

The Paddy Factor

by
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EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

A small executive jet plane has landed and is taxiing to a halt. If we see its registration we'll see it is South African.

A security truck draws up beside it. It is a French security firm. We realise we are in France.

Plane stops. Athletic, suntanned MAN gets out. CLOSE IN on the South African Government diplomatic bag handcuffed to his wrist, South African Government seal on the bag.

He greets the SECURITY MEN who approach him. They show their identity papers. He unlocks the bag - hands it to them and goes back into plane which will taxi off when the truck goes.

SECURITY MEN put it into truck, close doors. MUSIC begins.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The bag alone in truck behind maximum security mesh. Truck sets off and bag wobbles. MUSIC continues.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

From distance truck winding its way up winding hillside road: heavy forest either side. Two puffs of smoke from front and rear of truck which skids to halt. A bouzuka has hit it twice. MUSIC continues.

We have CLOSED IN ON truck. A Citroen which had been parked in forest beside road very swiftly reverses out and stops: its open boot right against the truck doors. TWO MEN leap from roadside and look into security truck rear: TWO GUARDS are dead. They ROBBERS don't worry about their guns and quickly toss the diplomatic bag into the back of the boot. They close it. They look up to nearby hill: a car speeds off from stationary position (clearly the BOUZUKA MARKSMAN getting away). The ROBBERS are in the Citroen now. They speed off leaving the security truck still smoking.

MUSIC continues.

INT. CAFE TABLE - DAY

A marble-topped table in Belgian cafe. Hands opening diplomatic bag on cafe table. Diamonds pour out.

They are weighed on tiny neat scales. A briefcase opened now on table stacked with £30,000 sterling in £20 notes. The packs are counted - 30. One random pack is inspected. The pack is returned to the distinctive briefcase. The case is locked. The hands the delivered the diamonds take away the briefcase.

MUSIC continues.

INT. AIRPORT FOYER - DAY

MUSIC continues. We see arm and hand placing the case on floor before booking at checking-in desk. Feet around. A different hand picks it up and we follow the case as the carrier takes it across airport foyer.

Signs we may see reveal this is Brussels.

INT. LONDON AIRPORT - DAY

The baggage conveyor belt. The case coming from plane unloading on conveyor belt. We follow its journey right through to baggage reclaim area. We see a hand pick up bag and walk away with it.

INT. TUBE STATION - DAY

As underground train pulls into station. We see the bag handed from one person to another. Just the bag.

MUSIC continues.

EXT. HARBOUR - DAY

Grotty harbour. Evening. The ramp which cars use to disembark from ships. We dwell on ramp as two cars come off and as a Cortina comes down we move along with it and pick out COLIN sitting beside driver with the case on his lap.

MUSIC continues.

INT. EUROPA HOTEL FOYER - EVENING

We can see the Cortina pull up outside and COLIN gets out and comes into hotel with case. He looks around foyer.

A MAN approaches and shakes hands and takes the case. He goes out. COLIN looks at his watch.

MUSIC continues.

INT. IRISH BAR - EVENING

Crowded bar. COLIN and driver PHIL are drinking, watching the goings-on. COLIN's eyes meet pretty youth's eyes across the Guinness-fumed barroom. Their reactions: mutual fancying.

COLIN lights cigarette and smiles and checks watch as PHIL orders another two large Bushmills. MUSIC CONTINUES. We don't know where the bar is.

INT. OFFICE

This scene will last as long as the previous ten scenes. It will be constantly visible on divided screen to show destination of the money.

It should span 24 hours at least.

Shabby office with table, chairs.

The chronology of the scenes sections should be:

A) Office empty. Daylight. One MAN enters. Sits at desk. Sips tea. Waits for phone to ring. Impatient. Eventually it rings. MAN at desk grabs receiver fast, listens, replaces it and makes a call immediately.

B) Later. TWO MEN arrive with whiskey bottle. They share drinks in celebratory though cautious mood with third MAN. They go. It gets dark.

C) MAN asleep. Dark. ANOTHER enters to relieve the phone duty. FIRST MAN goes. NEW MAN plays patience as dawn breaks.

D) He is replaced by NEW MAN. They sip tea from new man's flask. NIGHT GUARD goes. New GUARD eats sandwich. It gets dark. Phone rings (THIS COINCIDES WITH SCENE IN HOTEL FOYER). He makes call. It is night.

E) TWO MEN who brought whiskey return. They sit and wait at table. DAY GUARD goes.

The scene now fills the screen as the man who collected case from COLIN enters room, locks door and sets briefcase on table. Oldest man opens it. We see five packs of notes are missing.

INT. IRISH BAR - EVENING

COLIN a little drunk now. He's getting another two large Bushmills at bar. He has taken a large wad of twenty quid notes and holds them almost on display to select one note to pay for drinks. He turns to where pretty YOUTH was. But the YOUTH is not there. Instead the YOUTH is behind him. COLIN knows he has scored. The YOUTH smiles. PHIL the driver is a bit more pissed.

MUSIC continues.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

They have counted the money once. It is in neat piles on the desk. They are about to begin counting it again having realised some is missing. They are agitated.

EXT. BELFAST STREET - NIGHT

MUSIC continues. COLIN in back of Cortina with YOUTH. PHIL drives a little unsteadily. COLIN and YOUTH giggling. PHIL looks up into rearview mirror and sees COLIN kissing the youth's earlobe. PHIL is too drunk to think much about this. From rear window of car we see barricaded streets with tanks, etc. We could be in East Berlin, Beirut or Belfast.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

They have discovered some money has definitely been taken. Oldest man looks furious and picks up phone receiver to dial. The door is broken open. In come THREE UNIFORMED MEN (R.U.C.) with guns. They point them at the three men. They are about to arrest them.

MUSIC continues.

EXT. TATTY HOTEL - NIGHT

The Cortina outside bed and breakfast type hotel. PHIL nudges COLIN who is engrossed in YOUTH.

COLIN gets out and goes to hotel door. It is locked and seems to be in darkness. COLIN steps back and looks up to check he's got the right address. He hammers on door.

PHIL in car look tired and YOUTH yawns with bored impatience.

COLIN goes round side entrance of the end of terrace house. He goes down alley and out of sight. Back at the Cortina, the driver's door has been opened and man with revolver gets in driver's seat having forced PHIL to get into front passenger seat.

Simultaneously, another GUNMAN has made the YOUTH shiver as he sits beside him. The Cortina revs and speeds off.

COLIN comes running up alleyway to see Cortina gone.

COLIN frowns. The hotel door opens and MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN looks at him.

COLIN scratches head and laughs.

MUSIC continues.

He staggers towards hotel door.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAWN

Dawn is just breaking in deserted countryside. The Cortina is parked in ditch almost. The TWO GUNMEN are carrying YOUTH's body to stream. They toss the body in stream. It falls across the body of PHIL. The GUNMEN return to car. We remain on the bodies. We hear the car pull away.

MUSIC continues.

INT. NEW YORK ROOM - DAY

Silence.

An old man's hand fingering through a file of neatly typed information. Old decrepit hands with arthritis. He closes the file.

GUS is about 80. He sits in huge chair by desk. He has neck support.

He looks at architect's model of new London dockland.

CHARLIE, about 60, stands at window.

Panoramic view of New York skyline.

GUS' face.

GUS

On paper it looks good.

CHARLIE

Tony's checked out the figures.

GUS

It's a lot of money, Charlie. A great deal of money.

CHARLIE

It'll mean a lot of profit. You gotta lay out to lay in. The potential is bigger than Havana was.

GUS

Look what happened in Cuba.

CHARLIE

They don't have revolutions in England. This could be the Las Vegas of Europe in ten years.

GUS

Boats. I don't like boats.

CHARLIE

Not just a marina - a whole complex, like a whole new city. And Harold Shand has the right connections.

GUS

He impressed you? This Harold Shand.

CHARLIE

You can come and meet him at the weekend. He's staying at the house on the island before he goes back.

GUS

I don't want to meet him at this stage.

CHARLIE

He's got connections: police, government, the city authorities. Access to the plans, the people.

GUS

Proof, Charlie, proof.

CHARLIE

So I'll meet the connections myself.

GUS

I don't know about this Shand... Is he legitimate?

CHARLIE

He's legitimate enough. He has a past, but he's covered it. I'd like you to see him for yourself.

GUS

I don't trust the English. You go to London. Take Tony with you. Check it all out.

CHARLIE

At Easter. On Good Friday.

GUS

I'll be in Miami, if my surgeon gets his vacation.

INT. EUSTON STATION - DAY

Bustle of station noises. Announcements.

Small funeral party in mourning waiting on platform.

Train has just stopped. The funeral party moves towards guard's van.

The guard's van doors open. A coffin is taken out. Pick out a woman in black with veil.

Someone gestures she should sign for the coffin. She does. They look round as hearse comes up to them. Gently the coffin is placed into hearse.

A minicab also draws up as the mourners get in, the widow weeping.

They slowly move off from station.

EXT. EUSTON STATION - DAY

The funeral procession comes out of station into rush hour traffic.

EXT. PUB - DAY

Cafe-like tables on pavement. JEFF and HARRIS at table. End of meal set for three.

HARRIS has placed confidential papers on table.

HARRIS

They're top secret, those plans.

JEFF

Harold will be well-pleased.

HARRIS

When's he back?

JEFF

We're going to see him now.

HARRIS

And the Yanks?

JEFF

I reckon they'll be coming.

HARRIS

I'd better get back to the site.

This -

(referring to BILL on the
table)

- on the corporation?

JEFF

Of course, Councillor.

JEFF signs bill and turns to see RAZORS getting into Rolls driving seat on corner. HARRIS gets into nearby parked BMW. It drives off as waiter takes bill. JEFF puts files together, as funeral procession we saw at Euston passes slowly. It stops. The car door opens. The widow (CAROL) stands outside car with veil down. Then she approaches just as waiter stands beside JEFF with credit card form to sign. She pulls back veil, curses and gobs in JEFF's face. She drops veil and quickly turns. JEFF covers confusion and signs credit card. RAZORS looking at scene through windscreen with washers and wipers in action: a blurred view. JEFF thinks he hasn't seen.

The funeral procession drives off. The waiter goes and Rolls draws up outside pavement and JEFF goes to get into it. JEFF looks up. A plane passes overhead noisily.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A Concorde lands.

EXT. TERMINAL THREE - DAY

RAZORS drives Rolls to departure point and JEFF gets out and goes in and RAZORS drives slowly off to park the car.

DEBARKATION POINT - DAY

Concorde at tunnel where passengers get off. Plane door opens. Stewardesses and Captain saying goodbye to the businessmen who come out. For that huge plane there's only five? Transatlantic executive types. Just when we think everybody's off, out comes HAROLD. Suntanned in smart suit and wearing sunglasses. We follow him down the corridor. He looks impressive.

AIRPORT - DAY

VICTORIA waits. HAROLD comes through Customs. VICTORIA hugs HAROLD warmly. JEFF and RAZORS take HAROLD's baggage.

VICTORIA

How did it go?

HAROLD

I did it.

VICTORIA
You did it!

HAROLD
Yeah. They're coming.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

RAZORS drives from Heathrow towards London. JEFF, HAROLD and VICTORIA in Rolls. JEFF has given HAROLD papers.

HAROLD
These are the plans then?

JEFF
Top secret. He nicked them.

HAROLD
Good old Councillor Harris. How's everything been?

JEFF
The new casino's gone through. Everything's fine.

HAROLD
No problems?

JEFF
No problems.

HAROLD
That's what I like to hear. The boys, did they guess where I was?

VICTORIA
Alan reckoned a health farm. A few rumours about New York.

HAROLD
Did anyone guess why?

JEFF
No. There was a telex - he's coming.

HAROLD
Of course he is.

JEFF

Next week. On Good Friday.

EXT. TOWER HOTEL - DAY

We pick out Harold's Rolls waiting for Harold's mother to take her to church. Eric in driving seat. Victoria helps Harold's mother into car.

Harold's mother mutters something. The Rolls drives off. Victoria watches it go then turns to hotel.

She looks up to the elevated position from which we are looking. She walks toward hotel entrance.

We pull back. Victoria and the St. Katherine's dock marina. We pan around it and up to...

EXT. TERRACE TOWER - DAY

We're on terrace of the Tower Hotel. From this elevated view, the marina and a jetty which is used by small boats to ferry people and things to Harold's YACHT.

