

THE PRIVATE SECTOR

by
Peter Jones and
Robert Gillespie



Some private prisons already exist in America, and they are in the pipeline here. The Private Sector is a comedy about people trying to live together in this new situation.

The Private Sector

CAST

DAVID TRENCH, the headmaster	40 to 45
STELLA TRENCH, his wife	35 to 40
WATSON, the deputy head	55
MARION PLOVER	19
RODNEY BANNERMAN	40s
DODD	50
WAYNE HYDE	20s
ATO, from Ghana	16
GOVERNOR OF STONEBRIDGE (George)	50s Ep.1 only
PRISON OFFICER (Jim)	40s
SECURITY GUARD	30s

A SIGN BOARD READS: DINSFOLD HOUSE SCHOOL.
HEADMASTER: D.S. TRENCH, M.A. (OXON.) ... MATRON: S.P. TRENCH, B.Sc. SRN.

Scene One

THE PLATFORM OF THE SCHOOL ASSEMBLY HALL.
DAVID IS ADDRESSING THE SCHOOL.

DAVID: So hands up any boy who hasn't collected his train ticket. Good. Is your hand meant to be up, Critchley, or is it merely moving your dandruff around? (LAUGHTER) Good. Now, I say this at the end of every term; DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING BEHIND Especially pets. Because there won't be anyone here to look after them.

Now, most of you already know that you won't be returning to the school next term ... (A FEW CHEERS AND SOME CLAPPING) Quiet. You haven't broken up yet... So you are leaving Dinsfold House to start your journey along life's road; but I hope you'll remember what your old school stood for... and that you'll always keep a soft spot for us in your hearts. But we all have to move with the times. So I'd like to put an end to all the rumours... We are not turning the place into luxury flats or a health farm or a casino. No. My wife and I are going to make it a place where we can help unfortunate people whose need is even greater than yours. We're converting Dinsfold House into a prison.

LAUGHTER AND CAT – CALLS FROM THE BOYS.



Scene Two

THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY. STELLA IS POURING A SHERRY.
DAVID ENTERS. SHE HANDS HIM A GLASS.

DAVID: I told you they'd laugh.

STELLA: Never mind, darling. It was one of your best.

WATSON HURRIES IN.

WATSON: The staff are up in arms. There have been these wild rumours all term, but no – one guessed you were closing the school down altogether.

DAVID: We're not. We're merely going to service a different section of the community.

WATSON: But Headmaster ...

DAVID: Governor! There are far too many schools and not nearly enough prisons.

STELLA: One has to bow to market forces, Watson.

WATSON: The staff want to know how it will affect them.

DAVID: That reminds me. I meant to give each of you one of these.
(PRODUCE ENVELOPES)

WATSON: Ah. End of term bonuses?

DAVID: Letters of dismissal.

WATSON: (AGHAST) You mean ... all of us?

STELLA: We decided to make a clean sweep.

DAVID: And then I said, 'What about old Watson?'

STELLA: You thought he might be given a chance, on balance.

DAVID: No. What I actually said was, 'He keeps order in class'

STELLA: But he still uses the cane. We ...

DAVID: I know, but we shall need a firm hand. He has the trick of getting quite ugly.

STELLA: We're not running the Bastille.

DAVID: Oh, I know he screams and shouts a lot ... but he gets more idiots into Oxford and Cambridge than the rest of the staff.

STELLA: But could he teach grown men? We aim to re-educate them, Watson*

DAVID: That's right. You'd do your best, wouldn't you, Watson?

WATSON: Beyond the call of duty.

DAVID: It's a pity you've always fallen down on the sports field.

STELLA: Yes, he had some sort of back trouble. How old are you, Watson?

WATSON: Fifty...

DAVID: Sixty!

WATSON: ... five. Fifty – five

DAVID: You're getting on.

WATSON: Next birthday ...

STELLA: When's that?

WATSON: Next week.

DAVID: Yes, well, even so I'm inclined to give you a chance ... but it's fairly clear that Stella doesn't really ... er ...

STELLA: Oh no, darling ... I don't know what made you think that? If you really feel he wouldn't let us down ...

DAVID: That's a risk we must take.

STELLA: Then let's give it a go.

WATSON: Thank you! Thank you both! My poor wife will be overjoyed. So am I. We've always been so wrapped up in the school. And we've always admired you so much ... and ...

STELLA: That'll do, Watson.

WATSON: Of course.

DAVID: You'll be fully briefed before the first prisoners arrive. Eventually, the main buildings will house a hundred and twenty. But we've converted the old sanatorium, and we intend to start the experiment modestly with four. Category C, of course. Meanwhile, perhaps you'll be good enough to take these and hand them to the staff. (THE ENVELOPES)

WATSON HESITATES.

WATSON: But sir ...

DAVID: What's the matter?

WATSON: They'll tear me apart. They haven't had any notice.

STELLA: Of course they haven't. If we'd given them notice at the beginning of term ...

DAVID: ... We should have had twelve weeks of unrest and industrial action.

STELLA: Instead, we've gone out of our way to make them feel secure and happy.

WATSON: Where will they go?

DAVID: They have the long summer holiday to look for work.

STELLA: It's a lovely time of year in England.

WATSON: I'll mention that.

DAVID: Good man, Watson.

STELLA: Thank you for everything.

WATSON GOES.

DAVID: He'll be a tower of strength.

ATO KNOCKS AND ENTERS.

DAVID: Oh dear, don't tell me you're the first one who's lost his ticket.

ATO: I didn't have a ticket, sir.

STELLA: Then you'll just have to buy one at the station.

ATO: I'm not going on the train, Matron.

STELLA: Yes, you are.

DAVID: Don't stand there, boy.

STELLA: Move!

ATO GOES TO THE DOOR.

DAVID: Regards to your parents!

ATO GOES OUT AND COLLIDES WITH WATSON, WHO IS HURRYING IN.
HE IS COVERED IN PAINT.

WATSON: They actually attacked me, Headmaster. Jefferson threw a pot of paint.

DAVID: Typical. Jefferson's wasted more paint than any art master we've ever had.

WATSON: They refuse to leave. They're militant. They called me a scab. (IS ABOUT TO SIT DOWN)

STELLA: Don't sit down! Go and get yourself cleaned up.

WATSON: I can't go out there. They want blood.

STELLA: (OPENING A DRAWER AND PRODUCING SOME BLACK MATERIAL) Here; wipe it up.

WATSON: Is it alright to use this?

STELLA: Yes. I confiscated it last week. It's Duddleston's little black dress.

WATSON WIPES UP THE PAINT. THERE IS A HAMMERING ON THE DOOR.

