

THE POSTMAN

Pilot Episode

"Dispatched"

Ninth Draft
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Written by

Matt Mitchell
Vicki Sargent

THE (NOT SO) COLD OPEN

1 EXT. ISOLATED FARMHOUSE - DAY

1

A merciless Italian sun pounds the horizon. Waves of heat rise over dusty scrubland, to turn every innocent rock and twisted tree into a sinister mirage.

Out of this hell steps... STAN.

With blood on his shirt, sand everywhere else and a knotted handkerchief on his head, he looks like he's been dragged through hell and back.

But his eyes are clear, his mission paramount.

The rasping cry of a bird of prey cuts through the bone dry air and Stan narrows his eyes at the Front Door of the lonely ISOLATED FARMHOUSE just a few meters ahead of him.

He knocks and after a moment, the door slowly creaks open.

A kind, ELDERLY ITALIAN LADY peeks out at Stan. Worriedly staring at this strange, new devil on her doorstep.

ELDERLY ITALIAN LADY
Oh, madonna! Tutto bene, caro?

Stan has been walking for hours and through the heat and the sweat and the pain of it all, he clears a dust-dry throat.

He smiles. Removes the knotted handkerchief from his head.

Manners cost nothing, after all.

STAN
Bongiorno. I need a phone, some
plasters - and a cup of tea,
please?

SMASH CUT OUT:

END OF THE (NOT SO) COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

2 EXT. RUXLEY ROAD. LITTLE GREENSWADE - EARLY MORNING

2

Black screen.

TITLE CARD: ONE WEEK EARLIER

A slick, American audiobook begins to play.

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR

(VO)

She called it a "Dead Letter Drop".

TITLES RUN OVER A SERIES OF SHOTS:

At 7am, Little Greenswade is the kind of grey that only Britain can provide.

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(VO)

If his Russian was as good as her English, he'd have told her they call it a "Dead Drop" in the West.

Stan fast walks his postal deliveries - sure-footed, never missing a step.

Forget pulsars, you should set your watch by Stan.

He stops suddenly at a front door with a sign next to it that gently threatens: **'BEWARE OF THE DOG'**.

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(VO)

But his Russian was lousy and they needed a lead on the microfilm and whoever was framing them.

He seems to be counting under his breath... a moment later loud barking comes from behind the door. Right on cue. Stan digs around in his satchel and pulls out a dog treat which he slips through the letter box. The barking stops and Stan gives the unseen hound a ruffle then safely posts two letters. He's a pro.

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(VO)

Besides, she would have just told him to drop dead.

Over the road he gives Number 52 a thumbs up to show it's okay to cross the road.

Stan walks up the path of Number 55 and notices their BINS are still on the path. He slips the PARCEL for 55 through the letter box...

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(VO)

*So here he was, hiding behind a
dumpster in an LA summer that would
put hell to shame.*

... then drags the bins out onto the pavement as he moves to his next delivery.

Behind him, the door to Number 55 opens and WENDY (60s) pops her head out, holding her PARCEL and sees that Stan has moved the bins for her. She gives Stan a friendly wave and he gives her a 'no worries' thumbs up.

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(VO)

*Sure, Reynolds was used to the
heat, but it was the bullet wound
making it hard to think clear.*

Stan carries on down the road and continues his deliveries. But as he slowly moves away from us - he gets smaller and smaller in frame until he disappears completely.

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(VO)

*All he could remember was her world
class fake Russian accent.*

3

EXT. FAYE'S HOUSE. CRANE ROAD. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY

3

Engrossed in his audio book, Stan marches up the path to Faye's front door, taking two letters out of his postal bag...

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR

(VO)

*As he drew his trusty, snub-nosed
.38 Special, her final words stuck
with him like the aftertaste of
cheap vodka. Hot and bitter...*

Stan fires the letters through the letterbox, but waits on the doorstep for a moment to clearly hear his audiobook.

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(VO)

*... "Don't be a hero, Robert - all
the good ones are dead."*

Stan nods sagely at this advice, then turns and jumps out of his skin...

STAN
-JEESUWHATTHE-!

He hadn't heard FAYE (female, 20s) walk right up behind him.
She's holding a PACKING BOX and trying not to laugh.
Stan removes his headphones, his fright quickly fading.

STAN (CONT'D)
Faye! You could have killed me!

FAYE
Sorry! I was talking to you but
didn't notice the headphones - um,
could you?...

She hands him the packing box, drags her keys out of her
pocket and opens her front door.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Listening to anything good?

STAN
Spy stories, I'm a sucker for them!

She picks up the letters Stan had just posted.

FAYE
I can never keep up with who's on
which side. Too many names. But I
suppose you'd be good at that being
a postman.

Faye takes the packing box back from Stan.

STAN
It is my special skill set.

Stan looks past Faye and sees boxes piled up in her hallway.

She notices him looking and widens her eyes at him in a 'will
it ever end' sort of way.

STAN (CONT'D)
(reassuring)
When we first moved to the village
we lived out of boxes for months,
there's no rush.

FAYE
Yeah, thanks... Stan, right?

STAN

See you are good with names!

4 EXT. FINLEY'S HOUSE. CRANE ROAD. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 4

Finley's front door stands closed at the end of a path.

We are hip-height as Stan's postal bag passes across the screen, briefly dominating our view, before Stan continues away from us towards the Finley's.

With a rusty squeak - the METAL GATE Stan just walked through closes behind him - and in front of us.

It's vertical bars clanging into place like a jail cell.

At the front door, Stan goes to knock but his hand flies through the air - Finley (60s) is already opening it.

FINLEY

11am. Like clockwork.

Stan hands over Finley's mail.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Finished it.

STAN

Already!?

FINLEY

I couldn't put it down.

Finley hands Stan a book, which he places in his bag.

STAN

Did you see the twist coming?

FINLEY

Twist? Please. Once they revealed the code were alpha-numeric, it was obviously the Fibonacci sequence - and the letters were the key.

STAN

Yeah well, *some of us* are mere mortals and not retired maths teachers. Get that kettle on, I'm parched!

Stan follows Finley inside.

5

INT. LIVING ROOM. FINLEY'S HOUSE. CRANE ROAD. LITTLE
GREENSWADE - DAY

5

Finley places down a cup of tea for Stan in his living room.
It's a cosy space filled with books and a writing bureau.

FINLEY

Did you finish The Man with the Red
Briefcase yet?

STAN

Cheers - no I'm only halfway
through but I've downloaded it as
an audiobook so I can listen on my
rounds. No spoilers!

Finley holds up his hands.

STAN (CONT'D)

You spoilt the last one!

FINLEY

I just gave you a clue.

STAN

You wrote 'X marks the spot' in red
pen on the inside cover!

