



Scripts.com

Agatha Raisin and the Quiche of Death

By Unknown

One summer, my dad had a win
on the horses.
It was his usual stupid odds,
but this horse came in at 45-1.
Do we have to keep going over this?!
You know we do.
And he said to my mum, "I'm taking
you and Aggie on holiday. "
And you went to the Cotswolds.
Yes, we did.
He borrowed a tent
and took us camping.
What do you remember of the holiday?
It was magical,
just being in the country.
And at night, we'd sit around
the campfire and I'd tell him
which of the beautiful cottages
I was going to live in one day.
And now that day is almost here.
Yeah. Yet you are still anxious.
No. Are you lonely?
No, I'm talking to you.
Well, we've established, Agatha,
that you comfort-eat
when you're either lonely
or anxious.
This is my breakfast!
It's 350 calories,
and this bacon's so tough,
I reckon it takes me 400 to chew it,
so I'm actually losing weight
while I'm eating.
You're not anxious about this
being your last day of work? No.
You've always defined yourself
through work, Agatha.
We've talked about it being a shield
for your inferiority and
rootlessness, deep inadequacy and...
I've got another call coming.
We're in session -
don't turn me off!
Aggie, please, we need you.

The boys are launching
their new album this morning
and a photographer caught Danny
in a hotel room last night
with his wife's best friend.
Roy, I'm leaving in two days!
You are handling this.
Aggie, please, please...
I can't stand the woman.
She's so rude.
That's why she doesn't have
any genuine friends...
We want Danny!
We want Danny!
Thank God. It's a nightmare!
Where are the boys?
In the Marlborough Room.
Has Danny's wife had the baby yet?
She's in the hospital now.
Who's got the story?
The Sun's got the pictures.
Are they deniable?
Oh, no, they're not.
What are you doing?
Freshening him up.
No, no, no! We're taking Danny
out of the album launch. What?!
We'll get him photographed
looking sorry and dishevelled,
while I brief the media that it's
the pressures of being a new father
that are the cause
of this little indiscretion.
And that he's going to
the hospital now
to plead forgiveness from his wife.
She's going to kill me.
And you deserve it, you little twit.
Ow! Right.
Just get out there,
start looking sad and sorry.
We need your fans to still love you,
and it's impossible to feel bad
about someone

who looks like they're suffering.
Best publicity this album launch
could have hoped for. OK.
Danny Shine of Boyhood walked out
of his album launch today,
promising to grow up.
The pressures of fame have been
overwhelming in recent weeks.
Many of his young fans
were heartbroken
at seeing such a crestfallen figure
hurrying to the hospital
to be with his wife
as she expects their first child.
You...? Yeah. Oh, and the...? Yeah.
In entertainment news, Boyhood's
new album, We Can Be Corrupted,
looks set to become the
fastest-selling album of the year.
A double success for Danny Shine,
who became a father for the
first time this morning.
How are you feeling, Danny?
I couldn't be happier.
They leave little traces
inside of me
I climbed over mountains
And found my way back home
So many lessons that I have learned
They leave an impression
A time to return
To walk the wilderness
And find my way back home
I was stuck on a losing streak
But you helped me
to find my feet...
I still don't understand
why you're leaving us, Aggie.
Because that's always
been the plan.
Earn enough money and get out of this
rat race before I'm too old.
Don't!
But what are you going to

do in The Cotswolds?

Build a home. Fit in. You?

Yes, me.

I've always wanted to live there,
ever since I was a little girl.

I used to go there on holiday.

Won't you get lonely
out in the country?

It's been lonely here.

You'd better come and visit me.

Sure.

With whoever you're currently dating.

What's his name?

Steven. Steven. Oh, Agatha? What?

Here's a little something
just from me.

Oh, thank you.

And I thought you were being nice.

You'd be lost without a microwave,
Aggie.

Are you Mother's little helper?

No, that's Prozac.

How large is large?

It's large.

That's slightly sweeter.

Did you make it yourself?

Are you sure you're not coming
to the market?

No. I'm feeling a bit peaky
this morning.

Oh, poor darling.

See you later, then. Bye.

How long will she be gone?

Half an hour.

I'll get rid of the dog.

See you later, darling!

Oh, Andy!

Finally, the introduction
of county-wide
controlled village parking zones
are the result of almost two years
of intense debate...

.. I'm miserable now... No!

Perfect

It's got to be
Perfect
Too many people take second best
But I won't take anything less
It's got to be
Yeah
Perfect...
Oh, charming!
Wednesday's market day.
Must remember that.
Hello!
Little children.
Oh! In your own time.
Road hog!
Thank you!
You have reached
your destination.
Perfect.
Perfect.
Perfect.
Who are you?!
The police! Turn them off!
Why are you trespassing?
Just turn them off!
Why are you here, anyway?
To welcome you to the village.
If you're the local bobby,
where's the uniform?
My name's Detective Constable
Bill Wong.
I work out of Evesham.
Why the...?
Because it makes me look 30 again.
Does it work? Yes.
I've got a rowing machine
and an exercise bike.
Is this what you're up to tomorrow?
Just trying to fit in.
Are you going to go now? I am.
Just do what people do
and you'll fit in fine.
Why do you care?
Because I'm being friendly.
It's a friendly village, this.

People are nice to each other.
Is this all your stuff?
Yes. It's like a show home.
Thank you.
Was that an insult?
It looks nice - that's what I meant.
Well, why wouldn't you just say that?
"It looks nice. "
It looks nice. Good.
Goodbye. Right.
Is your wife out tonight, Andy,
or are you just giving the dog
a long walk?
She's doing her amateur dramatics.
Oh, do your Jack Bauer.
Do your Jack Bauer! I love that.
The following takes place

between 10:

on the day of the
Californian Presidential Primary.
I love 24! Ooh! Oh!
Sheila!
I thought you'd finished with her.
Look, love, you're not my wife.
I'm not answerable to you,
so stop spying on me.
I'm going to tell her husband.
Then you'll stop seeing her.
Sheila... And he'll hurt you, Andy.
He'll hurt you badly.
Come on, boy.
Good morning! Nice weather for it.
Yes, it is. It is indeed.
It's beautiful.
Is that all you want?
Yes, thanks.
What type of quiche
are you entering for the competition
this year, Gail?
I thought ricotta cheese and prawn.
Oh. I think that would make me
want to vomit.
Well, I gave it to Sarah Bloxby