DAVID: Quick. (HURRIES OVER AND LOCKS DOOR)

VOICE

OUTSIDE: I represent all the N.U.T. members in the school!

STELLA: There is no school, Denton. Dinsfold House has been liquidated
It is no more.

DAVID: Please go home.

MORE HAMMERING. CRIES OF, ' COME OUT! YOU COWARD! WATSON IS A SCAB.
WE DEMAND COMPENSATION.'

WATSON: Should we send for the police?

STELLA: Nonsense. How can we ever hope to run a prison if we can't cope with
this situation?

DAVID: Quite. Just as well we have a Chief Officer whose job it is to handle this
sort of problem.

WATSON: Ah ... you've got somebody?

DAVID: (GIVING WATSON A LONG LOOK) I understood you'd accepted?

WATSON IS PANIC – STRICKEN.

STELLA: Don't worry, Watson. You won't have to deal with hooligans like this.

VOICES OUTSIDE, WE WANT TRENCH! 'WE WANT TRENCH!'

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

DAVID: (LIFTING RECEIVER) Yes, speaking ... yes, Mr. McLean (TO STELLA)
It's the builder.

STELLA: Tell him to get cracking.

DAVID: Start as soon as you like. All the boys have left. Yes ... but we'll see you
when we get back.

STELLA: Tell him not to trample over the rose beds.

DAVID: By the way ... my wife's very proud of her roses. Yes, of course. Cheerio,
Mr. McLean. (HANGS UP) Sounds quite pleasant but they always are on
the first day. (GOES TO DOOR) Listen to me, Denton; the builders have
arrived. They're about to start work. I suggest you get your stuff out of the
Common Room before the bulldozer gets there. (TO WATSON) Did you
empty your locker, Watson?

WATSON: I never keep anything there, Headmaster. Not since someone stole the
expensive herbal remedy I was keeping for my wife's birthday.

DAVID: (LISTENING) Sssh! Quiet. I think they've gone. (LOOKS THROUGH THE
KEY-HOLE) Yes. Thank heaven they've seen sense. (LOOKING AT HIS
WATCH) Now, Watson... we're interviewing people at Parkhurst and
Maidstone tomorrow and this afternoon we shall be at Stonebridge. Here
are the 'phone numbers in case of problems.

WATSON: Thank you. Thank you both. Your absence will give me a chance to bone
up on what is really a new career for me. I'm going to read that book by the
Chief Constable of Manchester.

STELLA: Don't you dare, Watson.

DAVID: You mustn't fill your mind with Victorian concepts.

STELLA: These are the caring Eighties.

DAVID: Locking up people is a dreadful waste.

STELLA: We're going to reshape their lives. We're going to ...

DAVID: Darling ... we really must dash.

STELLA: Yes, of course. My coat's here. Will you get the bags?

DAVID: They're in the car.

STELLA: You wonderful man. (TO WATSON) Don't forget to tell the builders to be careful of the roses.

DAVID: Regards to your wife.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

DAVID: Take it, Watson. You're in charge now.

STELLA LEAVES BY THE FRENCH DOORS. DAVID PICKS UP HIS COAT, MAP, ETC.

WATSON: (ON 'PHONE) Yes? Where are they? Can't you go round them? Hold on ... I'll try and catch the Headmaster. (CALLS) Headmaster!

DAVID: (JUST LEAVING) What is it, Watson?

WATSON: The builder says the staff are lying down in the drive. It's a sit – in.

DAVID: (TAKING 'PHONE) Trench, here. Yes, I'm sorry about this. Take a break and I'll deal with it. Right. (HANGS UP)

WATSON: What are we going to do?

DAVID: (PRODUCE A FAT BOOK FROM A DRAWER OF HIS DESK) This calls for The Book.

WATSON: Ah ... the power of prayer. (KNEELS)

DAVID: Get up, Watson. (TAPS BOOK) I've made useful notes about each member of the staff. Denton, for instance. During one fortnight in May, he decided to take a crash course in Spanish – from Conchita, Hayward's Heath 96387. The lessons finished when his wife came back from holiday. And this ... Potter. June 7th; Tuesday ... Potter asks me for a loan. I refuse. Wednesday ... Whittaker, the richest – and probably the stupidest boy in the school – gets top marks in Geography. Thursday ... Potter in the village loaded. Miss Partridge: I think she might be surprised to see this photograph ... taken at a cheese and wine party in the laboratory.

WATSON: Odd place for a party.

DAVID: That's where she was making the wine. All the staff get a mention; some of them, several. I think this'll see them off. Here, take the book with you.

WATSON: Take it?

DAVID: Yes. Go out there and put it to them. I'm sure they'll be reasonable. If they want to work again.

WATSON: They'll crucify me.

DAVID: Whatever they do ... hold on to the book.

WATSON: Wouldn't it come better from you, Headmaster?

DAVID: No, Watson. This is a golden opportunity for you to get experience in crisis control. (LOOKS AT WATCH) Good luck, Watson.

WATSON: But ...

DAVID: Off you go.

WATSON TAKES OUT A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF AND HOLDS IT UP AS HE EXITS.

"In this job I wear many hats"
says Roland Kedge, Probation Officer, Stourbridge

Coming into the probation and after-care service was a relatively easy step for Roland Kedge, after ten years as a clergyman. With his practical approach to people and their difficulties, what he particularly appreciates about his job is the wide framework in which he can operate.

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Scene Three

THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE AT STONEBRIDGE PRISON. THERE ARE TWO DOORS.

GOVERNOR: I've hand - picked these seven prisoners. (PRODUCES A LIST) I'm sure you'll find four who will fit the bill. (HANDS LIST TO DAVID)

DAVID: (STUDYING IT) Mm ... all these seem very ...

STELLA: (ALSO STUDYING) ... satisfactory.

DAVID: 'Trustworthy '.

STELLA: Oh, that's nice, ' Musical '.

DAVID: 'Reliable '.

STELLA: What's this? ' Not exactly a snappy dresser! '

GOVERNOR: I didn't quite know how to put it. Sometimes Jarvis won't put his clothes on.

DAVID: Could be embarrassing. There'll be female staff.

GOVERNOR: It's just his way of dealing with problems. It's one of our cooks who triggers him off. Everything is calm in the dining hall and then ... bingo ... Jarvis is in the nude.

STELLA: Is it a dietary problem?

GOVERNOR: It happens every Friday.

DAVID: Fish - cakes?

GOVERNOR: I think it's the parsley sauce. Lumpy.

DAVID: Is that the only time?

GOVERNOR: Well ... I must be honest ...

DAVID: (TO STELLA) Can we eliminate Jarvis?

STELLA: Yes.

