondering. She glances up and sees -

SIGN above the doorway: HOLMES & SON

Tracy pushes the door open.

INT. SHOP - DAY

The door bell *pings* as Tracy comes into the shop.

MARTY HOLMES(64) sits on a stool behind the counter. He looks neat in a sports jacket and green tie. His large horned-rimmed glasses are perched above his forehead on his balding head. Behind him are rows of keys on hooks.

He smiles benignly at Tracy as she approaches.

TRACY

Can I have a word about your sign -  
the apprentice thing, that is?

MARTY

Are you interested?

TRACY

Yes, I am, well I think I am.

Marty lowers his glasses and looks her up and down.

MARTY

What's your name then?

Tracy shifts from leg to leg, aware of his scrutiny.

TRACY

Tracy, Tracy Hines. Sorry I'm not  
looking very smart.

MARTY

Well not-very-smart Tracy Hines,  
do you fancy a cuppa, we could go  
to the cafe and have a chat?

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Popular Marty is greeted by stall-holders as he walks  
through the market with Tracy following him.

Jim is twisting a RUBIC CUBE behind the stall. He stops  
and looks up as Tracy passes.

Tracy has a half-smile on her face, but does not  
acknowledge him.

ALLEYWAY

CONSTABLE STRONG (50) in police uniform, stands in the  
shadows engrossed in his PHONE. His face crumples and he  
grinds his teeth in disappointed frustration.

He snaps the phone shut, stuffs it in his top jacket  
pocket and steps out from the alleyway into the street.

He stands and glares around looking for miscreants. Then  
sees -

TWO HEAVIES (tough-looking men) similarly looking around,  
less than 50 yards from him.

Constable Stone backs rapidly into the alleyway, out of sight.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Market café, crowded and noisy. Marty sits opposite Tracy at a small table. He leans forward to hear her. They talk as they drink their coffee.

MARTY

So, Tracy, tell me about yourself.

TRACY

(shrugs)

Won't take long.

Marty sips his coffee and looks at Tracy, waiting.

Tracy takes a deep breath.

TRACEY

I live with my Mum in a flat in Islington. Dad left when I was eleven. He was a carpenter.

She fidgets, then sits up straight.

TRACY

O.K. Look, I've got no qualifications, but I'll be worth taking on. Dad taught me a lot and I'm good with my hands. I need something interesting or I'll die of boredom.

Tracy sits back and folds her arms.

MARTY

So you think you want to become a locksmith? I'm not after someone just to serve customers at the counter you know, I want someone to learn the trade, to help with everything.

Tracy beams at him.

TRACY

Then that's me. I want to learn.

MARTY

What I do is quite technical in a way, you know it's -



TRACY (INTERRUPTING)  
Mr Holmes, is that right?

MARTY  
Yes, but call me Marty.

TRACY  
I'm not stupid. Actually, I think  
I'm quite bright. Just no-one ever  
given me a chance before.

Marty studies her over his glasses. He takes a long slow  
sip of his coffee.

MARTY  
I have to say I imagined that  
anyone I took on would be a little  
older, and -

SOUND, Marty's mobile phone *rings*.

MARTY  
Sorry, must take this... What's  
that, love?... Oh, sounds  
interesting. Look I'm in the café  
interviewing a possible  
apprentice... Later, yes. Bye.

Marty puts the phone down. He smiles at Tracy who looks  
anxious.

MARTY  
My wife, Mary.(beat) You know  
what, Tracy, I think we might make  
it work. I like that you've been  
honest and seem ready for a  
challenge. And I'm not getting any  
younger.

Trace clasps her hands in front of her face and grins.

MARTY  
Start on Monday and I'll give you  
a week's money at the end of the  
first week before going on a  
monthly basis. Write down your  
name and address and phone number  
and I'll give you a formal  
confirmation when you come in on  
Monday. Nine o'clock, on the dot.  
That's rule one.

He smiles.

TRACY

O.K. Thanks for giving me a chance  
Mr...Marty. Monday, 9 o'clock.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Tracy walks back through the market again, talking into her phone.

TRACY

You'll be pleased when you get  
this Mum. I've got myself a proper  
job. Wowee!

She grins and flips her hand at Jim as she passes.

Jim waves back, enthusiastically, his completed Rubic  
cube is behind him on a chair.

EXT. SHOP - DAY

Monday morning. Tracy stands outside Marty's shop looking  
at her watch. She is dressed more conventionally in a  
short summer skirt and black ankle-length boots.

Tracy jumps when Marty suddenly addresses her.

MARTY

Morning you! Right on time, I see.  
Good start, let's get my little  
emporium opened up shall we?

Marty inserts a key in the door.

INT. SHOP

Tracy is sitting on a high stool behind the counter  
drinking a mug of coffee. Marty stands beside her.

MARTY

It's like this see, there's three  
things. First there's things you  
can do immediately like selling an  
item like a padlock.

Marty points at a shelf of PADLOCKS on the opposite wall.

TRACY

I can work a till. Mum showed me.  
She works at a sport's club.

Marty nods, pleased.

MARTY

Next there's things you'll pick up pretty quickly like cutting keys.

Tracy leans forward looking past Marty at -

An intimidating-looking GRINDING MACHINE.

MARTY

It's really straightforward. And don't worry, I'll show you. Then thirdly there is more complicated stuff, safes and so on.

TRACY

Safes?

MARTY

I'll let you come out with me. There'll be a good bit of learning and practice involved in that area.

The door bell *pings* as an elderly LADY comes into the shop with an wobbling shopping trolley.

Marty goes to help her straighten the wheels.

MARTY

Morning Mrs Bright. Lost your front door key again have you?

MRS BRIGHT

(fumbling in her pocket)

No Marty, not this time. I just want a duplicate for my son, please.

She hands Marty a YALE KEY.

GRINDING MACHINE

Tracy stands close to Marty watching him grind a duplicate key.

She is sprayed with METALLIC DUST and stands back.

MRS BRIGHT (V.O.)

You need an apron, Dearie.

BRING UP. A LARGE CLOCK on the wall shows the time 9.15am. FX. The HANDS of the clock SPIN around the clock-face. They stop at 11.30am.

The shop door *pings* as Tracy comes in carrying a packet of sandwiches.

Marty emerges from his stockroom/office holding two printed sheets of paper.

MARTY

Outside jobs now. Some poor soul is sitting on the pavement locked out of his house, and there's a Fsafe needs opening. You up for it?

EXT. ARLINGTON SQUARE - DAY

Marty's white van pulls up at the kerb. The passenger door opens and Tracy gets out of the van.

Marty joins her on the pavement. He looks up.

MAN

(calling out)

Oh, great, thanks so much for coming.

A MAN in a smart business suit hurries down the steps from a large Edwardian house to greet them.

The man points down at a DRAIN in the pavement.

MAN

The key's down the drain and my wife is out of town. You are an absolute godsend.

FRONT DOORSTEP.

Marty, using a slim stainless steel PROBE, fiddles with the lock while Tracy stands close watching him.

MARTY (V.O.)

We'll have you doing this sort of thing on your own soon enough.

INT. SHOESHOP - DAY

Boxes of shoes on shelves.

Tracy squats on the floor beside Marty. He is working on a free-standing SAFE.

There's a satisfying *CLICK* and the safe opens.

Tracy beams at Marty, impressed.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Tracy is back in the shop with Marty. The door sign is turned to *shut*.

Marty places a BLOCK of WOOD with a LOCK on the counter.

MARTY

I'll show you tomorrow how to go about opening it so you can practice at home. You might even get hooked on it, like a puzzle.

Tracy examines the lock.

MARTY

Tell you what, I'll give you a tenner if you can open that unaided within a month.

Tracy grins and gives him a salute.

INT. FLAT - DAY

At the table, Dierdre unrolls a towel. It reveals her damp stockings. She drapes her stockings over the back of a chair to dry.

Tracy sits cross-legged on a beanbag under the window. She is experimenting in unlocking her homework LOCK with a NAIL FILE.

Tracy looks up as Dierdre hovers over her.

TRACY

What?

DIEDRE

Nothing.

INT. MARTY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

MARY HOLMES(54) sits in front of her computer at the dining-room table. Marty stands behind her peering over her shoulder at the computer screen.

MARY  
 (reading screen)  
 Terence Fowler, no.18 Beech  
 Avenue, an entrepreneur -.

MARTY  
 (interrupting)  
 Meaning he ran a number of  
 businesses and did so with scant  
 regard for anything but money.

MARY  
 His print business closed down  
 overnight with no better reason  
 than he couldn't be othered  
 anymore, and with no thought of  
 his employees' welfare he put the  
 site up for development just days  
 after the doors closed.

Mary turns and looks at Marty.

MARTY  
 A move that no doubt made him a  
 great deal of money.

Marty moves away. There are two unopened envelopes on the table. Marty opens an NHS envelope addressed to him.

MARY (V.O.)  
 Marty, if that's another  
 appointment from the hospital, you  
 must go.

MARTY  
 At the moment, Love, I couldn't  
 feel fitter. That young Tracy is a  
 really find.

MARY  
 You can spare the time then.

Marty doesn't reply. He studies the second envelope, addressed to: -

The Occupier.

Marty pockets the envelope.

EXT. FOWLER RESIDENCE - DAY

Marty walks purposefully up a short drive to a large house. He is dressed as a postman.

His eyes dart about, taking in the surroundings. The detached house is not overlooked.

Marty reaches the front door. A brass plate shows the number 18. Marty pushes the envelope address to 'The occupier,' through the letter box.

A ROLLED UP NOTE pokes through one of two empty milk bottles on the door step.

Marty reads the note: GONE AWAY. BACK IN THREE DAYS.

EXT. FOWLER RESIDENCE, BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Marty lets himself in the back door. He wears his dark-hooded anorak and a holdall across his back.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Dimly lit library. The safe is screwed down on a low shelf. Marty opens it with one of his special tools, and swings it open. a SAFE. Marty's torch picks out -

His TORCH shows ROLLS of BANK NOTES and a ROLEX WATCH.

Marty fills his holdall with the money. He leaves the watch, and shuts the safe.

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marty gets into bed beside Mary.

Mary wakes and turns towards him.

MARTY

Just another of my little  
expeditions, Love. No problem.  
Text book.

Mary smiles and closes her eyes.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Marty stands watching Tracy.

Tracy finishes grinding a key and hands it to a waiting customer. She then goes behind the counter and takes a payment from the hand-held bank card machine.

TRACY

Thank you for your custom.

The CUSTOMER gives her a wave and leaves the shop.

Marty turns the sign on the door to CLOSED. He takes a £10 note from his pocket and holds it out to Tracy.

MARTY

For your homework, Tracy, and well earned.

Tracy takes it from him with a grin.

MARTY

You've done better than I dared to hope to be honest. And you may remember that there's a small increase in your pay due now.

Tracy gives a small bow.

Marty moves towards the door.

MARTY

Come on you, we have to meet Mary. Lunch at the pub today by way of celebration, okay?

INT. PUB - DAY

Marty is at the crowded bar, ordering.

Tracy is sitting with Mary at a bench table. Mary leans forward and pats Tracy's arm.

MARY

Well, I'm pleased too. I don't hesitate so much now if I want Marty to take a long weekend off.

(she sighs)

He has Angina, you know. But instead of relaxing he still spends all his time messing about with old cars.

Marty approaches with a tray of drinks.



MARTY  
(handing them around)  
Food is on it's way.  
Did I hear mention of old cars?

