

MARCUS TANDY

(Age: 28. Born: 1964)

The 1988 Spanish/British Extradition Laws are NOT retrospective ... So - if you committed your crime(s) in England and settled in Spain BEFORE that time you can't be sent home to face the music and pay your debt to society. Marcus Tandy settled in Spain in 1987, so he got in by the skin of his teeth. Unlike the other characters though, Marcus is TRAPPED in Little England, because he can't get out. He daren't ...

Marcus Tandy is about power. He may be a ruthless, sadistic little bastard - but most people have a respect for him, even if motivated by fear. And there are even some who (secretly) like him.

He was born in Shoeburyness (near Southend), in his mum's council-house: a single-parent family. He was unplanned and unwanted. An accident. His mother's life was mostly a succession of accidents. She made a habit of them. She wasn't the brightest of souls... Marcus' recollection of his childhood would be about fighting for things. Like - a change of nappy. Food. Attention. From birth he learned that to get anything (basics, never mind luxuries) was a battle. Little Marcus was farmed-out to whoever - whenever his mum could con neighbours into it. She had her own life to lead and her blokes (whoever the latest accident happened to be) didn't want the house cluttered-up with a screaming kid who kept calling them: "Uncle". It was a fairly brutal environment, and that tends to brutalise ... Marcus may not have learned much at school - when he bothered to attend - (about the only book he's read is the life-story of the Kray Brothers), but, on the street, he was top of the class. He kept his wits about him and had reflexes faster than a Venus Fly-Trap. At ten years of age he had his own mafia - a regular

(Fagin's kitchen. Organised pickpocketing (during the 'season'), gambling and small-scale (but highly organised) house-breaking. Enterprise culture at its best. He was the new breed entrepreneur ... All he wanted out of life was money and things ... things that were shiny and impressed people. When he wasn't living off 'imoral' earnings, he worked as a labourer, builder-and-decorator. He hated it - but, it firmed up his (already tidy) body, gave him some ready-cash and he could always smuggle-out the occupants' 'nicer pieces' inside lengths of piping. (Once he almost cleaned-out an entire Jeans-factory using this method, and set himself up in business from a market stall.) The girls hated him and couldn't get enough of him. All of which gave him an inflated sense of his own ego, and a basic hatred of women. (Still officially living at home, he and his mum screamed at each other all the hours God sent. And on more than one occasion there was violence between Marcus and one or other of her blokes. As Marcus got older, and physically stronger, his mum's other halves were frequently on the losing side of these exchanges ...) Marcus Tandy, then, was a hard man ... Moving in the world he moved in and being flash with it too meant that he soon attracted the attention of the big-boys. The professionals. If he could clean up his act - which meant learning to keep his big mouth buttoned - maybe they could do business. Marcus' apprenticeship in the 'real' criminal fraternity taught him that he wasn't hard at all. He was soft as his mother and had a lot to learn. But, he proved to be an ace student ... He started at the bottom and worked his way up through the ranks, and along the way managed to ditch his mum and get himself a flat in Southend. He fitted in to the organisation perfectly. At no stage did he adopt a mentor (dangerous thing to do anyway) and remained the loner that he was. But he watched the others like a hawk and 'stole' from them whatever he thought he could use. As a sideline to the Firm's activities, he operated a string of girls and set himself up in the porno business. Then (on a jewellery-shop job) he got caught, took the 'rap' for the others (which was a favour he reckoned he could collect at a later date), and was banged-up. Prison

didn't reform Marcus. It made him harder, if that was possible, and taught him a whole new set of tricks of the trade that he'd never even heard of. He was out of the Nick in no time, and - sharper and wiser - went back to his old lifestyle. He was just twenty ... and already taking winter-breaks on the Costa del Sol. The crimes were bigger now. Security vans. Banks. Stately Homes ... He was on nodding (even winking) terms with the Law - but, they had nothing on him. They knew what he was doing. And he knew that they knew. But, he didn't get caught, and they couldn't prove a thing ... Marcus paraded his success (much to the Firm's displeasure he'd never been able to stop being flash) in expensive restaurants, country-clubs, hotels and charity boxing-matches at the Grosvenor. He was wearing the regimental 'gold' on his back by now, and sporting the tastiest morsels on the end of his arm. And he was also riding for a fall ... A (major) bank-job went badly wrong (a gun was involved and a Pakistani got shot), and he had to flee the country and lie low - having first terrorised his mum to come up with an alibi should one be required. Fortunately for Marcus, by the time the police got around to linking him with the crime (his mum wouldn't GIVE him an alibi), he was settled in Spain - with his proceeds and a work permit and a resident's permit too ...

One of the lessons Marcus had learned from one of the older guys during his 'apprenticeship' was not to put all your eggs in one basket. At 23 he still had his wits about him and a good head on his shoulders. Realising his cash wouldn't last for ever, he bought an interest in a riding-stables (for the tourists), bought a part-share in a boat and opened a video-shop. He kept a low profile and opted to live in the old-town rather than the Little-England Urbanisation. During the Extradition talks he sweated buckets. Even when they were resolved in his favour he continued to keep his head down ... Before long he had a Spanish girlfriend: a) a man needed a woman for all sorts of things and b) being Spanish she might be able to get him out of scrapes with the locals ... He's watched closely by the Spanish police but, at present, they think he's keeping his nose clean.

(He uses Spanish workers at the stables and so is helping with the local unemployment problem!) Recently Marcus has taken to solo horse-riding in the undeveloped interior. It clears his head ... Is he becoming a bit of a nature-boy ...?

The essential points of MARCUS' character: he's a villain! A right bastard. Ruthless, calculating, sadistic and a swine. He's selfish, materialistic and trapped in a country that he doesn't necessarily think of (or want) as home. A shrewd businessman and quick-witted with it. But, a man who must always be looking over his shoulder ... Physically, he's a sexy hunk - but his body-language implies a sort of violence. (He does have a sexually sadistic streak in his nature.) People are scared of him, but in awe of him, too. And there's no shortage of those who fancy him ... Despite themselves, some women want him. And, a lot of the men envy him. He goes out and gets what he wants. So - he's flash! He's also a practised charmer ... A rattle-snake ... Better watch out ...

His SECRET is: that his secret's OUT. He's a crook, wanted for robbery (and possibly even murder) in England.

He's running away from: his criminal past.

Marcus' CONFIDENTIAL long-term storyline: follows three paths to start with. A) He cannot entirely give-up his law-breaking tendencies. By now they're almost genetic. The boat he owns a half share in is involved in drug operations out of Ibiza. (Dope on the way to England.) B) When he dumps his Spanish girlfriend, or messes her around too much or maybe lays one on her, her family (from the Spanish interior) could descend on Marcus like a ton of bricks with a vendetta to put the Mafia to shame. C) As he can't be extradited to England, maybe England will come and pay him a visit, in the shape of the victims (or the relatives of the victims) that he fucked-up back home ...? DEFINITELY a man who spends his life looking over his shoulder...

(He doesn't know it - but he's Antibody Positive.)