We have been looking from HAROLD'S POV. We see HAROLD watching, dressed immaculately, a drink in his hand. He looks at the yacht - the pride of ownership in his face establishes beyond doubt that it is his yacht. His room is behind. It is a luxurious hotel room that serves as Harold's dockside office HQ. Telex machines and TV set with computer info - stock exchanges prices (Oracle or Cefax). He pours another drink as Victoria comes in.

HAROLD

Bit your head off did she?

VICTORIA

If she wasn't your mother...

HAROLD grins.

VICTORIA

Said 'Paula' would never wear a dress like this one on Good Friday.

HAROLD

Me and Paula have only been divorced for ten years. Give mum the chance to get used to the idea.

They go into the room.

INT. HAROLD'S ROOM - DAY

VICTORIA

I don't know why I bother being nice to her. She's even more rude when she's going to church.

HAROLD

Think how much worse she'd be if she didn't go to church.

VICTORIA

Three times on a Good Friday...

HAROLD

Another Bloody Mary.

He hands her the glass he had been pouring. They sip.

VICTORIA

Cheers.

HAROLD

Cheers. Everything organized?

VICTORIA

The launch is ready at the jetty 0 take all the guests to the yacht in one go -

HAROLD

Except Charlie -

VICTORIA

He should be landing now -

HAROLD

Yes.

HAROLD checks his watch and notices his cufflink has become unattached.

VICTORIA

Here, let me. Maybe we should have gone to the airport to meet him-

HAROLD

Play it cool, you know. When the President of Coca-Cola or something drops into London, the Queen don't go dashing off to Heathrow to meet him -

VICTORIA

The Queen?

HAROLD

You know what I mean. And I want you to lay on all that. At school with Princess Anne. Played hockey with her -

VICTORIA

Lacrosse at Benenden - hockey's frightfully vulgar.

They laugh together.

HAROLD

That's it. All that. Yanks love snobbery. They think they've really arrived in England if the upper classes treat them like shit.

VICTORIA

Gives them a sense of history.

They laugh.

VICTORIA

I'll check how the chef's progressing.

HAROLD

From Paris. They know about grub.

VICTORIA

Hey - go easy on the vodka.

She goes.

INT. YACHT DINING ROOM - DAY

Dining room of yacht laid out with best cutlery and cut glass goblets.

VICTORIA adjusts cutlery. Just checking everything is OK really.

JEFF comes in with briefcase under his arm.

JEFF
Looks good. New?

VICTORIA
Bought it yesterday. Harrod's.
(indicates the plates)

JEFF
I bet Harold was reluctant to take
the labels off.

VICTORIA
(fingering plate)
He broke two demonstrating their
exquisite delicacy.
(cold smile)
He doesn't know his own strength.

JEFF smiles at this.

JEFF
I sent Alan and Dave to collect the
Yank. Not so much traffic, so -

VICTORIA
There'll be no problems with
immigration?

JEFF
Parky's dealt with all that.

VICTORIA
Then you may have a drink on deck.

JEFF goes.

VICTORIA looks up from adjusting flowers. CHEF stands there.

CHEF

Bien?

VICTORIA

Oui - il est magnifique. Nous sommes très heureuse avec tout. Merci, Pierre.

INT. SWIMMING BATHS - DAY

An object hurtles towards us through the water which splashes violently. It surfaces. It is COLIN swimming vigorously. The lower diving board is still trembling at the far end. He climbs out at shallow end.

An indoor public bath. Strange echoing sound. Almost empty. Two girls with transistor radio by the side of the pool.

RADIO: END OF DISC AND NEWS BULLETIN DURING...

Girl laughs at other girl's blotches caused by lime in pool. COLIN walks past and the girls turn to admire the muscled suntanned Adonis in his brief trunks. He give the girls a smile and strides to diving board: we recognize him from the homosexual in Belfast. COLIN climbs highest diving board and we dwell on two Irishmen lurking by entrance to changing rooms. One in good-looking: COLIN gives him a a smile as he reaches highest board and prepares to dive. The good-looking Irishman smiles at COLIN who replies with another smile. COLIN braces himself for the dive.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The Rolls parks slowly in non-parking area outside steps of church. ERIC gets out, checks watch, looks at church.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Towards the end of the Good Friday service. We see HAROLD'S MOTHER. Now we see at back of church, ERIC loiters. MOTHER from his POV. Her head in prayer. ERIC lights cigarette and exhales.

INT. STUDY - DAY

HAROLD and RAZORS are putting up cutlasses and swords on wall. JEFF comes in, he had papers, plans, architect's model.

HAROLD

That one there, Razors. A bit to the left.

JEFF

Lightning conductors? I like the crockery - very tasteful.

HAROLD

Guess how much it all cost?

JEFF

Harold, your roots are showing.
Are you sure about this?
(indicating swords)

EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY

The marina. Babble of conversation and several men and wives all dressed to the nines. HAROLD mingles, smiling, and stops at COUNCILLOR HARRIS.

HAROLD

Afternoon, Councillor. Plans are welcome - and pleased you got my new casino through. Heavy going?

HARRIS

Some of the councillors said you're a gangster.

HAROLD

What a bloody cheek!

They both laugh.

HAROLD

This Charlie, I want you to pump him with information - everything. And leave him in no doubt, any office problems can be passed fast.

(MORE)

HAROLD (cont'd)
In New York they keep hearing that
England like a cock-handed corner
shop. Exude efficiency.

HARRIS
I thought - if he saw how fast my
hotels here are going up -

HAROLD
Right. Salmon and lobster for
nosh - Victoria hired a chef from
Paris. They know about grub.

HAROLD moves on to PARKY and YOUNGER COP.

HAROLD
You're drinking, Parky.

PARKY
I only drink when I'm on duty.

HAROLD
How's business?

PARKY
A drizzle of complaints.

HAROLD
You must get a lot in your job.
(laughs)
Hello David, last time I saw you
you had pimples.

DAVID
Now even I notice the coppers are
getting younger.

PARKY
He's a DC now.

HAROLD
That calls for champagne.
Victoria, we're celebrating David's
promotion.

He opens bottle.

VICTORIA
Champagne for our real friends:
real pain for our sham friends.

Cork pops; HAROLD pours four glasses. She raises glass.

VICTORIA
Real friends.

During toast, JEFF moves beside HAROLD.

HAROLD
(to JEFF)
Keep your eye on the boys'
behaviour. I don't want none of
them acting like delinquents.

JEFF
No chance. They know it's
important. I told them to put on
their wedding suits.

HAROLD
(holds JEFF's arm)
I think you'll like Charlie.

He sees HARRIS refilling his glass.

HAROLD
Harris has got a lot of talking to
do. Keep him off the booze.

VICTORIA goes to HAROLD.

VICTORIA
Harold, they're here.

HAROLD
You pipe them aboard. Then I'll
meet them...

INT. SWIMMING BATHS - DAY

From a low elevation, a spectacular dive by COLIN. He makes it clear this Olympic-style feat was for the benefit of the young Irishman who is now standing alone by changing room entrance. As COLIN swims to side of pool the Irishman smiles lustfully at COLIN. COLIN is pleased to see the Irishman is now on his own, but he's going to keep him hanging on - he returns to the diving board for another dive.

The IRISHMAN frowns and peers behind him into the changing room and mutters something to the out-of-sight friend. We can't hear them: we just hear the transistor radio's pop music.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

PRIEST gives the final blessing.

HAROLD'S MOTHER, her head in prayer.

ERIC stubs cigarette out in Holy Water and checks watch again.

EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY

Sweeping view of the river.

HAROLD (V.O.)

When I was a kid, we lived over there. I shared a bedroom with 3 brothers.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

It's good to have a family, Harold.

End of pan of river. Dwell on HAROLD and CHARLIE embracing on deck.

From HAROLD and CHARLIE'S POV:

Shots of welcome, personal jokes about HAROLD, - and VICTORIA'S head constantly swirling to get her hair out of her eyes as MAC struggles and opens champagne bottle and pours glasses for HAROLD and CHARLIE.

HAROLD

I can't believe you're here, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Well, feel me, I'm in East London.

HAROLD

Boy from New Jersey.

He clinks glass to CHARLIE'S.

CHARLIE
A boy from Stepney.

HAROLD
Hands across the ocean.

CHARLIE
To the future. The decade ahead.

HAROLD
Here.

CHARLIE
Yes.

HAROLD
This is Victoria.

CHARLIE
I though she was the captain of the
ship. Britain rules the waves,
right? She was a lady too.

VICTORIA
Harold told me so much about you,
Charlie. How do you do.

CHARLIE
I don't think you met Tony when you
were over.

TONY
Hi.

HAROLD
Tony...

CHARLIE
Tony Giovanci. My lawyer. Tony,
this is Harold.

VICTORIA
Will you let me get you a drink?

CHARLIE, TONY and VICTORIA wander.

HAROLD
(aside to JEFF -
momentarily surprised
Tony is there)
(MORE)

HAROLD (cont'd)
Stick with that Tony. I didn't
know Charlie was bringing anyone.

JEFF
They always come in twos...
(they laugh)
It means they're serious - means
they want a deal.

HAROLD. VICTORIA introducing CHARLIE.

HARRIS pointing things out to TONY. Pick out London
landmark. The tip of Tower Bridge in distance.

The church choir reaches a crescendo and begins to fade out
as:

INT. SWIMMING BATHS - DAY

As COLIN prepares to dive he looks again at IRISHMAN.
IRISHMAN smiles. COLIN concentrates on his preparation: the
IRISHMAN slowly pulls a thin-bladed knife from his trunks,
unsheathes it and places the knife back. COLIN does
somersault dive and swims speedily to the side of the pool.
The IRISHMAN smiles at him and raises eyebrow and goes into
changing room entrance. COLIN clambers out of pool and
follows IRISHMAN into changing room entrance.

EXT. DECK - DAY

The boat is moving down river now.

HAROLD rises to speak. CHARLIE, TONY, VICTORIA and JEFF
beside him facing all the guests.

HAROLD
I'm not much for making speeches...
but this is an occasion. Okay,
okay - it's no secret - I was in
New York last week. And these
gentlemen, Mr. Restivo and Mr. G. -
representatives of the organisation
I went there to meet. Why? Simple
- we're on the verge of a great
future, here. East London, the new
decade. The slums are going, and
the smell of deprivation - away.
Prosperity for everyone.

(MORE)

HAROLD (cont'd)

And it's there for the taking, a slice of the action. Charlie and Tony, in their company... have the experience and expertise and... the hard cash... to ensure the new tomorrow doesn't get into the wrong hands. We'll be busy the next few days... going through the details... working it out... the future that none of us dreamed of only a few years ago. And it's possible. Hands across the ocean.

ALL

Hands across the ocean.

A toast to this. Everyone raises glass and everyone smiles. The model of how dockland will look on table before HAROLD.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

ERIC comes out and down steps towards car. Church choir sings end of hymn. Blessing begins.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

CU MOTHER making sign of cross as PRIEST says blessing.

INT. SWIMMING BATHS - DAY

COLIN goes along corridor between changing room doors. At end of corridor he sees good-looking IRISHMAN who smiles. As COLIN approaches smiling we glimpse knife being unsheathed behind the bait.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

People beginning to come out. ERIC has paused on steps to light new cigarette. He gets to Rolls now.

INT. SWIMMING BATHS - DAY

COLIN smiles. The IRISHMAN goes into cubicle. COLIN follows him in.

COLIN

Hello.

IRISHMAN

Hello.

As COLIN touches the IRISHMAN's face, IRISHMAN TWO comes up behind him.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

ERIC opens Rolls door. A blinding flash and explosion.

INT. SWIMMING BATHS - DAY

IRISHMAN holds COLIN's neck in half Nelson. The IRISH YOUTH plunges his knife repeatedly into COLIN's stomach. COLIN's groans are stifled by the second IRISHMAN. COLIN crumples and the TWO IRISHMEN rush out.

The blood begins to stream away from COLIN's body and run along the floor gutter into next cubicle.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Buffet in progress.

HAROLD with hand on VICTORIA's thigh.

HAROLD

It all seems to be going very well,
very well indeed.

VICTORIA

They're never surprised - total
secret, they had no idea - it was a
bombshell.

HAROLD

What do you make of them?

We see from HAROLD'S POV CHARLIE in conversation with JEFF and TONY with HARRIS.

