

Full Bodied



Original Screenplay by
Steve Exeter & Mike Lukey
May 2000

Revised Screenplay by
Steve Exeter
June 2014

Copyright © 2000-2014 Steve Exeter

email: editor@online-inquirer.com

mob: +44 7557 303908

*Full Bodied Productions Limited. Registered Office: 2 Phillimore Terrace, London W8 6BJ.
Incorporated in England and Wales. Company Registration Number: 09131147*

FULL BODIED

1. INT. CELLAR NIGHT

A darkened, dusty, stone stairway. Hurried footsteps are heard above. A door opens, shedding more light on the staircase, accompanied by the noise of a struggle. A man is thrown down the stairs. At the bottom he manages to bring himself, painfully to his knees. We see the look of sheer terror in his eyes as he takes in his surroundings.

Three hooded figures descend the stairs. The man desperately looks for an escape. The cellar is adorned like an ancient crypt, with a sacrificial altar; strange artefacts line the walls. He is surrounded and grabs a ceremonial-looking staff, jabbing at his attackers and injuring one.

He's overpowered and stabbed, then dragged, bleeding and whimpering to the altar. A masked figure emerges from the shadows in a gold robe, unsheathing a ceremonial blade. As he's tied to the altar the man's trousers are ripped down. The masked man moves in to make the fatal incision.

In screaming agony the man is castrated. Still conscious he notices a series of jars lining a shelf above him. We focus in on one jar containing various pickled vegetables that resemble male genitalia.

2. INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN EVENING

Cut to a similar-sized jar of large red chillies as a Chef grabs a handful and rapidly slices them. On a nearby hob, steaks are being flash-fried. A beautifully arranged plate is passed to a waiter to take through to the restaurant.

3. INT. RESTAURANT EVENING

A dining area with plenty of chattering-class clientele. We follow the waiter as he weaves in and out the tables, to the table of two men in their early twenties, who appear slightly drunk.

FOOD WAITER

[laying the plates down] The lobster, and, the risotto.

TERRY

Before you shoot off, I wonder if you could explain the cooling properties of this contraption here...

FOOD WAITER

Monsieur?

TERRY

Well, what's the point of a plastic ice bucket, with no ice in it?

DICK

Terry, it's not an ice bucket, you arse, they're wine coolers. [to the waiter] I apologise for my friend's ignorance. Another bottle of the Puligny Montrachet, 1992, please.

FOOD WAITER

One moment, Monsieur...

TERRY

Yeah, and get Jean-Claude to bring some ice cubes with him.

DICK

[eyeing Terry's risotto] Mmm... savoury rice pudding, Terry; what an attractive prospect.

TERRY

Well at least I know risotto isn't going to stare me out, [indicating Dick's lobster]. Anyway forget the food, that's hardly the fucking point of this, is it Dick?

DICK

Quite right.

The wine waiter arrives, uncorks and pours out two glasses of the Montrachet, then departs. As soon as he's out the way, Dick produces a small siphon and drains the two glasses back into the bottle, sealing it with a plastic cork.

DICK

(looking around) Are you ready?

TERRY

Oy-Oy Captain.

Terry pops a £1 coin in his mouth with a forkful of risotto; he starts choking, loudly. Falling off his chair onto his knees, he's noticed with alarm by the fellow diners and waiters. One of the waiters rushes over to perform the Heimlich-manoevre on Terry; the jerk sends the coin flying out of his mouth onto a nearby table, chinking loudly against a wine glass. Dick retrieves it and rushes to nurse Terry.

DICK

Terence, are you OK?! Can you breathe now? [holding the coin up to the head waiter] How did this happen? I demand to see the manager!

MAITRE D'

I must apologise, Monsieur, this is most unusual.

DICK

I should hope so - this is disgraceful.

TERRY

Urggh...

DICK

You'll be lucky to have your job tomorrow morning.

MAITRE D'

Please Monsieur, I assure you nothing like this has ever happened before. Please accept our profuse apologies. [to waiter] A bottle of Champagne for the gentlemen!

DICK

A bottle of Champagne... that's outrageous! We don't even drink Champagne!

TERRY

Urggh...

MAITRE D'

I'm sorry, sir... I didn't... Well, if you'd prefer another bottle of the Montrachet...

TERRY

Too right. Urggh...

MAITRE D'

[to waiter] Le Montrachet, allez! Monsieur, there will be a full investigation, I assure you.

The complimentary bottle arrives and Dick and Terry make for the door.

DICK

Oh, and you can keep the tip. [tossing the coin back to the head waiter].

4. INT. 24-HOUR MINI-MART NIGHT

CREDITS

Terry and Dick enter with a confident swagger. Terry has the two bottles of Montrachet in his pockets - they hang like holstered pistols. The boys look like gunslingers - they're on the hunt for individually-wrapped cheeses, some kind of water biscuit, maybe a cheap cake selection. They approach the counter, arms stacked with nibbles, accompanied by the dramatic trumpets of *Kool & the Gang's 'Open Sesame'*.

4a. EXT. STREET LATE NIGHT

Dick is running, pushing a shopping trolley containing Terry, down a quiet street. Terry is hooting loudly whilst glugging one of the less expensive bottles of wine.

5. INT. FLAT LATE NIGHT

Dick and Terry are sat around a coffee table, playing MB Games *Buckaroo*. They're on the first, stolen bottle of Montrachet.

TERRY

[admiring the bottle] Puligny Montrachet, 1992. *The One*, don't you agree?

DICK

Very nice, indeed. Top me up, and then it's your go.

TERRY

I know it's my go.

Terry attaches crocodile clip from *Buckaroo* to his eyebrow and lowers a plastic shovel onto the mule's backside. Nothing happens. He removes the clip from his eyebrow.

DICK

You spawny little shit.

TERRY

Lick 'em. It's all in the wrist, mate - I thought you'd know about that. Anyway, take your go, I think the tide is about to turn.

DICK

It's funny, I'd read that Puligny Montrachet was flowery, but this is *all* grape, there's no overt perfume going on...

TERRY

Yeah alright, it's a nice drop. Now get clipped up, Jilly Goolden, your destiny awaits you. I'll refill the glasses.

DICK

Bung *Earth Wind & Fire* on while you're up.

TERRY

Are you saying you want those crazy Ancient Egypt-fixated homeboys from downtown Chicago assailing your ears with their complex funk-based disco rhythms? [displaying the LP sleeve, full of pyramids etc]

DICK

I do.

TERRY

Then *Earth Wind & Fire* it is. Now take your go.

Terry puts the record on and walks over to the pedal bin, his foot comes down, lifting the lid to reveal the second, complimentary bottle of Montrachet packed in ice. *Earth, Wind & Fire* plays and the camera pans the room, which is littered with empty bottles. It ends up on the album sleeve, which details a Pyramid and other images from ancient Egypt. Suddenly we hear a snapping noise and the camera whip-pans back to Dick's face, minus an eyebrow.

DICK

Arghh! Fucking hell!

6. EXT. EAST END STREET MORNING

Crane shot scanning three stories of a tenement building down to the ground floor butchers shop. We see the sign *HARRY CUTLER & SONS - HIGH QUALITY MEATS*. Three young men, Barry, Tony and Jim enter.

7. INT. BUTCHERS SHOP MORNING

Inside Gordon Cutler is hacking away at a rack of lamb with a machete, flaying flesh and chipping bone horrifically. He looks down, ignoring the lads. His son, Russell or *Chopsy* to his mates, is arranging chickens in the shop window.

CHOPSY

[taking off apron] I'm off now, dad, alright?

GORDON

[not looking up] You turn up useless tonight, son, and you won't know what's hit you.

CHOPSY

Yes, dad.

8. INT. FLAT EARLY MORNING

We pan the room again from the *Earth, Wind & Fire* album sleeve; Dick is out cold underneath the coffee table. Terry is slumped on the sofa, oblivious to the clip still on his eyebrow. Outside the four young men shuffle down the path and bang on the front door.

BARRY

Terry! Rich!?

TONY

Where'd they go last night, Barry?

BARRY

Wine hunting again. Bloody weirdos.

TONY

Do you think they got caught? It's bound to happen sooner or later. I bet they're down the nick.

JIM

[at the window] No, they're in. [bangs on window]

Dick's eyes open, from his slumped position he focuses on Jim's ugly mug at the window. He slowly gets up, acknowledges them, and goes to the door.

BARRY

Richard, look at the fucking state of you.

DICK

I'd rather not. I need to brush my teeth - that might help me throw up. Try and wake Terry.

TONY

[tapping Terry's shoulder] Jesus Christ! What's he done to his eyebrows... [noticing Dick's eyebrow too] Fuck, what's going on here?

DICK

We were playing *Buckaroo*, when we got in.

TONY

Yeah, really? Well I don't remember *Buckaroo* coming with all this shit.

TERRY

Oy-Oy. Morning Tone, morning fellas. Stick the kettle on Chopsy, will ya! And some toast..

TONY

Terry, the match starts in half an hour; we ain't got time for tea and toast. Throw yourself under the shower and get your strides on.

TERRY

You're absolutely right, Tony. Sod the cuppa, I need the *vine of the swine that bit me!*

9. INT. PUB LUNCH TIME

Tony is getting a round in at the bar.

TONY

[to Dick & Terry] What are you having?

DICK

Get Mick to open a bottle of the Cabernet Sauvignon. I'll give you some money.

TERRY

Good choice.

TONY

What!? Why can't you just have a pint like everyone else - it's Saturday afternoon, for Christ sake.

TERRY

One day you'll understand why beer is so not *The One*. Trust me, Tony.

MICK

Alright, boys... Bottle of red?

DICK

The usual, please Mick.

Sarah & Lucy, friends of the boys, enter.

SARAH

Boys.

LUCY

Hiya.

TERRY

Afternoon, my Aphrodites, care for a glass of the rich, ruby nectar?

SARAH

Fuck off you ponce, it's Saturday afternoon - get us a pint.

TERRY

Two pints of *Uri Geller* please, Mick.

MICK

Two pints of Uri...

DICK

Two pints of urine, more like.

LUCY

Wine's far too butch for us, eh Sarah?

SARAH

Yeah Luce, only the hardest of hardmen drink out of stemmed glasses!

General laughter from the boys watching the football.

TERRY

Mock away, blunt wench, but you've been a recipient of my hardness on many occasions.

SARAH

You flowery twat, Morris. So where did you get to last night, nicking bottles of wine again?

TERRY

Well we can't afford to pay for anything halfway decent. No offence, Mick.

SARAH

Well you could have said goodbye.

TERRY

Sorry, we had to dash. I'm all yours now.

LUCY

[to Dick] Proper little Dick Turpin, ain't ya? You'll get caught one these days.

DICK

Well, I think I'll take my chances, you know.

Cut to the pool table. Tony and Terry are playing Barry and Dick. Chopsy, Jim and the girls are sat nearby.

TONY

We went to *C.U.* Next *Tuesday's* last night, for Gary's birthday - you should have come down - they've got a meal deal on: any steak or ribs, 4 pint pitcher of lager, and Key Lime pie and ice cream for £9.99.

TERRY

Oh yeah? Bargain.

DICK

Yeah, well, you know... there's always next year.

TONY

We ended up in *Nexus*. I got hold of this *Watford* bird. Didn't shag her; she had the painters in.

TERRY

Still there's always next week, eh.

BARRY

Lucy's got her *FMBs* on tonight, Dick, I think she means business.

TERRY

She's on a mission mate, the *Fuck Me Boots* were squeezed into for you and you alone.

CHOPSY

Is that what *FMBs* stand for?

TERRY

Congratulations Chopsy, very well done. She's a game ol' girl, Dick, you should have some fun.

DICK

I'm not up for that at all, I'll just tell you that now.

BARRY

Still smarting from your old battle wound, eh Dickboy? You been indulging in too much *hand-to-gland* combat?

TERRY

He's suffering from *Post-Graduate Stress Disorder*. He's still haunted by Suzanne the University Princess.

CHOPSY

Why are you torturing him? We all know about this.

TERRY

You call it torture, Chopsy. I call it therapy.

10. INT. CLUB BAR RHUMBA 2:00AM

Terry and Sarah are dancing. Dick, Chopsy and Lucy are sat talking.

DICK

Another one, Chopsy?

LUCY

Mine's a Bacardi & Coke.

DICK

Yes, OK. Chops, do you want a drink?

CHOPSY

No, it's alright. I've got to work in an hour.

DICK

The butcher's doesn't open at three in the morning.

CHOPSY

No. I'm meeting me Dad at Smithfield, they're getting deliveries in for Monday.

DICK

Are you kidding me, Chopsy?

CHOPSY

No Dick, Smithfield trades during the night, all the business is done by eight in the morning.

LUCY

It's full of slappers that place.

CHOPSY

Eh?

LUCY

Smithfield's a fucking meat market. [laughs hysterically]

Terry and Sarah walk over.

TERRY

Alright boys and girls, we're off now.

SARAH

See ya tomorrow, Luce.

TERRY

Unless we see you later on, eh? [winks]

DICK

Don't forget brunch at *Pont De La Tour* tomorrow, Terry.

LUCY

Ooh, that sounds posh, why don't me and Sarah come along?

DICK

No, no.

LUCY

Why not? Cos we'd embarrass you? You're a fucking snob, mate, that's what you are! [leaves]

DICK

Oh God! Did I deserve that?!

11. EXT. SMITHFIELD MARKET 3:00AM

Dick and Chopsy walk past various busy meat traders.

DICK

So butchery runs in the family then, Chopsy?

CHOPSY

Yeah, I'll be the fourth generation. My great grandfather, Harry Cutler, was a Smithfield trader. He converted his house into a butcher's shop, before he disappeared, and now it's my dad's.

DICK

What do you mean *disappeared*?

CHOPSY

He just vanished. Harry was a bit of a character, a Smithfield legend, really. He owed a lot of money, got involved in a lot of dodgy stuff all over the East End. Then one day he vanished, leaving my great gran pregnant, never saw him again.

DICK

So where do you think he went, your great grandad?

CHOPSY

I don't know, Canada, Australia maybe. Maybe he was killed. No one knows.

DICK

Bloody hell.

Chopys' father, Gordon, appears.

GORDON

Russell! You're fucking late! Where have you been, son? Have you been drinking?

CHOPSY

No, Dad.

GORDON

Don't lie to me, you little shit! [cuffs him]

CHOPSY

Oww! I just went out for one.

GORDON

You're bone-idle boy. Get over there and start loading up.

DICK

I'll see you later, Chops - Russell.

CHOPSY

Yeah, cheers Dick.

12. INT. FLAT EVENING.

Terry and Sarah are getting down to it in Terry's room. Dick is in the living room listening to their muffled moans and giggles. Pouring himself a nightcap glass of red, he puts an *Earth Wind & Fire* album on, he studies the album cover and reads the lyric sheet. Cut to his eyes closed.

12a. INT. RESTAURANT (RAMSAY'S). DREAM SEQUENCE.

The tables in the eerily lit restaurant, have champagne glass fountains piled high. Three waiters stand, each holding champagne bottles in both hands. A beautiful girl in a tiara and ball gown enters.

DICK

[VO] Suzanne... oh, Suzanne you look amazing...
I've waited for you to come back to me...

Suzanne proceeds to approach each of the waiters and strokes the neck of their bottles until the cork pops out.