last week and she didn't throw up.
So I think I'm in with a better
chance than last year.
I'd love to win.
It's so prestigious.
It's nice weather we're having.
Yes.
Have you got everything you need
there, Mrs. Raisin?
Is it possible
to find a cleaner round here?
Oh, it's very difficult, I'm afraid.
Not your wife? Or your mother,
if she's still active?
No. Let's hope the weather
holds for the weekend.
This quiche competition on Saturday -
do you know who the judge is?
Andy Cummings-Browne.
Ah! And do you have his phone number?
Yes? Hello. I'm calling from the
office of Agatha Raisin... Who?
She's just taken up residence
in Carsely
and would like to arrange
a social visit. Will you be in?
That'll be fine. Many thanks.
Agatha Raisin, new to the village.
I believe my secretary rang ahead.
You've just taken Budgen's cottage?
That's right.
Maybe you can help me.
I was thinking of entering
your Great Quiche competition,
but don't quite know
how to go about it.
Read one of the leaflets.
Good idea! Would you care to join me
for dinner this evening?
You could give me a few hints
on how to do the things
that people do
when they do things around here.
It'll be on me. Do they do food

at the White Horse?
I wouldn't be seen dead
at the White Horse.
They do good food at
the Feathers in Ancombe.
The Feathers it is, then.
I shall see you there. 7.30.
Oh, hello! Lady on the bike!
Agatha Raisin, new to the village.
Agatha Raisin.
What is it, dear?
I'm your new neighbour... dear.
What? What?
I need a cleaner.
Do you have the name of a cleaner?
It's impossible round here.
I'm lucky enough to have
the Simpson girl on Thursdays,
but she can't possibly fit you in.
Well, you could give me her number
and I could give her a try.
Absolutely not.
Right.
You don't know where
the Simpson girl lives, do you?
All day Thursday, 12 an hour,
and I'll provide lunch.
That's double what I get
from snotty old Sheila Barr.
Will you be making the lunch
yourself?
Mum says all she normally gets is
salad, and she's fed up with them.
No, it'll be good food.
Ready meals, oven chips, mayonnaise.
Excellent. Yeah, go on, then.
You're on, love.
Then why don't you ring Sheila now
and break the bad news?
Yeah, all right.
Hello, dear.
You must have seen them,
littering up the village green.
Bored out of their box. No morality.

Goodness knows
what they get up to.
The bill's on its way, I think.
I just need the ladies.
Nothing that a few years in barracks
wouldn't sort out.
Your bill, madam. Oh, thank you.
As a single woman living alone,
Mrs. Raisin,
if you ever get scared by the noises
of the night, you must call me.
Why?
I could come over and protect you,
if that's what you want.
Any trouble in the night, just call.
It wouldn't be any bother...
to... sort you out.
Now, before I settle this bill,
would you like another malt whisky?
No, two's your limit,
isn't it, darling?
Two's good for me.
Now, tell me, Andy... what normally
wins the quiche competition?
Oh, spinach, usually.
Though, occasionally
my eye gets caught by tomato.
You know you have to submit them
on Friday evening
for judging on Saturday?
Well, I bake a beautiful spinach.
Ella Cartwright usually does
a spinach doesn't she, darling?
I don't recall.
Ella Cartwright?
Is she my main threat?
She wins every year.
Well, I think you'll find
that my quiche
is known for being
the finest in London.
Thank you, madam.
Don't worry about the change.
What a nightmare woman. Hi, Tarzan!

Can she cook? Well, who cares?
I might get her
in the amateur dramatics, though.
She looks a drama queen.
Come on, boy, let's get you
some food. Good boy!
You'll be asked to leave the village
if they find out you're cheating.
But they won't, will they?
Oh, they smell lovely. On the table
over there. Well done, Davina.
Lovely!
That's beautiful! Put the cakes
on the table over there.
Well done.
Agatha Raisin, spinach quiche.
Well done, Agatha.
With quiche, over there.
That looks lovely!
That looks really nice.
Shouldn't you be
in the village hall,
instead of lurking around here?
Don't you ever give up?
Nothing puts me off.
I like lurking. Especially here.
That little kiss
we had last Christmas... Don't!
Can you still taste it?
I can still taste the mulled wine,
which I had too much of.
Because if we don't have
another soon,
your husband -
your sainted husband -
might get to hear about it.
Andy!
Hi. Sarah was just telling me
you might need a hand.
I'm nearly done, actually.
Who's getting crucified? I am.
Bugger off!
Chill out!
Excuse me!

Come on, quickly!
Police business!
Have they taken everything?
Everything.
Apart from your Germaine Greer
poster. And your awards.
Is there somebody else
there with you? The police!
And how does this make you feel?
Lonely? Anxious? Of course it does!
What do you think it says about you
that people think
they can burgle YOU? Be quiet.
Well, this is most unusual.
We haven't had a home burglary
in Carsely for...
Since before I was born, sir.
Moreton-in-Marsh is a different
story. It's a hotbed of criminality.
Mostly burglaries, never murder.
Which is a shame.
Because that's why you join
the police force, isn't it?
But I've never had one.
And I think I'd cope with it
quite well. Do you mind if I...?
Was anything of value been taken?
Yes!
I paid a design team a fortune
to make this place feel like home.
Or a show home.
Maybe now you can use
the insurance money
to put what you like in the house.
Because it wasn't very homely,
Agatha.
Are you trying to look
for a silver lining?
It's just things. You're all right,
which is the main thing.
This is my home, Bill!
We'll need you to itemise exactly
what's been taken, Mrs. Raisin.
We have to say that,

but we never find anything.
You told me if I did what people did,
I'd fit in here.
That I would be happy.
You will. You've got the village
fete to look forward to tomorrow.
Oh, God!
Get your raffle tickets here!
There you go.
Mmm!
Mmm!
Are you Agatha? I am. Sarah Bloxby.
I'm sorry to hear about your trouble
last night, but I must admit
I have never seen a quiche
with such a delicate crust.
Thank you. Can you tell me
which one is Ella Cartwright?
She's over there in the blue.
That's a woman?
Not him, her. She's won it
for the last six years.
I heard that.
I mean, who does she have to
sleep with round here
to get a run of success like that -
the vicar?
Well, I hope not - he's my husband.
Oh.
She hadn't been here a day before
she swiped the Simpson girl off me!
Paying her a fortune!
She's just a blow-in from London.
She'll be running back
within a fortnight.
Agatha Raisin, spinach,
new to the village.
Gail Murray, mushroom, born here.
I'm sorry about your trouble
last night. It's nothing.
What will I win if I...? Ssh!
Ladies and gentlemen,
if I can interrupt the chit-chat
and the scoffing of biscuits

for a moment...