DAVID: Unless you ...?

STELLA: Don't be silly, David.

DAVID CROSSES NAME OUT.

STELLA: This man Murray sounds promising.

DAVID: ... co - operative ... independent ... popular with his fellow prisoners.

GOVERNOR: Good. You'll like him. (WRITES) Murray ... and Briggs.

DAVID: Hold on ... you mentioned Briggs ...

GOVERNOR: Yes. I strongly recommend you to take Briggs.

STELLA: But it says here he's inclined to

GOVERNOR: If you're taking Murray, you must take Briggs.

DAVID AND STELLA EXCHANGE LOOKS.

GOVERNOR: They're a model pair. They've made their cell a little jewel. The prison will be poorer when they go.

STELLA: You've no reservations?

GOVERNOR: No. I shall miss them.

DAVID: We might try them on a sort of ...

STELLA: ... Sale or return basis.

GOVERNOR: You won't regret it. Only one thing to remember with Murray and Briggs. Don't separate them. I made that mistake once and all hell broke loose. Red alert. Tear gas time. You've run a boys' school; you know the price of eggs.

PRISON OFFICER (JIM) KNOCKS AND ENTERS.

OFFICER: You're late for reading the lesson, sir. They're waiting for you in the chapel. They've started throwing hassocks about.

GOVERNOR: (SHAKES HIS HEAD) And both of them are Church of England. (GETS UP) I've arranged for you to meet these men as soon as you're ready. Jim ... look after Mr. and Mrs. Trench.

GOVERNOR GOES.

DAVID: The Governor's given us this list ...

OFFICER: Oh yes ... we've all heard about this new prison you're opening. So you're shopping round for people to put in it?

DAVID: (NOT PLEASED) I think we'll see this man ... Harrington, first.

OFFICER: (UNBELIEVING) Who?

DAVID: Harrington ... 'Reliable ... trustworthy.'

OFFICER: (LOOKING AT THE LIST) Are you serious? Has he really recommended him? (LAUGHS)

DAVID: What's so funny?

OFFICER: You must forgive me. (LAUGHING) But what the Governor's done is give you a list of problem prisoners he'd like to see the back of.

STELLA: (TO DAVID) Is that possible?

OFFICER: No doubt about it. These top three, you probably saw on TV last month. They were on the roof, throwing tiles.

DAVID: I see the next man ... Baldock ... is underlined.

OFFICER: Well, I suppose he is a possibility. In a more caring set – up, his bouts of violence and mania might be toned down. Locking him up here only makes him worse.

STELLA: Do you think we're ready to take Baldock on board?

DAVID: Not yet. (TO OFFICER) So this list is virtually useless?

OFFICER: 'Fraid so.

STELLA: In that case, we're wasting our time. (GETS UP)

OFFICER: Now, if you were to ask me ... I think Rodney is ideally suited to your environment. This place is destroying him; but it happens to suit the Governor to have him around.

STELLA: Rodney who?

OFFICER: Bannerman. He's an accountant.

DAVID: Oh dear.

OFFICER: No ... not what you think. If the Hong Kong dollar hadn't done a U – turn one Easter week – end, he would have put the money back in the safe on the Monday. And he's so gentle. So refined.

STELLA: Perhaps we should see him.

DAVID: Is that possible?

OFFICER: (GOING) He doesn't like being disturbed when he's reading company reports ... but I'll show him one of these. (PICKS UP A BROCHURE. GOES)

STELLA: What did he mean by saying it suited the Governor to have him around?

DAVID: Perhaps he gives the place a touch of class.

STELLA: It could use it.

THE GOVERNOR ENTERS.

GOVERNOR: Well, now ... has Jim been helpful?

DAVID: He certainly has.

STELLA: We've decided not to take any of these. (HANDS HIM LIST)

DAVID: We have to be so careful ... a new experiment, and all that.

GOVERNOR: Sorry it hasn't worked out. But looking at these ... (THE BROCHURES) I'm not optimistic. It looks more like Butlins. (IT'S AN ATTRACTIVELY DESIGNED FOLDER WITH A CUT – OUT OF BARS ON THE FRONT, WITH A FACE LOOKING OUT. WHEN THE FOLDER IS OPENED, THE BARS LIFT OFF AND THE PRISONER IS SEEN IN PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS) No. Prisons should be places that people never want to come back to.

DAVID: But they're failing ...

STELLA: Because they come back all the time. One sentence with us, and they'll stay out for good.

GOVERNOR: (GOING TO THE DOOR) Yes, well ... give my regards to the Governors of Parkhurst and Maidstone.

HE OPENS THE DOOR FOR THEM AND RODNEY BANNERMAN ENTERS WITH THE OFFICER.

GOVERNOR: Rodney ... what are you doing here?

RODNEY: Jim, here, told me Mr. and Mrs. Trench wanted to talk to me about this. (INDICATES BROCHURE) Rodney Bannerman ... (SHAKES HANDS WITH DAVID AND STELLA) Ah ... (SNIFFS) It's Diorissima, isn't it? My wife's favourite. Delightful. Shall we sit down?

THEY SIT.

GOVERNOR: Just a minute, Rodney. (TO OFFICER) What's all this about?

OFFICER: I was trying to help these people, sir.

RODNEY: Always so kind. Thank you, Jim.

OFFICER GOES TO THE DOOR.

GOVERNOR: Wait a minute, Jim

RODNEY: Forgive me. I assumed this was a matter for the three of us.

GOVERNOR: I'm sorry, Rodney. There's no question of you leaving Stonebridge ...

RODNEY: That's not for me to say. I'm here because Mr. and Mrs. Trench asked to see me.

GOVERNOR: Not as long as I'm Governor!

RODNEY: I know how you feel, George. (TO THEM) Since I've been here, I've been able to help George with his investments. I've taken him out of gilt - edged and put him into high - flying electronics. I'm not displeased with the progress. His portfolio at yesterday's close was ...

GOVERNOR: This is a travesty of the truth. I've devoted my life savings to help Rodney keep in touch with his professional skills.

RODNEY: Sorry, George. But slopping out ... lining up ... tramping round in this dreadful place isn't helping the old morale one bit. (TO THEM) I assume I shall have my own accommodation?

DAVID: We haven't actually made you an offer.

GOVERNOR: And you're not going to! Rodney ... I must ask you to return to your cell.

STELLA: I did mention that we are authorised to interview whomsoever we wish. (HANDS GOVERNOR A DOCUMENT)

GOVERNOR: Hm. (LOOKS AT IT) Who's Mark Chidlow?

STELLA: Permanent Under Secretary to Her Majesty's Minister for Home Affairs.

