



by
Simon Pegg and Edgar Wright

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION. FRONT DESK M DAY

POLICE CONSTABLE NICHOLAS ANGEL bursts through the entrance of a city police station and [U+FB02]ashes his warrant card.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Police Constable Nicholas Angel.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - DAY

ANGEL strides down a corridor. His collar number reads 777.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Born and schooled in London.
Graduated from Canterbury
University in 1993 with a double
[U+FB02]rst in politics and
sociology.

INSERT: ANGEL at training college standing amongst dopey looking trainees. They wear navy tee shirts and shorts.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Attended police training college,
displaying an impressive aptitude
in both field training and
theoretical studies.

INSERT: ANGEL running in riot gear down an alley, dodging petrol bombs, storming a fake hostage situation, finishing an exam and holding the paper aloft.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Excelled way beyond peers, passed
into the Metropolitan Police
Service-

INSERT: ANGEL surrounded by the same dopey faces as before, this time in full uniform, at a graduation parade.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-and soon proved worth as an
officer. Establishing both a
popularity and an effectiveness in
the community-

INSERT: ANGEL talking with elderly people, a Chinese family in their native tongue, young offenders in a hall.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-Furthering his skills with
elective training courses in
advanced driving-

INSERT: ANGEL doing an elaborate skid in a police car.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-as well as pioneering the use of
the mountain bicycle-

INSERT: ANGEL doing an elaborate skid on a police bike.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
-and raising of[U+FB02]oe morale
with an inventive use of desktop
publishing-

INSERT: ANGEL pinning up various notices in bright colours;
they read 'BIKE SHED', 'CANTEEN', 'HATE CRIMES'.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
-Also became heavily involved in
many extra curricular activities
and to this day holds the Met
record for the 100 metre dash.

INSERT: ANGEL fencing, doing judo, playing chess, bursts
through a finishing tape at speed.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-In 2001 began operations in a
North London armed response unit,
Whiskey, Bravo 7-

INSERT: ANGEL bursts into a stairwell of an apartment block
as part of a heavily armed response team.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-and received a bravery award for
efforts in the resolution of
Operation Crackdcwn-

INSERT: ANGEL storms a room where a wild eyed CRACKHEAD
holds a family hostage with a KALISHNIKOV. ANGEL responds
fast, firing a short burst. His expression is one of shock.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
In the last twelve months alone,
has received nine special
commendations, achieved the highest
arrest record for any officer in
the borough and sustained three
injuries in the line of duty, most
recently in December when wounded
by a man dressed as Eather
Christmas.

INSERT: We see [U+FB02]ashes of framed commendations, multiple cuffing and a violent altercation with a wild eyed St. Nick.

INT. MTROPOLITAN POLICE STATION. FRONT DESK M DAY

POLICE CONSTABLE NICHOLAS ANGEL bursts through the entrance of a city police station and [U+FB02]ashes his warrant card.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Police Constable Nicholas Angel.

INT. SERGEANT'S GEEICE - DAY

ANGEL sits opposite a jovial SERGEANT of the same age.

SERGEANT
Hello Nicholas. How's the hand?

ANGEL
Still a bit stiff.

SEEERGEANT
Hardly fitting for such a good boy.

ANGEL
I'm sorry Sergeant?

SERGEANT
Getting stabbed by Santa.

ANGEL
Right.

SERGEANT
It can get awfully hairy out there.
I'm surprised you hadn't been
snapped up into a nice desk job
before. That's what I did.

ANGEL
I know sergeant. I prefer to think
my office is out on the street.

SERGEANT
Indeed you do. Your arrest record
is 460% higher than any other
officer. And your paperwork is
really quite exemplary. You do like
to cross the 'I's and dot the 'T's.

ANGEL
Dot the 'I's and cross the 'T's.

SERGEANT
Exactly. And that's why it's high
time such skills were put to better
use. We're making you Sergeant.

ANGEL
I see.

SERGEANT
(mumbles)
In Sandford, Gloucestershire.

ANGEL
In where sorry?

SERGEANT
In Sandford, Gloucestershire.

ANGEL
That's in the country.

SERGEANT
Yes, lovely.

ANGEL
That's miles away.

SERGEANT
Lovely.

ANGEL
Is there not a Sergeant's position
in London?

SERGEANT
No.

ANGEL
Well, can I just stay here as a
P.C.?

SERGEANT
Nooo.

ANGEL
Do I have any choice in this?

SERGEANT
Noooo.

ANGEL

But, I like it here.

SERGEANT

You always said you wanted to transfer to the country.

ANGEL

In twenty years time maybe.

SERGEANT

Well done you.

ANGEL

Hang on - I don't actually remember telling you that.

SERGEANT

Yes you did, you said"
(slyly looks at notes)
"I'd love to settle down in the country sometime Janine".

ANGEL

I'd like to talk to the Inspector.

SERGEANT

Hey, fine. You can talk to the Inspector, but I promise he'll say the same thing as me.

INT. SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY

An equally jovial INSPECTOR sits alongside the SERGEANT.

INSPECTOR

Hello Nicholas. How's the hand?

ANGEL

Still a bit stiff.

INSPECTOR

How are things at home?

ANGEL

I'm sorry sir?

INSPECTOR

How's Janine?

ANGEL
We're no longer together sir-

INSECTOR
So where are you living now?

SERGEANT
He's in the Section House sir.

INSPECTOR
With all the recruits?

ANGEL
Temporarily yes, but-

INSPECTOR
Well, we must get you out of there.

SERGEANT
Yes, he's living out of cardboard boxes.

INSPECTOR
Well, then you're already packed. Nicholas, we're offering you a smashing position and a delightful cottage in a lovely little place that's been voted 'Village of the Year' I don't know how many times. It'll be good for you.

SERGEANT
We're only asking you to go for nine months.

ANGEL
Nine months!?

INSPECTOR
A year.

SERGEANT
Two years tops.

ANGEL
I really don't know what to say-

INSPECTOR
Just say yes.

SERGEANT
Just say yes, thank you.

ANGEL
No, I'm sorry sir, I want to-

INSPECTOR
-take this higher?

ANGEL
Yes. Yes I do.

INSPECTOR
You want me to bother the Chief
Inspector with this?

ANGEL
Yes I do.

INSPECTOR
You want me to get the Chief
Inspector to come all the way down
here?

ANGEL
Yes.

INSPECTOR
Okay. Kenneth?

The jovial CHIEF INSPECTOR (50's) enters. ANGEL stands.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Hello Nicholas. How's the hand?

INSPECTOR & SERGEANT
Still a bit stiff.

ANGEL
Chief Inspector-

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Keep your seat. Now, I know what
you're going to say, but the fact
is, you're making us all look bad.

ANGEL
I'm sorry sir?

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Of course we all appreciate your
efforts, but you're rather letting
the side down.

ANGEL

But, my record is 406% higher than everyone else.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Exactly...

ANGEL

I'm not sure I-

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Sometimes you've just got to sail the middle path.

INSPECTOR

It's all about being a team player, Nicholas.

SERGEANT

You can't be the Sheriff of London.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

If we let you carry on running around town, you'll just continue to be exceptional and we can't have that. You'll put us all out of a job.

ANGEL

With the greatest respect, sir. You can't just make people disappear.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Yes I can. I'm the Chief Inspector.

INSPECTOR

No one's disappearing, Sergeant.

ANGEL

However you spin this, there's one thing you haven't counted on. And that's what the 'team' are going to make of this.

ANGEL exits the office and is greeted by every officer in the force, claspng plastic glasses. A makeshift sign made from colour photocopied sheets reads 'GOOD LUCK NICHOLAS'.

INT. GROUNE FLOOR ESTATE FLAT - DAY

A group of Crime Scene Investigators dressed in white protective suits, face masks and goggles, work in a blood spattered room. A mobile rings. One of the CSI's picks up.

JANINE

Hello.

ANGEL (O.S.)

Janine. It's me.

JANINE

I know. I'm at work.

ANGEL (O.S.)

I know. I'm outside.

JANINE turns to see ANGEL outside the window on his mobile.

ANGEL (CONT'C)

What's the situation?

JANINE

You know the situation. We've been over this.

ANGEL

I meant here.

JANINE

Two people involved, distinct signs of a struggle. A complete mess.

ANGEL

You are talking about here?

JANINE

Nicholas, what do you want?

ANGEL

I need to tell you something and I didn't want to do it over the phone.

ANGEL disappears. Beat. He re-enters moments later and approaches the hallway door. He sees JANINE.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Janine, I'm being transferred. I'm going away for a while-

MALE CSI
I'm not Janine.

A cough. ANGEL turns to find JANINE standing to his right.

ANGEL
Janine, I'm being transferred. I'm
going away for a while.

JANINE
I know. Bob told me.

Another CSI walks past and waves to ANGEL.

BOB
Alright?

ANGEL
I just wanted to tell you in
person. There's no reason why we
can't be civil with each other.
It's not so long ago that we were
talking about getting married.

JANINE
Yes but you were already married to
the force weren't you?

ANGEL
We're actually supposed to refer to
it as 'the service' now.
Of[U+FB02]oial'vocab guidelines
state that 'force' sounds too
aggressive.

JANINE
See that's it. It's only ever about
the job. It's all you care about.

ANGEL
That's not true.

JANINE
No, you're right, you do have that
rubber plant.

ANGEL
It's actually a Peace Lily.

JANINE
You just can't switch off Nicholas.

JANINE whips off her goggles for emphasis. We are still no
wiser as to what she looks like.

JANINE (cont'd)
And until you find a person you care about more than your job, you never will. Besides you were the one who suggested we take a break.

ANGEL
Yeah well, guilty people usually make the first move.

JANINE
Actually there's something I need to tell you too.

ANGEL
You're seeing somebody.

JANINE
Yes. How did you-?

ANGEL
Is it Bob?

We see BOB dusting for prints.

JANINE
No. Does Bob look like the kind of person I'd go out with?...It's Dave.

She gestures to an identical CSI. He waves to ANGEL.

DAVE
Alright?

ANGEL looks down and stares at the [U+FB02]oor. JANINE softens.

JANINE
Oh, Nicholas-

ANGEL
You do know that window's been broken from the inside?

The CSIs look to the broken window. JANINE hangs her head.

INT. SECTION HOUSE CORRIDOR/BEDROOM - DAY

We prowl down the corridor of a dormitory to a tiny bedroom. ANGEL packs a large red suitcase and takes down photos from the wall; a blonde child in a toy police car, an article reading 'HERO GUN COP SAVES FAMILY'. Three FRESH FACED RECRUITS appear at the door.

RECRUIT

Is it true you're leaving sir?

ANGEL

Yes it is true.

RECRUIT

Is it okay if we have your milk?

INT/EXT. TITLES/TRAVEL MONTAGE - DAY - DUSK

ANGEL leaves the section house, striking a lonely figure on the pavement with his suitcase and pot plant under his arm...

...ANGEL cradles his POT PLANT on a crowded TUBE TRAIN...

...ANGEL reads The Guardian on an INTER-CITY TRAIN and eats tofu from a lunch box. Urban landscapes whizz by...

...ANGEL and his POT PLANT at a deserted train station...

...ANGEL sits on a connecting shuttle train. The reception bars on his mobile deplete. Street lights whizz by...

...ANGEL sits in a minicab in semi darkness. Out of the window a sign looms: 'WELCOME TO SANDEORD', 'THE COMMUNITY THAT CARES'. It features a picture of castle ruins.

...Signs whizz by; one pointing to the 'MODEL VILLAGE', a large [U+FB02]oral display reading 'SANDFOED, VILLAGE OF THE YEAR', a NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH sign. We see a local church surrounded in scaffolding. Rain spots the cab window.

EXT. SANDEORD VILLAGE SQUARE - EVENING

The minicab pulls away, leaving ANGEL, a lonely figure on the pavement, the pot plant under his arm.

INT. SWAN HOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT

ANGEL comes in to the reception of an up-market guest house, with twee living room furnishings in the foyer. A VERY OLD MAN snores in an armchair.

We see a poster for a production of ROMEO AND JULIET. An ornamental sword is mounted above a front desk where a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN presides. She doesn't look up.

WOMAN

It would appear the heavens have opened.

ANGEL

I was hoping I could check in.

WOMAN

Check in? But you've always been here.

ANGEL

Excuse me?

WOMAN

(peering through specs)
I'm sorry, I thought you were my husband. You must be Sgt. Angel.

ANGEL

Um, yes I am.

JOYCE COOPER

I'm Joyce Cooper. I trust you had a pleasant trip. Fascist.

ANGEL

I beg your pardon?

JOYCE COOPER

System of Government characterised by extreme dictatorship. Seven across.

MRS. COOPER motions to the crossword she's been doing.

ANGEL

Ah. I believe that's 'fascism'.

JOYCE COOPER

Fascism? Wonderful. We've put you in the 'Castle Suite'. It's on the second [U+FB02]oor. Bernard will escort you up.

She motions to the OLD MAN in the foyer. For a moment he looks dead but a prodigious snore proves otherwise.

ANGEL

It's okay. I'm sure I can make my own way up. Hag.

JOYCE COOPER

I beg your pardon?

ANGEL

Evil old woman considered ugly or frightful. 12 down.

JOYCE COOPER

Bless you.

INT. SWAN HOTEL CORRIDOR/ROOM - DAY

ANGEL approaches a door marked CASTLE SUITE. He unlocks it and enters. The room is quaint but identical in dimension to his previous accomodation. ANGEL takes off his jacket and places his POT PLANT on the windowsill. It's deathly quiet. ANGEL grabs his jacket again.

EXT. SANDFORD SQUARE - NIGHT

The rain now stopped, ANGEL walks the empty streets. He hears signs of life from the pub. He heads towards it, passing the village fountain, where a group of young children gather. Chatting, leaning on skateboards, they all wear hooded tops.

ANGEL frowns and glances at his watch. As he passes, the HOODIES all stare after him.

INT. THE CROWN - NIGHT

ANGEL cautiously enters a lively pub, complete with rustic farming equipment and a cheery landlord and landlady.

ROTUND DRINKER

Pint of lager, please Mary.

MARY PORTER

Right you are my love.

ROY PORTER

Yes sir, what can I get you?

ANGEL

Could I have a glass of the...
cranberry juice please?

ROY PORTER

Certainly. Now, you wouldn't, by
any chance, be the new policeman?

ANGEL

Police officer, yes. My name is
Nicholas Angel.

ROY PORTER

Thought so. I'm Roy Porter and this
is my wife Mary.

MARY PORTER

Welcome to Sandford. If there's
anything you need, let us know.

ANGEL

Thanks. Could I borrow your paper?

ANGEL points to a 'SANDFORD CITIZEN' on the bar.

MARY PORTER

It's not ours love.

ROY PORTER

Not big fans of the local
fishwrapper, are we Mare? They
listed her age as 55"

MARY PORTER

-when I'm actually 53.

ROTUND DRINKER

Pint of lager, please Mary.

MARY PORTER

Right you are my love.

INT. THE CROWN - NIGHT

ANGEL sits on a stool at the bar reading the paper -
(Headlines read 'MYSTERY SURROUNDS PROPOSED EIPASS')

A suspiciously young laugh draws ANGEL's attention. Some
drinkers at the bar look very fresh faced. Others drink beer
through straws. Another drinker guffaws, his BRACES glint.

ANGEL is dazzled. He looks to a sign reading 'IT IS ILLEGAL
TO SELL ALCOHOL TO ANYONE UNDER THE AGE OF 18'.

INT. THE CROWN - CONTINUOUS

ANGEL strides over to the table of straw drinkers.

ANGEL
Excuse me. When's your birthday?

YOUNGSTE
22nd of February.

ANGEL
What year?

YOUNGSTER
Every year.

ANGEL
Okay. Get out.

JUMPCUT. ANGEL talks to the YOUNGSTER with terrible acne.

YOUNGSTE 2
Eighth of May, 1968.

ANGEL
You're 37?

YOUNGSTER 2
...Yeah.

ANGEL
Get out.

JUMPCUT. A high voiced YOUNGSTER with braces.

YOUNGSTER 3
Ummm...

ANGEL
Out.

ROY PORTER
Is there a problem officer?

ANGEL
Yes there is. An awful lot of your patrons appear to be underage Mr. Porter.

ROY PORTER
Well, a few of them may be a month or two south of proper. But if they're in here, it stops them getting into trouble out there-

MARY PORTER
 -doing their business in the
 street, having fisticuffs, nicking
 traf[U+FB02]c cones-

ROY PORTER
 The way we see it, it's all about
 the greater good.

MARY PORTER
 ...the greater good.

ANGEL
 That may be, but the law's the law.
 They'll all have to go.

MARY PORTER/ROY PORTER
 Oh.

EXT. THE CROWN - NIGHT

A grumbling group of teens stomp out of the pub.

INT. THE CROWN - NIGHT

ANGEL is sat back at the bar. The pub is now almost empty.
 The PORTERS are not so cheery now.

ROY PORTER
 Another cranberry juice?

ANGEL
 I'm fine thank you.

EXT. THE CROWN - NIGHT

ANGEL strolls out of the pub and walks past the fountain. He
 tosses a coin in and takes time to observe the plaque; *'This
 fountain was generously restored with funds raised by Mr F.
 Butterman, Mrs J. Cooper, Mr R. Hatcher, Miss A. Paver...'*

A metallic scratching distracts ANGEL. He sees the ROTUND
 DRINKER trying to put his key in the lock of an ASTRA.

ANGEL
 I hope you're not thinking of
 driving that.

ROTUND DRINKER

Nope.

The ROTUND ERINKER stumbles away from the car. ANGEL turns back and notices that the plague has been vandalised with a marker pen graffiti tag which appears to be a 'G'.

An engine revs behind ANGEL. He jumps back as the ASTRA reverses into the fountain with a resounding crash. He storms over to the driver's door and hauls the ROTUNO DRINKER out, who immediately and loudly throws up.

ANGEL

I'm taking you down the station...
Where is it?

ANGEL escorts the ROTUND DRINKER by the collar. Up ahead, the underage drinkers pisses in the street. ANGEL coughs.

UNDERAGE DRINKER

What?

INT. SANDFOED STATION/FRONT OFFICE - NIGHT

ANGEL strides in with the ROTUND DRINKER and the UNDERAGE DRINKER. He has also picked up three other underage drinkers, two scuffed from brawling and one with a traffic cone on his head. He [U+FB02]ashes his card to a cheery DESK SERGEANT.

DESK SERGEANT

Sergeant Nicholas Angel? When did you start?

ANGEL

Tomorrow.

DESK SERGEANT

I see you've already arrested the whole village.

ANGEL

Not exactly.

The DESK SERGEANT looks to the ROTUND DRINKER and laughs. The ROTUNE DRINKER stumbles over to a connecting door.

DESK SERGEANT

You in for the night? Four's free.

ANGEL

I need to talk to him.

DESK SERGEANT

He'll be no use til the morning. Do you really want to process this lot? My pen's running out.

ANGEL

Not a problem.

ANGEL retrieves two pens from his pocket. Cue ELASHCUTS of detainees being processed, fingerprints taken, heights measured; (the TRAFFIC CONE kid, unable to remove his headgear is recorded as 8' 2").

INT. SWAN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

ANGEL lies on his bed, staring at the ceiling.

INT. SWAN HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

JUMP CUT to the next morning. The bed is empty.

EXT. HIGH STREET - MORNING

ANGEL in sweats, jogs out of the hotel. In the daylight, Sandford looks beautiful and idyllic.

JOYCE COOPER is up a ladder, watering her hanging baskets. She greets ANGEL cheerily. He passes other early birds who do the same; a FEMALE NEWSAGENT setting out her paper stand, a EOOKISH WOMAN on a bicycle, a cheery VICAR, a dishy DOCTOR.

ANGEL sees the crashed ASTRA being towed away by a removal vehicle operated by two GRUFF LOOKING MEN. They nod to him.

MAN (O.S.)

Lock me up?

Another jogger stops by ANGEL. He has a ready smirk and a confident air. He wears a 'SANDFORD FUN RUNNERS' t-shirt.

ANGEL

Sorry?

