

Rufus

Rufus: Right folks, what I am about to say, can never leave this room. I've got an idea that will make sure we never have to write another badger article again!

Jen: Oh no, Roof - I'm not going badger baiting again.

Richard: Yeah, you can count me out an all - six hours I had to wait in A&E last time.

Rufus: Oh come on folks, that was ages ago - how was I to know they were bear traps? No, no, this is far greater, more dangerous and utterly fool-proof

Jen: That's what you said when we hired the bouncy castle so you could fake your own death.

Rufus: And it would have bloody worked too if this idiot hadn't filled the stupid thing with helium! Listen, I know I've had some crazy ideas in the past, but just hear me out; this one is infallible.

Richard: That's what you said when you tried to fight Lord Voldemort with a stick.

Rufus: You're thinking about a movie aren't you, Richard?

Richard: Yes I am.

Peter: Excuse me, sir?

(They all look round to see where the voice came from.)

Peter: Um... over hear, Sir.

Rufus: Oh, hello James.

Peter: Peter, Sir.

Rufus: Yes, that's what I said. Hello Peter. How can I help you?

Peter: It's just I was wondering if I could go home, Sir. I've been proofreading these reports for three days now and I think my school will be expecting me back on Monday.

Rufus: Okay. How much did you just hear?

Peter: Oh nothing, Sir. Only that you had a fool-proof plan that would mean you never had to write about badgers ever again and that nothing you said in this room was ever to leave it.

Rufus: Keep proofreading, James.

Peter: Er.. it's Peter, Sir.

Rufus: Keep proofreading, Peter.

Jen: **(Slightly afraid.)** I don't like this, Roof. When's Mac getting here?

Rufus: Mac won't be joining us today.

Jen: So how's he gonna know what we're doing?

Rufus: **(Taking a deep, patient breath.)** Mac will never know what's going on because no one is going to tell Mac what is going on, right? **(Pause.)** Right, so in the last six months we've reported the missing turnip patch, the crying pigeons and the Reverend's parking ticket – not exactly going to make the nationals now is it?

Jen: Except for the Vicar's parking ticket.

Richard: Which made the nationals.

Rufus: Oh yes, of course it did, Richard – when was that now; shortly after you forgot to mention it was found outside the only dog-fighting ring in the Province if I remember correctly.

Richard: I always assumed it was a launderette.

Rufus: Yes, well, it's just a shame the Church of England knows different. Still, the point is, none of us have much chance of hitting it big time in this one horse town.

Jen: Actually, strictly speaking...

Rufus: It's an expression, Jen.

Richard: So what are you suggesting, Roof?

Rufus: We make our own crime.

(There is a pause for a stunned, collective intake of breath.)

Richard: You mean we leave our own cars outside the launderette?
Rufus: Bigger, Richard. Much, much bigger. A heist.
Jen: Like in 'The Italian Job'?
Rufus: Just like in 'The Italian Job'.
Richard: What are we going to heist, Roof?
Rufus: That's why we're here. Today is research day. At first I thought we could target the museum - too risky. Then, the bank - too secure. That leaves the jeweller...
Jen: Which is practically your second home after 3 marriages...
Rufus: The post office
Richard: Which is run by Mac's mum...
Rufus: And... Main-street retailers.
Richard: Which is... aha... retailers...
Rufus: Exactamundo!
Jen: So we just walk in to a shop and rob them blind do we?
Rufus: No, no. You see - and this is the cunning part - if I learnt nothing else from serving coffee on Saturdays for 7 years, it's that the weekly banking is usually delegated to the most vulnerable looking member of staff.
Richard: Weekly banking?
Rufus: Yes, every retail outlet has to take it's weekly cash takings to the bank or the Post Office for cashing-in. Which means at various stages of a Saturday afternoon there are weedy a bunch of losers walking around town with bags full of cash just begging to be intercepted.
Jen: And we're going to intercept them?
Rufus: Exactly! Just think about it - an entire Retailer's takings goes missing in one day. All we'd need to do is send an anonymous tip-off to another one and the whole country will go crazy. We'll be famous. Rich and famous!
Peter: Erm... excuse me... sir?
Rufus: What is it now James?