GOVERNOR: (REACHING FOR THE 'PHONE) I'll have a word with him.

STELLA: Do you mind if we speak to him first? David ... ring your cousin Mark.

RODNEY: Look, George ... these people are within their rights. I'd like to chat to them. May we borrow your office for twenty minutes, or so?

GOVERNOR: I've let you have my last penny, Rodney ... and this is how you repay me.

RODNEY: I shall only be going to Sussex, George. Not the South Pole. There are such things as letters and telephones, you know. And we shall always be friends.

GOVERNOR: I think you're just saying that. (SLAMS THE DOOR, AS HE GOES)

RODNEY: Poor George. Highly strung. But so generous. (OPENS CUPBOARD) He's got some excellent Highland Malt in here. I'm sure he'd like me to offer you a drink.

STELLA: Not in the day - time.

DAVID: Thanks all the same.

RODNEY: Aren't you good? (HELPS HIMSELF) Your scheme really interests me. Let me tell you what I have in mind ...

STELLA: Later, perhaps. First we want to tell you what we have in mind.

RODNEY: Of course. Do forgive me. One has so few visitors, one gets carried away.

STELLA: We're going to ask you a few painful questions. Don't try and dodge them.

RODNEY: Ah... you've guessed my weakness.

DAVID: Right. Sit down.

STELLA: And don't fidget!

BIKER BLOKÉ: 45, stocky build, serving life in prison, looking for penfriend, interests are live music, camping & rallies. Write to Jason O'Dell, A7324AR, HMP Bure, Norwich, Norfolk, NR10 5GB.

SEEKS ANN WIDDECOMBE
Trendy-ish and smart male, 41, seeking Ann Widdecombe look alike or similar, any age, looks or build, for fun, friendship and a possible relationship. Please rescue me! 📞 📧

Prisoner escapes from jail one day before his release

CRANSTON, R.I. (AP) — An inmate escaped from prison one day before he was to be released, and now faces up to 20 years in prison if recaptured.

Donald M. Thomas, 34, of Newport, began serving a 90-day term for disorderly conduct Dec. 8 at the Adult Correctional Institution and his release papers were to have been handed to him Friday.

Thomas was reported missing at 2:55 p.m. Thursday, shortly after he and 14 other prisoners returned to the minimum-security unit from an off-

grounds work detail, said prison spokesman Joseph DiNitto.

Thomas apparently got out of the van and hid behind it as several other work crews arrived and went into the prison, then he fled. A few minutes later, guards conducted a head count and realized someone was missing.

"For the life of me I don't know what possessed him to leave with only one day of his sentence left to serve," said DiNitto.

Thomas was still missing Saturday.

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Swedish Prison guards forget to lock cells

During Friday night the guards to Norrtälje Prison in Sweden forgot to lock 6 prisoners into their cells, three of which was sentenced to murder. The prisoners took the opportunity to bake brownies and watch Television. "One of the best evenings we have had in a long time" says one of the prisoners.

eco1981, 27, 📷, #129928
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female count

Scene Four

THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY.

MARION, A HEFTY, SQUARE – BUILT GIRL WITH A SWEET FACE, CARRIES IN WATSON IN A FIREMAN'S LIFT. HE IS NOT FULLY CONSCIOUS; VERY DISHEVELLED, HIS CLOTHES TORN. SHE LOWERS HIM ONTO THE SETTEE. LOOKS ROUND FOR SOMETHING TO GIVE HIM. DAMPENS HER HANDKERCHIEF WITH SODA WATER FROM A SIPHON ON THE DRINKS TABLE. WIPES HIS FOREHEAD. HE RESPONDS.

WATSON: Where are they? Have they gone?

MARION: Yes. Don't you worry. There's nobody here but me.

WATSON: Who are you? Are you a vision?

MARION: No. I'm from the Youth Training Scheme. I'm hoping to train here as a prison officer.



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Right now, there are over 100,000 employers who are looking for trainees, and more are applying all the time.

Of course, having spent company time and money training school leavers

for a job, they'll hardly want to give away their investment. (And even after the one year YTS, 6 out of 10 trainees were offered permanent jobs).

There's a lot of raw talent kicking around in Britain. From now on, it's going to get the training it needs. 

NOW 16 AND 17 YEAR OLD SCHOOL LEAVERS CAN EARN WHILE THEY LEARN.

Scene Five

OUTSIDE THE GATES, WHICH ARE NOW FESTOONED WITH RAZOR WIRE. THE SCHOOL SIGN BOARD NOW READS: ' DINSFOLD HOUSE PRISON. GOVERNORS: D.S. TRENCH, M.A. (OXON.) ... S.P. TRENCH, B.Sc. SRN. ' DAVID AND STELLA DRIVE UP IN THEIR ROVER.

STELLA: They've done a good job with the razor wire.

DAVID GETS OUT AND GOES TO OPEN THE GATES. HE CAN'T.

DAVID: They're locked.

STELLA: They can't be.

DAVID: You try.

STELLA: (GETTING OUT) This is ridiculous. Why don't we have a key?

DAVID: I left it with Watson.

STELLA GETS TO THE GATES AND GIVES THEM A GOOD SHAKE. A HUGE ALSATIAN APPEARS AND BARKS ANGRILY.

DAVID: Excellent. The security guards must have arrived early.

STELLA: But where are they? Hello - ee! Hello - eee!

DAVID: Ah. Here's one.

STELLA: A pretty one.

GOOD – LOOKING GUARD COMES TO THE GATE.

GUARD: Can I help you?

DAVID: Yes. Please open the gate.

GUARD: Your I.D.?

STELLA: (TO DAVID) I.D.?

DAVID: Identification.

STELLA: We're the Trenches.

GUARD: The who?

DAVID: The Governors. (POINTS TO SIGN BOARD)

STELLA: We're in charge.

GUARD: Mr. Watson's in charge.

DAVID: Where is he?

GUARD: In the sanatorium.

DAVID: What's he doing there?

GUARD: He had an accident.

STELLA: Then we'd better go and see him.

GUARD: I'm sorry.

DAVID: We're his employers.

STELLA: We're also your employers.

GUARD: (SHAKING HIS HEAD) My employers are the Home Office.

DAVID: That's right. But we have an arrangement. They pay you, but you're responsible to us.

GUARD: Wrong. We are only responsible for the perimeter. What goes on up the drive there, is up to Mr. Watson.

STELLA: Oh no, it isn't.

DAVID: Here ... there must be something here to prove who we are. (OPENS WALLET)

GUARD: Ah. I see you have an account with Marks & Sparks. And I have already observed that you are wearing one of their lambs – wool sweaters. (UNLOCKS GATES AND OPENS THEN) This doesn't mean I'll let you out. That'll be for my relief to decide.