DICK

[VO] NO! NO!

As Suzanne and the waiters laugh, Dick is jolted out of his dream. He wakes to find himself on the sofa with the noise of Terry and Sarah's animal rutting still in the background.

13. EXT. RESTAURANT *LE PONT DE LA TOUR* MIDDAY.

Terry and Dick's table overlooks the South Bank of the Thames.

DICK

What did you order champagne for, you idiot?!

TERRY

Only a glass! Just to wake me brain up... I've never really tried it.

DICK

Don't say I didn't warn you.

TERRY

What have you got against bubbly?

DICK

If you like wine you want the taste to sit on your tongue, so you can savour it. With champagne you're constantly bombarded by little explosions in your mouth, so you can't really appreciate it.

TERRY

Do go on...

DICK

It's like illustrations in books, it's for kids. The bubbles in champagne are put there for kids.

TERRY

Kids don't drink champagne, you nutter!

DICK

Look, what's the point of giving someone fine poetry to read, and then putting them on a horse going 60mph, errm... down a cobbled street? I mean what's the point of that?

TERRY

[long pause] I don't know. I haven't got the faintest fucking clue what you're on about.

WAITER

One glass of Veuve Cliquot, and the Muscadet Sur Lie.

TERRY

Ahhh... voila!

Terry takes a sip of champagne. His face says it all.

DICK

You see, I've been clever. *Sur Lie* means they leave the sediment in longer, giving it a sparkling taste, but without those fucking bubbles. So I've got myself a nice fresh-cut grass-y glass of the Muscadet Sur Lie, and you've got a flute's worth of fizzy piss!

Terry tips the rest of his glass into the shrubbery.

TERRY

You're not wrong. Give us a glass of that.

As Dick pours, Terry produces a folded plan of action.

TERRY

Where's me phone, you've got it, yeah?

DICK

Yeah, I've got it here.

We see a *Crimewatch*-style recreation of the events as if captured on B/W closed circuit TV in the restaurant, whilst Terry outlines the plan.

TERRY

[VO] Right. You're going for an Ertha Kitt, take the mobile and call reception here - you've got the number. You're at the

hospital, ask for me and just say it's an emergency. Don't wait to tell me the bad news, don your white shellfish salesman gear and walk out as if you've just delivered some whelks, winkles or what-have-you. I'll be on the phone doing me Dame Dickie Attenborough routine, mopping me eyes as I leave in distress, firstly asking the Maitre D' to kindly apologise to my lunch guest for me, and I leave pronto.

Cut back to the table. Dick's holding the mobile.

TERRY

Got that?

DICK

Yeah. One problem; the phone's dead.

TERRY

F'what? How come? You had it on charge all last night!

DICK

I know I did. Couldn't have been switched on at the wall or something.

TERRY

Oh, you fucking arsewipe. You had one piss-easy job to do and you couldn't even do that. I drew up the plan like a donkey, and you can't even switch a fucking plug socket on.

DICK

What we gonna do?

TERRY

I dunno, but I think it's your responsibility to get us out of this, don't you?

DICK

OK. OK, I've got it. It's simple, but it's quite beautiful. We jump for it.

We see Terry and Dick, leap in slow motion onto a passing barge; they land successfully on neatly stacked plastic bags.

[VO] We wait for the next barge to come by, make sure we time it just right, and then take a running jump off the side, and we're home and dry.

TERRY

Is that it? Not exactly fail-safe is it?

DICK

What's the worst thing that can happen?
We'll have to get off upstream after a
bollocking off some old boatman.

TERRY

Well, for want of a better idea of my own,
here comes a barge now; let's do it.

DICK

Err... are you sure? We haven't planned this
properly yet - don't you want to discuss it
first?

TERRY

We just have, haven't we? Come on, let's
fucking do it!

Cut to the Barge.
A Thames Tour boat, full of tourists.

TOUR GUIDE

[over intercom] Ladies and gentleman we're
just coming into dock now, I hope you've
enjoyed this Thames tour, can I just ask you
for safety reasons not to leave your seats
until we're securely docked, thank you..

Cut back to restaurant.

Dick grabs the wine, and then he and Terry start their run up,
the pair of them leap over the side. We go into split-screen,
and follow Dick's jump falling short as he lands straight in
the Thames, whilst Terry smashes through the barge's
fibreglass roof, collapsing onto the tour guide.

Panic ensues. We see Dick surfacing, and swimming towards the
jetty. As the barge docks, the captain has started a row with
Terry, which looks like it will come to blows.

TERRY

Listen, mate, don't have a go at me - this
wasn't even my idea..

A sodden Dick stands at the top of the jetty. Terry is
running up the jetty with the captain chasing him.

TERRY

Start running, for fuck sake.

DICK

Oh god.. where to?!

TERRY

That way. [pointing in the direction of the
restaurant]

As the boys run past the restaurant, two waiters recognise them as the absconded diners. They're chased through the narrow streets around Butler's Wharf. At Tower Hill DLR they leap the barriers and board a train as the doors are closing. Terry gives the finger to the captain; Dick hides his face.

14. INT. TERRY'S WORK DAY

Terry is on the phone to a restaurant; workmate Phil looks on.

TERRY

Le Cirque? Could I book a table for two for tomorrow night, please? About nine o'clock? Well, have you got anything later? Earlier? Oh, what about Thursday? Have you got... two months?! Are you sure? Yeah alright, bye.

PHIL

Terry, open up what I've just sent you - it's really good.

Phil has forwarded a chain e-mail, "Top Ten Things Only Women can Understand".

TERRY

Phil, please don't forward me this unfunny wank. "*Why a good man is hard to find, but a good hairdresser is next to impossible*". Who writes this lame Battle of the Sexes *shit*?!

PHIL

"*Why it's good to have five pairs of black shoes*"? [laughs] What's the matter with you?

Jean the sandwich lady enters.

JEAN

He's hungry, aint he. 'Ere we are, cheese ploughman's for you, Terry. Phil... tuna mayo in a baguette.

Terry starts picking the cucumber out of his sandwich.

PHIL

You should eat the salad, Terry, it's good for you.

TERRY

Salad's fine, Phil. It's the Devil's foodstuff I object to. [holding up slices of cucumber]

JEAN

You daft bugger! What's wrong with cucumber?

TERRY

No taste, *all* aftertaste. Satan's double-whammy. It makes my skin crawl!

PHIL

You should make a special order, seeing as you've got this special allergy.

JEAN

I'll give him 'special allergy'. Listen, Terry love, unless you're a director or a flamin' VIP you have what's provided.

TERRY

VIP with a special allergy... you two are genii! [Jean and Phil look puzzled]

Terry dials back the restaurant, adopting an upper-class accent.

Ah yes, Maurice Terence here, on behalf of John Thomas Veins, editor of *Modernist* magazine. I have a special request; we have the pianist Oscar Wandermitz over tomorrow night. Herr Wandermitz has a serious nut-allergy. So, absolutely no nuts or nut-oils, forest-fruits, or field mushrooms. Or cucumber. Is that understood? Mr. J.T. Veins. Nine o'clock. No, nine o'clock. Thankyou, goodbye. [hangs up] Top fuckin' hole.

15. INT. WINE MERCHANT DAY

Dick is unpacking new wine cases. His boss, Malcolm, comes over.

MALCOLM

Richard, where's the POS for the new Beaujolais promotion? That was supposed to start today.

DICK

Beaujolais Nouveau won't be here until Monday - they phoned up.

MALCOLM

That doesn't mean we can't put up the posters or the shelf-talkers, does it now?

DICK

But Malcolm, all of that stuff relates to the Beaujolais Nouveau - we can't...

MALCOLM

The old Beaujolais is still stock we have to sell, Richard. A little helping hand isn't to be sneezed at.

DICK

Well, I just assumed...

MALCOLM

Richard, let me show you something. [taking a marker pen he writes ASSUME on a wine case] Never Assume, because 'ASSUME' makes an 'ASS' of 'U' and 'ME'.

DICK

Yes Malcolm. [aside] Nobody buys *old* Beaujolais, fuckwit.

MALCOLM

I'm sorry?

DICK

I'll put them up now.

Francine Witt, newspaper restaurant columnist enters the store - a smartly-dressed, attractive woman in her mid-thirties.

DICK

Hello.

FRANCINE

Hi, I wonder if you could advise me? I have a friend from Frankfurt coming over today and I'm cooking dinner. I'm looking for something appropriate - do you have a good German red?

DICK

I find Karl Marx is the best.

FRANCINE

Ha ha! Very quick.

DICK

Good German reds are hard to find, to be honest. What are you going to cook?

FRANCINE

It's veal; I'm ashamed to say. I shouldn't really touch the stuff, I know, but...

DICK

Well, you know, I like veal as well. We've got some Riesling, which is white, but veal is a white wine type of meat...

MALCOLM

German wine, Madam? I've got some excellent Hock in at the moment. Or there's Liebfraumilch?

FRANCINE

Oh...

MALCOLM

I'll just fetch our catalogue. Richard, you can carry on with the POS. [leaves]

DICK

Whatever he offers refuse. If you want to go over a tenner, take the Riesling 1994, it's the only German white I'd recommend. And if your friend's homesick, he'll love it.

FRANCINE

Thank you. And my friend, Ingrid, is a she. Thanks, I obviously picked the right man.

DICK

Glad to be of assistance.

Their mutual gaze is interrupted by Malcolm's return.

MALCOLM

Here we are.

FRANCINE

I've decided on the Riesling 1994, could you put it in a box for me?

MALCOLM

Oh yes, Miss Witt, isn't it? I recognised you as soon as you entered. I'm a great fan of your food column.

FRANCINE

Thank you. I feel a little silly taking advice on wine, the readers assume I know all of this.

DICK

Well, people shouldn't *assume*, should they Malcolm?

16. INT. LE CIRQUE RESTAURANT EVENING

Terry looks blankly at the menu, Dick studies the wine list.

TERRY

Bloody hell, I'm *Hank Marvin* but I don't fancy any of this! This restaurant should be called *Fannyng About With Food*.

DICK

You don't really like food, do you?

TERRY

What are you saying? I love food - I wouldn't eat anything else.

DICK

Anyway, don't worry, the wine list is the best yet.

TERRY

No, I am worried. This is one of the main courses: *Salad of crispy pig's trotters with calfs' sweetbreads, fried quails' eggs and celeriac rémoulade*. That's a dish for perverts.

DICK

There's nothing perverse about Châteauneuf-du-Pape, starring the great red Grenache.

TERRY

You get the feet of a pig, a young cow's knackers - not an old cow, specifically a young cow's knackers - and small birds' periods. [showing the menu to Dick]
Who's the chef, Salvador fucking Dali?

DICK

Dr. Frankenstein.

TERRY

And the final Surrealist joke of calling it a "Salad". Fucking child killers order this dish. "Salad"?!

DICK

What's "rémoulade"?

TERRY

I dunno, salad cream?

The camera pans round a pillar behind Dick, to where Francine Witt is sat with her Editor, Keith. She can see Terry but Dick is obscured.

KEITH

[turning in Terry and Dick's direction]
Ignorant louts, how did they get in?

FRANCINE

Well, I don't know what rémoulade is, either. Look Keith, as I was saying, I don't want to be sat here next year reviewing Le Cirque for the third time.

KEITH

There's worse ways to spend an evening.

FRANCINE

But you know I can really write. I have a bloody History MA, for god's sake.

KEITH

You've got a following, Fran, you're being read. How many field journalists does Joe Public know, let alone write to?

FRANCINE

Look, it's not like I'm a qualified food and wine connoisseur - the average shop assistant knows more than me.

KEITH

The average shop assistant can't write me an entertaining 500-word review of The Square.

Dolly camera moves back to Dick and Terry's table, via an all-male table of five city trader / corporate types, all Rugby club banter, booming laughter and loud arrogance.

BUSINESSMAN 1

...when Justin gave him a share option instead of a bonus, he was so grateful it was hilarious. I mean, even the receptionists and the fucking cleaners got share options. He's such an arsehole!

Nasty bare-teethed laughter, as the camera tracks back to Dick and Terry's table. Dick's savouring a glass of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, whilst Terry, having drained his, is still looking at the menu.

TERRY

Foie gras three ways; Sautéed with Quince Mi-Cuit, with an Earl Grey consommé, and pressed with truffle peelings: Three ways to insult a fucking goose.

DICK

I think we should get another bottle.

TERRY

Freakin' Ay.

Dolly to Fran and Keith's table. Fran is laughing, having overheard Terry's rant.

KEITH

What the hell are they doing here, then? Why don't they go to some steakhouse instead?

FRANCINE

Ha ha! "Three ways to insult a goose."

KEITH

"Fucking goose", actually.

FRANCINE

Yes, they've got a point though, haven't they? Anyway, I need the ladies.

A waiter has arrived at Dick and Terry's table.

DICK

[drunk] Two orange sorbets, and I'd like another bottle of the glorious Grenachers and bring the bill concurrently. [waiter nods and leaves]

TERRY

Steady on, I think I've found a suitable table. The Rugger Buggers over there.

Whip pan to corporate table, all smoking cigars and laughing.

[VO] They're well bandy, they're talking shit and the company's paying for it, I bet.

DICK

Fine, go for it. I'll wait for the bill.

Terry produces a clip-on bowtie from his pocket. With his white shirt and black trousers, he's dressed like one of the waiters. Before he gets to the corporate table, he's put on the bowtie, and a French accent, to complete the make-over.

TERRY

Monsieurs, every'zing is okay?

BUSINESSMAN 2

Yes, thank you. Very average.

Loud laughter.

TERRY

Will zere be anything else?

BUSINESSMAN 1

Just the bill, and some toothpicks. [tossing the company credit card Terry's way]

TERRY

Bon. Moment, Monsieurs.

Terry walks back to Dick, taking off bowtie, and gives the real waiter - who's arrived at the table - the company credit card to go and swipe through the till.

Cut back to corporate table.

BUSINESSMAN 3
Shouldn't we all chip in, Andy?

BUSINESSMAN 4
Bollocks! This was a business meeting, right?

BUSINESSMAN 1
Exactly. I think it's only fitting one of our absent "friends" should cover this.

Terry re-appears with the Visa slip to sign.

Well, cheers Justin. I think he deserves to treat us once in a while, tight bastard!

He signs the bill nonchalantly, not even checking; after all it's not his money. He tosses it back to Terry.

TERRY
Merci. I get your receipt, Monsieur.

Terry returns to his own table in time to pass the bill wallet to Dick to present to their own, real waiter - who checks the signature and hands back the card.

TERRY
Are you loaded up?

DICK
[drunk] Absolutely. You gonna give 'em their card back, it's very rude not to? [placing two after-dinner sugared almonds nonchalantly up his nostrils]

TERRY
All catered for. I'll leave it on Jean-Claude's desk on our way out. Come on, you're pissed.

They cross the floor towards the exit. In the foyer bar area Dick literally bumps into Fran, who's returning from the loo. The sugared almonds drop out of his nose.

FRANCINE
Oh hello! What are you doing here?

DICK
We have paid you understand.

TERRY
[steadying him] Come on, Oscar. There's a cab outside.

In the background an argument is brewing; the corporate table insist to the waiter that they've already paid the bill.

DICK

Why are you calling me Oscar?