Richard

Side A

(Richard is pacing in front of a flip chart.)

Richard: **(Full of self-importance - whenever he says 'here' he points to a place on the map with an extendable pointer which he produces from his pocket.)** So, we wait for Isobel to leave the vet - here - she'll be on her way to the bank - here - myself and Jen will be waiting around the corner between Woolworths and McDonald's - here and here- whilst Rufus, you are sitting in the 'get away vehicle' on the other side of the road - here - James...

Peter: **(Muffled because of the gag.)** PETER!

Richard: Peter - you'll walk towards Isobel from the north side of the street - here. When Isobel draws parallel with the phone box outside WH Smiths, me and Jen will run towards her. We will be dressed in our most secretive gear so as to draw the maximum amount of attention. Peter will feign an attempt to stop the heist using a bucket of water at which point Jen will use the fake knife to stab him. When Peter goes down, Rufus, you burn rubber across the road, pick us up and we drive like madmen back here.

Rufus: You'll have to forgive my lack of faith in you Richard, but there is no way I believe that you are capable of that.

Richard: **(Hurt.)** That hurts, Roof. Can't you see how organised I am?

Jen: Yeah and besides, every time you've tried organising a great idea one of us has had to call one of the emergency services.

Rufus: Hmm... well... if you're sure.

Richard: I've never been more sure of anything.

Rufus: Alright then. But what happens to the money?

Jen: It comes back here. But we've got to be quick. We've to be straight back at the scene to get the first photos. We've already written the article, it just needs some pictures if it's to be snapped up by the nationals.

Rufus: The nationals. I can see it now. Ottawa - here we come!

Jen: Well, how do we get the money back to Isobel?

Rufus: What?

Jen: Well, remember Isobel said she'd only help us providing all the money was returned to the clinic. How do we do that without getting caught?

Richard: **(At each "sign, he makes it with his hands.)** Already covered! We run a "witness campaign" and "interview" lots of "witnesses" to "negotiate" a "drop-off"...

Rufus: Stop that.

Richard: **(Finishing his plan quickly.)** ... point pick up the money ourselves, donate the finders' fee to charity and it's a successful media campaign that'll add to our fame and fortune.

Side B

(Pub.)

(Richard, Isobel and Jen are all unconscious amid a mound of empty bottles of wine. Rufus rushes in, terribly excited and opens the windows, letting light in and waking up the hung-over trio.)

Rufus: Up! Up! Get up! There's no time to lose!

Richard: **(Blurting out of unconsciousness.)** Sea-monkeys!

Jen: **(Similarly bewildered.)** You can't eat fairy-tales.

Isobel: **(As startled as the others.)** Go away!

Rufus: **(Dramatically sweeping aside the wine bottles and ash-trays.)** Stop whining and listen. Richard was right! We're all being hopeless, completely hopeless, and I've got a plan!

Richard: **(Looking shell-shocked.)** Oh God!

Jen: Are you alright Rich?

Richard: It's happening again.

Rufus: Oh no. What's he doing now?

Jen: It's okay, Roof, he gets like this from time to time. The morning still surprises him.

Rufus: Oh, I see. **(Loud and clear to Richard.)** Good morning Richard.

Richard: Is it?

Isobel: What is all this about? It's Saturday, we normally get to doze until noon before going down the pub for a pint and some lunch.

Jen: This is the pub.

Isobel: The other pub.

Jen: Oh yeah.

Richard: Saturday? Oh God. Again. Every week. Saturday. It's happening again. Sunday. Monday. Every week the same...

(Rufus slaps Richard across the face.)

Isobel: What the hell was that?

Rufus: Sorry. It was either that or a wine bottle.

Isobel: Right. What's got into you anyway? You're not usually awake until Sunday afternoon.

Jen: **(To Isobel.)** Is this another one of those nervous break-down things?

Rufus: No. I've finally seen sense. Can you guys keep a secret?

Richard: Oh definitely. I've not told anyone about your pills yet have I, Roof?

Rufus: Right. Well. We'll call that a practice run.

Mac

(Newsroom.)