DAVID: Come on, darling.

GETS IN THE CAR.

STELLA: What's the hurry?

DAVID: I want to see what Watson's been up to.

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Scene Six

THE SANATORIUM. FOUR BEDS. WATSON IS LYING ON ONE OF THEM. MARION IS GIVING HIM A BED – BATH UNDER A BLANKET. SHE IS HUMMING CONTENTEDLY THERE IS A BOWL AND SPONGE BESIDE THE BED.

MARION: A drop more burgundy?

WATSON: Not at the moment, thank you.

MARION: Comfy?

WATSON: Mmm. (A EUPHORIC SMILE)

MARION: Goody. I'll do the other side. (TAKES BOWL ROUND)

WATSON: Go on humming. I was enjoying that. Do you know Rose Marie, by any chance?

MARION: Oh yes. My dad used to sing that. HUMMING AS SHE SPONGES AWAY)

WATSON: It was one of my first wife's favourites.

MARION: You've been married before, then?

WATSON: No. But I tend to think of Myra as my first wife, because of her poor health. Go on, ' I'm always dreaming of you ...

MARION SINGS.

OUTSIDE THE INNER DOOR OF THE SANATORIUM. DAVID AND STELLA BOUND UP THE LAST FEW STEPS AND STOP SHORT AT THE DOOR, AS THEY HEAR THE SINGING.

STELLA: Listen ...

THEY BOTH LISTEN TO MARION SINGING AND LOOK AT EACH OTHER, MYSTIFIED.

WATSON: (O.O.V.) This has been the most wonderful two days I can ever remember.

MARION: (O.O.V.) It's done you the world of good. You look quite different.

WATSON: (O.O.V.) I feel different.

MARION: (O.O.V.) You can put your pyjamas on, now.

INSIDE THE ROOM, MARION PICKS UP HER BOWL, SPONGE, TOWEL, ETC. AND GOES TO THE DOOR. SHE SINGS THE INDIAN LOVE CALL. WATSON DOES THE ECHO.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR. MARION OPENS IT AND GREETES DAVID AND STELLA WARMLY.

MARION: Oh, Mr. Watson ... you've got visitors. (TO DAVID AND STELLA) No need to tell me who you are. Come in. He's all cleaned up and taking nourishment.

INSIDE. WATSON IS POURING HIMSELF A GLASS OF BURGUNDY.

STELLA: Watson!

WATSON: Oh ... Matron ... Headmaster.

DAVID: What on earth is going on?

MARION: Mr. Watson sort of had an accident.

STELLA: And you are ...?

MARION: Marion Plover.

WATSON: An angel in human form! She's looked after me. It's been sheer heaven.

MARION: He's been such a good patient. But he had a poor appetite the first day ...

WATSON: But she gave me grilled sole ... and a bottle of Chablis.

MARION: And he kept it down. And to – day, he managed a filet steak with asparagus tips. I'm afraid I've made a hole in your freezer, but I knew you'd want him to have the best.

DAVID: Is that what he told you?

STELLA: What, actually, is wrong with you, Watson?

WATSON: My back. The old trouble.

STELLA: You had that before.

WATSON: I've got it again.

DAVID: Can't you get out of bed?

WATSON: I can try, Headmaster.

DAVID: Governor!

MARION: Be careful, Mr. Watson.

WATSON STARTS THE PAINFUL PROCESS.

STELLA: Hurry up, Watson. The first prisoners are being delivered this afternoon ...

DAVID: ... And we're going to put them in here.

MARION: I'd better make up the beds.

STELLA: Nonsense. They can make up their own beds.

WATSON STANDS UP, BENT ALMOST DOUBLE.

DAVID: This really is too bad of you, Watson.

STELLA: What on earth were you doing to get into this state?

WATSON (HIS DANDER UP) What was I doing? Doing your dirty work for you as usual!

DAVID: Hold on, Watson.

WATSON: I won't. I haven't finished. You sent me to blackmail the staff.

STELLA: The ex – staff ...

DAVID: What happened to that book I lent you?

WATSON: Don't worry ... I held on to it. (PRODUCES IT) At what a cost. They chased me through a hawthorn hedge. Just look at my legs. (PULLS UP HIS PYJAMA TROUSERS)

STELLA: Please, Watson, put those things away.

WATSON: It was a nightmare chase.

MARION: Yes. He went over the wall and through the razor wire. Fell twelve feet, at least. Landed right in front of my bike. I thought, 'That poor devil is trying to escape, but he'll never stand a chance in the outside world.' I mean, just look at him. Later on, he explained that he hadn't been locked up ...

STELLA: Pity he wasn't.

DAVID: It's worrying. The dogs should have stopped him long before he got to the wire.

WATSON: They weren't here then.

DAVID: Of course. He's quite right. Hand me that book ... I want to write in something about him.

HOOTING OUTSIDE.


STELLA: (LOOKING OUT) Our first prisoners! We've got to get cracking. You, Marion, while the Chief Officer gets his trousers on ... go and tell the police escort to bring the prisoners to the study. We'll meet them there. You'd better come too.

MARION: Does this mean you've taken me on?

STELLA: Of course we have.

DAVID: Get moving girl.

MARION: (OVERJOYED) Everyone at the DHSS will be thrilled. Especially Mr. Norris.




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Scene Seven

THE STUDY. THE PRISONERS, RODNEY BANNERMAN, DODD AND WAYNE HYDE ARE STANDING IN A LINE. STELLA AND DAVID ARE ADDRESSING THEM.

DAVID: We hoped to find four for this experiment ... but you are the only three who measure up. No doubt, many of you have a poor self – image.

STELLA: I'm very excited ... I hope you are.

DAVID: The prison system perpetuates ...

STELLA: ... And society generally ... wouldn't you say, David?

DAVID: Absolutely – a dichotomy ...

STELLA: ... We don't want you to think of yourselves as THEM ... because we don't think of ourselves as US ...

DAVID: We're looking for partners in what is to us ...

STELLA: (TO DAVID) And them ...

DAVID: ... A great adventure. My wife and I just don't believe there are such things as worthless human beings ...

STELLA: Because we can re – cycle them ...

DAVID: And that's the business we're in. It's too early, yet, to give you details of the type of manufacturing we shall be going in for. You need time to settle in. But, after you've done that, my wife will give you details of how your very busy days will be spent.

STELLA: Getting in trim for the huge ... exciting ... effort to come.

RODNEY: You mentioned manufacturing ...

DAVID: That's right.

RODNEY: Will it be compulsory?

DAVID: Certainly ...

STELLA: ... But you'll be paid.