Can't hear you!

What will the winner win?

Five pounds.

Not a big shiny cup?

I'd like to announce the results.

There's been a tremendous effort,

particularly in the

new potato department...

CHEERING AND APPLAUSE

But I'd like to start with

the most prestigious award -

that of the Best Quiche.

And the winner -

this year's pride of Carsely - is...

.. once again, Ella Cartwright.

Oh!

Thank you!

I think we all know

that mine was the best quiche.

I judged otherwise.

Or is everyone in this village

too busy stealing

to know how the world works?

Would you like to take

your quiche home, Agatha?

No, thank you. It's my gift to him.

He can shove it up his...

"He can shove the quiche

so far up his arse,

"you can see it when he burps!"

Don't! The vicar heard every word.

I don't know why you bother

with those silly sods.

Because they fit in, don't they?

They belong. Really?

Yeah! I mean,

look at the houses they live in.

You live here, in this dump.

No offence.

It is a dump.

All my life I've looked at people

who've belonged somewhere.

I still don't know how they do it.

Well, I belong here.
Have another sticky finger. I will.
Tomorrow, after work,
Kyra and I are going shopping.
Do you want to come?
I don't want to intrude.
You won't be. It's not like
I've got a man, is it?
And why not? Look at you!
Big sexy girl like you.
Well, the one I had buggered off.
And the one I really like
doesn't really notice me.
Have another sticky finger.
Will you stop it
with the sticky fingers!
Tomorrow, I'm going to get dressed
up, I'm going to go to church,
and I'm going to apologise.
The male lion has three wives
and lives a life of leisure,
impregnating them all in turn.
What on earth are you watching?
It's educational.
I'm off to rehearsal.
I brought that horrid woman's
quiche back.
I'll say one thing for her, though -
she can cook.
Which one of his pride
will the beast mount tonight?
See you later, son! Have a good one.
Is that policeman on again?
Just now. Yeah.
Why don't you join?
It's money, innit?
It might be worth it.
40 to 50?!
What's he done that for?
What?
Mrs. Josephs' cat has had a litter,
and I wondered if you could
do with some company.
Oh, hello! Look at you!

Teeny-tiny, oh, yes!

He's all yours.

Thank you. You'd better come in.

Come on in. I'll get you a drink.

I've got a lot to do today,
so be a good girl and sit quietly.

OK, Mum.

Tarzan! Tarzan! Come on, Tarzan.

Morning, Tarzan. Are they up yet?

Kyra, go in there and play
with your colouring book, please.

Mummy!

MUMMY!

Sarah!

Sarah. I must apologise
for my language yesterday.

Oh, don't worry! Emotions were high
and you'd made such an effort.

Everyone was saying it looked like
we had a real cook in the village.

Oh! Are you off to a wedding? No.

Careful, Bill! Morning, Agatha.

Is he in training for something?

I don't think so.

Where is he?

Bugger me!

Where's Jo?

What's going on?

I didn't think she was in.

Bill?

Are you sure it was poison?

Next week is the Green Man
Harvest Festival. A pagan event,
where the lustful and lascivious
sinners I see before me
will celebrate our fertile fields
with Morris dances
symbolising sex orgies
and the general pursuit of women.

And at the Green Man Festival,
I will represent Christ himself
in this village, strapped
to this cross, for your sins.

Why are the police here?

I don't know.
That was an ambulance,
not a police siren.
We saw Bill running past earlier.
What are they talking about?
I don't know.
.. and I ask all of you
to support me...
Where are you going?
Sarah! Sarah!
Sarah!
We talked about this!
What?
Right, check everything
and dust everything. Yes, sir.
Got it!
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
Bill, what's happening?
I'm sorry, it's an ongoing
investigation,
and I can't tell you anything.
Just spit it out,
for goodness sake, boy!
Andy's been poisoned.
What?!
What did he say?
So is the wife
a murder suspect in the murder?
Yes, sir. She fed him his supper.
And can you think of
any other suspects in the murder
who might have murdered him?
Not as yet, sir, no.
OK. Good.
I just want to get this right.
Mrs. Cummings-Murder,
we believe your husband has been
unlawfully killed by your quiche.
It wasn't mine. I didn't make it.
Then... who did?
Get in the car!
What do you think I'm doing?
Go, go, go!
Police!

Police! Is anyone in there?
What's going on?
Have you seen the woman
that lives in this house?
She just left.
On her bike.
She's running for it.
There she is!
Don't go too fast on this
hump-backed bridge...! Oh, no!
Agatha Raisin? Yes?
Did you yourself cook the quiche you
entered in the recent competition?
Of course I did. What was in it?
Why would you think
that I wouldn't know what was in it?
Just answer the question.
Pastry...
spinach...
.. eggy thing...
and bread.
Bread? Bread. Is that a crime?
I'll be the judge of that.
Would you make it for us, please?
N- Now? Yes.
OK.
I'll make a quiche for you.
(Eggs are definitely involved,
aren't they? Yes.)
(And milk. And milk.)
(Thank you.)
Right.
For the pastry, I will need some...
potatoes.
Oh, come on!
It's hardly cheating, is it?
It's just a silly little competition.
Anyway, why aren't you running
over the fields
chasing Andy Cummings-Browne's
killer or something?
Because he was poisoned to death
from eating cowbane
found in your quiche!

Well, that's what we suspect,
but we're not sure.
We're not sure, but we are sure.
We're awaiting confirmation.
Yes, we're awaiting fermentation,
but that was what everyone in that
room thought and knows to be true.
Cowbane?
A plant found in some parts
of Britain.
Here, for example.
Oh! Poor man.
So who did cook the quiche
you entered in the competition?
If I say, you won't tell everyone
in the village I cheated, will you?
If you do, they will never
speak to me again.
Hey! Where is everybody?
So the spinach quiche you submitted
at the village competition
was not baked by you?
No.
And you said to DCI Wilkes,
"It's hardly cheating".
This attempt to wilfully deceive
your neighbours and win 5.
"If I did it in London,
I'd get an OBE,
"you pathetic provincial plod".
Oh, dear!
I think he fancies her. Ssh!
Did you cook the quiche yourself?
We do all the baking, sir.
We buy from the grocer
across the street.
He goes to New Covent Garden
every morning for produce.
The cowbane... must have got in
with the spinach.
I apologise to Mrs. Cummings-Browne
and her husband's friends.
It's a tragic accident.
When I came back from rehearsal,