FINLEY

Oh did I? Sorry, teachers habit.

Stan takes a sip of tea.

STAN

Do you ever miss it?

FINLEY

What The Man with the Red
Briefcase? Not really I only read
it last month, it's still quite
fresh.

STAN

No, no, teaching?

FINLEY

Yes and no.

STAN

How so?

Finley considers his response.

FINLEY

I don't miss the politics of it but
I do miss absolutes.

STAN

Absolutes?

FINLEY

In mathematics, an absolute represents a number's distance from zero. You remove any negative sign in front of a number, and think of all numbers as positive. That's how I tried to approach teaching. It didn't matter what my students had done, what trouble they were in, I treated them all as positives. That was my duty to them. To show that everyone has the possibility to change from negative to positive.

STAN

Bloody hell. I thought delivering bills and birthday cards was important.

Finley shakes his head.

FINLEY

Don't underestimate how important a regular, reliable, friendly face is. People rely on you to deliver much more than just their mail.

6 INT. MAIN HALL. COMMUNITY CENTRE. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 6

A large hall used for everything from dance classes to AA meetings is currently being used as the head quarters for Little Greenswade's Neighbourhood Watch.

STAN

No, no, no. I won't do it. Rule number one in my book. It is a criminal offense for a postman to open another person's mail. Postal Services Act 2000, Section 83, page-

JEROME

- Okay, okay but we need to get to the bottom of this, you're our man on the inside!

Jerome (50s) sits at the head of a foldable table and proudly wears a Neighbourhood Watch lanyard and has a LAPTOP in front of him.

STAN

But I'm literally on the outside!

SHIRLEY

You're not above peeking through the odd letterbox.

Shirley (70) looks down her nose at a stain on her teacup.

STAN

Because you told me Nick Filby was growing marijuana! I looked a right fool when it turned out to be artificial bamboo from IKEA!

SHIRLEY

I was mistaken about Nick, but Declan Bishop is definitely up to something. Who knows what he's... *entrepreneuring* in there.

JEROME

We're not talking about breaking and entering, just, do your thing.

STAN

My thing? I have a thing?

JEROME

Yeah, you know. Talking to people. You know everyone in the village.

Stan is clearly bolstered by this compliment.

STAN

I suppose I could change my loop.

Monika (70s) looks up from her frantic knitting.

MONIKA

Your loop?

STAN

Postie talk. Loops are the most efficient routes we take.

JEROME

So you'll do it?

STAN

I'll take a look on my rounds tomorrow morning. But only to chat with him. I'm sure he's a nice guy when you get to know him.

Shirley and Jerome exchange a look: he's *not* a nice guy.

SHIRLEY

I never trust a man with a personalized reg plate.

JEROME

He's got lots of businesses registered that don't seem to be doing any business. Something doesn't add up. I've been looking into it and -

STAN

(teasing Jerome)

Here we go, Declan Bishop is behind faking the moon landing.

JEROME

(to Stan)

The shadows are all wrong.

(ploughing on)

There's too much money and his digital footprint is too clean.

SHIRLEY

Disgusting.

JEROME

Now, I think we need to be taking this seriously so I've made us a Neighbourhood Watch website for taking anonymous tips...

Jerome opens his LAPTOP and presents a clunky, 2001 clipart emblazoned website for the Little Greenswade Neighbourhood Watch.

MONIKA

Oh this is exciting!

He scrolls down to reveal an 'About Us' section complete with names and photos of each Neighbourhood Watch member.

The photo's 'aren't great' - but Stan's is truly awful, a painful, front camera, double chinmed selfie.

STAN

Why did you use that photo!?

JEROME

What? It's the most recent photo
you've sent me.

STAN

Where's your picture then?

Jerome scrolls further down to reveal a pixelated image of
the Anonymous Guy Fawkes mask photo next to his name.

JEROME

I'm not putting my face on the
internet!

STAN

Oh but it's alright for me to be
plastered all over the world wide
web?

JEROME

Yeah, you're our man on the
outside, remember?

7 EXT. DECLAN'S HOUSE. 74 ALMA WAY. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 7

The next morning, Stan turns onto Alma Way.

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR

(VO)

*Sure, she was a double agent - but
in their line of work, who wasn't?*

He marches towards Number 74 and spots Declan's car parked
outside. A flashy, red monstrosity, reg plate 'DEC L4N'.

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(VO)

*He needed to tread carefully if he
was going make it out in one piece.*

Stan takes a breath, plucks up his courage. He stops his
audiobook and tries to hide any show of how nervous he is,
burying his apprehension under a genial smile.

As he walks up the path to Declan's front door, he notices
the RED LIGHT start to blink on a DOORBELL CAMERA. It looks
like he's being recorded, there goes the element of surprise.

Stan knocks on Declan's front door - and waits.

After a moment, the doorbell camera's red light flicks off, but the front door doesn't open.

He knocks again, then waits patiently.

But when there's still no movement, he turns around to look back at Declan's car parked on the road behind him.

Declan must be 'in', so Stan casually makes sure no-one is watching from the houses opposite, then steps closer to the front door - and gently placing his ear up against it...

The door suddenly opens and Stan almost falls inside!

Catching himself, Stan steps back slightly as DECLAN BISHOP (40s, mean in a prison guard sort of way) looms over him in the now open doorway.

Stan smiles up at Declan - who seems to be calculating whether to beat him up or not.

STAN
(pleasant)
Declan, hi! No bills today...

Stan hands over three letters, we notice one clearly has an Italian postmark on it.

STAN (CONT'D)
Italy, very nice, going away before
or after the schools break up?

Declan snatches the letters away but doesn't answer, instead he takes Stan in for a moment - then looks past him.

As though making sure there's no witnesses.

With the letters, Declan taps the letterbox in the open front door next to him.

DECLAN
Don't these fit through here?

Stan stares back at Declan - *shit*. He might have been made.

STAN
(spinning for time)
Yes, um, they most definitely
would, but...

DECLAN
(quietly)
Don't you people have a code of
conduct or something?
(MORE)

DECLAN (CONT'D)

I understand the postal service is outdated and useless, but the least you could do is your fucking job - post letters and leave people alone?

Stan is speechless - and so are we - someone quietly swearing at Stan feels like a gun shot has been let off.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. So why are you bothering me instead of using this?

Declan smugly taps the letterbox again but Stan has managed to compose himself.

STAN

(pointing at letterbox)

That's a 'TS003 Letterplate', the spring on them is great for two things - keeping drafts out and snapping postmen's fingers.

Declan can't help but take a look down at the letterbox in his own front door... and Stan takes his chance.

He quickly sneaks a look past Declan, over his shoulder and into his house.

Suddenly Declan is glaring down at Stan, blocking his view by squaring up to him. Stan realises how big Declan is and he looks very angry at this invasion of privacy.