TERRY

[dragging him out] Shut up and come on.
Excuse us, love.

FRANCINE

Well, goodnight.

17. INT. FLAT NIGHT

Terry and Dick play a customised version of MB Games' *Ker-plunk!* One wire connects the game to an amplifier, another to a set of headphones worn by Dick. He carefully pulls a straw out and a marble crashes down, amplified in his ears.

DICK

Shit! Have you turned that up?

TERRY

I ain't touched it. Give us the cans.

Terry puts on the headphones and takes his turn, successfully pulling a straw out without a marble falling.

TERRY

So, what's her name then?

DICK

I dunno. Malcolm recognised her, I think she writes for a newspaper.

TERRY

She seemed very pleased to see you. You could be in there. I'd do it.

DICK

You'd do anything.

TERRY

I could handle a bit of dirty thirty - bet she's got a few bob, an'all. Bring her back here and we'll both have a go on her.

DICK

Fucking hell, mate, give us a chance!

TERRY

So you have thought about it then...

DICK

I wouldn't entertain the idea of a three in a bed with you and her in my present condition.

TERRY

What's this 'in my present condition'
bollocks? You're not fucking pregnant.

DICK

I've got to get used to the concept of two in
a bed first; I've grown too accustomed to
having a *Menage-à-Moi*.

Dick puts on the headphones and is poised to take his go.

TERRY

You're fucking hopeless, you are.

DICK

I can't do what you do. I want to maintain a
semblance of personal dignity.

Dick pulls a straw and the marbles crash down, deafening him.

18. INT. WINE MERCHANT MORNING

Dick has his back to the counter as Francine enters. His ears
are still ruined from *Ker-Plunk!* so Fran's voice sounds fuzzy.

FRANCINE

Morning. Hello. [she taps him] Hello?

DICK

[spinning round to reveal bleary eyes]
Sorry, I was, er. I can't hear that well, I
have um, an ear blockage. Can I help?

FRANCINE

Yes, I hope so. I have to review a new
restaurant tonight, *The Monastery*. I don't
know if you know of it. Anyway, I can take a
guest, and I thought you could help me choose
the wine. That is, if you're free?

DICK

[shaking his head slowly] No. Sorry, I
really didn't hear any of that. Could you
say it again?

19. EXT. OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT NIGHT

After the meal Dick and Fran are waiting for their separate
cabs home.

FRANCINE

What pretentious rubbish. At least we
weren't paying for it.

DICK

Even the wine was piss poor, and not even
cold.

FRANCINE

Enjoyable though, wasn't it?

DICK

Absolutely, I can't wait to read your review.

FRANCINE

I normally write my notes up straight away, before I forget. Do you want to help me?

DICK

Oh. I've got an early start tomorrow..

FRANCINE

Nevermind. Well, here's a cab, I might as well get this one. [hails cab over]

She makes her move on Dick and kisses him full on the mouth. He stands slightly stunned as she gets in the taxi.

FRANCINE

Good night, Dick.

They look at each other. Dick stands halfway between inertia and action. As the taxi starts to pull away he acts on instinct, running after, and jumping in the cab. They immediately dive on one another, tongues down throats.

20. EXT. FRANCINE'S FLAT LATE NIGHT

Fran and Dick are outside her locked front door. She's fumbling in her handbag.

FRANCINE

Sorry about this. They're definitely in here..

Dick is looking at her. A voice in his head is getting louder.

DICK

[VO] Take it slowly, take it slowly, take it nice and slowly..

He automatically grabs hold of her and they snog again, his hands are all over her. She drops the handbag and gives as good as she gets. They fall over into the undergrowth in the front garden, he pulls her skirt up and she attempts to pull his trousers down.

DICK

Oh yes Francine.

FRANCINE

Yes. Do it to me here.

DICK

Oh. Oh yes Francine

Fran's face is suddenly morphs into Suzanne's.

SUZANNE

Get off her, or you'll never see me again.

Dick looks horrified. Fran is back to normal and leans up to kiss him.

FRANCINE

Go on... yes... go on...

DICK

I can't... no... I can't...

Suddenly Fran underneath him has the face of Terry.

TERRY

You'd better go on, she's begging for it, you arsewipe!

DICK

Oh my god!

Fran is wincing as Dick rides on top of her.

FRAN

Arrrgh... My key! My key!

DICK

[stopping] Who's Mikey?

FRAN

No, my key... I've found my key. [shoves an arm behind her back to retrieve it]

20b. INT. FRANCINE'S BEDROOM EARLY MORNING

Dick is lying on his back, looking pensive. Fran playfully climbs on top of him pinning his wrists back on the bed.

FRANCINE

You're not really going into work are you?
You can phone in sick from here.

DICK

No, I think that that would be a bad idea.

Fran slides her hand down and feels Dick up.

DICK

Fran, um... look I've really er... got to go.
[gets up and dresses quickly]

FRANCINE

Well, fair enough, I'm not stopping you. The tube station's down there on the left. [she slumps back down onto the pillow].

21. EXT. DICK AND TERRY'S FLAT, FRONT GARDEN MORNING

Dick walks up the path, as Terry, in his bathrobe, is giving a quick kiss to a girl in a business suit; we have not seen her before.

TERRY

See ya babe, I'll give you a ring.

GIRL

No you won't, Morris, but don't worry, bye.

TERRY

Oy-Oy, Colonel, what happened to you, lose your key?

DICK

I've got to phone Malcolm. I'm not going in.

TERRY

Alright, sunshine, you get your head down and tell me all about it later. I've booked a table for tonight.

DICK

Oh no, Terry, I'm not in the mood for another fucking restaurant.

TERRY

You will be when I tell you which one it is.

22. INT. FLAT EARLY EVENING

Dick in a bathrobe, on the sofa, is modifying a briefcase, full of hard modelling foam, scraping out indentations to hold three bottles of wine. Terry enters. The television is on.

TERRY

The Ivy, mate, The Ivy, is going to be our finest hour to date. Don't be fooled by the informality of the place - its dripping with money. And fanny. All media-types, the glitterati, the literati, the clitterati...

DICK

Did you get them to fax the wine list?

TERRY

No. But when Johnny Depp's over here, he always goes to The Ivy and orders something obscenely tariffed, so we're not going to be disappointed.

DICK

We're not getting suited up then?

TERRY

No no no. Big mistake that would be.
Scruffy-casual, giving off the air of relaxed
lucre.

In the background we notice the TV and slowly throughout the
above dialogue track towards it.

22b. INT. TV STUDIO EVENING

Around a large table six academics and a presenter are sat in
discussion. Studio backdrops show various artefacts and
scenes of Ancient Egypt.

PRESENTER

Professor Rowlands, is this exhibition
insensitive to the Egyptian people?

Subtitle: *Professor Glynn Rowlands*
Curator Fitzroy Museum, Cambridge.

ROWLANDS

We're not talking about the Elgin Marbles
here - these artefacts weren't stolen from
under the Egyptians' noses.

FEROUK

It amounted to theft.

PRESENTER

Ferouk Al Mohammed...

Subtitle: *Ferouk Al Mohammed*
Egyptian Heritage Foundation.

FEROUK

Carson and Cadogan and the members of their
parties were consistently ignoring the terms
of the excavation visas.

PRESENTER

Well surely that's a point for you, Hermione
Radcliffe, as Earl of Cadogan's daughter?

Subtitle: *Professor Hermione Radcliffe*
Head of Classical Studies, University of London.

HERMIONE

Our attitudes are very different to those of
my father's generation.

PRESENTER

So, was this careful excavation and responsible archaeology? Abu?

HINKSLEY

I don't call quaffing champagne in sacred burial chambers responsible archaeology, that's just gung-ho White Imperialism.

Subtitle: *Professor Abu Hinksley*
Metropolitan Museum, New York.

HERMIONE

Obviously, a number of people attracted to the Valley of the Kings in those heady days, were there for social reasons...

Slow zoom out of TV screen, out into the living room.

22a. INT. FLAT EARLY EVENING

TERRY

So what have you got their Q?

DICK

Pay attention Morris. [demonstrating the briefcase] Siphon goes in here. Three bottles, here, here and here.

TERRY

I see. Nice.

DICK

Well, it's a lot safer than carrying them out in our jacket pockets. A lot more business-like.

Zoom back to TV screen.

22b. INT. TV STUDIO EVENING

PRESENTER

But no mummy of Nefertiti has ever been found, so how can you assert who she was?

HERMIONE

Neither her sarcophagus nor her burial chamber have been discovered, but we have her represented. We're very privileged to have Professor Rowlands' bust of Nefertiti from the Fitzroy collection and the Armana amulet courtesy of Prof. Hinksley...

VAN BUSSEL

And let's not forget Nefertiti's papyrus slippers, which we have Ferouk's government to thank for.

Subtitle: *Dr. Martin Van Bussel*
Head of Research, Flinders-Petrie Museum.

PRESENTER

Slippers can't really be proof...

VAN BUSSEL

...yes, I agree, that if we don't have a mummy of Nefertiti we can't assert, without doubt, what she was in terms of race.

GILLIAN

But we know she ruled side by side with Akhenaten - not as a first lady, but a co-monarch with full executive power.

Subtitle: *Gillian Cox*
Author, "The Female Pharaoh".

HINKSLEY

A black African monarch, let's not forget that.

FEROUK

Please leave your 20th century feminism and American racial politics aside. Nefertiti was Egyptian, and this is an Egyptian issue.

23. INT. TV STUDIO LOBBY EVENING

General smiles and polite chitchat amongst the guests.

HERMIONE

Everyone, I've got a table booked at the restaurant for nine, are you all going to come along?

PROF. ROWLANDS

Hermione, my dear, I've spent my reserves for the day; I must get an early night.

FEROUK

I too have to bid you good night; I will accompany the Professor back to the hotel.

HERMIONE

Oh what a shame. Well, at least both of you will be bright as buttons in the morning. Goodnight, Glynn, dear. [kisses Rowlands cheek] `Evening Ferouk.

24. INT. RESTAURANT THE IVY EVENING

Terry and Dick - very smartly dressed - are at the bar, having aperitif gin and tonics.

TERRY

Fucking hell, we're the only people in here that ain't on telly! That's Ruth Madoc.

DICK

We're conspicuous by our obscurity. Still, TV people are usually too busy talking about themselves to notice. Isn't that Kilroy?

TERRY

Do you think your fancy woman comes here?

DICK

What do you mean? She's not my woman. There's Titchmarsh.

TERRY

Well, what happened? You did do her, didn't you? Don't tell me you didn't do her. I know you did her; you'd be happy if you hadn't done her.

DICK

I did, and I'm not happy. It can only lead to bad things - I've already pissed her off. [pointing] Barry Cryer.

TERRY

Well, at least someone apart from you has touched your willy - for the first time since the 1900s! You should be dancing, yeah!

DICK

I don't think she'll want to see me again, let alone dance with me.

Time passes; Terry and Dick, half cut, have finished their main courses. Terry pours the last of their third bottle.

TERRY

Well, we've put away another £300's worth. Do you feel better?

DICK

Yes. Let's order another one immediately.

TERRY

Yeah, something we can really savour when we get in. Cheese and crackers on a plate, as we let *Earth Wind & Fire* transport us up the Nile to the Valley of the Kings.

Let's go a bit upperclass, it's my choice this time. I feel like going for a biggun.

DICK

Are you sure? You won't just go for price, will you? You don't necessarily get what you pay for...

TERRY

Since when has paying been a criterion of ours? Look you flange, I'm not a fucking heathen, and I will not sacrifice class for mere price. It will excel on both counts. Garcon!

The wine waiter appears with the list. Skirting his finger down a blurred price column, Terry fixes on the figure of £6000. It relates to a vintage 1932 bottle of Margaux.

TERRY

That one. We'll have that one please.

Cut to a wide-angle shot. On an adjacent table to Terry and Dick we see Hermione and the Egyptologists.

HERMIONE

[hails waiter] The wine list please. Everyone - I thought we'd celebrate this evening with a bottle of wine that has a very special family significance for me.

DICK

[to Terry] So what have you picked?

TERRY

Well it's 1932, but that's not the price.

DICK

Well, what is it?

TERRY

It's a Margaux, that's red innit from France?

DICK

Excellent, I've never tried a Margaux. If 1932 was a good year, it should be very good.

TERRY

Well, for £6000 a bottle I'd expect every year to be bloody marvellous.

DICK

[wheezing ferociously] £6000! What have you done, you stupid idiot! That's serious fucking theft, Terry! Not a couple of hundred quid! What happens if we get caught?

TERRY

We don't do that getting caught thing, do we? Stop being a pussy, and just think about the EWF homeboys, as we drift past the Sphinx.

DICK

[standing up involuntarily] How can you talk about fucking Egypt at a time like this!!!

HERMIONE

Oh I am sorry, were we being too loud!

VAN BUSSEL

I'm afraid when Egyptologists get together they talk about nothing else!

TERRY

Oh, so if you're Egyptian experts or summin, do you mind if I ask you a question?

HINKSLEY

Fire away. I can't guarantee we'll all agree on an answer.

DICK

No, Terry..

TERRY

Well, *Earth Wind & Fire*, right - why were they so obsessed with Ancient Egypt?

HINKSLEY

Ah, well young man, you gotta understand that Maurice White, like a lot of black artists and academics at that time, became switched on to their African heritage. Egypt was regarded as the cradle of black civilisation, the first black superpower.

TERRY

Oh yeah? But I thought they were all Arabs.

HERMIONE

Oh, let's not start this again.

VAN BUSSEL

You've managed to hit upon a particularly contentious subject.

The wine waiter appears looking embarrassed.

MAITRE 'D

We have a slight problem with the Margaux 1932, this involves both tables, I'm afraid. We only have one bottle in our cellar, would one of you consider an alternative vintage?

HERMIONE

Oh what a shame. I'm sure there's enough for a glass each. Why don't you two join us and I'll pay?

DICK

Yes, yes. Good idea.

Cut to later after the meal, Dick is sat next to Van Bussel, whilst Terry is next to Hermione.

TERRY

Let's crack open the Margaux then, Ma.

HERMIONE

Patience, dear boy. I thought we'd save the best until last.

DICK

[to Van Bussel] So Upper Egypt is below Lower Egypt on the map?

VAN BUSSEL

That's right, they take their names from their relationship to the Nile.

HINKSLEY

Upper Egypt had the more powerful alliances with Nubia and the rest of the African nations.

Hermione suddenly leaps to her feet, waving hello to a glamorous mother and daughter, as they enter.

HERMIONE

It's my darling sister and niece, everyone. Prunella, dear! Rosalind! Over here, do come and join us!

PRUNELLA

[aside to her daughter] Oh damn, I didn't know your Aunt was going to be here.

ROSALIND

Mummy, she's not that bad. Besides she's holding court - it would be rude to ignore her.

PRUNELLA

I don't want to listen to her odd ideas all night and I'd rather you didn't have quite so much time for her.

ROSALIND

She's been good for me, Mummy.

PRUNELLA

Hermione, this is a pleasant surprise. Your exhibition starts soon doesn't it?

HERMIONE

Tomorrow, as a matter of fact. And what's that thingy you're doing at the Barbican?

ROSALIND

It's Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*, Auntie Hem. And it's not just Mummy, I'm in it too.