the television was still on,
which wasn't unusual for my husband
because he was forgetful.
So I switched it off
and went upstairs to bed.
My cleaner found his body
in the morning.
It was me!
Did you sleep in separate bedrooms?
I have a bad back
and I need the space.
I just thought he'd gone down to
the White Horse for his usual pint.
We heard from your family doctor
that because of your husband's
high blood pressure,
the shock of having toxins
like those produced by cowbane
in his body could be very dangerous.
Were you aware of this?
I wasn't, no.
My husband was
of the old school, sir.
Very proud.
He would have been embarrassed
to have been thought so vulnerable.
Do you need a glass of water,
Mrs. Cummings-Browne?
I think we'll adjourn.
Murderer!
I did not murder anyone!
It was Mr Economides.
I didn't murder anyone either!
If you hadn't cheated,
Andy would still be alive.
Stop it, Sheila.
Go back to London!
Mrs. Josephs! I'm so sorry, Agatha.
You should come to church on Sunday.
Nobody ever died in the village
before you arrived.
Are you OK? Come on.
Everybody hates me.
It'll die down.

You know, a while ago,
someone ran over the pub cat,
and after a couple of years
of hate mail and graffiti,
and dog poo thrown at their house
every night, people moved on.
A couple of years?!

With that report from his doctor,
the Coroner's going to find
accidental death.

The cowbane obviously got into
the spinach accidentally.
No-one's to blame.

But it might be an idea
to go and stay with friends
this weekend, Agatha.

Just to let all the emotion
die down.

I can't, because my only friend
is coming to me this weekend.
I wouldn't be seen dead in there,
to be honest.

Sorry! Oh!

Thank God you're here!

It can't be that bad.

It is. I have never been so hated.
That can't be true.

Think of how it was in London.
And I love you too(!)

Then why don't you sell up
and move away?

Because I don't want to move away!
I want to live here.

I've always wanted to live here.
And anyway, I've nowhere else to go.

Ah.

Hi, I'm Steve. Hi, Steve.

Think of it positively, Aggie.
You've already cheated,
been burgled, killed someone,
and been wanted by the police.
It's plain sailing from here.
At least you've made a mark.
Yes, what did

The Boston Strangler say?
"Better to be wanted for murder
than not to be wanted at all. "
This is really not helping.
And have you found a man yet?
Any frolicking farmers
caught your eye? Not a sausage.
It is idyllic here, Aggie.
You cannot leave.
Is there any cowbane here?
It doesn't grow in gardens.
So where does it grow?
Among the regular vegetables?
No, it's a marshy plant.
I looked it up.
How many hamburgers can you eat?
So how did a marshy plant get
harvested with spinach? That's odd.
It's not the only thing that's odd.
How come nobody else
has dropped dead?
How come none of the other
deli customers have died,
or was it just in the one quiche?
Excuse me!
That smoke is blowing
all over my garden,
and my brother and I
are trying to have tea.
Is this your annoying neighbour?
Yep. Pipe down and go away.
Are you going to allow him
talk to me like that?
Er... yeah.
Sheila, just leave it.
Did anyone want
Cummings-Browne dead?
Me! After he cheated me out of
winning the quiche competition.
Apart from you.
It was my quiche.
Maybe it was meant for me!
Who'd like to see you dead?
I would! Sheila!

But who knew I'd throw a strop
and abandon it if I didn't win?
Anyone who has spent two minutes
in your company. I'm being serious.
Excuse me. The smoke
is quite intense.
I wonder if you'd mind
moving the barbecue
to the other side of the garden?
Sure. Yes.
Thank you.
I thought you said there were no
attractive men in the village?
The thing is, we had to submit
the quiche to the competition
the night before.
So what's to stop someone
baking a quiche with cowbane...
.. and swapping them! If they wanted
Andy Cummings-Browne dead.
But who wanted him dead?
This is redemption, Agatha.
You prove there's a murderer
in this village
and people will stop blaming you.
You'll be respected.
You might even be liked.
Let's get to work.
Cheers, everybody.
So who would have known about
Andy's high blood pressure?
His wife!
Exactly. Yet, at the inquest,
she said she didn't know about it.
Which is bollocks.
Totally bollocks. Who else?
Why do people want to commit murder?
Money, sex, jealousy, shame,
because someone borrows your
favourite T-shirt without asking
and spills orange juice down it.
I've apologised for that
so many times.
Sex!

He was definitely a player.
He tried to pick me up
the first day I met him.
So we know he's not discerning.
Why would you use quiche
as a murder weapon?
Why not just hit him on the head
or chop him into little pieces
with an axe?
Because it's significant.
How, Roy? How is it significant?
Come on! Why is it significant?
Because...
why did the same woman win
the quiche competition every year?
With an inferior quiche.
What's the story there?
What IS the story there?
How the hell do I know?
Were they having an affair?
How the hell do I know?
Well, I'm going to find out.
.. are fatal without Christ...
I thought you looked thirsty, Ella.
Oh, it's the Big Poisoner.
You must have known
Andy Cummings-Browne well.
Winning all those competitions.
What have you heard?
Nothing.
I was just thinking about Andy.
Andy was lovely.
He weren't the only one
in the village in a lonely marriage.
Did he and Jo not get on?
It was her what had all the cash.
He said she made him jump through
hoops just to get drinking money.
All he had was his Army pension
and that didn't go far.
He used to say, "Ella," he'd say,
"One of these days, I'm going to
wring that woman's neck
"and get rid of her

once and for all. "

When did he tell you this? Well...

You were shagging him!

Did Jo know?

No, I'm not...

I'm not saying any more.

Just tell me if his wife knew.

No, I don't... And you're...

I don't like your questions, missus!

I'm coming through. Excuse me.

Hello, Mrs. Raisin.

Would love to!

He's fallen for it!

Look!

Oh, no! He's still in there!

Just a minute!

I've been looking for you,
young man. Yes?

I want to tell you
what I really think.

I'd love to hear that, Agatha.

Right.

Look at Jo Cummings-Browne. OK.

Now, if I was doing the PR
for a murder,
that's exactly what I'd advise.

I'd get the normally prim and proper
Mrs. Cummings-Browne
to look dishevelled,
like she's suffering,
because it's impossible
to think badly about someone
when they look like
they're suffering.

I'm sorry, are you accusing
Mrs. Cummings-Browne
of murdering her husband?

Why not? He was shagging
Ella Cartwright.

You don't know that.

She just told me. Oh.

Jo could easily have baked a
substitute quiche and fed it to him.