MAN

I'm a slasher and I must be stopped.

ANGEL
You're a what?

MAN
A slasher...of prices. I'm joking
of course. I'm Simon Skinner, I run
the local Super Marche.

SIMON SKINNER nods to a supermarket named SUMMRAISLES.
Pop in some time, my discounts are
criminal. Catch me later.

SKINNER accelerates into a sprint, leaving a bemused ANGEL
at the door of his hotel. ANGEL strides inside.

INT. SANDFORD FRONT OFFICE - MORNING

ANGEL strides into the station, now in full uniform. The
same DESK SERGEANT is there as before. Although he is now
sour faced and has curly hair. ANGEL is a tad confused.

ANGEL
Morning Sergeant. Have you done
something with your hair?

DESK SERGEANT
No.

ANGEL
Well, could you tell Inspector
Butterman that I've arrived?

DESK SERGEANT
No.

ANGEL
Why?

DESK SERGEANT
He's not in yet.

ANGEL
I see. How's our guest?

DESK SERGEANT
Guest?

ANGEL
The inebriate in cell four.

DESK SERGEANT
I dunno. Nobody tells me nothing.

ANGEL walks over to Cell Four and looks through the observation hatch. Panic spreads across his face.

ANGEL
Can I get cell four open?

DESK SERGEANT (O.S.)
Danny, can you open four?

ANGEL
Quickly please?

DESK SERGEANT (O.S.)
Quickly...please!

An OFFICER opens the cell. ANGEL walks in to find it empty.

ANGEL
He's gone.

OFFICER
Oh my god? Who's gone?

We see that the OFFICER is the ROTUND DRINKER.

ANGEL
Why are you dressed as a police officer?

OFFICER
Because I am one?

A jovial man enters the cell in senior officer's garb.

FRANK
Sergeant Angel, at last. I see you've already met my boy.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK's office is adorned with CERTIFICATES, including 'VILLAGE OF THE YEAR' plaques, along with a POLICE a glass case and two mounted ANTIQUE PISTOLS.

We also see a photo of a younger FRANK and DANNY dressed as cowboys and a middle aged woman dressed as a squaw.

FRANK

Do forgive me. I'm something of a wild west nut. Speaking of which, that was a fair few outlaws you rounded up last night.

ANGEL

Thank you sir.

FRANK

I admire your enthusiasm Nicholas and far be it from me to sti[U+FB02]e your [U+FB02]air, but this isn't London.

ANGEL

With respect sir, geographical location shouldn't factor in the application of the law.

FRANK

But coming in all guns blaring can sometimes exacerbate matters, you know make things worse?

ANGEL

I'm aware of the meaning of exacerbate, sir.

FRANK

Of course you are. Statistically, Sandford is the safest village in the country but that doesn't mean it requires anything less than a careful and considered approach. There's a reason we accommodate a few of the younglings at the pub.

ANGEL

The greater good?

FRANK

The greater good. Precisely! Your predecessor assumed rural policing was easy. Ended up having a nervous breakdown. And Sgt. Popwell was an exceptional officer, truly exceptional. And he had one thing you haven't got.

ANGEL

What's that sir?

FRANK
A great big bushy beard! Come on.
Let's have a mosey around.

INT. STATION - DAY

FRANK shows ANGEL the locker room. DANNY lags behind.

FRANK
Locker room.

FRANK opens a door on a musty collection of riot gear.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Riot room.

A HEDGEHOG is startled by the rare intrusion. FRANK approaches another door with a security keypad.

FRANK (CONT'D) (cont'd)
And this here's the evidence room.
What's the code again?

DANNY
999, Dad.

FRANK
You'd think I'd remember that.

FRANK opens the evidence locker. It's surprisingly empty.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now, how about a trip to the Andes?

FRANK leads them to a door marked 'C.I.D'. Inside are two thirty something plain clothes officers with cropped hair, and tashes. On their small desk are two plates of cake.

FRANK
Detective Sergeant Wainwright and
Detective Constable Cartwright.

CARTWRIGHT and WAINWRIGHT stare back at ANGEL with disdain.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Don't get up.

They leave and continue down the corridor.

FRANK
I suspect you're wondering why we
call them the Andes.

ANGEL
Because they're both called Andrew?

FRANK
They said you were good.

DANNY
It's also because talking te them
is a uphill struggle, innit Dad?

A wastepaper basket sails out of the Andes office and hits Eanny on the head.

DANNY (cont'd)
Oh fuck eff?

FRANK
Thank you Danny.

A battered tin reads 'SWEARBOX'. DANNY dreps a quid in.

FRANK (O.S.)
The swearbox. All proceeds to the
restoration of the church roof.

FRANK shows ANGEL into the operations room, where uniformed officers bunch together at oramped desks.

FRANK
And this is where it all happens-

We hear a solitary Apple start-up chime.

FRANK (cont'd)
That's Sergeant Tony Fisher, that's
PC Bob Walker and that is Saxon.

FISHER (40's) reedy, fixed grin. WALKER (50's) bald, grizzled with a large Alsatian. All three are eating cake.

WALKER
Pleshnrertoaveyeenbordsarg.

FRANK
And this is one Doris Thatcher.

DANNY
She's our only police woman.

ANGEL
She's not a police woman.

DANNY

She is. I've seen her bra.

ANGEL

She's a police officer, being a woman has nothing to do with it.

DORIS TRATCHER

Oh, I don't knew. It comes in handy every so often.

The rosy faced officer winks lewdly at a blushing ANGEL.

DORIS TRATCHER (cont'd)

I could've given you the tour. I've been round the station a few times.

The office erupts into bawdy cheers. ANGEL is keen to move on. He points to a door marked 'N.W.A'.

ANGEL

What's upstairs?

A little besuited man opens the door. On the table of his tiny, folder crammed office is a plate of chocolate cake.

WEAVER

Well, well, well, I see we have Visitors.

FRANK

Nicholas, this is Tom Weaver"

WEAVER

Civilian liaison for the Neighbourhood Watch at your service.

ANGEL

Good to meet you.

WEAVER

You'll find we run a tight ship here. Got everyone linked up with a walkie so we can keep each other abreast of any misadventure. And from here

WEAVER opens a connecting door to a room full of monitors.

WEAVER (cont'd)

I can see what the whole village is up to. I must say I was rather admiring your handiwork last night.

Chuckling WEAVER cues up CCTV footage of ANGEL's run-ins. We also see footage of HOODIES huddled around the fountain.

WEAVER (cont'd)

Shame you couldn't have done the same with those bloody hoodies. Hanging around. Loitering. Sitting.

ANGEL

I did notice some minor graffiti on the fountain.

WEAVER

Graffiti? I knew they were up to something! They need to be dealt with Frank?

FRANK

They're nippers Tom. They'll come round.

ANGEL

Yes, this kind of transgression usually stems from boredom. Ever thought about building them a skate park? Or providing a designated wall for a graf[U+FB02]ti mural?

WEAVER looks at ANGEL and lets out a huge guffaw.

WEAVER

Ha? That's all we need on the team, another bloody joker. Which reminds me, our friend the living statue's back. He was there Saturday.

WEAVER [U+FB02]icks through CCTV printouts of a street performer dressed as a STATUE. They are all identical.

WEAVER (cont'd)

Look 11am, 12pm, lunchtime, 2pm. If we don't come down hard on these clowns, we'll be up to our balls in jugglers.

FRANK

Perish the thought.

WEAVER

I tried to move him on myself but it cost me twenty quid in fifty pees and took four hours.

FRANK

We'll get right onto it, Tom.

They leave. FRANK scrunches up the printouts into a ball, and throws it to DANNY, who heads it into the bin.

FRANK (cont'd)

We like to let them think they run the place. Now, confession to make, bit of a problem with your office.

ANGEL

Well sir, I like to think my office is out on the street-

FRANK

Oh, you heard about that?

He nods to office furniture sat out front of the station.

FRANK (cont'd)

Had a bit of a leak last week.

FRANK opens a door to reveal a damp, bare tiny office.

FRANK (cont'd)

I know it's not a great start on the welcome front. They brought the 'Village Of The Year' forward for some reason and everyone's gone a bit mad getting ready for it. We'll get you behind your desk as soon as the [U+FB02]oor's dry.

FRANK shuts the door. They move back to the main of[U+FB02]oe.

FRANK (cont'd)

And that's that. Unless there's anything you're unclear about?

ANGEL

There is sir. Why is everyone eating chocolate cake?

FRANK

The Black Forest Gateaux is on Danny. As punishment for his little indiscretion.

ANGEL

I Wouldn't call driving under the influence a 'little indiscretion',

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)
 sir. Besides, where's the disciplinary value if Constable Butterman gets to partake of the Gateaux as well? He's having his cake and eating it. Literally.

FRANK
 (chuckles)
 The gateau is for misplaoing his helmet the other week. Last night's incident will require something much more serious.

ANGEL
 Good.

FRANK
 Do you like ice cream?

ANGEL
 I'm sorry, I don't follow sir.

FRANK
 Let's just say we won't be short of Chunky Monkey for the next month.

The officers cheer. ANGEL visibly sags.

FRANK (cont'd)
 Well, since it's your hrst day and it's half past eleven, I'd say that's lunch.

Another cheer from the assembled officers.

INT. THE CROWN - DAY

ANGEL is sat at a pub table with the other offieers (only he wears a stab vest). DANNY brings pints to everyone but ANGEL, who has a cranberry juice. SAXON laps at a bowl of lager

FISHER
 Sooooo, what made you choose Sandford Sergeant Angel?

ANGEL
 It wasn't actually my choice.

FISHER

Wasn't your choice to come down
here and show me how to do my job.
Our jobs.

WALKER

Yooceetyboisefinkdeynobettarr.

There's a murmur of agreement. ANGEL is a little oonfused.

ANGEL

I can assure you it wasn't my
intention to upset the apple cart.

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah, cos we all sell apples down
here, don't we?

DANNY

Your Dad sells apples Andy.

CARTWRIGHT

And raspberries.

WAINWRIGHT

I bet you can't wait to jump into
Sergeant Fopwell's grave.

WAINWRIGHT swigs Guinness, the head collects on his lip.

ANGEL

I'm not jumping in anyone's grave.
You have a moustache.

WAINWRIGHT

I know.

CARTWRIGHT

Why've you got your stab vest on?

ANGEL

It's a requirement.

FISHER

In the city maybe. No-one's going
to stab you in here sergeant, not a
member of the public anyhow.

ANGEL

Have you ever been stabbed Sergeant
Fisher?

FISHER

No.

ANGEL

I have. And I can assure you it's
not the slightest bit amusing.

DANNY's ears prick up, he looks to ANGEL with awe.

DANNY

Have you seen a lot of action
Sergeant Angel?

ANGEL

I've experienced my fair share,
yes.

WAINWRIGHT

Little bird tells me you were part
of an armed response unit.

ANGEL

What little bird would that be?

CARTWRIGHT

Andy googled you.

DORIS THATCHER

I wish someone would google me.

DANNY

Were you part of an armed response
unit?

ANGEL

Yes, for two years. grave.

DANNY

Did you cook any fools?

ANGEL

Excuse me?

DANNY

Did you shoot anybody?

CARTWRIGHT

Shot someone? He killed someone.

DANNY

No way, that's amazing.

ANGEL

It was not amazing, it was extremely regrettable, but the situation left me with no choice.

DANNY

Who did you shoot?

WAINWRIGHT

He shot a crack-head with a Kalashnikov.

DANNY

Wow. Where d'you get that? .

ANGEL

The offender had the Kalashnikov.

DANNY

Wow. Where'd he get that?

WAINWRIGHT

You do know there are more guns in the country than in the city?

CARTWRIGHT

Everyone and their mum's packing round here.

ANGEL

Really, like who?

CARTWRIGHT nods to a tall, ruddy, farmer at the bar.

CARTWRIGHT

Farmers.

ANGEL

Anyone else?

CARTWRIGHT

Farmer's mums.

DANNY pulls his chair closer to the bemused ANGEL.

DANNY

What's it like being stabbed?

ANGEL

It was the single most painful experience of my life.

DANNY
 Wow. What's the second most
 painful?

INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

A glum ANGEL sits at his desk. Two men manoeuvre a filing cabinet into the office. A man appears from under his desk, placing a phone in front of him. It rings. ANGEL answers.

FRANK (O.S.)
 Everything alright?

ANGEL
 Actually sir-

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

ANGEL
 -there is something I want to talk
 to you about.

FRANK
 Oh yes?

ANGEL
 I'm a little concerned that my
 appointment here may be causing
 resentment within the division.

FRANK
 Oh really? So what do you suggest?

INT. STATION " SOME MORE SECONDS LATER.

ANGEL steps out of Frank's office. He gets the attention of the assembled officers. They stop eating their cake.

ANGEL
 Excuse me everyone. If you could
 put your gateau down for a sec. In
 order to maximise my integration
 here at Sandford, I've asked the
 Inspector to permit me a more grass
 roots introduction.

DORIS THATCHER
 Root. Ha ha.

ANGEL

I'm hoping that getting out on the beat and familiarising myself with the area in this way, might dispel any concerns about my suitability. Thank you.

There's a vague affirmative murmur from the other officers.

ANGEL

Basically, I'd just like to be treated like any other officer at this station.

ANGEL turns his back. A WASTE PAPER BASKET hits him hard on the head. The officers snigger.

ANGEL

That could have actually really hurt someone. But... thank you.

ANGEL re-enters FRANK's office. FRANK looks concerned.

FRANK

You sure about this?

ANGEL

Yes sir.

FRANK

Well, I suppose, we should get you out there with someone who really knows what's what. And I think I have just the man...DANNY!

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

A glum cap wearing ANGEL and chirpy helmet wearing DANNY, walk the streets. Village folk greet them with 'Afternoon'.

DANNY

Have you ever fired two guns whilst jumping through the air?

ANGEL

Afternoon. No.

DANNY

Have you ever fired one gun whilst jumping through the air?

ANGEL
Afternoon. No.

DANNY
Have you ever been in a high speed
pursuit?

ANGEL
Afternoon. Yes.

DANNY
Have you ever fired a gun whilst in
a high speed pursuit?

ANGEL
Afternoon. No.

INT. NEWSAGENT - DAY

A sign reads 'ONLY ONE SCHOOL CHILD AT ANY TIME'. ANGEL
waits as DANNY buys a pasty from a FEMALE NEWSAGENT. A
walkie talkie crackles to life on the counter.

RADIO VOICE
Annette, that new policeman is
coming into your shop.

EXT/INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

ANGEL and DANNY sit in the parked squad car; ANGEL is on the
radio, watching with disdain as DANNY retrieves ketchup
sachets from his top pocket and squirts them onto a pasty.

ANGEL
Oscar four zero, over.

RADIO VOICE
Oscar four zero go ahead, over.

ANGEL
Just checking...

EXT. HIGH STREET - EVENING

ANGEL and DANNY walk the quiet streets again.

DANNY
What about Dirty Harry?

ANGEL
Evening. No.

DANNY
Lethal Weapon.

ANGEL
Evening. No.

DANNY
You've seen Die Hard though?

ANGEL
Evening. No.

DANNY
Bad Boys 2?

ANGEL
Evening. No.

DANNY
You haven't seen Bad Boys 2??

INT. LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

ANGEL and a pumped DANNY change out of their uniforms.

DANNY
Woof? Hell of a day.

ANGEL
Yep.

DANNY
Same again tomorrow?

ANGEL
Yep.

ANGEL opens his locker. Hundreds of apples tumble out.
Inside a note reads 'WELCOME SERGEANT'.

DANNY
That weren't me.

The other officers appear, sniggering; the ANDES, FISHER and THATCHER, who is in her bra. We hear a round of applause.

INT. SWAN HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM - EVENING

The applause continues over a sign reading 'N.W.A - 7pm'. TOM WEAVER introduces ANGEL to a large group of Village folk, including JOYCE COOPER and the PORTERS. FRANK is also present, as is a snoring BERNARD. WEAVER introduces the BOOKISH CYCLIST glimpsed that morning.

WEAVER

This is Amanda Paver, headmistress of Sandford Primary. And Simon Skinner I believe you've met.

SIMON SKINNER

Oh we're already firm friends.

SIMON SKINNER beams at ANGEL, who is a little unnerved. A middle aged woman fusses over a [U+FB02]oral display reading 'WELCOME SERGEANT'.

WEAVER

And this is Leslie Tiller, our local [U+FB02]oral wiz. Her horticultural contributions have helped put Sandford on the map. She prepared this especially for you.

JOYCE COOPER

She's ever so good.

WEAVER

James Reaper, who owns Brannigan Farm.

WEAVER introduces the tall, ruddy, farmer from the bar.

REAPER

I hear you're quite the marksman. Perhaps you might like to join us for a shoot one day.

ANGEL

I haven't held a firearm for over two years Mr. Reaper and I'm more than happy to keep it that way.

REAPER

You will be popular with the local birds.

A ripple of polite laughter as the group gather round and sit at a large circular table. SKINNER stares at ANGEL, grinning.

REV. SHOOTER

Hello Nicholas. Reverend Shooter.
May I say how pleased we are to
have an Angel at our table.

(more laughter)

Actually I was hoping you might
read a homily at Sunday Service.

ANGEL

To be honest Reverend, that might
be a little hypocritical of me.

REV. SHOOTER

Oh, are we an atheist?

ANGEL

No, I'm open to the concept of
religion, I'm just not entirely
convinced.

REV. SHOOTER

You're agnostic?

DR. HATCHER

I think I have a cream for that.

More laughter. WEAVER nods to a tweedy, bearded doctor.

WEAVER

And this is Robin Hatcher our
resident sawbones.

DR. HATCHER

Hopefully we won't see too much of
each other over the coming months.

DR. HATCHER smiles at ANGEL. More laughter.

WEAVER

All that remains to say is, welcome
to the weekly meeting of the
Neighbourhood Watch Alliance.

READER

We're basically a group of
volunteers who strive to keep the
village just so.

SHOOTER

We're the community that cares.

ANGEL

Well, it's good to know we have the support of the community.

HATCHER

Well, not the whole community.

SKINNER

We don't let any old riff raff in.

A huge laugh. JOYCE COOPER brings the meeting to order.

JOYCE COOPER

Now, quick announcement before we begin. Janet Barker has just given birth to twins. Congratulations to her, we'll be keeping a keen eye on them as they grow up. Tom?

WEAVER

Thanks Joyce. To business then.

WEAVER affects a deadly earnest tone of voice.

WEAVER (cont'd)

I'm sure many of you will have noticed the return of a blight on our streets, one which is all the more disturbing as the 'Village Of The Year' contest looms. I speak of course of the extremely irritating Living Statue.

An image of the LIVING STATUE on an overhead projector. There are mumbles of "irritating". ANGEL stifles a yawn. FRANK smiles and pats him on the back.

INT. SWAN HOTEL ROOM - EVENING - MONTAGE

ANGEL listens to the radio and waters his POT PLANT.

RADIO 4 ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Newly released Home Office statistics show crime in the capital soaring...

Later: A dejected ANGEL is on the phone. We hear the recorded voice of the MET SERGEANT, from the first scene.

SERGEANT (V.O.)

I'm out of the office at present. If it's an emergency, call 9-9-9...

Later: ANGEL lies awake on his bed. His [U+FB02]oral tribute appears almost funereal against the wall.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Police work is as much about preventing crime as it is about fighting crime. Most importantly it is about procedural correctness...

ANGEL

-in the execution of unquestionable moral authority. Any questions?

We see ANGEL is talking to a group of young school kids. DANNY sits cross legged with them. He puts his hand up.

DANNY

Is it true if you shot a man in a particular spot on the head, you can make it blow up?

Later: ANGEL and DANNY talk to headmistress AMANDA PAVER. A wiry young reporter approaches with a camera.

TIM MESSENGER

Hi, Tim Messenger. Quick snap for the Sandford Citizen?

Later: ANGEL poses awkwardly with the schoolkids.

TIM MESSENGER (cont'd)

How about if you put the teacher in handcuffs?

ANGEL

I'm not sure that gives off the right signals.

TIM MESSENGER

Give the little blond kid your hat?