Stan points past Declan, into his house.

STAN (CONT'D)

Your um house it's... lovely-

Declan grabs a handful of Stan's uniform.

He lifts Stan towards him with frightening ease, nose-to-nose with our mild mannered hero.

DECLAN

(death-threat)

There's worse ways to get your fingers snapped off, *postman*.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

8

INT. LIVING ROOM. FINLEY'S HOUSE. CRANE ROAD. LITTLE
GREENSWADE - DAY

8

We're back in Finley's living room, a clock shows us it's
11am on the dot but this time Stan is a little shaken up.

FINLEY

Want something stronger than this?

Finley places down a cup of tea for Stan.

STAN

No, no, not when I'm on duty. It
wasn't that bad he just... he's...

FINLEY

An arsehole?

STAN

Yeah... but maybe he was right. I
shouldn't have been prying. Rita's
always telling me not to stick my
nose where it doesn't belong.

FINLEY

Sounds like it's your fingers you
need to be worried about, not your
nose.

Stan looks at his fingers, concern on his face.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

He's all talk Stan. Your fingers
are safe.

STAN

I hope so.

FINLEY

Look, men like Declan, they don't
care about being friendly with
their neighbours. They only care
about themselves.

STAN

Yeah, I suppose you're right.

FINLEY

Don't think on it. Just leave him
be, stick your headphones in,
listen to your book and only make
an effort with the nice neighbours
from now on.

Stan considers this as he drinks his tea.

STAN

How well do you know him?

Finley seems a little surprised by the question.

FINLEY

Not very, he keeps himself to himself - and so do I. And so should you.

Finley stops tidying and turns to face Stan.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

(making a point)

Seriously.

It's a slightly strange moment of sincerity from his jokey mate, so Stan breaks the tension...

STAN

You sound like Rita. Thanks for the tea, I'd better get on - catch you tomorrow?

FINLEY

Right you are.

As Stan leaves, we stay with Finley in the front room. He listens to Stan let himself out.

As the front door closes, Finley gets up to look out of his window and watch Stan walking away.

We see noticeable shift in Finley. The gentleness leaves him. His shoulders and posture straighten.

This retired maths teacher may not be all that he seems.

9

INT. KITCHEN. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - EVENING

9

STAN

Finley thinks I should leave it but Jerome thinks he's up to something. But then again he thinks that about most people.

Stan is waiting for the kettle to boil as RITA (50s) rummages in a bag. These are two people who know each other very well.

RITA

Well after he spoke to you like
that I don't think you should get
involved with any of it...

Rita pulls some trousers out of her bag. Stan notices she
still has her coat on.

STAN

Shall I take your coat?

RITA

No no, can't stay long. I managed
to sew up the hole but you need to
replace these soon!

STAN

Thanks. I will. I just keep
thinking what if there *is* something
dodgy going on in there. Declan did
seem... suspicious.

RITA

Stan. *Don't overstep.* Honestly
you've become even worse since
joining the Busy Bodies.

STAN

We're keeping watch over the
village.

RITA

I think you need a holiday. Take a
week off. You've barely left the
village since...

Rita has hit a sensitive spot. A heaviness hangs in the air.

RITA (CONT'D)

...I... just think getting away
could help you move on.

Stan says nothing, uncomfortable. The kettle clicks off.

RITA (CONT'D)

Right, I need to get home. Make
sure you replace these!

Rita hands Stan the trousers and smiles, relieving the
tension between them.

STAN

Thanks... you sure you don't want
to stay for dinner? I'm making your
favourite, lasagna?

Rita tries to hide her frustration. This is not the first
time Stan has asked her to stay.

RITA

Stan. I'm happy to help you out
when you need it.

She gestures the trousers.

RITA (CONT'D)

But we're not married anymore.

STAN

Rita love, I just. Well I -

RITA

I know. You must try and move on.
You can't keep tempting me with
lasagna.

This forces a smile out of Stan.

RITA (CONT'D)

Buy new trousers!

Rita leaves, seeing herself out, and we listen to the front
door close and see Stan's smile fade.

The house feels very empty.

10 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY

Stan jogs upstairs with the trousers and heads for his
bedroom but before he goes in - he can't help but look at a
door at the end of the hall.

Purple stickers on it declare this: "**Danielle's Room**".

Stan is stock still. The grief as painful today as it was all
those years ago.

He swallows and carries on to the bedroom.

11 EXT. FRONT DOOR. FINLEY'S HOUSE. CRANE ROAD. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 11

The next day, Stan makes his way up to Finley's front door again.

But this time, when he reaches it - the front door is not fully closed.

Like it's been slammed and the latch hasn't caught.

Unable to help himself, Stan gives the door a light nudge - and it swings open to reveal Finley's familiar hallway, but it's dark inside. The curtains must be pulled everywhere and there are no lights on.

Something isn't right.

STAN

Hello?

Stan swallows, something *definitely* isn't right.

STAN (CONT'D)

Finley?

He listens for a moment. When there's still no reply.

Stan looks down at the threshold between the outside and inside of Finley's house. The indoor and outdoor mats, separated by the bottom of the door frame.

STAN (CONT'D)

Um... Finley, mate? You in there?

This is a bad idea - Rita *literally* just told him not to over... he steps forward, crossing the threshold into Finley's house.

12 INT. HALLWAY. FINLEY'S HOUSE. CRANE ROAD. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY

Stan stops in the hallway, listening for any sounds of life.

But the house is eerily quiet and with all the curtains drawn, darker than usual...

SLAM!

Stan jumps out of his skin - but relaxes slightly when he realises it was just the front door blowing shut behind him.

Feeling a bit silly for getting spooked, he relaxes and walks forward, LEAVING FRAME...

STAN

(O/S)

Finley?

...revealing a *blood-smear*ed handprint on the wall right next to where he was just standing!

13

INT. LIVING ROOM. FINLEY'S HOUSE. CRANE ROAD. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY

13

As we hear Stan walking around the rest of the house, intermittently calling for Finley, we are close to the carpet, on the floor of Finley's front room - and the CAMERA MOVES ACROSS:

- the broken glass of a small picture frame.
- pens, spilled from a large coffee mug.
- a scattering of envelopes, some with blood on them.
- an open faced, A5 notepad - with the top page torn out.

STAN

(O/S)

Oh no!

Stan tries to make sense of the scene in front of him...

STAN (CONT'D)

Finley!

...Finley is slouched on his sofa and covered in blood.

Stan rushes forward - he doesn't know what to do but he knows he's got to do something!

He takes in the amount of blood - there's no way of even knowing where it's coming from?!

STAN (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no-

Next to Finley, Stan spots his PHONE and reaches out to pick up the HANDSET but a hand clamps down on his wrist!