HERMIONE

Lovely, I'm sure, dear. Anyway, take a seat. It's open house tonight.

TERRY

[to Dick] She's quality.

DICK

Yes, very attractive - but a bit horsey.

TERRY

Her bad-boys are *the one*. I won't be able to concentrate until I've had 'em out.

DICK

You couldn't afford to get the time of day out of her, let alone her bad-boys.

TERRY

Don't worry, Dickolas. I'm going to spin her one, I'm gonna yarn it out large.

Rosalind is talking to Gillian Cox.

ROSALIND

Aunt Hermione's been giving me hypnotherapy to help with my acting.

GILLIAN

Oh, I'd hate to be hypnotised, I'd hate to feel out of control.

ROSALIND

It's not like that at all, it helps me concentrate, I can really empathise...

TERRY

[to Rosalind] I've seen you somewhere before, haven't I?

ROSALIND

You may have done. I don't recall your face to be perfectly honest.

TERRY

I've definitely seen you before, I couldn't forget your face.

ROSALIND

I'm an actress, Mister... ?

TERRY

Terry.

ROSALIND

Perhaps, you've seen me on stage, Mr. Terry.

TERRY

No, no. Maybe it was at Goodwood, private enclosure, couple of weeks ago.

PRUNELLA

Oh, do you work with horses then?

TERRY

Er, I ride 'em. I'm a jockey, was a jockey.

PRUNELLA

Well I never...

ROSALIND

Aren't you rather large to be a jockey?

TERRY

Well, that's the reason I quit. Can you imagine how difficult it is for a man of my height to keep under ten stone. But, you know, I love horses.

ROSALIND

I can never understand how people who claim to love horses race them. I don't like horseracing, Mr. Terry, I'm afraid.

TERRY

Well, that's another reason why I gave it up, you know. I couldn't use the whip, out of principle. I'm not fond of horseracing myself, anymore. But, I 'spose it's my livelihood.

PRUNELLA

You train horses now?

TERRY

No.

ROSALIND

Oh, you're a bookie aren't you - a tic-tac man?

TERRY

No, I'm a writer.

ROSALIND

For the *Sporting Life*?

TERRY

No, novels. Thinking man's Dick Francis, you know - *Horse Whispering* - that sort of stuff?

PRUNELLA

Would I have heard of any of these novels?

TERRY

Well, em, *Saddlebaggin'*? No? *Sugar Lumps* was published first. *Trot In The Park*? No?

ROSALIND

What are you doing here, Mr. Terry?

PRUNELLA

[embarrassed at daughter's bluntness] What's your connection to Egyptology?

TERRY

I'm just an interested amateur. You know, your face is really familiar as well?

ROSALIND

That's because we're related.

TERRY

Yeah well, I had gathered that, Ros. Anyway [to Prunella] you were in *Doctor Who* - one of the Tom Baker ones? Queen of summink?

PRUNELLA

Privy Time Counsellor.

ROSALIND

Please don't assume how to abbreviate my name.

TERRY

[exasperated] Oh fuckin' hell, alright Princess, I can take a hint. [turns round to Dick in a huff]

DICK

And the 10-1 outsider *Wide Boy* has fallen at the first hurdle.

TERRY

Fucking actors. Anyone who makes their living pretending to be other people, is bound to have problems with reality.

DICK

I told you not to bother.

TERRY

It must be impossible to stop once you're an actor; everything's a fucking performance. They even play at *being themselves*. Oh actors, off you fuck.

DICK

You know, Terry, all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and entrances. And we've managed to fuck up our exit by joining a table of Egyptologists and Thespians.

TERRY

Yeah well, enough's enough; we're doing the Frank. [slips the Margaux under his wing] Nice meeting everyone, safe journey back to your digs. Digs, geddit? Later folks.

DICK

We're just going to go and pay.

Hermione notices the wine has gone. She takes Rosalind by the wrist.

HERMIONE

My dear niece, you were so hard on that young man. [fixing her with an eerie stare, Rosalind is transfixed] You must follow him, he has something very valuable. Go to him and get it back, do you understand?

ROSALIND

[blankly] Yes.

25. EXT OUTSIDE THE IVY. EVENING

Dick steps out onto the road, hailing a cab. Terry's on the pavement, juggling with the Margaux, bouncing it off his forearm, twirling it in mid-air, catching it behind his back. Passers-by start applauding him and he feeds off the response.

When Dick sees this he flips, but doesn't want to put Terry off, who's tossing the bottle at least 20ft in the air to the crowd's wild approval. As he prepares for a huge throw, he looks at Dick and winks. Dick shuts his eyes; an onlooker jostles for position and nudges Terry's arm as he launches.

SLO-MO SEQUENCE

The bottle is followed spinning in mid-air; Terry looks at Dick, Dick turns and begins running to catch the bottle, out into the road, a taxi narrowly misses him - he dives at full stretch, catching the bottle one-handed and rolling over on the other side of the street.

REAL TIME

The assembled spectators cheer, the taxi driver brakes suddenly, Terry and Dick sheepishly get into the cab. As the taxi is about to go Rosalind raps on their window. Terry winds it down and tells the driver to stop.

TERRY

What do you want?

ROSALIND

[blankly] I've changed my mind about you. I was too hard on you. You have something very valuable. I must follow you.

TERRY

Bloody hell, you've changed your tune, Princess. Well, in that case... your carriage awaits, jump in and we'll continue the evening's entertainment. Cos I've got the Margaux Ledbetter, and this is your invitation to *The Good Life*. [Rosalind gets in the cab]

26. INT. FLAT NIGHT

Terry and Dick are savouring the Margaux and playing MB Games *Operation*. Rosalind is sat silently gazing from the sofa.

DICK

Is she alright? She's hardly said a word. Are you sure we can trust her?

TERRY

Well, if she's here to get the wine back, it's too late, we've half-quaffed it.

The *Operation* tweezers are connected to a car battery and Polaroid camera. Terry removes *Adam's Apple*, without buzzing.

DICK

She's from another planet.

TERRY

Granted, her bad boys possess an almost otherworldly allure.

Dick tries to remove the *breadbasket*, a look of intense concentration on his face.

DICK

OK, you do what you've got to do, but I don't want to see her freaky face in the morning.

As he says this, his hand slips and the tweezers make contact. He receives a huge shock and the camera captures his excruciating expression.

TERRY

Dick, why do you spend your time perverting the board games of our youth? I always win and you always get all the pain.

DICK

Maybe that's our destiny.

Rosalind suddenly stands up and walks over to Terry.

TERRY

Oy-oy, it's alive.

Impassively she takes his hand and leads him to the bedroom.

TERRY

I'll leave you and the lovely Margaux alone together, then.

Dick pours the last of the Margaux putting the bottle on the table near the window. Dick notices Francine's picture in the newspaper and throws it in the bin. He sinks down with his glass of wine. Cross-fade to him passed out on the sofa.

26b. DREAM SEQUENCE.

Dick is back in Fran's bedroom, now bathed in a strange blue light. She is on top of him, writhing about - she's wearing a suit and tie. Fran's bedroom wallpaper clippings, Dick is hearing them read by gutter journalists (a la Points of View).

VO (various)

'WINE THIEF BEHAVES LIKE PLONK-ER IN BED'
'HOW DICK LOST THE BOTTLE': 'DOOMED TO LONELINESS': 'WINE DORK DICK YORK, ALL-TALK, SMALL-CORK'

DICK

These clippings are all about me!

FRANCINE

I collect them. I wrote them.

Suzanne in tiara enters the bedroom.

SUZANNE

Richard, you're pathetic, look at you you're still in love with me.

DICK

Don't say that Suzanne, [to Fran] I'm sorry.

FRANCINE

That's Ok, I'm an older woman. I understand these things.

SUZANNE

She's after one thing of course - a baby.

DICK

Go away, please!

FRANCINE

I'm a professional woman, you know, but my clock is ticking.

She pulls up her shirt, to reveal a digital clock in her navel with red numbers counting down.

27a. EXT. SUNRISE

The first rays of sunshine over the city. We see Russell Square at dawn, Spitalfields market and Terry & Dick's road.

27b. INT. FLAT SUNRISE

Sunlight hits the empty bottle, projecting hieroglyphic symbols onto the opposite wall. Rosalind is sleepwalking, murmuring something foreign-sounding. Dick wakes to see strange luminous shapes on the wall, and is awestruck. The entranced Rosalind is about to grab the bottle.

DICK

No, leave it. Don't touch it.

Rosalind half wakes and blearily returns to Terry's room. Dick grabs the camera and takes a Polaroid of the apparition, just before clouds obscure the sun. He pins the photo on the corkboard along with the other *Operation* snaps.

28. INT. BRITISH MUSEUM DAY

Hermione is about to address assembled crowd, for the *Daughters of the Nile* opening. Someone whispers in her ear.

HERMIONE

Ladies and gentlemen, I was about to open this exhibition alongside Professor Rowlands, but I have some tragic news, he... passed away last night...

Dr. Van Bussel steadies her and pours her a glass of water.

VAN BUSSEL

[whispers] Are you ok?

HERMIONE

Martin, thank you... I am hereby dedicating the exhibition to the memory of Glynn Rowlands, a friend and a fine man.

She joins the other Egyptologists reacting to the news.

HERMIONE

Ferouk, dear, you were with him. How was he when you got back to the hotel?

FEROUK

He was in high spirits. We had a pleasant chat in the lobby...

29. INT. HOTEL LOBBY FLASHBACK

Rowlands and Ferouk are sat in leather chairs, Rowlands with a large brandy.

ROWLANDS

Your average Egyptian would flog their mother in the Casbar, if they thought it would get them a British passport. You're not getting your grubby hands on Nefertiti's bust. It's not going to leave these shores.

FEROUK

[icily calm] I'll forgive your alcohol-induced comments, Professor. I assure you, all the artefacts will return to Egypt with your permission or without.

ROWLANDS

Bah! To hell with you! I'm going to bed.

30. INT. PROF. ROWLAND'S HOTEL ROOM NIGHT FLASHBACK

Prof. Rowlands wakes from his sleep in a heavy sweat. Two silhouetted strangers stand over him, in statuesque poses, a strange ring on one of their hands glimmers in the moonlight. Prof. Rowlands cannot breathe for utter terror.

FEROUK

[VO] ...so when I left him, he was very much looking forward to the exhibition.

31. INT. BRITISH MUSEUM DAY

HINKSLEY

[aside] Ferouk, can I talk with you a second?

FEROUK

Certainly.

HINKSLEY

[hushed tones] Speaking candidly, as African-American to African - this could have some very positive repercussions. The Fitzroy can't hold onto the bust now he's gone; you know the Met is the right place...

FEROUK

New York is no more Egyptian than Cambridge or London. As an Egyptian speaking candidly to an American, Cairo is the only rightful place for Rowland's collection.

HINKSLEY

You disappoint me, Ferouk [walking away].

Close-up of Ferouk as he watches Hinksley depart.

32. INT. WINE MERCHANT DAY

Dick is serving a customer as Terry and Rosalind enter.

DICK

I've put your receipt in the bag, thank you.
[to Terry] Alright mate, she still about?

TERRY

[appearing dazed, speaking as if entranced]
Hello Dick. Rosalind and I are out shopping.
We thought we'd pop in and say Hi.

DICK

Are you alright?

In the background Dick can see Rosalind staring, eerily fixed on the back of Terry's head.

TERRY

Oh never better. Never better. Did you finish that bottle of wine last night?

DICK

Yeah, I need to speak to you about that, there's something very odd about that bottle.

TERRY

Where is it?

DICK

What's going on, why are you all funny?

TERRY

I'm fine Dick. Rosalind would like to give the bottle back to her Aunt. Now that it's empty we don't need it, do we?

DICK

No way, no fucking way. I've put it away safe in the flat. She can't have it.

TERRY

Oh. I'm sorry you feel that way, Dick. We can't stop. We're going to get some blinds and a lampshade to make the flat look nice.

They turn spookily, and depart.

33. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES DAY

Fran is walking behind Keith, trying to get him to stop.

FRANCINE

Keith, are you going to give me a decision today... the exhibition started this morning and I should be there, covering it...

KEITH

Where's my Monastery review?

FRANCINE

I've done it, but you're not having it unless you give me this chance. This is my true subject... this is what I trained for...

KEITH

There's no room in my paper for ancient bloody history. I pay you to write entertaining food reviews.

FRANCINE

I'm not prepared to do that anymore.

KEITH

Well, I'm afraid, Fran you've just talked yourself out of a job.

FRANCINE

Thanks for the fucking support.

She walks purposely out the double doors.

34. EXT. CHOPSY'S DAD'S BUTCHERS NEAR CLOSING TIME

Underneath the shop front sign "HARRY CUTLER & SONS", Chopsy is pulling down the shutters just as Dick arrives.

DICK

[distracted] All right, Chops, you fancy a pint?

CHOPSY

Sorry Dick, I can't. Dad's expecting a special delivery.

GORDON

Russell, I hope that's not a customer, son. I told you I want this shop closed dead on five o'clock tonight.

CHOPSY

It's alright, Dad. [to Dick] Look Dick, I can't talk now.

As Dick leaves, two men arrive with a large carcass-sized package.

35. INT. BRITISH MUSEUM DAY

In the Exhibition Hall people are milling about. Hermione introduces the next speaker.

HERMIONE

I am pleased to introduce, slightly later than expected, our next speaker from the Metropolitan Museum in New York, Professor Abu Hinksley.

A sweating and ill-looking Hinksley walks on stage.

HINKSLEY

[after a pause] Nefertiti, first lady of Africa... er... defines the unconventional spirit of the Amarna period, ruling alongside her husband, Amenhotep IV, er... better known as... Akhenaten... arghh! [he clutches his chest]

Hinksley falls backwards, kicking over the rostrum. The audience scream and gasp, paramedics rush on stage.

36. INT. FLAT DUSK

Dick takes off his work shirt. He pours a cold glass of wine from a tapped box of Soave. Terry is in a smiley-stupor absorbed in a home improvement programme on TV.

DICK

Has she gone then?

TERRY

Hello Dick. Rosalind's taking something to her Auntie. She'll be back for supper.

DICK

[panicking] Oh yeah... she's taken something to Aunt, has she?

Dick rushes over to check that the bottle is still safely hidden; he finds the concealed cupboard already open and the bottle gone. Consumed in a silent rage, he walks slowly back into the living room.

DICK

Where's the cuntin' Margaux, Terry?

TERRY

We drank it Dick. And it wasn't right for us to keep the bottle. It belonged to Rosalind's Auntie.

DICK

What are you talking about?! We fucking stole it, it was theirs and then it became ours. [shaking Terry] What did she slip you? Oh, fuck it, I give up.

He slumps down onto the sofa, and changes the TV channel with the remote. The news is on.

ANCHORMAN

...so we can go live to George Askew, at the British Museum. George, what's going on down there?

GEORGE ASKEW

[behind a clamour of reporters] Well, Nick, in these usually sedate surroundings there's a feeling of panic. I understand that the police will be treating Professor Hinksley's death as suspicious. Oh and here's Hermione Radcliffe now...

REPORTER 1

Professor Radcliffe, do the police think that Glynn Rowland's and Abu Hinksley's death are linked?

HERMIONE

You'd have to ask them about that.

