FROM DARKNESS EPI SODE ONE

By Katie Baxendale

8

BEAT. The last sheep in, he shuts the rear of the van and heads towards the driver's seat.

NORRIE

Com ng?

CLAIRE shakes her head. NORRIE half smiles and climbs in, slightly gruffly shouting at CARRICK to stay. CLAIRE heads up to the driver's window and watches NORRIE prepping to qo.

CLAIRE

You know, I'm tougher than you think.

NORRIE Looks at her, Leans out the window and kisses her, then starts the engine. CLAIRE steps back, smiling but as he heads off she Looks to the van: the captive animals' noses and eyes peering through the air vents as they are driven off to slaughter. CLAIRE turns and Looks to the now empty windswept field: all life gone, the silence suddenly deafening. She turns and sees CARRICK pining at the open gate. She whistles to him, and as he trots up to her, rests her hand on the old dog's head.

7 <u>EXT. RED-LIGHT DISTRICT, BUILDING SITE - DAY 1 (18:05)</u> 7

The crash of the waves becomes the roar of the engine and screech of metal as a bull dozer digs out the foundations for a new building. Claggy, gritty earth pours out from a bucket, before the blades plunge down into the ground again.

Over the roar we hear a builder call out. He stares down in the hole then up to the cab driver, motioning for him to stop. A scrap of old material flutters on the end of the digger's blade.

8 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 1 (18:12)

JULIE (45, professionally glamorous) greets female guests at a Breast Cancer Awareness charity sale that she's organised: it's a girls' night - pink, glamorous, giggly - in aid of a good cause.

JULIE

Hi. Don't you look gorgeous. Wow! Go through, grab yourselves a seat.

As her guests mill through to the lounge, she passes each one a glass of fizz then glances up at JCHN who is trying to sneak across the stairs to the kitchen without having to become part of things - not a fan of his wife's charity nights...

JULI E

(whi spered/mout hed)
More wine.

JOHN

Seriously.

She gives him a swift look then heads through to the lounge to join her guests.

JULIE B. G.

(to guests)

There's some gorgeous stuff for you to bid on. Remember it's all in a good cause, so don't be shy...

As JULIE continues to speak in the b.g. JOHN looks down at a tray of glasses he's meant to be manning. He picks up one of the several bottles of PINK CAVA, stacked to the side, pops the cork and begins to fill the glasses. As he does he hears a peal of raucous female laughter from the lounge.

JULIE B. G. / CONT' D

...imagine the look on his face tonight if you go home wearing this.

He stops pouring, looks at the bottle and rather than fill the next glass, just knocks back what's left in it. As he does, his mobile beeps. John looks at his phone, scowling at the taste of the sweet pink fizz as he reads the new message. He puts the bottle down, picks up his keys and heads to the front door.

In the B.G. we see JULIE, through the lounge door, still playing the professional hostess, (holding a silky nighty against herself, just one item piece from a selection of luxurious night/lounge wear, candles on offer as part of the charity auction) but clocking John leaving without saying a thing.

9 <u>EXT. JOHN' S HOUSE - DAY 1 (18: 14)</u>

JOHN heads out to see DS ANTHONY BOYCE waiting on the drive. JOHN walks past him towards the car, parked at the bottom of the drive.

BOYCE

Good do?

JOHN

Worthy.

ON BOYCE as he sheepishly clocks another couple of glamorously dressed women heading in to the house, then joins JOHN as he gets into the car relieved to be escaping to work rather than working the room with his wife.

10 EXT. RED-LIGHT DISTRICT, BUILDING SITE - DAY 1 (18:45) 10

JOHN emerges from a crime scene tent. He signs out of the scene log, removes his shoe protectors and hands them in to an attending Constable. As he does, he looks over to see another car pulling up, out of which gets SUPERINTENDENT LOLA KEIR (43, BLACK). We see the slightest sigh from JOHN as she walks towards him, wrapping her coat around herself.

LOLA

Two girls...

JOHN

...the remains of. Identification won't be easy. The builders who found them didn't know whether to call the cops or the museum

LOLA

How I ong?

JOHN

The initial estimate's 15 years.

LOLA looks around her at the half built luxury condos and wastel and.

9

LOLA

It's going to be a sensitive case. We need to be smart.

JOHN

You've given me Boyce.

He half nods to young DS BOYCE stood freezing his nuts off by the car.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oxbridge educated, so sensitive he faints at the sight of blood. Just a shame that at the time of these murders he was still breast fed.

LOLA looks at JOHN unimpressed.

JOHN

There'll be a full report on your desk in the morning.

BEAT. And with that he goes to return to his car. LOLA watches him for a second then... Then as she heads towards the crime scene tent...

LOLA

You know I do get it.

BEAT. JOHN looks at her.

LOLA (CONT'D)

A less experienced woman given the job you've had your heart set on for years, and then a black woman! Not that you're racist or sexist. No! You just feel discriminated against - positively.

LOLA stops by the crime scene tent and looks at him

LOLA (CONT'D)

Right now, all that experience just says one thing: you were here fifteen years ago... You screwed up big!

And with that she heads in. ON JOHN: it's the first time we've seen any vulnerability in him. There's truth in what she's said, truth that hurts. He glances around the wasteland for a second then marches over to BOYCE and the car, texting as he walks [A MESSAGE TO THE STATION TO TRACE AN ADDRESS/CONTACT DETAILS - OF AN EX-CONSTABLE, CLAIRE CHURCH], all pent up male aggression and frustration.

JOHN

Find out what was here before, who had access to it, the details of everyone who lived and worked within sight radius of the crime scene 1995-2005.

BOYCE

Got it.

JOHN

Got it Boss.

BEAT. BOYCE Looks towards LOLA's departing car.

BOYCE

Seems a bit...

 $$\operatorname{\textsc{JOHN}}$$ She is... Two weeks into the job, a double murder case to deal with, no cl ue.

JOHN sends his text... looks up at BOYCE then out to the wastel and, almost sighs.

JOHN

The truth is colour, sex, it's irrelevant to me. I always expected to be working for a woman... Just not that one.

BEAT. JCHN's phone buzzes, he looks down at it. And starts to head towards the car.

JOHN

Drop me home later and get an overnight bag.

BOYCE

Where are we going?

JOHN

The Western Isles.

BOYCE

But isn't that... Scotland?

But as BOYCE speaks, JOHN'S already walked away, headed back towards the crime scene tent.

11

JCHN heads back in to the crime scene - leaving BOYCE alone in that desolate place feeling stupid.

JCHN looks away, almost sighing, in disbelief. He heads back towards the tent, BOYCE heads off.

ENT HAS BEEN MOVED TO S	SCENE CUT. (
-------------------------	--------------

12 SCENE CUT. 12

13 <u>INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT 1 (22: 36)</u> 13

The light comes on in the garage as JOHN enters via an internal door and goes to a series of shelves and boxes at the back. He pulls down an old box file and after some rummaging pulls out an old green folder.

He brings it down and rests it on an work bench: leafing through the yellowing pages.

Turning eventually to an old photocopied ID shot of a police constable from 1998: Constable CLAIRE CHURCH.