Finley's blood-covered hand.

FINLEY

Knew- it'd be you!

STAN
Just hold on mate! You're gonna be-

FINLEY
You've got to-

STAN
I'm calling an ambulance!

Stan tries to dial 999 on the phone's handset, but Finley struggles to stop him - to Stan's confusion.

FINLEY
No. No ambulance. No police. It's not safe.

STAN
What are you talking about? If I don't get you help you're going to die!

Finley coughs up blood.

FINLEY
This...

Finley presses THE LETTER into Stan's hand.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Must be hand delivered. Tell no one, too dangerous. Tomorrow midday.

Stan can't believe what's happening.

He looks at the sealed envelope in his hand.

It's just like the ones scattered on the floor - Finley must have used his last ounce of strength to write it!

STAN
Finley, I don't understand. I have to get you to a hospital or something. Who did this?

He draws a gurgling, punctured-lung breath.

FINLEY
They'll kill you too. Go now - before they come back. Please, Stan, you're the only one I trust. Deliver the letter.

Taken aback, Stan stops and stands up.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Go! Please, Stan!

Finley locks eyes with him - preparing his final words.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
*Deliver the letter. You're the only
one I trust.*

SMASH CUT TO:

14 EXT. FINLEY'S HOUSE. CRANE ROAD. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 14

In a daze, Stan exits Finley's house. He's holding the letter. He looks at it, trying to make sense of what's just happened. A smear of Finley's blood on the envelope.

He looks over his shoulder to make sure no one is following him...

... but doesn't spot Faye. Who has seen all of this.

15 INT. FRONT DOOR. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 15

Stan is standing stock still in his hallway. His thousand yard stare is broken by the sound of a car passing outside.

He blinks back to the world of the living, only to be hit with a gruesome flashback of Finley's corpse.

One of his blood covered boots has left a small, red stain on the carpet.

Barely acknowledging it, Stan then looks at his hands. He has blood on his hands.

Stan tries to wipe Finley's dried blood off his hands, but the stain has seeped into his pores.

SMASH CUT TO:

16 INT. KITCHEN. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - MOMENTS LATER

Fresh out the shower, Stan industriously dries his hair as he stuffs his bloody bundle of clothes into the washing machine. He is about to turn it on when he stops.

He grabs his boots and rams them into the washing machine too. He considers which program is best for getting out blood, settles for Sports Cycle and turns it on.

But just before the water starts to fill the machine, Stan suddenly stops it, noticing something. Slowly, Stan reaches into the washing machine and pulls something out of a crumpled pocket.

He stands up revealing the letter Finley gave him.

Stan turns the letter over in his hand, looking at the address: ***Sergio Manenti, Piazza della Chiesa 28B, 00054 Valdimira (RM), Italy.***

STAN

Italy!?

He thinks... just for a moment... about opening it.

Stan shakes his head. A postman *never* opens what he delivers.

Stan quickly stuffs the letter into his pocket and takes out his mobile phone.

Stan dials '99...' but stops, his thumb hovering over the final '9'.

Finley's voice floats into his head.

FINLEY

(V/O)

No. Police. No ambulance. No time.

17

INT. OUTSIDE DANIELLE'S ROOM. STAN'S HOME - DAY

17

Stan paces outside Danielle's Room, trying to decide what to do.

He finally stops and unconsciously reaches out to touch the door. He pushes it open revealing Danielle's room beyond. A perfect light purple and pink time capsule of an eighteen year old's bedroom. A protected sanctuary.

Finley's voice floats into his head again.

FINLEY

(V/O)

Too dangerous.

18

INT. PAOLO OFFICE. EL PASEO LARGO. VALDIMIRA. ITALY -
FLASHBACK

18

Under an anglepoise lamp, Jerome is laser beam focused on tuning a short wave radio, desperate to pick up a police scanner but so far only getting garbled snippets of radio hosts.

His shed is his paradise: a Neighbour Hood watch poster takes centre stage on the wall behind him, surrounded by posters about conspiracy theories, aliens and a 1984 poster. Old radios, gadgets and books line the shelves.

A knock at the door makes him quickly shut the radio off.

JEROME

Password?

STAN

(O/S)

Jerome, it's me!

JEROME

Pass. Word.

Outside, Stan sighs in frustration.

STAN

(O/S)

"Forget it, Jake."

Jerome opens the door and Stan hustles inside.

STAN (CONT'D)

I don't have long...

To Stans frustration, Jerome holds up a hand to stop. Stan glares at him as he watches Jerome meticulously lock the shed door, switch off the anglepoise lamp and remove the batteries from (the already turned off!) radio he was just tuning. Jerome nods that it's safe to talk. Finally.

STAN (CONT'D)

(conspiratorial)

...I don't have long. Jerome, I've got myself mixed up in something. An awful thing has happened and I can't go to the police. And I can't tell you why.

Jerome considers all this and for a moment, just for a moment, Stan isn't sure if Jerome believes him.

Stan should know better.

JEROME
(deadly serious)
What do you need?

STAN
I need to leave the country.

JEROME
Where do you need to go?

STAN
... I can't tell you that. I don't
want to put you in danger.

JEROME
Smart. Will it be hot?

STAN
Oh god it probably will be.

JEROME
Right, take these...

Jerome hands Stan some DEET, a TRAVEL ADAPTER and SUNCREAM.

JEROME (CONT'D)
Best to avoid CCTV. Pay in cash
where you can.

STAN
Cash. Yeah, that makes sense.

JEROME
Are the police onto you already?

STAN
I... don't know.

JEROME
You better move fast. I never saw
you tonight. You weren't here. As
long as no one knows where you're
headed, you're safe.

19 INT. LIVING ROOM. FINLEY'S HOUSE. CRANE ROAD. LITTLE
GREENSWADE - DAY

19

Someone is in Finley's front room. They take some pictures
of:

The envelopes, the scattered pens and the writing pad.

Something on the pad catches their attention.

On the pad, on the page beneath the one that has been torn out - are indentations of what had been written on the page above it.

Using a torch, they shine light on the pad at an angle, showing the indentations more clearly.

It looks like a long string of numbers were written down.

20 INT. FRONT ROOM. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 20

Stan takes a couple of steps into his front room and stops.

He looks around in shock.

Someone has been inside his house and they've clearly been searching for something! Anywhere that could have hidden a letter has been riffled through!

Books from shelves, his own unopened letters, newspapers, magazines - all on the floor, discarded after being searched.

Draws have been removed and their contents emptied everywhere.

Stan gawks at the mess. The invasion.

He picks his way through the mess, towards the kitchen.

21 INT. KITCHEN. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 21

Cutlery and utensils are everywhere, every drawer has been emptied, every cupboard searched - and the back door is slightly open where the lock has been jimmied.