ANGEL looks at a sweet BLOND HAIREd BOY next to him.

ANGEL

I'd rather not.

TIM MESSENGER

Wave your hitting stick about?

ANGEL

No.

INT. SWAN HOTEL DINING ROOM - MORNING

FLASH. We see the newspaper article; 'SHORT ARM OE THE LAW: TOP COP ANGLE TELLS IT TO THE KIDS'. ANGEL circles the typo as he sits in a vast dining room. JOYCE approaches with tea.

JOYCE COOPER

Oh, can I have your autograph please?

ANGEL laughs it off bashfully.

JOYCE COOPER (CONT'D)

I do need your signature for breakfast.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

ANGEL opens his locker. It is plastered with photocopies of the article. The 'ANGLE' typo is underlined in red.

INT. STATION - MORNING

ANGEL makes his way to his office. Sniggering officers greet him with 'Sergeant Angle', including the now straight haired DESK SERGEANT.

DESK SERGEANT

Morning Angle.

FISHER

Morning Angle.

DORIS THATCHER

Morning Angle.

WAINWRIGHT

Morning Angle.

CARTWRIGHT

Morning Angle.

WALKER

Murrrrangul.

ANGEL

I presume you just called me Angle.

WALKER

Arrr.

ANGEL feigns good humour but looks irritated. His phone rings. He picks up.

ANGEL
 Sergeant *Angel*?... The swan has
 escaped?...And where exactly has
 the swan escaped from? And who
 might you be? Mr. Staker. Mr. P. I.
 Staker? Piss taker?

ANGEL looks around at his fellow officers to see who is on
 the other end of the phone. He realises that no-one is.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

ANGEL and DANNY talk to an OLD MAN IN A CAR by a moat.

ANGEL
 Yes Mr. Staker, we'll do everything
 we can to get her back. Can you
 describe her?

MR. STAKER
 Two foot tall. Long slender neck.

ANGEL
 Go on.

MR. STAKER
 Orange and black bill.

ANGEL
 Anything else?

MR. STAKER
 She's a swan.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

DANNY and ANGEL close in on a swan which waddles through a
 park. However it evades them every time they draw near.

INT. NEWSAGENT - DAY

DANNY buys a Cornetto from a smirking ANNETTE ROPER. ANGEL
 stands nearby, whilst looking elsewhere.

ANNETTE ROPER
 No luck catching them swans then?

DANNY
 It's just the one swan actually.

EXT. SQUAD CAR/SANDFORD SQUARE - DAY

ANGEL and DANNY sit in their usual parking space. Sandford life drifts by. The LIVING STATUE is also present.

DANNY

You want anything from the shop?

ANGEL

You've just been to the shop.

DANNY

I was thinking of a different shop.

ANGEL

Constable Butterman, this is not the time for personal errands.

DANNY

Well, there's nothing going on.

ANGEL

There's always something going on. Look around you, what do you see?

DANNY

People...cars...that gold bloke... the swan.

ANGEL

Where?

DANNY

Ha ha?

ANGEL

I'm serious. You have to look closer. What about him in the big coat?

ANGEL nods to an ANCIENT MAN in a heavy winter overcoat.

DANNY

Mr. Treacher?

ANGEL

Well why is Mr. Treacher wearing that big coat? He can't be cold. Why the extra layer? He might be hiding something...

DANNY
But that's Mr. Treacher.

ANGEL
Okay, what about him?

ANGEL nods over to a man in a PURPLE SHELL SUIT with his cap pulled down low over his face.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Ask yourself why he has his hat pulled down like that.

DANNY
He's fuck ugly?

ANGEL
Or he doesn't want you to see his face.

DANNY
Because he's fuck ugly.

Changing tack, ANGEL nods to a HULKING MAN, clad in denim.

ANGEL
Alright. Well, what's his story?

DANNY
That's Lurch.

ANGEL
Go on.

DANNY
He's the trolley boy at the supermarket.

ANGEL
Good.

DANNY
Real name, Michael Armstrong.

ANGEL
Okay.

DANNY
Dad says he's got a child's mind.

ANGEL
Uh huh.

DANNY
Lives up Summer Street with his mum
and his sister.

ANGEL
Are they as big as him?

DANNY
Who?

ANGEL
The mum and the sister.

DANNY
Same person.

ANGEL
Which shop were you thinking of?

INT. SUMMERAISLES - DAY

As DANNY delves in a video bargain bin full of action films, ANGEL loiters in organic produce. He spots two GRUFF LOOKING BUTCHERS behind a meat counter. They nod 'hello'.

FEMALE VOICE (TANNOY)
Sergeant Angel to the manager's
ofifice. Managers ofifice. Sergeant
Angel.

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE - DAY

ANGEL strides into an office where SIMON SKINNER reads the 'Top Cop' story in the SANDFORD CITIZEN. A slutty CHECKOUT GIRL lounges beside him. One wall is lined with sketches of a drive thru supermarket, the other with security monitors. A 'fun running' trophy sits conspicuously on the shelf.

SKINNER
Ah, Sergeant Angel. Or is it Angle?

CHECKOUT GIRL
Mr. Skinner, a baby's sicked up in
aisle six.

SKINNER
Please excuse me. Michael?

The now uniformed LURCH lumbers past the doorway.

LURCH

Yarp.

SKINNER

Child vomit. Aisle six. Mop it up.

LURCH

Yarp.

ANGEL

Is there a problem, Mr Skinner?

SKINNER

No, I just wanted to say how lovely it is to see you supporting your local store.

ANGEL

That's quite alright.

SKINNER

All too many have defected to the big Safeway in Buford Abbey and may their heads be struck from their shoulders for such disloyalty.

ANGEL

Yes, well if you'd excuse me, Mr. Skinner I am on duty.

SKINNER

Of course, I simply spied you loitering in organic produce and assumed you had time on your hands.

ANGEL

Well maybe there's someone else you should be keeping an eye on.

SKINNER turns to look at the CCTV. On one screen we see a small, well dressed man climbing out of a Range Rover.

SKINNER

That's the Fridge Magnate.

ANGEL

The Fridge Magnet?

SKINNER

Name's George Merchant. Made a fortune in kitchen goods. Built that monstrosity on Norris Avenue. He'll validate his parking with a

(MORE)

SKINNER (cont'd)
paltry Snickers and scurry off to
his solicitor's office all
afternoon. I swear I'll have the
boys tow him away.

ANGEL
Actually I wasn't talking about
him.

SKINNER
Oh?

ANGEL
I was talking about him.

ANGEL points to a different screen. We see a SHOPPER rather
obviously stuffing biscuits into his trousers.

SKINNER
Ah.

ANGEL
Excuse me.

INT. SUMMERAISLES - DAY

ANGEL strides straight up to the shopper. It is THE MAN IN
THE PURPLE SHELL SUIT from the square.

ANGEL
Excuse me.

The SHOPLIFTER freezes for a moment. Then scarpers.

DANNY reads the cover of Jackie Chan's SUPERCOP when ANGEL
explodes into life, chasing the SHOPLIFTER down the aisle.
He throws the video back in the bin and fellows suit.

EXT. SUPERMARKET/HIGH STREET - DAY

The SHOPLIFTER bursts onto the street with ANGEL in hot
pursuit. The usual friendly greetings from folk are bestowed
on ANGEL as he sprints by. It sounds surreal.

They race past shopkeepers, who report into their radios.
They also pass the LIVING STATUE. He doesn't budge.

The SHOPLIFTER avoids being hit by REAPER's 4x4. ANGEL
vaults over the bonnet. The shoplifter runs into an alley.
ANGEL fellows, but comes to a stop at the alley entrance.

ANGEL
Oh, you mothers.

Several YOUNG MOTHERS with push chairs clog up the alley. DANNY catches up with ANGEL. He's very out of breath.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Let's cut through here.

DANNY
Through the gardens?

ANGEL
What's the matter? You never taken
a short cut before?

ANGEL leaps over a garden fence, then the next one, then the next. It's an amazing acrobatic feat. DANNY gasps and follows ANGEL, but trips and crashes through the fence.

ANGEL lands back in the alley, when suddenly he spots-

The SWAN. Waddling past the mouth of the alley. ANGEL is torn for a split second, then resumes the SHOPLIFTER chase.

ANGEL runs into the HOODIES, spraying a graffiti tag reading 'G' on a wall. Upon seeing ANGEL, the HOODIES immediately scatter like roaches, dropping their spray cans on the [U+FB02]oor.

ANGEL scoops up the spray can and hurls it through the air. It hits the SHOPLIFTER on the head. He crashes to the [U+FB02]oor hard. ANGEL picks the SHOPLIFTER up. DANNY approaches.

ANGEL (cont'd)
You do not have to say anything,
but it may harm your defence if you
do not mention when questioned
something which you later rely on
in court. Anything you do say may
be given in evidence.

SHOPLIFTER
Alright Danny.

DANNY
Alright Pete.

ANGEL
Do you know this man?

DANNY

Yeah, he's Auntie Jackie's sister's brother's boy.

ANGEL

And it didn't occur to you to mention this before?

DANNY

I couldn't see his face could I?
I'm not made of eyes!

INT. CUSTODY SUITE - DAY

We see FLASHCUTS of PETER COCKER being processed; mugshot, prints. ANGEL fills out arrest paperwork. FISHER ambles over.

SGT. FISHER

Impressive collar. Shame Mr Skinner doesn't want to press charges.

ANGEL

What do you mean he doesn't want to press charges??

SIMON SKINNER (O.S.)

I'm simply suggesting Peter be given a second chance-

ANGEL turns to see SKINNER distributing the stolen biscuits to officers, including a curly-haired DESK SERGEANT.

SKINNER

-before he becomes just another crime statistic. I'm sure he's learnt a valuable lesson.

FISHER

Stealing biscuits is...wrong?

SKINNER

(offers Fisher a biscuit)
Correct.

FISHER

Ooh thanks.

ANGEL

And yet we respond by not taking a single punitive measure?

SKINNER
That's the way the cookie crumbles.

FISHER
Heh heh. Like biscuits innit?

ANGEL
Mr. Skinner-

FRANK (O.S.)
Everything alright?

ANGEL turns to see FRANK at the doorway, eating ice cream.

ANGEL
Mr. Skinner feels it would be best if we didn't prosecute an individual who has blatantly committed an offence.

FRANK
Leave this with me boys. I'll make sure everyone gets their just desserts.

INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR IN LAYBY - DAY

ANGEL sits with a speed gun recording passing cars, DANNY has his feet up and is eating some of the stolen biscuits. Behind is a sign reading 'YOU ARE NOW LEAVING SANDFORD'.

ANGEL
27. Why are we on traffic?

DANNY
Dad's probably giving us a rest after all that jumping over fences.

ANGEL
I don't need a rest.

DANNY
There's an amazing bit in 'Point Break' where they jump over fences.

ANGEL
Is there now? 28.

DANNY
Yeah, Patrick Swayze's robbed this bank and Keanu Reeves chases him through people's gardens and then
(MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)
Keanu lands really badly and breaks
his leg off and he's like
'aaaargh'-

ANGEL
30.

DANNY
"and then he goes to shoot Swayze,
but he can't cause he loves him so
much and he fires up in the air and
he's going 'aaaargh'-.

ANGEL
30.

DANNY
Have you ever fired your gun up in
the air and gone 'aaaarh'.

ANGEL
No, Constable I have never fired my
gun up in the air and gone
'aaaargh'. 30.

DANNY
Sorry, I just feel... I just feel
like I'm missing out sometimes. I
want to do what you do.

ANGEL
You do, do what I do. What on Earth
do you think you're missing out on?

DANNY
I don't know. Gun fights. Car
chases. Proper action and shit .

ANGEL
Proper policing isn't about
action... or shit.

DANNY
Yeah but you got to fire a gun. How
come we don't all have guns?

ANGEL
Arming the entire British Police
Service would not necessarily lower
the rate of crime. Guns aren't toys
Constable. Opening fire on another
human being is a difficult and

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)
 dizzying experience. 29. If you'd
 paid attention to me in school,
 you'd know it's not all about guns
 fights and car chases.

A MEGANE speeds past them. DANNY and ANGEL exchange a look.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 Fire up the roof.

DANNY
 Yeah?...Where is it?

ANGEL [U+FB02]icks the siren on. They peel out at speed. The
 MEGANE pulls over, ending the chase before it begins.

DANNY (cont'd)
 That was brilliant.

They walk over to the MEGANE. The smartly dressed DRIVER
 winds down his window. ANGEL can see a NERVOUS YOUNG WOMAN
 in the passenger seat. The DRIVER hands over his license.

BLOWER
 Was I going a tad fast, officer?

ANGEL
 Yes, you were Mr. Blower.

ANGEL starts speedily scribbling in his notebook.

BLOWER
 We're staging a homage to Baz
 Luhrmann's, William Shakespeare's
 Romeo and Juliet tonight and I'm a
 little late for the dress
 rehearsal. I'm playing the
 eponymous hero you see. Romeo not
 Juliet.
 (nervous chuckle)
 What are you writing?

ANGEL
 Everything you say so I can refer
 to it later.

BLOWER
 Now officer, I am a respected
 solicitor, there's no need to-

ANGEL continues to write. DANNY watches this with interest.

BLOWER (CONT'D)
 Stop writing. I was merely trying
 to explain why I might have
 exceeded the speed limit-

ANGEL
 You're playing the male lead in a
 production of Bar Luhrmann's,
 William Shakespeare's Romeo and
 Juliet and you're late for the
 dress rehearsal. You think this is
 sufficient reason to travel at 48
 in a 30 zone?

BLOWER
 Well, I-

ANGEL
 To [U+FB02]out laws put in place to
 save lives.

BLOWER
 This is preposterous.

ANGEL
 ...pre-post-er-ous.

BLOWER
 I've never been...stop writing?

ANGEL
 ...St-op wri-ting.

BLOWER
 Look...you're right, I apologise.

ANGEL hands him a ticket.

ANGEL
 Payable in fourteen days.

ANGEL and DANNY get back into their CAR.

ANGEL (cont'd)
 You see what I did there?

DANNY
 You hypnotised him.

ANGEL waves his pocket book in DANNY's face.

ANGEL

I used this? The most important piece of police hardware. This has saved my skin on many occasions. Think about using yours more often.

DANNY

I do use mine.

DANNY produces his pocketbook. ANGEL [U+FB02]ips through the pages. We see a [U+FB02]ick-illustration of cops shooting someone dead with red ink for blood. ANGEL shakes his head.

ANGEL

This is just extraordinary.

DANNY

Wait til you see the one on the other side.

INT. LOCKER ROOM/FRONT DESK - EVENING

ANGEL and DANNY stride out of the station in their civvies.

DANNY

What are you up to tonight?

ANGEL

I have to water my peace lily.

DANNY

Oh okay.

ANGEL

Why?

DANNY

I just thought you might want to do something.

ANGEL

What exactly were you thinking?

DANNY

Pub?

ANGEL

I don't think that's a good idea, do you?

ANGEL glares at DANNY. The now straight haired DESK SERGEANT calls after him.

DESK SERGEANT

Oi, you two. A Mr. Blower left you tickets for Romeo and Juliet tonight. Said it was by way of an apology.

DANNY

Yeah?

ANGEL

Well, we can't accept gifts from someone we've of[U+FB02]cially rebuked.

DANNY

Yeah.

ANGEL calmly rips up both tickets in front of a deflated DANNY. ANGEL makes to leave again, just as FRANK enters.

FRANK

Ah Nicholas. Glad I caught you. Wondered if you wouldn't mind representing us at the am dram tonight. I'm otherwise engaged and it'd be good to have a show of faith from the constabulary.

ANGEL

Of course, sir.

FRANK

And there's a spare for Danny too.

DANNY

Yeah?

INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER

ANGEL's expression is one of abject horror, Danny is asleep.

On stage, BLOWER in cod Bar Luhrmann, Romeo gear, complete with suit of armour, [U+FB02]oppy fringe and revolver, leans over EVE DRAPERS's Juliet, who lies in state on a prop alter. He uncaps a large bottle of poison, marked with a skull and cross bones and holds it aloft.

BLOWER (ROMEO)

A dateless bargain to engrossing death. Here's to my love.

He drinks the poison, just as JULIET awakes with an exaggerated yawn. ROMEO and JULIET look at each other in horror.

EVE DRAPER (JULIET)
Poison? Drunk all and not one drop
to help me after? I'll kiss thy
lips. Happly some poison doth yet
hang on them.

They kiss. With tongues. It goes on far too long. ROMEO goes limp. JULIET picks up his gun and shoots herself with a click. The stage goes to black.

The lights come up again to reveal the whole cast performing a 'Knees Up Mother Brown' version of The Cardigan's 'Love Fool'.

The audience applaud. A relieved ANGEL joins in, DANNY wakes up. On stage the cast take their bows. LESLIE TILLER walks on stage with a bouquet of [U+FB02]owers.

JOYCE COOPER
(from behind Angel)
She's ever so good.

INT. THEATRE BAR - LATER

In the packed bar, DANNY downs a pint and ANGEL downs a cranberry juice. A beaming TIM MESSENGER sidles over.

MESSENGER
Sergeant Angel, quick word for the
Sandford Citizen?

ANGEL
It was very...enjoyable.

MESSENGER
"Cop Enjoys Watching Young Lovers?"

ANGEL
I don't think so.

MESSENGER
"Local Bobby Gives Thumbs Up To
Teen Suicide?"

ANGEL
That's grossly inappropriate.

SKINNER
 You will spell his name correctly
 this time, won't you Timothy?

SKINNER swoops in and leads ANGEL away from MESSENGER.

SKINNER (cont'd)
 Absolute tosh wasn't it?
 Annoyingly, the understudies are
 actually professional actors. Greg
 was an extra in Straw Dogs and
 Sheree portrayed a cadaver in Prime
 Suspect-

SKINNER nods to an OLDER COURLE who wave back at him. A
 still made up MARTIN BLOWER and his FEMALE LEAD rush over.

BLOWER
 Sergeant Angel, you came? I am so
 thrilled you accepted my
 invitation.

ANGEL
 Our Inspector requested we attend.

DANNY
 Yes, we can't accept gifts from
 someone we've officially rebuked
 so...
 (blows raspberry)
 ...jog on.

ANGEL
 Well, congratulations anyway to you
 and Mrs. Blower.

BLOWER
 Oh, this isn't my wife.

SKINNER
 Yes, where is Edna, Martin?

BLOWER
 She's at home with the dogs. This
 is Miss Draper, my leading lady.

SKINNER
 Isn't she just? Eve works for the
 council, Sergeant. Quite the lady
 in the know.

EVE DRAPER snorts an alarmingly high pitched laugh.

EVE

Oh I am not.

SKINNER

Nonsense. I'm sure if we bashed
your head in, all sorts of secrets
would come tumbling out.

EVE lets out another snort. GEORGE MERCHANT approaches.

MERCHANT

Romeo, Romeo, a pint of bitter for
Romeo?

BLOWER

Yes please George and thank you for
coming!

MERCHANT

A pleasure my liege.

ANGEL spots the BLONDE SCHOOLKID from his school talk, in
the other room, sipping Coke and staring at him.

DANNY

Eve's nice ain't she?

ANGEL

She has a... distinctive laugh.

DANNY

She was in my year at school.
Always had a thing for her.

ANGEL

Well, she obviously has a thing for
older men.

DANNY

What with Blower?! No way!

ANGEL

We just sat through three hours of
so-called acting tonight Constable,
their kiss was the only convincing
moment in it.

DANNY

Now you mention it, I too have
reason to believe she favours the
older gent.

ANGEL
Really? How so?

DANNY
Marcus Carter's big brother said he
fingered her up the duck pond.

ANGEL spits out his cranberry juice.

EXT. SANDFORD PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

Theatregoers spill out onto the street as BLOWER closes up.

BLOWER
Officers, again let me extend my
sincere apologies for earlier.

ANGEL
Good night Mr. Blower. Drive safe.

ANGEL and DANNY turn away and walk home. DANNY chuckles.

DANNY
"Drive safe". You got him then.
(pause)
You know that's the bloke we done
for speeding earlier.