(There are pictures and old headlines hanging on the walls. The light is dim and coming from lamps positioned on each of three desks. Two are opposite each other and one is further back on the stage. Richard and Jen are working on the opposite desks with Rufus on his own. In the corner, Peter sits amongst an enormous pile of papers balanced carefully on an up-turned bin. He looks uncomfortable. There is a door to the right of the desks through which Mac enters.)

Mac: (Marching in looking extremely efficient and waving some papers around.) Heads-up guys, we're ready for the proofing copies - I just need a headline for the front page.

Richard: What are we running this week, Mac?

Mac: We're rolling with that savage attack on the guy round the back of the Westlands Estate.

Richard: Jeez that place just ain't safe any more is it?

(There is a pause during which people scratch their heads and look thoughtful.)

Rufus: (Without looking up from his doodling.) Savage attack on man at Westlands.

Mac: Right, yeah - and what an eye-catcher that's not gonna be! Come on guys, I employ you for your fast-thinking, quick-witted perfectionism - the finest minds in Taviscombe and that's the best we can come up with is it?

Jen: Remind us of the details again...

Mac: It was James Hobbs - you know the guy we persuaded to do that sponsored parachute jump?

Rufus: (Still not looking up.) Who so spectacularly twisted his ankle after jumping out of the plane - without his parachute - before it had left the hanger?

Mac: Yeah, him. Well, when he's not raising money for the National Agency of Accident Prevention, he works as an ice-cream man. He broke down round the back of Westlands.

Richard: (Breathing in sharply and shaking his head.) Tut tut... you don't wanna be doing that!

Mac: Quite. Well, as he was checking under the bonnet for whatever it is people look for when they check under the bonnet, he was jumped on (Jen squeals in sympathy.) by a large badger.

Rufus: (Looking up.) A badger?

Mac: Yes.

Rufus: Jumped on him?

Mac: Yes.

Richard: I didn't know badgers could jump.

Jen: Maybe it was one of those jumping badgers. I've seen them on the t.v. with that wildlife fellow.

Richard: Oh yeah, the guy with the hat with the feather in it.

(Rufus starts banging his head repeatedly on the table.)

Jen: Yeah that's right... what's his name again?

Richard: Oh... it's er... Oliver, or Claire... something like that...

Mac: As much as I hate to break up this riveting game of 'Who's Who?', we are pushing the deadline slightly on this one...

Rufus: (Sceptically.) Where exactly was he bitten?

Mac: On his left ankle.

Rufus: So when you say 'the badger jumped' you could also say, 'the badger didn't jump' or perhaps even: 'The badger strolled over to Mr Hobbs in a slightly mischievous fashion before nibbling at the back of one of his shoes'?

Mac: (Getting angry.) Come on, Rufus - we're either running with this or Mrs. Jones' hamster.

Jen: (Shocked.) Oh no! What's happened to Mrs. Jones' hamster?

Mac: Nothing. Yet. Though if one of you dipsticks doesn't come up with a line ASAP, it's going to be the first hamster used to massacre an entire editorial team!

Peter: **(Jumps up in a flash of inspiration, knocking papers everywhere.)** "Crazy Badger Bites an Ice-Cream Man!"

Mac: **(A sigh of relief.)** Somebody lock the door! This kid's going places! I'm glad at least one of you is working for their salary.

Peter: Oh, er.. actually, I'm just on work-experience; I'm not really erm... getting paid.

Mac: Well, I'm... glad one of you is working! **(Storms out of the door.)**

Jen

Side A

Rufus: You'll have to forgive my lack of faith in you Richard, but there is no way I believe that you are capable of that.

Richard: **(Hurt.)** That hurts, Roof. Can't you see how organised I am?

Jen: Yeah and besides, every time you've tried organising a great idea one of us has had to call one of the emergency services.

Rufus: Hmm... well... if you're sure.

Richard: I've never been more sure of anything.

Rufus: Alright then. But what happens to the money?

Jen: It comes back here. But we've got to be quick. We've to be straight back at the scene to get the first photos. We've already written the article, it just needs some pictures if it's to be snapped up by the nationals.