He tries to close the back door, but it bounces open again... and as it does - a horrible thought occurs to him.

No, no, no!

Stan runs upstairs!

22 INT. DANIELLE'S ROOM. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 22

The door to Danielle's room swings open - Stan bursts through it - and his heart breaks.

Her bed - precisely made - ruined, covers everywhere.

The cork board she'd pinned her photos to - scattered.

Notepads and journals - pages ripped out.

His daughters perfect time capsule has been *invaded!*

Stan sinks to his knees, trying to gather up some of the mess.

Who would... *Why would...* anyone do this... then, his eyes widen and Stan's hand slams to his heart!

Is he... having a heart attack?

No.

Slowly, Stan pulls Finley's letter out from the inner breast pocket of his fleece.

This must be what they wanted!

He examines the address on the letter more closely...

'Sergio Manenti, Piazza della Chiesa 28B, 00054 Valdimira (RM), Italy.'

STAN
(reading/thinking)
Valdimira, Italy...where is...

23 INT. FRONT ROOM. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 23

Stan rushes into the front room, finds a SIDE TABLE that has been emptied onto the floor - and grabs his passport.

He quickly turns his attention to his (now empty) bookshelf.

Stan rifles through the pile of books on the floor and spots the one he needs - his trusty, pocket sized "New Edition 2016 Travel Guide to Italy".

Stan flicks through the pages, searching for something.

"Valdimira."

STAN
Valdimira!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Stan nearly jumps out of his skin.

Someone is knocking at the front door like they're trying to take it off its hinges!

24 INT. FRONT DOOR. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 24

Standing at the front door, Stan isn't sure whether to open it or not, but whoever is outside knocks again, slightly louder this time.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

This close it sounds like the door might break down.

OFFICER HENDRICKS

(O/S)

STANLEY WITHERS? POLICE!

Stan is frozen.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25 INT. FRONT DOOR. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 25

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The door rattles at the hinges. Stan can't decide what to do. He looks at the mess of his house then notices the blood stain his boots left on the carpet earlier.

OFFICER HENDRICKS

(O/S)

Just some routine questions.

Stan quickly clears some of the strewn paperwork out of the way, drags a rug over the blood stain, then for good measure piles some letters on top of it.

The rug looks out of place but it's all he can do now.

He composes himself and opens the door.

OFFICER HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

Stanley Withers?

Two large police officers greet him. Officer Hendricks is friendly, smiling and wearing the kind of affordable 'plain clothes' a member of CID works a full shift in, while Officer Cole is wearing standard police uniform.

STAN

Yes... Hello.

OFFICER HENDRICKS
Afternoon sir - sorry for the
intrusion, I'm Officer Hendricks
CID and this is Officer Cole - mind
if we come in for a quick chat?

26 INT. FRONT ROOM. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 26

Stan leads them into the front room and tries his best to tidy the mess of paperwork out the way.

Officer Hendricks and Officer Cole take in the room.

OFFICER HENDRICKS
We've... uh... got some questions
about an incident nearby...

Stan gestures them to sit. Officer Hendricks raises his eyebrows at the disheveled state of the house.

OFFICER HENDRICKS (CONT'D)
...but, what happened here?

STAN
I think I've been burgled. I got
back just now and found it like
this.

OFFICER HENDRICKS
Any damage to windows or doors?

STAN
Looks like someone got in through
the back door.

OFFICER HENDRICKS
Maybe Officer Cole should take a
quick look outside the property.

STAN
Um yeah okay, thank you.

Officer Cole nods and wanders outside through the kitchen. A little uncomfortable, Stan watches him go.

OFFICER HENDRICKS
Any valuables missing?

STAN
Not that I've noticed - were you
supposed to show me some ID?

Officer Hendricks hands over his ID. Not really knowing what he's looking at, Stan checks it. It seems legit, but perhaps more importantly, as he glances at Officer Hendricks, the man is obviously relaxed, taking in details of the room.

OFFICER HENDRICKS
(looking around)
It is awful, something like this.
Unsettling. But it happens more
than you think...

He takes his ID back from Stan.

OFFICER HENDRICKS (CONT'D)
...now as I did mention, I've got
some questions about another
incident? All very routine.

Stan stands up to cover his nervous energy.

STAN
Of course! I'll make us a tea.

Officer Hendricks nods good-naturedly.

27 INT. KITCHEN. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 27

Stan is nervous. He straightens the kettle and starts collecting together everything to make a cup of tea - but he's shaking so much he almost drops a cup!

He takes a steadying breath as he fills the kettle, but his eyes keep wandering to the slightly open back door.

A clear escape route that is calling to him.

Stan wrings his hands, should he just make a run for it?

Carefully looking into the front room, he can see that Officer Hendricks has his back turned.

This is Stan's chance, he makes for the back door!

28 INT. KITCHEN. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY 28

As Stan is about to reach the back door - Officer Cole steps through it, back inside the house!

Stan diverts mid-step, making a show of looking for a teaspoon as Officer Cole looms past him with silent suspicion.

Stan is still trapped.

OFFICER HENDRICKS

(O/S)

All okay in there?

29

INT. FRONT ROOM. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY

29

Stan follows Officer Cole into the front room.

STAN

Sorry took a moment to find
everything in the mess but rest
assured the kettle is on.

Stan sits back down opposite Officer Hendricks. Officer Cole
stands silently in the hallway, taking notes.

OFFICER HENDRICKS

On your rounds this morning, did
you notice anything strange about
number 66 Crane Road?

Stan can feel his own heart pounding and begins to sweat as
he hears the kettle start to warm up in the kitchen.

STAN

No. No, nothing I can think of.

OFFICER HENDRICKS

I see. We're speaking to anyone who
might have had any contact with a
Finley Walker at that address?

STAN

Oh, is he okay?

OFFICER HENDRICKS

So you do know Mr Walker?

Stan focuses on staying calm, tries not to give himself away.

STAN

Finley? Yes he's a friend of mine.
And I deliver his post of course.

Officer Cole writes something down in his notepad. Do they
know he was there?! The kettle starts to boil.

OFFICER HENDRICKS

And you didn't see anything unusual
on your route this morning?

STAN
Can't say I did - sugar?

OFFICER HENDRICKS
I'm sweet enough - you know, it is
weird, something like this...

Officer Hendricks indicates the state of the room.

OFFICER HENDRICKS (CONT'D)
...happening so close in time and
place to the other incident.

Stan feels caught, like a trap is about to be sprung on him.

STAN
(searching)
Maybe... uh... someone was trying
to scare me?

OFFICER HENDRICKS
And why would someone do that? Have
a lot of enemies as a postman?

STAN
Not that I know of. Officer
Hendricks, why are you here?