MARY  
No dear, not now. Tracy doesn't  
want a lecture on motor  
renovation.

TRACY  
Is that your hobby, Marty?

Marty beams at her. He's about to open his mouth -

MARY  
Do you live at home with your  
mother, tracy?

TRACY  
Yes. It's not ideal and I want my  
own space. But it's expensive  
round here.

Mary nods, sympathetically.

MARY  
We were lucky enough to inherit  
our house and shop from Marty's  
father, his mother having died. So  
one day maybe, don't give up on  
the idea yet, eh?

A waitress approaches them with plates of food.

FADE OUT.

MONTAGE (11 MONTHS)

INT. STOREROOM OFFICE - DAY

A SMALL HEATER warms the room.

Marty is at his computer. Tracy sits beside him. Heads  
close they study the screen. (Argos) website shows -

Tall black Electronic Steel SAFE with shelf £100.

EXT. SHOP - DAY.

Overcast sky but festive atmosphere in the market. SOUND of Salvation Army Band playing *Good king Wenceslas*.

In the shop window, Tracy, wearing a Father Christmas hat, is draping silver tinsel around their new safe.

Three CUSTOMERS wait outside, in a flurry of snow.

Marty opens the shop door and welcomes them inside. Marty also wears a Father Christmas hat.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Marty's white van is parked by the pavement outside a sign, HOWOOD INFANT SCHOOL.

Marty and Tracy walk together across the school forecourt. Tracy wears jeans and a light jacket. Marty carries a black tool bag.

Tracy smiles at a border of DAFFODILS nodding in the light breeze, then hurries after Marty towards the school entrance.

INT. EDWARDIAN DINING ROOM - DAY

At the back of the house, sunlight streams through open doors showing a parched lawn and forget-me-knot blue sky.

Tracy, wearing an apron over her short summer frock, stands fingering the hinges of an OPEN SAFE in the wall.

She bends and removes a pair of PLIERS from Marty's black tool bag.

INT. MARTY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Mary is frying bacon at the stove. She turns as Marty appears.

MARY

Tracy opening up for you?

MARTY

Yes indeed, a real find that one. A guy running a jewellers, lost his key down the loo just as he flushed. I let her have a go. She had no problems.

I'll have to watch myself I reckon. She has a fair old range these days.

INT. SHOP - DAY

A wind howls around Marty from outside as he pushes the shop door open and enters wearing a greatcoat and hat.

Several customers crowd the small shop. Tracy looks up from serving, relieved to see him.

CUT TO:

The wall clock hands spin around from 11am. to 12.45pm.

Tracy turns the door sign to CLOSED.

STOREROOM-OFFICE

Marty is asleep, slumped at his desk, with the computer active. He is still wearing his greatcoat.

A FLIPOVER CALENDAR shows NOVEMBER 24.

Tracy stands in the doorway frowning.

SHOP

Tracy returns to the counter and gets out her phone.

TRACY

(into phone)

Mary, Tracy here. I'm worried about Marty... No, nothing like that. He was doing the invoices and things but he's fallen asleep... Out last night. Oh well, if you're not worried... Yes, yes, I'm coping fine. Bye.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Marty is drinking coffee at a table. He is hidden behind a newspaper. Marty glances sideways at-

Two rough looking MEN at the next table (seen before in earlier scene).

Marty listens intently to their conversation.

MAN 1 (V.O.)

I heard George Godwin's away for a week.

MAN 2 (V.O.)

Spending his millions, lucky beggar.

INT. MARTY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Marty and Mary have finished their dinner. Mary stands up to clear away their empty plates.

MARTY

I might be a bit late tomorrow night, Love.

Mary turns from going to the kitchen with the plates. She raises her eyebrows.

MARTY

It'll be the last one for a while I promise, but this one is time sensitive. Enough said, okay?

MARY

Whatever it is, I'm afraid I need the car tomorrow. I've promised to help Marion move into her new flat and I won't be back until late.

Marty frowns.

MARTY

The van's got a flat.

MARY

Well, you told me the other day that your current old banger was up and running.

MARTY

She's a Jowett Javelin!

Mary throws her hands up.

MARY

O.K. O.K! We'll both be fine, then.

INT. OLD JOWELL - NIGHT

Marty drives slowly down a residential avenue. He passes a large mansion (George Godwin's mansion) looking towards the empty driveway.

Marty parks his car some distance further down the avenue, and switches the engine off.

EXT. FRONT OF GODWIN'S MANSION - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Marty glances about as he walks down the short drive. He wears dark clothing. A holdall is slung across his back. He keeps close to the laurel bushes and -

Disappears around the back of the house.

CUT

EXT. BACK GARDEN GATE - NIGHT LATER

Marty comes through the gate, his holdall across his back. He closes the gate behind him.

LANE OUTSIDE.

Marty pulls off his gloves, removes his plastic shoe coverings and stuffs them in his pockets.

He stands for a while his hands to his mouth, wanting to vomit. He takes out a handkerchief and wipes sweat from his face.

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

Marty opens the boot of his old Jowett and puts his holdall inside. He is about to close the boot, when -

MILKMAN

Morning.

Marty pushes his face lower in the boot and doesn't acknowledge the cheery greeting.

The milk-float travels on past.

Marty shuts the boot, unlocks the car and gets into the driver's seat.

INT. MARTY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A CLOCK on the wall shows 3.40 a.m. The door of the WASHING MACHINE is fully open.

Marty stands in his underpants at the table. He adds a soap tablet and glances up at the ceiling, listening. He quietly clicks the door shut, and switches the machine on.

Marty collapses onto a kitchen stool and sinks his head in his hands.

INT. GODWIN'S MANSION, UTILITY ROOM - DAY

LOURDES (56), a Portuguese cleaning woman, half fills a bucket in the large sink and lifts it out. She collects a mop and leaves the room.

INT. HALL - DAY

George Godwin lies dead on the floor. Congealed blood has spread across the floor.

Lourdes comes into the hall with her bucket and mop. She stops - SCREAMS, and lets go of the bucket.

WATER spills across the floor.

Lourdes steps back several paces, and plonks down on the stairs. Her face ashen, she hugs her stomach and rocks backwards and forwards. Recovering, she gets up.

INT. STUDY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Lourdes opens the drinks cabinet and pours herself a glass of Brandy. She downs it in one gulp. She picks up the handset from a phone on a side table and dials 999.

LOURDES

... What service, you say?...  
Whatever one right for someone  
shot dead.

EXT AVENUE - DAY

Police SERGEANT JAMES (40ies) walks up the path of no 16 and knocks on door. The door opens to an elderly LADY holding CAT.

SERGEANT JAMES

Good morning, madam, sorry to disturb you. There was an incident last night at the big house up the avenue, and I wondered if you'd heard anything untoward at all.

MRS GARDENER

Now that you mention it, I might have. I was up in the night with Bella here. She needs medication four hourly. It's very inconvenient and I'd set the alarm.

SERGEANT JAMES

What time was that, madam?

MRS GARDENER

3 a.m. I couldn't get back to sleep and a little after that I did hear a sound from outside, short and sharp. I paid no great attention to it. So not much help, I'm afraid.

SERGEANT JAMES

That's quite alright Madam. Good of you to spare us a moment, thank you.

He turns and starts back down the path.

MRS GARDENER

(calling out)

Perhaps you should ask Michael, he's always about at that time.

Sergeant James returns to her.

MRS GARDENER

Michael delivers the milk around here.

SERGEANT JAMES

Do you know the name of his company?

Sergeant James makes a few notes in his notebook while Mrs Gardener disappear inside. She returns and hands him her latest bill.

SERGEANT JAMES

Most obliged, um -

MRS GARDENER

I'm Mrs Gardener. And any further help I can -

SERGEANT JAMES (INTERRUPTING)

We'll be in touch. Thank you. Good day, madam.

Sergeant James walks back to the avenue, talking into his phone.

SERGEANT JAMES

Come up with info. Gov.... Yes. Local milkman may be worth a visit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sergeant James stands on doorstep talking to milkman, Michael, who has answered the door bell in his dressing gown.

MICHAEL

(rubbing his eyes)

How can I help?

SERGEANT JAMES

We're investigating an incident that occurred in the small hours of last night. Were you anywhere near Elm Avenue, say, well, between one and three o'clock?

MICHAEL

Yes, I guess so, it's on my round.

SERGEANT JAMES

Well, did you see anyone around at all? It's a quiet neighbourhood, so anyone moving around would surely have stood out.

MICHAEL

I usually see more cats than people, and foxes. But let me think... I saw a few cars - but, hang on, one thing I remember now. I spoke to someone, just to say good morning. I passed him opening the boot of his car by the kerb. Think I made him jump.

Sergeant James opens his notebook.



SERGEANT JAMES  
Remember what he looked like?

MICHAEL  
Didn't see his face. But I  
remember the car. It was old,  
unusual...

FADE OUT.

INT. POLICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

D.I. GREEN (40ies) and Sergeant James sit comparing  
notes.

SERGEANT JAMES  
I Googled the description the  
milkman gave me. It was a Jowett  
Javelin, quite a prestige model  
back in the nineteen fifties.  
(refers to notes)  
I've checked it out. There are  
very few registered and running,  
and only a small number in London.

D.I. Green gets up

D.I. GREEN  
O.K. It's getting late, get on  
that first thing tomorrow. We  
should have the pathologist's  
report then.

SOUND, a *knock* at the part-open office door. The  
PATHOLOGIST's head appears.

PATHOLOGIST  
May I come in?

D.I. GREEN  
You can if you have any useful  
news for me.

The pathologist enters.

PATHOLOGIST  
Not yet, you know. It's still too  
soon, but... oh, I see, you were  
being sarcastic. Nevertheless  
there is one thing I've found, and  
this should narrow the search.

He holds up a small EVIDENCE BAG and WAGGLES it.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Tracy is busy at the grinding machine, while a customer waits.

Marty exchanges a morning greeting with her over the *buzz* of the machine and disappears into his office.

OFFICE

Marty shrugs off his coat and sits at his desk. He opens a desk drawer and removes a written NOTE. He reads through the note, signs it and tucks it into a large envelope.

He writes TRACY on the outside of the envelope and replaces it in the drawer.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Jim sits behind his stall reading a local paper. A headline catches his attention.

EAST END VILLIAN FOUND DEAD IN CHIGWELL.

Jim peers closer, then lets out a WHISTLE.

SKY - the bright day suddenly darkens. Clouds scurry across the sky. They increase in speed until night falls.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Tracy turns the shop sign to OPEN.

She heads behind the counter as the Doorbell *rings*. D.I GREEN and Sergeant JAMES enter the shop. They hold up their warrant cards, then snap them shut.

D.I. GREEN  
Police. Is Mr. Holmes here?

Tracy shakes her head, frowning.

D.I. GREEN  
When do you expect him?

TRACY  
W, why, what d' you want?

D.I. Green shows his warrant card again.

D.I. GREEN  
I'm Detective Inspector Green, and  
this is Sergeant James.

D.I. GREEN  
Now tell me your name.

TRACY  
It's Tracy. Tracy Hines.

D.I. GREEN  
And you work here. Yes?

TRACY  
Have done for nearly a year now. I  
could cut a key for you if you  
like.

Green gives her a hard stare and glances at Sergeant  
James.

D.I. GREEN  
That won't be necessary, but a bit  
of co-operation will be. Tell me  
does your boss own an old car, a  
Jowett Javelin?

