

Big Horace had moved out of banking. Now working in films. Long hours of work. Handling some major releases. Hollywood Nites every weekend, four till nine. Big Horace considering new master-plan. Significant insider knowledge of the local bank. Would stand him in good stead.

Big Horace fell in with Magic Bob. Magic Bob a master of illusion. Fallen on hard times, but still up for it. Magic Bob borrowed the cheapest videos every Friday night. Big Horace recommended them after lengthy critique. Magic Bob grateful. Good pals then.

Horace's plan was sound. Grand illusion. Set up a film-shoot at the bank. Make it look like a film about a bank-robbery. Everyone would stand and watch, applaud in the right places. Big Horace walks off with the loot. Cops think it's all a film. Big Horace escapes to the sun. Needs Magic Bob to set up the illusion of a film-set.

Great plan. Big Horace sends text-message to Wee Eck and Squiffy Hunter. "Bank job. Meet The Two Dogs, corner of Station Road. 9pm." Wee Eck has come back from North, tail between legs, at a loose end. Squiffy should have been down at Line-Dancing. Big Horace puts the plan before them. Wee Eck and Squiffy think it's a stonker. "What's an illusion?" asks Eck. Magic Bob smiles enigmatically. Big Horace tells Eck that an illusion is when you see something and it's not what you think. "Like The Two Dogs, for example." Wee Eck and Squiffy greatly puzzled. Magic Bob flicks a switch, lights go off and they find themselves in an empty warehouse. "Where'd my pint go?" demands Wee Eck. "All an illusion" says Big Horace. "The Two Dogs doesn't exist. Magic Bob set it all up." Squiffy suggests Magic Bob sets up another round. Wee Eck still puzzled. Goes along for the ride.

Lot of work to be done. Big Horace tends the videos by night. By day he visits the Bank. Visits the Police. Gets permits. Permission to shoot scenes from up-coming film "The Grand Illusionist". Police-superintendent wants to know what it's all about. Big Horace tells him it's a bio-pic of The Amazing Horatio, self-proclaimed "Grand Illusionist" of Glasgow in the 1890s. Scene at bank is an illusion The Amazing Horatio enacted in 1894 in Maryhill. Fooled the local constabulary then. Police-superintendent something of a buff himself, member of the force's Magic Circle. He wouldn't be fooled, no sir. Laughter all round. No problem with permits. Bank-manager a bit more sticky. Big Horace reminds him of his several moments of indiscretion at last Christmas Party. Everything quickly arranged to mutual satisfaction.

Magic Bob works on the lights, the curtains, the wires, the smoke. Tests it all out at the warehouse. The Two Dogs never saw anything like it.

Wee Eck arranges the getaway vehicle. Big Horace says it has to be a hansom cab. Wee Eck finds a mini-cab with a rather handsome Indian cabbie. Big Horace educates Wee Eck in the history of transport. Wee Eck rubs his sore head. Gets it right second time of asking.

Squiffy Hunter reads up on film-shoots at the local library. His mum embroiders the word "Director" on the back of his old dad's deckchair. Very homely.

Day of shoot dawns. Big Horace arrives with his team. Magic Bob scurries around setting up all the equipment. Wee Eck and Squiffy assist. Police hold back the crowds. Tam Smith and Harriet the Horse roped in. Major film-stars for the day.

Dark glasses. Autograph hunters. Big Horace takes the part of the master criminal. Squiffy sits in deck-chair with megaphone and camera.

Magic Bob presses the button. Lots of smoke. Veils of thin material. Bank bathed in confusing light. Tam "Heavy" Smith pulls a shooter. Harriet the Horse screams. Big Horace tells everyone to get down. Demands keys to safe. Good humour all round. Bank manager hands over keys. Amateur thespian. Trembles and sweats for the camera. Police smile indulgently: "What a big joke", they say. "Of course, different in real life."

Big Horace makes for the safe. Opens it with key. Loads of dosh inside. Big Horace and Tam stuff wads of notes into bags marked "Swag". Then they take Harriet the Horse hostage. Jump into hansom cab. Gallop off into Magic Bob's swirling mists.

"And it's a wrap. It's in the can!" Squiffy gathers all the evidence. Magic Bob switches off lights. Packs up smoke-machines. Squiffy's van roars off.. Police clear the crowds.

Back at The Two Dogs. Big Horace opens the bags. Amazed to find them full of shredded newspaper. Turns to Magic Bob. "What's all this, Bob?" Magic Bob simpers. "Pretty good, eh?" he says. "Best illusion I've ever done. All went a treat. Film-company should be pleased."

Wee Eck explains patiently to Bob that there is no film company. Magic Bob holds his bleeding nose. Realises now he had been mis-informed. So much for career-move into films. Back to kiddies' parties tomorrow, then.

Tam explains to Harriet the Horse. Harriet throws a film-star tantrum. Show's over, doll. They go off together. Pint of heavy. Vodka-and-lime.

Big Horace back in films again. Four 'til nine, Friday to Sunday. All the latest releases.