Rufus: The nationals. I can see it now. Ottawa - here we come!

Jen: Wait!

Rufus: Oh no... What is it now?

Jen: Well, how do we get the money back to Isobel?

Rufus: What?

Jen: Well, remember Isobel said she'd only help us providing all the money was returned to the clinic. How do we do that without getting caught?

Richard: **(At each " sign, he makes it with his hands.)** Already covered! We run a "witness campaign" and "interview" lots of "witnesses" to "negotiate" a "drop-off"...

Rufus: Stop that.

Richard: **(Finishing his plan quickly.)** ... point pick up the money ourselves, donate the finders' fee to charity and it's a successful media campaign that'll add to our fame and fortune.

Rufus: Right - back here 8am tomorrow.

Jen: Who's gonna speak to Isobel? She really ought to know how she's going to be getting mugged.

Rufus: Leave that to me. I'll catch her in The Bear this evening.

Richard: Shouldn't I be there as well? It is my plan after all.

Rufus: Fine. Richard and I will catch up with Isobel in The Bear tonight.

Jen: Won't she get suspicious if it's just the two of you? We're supposed to be in this together remember?

Rufus: Okay, okay. Richard and Jen - you come with me to The Bear to tell Isobel.

Side B

(Richard, Isobel and Jen are all unconscious amid a mound of empty bottles of wine. Rufus rushes in, terribly excited and opens the windows, letting light in and waking up the hung-over trio.)

Rufus: Up! Up! Get up! There's no time to lose!

Richard: **(Blurting out of unconsciousness.)** Sea-monkeys!

Jen: **(Similarly bewildered.)** You can't eat fairy-tales.

Isobel: **(As startled as the others.)** Go away!

Rufus: **(Dramatically sweeping aside the wine bottles and ash-trays.)** Stop whining and listen. Richard was right! We're all being hopeless, completely hopeless, and I've got a plan!

Richard: **(Looking shell-shocked.)** Oh God!

Jen: Are you alright Rich?

Richard: It's happening again.

Rufus: Oh no. What's he doing now?
Jen: It's okay, Roof, he gets like this from time to time. The morning still surprises him.
Rufus: Oh, I see. **(Loud and clear to Richard.)** Good morning Richard.
Richard: Is it?
Isobel: What is all this about? It's Saturday, we normally get to doze until noon before going down the pub for a pint and some lunch.
Jen: This is the pub.
Isobel: The other pub.
Jen: Oh yeah.
Richard: Saturday? Oh God. Again. Every week. Saturday. It's happening again. Sunday. Monday. Every week the same...
(Rufus slaps Richard across the face.)
Isobel: What the hell was that?
Rufus: Sorry. It was either that or a wine bottle.
Isobel: Right. What's got into you anyway? You're not usually awake until Sunday afternoon.
Rufus: Richard has solved our problems. We must act. Once more onto the... well, whatever... There's no time to lose!
Jen: **(To Isobel.)** Is this another one of those nervous break-down things?
Rufus: No. I've finally seen sense. Can you guys keep a secret?

Peter

(It is very gloomy, despite being just one hour after noon. Rufus, Richard and Jen are huddled over some papers on the table. Peter is still sitting on a pile of papers, working on something.)

Peter: Um... over here, Sir.

Rufus: Oh, hello James.

Peter: Peter, Sir.

Rufus: Yes, that's what I said. Hello Peter. How can I help you?

Peter: It's just I was wondering if I could go home, Sir. I've been proofreading these reports for three days now and I think my school will be expecting me back on Monday.

Rufus: Okay. How much did you just hear?

Peter: Oh nothing, Sir. Only that you had a fool-proof plan that would mean you never had to write about badgers ever again and that nothing you said in this room was ever to leave it.

Rufus: Keep proofreading, James.

Peter: Er.. it's Peter, Sir.

Rufus: Keep proofreading, Peter.

Richard: So what are you suggesting, Roof?

Rufus: We make our own crime. A heist.

Jen: Like in 'The Italian Job'?

Rufus: Just like in 'The Italian Job'.

Richard: So what, we just walk in to a shop and rob them blind do we?