VICTORIA
Charlie's like you said: Tony -
Madison Avenue lawyer. Neither one
their own boss -

HAROLD
No.

VICTORIA
Here you are Number One. Know what
I mean?

HAROLD nods. Looks at TONY talking to HARRIS.

HARRIS raises glass to sip. Sees VICTORIA looking at him.
Toasts her. TONY smiles quietly at her. She likes this.

HAROLD
More champagne Charlie?

CHARLIE
Matter of fact Harold, I'm a little
tired. I could use a two-hour nap.

HAROLD
No problem, we've got a spare
hammock. Jet lag's worse flying
East. Don't try to resist it. A
good few hours sleep and - no
problem. Ah, anchors asplash. Our
little haven here - no overcrowding
nowadays, but once you'd see eighty
or ninety ships in here. They
queued to get in. From Galleon's
Reach to Tilbury - this used to be
the greatest docks in the world.

CHARLIE
Things change, Harold. You mustn't
be nostalgic. Think of the future.
You're less than an hour from
Europe. I live in a new country,
but I look forward to the future.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Flowers. MAC moving CHARLIE's briefcase.

CHARLIE

Leave that.

HAROLD looks at MAC who goes.

HAROLD

You get a good sleep. We've got a tight schedule. Three o'clock we've a meeting with my property lawyers, the best. Then it's the tax man who specialises in gambling tax at five -

CHARLIE

Don't rush me, Harold, there's no race on.

HAROLD

The third meeting -

CHARLIE

Harold, I said don't rush me.

(pause)

I don't like tight schedules. I like to breathe. We have the time to take as long as necessary to cover the ground that's got to be covered. I'll do it in my own time.

They stare at each other. Pause. CHARLIE smiles.

CHARLIE

I like the flowers. That's thoughtful.

VICTORIA arrives.

VICTORIA

Once we've docked dead quiet.

CHARLIE closes door.

VICTORIA smiles at HAROLD. She touches his wrist.

VICTORIA

Relax - everything's going perfectly.

HAROLD

Yeah it is.

They begin to go up on deck.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The smoking wreck of the Rolls. PRIEST kneeling by ERIC'S body. He prays. Stunned crowd. HAROLD'S MOTHER shell-shocked. Ambulance bells. TWO GIRLS V.O. screaming.

INT. SWIMMING BATHS - DAY

One of the poolside girls is screaming in the changing room entrance. The blood is in fast running ribbon by her feet. As second girl approaches they look along the cubicles to where COLIN'S legs stick from under the door. OVER THIS, the SOUND of a telephone ringing.

INT. STUDY - DAY

HAROLD replaces phone receiver. Thunder on his face. Turns to JEFF who is frowning. RAZORS also there.

HAROLD chews his lips and goes to drinks cabinet and pours very large scotch in slender goblet.

HAROLD

The most... most diabolical
liberty.

He drains glass. The stem snaps.

HAROLD

Blown up, he's dead. Eric is dead.
Car bomb. Mother's alright -
shocked - she's in the London
Hospital.

JEFF

I don't understand.

HAROLD

You'd need a bloody million dollar
computer to understand this. Who'd
do a thing like this? This is
outrageous.

(MORE)

HAROLD (cont'd)
This is a diabolical liberty.
Outside a church. You don't go
crucifying people outside churches,
not on Good Friday.

VICTORIA comes in.

VICTORIA
(pauses)
What's the matter, Harold?

HAROLD
Eric's been blown up.

VICTORIA
I don't believe it. When?

HAROLD
Just now. Mother's in hospital
with shock. I'm not surprised, she
went to church to say her prayers,
not get blown up.

JEFF
But why?

VICTORIA
Someone trying to discredit you in
front of -

HAROLD
The Yanks? Come off it -

VICTORIA
They mustn't be told -

JEFF
They're both sleeping - we've got a
couple of hours -

HAROLD
I want everyone in the corporation
working on it - find out who did
it. And where's Colin - he should
be here.

RAZORS
He went swimming.

HAROLD
Swimming! He should have been here.

VICTORIA
You'd better see your mum.

HAROLD
Yes. Come on.

He drains glass. JEFF, RAZORS and HAROLD begin to go.

HAROLD
Anyone hears anything - report to
the Mayfair casino. That's the HQ.
This is the work of some mad
lunatic and I'll have his carcass
dripping blood by midnight.

VICTORIA looks in control. MEN go.

EXT. QUAYSIDE - DAY

HAROLD, JEFF and RAZORS coming down gangplank. HAROLD and RAZORS getting into Mercedes. DAVE's car roars up. DAVE speaks to JEFF.

JEFF goes to HAROLD.

JEFF
Harold, more bad news. Colin.

HAROLD
Colin?

JEFF
Colin as well.

INT. SWIMMING BATHS - DAY

The locker room. COLIN's bloodied body on bench. HAROLD and RAZORS turn away as attendant covers corpse with blanket.

INT. BATHS - DAY

HAROLD stares moodily into pool as water is being drained.

HAROLD

I did my National Service with
Colin.

JEFF is standing beside HAROLD we now see.

HAROLD

We spent six weeks in the
glasshouse together. We couldn't
get on with army life, tried to
leave. You get to know a man when
you spend six weeks in the
glasshouse with him. On Salisbury
Plain, fall manoeuvres. Lumping
bloody great wirelesses about, we
was. I got lost. Snowing, bitter,
freezing the bollocks off the wild
ponies. Well, Colin came out, on
his tod, on a 24 hour pass and he
searched for me and found me before
I freezed to death.

JEFF

Yeah.

HAROLD

Colin never hurt a fly...
(big pause. Jeff looks)
...unless it was necessary. In the
old days. Always clean, nothing
malicious, not Colin.

RAZORS

So why slice him up?

HAROLD

Mind my grief!

RAZORS

And Eric?

HAROLD

Colin was... very close. Like Jeff
and me - but I knew Colin longer.
Tried to blow up me mum. And me
oldest mate. This is personal.
Why? I don't understand. Someone
putting the frighteners on me?

(MORE)

HAROLD (cont'd)
Wind me up - they shouldn't have
done this. Whoever it is.

Elderly ATTENDANT approaches.

ATTENDANT
Harold, to keep it all incognito,
the undertakers are going to
collect the body in an ice-cream
van.

HAROLD
Lot of dignity, that. Going off
like a choc-ice -

ATTENDANT
And store the body in the freezer
until -

JEFF
Further instructions.

HAROLD
Alright Grandad. Thanks for the
call.

JEFF hands him a twenty quid note.

HAROLD
Anyone see anything?

ATTENDANT
Not what happened.

HAROLD
It was their imagination.

ATTENDANT
But we had to close the baths,
Harold.

HAROLD
Bomb scare, say it was a bomb
scare.

ATTENDANT
Alright.

HAROLD
 Open up - let them enjoy their day
 off. Anything, anything at all -
 bell me Mayfair club.

JEFF stands looking in pool.

HAROLD going sadly.

ATTENDANT checks not is genuine against the light.

EXT. CASINO - DAY

HAROLD and RAZORS and JEFF get out of the Jaguar. Mayfair
 side street. EUGENE hopping anxiously on door step.

EUGENE
 Thank Christ you're here -

JEFF
 Any clue -

EUGENE
 A?

HAROLD
 Colin's murder.

EUGENE
 Colin's what?

JEFF
 Dead.

EUGENE
 Where?

HAROLD
 Swimming baths.

EUGENE
 He drowned?

HAROLD
 Don't be stupid. He did life
 saving.

EUGENE
 What's it mean - bomb in here and -

HAROLD

What?

EUGENE

Bomb in the casino -

RAZORS

Show us.

They hurriedly enter.

INT. CASINO - DAY

LIL and DORA sipping brandy by no longer smoking executive case bomb. HAROLD and RAZORS peering at it. Clearly the bomb didn't go off.

LIL

It was terrible Harold, terrible,
the shock when we found it.

HAROLD

Stands to reason. Under here?

DORA

Yes. My mum goes on about in the
war a landmine in the backyard, but
it's totally different finding one
under the sideboard.

HAROLD

Don't upset yourself. No sign of
no one putting it here?

DORA

No, no one. Thank God it didn't go
off.

HAROLD

Get them a minicab home.

EUGENE

It's waiting outside.

RAZORS helps women out.

HAROLD

Last night, any peculiarities?

EUGENE
Usual crowd. Holiday crowd.
Nothing really.

HAROLD
Nothing?

EUGENE
Few Arabs, takings well up, nothing
unusual -

HAROLD
Nothing unusual, he says! Eric
blown to smithereens; Colin chopped
up and a mob in me number one
casino and you say nothing unusual.

EUGENE
I meant -

HAROLD
We'll get that contraption to
Parky. He can get it examined.

EUGENE
Jeff's calling him. Victoria rang -
your mum's definitely okay.

HAROLD
Thank God.

Enter JEFF.

JEFF
Perky - meet him George V dock.
Now. He's put out a story the bomb
in the car was a gasleak to stall
for time.

HAROLD
How much did we pay Parky last
year? 20 grand?

JEFF
More.

HAROLD
Then he can start earning the
bloody money.

RAZORS picks up bomb, as they go.

HAROLD

Nothing unnatural when I was in New York?

JEFF

Nothing at all.

HAROLD

Nothing alien?

JEFF

I'd have said.

INT. CAR - DAY

RAZORS drives HAROLD towards the docks.

HAROLD

There's two kinds of cops I don't like... cops who act like cops and cops who act like they ain't cops.

RAZORS

And cops who gamble on the gee gees with other people's money.

HAROLD

He'd better come up with some answers; what we pay him.

EXT. ROYAL DOCKS - DAY

The enormous, rusting deserted Royal docks. Cranes, wide expanses of quayside with rail lines, etc.

The burnt-out wreck of the Rolls on a trailer. PARKY inspecting it with distaste. They may be eating fish and chips.

HAROLD, JEFF and RAZORS are there with Mercedes.

PARKY

I had to stick my neck out to get this out of the forensics bloke's hands. Can't have bomb damage here, Harold. Can't have corpses.

HAROLD

What do you know?

PARKY

I don't know. I thought you were going to tell me.

HAROLD

No whispers.

PARKY

Nothing. Look at this place. Used to be the biggest docks in the world with vessels queuing for days to get in - now hey dump write-offs here. I caught the pox here once off some Indonesian bird. I was just a bobby on the beat. This is where they reckon they'll build the Olympic Stadium - can you see nigg nogs doing the long jump on these quays?

HAROLD

Stick a rocket up their arsehole they'd do the high jump. Want action Parky... must find out who's done it.

PARKY

Yanks are clean. We checked them out.

HAROLD

You go down to a third division messenger before you find a sniff of villainy with them. Tottenham.

PARKY

Tottenham. They can't nick car radios without electrocuting themselves.

HAROLD

Some of the Richardson mob is out.

PARKY

This is too accomplished for them.
Anyway no-one's had their teeth
pulled out.

HAROLD

The spades.

PARKY

Do they overlap?

HAROLD

I never touch narcotics. How
should I know what they're after.

PARKY

Sorry about Colin.

HAROLD

Putting him on the missing list...
all taken care of.

PARKY

As well... the Commissioner will be
poking around...

HAROLD

Stall him... I'll sort it out
today...

They arrive at parked car.

HAROLD

A drink?

JEFF hands him a flask. PARKY takes flask. Pours himself
cup.

PARKY

I was looking forward to this deal
with the Yanks, Harold. The
legitimation of your company. I
don't like fuss, Harold. Calm
exteriors. For ten years there's
been no aggro. It's all thanks to
you, Harold. You've had it all
under control.

HAROLD
(hands case)
Here. I want this checked.

PARKY
What is it?

HAROLD
The bomb outa the casino -

PARKY
You driving around with a bomb.

HAROLD
It's dead. Disconnected.

PARKY
(putting bomb down)
I'll get the bomb people to -

HAROLD
No, Parky. Get it done private.
You bent coppers all have mates.
Parky, I want your number one
grass.

PARKY
No way. I retire in three years,
I've got my pension to think of.

HAROLD
Your pension if you live to be
three hundred will look like gnat's
piss compared to how much this deal
is worth - trillions by 1988. I'll
put you on a percentage for your
real snorter grass.

PARKY
If I give you it...

HAROLD
No ifs, Parky.

PARKY
I can't hush things indefinitely.
Get this sorted out fast before the
heavies're down on you like a ton
of hot horse shit.

JEFF

The grass?

PARKY

Erroll.