WAYNE: Will the wages be negotiable?

DAVID: Definitely! Subject to market forces.

WAYNE: 'Market forces'?

DAVID: The Japanese.

STELLA: The Koreans.

RODNEY: Of course, I don't know what type of goods we shall be making ... but will a work – force of two be adequate?

STELLA: A work – force of three.

RODNEY: There's someone else coming?

DAVID: We mean you.

RODNEY: I'm useless with my hands. I anticipated doing the accounts.

DAVID: You did the accounts for your previous employer.

STELLA: That's why you're here.

RODNEY: Touché.

DAVID: Frankly, Rodney ... I think you've spent far too much of your sentence reading the F.T. Speculating in your mind. Making dream investments.

STELLA: I call it financial wanking.

DAVID: It'll do you good to get out of your cell and go to a place of work ... where a physical effort will be needed.

DODD: (STANDING UP, FURIOUS) That's it! Has the van gone? I want to go back!

DAVID: Hold on.

DODD: I don't want to talk! I don't want to discuss anything. I WANT TO GO.

STELLA: You can't go. This is a prison. That's the whole point of prisons ... you can't go from them.

DODD: You call this a prison? More like a labour camp.

DAVID: We don't intend to be mere minders of idle people.

DODD: Don't tell me; I've got your message. You're con. artists. Your racket is to make a gold mine for yourselves by exploiting the poor unfortunates who are in your care. Many of us ... most of us ... innocent victims of bent policemen and a corrupt judiciary ...

DAVID: You'll have no over – heads ...

STELLA: ... You'll earn a realistic wage ...

DAVID: ... You'll be able to save ...

STELLA: ... And send money to your wife and children.

DODD: I don't owe that woman anything! And only two of the kids are mine. She knew what she was doing when she sacked up with me.

STELLA: Hard work never hurt anybody.

DODD: You never mentioned hard work in this, did you? (PRODUCES BROCHURE) It says, 'Swimming pool. Scope for hobbies. Sports. Non – custodial atmosphere.' The word WORK is never mentioned.

DAVID: (TAKING IT AND READING) It says, quite clearly, 'A full involvement with the communal effort.'

DODD: Like I said ... no mention of it. That's because it isn't part of the agreement.

DAVID: What agreement?

DODD: The unwritten agreement between us victims and the authorities. When they searched my house and found those goods, which I was, in point of fact, keeping for a friend ... I accepted being put away. The authorities provided my accommodation ... regular meals ... medical care, and so forth. By accepting all that, I paid my debt to society. BUT THAT'S AS FAR AS IT GOES. Now you come along with this. (THE BROCHURE) And I say to you; either I am entitled to enjoy these facilities ... 'Swimming ... hobbies ... a non - custodial atmosphere, in a picturesque part of Surrey ..' or I go back to Parkhurst. Take it, or leave it.

DAVID AND STELLA LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

DODD: Hurry up. I've already missed Emmerdale Farm. Which is it? Take it, or leave it.

STELLA: I think we'll leave it ... don't you David?

DAVID: Yes, I do.

DAVID GOES TO THE WINDOW. WE HEAR A VAN STARTING AND MOVING OFF.

DAVID: Blast! It's just gone. (GOES TO TELEPHONE) I'll 'phone the Governor.

STELLA HANDS DAVID THE NUMBER AND HE DIALS.

DODD: If he isn't there ... you can ring him at home.

DAVID: Ah, Mr. Hodgson ... David Trench here. Trench ... you remember, we were with you this morning. Well ... slight problem; Dodd ... in a nut - shell, he doesn't like it here and wants to come back to you ... Unfortunately, the van's left. I see ... I see ... Hold on. Stella ...

HE AND STELLA GO INTO A HUDDLE IN A CORNER.

DAVID: Hodgson won't take him back.

STELLA: He has to.

DAVID: He's adamant. We shall just have to cope. I doubt if Dodd will be a bigger problem than that Simpson boy was.

STELLA: Simpson?

DAVID: The Simpson who had three sets of divorced parents.

STELLA: Oh, that Simpson. At least Dodd doesn't have that problem.

DAVID: So far as we know.

STELLA: So far as we know.

DAVID: (TO DODD) The Governor won't take you back. (INTO 'PHONE) Well, if that's your last word there's nothing we can do.

DODD: Here ... let me have a word with him.

DAVID: (STILL ON 'PHONE). He wants to have a word with you ... Very well. (HANGS UP)

DODD: There was something I wanted to say to him.

DAVID: There was something he wanted to say to you. 'Get stuffed!'

RODNEY: I think that's shocking. Coming from a public servant.

DODD: I've never said anything like that to him.

RODNEY: Of course, you haven't. And not only does he eject you, but he insults you into the bargain.

WAYNE: I wonder what it is about Dodd that gets up the Governor's nose?

DAVID: That'll do, Wayne! Right, Dodd. You've described us as con. artists. You've accused us of getting you here under false pretences. Now, you find yourself forced to stay here in our care. You're in a sensitive position, Dodd.

DODD: Yes ... well ... I'm sorry for my outburst. And I admit, I did mislead you. Those goods that were found in my possession – grossly over – valued by their owners for insurance purposes – I was not keeping for a friend. As the psychiatrist at Parkhurst told me ... It's nobody's fault, but I am inclined to bend reality. So, in fact, I am a crook. That is the only word to describe me. And ... so ... the fact that I am a criminal entitles you to do what you like with me.

DAVID: We're not concerned with rights of that sort.

DODD: But you have them. Because you are operating within the law.

STELLA: That's certainly true.

DODD: And don't I know it. But, because I accept it ... we need not fight. I know the score. Can we leave it at that?

DAVID: For the moment, yes. (PICKS UP WALKIE - TALKIE) Watson ... come in please. And bring Officer Plover.

WATSON: (O.O.V.) Yes, Headmas ... sir. (CLICK)

DAVID: (TO THE PRISONERS) Time for you to meet the staff.

WATSON AND MARION ENTER. THEY ARE WEARING DESIGNER UNIFORMS AND CARRYING WALKIE - TALKIES.

DAVID: This is Chief Officer Watson and Officer Plover. True to our word, we've kept the staff to a minimum ...

STELLA: ... To help the informal ambience ...

DAVID: ... But make no mistake about it; although these two people look mild and gentle ...

STELLA: ... Neither of them is to be trifled with. Right, Watson?

WATSON: Right, Matron ... er ... Mrs. Trench.

STELLA: Very well, Watson. Take prisoners Bannerman, Hyde and Dodd and fall them in outside.

DAVID: With their bags.

WATSON: Follow me. And you, Plover. You bring up the rear. (STARTS OUT)

WAYNE: Where are you going?