No! No, no! The first person

police check
in a suspicious death is the spouse.
We checked her bins,
we checked her kitchen,
and no baking had been done there
for days.
But if she'd found out
about him having an affair...
Agatha. Agatha...
Bill. Bill, I know people.
I know how they work,
and I've made very good money
out of it for a long time.
Agatha, no-one holds you responsible
for Andy's death.
Yes, they do.
No, they don't. No-one. No-one does.
Stop playing detective.
Excuse me!
Sorry... could I have a sip of that?
Could you get me a cola?
The wages of sin...
How did the Miss Marpling go?
I charged over to the police
making accusations
and made a right tit out of myself.
So they were having an affair? Yes.
Had his wife found out?
I don't know. Yet.
James, I've baked
too many apple pies
and I don't know if you like
apple pie,
but I thought
as I had one left over,
I thought maybe Sheila's brother
could make use of one?
I don't know!
I love apple pie. Thank you, Gail.
Just trying to extend
a warm Carsely welcome.
He's a bit of all right, him,
isn't he?
Do you like a bit of posh? Who?

Did Andy Cummings-Browne
ever try anything on with you?
Why do you ask?
No. Jo knew he was an old goat.
She'd never leave him alone
in the house when I was cleaning.
She knew about Ella?
She told him to put a stop to it
some time ago.
But recently, someone kept breaking
in to the house
and writing messages
on the mirror in lipstick,
saying he's up to his old tricks
again.
I've had to rub it off twice
before starting work.
Why haven't you told me this before?
Because I'm telling you now.
This is relevant
to my murder inquiry.
Well, Sherlock,
I didn't know you were having...
He wasn't murdered.
Agatha, what are you on about?
What colour of lipstick? Red.
What shade was it? Who wears it?
Who was writing these messages
on the mirror?
Oh, stop it! Stop making things up
to make life more interesting.
It's dangerous.
I bet you'd feel life
was more interesting
if you woke up to that
every morning.
They say he's just retired
after 30 years in the Army.
So he's used to being disciplined.
I tend to scare men.
Well, delicate creatures,
aren't they, poor little things.
I wouldn't know how to approach
a man I liked any more.

Just make an effort!
You give an inch,
let them take a yard.
That's what they're doing.
Mr Lacey, I've just decorated a cake
with an Army theme,
quite by accident. I was going
to throw it away when I thought...
Smile!
Aggie, will you whizz us
back for the train?
You'll be all right if we go,
won't you? Of course.
What time does that
little deli in Moreton close?
Yes?
Yes.
What? I'm Agatha Raisin
from next door and...
My sister's out. Yes, I saw her go.
I was just passing that nice deli
in Moreton and thought to myself,
Sheila's brother looks like an eater.
You're the woman who poisons people.
I see where you're coming from.
If I'm honest, I've been given
quite a lot of pies and puddings
since arriving in the village and...
I know. You have got to be so
careful. I know what you mean.
I mean, I don't know what you were
like before in terms of weight.
You're still attractive,
very attractive.
If you'll excuse me.
What are you eating... reading?
The book.
Um...
Well, now I've got a bit of time,
I'm writing some military history.
Oh, boring!
When are you going,
so I can get back to work?
Right now. Goodbye. Bye.

'I've always wanted to live there,
ever since I was a little girl.

'Used to go there on holiday.

'But won't you get lonely
out in the country?'

Miaow!

'It's been lonely here. '

Hello.

Hello. Kyra, isn't it?

My mum said you've got
to be bloody nice.

OK. Why?

Because she lied her arse off
on the website.

You want to know where Agatha is,
don't you?

Agatha, so glad you could come.

I thought our stuffy little Ladies
Committee might not be for you,
but we could do with
some business experience,
raising money and so forth.

I was just sitting at home
thinking I'd much rather be here.

Well, that's wonderful spirit.

Let me introduce you.

Sarah, before we go in,
can I ask you a question?

Of course. There's some rumours
flying about in the village,
and I don't want to speak ill
of the dead...

It sounds like you're going to.

I am, yes.

Was Andy really a bit of
a skirt-chaser? He wasn't.

It's just that I heard... He wasn't.

OK.

Sit here.

Ladies, we have a very special
and talented woman with us tonight.

Please stand up.

Oh!

But before Mrs. Josephs

shows us her photographs
of Carsely Past and Present,
it's unfortunately
that time of the month again
when Mr and Mrs. Boggle
are due for their trip out and...
Agatha'll do it!
Great! That's settled. Pick them up
tomorrow morning, Agatha.
Mrs. Josephs.
What's wrong with the Boggles? Ssh!
I fancied you the first time
that I saw you,
but I didn't want anyone to know,
cos I would have been embarrassed.
Because I was head boy?
No, cos you were a total square!
Cos you wore your school uniform
to the school Christmas disco.
I thought it was an official event.
No-one dances to Oasis
in their blazer!
Or knows all the words
to Mistletoe and Wine.
Did you fancy me?
You know I did.
I used to try and sit
next to you in Physics.
But you always had Gary.
Gary the bastard.
It wouldn't have worked back then.
And it's not going to work now,
is it?
Why not?
Because... because how could it?
Look how different we are.
So you're going to go after
the older women, are you?
You'll make an arse of yourself.
I'm going to go.
We shouldn't have done this.
And this is Carsely,
taken by my grandfather in 1904.
You will notice the absence of cars,

and that Gail's little house
was originally built
as the public toilet.
In more recent years, I have taken
over the mantle, as you know.
Here's the village fair, with Jo
winning for her flower arranging,
and Ella Cartwright winning
the quiche competition again,
an honour she inherited
from our host Sarah,
who won for the best quiche
one...
two... three years on the trot.
'He was a nice man, Jo. '
Oh! Sorry.
I've got to... take this.
Hi! We think we should warn you...
I've got another suspect, Roy.
I think there was something
unholy going on between the dead man
and the vicar's wife.
Calm down, calm down.
I can't calm down.
Looking through Steve's pictures
of Green Man,
we can see a woman
staring at you with real hatred.
I'll send it now.
He's sending it now.
Oh, God!
It's like
The Witches of Eastwick here.
She looks like a witch.
Aggie, she's really scary.
There can be real nutters
in the countryside.
Has she seen The Wicker Man?
Have you seen The Wicker Man?
I'm looking at the woman now.
Do you know her? No.
Do you think he was having an affair
with her as well?
I think he was probably shagging

the whole village, Roy.
I'm telling you,
there's something going on here.
We're here now. Let's get off.
See you next week.
Ella.
No, I don't want to talk to you
again, London Lady.
Just one quick question.
Now, tell me.
When Sarah Bloxby kept winning
the quiche competition,
was there something going on
between her and Andy?
What's it worth?
You want information for money?
What are you, the mafia?
I've just done a bundle
down the bingo.
If my John finds out,
he'll hammer me.
Ten? Twenty.
What the vicar didn't see,
the vicar didn't know.
That's all there is to say
on the matter.
Another little question.
What about this lady here?
Any idea who she is?
Um...
No, not from round here.
Was Andy diddling her an' all?
Ella! Get in there!
John, don't. Go on!
Mr Cartwright...
You keep your nose out
and stop asking questions.
If I see you do it again...
You'll...?
What? You didn't actually
finish your sentence.
You know what I mean.
Actually, I don't. You didn't finish
your sentence, you uneducated ape!