14 <u>EXT. COAST. WESTERN I SLES - DAY 2 (17:50)</u>

14

CLAIRE CHURCH pulls her goggles down over her eyes and, clad in her wet-suit, plunges into a very uninviting sea and swims.

She swims hard: her face plunging in and out of the freezing cold water, her breathing strong and determined. The harder she trains the easier it is not to think. Bet ween breaths she and we hear a vague shouting. She looks up to see a girl (MEGAN DUNCAN, 15) shouting from the jetty.

MEGAN Muml Muml There's someone here.

MEGAN beckons her then turns back up the track towards the COTTAGE on the hillside behind. CLAIRE sticks her goggles on her head, exhausted and paddles back in.

15 EXT. COTTAGE. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 2 (17:58)

15

JOHN'S WORK CAR sits parked outside the cottage. It is incongruously executive. CLAIRE brushes a hand across it, intrigued and a little concerned. She heads in.

NORRLE in scruffy farming gear hands his two SUITED VISITORS: JOHN & BOYCE mugs of tea.

NORRI E

She's out training. She won't be long. Sugar?

BOYCE

You don't have any sweet ener . . . ?

NORRIE shakes his head. JOHN looks at BOYCE - like he's a pillock.

BOYCE (CONT'D)

Getting married... Trying to stay trim for the big day.

CLAIRE walks in.

16

CLAIRE

Is everything okay? Whose car is--

She stops, looks at JOHN. The mere sight of him is like a punch in the stomach.

NORRI E

Detective Sergeant Boyce. Detective Chief Inspector...

JOHN

(overlapping)

John. Like I said, we're old friends. God Claire... How long's it been?

CLAIRE just stands looking at him for a moment, trying to regain her composure but struggling. ...?

JOHN

We don't want to cause any bother.

We see the tiniest look from CLAIRE to NORRIE (firstly they are causing bother to her. Secondly, it's Norrie's birthday not that we'd know it, he doesn't like to make a fuss of these things).

NORRIE

It's either that or swim There's no ferry till the morning. [BEAT] Megan.

He calls MEGAN to heel who is now also staring on. She heads out with her DAD.

BEAT. CLAIRE I ooks at JOHN - it's almost the first proper I ook she's given him - now NORRIE's out of the room and it's full of shock and confrontation. JOHN meanwhile has barely taken his eyes off CLAIRE since she walked in. There's confrontation in his eyes too but it's playful bravado, a game, and there's tenderness too that is not being returned by CLAIRE.

JOHN

You sure you don't want to dry off? You seem a bit cold.

She looks at him.. He smiles. Then cuts the bravado for a minute and speaking more quietly.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(qui et er/honest/vul ner abl e
/intimate)
Seriously, it's good to see
[you]...

CLAIRE (CUTTINGIN) Just sit.

She glances towards the direction NORRIE's gone then looks back at JOHN who settles down on the sofa. CLAIRE heads upstairs. JOHN watches her go then turns back to BOYCE.

JOHN

Told you they'd make us feel welcome.

Told you amicyour avado for a

FROM DARKNESS EPISODE ONE c Sorry.

JOHN

You didn't think about that before joining the police.

JCHN looks at the photos on the bookshelves of CLAIRE & NORRI E. . . CLAIRE, MEGAN & NORRI E.

17 <u>SCENE CUT.</u> 17

18 <u>INT. COTTAGE, BATHROOM. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 2 (18: 04)</u> 18

CLAIRE walks into the bathroom, shuts the door tight and locks it. She turns on the shower, letting it run so no one can hear her, then stands by the door for a moment, nervously listening. Is she safe here? Can she think...? As she hovers there, she catches sight of herself in the over sink mirror and for a second runs a hand through her hair, letting a hand trail over her cheek and touch her lip. It's been so long since she saw JOHN. How did she look for him? It's the tiniest moment of weakness and vanity that is almost instantly overwhelmed by feelings of self disgust and hatred. She pulls open the medicine cabinet and rummages to find a small hidden toilet bag from the back. She pulls out a packet of pills and mechanically pops one. We see her in the vanity mirror as she does, only now the image is much more diffuse, getting steadily blurrier as the steam from the shower builds. She reaches for the cord on her wet-suit and unzips.

19 INT. LOCAL BAR. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 2 (19:52)

A noisy I SLAND BAR: tonight is band night. As the band set up in the corner of the room, locals, all ages, crowd around the bar chatting and ordering drinks. In another corner the island's tiny population of teenagers (IE. MEGAN and BEN MADDOCK), glower, slap each other. In their midst, BOYCE, struggles to get served.

19

BOYCE

Hello? Actually, I think... it was [me next]... Sorry.

No, it's not happening for a while. A little further down the bar, CLAIRE and NORRIE chat with friends GORDON and ROB. (Out socially like this, CLAIRE and NORRIE seem to have an effortless closeness, completely aware of each other in other people's company; although there's just a touch more protectiveness than normal tonight from Norrie - thanks to John's presence). GORDON nods over to BOYCE and JOHN who's sat alone at a plastic topped table in the distance behind him

GORDON

Who are they?

NORRI E

Ask Claire. VIPs.

CLAIRE

Life Insurance Salesmen. Didn't you know, I'm only in this for the money.

As she speaks she slips her arm round NORRIE's waist and gives him a squeeze then as etiquette requires, picks up her Diet Coke and goes and join JOHN. His presence definitely feeling like an intrusion for CLAIRE, changing how she can relax and behave for the entire evening.

NB: CLAIRE does not drink any alcohol in this scene.

CLAIRE puts her drink down on JOHN's table and sits. Over at the bar, NORRIE and his friends are still chatting and laughing.

JOHN

"Norrie".

He rolls the strange name around his mouth. CLAIRE just stares at him

JOHN

Seems like a nice enough boy... sorry.

CLAI RE

He is.

CLAIRE eyes JOHN then glances over at Norrie, smiling, enjoying him having a laugh with his mates.

JOHN

Funny, this... it's just not what I imagined... not that I spend a lot of time... imagining...

BEAT.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The crime rate can't be up to much for one? What are we talking - 5 miles long, one across. 50, 60 residents max.

CLAI RE

43.

JOHN

Ch yeah. They keep leaving. [BEAT] Didn't I read somewhere that a policeman visits from the mainland just twice a year? Not that it amounts to much: the odd bar brawl, the mysterious case of the missing sheep...

So, as in the back ground the band start properly playing, he settles down to business instead.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm on a case. You'll have heard about it on TV.

CLAIRE

No TV.

JOHN

No phone either? I left you messages.

She glances at him She obviously heard those messages but deleted them It's our first glimpse of CLAIRE lying, hiding. He leans in.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Two bodies... girls... women... Found in what was the red-light district.

CLAIRE

Why are you telling me this?

JOHN

Because I want you to come back and work with me.

Her eyes flick up to his astonished.

CLAIRE

(overlapping/cutting in) Are you mad? You must be... Cos that's... ridiculous. It's sixteen years since I left the pol i ce!

JOHN

We think they've been in the ground since 1998.

BEAT. She stares at him The colour washes from CLAIRE's face.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No one else knows as much about this as you do.