HAROLD

(surprise, then nods)

Erroll... you know where to find me. Get that thing checked out, right. It's all we've got.

PARKY clutching executive case. Mercedes roars off. PARKY alone on quayside.

EXT. ERROLL'S STREET - DAY

The Mercedes cruises down run-down terrace street with kerbside car mechanics. Stops next to BLACK working under jacked-up Cortina. HAROLD leans out of window.

HAROLD

Erroll's house.

MAN

Never heard of him, man.

HAROLD

Razors, a little bit of respect...

RAZORS gets out of Mercedes and kicks jack away. Cortina crashes down but BLACK rolls out of way just in time.

MAN

What ya at, man. What the fugging hell, man, you crazy?

HAROLD

I don't like people looking up my nose when I talk to them.

MAN

Couldav killed me -

HAROLD

Way it's been today I could get you a cut price funeral. Discount for a gross order. Erroll?

MAN

27.

HAROLD

This used to be a nice street.
Decent families. No scum.

He gets out. He and RAZORS head towards 27.

EXT. ERROLL'S HOUSE - DAY

Music loud now. Upstairs on landing. RAZORS kicks open front room door and hold revolver.

INT. ERROLL'S BEDROOM - DAY

RAZORS has revolver one inch from ERROLL'S temple. He lays upon a white GIRL, very young, both naked.

HAROLD

Something for everyone - it's a mixed-up world. Blow his head off, Razors.

ERROLL

Hey.

His face sweating.

HAROLD

Did he speak? Well, what about it, Erroll. Nice carry on all this. Carry on United Nations.

ERROLL

We had a party last night.

HAROLD

Twenty-five quid ain't they, everything included booze, bints, pox.

ERROLL

Harold - get him to take that metal outa my earhole.

HAROLD

I'm disgusted - shoot him. Let's see a bit of muck on the ceiling.

ERROLL

Please - what do you want...

Sweats, pants.

HAROLD

See anything of my Eric flying past your window about 2 hours ago?

ERROLL

What you talking about?

HAROLD

Right.

RAZORS pulls gun away.

HAROLD

Downstairs, Erroll, verbals with you. And put on a deodorant, eh. I'm heavily into personal protection.

GIRL opens eyes as ERROLL gets up. She drapes arm across ERROLL. HAROLD shoves it away.

JEFF

Just call him the Roman Centurion - Coitus Interruptus.

He picks up her syringe.

HAROLD

Filth. Is there no decency in this disgusting world? Here while he's with us -
 (throws needle at girl)
 - give yourself another prick.

She smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cluttered, untidy kitchen. ERROLL in chair and other BLACK watches and JEFF.

As RAZORS sharpens knife and HAROLD takes tubs of prawns from fridge and peels them and eats them, dropping them into his mouth throughout this.

HAROLD
(to RAZORS)
Your name.

RAZORS
Razors.

HAROLD
Alias, Clapham Junction or as young kids now call him - the Human Spirograph.

RAZORS
Sixty-five inches of stitching.

ERROLL
What do you want, Harold?

HAROLD
I have it from an impeccable source - you know what's what. You have ears. What have you heard?

ERROLL
Should I have heard something?

HAROLD
Razors.

Very fast, the knife slashes and RAZORS has set ERROLL's buttocks bleeding.

ERROLL
Look, Harold, I been here all night. I dunno what's up.

HAROLD
Someone's been playing Guy Fawkes with my Rolls and a touch of Jaws in the lido, mate - that's what's up... What about Eric?

ERROLL
Eric?

HAROLD

You heard.

ERROLL

(pause)

He doesn't like Colin. Queers get right up his hooter.

HAROLD

You've gotta find Eric's hooter before you can get up it.

ERROLL

A? Something up with Eric then?

HAROLD

Put it this way, apart from his arse being about fifty yards away from his brains and the choirboys playing hunt the thimble for the rest of him, he ain't too pleased.

ERROLL

I hadn't heard anything.

HAROLD

(interrupts)

With your scouse ears?

Drops prawn tub and wipes hands.

HAROLD

Listen Erroll, the only decent grass is the grass who grasses to me.

ERROLL

Harold, if I knew something -

HAROLD

(shouts)

Colin has... been... stabbed.

ERROLL

(pleading)

His boyfriend used to get his shit here - he never said nothing. I know nothing.

(MORE)

ERROLL (cont'd)
 A lot of people get their shit here
 - we have very pure shit.

HAROLD
 Like you?

Pause.

HAROLD
 Who's got it in for me?

ERROLL
 I don't know.

HAROLD
 Cut him.

RAZORS slashes ERROLL. Pause.

HAROLD
 I still can't hear him.

Pause. HAROLD nods to RAZORS who slashes him again.

ERROLL
 I don't fucking know!

Pause. HAROLD's face. He believes him.

EXT. ERROLL'S STREET - DAY

At their car. RAZORS, JEFF and HAROLD getting in. KID approaches, another stands by, KID tugs HAROLD's sleeve.

KID
 Minded your car mister...

HAROLD
 Should have asked me for the money
 first...

KID
 Could have slashed your tyres...

HAROLD
 Here.
 (hands him a £1 note)
 Don't get drunk...

RAZORS
Little acorns.

HAROLD
You what?

RAZORS
From little acorns...

HAROLD
Exactly...
(kids go)
That's how I started. Oh yeah.

RAZORS
We all did.

They get in car.

HAROLD
Not Jeff. Busy getting himself
educated.

JEFF
Different generation, that's all.

HAROLD
Billiard Hall, after National
Service... I didn't have the eye.
Old Sammy, remember old Sammy?
Ripped two tables in a week - he
paid me not to play...

They're sitting in stationary car. HAROLD sips from flask
and looks at RAZORS' eyes in driver's rear view mirror.

HAROLD
What do you think?

RAZORS
You told the Yanks you controlled
it. Here. If they're sticking how
many million in, they might want to
test you do control it.

HAROLD

Way off the mark, Razors. They might check books and finances and what I own in bricks and mortar, who I control - they don't want anarchy.

Out of window HAROLD looks at some appalling slum.

HAROLD

These people deserve... something better. Not dog shit on the doorstep.

Car moves off.

INT. YACHT STUDY - DAY

We see VICTORIA in different dress serving cocktails to CHARLIE, TONY and HARRIS on deck.

ALAN and DAVE watch her. HAROLD is urinating with lavatory door open.

HAROLD

So nothing.

ALAN

Not a word - no-one's heard.

DAVE

We asked all the usual.

HAROLD comes out of the lavatory zipping fly.

HAROLD

Then maybe you should start asking someone unusual.

ALAN

Like who? All the guys have tried asking, and -

HAROLD

Given up? Where are they?

ALAN

At the casino.

HAROLD
Then tell them to get off their
arses and start again! What are
you waiting for?

ALAN and DAVE go as JEFF comes in.

HAROLD
Word from Parky?

JEFF
Not yet. Eugene'll phone the
minute Parky checks in. The boat's
here.

HAROLD
A?

JEFF
Dinner at the pub.

HAROLD
Oh Christ.

JEFF
Got to entertain them a bit -

HAROLD
But with all this...

He drains glass.

EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY

CHARLIE smiles at approaching HAROLD.

HAROLD
Refreshed?

CHARLIE
Much - now we're ready for the
tightest schedule you want.
(smiles)

HAROLD
Weekend, Charlie - take our time.

CHARLIE
Sorry to hear the news, Harold.

Their faces. And HARRIS.

VICTORIA's face. HAROLD pauses.

TONY

Victoria was just telling us.

VICTORIA

But she'd been ailing for a long time. Poor mother.

HAROLD

Don't worry - she'll be all right. She's a fighter. But you'll understand I had to spend a bit of time with her.

VICTORIA

(takes HAROLD's arm)

Dinner then.

HAROLD

Really? It's my favourite pub - you'll love it Charlie.

As they go down gangplank.

JEFF

I'll take the councillor in my car.

HARRIS

(ironic)

Don't worry, Victoria, I'm in safe hands.

They get into cars.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cars approach pub.

INT. PUB - EVENING

Waiters lay table in upstairs room of the riverside olde world pub.

Beautiful tasteful spread of food. Through the window behind the table we see the sunset on the river and Harold's yacht. We can see the cars approaching.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As the cars approach pub... the pub from passengers' POV erupts with a sudden fireflash and smoke billowing from it. The horror on HAROLD's face - he is the first out of the car.

EXT. PUB - DAY

Some people stands outside the pub in shock and disarray. The bomb had exploded in the restaurant section.

VICTORIA at HAROLD's side. RAZORS with CHARLIE and TONY.

VICTORIA
 (to HAROLD)
 Jesus... if we'd been 5 minutes
 earlier.

HAROLD looks at her, then at CHARLIE who is staring more at HAROLD than the pub. HARRIS and JEFF arrive driving.

HAROLD
 (to VICTORIA)
 Occupy them, anything that's
 necessary. Just buy me some time...

VICTORIA
 (to JEFF)
 Phone for a table...

As VICTORIA goes to Mercedes taking CHARLIE and TONY, she turns to CHARLIE.

VICTORIA
 This natural gas sometimes causes
 dangerous leaks. Harold will deal
 with the gas board personally,
 Charlie.

CHARLIE
 Sure.

CHARLIE nods and VICTORIA drives off car as HAROLD, JEFF and RAZORS step towards pub. Sound of fire alarms ringing.

INT. PUB BAR - EVENING

HAROLD tramps through the wreckage toward PETE who's shaking at bar.

PETE

I thought that French cook was taking a lot of trouble, but this is ridiculous.

HAROLD

Someone dumped it here.

PETE

You know how many people -

HAROLD

Nothing peculiar... nothing?

PETE

Not tonight, although...

Some ceiling falls down.

PETE

Couple of days ago, some fellahs in here after protection. Looked half-mad. Sunglasses and balaclavas, you know. At first I thought they were the strippers. This new agency keeps sending hunchbacks and transvestites, I thought it was their idea of comedians.

HAROLD

Made threats?

PETE

I never took them seriously, I told them to piss off.

HAROLD

Should have told me.

PETE

I told them this was your boozer. I said you owned it.

(MORE)

PETE (cont'd)
 I said you'd be having dinner here
 tonight and they should come and
 have a word with you.

HAROLD's face. PARKY has arrived. Stands looking at HAROLD.
 HAROLD doesn't acknowledge him.

HAROLD
 Anything about them -

PETE
 Never seen them before.

HAROLD
 Describe them?

PETE
 Just... all look the same to me...
 heavy-looking Micks.

HAROLD
 Micks?

PETE
 Irish. Like real hard Paddys. I
 never thought...

HAROLD turns away. PARKY signalling he wants a private
 conversation with HAROLD. HAROLD orders RAZORS.

HAROLD
 So it's Irish. Get a phone,
 Razors, and get the full
 corporation at the casino; half an
 hour. And... get our the armoury.

RAZORS
 We don't know who, though.

HAROLD
 It's getting dark. Someone'll tell
 us who. People get frightened in
 the dark.

RAZORS goes.

HAROLD goes after PARKY.

EXT. PUB YARD - EVENING

HAROLD, JEFF and PARKY, outside pub. PARKY furious.

PARKY
Irish, he said. Irish. This is
Special Branch, Harold - this ain't
normal villainy.

HAROLD
It's indecently abnormal. That was
for me.

PARKY
It's serious... it's...

HAROLD
(grabs him)
You... check out what Micks, in the
heavy mob, are on my patch - go
through records - I want names,
addresses and I'll have them.

PARKY
Harold, this is very serious!

HAROLD
Just hoods trying to move in.

PARKY
Bombs - two bombs?

HAROLD
Have you had that one checked yet?

PARKY
Still waiting for a report.

JEFF's cool face.

HAROLD
Get a fucking move on.

PARKY
Harold, if that bomb's Irish -
these boyos don't know the rules.
They play a different game -
compared to them you're nothing.

HAROLD
 Shouldn't have said that.
 (threatens PARKY)
 Get onto the Yard... names,
 addresses of Micks who might be
 operating here. I'll be at the
 casino. Pronto.

PARKY hesitates. HAROLD looks at pub. RAZORS approaching.

RAZORS
 Pete's motors.
 (dangles keys)

They go to Pete's car. It's a Jag.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The long central table is piled high with weapons - sawn-off shotguns, swords, coshes, knives.