Rufus: No, no. You see - and this is the cunning part - if I learnt nothing else from serving coffee on Saturdays for 7 years, it's that the weekly banking of every store is usually delegated to the most vulnerable looking member of staff.

Richard: Weekly banking?

Rufus: Yes, every retail outlet has to take its weekly cash takings to the bank or the Post Office for cashing-in. Which means at various stages of a Saturday afternoon there are weedy a bunch of losers walking around town with bags full of cash just begging to be intercepted.

Jen: And we're going to intercept them?

Rufus: Exactly! Just think about it - an entire Retailer's takings goes missing in one day. All we'd need to do is send an anonymous tip-off to another one and the whole country will go crazy. We'll be famous. Rich and famous!

Peter: Erm... excuse me... sir?

Rufus: What is it now James?

Peter: Peter. Er... well... if it er... helps in anyway, I overheard your friend Isobel mention to Noreen that she takes the weekly takings to the bank each week. Yesterday it was eighty-five thousand - maybe, if you er... spoke to her you could er... set something up. That way you wouldn't actually have to rob anyone and well... you er... wouldn't... you know... prison... and stuff... **(He nervously trails off.)** I er... need to get some more white-out

(Lights dim as Peter shuffles out of the door.)

(Peter enters, he is struggling under a large pile of papers which he clumsily lands on the bar.)

Noreen: Hello there young man. They're not still putting you through the mill over there are they? I tells them every year when they get one of yous from the school not to go so hard I says. Rest your feet, I'll fetch you some tea.

Peter: Oh no thank you very much Noreen. I've just come to place their dinner orders - they'll be along in a minute. No time for tea, I'm afraid I've got to get these over to the printer before six.

Noreen: **(Handing him a menu.)** Here you are then, luv. But you ought to say something for yourself. They'll work you into the ground you know.

(Peter sits at the bar. He reads through the menu, writing out various options on a piece of paper. As he gets ready to leave, Rachel enters)

Rachel: Hello, Peter.

Peter: **(Gathering his pile of papers, he stops awkwardly to acknowledge Rachel.)** Oh, hi Rachel.

Rachel: You ok?

Peter: **(Flustered.)** Oh yes, thanks. Very well. You?

Rachel: **(Also starting to lose her cool.)** Great. Great.

Peter: Cool... I'd er... best be off then...

Rachel: Yeah. Me too. Put one of these in your office for us will you? **(She places a poster on the top of his ridiculous pile.)**

Peter: Of course! Yes, absolutely... See you later! **(He struggles off.)**

Isobel and Noreen: Side A

(Pub.)

(Isobel is leaning against the bar. Noreen is drying some glasses.)

Noreen: So I says to 'im, I says, "You get off my property right now or you'll be seeing the back of my 'and." Cheeky so-and-so.

Isobel: Too right, Nor, too bloody right. And how long's it been now?

Noreen: 50 years next week.

Isobel: Blimey. And in 50 years he's never remembered the milk.

Noreen: Not once. Imagine. Still, what's been biting you today?

Isobel: Oh the usual, Nor. A guy came in today with his parrot.

Noreen: Ain't that illegal?

Isobel: No, he definitely said it was a parrot.

Noreen: No, to own a parrot, I thought it was against the law.

Isobel: No, that's an eagle. You need a permit.

Noreen: The crab?

Isobel: No, that's a hermit.

Noreen: Oh, I see. So what was wrong with it?

Isobel: The hermit?

Noreen: The parrot.

Isobel: It wouldn't talk.

Noreen: Oh yeah? Why not?

Isobel: Well, turns out it actually was an eagle. He'd bought it from a shifty back alley character in Vancouver.

Side B

Noreen: So anyway, I says to him, I says, "You get back out there, you get back into that car, you go back to the shop and you get me some milk. This ain't a bleedin' 'otel," I says to him, "so you start pulling your weight," I says "or you can find someone else to pull the pints."

Isobel: Quite right too, Noreen, quite right. You give 'em an inch and they take the whole damn ruler.

Noreen: To forget the milk.

Isobel: Of all things.

Noreen: It's not on, Isobel.