She looks to the other side of the room where NORRIE is talking with friends.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I've got the report you gave me. There's stuff in there that's... It's not finished... (MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

(softly)

I need you with me on this.

Something about the intimacy of what he just said makes CLAIRE look at him

CLAI RE

I'm sorry. What ever you hoped to achi eve by coming here, you made a mistake. This has nothing to do with me.

He pulls out a file and places it on the table in front of CLAIRE. She looks visibly disturbed, scared. This is a lifestyle she put behind her a long time ago. JOHN goes to open it but she stops him This time her dismissive bravado is all gone what we see now is fear... pleading.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No. Not here! Please.

The moment is shattered as on stage a microphone squeals and GORDON the lead signer announces...

GORDON

Ladi es and Gents, before we go on, an announcement...

CLAIRE Looks over, GORDON seems to glance to at her too as... BEAT. He strikes a chord on his guitar...

GORDON

Happy Birthday to you...

A cheer goes up but NORRIE looks around him, still not certain but the horrible truth slowly dawning on him, as GORDON looks his way and cod rock - ballad like continues...

GORDON

Happy Birthday to you... [BEAT. TALKING] Come on, you grizzly old bast ard...

NORRIE stands shaking his head... simultaneously, pleased and horrified, mouthing the odd shocked expletive... Who the fuck - told everyone? For someone so sure of himself, he's wonderfully shy, not the type to make a big fuss of these things. He looks over to CLAIRE, who gets up. This was obviously all her idea.

CLAI RE

(TO JOHN)

Excuse me.

JOHN

Least the candles'll still fit.

And with one last glare at JOHN, heads over to NORRIE smiling and singing along, as are half the pub now.

GORDON

Happy Birthday, Dear Norrie...

So JOHN watches as CLAIRE heads towards NORRIE... beckoning MEGAN to join them MEGAN is just mortified. CLAIRE puts her arms round NORRIE, then as GORDON holds out the microphone to her... sings the last phrase, accompanied by a rock riff from GORDON.

CLAI RE

(si ngi ng)

Happy Birthday to you... [BEAT: Not singing/with a squeal and only half caught by the Mc] Love you babe.

There's a huge cheer as CLAIRE kisses NORRIE and hugs him We however, catch her giving one quick nervous glance in JOHN's direction. Then the music kicks in again. NORRIE and CLAIRE join the rest of the crowd chatting and dancing, someone comes over to NORRIE with another round of drinks.

JCHN watches. It's clear that NORRIE's down-to-earth, unpretentious demeanor is a real kick in the teeth for him but not half so much as CLAIRE's evident closeness and love for NORRIE. Together they share an easy, intense, warm intimacy. They're a hot couple and for JCHN that stings. Subconsciously, JCHN rubs his lower back, feeling his age.

AN ORANGE JUICE lands down in front of JCHN. He looks up to see BOYCE.

JOHN

What do you call this?

BOYCE

Orange juice. We're on duty... On duty, boss.

He sits and starts to sip his orange juice. He stops though when he sees JOHN just staring at him

JOHN

You ever thought about applying to go under cover?

BOYCE looks up with interest. JOHN rolls his eyes "tit".

JOHN (CONT'D)

When in Rome, Boyce.

His phone goes and he sees that JULIE his wife is calling. He gets up handing his phone to BOYCE.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Talk to the boss. I'll sort this.

And with that he heads back up to the bar. ON BOYCE nervously looking at the phone - sipping at his orange

He turns as he hears a groan behind him, to see BOYCE roll over on a sofa bed (that they've evidently had to share), pulling a blanket over his head to shield himself from the light, an empty bottle of whisky on the bedside table near him

23 <u>EXT. COTTAGE. WESTERN I SLES - DAY 3 (07:17)</u>

23

CLAIRE heads back towards the cottage, breathless from her run, to see JOHN leaning against NORRIE'S CAR outside.

CLAIRE

Mor ni ng.

She goes to walk past him, he watches her the whole time as she stretches off.

JOHN

This yours?

CLAIRE

The island's so small I barely use it.

JOHN

Prefer to run.

She half smiles, goes to head inside.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Had any more thoughts?

CLAI RE

About what?

She looks at him

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh, that? I put that down to the Single Malt.

JOHN

Unfair. I was stone cold sober... At that point...

BEAT. She half smiles. It's enough to have him entranced.

CLAI RE

Look, John...

JOHN

First time you've called me by my name.

Her eyes flick up to his.

JOHN (CONT'D)

First time you've really looked at me.

CLAI RE

l'mflattered, really...

JOHN

Flattered too?! That must have been a good run.

He looks into her eyes, smiling, searching.

CLAIRE

There's no point really. I'm sorry you wasted your time coming here.

She turns and heads towards the cottage.

JOHN

This is your case.

CLAIRE

You don't know that.

JOHN

The one you were working on when you left the police. The disappearance of prostitutes. At the time, no one took you seriously. Now we're all ears.

Still she heads off.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You are the only one who talked to these girls, the only one who knew what was going on, on the ground at the time these crimes were committed. We need you... For God's sake... Claire. Stop walking away from me.

He touches/grabs her shoulder as he speaks. The physical contact and what he just said are like electric shocks to CLAI RE.

CLAI RE

How could you even contemplate, coming here, doing this...

JOHN

You know we make a bloody good team

CLAIRE looks at him Has he has no shame? It's enough for CLAIRE to draw a line under everything. She heads inside. JOHN calling after her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're hiding! It's obvious. You don't belong somewhere like this... Look at you.

CLAI RE

Look at you! Fat, embittered, heavy drinking, middle aged, male, detective. Do you know how much of a cliché that is?

BEAT. ON JOHN he says nothing for a second - which really makes CLAIRE even in the height of her temper feel a bit shit.

JOHN

(Gently) So save me.

But as he does his gentle earnest thing again it's enough to make CLAIRE tear back towards the cottage, passing NORRIE, who's just headed out their way.

NORRI E

Morning.

CLAIRE marches on. She turns.

NORRIE (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

CLAI RE

Our guests are just leaving.

NORRI E

(But quite pleased)

So soon?

JOHN

Unfortunately, and I'm afum

CLAIRE

I just told you I never drive the bloody thing.

JOHN

Parked on a public highway.

CLAI RE

It's private actually.

And with that she goes to walk away. JOHN glances at NORRIE who's still stood there staring at him untrusting, JOHN glances around him - looking for any possible grounds for arrest.

JOHN

Operating on livestock whilst intoxicated. Placing the Queen's head upside down on an envelope... That's high treason.

CLAIRE stops turns and stares at him - 'for fuck's sake'.

NORRI E

Is he being funny?

CLAIRE

(To NORRIE) He thinks he is.

JOHN

Fine, have it your way.

And with that JOHN marches forward, grabs CLAIRE's arm

CLAIRE

What the... get off me.

NORRI E

Let go of her.

CLAIRE

Norrie. Really. Just... Don't even bother engaging. He's being an [idiot]... Oww!

But NORRIE is engaging and JOHN can see it and intends to use it. He starts to drag CLAIRE off towards his car... tightening his grip on her and eyeing NORRIE.