WATSON: Your quarters. Get a move on, there.

THEY LEAVE.

STELLA: (TO DAVID) Darling ... you handled that superbly.

DAVID: You are speaking to the man who crushed the Lower Fourth at Dinsfold House.

STELLA: Darling.

THEY KISS.

OUTSIDE, THE PRISONERS STAND IN LINE HOLDING THEIR BAGGAGE. WATSON IS AT THE FRONT, MARION AT THE REAR. STELLA COMES OUT AND JOINS THEM. THEY MOVE OFF. WE SEE THEM CROSS AN OPEN SPACE.

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Scene Eight

THE SANATORIUM IS A BUILDING SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF THE SCHOOL AND IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF A SMALL, DETACHED VILLA. THE PARTY ARRIVES AT THE NORMAL – LOOKING OUTSIDE DOOR. WATSON UNLOCKS IT AND THEY GO IN.

WAYNE: (SOTTO, TO RODNEY) If you ever fancy a night out, Rodney, let me know. I could open that with my tooth brush.

STELLA: Watson ... I'd like to see the new whatsit.

(INDICATES ELECTRONIC LOCK IN THE WALL)

WATSON: Ah, yes. (PUTS A KEY INTO IT AND A HEAVY, METAL DOOR ROLLS SHUT)

STELLA: Excellent.

WAYNE AND RODNEY EXCHANGE LOOKS.

RODNEY: You must have a very special tooth – brush. ON THE LANDING UPSTAIRS, ANOTHER NORMAL – LOOKING, WOODEN DOOR. WAYNE LEADS THE WAY.

WAYNE: Through here, is it?

WATSON: Yes, carry on.

WAYNE OPENS THE WOODEN DOOR. STELLA GOES IN. SHE IS HALTED BY A HEAVY, STEEL DOOR, LIKE THE ONE BELOW.

STELLA: Isn't this supposed to be left open, Watson, when the prisoners are supervised?

WATSON: My mistake. I have the key. (SEARCHES) Here we are. (PUTS IN WRONG KEY) I'm so sorry ... shan't be a second.

WAYNE: We're in no hurry.

STELLA: Here, Watson ... try mine.

WATSON USES STELLA'S KEY AND MANAGES TO TURN IT. NOTHING HAPPENS.

WAYNE: Would you like me to give it a kick?

THE DOOR ROLLS OPEN. THE DORMITORY IS REVEALED. IT LOOKS A LOT MORE CHEERFUL. VASES OF FLOWERS, IN ABUNDANCE. IN THE CENTRE IS A TABLE WITH SEVEN FULL GLASSES AND A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE: TWO OR THREE PLATES OF CRISPS AND SAUSAGES ON STICKS.

STELLA: Thank you, Marion. Very nice. (TO THE PRISONERS) A little welcoming gesture. No harm, we thought, in being civilised.

WAYNE: So this is the Holiday Inn.

STELLA: (HANDING DRINKS) Wayne ... Rodney ...

WAYNE: I think it's charming. (CHEEKILY, TO STELLA) I'm just sorry we aren't going on, anywhere, afterwards.

STELLA: (TURNING AWAY) Marion ...

MARION HANDS A GLASS AND A PLATE OF CRISPS TO DODD.

DODD: (UNGRACIOUSLY) Is this meant to be dinner?

MARION TAKES THE PLATE OVER TO WAYNE.

WAYNE: Hello, darling. I'm worried. I've been here over an hour and I haven't been searched. Will you be having that pleasure?

MARION: Care for a sausage? (TURNS AND GOES)

WAYNE: (TO RODNEY) Ah ... she's cold now, but she'll come round if we work at it. We're going to have a good time here, Rodney.

RODNEY: That's how I feel ... quite euphoric.

WAYNE: Isn't that painful?

BOTH LAUGH. STELLA SEES THEM, AS SHE CHATS TO WATSON.

STELLA: Just look at them, Watson. Normal human beings. You could take them almost anywhere. (SHE SPOTS THE BOTTLE ON THE TABLE) Marion. I told you to pour seven glasses and then put the bottle away.

MARION: Sorry. Did you want the rest for yourself? (PICKS UP BOTTLE AND HANDS IT TO STELLA)

STELLA: (EXAMINING LABEL) Good God, Marion. It's vintage Bollinger. Where did you get it?

MARION: From your kitchen, Mrs. Trench.

STELLA: I said Veuve de Vernay. This stuff's fifteen quid a bottle.

MARION: We thought you'd put it aside specially.

STELLA: We did. But not to be guzzled by criminals.

MARION: I haven't touched mine. I'll pour it back. (STARTS TO)

STELLA: Don't be silly. Just put it away.

MARION GOES TO DO SO. DAVID ENTERS.

DAVID: Sorry I'm late. I had an important 'phone call.

WAYNE: Ah, here's the Governor.

HE LEADS A CHEER.

MARION: All right to give him a glass?

STELLA: Yes, of course.

MARION GOES TO DAVID AND POURS. HE LOOKS AT THE BOTTLE.

DAVID: Good God.

WAYNE: I think someone should say something. Come on, Rodney ... speech. Speech!

RODNEY: Oh ... well ... all right. Er ... May I say ... how happy we are to get away from the oppressive atmosphere of crumbling Victoriana ...

WAYNE: Good old Rodney.

RODNEY: ... And be given such a warm welcome here. Paradise, in comparison ... by the way ... where am I going to sleep?

STELLA: (POINTING TO BED BY THE WINDOW) I think I should plump for that one.

RODNEY: (AGHAST) But I came here. on the understanding that I should have a room of my own.

DAVID: It's not ready yet.

STELLA: You're all going to have your own rooms. But the builders refuse to break with tradition ... they're six weeks behind.

RODNEY SITS DOWN.

DAVID: Are you all right?

RODNEY: Well ... how can I put it? This isn't a problem when I'm sleeping alone ... which is why I didn't mention it. But these fits of mine ... I'm used to them ... but what about my room – mates?

DODD: What sort of fits are they?

RODNEY: Extremely violent.

DODD: How do you mean?

RODNEY: No – one near me is safe. I bite and scratch.

WAYNE: Well, there's two of us here, Rodney.

RODNEY: Ah ... but sometimes I go for the throat. And at these times, one has the strength of ten.

WAYNE: How often does this happen, Rodney?

RODNEY: Not usually more than once a night.

SILENCE.

RODNEY: So, it's disappointing, but I don't think it's going to work out. I'd better go back to Stonebridge. (SUDDENLY BRIGHTENING) Unless ... unless, you happen to have a spare room over in your house. That would be so much safer for all concerned. It's a dreadful affliction to have to live with ... but, c'est la vie.