The gang stands around: babble of excited conversation as HAROLD enters quickly with JEFF. The guys stop talking and gather round table. HAROLD at the end of it.

HAROLD
 Four Micks, covering a lot of
 ground, operating here since
 yesterday. And none of you have
 found out anything?
 (looks at them)
 It is impossible that no-one knows
 nothing. Someone somewhere does
 know the answer and we will find
 that person and bleed him until
 he's white.

HAROLD picks up cutlass. Swishes it.

HAROLD
 Havoc, there'll be havoc until the
 tongues start wagging. From every
 quarter, one volunteer we'll take -
 right, who fancies what?

ALAN
 Me and Dave take Soho... Maltese
 Charlie can be lubricated.

HAROLD

Price of liquor in this day and
age... cheaper way -
(he shoves gun across the
table at them)
Remember the license for this is in
the post.

ALAN

Only use it for getting the pigeons
off me caravan roof.

DAVE

How about Johnny the Jug and the
Pool Hall mob.

HAROLD

You better take the sabre, gives
you a cleaner break - go easy on
the baize.

JACK

The Finsbury Park Hillbillies -

HAROLD

I like a singsong - who do we fancy
for a lullaby?

JACK

Chopper's in the nick.

HAROLD

Makes a change from sticking it in
the wringer -

DAVE

Harry and Pinchers -

ALAN

Both of them?

HAROLD

Siamese twins - pick them up
together and split them apart. A
bit of interference in their
telepathy. Anyone seen the Major
lately?

DON

I heard he was a sick man -
bedridden.

HAROLD

Then it'll make a nice change for
him, a night out. Use the
butcher's truck and me and
Razors'll take a trip down to the
Elephant and Castle.

ALAN

And we all meet?

HAROLD

Two hours from now. The Abattoir.
Remember. Scare the shit out of
them, but don't damage them.
Alright then, what are we waiting
for?

They go noisily. JEFF a little agitated as he fixes cutlass
in sheath and attaches to his braces.

HAROLD

I think... you'd be employing your
talents better if you go and help
out Victoria with the Yanks.

JEFF

If you're sure.

HAROLD

Was Colin jealous of you?

JEFF

How do you mean?

HAROLD

Before you came into the
corporation... I wanted to ease out
people who knew about the past...
before I got legitimised. I was
easing Colin out. Jesus, I don't
know.

He looks at JEFF.

JEFF

What?

HAROLD

Is Colin the reason for it all?
They ransacked his flat - did he
have something on me?

JEFF

Did he?

HAROLD

Colin was party to some of the
rough and tumble in the old days.
Queers get bitchy when their looks
start to go. How do you stay so
bloody cool?

JEFF

(grins)

I'm on the winning side.

HAROLD

(hugs him and laughs)

Yeah - help out Vicky.

JEFF

All right -

HAROLD

But I want you at the abattoir at
midnight.

He looks up. RAZORS waiting at door. JEFF watches HAROLD go
to door, sabre hanging from waistband.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Posh discreet restaurant. London opulence. It's almost full
with diners. VICTORIA, TONY, CHARLIE and HARRIS being led
through tables to large corner table more or less hidden from
other diners by shrubbery in pots.

We see diners who were at that table being moved to another.
Their irritation at the move being somewhat anesthetised by a
curiosity of who is replacing them. VICTORIA and the three
men sit.

VICTORIA
Thank you, Ricardo.

WAITER
We did not know Mister Shand wanted
this table tonight so -

VICTORIA
That's all right. It was a sudden
change of plan.

CHARLIE
You can say that again.

WAITER
A drink before your order?

VICTORIA
Charlie?

CHARLIE
Bourbon on the rocks.

TONY
That goes for me as well. Come on
Victoria, you have an American
drink.

VICTORIA
All right. Lots of ice.

HARRIS
I'll have a vodka and tonic. Lots
of vodka.

The waiter has distributed menus through this. He goes.

CHARLIE
I guess we'd do well to avoid the
flambé cooking - given the gas
situation in London right now.

HARRIS looks at VICTORIA.

VICTORIA
I think we're safe enough here.

CHARLIE
I thought we were going to be safe
at the pub.

VICTORIA

It's the sort of thing that doesn't happen twice in one day.

CHARLIE

Really?

(looks at her)

I think you ought to level with us.

VICTORIA

Let's order some food first.

TONY

Aren't you hungry, Charlie?

CHARLIE

What do you take us for, Victoria? A couple of freshmen straight out of college with eyesight problems and a little hard of hearing?

VICTORIA

That's not the case at all, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Well then?

VICTORIA

Harold has been a little preoccupied today with an irregularity that... actually doesn't concern us or what you have discussed today, not at all.

CHARLIE

Two bomb explosions affect everything.

Pause.

VICTORIA

How do you know about that?

Pause. WAITER arrives with pad.

WAITER

Are you ready to order?

VICTORIA
A moment Ricardo.

HARRIS
Why don't we order. I'll have the
soup du jour and the chef's
special -

CHARLIE
No soup, just the special.

TONY
Me too.

VICTORIA
What I usually have.

She hands the menu back without taking her eyes off CHARLIE:
WAITER collects other menus. Their drinks being served.

VICTORIA
So, Charlie, how do you know about
the explosions?

TONY
Someone alluded to them on the
boat.

She looks at HARRIS.

HARRIS
And Ricardo, a bottle of champagne,
very cold.

WAITER goes.

CHARLIE
Harold's got bad problems>

VICTORIA
He's dealing with them now.

CHARLIE
He's had them all day.

VICTORIA
He's very thorough.

CHARLIE
(almost laughs)
I like your loyalty to Harold,
Victoria.

VICTORIA
I'm being frank.

CHARLIE
Victoria, unless you tell me right
now what exactly these bad problems
are and whether Harold has dealt
with them, I'll tell you what will
happen. Tony and me will leave
this table and check out of the
Savoy and get the first plane home.
There will be no deal.

Pause.

TONY
Victoria, it's not a good idea to
bluff. We've got to report back
what we find here.

CHARLIE
And what we've found in the 8 hours
we've been here is -

WAITER arrives with champagne. Pause while he opens and
pours it.

VICTORIA
Cheers.

CHARLIE
Well?

VICTORIA
A car was blown up and a bomb was
found at Harold's Mayfair casino.
It hadn't detonated. One of
Harold's... a man who sometimes
worked for him drowned in -

HARRIS
Actually he was stabbed -

VICTORIA
Is that relevant?

HARRIS
I think every detail is relevant.

VICTORIA
What's the relevance of your
knowing the details?

HARRIS
Aw Vicky - don't get so suspicious.
Everyone's been at everyone's
throats all day - don't you start.

He touches her shoulder.

VICTORIA looks at him pointedly. He removes his hand.

CHARLIE
Auto, casino, stabbing - and a bar
gets blown. Gang war?

VICTORIA
No. Definitely not.

CHARLIE
Why then?

VICTORIA
Isn't it obvious? The deal is very
big. Someone is envious. Harold
is onto it and dealing with it.

TONY
You sound very confident.

VICTORIA
I am. I know Harold and I have no
doubt that by tomorrow everything
will be back to order, but even
more secure.

WAITER serves first course.

CHARLIE
Okay Victoria... but tomorrow I
want the proof that it is settled.
(MORE)

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Just so much as one more
disruption, and we're back in New
York on a chartered Concorde.

VICTORIA
Sure.

TONY
This looks good.

CHARLIE
And Harold's hands are clean, like
a TV commercial for baby powder.

VICTORIA
Charlie, that goes without saying.
We're talking the same language.

TONY hesitates then laughs.

VICTORIA
(turns and looks at TONY
with amusement)
In a manner of speaking.

INT. SOUTH LONDON PUB - NIGHT

Crowded. Friday night band. HAROLD walks in. Alone. Suss
it. A few people clock him. He moves through crowd towards
the end of bar. People move out of his way. JIMMY and BILL:
South London villains with friends at end of bar. They look
up as HAROLD arrives. Pause. HAROLD's face.

BILLY
Harold, what the hell are you doing
this side of the water? Straying a
bit.

HAROLD
How you going Billy.

BILLY
(shakes hands gingerly)
What's up?

JIMMY
I was sorry to hear about your
mother -

HAROLD
 (quick look)
 What was that?

JIMMY
 Car blew up, well so I heard -

HAROLD
 Oh that. Let's have a drink.

He sticks ten quid note in empty glass on bar.

BILLY
 What's the matter then, Harold?
 You got a spot of trouble?

HAROLD
 What's that?
 (wiggles finger in ear)
 Noisy in here, in't it?

BILLY
 I'll tell them to turn it down a
 bit -

HAROLD
 Nar. Don't want to deny people
 their pleasures.
 (cold smile)
 Been quite enough of that today. I
 wanted to talk a bit of business,
 Billy... few loose ends on the
 Yanky deal... might interest you
 fellows. If we could... another
 pub... bit quieter...

BILLY
 I heard about the Yanks here for
 business...

HAROLD
 Let me tell you what I've got in
 mind for you. If you'd...

BILLY
 (looks at his mates)
 Sure Harold... I mean... I'd very
 much like to help -

HAROLD

After you...

BILLY leads HAROLD out.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

BILL goes down steps ahead of HAROLD and JEFF. He turns to them. HAROLD smacks handle of sword in BILLY's eye and he and JEFF bundle BILLY in Jaguar. Song continues. HAROLD gets in back seat with BILLY. Holds sword to his throat.

HAROLD

Easy round the corners, Jeff.

BILLY

What's -

HAROLD

More friendly just the three of us.
I get headaches in crowds. Trouble
with being sensitive.

Jag accelerates off. JIMMY watches from open door of pub.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Two empty bottles of champagne on table now and HARRIS is drunk. CHARLIE is signalling he wants the tag and TONY looking increasingly hostile toward HARRIS.

VICTORIA

Charlie, this is on the account -

HARRIS

It's going to happen here,
everything we've discussed - I
mean, Vicky, you've done terribly
well making excuses, but -

Arm around her.

VICTORIA

Please, you're crushing me -

HARRIS

Don't be hostile -

CHARLIE

(to WAITER)

Book us a cab - the Savoy.

VICTORIA

So if we try to make the plan for tomorrow.

HARRIS

I want them to see my buildings tomorrow. High in the sky hotels. They'll be there whatever happens to Harold. They'll understand my sense of pride. Getting them up from nothing. They'll understand, they've had to claw their way up from the gutters. Like me, unlike you. They weren't born with a chrome-plated spoon in their mouths. They're like me - self-made men.

VICTORIA

Show me a self-made man and I'll show you a why no-one else could be bothered to make him.

TONY

It'd be a good idea to take your hands off her, Harris.

HARRIS

Please, I insist you call me Roger.

CHARLIE about to restrain the angry TONY when JEFF arrives at table. VICTORIA is genuinely glad to see him.

JEFF

Hello.

VICTORIA

Jeff -

TONY

This guy -

VICTORIA

Just misguided. I've told them about today. Put them in the picture.

JEFF

Then you'll appreciate why Harold is delayed.

CHARLIE

Yeah, Victoria told us.

TONY

Vicky seems sure it'll be settled tomorrow. I'll sleep on that.
(smiles)

HARRIS

I'm not at all sure - we're all fallible you know. Even my entire future hangs like a paper chain of fivers - stuck together with Paddy saliva. I'm going for a piss.

JEFF

Keep it pointing down -

HARRIS

And then it won't go in my mouth.

He laughs.

VICTORIA

So long as you keep that closed.

HARRIS

See you chaps tomorrow. Bring your golf clubs.

He staggers off as WAITER arrives at table.

WAITER

Your taxi is here...

CHARLIE

Hold it.

WAITER halts. CHARLIE nods to where HARRIS is going.

CHARLIE

That guy is dangerous.

TONY

He's a loud mouth. You trust him?

JEFF

Harold can handle him. He has a use right now to the city authorities. We can keep him on the lead, until he's no longer of value. Okay?

CHARLIE looks at TONY. TONY is looking at VICTORIA.

TONY

See you in the morning.

CHARLIE

Yeah. At the Savoy.

They go, following WAITER. TONY turns to look at VICTORIA again. JEFF sees this. VICTORIA turns and smiles at JEFF and hugs him.

VICTORIA

I never want another night like this again. Am I glad to see you.

(she leans on his arm)

I think it went well; apart from bloody Harris.

JEFF looks at her. She's smiling

VICTORIA

How's it going?

JEFF

Harold's buzzing. Action man.