NORRI E

Stop it. You're hurting her.

CLAIRE can see what's coming.

CLAIRE

Norrie.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Not the type to listen to your elders?

And with that NORRIE grabs JOHN making him let go of CLAIRE, and pushes him back up against the car.

CLAIRE (OVERLAPPING)

Oh God... no Norrie. For God's sake! Don't hit... him

But it's too late. NORRIE lands a punch on John's face before she's even finished speaking. Too late, CLAIRE pushes him off throwing herself between them JOHN reels momentarily, then looks up at her, holding his face but delighted that his plan has worked perfectly...

JOHN

ABH, GBH - attempted murder maybe, assaulting an officer of the law - definitely. [BEAT. EARNEST] We should have listened to you. You know you owe it to them

She stares at him for a moment then -

CLAIRE

(TO JOHN)

Okay... You win.

NORRIE Looks at CLAIRE incredulous.

NORRI E

(to CLAIRE)

Seri ousl v?!

NORRIE slams off into the house feeling confused and betrayed.

CLAIRE

Norrie... please.

OLAIRE turns to JOHN who smiles at her while nursing his cheek.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to JOHN VENOVOUS)

Prick!

As she speaks they're joined by BOYCE. Just woken up, white as a sheet and hung over, he picks his way through the mud and muck around the cottage, whilst trying to fend off the attentions of the dog.

BOYCE

Mor ni ng.

BEAT.

BOYCE (CONT'D)

You wouldn't happen to have any Aspirin?

CLAIRE I ooks at him

24 <u>I./E. FERRY (TRAVELLING), WEST COAST - DAY 3 (07:53)</u>

24

We see the magnificent scenery of the Western Isles from the water.

We pull back and see that we are sharing CLAIRE's POV as she stands on the ferry looking back towards THE ISLAND which is disappearing behind them

JOHN (0.S)

It's beautiful. I'll give you that.

She turns to see JCHN stood in the doorway, watching her as he smokes.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Try to see only what's good and the world becomes a very small place indeed.

CLAIRE looks at him then walks inside to sit alone. JOHN watches her go then looks across to BOYCE who's leaning over the adjacent rail about to be sick, then chucks his fag in the water.

25 I./E. JOHN'S CAR (TRAVELLING), MOTORWAY - DAY 3 (12:31)

25

Splosh. JOHN's car tyre goes through a filthy puddle as they approach the city. From the quietude and magnificence of the Western Isles to the roar of the approaching city and squalid industrial sprawl as they near Manchester. On CLAIRE staring out of the window.

26 <u>SCENE CUT.</u>

26

27 EXT. STATION, COURTYARD - DAY 3 (12: 39)

27

CLAIRE gets out of the car and walk towards the police station. We share her POV as she takes in the place... Her worst memories and fears crowding back in. The place may as well be a prison. As she looks up we:

FLASHBACK TO.

28

28 EXT. STATION, COURTYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

JOHN (0. S.)

Ckay?

29 EXT. STATION, COURTYARD - DAY 3 (T/C)

29

CLAIRE turns to look at JOHN. He walks past her towards the door and holds it open.

30 <u>I./E. STATION, LOLA'S OFFICE - DAY 3 (T/C)</u>

30

We see CLAIRE and JOHN headed into the POLICE STATION. JOHN glances up as he enters, catching the eye of LOLA who is looking down from her office window. It's obvious, that she expects him to come and see her.

31 INT. STATION, LOLA'S OFFICE - DAY 3 (12:44)

31

LOLA goes to sit at her desk, JOHN half hovers by the door.

LOLA

We are in the midst of a major murder investigation. You've been out of the office for two days.

JOHN

It might seem improbable now but you're going to thank me.

LOLA

Your focus should be on gathering evidence, establishing victims' IDs.

JOHN

I left that in the hands of my very capable team

LOLA

I shouldn't need to explain but we have standards, protocols, none of which include, fannying off to the Western Isles to drag back excolleagues.

JOHN

(cutting in)

Colleague... just the one excolleague. Police Constable Church, seconded from uniform in 98 to 99 to work on developing contacts within the sex worker community. She'd compiled a list of prostitutes rumoured missing.

Then pulls a packet of SMALL I SLAND BI SCUITS from his pocket. He takes one, dunks.

JOHN (CONT'D)
For a baker he's got quite a swing on him

JOHN smiles, takes another swig then puts his mug down.

JOHN (CONT'D) Tell me about the women... The women you met?

BEAT. CLAIRE says not hing.

JOHN

All these names are hard for CLAIRE to listen to but the final one - SALLY FISHER particularly so. Her eyes dart up nervously at the mention of it, despite her efforts to stay controlled. For some reason, Sally Fisher really stings. JOHN clocks this. He watches CLAIRE's reaction to everything closely.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Three girls who all went missing according to their "colleagues" between February 1998 and end of March 99.

BEAT. JOHN continues to watch CLAIRE, her reactions. Her hand trembles a little he clocks it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We now have two bodies found in the red-light district. Their deaths dated back to exactly the same period.

BEAT.

JOHN (CONT'D)

They had been tied, almost certainly... tortured.

BEAT. CLAIRE will not look at him will not give anything - although we can see his words are upsetting her somewhere deep within. She crumples forward, closing her eyes, almost putting her hands over her ears.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Their corpses treated with hydrogen peroxide, an attempt to dissolve the evidence... or clean it. We can't even get a positive ID.

That makes CLAIRE I ook up.

CLAI RE

Then you have no way of connecting them to the girls I listed.

BEAT. She sits back, as if withdrawing from the conversation.

JOHN

What is this? I mean... what is it you want Claire? An apology? You were right. We were wrong. The Greater Manchester Police hereby apologises for not listening. Fine! We're sorry. You've got it. The case you were investigating was relevant, real.

CLAIRE

Naïve. That's what you called it.

JOHN

The way it's written it still is. So are you if you think that at the time anyone would have taken me seriously had I pushed this...

There was already talk about my pushing to keep you in CLD. You were 24, inexperienced, my Constable...

BEAT. CLAIRE stares at him trembling with upset and rage.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I thought you wanted to get these girls justice.

CLAI RE

You know I did! But I wasn't good enough was I. I failed them We...

She looks at him, a catch of the eye that enrages her.

CLAI RE

It's the past. It has nothing to do with me now. I've a new life... I don't have to do this. I can't! [BEAT] It's over, done... finished.

They are interrupted by a tap at the door. BOYCE comes in.

BOYCE

Sir.

JOHN

Shit!

CLAI RE

Anyway, it's too late now, isn't

JOHN presses stop on the recorder as BOYCE hands JOHN a message. JOHN I ooks up at CLAIRE. Then shuts the file, getting up, ostensibly giving up.

JOHN

Collect your things.

She I ooks up at him somewhat surprised. He stands, holding the door open for her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We're done here.

She gets up walking past him He watches her every move.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'll drive you to the station. If you'll let me.

I./E. JOHN'S CAR (TRAVELLING), STREETS - DAY 3 (13:03) 33

33

JOHN drives. He glances at across at CLAIRE but she's looking steadfastly ahead of her. He pulls out a packet of ci gar et t es.