REPORTER 2

Is it true that the bust of Nefertiti and the Armana amulet have been missing since the deaths of the two men?

REPORTER 3

Are you personally in danger? Could this be an act of Arab terrorists or a Pharaoh's curse?

HERMIONE

I'm not willing to entertain such nonsense..

REPORTER 4 [FRANCINE]

But Miss Radcliffe, many attribute the death of your real father, Harold Carson, to the curse of Akhenaten.

HERMIONE

I beg your pardon, did you say my *real* father? My father was George Walker, Fifth Earl of Cadogan. You really should do your research more thoroughly.

FRANCINE

I did..

REPORTERS 1, 2
Professor Radcliffe?

Francine's response is drowned out by further questioning.
Terry recognises her on the TV.

TERRY
There's Rosalind's Auntie. And isn't that
your ladyfriend Dick?

DICK
Fran?

TERRY
Why don't you invite her to supper too? I'm,
cooking plenty of Spag-Bol.

Dick ignores Terry and phones Francine on her mobile.

37. EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM STEPS DUSK
Francine answers her mobile.

FRANCINE
Hello. Oh, hello. I didn't expect to hear
from you again.

DICK
[Cut to Dick] I'm sorry. I've just seen you
on TV. I can't really explain, but I think
we're involved in all of this.

FRANCINE
[VO] Really? Can you come over?

DICK
Yes, of course. Oh shit, no I can't leave
Terry, can you come here?

38. INT. MORTUARY CLOSED EARLY EVENING
The doors swing open and two shadowy figures enter.
Hands with painted nails and scarab rings open drawers.
They pull back the sheeting to reveal the Hinksley's corpse.
The body is lifted off the slab and into a sarcophagus.

39. INT. FLAT EARLY EVENING
Terry is in the kitchen, singing John Denver's *Annie's Song* to
himself whilst draining spaghetti. Fran is at the table with
Dick, sketching the hieroglyphics from the Polaroid.

DICK
Does it make any sense to you?

FRANCINE
I'm going to have to look it up. If only you
still had the bottle. Do you know where this
niece of hers lives?

DICK

No, we only met her last night. I don't even know her full name - Terry would though.
[calling through to kitchen] Terry?!

He comes out with a pinafore on.

TERRY

I've already told you *Hungry Horaces* - I'm not serving it up until Rosalind gets back.

DICK

[aside to Fran] See what I mean. Terry, what's Rosalind's surname?

TERRY

Downing - like a duckling's soft fluffy feathers.

FRANCINE

Rosalind Downing? Prunella Downing's daughter? They're both actresses. They're doing *The Merry Wives of Windsor* together at the Barbican.

DICK

Tonight?

FRANCINE

Yes, I think so.

DICK

Right, we'll go down there and get the truth out of them. Come on Terry, get your pinny off, we're going to fetch Rosalind.

TERRY

Oh, ok. I'll have to leave this spaghetti in some olive oil, or it'll stick together.

40. EXT. HERMIONE'S GARDEN TEMPLE EARLY EVENING

Hermione is in full cult regalia, performing a ritual in praise of the setting sun. She's interrupted by two of her henchwomen in white linen robes, who bring a stoney-faced Rosalind in holding the bottle. One of the henchwomen is Gillian Cox, the Egyptologist.

GILLIAN

The girl has returned with the bottle, Sun-Mother.

Rosalind silently hands the bottle over to Hermione, who places it carefully on the altar.

HERMIONE

Excellent. Leave this house now, and when the door closes behind you, awaken and remember nothing of the last day. Go child.

41. INT. BARBICAN - RSC THEATRE DRESSING ROOM EVENING
Prunella is adjusting her costume. The director, Brian, bursts into the dressing room.

BRIAN

Prunella, does your daughter realise that she can't pick and choose which performances she turns up for?

PRUNELLA

Brian, I'm sorry, I'll talk to her. I'm sure there's a perfectly reasonable explanation.

Rosalind enters without apologising. She starts to get changed.

BRIAN

[incredulous] You are alive then! I'll leave you to it, Pru.

ROSALIND

Leave you to what, Mummy?

PRUNELLA

Rosalind, you've already missed the matinee. I've been worried sick. Where have you been?

ROSALIND

I... don't know. I don't want to talk about it. [bursting into tears]

PRUNELLA

[hugging Rosalind] Darling, wait for me at home. Please don't go off anywhere else.

42. EXT. BARBICAN - RSC THEATRE STAGE DOOR EVENING
Dick, Fran and Terry are waiting outside as Rosalind leaves.

TERRY

[giving her an unwanted kiss on the cheek] Oh, I've missed you. Dinner's nearly ready, and we can put up the blinds and lampshade after.

ROSALIND

Get away from me! Who are you?

DICK

Where's the bottle?

ROSALIND

I beg your pardon?

DICK

Look, we know you took it, your Aunt wanted it all along. You've been playing my mate for an idiot!

ROSALIND

I haven't a bleeding clue what you're talking about, get out of my way before I call security.

FRANCINE

I think there may be a misunderstanding here, we really should go.

Francine leads Dick and Terry off.

43. INT. CLERKENWELL WINE BAR EVENING

At the bar, Dick and Fran talk, whilst Terry sulks in silence.

DICK

She's just doing her actress bit, she's pretending not to recognise him.

FRANCINE

She seemed genuinely bemused to me. Maybe someone put them both in a trance, Rosalind snapped out of it, but Terry's still under the spell.

DICK

And Hermione's your prime suspect.

FRANCINE

At the moment, yes. The next thing to do is decipher those hieroglyphics.

TERRY

Oh, I'm lost without her. She's *The One*. I need a fag.

Terry wanders off in search of a cigarette.

DICK

I've got to think of a way to snap him out of this. Any ideas?

Terry approaches a table of Sloaney women, out on a hen night. They're outrageously drunk and raucously posh.

TERRY

Hello. I really do need a cigarette as the girl I love has just left me. Do you have one I could buy off you?

FFIONA 1

Oh my ga-w-d, that's tragi-i-c.

FFIONA 2

I can't believe she'd do thaaaa... and to such a sweetie, I've got a ciggie for you.

FFIONA 3

Don't worry, Adonis - stick round this table we'll soon take your mind off your ex.

Ffiona 3 outrageously grabs Terry's tackle through his trousers, and gives it a little squeeze. Terry's eyes bulge and he is miraculously shaken out of his trance.

TERRY

Oy-Oy!

Over the other side of the bar Dick's ears prick up, he and Fran wind their way through the crowded bar to get to Terry.

DICK

[hugging him] Terry, is that really you?

TERRY

Alright, mate. How many bottles you had?
[to Fran] Evening, darling.

FFIONA 4

Oh do come on, Terry, we're all dying to hear another one of your smutty jokes.

TERRY

[to Dick] Any chance of me having the flat tonight? I'm well in with the Ffionas here. I'm going to try and play *Connect 4* later, it could get quite noisy.

FRANCINE

Doesn't that leave you without a bed for the night?

DICK

Oh, well, I'll find somewhere...

FRANCINE

You can stay round mine. If you want to that is... there's no pressure...

DICK

Is that such a good idea, after last time?

FRANCINE

Don't worry, I promise not to pounce on you.

DICK

Alright. But don't you think we should tell Terry what's happened first?

FRANCINE

No. Let him have his night of fun, it can wait till morning.

44. INT. FRANCINE'S BEDROOM 2:00AM

Fran undresses Dick and slowly kisses his chest and stomach.

FRANCINE

Do you ever envy Terry's lifestyle?

DICK

No, not at all. I keep telling him, I could never do what he does.

FRANCINE

Really, don't you ever fantasise about sex with more than one woman at a time?

DICK

I find sex with one woman hard enough...

Fran starts to give Dick a blow-job, as he lies there, a thought bubble appears above his head and we see his mind's eye as a fly on Terry's bedroom wall.

FANTASY/MUSICAL SEQUENCE

Terry is dressed in an animal skin, a priapic horn on his head, hunting the Ffiona's round the flat. On their primary-coloured costumes they are labelled Ffionas 1 to 4. They seem to enjoy being his prey.

FRANCINE

Well, I'm finding you hard enough...

As Dick's breathing gets louder the thought bubble reappears. In a dense jungle the Ffionas, dressed as stylised zebras, run through the undergrowth being chased by a lion that looks uncannily like Terry. The lion trips up two of zebras and grapples with them, preparing to bite; he looks straight into the camera, and sinks his razor teeth into one of their rumps.

Dick gasps and sits upright in Fran's bed. He's come.

DICK

Jesus Christ, Terry!

FRANCINE

What did you call me?!

DICK

No. I was just thinking about Terry.

FRANCINE

You fucking bastard! [cuffing him]

She storms into the en suite bathroom. We can hear her cleaning her teeth. Dick's head is in his hands. He decides to get his clothes on. Francine comes out the bathroom.

What are you doing? You're not just going to leave?! You're pathetic!

DICK

I thought you'd want me to go..

FRANCINE

What, are you going back to check on Terry?

DICK

Fran, I'm not going home, I'm going for long walk - I'll see you in the morning.

FRANCINE

What?! Oh, for god's sake. I think I should just get on with this myself - I'm sorry for involving you. Anyway, shouldn't you go into work tomorrow, see Malcolm..

DICK

Hold on, what do you mean? I called you about the bottle, remember? I'm involved in this!

FRANCINE

But you're not really involved are you - like you're not *really* involved with me. This is just a little game for you, like you and Terry doing your silly restaurant stunts!

DICK

You hardly know me, Francine.

FRANCINE

I know what I can see: a slacker in a student-job who could apply himself but prefers to behave like a seventeen-year-old, stealing booze with his mate that they can't afford.

DICK

If you didn't like what you saw why did you start this? Listen, don't try and change me, because you'll be wasting your time.

FRANCINE

Sorry. I got a bit carried away. I liked what I saw. You know that. Look, come here.

They kiss, lying back on the bed.

DICK
I'm sorry I'm such a fuck-up.

FRANCINE
Shhhh...

45. EXT. TERRY AND DICK'S GARDEN PATH MORNING
Tony, Barry, Jim and Chopsy are knocking on the front door.

BARRY
Can you see anything Chops?

Chopsy is staring through the window, he remains silent.

TONY
Chops?

The lads join him at the window.

CHOPSY
I don't believe it.

In the living room they can see Terry in the sofa-bed snoring on his back, surrounded by four sleeping women, two each side.

BARRY
This is obscene - the luck of the man is absolutely indecent.

TONY
Lucky fucker.

JIM
Fucking lucky fucker.

They continue to stare in silence, unaware of Dick and Fran walking down the path.

DICK
Alright fellas... Lads? [pushing past to see what they're staring at] Jesus Christ.

46. INT. FLAT MORNING
Dick and Fran enter the living room, followed silently by the lads. Close-up of each of the lad's eyes intercut with each of the sleeping Ffionas. The silence is so overwhelming that it wakes Terry, he opens his eyes to meet Chopsy's stare.

TERRY
Alright Chops, get the tea'n'toast on.

DICK
There's no time for breakfast, Terry. Tell him, Fran.

FRANCINE

There's been a double-murder at the British Museum, and you two should attend Ferouk Al Mohammed's midday lecture in case the killer strikes again.

TERRY

Scooby-fucking-Doo! Forget the tea, I'll get me strides on.

The alarm clock goes off and the Ffionas wake, they're wearing Terry's t-shirts. They go about their normal routines; seemingly unaware that they are in a room with six strangers.

TERRY

Morning ladies, I know you want to thank me for a magical evening, but I've got to rush; there's crime to solve. Make yourselves at home, but don't go opening the wine.

DICK

Come on lads, haven't you got pubs to go to.

The lads follow Dick out the door all except Chopsy who's transfixed by the Polaroid snap of the hieroglyphics on the notice board.

DICK

Come on Chopsy, chop-chop.

47. INT. CELLAR CRYPT

Two sinister hooded figures are embalming the corpse of Abu Hinksley. His nether regions are bandaged, his skin looks desiccated. The masked Head Priest is carrying a canopic jar containing male genitalia over to the shelf.

48. EXT. FRANCINE'S CAR MORNING

Fran is pulling-up outside the British Museum.

FRANCINE

OK. Check out the exhibition; find out all you can about Carson and Cadogan, I think it might be useful, but don't miss Ferouk's lecture. I'm going to interview Prunella Downing about her play, and see what I can find out about her mysterious sister, Hermione. Call me when you're done here and I'll come and get you.

DICK AND TERRY

Yes Mum.

49. INT. BRITISH MUSEUM MORNING

Terry and Dick wander into the main entrance hall.

TERRY

So, are you going to tell me what the fuck's been happening in the last 48 hours?

DICK

Well, do you remember the Margaux? Well it's now the Mar-gone.

TERRY

So what, we drank it, didn't we?

DICK

The label on the bottle was hiding some hieroglyphics.

TERRY

Oh yeah...?

DICK

Yeah, the bottle was obviously important enough for Hermione to hypnotise her niece to get it back - you do remember Rosalind?

TERRY

Not that horny actress bird with the bad-boys? I really wanted to do her.

DICK

You did.

TERRY

Did I? You're joking? What a result!

DICK

But she put you in a trance and swiped the bottle.

TERRY

Did she? You're joking? What a bummer! So that's why I can't remember her bad boys. What d'you have to tell me for?

50. INT. EGYPTIAN DISPLAY ROOM MIDDAY

Terry and Dick look at a film on Carson and Cadogan.

DICK

Do you think moustaches will ever come back? I hope not.

TERRY

[looking at a nearby ancient bust] Nefertiti weren't bad looking, was she? I'd swim the Nile for that.

NARRATOR

[VO] In 1928 came the first breakthrough. Harold Carson became a household name back in England for his discovery of Akhenaten's temple. His patron George Walker, the Earl of Cadogan, was elated, and in a telegram to Carson told of his *"unbridled joy and pride to hear the good news. I hope to join you out there, as soon as possible..."*

TERRY

So Earl Cadogan is Hermione's dad?

DICK

Yeah, and Prunella's - although they don't look much alike, do they?

NARRATOR

[VO] ...many relics were found, Carson never managed to locate the burial chamber of Queen Nefertiti, and died with his ambition unfulfilled. To this day, the sarcophagus of Nefertiti lies undiscovered.

TERRY

Who was Hermione's mum then?

DICK

Penelope. That's her in the picture there.

On display boards they study a sepia photograph of Earl Cadogan and his wife Penelope.

TERRY

She looks half his age, the dirty giffer. Surely, Grandad couldn't have been up to the job. I reckon she was knocking off laughing boy with the tash.

DICK

Not everyone operates on your level, Morris.

An overhead camera zooms out and tracks across to the next hall where the lecture is due to start, on either side of the stage are two uniformed policemen.

HERMIONE

Inspector Wicks, this simply won't do, must they be in uniform? This is academic seminar, not a crime scene!

WICKS

I'm sorry, Ma'am, but as far as I'm concerned that's exactly what it is - and this is a murder investigation. The force is here for your benefit and the public's safety.

HERMIONE

I do appreciate that, Inspector, but would you please instruct your men to be a little less conspicuous.

WICKS

Just doing our duty, Ma'am. I'll be in the wings if you need me.

51. EXT. PRUNELLA DOWNING'S LAWN MIDDAY

Francine is interviewing Prunella, they're drinking Pimms.