ANGEL
I know and hopefully that's the
last we'll see of him.

ANGEL smiles. Be and DANNY walk off, revealing-

A FIGURE swathed in a BLACK CLOAK. We cannot see its face.
It darts into the alley behind the Playhouse building!

In FLASHCUTS we see an axe blade glint...a door pane
smash...a gloved hand finds the door handle...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARTIN BLOWER rips the foil from a bottle of champagne.
There's a knock at the door. BLOWER coos back.

BLOWER
Who is it?

The door opens...It's EVE DRAPER...BLOWER grins...

BLOWER (cont'd)
We haven't got long.

EVE grins...A champagne cork pops...Bubbly foams...

EVE
To us?

There's another knock at the door. BLOWER shouts, worried.

BLOWER
Who is it?

BLOWER INCHES THE DOOR OPEN...AN AXE SMASHES DOWN INTO
BLOWER'S NECK...THE CHAMPAGNE DROPS...EVE SCREAMS...

INT. SWAN HOTEL BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A call button [U+FB02]ashes red in the darkness...ANGEL picks up.

ANGEL
Decaffeinated?

EXT. LAYBY - MORNING

TWO DECAPITATED HEADS lie surrounded by pieces of metal.

FISHER
Little Brian Libby found them, out
on his paper round. He'll be having
nightmares for a while.

FISHER addresses ANGEL, DANNY, THATCHER and WALKER. Behind
is a blood splattered 'YOU ARE NOW LEAVING SANDFORD' sign.

FISHER (cont'd)
Must have hit the sign at some
speed. Took the whole top off.

DORIS THATCHER
I've had my top off in this layby.

FISHER points to where BLOWER's MEGANE has come to a violent
stop. The top half of the car has been shaved off.

FISHER
Most likely lost control, left the
road here and ended up there...
Soooo, what do you think we should
do? Sergeant Angel?

ANGEL

We should cordon off the area,
screen the remains from public view
and close off the road until the
ambulance arrives, whereupon we
should open a single lane of
traffic to ease congestion.

FISHER

Very good. What he said.

FLASHCUTS; a cordon unfurled, tents erected, cones set out.

ANGEL and DANNY wave on the morning traffic past the crash
site. JAMES REAPER leans out of his 4X4.

REAPER

What's happened Danny?

DANNY

Car accident.

REAPER

Nasty way to go.

ANGEL WAINWRIGHT

Constable, official Vocab states
such incidents are now referred to
as 'collisions', not 'car
accidents' -

A RED MG slows to a stop. SKINNER leans out of the window.

SKINNER

For never was there a story of more
woe. Than this of Juliet and her
Romeo.

ANGEL

I'm sorry?

SKINNER

Martin and Eve. Such a tragedy.

SKINNER goes to pull off. ANGEL stands in front of his ear.

ANGEL

Mr Skinner, could you tell me how
you knew the identity of the
persons involved?

SKINNER

Of course. When I didn't get my Citizen delivered this morning, I rang Annette Roper to enquire after young Brian. You know how it is, news travels fast.

SKINNER pulls away fast. ANGEL watches his MG go and makes a note of the personalised numberplate 'SS1'. Behind AMANDA PAVER pulls up on her bicycle and talks to DANNY.

AMANDA PAVER

What's happened, Danny?

DANNY

A traffic collision...Why can't we say 'accident' again?

ANGEL

Because 'accident' implies there's no one to blame.

INT. STATION/C.I.D. OFFICE - DAY

WAINWRIGHT

What about him? Oh, put a sock in it town mouse!

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah, you want to be a big cop in a small town, bugger off up the model village.

The ANDES sit in their office eating ice-cream. DANNY enters with another bowl, which ANGEL declines.

ANGEL

I'm just saying, things aren't always simple as they look.

WAINWRIGHT

But most times they are. Let's wait until Er. Hatchet comes back with something, before you go jumping the Kalashnikov.

ANGEL

Well, in the meantime, why not start by checking out some of Martin Blower's clients?

WAINWRIGHT

Martin Blower represents damn near most of the village. You want us to go through the whole phone book?

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah, we'll put a call into Aaron A. Aarronson shall we?

ANGEL

Please don't be childish. At least think about interviewing the widow? Mr Blower was clearly having an affair with Eve Draper.

WAINWRIGHT

And how did you establish that?

DANNY slams his [U+FB02]st on the table. ANGEL jumps.

DANNY

We sat through three hours of so-called acting last night. The kiss was the only convincing moment in it.

DANNY [U+FB02]ashes a grin at a bemused ANGEL.

WAINWRIGHT

Alright, pipe down.

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah, what else you got, Tango and Hutch?

ANGEL

Simon Skinner.

WAINWRIGHT

What about him?

ANGEL

He was acting suspiciously at the collision scene.

CARTWRIGHT

He runs the local supermarket.

WAINWRIGHT

Anything else?

ANGEL

Skid marks.

WAINWRIGHT

Now who's being childish?

ANGEL

There were no skid marks at the scene. Don't you think it's a little strange that Mr. Blower would lose control of the car and not think to apply his brakes?

For the [U+FB02]rst time, the ANDES do not have an answer.

ANGEL (cont'd)

If there are no skid marks it follows that for three hundred yards the driver and the passenger made no attempt to prevent their fate. You don't have to be a detective to work that out.

DANNY

Yeah!

FRANK pops into the office. He's also eating ice cream.

FRANK

You causing trouble?

ANGEL

I was talking to the 'detectives' about the 'accident'.

DANNY

'Yeah'.

FRANK

Dreadful business. You free?

WAINWRIGHT & CARTWRIGHT

Yes they are.

FRANK

Good. Got a spot of bother up at Ellroy Farm. Old Arthur Webley's been clipping hedgerows that don't belong to him.

ANGEL

Yes sir?

FRANK
That's it.

ANGEL
Yes sir.

WAINWRIGHT
You wanted grass roots.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

DANNY drives a pissed off ANGEL up a dirt road. P.C. BOB WALKER is in the back. SAXON drools on ANGELS shoulder.

ANGEL
Why do We used the dog?

DANNY
It's not the dog we need.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

A White haired Did farmer, ARTHUR WEBLEY stands at his door with a shotgun broken over his arm.

WEBLEY
Hedgizuhedgeinnit. loonlychopped
etdownnoozicoutn'tseethe View
nomore. Wasshemoaninabout?

ANGEL
Right.
(to Danny and Walker)
What did he say?

PC WALKER
Eessad. A hedgeisahedge innit. Nee
onlychoppedet downn cozee cun't see
t'voo nomore. Whas he moanin'
about?

ANGEL
Right.
(to Danny)
What did he say?

DANNY
He said a hedge is a hedge. He only
chopped it down because it spoilt
his view. What's Reaper moaning
about?

ANGEL

Right. That's not the point Mr. Webley.

WEBLEY

Whystoyalwaspiokinawnmeanywaiz.
Iznotthewanrunninabowtallhowersofthenight.
Themhloodyoods.

PC WALKER

Eesad. Why you pickin onhem. Ees
nart the wan runnnin abowt all
hours like them bloody hoods.

ANGEL

Them bloody who?

DANNY

Hoods.

ANGEL

What does he mean by that?

DANNY

Probably them kids.

ANGEL

Mr. Webley, I appreciate your
position but you can't go around
cutting down other people's hedges
without permission.

WEBLEY

Yarghspose.

PC WALKER

'Yargh he suppose'.

DANNY

'Yeah I suppose'.

ANGEL

Thank you .

DANNY/WALKER/WEBLEY

S'alroight.

ANGEL

(points at shotgun)

Oh and Mr. Webley, I trust you have
a license for that?

WEBLEY
Oharrghldozfortheesun.

PC WALKER
'Idoes for theesun'.

DANNY
He does for this one.

ANGEL
What do you mean by 'this one'?

ANGEL and DANNY peer in as WEBLEY opens the door to a huge outbuilding. The daylight illuminates...an enormous arsenal of antique firearms; RIFLES, SHOTGUNS, PISTOLS, BLUNDERBUSSES. It's a museum of firepower.

DANNY
By the power of Grey Skull!

ANGEL
Where on Earth did you get these?

WEBLEY	DANNY
Foundum.	Found 'em.

ANGEL (cont'd)
And what is that?

ANGEL points to an enormous spiky sphere in the corner.

DANNY	WEBLEY
Sea mine.	Seemoine.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Well Mr. Webley, this is an extremely dangerous collection. It's a wonder nobody's been hurt before.

WEBLEY
Naaarrgh. Iss jussaloodajunk.

WEBLEY strikes the SEA MINE with his walking stick. ANGEL and DANNY's faces go white. There is a resounding clang...

EXT. FARM - DAY

ANGEL, DANNY and WEELEY come bursting out of the shed. They run in heroic slow motion towards a nearby hedge. All three dive over the hedge and land with an enormous crunch.

Seconds pass...Nothing...ANGEL and DANNY stand. They peer over the hedge. More seconds pass... Nothing.

INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR/FARM - DAY

ANGEL is sat in the squad car on the radio. Behind, WEBLEY and DANNY stand with the sea mine.

ANGEL
Apparently it's deactivated.

WEBLEY
(hits the seamine)
Thassroit. Deeaaktiyaded.

ANGEL
Yes, it's not live.

DANNY
(kicks seamine)
Looks live.

INT. STATION - DAY

FLASHCUTS; ANGEL and DANNY march in with armfuls of guns, the curly haired DESK SERGEANT tags them, the evidence room is filled (with the SEA MINE is stored on a high shelf).

ANGEL
That was a quite an impressive haul today, Constable Butterman.

DANNY
Maybe we should do something to celebrate...unless you have to water your Peace Lily.

ANGEL
What are you thinking exactly?

INT. THE CROWN " NIGHT

The pub is heaving with a huge cross section of people; Neighbourhood Watch, off duty police, even FRANK.

MARY PORTER
Right you are my love.

ROY PORTER
Yes sir, what can I get you?

DANNY
Pint of lager, please Roy. And what can I get you that isn't a cranberry juice?

ANGEL
I don't really want to get drunk.

DANNY
You can get a little drunk.

ANGEL
Okay I'll have one.

DANNY
That's what I'm talking about!

ANGEL
What's your wine selection?

RUY PORTER
Oh, we've got red...or white.

ANGEL
Pint of lager, please Roy.

DANNY
Yeaaaah Roy.

ANGEL spies the ANDES at the bar and wanders over.

ANGEL
Any developments from this morning?

WAINWRIGHT
Yeah, CSI found nothing, Dr. Hatcher reported no misadventure, Mrs. Blower has four alibis.

ANGEL
And Skinner?

CARTWRIGHT

He runs the local supermarket.

FISHER

Come on Sergeant, it's not your job to investigate this incident is it? Is it?

WAINWRIGHT AND CARTWRIGET

No it isn't.

ANGEL and DANNY sit down. ANGEL scribbles in his notebook.

DANNY

You don't switch off do you?

ANGEL

You sound like my ex.

DANNY

Why, did she have a deep voice?

ANGEL

No, she always used to accuse me of not being able to switch off.

DANNY

Well you are always thinking away.

ANGEL

It's what I do.

DANNY

No, no I think it's amazing. I mean what made you want to be a policeman-

ANGEL

Officer-

DANNY

What made you want to be a policeman-officer?

ANGEL

I can't remember a time when I didn't want to be a police officer, apart from the summer of 1979 when I wanted to be Kermit The Frog. It all started with my Uncle Derek. He was a Sergeant in the Net. Gave me a police pedal car when I was five. I rode it around every moment I was

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)
awake, arresting kids twice my size
for littering and spitting. I got
beaten up a lot but it didn't stop
me. I wanted to be like Uncle
Derek.

DANNY
Sounds like a good bloke.

ANGEL
Actually, he was jailed for selling
drugs to students.

DANNY
What a cunt.

ANGEL
He most likely bought the pedal car
with the proceeds. Needless to say
I never went near it again. I let
it rust. But I never forgot that
clear sense of right and wrong I
felt at the wheel of that pedal car
and I refused to accept that
corruption was the inevitable
consequence of authority. I had to
prove to myself that the law could
be proper and righteous and for the
good of humankind. I knew then, I
was destined to be a police
officer.

DANNY
Shame.

ANGEL
How so?

DANNY
I think you would've made a great
muppet.

ANGEL laughs. It's the first time we have seen him do this.

ANGEL
So, what made you want to be a
police officer?

DANNY
Dad does it...I think after Mum
died, it's what he wanted. Keep me
close by.

ANGEL
Do you mind if I ask how she died?

DANNY
Traffic collision.

ANGEL
I'm sorry.

DANNY
Aw, don't worry...watch this.

DANNY sticks a fork in his eye, scarlet squirts everywhere.

ANGEL
Jesus Christ?

DANNY
Ta-daaaa!

DANNY reveals a TOMATO KETCHUP sachet. ANGEL laughs.

DANNY (cont'd)
Get 'em in silly bollocks...

FLASH CUTS. The night wears on. The glasses on the table multiply. DANNY and ANGEL are both tipsy and enjoy each other's company. DANNY beats ANGEL at bar skittles.

LATER. ANGEL finds his way to the bar. He sees a beaming SIMON SKINNER sitting at the bar with another gentleman.

SKINNER
Ah, 777. Do join us. You've met
George Merchant haven't you?

GEORGE MERCHANT is drunk and morose. ANGEL sits at the bar.

MRCHANT
Good evening offisher...

SKINNER
We were just talking about the
accident. Dreadful business.

MRCHANT
I'd come to know Martin and Eve
very well of late. Such a loss.

SKINNER
What say we drink to their demise?

ANGEL
Isn't it drink to their memory?

SKINNER
Of course. Cheers.

GEORGE MERCHANT
I mussh go to the little boyssh
room.

MERCHANT gets off his stool. He is remarkably short.

SKINNER
Little being the operative word.
He'll be in bits tomerrow.

SKINNER moves off. ANGEL watches him go, swivelling on his stool. It's a cool mement. Until ANGEL slips off his seat.

FRANK
Think somebody needs to go home.

ANGEL
I'm not that drunk sir.

FRANK
Net yen. Him.

FRANK points to GEORGE MERCHANT who stands in the corner, with his nob out, pissing into the coin tray of a fruit machine.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

ANGEL and DANNY carry GEORGE MERCHANT along the street. He is unconscious, his feet not touching the ground.

DANNY
Hey, we did get a little drunk.
Geddit? It's funny 'cos he's
little.

ANGEL spies the HOODIES huddled round a village map. He gestures for DANNY te be quiet and sneaks ever.

ANGEL
Evening all.

The HOODIES spin around and freeze. A freshly sprayed grefitti tag is en the village map. ANGEL holds out his hand.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Give it here.

A SPRAY CAN sails past ANGEL's head and hits GEORGE MERCHANT full in the face. He and DANNY fell to the [U+FB02]eor.

The HOODIES scatter. ANGEL steams over, grabbing HOODIE 1 and pulling him back into a neerby bin. ANGEL grabs HOODIE 2 and spins him round, pulling the hood off his face.

ANGEL finds himself face to face with the BLONDE SCHOOLKID. HOODIE 1 meanwhile, clambers out of the bin and runs off.

A thrown ANGEL looks on, as the BLONDE SCHOOLKID [U+FB02]ips his hood back up and runs off.

DANNY
Let em go. They'll come round again.

ANGEL and DANNY pick MERCHANT up and carry him eff.

ANGEL
We know where his house is right?

DANNY
Oh yes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

DANNY stops, looking up at the monstreus piece ef architecture.

ANGEL
Gcod grief.

DANNY
Six mohths ago, that was a pear orcherd.

ANGEL
I want to threw up, but I fear it may add value.

MERCHANT is suddenly awake. His eyes glazed.

MERCHANT
Jussst here. How much do I owe youss?

DANNY
Twenty quid.

MERCHANT gives DANNY £20 quid. ANGEL gives it back.

ANGEL
Thank you and here's your change.

MERCHANT
Buh-bye.

MERCHANT disappears inside. ANGEL and DANNY walk away.

ANGEL
I wouldn't want to be him in the morning.

They walk out of shot, revealing...A CLOAKED FIGURE!

EXT. GEORGE MERCHANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A light [U+FB02]icks on. We see GEORGE MERCHANT stumbling around his hall. We also the CLOAKED FIGURE watching, waiting...

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DANNY and ANGEL arrive at DANNY's front door.

DANNY
Well, this is me.

ANGEL
I shall see you in the morning.

DANNY
Unless you wanna come in for a coffee?

ANGEL
I don't drink coffee.

DANNY
Tea?

ANGEL
No, no caffeine after midday.

DANNY
How about another beer?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A fridge opens...We see a number of bottled beers...

GEORGE MERCHANT grabs a beer and swigs it as he staggers to the toilet. Outside the CLOAKED FIGURE watches.

MERCHANT put his beer on the cistern and has a piss...He [U+FB02]ushes, zips up and retrieves his beer from the cistern. As he stands back up, behind him we see...

The CLOAKED FIGURE. Who strikes him with a cudgel. Bang!

INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGEL drops down onto DANNY's sofa and surveys the untidy room. DANNY appears to be living out of cardboard boxes.

ANGEL

When did you move in?

DANNY enters from the kitchen with two cans of beer.

DANNY

About five years ago.

ANGEL

You should get some pot plants.

DANNY

Oh yeah?

ANGEL

Yes, I've been tending my Peace Lily for three years now. NASA rates it as one of top ten air cleaning plants. It oxygenates the room, it helps me think, it relieves stress. Its needs are simple. Janine said I loved my Lily more than her.

DANNY

Is that why you split up?

ANGEL

What?

DANNY

Cos' you dunnit with a plant.

ANGEL

No, it was more about being
obsessed with the job.

DANNY

But, that's good though innit?

ANGEL

I don't know, I did miss a few
dinners, parties, a birthday or
two-

DANNY

Well I mean-

ANGEL

-her dad's funeral. I just want to
be good at what I do.

DANNY

You are good at what you do. You've
just got to learn to switch off
that big melon.

ANGEL

You know Danny, I don't know how.

DANNY

I'll show you how.

DANNY opens a cupboard that is stacked full of alphabetized
VHS tapes. It's the most ordered area of the entire
[U+FB02]at.

ANGEL

By the power of Greyskull.

DANNY carefully selects two tapes.

DANNY

Point Break or Bad Boys 2?

ANGEL

Which one do you think I'll prefer?

DANNY

No, I mean which one do you wanna
watch first?

ANGEL

You are pulling my leg?

INT. GEDRGE MERCHANT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

MERCHANT is dragged by his feet and dumped into a kitchen chair...GLOVED HANDS empty beans into a pan... Bacon is fried...Gas taps are turned on full...Gas hisses...

INT. DANNY'S HGUSE - NIGHT

Static hisses as the video [U+FB02]ickers to life.

DANNY

This film is A-MAZING!

ANGEL

So, what's it actually about?

DANNY

An FBI agent who goes under cover to infiltrate a gang of wild wave riding, sky diving, bank robbers but falls in love with the surfing lifestyle and the leader's girlfriend and ends up having to make some very tough choices.

ANGEL

So it's based on a true story?

DANNY

Now that I don't know.

ANGEL

No I just mean, it sounds a little far fetched.

DANNY

Well, it's a film innit?

INT. GEORGE MERCHANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hiss...GLOVED HANDS light a candle in the living room.
Hiss...MEECHANT lies motionless in the chair....Hiss...

INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DANNY and ANGEL are on the sofa. 'Point Break' ends.

DANNY

Whaddya think?

ANGEL

Well, I won't argue that it's a no holds barred, adrenaline fuelled thrill ride but there's no way you could perpetrate that amount of carnage and mayhem without incurring a considerable amount of paperwork.

DANNY

That's nothing man. This is about to go off!

EXT. GEDRGE MERCHANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

KA-BOOOOOOM. MERGHANT's [U+FB02]aming body [U+FB02]ies through the air.

INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

DANNY's head rests on ANGEL as they sleep on the sofa. Daylight fills the room as 'Bad Boys 2' blares from the TV.