CLAI RE

They'll kill you.

Still he offers her one. She half laughs - shakes her head. As he goes on speaking, he lowers the window, gets out his lighter...

JOHN

Not nearly as fast as swimming in the North Atlantic will. [BEAT] What are you training for anyway?

CLAI RE

Iron Woman.

JOHN

You're serious?!

CLAIRE

26 Mle run, 112 mile cycle, 2.4 MIe swim

JOHN

Yes you are. Very.

JCHN looks down at the fag he was just about to light and puts it away. She can't help but smile and he catches her doing it. He smiles back. She looks away.

CLAIRE

You're not that fat.

JOHN

Sorry.

CLAI RE

You heard me.

He looks at her... sighs.

BEAT. ON JOHN... not sure how to do this or where to begin.

BEAT. CLAIRE's eyes dart up to him Then away. CLAIRE stares out of the window but we see her biting back tears. JOHN meanwhile can barely take his eyes off her. Suddenly he takes a left.

CLAIRE

Where are we going? This isn't the way.

34 <u>I. /E. JOHN' S CAR (TRAVELLING) / EXT. RED-LIGHT DISTRICT - DAY 3 (13: 05)</u>

We see JOHN's car turn left into an area that's in the middle of being redeveloped into warehouse apartments and luxury condos (BOUNDARY WAY). As the car drives we hear CLAIRE and JOHN's dialogue continue over the action.

CLAIRE

Where are you taking me?

JOHN

You remember, recognise it? It's changed superficially, been cleaned up, gentrified... on the surface but if you ask me it still has that same feel...

JOHN looks across at CLAIRE as he pulls up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I guess there are some pasts you can't escape no matter how good a front you put on it.

BEAT.

JOHN (CONT'D)

They've found a third body.

And with that just gets out of the car.

CLAIRE looks out to see him headed towards the CRIME SCENE TENT. We stay on her as she watches JOHN show his ID, put on protective shoe covers.

It's too much for her and he knows it.

Suddenly CLAIRE flings off her belt and dashes out to follow him..

CLAIRE dashes out of the car towards the CRIME SCENE TENT.

CLAIRE

John! Wait!

She looks up to see JOHN looking back at her and heads in.

ON CLAIRE astonished by her own impulse, horrified by her desperation and compulsion to know more, by her reengagement.

35 SCENE CUT. CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 36.

36

35

INT. TRAIN (TRAVELLING) - DAY 3 (13:50)

36

CLAIRE stares at her reflection in the window of the train, lost and trying to come to terms with what just happened, her eagerness to see the crime scene, the resurfacing of a Claire she thought she'd buried years ago.

The noise of the passengers around her brings her back to reality: FAM LIES & KIDS bickering innocently. Opposite her a BUSI NESSWOMAN reads a paper and a tired TRAVELLER snores a little, mouth gaping. Her phone rings: NORRIE.

CLAIRE

Hi... no. Everything's fine. All sorted. I'm on my way. No, really. Love you. Yes. I'll call you from the ferry.

She hangs up, stares at the BUSINESS WOMAN opposite. She has turned the page of the paper to reveal a spread on the MANCHESTER MURDERS.

REFRESHMENT MAN (0. S)

Any refreshments?

CLAIRE looks up to see the refreshment trolley passing.

CLAI RE

Cof f ee.

REFRESHMENT MAN

Mlk, sugar.

CLAIRE

Two of each.

CLAIRE turns and reaches into her bag for her purse.

REFRESHMENT MAN (0. S)

One fifty?

She doesn't answer. She's looking at something in her bag. A green file: the GREEN FILE, the CRIME REPORT. There's a note attached to it: "READ IT - CALL ME".

REFRESHMENT MAN (CONT'D)

One fifty?

CLAIRE remembers herself.

BEAT. NORRIE half glances at CLAIRE as if he's about to have this out now, broach the issue of her departure with JCHN but instead heads into the kitchen. MEGAN turns to see CLAIRE.

MEGAN

Tell me about Manchester! Did you buy anything?

CLAIRE goes over and plants a kiss on her head and sits by MEGAN - ignoring that question...

CLAIRE

You've got it all wrong. Rihanna starts on M ddl e C.

MEGAN rolls her eyes. CLAIRE smiles but her focus is on NORRIE, who she can see moving around in the kitchen, aware that he'll be listening, pissed off. CLAIRE knows that she's got some explaining to do later when they're in private.

40 INT. COTTAGE, BEDROOM. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 3 (23:16) 40

CLAIRE and NORRIE get ready for bed. CLAIRE just going about her routine, a little doggedly, wanting to avoid the conversation they need to have. NORRIE not wanting to push her but watching her.

NORRIE

So it was fine.

CLAIRE

Yes.

She walks into the en-suite. Through the crack in the door we can see NORRIE on the bed, getting changed.

NORRIE

Just fine.

CLAIRE

Like I said. Nonsense... Nothing.

She takes her moment alone, to down another pill.

NORRI E

They just dragged you down to Manchester for a laugh.

Downing it quickly and zipping away the bag as NORRIE walks in.

CLAIRE

Yeah. It was a scream

She looks at him, trying her best to look nonchalant and like he's worrying over nothing, then starts brushing her teeth. He comes closer to her, standing behind her.

CLAIRE

Detective Sergeant. I was a rank below him He sort of mentored me.

She feels NORRLE's dissatisfaction with that.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's history, ancient history.

BEAT. She looks at him smiles. Moves a little closer.

CLAIRE

All part of some dark, dismal and quite frankly boring past that I have no intention of going back to ever again. Now can we talk about something else please?

Norrie...?

BEAT. He looks at her but doesn't budge.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

If the mountain won't come to Muhammad. Then Muhammad-

She rolls she sits on top of him He looks at her.

NORRI E

Who are you calling a mountain?

She smiles.

NORRIE (CONT'D)

I thought you were knackered.

CLAI RE

I was... Then you started doing that whole pouty plebeian thing.

He laughs. She smiles and goes to kiss him but NORRIE stops her, just looking at her for a minute.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I love you.

NORRI E

Good.

She kisses him

41 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 3 (23: 31)

41

ON JOHN - staring at the TV screen. It's late and he has files on the kitchen table, a bottle of wine and a large bag of crisps. ON TV LOLA's pre-recorded appeal is playing (she stands being interviewed outside the crime scene tent).

LOLA (ON TV)

Due to the length of time the bodies have been in the ground and the violent nature of the crimes we have yet to establish a positive identification.

JULIE comes in.

JOHN

You're in late.

JULIE

I had my meeting.

She sits the crisps back up so they don't just spill out of the bag. Sees him looking at her completely unaware of what meeting.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I told you this morning. Martin Wallis. Chief Executive of MW Action. I met him at the Gala evening.

He half acknowledges this but looks back to the TV: adding with the kind of interest 18 years of marriage gets you.

JOHN

Go well?

But as he asks he automatically picks up the remote and increases the volume to listen to what the boss is saying.

LOLA (ON TV)

We are appealing for anyone who thinks they may have links to the victims to come forward to the police with information.

BEAT. JULIE looks at him, taking in that disinterest then looks to the TV.