Tracy relaxes.

TRACY  
He does, yes, it's his hobby. He  
does up old classics. Why?

Tracy's eyes dart to the door. Marty stands outside.

The doorbell *pings* as Marty enters.

D.I. GREEN  
Marty Holmes?

Marty nods. He removes his glasses and wipes them with a  
handkerchief, as the two policemen produce their warrant  
cards.

D.I. GREEN  
D.I. Green and Sergeant James.  
Tracy here tells me you own a  
Jowell Javelin is that right?

MARTY  
Yes, I renovate old cars. What's  
this about?

Tracy interrupts.

TRACY

I asked that. They wouldn't -

D. I. Green gives her a stern look.

D.I. GREEN

And you were driving that car in  
the early hours of yesterday?

Marty rubs his eyes and puts his glasses back on.

D.I. GREEN

Well, were you?

MARTY

Sorry, yes, I was. I wanted to  
give the car a test run at a time  
when I wouldn't get embroiled in  
traffic. That's not a crime and  
I'm pretty sure I didn't break the  
speed limit.

D.I. GREEN

Perhaps not, but it's what you got  
up to when you parked up in  
Chigwell that I'm interested in. I  
think you'd better come with us.  
We need a word and that needs to  
be done at the station.

Marty straightens his shoulders and turns to Tracy.

MARTY

Looks like you'll have to manage  
the shop for a while Tracy, look  
after things for me ... and ring  
Mary and tell her what goes on  
will you?

Tracy nods several times, lips tight, trying not to look  
anxious.

D.I. GREEN

(To Marty)

Where's the car kept?

MARTY

In the lock up round the corner.

Sergeant James puts a hand on Marty's arm and guides him  
through the door.

Tracy runs to the door and watches them walk away through  
the market.

She turns and glances round the shop, a hand to her mouth. She makes a decision and snaps into action. She reverses the shop sign to CLOSED and opens the door.

EXT. LOCK UP - DAY

D.I. Green and Sergeant James stand outside the lock up with Marty.

D.I. GREEN

Open up.

Marty unlocks the double doors and pulls them wide.

INT. LOCK UP - day (continuous)

Marty's shop van and the Jowett are parked side by side. The van's front wheel is down to the rim.

Sergeant James checks the Jowett's registration number against a number in his notebook.

SERGEANT JAMES

That looks like it.

(To Marty)

Right you. We need to get you to the Loughton police station for a serious talk.

MARTY

Loughton? That's miles away.

SERGEANT JAMES

It's our base. If you want to make a journey, you should stick to committing crimes on your own patch.

MARTY

I don't know what you mean, I...

FADE OUT.

INT. MARTY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Tracy's face is pink and she looks dishevelled, as though she has been running.

MARY

So they were asking about the old Jowett.

TRACY

It appears to have been linked to the car seen in Chigwell late at night -.

Tracy is visually distressed.

MARY

Sit down and catch your breath, dear.

Tracy sits at the table and continues.

TRACY

Marty said he took it for a test run when it was quiet of traffic. It makes sense, Mary. But the police seemed pleased he'd admitted to the car business and took him in.

MARY

For questioning?

Tracy nods dumbly.

TRACY

He said to tell you, and I thought that ought to be done face to face. That's all I know.

Mary sits still for a few moments, then gets up and clicks the kettle on.

MARY

Do you want a cuppa, dear?

Tracy stares at her, worry and annoyance building.

TRACY

Is that all you can say! Why are they bothered about the car? What's he supposed to have done? Aren't You worried?

MARY

I guess we'll just have to wait and see. I wonder what the old bugger has been up to.

INT. POLICE INTERRIGATION ROOM - DAY

Marty sits opposite D.I. Green and Sergeant James at a bare table.

MARTY

As I've just told you. I took it for a run to avoid getting snarled up in day time traffic. And it's been recently taxed and insured.

Silence.

MARTY

What's this all about?

D.I. GREEN

Do you know a George Godwin?

MARTY

If you mean the George Godwin who is known as something of a villain, then no. I don't know him. I am only vaguely aware of his name from the newspapers.

D.I Green turns and smiles knowingly at Sergeant James.

D.I. GREEN

(to Marty)

Strange thing is he was shot and killed in his home on the very night that you drove to Chigwell.

MARTY

You can't think that I had anything to do with a shooting? That's just not -

D.I. GREEN (INTERRUPTING)

No. We don't think you were there. We know you were. In fact, we are absolutely sure of it.

Marty squeezes his hands together in his lap.

MARTY

That's ridiculous. I don't know the guy and I have never touched a gun in my life!.. And why would I want to kill him?

D.I. GREEN

We know you were there, and Godwin is dead. What was it, a falling out among thieves, perhaps?

Marty sits back. He puffs out his cheeks and throws up his hands, scornful.

Sergeant James takes over.

SERGEANT JAMES

You describe your car as a classic, right?

MARTY

Yes.

SERGEANT JAMES

Do you know how many of those cars are still around and registered?

MARTY

Very few.

SERGEANT JAMES

And the number of them registered to addresses in the London area is vanishingly small.

MARTY

So?

SERGEANT JAMES

So, I must say that it's beyond a coincidence that such a car is parked near a break in and shooting and is owned by, guess who... a locksmith.

Marty fidgets uncomfortably, and avoids looking at him.

D. I Green leans forward.

D.I. GREEN

Not only are we sure you were at Chigwell, we are sure you were at the house. Not that you left a trail of broken locks and anything, you are clearly skilled at your trade, or whatever you call it. Show him, sergeant James.

Sergeant James reached in his pocket and produces a small clear plastic evidence bag.

SERGEANT JAMES

Do you know what this is?



Marty squints at it through his glasses. He shakes his head.

D.I. GREEN

As you know, George Godwin was shot dead in the hall of his house lying on a nice clean polished marble floor. Do you know what was found alongside the body?

A long silence hangs in the air.

D.I. GREEN

You probably don't know you made a mistake. It appears you struggled with him and -

MARTY

No, I didn't, I -

D.I. GREEN

It was a scuff mark, a smudge on the marble from the sole of a shoe that contained some specs of dust. Not just any old dust. It's the metallic dust of the sort that comes from cutting keys.

(he smiles)

I reckon you should sweep your floors a bit more if you are going to go out killing people.

D.I. Green turns to Sergeant James.

D.I. GREEN

I very much think we've got our killer. Eh, Sergeant?

Marty puts a hand to his forehead and leans over the table.

MARTY

I, I ... Can I have a drink of water?

D.I. Green nods at the sergeant. Sergeant James gets up and leaves the room.

A few minutes pass. Then -

MARTY

You've got it all wrong. I think I want a solicitor. Can I, can I... phone my wife and...

In slow motion, Marty slides off the chair to the floor and he lies there motionless.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Marty lies tucked in with a blanket on a MOVING TROLLEY. He squints up at OVERHEAD LIGHTS and hears -

ROLLING TROLLEY WHEELS and MEDICS' CHATTING.

A door opens and his trolley moves inside.

SIDE ROOM

BETH, a young nurse is tucking in the corner of an under-sheet, making up a bed.

The dark shape of a policeman (Constable Short) stands in a corner of the room.

A white-coated DOCTOR leans over Marty, his lips moving.

DOCTOR

We'll get you comfortable in bed,  
then take some tests to help  
assess your condition. Be back in  
a moment.

Constable Short looms over him.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Sit outside please constable. I  
want this man to try to relax.

Marty struggles to raise himself. His voice is weak as he calls.

MARTY

Nurse!

Beth comes to his trolley.

BETH

Don't worry Mr. Holmes, you're in  
good hands, we'll take care of  
you. You've had a stroke. Is there  
anyone I can call for you?

MARTY

Yes, please. My wife, Mary.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Tracy is re-arranging KEYS in the shop cabinet. She turns, anxious, as -

Sergeant James steps through the shop doorway.

TRACY

Where's Marty, what's happening?

SERGEANT JAMES

Calm down. I need to speak to his wife, it seems he's had a stroke and is in Whipp's Cross Hospital. Do you know where I can find her?

A LARGE BARN DOOR KEY Tracy was holding *thumps* to the floor.

Tracy stares at the plain clothed policeman, the colour draining from her face.

TRACY

Is, is he okay?

SERGEANT JAMES

I've no idea how serious it is, just tell me where I can find his wife.

Tracy glances at her watch, then thinks for a moment.

TRACY

You won't find her at home, she'll be working. She helps out on her friend's stall at the other end of the market.

Sergeant James points at the key on the floor.

SERGEANT JAMES

Tidy up first, then take me there.

EXT. MARKET STALL - DAY

Mary looks up from folding TARTAN BLANKETS on the Pets' stall.

Tracy rushes up to her.

TRACY

Mary, Mary!

Mary's eyes narrow as she glimpses the plain clothed policeman following up on Tracy.

MARY

What does *he* want?

TRACY

Mary, I'm so sorry, you need to come at once. They think Marty's had some sort of stroke, he's in hospital.

Mary whips off her apron and throws it at her fiend Jill who has overheard the conversation.

INT. HOSPITAL SIDE ROOM - DAY

HEAVY BREATHING in the small room. Marty's hospital gown is loose around his neck. He lies half propped up, mouth closed, asleep. His glasses sit high on his forehead.

Constable Short, upright asleep with his mouth open, sits on a chair in a corner of the room. One hand clutches his phone.

The door flies open and Mary bursts into the room followed by Tracy.

Marty jerks awake. His glasses fall to his nose. His eyes water as he sees Mary.

Mary moves quickly to Marty's bed and hugs him.

MARY

You silly old bugger, you've given us all a right scare, how are you? What have the doctors said?

Constable Short jumps to attention.

Tracy steps forward. She widens her eyes at Constable Short, daring him to intervene.

Mary kisses Marty on the forehead.

MARTY

I'm feeling a bit better now, love.

He pulls her close and whispers.

MARTY

I must tell you something, but...

His eyes swivel past her to Constable Short.

Mary turns from the bed and pulls herself upright.

MARY

Right you, out. Out, out, out!  
Give my man some privacy for  
goodness sake.

Tracy, lips pressed in an impressive grin, gazes at Mary.  
Mary's on fire!

CONSTABLE SHORT

I'll have to remain with him. I'm  
told there are still questions to  
be asked by my colleagues in CID.

MARY

I'll have some questions for your  
colleagues in CID if you don't  
clear off. Is he under arrest?

Constable Short's lips tighten.

MARY

No, I didn't think as much. So go,  
go now or...

Tracy holds the door wide. She shuts the door as he turns  
to face her.

Tracy fetches the chair vacated by the policeman. She  
places it a little behind Mary's chair as she sits beside  
Marty's bed.

MARY

Right love, what needs saying?

MARTY

They think I've committed a  
murder.

Tracy clamps a hand over her mouth, her wyes wide in  
horror.

Mary leans close and speaks softly.

MARY

That's nonsense, right? You  
couldn't hurt a fly, love. I know  
that.

MARTY

I have to tell you what happened.  
I might not get another chance if  
I don't get out of here.

Tracy half rises to leave them alone.

MARTY

No, Tracy, stay.

Tracy sits again. Then jumps up, changing her mind.

TRACY

No, it's O.k. I think I'll, I'd  
better get back to the shop. See  
you soon, Marty.

Tracy quickly leaves them.

MARTY (CONTINUING)

You know I was on a little  
expedition?

Mary nods and puts a reassuring hand on Marty's arm.