MARTIN LAWRENCE

This shit just got real!

The phone rings. They open their eyes at the same time.

EXT. GEDRGE MERCHANT'S HOUSE - MORNING

DR. HATCHER

Nasty way to go.

The Sandford Police survey the smoking black husk of Merchant's house. His twisted and burnt cadaver is covered up by DR. HATCHER. Paramedics carry him off on a gurney.

DR. HATCHER (CONT'D)

Seems Mr. Merchant tried to have a little fry up and left the gas on. They say you shouldn't eat late at night.

DORIS THATCHER

I dunno. I like a little midnight gobble.

THATCHER and WALKER laugh at this. WALKER mumbles 'Cocks'.

FISHER
So what do we reckon? Angel?

FISHER looks to a spectacularly groggy ANGEL and DANNY.

ANGEL
Yes?

FISHER
Help me.

ANGEL
We should set up a proper cordon,
keep people back, let the fire crew
finish and get the forensics to do
a thorough sweep.

FISHER
Right. What he said.

ANGEL spots a crew of workmen on the periphery, waiting to clear the scene. TIM MESSENGER appears, notebook in hand.

MESSENGER
Sergeant, a guick word?

ANGEL
Mr. Messenger, please. A statement
will be issued shortly.

MSENGER
Actually I just wanted to find out,
'What's your perfect Sunday'?

FISHER
I'll deal with the press Sergeant.
Now, my perfect Sunday would begin
-

FISHER leads MESSENGER away. ANGEL sees SIMON SKINNER amongst a crowd of onlookers. SKINNER waves 'hello'.

WAINWEIGHT
What you thinking? Foul play?

ANGEL
Maybe.

WAINWRIGHT
We're just waiting to speak to the
last people to see Mr Merchant
alive, namely Sergeant Knickerless
Asswipe and Constable Fanny
Butterdog.

DANNY

That's us.

The ANDES collapse with into sniggers.

ANGEL

Why is this such a big joke to you?
Three people have died in less than
a week.

WAINWRIGHT

Oh come on Dr. Sherlock, they were
accidents.

CARTWRIGHT

People have accidents everyday.

WAINWRIGHT

Ron Spencer got his cravat caught
in the mulcher the other week.

ANGEL

But the victims knew each other.

CARTWRIGHT

Everyone knows everyone round 'ere.

WAINWEIGHT

Yeah. If you didn't see anything
suspicious, then who did?

INT. STATION/CCTV OFFICE - DAY

TOM WEAVER spools through footage on his CCTV monitors.
ANGEL, DANNY, FRANK and the ANDES look on.

WEAVER

Bit of a blind spot I'm afraid.
We're not that well covered around
George Merchant's. We only get the
very edge of the explosion.

FRANK

Nasty way to go.

WEAVER

One thing that did catch my eye.

ANGEL

What's that?

WEAVER

You sticking it to these herberts!

WEAVER shows a replay of the drunken HOODIE fight and whoops with delight. The ANDES snigger. ANGEL fumes.

ANGEL

This is irrelevant.

WEAVER

I beg to differ. It's the closest we've come to nabbing the bastards.

ANGEL

Mr. Weaver, let's concentrate-

WEAVER pauses the tape on a blurred shot of the BLONDE KID.

WEAVER

Did you get a good look at this little mischief? What did he-

ANGEL

Forget that, just keep looking for anything out of the ordinary in the immediate area of Mr Merchant's residence. Make a note of any car registrations spotted in the vicinity. In particular, look out for a Red MG, license 'SS1'.

FRANK

Nicholas.

ANGEL

Yes sir?

FRANK

Can I have a mo?

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

FRANK

You've got to ease off on these Skinner allegations. He's the manager of the local supermarket.

ANGEL

With respect sir-

FRANK

Listen, you are an exceptional officer, truly exceptional, but you do have to let the Andes do their job. If there's anything amiss, we'll hear soon enough. Until then we have to regard these incidents as accidents.

ANGEL

Yes sir.

FRANK

Good boy.

FRANK leaves. ANGEL looks up to the photo on the wall. It is of an officer with a big bushy beard; 'Sgt, Popwell'.

WEAVER (O.S.)

Sergeant Angel, I think I've found what you're looking for.

ANGEL runs excitedly over to WEAVER's office. The ANDES follow suit, as do DANNY and FRANK. They see CCTV footage of the SWAN waddling past Merchant's house.

WAINWRIGHT

Ah, there you go. It was the Swan all along.

ANGEL

This is *not* funny Detective!

CARTWRIGHT

Oh give over Miss Marples.

WAINWRIGHT

Let us do our job and you do yours.

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah, haven't you got a church fete to look after?

ANGEL

No, I have not!

FRANK

Actually.

EXT. CHURCH FETE - DAY

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Lovely day for it Sergeant?

A bored ANGEL patrols at a bustling fete. We see impressive [U+FB02]oral displays and banners reading 'SAVE THE CHURCH RGQE' and promoting Sandford for 'VILLAGE OF THE YEAR'. REV. SHOQTER sidles up to ANGEL with a tray of drinks.

REV. SHOOTER
Sergeant Angel, would your theological reservations preclude you from assisting me with the raf[U+FB02]e this afternoon? There's a glass of Joyce Cooper's lemonade in it for you.

ANGEL takes a glass and downs it, to SHOOTER'S delight.

REV. SHOOTER (CONT'D)
Marvellous.

ANGEL slumps into a nearby chair and surveys the fete. He sees a child messily eating a ice lolly. He looks up to see the father, SGT. FISHER doing the same.

He sees DORIS THATCHER standing with two burly men, giggling at a pig being spit roasted. He sees WALKER feed candy [U+FB02]oss to SAXON.

BONG. A bell rings as LURCH plays a 'TEST YOUR STRENGTH' game. SKINNER lurks nearby, manning a 'BASH THE RAT' stall and staring into the distance. Thunder rumbles.

ANGEL follows his gaze over to TIM MESSENGER having an animated discussion with LESLIE TILLER, the [U+FB02]orist...

CARTWRIGHT (O.S.)
Shark?

ANGEL jumps. The ANDES appear, clutching cans of Cider.

WAINWRIGHT
Seen any murderings Nicholarse?

FRANK and DANNY approach dressed in wild west gear.

FRANK
Come on now boys. Leave Sergeant Angel alone, he's working.

WAINWRIGHT

Sorry Chief, won't waste anymore
police time.

The ANDES slope off, swigging their cider.

FRANK

Actually Nicholas. You may as well
have a break.

DANNY

Great. I've got something to show
you.

ANGEL follows DANNY through the crowd until they come to a
stop at an AIR RIFLE RANGE, run by a smiling DR. HATCHER.

ANGEL

This is a ri[U+FB02]e range.

DANNY

You'll be really good at it.

HATCHER

Three cans wins you a squeaky
bunny, five gets you a [U+FB02]oppy
lion. Take out all the little
people, you get to waltz off with
the cuddly monkey.

ANGEL

I thought I made it clear to you
how I felt about guns.

DANNY

It's only an air ri[U+FB02]e.

ANGEL

No Danny.

DANNY

It is for a cuddly monkey.

ANGEL grudgingly takes an air rifle. DANNY smiles
expectantly. ANGEL fires, hitting every can dead centre with
amazing speed. He lowers the rifle, feeling excited and
unclean at once. The ANDES watch, swigging their cider.

DR. HATCHER

Good lord.

ANGEL hands the ri[U+FB02]e to an awed DANNY, who inspects
it.

DANNY

Fuck me...that was-

DANNY accidentally pulls the trigger. We hear an agonized yelp. DR. HATCHER drops on the [U+FB02]oor clutching his leg.

EXT. FETE - DAY

ANGEL and DANNY walk away from the stall: ANGEL clutching the CUDDLY MONKEY, DANNY in shock. Behind a Saint John's Ambulance team attend to DR. HATCHER, who's in some pain.

DANNY

I can't believe I shot someone.

ANGEL

He's a doctor, he can deal with it.

DANNY

But I've never shot anyone before.

ANGEL

Believe me Constable. It's not something you ever get used to.

DANNY

Yeah. Maybe we should go on the bouncy castle. Take our minds off it.

ANGEL spies SKINNER talking heatedly with TIM MSENSENGER.

DANNY (cont'd)

What is it?

Thunder rumbles. Before ANGEL can answer, a YOUNG BOY runs right into him. We see that it is the BLONDE SCHOOL KID. He and ANGEL lock eyes. The boy looks terrified.

WEAVER

Watch where you're going.

ANGEL turns to see the grandfather.

WEAVER (cont'd)

I do apologise for my grandson. Stand up straight Gabriel, this is Sergeant Angel.

ANGEL

I've met Gabriel before actually.

WEAVER
Oh, have you?

GABRIEL looks extremely anxious. His eyes go wide.

ANGEL
Yes. I gave a talk at the school,
didn't I Gabriel?

GABRIEL
Yeah.

ANGEL
Maybe we'll get a chance to have
another little chat sometime.

WEAVER
I'm sure Gabriel would love that.

ANGEL
You have a good afternoon.

WEAVER and GABRIEL walk off. GABRIEL looks back at ANGEL,
his expression of confusion and relief.

DANNY
What was that about?

Before ANGEL can answer...a breathless TIM MESSENGER
appears, slamming into ANGEL.

TIM MESSENGER
Sergeant Angel, I need to talk to
you about George Merchant. Alone.
It might be less conspicuous if you
don't bring the monkey.

ANGEL
This man is a police officer, I'd
thank you to treat him with more
respect.

TIM MESSENGER
I was talking about that.

MESSENGER nods to ANGEL's giant CUDDLY MONKEY.

ANGEL
Oh.

TIM MESSENGER
The churchyard. Ten minutes.

ANGEL watches MESSENGER scurry off, passing SIMON SKINNER.

SKINNER
Bash the rat?

REV. SHOOTER (TANNOY)
Could we have Sergeant Angel to the
stage please?

ANGEL gives the CUDDLY MONKEY to DANNY and walks off.

EXT. FETE - DAY

A distracted ANGEL takes to a makeshift stage where the REV. SHOOTER stands with a tombola and a microphone.

REV. SHOOTER
Here to announce the winners is the
newest addition to the Sandford
Police Force-

ANGEL
(under breath)
Police service.

REV. SHOOTER
-Sergeant Nicholas Angel.

ANGEL
Hello.

A buzz of feedback from the mic. ANGEL eyes the clock. It's 3pm. The tombola spins...

...MESSENGER waits in the churchyard, looks at his watch.
...ANGEL picks a name from the tombola.

ANGEL (cont'd)
The [U+FB02]rst name is Simon
Skinner.

ANNETTE ROPER
He's in the loo!

REV. SHOOTER
Too much of Joyce's lemonade
perhaps.

Laughter from the crowd. Thunder rumbles...

...We see a BLACK GLGVED HAND on a church door handle...

...The tombola spins. ANGEL looks at the clock...

...We see BLACK EOOTs race up belfry steps...

...MESSENGER still waits. Sweat forms on his brow...

...ANGEL picks another name.

ANGEL
Tim Messenger.

REV. SHOOTER
Tim, your number's up.

There's much hub-bub. Thunder rumbles. Closer this time.
ANGEL looks in the crowd frantically...

...Unseen a CLOAKED FIGURE steps onto the church roof...

...ANGEL jumps down off the makeshift stage.

...ELACK GLOVED HANDS push on a loose turret stone.

...TIM MESSENGER stands directly below...

...ANGEL strides through the crowd...

...The gloved hand presses on the turret. The stone
cracks...

...ANGEL breaks into a run. He reaches the churchyard...

...The stone breaks away from the roof and falls down.

...ANGEL runs in the churchyard, sees TIM MESSENGER-

SPLAT. The tip of the stone CRUSHES MESSENGER'S head!

ANGEL jerks back in horror. TIM MESSENGER now looks utterly
surreal, with an upside down cone where his head should be.

The off duty police arrive on the scene, along with many of
the NWA. SIMON SKINNER runs over from a chemical toilet.

FRANK
Keep back. There's been a terrible
accident!

There's much hub-bub and murmurs of the word 'accident' from
the crowd. FISHER steps in, not having seen the body.

FISHER
What accident?
(he sees it)
Oh right.

ANGEL grimaces, looks to the church roof and races off.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS/ROOF - CONTINUOUS

ANGEL runs up the church steps to the roof. He [U+FB02]ings the door open and peers out. There's no-one there.

He comes back down to find all the off duty police waiting at the door, along with a troubled REV. SHOOTER.

FRANK

Nicholas, what is it?

ANGEL

Sir, I think all these deaths are linked. Tim Messenger was murdered.

REV. SHOOTER

Who could do something like this?

WAINNRIGHT

Maybe it was the swan.

CARTWRIGHT

Apparently they can break a man's arm.

WAINWRIGHT

Or blow up a man's house.

ANGEL

Look-

FRANK

Whoa there Nicholas. Let me get this straight. Are you saying this is a crime scene?

ANGEL

Yes sir, I am.

FRANK

Very well. Detectives, start interviewing everyone who was at the fete. Sgt Fisher, secure the area, PC Thatcher, get the CSI down here. PC Walker patrol the churchyard with Saxon. Nicholas, Danny...you know what to do.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - NIGHT

ANGEL and DANNY sit in the rain at the crime scene. DANNY still wears his cowboy outfit and clutches the MONKEY.

DANNY

Do you really think this is murder?

ANGEL

I just don't think we should rule it out.

DANNY

Yeah. I think you're right.

PC WALKER passes with SAXON.

WALKER

Ifinkyertarkinaloodashitt.

DANNY

He thinks you're talking a load of shit. Swings and roundabouts innit?

The ANDES wander past. ANGEL and DANNY get up and approach.

ANGEL

Did you find anything?

WAINWRIGHT

Yes I was extremely shocked when I looked at my watch and discovered the pubs were shut.

ANGEL

What about his house? Have you checked his office? Read his articles?

CARTWRIGHT

If you want to wade through every copy of the Sandford bloody Citizen, be our guest.

ANGEL

It's your job isn't it? Detect!

WAINWRIGHT

This isn't the city, Mister Angel. Not everyone's a murdering psychopath. High time you realised that. You and your monkey.

The ANDES walk off into the night. DANNY holds up the CUDDLY MONKEY.

DANNY
Did he mean me or that?

A furious ANGEL puts his head in his hands.

DANNY (cont'd)
Maybe we should go home.

ANGEL
What do you mean?

DANNY
Well, there's nothing going on is there?

ANGEL
Have you listened to anything I've said Constable?

DANNY
What do you mean?

ANGEL
Has anything I've told you in the last few weeks got through that thick skull of yours?

DANNY
Yeah...

ANGEL
Oh really?

DANNY
You said I could be an amazing policeman officer.

ANGEL
There's always something going on Danny and you'll never be an amazing police officer until you understand that.

DANNY
I remembered something else you said.

ANGEL
And what was that?

DANNY

You don't know how to switch off.

ANGEL stalks back to his stool and again guards the cordon. He sits alone in the rain, soaking to the skin.

INT. SWAN HOTEL CORRIDOR/BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGEL approaches his door. He unlocks it and enters. On the bed is the sodden CUDDLY MONKEY and a card reading -

'This was left for you at reception. Regards Joyce'

ANGEL slumps into a chair, picks up the phone and dials-

INSPECTOR (V.O.)

I'm out of the office at present...

ANGEL spies the Sandford Citizen featuring him on the cover. He sees the byline 'Words and Pictures by Tim Messenger'.

ANGEL hangs up and [U+FB02]icks through the paper, past mundane stories; 'Bypass Still Unannounced', 'Sandford Family Trees'.

He stops at a feature entitled 'Sandford People' with an accompanying photo of George Merchant. A quote reads *"This is just the beginning; I have big plans for Sandford"*. ANGEL looks inspired. He grabs his pen and notebook.

EXT/INT. LIERARY - MORNING

ANGEL sits at a table surrounded by archived volumes of the Sandford Citizen. He [U+FB02]ips through the pages at speed.

We see FLASHCUTS of ANGEL scouring articles, photocopying relevant pages, highlighting crucial sentences and even correcting the odd typo. It's a blizzard of information.

We see ANGEL highlight a sentence reading *'Mr. G. Merchant has applied for planning permission...'* We see another headline, *'George Of The Jungle: Merchant Buys Scrubland'*.

We see a photo of MARTIN BLOWER outside the Sandford Playhouse. The headline reads *'From Bar to Verse: Solicitor Finances Drama Sociocy'*.

The pages [U+FB02]ip faster, the words start to blur. There has never been a more exciting scene in film history.

INT. STATION - MORNING

A glum DANNY sits at a desk. ANGEL enters. DANNY doesn't look up. ANGEL struggles with a guilty greeting.

ANGEL
Morning Constable.

DANNY
Alright?

ANGEL
Thanks for the monkey.

DANNY
It's yours.

ANGEL
Yeah but I won it for you.
(smiles apologetically)
Danny, I think I'm on to something.

DANNY
Are you?

ANGEL
I think with a little bit of
deliberation we can figure out what
links these deaths.

ANGEL slaps a thick bundle of photocopies on the table.

DANNY
We?

ANGEL
I can't do this by myself Danny.

DANNY looks touched. The ANDES breeze past their desk.

WAINWRIGHT
Morning benders.

CARTWRIGHT
What you up to?

DANNY
Nothing.

The ANDES leave. ANGEL smiles at DANNY.

ANGEL
Come on partner, lets go to work.

FISHER pokes his head out of his office, a note in hand.

FISHER
Sergeant Angel. Someone from London
rang for you.

ANGEL
Tell them I'll ring 'em back.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

DANNY and ANGEL walk their beat, striding in perfect time.

ANGEL
Tim Messenger.

DANNY
Go.

ANGEL
Editor and journalist for The
Sandford Citizen.

DANNY
Uh-huh.

ANGEL
Fondness for puns.

DANNY
Go on.

ANGEL
Terrible speller.

DANNY
Oh yeah?

ANGEL
Rut nevertheless had uncovered
important information about...

INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

ANGEL and DANNY neglect their speed gun duty.

DANNY
George Merchant.

ANGEL
Self made millionaire.

DANNY
Ch-ching.

ANGEL
Fancied himself as a property
developer.

DANNY
Uh-huh.

ANGEL
Had big plans for Sandford.

DANNY
Pissed on the [U+FB02]oor in the
Crown.

ANGEL
But more importantly, was a good
friend and client of...

INT/EXT. STREET - DAY

ANGEL and DANNY walk the beat again.

ANGEL
Martin Blower.

DANNY
Affirmatron.

ANGEL
Respected solicitor and leading
light of the local drama society.

DANNY
Bad actor.

ANGEL
Undoubtedly.

DANNY
Bad driver.

ANGEL
Not necessarily.

DANNY
Cheated on his missus.

ANGEL
Most certainly and we both know who
with?

EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

ANGEL and DANNY drive back to the station.

DANNY
Eve Draper.

ANGEL
Blower's leading lady.

DANNY
(Whistles)

ANGEL
Distinctive laugh.

DANNY
Oh yes.

ANGEL
Liked older men.

DANNY
Fingered.

ANGEL
But crucially, where did she work?

DANNY
Council.

ANGEL
Specifically?

DANNY
The department of planning and
development.

ANGEL
Where George Merchant had secured
permission to build his dubious
mansion on Norris Avenue.

DANNY

So...

INT. STATION - EVENING

Back in the office, the energy [U+FB02]ags. DANNY has his head on ANGEL the table, ANGEL [U+FB02]icks endlessly through his notes.

DANNY

Tim Messenger was onto something about George Merchant who was into something with Martin Blower who was up to something with Eve Draper.

ANGEL

And Simon Skinner has something to do with it all.

DANNY

But he runs the local supermarket.

ANGEL

So?

DANNY

I don't know, I mean, maybe it was all accidents. People have accidents everyday. Gary Butcher drowned in his own septic tank the other week.

ANGEL puts his head on the table too. FRANK swings by.

FRANK

What are you two up to?

ANGEL

Nothing.

FRANK

Well, look sharp. There's been reports of a fire in the station.

ANGEL

What?!