JULIE

You wonder sometimes if it's worth it. 16 years. Might just be

LOLA (ON TV)

Anyone who had or has contact with any girls who were working in this area at the time...

JULIE

Anyway, who'd want to find out that's what happened to their kid.

She gets up.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Maybe some questions are better left unanswered.

LOLA (ON TV)

...particularly the friends or relatives of any girls believed to have gone missing.

She touches his shoulder...

JULIE (CONT'D)

Don't stay up too late.

She heads upstairs. JOHN turns to see her disappearing and, once out of sight, can't help but check his mobile for messages - nothing. He picks up the glass and drinks, turning back to the TV.

We hone in on THE BOSS...

LOLA (ON TV)

Sixteen years is a long time...

42 <u>INT. STATION, INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT 3 (23:33)</u>

42

We pull back from the appeal and see that it is playing on a screen next to BOYCE who hardly takes it in as he continues to sift through hours of OLD CCTV footage. Another late worker leaves their desk in the background.

LOLA (ON TV)

But there must be people out there...

A WOMAN has just been picked up by a punter in a car. He tries to hone in on it but just as we get near to seeing faces/registration plates a WHITE LORRY drives past obscuring the view.

43 I./E. LORRY, MOTORWAY LAY-BY - NIGHT 3 (23:34)

43

A WHITE LORRY sits in a lay-by at night, being buffeted by the other traffic - mainly freight and haulage that screams past in close proximity.

Inside the cab we see the lights on, a warm glow from fairy lights. And a TV. The BOSS' APPEAL playing on it.

LOLA (ON TV)
...with information still.

The TV is sat on a table at the side of a dingy little room with no natural light. On a plastic chair in the centre of the room, sits AGOTA CALGYS (LATVIAN, 19) hunched over her English Grammar Verb Tense homework with a look of concentration and effort on her face as she learns, i Pod shuffle headphones in.

ENGLISH LESSON PODCAST To be - Present, Past, Future. I am . .

AGOTA (mur muring to her self/lear ning) I am . .

ENGLISH LESSON PODCAST

I was.

AGOTA

I was.

ENGLISH LESSON PODCAST

I will be...

As she learns, AGOTA bites her nails. Suddenly she realises what she's doing and looks down at her nails, dissatisfied with herself. She reaches to the little table and picks up a bottle of STRENGTH AND GROW (ANTI-NAIL BITING LACQUER) - applies some to her fingers as she half glances at the TV.

AGOTA

...I will be.

Her mobile beeps. She picks it up, opens a text, a troubled look passes over her face as she reads it then a small RED LIGHT flashes on the plyboard wall and a little letter box slit half way up the wall starts to open. ACOTA puts down her mobile and stands. Stepping out of view, a dressing gown is placed on the plastic chair, and she goes. We loiter: on her gown, text books, pencil case, doodled note pad, nail-biting treatment, childish cheap mobile bearing that text: I'M OFFERING YOU FREEDOM YOUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE, before cutting to...

47 INT. PEEP SHOW (PUNTERS' POV) - NIGHT 3 (23:38)

47

The letter box slit OPENS from the other side and through that slit - floating in the middle of an otherwise black screen, we see a very different view of AGOTA - headless (her face out of view - her head never shown) objectified.

LOLA (ON TV) (0.S) Let's give these girls what they have so far been denied... Justice.

48 <u>INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 (23:40)</u>

48

JOHN answers the phone that's on the sofa beside him

JOHN

Hello.

LOLA (0. S)

You were watching?

JOHN

I'm your biggest fan. You pay my wages.

LOLA (0. S.)

It's generated a huge number of calls from the public, most of them probably dead ends but one of them says she's a relative.

JOHN

Of which girl.

LOLA (0. S)

Sally Fisher. She's willing to do DNA.

JOHN opens the file and looks at the picture of SALLY.

49 INT. COTTAGE, BEDROOM. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 3 (23:46) 49

ON CLAIRE. Whereas before her fears gave her night mares, now they won't let her fall asleep. She lies wide awake, next to the sleeping NORRIE. Her island sanctuary feeling less safe and removed by the minute.

50 <u>SCENE CUT.</u> 50

It's the distorted sounds, the shadows that make it so terrible. It is all about our most hidden innate fears. We can not see exactly what CLAIRE thinks happened as CLAIRE herself is so terrified she is trying to shut these images down before they can get to their logical conclusion.

- Blackness - the distorted, sound of a struggle/scream

54 INT. COTTAGE, OFFICE. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 3 (23:55)

54

CLAIRE shuts her eyes, recoiling in horror at the thoughts, the darkness that she is being dragged back to.

She opens her eyes and suddenly becomes aware of where she is: sat in front of that beautiful large window now, a chillingly thin glassy screen, scant protection from the wild ocean of darkness beyond it. She feels cold and exposed, picked out, on show - watched...

Unable to calmarising tide of panic, she turns off the desk light and gets up, standing to the side of the window then looks towards the office door.

54A INT. COTTAGE, CORRIDOR. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 3 (T/C) 54A

On CLAIRE as she enters the hallway: stealing her breath as she moves slowly down the corridor towards the front door. She's terrified but, she forces herself, to take the handle and...

Open it...

On CLAIRE as she stands just staring for a moment, into the darkness of the island night. There's nothing but the wind, the sea, the open wilds.

But that doesn't stop her quickly shutting the door and locking it (with the key in the door) tight.

She turns relieved to see the old COLLIE DOG - CARRICK coming out of the kitchen to see what all the fuss is about. He looks up at her, blind in one eye, wagging his tail, nervous at her reaction.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Good boy. It's okay. It's alright.

CLAIRE slides to the ground beside him, stroking him in relief.

Rumble. SLAM A heavy metal door is locked by someone but we do not see who, as in the darkness they turn away from the door and walk towards the other end of the room..

Then shine a light on...

55

From the UNKNOWN POV we see... the gagged face of AGOTA CALGYS, who looks up in the sickly bright flash of the beam with wide, terrified eyes. Where as last time, in the peep show all we saw was her body, now all we see is her face.

56 INT. COTTAGE. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 4 (07: 45)

56

NORRIE, pyjamas still on tries the back door, CARRICK the dog, barking around him excitedly/urgently.

NORRIE

She walks back past her astonished audience, unlocks the door and marches outside in her night stuff.

NORRI E

What was on that photo?

MEGAN shrugs.

MEGAN

Jewellery?

NORRIE Looks at her then marches out too, after CLAIRE.

MEGAN peers through the window, half interested in a very adolescent way. She looks to CLAIRE and NORRIE both out by the hill in their nightwear, NORRIE talking to CLAIRE

58

58 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 4 (07:55)

JULIE is making toast and tea. One of his teenage sons (JACK, 18) at the table - finishing his homework the other headphones on. JOHN gives JULIE a quick kiss on the back of the neck as he passes.

JOHN

I won't be late, I promise.

Julie glances at him He turns, taps JACK with the headphones on the head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

... You, behave.