MARTY

I'm usually so careful, so very  
careful. This time it was  
different - bit more risky, the  
house belonged to George Godwin.

MARY

The one in the paper?

MARTY

He's a right villain, not someone  
I'd worry about hurting. But it  
might have got me killed. It  
bloody nearly did.

MARY

What happened, love?

INT. GODWIN'S STUDY - NIGHT FLASHBANK

The room is dark. LIGHT from a torch shines across the  
carpeted floor.

MARTY, in dark clothes, his jacket hood up, walks slowly,  
placing one foot in front of the other. His shoes are  
enclosed in plastic bags. His holdall is on his back. He  
swings his torch. The light picks up -

Glass-topped desk with a large computer and a mass of computer kit.

Marty moves closer and shines his torch on the wall. He scrutinises a PICTURE of the Algarve. The picture is fastened to the wall and HINGED. He swings the picture. It reveals the BLACK MASS DOOR of a SAFE.

Marty holds his breath, listening.

DISTANCE. The muffled sound of a DOG *barking*.

Marty swings his holdall to the floor. He adjusts his glasses and gets to work opening the safe.

FADE OUT.

BRING UP - SAME

Marty locks the safe and replaces the picture. He hoists the holdall on his back and moves to the door.

HALL.

Marty walks briskly towards the front door. Stairs curve upwards to his left. He reaches to open the door, and -

The door flies open.

The tall figure of George Godwin fills the doorway. He is outlined against light flooding in from an overhead lamp outside. George's shoulder bag slips off and falls to the floor. His hooded eyes glint in anger.

Marty freezes in shock.

GEORGE

Who the hell are you?

Marty gulps. His mouth opens but nothing comes out.

GEORGE

Well, nothing to say?

George reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a small automatic PISTOL.

Marty's hand grips his torch. He starts shaking, rooted to the spot.

George points the pistol, menacingly.

GEORGE

Move!

Marty steps forward in panic. Both men move towards each other simultaneously. Marty loses his footing and slips sideways. The bodies of both men entwine. The gun is sandwiched between them.

BANG!

George falls away and slumps to the floor.

Marty steps back. Blood oozes down the front of his hooded jacket. He stares down at the floor.

George is lying still, one arm stretched out. The gun is in a loose hold in his fingers.

A profound silence.

Marty's chest heaves as his breathing returns.

SOUND of a sharp *click*.

Marty jerks upright, eyes staring in terror.

The hall dims. The overhead lamp outside has switched off.

Marty shines his torch down on George's crumpled body. There is no movement.

Marty lowers his (now heavier) holdall to the floor.

He squats down and feels for a pulse at George's neck. He nudges George's shoulder. No sign of life.

Marty stands. He glances at the front door. Not risking it, he picks up his holdall and heads back towards the kitchen.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. HOSPITAL SIDE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Marty's hands cover his ears. Tears stream down his face from his glasses.

Mary gently removes his glasses and wipes his face with a handkerchief.



MARY

Thank God it wasn't you got shot,  
but that wasn't even self defence,  
it was an accident. We'll get  
legal help, it'll be alright  
you'll see.

MARTY

There's something else...

Mary takes Marty's hand in both of hers.

MARTY

Look love, there's something  
Godwin stole I want to give back  
to the owner, if I can find them,  
and -

Mary puts a hand on his mouth, *Shooshing* him.

Marty snatches her hand away.

MARTY

No listen. About the shop, in case  
I don't get out of here. Tell  
Tracy there's an envelope  
addressed to her in my desk.

Marty slumps further down in the bed.

Mary stands up and kisses him on the cheek. She blows him  
a kiss at the door and leaves.

CORRIDOR

Sergeant James is coming up the corridor. Mary ignores  
him as she passes.

Outside Marty's door, Constable Short gets up from his  
chair as Sergeant James approaches.

CONSTABLE SHORT

About my promotion, Serge...

Sergeant James glances back. Nurse Beth has come into  
sight with D.I. Green.

SERGEANT JAMES

Sorry, not this time, Constable.

Constable Short turns away and grinds his teeth.

Beth and D.I Green reach Marty's door.

SIDE ROOM

Beth enters the room. She holds the door open and addresses Marty.

BETH

These two gentlemen want a word,  
Marty.

(to the detectives)

The doctor said no more than ten  
minutes, okay?

She leaves the door ajar.

D.I. Green sits in Mary's vacated chair. Sergeant James remains standing.

Constable Short listens from the doorway.

D.I. GREEN

Well, Marty, may I call you Marty?  
What I really want is to arrest  
you for the murder of George  
Godwin. The world is doubtless  
better off without him, but I  
suppose arrest will have to wait  
until you are back on your feet.

Marty turns away and rubs the side of his nose.

D.I. GREEN

Again, nevertheless, I'd hate you  
to think we'd forgotten about you.  
(beat) The evidence you were there  
is conclusive, Marty.

MARTY

Not to me, it isn't.

D.I. Green frowns.

MARTY

What have you got? - My Jowett  
parked no where near Godwin's  
house. That's a crime is it,  
testing it at night with no  
traffic about?

D.I. GREEN

A witness saw you putting a heavy  
bag into your boot -

MARTY

Re-arranging. Re-arranging, I'd stopped to investigate a rattle -

D.I. GREEN

Grinder dust, Marty, specific to your shop, found at the crime scene.

MARTY

The footfall near my grinder machine, in such a small shop - well, you wouldn't believe!

D. I. Green scowls, his case is becoming a little less certain.

D.I. GREEN

More likely this was a falling out amongst thieves, and you murdered the man.

MARTY

No, no. You wait until I get representation, you're not recording anything, it's turning into a vendetta, I'm saying no more.

Marty stretches his arm and pushes the RED BUTTON call.

D.I. Green stands up. He exchanges a frustrated shrug with his sergeant as -

Beth appears.

BETH

It's obvious Mr Holmes is not up to this. You must leave at once.

D.I. Green turns in the doorway with a final warning.

D.I. GREEN

This isn't over.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Tracy walks quickly through the market looking troubled. Several stall holders call out, asking about Marty.

As nears Jim's stall he shouts:

JIM

There's rumours about Marty. Is he okay?

Tracy hesitates, then replies loud enough for other stall holders to hear.

TRACY

Marty's recovering from a stroke in hospital. We'll know more later.

She hurries on, shop key in her hand, ready to open up.

INT. SHOP -DAY

Tracy places a new CATELOGUE that advertises safes on a small table in the shop.

Her phone *buzzes*. A text message from Mary.

*Marty wants you to see what he has planned for your anniversary. Envelope in desk draw. After you've read it meet me in cafe lunch time.*

STORE ROOM OFFICE

Tracy stands behind Marty's desk holding a colourful CARD, with CONGRATULATIONS on the front. She opens the card.

*A whole year at Holmes and Son. You have proved to be a real asset and I hope there will be more (years that is) to come. See note. Cheers. Marty.*

Tracy beams. She's about to unfold the note, when the shop door bell *pings* heralding a customer.

Tracy hurriedly stuffs the card and folded note back into the envelope and tucks it in her apron pocket.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Tracy sits beside Mary on a settle. She is reading Marty's note. She stops and grins at Mary, her eyes sparkling.

TRACY

A partnership with Marty! He says he wants to re-paint the shop and change the name to Holmes and Hines.

Her voice rises to a squeak as she reads on.

TRACY

He says, I suggest you continue to get a guaranteed wage, but we'll share the profits in future to give you more. There's details to work out. Mary will help you with that. Hope you like the idea...

Tracy leaps up with an exultant *whoop!* Then she sits again, her eyes watering.

Mary smiles and pushes a sandwich towards her.

MARY

Ham and cheese. I'm more than happy for you, love.

Tracy breathes out slowly and sobers up. She leans forward concerned.

TRACY

How's Marty doing? Have you heard anything more from the hospital?

MARY

The nurse said he's getting a bit stronger, but insists on reminding me that another stroke is a possibility.

Mary sighs heavily and fiddles with her empty coffee cup.

MARY

Meanwhile, Tracy, there's this police business to worry about. (beat) This is difficult and something you might never have known, but I'll be straight with you, truth is...

FADE OUT.

INT. SIDE ROOM - DAY

Beth adjusts Marty's pillows making him more comfortable.

MARTY

The doctor told me I'd had a bad stroke, but I was lucky, Beth.

BETH  
There you go, then.

Marty glances over at the open door.

Beth jerks her head.

BETH  
Your watcher is still there, I'm  
afraid.

MARTY  
It's all a big mistake though and  
the buggers won't listen. I  
only...

Beth leans close and *shushes* him with a finger.

BETH  
I mustn't get involved, my concern  
is solely for your health. I'm  
sure it'll all sort itself out.  
Try not to worry.

Marty catches her arm.

MARTY  
Could you find me a pen and some  
paper... and an envelope too if  
possible. I need to write someone  
a note.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Constable Short, out of uniform, sits on his own about to  
eat a beef burger. He opens his mouth - then shuts it  
again as -

A giant of a MAN fills the chair oppose with his bulk. A  
large hand places a tall glass of coffee on the table in  
front of him.

The man leans forward on tattooed arms, a gold bracelet  
dangles from his wrist.

MAN  
You owe us money. £20,000 gambling  
debts if I'm not mistaken and the  
interest is mounting up.

Constable Short gives up on his burger and braves it out.

CONSTABLE SHORT

I have a plan. I'll get the money.

MAN

It's due in two week's time. But you must know that. And if we don't get it - I reckon you'll be looking at a long period of sick leave, right?

CONSTABLE SHORT

You can't threaten me, I'm a policeman.

MAN

Not a very bright one.

The man gets to his feet. He looks down at Constable Short for a moment, then picks up the glass of coffee, and *sloshes* the coffee across the table into Constable Short's lap, and walks away.

Constable Short *yelps* and jerks his chair back.

EXT/INT. SHOP - DAY

Outside the shop, Jim tries to open the door. Tracy comes up behind him.

TRACY

It's shut. I've been out on a call, but I'm here now.

She opens the door with her key. They step inside.

JIM

I'm Jim Booth. We've not properly met.

He flaps a hand over his shoulder, indicating the market.

JIM

You must know we're all worried about your boss. No-one thinks he's a murderer, but now he's sick and, well... I wondered about you... are you coping with everything? Can I help in any way?

Tracy thinks for a moment then says outright.

TRACY

Are you asking me out on a date?

JIM

Well, yes, I guess I am, but I was serious about that help.

They exchange a smile.

TRACY

How about a drink at the end of the day?

JIM

Sure, but there's something else. I think that someone is watching this place. There's this guy's been... what's the word? He's been sort of hovering.

Jim turns and looks through the glass door.

JIM

Yes, he's still there.

Tracy joins him and follows his gaze. Then she yanks open the door.

TRACY

Stay there.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Tracy weaves her way through the market shoppers. She reaches Constable Short, still dressed in civvies, and jabs a finger into his chest.

TRACY

I know you, you were guarding Marty Holmes at the hospital, just losing the police uniform doesn't make you invisible you know. What do you want CONSTABLE?

Constable Short, taken aback, tries to sound authoritative as PEOPLE edge closer around him.

CONSTABLE SHORT

He's a person of interest that's all.

TRACY

Well, no-one here thinks that he's a killer.



The crowd murmur in agreement. Constable Short holds up his hands and backs away.

INT. HOSPITAL SIDE ROOM - DAY

Beth holds Marty's wrist, checking his pulse.