Oh, no, I'm getting it.
I think I understand
exactly what you're talking about.
Good morning.
You not doing any cleaning today,
then?
I'm feeling depressed.
What's all this?
It's a mood board, about
Andy Cummings-Browne's death.
We used to use them all the time
at work. When people died?
So these are my suspects -
John the jealous husband,
Sarah the shameful vicar's wife...
Why have you got the volcano?
Well, that signifies an eruption
of lust and anger. Oh, right.
Sarah Bloxby, she was the only
one wearing red lipstick yesterday.
It was that sort of shade.
Now, is that the same colour
as the writing on the mirror?
No, it was lighter than that,
like a peach. Like that.
Aren't you meant to be
taking the Boggles out today?
Oh, bugger me!
You're very, very late.
Just be pleased I'm here at all.
I thought you might like to go
to the garden centre
in Stow-on-the-Wold.
There are things I need to do today.
We're not going to
a bloody garden centre.
You're taking us to Bath.
Bath? Bath! Bath!
You could both do with a bath,
you smelly pair. Oi!
And we're going to Sally Lunn's
Kitchen for a slap-up meal,
and London Lady's paying.
You've got to treat the elderly

right in a village like this.
Let's not go to Bath, then.
Let's go to Dignitas in Switzerland.
Is it nice there? I'd enjoy it.
We were worried you were going
to bring us a packed lunch.
With a slice of quiche.
Ha ha - very good(!)
You never had a chance
of winning that competition.
Everyone knew Andy
was diddling Ella Cartwright.
The whole village knew
what Randy Andy was like.
He was after the vicar's wife
for ages.
Kept on giving her the quiche prize.
Then he goosed her once
up the side aisle
and she went straight to Jo
and told her.
She's petrified
the vicar'll find out,
thinks it might send him
doolally again.
He's manic-depressive.
Ella told me he'd had an affair
with Sarah.
Did you give Ella money?
That elephant would do anything
for bingo money.
That's how Cummings-Browne
got his way with her.
That's right.
Who else did he try and seduce?
Sheila Barr.
But Sheila was Jo's best friend!
She made a right fool of herself
during that play last year.
She done a play with him last year.
Some romance set in the Indian Raj
and she told him she loved him
during the curtain call, and he
was to meet her after the show...

...at their usual place.
The only trouble was, her microphone
was still on. Still on!
Sheila?
What about this woman -
is she another one of his?
That's Maria Borrow.
Rich as anything.
Mad as a cat.
Her late husband ran a couple
of banks. Lives in Bourton.
Bourton-on-the-Water?
Bourton-on-the-Hill.
No, Bourton-in-the-Hole.
Which bloody Bourton?!
Why can't you people
give these places proper names,
like Fulham or Chelsea?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?!
Bourton-on-the-Hill.
Right!
This isn't the way to Bath.
We're not going to bloody Bath.
Maria Borrow?
I knew you would come to see me.
Really? Did you?
The trees were telling me.
I heard it in their song.
OK. Let's get straight back down
to Planet Earth, shall we?
This is you, isn't it?
You poisoned my future husband.
Andy Cummings-Browne?
We were engaged.
But he was married.
He said that he was divorcing her.
For a life with me.
You were shagging, then?
And that's why you broke into their
house and wrote messages in lipstick,
because you were trying
to break up his marriage?
I do not use lipstick. I never
wear unnatural cosmetics.

And, no, we were not shagging.
I had agreed to consummation
at the next full moon.
But your evil deed, Mrs. Raisin,
has denied Andrew and me
of our future.
And evil must be punished,
by curse of death.
Which is what you were doing here?
You will die
a horrible, lonely death,
witnessed only by the trees,
that will sing a song
of your empty life.
Hello? Andy was obviously murdered.
I'm convinced of it.
Who by, Agatha?
Well, there's Sheila...
No! No. Hello?
I can't hear you.
Sheila, who obviously
felt jilted by him,
which would have been
a huge blow to her pride.
Considering the other nutters
that he was knobbing.
Plus I've unearthed some evidence
that he was pressurising
Sarah into having sex.
She's the vicar's wife, Agatha!
Exactly. Which gives her
a huge motive
to get him out the way
and cover up their affair.
There's rich and crazy Maria Borrow.
Bill, there are suspects everywhere!
High blood pressure.
All these women would have known him
intimately,
so they would have been aware of
his high blood pressure.
Could you not do that
by the side of the road, please?
Needs must!

Agatha, you're sounding paranoid.
Stop sticking your nose
into other people's business.
Paranoia, Bill, is just another
word for police work! Good point.
Which you don't seem to be doing!
I know that man was murdered.
John Cartwright - there's another.
He was being cheated on,
so he's got a motive.
I am not going to investigate
John Cartwright,
whatever you think you know.
Stop looking into this.
Sorry, losing you. Can't hear you!
Agatha? Agatha!
Peachtree Pink lipstick.
Am I right?
I've no idea what you're
talking about. Just be quiet.
Peachtree Pink on the mirror.
Keep your voice down,
you silly woman.
Why? What were you going to do -
drive a wedge between them
so you could have him
all to yourself?
I've known women like you -
marriage-breakers.
You get spurned and
you become all bitter and desperate.
You start breaking into houses.
You're bunny-boilers,
quiche-bakers...
I was trying to warn my friend
about her husband's philandering.
You wanted him all to yourself,
didn't you? I didn't.
Yes, you did, Sheila. You were in
love with him, weren't you?
Ladies, maybe we should go inside
and you can talk about it there.
When did YOU first know
about all this?