JACK doesn't respond at all but as JOHN makes to go his younger son, OLLIE, comes in for breakfast and as he sits down - is the only member of the family who actively interacts with him

OLLIE

See you Dad. Go get him

JOHN smiles, almost surprised/ashamed at his son's continuing faith in him, not as surprised at JACK though who evidently thinks his brother's a complete tit for what he just said.

JACK

(Mout hing at his brother) 'Tosser'.

JOHN

I'll do my best.

He leaves. JACK turns to his brother.

JACK

Are you going to ask him to take the stabilisers off your bike?

Meanwhile JULIE watches JOHN leave. As she does, we hear a phone call over the action. A phone call that has already happened that has led to this moment. We hear the phone ringing at the other end of the line. The call answered.

JOHN (V. 0) (CONT' D)

DCI Hind.

CLAIRE (V. 0)

It's me.

BEAT. There's a pause we just hear him breathing for a moment.

JOHN (V. 0)

You got the message.

JCHN glances around at his street at the large modern build, mock Tudor Barrat homes. A NEI GHBOUR nods to him as they clean their car windscreen. JCHN nods back but we sense a large part of him is alienated from all this. Especially today, his mind is just full of one thing as he gets into his car. We know because he stops himself from lighting a cigarette. Also that previously made PHONE CALL continues over the action.

CLAIRE (V. 0)

We should meet.

60 <u>I./E. NORRI E'S CAR (TRAVELLI NG), MOTORWAY - DAY 4 (13:06)</u> 60

We see CLAIRE driving down the M6. The journey down like a journey back into herself. The PHONE CALL CONTINUES over the action.

JOHN (V. 0)

Where?

59

CLAIRE (V. 0)

Somewhere... neutral... somewhere in-bet ween.

We see CLAIRE turn off into SERVICES on the M6 in the

CLAIRE

I'm here to tell you what I know and then that's me done with this.

JOHN

Any more ground rules?

CLAIRE

We've an hour.

He looks at her astonished.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm on the 5 o'clock ferry.

JOHN

In that case Cinderella.

He slides out a chair for her. CLAIRE looks at it then sits.

He moves a cup of coffee across the table towards her: along with two cartons of milk and two sachets of sugar - just like she asked for on the train.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Two of each.

He's remembered exactly how she takes it. He glances out at the car park.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Just like the good old days: the two of us stuck in no-man's land, waiting for our haul to come in. The coffee's better than it used to be.

BEAT.

JOHN (CONT'D)

As for me... fat, old, embittered. But you Claire, ...you [look amazing]

CLAI RE

(cutting)

...a different person entirely.

BEAT. He looks at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

At least that's how it feels. Looking back... I...

As a horn of a lorry blares in the background CLAIRE turns towards the window shuts her eyes.

63 SCENE CUT.

63

64 <u>I. /E. M6 SERVICES, CAFE - DAY 4 (13: 17)</u>

64

BLACKNESS.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
I barely recognise myself.

CUT TO:

As a DRIVER lights up a cigarette, then tokes on it as he stands on the pavement outside the services.

We pull back inside to see JOHN, momentarily looking at him (he hasn't smoked today). He looks back up to CLAIRE. She meets his gaze.

CLAIRE

I must have blanked a lot of it.

There's a touch of defiance in her eyes. She's telling him that there's no point in even trying to go back over their relationship. He takes out a tape recorder.

JOHN

You don't mind if...

She nods. He presses record. CLAIRE stirs her sugars and milk into her coffee. Takes a sip.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Tell me when you first became suspicious about the disappearances.

CLAIRE

February, 1998. We'd been on a drugs raid. Boundary Way... or somewhere near. I know it was freezing. We'd hauled in this girl for selling but it didn't fit. It was obvious she wasn't a pusher. She was a user...

JOHN

What do you mean?

CLAIRE

She'd been used all her life you could see.

BEAT. He looks at her. We sense that they are about to enter onto territory that has led them to argue previously.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She'd said she'd only been selling to raise the cash to get away. Her friend had gone missing and she was scared. That's what I remember most, her fear.

JOHN

How do you know she wasn't lying?

CLAIRE shrugs.

CLAIRE

She was willing to sell her fix to get off the street.

JOHN

Half of it. Cut it with some crap then use the profit to double her hit.

BEAT. CLAIRE stares at him, then sits back, going quiet, closing up again.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Just being a realist.

CLAIRE

You know it's why none of them came to you. They'd learnt not to trust the police, heard that if they reported a rape it'd be written up on the board as knock and run.

JOHN

Ch come on.

CLAI RE

Deny it.

JOHN

Gallows humour.

CLAI RE

(overlapping)

That's how it was. You and the lads.

JOHN

(overlapping)

What do they call it now?

CLAI RE

(overlapping)

You and the team

JOHN

(overlapping) A coping mechanism

CLAI RE

You treated them like they were barely human... although they did have their occasional uses.

JOHN

Not true.

BEAT.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Not me.

CLAI RE

No you had other outlets.

BEAT. He turns off the tape recorder.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

CLAIRE

There was this body of knowledge we'd been ignoring. We were policing the streets without listening to the people who lived it. [BEAT] Most of it was rubbish... bitchy over the top gossip - someone had wronged somebody so they'd try 'n' use me to drop them in it. But other... stuff tallied... multiple reports of girls gone missing, Caz Jenkins having disappeared... The fear was palpable, you could see it every time they got up to leave. They all felt there was someone out there, someone predatory. They knew their lives were at risk.

BEAT. She starts to through the file, pulling out the photos of the girls.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Caz, I'd never met. Apparently she was a bit of a joker but they all put on a front to some extent, it took time... to really know them...

She opens the FILE and pulls out a picture of SALLY FISHER - a girl she really did know.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Sally was... a catastropma6yku0u0u0' sh6uj 1 0 0-ways-0.1j / F

BEAT. She looks at JOHN as she speaks. He was once CLAIRE's knight in shining armour. He failed her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Three days later she called me. Something had changed. She sounded panicked, scared. She wouldn't say why, not over the phone, she wanted to meet, made me promise l'd be there.

BEAT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I never made it. A week later, Sally was reported missing.

BEAT. JOHN hands CLAIRE some new photos. Photos of SALLY - as a young school girl MEGAN's age.

JOHN

Her parents gave us these. They called in straight after the appeal, did a DNA test. It's working. We're getting somewhere.

He looks at CLAIRE as she stares at the photos of SALLY the school girl.

JOHN (CONT'D)

They're last ones they took of her before she left home. I suspect she'd changed... Two years on the streets...

CLAI RE

I'm sure the more innocent look will help with the appeal.

CLAIRE Looks at the photos of the other girls: M.M. AND CAZ.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The girl on the raid, your "unreliable witness": that was M mi Fent on - she couldn't have been sevent een years old.

She pushes all the photos away from her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Least Sally has someone interested in looking for her now.

BEAT. JOHN looks at her. He can see she's crumbling. He goes to touch her hand. She retracts it - closing up now, looking away. He stops the tape recorder and looks out the window a bit.

JOHN

We all feel it Claire, but to do the job you have to learn to keep a lid on these things. You can't go blaming yourself. The way these girls lived...

CLAIRE

(Cutting in)

We were in bed together. You and me, fucking each other's brains out while she...