MARTY

So you think there's a good chance  
I can go home today?

Beth drops his wrist and stands back.

BETH

Anything I can get you?

MARTY

No, thanks, you've been very kind.  
(beat) Actually, yes, if anything  
happens to me can you do me a  
favour and pass a message to  
Tracy?

BETH

Now there's no need to talk like  
that, but yes, of course I can.

MARTY

Thanks. It may well sound a bit  
odd, but just tell her to look  
under my favourite thing. Just  
that, she'll figure it out. Tell  
her that too. The figuring it out  
bit that is. Okay?

Beth nods. She grabs a sheet of paper from Marty's tray table and makes a note, repeating:

BETH

Look under my favourite thing.  
Figure it out.

Marty watches her fold the note and puts it in her uniform pocket. He closes his eyes and smiles.

EXT. MARKET ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Two 'HEAVIES' stand threatening close to Countable Short, who is backed up against a wall.

HEAVY 1

Mr Hardy ain't happy if he don't  
get his money - money what you owe  
him.

CONSTABLE SHORT

I'll get it for him.

HEAVY 1

How you gonna do that? Not on that  
online gambling you won't.

HEAVY 2 clutches Constable Short's throat with both  
hands. The policeman struggles and gags. Heavy 2 lets go  
and sneers.

HEAVY 2

You got lucky this time!

EXT. DOG-RACE TRACK - DAY

Thunderous SOUNDS of GREYHOUNDS racing down the track,  
Dust fills the air, and an escalating ROAR of  
encouragement as -

A Bunch of sweat-gleaming four-legged hounds streak past  
the finishing post.

SCREAMS of elation from winning punters.

LEGS push past and clamber upwards over benches as  
Constable Short leans forward, his head in his hands.

INT. HOSPITAL SIDE ROOM - DAY

Beth approaches Marty's bed.

Marty lies as if asleep but his face is ashen.

Beth bends down close. She reacts to what she sees, then  
pushes the red emergency BUTTON and rushes to the door.

BETH

I need some help in here. Now.

Constable Short steps into the room.

BETH

Out of here now, you.

Constable Short retreats as -

Flurry of activity as the doctor and other nurses join Beth at Marty's bedside.

DOCTOR

I'm afraid it's another stroke, and a little while ago by the looks of it. There's nothing we can do for him now, sadly he's gone.

BETH

Are you sure? Sorry, silly question, but the last time I saw him he seemed to be okay.

DOCTOR

Strokes are unpredictable. If it's any consolation I don't think he would've known anything about it.

Beth turns away. She dabs at a tear with a tissue.

DOCTOR

Thank you everyone. You know what to do next. Will someone inform Marty's wife.

He looks at his watch.

DOCTOR

Time recorded at 10.05 a.m.

Beth is the last to leave the room. As she does so she snaps at Constable Short.

BETH

Right, you heard the situation. I think I'd like you out of here now, please.

Constable Short waits for Beth to leave and reaches for his phone. He then spots an ENVELOPE on Marty's tray table. He glances at the name on the envelope and -

Puts the envelope in his pocket.

INT. POLICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

D.I. Green at his desk is answering the landline phone.

D.I. GREEN

Yes, constable I have been informed!

D.I. Green replaces the handset and swears.

Sound of a KNOCK on the door. Sergeant James comes into the room.

SERGEANT JAMES

Morning, sir, any news about the Godwin case, what's next on the agenda?

D. I Green grits his teeth and explains.

D.I. GREEN

Marty Holmes is dead. Had another stroke it seems, perhaps that's justice for you. Anyway now we'll probably never know the details. My money would still be on it being murder, but... Anyway, it's done, case closed.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary and Tracy sit together on the sofa. Both are sobbing as they re-assure each other.

TRACY

I'm so, so sorry. I can't believe it... You know I'll do anything I can to help.

MARY

I know, dear, but don't worry about the shop, your livelihood is guaranteed.

TRACY

You shouldn't worry about things like that at the moment.

Mary dries her eyes and pulls herself together.

MARY

My sister, Jean will be here later. She lives just outside London and will stay for a little while. She'll help with the funeral arrangements-

Mary breaks down and Tracy puts an arm around her.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary opens the door to her sister JEAN (50 yrs) plump and much taller than Mary. They wordlessly hug each other in the hall.

JEAN

This is so sad, poor you, I don't know what to say. I thought he was getting better.

SITTING ROOM

Jean follows Mary into the room, and they sit together on the sofa.

MARY

There's something you should know, Jean. Marty was being questioned by the police when he had his first stroke and taken to hospital.

JEAN

Sister, I don't need to know.

MARY

Yes, you do. You might hear it mentioned at the funeral. Marty had been with someone when they died and the police suspect he may have had something to do with it.

Jean jerks upright, indignant.

JEAN

That's absurd. I know Marty!

Mary gratefully leans her head on her sister's shoulder. She smiles with a sigh.

MARY

You may be younger, but you were always the stronger one.

JEAN

And you, sister dear, the crafty one. There's more to you than meets the eye.

Mary glances up at her and they give each other a knowing grin. Jean breaks away.

JEAN

I'm here to help, remember, and we've a funeral to organise. Did Marty have any specific wishes?

Jean gets her phone out.

MARY

He wished to be cremated. And that we should have a get-together at the Earl of Essex pub.

JEAN

And I know you said something eco friendly would be good for the coffin, well how about -

Jean holds out her phone for Mary to look at.

JEAN

Creative coffins? They have jazzy designs on them - this one features a classic car.

Mary gives her a watery smile.

EXT. OUTSIDE CREMATORIUM - DAY

Marty's eco friendly coffin is being carried into the crematorium.

Behind family, friends and mourners, Tracy stands to one side with Jim. She looks tearful and Jim takes her hand.

DISTANCE. Constable Short watches from his car.

INT. PUB - DAY

Crowded with well-wishers from the market, family members and Tracy and Jim. The LANDLORD helps Mary onto an upturned vegetable crate. Then rings the '*Time gentlemen please*' BELL.

Mary grips the note in her hand and manages to speak up well.

MARY

Thank you all for coming. It's great to see so many friends here. Marty has gone so suddenly and in difficult circumstances as most of you know.

Subdued murmurings, then smiles at her next words.

MARY

But he was a good husband - we've been happy together for more than thirty years - he may have had his faults (beat) we all do.

She pauses, glancing towards the menacing presence of Constable Short lurking in the pub doorway. Her voice strengthens.

MARY

For the record, he wouldn't hurt a fly. Enough of that - and I'll miss him more than I can say...

Jean steps forward and helps her down before she can give way to tears.

Applause, and cries of 'Hear,' 'Hear,' and a toast was proposed to 'Marty.'

INT. SHOP - DAY

STOCK ROOM/OFFICE

Tracy sits at Marty's desk. An untidy pile of paper faces her. Tracy sighs. She picks up an account book, stares into space awhile, then opens the book. *Ping* from the shop doorbell as the door opens.

Tracy gets up and hurries out.

SHOP

Constable Short, out of uniform, thrusts his warrant card at her.

TRACY

Yeah, I know who you are. What do you want? Marty's gone. You know that, so there's nothing you can pin on him now. Why don't you leave us alone?

CONSTABLE SHORT

Yes, and George Godwin has gone too. Probably a good thing that. But the evidence was clear. I don't think he went there to kill George Godwin -

TRACY

Marty couldn't hurt a fly!

CONSTABLE SHORT (CONTINUING)

But, I reckon he went there to steal. Goodness knows what that man has tucked away. What's more I think there's a good chance whatever he took from Godwin is here in this shop.

Tracy gives him a glowering look.

CONSTABLE SHORT

Whether you know it or not what say we have a look?

TRACY

You have no right to do that. You're no more than a low level guard dog. I want you to leave. Get out!

Constable Short turns with a sneer on his face. He reverses the door sign to CLOSED and *clicks* the door lock.

Tracy retreats behind the counter.

CONSTABLE SHORT

You don't want to hinder a police enquiry, now do you?

TRACY

I certainly want to hinder you. Get out, I'm sure you need a warrant to search somewhere.

Constable Short raises the hatch in the counter. Tracy steps sideways to block him.

Without warning, Constable Short raises his hand and *slaps* Tracy hard across the face.

Tracy gasps and stumbles back putting a hand to her right cheek.

Constable Short ignores her and pushes past her into the stock room.

CONSTABLE SHORT

Maybe you know where he hid his stuff.



Trace quickly gets her phone out. Fingers moving rapidly, she texts Jim.

HELP.

STOCK ROOM/OFFICE

Constable Short looks around. He notices-

KEYS hanging from hooks behind Marty's desk. One key has a label marked LOCK UP.

Constable short's eyes narrow.

Tracy has followed him in.

TRACY

This is just you, isn't it? It's nothing to do with the police - What would that inspector of yours make of what you're doing here?

Short pulls open the desk drawers one by one, each is stuffed with paper and pieces of the trade: keys, padlocks etc.

Short turns towards Tracy, menacingly.

CONSTABLE SHORT

Where's the safe?

TRACY

There's no safe here. People tend not to try and rob locksmiths.

Constable Short steps towards her.

CONSTABLE SHORT

I don't believe you. I...

A loud *pounding* on the shop door. *Pounding* continues.

Constable Short and Tracy stand unmoving, staring at each other.

TRACY

You going on with this in front of witnesses?

SHOP

Tracy pushes past him and hurries towards the shop door. Constable Short follows.

Jim is standing outside the door with a group of stall holders.

Tracy unlocks the door.

The stallholders back away as Constable Short comes out of the shop holding up his warrant card.

CONSTABLE SHORT

Police business. Nothing to see here.

Jim enters the shop. Tracy and Jim hug each other. Jim runs a finger down Tracy's reddened cheek.

JIM

Are you okay? What happened?  
Did he hit you?

TRACY

And he threatened me. It was scary, Jim.

Tracy blows her nose and turns towards the door.

TRACY

Lets get out of here and I'll tell you.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Tracy and Jim sit at a table with mugs of tea and a kit-kat. Tracy holds a cloth packed with ice to her inflamed cheek.

JIM

So, it's him and not any sort of police investigation. Seems he's searching for stuff for himself, right? How's your face feeling?

Tracy lowers the cloth.

TRACY

Getting better, I think, but it bloody well stung. What a bastard.

JIM

We need to report him. And take a photo before it fades.

Tracy raises the ice pack again.

TRACY

No listen, what if there was anything hidden somewhere? It's the last thing Mary would want, worst of all now she's grieving.

JIM

Alright, we'll say nothing. But if Constable what's his name comes back, I'm not having you in any danger - promise me you'll think again. Yes?

Tracy nods.

JIM

How about we go and watch a film this evening? Forget about bent cops?

TRACY

I'll need to first check on Marty's lock up after work.

JIM

The one round the corner? Meet me there.

INT. MARTY'S LOCK UP - DAY

Dim, but enough light from frosted glass at top of doors to see. Constable Short stands holding a pair of BOLT CUTTERS. He puts them down on the floor.

Facing him is the back of Marty's white van.

Strong walks around the van trying the doors. All locked. He turns to the Jowett beside it. Then glances at the back wall -

Open metal shelving with a range of tools. Short rummages along the shelves. Nothing interesting. Then he spots -

Jumbo-sized metal TRUNK on floor. Short opens the trunk using his bolt cutters.

Disappointing. A glorified cupboard; electric kettle, old mugs stained with caffeine, cleaning gel, a biscuit tin, empty.