Can you just go now, Agatha?
I've always known about it.
That's what Andy was like.
Sheila, Ella Cartwright.
He'd have had you, if he'd lived.
He wouldn't.
I'm sorry.
I wanted you to know
so I could have him for myself.
I'm sorry, Jo.
If you knew about all this,
why didn't you just punch her?
He said he'd stopped seeing Ella,
but then she won the competition
again, and I knew he hadn't.
He always lied.
That's what he was like.
But he'd never have left me.
I'm so sorry.
But what about the poisoned quiche?
Just go away!
If I had a girlfriend
who'd shagged my man...
If you had a man. If I had a man.
.. I wouldn't hug her -
I'd rip her eyes out.
I did the PR for the wife
of a film star
when they were going through
a divorce,
after he'd had an affair
with her sister.
And what I did for her
was dignity.
Dignity? Yeah.
She forgave her sister on Oprah.
There was a big hug,
and she got a huge settlement.
Afterwards, it transpired
that she'd never loved him,
and the sisters had played
this long game
in order to disgrace him
and get their hands on his millions.

Well, that's the world of movie stars - they're all crazy. They're still people. And there was something stagey about Jo's hug. There's been something staged about her ever since he died. You don't think they're in it together, do you? I think if the police got them in for questioning, frightened them a bit, one of them would crack. Yeah, but they're not going to do that, are they? They're not daft. Inspector Wilkes, Murder Squad. Ahem! South Gloucestershire Police. How can we help you? Inspector, this is Agatha Raisin. I think Andy Cummings-Browne was murdered. And I have two suspects. 'I told you our luck would change! 'Get the sausages on - I'm famished. 'Agatha! Where are you going? 'I'm just going to look at my cottage. 'Dinna be too long, Aggie. Your dinner will be ready. OK, Dad. 'Any more of these lagers?' I warned you. What are you doing? Get back! Come on, then! Stay away! Don't chase him. We've all seen who he is. Are you all right? Er... no, not really. Let's get you into your house. Aaargh! What happened? She's just been attacked by John Cartwright.

Put your arm here. OK.
One, two... three.
I'm heavy-boned.
Let me do it.
Let's get you some sweet tea.
Bill said they're releasing
the two jailbirds
you got taken in for questioning.
Do they know it was me
who called the police?
Not if I don't tell them.
But they might guess by themselves.
I was right, though, wasn't I?
There was a murderer in the village.
He tried to take me out
because he thought I was onto him.
Well, you've covered your bases
by accusing everyone in Carsely.
Yeah, well, we...
we don't need to tell anyone
about that, do we?
We won't say anything.
Thank you. Thanks for your help.
Well, we had a motive to keep
you alive, Mrs. Raisin.
We were coming to find you. Why?
We know what everyone
in the village thinks of us.
That we're useless.
But we've borrowed a bit of money
and set up a firm in my dad's garage
selling second-hand quad bikes.
You two are running a business?
We've got a website
and a few orders,
but we could do with some help
with publicity.
You're big in PR, aren't you?
Well, I was.
I'm not really anything any more.
Are you all right, Agatha?
She's in shock.
We're both in shock. You've had
some orders for those things?

I'd love to help.
We'll leave it with you.
Well, everyone out, cos I
need get round to the Cartwrights,
but I'll come back straight away.
I'll stay with her.
Are you all right with him
staying here? I don't have to go.
Go on, Bill. She'll be all right.
Excuse me.
We've found loads of stuff
in Cartwright's shed.
The stuff burgled from Mrs. Raisin's
last week,
and a few others
in Moreton-in-Marsh.
That was all Cartwright?
Why did he attack Mrs. Raisin?
She didn't accuse him of murder.
She's been snooping around his wife,
asking about the Cummings-Browne
death,
but she said he couldn't bake
a quiche to save his life,
and on the night Cummings-Browne
died,
they were both down the club
in Cirencester.
He must have thought she was
snooping about the burglaries.
Have we got him? His van was seen
heading down the Fosse.
'Attention all units.
'The suspect John Cartwright
'has been apprehended
south of Princethorpe. '
I'll pass that on, Bill.
John Cartwright had nothing
to do with Andy's death.
She says she's very sorry for
interfering with police business.
Yes, she's very sorry.
Bye.
I've made a right mess of things,

haven't I?

Oh! I don't know

what I was thinking about.

I've never going to fit in here.

I'm going to go back to London.

Don't be put off. Stop this madness.

Just give things time.

I used to be someone, you know.

I had my own business and I was
bloody good at what I did.

I don't doubt it.

And now the highlight of my week

is seeing Mrs. Boggle

urinate by the side of the road.

I'll have to go, before I face

the wrath of your sister and Jo.

Miaow!

Hello, you!

We're going to go back

to London, aren't we?

And we're going to make it sit up
and take notice again.

Pedmans closed the little office
and moved us to their big place
in Aldwych.

Come on! You and I both know clients
don't like the corporate stuff.

It's the personal touch they like.

So I have a proposition for you.

I'm setting up business again,

and I want you to be my partner.

I'll give you... 20... 23...

25% of the company.

25% of what, Aggie?

All your clients have come to
Pedmans. They're happy there.

I'm happy there.

I'm ecstatic for you. Great.

All right, then,

I'll set up on my own.

I'll give the cat 25% of the company.

Why, Aggie?

What do you need to prove?

I need to prove...

I need to prove that
Cummings-Browne was murdered.
Because... I don't know. I just
feel it. I feel it in my bones.
And when have you ever known
my bones to be wrong about anything?
OK. Who did your bones first tell
you was the killer?
His wife.
Then trust that, Aggie.
And think it through.
The thing I don't understand
is why his wife would stay with him
if she knew he'd slept with everyone.
Some women are pleased
their men go elsewhere.
No, they're not! They are.
They're not. They are.
Fidelity is not important to them.
But they would have some other hold
they would protect violently
if it was threatened.
Like status or money?
Exactly. A woman like this would
be very protective of the hold
that her money, say, had on him.
The psychological profile
has been well mapped...
Oh, God!
.. by Jung, Freud... Argh!
Have a nice day.
I realise I'm the last person
you ever want to see again, but...
No, you're the second-last person.
I really need to know.
I want you to tell me again how you
think cowbane could have got into...
No. Please go away. Please! OK.
Who is the last person
you ever want to see again?
That Mrs. Cummings-Browne.
Every time the door opens, I dread
looking up in case it's her.
She came here?