PRUNELLA

...it always seems to be male critics that say Shakespeare doesn't have good roles for women. Leaving aside the obvious ones like Lady Macbeth, or Hamlet's Gertrude, I've had marvellous fun playing Mistress Quickly.

FRANCINE

And you draw inspiration for these larger-than-life characters from the real women in your life, perhaps your sister, Hermione?

PRUNELLA

Possibly, my mother Eleanor, more than my sister - we're actually half sisters, you know - Hermione's mother died tragically in childbirth.

FRANCINE

How's Hermione reacting to the deaths at the museum?

PRUNELLA

Hermione doesn't scare easily. I'm sure she regards the curse as nonsense, just as our father did. But, to return to Shakespeare...

FRANCINE

So, if she followed in your father's footsteps, why did she receive nothing from the Earl's estate?

PRUNELLA

I beg your pardon? If you would prefer an interview with my sister, I'm sure one can be arranged.

FRANCINE

Weren't you aware that Hermione was cut out of Earl Cadogan's will?

PRUNELLA

I think this has come to a natural end, Miss Witt. I really must get to the theatre.

52. INT. BRITISH MUSEUM MIDDAY

Dick is looking at a display case containing information on the curse of Aten. Terry comes up behind him with two large milkshakes and is reflected in the glass.

DICK

Fuck. It's quarter-past-twelve; we should be in that lecture, come on.

Dick and Terry walk quickly through the crowd the camera follows them from behind.

TERRY

'Ere's your drink.

DICK

That's not chocolate.

TERRY

Nah, they only had vanilla or strawberry.

DICK

Oh right, so you turned down the nice, natural, poddy, vanilla in favour of artificial strawberry. Well done.

TERRY

Oh sorry.

Ferouk is in mid-speech as Dick and Terry enter the lecture hall; they walk down the aisle. Suddenly, a blow-dart whistles past Terry's ear; we track the dart as it flies through the air straight into Ferouk's neck, two policemen catch Ferouk as he collapses, the crowd gasp in horror. Cut to a bamboo-pipe disappearing behind the rear fire exit door.

TERRY

[drink straw in his mouth] Oh shit, looks like we've missed it!

HERMIONE

[turns around] There they are, Inspector quick, those two on the stairs.

DICK

Oh no, she's seen us, Terry. Run for it!

Dick and Terry turn on their heels and run out of the lecture hall. Inspector Wicks and the two policemen give chase.

HERMIONE

Did you recognise them, Martin? They're the two from The Ivy!

VAN BUSSEL

Oh, yes I remember, the wine thieves!

Cut to Dick and Terry dodging the crowds as they run out of the Museum, hotly pursued by the police. Dick pulls out his mobile, whilst running, and calls Fran.

DICK

Fran, where are you? We've run into some trouble, can you pick us up?

Dick vaults a rosebush, whilst Terry is almost run over by a van as he sprints across the road.

Can you pick us up now?!

Cut to Fran in her car, passing the Ambassador Hotel.

FRANCINE

Are you still at the Museum? OK. I'll be there in two minutes.

Cut to Dick and Terry running down High Holborn, police just behind them. Reaching the end of the road, Terry points at the street sign: they have to cross-over dodging heavy traffic and run back up the road. The police are stuck, waiting to cross the road. Francine drives up on the other side, she spots the boys and winds the window down.

FRANCINE

Over here!

TERRY

No, we can't cross! Do a U'y! Do a U'y!

Fran sees the policemen in her mirror, spins the car around and picks up the boys. They jump in and Fran speeds off.

53. EXT. FRANCINE'S CAR AFTERNOON

Dick and Terry pant like dogs, as Fran concentrates on driving through London traffic, the radio tuned to a news station.

NEWSREADER

A third man has been murdered at the *Daughters of The Nile* exhibition. The Egyptian Ferouk Al Mohammed was killed by a poisoned dart, whilst delivering a lecture. The suspects, both white men in their early-twenties, fled on foot and are still at

large. We'll have more on this story in our main bulletin on the hour.

54. EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM STEPS AFTERNOON

Inspector Wicks is talking to the two policemen who chased after Dick and Terry.

WICKS

I take it you lost 'em then?

POLICEMAN

Sorry, boss.

WICKS

You need to get down the gym. Go on, I'll catch up with you in a moment.

The policemen go inside the Museum and Wicks tunes his radio to a "secure" channel.

Hello. It's Wicks.

Cut to darkened figure in car. We see a familiar scarab ring reflected in the wing mirror.

[VO] Looks like they're heading home, make sure you're there to greet them.

55. INT. PRUNELLA DOWNING'S AFTERNOON

Prunella is in a tracksuit practising yoga with the radio on. She sits up as soon as she hears Hermione's voice on the news.

HERMIONE

[VO] No, it shouldn't mean the closure of the exhibition. The apprehension of the culprits is merely a matter of time.

RADIO REPORTER

[VO] Did you see the suspects?

HERMIONE

[VO] Yes, I did and I gave descriptions to the police earlier. The same two men stole an extremely valuable bottle of wine from me, which came from my late father's estate, and they abducted my niece, luckily she escaped, and returned the bottle to me.

Prunella is clearly struck by something Hermione has said. She finds Francine's business card, and calls her.

PRUNELLA

Miss Witt? Are you still interested in talking about my sister? Well, I may have something of interest for you.

56. EXT TERRY AND DICK'S STREET AFTERNOON

A car pulls up outside Dick and Terry's flat. The thickset driver gets out and approaches the house. It's Gordon Cutler, he rings the bell and we see a scarab ring on his finger.

Cut to inside, where Ffiona 1 is loudly blow-drying her hair, and cannot hear the bell. Ffiona 2 is talking on her mobile phone, painting her nails, a magazine open on her lap.

Cut back to Gordon Cutler outside, ringing again.
Cut to Ffiona 3 making coffee, boiling kettle and chinking cups and sauces. Ffiona 4 is on the toilet, talking on her mobile, the door is open. As she's about to flush, she knocks the toilet roll off the cistern and it bounces down the stairs to the front door. Just before it hits the bottom, the door is kicked-in by the machete-wielding butcher. He bounds murderously up the stairs and into the living room.

FFIONA 2

Hello?

GORDON

Where are they?

FFIONA 2

Oh, they're not back yet. Take a seat, Ffi's just made some coffee, I'm sure they'll be back soon.

Gordon ignores her and immediately starts searching the place, pulling things over and rifling through cupboards.

FFIONA 2

Excuse me, you can't do thaaa. This place is to be kept tidy.

He rushes at her, holding the machete roughly to her neck.

GORDON

Too bad. I'm going to leave their limbs scattered all over the fucking floor. Yours an'all, if you don't shut up.

FFIONA 2

Oh my god, that would be rilly messy.

Gordon turns round as Ffiona 3 enters the room. She begins a running cartwheel, ending in a flying kick to his chest. It knocks him into a cabinet. Getting up, he blocks a volley of punches from Ffiona 2, throws her onto Ffiona 3 and they land in a heap; he brings the cabinet crashing down on top of them.

Stomping through into the bathroom, he sees Ffiona 4. She delivers a roundhouse kick to his head. He recovers and grabs her hair, forcing her head down the toilet. Ffiona's 2 & 3

enter the bathroom and symmetrically kick his kidneys and lever him up in a Full Nelson.

FFIONA 4

[standing up with sodden hair] Oh my god, I cannot fucking believe iit! I spent hours on this! [pointing to her hair] I'm going to have to completely start again! Hold him tightly - I'm going to take him.

She administers straight meaty punches to the butcher's face. He's then dragged out onto the landing and thrown down the stairs. At the bottom Gordon painfully picks himself up and looks back to see the three girls in formation looking down at him. With that he staggers to his car.

In the bedroom Ffiona 1 turns off the hairdryer, oblivious to the previous goings on. She opens the door, and calls out.

FFIONA 1

Ffi, I've changed my mind, I won't have coffee after all, it rilly stains my teeth.

57. INT. PRUNELLA DOWNING'S HOUSE AFTERNOON

Prunella, Fran and Dick are sitting in the living room. Terry is pacing about.

PRUNELLA

When I heard about this "abduction" nonsense, I realised Hermione was up to something. I know you two didn't kidnap my daughter; the only thing you're guilty of is stealing the wine. Hermione has a hold on Rosalind, through hypnosis, I'm sure of it.

FRANCINE

So what made you phone me back?

PRUNELLA

[reaching for bound letters] The bottle in question, I realise now, is the same bottle that's referred to in these letters. They're love letters to Penelope, Hermione's mother, from her natural father.

FRANCINE

Harold Carson.

PRUNELLA

I sensed you knew already.

DICK

So you and Hermione aren't even half-sisters?

PRUNELLA

No. But we shared an upbringing of sorts. My father felt betrayed by both his right-hand-man and his wife. To his credit he kept it secret and brought Hermione up as his own after Penelope died.

TERRY

[looks out the window] You've got *Swingball!* I didn't know posh houses had *Swingball*. Oy Dick, you fancy a game?

Dick, Fran and Prunella look incredulously at Terry.

DICK

[checking Fran's expression] Err... not now, Terry, eh?

TERRY

Suit yourself. You won't mind if I have a knockabout, Pru.

PRUNELLA

Erm... not at all. Go ahead.

TERRY

Well, if you need me... [goes outside]

Silence. Fran is looking at an embarrassed Dick.

FRANCINE

If you want to go and play, don't mind me...

DICK

No. No, I'm fine. I'm fine. Where were we?

FRANCINE

Does Hermione know that Carson was her real father?

PRUNELLA

It's all very clear from these letters. Penelope was carrying on an affair with Carson throughout the excavations in Egypt. My father, however, intercepted these letters; it must have broken his heart.

Dick is enviously watching Terry playing *Swingball* through the patio doors. His head is moving slightly from side to side.

FRANCINE

And those are the letters he left to Hermione in his will?

PRUNELLA

He died a very bitter man. My relationship with Hermione went rapidly downhill, because of the will.

58. INT. ROSALIND'S BEDROOM SUNSET

Rosalind lies on her bed, reading Shakespeare. She hears rhythmic thwacking from the garden below, and walks out onto her balcony, Shakespeare in hand;

58a. EXT. THE DOWNING HOUSE GARDEN

Rosalind doesn't recognise Terry, who's energetically bashing the shit out of the Swingball.

ROSALIND

Hello. Excuse me are you here to do the garden?

TERRY

[playing on her non-recognition] Pardon miss, was I distracting you, I'll be off soon.

ROSALIND

No don't worry, it's just that I was desperately trying to remember these lines, and I'm fighting a losing battle..

TERRY

The Bard is it? Well bung him down here then, and I'll test you.

ROSALIND

Are you sure you're not too busy? I don't want to get you into trouble with mummy.

TERRY

I can never resist a damsel in distress, come on - throw the book at me.

She tosses it down and he catches it.

ROSALIND

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Scene I, go from my entrance - I'm Anne Page.

TERRY

So, I'm Mr. Shallow yeah? That's a bit of type casting.

Here comes fair Mistress Anne. Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

ROSALIND

Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

TERRY

No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

ROSALIND

The dinner attends you, sir.

TERRY

I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.

Bloody hell, you don't have to say much - I'm doing more than you.

ROSALIND

I know, she's not really me at all. Just a shy, retiring country girl. I don't do demure very well.

TERRY

Then let's find something a little more you. [flicks through] 'Ere we are As You Like It.

*From the east to the western Ind,
No jewel is like fair Rosalind*

Rosalind looks amused. Terry leaps up onto a garden table underneath the balcony.

*Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.*

ROSALIND

You're a natural!

Balancing now on a taller bird-table against the wall.

TERRY

*All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.*

She laughs in delight as he pulls himself up to stand outside the balcony railings. Terry delivers the next line slower, without looking down at the text; their eyes are locked.

*Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.*

ROSALIND

Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, if I were your very very Rosalind?

TERRY

[tossing the book away] *I would kiss before I spoke.* [gives her a lingering kiss]

ROSALIND

[steps back] You're not going to believe this, but my name is actually Rosalind!

TERRY

Bloody hell. You don't recognise me at all, do you Ros?

ROSALIND

[her face darkens] Don't shorten my name like that - hold on, I do recognise you. Oh God. You're that bloody annoying horseracing man aren't you? Oh no, and I... eeewww... Goodbye.

She storms inside, closing the balcony doors behind her. Terry looks at the drop behind him, and climbs over the railings onto the balcony.

TERRY

So what was all that about just then? If I hadn't turned out to be me, I'd have had my tongue down your throat by now!

59. INT. PRUNELLA'S LOUNGE EARLY EVENING

Prunella, Fran and Dick are sitting in the living room.

PRUNELLA

My sister is a strange woman, but I can't see her as a murderer. I just think she might be connected, somehow involved.

DICK

Well, whatever it is, the bottle is the key - Let's hope the answer lies in these letters.

PRUNELLA

...Which I must have back once you've done your research.

From upstairs they hear muffled shouting, and a door slamming and then heavy feet coming downstairs. A red-faced and ruffled Terry enters the lounge. Dick, Fran and Prunella look towards the patio doors, puzzled.

TERRY

Nothing like a bit of *Swingball* to get the blood pumping through the veins. So, have we cracked it then?

60. EXT. FLAT NIGHT

Terry, Dick and Fran walk up the path.

TERRY

If we're lucky the Ffiona's will have done our Spring clean for us - I bet everything's pine fresh!

DICK

[looking nervously at Fran] I think that's a rather sexist assumption, don't you Terry?

FRANCINE

I doubt if they'd do anything that might damage their nails.

TERRY

I dunno Fran, they were pretty game birds...

As Terry puts his key in the lock the door falls forward off its hinges. Stepping over the door, bits of broken wood and the toilet roll, they make their way cautiously up the stairs.

Fuck me. Look at the state of this place! The lazy, posh tarts - I bet they've never seen a fucking Hoover in their lives!

DICK

Terry, I really don't think this is the work of untidy Sloanes.

FRANCINE

Looks like you've been robbed.

DICK

I can't see that they've taken anything.

FRANCINE

Well, you two can't get the police involved, so we better get this place cleaned up.

Cut to the tidied flat. Terry and Dick have sent out for a curry and incorporated it into MB Games' *Downfall*. For each counter deposited in the player's tray, a teaspoonful of chilli powder is added to the opponent's curry, they then have to swallow a mouthful. Fran's reading the Carson letters.

FRANCINE

I think I've got it. What are you two doing?

Dick's panting furiously, Terry's eyes are watering and his brow is heavily sweating.

TERRY

Oh, just a quick game of *Down-Phall*. [guzzles a glass of water]

DICK

So what have you... [gasping] ...found out?

FRANCINE

The Luxor excavations hadn't produced any intact burial chambers, yet Cadogan...

TERRY

Fran, please - spare us anymore background info; my brain hurts. Can't we just hear the flippin' story?!

FRANCINE

[picking up a guitar] OK. Are you sitting comfortably?

As Fran starts to pick out a tune on the guitar, the scene transforms to a *Bagpuss*-style animation sequence, featuring the characters that appear in the song.