Short stands up. He puts his hand to his forehead, thumps it several times, thinking. Ah! He removes a folded envelope from his jacket and reads the note inside, then stuffs it back again.

He turns to the Jowett, muttering.

CONSTABLE SHORT  
Underneath my favourite thing.

He takes out his TORCH and shines it up and down. Then crouches alongside the car -

Underneath, an old TARPAULIN spread out. On it battered blue metal TOOLBOX. Short opens the toolbox. Nothing but nuts and bolts and tools. He shuts it and shines his torch further under the car.

Torch light picks up a TROLLEY on wheels.

Short pulls out the trolley. He lies on it and propels himself underneath the car.

The torch-light *flickers* as he searches.

He emerges again and gets off trolley. He stands pondering. His eyes widen, something triggers. He squats again and feels under the tarpaulin. He drags the tarpaulin out from under the car. It exposes -

A long row of floorboards. Short thumps his fist on one of the boards. A hollow SOUND. He prizes a floor up (with difficulty, failing to see a finger-hole in the board for removal). He removes several more.

A length of wood ladder leads down to an inspection pit.

Short shines his torch down into the pit.

A large amount of litter lies on the floor; crisp packets, old wheels without tyres. Various bits from cars etc.

Short places one foot on the ladder. PAUSES and -

BRIGHT DAY-LIGHT streams through the open doors.

TRACY  
What the bloody hell are you doing here?

Tracy stands silhouetted in the doorway staring at Constable Short.

A moment of indecision between them.

Tracy glances at the broken lock on the ground, then towards an IRON SPIKE lying by the second open door. She grabs the spike and holds it out in front of her.

Constable Short steps off the ladder.

CONSTABLE SHORT

I mean to find his ill-gotten gains one way or another, and it will take more than that to stop me.

He points a finger indicating the spike. Then an idea strikes him. His face takes on a crafty look, a new tactic.

CONSTABLE SHORT

How about we could search together, and share what we find. Come on - think what that could mean.

Tracy remains rigid, trying to keep her arm steady.

TRACY

How d' you know there's anything to find, here or anywhere else? I don't think there is and Marty's never mentioned a safe.

CONSTABLE SHORT

There must be one, and if you don't help I'll have to -

He breaks off as -

Jim appears behind Tracy.

JIM

What's - ?

TRACY

It's our rogue policeman, he broke in.

JIM

Come on, that's enough. I'll phone the police - you've got to put a stop to this.

Jim gets out his mobile phone.

Short walks forward, his voice and manner threatening.

CONSTABLE SHORT

I suggested a deal. What d' think?  
Otherwise. I'm sure I can think up  
some charge that will get you out  
of the way.

Jim steps in front of Tracy, shielding her and shouts  
loud and sudden.

JIM

Not another step! Back off!

Short steps back and retreats between the cars. Jim  
follows, keeping a short distance between them. Tracy  
moves forward as well.

Short glances over his shoulder and takes another step  
back. His eyes on Jim he puts his left foot down -

And steps onto the wheeled trolley. The trolley moves  
with sudden speed and shoots off at an angle.

Short flies over. His feet leave the ground. He yells in  
shock as he falls six feet into the inspection pit.

The SOUND of his landing *THUD* is followed by a *DOUBLE  
THUD* like an axe splitting a log.

LOUD *Gasps* from Tracy and Jim. Then silence as -

Tracy and Jim step forward and peer over the edge of the  
pit.

Short lies on his back, unmoving. His head has hit a tyre-  
less car wheel, and blood oozes.

JIM

Do you think he's dead?

They stare at one another.

Jim climbs down the ladder.

JIM

(calling up)

No pulse that I can feel, but I've  
never done this before. Do you  
have a mirror?

Tracy checks her bag and finds a mirror. She crouches down and leans over the edge of the pit.

Jim reaches up and takes the mirror. He holds it under Short's nose. No clouding.

Jim climbs out of the pit and hands back the mirror.

JIM

Now we have to report it - I'm sure as I can be he's dead.

Tracy clenches her hands together, determined to stay calm. Jim put his arms around her, and they stand awhile in silent embrace. Jim breaks apart.

JIM

Right, this is what we'll do. We'll allow ourselves one little white lie to make it easier, to help keep you out of it. We were meeting here, that's true. I got here first, saw the broken lock and came in to check things. Okay?

Trace nods, brightening.

JIM

I saw Constable Short. We had words about what he was doing. He turned and retreated, - all the rest etc. Then you arrived.

TRACY

Okay, I guess that does no harm, and it's very close to the truth. And I have to think about Mary as well.

Jim nods and gets out his mobile phone.

JIM

(into phone)  
Ambulance please, there's been an accident... Someone might be dead. And police, too.

INT. HOSPITAL STAFF CLOAKROOM - DAY

Beth, sun-tanned, sticks a holiday photo of Lanzarote on the back of her locker door with sellotape. Also on the door -

A SCRAPPY note in Beth's handwriting:

*Marty Holmes. Tell Tracy to look under his favourite thing. Works at locksmith's in Chapel Road. Says she'll figure it out. Tell her that.*

Beth clapped a hand to her mouth. She'd forgotten!

EXT. LOCK UP - DAY

A zipped body-bag is carried out of the lock up by two men from the morgue.

Tracy and Jim watch as constable Short's body is placed inside a hearse shaped van, and the doors closed.

D.I. Green approaches.

D.I. GREEN

No doubt it was an accident, but once more, if you don't mind, sir.  
(opens his notebook)  
Just to make sure we got things right.

JIM

Like I said. I'd arranged to meet Tracy, and he was here when I arrived. He'd broken in.

D.I.Green turned to Tracy.

D.I. GREEN

And your presence here? Part of your workplace is it?

TRACY

(muttering)  
I still can't believe it. Why did he, I mean, what did he want?

JIM

I wonder if he was after the car, it's a classic. Must be worth a bob or two.

D.I. GREEN

(to Tracy)  
Once we've done here. We'll need a new lock.

Tracy pulls herself together.



TRACY

Yes, yes. I'll get back to the shop.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Beth enters the shop, as Tracy is about to leave with a new padlock.

TRACY

I sorry, we're actually closed. You'll have to wait until tomorrow.

Beth smiles.

BETH

I am in the right place, you're Tracy right, I recognise you.

TRACY

Yes, hang on... you're the nurse that looked after Marty, sorry I don't remember your name.

BETH

It's Beth, and I'm afraid I owe you a huge apology. Marty asked me to give you a message - In case anything happened to him.

She paused, as Tracy sucked in her lips.

BETH (CONTINUING)

So sad, he seemed like a nice man, and he wasn't so old. Anyway, I've been away on holiday- Lanzaroty it was. Sorry I'm prattling on. The thing is I saw my reminder note as soon as I opened my locker door this morning.

Beth rummaged around in her handbag and produced a crumpled note.

BETH

Let me get this right, 'cos I don't know what it means. He just said 'tell Tracy to look under my favourite thing.'

Beth put the note on the counter.

BETH  
Oh, and he said to tell you that  
you would figure it out.

EXT. LOCK UP - DAY

Tracy hurries towards Jim, who waits outside the lock up.

JIM  
They've finally gone. I said I'd  
wait. What kept you?

TRACY  
Beth, the nurse from the hospital  
has given me a message from Marty.

Jim raises his eyebrows.

TRACY  
It meant nothing to me at first.  
Then it came to me. He said, look  
under my favourite thing - it's  
his old car, it's got to be.

JIM  
Well let's find out.

Tracy stares at him, horrified.

JIM  
Well, not now, obviously. How  
about Sunday? Two days to get over  
it.

Tracy nods.

TRACY  
O.K.

Tracy inserts the new lock in the door and locks it.

EXT/INT. LOCK UP - DAY

Rain pours down, puddling the concrete yard.

INSIDE

The door is closed. A large wet umbrella stands up-ended  
on the floor.

Tracy and Jim are inside ready to begin their search.

JIM

We must be careful though  
and don't go falling into that  
pit. There's been enough drama in  
here to last us a lifetime.

Tracy moves forward and walks between the two vehicles.

TRACY

Can you grab that lamp.

A LAMP with a bulb set inside a metal cage attached to a long length of wire is plugged into a socket on the back wall.

Jim switches the lamp on - and climbs down the ladder.

BOTTOM OF PIT

Jim turns at the bottom and helps Tracy down the ladder. They look at each other for a moment, then Tracy glances down.

DRIED BLOOD on the concrete floor and on an old wheel.

TRACY

We should do something about that,  
right?

Jim nods. He swings the lamp up and along, looking up at the underside of the old Jowett.

The underneath is remarkably clean.

JIM

The message said 'under the car'  
but not on it. Maybe there's  
something down here we're missing.

Jim swings the lamp around. Then he stamps hard on the ground.

JIM

This pit is concrete lined. D' you  
think those boards at the ends  
move? Lets see.

A wooden board is attached to the wall. Tools hang from hooks on the board.

Jim takes a large SCREWDRIVER off a hook and struggles a bit, then prises the board away from the wall.

Several TOOLS *clatter* to the floor.

TRACY

Nothing. Try the other end.

Jim pushes the board back in place and Tracy replaces the tools. They moved to the wooden panel at other end.

Jim easily loosens one corner. He gets his fingers underneath the panel and it swings open like a door.

Tracy and Jim step back, elated.

TRACY

Well, I can now guess why he sent the message to me rather than Mary. She'd never have got into that!

Set flush with the concrete wall is the door of a SAFE.

JIM

Will you tell Mary about this?

TRACY

Yes. Yes, I must. But we'll see what's inside first, it may be nothing. But either way I'll let her know.

MONTAGE. LOCK UP.

Down in the pit, Tracy works at the safe. No Luck. Above her, Jim sits working out puzzles on his phone.

JIM'S BEDSIT.

Tracy sits at Jim's computer googling 'old safes.'

INT. MARTY'S LOCK UP - DAY

Tracy and Jim are down in the pit. Jim faces away from her.

TRACY

Jim, come on, time to leave me to it for a bit. Okay?

JIM

Have you looked at this board?

Jim moves closer to the board they'd swung open as a door.

Dusty and dirty with oil stains. Faint markings of things written on it.

JIM

Look, he's written things like a reminder to buy milk. Guess he remembered there's a big tick. Oh, I like this one.

Writing on board: LOCKSMITHS ARE KEY WORKERS and KNOWING HOW TO PICK LOCKS HAS OPENED UP A LOT OF DOORS FOR ME.

TRACY

Yeah, okay enough for a small smile, but it's not as interesting as what may be inside this safe. Come on, I should get going.

JIM

Just a sec. There's something else quite low down.(beat) Tell me about combinations. If you know a combination how many numbers would it be?

Tracy flashes him a look.

TRACY

We don't know the number. That's the whole point, Dumbo!

JIM

But if we did, what -

TRACY (INTERRUPTING)

I don't know. Well I might I suppose. Yes, it would be six two digit numbers, but why? Just let me get on. I think I learnt where to position the drill last night.

Jim beams at her.

TRACY

What?

JIM

Six two digit numbers? You know I think Marty may have left us the combination. He probably wrote it many years ago as a reminder.

Tracy joins him and bends down to read low on the board, inside a circle the numbers -

282

930

—

—

JIM

Look at it as a series.

TRACY

Okay, Then the lines could indicate additional numbers to follow on.

Tracy puffs her cheeks, concentrati8ng.