The kettle bubbles loudly then it clicks off.

OFFICER HENDRICKS
Finley Walker was found dead this
morning. Murdered.

Stan is momentarily speechless and behind him, Officer Cole
writes something in his notebook, making Stan feel even more
guilty of a crime he didn't commit.

OFFICER HENDRICKS (CONT'D)
We know you were in there this
morning. You were the last person
to see him alive.

Stan is speechless.

Officer Hendricks narrows his eyes at Stan, waiting.

STAN
I'm not sure what you mean - what
could I have to do with Finley's
murder?

Officer Hendricks smiles at Stan.

Something about the mans demeanor has changed. Stan can't put his finger on it, but he doesn't look so relaxed anymore.

OFFICER HENDRICKS
That is a good question, Mr
Withers. Did Finley Walker give you
anything to deliver today?

Stan can feel Finley's letter burning in his breast pocket.

Nearby, Officer Cole stops taking notes and steps ever so slightly closer to Stan. We can *feel* the tension rising.

STAN
I can't really disclose that,
postal information is private.

OFFICER HENDRICKS
Not to a dead man.

Stan is shocked. He stands up and so does Officer Hendricks.

OFFICER HENDRICKS (CONT'D)
Now I'm even wondering if this
whole "burglary" was just to cover
up a search of your home for a
letter you shouldn't have taken?

A beat.

STAN
I never mentioned a letter.

Stan unconsciously glances over his shoulder - and suddenly realises just how close Officer Cole is standing to him.

He needs to get out of here.

STAN (CONT'D)
(improvising)
But maybe there was one? I suppose
I could have been distracted and
left it in my bag?

Stan points to his postal bag on the floor by the front door.

Officer Hendricks' head snaps around to look and Officer Cole immediately moves to check the postal bag that Stan is pointing too.

STAN (CONT'D)
I'll just finish that tea...

Stan takes his chance - as he moves towards the kitchen.

30

INT. KITCHEN. STAN'S HOME. LITTLE GREENSWADE - DAY

30

In the kitchen, Stan quickly checks his pocket: 2016 travel guide, his passport and Finley's letter all safely tucked away.

He looks at the broken back door, then into the front room.

Officer Cole walks up to Hendricks, turns Stan's empty postal bag inside out then angrily slams it down on the floor.

HENDRICKS
(quietly to Cole)
Okay, okay - we do it your way.

Officer Cole smiles as he draws a Glock 17 from the back of his waistband and screws a *silencer* onto the guns barrel!

Hendricks and Cole carefully move into the kitchen, Cole with his gun raised...

But the kitchen is empty. Stan has already escaped.

Cole looks out the back door, fuming. But Hendricks spots a smear of BLOOD on the door of the WASHING MACHINE

Hendricks kneels down in front of the washing machine and clicks his fingers at Cole, who instantly tosses him a pair of BLACK SURGICAL GLOVES. Hendricks slips them on.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)
It's okay. The plans not changed...
find the letter and who he's taking
it to...

Hendricks carefully opens the washing machine, pulling out Stan's *blood covered boots*.

31

INT. MAIN HALL. COMMUNITY CENTRE. LITTLE GREENSWADE - EARLY EVENING

Rita puts her 'Parish Councilor' lanyard round her neck, her ID jangling as she tidies the main hall before going home.

She stacks a few chairs, pulls a table straight, then turns to leave when a figure in the doorway to the main hall makes her jump out of her skin!

STAN
Don't freak out...

Rita freaks out! Stan is the figure in the doorway. On instinct she whacks him several times.

RITA
WHAT THE - YOU SCARED THE - LIVING -

STAN
- I'm sorry! Sorry! I'm in trouble.

Rita stops hitting him.

RITA
What have you done now?

STAN
(knowing how he sounds)
Two police officers were just at my house - only... I'm not sure they were real police officers.

Rita gives him a look.

RITA
What do you mean not *real police* *Offic-*

STAN
(powering on)
They turned the house upside down trying to find something, even Dan - (he struggles)
Even our Danielle's room. Rita they trashed it. Her bed, her books, drawings, her cork boards, all the pictures from Corfu-

RITA
(interrupting)
Who's they!? After what?

STAN
I can't say. I don't want to put you in danger. You need to be careful who you talk to. And stay away from that Declan Bishop.

RITA
Stan, I'm sure you're just being paranoid. Why don't we go to the police and explain everything...

Stan shakes his head, emphatic.

STAN
That would be a bad idea. *This* was a bad idea. I've got to go.

RITA

Whatever you're thinking of doing,
don't. You always overstep. It's
the doctors house all over again!

STAN

She was suffering! He kept dodging
us at the hospital.

Rita tries to keep her voice even, but it's hard - they've
been through this so many times.

RITA

That didn't give you the right to
break into his clinic and wait
there for a bloody consultation!

STAN

I wasn't going to stand by and do
nothing. I was so *useless*...

RITA

Not this again - you did everything
you could. You need to accept-

STAN

(to himself)

I can't just stand here and do
nothing.

RITA

(gently)

You were never useless.
Not to me - and not to her.

Stan can't hear this, not with everything going on.

STAN

...I have to go.

Rita stops Stan. She locks eyes with him.

RITA

I know what you're doing - busying
yourself with work and village
conspiracies - but you can't keep
distracting yourself from what
happened. We went through something
no parent should have to go
through. Well, I went through it,
but Stan, you're still in it.

All the words that Stan wants to say and never could are
still stuck in his throat. So all he can manage is...

STAN
Be safe, love.

Stan walks away and Rita calls after him.

RITA
Where are you going?

STAN
I need to deliver a letter.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

32 EXT. INDIANA JONES STYLE TRAVEL MAP - DAY 32

A small LETTER GRAPHIC is at the centre an 'Indiana Jones' style travel MAP of Britain. As the letter begins to move, a RED LINE snakes across the map behind it.

A legally friendly version of John William's rousing, heroic fanfare plays the letter across the channel for a brief stop in France.

The theme of triumph and adventure carries us on through Switzerland and then to Italy.

Where we ZOOM IN on our heroic little letter's final stop on the map, the name of the location becoming the TITLE CARD...

VALDIMIRA

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. ALLEYWAY. VALDIMIRA. ITALY - DAY 33

Stan is slightly more disheveled than before and clearly many hours into traveling.

He looks at the letter in his hand - checking the address - then up and down the cobbled, unfamiliar alleyway he's wandered into.

Yep. He's definitely lost.

So he opens his Travel Guide and unfolds a small, double-page MAP from its innards.

STAN
 (tapping the map)
 Valdimira. Right. Now where's the
 bloody town square-

Buried in the map, Stan takes one step forward and...

BEEEEEEP!

...a VESPA peels past, almost hitting him!