THE EARL OF CADOGAN SONG

*Old George, the Earl of Cadogan, was a rich old man indeed.
And being an Earl he didn't work at all, like the rest of his privileged breed.
But he was bored, so he went abroad to seek Egyptian things.
And he took some men and money to spend and they sailed to the Valley of the Kings-O,
And they sailed to the Valley of the Kings.*

*And they dug, and they dug, but never a Pharaoh found.
Poor George Cadogan never found nothing, scratching away at the ground, sniffing like an old bloodhound.*

*Now onto the sand stepped a man by the name of Harold Carson.
He'd give the Earl treasure from the ancient world, from the tomb of Akhenaten.
So George let Harold lead his men, and after a week they'd uncovered
Anterooms and ancient tombs for eons undiscovered.*

*And they hugged, and they hugged, and danced on the Pharaoh's grave.
Old Cadogan and his young Carson, they're fame and fortunes made.*

*Old Cadogan, Earl of Cadogan, had a wife just half his age.
And a fair young woman, Lady Cadogan, felt trapped in a gilded cage with a husband twice her age.
Her name was Penelope, fine of pedigree, born with grace and guile.*

*So from her country estate she had to escape and
join her old man on the Nile-O,
And join her old man on the Nile.
And she docked, and she docked, in a port outside
Luxor,
And fair Penny would love old George Cadogan
nevermore, after Harold Carson saw, and wooed his
paramour.*

*And every night, by desert moonlight, he slip her
one in the dunes.
Whilst old Cadogan suspected nothing, though his
marriage lay in ruins.
And soon enough she was up the duff, by
archaeologist's seed.
They planned to marry, Penny and Harry, and wished
George dead with speed.*

*Now in the tomb of Akhenaten a secret passage led
To the tomb of Nefertiti, and great wife's burial
bed.
Carson found this earlier but kept it hidden from
old George well.
He'd sell the treasure for the lifelong leisure of
Penelope and himself.*

*A letter of love and a bottle of wine he sent for
Penny's safekeeping.
But Cadogan intercepted the gift and discovered
their dirty dealing.
But before a confrontation, Harold Carson met his
end,
Felled by ancient curses, or a mosquito's pointy-
end.*

*And George was alone in his stately home when
Penny died in labour.
And he brought up the babe Hermione, as his very
own daughter.*

*And he lived, and he lived, and remarried a girl
less flighty.
And he never returned to Valley of the Kings, or
ever left dear ol'Blighty,
And he died at the age of ninety.*

Terry and Dick are sat, cross-legged on the floor, with
bottles of milk with straws.

TERRY

That's more like it - absolutely crystal.

61. EXT. HERMIONE'S GARDEN TEMPLE DAWN

Hermione and her devotees are dressed in full regalia as the
sun begins to rise, murmuring prayers to Nefertiti. Hermione
centres the bottle in the glass pagoda and the hieroglyphics
are projected again. Hermione translates the message.

HERMIONE

2-2-6. B-R-K. LY. RD. That can't be right.

GILLIAN

Could it be an address, Sun Mother?

HERMIONE

Possibly, although that's hardly what I was expecting. 226 something road, sounds like it's in England. How odd?! B-R-K-LY?

GILLIAN

Could it be Berkley?

HERMIONE

This is the frustrating thing - there were no vowel sounds in Ancient Egyptian, so no vowel hieroglyphics. It could be Berkley; it could be Brackley, or Brickley... I've got a hunch this is London. Fetch the A-to-Z.

62. EXT. COFFEE SHOP PATIO MORNING

Dick, Fran and Terry are enjoying a croissant and coffee.

FRANCINE

It makes sense if we split up today. I'll go to the British Library and try to decipher the hieroglyphics. [to Dick] You're going to find out about Harold Carson, where he came from - what he did before he went to Egypt. And Terry, if you could return Prunella's letters. [hands him the package]

TERRY

Is that it? Oh right, you two get the important sleuthing, and I'm just the errand boy. Grrreat.

DICK

Well, we didn't think you're really the library type - this involves research.

TERRY

Yeah you're right, anything more complicated than picking tagnuts out me arse and I'm washed up. I'll see you later. [leaves]

DICK

Terry...

63. EXT. BROCKLEY ROAD, STANMORE MORNING

Hermione's cult are in a parked van, traffic zooms by.

GILLIAN

This has to be it boss, I mean Sun-Mother.
Berkeley Road, too central - Brackley Road,
East End slum - Brickley Road, doesn't exist.

HERMIONE

Yes Brockley Road, Stanmore, is exactly the
sort of leafy, ungarishly affluent place my
father would have hailed from.

They leave the vehicle. 226 Brockley Road is a nasty
converted theme pub. A red neon *C.U. Next Tuesday* sign
flashes intermittently.

HERMIONE

C.U. Next Tuesday? What on earth is this?

GILLIAN

It's like a restaurant, boss. It's a
restaurant for people who don't go to
restaurants.

HERMIONE

I see. Right, well let's begin.

She bangs on the door, the duty manager, unlocks it.

DUTY MANAGER

Sorry, we don't open until midday today.
Staff training.

HERMIONE

We're here to search the premises. [pushes
past him, as do the seven over henchwomen]

DUTY MANAGER

What... have you gone through Head Office - you
have to contact Basingstoke first.

HERMIONE

That won't be necessary. Tie him up.

DUTY MANAGER

This is a wind-up, yeah? [laughs] Did Greg
put you up to this? [putting his hands behind
his back to help the prank] Oww, not too
tight.

HERMIONE

Tell me, [peering at his name-badge] Darren.
Is there anyone else in the building?

DUTY MANAGER

Only the cleaners... why?

Hermione despatches the others to deal with the cleaners.

64. INT. FAMILY RECORDS CENTRE MYDDELTON STREET MORNING
Dick takes a large bound volume up to the help desk.

DICK

Excuse me, I can't seem to find any birth or death registrations for Harold Carson, the Egyptologist.

CLERK

Well sir, it could be that he never was registered. Not everybody was in those days.

DICK

Are you sure? He was quite an important archaeologist.

CLERK

Well, in that case you should check his bank records. A man of his stature, travelling the world, would definitely have had a Lloyds account.

DICK

Thanks.

65. EXT. THE DOWNING HOUSE MIDDAY
Terry rings the doorbell, Rosalind answers.

ROSALIND

Oh, you. What do you want?

TERRY

Morning Ros, don't worry I'm not stopping, just returning these things to your mum.

ROSALIND

I'll make sure she gets them.

Terry puts his foot in the door.

TERRY

Sorry about the other night.

ROSALIND

Forget it.

TERRY

Don't you think it's a bit weird that we've, you know, been intimate... but neither of us can remember?

ROSALIND

My mother's already filled in the gruesome blanks; I'd rather not think about it.

TERRY

Doesn't it ever play on your mind?

ROSALIND

No. Never.

TERRY

It plays on mine.

ROSALIND

I have more important things to think about, Mr. Terry. We have absolutely nothing more to say to each other. Now would you just go.

TERRY

With the utmost pleasure, Princess. But just think how fucking annoying it is for me to watch you under the illusion that I'm besotted with you! You're quite pretty, but that's it. I don't get besotted by girls with the temper of a spoilt nine-year-old. I won't pollute your rarefied air anymore!

Terry leaves Rosalind stunned in the doorway and walks down the stairs. He walks with conviction down the street.

Everyone's determined to twist my nipples off today. They can all piss right off. I need a pint. I need a pint of lager. I don't want to see another bottle of wine, let alone taste it; it's fucking wine, and the ponces that drink it, that's got me into this mess. I'm wanted for murder, I'm doing the donkeywork for Sherlock York and Fran bleedin' Watson, and I've had enough of Jean-Claudes, Rosalinds, Hermiones and fancy food fit for perverts! All I want right now is a pint. No analysis, no undertones, just a pint of fizzy hoppy liquid.

Behind Terry, we can see a car tailing him slowly down the street. Inside is Inspector Vic Wicks.

66. INT. LLOYD'S BANK HQ MIDDAY

Dick is going through Harold Carson's bank statements. He notices payments to both Penelope Cadogan and a Jonah Cutler. He makes a note of the name.

67. INT. BRITISH LIBRARY MIDDAY

Fran is using copies of the Rosetta Stone cartouches to decipher the hieroglyphics. From one of Carson's love letters to Penelope she translates.

"Penelope my queen of the Nile, drink to us. The past hides behind the label, and there our future is to be found. Your loving H."

Whilst the Polaroid reveals "226 BRKLY RD".

68. INT. MICK'S PUB MIDDAY

Barry, Tony, Jim and Chopsy are sat round a table with pints. Terry walks in and goes to the bar.

TERRY

Alright boys.

BARRY

Bloody hell, it's The Fugitive!

TERRY

Barrington, you must have crystal balls - keep it schtum, eh? Nobody's seen me here, alright? Mick, give us a pint.

MICK

Sure Tel, what'll it be red or white?

TERRY

No, lager, Mick - I want a pint of Uri.

TONY

What you doing drinking lager? Does Dick know about this?

TERRY

I couldn't give a flying toss, Tony.

BARRY

Oh dear, this could be grounds for divorce, Terrald my lad!

TONY

Welcome back to the fold, son. I never thought I'd see you with a pint glass in your hand again.

JIM

Get it down you, Terry, I bet you've forgotten how good it tastes.

TERRY

[takes a big swig] Oh yes that tastes... great.
[forces a smile] Now I know what I've been
missing.

69. INT. C.U. NEXT TUESDAY MIDDAY

Hermione and Gillian study plans of the building. The manager
and the two cleaners are bound and gagged with napkins.

GILLIAN

We've completed the search upstairs, Sun
Mother. There's nothing here.

HERMIONE

Well, of course, it's not going to be out on
show is it? The wily old bugger must have
buried it all under the floorboards, get the
digger in here.

70. INT. CLERKENWELL WINE BAR AFTERNOON

Fran is anxiously waiting for Dick. He's late, as is Terry.
She rings Dick's mobile but there's no answer.

71. INT. MICK'S PUB AFTERNOON

A number of empties and full pints litter the lads' table.

BARRY

Not many men have done four women at a time,
Terry, that's quite impressive.

TERRY

I was a little surprised to pull it off
myself. You know, it wasn't simply two lots
of two; it's a whole different alga rhythm.
I've never used my feet like that before.

CHOPSY

You amaze me. Don't you ever think of women
as individuals? They're always just another
shag to you!

TONY

Easy Chops, who's rattled your cage?

TERRY

What are you saying, Chopster?

CHOPSY

You're never satisfied are you; you have to
go around defiling women wherever you go.

JIM

Do I detect a whiff of jealousy here, Chops?

TERRY

Well if it makes you feel any better, Chopsy,
the following day someone done the flat over.

Chopsy is looking slightly uneasy.

CHOPSY

Perhaps that's your just deserts. You have
no respect for women at all, Terry.

TONY

That's enough Chopsy, eh?

TERRY

Chopsy, I advise you not to test my normally
placid nature any further.

Two uniformed policemen enter the pub and approach Mick.

Oh fuck, everyone schtum.

POLICEMAN

Is there a Terry Morris here?

MICK

I don't know, officer.

CHOPSY

Yes! He's here, [stands up and points]
that's Terry Morris.

POLICEMAN

Terry Morris, we're arresting you on
suspicion of murder. Anything you say will
be taken down and may be used in evidence
against you.

TERRY

The perfect end to a perfect day. Thank you
Chopsy, see you later lads.

BARRY

[pushing Chopsy] You fucking asshole,
Chopsy, what did you do that for?

CHOPSY

Leave me alone Barry. I had to do it.

72. INT. C.U. NEXT TUESDAYS AFTERNOON

Hermione has a hard-hat on. Gillian crashes through a large-
windowed wall in a JCB digger, driving into the dining area.

HERMIONE

[through loud hailer] Start here, and be
careful.

73. INT. CLERKENWELL WINE BAR AFTERNOON
Fran is about to leave when Dick rushes in.

DICK & FRANCINE
You're not going to believe it.

DICK & FRANCINE
Sorry, you first.

DICK & FRANCINE
No, you go.

DICK
Go on, tell me...

FRANCINE
Well, Carson *did* find Nefertiti's tomb. The bottle has an address on the label 226 BRKLY RD, that's where he hid Nefertiti's treasure, as a nest egg for Penelope and the child.

DICK
But you don't know the half of it. Carson's real name was Harry Cutler and he already had a wife, and a child called Jonah who he was sending money home to while he was in Egypt.

FRANCINE
Harry Cutler - Harold Carson. Are you sure?

FLASHBACK of Dick looking around the Information Centre at Smithfield Market, earlier that day.

DICK
[VO] I went over to Smithfield Market after the bank; Harry Cutler disappeared at exactly the time when Harold Carson appeared in Egypt. Cadogan was advertising for men all over London at the time.

We see Dick looking at a framed old newspaper article -
"MEN WANTED URGENTLY - *Egyptian Digs, passage paid.*"

[VO] Cutler was a wide boy, up to his neck in debt, so he took the opportunity to flee London and assumed this new middle-class identity... Harold Carson. [END OF FLASHBACK]

FRANCINE
That's incredible!

DICK
That's not all, Cutler's Butchers is still there today, my mate's dad runs it - they're Jonah Cutler's son and grandson. And Brackley Road is the address of their shop.

FRANCINE

Amazing, I've got to write all of this up.

Dick's mobile phone rings.

DICK

Hello. Terry? What's keeping you? You what? You're where?! Farking Hell...

74. EXT. C.U. NEXT TUESDAY'S PARKING LOT
Gillian drives the digger out of the restaurant.

GILLIAN

There's nothing there, boss.

HERMIONE

Give me that fucking A-to-Z, I've been a fool. It must be candidate number two - get everyone in the van, we're going East.

75. INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM AFTERNOON
Inspector Vic Wicks enters and gives Terry a cup of coffee.

WICKS

There you go, get that down you, lad.

TERRY

Are you gonna charge me, or have you just bought me in here for coffee and a chat?

WICKS

I don't want to charge you, Terry, or your partner. Where is he by the way?

TERRY

I dunno.

WICKS

Listen Terry, we know about your shenanigans with wine. We'd be happy to overlook that, if you just tell us where the bottle is.

TERRY

You what? I was booked for murder.

WICKS

I don't think you're behind the Museum killings, Terry. But you could help us catch the real murderer, the bottle - where is it?

TERRY

[getting drowsy] We don't have the bottle... we lost the bottle... don't have the bottle...

Terry passes out on the table. Wicks lifts him up, we see an ornate, almost feminine, scarab ring on his finger.

76. INT. POLICE STATION FRONT DESK AFTERNOON

Dick and Fran arrive and speak to the desk Sergeant.

DICK

We've come to see Terry Morris; we're his legal people.

SERGEANT

Terry Morris? Nobody of that name's been detained here today.

DICK

[to Fran] He definitely said this station, why would he do that?

FRANCINE

We need to get to Brackley Road as soon as possible.

77. INT. BUTCHER'S SHOP BASEMENT AFTERNOON

Gordon, Chopsy, Inspector Wicks and two others are donning robes and headdresses. The cellar is decorated like an Egyptian burial chamber; at the head of the altar is the bust of Nefertiti sitting on a pair of papyrus slippers. The High Priest enters and hangs a gold amulet around Nefertiti's neck.

WICKS

Has he been cleansed, and prepared?

GORDON

Well boy, has he?

CHOPSY

Yes - it's all ready.

WICKS

Then bring him to the altar.