VICTORIA

And?

JEFF

We'll see.

HARRIS lurches back at table.

HARRIS

Shall we have another bottle, then?

JEFF

Go home, Harris, go home.

HARRIS

Don't look at me like that,
Victoria... down your aristocratic
nose. Looking down your nose makes
you go cross-eyed. It's a medical
fact. You're so cross-eyed now you
can't see straight - you can't see
that I'm not the real bastard, but
he is. He's the Brutus.

JEFF

(forces HARRIS in chair
easily)

I'll get a cab to take you home.
And I'll talk to you later.

He leads VICTORIA out, saying something to WAITER about taxi
for HARRIS.

INT. ABATTOIR - NIGHT

Cold storage. Huge warehouse. Icy cold. Door bangs.
HAROLD walks purposefully the length of corridor between
hanging carcasses of freezing cows. He goes to huge deep
freeze fridge. Among the stacked frozen cuts of meat the now-
frozen body of COLIN. HAROLD's face staring moodily at it.

INT. MERCEDES CAR - NIGHT

The car is driving through Piccadilly. The roof is down and
VICTORIA is driving fast through Piccadilly. They have to
shout slightly.

VICTORIA

You know, I don't think I've ever
been so pleased to see someone.

JEFF

Tell me again; I can handle
flattery.

VICTORIA

Special course at your college?
You know, Harris nearly blew it.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (cont'd)
Like a drunk yob. Charlie was all
set to pack his bags there and then
and go.

JEFF
You did a good job. Given Harold
time.

VICTORIA
All of us. Tony was very
supportive.

JEFF
Was he?

VICTORIA
He backed me up.

JEFF
He fancies you. Way he looks at
you.

VICTORIA
You reckon? I reckon he always
looks like that at incredibly sexy
ladies.
(self-mocking laugh)

She turns corner fast, JEFF watching her face.

VICTORIA
They keep moving the traffic
lights.

JEFF
You're speeding in your head.

VICTORIA
On holding Charlie and Tony here.
It's given me a buzz - I did it on
my own.

INT. ABATTOIR - NIGHT

HAROLD turns away from the deep freeze.

RAZORS comes up behind him. HAROLD turns to face RAZORS.

HAROLD

Long time since I've been to a funeral...

RAZORS

There was a strange thing... Did Jeff tell you? Funeral the day you came back.

HAROLD

There's one every half-hour in the East India Dock Road. More regular than buses.

RAZORS

Woman got out of the funeral car and... gobbed at Jeff.

HAROLD

Eh?

RAZORS

I didn't see properly - but -

Great groan. They go to where BILLY is hanging upside-down in row of meat.

HAROLD

Company'll be on its way soon.

INT. PENTHOUSE FOYER - NIGHT

JEFF and VICTORIA hurry across foyer towards lift.

VICTORIA

If you miss it it takes forever...

JEFF in lift beside her. They face each other.

JEFF

Oh see you to your door safely.

VICTORIA

Okay. Your side. Top button. 17th.

JEFF

Ah... Penthouse.

He turns, presses button, the doors close.

INT. LIFT - NIGHT

The doors close. The lift doesn't move.

VICTORIA
I used to know tons of elevator
jokes.

JEFF
It's not...

VICTORIA
It's temperamental.

JEFF
Maybe only residents have the
touch.

VICTORIA
Here, let me...

She leans across him and presses button. The lift moves. Her arm has touched him. He looks intently at her. She leans back, smiles.

VICTORIA
Ridiculously small.

JEFF
I dunno - just right.

They look at each other.

VICTORIA
It's... um... really
claustrophobic... with a few people
in here.

JEFF
There's only 2... now.

JEFF just stares back.

VICTORIA
Don't stare.

She moves. Crosses legs. VICTORIA from JEFF'S POV. He would loosen his tie if he was wearing one.

JEFF
Vicky... you know...

VICTORIA
Don't Jeff. I mean that.

JEFF
Do you?

VICTORIA
We're all friends... you, me and Harold... I don't want it changed...

JEFF
We could have a drink.

VICTORIA
Tomorrow. We can all celebrate...

JEFF
What about tonight?

Pause. Her face.

VICTORIA
He's your best friend Jeff.

JEFF
I'm not thinking about him, I'm thinking about you. And me.

VICTORIA
Well don't.

JEFF
I want to lick every inch of you.

Lift arrives, door opens.

VICTORIA
Good night Jeff. You're lovely.

She gets out. The lift doors slide closed as Victoria approaches her apartment door.

INT. ABATTOIR - NIGHT

HAROLD's face. Sound of heavy doors opening. From his POV large meat van in doorway. Its doors opened by some of the heavily-armed gang. Five hostages hanging upside-down in truck. One in pyjamas.

The gang carry the hostages through into abattoir and hang them upside-down alongside BILLY. From end of row of carcasses. HAROLD watching. Hears car. Looks at door. Opens and in comes JEFF.

They face each other from a distance.

JEFF

Is this a bottle party then?

HAROLD

Ask the transfusion centre how many they want?

JEFF nods.

HAROLD strides to men now hanging in line. Gang facing hostages like an army. HAROLD addresses hostages.

HAROLD

For the past ten years, there has been peace. Everyone his own manor, his own caper. Everything's been alright. Now someone has stuck their hoof into my patch and left bloody footprints all over the shop. Today, it's been like Belfast on a bad day. I want to know why and who.

BILLY

Harold, if I knew... I'd say. The last thing I want is - we're all doing too well.

JEFF walks up to him.

BILLY

South London and East End have... there's never been better relations, really.

JEFF starts to beat BILLY's head against frozen carcass.

HAROLD

Alright Jeff - that'll do -

JEFF

Lying bastard -

HAROLD

Jeff, that'll do.

ALAN

Jeff.

JEFF

He's lying, nothing but bloody lies - he must know. All Micks where he is.

HAROLD

Jeff, you're going too far.

ALAN

Jeff, Jeff.

HAROLD and ALAN pull JEFF off. He cools down.

HAROLD

For Christ's sake... overdoing it. He drops and it's bloody... g... g... gang war.

We see PARKY watching in shadows.

JEFF

It is already, Harold - and you're letting them walk all over you.

HAROLD

Because there's no fucking lead.
(looks at pitiful upside-down men)
They don't know nothing. Let them go. Give them clean clothes, a wash down, drive them home and a grand each expenses.

HAROLD goes toward exit.

He sees PARKY. As gang follows HAROLD's instructions, he goes to PARKY.

JEFF, almost shaking, pulls himself together, when he realizes RAZORS is looking at him. RAZORS goes to PARKY. Then JEFF moves to them. The background of: hostages release.

HAROLD

About time, Parky. Well?

PARKY

You've got to drop it, Harold.
It's not them. Had the bomb
checked -

HAROLD

And?

PARKY

It's exactly the same sort of
device the fucking IRA use. This
is Special Branch now, Harold. I'm
passing it over to them.

HAROLD

Hold it Parky. Just another load
of hoodlums trying it on...

PARKY

For Christ's sake, Harold. They're
not gangsters. They run half of
Londonderry on terror - going to be
London now?

HAROLD

(holds PARKY's throat)

No. 'Cause I run London.

PARKY

Not now. They're taking it away
from you and it's Special Branch's
job. I'm getting out.

HAROLD slaps PARKY hard on the face with his open hand.

HAROLD

Parky - remember who pays your wages. You're going nowhere. What about the explosives?

PARKY

...there was a robbery of explosives from Harris' demolition store. Security guard reported it. We had him in for questioning. His name's Flynn - grilled him for hours. Nothing - we had to let him go. Too scared to speak.

HAROLD

Alan, check out this Flynn geezer. I want to know everything that's even crossed his mind since the plastic went. Report to me personally at the penthouse. And if he's tongue-tied - he can bleed information.

PARKY

But Harold, you can't -

HAROLD

Can't Parky! Can't what? I don't think you should be saying what I can and cannot do Parky. Your total lack of any action whatsoever is irritating me. Bent motherfucking cops can be tolerated as long as they're lubricating, Parky. But you have become definitely parched. If I was you I'd go for cover and lower the hatch because very soon I might find it too much of a temptation to slice your head off and steam-roller it. Comprende? Come on, Razors, take me home. Okay.

RAZORS goes with HAROLD.

ALAN

Where's the demolition site, then?

JEFF

I'd try the bloke's home first.
More likely he'll be there.

ALAN

Oh yeah. Parky - the address of
the geezer.

ALAN goes to ask PARKY. Dwell on JEFF making his decision. He's watching the badly-injured BILLY being taken down, and PARKY giving ALAN's address.

EXT. HYDE PARK - NIGHT

The elevated view from HAROLD's penthouse window. His reflection staring out. VICTORIA's reflection behind him.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Luxurious. HAROLD in bathrobe sips from whisky in glass. VICTORIA comes into room.

He turns and looks at her.

VICTORIA

I saved the deal with the Yanks for
you tonight.

HAROLD

What did you do to save a multi-
million dollar deal with the Mafia?

VICTORIA

Stopped them going home.

HAROLD

What - 'cause of bit of plaster
falls off a ceiling?

VICTORIA

They're not stupid - they knew it
was the third bomb.

HAROLD

They what?

VICTORIA

They knew about the others.

HAROLD

How?

VICTORIA

Harold, how they found out is not important. The important thing is that they know everything and are still interested.

HAROLD

Know everything?

VICTORIA

They know about the bombs. They know Eric's dead, Colin's dead -

HAROLD

Hang on, hang on. They know the lot?

VICTORIA

Yeah. And -

HAROLD

How? (Do they know?)

VICTORIA

I told them.

HAROLD

You did what?

VICTORIA

I told them because -

HAROLD

Victoria, listen darling, this ain't some little groovy disco number going on here. This is very big business. This is the biggest deal in Europe and I am setting it up with the biggest, hardest organisation since Hitler stuck a swastika on his jockstrap.

(MORE)

HAROLD (cont'd)

I have gone to incredible lengths throughout the whole day to keep everything incognito, and you calmly get pissed on a sherry and tell the whole fucking story? What's your game?

VICTORIA

I had to tell them everything or they would have pulled out.

HAROLD

There's something a bit out of synch with your logic, doll. 'Cause if you think there's a better chance of them doing a deal when they hear about me being Blitzed.

VICTORIA

You don't want to understand. Good night.

(turns to go)

HAROLD

Where the bloody hell do you think you're pissing off to? Come here. I said -

He goes roughly to her. She turns fast.

VICTORIA

You touch me Harold - try it just once.

(pause)

You dare.

HAROLD

What you've done - who you working for? What outfit's got you to blow me out?

VICTORIA

You're crazy.

HAROLD

Yeah - to have trusted you.

VICTORIA

You had everyone - the whole corporation. What did you get?

HAROLD

I know six who didn't do it for sure.

VICTORIA

Yeah?

HAROLD

I eliminated them.

VICTORIA

That's really something Harold. At this rate, if you eliminated six tonight you've only got another fifty-five million in this country to check out -

HAROLD

Prime suspects I'm talking about! And I got a strong lead. The bombs know where the gelly was nicked; they're Irish. That's definite. It's proved.

VICTORIA

I'm in awe of you. Not many people with bombs going off all over London would have dreamed they might have been Irish. Too... improbable.

HAROLD

Don't you talk to me like that you cock-sucking whore.

Grabs her. She screams. Dress rips. They roll on floor struggling.

VICTORIA

Get off. You're blind - you can't even see it when it's in front of you.

He hits her. She struggles.

HAROLD
If you don't shut your hole -

VICTORIA
Don't you think it might be someone
you know?

HAROLD
I knew the six geezers -

VICTORIA
Closer to home?

Pause. Still on her.

HAROLD
What?

VICTORIA
It's... more a feeling.

HAROLD
Go on. Who?

VICTORIA
Harris.

HAROLD
Harris?

VICTORIA
He was trying to get his own deal
with Charlie.

HAROLD
He's not worth enough to pay for
their biros.

VICTORIA
He's putting up four hotels.

HAROLD
The money's all on tick.

VICTORIA
His workers are mainly Irish.

HAROLD
Like every other builder I know.

VICTORIA
Where was the explosives stolen?

HAROLD
That's nothing to do with it.

VICTORIA
Harris' site?

HAROLD
Harris has been part of this project with me from the start. I'm not listening to you -

VICTORIA
He tried to pull me tonight.