The day after the inquest.
What did she want?
100,000. Out of court.
Said if I didn't settle,
she'd sue me for every penny I had.
What did you say?
I told her it wasn't my quiche.
Wasn't it?
You're not the only one
who cheats, Agatha.
That weekend, I was at my cousin's
in Devon. We have the same business.
And although we say
"baked on the premises",
I borrowed some of his quiche,
so we didn't have to come back
a day early.
Yours was one of his.
Why didn't you say all this
at the inquest?
My cousin's daughter...
Her husband is not yet registered
with the British authorities.
This boy is working for his
father-in-law without a permit,
so I didn't want the police
snooping around.
And when you told Jo all this,
what did she do?
Well, I thought
she would sue my cousin,
but she cooled down straight away
and withdrew all demands for money.
I've no idea why.
I think I do.
Mrs. Josephs. Hi.
Do you have a moment?
Hello, Agatha. How nice to see you.
There was a rumour
you'd left the village.
Sheila Barr was beside herself
with happiness.
Hello, little one.
I just wanted to thank you

for the kitten.
It's so hard to find
good homes for them.
Also, I can't stop thinking about
the photographic slideshow
from the other night.
I just wondered if I could show Gemma
and Kyra a few of them?
We're fascinated by photography.
Of course. I could get them up
on the computer.
What am I looking at here?
Look closer. I don't know.
Oh, for God's sake, Bill,
what kind of plant is that?
Cowbane?
- Yes!
So Jo used cowbane in her flower
arrangement three years ago.
What does that prove?
It proves she knew the plant.
I knew the plant. No, you didn't.
You had to look it up
in your little black book a week ago.
And secondly, why did she withdraw
the threat of legal action
against Mr Economides when she found
out the quiche was baked in Devon?
Does cowbane grow in Devon?
No, it doesn't. It only grows
in certain parts of Britain,
and Jo would have known that.
She's guilty as sin!
I'm not arresting that woman
again, Agatha. She had no motive.
She knew of his affairs
and was able to live with them.
And no baking had taken place
in the kitchen for days.
We're going to be late, Bill.
Let it go.
Where are you going?
Dress rehearsal in the village hall.
Andy used to do the lighting.

We said we'd help out.
There's an oven in the
village hall, isn't there?
Ooohh...
Oooh...
Sarah, give it more OOOHHH!
OOOOH!
This light's much too bright, Bill.
What I need, when we see Sarah,
we want a real sense
of the moral sewer.
Do you think we could
try and capture that?
Oh, sorry!
Bill! Let me.
Try the Fresnels, Mr Lacey.
I need to believe you.
Great. Put that on the stage.
Oooohhh!
Thunder coming up...
Can I help you?
Mmm? I thought you'd left
the village.
No. No.
I was just listening in.
I'm very excited
about seeing this play
and I thought I might be able to get
a sneak preview.
Hi. Hi.
Agatha was wanting to buy a ticket.
I was telling her they're 4.50
and can be purchased
from the vicarage.
And we don't allow sneak previews,
Agatha.
OK. Well, I'll go to the vicarage
and get myself a ticket, then.
Thank you.
You've just got to press that
and it records.
I know.
Agatha, what a surprise.
I want to talk to you.

Is it about the tickets?
I've just put some coffee on.
Would you like some? Come in.
Would you like sugar, Agatha?
Yes, of course.
Now... what is it?
Thank you.
I know you murdered your husband.
And why would I do that?
Oh, I think you planned it
for some time.
You baked a poisoned quiche
in the village hall,
so you could take it home saying it
was one of the competition entries.
And it just happened to be me
that submitted a spinach one
and left it behind.
And then you,
being the money-grabbing cow
that you are,
thought you would blackmail the deli,
until you realised the spinach
had been cooked in Devon,
where there's no cowbane.
And I know that you know
what cowbane is,
because you used it in
your flower arranging.
Yes, Mrs. Josephs told me you'd asked
for a photocopy of that picture.
I'm right, though, aren't I?
Agatha, darling,
I knew he played around.
If he was doing that elsewhere,
at least he wasn't trying to do it
with me, was he?
Which, frankly, was a relief.
But you minded when he struck up
with Maria Borrow, didn't you?
When you realised
he was going to trade you in
for an even richer woman.
Didn't like that, did you?

When did you
realise that...
that he'd agreed to marry her?
That he was going
to... trade you in...
.. for crazy Maria?
Maria, crazy money...
The coffee...
You think you're so clever,
don't you?
Well, only a crass idiot
would drop in to accuse a poisoner
and then drink her coffee.
What are you doing?
What?
What are you doing?
What am I doing? What are you doing?
What am I doing?
I'm hiding behind some bins.
Oh. I was just thinking
maybe I should talk to Jo.
Something Agatha
said about the cowbane.
Why are you hiding behind some bins?
Waiting for Agatha.
Why? Where is she?
Coffee... The crazy money...
It's just horse tranquiliser,
Agatha.
Nothing to worry about. Don't...
I'm putting the script down here.
I've laid it all out.
Crazy...
Nice hot coal.
Here's what I'm going to
do with the script.
It'll be such a sad accident.
And so good that the house
is heavily insured.
Crazy...
Coming!
Bill. I was just about to take
Tarzan for a walk. Is it urgent?
Well, I just had a couple

of questions, really, Jo.
Can I come in? Can we talk and
walk, as I'm rather late?
He'd just like to know why you
didn't sue Mr. Economides
over the death of your husband.
Well, because it was a genuine
accident. I didn't want the hassle.
It had nothing to do with cowbane
not growing in Devon?
Well, why would it?
Is something on fire in there?
No, I don't think so.
There's smoke - look.
Help me!
Oh, my God, that's Agatha!
Go after her!
Get off me! Get off!
Get off me!
Why are you running, Jo?
Agatha!
AGATHA!
Agatha!
Sad accident...
Hellooo...
Crazy money...
Hello, Roy.
Coffee... crazy money...
Yeah, very good.
They're the only things you've said
for about twelve hours.
What are you doing here?
I'm opening a florist.
What does it look like?
Of course I'm here.
Gemma called me.
Any of these flowers
from James Lacey?
No, mostly from DC Wong,
who sat outside the door all night
with his cougar crush.
I was right.
WE were right.
Where do you think you're going?

I'm going home.
And where is that, Aggie?
I was stuck on a losing streak
But you helped me
to find my feet...
I was trying to find another girl
A change of scenery
But it seemed every door to me
was closed
Now it's all history
Now I find myself
looking in the mirror
Admiring what I see
Everything's fine now I'm here
I was stuck on a losing streak...
Nice to see you.
Good to see you!
And now that you've settled
into your new life, Agatha,
how does it make you feel?
Anxious? Lonely? Unloved?
Like you've just given up?
No, no, no, don't...
Be quiet!
.. And found my way back home.