The OLD LADY (DOROTHEA) riding/piloting it, shouts something incomprehensible at him as she disappears up the alleyway.

A little rattled, Stan checks around him before carrying on - he should be careful. He's not in Little Greenswade anymore.

34

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. VALDIMIRA - DAY

34

Stan walk into Valdimira's town square, hopefully and a little sweatily, taking it all in.

This is our fun, establishing shot of the town square.

It is beautiful.

A cobbled, picturesque snap-shot of the old world.

There are a few shops, a few people, fewer cars - and a small stone church with a simple bell tower, fighting off any hint of big city bustle that might rear its ugly head.

Stan walks around the square to get his bearings and looks in a shop window, breathing in the clean air and trying to find the address on the letter.

He looks at it, reading the address aloud.

STAN
*Sergio Manenti, Piazza della Chiesa
 28B, 00054 Valdimira, Italy.*

Stan looks at the numbers on some of the buildings around the town square.

STAN (CONT'D)
 Twenty... eight... B...

He spots number 28 and 29 and goes over to them. But there is clearly no 28 'B'.

Stan checks and re-checks the letter.

STAN (CONT'D)
But there isn't a 28 **B**?!

Backing up to take in more of the buildings, Stan notices a bench sits dead centre between the two buildings 28 and 29.

He takes a closer look, reading an old plaque on the bench.

It's a dedication to 'Signor Sergio Manenti'. Stan looks back at the letter, running his finger under the addressee name line... 'Sergio Manenti, 28B'.

Stan double takes at the name, making sure he's got that right. Yes the bench dedication is the same name!

STAN (CONT'D)
(pleased with himself)
"B" for "bench".

Stan sits down on the bench, puts the letter down next to him and places a protective hand over it.

Proud at having reached his delivery destination, Stan happily scans the rest of the town square.

What he does not see while doing this...

35

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. VALDIMIRA - DAY

35

... is JACKSON BANKS (male, 30s) watching Stan from the opposite side of the town square.

This is the real deal. A 007, super-agent lurking in the shadows. Quietly watching Stan on the bench where he expected to see his actual contact - Finley.

He's takes in Stan, who is nervously playing with the letter and looking around expectantly. An unlikely replacement.

Jackson Banks checks his watch - it's time - then glances back at Stan, who is now *also* checking his watch.

This is the signal, no matter how unlikely, Stan *must* be his contact and that letter must be for him.

Jackson Banks is about to get up when out of the corner of his eye he notices - two men quickly approaching Stan from the opposite side of the town square.

Bad news heading Stan's way... Cole and Hendricks!

36 EXT. TOWN SQUARE. VALDIMIRA - DAY

36

Stan turns the letter over and over in his hand, praying Finley's contact appears soon.

He checks his watch again. He should be here by now!

He looks back up and spots someone coming. But it's not an ally. It's Cole and Hendricks and now they are running.

Pocketing the letter, Stan leaps up and runs to the first door he sees, a long forgotten and loosely boarded up shop...

37 INT. LONG FORGOTTEN SHOP. TOWN SQUARE. VALDIMIRA - DAY

37

Stan rushes inside, skidding on the dust covered floor as he turns around and tries to barricade the front door shut behind him - but Cole and Hendricks are already pushing their way inside.

Stan desperately scans the empty room!

There's nothing but cuts of light through the boarded up windows, dust motes everywhere and... another door!

Stan makes a break for it as the front door is forced open.

38 INT. BACKROOM. LONG FORGOTTEN SHOP. TOWN SQUARE. VALDIMIRA - DAY

Stan explodes into the backroom and makes for a BACKDOOR that clearly leads outside but Cole is already reaching for him!

No - it's too late!

Cole grabs Stan and lifts him off his feet. Stan struggles but Cole is smiling down at him! No police uniform anymore.

STAN

No... wait!

Hendricks saunters into the backroom, brushing invisible dust off himself as he takes in the room around them.

Cole presses Stan against a wall.

HENDRICKS

Now Stanley... where is the letter?

STAN

I... I don't know what you mean.

Cole presses Stan a little firmer into the wall. That hurts.

HENDRICKS

I think you're lying and-

Behind Hendricks, the door to the main part of the shop opens, spilling light into the backroom - and silhouetting *someone* in the doorway. Hendricks and Cole glare at the shadowy figure that dares to interrupt them.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

Stan wastes no time - he uses the distraction to struggle out of Cole's grip and scrambles for the backdoor that leads outside!

Hendricks ignores Stan and points at the intruder: Jackson Banks.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

(to Cole)

Deal with him. I'll get the runner.

39

EXT. LONG FORGOTTEN SHOP. BACK ALLEY TOWN SQUARE. VALDIMIRA - DAY

Stan bursts out of the door so fast that he almost falls over in the back alley behind the long forgotten shop.

The door slams shuts behind him and he launches himself back at it, grabbing at the handle so it can't be opened!

From the other side, he feels someone try to open the door and Stan grips the handle as tightly as he can - but it twists through his fingers.

Stan presses himself against the door and near enough strangles the handle, but it's no use - whoever is on the other side is too strong and the door cracks open...

Then suddenly slams shut again as Stan hears and *feels* someone slammed into it over and over.

Still pressed up against the door, Stan listens with dread to *someone* gasping and fighting for his life just inches away!

Then - blood. Blood creeping from underneath the door.

Stan lets go of the handle and backs away in horror.

40 EXT. TOWN SQUARE. VALDIMIRA - DAY

40

Terrified by what's just happened Stan runs back to the town square. He looks over his shoulder to make sure he isn't being followed.

He is being followed.

Not by Hendricks and Cole... but by their killer! Jackson Banks. The skilled assassin steps into the town square, scanning the square and is about to spot our postman.

Stan looks for an escape route, he's very out in the open. There are a few small roads leading off of the square, maybe he can get to one of those?

But there's no way he can just make a run for it, he'll be seen. Then he spots it, just behind him, a NEWSAGENTS.

41 INT. NEWSAGENTS. TOWN SQUARE. VALDIMIRA - EVENING

41

Stan rushes inside and smiles at the NEWSAGENT before stepping away from the door to stare out of the window.

Across the town square, straight ahead of Stan, he can now see Jackson Banks - who must have spotted him, because he's staring straight back at Stan and he's coming this way!

Panic sets in and Stan looks for another way out of the shop, but there isn't one!

The Newsagent glares at Stan as he moves quickly around the cramped shop, rattling trinkets and groceries with every panicked movement.

He accidentally scatters a display stand of 'I Heart Valdimira' tote bags, t-shirts and caps onto the floor.

Stan looks at the Newsagent, pleading.

STAN
(desperate)
Sorry! Way out, another way out?!

