



'LICENCE TO CLEAN' (W/T)

Pilot Episode:
'NOT ON MY SOFA'

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SHOOTING SCRIPT **B 1 B 308808000T m /rTT40s**

LICE

1 EXT. A GRAND HOUSE.

1

A police car sits outside a fairly grand house in a well-to-do suburb. POLICEMAN TONY is packing away scene of crime paraphernalia in to the boot. RUTH, a Sergeant sits at the wheel with the window open. *
*

RUTH

Here he comes, Mr Mop.

WICKY

I don't use a mop as well you know.
What am I dealing with?

RUTH

The most boring bloodbath I've ever
seen. Posh old lady disturbs
burglar, he falls down the stairs
and dies. Case d

She smiles.

RUTH

How come you weren't at Villa on Saturday?

WICKY

Someone was sick in my shoes.

RUTH

Weasel?

WICKY

Of

WICKY

Lausen cleaning. The police recommended us?

VIVIEN

You are not the charming elderly gentleman I spoke to.

WICKY

That's the boss, he sent me but I can assure you when it comes to charm I...

She cuts him off.

VIVIEN

And you are?

WICKY

Wicky.

VIVIEN

And that's on your birth certificate is it?

WICKY

Oh, no it's Wickstead, Paul Wickstead. Wicky for short.

VIVIEN

I.D Please.

WICKY holds up an I.D.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I need to see it next to your face.

WICKY holds it up next to his face.

VIVI

shoooting script

VIVIEN
I have lived

shooting script

WICKY

Bit strong, what's so special about a sofa?

[TIME JUMP]

*

VIVIEN'S eyes dry up and she looks incredulous. Disgust fills her face.

VIVIEN

You are familiar with Blenheim Palace?

WICKY

Naturally. (Beat) I am not.

VIVIEN

The bulldog himself sat there!

WICKY senses a rage building in her.

WICKY

You're not talking about an actual dog are you?

She is thunderous.

VIVIEN

Winton Church!!!

WICKY

It doesn't look like it
would make his weight.

WICKY smiles, she looks incredulous.

VIVIEN

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VIVIEN

You just want to do your work and
get home.

He smi

She is watching WICKY who is hard at work on the stairs
scrubbing blood from t

Shooting Script

VIVIEN

Go on...

WICKY is earnest.

WICKY

If someone's died in their own home... I like putting things right for them.

VIVIEN

Putting things right? How noble.

WICKY

Better for the place to be left as it was in the happy times (beat) before their brains got splattered on the carpets...

VIVIEN looks lightly horrified.

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a

VIVIEN

o

r

For God's sake man!

WICKY

Sorry. (Beat) Be thankful this one was fresh. If they've been left it can be rank...

VIVIEN

Rank?

WICKY gets animated.

WICKY

You don't want to know! Insects, bacteria, gross. I sometimes have to use an industrial steamer to get them in a bag. One last week that was so decayed it looked someone had chucked jelly and hair at a skeleton

LICENCE TO CLEAN (W/T)

NOT ON MY SOFA

shooting script

LICENCE TO CLEAN (W/T)

7 INT. A WASH/ UTI
A tap is running
fro

Shooting script

LICENCE TO CLEAN (W/T)

NOT ON

shotting script

She leaves the room. SIR JAMES monologues.

SIR JAMES

I predicted this when I played golf with the chief inspector last week, there's social housing a moped ride from here, all on benefits!

WICKY

Imagine.

VIVIEN reappears. She has a large white block of fat in her hand.

SIR JAMES

They only leave the house to rob. Rest of their time spent on video games, it won't be long until they evolve giant thumbs. What then? Hopefully they'll starve to death because they can no longer open their precious bags of crisps!

VIVIEN

Tallow!

SIR JAMES takes it and throws it to WICKY on the stairs.

SIR JAMES

Excellent, get that applied to the steps.

WICKY

What is it?

VIVIEN AND SIR JAMES

Mutton fat!

WICKY drops it down

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WICKY (CONT'D)

Only a specialist fluid would get this out.

VIVIEN considers denying it but then sighs defeated.

VIVIEN

I'll make a pot of tea.

CUT TO:

10

INT. DRAWING ROOM.

10

WICKY and VIVIEN sit in two chairs. A pot of tea steams on an occasional table.

WICKY

So the fall didn't kill him?

VIVIEN

I thought it had at first, he really did land badly, the sound was like...

WICKY

Yes mighty oak/crunchie. So...

VIVIEN

I picked up one of the clubs he'd pulled down in the fall. I wanted to be armed incase he came for me...

*

We see disturbed wall mounted golf clubs.

WICKY

After his broken neck had healed?

VIVIEN

I was going to call the police, I really was but then I saw it again... How could he?! All of that heritage destroyed... for what?!

WICKY

Not the damned chair again?

VIVIEN

I barely remember picking up the club. It was a beautiful swing

WICKY
You killed him?!

VIVIEN
Anyone would have done the same.

WICKY
I wouldn't.

She stands up and takes the club from WICKY.

VIVIEN
Well. What's done is done. I must
get on...

She walks toward the bottom of the stairs. WICKY is solemn.

WICKY

I know.

WEASEL

Oh, right, it's just Jen said you might have thought it was fat Carl and at first I was happy because you'd be cross with him instead of me. Then I thought if you end up punching him I'll feel bad.

*

WICKY

It's okay.

Wj E O Y

shoooting script

VIVIEN
GET. OFF. MY. SOFA!

*

WICKY turns around and see's her.

*

WICKY
Wait!

*

Before he can say any more she brings the golf club down in a chopping motion (slo-mo Alex??) WICKY leaps in to the air avoiding the swing. The club falls on the sofa with such force that it shatters the back off.

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*

VIVIEN
No! No!

*

She paws over the sofa desperately trying to pull it back together. WICKY watches her incredulous.

*

*

VIVIEN

*

VIVIEN

Well (we must get on) I imagine you
have a phone call to make.

*
*
*

WICKY

Yes. I'm sorry.

*
*

She's back to organising mode. WICKY walks away to the middle
of the room phone in hand. Behind him we see VIVIEN pick up
the golf club and walk up the stairs. WICKY is about to

*
*

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