Isobel: I know, Nor, it's not.

Noreen: Cor anyway, listen to me harping on about my useless husband - how was your first week as a vet in the city?

Isobel: Oh, I dunno. It certainly beats driving round the farms that's for sure.

Side C

Noreen: So what's wrong then, Isy dear? Why the long face?

Isobel: It's the atmosphere, Nor.

Noreen: Yeah I know what you mean, every time we get back from town I feel like I've eaten a whole packet of cigarettes. I tell you, if they pedestrianised the high-street like what they promised they was going to do, there'd be less cars and people could actually breathe as they did their shopping. I signed a petition you know, sent it to that bloke...

Isobel: No, Nor - the atmosphere in the clinic, there just isn't one! The place is as sterile as a mule. Driving round the farms was a nightmare and if I ever have to deliver another calf in a hail storm I'll go crazy, but at least the people were interesting.

Rachel:
Side A

Rachel: So, Maddock, you need to make sure you're in The Bear slightly ahead of us and in good time to catch Isobel on her own - we'll say 8.30 as a safe bet - you'll need to suss her out first; you don't want to be giving away our plan to some goody-goody who's going to rat us out to the Super quicker than we can say 'blackmail'. If it looks like she's likely to buy into the plan, feed her the basics. Nothing more, just the minimum. We'll aim to get there for about 9 - when you see us coming end hastily and tell her you'll be in touch. Got it?

Maddock: Got it.

Mandy: So what do we do?

Rachel: We don't 'do' anything. We're simply going for a drink with the boss.

Maddock: So what's the plan?

Rachel: **(Starting to look exasperated.)** The... I'm... what...?

Maddock: I understand the plan for tonight - the plan for tonight is to get Isobel on side for the plan.

Rachel: Yes...

Maddock: So what's 'the plan'?

Rachel: I see. Charlie...

Side B

(...Rachel puts her foot up on a chair, balances the cup of tea on her knee, puts the clip-board under her arm, finds the phone under a pile of papers and answers it.)

Rachel: Hello, Taviscombe Police Station, Taviscombe, Somerset, Rachel Green speaking, good morning, how may I help you? ... No, I'm afraid the Superior's on leave at the moment ... I'm afraid I'm not allowed to tell you why ... well because the Mayoress doesn't want anyone to know she's pregnant ... damn! ... I think I should stop speaking to you now ...

(She holds the phone away from her and covers the mouth piece.)

Rachel: **(Looking at Maddock.)** It's for you, sir.

Maddock: **(Seizing the phone in a very dominant fashion.)** Maddock! Hi! ... certainly ... well our investigations are on-going but we are looking for a male suspect aged between 15 and 17, stocky with short hair ... about 3ft ... yes, one of those jumping kinds, like the ones on that wildlife programme the other night with what's-his-name ... no, he was more than likely working alone ... that's not a problem, I'll let you know the moment we get a lead ... thanks ... **(Not as dominantly.)** Oh and today's 4 Across; "Flightless bird"; something 'E', something, something, 'U' something, 'N' ... penguin! ... of course. **(He slams down the phone and continues pacing and then pauses to look at Rachel.)** Do you know what that phone call was about?

Rachel: No.

Maddock: It was the press.

Rachel: Ooh - a real superstar eh? That'll be me one day. **(Wistfully.)** Chased down streets, met at every corner, hounded out of every sleazy bar - Chief Constable Rachel Green Saves Baby in Shoot-Out. Autographs flying out left right and centre, men fainting at the mere mention of my name, bravery awards, tea with the Queen, meetings with the Prime Minister...

Maddock: **(Interrupting.)** I just gave him an approximate description of a badger.

Rachel: Oh.