Gordon, Chopsy and another leave. The masked High Priest enters in a gold robe. Wicks stoops to kiss his scarab ring.

WICKS

He is prepared for you.

HIGH PRIEST

The time is almost right; we will offer him when the sun and altar are in alignment.

78. EXT. FRANCINE'S CAR AFTERNOON

Fran and Dick speed along Whitechapel Road.

DICK

Terry said that Chopsy grassed him up to the police. I don't understand why he'd do that.

FRANCINE

Where do I go now?

DICK

Left at the lights.

79. EXT. SWISS COTTAGE AFTERNOON

Gillian has the JCB at full throttle, Hermione navigates. The van full of the other female devotees, follows behind.

80. EXT. FRANCINE'S CAR AFTERNOON

Dick navigating Fran through the East End.

DICK

Turn right here and we're on Brackley Road.

FRANCINE

There's no right turn. Oh fuck it.

Fran dodges the oncoming car by mounting the pavement. She does a U-turn and skids to a halt outside HARRY CUTLER & SONS.

81. EXT. FARRINGDON ROAD AFTERNOON

Hermione's gang are stuck at traffic lights behind a stalled family saloon. Gillian turns on the flashing light on the digger's roof and beeps the horn. The lights change.

HERMIONE

[through the loud hailer] Oy, cunty, can't you see it's changed to green!

Gillian gives the car a shove forward with the digger's arm.

82. EXT. BUTCHER'S SHOP AFTERNOON

The shop is closed. Dick leads Fran round to the dilapidated backyard and tries the backdoor; it's locked. Fran looks in the outside toilet and hears murmuring below. She beckons Dick over, they realise the floor is a hatch, which Dick levers up; tentatively they descend the steps as the murmuring gets louder. The stairway is decorated with hieroglyphics.

83. EXT. BRACKLEY ROAD AFTERNOON

Hermione is now at the wheel of the JCB, driving recklessly.

84. INT. BUTCHER'S SHOP BASEMENT AFTERNOON

Dick and Fran crouch at the back of the basement observing an ancient-looking ritual. They can see seven men in hooded-robes with sun symbols, led by the masked High Priest.

HIGH PRIEST

For the glory of Aten we bow our humble heads and offer to the *Great Wife, Queen of the*

Upper and Lower lands the gift of freshly-culled manhood.

CHORUS

All praise Nefertiti beloved of the Aten,
mistress of the Nile, wife of Akhenaten.

HIGH PRIEST

We place ourselves in your image and hide our
offending organs from your feminine aspect.

All the men lift up a special flap in their robes and tuck
their wedding tackle between their legs.

FRANCINE

[whispers to Dick] What the hell are they
doing?

DICK

I don't know, but "freshly-culled manhood"
has an ominous ring to it.

FRANCINE

[hushed] Oh my God, look!

To the sombre beating of deep drums, two of the robed men
bring out Terry, his hands tied. He's naked, apart from his
boxer shorts; upon which is a cartoon mouse with a rifle and
the motto "*I'm a Pussy Hunter!*" The High Priest prepares the
ceremonial blade as Terry is laid on the altar.

HIGH PRIEST & CHORUS

Om-knackerium-debaggiss, Castratus-absolutuum

TERRY

Look lads, no offence, but I never really
fancied joining the Masons.

DICK

[whispers] Fran, what are we going to do? I
need to find a weapon and try and rush them.

FRANCINE

Don't be stupid - we're way outnumbered.
Look, they're a cult of Nefertiti, they're
devoted to women, I need to cause a
distraction.

Francine looks amongst the collected artefacts scattered in
the cellar. She finds a headdress and gold robes.

HIGH PRIEST

The sun is aligned - open the shutters.

One of the robed men steps forward, it's Chopsy.

TERRY

Chopsy?!

CHOPSY

Sorry Terry.

Chopsy winds the shutters open. The sun's rays stream into the cellar; all the men open the robes to receive the sun.

TERRY

You're all doing Fanettes! [struggles to free himself] You lot are fucking bonkers!

HIGH PRIEST

Silence!

The High Priest approaches him on the altar with the blade. The assembled chorus are chanting.

CHORUS

*Om-knackerium-debaggiss... Castratus-
absolutuum... Om-knackerium-debaggiss...
Castratus-absolutuum...*

Terry starts to seriously panic.

TERRY

But aren't you going to tell me your plan for world domination, before you kill me?

The High Priest removes his mask to reveal himself as Dr. Martin Van Bussel.

VAN BUSSEL

You are privileged to be part of the process by which we shall restore our Queen to life. Rowlands and Hinksley and the others were blind to the power of these objects they held. [points to Nefertiti's decorated bust] Ha! Well now they're gone and the items are in position. Your death shall nourish her.

He pulls down Terry's boxer shorts and is about to make the incision.

DICK

Fran look - it's... it's Van Bussel, from the exhibition. Fran?

Francine appears in full Nefertiti regalia, smeared gold stage paint on her face. She walks out with her arms in the air.

VAN BUSSEL

Can it be?! O, Great One?!

FRANCINE [NEFERTITI]

STOP!

All the cult members turn around to see Nefertiti and gasp.

You have displeased me!

They drop to their knees, all except Van Bussel.

85. EXT. BUTCHER'S SHOP AFTERNOON

Hermione seeing 226 on the Butcher's sign, swerves sharply and drives over a car, straight through the shop shutters.

86. INT. BUTCHER'S SHOP BASEMENT AFTERNOON

As Fran's Nefertiti advances to the altar, the crash shakes the foundations, dust and debris fall; the cult is in awe.

VAN BUSSEL

[agog] What has displeased you, O Queen?

FRANCINE [NEFERTITI]

Untie this pitiful wretch - he is an unworthy offering!

The bottom of Fran's robe catches on a nail as she steps up to the altar. Her disguise is pulled off, blowing her cover.

VAN BUSSEL

Impostor! [to the cult] Kill her!

A loud smash from the back brings more substantial rubble down on Van Bussel's men. Hermione's team slide down the sun shaft, SAS-style, Dick runs to untie Terry.

TERRY

Fucking hell, mate! You took your time!

DICK

Let's get out of here!

VAN BUSSEL

[brandishing a sword] Not so fast!

Some henchwomen are in hand-to-hand combat with the Fanettes, whilst others lift Nefertiti's sarcophagus up the sun-shaft.

TERRY

See Dick, this is what academia does to you!

VAN BUSSEL

You will die for transgressing this sacred place. [raising his sword]

Fran creeps up behind Van Bussel wielding a large canopic jar. Dick and Terry smile at him as Fran brings the jar down on his head; he staggers, swinging the sword wildly. Ducking to

avoid the blade, Terry lands a punch on Van Bussel's chin and he falls facing an open sarcophagus, the lid falls down.

VAN BUSSEL

[his knackers are trapped in agony] AYYEEEE!

Hermione, who is standing by the sarcophagus, adds to Van Bussel's agony by sitting on the lid.

HERMIONE

So Martin, it was you. How many others, before Glynn and Hinksley and Ferouk met their end here, I wonder? I suppose I would have been next?

TERRY

No Ma, I don't think you've got the necessary equipment.

DICK

Shouldn't we get out of here? I don't think the foundations are very stable.

Hermione and her henchwomen make their retreat. Dick, Terry and Fran run, as a huge column falls down on top of the trapped Van Bussel, crushing him to death.

TERRY

[turning] What about Chopsy? We can't leave him down here.

DICK

[to Fran] We've got to go back, you go on.

Dick and Terry run back into the crumbling temple. They find Chopsy half-buried by rubble.

TERRY

Chops, come on, give us your hands. [takes Chopsy right hand]

CHOPSY

It's no good Terry, I'm trapped, I can't move me legs.

DICK

[taking Chopsy's other hand] Come on, we'll pull you out.

CHOPSY

Don't worry about me lads, save yourselves. I'm sorry about everything Terry, it wasn't really my choice, it was me old man.

We see Gordon Cutler's dead body, under rubble.

DICK

Hang on, Chops. We'll get some more people down here.

Terry and Dick sprint over to the sun shaft and clamber up.

87. EXT. BRACKLEY ROAD AFTERNOON

Terry and Dick join Hermione's gang and Fran in the backyard, just as the entire building collapses onto itself - sending out a huge cloud of brick-dust over the onlookers.

DICK

[choking] Poor Chops.

TERRY

He got in with the wrong crowd: his family. Has anyone got a spare pair of trousers?

He's still dressed only in his boxer shorts.

HERMIONE

I'm sure we've got a spare robe in the back of the JCB, wherever that is. Come on, shall we - as you'd say - "do the Frank" before the police get here?

TERRY

I owe you my life, Ma; you and your girlies.

HERMIONE

Buy me that bottle of wine you owe me and we'll call it quits.

88. INT. THE IVY RESTAURANT EVENING

Hermione and Prunella share a sisterly hug. On their big table sit Gillian, Rosalind, Francine, Dick and Terry.

PRUNELLA

Oh Hermione dear, I know we've not always seen eye-to-eye, but I do hope we'll see you again.

ROSALIND

Maybe we could come over to Egypt to visit, Auntie Hem?

HERMIONE

Of course. We'll have finished building the temple by Christmas. You're all welcome.

The waiter brings over the cheese platter and several glasses of port. He removes two empty bottles of wine.

FRANCINE

So, you're moving your entire... troupe out to Amarna?

GILLIAN

That's where the Queen was laid to rest, so that's where we'll return her, and stay with her.

TERRY

Wait a cotton-picking minute, ladies. If Van Bussel...

At this point, Fran's mobile phone rings. She excuses herself, leaving the table to take the call.

...if Van Bussel and his Fanette geezers already had Nefertiti's body why didn't *they* want to return her and get all the credit?

HERMIONE

Martin Van Bussel headed a truly perverse, murderous cult - he thought, insanely, that he could bring Nefertiti back to life.

GILLIAN

The high priests of Amarna never made human sacrifices, certainly not of male genitalia.

HERMIONE

You may think we're eccentric - well I know you do - but at least we're authentic. We're simply peaceful worshippers of Amen-Re.

TERRY

[to Prunella] Bet this reminds you of the *Doctor Who* days, eh Pru?

PRUNELLA

[to Terry] It does rather go over my head. But at last my sister's happy.

Francine rejoins the table with a broad grin.

FRANCINE

That was the Features Editor of *The Observer*, they've put in an offer for the article!

DICK

Well done.

HERMIONE

Indeed. What's your title going to be?

FRANCINE

I don't know, *From East End to Egypt - The Story of Harry Cutler*?

TERRY

How about, *In the Valley of the Pearly Kings*?

FRANCINE

By Francine Witt, with Richard York.

DICK

No, you take the credit, I wouldn't be happy with that.

ROSALIND

[to Terry] So Terry Morris, where's your name in the credits?

TERRY

[dryly] Oh, I'm insignificant to the whole process. I'm just here to get arrested by bent-coppers, have me family jewels severed and offered-up to ancient deities, you know - but I prefer working incognito.

ROSALIND

Feeling sorry for yourself, by any chance?

TERRY

Rosalind, I know better than to come to you for sympathy.

ROSALIND

That's funny - you calling me Rosalind. I was coming round to the idea of Ros, now we're not strangers.

TERRY

I wouldn't say we're exactly best mates either.

ROSALIND

Oh by the way, I was lying when I said about not having flashbacks... of us. It has been playing on my mind.

Terry raises an eyebrow. Gillian excuses herself from the table.

FRANCINE

[to Dick] I quite fancy Egypt myself. Once the articles written, you and me have a holiday - my treat. What do you think?

DICK

Ah... I don't do holidays, I don't think I've earned one yet, to be honest...

FRANCINE

What you mean is, you don't want to go away with me.

DICK

I didn't say that. I just don't deserve...

FRANCINE

Oh please, spare me the sackcloth and ashes routine again. I'm going - I've got work to do.

She does the rounds of goodbyes.

DICK

Can I phone you?

FRANCINE

If you can cope with the implications.

Fran leaves.

PRUNELLA

Well, we ought to be off too. Hermione - thanks for a lovely meal, again. You must write as soon as you get there.

Hugs and kisses, Prunella leaves the table.

ROSALIND

[almost tearful] Take care, Auntie Hem.

More hugs and kisses.

[to Terry] I expect we'll bump into each other again, what do you think?

Terry watches her leave; a broad grin spreads over his face.

HERMIONE

[watching Terry] I think that look means there's a distinct possibility. Now boys, you sit and finish your drinks. I'm going to talk to the Maitre D'.

Hermione leaves Dick and Terry alone at the table. They lean back, ports and cigars in hand.

TERRY

Oy-oy, Dick? Another free meal at The Ivy, and this time we don't have to leggit. That Hermione ain't such a bad old girl after all.

DICK

Are you sure she's paying again?

TERRY

Yeah, of course - she's taken her handbag. We walk between the raindrops, me and you.

Cut to the reception area, where Gillian waits for Hermione.

HERMIONE

Waiter, we're leaving. There are two gentlemen left on our table.

MAITRE D'

Bon. Au revoir Madames.

Cut back to Terry and Dick pouring out the last of the port.

TERRY

What's the matter with you, eh? At least we're off the hook, we're no longer wanted men.

DICK

She's trying to change me. They all do.

TERRY

Is this a Fran thing? You too are sorted, aren't you?

DICK

She thinks we're sorted, or least we will be, once she's sorted me.

TERRY

You don't need sorting Dick, you're lovely as you are.

DICK

You must have noticed changes in the way I behave when I'm around her?

TERRY

Mate, that's just called "playing the game", we all have to do it.

DICK

It was sickening to watch you with Rosalind.

TERRY

Don't blame me, I was under the influence.

DICK

Yeah, well I feel under *Fran's* influence, and I don't like it.

TERRY

You're bloody mad.

DICK

I'm not built for relationships - they always turn into relationships! If I had the choice of never having another bottle of wine, or

never having another woman, I don't know which one I'd choose.

TERRY

Why do you have to make a choice; the way I look at it, you can have your cream pie and eat it. And then wash it down with a bottle of Chablis.

DICK

In Vino Veritas, amen. Let's drink to that.

The camera pulls back as they neck their port, the Maitre 'D has approached their table.

MAITRE D'

Monsieurs. I trust everything is to your satisfaction.

TERRY

Tres bon.

MAITRE D'

Would you like anything else?

DICK

No thankyou. We're just about to leave, as soon as Professor Radcliffe returns.

MAITRE D'

But Monsieur, Professor Radcliffe left a few moments ago. Can I leave you the bill?

DICK

I'm sorry?

MAITRE D'

The bill, for this evening.

He puts the bill on their table, and walks away. Dick and Terry look open-mouthed at each other. Silence. Finally Terry picks up the bill, looks, and puts it down.

TERRY

[in a weak voice] Oy-Oy.

DICK

We've been done. Good and proper.

The Maitre D' returns.

MAITRE D'

Is there anything wrong, Monsieurs?

Dick and Terry survey the restaurant slowly. There's a waiter, hands behind back, stood at a fire exit smiling at them. Two big waiters stand in similar poses at the main entrance. Yet more stand in front of patio doors. It is a *Butch Cassidy & The Sundance Kid* moment of reckoning.

MAITRE D'

Anything wrong, Sir?

DICK

[smiling] No. Everything's fine. Could we see the wine list again, please?

Cut to black.

- THE END -