DAVID: Nonsense! You're as fit as I am. You've got a pilot's licence.

RODNEY: Touché.

WAYNE: I'm really disappointed in you, Rodney. You tried to con. these good people.

DAVID: You've struck a very discordant note in what was a ... a ...

STELLA: ... A pleasant occasion to break the ice.

WAYNE: Yes, Rodney. You're very ungrateful. Apart from this nice, airy room ... we've got a toilet and shower – don't tell me you want to go back to crapping in a bucket. I mean, look at the thought that's gone into it. (GOES OVER TO SHOWER) Sea green tiles with fish on them ... matching, low flush toilet. (OPENS DOOR)

DODD: (INSIDE) Do you mind?

WAYNE: Sorry mate. Honestly, Rodney ... where else would we have had a welcome like this ...? With drinky poos, and nibbles? And all these flowers, so charmingly arranged. Your feminine touch ... am I right, Marion? (POINTING AT HER) For my part, I would like to propose a toast ... (MAKES RATHER A LOT OF HIS EMPTY GLASS) ... or, alternatively, a vote of thanks. Thank you, Stella and David.

DAVID: Thank you ... er ... Wayne. (WINKS AT STELLA) Are you happy over there, Rodney?

RODNEY DOESN'T SPEAK.

STELLA: After all, once asleep, it hardly matters whether one is alone or not.

WAYNE: Hear that, Marion?

DODD: (CLAIMING A BED) This one will do for me ... during the trial period.

RODNEY: (SUDDENLY UPSET) No! (MOVES OVER TO DODD'S BED WITH HIS LUGGAGE) Why can't I have a choice?

DODD: Please yourself. I'll take this.

SITS ON BED NEXT TO RODNEY'S.

RODNEY: Oh. Then I'll stay here. (GOES BACK TO BED BY WINDOW) There's nowhere for my clock radio ... (SITS) ... And there's someone in my bed.

THEY ALL CROWD ROUND.

DAVID: Watson.

WATSON PULLS BACK THE BED CLOTHES. THE BLACK HEAD OF ATO EMERGES.

WATSON: It's Ato.

ATO: Hello, Mr. Watson.

STELLA: What are you doing here?

ATO: Hiding. I can't go home, Headmaster, because ...

DAVID: It's all right. Your father has just 'phoned.

ATO: Oh good ... I tried to tell you ...

DAVID: Yes, yes.

WAYNE: (SEARCHING IN HIS BED) I thought he might have a sister.

ATO: (TO RODNEY) I've never met a criminal. Have you ever killed anybody?

STELLA: That'll do. Come along. (TO THE OTHERS) Good night. We have to rush.

DAVID: Watson. Report to my office when you've locked up. (GOES WITH STELLA AND ATO)

RODNEY: He was lying in my bed with his boots on!

MARION: I'll change the sheets. (STARTS TO)

WATSON: The dining area is downstairs – there's a meal waiting for you! Cold silverside of beef ... organic vegetables and brown rice. The cook starts full time to – morrow. You'll be glad to hear she's progressive and intends to offer you a wide choice of nourishing food. Marion will take your orders for breakfast.

DODD: I'd like a few grilled kidneys and bacon.

WATSON: To – morrow it's muesli or sausage.

WATSON GOES.

WAYNE: (UNPACKING A LARGE PIN – UP FROM HIS GRIP) Who's a lucky girl, then? You're going to like it here, darlin'.

RODNEY UNPACKS HIS RADIO AND PUTS ON HIS HEAD PHONES. UNFOLDS THE FINANCIAL TIMES, AND ISOLATES HIMSELF FROM THE OTHERS. DODD SITS ON HIS BED AND STARES AHEAD, GLOOMILY.

DODD: Muesli!

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Scene Nine

THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY. STELLA, DAVID AND ATO.

STELLA: Out of the question! You're going to Moscow to-morrow morning with your father.

ATO: Why does he want to go to Moscow, anyway?

STELLA: Because he's got a very good job there. It's a diplomatic plum. So, off you go to bed. NOW.

ATO: If I robbed a bank, would you let me stay?

STELLA: Upstairs!

ATO GOES.

STELLA: (VERY ANGRY WITH DAVID) It seems to me you've taken leave of your senses, David.

DAVID: (ICY) What makes you think that?

STELLA: Because no sane person would have told his father he could stay here. A sixteen – year – old boy living with hardened criminals? What on earth made you do it?

DAVID: Money.

STELLA: What money?

DAVID: He offered to treble the fees.

STELLA: He did?

DAVID: And give us a bonus if we get him through his A levels.

PAUSE.

STELLA: Shall I make us some coffee?

DAVID: No, thank you.

STELLA: You're not going to sulk?

DAVID KISSES HER.

STELLA: Did you tell Mr. Walefa this was now a prison?

DAVID: No. He seemed upset enough as it was.

STELLA: Quite right, darling. (KISSES HIM) Shall we go to bed?

DAVID: In a minute. First we must check up on our charges.

STELLA: Must we go back there tonight?

DAVID: You're forgetting.

GOES TO TV SURVEILLANCE SCREENS.

STELLA: Of course.

DAVID FINGERS BUTTONS AND WE SEE A PICTURE OF ONE OF THE STEEL DOORS.

DAVID: That's the downstairs door.

MORE BUTTONS.

DAVID: And that's the upstairs door.

STELLA: Can we see inside?

DAVID: No. That would give them the idea that we don't trust them. But we can see if there's a light on.

PRESSES MORE BUTTONS, AND WE SEE THE SANATORIUM BUILDING FROM OUTSIDE. EVERYTHING IS DARK.

DAVID: All sound asleep.

THERE IS A LOUD KNOCKING AT THE FRENCH DOORS.

DAVID: That'll be Watson.

STELLA: Don't invite him in. I'm sleepy.

DAVID: I won't. (KISSES HER)

DAVID OPENS THE DOORS. WAYNE IS STANDING THERE, SMILING. STELLA AND DAVID CLING TO EACH OTHER.

WAYNE: You should complain to the manufacturers about those electronic doors ...

DAVID AND STELLA EXCHANGE HORRIFIED LOOKS. WAYNE CONTINUES TALKING, WITH ELABORATE GESTURES.

WAYNE That one upstairs comes open if you tap it. The one below, well I had to use a hair – pin ... one of Marion's.

THE TITLES ROLL. A DOG BARKS FEROCIOUSLY. WAYNE NIPS INSIDE AND SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. OUTSIDE, THE TWO DOGS GROWL, BARK AND SCRATCH AT THE GLASS DOORS.

END

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