Maddock: **Side A:**

Maddock: Rachel! Who are we going to heist?
Rachel: Well, I'm no expert in this particular field, although I did overhear that Isobel lady tell Noreen that she's in charge of the weekly takings down at the vets.
Maddock: What do you mean 'in charge'?
Rachel: I'm afraid I wasn't really paying too much attention, but she said something about having to take it to the bank at the end of every week. Yesterday it was over eighty grand I think.
Maddock: Eighty grand?
Rachel: Yeah - she just walks through the street with it on her own. To cash it in at the bank.
Maddock: I see. A perfect time to relieve her of it...
Charlie: Or you could just ask her to give it to you.
Mandy: Yeah - that way we don't have to learn martial arts or mind tricks or nothing.
Maddock: Oh yes, that's a good idea - "Excuse me miss, sorry to disturb you, but is there any chance you might hand over that enormous wad of cash you have in your back-pocket?" See what I mean? This is exactly what I've been talking about No crime and the whole force goes as naive as the night before judgment day. **(There is a confused look.)** As in 'nigh eve'? I was going for something like the eve of nigh. It was a long shot..

Side B

(Police Station.)

(They are all there looking quite tired. Maddock is wildly drawing arrows between different pictures of badgers. Rachel is frantically taking notes.)

Maddock: Right, so, Suspect A has no alibi for last Tuesday. We know that B was with C round the back of The Globe because of Mr Edwards' video footage.
Charlie: Weirdo.
Maddock: What?
Charlie: That Mr Edwards fella. 100% Weirdo he is.
Mandy: Well, quite; you've got to ask why the hell he has video footage of a couple of badgers...
Maddock: Yes, thank you Mandy. He is an environmentalist you know. He was surveying for the National Trust. Anyway, that leaves us with D whose prints were all over the scene, but was five miles away at the time.
Charlie: Maybe he hitched?
Mandy: Well, he is a jumping badger - maybe he pogo-sticked.
(Charlie and Jen chuckle to each other and hi-five.)
Rachel: **(Under her breath, making notes.)** Suspect D possibly hitched, or pogo-sticked to the scene on the night in question.
Maddock: What on earth are you doing?
Rachel: Minutes. Like you said. "Leave no stone un-noted" you said.
Maddock: **(Starting to boil and lose his temper.)** Hitching? Pogo-sticks? What the... when did... how...
Rachel: Deep breath sir, deep breath **(Producing a brown paper bag from her pocket and attempting to hand it to him.)**
Maddock: **(Taking one huge breath.)** BADGERS? What the hell's going on here? This is the biggest waste of time since the Pied-Piper was put on the sex-offenders list. Get out! All of you! OUT!

Mandy:

(Charlie is sitting at a computer desk, playing solitaire while Rachel and Maddock have a conversation. Mandy gets distracted by this, and they both end up getting extremely caught up in the game)

Mandy: (Almost hysterically.) Nine of spades! Nine of spades!

Charlie: What? Where?

Mandy: The ten! The ten! Put it on the ten you moron!

Charlie: } (Together)

Mandy: } Woo hoo!

Charlie: (Dancing around.) Fifty-nine seconds, oh yeah, oh yeah!

Mandy: Solitaire champions of Tavi!

(Rachel and Maddock stare at them. They freeze, mid hi-five.)

Charlie: (To Mandy, very seriously.) So, Mandy just as long as you file all the incident reports in the correct sub-folders, I can access them on the shared network. Okay?

Mandy: Thanks, Charlie... yeah - I'll get that sorted now. (Charlie shuffles over to his desk.)

Charlie:

Charlie: (He comes to the front, looking very pleased with himself, he flips a page of the flip chart. There is a very elaborate drawing of a street plan with lots of arrows and symbols on it. Whenever he says 'here' he points to a place on the map with an extendable pointer which he produces from his pocket.) So, we wait for Isobel to leave the vet - here - she'll be on her way to the bank - here - myself and Mandy will be waiting around the corner between Woolworths and McDonald's - here and here - whilst Maddock, you are sitting in the 'get away vehicle' on the other side of the road - here - Rachel walks towards Isobel from the north side of the street - here. When Isobel draws parallel with the phone box outside Chipotle, me and Mandy will run towards her. We will be dressed in black with balaclavas on our heads so as to draw the maximum amount of attention towards us. Rachel will feign an attempt to stop the heist using an umbrella at which point Mandy will use a fake gun to shoot her. When Rachel goes down, Maddock, you burn rubber across the road, pick us up and we drive like madmen back here.