HAROLD
If you go with three geezers and your tits are hanging out - what do you expect? You slag. Look at them? A geezer can't get within a yard of you without you poke out his eyes with them -

From this fierce struggle he slows then sucks a nipple. Then the other.

HAROLD
Sorry... I'm... sorry.

They begin to screw.

PULL BACK.

The center of floor of penthouse apartment's huge lounge. Dim street light only.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STREET - DAY, DAWN

Harris Security Store. Dockland warehouses line street (off Cable Street - real no-go area). A dog searching. Following scent. Arrives at door of warehouse, sniffing, crying. Attractive WOMAN in curlers, about twenty-seven, gingerly approaches dog, realises what dog is trying to show. Her name is SHERRY.

SHERRY

What is it Shane? What is it? In here... something in here?

Uncertainly and with dread she heaves open the door. The dog dashes in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dog climbs rickety stairs. SHERRY follows.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STREET - DAY, DAWN

ALAN arrives in Jag. Heads for gate.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dog reaches top, turns, barks. SHERRY climbs stairs. At top she sees something and screams, then vomits.

CUT TO:

ALAN reacts to scream and runs for stairs.

CUT TO:

Centre of warehouse floor. MAN stretched out groaning in intense pain. He has been crucified to floor of warehouse.

Nails through wrists and feet.

SHERRY

Freddie... My God... Freddie...

He groans. Half-conscious.

FLYNN

Sherry... please... for Christ's sake... do something...

ALAN arrives at top of stairs. Stares at the gruesome sight.

SHERRY

Hospital... doctor. God...

She dribbles vomit, eyes wet, mascara running, hugs FREDDIE who groans at the movement.

INT. PENTHOUSE - MORNING

HAROLD in bed. VICTORIA dressed with ALAN at foot of bed.
ALAN has just told HAROLD. Pause.

HAROLD

Right, Alan. You'd better get down
the board. Tell Jeff I'll be
along.

ALAN

Right. I should have gone to the
yard first. I went to his home.
Sorry.

ALAN goes. They wait for sound of door closing. HAROLD
looks at VICTORIA who slowly lights cigarette.

VICTORIA

Somebody got to him before you.
Did they know or was it
coincidence?

HAROLD

Stretching it a bit.

VICTORIA

Two people knew - apart from you
and Alan - two people knew about
the nicked gelly from the building
site. Parky -

HAROLD

And Jeff.

Long pause for thought.

VICTORIA

When you were in New York, Jeff was
in charge here. Could he have some
sort of private deal going of his
own?

HAROLD stares at her - puzzled, suspicious, hurt. Shakes his
head slowly, as if to say I don't know.

They sit in silence for a few moments looking at each other. HAROLD has a thought. He gets out of bed and crosses to the phone. Dials.

HAROLD

Razors, that woman you told me about - who gobbled at Jeff. See if you can find out who she is. Call for me at the penthouse. Okay?

HAROLD puts down phone. Looking at VICTORIA he picks up deodorant spray and squirts under his arms aggressively.

HAROLD

Tell Jeff... I want to see him on the yacht... at midday.

VICTORIA

I'll phone him.

HAROLD dresses thoughtfully.

He squirts deodorant spray again.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

CAROL, the widow who gobbled at JEFF, is putting flowers on fresh grave. She looks across to where her two young kids are playing behind gravestones some yards away. CAROL's face watching them; she turns back to her husband's grave. Her sadness. Behind her in distance we see HAROLD and RAZORS approaching through the maze of gravestones and headrests. HAROLD gestures that RAZORS should steal some flowers from gravestone; RAZORS picks the bunch and hands it to HAROLD.

One of the kids falls; begins to cry. CAROL screams at kid. She cries herself. Plop as HAROLD tosses bunch of flowers on grave. CAROL slowly turns and we close in on her face.

CAROL

You're a bastard, Harold Shand, a bastard.

HAROLD

Try not to upset yourself, dear.

CAROL

A rotten, stinking bastard.

HAROLD

Remember where you are - a cemetery
is the doormat to the kingdom of
heaven.

CAROL

You sent him to his grave, you
vicious bastard, you deserted him
and left him to die in a stinking
ditch, you perverted -

HAROLD slaps CAROL's face hard. She stops ranting; HAROLD
observes the two kids silently sitting on grave amid flowers.

HAROLD

That's better.

CAROL

He's dead.

HAROLD

He's in the right place then. When
did he die?

CAROL

Ten days ago.

HAROLD

Where?

CAROL

You sent him to his death - you
should know.

HAROLD

I said, where did he die?

CAROL

Belfast. You got him to do your
dirty chauffeuring and -

HAROLD

I never knew him. I never got him
to -

CAROL

If you'd known him, you'd never
have employed him.

(MORE)

CAROL (cont'd)

He was more decent than the dirt in your fingernails, he was a fine father and a sportsman. He was athletic and -

HAROLD

I said -

CAROL

He could have been the next Geoff Boycott if -

HAROLD

Who hired him for the trip?

CAROL

That curly-haired one, that Jeff Hughes, he always -

HAROLD

Jeff Hughes hired him? Why?

CAROL

He always hired him for the long runs.

HAROLD

For Belfast?

CAROL

How should I know where he went. He never discussed his business at home. He'd spare me the worries of his work; he'd say I'm off for a few days and -

HAROLD

Minicabbing?

CAROL

It was temporary, 'til he had enough for his own business.

HAROLD

And he was topped.

CAROL

And I was left with all the arrangements... the body back here and...

She looks at grave. CHILD cries.

CAROL

Tell them, Harold - tell them why
you killed their father. You tell
them -

She stuffs fluffy toy in HAROLD's arms.

CAROL

Give her this and tell young Kim
how -

HAROLD

I swear -

CAROL

I swear every time I hear your
name.

HAROLD

There'll be compensation. The
corporation'll see you alright,
anything you need -

CAROL

I'll need a hundred quid a week.

HAROLD

Alright, anything else? What do
you want?

CAROL

Just him back.

CHILD'S VOICE cries "Mummy, mummy."

HAROLD watches as five-year-old KIM runs to CAROL. CAROL
hugs her and stares at HAROLD: KIM is crying.

HAROLD turns away and we HOLD on CAROL and CHILD as HAROLD
and RAZORS go.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

ALAN drives to quayside of yacht. HAROLD gets out of car.
RAZORS remains in car with ALAN.

EXT. QUAYSIDE - DAY

HAROLD climbs gangplank. ALAN waits beside car.

INT. YACHT STUDY - DAY

HAROLD enters. Empty room. He crosses to the window, looks out, then he sits at his desk. He waits looking stern. The door opens. JEFF comes in, cool, confident. HAROLD smiles. Looks relaxed. JEFF is wearing a new suit. Casual.

HAROLD

Drink?

JEFF

A scotch.

HAROLD

A scotch it is. Ever worry about your liver?

JEFF

We're just good friends.

HAROLD

When my mum had a go about my old man's boozing, he said you had nothing to worry about as long as you drank less than your doctor.

He hands JEFF a glass and sips his own.

HAROLD

Hot in here... shall we go on deck?

EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY

JEFF

What do you want to talk about? Shouldn't we be... well... all what's going on...

HAROLD

Everything's alright.

JEFF

Alright - what with -

HAROLD

I'm using the word - in the way you use it.

JEFF

What... alright?

HAROLD

I mean, I remember vividly - when you met me at Heathrow... off the plane from New York. I said: How's things been - you said - alright.

JEFF

I'm not with you.

HAROLD

Aren't you? Top up?

(HAROLD tops up his own glass)

I mean, quite frankly - I'm a bit flabbergasted, you forgot to mention the carry-on in Belfast while I was away.

Pause.

JEFF

Oh, that -

HAROLD pours another two glasses. HAROLD takes them down below.

INT. STUDY - DAY

HAROLD

What about Phil Binder?

JEFF

He is - he was... a friend of Colin's. He was killed. Harold, it's a long story. Maybe I should have mentioned it earlier.

HAROLD

Tell me now. What the bloody hell was Colin doing with a Limehouse minicab driver in -

JEFF

Colin can't drive.

HAROLD

That makes sense. Second question: Belfast, what was he doing there. I know he fancied soldiers but that's taking his buggering a bit far, isn't it?

JEFF

Harold, there had to be a delivery. Colin made it.

HAROLD

Delivery of what? I'm curious. Chieftain tanks, bars of chocolate, Fiesta Durexes?

JEFF

Money.

HAROLD

Don't they have banks there? What money, what for, who to?

JEFF

He was delivering for Harris.

HAROLD

Delivering for Harris?

JEFF

Harris came to me. He had a problem. He was being leant on to deliver. I mean, deliver money to Belfast.

HAROLD

Leaned on by who?

JEFF

He's got a hundred Micks on his labour force. It's virtually totally Micks - he's out of business without them, so they leaned on him to organise the delivery. He asked me.

HAROLD

So you got my Colin to deliver, for Harris, money to Belfast?

JEFF

Yes.

HAROLD

Well that is irregular. I don't approve of my men delivering funds for the IRA.

JEFF

Harris had no choice. He has to do what they ask or his buildings don't get built. That's why he never has a strike and that's why we use Harris.

Pause.

HAROLD

Jesus Christ, of all the people here to ask, of all of them, you pick Colin for something like that.

(pause)

So Colin took a dip?

JEFF

He stupidly helped himself to -

HAROLD

How much?

JEFF

Five grand.

HAROLD

You mean, all this, all this anarchy for five poxy grand?

JEFF

And three of their top men got wiped out.

HAROLD looks at him.

JEFF

The night Colin delivered.

HAROLD

So they put two and two together and come up with the answer: since Colin had robbed them I was to blame. That I'd shopped the three geezers.

JEFF

Yeah.

HAROLD

So all this... is revenge? And the security guard where the explosives were nicked - he can tell me who they are.

JEFF

What does he say?

HAROLD

Not much when Alan got to him.

JEFF

No?

HAROLD

Alan found him dying - he was nailed to the floor.

JEFF

When was this then?

HAROLD

It must have happened after you saw him and before Alan did. Otherwise, you'd have probably noticed. Noticed a bloke half-dead. Someone with your education would have definitely spotted that.

JEFF

But I never...

HAROLD

You shit. You fucking Judas. Why?

JEFF

Harold... Harold... I... didn't do nothing.

HAROLD

Don't lie to me boy. I can smell your lies. I can smell your ambition and greed. I can smell something else, sickly, disgusting, like... betrayal.

JEFF

They threatened to kill me. I was scared. They are too powerful. They're taking over. They moved in and found they can - they're teaching us a lesson.

HAROLD

I'd groomed you. Groomed you for... the lot. Anything. And now you've stained your fingers... blood instead of Havana nicotine. For what? For Micks.

JEFF

Harold... don't... get it out of proportion...

HAROLD

For Micks. Terrorists. Scum. Red necks.

JEFF

You should be condemning Colin -

HAROLD

Revenge - I'll teach them - I'll crush them like beetles.

JEFF

Never.

HAROLD

What?

JEFF

Go along with... the inevitable.

HAROLD

They have no future... here. They're for annihilation.

JEFF

But Harold - you can't wipe them out. Kill ten, twenty, thirty - get the flame throwers and tanks they pour back, teaming up through the woodwork like an army of ants. Work with them.

HAROLD

Not me, boy.

JEFF

You can't win where the British Army has lost... To them, you're nothing... nothing. A boil on the end of a nose. They could take over here any time. And they will.

HAROLD

You unpatriotic... cunt.

HAROLD swings cutlass and kills JEFF. HAROLD breathes heavily. He pants. He kicks body. He gets his hands bloody.

EXT. QUAYSIDE - DAY

HAROLD staggers madly down gangplank. It's blood-splashed. He goes toward his car bubbling saliva. VICTORIA jumps out of car she has driven. ALAN and RAZORS watch HAROLD mesmerised. She goes to him.

HAROLD

It was Jeff...

VICTORIA

I guessed it -

HAROLD

Now Harris... kill Harris. It's over...

He's demented. VICTORIA grabs his arm. She stumbles, falls, still holds on. He drags her on through mud, her screaming:

VICTORIA

No, Harold. Harold listen - no.

HAROLD stops.

VICTORIA

Now - we can use Harris. He unleashed the... havoc. You can use him. He's yours now, use him and stop it. He has no choice.