JIM

If we read the numbers in sequence two at a time. We have 28,29 -

TRACY

-30

JIM

It's an old trick, I've seen it before. Add 313 and 233.

TRACY

That makes 31,32,33.

She turns to Jim with a huge grin.

TRACY

Six two digit numbers. Also, I've just remembered - Marty's message, the last bit about figuring it out. Numbers *figures*. Surely worth a try?

Tracy, eyes gleeful, positions herself in front of the safe. She spins the combination dials to and thro as Jim reads out the numbers.

A *CLICK*. The door releases.

Tracy lets her breath out on a huge sigh. She looks at Jim and holds his gaze, then pulls the door back.

INTERIOR OF SAFE

Shelves stacked with neat piles of bank notes.

TRACY

Look, look. Oh, my god, this is more money than I've ever seen in my whole life.

Tracy turns. She flings her arms around Jim in a tight hug.

TRACY

We did it, we bloody well did it!

JIM

No. Marty did. It was a clever message, he reckoned it would work, and it did.

Another hug and moment of babbling excitement and they calmed down. They did a rough count of the notes, some were in Euros. Then Tracy finds.

A *VELVET BAG* with a draw string at the top. She weighs it in her hand, and peeps inside.

TRACY

Wow! Jewellery, quite a lot!

Tracy glances at her watch.

TRACY

It's getting late. We're supposed to be at Mary's place soon. I'll take the bag, but we'll lock the money in the safe for the moment.

Tracy turns to Jim with shining eyes.

TRACY

This promises to be an interesting lunch.

Tracey fastens the safe door with a new padlock from her tool kit and they move away to the ladder.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tracy and Jim are in the kitchen helping Mary clear away the remains of a Sunday lunch.

TRACY

Best Sunday roast ever, Mary.

Jim nods in agreement.

MARY

It's nice to cook for someone again. My sister was vegetarian, Vegan, you name it.

TRACY

So, can we now -?

MARY

House rules still apply - no business talk until lunch is over and we've cleared away.

Tracy shakes her bunched fists and turns to Jim with a frustrated grin.

Mary laughs.

MARY

Come on then, to business.

Mary ushers them out of the kitchen. She does, however, put a restraining hand on Jim's arm.

MARY

Because I don't know where this will take us, I think perhaps I should just talk with Tracy. No offence, would you mind, Jim?

Mary looked from Tracy to Jim as she continued.

MARY

You seem to be, what to you young folks say,? An item. If that's so, and I rather hope it is, it's still only early days. I've got to know you well, Tracy and Marty clearly trusted you but -

Tracy opened her mouth to argue, but Jim got there first.



JIM (INTERRUPTING)  
Don't worry that's fine, I  
understand. I'll catch up with you  
back at mine later Tracy. Okay?

Jim picks up his jacket and heads into the hall.

SOUND. The front door *clicks* a moment later.

DINING ROOM

Tracy wriggles excitedly in her chair, waiting for Mary to sit opposite at the table.

TRACY  
We found Marty's safe, Mary, and  
opened it.

MARY  
Well, I rather thought you had. I  
knew he kept a safe somewhere but  
never knew its location. Marty  
liked his secrets.

TRACY  
It was down in the pit, and not  
easy to open. Marty left a code.  
And I'm not sure I'd have cracked  
it if it hadn't been for Jim.

Tracy gave Mary a sheepish grin.

TRACY  
There was so much cash - I've left  
that locked in the safe. But  
brought back something else for  
you to see.

Tracy unhooks her shoulder bag hanging from the back of her chair and removes the black velvet bag of jewellery.

Mary raises her eyebrows, clearly surprised. She takes the bag and undoes the draw strings. There's a silence as she takes in the contents.

She carefully empties the bag, spreading the items across the table cloth -

Elaborate JEWELLERY, mostly gold, more than a dozen pieces many displaying diamonds and other jewels.

Mary lets out a long gasp, puts on her spectacles and sorts the items further to show them off.

After a long stare, Tracy breaks the silence.

TRACY

I only glanced into the bag for a moment in the lock up. Now, seeing them in this light, well they're... They 're so beautiful.

Mary bends forward and lifts a turquoise pendant necklace from the pile.

MARY

They are indeed. I'm no expert, but their quality seems clear. And of some considerable age too, I'd guess, very special (beat). But they do present us with a problem.

Tracy laughs.

TRACY

Yes, but a good problem, I think.

Mary takes off her spectacles and lets them hang round her neck on a black cord. She rubs her eyes and sits up straight.

MARY

Let me explain. I knew when Marty was going out, and something of the way he worked. He almost never took anything but cash and he always stuck to a rigid code - he never stole from anyone unless he felt they deserved it.

Tracy opened her mouth to interrupt. Mary *shushed* her.

MARY

Leave that where it is for the moment. It's the jewellery I want to discuss. I know these jewels could only have come from George Godwin. Marty developed a strong dislike of the man. Do you see?

Tracy nodded.

TRACY

That sounds just like the Marty I knew. Though, of course, I didn't know the half of it until the last few days.

MARY

Right, and I believe Marty must have stashed the jewels there temporarily until he could discover where Godwin had got them from, and -

Tracy quickly interrupts.

TRACY

He was going to try and find out, and return them.

Mary leans forward and smiles at Tracy.

MARY

Now it's down to us. That means we have to find out who the owner is and get them back to their proper home.

INT. JIM'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

Tracy and Jim sit on the floor eating Chinese takeaways.

JIM

You can't take a bag of jewels into a police station, hand it over and say you found it, right?

TRACY

Right. They all link back to Marty and would immediately cause suspicion.(beat) It's a puzzle to know what to do.

Tracy forks more rice in to her mouth.

JIM

Maybe we could post a package to the police.

TRACY

That wouldn't guarantee it getting back to the rightful owner and that's what Mary wants.

JIM

Lets think about it.

They eat in silence for awhile.

JIM

Google wasn't much good - mind boggling the number of hits from all over the world for 'stolen jewellery or lost jewellery.

TRACY

We can't give up. Lets finish eating and have another go.

Jim pushes his plate away and gets up. He wanders around thinking on his feet.

JIM

Let's assume Godwin stacked his stuff recently. He didn't want to hold on to it long, wanting to turn it into cash. As far as we know he didn't have a girl friend -

TRACY (INTERRUPTING)

We haven't tried 'stolen jewellery collection.'

Jim collects his laptop and sits down again with Tracy.

He opens up, and a long list appears, mostly high profile people, celebrities and film stars. They stare at the screen - in danger of going boss-eyed, until -

TRACY

Go back, go back! Stop. There, I think that might be it.

She holds up her phone near the screen, comparing.

An image of the PENDANT NECKLACE (she'd taken earlier) shows up very like her photo, on Jim's screen.

TRACY

I'm pretty sure that's it. What d' you think?

JIM

Yeh. Looks right to me.

Jim clicks on several sites.

JIM

Newspaper article, Tracy!...  
Small stately home...

TRACY

Armed robbery!... Oh, the poor woman. Family heirlooms!.. That's awful. She's seventy two! Oh, I can't read it.

Tracy has a hand to her face.

JIM

It's Okay. She recovers and phones the police... Oh, there's a follow up. The jewels were due to be auctioned due to financial difficulties.

They exchange a look.

TRACY

Where is it, exactly?

Jim scrolls some more on his laptop.

JIM

It's called Buntington Hall. Blimey! That's a long way. It's in Scotland, somewhere near a place called Dunoon on the west coast.

Tracy is on her phone.

JIM

What are you doing?

TRACY

Texting Mary. We need a conference.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tracy, Jim and Mary sit around the dining table. Mary fusses with a tray of hot drinks.

MARY

I haven't been to Scotland for so many years. Maybe a trip is in order. But first a phone call.

Jim looks horrified.

JIM

You can't just phone up on your phone.

It has to be done without anyone knowing. We'll need to get ourselves a burner phone. Right?

Mary nods in agreement. Tracy looks at her, surprised.

INT. BUNTINGTON HALL - NIGHT

Rhona, shawl around her shoulders, speaks into the landline phone in her baronial hall. She has a soft Scottish accent.

RHONA  
Hello. Buntington Hall.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Mary sits at her dining room table with Tracy and Jim. She speaks into her (new) mobile phone.

MARY  
Hello. Is that Rhona McDonald?

BUNTINGTON HALL (CONTINUOUS)

RHONA  
That's right. Who is it calling?

MARTY'S HOUSE

MARY  
I think I have good news for you, may I call you Rhona?

BUNTINGTON HALL

RHONA  
No, you May not. Who is this?

MARTY'S HOUSE

MARY  
I can't tell you my name Mrs McDonald, but you'll love what I have to say, it's...

BUNTINGTON HALL (INTERRUPTING)

RHONA

I don't buy anything on the phone  
whoever you are. You people are a  
pest.

MARTY'S HOUSE

Mary puts the phone down and addresses Tracy and Jim.

MARY

Apparently I'm a pest. She thought  
I was trying to sell her  
something.

JIM

Try again. Put the call on  
speaker.

Mary dials again.

SOUND. LOUD DIALLING TONE, then an answering *click*.

MARY

(quickly)  
Me again. Straight to it. I think  
I've found your stolen jewellery.

RHODA (O.S.)

(loud over airways)  
What?

MARY

Please listen, my apologies and I  
know I'm ringing out of the blue,  
but it's true. I think I've found  
your jewellery.

RHODA (O.S.)

How? Who are you?

Jim violently shakes his head.

MARY

No names, I'm afraid. I might get  
myself and others into trouble,  
but I do want you to have the  
jewels back. Is there still time  
to raise the money you need?

RHONA (O.S.)

Yes, I think so.

MARY

Okay, but I need to be sure. Do you use email?

RHONA (O.S.)

Yes. Why?

MARY

So you can send me a picture of what you lost. Could you tell me something about them?

Jim writes down Rhona's words as she speaks.

RHONA (O.S.)

They're from my father's family, and are reported to date from the time of Bonny Prince Charlie. They are one of the few things worth seeing in the house when people visit.

Jim looks up. He gives Mary the 'thumbs up' sign.

MARY

Well I'm sure I'm speaking to the right person. This is my email address:

Mary picks up the slip of paper Jim has passed across the table. She grins at him as she reads it out slowly.

MARY

Idacoming@Gmail.com (beat) Please email me the photo tomorrow evening around 7pm.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary is sitting at her laptop. Tracy and Jim stand behind Mary's chair looking over her shoulder at -

A PHOTO of the stolen NECKLACE on the screen.

Mary turns and smiles.

TRACY

Okay, now what?

MARY

There's only one proper way to do this, we deliver them.



Tracy and Jim gape at her, shocked.

MARY (CONTINUING)

I'd like to see the place and the look on Rhoda's face when she gets them back.

JIM

You do remember where she lives, don't you?

MARY

Yes, it's a long way, train from Glasgow I think, and then a hire car (beat). I'll ring her back and warn her not to tell anyone about our conversation.

Jim nods, approving. Tracy frowns.

TRACY

Mary, you can't possibly go on your own - and there's arrangements to be made and -

MARY (INTERRUPTING)

I'll see to that, and if you two come as well that would be wonderful.

EXT. RHONA'S GARDEN - DAY

Rhona, dressed for gardening, pulls off her floral gloves and removes a *buzzing* mobile phone from her pocket.

She walks slowly away from an empty ornate water fountain answering her phone.

RHONA

I'm so pleased to hear from you again. I've spent the last few days wondering if it was just some cruel practical joke.