DORIS produces a cake with a single candle stuck in it. The other officers gather round, singing 'Happy Birthday'. ANGEL then notices cards and banners that have clearly been there the whole day. All reading 'Happy Birthday Danny'.

ANGEL (cont'd)
You should have said something.

DANNY
We were working weren't we?

ANGEL is ashamed of himself. He slinks away to the door.

DANNY (cont'd)
Where you going?

ANGEL
Personal errand.

EXT. STATION - EVENING

The squad car races along a street, lights [U+FB02]ashing.

EXT. FLORISTS/NURSERY - EVENING

ANGEL pulls up outside 'mourns as LESLIE' and puts his notebook emphatically on the dashboard.

ANGEL arrives at the door as LESLIE TILLER is shutting up.

ANGEL
Oh Miss Tiller, I was wondering,
have you got any Peace Lilies?

LESLIE TILLER
Of course. I was just about to pop
off actually.

INT. FLORIST/NURSERY - EVENING

LESLIE TILLER cuts wrapping paper with large garden shears.

LESLIE TILLER
I can never find my scissors. Is
this for someone special?

ANGEL
Yes. Yes it is.

ANGEL spies packing crates and boxes on the [U+FB02]oor.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Are you going somewhere Miss
Tiller?

LESLIE TILLER

No. Well, yes. I'm moving away.
It's all a bit out of the blue. I
was planning to disappear quietly
actually. I do so hate goodbyes.

ANGEL

And why the move, if you don't mind
me asking?

LESLIE TILLER

Well, just between you and I...

LESLIE TILLER seems a little edgy. ANGEL is intrigued.

ANGEL

Yes?

LESLIE TILLER

You know that fella who blew up?

ANGEL

George Merchant.

LESLIE TILLER

That's him, well George Merchant -
god rest him - he wanted to buy
this land, so he sends round his
legal fella Martin Blower - god
rest him - I thought I might take
them up on it, because I've been
thinking about moving for some
time, I haven't really got that
much family round here, save for
Cousin Sissy. And while the
'Village Of The Year' stuff is
great and everything, I don't
really see anything from it, so I
thought I might take them up on the
offer and move to Buford Abbey.
Would you like a card with this?

ANGEL

No, it's okay. You were saying
about the offer?

LESLIE TILLER

Well, it turns out that Martin
Blower - god rest him - knew where
the new bypass road is going
because he was knocking off Eve
Draper from the council - god rest
her - then that reporter - god rest

(MORE)

LESLIE TILLER (cont'd)
 him - finds out about the route and tells me the land's very valuable, ten times what George Merchant and Martin Blower - god rest them - offered me. So with them having passed on and me still owning the land, I decided to sell it on myself to some folks from the city that Martin, George and Eve - god rest the lot of them - had been talking to, apparently they want to build a big shopping centre or something, of course Cousin Sissy won't be too happy about that, but as far as I'm concerned -

ANGEL pats his pockets for his note book.

ANGEL
 Would you excuse me for one second?

LESLIE TILLEE
 Of course.

EXT. FLORIST/NURSERY - NIGHT

ANGEL leaves the [U+FB02]orist. He runs back to the car to get his pocketbook. In the background we can see LESLIE TILLER wrapping the [U+FB02]owers - but we can also see -

The CLOAKED FIGURE slips in from the back room of the shop, grabs the shears and plunges them into LESLIE TILLER's throat. Blood spurts all over the counter and front window.

ANGEL turns back to see...TILLER dead. Shears in her neck. The blood. A SHADOW disappearing into the stock room...

ANGEL
 Stop. In the name of the law!

ANGEL runs towards the [U+FB02]orist, throwing his trunoheon at the window. It shatters a second before he jumps through.

INT/EXT. FLORIST/NURSERY - NIGHT

ANGEL runs into the stock room, to see the CLOAKED FIGURE running through the aisles of the stock room. He gives chase.

SMASH. The CLOAKED FIGURE jumps through a greenhouse window, catching their leg on the frame.

ANGEL is almost on top of him and jumps through the newly smashed window. Landing, he looks up to see the FIGURE now a good 50 metres ahead, running towards a greenhouse and knocking garden furniture in its wake.

ANGEL sprints off again, bursting into the greenhouse and gaining on the CLOAKED FIGURE. Both knock plants asunder.

The CLOAKED FIGURE slices through a mesh door with a knife and disappears over a hedge at the nursery perimeter.

ANGEL reaches the final hedge to find the CLOAKED FIGURE, now 100 metres away, sprinting across a cricket pitch.

A breathless ANGEL stands at the hedge, confused and amazed.

EXT. FLORISTS/NURSERY - NIGHT

Back at the florist. ANGEL and FISHER stare at LESLIE TILLER who lies dead, shears protruding from her neck.

FISHER

Hang about, hang about. You're saying this wasn't an accident?

INT. STATION - NIGHT

ANGEL

LESLIE TILLER WAS MURDERED!

The assembled officers look at ANGEL as if he is insane.

CARTWRIGHT

What just like Tim Messenger?

ANGEL

Yes!

WAINWRIGHT

And George Merchant?

ANGEL

Yes!

CARTWRIGHT

And Eve Draper?

ANGEL scrawls on a piece of paper the word 'YES'.

ANGEL

Yes!

WAINWRIGHT

And Martin Blower?

ANGEL

No, actually.

WAINWRIGHT

Really?

CARTWRIGHT

Really?

ANGEL

COURSE HE FUCKING WAS!

DANNY pops a coin in the swearbox.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Thank you Danny.

WAINWRIGHT

Oh Murder. Murder. Murder. Change the fucking record.

CARTWRIGHT pops a coin in the swearbox for WAINWRIGHT.

WAINWRIGHT (cont'd)

Thank you Andy.

FISHER

Yes come on Sergeant, you've got to accept that it was another terrible accident.

ANGEL

Are you suggesting Leslie Tiller somehow tripped and fell on her own shears?

FISHER

Ben Fletcher fell on his pitchfork the other week.

DORIS THATCHER

People have accidents everyday. What makes you think it was murder?

ANGEL

Because I was there.

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah, that's a point. Why were you there?

ANGEL

I was buying a Japanese Peace Lily for Constable Butterman's birthday.

WAINWRIGHT

What absolute horseshit.

ANGEL

Look, I chased a suspect from the scene. Innocent people don't run.

FISHER

It might have been our old friend the cactus thief again.

DORIS THATCHER

Yeah, he was a prickly customer.

Everyone laughs. ANGEL crumples against the nonsense.

ANGEL

Am I going completely mad?

WAINWRIGHT

Maybe you are?

CAEIWRIGHT

Yeah, maybe you killed her, seeing as you're such a big fan of murder.

ANGEL

What!?

FRANK (O.S.)

Sergeant Angel?

ANGEL

YES....sir?

FRANK ushers ANGEL into his office and shuts the blinds.

FRANK

Nicholas, Nicholas, Nicholas, what am I going to do with you?

ANGEL

Chief, you've got to understand-

FRANK

No, you have to understand, the boys here aren't used to the concepts you're bandying about.

(off Angel's look)

The 'M' word, Nicholas. There hasn't been a recorded murder in Sandford for 20 years.

ANGEL

But I'm sure sir. And what's more, I know who did it.

FRANK

I hope you're not going to say who I think you're going say.

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANGEL

Could I see the manager please?

ANGEL and co. burst into SKINNER's office to find the CHECKOUT GIRL chewing gum. She intones into the tannoy.

CHECKOUT GIRL

Mr. Skinner to the manager's office please. Managers office. Mr. Skinner.

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The cops are all crammed into the office. ANGEL stands purposefully. Various employees look through the office window.

SKINNER

Sergeant Angel. Officers. To what do I owe this pleasure?

ANGEL

I'm arresting you on suspicion of the murder of Leslie Tiller.

SKINNER

Leslie Tiller is dead? How?

FISHER

She tripped and fell on her own shears.

ANGEL throws a pen at FISHER's head. He yelps.

ANGEL

I'm also arresting you on suspicion of the murders of Tim Messenger on May 1st, George Merchant on April 29th and Eve Draper and Martin Blower on April 28th.

SKINNER

Why on earth would I want to do that Sergeant?

ANGEL

I'm glad you asked.

The following is illustrated with oodles of FLASHCUTS. It looks pretty damn cool, for a British film.

ANGEL (cont'd)

My suspicions were [U+FB02]rst aroused when you appeared at the scene of the Blower/Draper deaths, on the outskirts of Sandford, despite living and working in the centre of the village. I couldn't help recall your comments at the theatre the previous evening, when you not only indicated your awareness of the couple's affair but also inferred that Ms. Draper's connections at the council might make her privy to important information. You yourself spoke of "bashing her head in". Perhaps hoping you might discover the route for the proposed Sandford Bypass. You were already suspicious that Blower's client George Merchant was buying up an area of land on the edge of the village, after a story Tim Messenger ran in the Citizen. You put two and two together after noting Merchant's use of your car park to visit Blower who you knew all too well had an inside connection at the council. The land Merchant was buying up had no particular value as it was but if it were to be made accessible by a new road, it would become an ideal location for perhaps, a retail park. Consumed with concern for your business and potential disloyalty from fickle customers

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)
 whom you yourself stated the desire to behead, you killed the potential competition in cold blood, staging the murders as accidents. You used a vehicle removal truck to stage the Blower/Draper crash and incinerated an old man in his house, covering your tracks with the judicial application of bacon and beans. However, there was a loose end. Tim Messenger foolishly confronted you at the village fete, after his own investigations lead him to the same conclusions. So you silenced him, before he could voice his concerns to me but not before he had told Leslie Tiller about the true value of her land. Upon discovering that she was about to sell up to the developers, you brutally murdered her with her own shears and made your escape utilising your impressive prize winning skills as a fun runner.

ANGEL finishes his summation, by resting his hand on a 'fun run' trophy. The room is astonished. SKINNER claps slowly.

SKINNER

Very entertaining, Sergeant Angel. But I rather think you've been watching too many films.

DANNY

He hasn't.

SKINNER

Why would I kill Leslie? You clearly aren't aware we're related.

ANGEL

Oh but I am, 'Cousin Sissy'.

ANGEL slaps down a photocopied sheet of a family tree article from the 'Sandford Citizen'. Highlighted are Skinner and Tiller's connected names. SKINNER scoffs.

SKINNER

I'm afraid my nickname of Sissy is only a revelation to yourself. My teenage years studying ballet are well known.

WAINWRIGHT
Yeah Sissy Skinner.

CARTWEIGHT
What a gaylord!

SKINNER
Thank you Andrews. Despite my comment about beheading customers, what we here on Planet Sandford like to refer to as 'a joke' I would personally relish the competition of another store. Anything to energise my workforce.

SKINNEE gesticulates to his gormless minions outside.

ANGEL
You would relish the competition. Especially if it was yourself. As Miss Tiller's only cousin, you're set to inherit her land, on which you plan to build a Summeraisles Express. The perfect one stop shop for bypass traffic.

ANGEL points to the sketch of a new store on the wall.

SEINNER
These sketches are just pipe dreams. Anyway, what makes you think I could dislodge part of the church roof? Or for that matter stage a car crash?

ANGEL
It's a well known fact that the church roof is severely in need of repair. As for the car, isn't it true that two of your employees also operate the council's vehicle removal truck?

ANGEL points to the GRUFF LOOKING BUTCHERS. They are the same GRUFF LOOKING MEN from the removal vehicle earlier.

SKINNER
Sergeant, this is the 21st Century, I'll think you find that many people hold down several jobs, I myself host a life drawing class at the Village Hall.

(nods to Checkout Girl)

(MORE)

SKINNER (cont'd)

Tina here is a table dancer at Flappers.

ANGEL

The thing is Mr. Skinner, you could quite easily have obtained access to the removal vehicle and used it for your own ends.

SKINNER

These accusations are meaningless Sergeant, unless you can back them up with hard evidence.

ANGEL

Well you've certainly got me there. We'd need something conclusive. Like perhaps a wound you sustained on a shard of broken glass this very evening.

ANGEL awkwardly pulls back SKINNER's trouser legs. Nothing.

SKINNER

Oh Sergeant, this is getting to be embarrassing. Apart from anything else, how can I be in several places at once? I'm sure the store's security footage can absolve me. Do feel free to spool through.

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A frustrated ANGEL spools a huge pile of VHS tapes. We see CCTV images of SKINNER stagily strolling the shop [U+FB02]oor. The other officers drift out of the office, grumbling.

Soon only DANNY and FRANK remain. FRANK slaps a hand on ANGEL's shoulder and leaves. DANNY picks up another tape.

ANGEL

I can handle this Danny You enjoy the rest of your birthday.

DANNY

Did you really get me that plant?

ANGEL

Yes, but it's been impounded as evidence.

DANNY

Maybe I can still water it.

DANNY leaves as SKINNER approaches with LURCH.

SKINNER

Sergeant, I wanted you to know that if I do indeed now own the land belonging to Leslie, I intend to turn it into a memorial garden, in her honour.

ANGEL

(blows raspberry)

Jog on.

SKINNER

Michael, will you escort the Sergeant off the premises when he's quite finished?

LURCH

Yarp.

INT. SWAN HOTEL DINING - NIGHT

ANGEL eats alone, a broken man. JOYCE serves him wine.

JOYCE COOPER

I can't believe Leslie's dead. How did it happen again?

ANGEL

She tripped and fell on her own shears.

INT. STATION LOCKER ROOM - DAY

ANGEL and DANNY are getting into uniform. Retrieving his cap, ANGEL sees the word 'TWAT' written on the inside.

DANNY

That wasn't me.

INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

DANNY and ANGEL sit in their usual spot, as the high street is being decorated with bunting. DANNY looks at ANGEL, who stares off into space.

DANNY

Look Nicholas. Mr. Treacher's got his big coat on again...Want anything from the shop?

ANGEL

Cornetto.

INT. NEWSAGENT - DAY

DANNY buys two ice-creams from a smirking ANNETTE ROPER. ANGEL watches on morosely.

ANNETTE ROPER

No luck catching them killers then?

DANNY

It's just the one killer actually.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

DANNY throws some change into the fountain. They get into the squad car, licking their ice creams. ANNETTE's words echo in ANGEL's head; *'No luck catching them killers then?'*

Licking his ice cream; ANGEL ponders DANNY's response; *'It's just the one killer actually'*. The words resonate.

ANGEL stops eating his ice cream, his eyes go wide.

DANNY

What's the matter? You got brainfreeze?

ANGEL

No I got brainwave. Get us back to the station. Now!

DANNY starts the car, whilst trying to finish as much of his ice cream as he can. He clutches his head in pain.

DANNY

Arrrgh!

EXT. STATION - DAY

The squad car screeches to a halt in the car park.

ANGEL
It's more than one person.

FRANK
Come again?

ANGEL
More than one killer.

FRANK
It was Skinner a minute ago.

ANGEL
Maybe it still is. Maybe he's not alone. Maybe there are others.

FRANK
Who exactly?

ANGEL
I don't know but we were buying
Cornettos and it suddenly hit me-

FRANK
You're an exceptional officer,
Nicholas. Truly exceptional. But
I've seen this before.

ANGEL
Sir?

FRANK
Sergeant Popwell. It was exactly
the same thing. You've come from a
city where there's danger round
every corner and it's driven you
round the bend.

ANGEL visibly sags. He becomes listless and compliant.

ANGEL
Yes sir.

FRANK
Listen, I'm due at a function in
about half an hour. So do yourself
a favour. Sleep on it. If you feel
the same way in the morning, I give
you my word, we'll get right on it.

ANGEL
Thank you sir.

EXT. STATION - DAY

ANGEL leaves the station. DANNY follows, confused.

DANNY
What happened? What's going on?

ANGEL
Nothing. I was just- I'm gonna go
back and crash for a bit.

DANNY
Oh okay. Need a lift?

ANGEL
No, I could do with the walk.

ANGEL walks off, feeling guilty. DANNY looks forlorn.

EXT. SANDFORD HIGH STREET - DUSK

ANGEL trudges home, the street is festooned with bunting.

INT. SWAN HOTEL RECEFTION - DUSK

ANGEL slopes through the hotel reception. It is empty. A new ROMEO AND JULIET poster shows understudies, Greg and Sherry, smiling as the male and female lead.

INT. SWAN HOTEL CORRIDOR - DUSK

ANGEL takes out his key. He notices his door is ajar.

The door [U+FB02]ies open...A huge CLOAKED FIGURE lifts ANGEL off the ground, throws him inside and slams the door behind.

INT. SWAN HOTEL BEDROOM - DUSK

ANGEL hits the wall with a thud. He gets up and throws several punches at his attacker, but stops, clutching his injured hand. The FIGURE picks ANGEL up in a bear hug. ANGEL struggles, pulling the assailant's hood off to reveal-

LURCH. They look at each other for a second. ANGEL brings his [U+FB02]sts down on either side of LURCH's head. LURCH drops ANGEL, holding his ears. ANGEL kicks LURCH in the balls. He barely winces before hurling ANGEL across the room into a painting of the castle. His notebook drops to the [U+FB02]oor.

LUNCH lumbers towards him. ANGEL grabs the CUDDLY MONKEY and looks throws it in LURCH's direction. LUNCH catches it and is momentarily charmed, hypnotised by the monkey's cute eyes.

A whistle from offscreen. LURCH turns to see ANGEL upright, brandishing his beloved POT PLANT.

ANGEL
Playtime's over.

SMASH. ANGEL hits LURCH across the head, destroying his Peace Lily in the process. LURCH drops. His walkie-talkie clatters to the [U+FB02]oor, crackling to life.

SKINNER (O.S.)
Michael? Michael? Are you there?
Michael? Is everything okay?

ANGEL speaks into the Walkie-talkie in a thick brogue.

ANGEL
Yarp.

SKINNER (O.S.)
Sergeant Angel has been taken care
of?

ANGEL
Yarp.

SKINNER (O.S.)
He's not going to get back up
again?

ANGEL
...Narp?

SKINNER (O.S.)
Good. Proceed to the castle.

ANGEL looks to a castle painting on the wall. He pulls out his phone and dials.

FRANK (O.S.)

You've reached Frank Butterman.
Please leave a message after the
beep-

ANGEL

Frank. This shit just got real.
Skinner just tried to kill me. He's
going somewhere. The castle I
think. I'm going there now. I don't
know who to trust. It's Nicholas by
the way.

ANGEL turns to see DANNY at the door and jumps a mile. DANNY
looks at LURCH sprawled among the pot plant debris.

DANNY

Oh my god. What happened to your
Peace Lily?

ANGEL

Danny. Stay here. Watch him. Call
your Dad. Tell him I was right.

DANNY

What are you going to do?

ANGEL

I'm going to bust this thing wide
open.

DANNY

Nicholas?

Danny picks up ANGEL's notebook and puts it in his pocket.

ANGEL

Thanks partner.

EXT. HIGH STREET - NIGHT

ANGEL runs down the high street past a National Trust sign
pointing toward 'SANDFORD CASTLE'.

EXT/INT. CASTLE RUINS - NIGHT

ANGEL approaches Sandford Castle ruins, a dilapidated 12th
Century Castle. It looks spooky in the dark. ANGEL hears
voices coming from inside. We hear chanting-

MASSED VOICES (O.S.)
 ...bonum commune communitatis...

ANGEL peers into the main hall. He sees several BLACK CLOAKED FIGURES standing around a large circular stone tablet. They hold torches under their faces.

ANGEL makes out familiar faces under the hoods. We see TOM WEAVER, whose words echo in ANGEL's head; *"I can see what the entire village is up to..."*

ANGEL looks to see 12 walkie talkies on the stone tablet - *"Got everyone linked up with a walkie so we can keep each other abreast of any misadventure."*

ANGEL sees SKINNER under one of the hoods. Words echo; *"How can I be in several places at once?"...*

We see ELASHCUTS of the [U+FB02]orist chase, now with angles that we didn't see previously; a second CLOAKED FIGURE outside the greenhouse, a third CLOAKED EIGUEE behind the hedge.