The Newsagent angrily shakes his head and points back at the door that Stan just came through - the same door that Jackson Banks is fast approaching!

Stan rushes back to the door, slipping in the 'I Heart Valdimira' memorabilia as he goes, Stan stares out. Jackson Banks has now crossed the square and is marching towards him... but... stops.

Stan only has a second to make out the expression that washes over Jackson's face - it's like he's seen a ghost! Suddenly his pursuer, turns ninety degrees and walks away along the town square, expertly blending in.

Stan isn't complaining, but he has no idea what's happened.

He leans out the shop door, to see where Jackson has gone, but he's vanished. What or who scared him off?!

Stan turns to look the opposite way - and sees someone heading to one of the small roads leading off the town square. Someone familiar.

Faye. Faye from Little Greenswade.

What on earth is she doing here? And why was Jackson Bank's so scared of her?

Stan is about to rush after her - when the Newsagent grabs Stans shoulder - and points at the mess all over his shop floor!

42 EXT. SMALL SIDE ROAD. VALDIMIRA - EVENING

42

Sporting a brand new 'I Heart Valdimira' tote-bag and matching cap, Stan is half fast walking, all dad-running in the direction he saw Faye.

She's way ahead of him and the further he gets from the town square, the less confident Stan starts to feel. Shops are closed here and the windows all have wooden shutters.

But up ahead, the small road opens out and there's light.

43 EXT. IL PASSO LUNGO. VALDIMIRA - EVENING

43

Stan comes to a gentle stop. A weather worn sign still bares the name "**Il Passo Lungo**" outside a large, rustic restaurant.

He takes out his travel guide and in the orange glow of an ornate street light he looks at a page.

"Il Passo Lungo. Hotel with bar and restaurant. 3.5 Stars."

There's no sign of Faye, but she must have gone in here.

Before entering, Stan self consciously takes off his 'I Heart Valdimira' cap and stuffs it into his matching tote-bag.

44

INT. MAIN BAR. IL PASSO LUNGO. VALDIMIRA - EVENING

44

Inside the restaurant, gruff looking men (ROCCO and the FRONT DOOR HEAVY and KITCHEN DOOR HEAVY from Episode Two) and old wine bottles fill the room. Stan bobs his head around looking for Faye, but she's no-where to be seen.

Painfully aware that all eyes are slowly turning towards him, Stan approaches the bar.

STAN

Excuse me...

The large man behind the bar, PAOLO ORSINI (40s, scary) reluctantly turns to face Stan, towering over him. All around, the restaurant is now silent.

STAN (CONT'D)

(suddenly sheepish)

Bongiorno, yes, I'm um... looking for...

His mouth is dry and Stan swallows, realising that everyone in the restaurant has stopped their meals.

Behind him, someone locks the restaurant's front door and Stan turns to see. Over his shoulder he asks Paolo...

STAN (CONT'D)

A woman just came in here?

...behind him, Stan hears a quick flurry of movement and a loud, deep - *CA-CLICK!*

Slowly, Stan turns back around to look at Paolo - who levels a *Sawn-off Shotgun in Stan's face!*

PAOLO

(deadly)

Who wants to know?

From behind the bar, Paolo Orsini presses the barrel of the sawn-off shotgun even closer to Stan's bewildered face.

Stan slowly raises his hands - and as he does, his 'I Heart Valdimira' tote-bag starts to slip off his shoulder.

He goes to re-adjust it but...

PAOLO (CONT'D)

Hands...

Stan freezes in place.

PAOLO (CONT'D)
...stay where I can see them.

STAN
(frozen)
Yes - Si... I'm looking for a young
lady who just came in here?

The suspicious, shotgun-totting gangster narrows his eyes at Stan, daring him to answer wrong.

PAOLO
Who - wants - to - know?

Stan looks from the man's angry face, down the barrel of the shotgun pointing at him and then around as much of the room as he can see without moving.

The gruff looking men in the restaurant are silently watching. There's no help in sight.

STAN
Wait, there's been some kind-

PAOLO
(threatening)
I'm not asking again.

Paolo presses the shotgun forward and Stan closes his eyes. While his scrunched up face fills the screen, a loud *BANG* suddenly reverberates around the restaurant!

Stan winces... but *isn't* shot dead, so opens his eyes.

Everyone in the restaurant is now looking at the KITCHEN DOOR that has just swung open and clearly made the loud noise - Stan follows their collective gaze.

Through the open door, steps ORLANDO ORSINI (40s, scary like his brother, Paolo). He's dressed sharper than Paolo, has a certain *swagger* about him - and FAYE is holding his arm!

Stan would smile at seeing her - if it wasn't for her horrified expression at seeing him.

Orlando (working hard to impress Faye) takes in the scene.

Stan and Faye lock eyes. She slowly lets go of Orlando's arm - trying to hide how shocked she is at the mere sight of Stan!

ORLANDO
Paolo, who is this in our house?

PAOLO

I don't know, but he won't be here
much longer if he doesn't start
talking.

Full of suspicion, Paolo watches Faye lean close to Orlando.

FAYE

(in Orlando's ear)

Is *this* who we've been waiting for?

Orlando snaps his fingers, gives Faye a smarmy wink and
warmly opens his arms at Stan on the other side of the room.

ORLANDO

(grinning)

Paolo, my brother... this must be
The Jeweller!

As all eyes turn back to Stan, Faye gives him the subtlest of
nods to agree or else! Paolo shoves Stan's shoulder with the
barrel of the sawn-off shotgun and his attention snaps back.

Stan paints the most non-threatening, genial smile across his
face, looks Paolo in the eye - and lies through his teeth.

STAN

That's me. I'm The Jeweller.

Paolo lowers the shotgun - but only to Stan's chest.

As Stan nervously eyes the dangerous end of the shotgun,
Orlando and Faye make their way over him and Paolo.

When Orlando reaches the bar, he stands between Stan and
Paolo, pushing the shotgun barrel aside with two fingers.

Then shakes Stan's hand as if they are old friends.

ORLANDO

Welcome! *Welcome* my friend!

Releasing Stan, Orlando then turns around to face to his
brother, Paolo. They talk quietly in Italian, but it's
clearly a hushed, stressed conversation.

In fact, Stan is certain Paolo still wants to shoot him.

Faye positions herself in front of Stan to introduce herself.

FAYE

Pleased to meet you, I'm Faye -
Declan's representative.

She shakes Stan's hand then before he can speak, firmly pulls him into a 'doppio bacio', planting an air kiss on each cheek.

FAYE (CONT'D)
(into Stan's right ear)
Do *exactly* as I say or we're dead!

Stan's eyes widen in fear and confusion.

FAYE (CONT'D)
(into Stan's left ear)
You're *in* a spy story now!

END OF EPISODE ONE.