BEAT. CLAIRE stops closing her eyes - she can not bring herself to imagine what happened to Sally Fisher that night.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The night I was meant to meet Sally Fisher was the night you were meant to have told Julie. You called and I dropped everything. We were celebrating.

BEAT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But then we'd both broken our promises.

BEAT. JOHN looks up at her. CLAIRE avoids eye contact. She starts to collect her things.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I don't want you to contact me again. There's no need. I've told you everything.

BEAT. CLAIRE stands to go then, seeing a large white refrigerated van park up outside, turns back to the file that's still out on the table and flipping open a page to where there is a forensics pictures of some bones with a binding around them she adds...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

They weren't tied. They were trussed like meat.

JOHN looks down to the folder then up to see CLAIRE leaving.

65 <u>EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 4 (13: 40)</u>

65

STRENGTH AND GROW we see the small PLASTIC BOTTLE - pinned against the large warehouse door by the wind: that great met al door that looms, almost throbs at us on screen.

A LORRY's horn blares past in the background.

CLAIRE walks into the cottage to hear an argument upstairs... muffled shouting between NORRIE and MEGAN.

She heads for the stairs.

67 INT. COTTAGE, LOUNGE. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 4 (18:04) 67

CLAIRE emerges to hear NORRIE shouting as he heads down the stairs, and goes off towards the office.

NORRI E

I said no and that's the end of it.

And MEGAN emerges from the sofa and marches up the stairs to her bedroom

CLAIRE

CLAIRE (CONT'D) Actually I meant all this...

He puts down the box he's carrying.

NORRIE Clearing out the office.

Then heads back into the office. CLAIRE follows himin.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Fine. Done. I've done everything I can. It's finished.

He smiles. Then picks up a box again - letting her know what he's up to now.

NORRI E

Looks like, we're going to need to tidy the office.

CLAIRE

The supermarket? You're kidding?

He smiles. She jumps on him kissing him He looks at her. He sticks a pair of GROUCHO MARX GLASSES on her from one of the boxes and...

NORRIE

(AS GROUCHO)

Well that just about takes the biscuit. [BEAT] Actually it suits you. To us. Groucho and me.

He goes to kiss her again. When SLAM The office door is flung shut by MEGAN who's just seen the pair of them having a laugh whilst she is having a terrible time. CLAIRE looks at NORRIE.

69 <u>INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT 4 (21:14)</u>

69

JOHN walks into the lounge. JULIE's sat, LAPTOP on her knee, engrossed in e-mails.

JOHN

Hey.

She half heys. JOHN listens up to the silence in the house.

JOHN

Jack out?

JULIE

Hannah's.

JOHN

Qlie.

JULIE

Cinema.

BEAT. He sits, goes to turn the TV on. JULIE looks up at him He's ignored the fact that she's working and sat on the other sofa, rather than beside.

JULIE

I was trying to concentrate... write an [e-mail].

JOHN

Can't you go in the kitchen?... I just want to chill out.

She looks at him, sat on the other sofa rather than beside her, channel hopping through endless crap.

JULI E

This is what it's going to be like. Just you and me. A couple of years both boys'll be off.

JOHN Touch wood.

She smiles but it's not very convincing. He doesn't say

She smiles at him thinking she knows him only too well but JOHN's relief is almost palpable.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Could you not just give the dead a night off for once?

JOHN

You're right. We've the whole evening, we could do anything... go wild, order Thai instead of

They arrive by the door. JOHN looks at BOYCE who's doing his best not to hyperventilate with nausea.

MEGAN

She holds up the photo of CLAIRE and JOHN.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

He was your boyfriend, wasn't he?

CLAIRE I ooks at her.

CLAIRE

Megan.

MEGAN

Before Dad.

CLAIRE starts to shut the boxes. Her hands lingering on the baby clothes for a moment. There's a particular struggle/shame there.

CMEAGLARNE

Hate was my colleague.

She sees MEGAN looking at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He was married.

That was meant to be a denial but it doesn't sound convincing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

A past life.

MEGAN

Least you had one. [BEAT] Were these mine?

CLAIRE sees MEGAN pawing the tiny babysuit - tags still cl but MEGAN12 4. earagA8437. 52 Tm - 0. u4NnMNs4MEGAN4m8Pt han

CLAIRE

I'm not laughing. You know, I used to be just like you: desperately impatient, ready to throw myself into everything. One day you'll see.

MEGAN sighs, opens the box (inside is CLAIRE's old shoulder number/lapel).

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

My old shoulder number. It's not hing.

MEGAN

So why keep it?

CLAI RE

Because once it meant something.

CLAIRE smiles, stands holding the door open. MEGAN walks past CLAIRE. CLAIRE takes the shoulder number out of her hand as she passes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

SI eep!

MEGAN goes. ON CLAIRE.

76 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 4 (22:16)

76

ON JOHN and BOYCE as they enter the main room of the crime scene. They start at the far end of the warehouse and walk towards us BOYCE just a little behind JOHN and kind of side on. As they stop, looking at us, almost like penitents before an altar, BOYCE covers his hand with his mouth. We do not see what they are looking at! We can't, we have taken the position of the corpse.

BOYCE

It's the arms, the way they've been tied...

JOHN

Not tied, trussed like meat. [BEAT] Little girl, what have they done to you.

BEAT. JOHN peers forward, noticing something.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Give it me.

He takes the FLASHLIGHT off BOYCE and moves forward with it, leaning right in up towards us (the corpse) with it. He covers his other hand with a handkerchief and moves it towards us.

77 INT. COTTAGE, OFFICE. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 4 (22:17) 77

CLAIRE turns on the little overhead table light and places the BOX with her shoulder number down on it. She stares at the little box.

78 <u>INT. WAREHOUSE - NI GHT 4 (22: 18)</u>

78

On JOHN, his intense expression, taking up the screen, removes something from what is most probably our (the corpse's hand)...

JOHN

Yes.

He holds up a small bloody scroll of paper.

79 INT. COTTAGE, OFFICE. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 4 (22:19) 79

CLAIRE opens the box and looks at her shoulder number.

80 INT. WAREHOUSE - NI GHT 4 (22: 20)

80

On JOHN unravelling that little scroll of paper on which in blood numbers appear, one after the other as the little scroll opens horizontally, each written in blood.

JOHN

A. . . 9. . . 6. . . 4. . . 5.

BOYCE

Mean anything...

JOHN Looks at BOYCE.

81 INT. COTTAGE, OFFICE. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 4 (22:21) 81

CLAIRE traces her finger over the numbers on her epaulette. A9645.

NORRIE (0.S)

Officer A, 9, 6, 4, 5. Can you please come in?

She turns to see NORRIE.

NORRI E

You haven't locked the door agai n?!

CLAIRE smiles and gets up, leaving the EPAULETTE open on the table.

CLAIRE

No.

We stay on the epaulette - those numbers A9645.

82	INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 4 (22:28)	82
	FLASH! A9645 - We see those numbers lit as the CRIME scene photographers record the latest gruesome scene.)
83	EXT. COTTAGE. OFFICE. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 4 (22:29)	83
	We see the lights going off in the very isolated little cottage on the cold and lonely night.	

THE END.