ANGEL spies some of the other faces - JOYCE COOPER, ANNETTE ROPER, JAMES READER, REV. SHOOTER, DR. HATCHER, AMANDA PAVER - *"We're basically a group of volunteers who strive to keep the village just so..."*

ANGEL's thoughts [U+FB02]ash back to the fountain. We see DANNY throw some change in. The penny drops. We see the plaque; *'This fountain was generously restored with funds raised by F. Buttermann, J. Cooper, R. Hatcher, A. Paver...'* As the CLOAKED FIGURES stop chanting and sit at the tablet, ANGEL is even more horrified by what he hears next...

JOYCE COOPER

Quick announcement before we begin.
 Janet Barker has decided to call
 her boys Roger and Martin which is
 lovely. The christening will be
 Saturday week and all are welcome.
 Tom?

The CLOAKED FIGURES all swing their torches to WEAVER.

WEAVER

Thanks Joyce. Now you'll be pleased
 to know that the tenacious Sergeant
 Angel has now been taken care of.
 Thanks must go to Simon Skinner for
 his efforts in this. Our very own
 Joyce Cooper will discover the
 officer tomorrow morning, slumped

(MORE)

WEAVER (cont'd)
 on the wet [U+FB02]oor of his
 ensuite bathroom, having slipped in
 the shower and tragically broken
 his neck. Dr. Hatcher will take it
 from there.

DR. HATCHER
 Indeed and may I say very well
 executed Simon. I will of course
 pronounce the death as accidental.
 That is after all what I'm here
 for.

All torches to DR. HATCHER. There are mild chuckles.

WEAVER
 With Sergeant Angel dispatched, we
 can concentrate our efforts on
 eradicating our hoodie infestation,
 after which nothing will stand in
 our way.

ANGEL (O.S.)
 Oh I beg to differ, Mister Weaver.

All the torches spin to the direction of the voice.

WEAVER
 Well, well, well, I see we have
 visitors.

ANGEL walks into the torch beams, warrant card aloft.

ANGEL
 Sergeant Nicholas Angel. Sandford
 Police Service.

SNINNER
 My, he is tenacious isn't he?

ANGEL
 I'm placing you all under arrest on
 suspicion of conspiracy to commit
 murder.

WEAVER
 Oh come, come Sergeant Angel.

ANGEL
 You should be ashamed of
 yourselves. This is supposed to be
 the community that cares!

REV. SHOOTER
Oh, but we do care Nicholas.

JOYCE COOPER
It's all about the greater good.

ALL
The greater good.

ANGEL
What do you mean the greater good?

ALL
The greater good.

SKINNER
Sandford, Nicholas. The village.

DR. HATCHER
A happy village is a healthy
village.

REAPER
Perfection breeds contentment and
contentment is paramount.

SKINNER
You see, as much as I enjoyed your
wild theories Sergeant, the truth
is far less complex. Blower's fate
was simply the result of his being
an appalling actor.

There's a murmur of "appalling".

ANGEL
You murdered him for that?

SKINNER
He murdered Bill Shakespeare.

ANGEL
What!? Oh I see.

We see FLASHEACKS of MARTIN ELOWER's dressing room murder.

Now, we see new angles with MULTIPLE CLOAKED FIGURES.

REAPER
The Sandford Players is an
important feather in our cap.

DR. HATCEER
 We couldn't let Blower jeopardize
 that. Not when we had two
 semiprofessionals waiting in the
 wings.

SKINNER points to an OLDER COUPLE in cloaks who wave back.

SKINNER
 Let us not forget Greg was an extra
 in Straw Dogs -

ANGEL
 Yes, I know!

JOYCE COOPER
 Martin was less concerned with the
 reputation of the village than his
 sordid affair with Eve Draper.

We see FLASHBACKS of EVE's murder by MULTIPLE KILLERS.

ANGEL
 And so Eve deserved to die too?

DR. HATCHER
 She did have an annoying laugh.

There's a murmur of 'annoying'.

ANGEL
 And George Merchant?

SKINNER
 He had an awful house.

There's a murmur of "awful".

We see FLASHBACKS of MERCHANT'S 'accidental' explosion. Now,
 with MULTIPLE CLOAKED FIGURES engineering it.

JOYCE COOPER
 We begged him in vain to make his
 residence more in keeping with the
 village's rustic aesthetic.

ANGEL
 What was Messenger's crime?

SKINNER
 Tim Messenger's tenure as editor of
 the Sandford Citizen has been
 unbearable.

REAPER

Our once great paper had become riddled with tabloid journalism and dreadful punnery. Not to mention persistent errors.

ROY PORTER

He listed her age as 55.

MARY PORTER

When I'm actually 53.

REV SHOOTER

The church roof was in need of repair and the insurers wouldn't pay unless it was certified hazardous. Let's just say we killed two birds with one stone.

FLASHBACK of MULTIPLE CLOAKED FIGURES pushing the turret.

ANGEL

What about Leslie Tillar? One of your own? Her her horticultural expertise helped put Sandford on the map.

JOYCE COOPER

She was ever so good.

SKINNER

Cousin Leslie was a terrible shame. But it seems she was set on moving away.

WEAVER

We had to stop her before she shared her green fingers with anyone else.

JOYCE COOPER

Not least the heathens at Euford Abbey.

The NWA simultaneously spit on the ground.

DR. HATCHER

If we can't have her no-one can.

ANGEL

How can this be for the greater good?!

ALL
The greater good.

ANGEL
Shut it. These people died for no
reason, no reason whatsoever?

VOICE (O.S.)
Oh I wouldn't say that.

All torches move to the voice. To ANGEL's horror, it is
FRANK. He wears the era FASHIONED POLICE CAPE.

FRANK
I was like you once Nicholas. I
believed in the immutable word of
the law. That is until the night
Mrs. Butterman was taken from me.
You see, no-one loved Sandford more
than her. She was head of the
Women's Institute, chair of the
'[U+FB02]oral committee', even ran
the Neighbourhood Watch before Tom.
When they started the 'Village of
the Year' contest, she worked round
the clock, it became her life. I've
never seen such dedication. On the
eve of the adjudicator's
arrival, some travellers moved
into Callahan Park. Before could
say gypsy scum, We were knee deep
in dog muck, thieving kids and
crusty jugglers. We lost the title
and Irene lost her mind. She drove
her Datsun Cherry into Sandford
Gorge. The inquiry said it was an
accident but I knew better. From
that moment on I swore that I'd do
her proud. And whatever the cost,
we'd make Sandford great again.

ANGEL
Sir, this doesn't make sense.

WEAVER
It makes perfect sense, Sergeant.
Frank gathered together a group of
the most faithful Sandfordians and
showed us how we might rid our
streets of the paedophiles and
perverts-

REV. SHOOTER
-the shoplifters-

REAPER
-the shirtlifters-

WEAVER
-the punks, the drunks-

AMANDA PAVER
-the thugs, the mugs-

SKINNER
-the hams, the shams-

REV. SHOOTER
-the drifters, the
grifters-

DR. HATCHER
-the dodgers, the bodgers-

JOYCE COOPER
-the hawkers, the stalkers-

ROY PORTER
-the gypsies, the tramps-

MARY PORTER
-and thieves-

ANNETTE ROPER
-the paedophiles, the perverts-

ANGEL
Yeah, you've had them.

FRANK
The adjudicators arrive tomorrow
Nicholas. They were supposed to
arrive in a couple of months but
they brought it forward for some
reason. We had to make sure
everything was ready.

ANGEL
Are you saying this was all about
winning the 'Best Village Award'?

FRANK
This is the best village Nicholas.
You've seen the people. They're
happy, contented. Most of them
don't even know about our work.
They have very normal lives.

There's a murmur of "very normal".

ANGEL
They're living in a dream world.

HATCHER

Precisely. No crime. No tension.

WEAVER

Sheer bliss.

There's a murmur of "bliss".

FRANK

We have created the society you dream about. Isn't that worth preserving?

ANGEL

Not with murder.

FRANK

Sgt. Popwell thought much the same as you. I'm disappointed you can't see the big picture.

ANGEL

Well, I'm happy to disappoint sir. And I'm afraid you're going to have to come with me. You're all going to have to come with me.

FRANK

No Nicholas, I'm afraid it's you who has to come with us...

The NWA reveal an array of weapons from under their cloaks; axes, scythes, pitchforks, knives etc.

Out of the shadows, a bruised and angry LURCH slaps a hand on ANGEL's shoulder. ANGEL is shocked. Another hand lands on his other shoulder. he turns to see-

ANGEL

Danny? No! NO!

DANNY is silent. He and LURCH wield knives and torches. With lightning speed ANGEL ducks out of their grip, grabs LURCH's blade, spins behind DANNY and holds it to his throat. He takes DANNY's torch and shines it at the NWA.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Now back off or you'll be explaining to everyone how Danny accidentally tripped and cut his own head off.

The NWA continue to close in. FRANK laughs.

FRANK

Oh come on Nicholas. You haven't got it in you.

ANGEL

I MEAN IT.

They close in further.
Shit.

ANGEL throws DANNY to the ground and runs into the woods. The NWA give chase. A hoard of cloaked figures run through the trees. ANGEL sprints into the darkness-

Suddenly ANGEL trips and falls through a hole in the path.

INT. BLACKNESS - NIGHT

ANGEL crashes to a dusty [U+FB02]oor, winded. He picks up his torch and shines it around. He seems to be inside an old GYPSY CARAVAN buried in the ground. His torch picks out a SKELETON IN GYPSY CLOTHING.

ANGEL backs up frantically, colliding with an ENTIRE FAMILY OF GYPSY SKELETONS, complete with children and dog.

ANGEL staggers to the door which bursts open into a cave. His torch picks out many more bodies. The most recent addition, in a PURPLE SHELL SUIT is a dead PETER COCKER.

ANGEL jumps back and finds himself staring at a skeleton in a police sergeant's uniform. It has a BIG BUSHY BEARD.

ANGEL [U+FB02]ees the cave and sees one other corpse; that of the LIVING STATUE, now frozen in a final expression of terror.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

ANGEL slams straight into DANNY at the cave mouth.

The other NWA members gather behind, an ominous mass of shadow. DANNY produces his blade.

ANGEL

Danny! No!

DANNY plunges the knife into ANGEL's chest. We see ANGEL stagger back. His torch drops and smashes.

INT/EXT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

A sign looms in the night - 'YOU ARE NOW LEAVING SANDFORD'.

A grim DANNY pulls into a dark layby in his Astra. The brake lights illuminate the sign with a hellish glow.

INT/EXT DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

A car boot opens. DANNY stands over a bloodied ANGEL, the knife protruding from his chest.

ANGEL slowly opens his eyes and looks at DANNY with confusion. DANNY slowly opens his hand to reveal a number of empty ketchup sachets.

DANNY
(weakly)
Ta-daaaa.

DANNY yanks the knife out of ANGEL's chest. ANGEL produces the notebook from his breast pocket.

ANGEL
What are you doing?

DANNY
They told me I had to put you in
the front seat and push you in the
gorge.

DANNY hauls ANGEL out of the car boot.

ANGEL
Danny, it's murder.

DANNY
It's not, it's ketchup.

ANGEL
I'm not talking about me Danny, I'm
talking about all the others the
NWA have murdered.

DANNY
That's not true. Dad just said it's
his special club. I thought it was
just about rapping knuckles and
sending them on their way.

ANGEL

There are skeletons back there
Danny.

DANNY

I don't know nuffin about the
skelingtons!

ANGEL

But what about Draper, Blower,
Merchant, Messenger and Tiller?
What do you think was happening?

DANNY

I don't know.

ANGEL

It was Frank, Danny. He's appointed
himself judge, jury and
executioner.

DANNY

He's not Judge Judy!

ANGEL

He is Danny! And you have to help
me take him down.

DANNY

I can't Nicholas. I'm involved now.
I have to do what Dad says. I can't
get out. But you can. Take the car,
go back to London. There's nothing
you can do.

ANGEL

I can come back. And I can bring
the blue fury of the Metropolitan
Police Service with me.

DANNY

They'll make it all disappear. They
hid it from everyone else. Who are
they gonna believe? Dad, or the
loony London copper?

ANGEL

But you'll be here won't you Danny?
We can do this together. You and
me. Partners.

DANNY

Forget it Nicholas. It's Sandford.

A tearful DANNY pulls out his car keys. ANGEL takes them, limps to the car and drives off. In his rear view, ANGEL can just make out the figure of DANNY standing in the road.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

ANGEL drives down the M4. Rain lashes his windscreen. His fuel light blinks low. He reaches 'HESTON SERVICES'.

INT. HESTON SERVICES - NIGHT

A CLERK eyes ANGEL, who is covered in grime and ketchup.

CLERK

Is that everything Sir?

ANGEL's gaze has been drawn to a bargain bin full of DVDs. He scans the titles - 'OUT FOR JUSTICE', 'THE ENFDRCER', 'LETHAL WEAPON', 'WALKING TALL', 'HARD TO KILL'.

CLERK (cont'd)

Sir? Sir? Is there anything we can do for you?

ANGEL

No. This is something I have to do myself.

ANGEL grabs a pair of shades, a [U+FB02]stful of car spray paints and some bubble gum. He slams down some crumpled money.

EXT. BRANNIGAN'S FARM - MORNING

We see the 'WELCOME TO SANDFORD' sign.

It's morning outside JAMES REAPER's farm. His GREEN 4X4 pulls over to the roadside. He gets out and walks to some horses at a gate. They snort, restless. REAPER looks behind him. The ASTRA is sitting right in the middle of the road.

REAPER

Danny?

REAPER squints. It's not DANNY. Sitting behind the wheel, wearing shades and revving the engine, is ANGEL.

Reaper runs to his 4X4...ANGEL screams towards him...Reaper grabs his car radio..

SMASH. ANGEL crashes his car directly into the 4X4...REAPER is left clutching the radio and snapped cable...ANGEL springs from the ASTRA and charges towards REAPER.

REAPER (cont'd)

Mum!!!

ANGEL punches REAPER out cold. BANG...Buckshot rips into the 4X4 next to ANGEL's head...

REAPER'S MUM brandishes a shotgun from the other side of the gate. She breaks the shotgun and goes to reload.

ANGEL runs towards the gate, jumps into the air and launches into a [U+FB02]ying kick. REAPER'S MUM snaps the shotgun shut, ANGEL lands on her, with maximum force.

EXT. BRANNIGAN'S FARM - MORNING

JAMES REAFER and his MUM are tied to the fence.

REAPER

What are you going to do? Just walk in and arrest the whole village?

ANGEL

Not exactly.

INT. SANDFORD STATION - MORNING

ANGEL glides through the quiet front office, past the straight haired DESK SERGEANT who barely looks up.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

ANGEL glides through the locker room. No-one spots him. He opens his locker, and retrieves a uniform and a stab vest.

INT/EXT. EVIDENCE ROOM - MORNING

'999' is punched into the keypad. The door opens on the arsenal of weaponry. ANGEL grabs all he can carry. RIFLES and SHOTGUNS round his shoulders, PISTOLS in his belt.

The room is now completely empty, save for the sea mine.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MORNING

FRANK looks at paperwork and eats ice cream. In the outer office ANGEL stands looking in. FRANK becomes aware of someone watching. He looks up but ANGEL has gone.

INT. STATION - MORNING

ANGEL glides past the DESK SERGEANT, who finally pipes up.

DESK SERGEANT
Oh Sergeant Angel? Someone from
London called for you.

ANGEL scowls back at him, chewing gum, armed to the teeth.

DESK SERGEANT (cont'd)
I'll tell them you'll ring 'em
back.

ANGEL nods and walks out. The DESK SERGEANT watches him go.

DESK SERGEANT (cont'd)
That's funny.

VOICE (O.S.)
What's that?

DESK SERGEANT
I didn't know we had a mounted
division.

The voice's owner joins DESK SERGEANT in peering after ANGEL.

It's his curly haired twin brother.

THE OTHER DESK SERGEANT
Nobody tells me nothing.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

An armed ANGEL trots down the street on a FUCKING HORSE. He rides past a bus shelter where GABRIEL WEAVER and the HOODIES sit in their usual formation, albeit in school uniform. They stare at ANGEL, their young mouths agape.

ANGEL
Wanna do something useful?

ANGEL throws a holdall to GABRIEL. It's full of spray cans.

INT. STATION/CCTV OFFICE - MORNING

WEAVER reads the paper and daintily eats ice cream. He does not see the CCTV screens slowly turn black behind him.

EXT. HIGH STREET - MORNING

Sandford. As it was that first morning. Idyllic, bustling, happy. Among the morning folk we see smiling NWA members going about their business as if nothing has happened.

We see WORKMEN putting up a banner across the middle of the street reading 'GOOD LUCK SANDFORD: VILLAGE OF THE YEAR'.

ANNETTE ROPER is putting out a display in front of her shop. Her walkie-talkie crackles to life.

RADIO VOICE

Annette, that new policeman's back.

INT. CCTV ROOM - MORNING

WEAVER hears this RADIO message and finally realises that all his precious CCTV cameras have been sprayed black.

INT. SURGERY - MORNING

DR. HATCHER peers through his surgery window, his eyes wide. ANGEL is re[U+FB02]ected passing on horse back.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

JOYCE COOPER waters the hanging baskets outside the hotel, she spots ANGEL riding up the middle of the high street.

The PORTERS peer out of the Crown, mouths agape.

REV. SHOOTER is talking to the understudies GREG and SHEREE. All three stop and stare. AMANDA PAVER skids to a stop on her bicycle and gawks. MR. TREACHER in his heavy coat looks on in terror.

SKINNER and his staff stare from the window of SUMMERAISLES.

DANNY is sat in the squad car in the usual parking spot. He sees ANGEL and is terrified, not knowing what to do.

INT. STATION - MORNING

WEAVER bursts into FRANK's office, panic stricken. FRANK looks up. His cheery expression dissipates immediately.

FRANK

Angel.

EXT. SQUARE - MORNING

The village has come to a stop. The NWA watch as ANGEL dismounts. Beads of sweat glisten. Eyes [U+FB02]ick this way and that. The ordinary folk are unnerved by the hush.

ANGEL

Morning.

MR. TREACHER [U+FB02]ings open his winter coat revealing a shot gun. ANGEL dives behind the fountain just as he fires.

The village erupts into chaos. The innocent run for cover.

The NWA mobilise. The PORTERS scurry inside. DR. HATCHER emerges from his surgery with a number of guns.

ANNETTE ROPER runs into her shop. Moments later an upper window smashes and the barrel of a gun protrudes.

DANNY sits in the car, his face a mixture of awe and panic.

ANGEL takes a look at MR. TREACHER's position. He is standing next to a truck loaded with BEER BARRELS. ANGEL jumps up and fires blasting the catch holding the BEER BARRELS in place. They tumble off the back of the truck, knocking TREACHER off his feet.

ANGEL is pinned down by fire from ANNETTE ROPER. He looks up to see ROPER'S gun poking out of her shop.

ANGEL sees the HOODIES hiding behind a car. He motions to the newsagent. The HOODIES stampede into the shop. The door slams. We see the notice; "ONLY ONE CHILD AT ANY TIME".

In the window, ROPER'S gun is suddenly yanked backwards. We hear muffled screams and blows.

Shots ring out, a hail of bullets narrowly missing ANGEL. Pedalling towards him on her cycle, firing a ri[U+FB02]e is AMANDA PAVER. ANGEL dives out of the line of fire.

DANNY sees AMANDA PAVER in his wing mirror. His face hardens. He [U+FB02]ings the door wide open and sends AMANDA PAVER [U+FB02]ying through the air into a crumpled heap.

DANNY runs over to join ANGEL. ANGEL throws him a shotgun. DANNY catches it in mid air.

ANGEL (cont'd)
That's what I'm talking about.

Shots ricochet off the fountain. GREG and SHEREE reign fire on the two officers. ANGEL and DANNY, without a moments pause, return fire, shooting GREG in his gun hand and SHEREE in the shoulder. Both fall dramatically.

JOYCE COOPER
Fascist!

JOYCE COOPER opens fire with an antique Winchester. DANNY dives for cover. ANGEL rolls across the [U+FB02]oor, pulling two pistols from his belt, still rolling he fires at JOYCE. One of JOYCE's hanging baskets drops directly on her head.