She pauses, listening, as she contemplates an unkempt laurel hedge with trailing protrusions of rogue bramble.

RHONA

So, on one of the days next week you'll phone me as you approach my front door. I understand your caution. But, I have to ask, is this some kind of ransom?

As she moves away, a BRAMBLE catch her jacket. She gingerly unsnags it as she replies.

RHONA

Thank you. I'm so grateful and I assure you I won't tell a soul.

JOURNEY MONTAGE later.

RAILWAY COMPARTMENT - DAY

Tracy, Mary and Jim sit together laughing about eating SCOTCH EGGS as -

The countryside moves swiftly passed the window.

GLASGOW STATION

Tracy, Mary and Jim alight from the train with other passengers onto a noisy platform.

CALEDONIAN FERRY

Tracy, Jim and Mary, wind whipping their hair from their faces, stand at the ship's rails.

Jim takes Tracy's hand and they smile at each other.

The ship's HORN *hoots*.

MONTAGE ENDS.

INT./EXT. HIRE CAR - NIGHT

Mary drives up to the front porch of a B & B. She switches off the engine and smiles at Tracy sitting beside her.

MARY

Not bad for a hire car. You'll be Okay, it's much better than Marty's van!

Behind them, Jim pushes the door open and *slams* it shut.

Tracy puts a hand to her mouth and yawns.

TRACY

I don't know how you do it, Mary, you must be so tired.

MARY

I am - can't wait to get to get my  
head down.

BACK OF CAR

Jim has the boot up. He pulls out their over-night bags as Tracy and Mary join him. He passes his shoulder bag to Tracy.

JIM

Don't worry about me - I'll not  
stay out too long.

TRACY

Where are you going?

JIM

Buntington hall. It's not that  
far, good time to take a reekie.  
You know, suss things out before  
Mary goes tomorrow.

INT. HIRE CAR - DAY

Tracy is at the wheel. She reverses away from -

The TALL GATES of Buntington hall, drive.

Tracy drives forward a short distance and stops at the side of a country lane. She switches the engine off and turns to Jim beside her.

They sit in silence for a while, then move simultaneously together for a kiss. Tracy pulls away.

TRACY

I'm, feeling nervous for her, Jim.  
We should've -

JIM

No. Mary insisted, you know she  
did. She'd easily spot a police  
car. And She's got her burner  
phone.

EXT. BUNTINGTON HALL - DAY

Mary walks slowly down the drive, her phone to her ear. She is in disguise, wearing a long mac, dark glasses and a head scarf. She stops beside an overgrown rhododendron hedge.

MARY  
 (into phone)  
 Rhona, you're expecting me. I'm  
 walking up your drive right now.  
 Please be ready to let me in.

Mary switches off before waiting for a reply. She  
 continues walking up the drive until she reaches -

BUNTING HALL FRONT DOOR.

Mary pulls the large traditional BELL set in the wall.

SOUND. Distant *ringing* inside.

The door opens. Rhona, wearing a tweed skirt, stands in  
 the doorway clutching an apron. They both stare at each  
 other, at a loss what to say.

RHONA  
 Good morning.

Pause.

RHONA (CONTINUING)  
 Thank you for being here. Come  
 away in.

INT. BUNTINGTON HALL, SITTING ROOM - DAY

MARY removes her dark glasses and stands gazing around  
 the large traditionally furnished room. The sofa and  
 chairs are tartan covered.

Pictures on the wall show HILLS, LOCKS, SHEEP and STAGS.

Rhona appears carrying a tray. She nods at Mary  
 indicating she should sit down.

Mary sits at one end of a long sofa.

There is a silence while Rhona pours tea for them both  
 from a silver tea pot.

Mary opens her bag about to begin her handover. She opens  
 her mouth to speak, when Rhona beats her to it.

RHONA  
 I still don't know what to call  
 you, but I have to tell you that I  
 did speak to the police.

INT. HIRE CAR - DAY

Tracy is alone in the driver's seat. The passenger door opens and Jim climbs in.

JIM

No sign of her.

TRACY

Should we be worried, d' you think?

They exchange a questioning look.

JIM

It's a pretty weird thing she's doing.

Tracy shakes her shoulders, and puts on a determined, positive look.

TRACY

Well, it's all gone fine so far. And Mary said if the worst came to the worst she'd just say she found the jewels in Marty's sock drawer. I'm sure it'll all be fine.

INT. BUNTINGTON HALL, SITTING ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The silver spoon *rattles* in Mary's tea cup. Her hand shakes so badly Rhoda gets up from her end of the sofa and takes the cup from her.

RHONA

Oh, sorry. I can see you're horrified, please don't be; there are no police here and there won't be. To be honest they weren't much help, though they gave me a number to call if I needed them.

She smiles, then hands Mary back her tea and sits down again.

RHONA

I got quite a knock on the head you know, and that does leave one feeling quite insecure. Anyway, I can't imagine anyone looking less like a gangster, so help yourself to a scone.

Mary drinks her tea before replying.

MARY

Okaaaay... I guess. Lets get to it shall we?

Mary opens her bag and retrieves the BLACK VELVET BAG. She holds it up, then opens the drawstring. She leans forward and carefully tips the contents onto the sofa next to Rhoda.

MARY

Are these yours? Or have I had a wasted journey?

Rhona's face splits into a broad smile. She stares at the pile of jewellery, then reaches out and spreads them apart with her finger. She picks up -

A BROACH, which *sparkles* in the light.

RHONA

Oh my goodness, I thought I'd never see these again, and yes, they are mine... and every single item seems to be here. I really can't thank you enough. Most people would not have done what you have, you're a good person.

Mary blows her nose on a handkerchief.

INT. HIRE CAR - DAY

Jim looks at his watch.

JIM

It's been more than an hour. We can't sit here any longer.

He turns to open his door. Tracy's phone *buzzes*. She scrambles to open it and puts it on speaker, so they can both hear it.

MARY (O.S.)

Hello there. I'm coming down the lane, everything's fine. I hope you didn't worry.

A few moments pass while Tracy and Jim turn their heads and stare through the rear window.

The rear door opens and Mary climbs in. She removes her headscarf and dark glasses and smiles at their anxious faces.

MARY

It took longer than I thought, but then Rhona had spoken to the police.

Jim's jaw drops.

TRACY

What!

RHONA

Oh, I'm sorry, you didn't know that. It's true, but everything worked out fine. No more shocks, so you can drive on now, or we'll miss that ferry.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

Tracy, Mary and Jim sit relaxing in deckchairs on a side deck, their bags at their feet. They have been eating packaged sandwiches.

TRACY

So, she still doesn't know your name or where you live?

MARY

Well, she presumes it's from below the border somewhere. And if asked she's telling the police that the bag was left in the post box at the front door.

(chuckles)

May get good publicity too, encourage more visitors. A very satisfactory ending, and I think Marty would be pleased.

Tracy gathers up their empty sandwich containers and puts them in a nearby waste basket.

She returns and sits. Jim gives her a grin and gets up.

JIM

Only one thing more left to do then.

He removes the burner phone from his pocket, and -

Hurls the phone over the ship's rails into the sea.

Mary moves close to Tracy.

MARY

Not quite finished. How about sharing income from the shop? Marty Planned to retire when your year was up and wanted you to take over, not so soon of course, but you've done him proud.

Tracy gulps.

TRACY

I, I don't know what to say.

MARY

Look at the way you've helped with this jewellery business.

Mary turns to Jim, who has returned.

MARY (CONTINUING)

You too, Jim. I'd appreciate some help.

JIM

What with?

MARY

The Jowett. I know it was Marty's pride and joy, but it needs to be sold.

JIM

Say no more.

EXT./INT. SHOP - DAY

A sign-painter removes his ladder from the shop front.

Mary nods and smiles at him, then gazes up at -

A new sign - HOLMES AND HINES

Mary pushes open the shop door.

INSIDE

Several customers are waiting. Tracy is busy, grinding a key at the machine.



OUTSIDE

Mary retreats to the pavement. She takes out her mobile phone and texts Tracy.

*Dress smartly. Come at 7pm I'm taking you out.*

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

High class casino, marble and gilt with high ceilings. Busy with well-dressed people.

Sound of *clatter* from slot machines behind long velvet curtains.

Tracy stands with Mary, wide-eyed, gazing around.

MARY

All will be revealed. Don't ask questions but you must do one thing for me, okay?

Tracy nods.

MARY

I need you to ring my mobile number when I tell you. Keep your phone set up and hidden and just press the call button. Don't speak and just follow my lead.

They move away, Mary leading to a ROULETTE TABLE. They find seats and sit among other players.

Mary puts a few CHIPS on numbers - the WHEEL *spins*.

FAST MONTAGE

Mary wins. Mary loses. Mary wins. No gains.

UNDER THE TABLE

Tracy's LEG *jerks* as Mary kicks her.

Tracy reaches into her bag.

SOUND. Mary's phone *buzzes*.

MARY  
(into phone)  
Hello... Yes, it's me... what? How bad?... Of course I'll come. Which hospital?  
(to croupier)  
Sorry, I have to leave.

Mary picks up her chips and Tracy follows her away from the table.

Tracy waits while Mary speaks to the cashier behind the counter.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Outside the casino Mary flags down a taxi.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tracy and Mary sit at the kitchen table with mugs of cocoa.

MARY  
Tracy, now listen. The money in the lock-up safe is more than I need. I want you to have most of it.

Tracy's eyes bulge in shock.

MARY (CONTINUING)  
I've shown you how to handle it. You can't pay large amounts of cash into your bank account, it arouses suspicion. But you need it there to pay cheques.

Mary sits back and sips her cocoa, looking smug. Tracy waits.

MARY  
Tonight I got the cashier to pay the money due to me into my account; they'll do that, and there are other means of dealing with, let's call it, special cash...

FADE OUT.

THREE MONTHS LATER

VIEW of three - storey APARTMENT BLOCK (seen at beginning of film)

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Basic furniture. Tracy and Jim sit together on a two-seater settee. Tracy holds Marty's 'practise' LOCK. She smiles at Jim.

TRACY

Clever clogs!

Tracy places the (opened) lock on a small coffee table in front of them. She removes a TEN POUND NOTE from her jean's pocket and gives it to Jim.

TRACY

Marty rewarded me, so fair's fair.

Jim gives Tracy a kiss on the cheek then pulls back.

JIM

Come on then, how did it go with Mary?

Tracy pulls her knees up and hugs them. She frowns, thinking.

TRACY

Yes... Although, I was getting a bit suspicion.

(she sits up)

D' you what she told me?

Jim shakes his head.

TRACY

Turns out the Godwin job was one Marty did on his own. He'd found out about the man being away in Portugal and checked it out himself.

JIM

And she had no idea.

TRACY

He and Mary never talked afterwards about what he called his 'little expeditions.' Sensible enough I guess. But it was Mary that suggested and researched who he would go after.

JIM

It's always the quiet ones that surprise you -

Tracy sits forward.

TRACY

She was an important part of his second business. And she feels I may as well know that now.

Jim stares at her intently, hanging on her every word.

TRACY

And you'll never believe this, she also told me that if I ever felt I wanted to follow in Marty's footsteps she would be pleased to give me a hand! She even said she had an ideal someone in mind to start me off.

JIM

What? I can't believe it! Whatever did you say?

Tracy gets up. She smiles briefly, looks serious for a moment, then glances down at Marty's practise lock - and smiles.

TRACY

I said I'd think about it.

ENDS