HAROLD looks at RAZORS and then her. HAROLD relaxes, puts his arm round VICTORIA and almost nonchalantly climbs into the car. RAZORS dumps cutlass in river. Nods that ALAN should deal with body. RAZORS drives HAROLD and VICTORIA off in Mercedes. She hugs him. Gets blood on her dress.

INT. PENTHOUSE ROOM

RAZORS waits. VICTORIA comes out from bathroom suite door. She carries pile of the clothes HAROLD wore. They are smothered with blood. She hand them to RAZORS who takes them to the fireplace. A fire has been lit. Systematically RAZORS burns the clothes. They watch. The sudden almost roar of a shower from the bathroom suite.

INT. BATHROOM SUITE

HAROLD stands naked in the shower. Still in state of shock, terror, hysteria. There is blood on hands and splashed on his face. He wipes his face with his hands. Almost like a silent slow mime he begins to soap himself and during this sequence replaces the wild man to a cool, clinical and clean new man. When he has reached this state of change he turns off the shower.

INT. BEDROOM

VICTORIA has new suit waiting. HAROLD has dried himself. He puts on deodorant and permits her to shake talc over him. She holds up the white silk shirt. He gets into it but won't allow her to fix cufflinks. He ties tie, dons suit, selects socks from drawer of unopened pairs of French socks.

INT. PENTHOUSE ROOM

RAZORS is replacing phone as HAROLD enters dressed and in overcoat.

RAZORS

Alan's dispensed with Je... with
the body.

HAROLD almost doesn't see anyone, anything. He walks purposefully towards to door and RAZORS follows. The door closes as they go. VICTORIA goes to coffee table. She sprinkles cocaine on mirror. She takes a snort. She fingers the blood on her dress with intense curiosity.

INT. TOWN HALL - EVENING

HAROLD and RAZORS go up steps. COMMISSIONAIRE approaches, listens to HAROLD's question and leads way. Decorations are up for Mayor's Ball, later.

Corridor. They come down it. COMMISSIONAIRE indicates door. He goes. HAROLD opens the door.

INT. HARRIS' OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

HARRIS in shirt sleeves at desk. He turns. He has whisky bottle on desk - he is drunk.

HAROLD

Well, well - this is cozy.

HARRIS

Harold... I... didn't expect you.
The mayor himself won't be here
'til - eightish.

HAROLD

Well, I like to set an example to
my hangers-on. This is where it
all happens, is it? Three
different coloured phones, I say.
One for bribes, one for backhanders
and what's the other one for - hot
line to the IRA? Black tie
Councillor - Jeff is dead.

HARRIS shivers. Silence.

HARRIS

Harold, you've got to understand...
I was in a precarious financial
position... I can't afford the
delays. I was under duress.

HAROLD

Keep taking the pills.

HARRIS

Otherwise I'd have gone bankrupt.

HAROLD

How long's this been going on?

HARRIS

Nine months.

HAROLD

You said not one fucking word to
me.

HARRIS

You've got to understand. I had to
employ Micks.

HAROLD stares.

HARRIS

Look it's... they started smashing
down the buildings I was putting
up... you can't build a house in
Belfast without employing their
labour.

HAROLD stares.

HARRIS

Long Kesh geezers... Provos... I
had them all. I didn't want them.

(pause)

Harold... I'm a weak man.

HAROLD

Weak what?

HARRIS watches as HAROLD opens briefcases. About thirty
grand in banknotes.

HAROLD
Your first job now you're working
for me -

HAROLD stares at HARRIS. HAROLD fingers notes.

HAROLD
We go and buy them off.

HARRIS
You think you can buy them off?
Now they've started here -

HAROLD
As from now, yes. A new deal.

HARRIS
Harold they are not in it just for
deals. They won't listen.

HAROLD shuts briefcase and hands it to HARRIS.

HAROLD
Come along Councillor. I have the
Mayor's Reception to attend. And
my American friends to collect.
We're meeting now. Take me to your
'leaders.'

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

The revving exhaust and cars off. The race in progress.
HAROLD and HARRIS and RAZORS picking their way up through
crowds to grandstand where there are glass observation boxes -
goldfish tanks for the rich fans.

The race screams on. They pass a pit. Two cars getting
final tune-up.

LAUGHING BOY and CAPTAIN DEATH.

INT. GRANDSTAND - NIGHT

The posh section of stand. HARRIS sweating profusely as he
and HAROLD approach a door. RAZORS loiters.

HARRIS

You can't... can't buy them off.
You can't do a deal.

HAROLD

The governor... in here?

HARRIS

Yes.

HAROLD

Razors, we have some business to
discuss. Privately.

RAZORS nods and HARRIS and HAROLD go in. The door closes.

INT. THE BOX - NIGHT

O'FLAHERTY at table. Set with two meals. He's on his own eating one. He turns from race to see his visitors. HARRIS, sweating, panicky. O'FLAHERTY cool. Looks at HAROLD. HAROLD takes briefcase and moves away the untouched meal. He puts briefcase on table and goes to the window. He waits. HARRIS looks at O'FLAHERTY. O'FLAHERTY looks at race track.

EXT. TRACK - NIGHT

The LAUGHING BOY/CAPTAIN DEATH race begins.

EXT. THE BOX - NIGHT

HARRIS continues to sweat. O'FLAHERTY pours a glass of champagne. HAROLD declines the gestured offer. HARRIS slumps down on chair exhausted. HAROLD walks by window.

HIGH ON FLOODLIGHT PYLON WE PICK OUT SNIPER. He holds HAROLD in his sights. The SNIPER is Banquo's ghost. The man we first saw at Heathrow.

EXT. TRACK - NIGHT

The RACE is getting vicious. LAUGHING BOY in front. CAPTAIN DEATH trying to beat him on the corner. LAUGHING BOY goes out of control and crashes. CAPTAIN DEATH passes the finishing flag. The DRIVER gets out wearing crash helmet and goggles. He looks up to box.

EXT. BOX - NIGHT

HAROLD moves away from window. He sits just to side of door. All the noise - tension mounts as they wait for DRIVER. Long wait. Another race starts. O'FLAHERTY drinks more champagne. He eyes briefcase but decides not to open it. They wait. HAROLD very cool, cold, detached. HARRIS suddenly rises fast and HAROLD to move. But HARRIS pours himself a glass of champagne. His hand shakes so much he can hardly pour. He drinks in gulps. He stands waiting. Sounds of footsteps outside door. They all look at door. The door opens. In comes TONY. About forty. In driver's uniform but carrying crash helmet. He looks at HAROLD and HARRIS, then at O'FLAHERTY. O'FLAHERTY gestures briefcase. TONY goes to briefcase and opens it. Thousands of twenty quid notes. He look at HAROLD who is standing beside the door. TONY looks laconic. He fingers twenty quid notes. HARRIS sweating.

Pause.

The door opens fast. ALAN, DAVE and RAZORS, etc. with armalite rifles. They open fire. O'FLAHERTY and TONY get it. They stumble against plate glass window and it shatters and they go through falling down onto the track. HARRIS gets it. He also goes out through the window. HAROLD picks up suitcase, points to SNIPER. ALAN raises gun and kills SNIPER.

EXT. TRACK - NIGHT

The bodies on the track. The cars skid and swerve to avoid them. A car bursts into flames.

EXT. SAVOY - NIGHT

HAROLD's car drives up. RAZORS driving.

VICTORIA and HAROLD.

VICTORIA
You go and collect them... I'll
wait in the car...

INT. SAVOY - NIGHT

HAROLD goes to desk.

HAROLD

What rooms please for Mr. Restivo
and Mr. Giovanci.

CLERK

Ah...

(he checks)

Rooms 3001 and 3002. Shall I call
them first and...

HAROLD

No thank you. That's not
necessary... I'll go straight up.

He goes to lift.

INT. SAVOY ROOM - NIGHT

HAROLD enters. TONY sits with case at his feet. TV set on.
CHARLIE is still packing.

HAROLD

Everything's alright. The troubles
are over.

Pause. CHARLIE looks at TONY.

CHARLIE

What did he say?

TONY shakes head. CHARLIE turns volume off TV.

CHARLIE

Sorry, Harold. Nice of you to drop
in to say goodbye. I appreciate
that.

HAROLD

We agreed.

CHARLIE

There's a lot of things we agreed,
Harold. And a lot more we didn't.
So, Tony and I are waiting for our
cab. Goodbye.

HAROLD

You're going back to New York?

TONY

The first flight out.

HAROLD

Alright Charlie. A few things went wrong yesterday. Today, I sorted it out. Settled it. Everything back in order.

CHARLIE

Is that so?

HAROLD

I'm telling you. So, why are you going?

CHARLIE

Why are we going? We are going because this is not the way we do business - the way you do your business is not the way we do ours. That is why we are going. We do not negotiate with gangsters. Period.

HAROLD

I wouldn't have thought, what I've heard, your firm was exactly like monks selling their market gardening vegetables, you know. From time to time all operations have their ups and downs.

CHARLIE

There's ups and downs and there's helter skelters. I resent very much even being on the edge of the furthest perimeter of your operation, Harold. In face, I am a little sore about the calls -

HAROLD

Calls, what do you mean?

CHARLIE

I do not like journalists from British daily newspapers asking me for a tribute to the late Councillor Harris.

HAROLD

It's making news then?

CHARLIE

He is. I am not.

HAROLD

Journalists, you say?

CHARLIE

Yes. So we're out. If you'll
leave us now.

TONY

Charlie's got a lot of packing to
do.

HAROLD

I see. Well, if that's the way you
feel - I just hope the people you
work for - your bosses - aren't too
narked about the way you've handled
this deal here. The New Las Vegas -
you stay two days.

CHARLIE

Two days that turn into the St
Valentine's Day Massacre all over
again.

HAROLD

And settled it. For once and for
all. There's been ten year's
peace - and it'll continue. And a
very big deal on top of it.

CHARLIE

Call for a porter, Tony.

TONY

(on phone)

Room 3002 - a porter please. And
we'll need a cab. Right away.

HAROLD

Looks like they can't wait to get
out of here fast enough.

CHARLIE

I guess it's the way I'll always react to bombs going off and mass murders involving the guy I'm trying to do business with. It's a little quirk of mine.

HAROLD

A couple of mad Paddys - no-one'll notice they've gone, and as for Harris -

TONY

Harold - goodbye.

CHARLIE

We're going home now.

HAROLD

Well this is a turn up for the book. Coming to something when the fucking Mafia run away from a little bit of bother.

CHARLIE

This is a little problem, Tony. You hear. Little problem? Harold, you are in the middle of a British Vietnam. Your civil war.

HAROLD

It's over. I've pulled the plug out and shopped the double-crossing bastard - we have a billion-dollar deal.

CHARLIE

Billion-dollar deal? This country, this England, is a worse risk than Cuba was. You're a banana republic - you're a mess. I wouldn't step foot in here again for ten billion dollars.

HAROLD

Cowards - no bloody balls. Bit of bother and... you're supposed to be the Mafia. You're not supposed to be chicken.

They stand impassively.

HAROLD

Bon voyage then. The most valuable experience of these past 48 hours has been this little chat. Finding out just exactly what a diabolical tactical blunder it would have been to have gone into partnership with you lot. A sleeping partner is one thing; I'd have been saddled with a partner in a bloody coma. That might be all right your side of the water friend, but us Limeys are used to a bit more vitality and imagination and a touch of the old Dunkirk spirit. The days when Yanks sauntered in with a fistful of dollar bills and could buy up Nelson's column, a Harley Street surgeon and a couple of Windmill dancing girls are definitely over. What I am after is someone who can contribute something to what the English have given the world; culture, sophistication, genius. We're in the Common Market and my new deal is with Europe. A partnership with a German organisation. Krauts. They have ambition know-how and they don't lose their bottle. I don't want you. Piss off. That's final. End of discussion.

HAROLD exits quickly.

INT. SAVOY RECEPTION

HAROLD crosses and leaves.

EXT. SAVOY - NIGHT

HAROLD goes out and towards car... gets in rear seat... it moves off fast...

EXT. NEAR SAVOY - NIGHT

Shot of VICTORIA in back of another car screaming.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR - NIGHT

HAROLD talks to DRIVER who looks like RAZORS from behind.

HAROLD

Wait a minute, Victoria's still...

He stares at rear view mirror. Not RAZORS driving at all but IRISHMAN who killed COLIN in swimming pool. IRISHMAN TWO's head appears above front passenger seat. He points gun at HAROLD. HAROLD stares ahead. They drive on.

HAROLD's face.

THE END