ANGEL
Hag!

There's a piercing yell. ANGEL turns to see BERNARD baring down fast with the ORNAMENTAL SWORD. ANGEL barely manages to draw his baton to block the attack. BERNARD swipes, slicing the baton in half. ANGEL takes out BERNARD's legs with a foot sweep. BERNARD crashes down.

Then from behind ANGEL.

REV. SHOOTER
STOP! STOP THIS! Please. Let us put down our guns. Nicholas, my son, you may not be a man of god but surely you're a man of peace.

ANGEL
Reverend I may not be convinced about the existence of God but I know good and evil and I have the grace to know which is which.

REV. SHOOTER
Oh fuck off Grasshopper!

REV. SHOOTER pulls a pistol from his cassock and fires. The bullet takes ANGEL by surprise, grazing his shoulder.

DANNY
Noooooooooooo!

DANNY returns fire at SHOOTER hitting him in the shoulder.

REV. SHOOTER
Jesus Christ!!!

DANNY runs over to ANGEL who is lying wounded in the road.

ANGEL
Still feel like you're missing out?

CLICK. They turn to see DR. HATCHER pointing a shotgun.

DR. HATCHER
Drop your weapons.

DANNY
Dr. Hatcher wait.

DR. HATCHER
Shut up Danny. I brought you into
this world, it's rather fitting I
should be the one to take you out
of it. You and your interfering
little friend. Now drop them!

DANNY does so. His shotgun hits the [U+FB02]oor. BLAM! It
fires into HATCHER's leg. His knee explodes in a shower of
blood.

DR. HATCHER clutches his knee, wailing in pain.

ANGEL
You're a doctor, deal with
it...motherfucker. Danny, let's go.

DANNY
What are you thinking exactly?

A shot blasts from the windows of THE CROWN.

ANGEL
Pub?

ANGEL eyes the board outside the pub; reading 'COME ON IN!'

INT/EXT. THE CROWN - MORNING

SMASH. The pub board comes smashing through the window.

The PORTERS fire wildly from behind the bar, before a sign
reading 'TWO SHOOTERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE'. They stop.

Then - the pub doors [U+FB02]y open. DANNY and ANGEL burst
in, jumping through the air whilst both firing two guns.

They land and roll, grabbing tables to form a barricade. The PORTERS open fire again. Tables and chairs splinter.

ANGEL pops up and fires at a bear trap on the wall. It falls and clamps its jaws around ROY PORTER's head.

MARY PORTER

Roy! Somebody call the police!

FRANK (O.S.)

Reach!

The entire Sandford police burst in, wearing RIOT GEAR and clutching batons. WALKER holds a growling SAXON on a leash. FRANK leads them, aiming his ANTIQUE PISTOLS at ANGEL.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Officers, arrest that man. Danny, step away from the Sergeant.

DANNY

No Dad.

FRANK

Danny, you'll do as you're told.

DANNY

No, I'm not taking orders from you any more.

FRANK

Officers, arrest these men!

ANGEL

You can arrest us if you want. You can throw us in prison and go back to being blind, submissive slaves.

CARTWRIGHT

What the fuck is he on about?

WAINWRIGHT

What the fuck are you on about?

ANGEL

Have you ever wondered why the crime rate in Sandford is so low and the accident rate so high?

FISHER

No. Yes. What?

ANGEL

You've been brain washed Sergeant into naivety by an old man with a murderous obsession and it's time you opened your eyes to the truth.

FRANK

This is ridiculous.

DANNY

No, it's not Dad. It's very unridiculous. And it's only now that I'm starting to realise how unridiculous it all is.

FRANK

Silence Danny! Think of your mother.

DANNY

Mum's dead and for the first time in my life, I'm glad. Because even though she loved this village more than anything if she could see what you've become, she'd kill herself all over again.

DORIS THATCHER

Sorry, I'm completely lost.

ANGEL

Sandford is a lie Doris. For the last twenty years the village has been controlled by Frank and the NWA. They've lulled you into thinking this is a perfect village by killing anyone who threatened to change that.

SAXON stops growling. BOB WALKER pipes up.

WALKER

Recconneegottsumadere.

DANNY

He says he 'reckons you got something there'.

ANGEL

I know. Thanks.

WALKER/DANNY

S'alroight.

FRANK rounds on the officers, raising his pistols at them.

FRANK

You're not seriously going to believe this man are you? Are you?! He's not even from round here.

The officers look on in confused disbelief at the manic FRANK, who realises he is brandishing his weapons.

WAINWRIGHT

Maybe it's time to give it up sir.

FRANK

You ignorant flatfoots!

FRANK snaps, shooting his pistols up in the air. He hits a rustic light fitting, which crashes to the ground.

ANGEL and the other officers dive out of the way, as glass explodes across the main bar. Everyone scatters.

In the confusion, FRANK makes a bid for freedom through the back of the pub. ANGEL jumps up. The other officers stare after FRANK, then look to ANGEL, their new leader.

ANGEL

Let's go.

DANNY

Aren't we gonna go after dad?

ANGEL

He'll come round again.

DANNY

Well, who else is there?

ANGEL

Want anything from the shop?

FLASHCUTS; the police tool up, cuff people. PC WALKER and SAXON guard the already incapacitated NWA members. ROY PORTER still has the bear trap on his head.

EXT. SUMMERAISLES - MORNING

ANGEL leads his new recruits as they approach the car park. They take cover behind recycling bins, armed and ready.

DANNY
What you thinking?

Before Angel can answer-

FISHR
We should strike now while we have the element of surprise, the longer we wait the more time they have to mobilise. I say we go in through the front entrance and take the place aisle by aisle. They won't be expecting that.

ANGEL
Very good. What he said.

INT. SUMMERAILES - MORNING

A grim SKINNER and his gormless minions watch the CCTV.

SKINNER
My, my. Here come the fuzz.

EXT. SUMMERAISLES - MORNING

The Sandford police gather near the entrance.

WAINWRIGHT
Maybe they're not in.

ANGEL
Wait here.

ANGEL goes into SUMMERAISLES through the automatic door.

DORIS THATCHER
We can't let him go in on his own.

DANNY
He knows what he's doing.

KRAAASSSHHHH! ANGEL comes [U+FB02]ying through the front window of the shop and lands in a heap on the ground. He gets up.

ANGEL
They're in. You take the shop. I'll
deal with the trolley boy.

Eh? WAINWRIGHT Eh? CARTWRIGHT

LURCH strides out of the shop.

Oh. WAINWRIGHT Oh. CARTWRIGHT

DANNY leads the officers in, as ANGEL faces up to LURCH.

ANGEL (cont'd)
We don't have to do this Michael.
Is this what you really want?

LURCH
Yarp.

ANGEL
Suit yourself.

ANGEL runs at LUNCH and headbutts him in the face.

INT. SUMMRAISLES - MORNING

The OFFICERS make their way through the supermarket aisles. WAINWRIGHT peers round a corner. One of the GRUFF BUTCHERS throws a large meat cleaver. It shatters a tomato sauce jar next to his head. CARTWRIGHT shrieks, assuming it's blood.

CARTWRIGHT
Andy!

Meanwhile ANGEL is being swung around by LURCH, his arms clamped tightly around LURCH's neck. ANGEL [U+FB02]ailing legs knock produce off shelves as he clings on tight. LURCH begins to lose consciousness. He staggers past a 'WET FLOOR' sign, slips and both fall hard into a chest freezer.

ANGEL scrambles out covered in frost. LURCH is out cold.

ANGEL joins the other officers, who crouch behind shelves as they shoot at the two GRUEE EUTCHERS.

DANNY
Where's Lurch?

ANGEL
He's unconscious in the freezer.

DANNY
Did you say 'cool off'?

ANGEL
No I didn't say anything.

DANNY
Oh shame.

ANGEL
But you missed a bit earlier when I
distracted him with the monkey,
said 'Playtime's over' and hit him
with the Peace Lily.

DANNY
You're off the fucking chain!

Another cleaver whizzes by, smashing more sauce bottles.

ANGEL
What's the situation?

WAINWRIGHT
Two blokes and a lot of cutlery.
What do you reckon?

The two GRUFF BUTCHERS wait, knives drawn, ready to throw. Suddenly a terrific clattering rumble fills the store. A battering ram comprised of several trollies handcuffed together bursts into view, hurtling toward the GRUFF BUTCHERS. The ANDES ride the front of the trolley-ram, yelling like Vikings.

The trollies crash into the meat counter, knocking the GRUFF BUTCHERS to the [U+FB02]oor. The ANDES leap off the makeshift battering ram and deck the [U+FB02]oored bad guys.

A PIERCING SCREAM. The officers turn to see the sluttish CHECKOUT GIRL running towards them.

DORIS THATCHER grabs the 'WET FLOOR' sign and slams it into the CHECKOUT GIRL's face. She slides across the [U+FB02]oor.

WAINWRIGHT (cont'd)
Nice one Doris.

DORIS THATCHER
Nothing like a bit of girl on girl.

SPLAT! The officers duck for cover. Gangly SHELF STACKERS appear, throwing a volley of melons and pineapples.

ANGEL

Can you handle this sergeant? We're going after the big boss.

FISHER

We're on it, Sergeant.

ANGEL

Danny, let's roll.

WAINWEIGHT

Angel! Don't go being a twat now.

ANGEL

I wouldn't give you the satisfaction.

ANGEL and DANNY burst in. The office is deserted, the window open. They see SKINNER in the car park climbing into a SQUAD CAR, driven by FRANK.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Let's get down there.

DANNY

How?

ANGEL

Skip.

ANGEL and DANNY jump through the open window and land in a skip full of cardboard boxes, as FRANK's car peels off.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Head 'em off?

DANNY

Fuck yeah.

ANGEL and DANNY sprint down an alley, burst back into the square and race towards DANNY's SQUAD CAR.

DANNY (cont'd)

I'll drive.

ANGEL slides over the bonnet to the passenger side. FRANK's car screams past. DANNY gets in and [U+FB02]icks on the siren.

ANGEL
Punch that shit!

They screech off. Behind them we see the once picturesque square bullet riddled and blood splattered. The banner reading 'Village of the Year' [U+FB02]utters to the ground.

Three official looking types holding clipboards stand gobsmacked amid the debris.

EXT. SANDFOED STREETS - DAY

FRANK's car races past a 'KILL YOUR SPEED' sign.

Behind, ANGEL and DANNY gain on them. They take turns shooting at FRANK's car as they go. It's COP ON COP.

FRANK's car hits the brow of a hill at 100mph and gets air. As it hits the road again, SKINNNR spots something.

SKINNER
Swan!

FRANK panics. Swerves. Big mistake. The car careers off the road and smashes right into a sign for the 'MODEL VILLAGE'.

EXT. MODEL VILLAGE - DAY

A beautiful blue sky. The sun beams down on a perfect vista of Sandford. The idyllic shot is quickly ruined however as-

A GIGANTIC SQUAD CAR [U+FB02]ies over what we reveal to be a miniature version of Sandford. A small GINGER HAired KID stares in awe as the SQUAD CAR brie[U+FB02]y blocks out the sun.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

ANGEL and DANNY's SQUAD CAR reaches the brow of the hill.

ANGEL
Swan.

DANNY brakes with expert timing. They screech to a stop by the waddling SWAN. ANGEL opens the door and grabs the SWAN.

EXT. MODEL VILLAGE - DAY

The SWAN now sat in the back seat, DANNY takes the SQUAD CAR into the Model Village. Ahead is a scene of devastation.

FRANK's SQUAD CAR lies upturned in a water feature, a damaged sprinkler rains water down onto the model village. FRANK is motionless at the wheel.

SKINNER limps away from the crash. ANGEL jumps from the car and runs toward him. DANNY runs over to his injured father. SKINNER swipes up the GINGER HAired KID and holds a pistol to his head. ANGEL freezes, stopping dead in his tracks.

SKTNNER

Stay back or the ginger nut gets it!

The KID thinks fast, sinking his teeth into SKINNER's hand.

SKINNER

Ow you little fucker!

SKINNER drops the kid. Before he has a chance to recover, ANGEL pounces and they both crash down into the tiny village. SKINNER's pistol skitters down a miniature street.

ANGEL and SKINNER spring back up. The sprinkler rains down as they trade blows. The low angle in the model village makes them look like GODZILLA and KING KONG.

ANGEL hits SKINNER twice hard in the face. Reaching out SKINNER grabs ANGEL's hand. ANGEL winces in pain. SKINNER sees he has discovered a weakness and exploits it. He twists ANGEL's hand whilst raining blows down on his face.

SKINNER (cont'd)

GET GUT GE MY VILLAGE!

ANGEL straightens himself like T2 and shakes his head.

ANGEL

It's not your village any more.

WHAM. ANGEL [U+FB02]attens SKINNER with one punch. SKINNER sprawls across a mini village square. ANGEL looks over to the GINGER KID, who is agog at the coolness of events.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Well done son. What's your name?

GINGER HAired KID
Aaron A. Aaronson.

ANGEL
I'm sorry?

The KID's eyes go wide. ANGEL spins around. Behind is a maniacal SKINNER, holding a box cutter knife and running full pelt at ANGEL through the tiny streets.

SKINNER
Annnnnnnnnnnnnngellllllllll!

SKINNER trips on a model Someraisles truck. His legs slip from under him, sending him [U+FB02]ying. He spins in the air.

SPLAT. SKINNER falls hard onto the miniature church roof. A model turret has embedded itself beneath SKINNER's chin and protrudes through his mouth.

ANGEL looks to DANNY who pulls FRANK from the SQUAD CAR.

ANGEL
Danny. It's over.

SKINNER (O.S.)
Ooowwww.

SKINNER is not actually dead. He speaks, even though his neck and tongue are now pierced by the turret.

SKINNER
Gooow, thith weally hurth. I can't feel my thongue. I'm going to need thome ice cream.

ANGEL
There's plenty of ice cream back at the station. Isn't there-

ANGEL turns to see FRANK holding a gun to DANNY's head.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Oh pack it in Frank, you silly bastard!

FRANK
Now, now Sergeant. We don't want any more bloodshed.

DANNY

Dad, don't do this!

ANGEL

Frank, this whole thing started because you lost someone you loved. Don't expect me to believe you'd let it end the same way.

FRANK

I'll tell you how this is going to end!

He points his gun at ANGEL. DANNY leaps on FRANK wrestling the gun from him. FRANK sprints off towards ANGEL's car.

DANNY aims the gun at him and is about to pull the trigger. He can't. Instead he points the gun in the air and fires.

DANNY

Aaaaargh!

FRANK jumps in the car and peels off, wheels screeching.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

FRANK looks in his rear view. No one pursues him.

However he is not alone in the car. Behind, the long slender neck of THE SWAN rears up. FRANK turns. It pounces.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

ANGEL and DANNY watch as the CAR veers wildly and crashes into a tree. We hear the sound of distant swan battle.

ANGEL

I feel like I should say something smart.

DANNY

You don't have to say anything at all.

Rehind them cars screech up and the rest of the Sandford police run over. The two officers look up to see a METROPOLITAN POLICE HELICOPTER coming to land in a field.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

FRANK sits handcuffed in the back of an ambulance, wearing a neckbrace.

SKINNER is carried through shot on a stretcher, the model church spire still sticking through his face. The HOODIES record this sight on their mobiles.

SKINNER

Ow ow ow ow ow ow.

We see the Swan cuffed to a car door by the neck. The OLD MAN IN A CAP approaches to retrieve him.

ANGEL and DANNY sit with blankets around them. They are addressed by the three officers from the start of the film.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

What do you say Nicholas?

INSPECTOR

We've been trying to reach you for days.

ANGEL

Well I've been kind of busy.

SERGEANT

We need you back. The figures have gone a little squiffy in your absence it has to be said.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Come back to London. Sandford's hardly fitting for such an exceptional officer.

ANGEL looks to DANNY, then back at the model Sandford.

ANGEL

Yes, but the thing is sir. I like it here. Now, if you'll excuse me, we have to do a considerable amount of paperwork.

INT/EXT. STATION - DAY

FASTCUTS of forms being filled, various NWA members processed; prints, mug shots etc. ROY PORTER still has the bear trap on his head. He is measured as 7 feet 5 inches.

INT. STATION - DUSK

The entire Sandford force, including both DESK SERGEANTS sit quietly scribbling away. DANNY is particularly hard at work, the Peace Lily now has pride of place on his desk.

WATNWRIGHT

Fucking hell Nick, this is going to take ages.

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah, we're gonna be here all night.

FISHER

Good job we've got the manpower isn't it Andy?

DANNY

Actually, official vocab guidelines state that we say 'staf[U+FB02]ng', not 'manpower'. 'Manpower's sexist.

ANGEL

You don't mind a bit of manpower do you Doris?

DORIS THATCHER

Dirty bastard!

Everyone laughs. Whoops and catcalls fill the office. ANGEL is for once the office joker.

A WASTEPAPER BASKET hits him hard on the head.

ANGEL

Hey you cheeky fucker!

Another huge laugh. ANGEL grins at DANNY, who appears suddenly grave. He follows DANNY's gaze to see TOM WEAVER. Aiming a BLUNDERBUSS at ANGEL, his face full of hate.

WEAVER

You know what you are? A bloody busy-body!

WEAVER fires. DANNY lunges at ANGEL, pushing him off his chair and taking full force of WEAVER's blast in the chest.

With lightning speed ANGEL slips his feet into a wastepaper basket and kicks it at WEAVER's face.

WEAVER staggers back into the evidence ream. He hits the back shelf. The sea mine teeters, rolls forward and drops between WEAVER's legs, narrowly missing his crotch.

WEAVER (cont'd)
Oh thank god.

KA-BOOM. The sea mine goes off. The evidence room door blasts outwards. ANGEL [U+FB02]ies backwards through the air.

SANDFORD POLICE STATION EXPLODES.

In the clearing smoke, paperwork [U+FB02]utters to the floor. From under the rubble, we see movement. A hedgehog crawls out, blinking in the light.

Then the Sandford Police Service, blackened but intact, miraculously get to their feet. A frantic ANGEL hurries over to find DANNY who lies among the debris, barely alive.

ANGEL
Hold on Danny. Everything's alright.

The officers gather round ANGEL cradling DANNY in his arms.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Everything's gonna be just fine.

EXT. SANDFORD/VARIOUS - DAY

CAPTION - 'One Year Later'. We see ANGEL leaving a cottage and walk by a garden path.

We see ANGEL, now an Inspector, suiting up at the station. His uniform is different however. It's more modern. Cooler. He is also armed with an automatic revolver.

ANGEL strolls down a station corridor. Familiar looking brightly coloured notices are pinned all around the walls.

ANGEL walks out of the newly built station, and gets into his new SQUAD CAR. It's more modern. Cooler.

ANGEL drives along, his passenger seat conspicuously empty. He passes a skate park where GABRIEL WEAVER and friends congregate, their heads down. His mobile rings. He answers.

ANGEL
Okay. Give me a minute.

ANGEL comes out of the florists, now called LESLIE'S GARDEN, with a bouquet of [U+FB02]owers and gets into his car.

He walks through the graveyard to a single headstone. We see that it reads BUTTERMAN.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Are these okay?

VOICE (O.S.)
Yeah they're lovely.

DANNY is revealed, standing next to ANGEL. He kneels down and places the [U+FB02]owers on a grave. ANGEL steps back, revealing the full headstone. It reads, 'IRENE BUTTERMAN'.

INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

DANNY and ANGEL are in their car. The radic crackles.

DORIS THATCHER (O.S.)
Any officers near the church?

ANGEL
Go ahead Doris.

DORIS TRATCHER (O.S.)
Chief, we've had a report of some hippy types messin' with the recycle bins at the supermarket.

ANGEL
Leave it with us. Sergeant Butterman. Little hand says it's time to rock and roll.

DANNY
Bring the noise.

We cut to the exterior of the SQUAD CAR. ANGEL pulls a spectacular handbrake turn, spinning the car 180 degrees. Accelerating with a roar, the car hurtles towards us, filling the frame.

CRASH TO BLACK