

FROM DARKNESS

EPISODE ONE

By Katie Baxendale

1 **INT. COTTAGE, BEDROOM. WESTERN ISLES - DAWN DAY 1 (06:11)** 1

We float in the darkness. We can barely make out where we are. Somewhere in our mind we can hear the distant sound of footsteps, whispers that seem to race forward and past us, muffled arguments and cries that circle and fade like some harrying birds of prey above. We also hear a constant, strange, low, electric pulsing hum that builds as we hover towards a sleeping figure, only just discernible in the darkness, CLAIRE CHURCH (40). As we move closer and closer to her the mounting discordant cacophony of sound gains a new metre, CLAIRE's rising and falling breath - though it somehow sounds disembodied from her as it gets faster and stronger. We glide over her body and face until...

CLAIRE's eyes suddenly open wide. She's clammy, febrile, nauseous but awake, escaped, searching for her place in the real world.

A breeze blows through the open window: the last vestiges of moonlight illuminating NORRIE DUNCAN (late 30s) sprawled out, asleep by her side. It is so early it's still night. We can hear the sea in the background.

2 **EXT. COTTAGE. WESTERN ISLES - DAWN DAY 1 (06:13)** 2

We hear a door swing to. Two trainer clad feet step onto the path as CLAIRE stands outside the tiny cottage surrounded by the sleeping wild hills of the island, the wind buffeting her. It's so early it's still night but across the hills to the East the slightest show of sun can be seen rising up over the mountains.

And that's what CLAIRE makes for as she runs.

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

3 **EXT. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 1 (07:09)** 3

We see CLAIRE running hard over marsh, rock and hill. Her breathing hard but controlled.

As she runs we intercut with the thoughts she's trying to chase out of her head: disorienting and disturbing snippets of the dream she wants to put behind her. So between the solidity of her feet hitting the earth on the island, we hard cut to:

4 **EXT. WASTELAND, MANCHESTER - NIGHT (DREAMSCAPE)** 4

We catch glimpses of shadowy figures at the side of the road, glowing cigarette butts in railway arches and mocking laughter/muffled conversation.

The glare of a LORRY's headlights, its horn blasting as it passes.

Scuttling litter in the gutter: porno mags, takeaway cartons and an old shoe.

A street worker - lit in lurid fluorescent cafe light.

A man and a woman tearing at each other's clothes before sex; we do not see who nor can we place them particularly (but it's CLAIRE & JOHN IN THE HOTEL ROOM).

Each snippet is punctuated by CLAIRE's running that is hard and strong, motivated by her determination to escape these thoughts. The flashes themselves are short and lack narrative as we are in CLAIRE's head. She knows the story behind them and as soon as they emerge CLAIRE is fighting to shut them down.

Finally we see a snippet of:

A crying woman (a prostitute) on the street, although the image is so jumbled and in our face we can barely make it out now. And strangely there is no sound with it. Just silence.

Then a baby's scream.

BLACKNESS.

5 **EXT. COAST. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 1 (07:16)** 5

We hear a deep breath, someone sucking the life back into themselves after real physical exertion: relieved, reigning themselves back in, surfacing...

CLAIRE opens her eyes. She is stood in her running gear, bent over, hands on knees exhausted, looking out at the easterly most point of the island. The first rays of the day, her total exhaustion and isolation all reassurance and proof that she is here now, the past and her dreams need no longer exist. This is her reality.

6 **EXT. COTTAGE, FIELDS. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 1 (08:37)** 6

Near the cottage, sheep swarm and scatter, frightened as NORRIE works CARRICK the sheep dog to herd them up a metal ramp into a transportation van. It is a loud, noisy and startling process.

CLAIRE mans the sheep as they clatter up the ramp.

CLAIRE

Woah there...! Give them a chance!

She waves to slow him down, feeling that he's pressuring them too much. NORRIE gives her something of a hangman's grin as he closes up the transporter. The sheep have no chance. They are being taken for slaughter.

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

NORRIE

Coming?

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 go.

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 **EXT. RED-LIGHT DISTRICT, BUILDING SITE - DAY 1 (18:05)** 7

The crash of the waves becomes the roar of the engine and screech of metal as a bulldozer 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)** 8

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 JOHN 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...

JULIE

(whispered/ mouthed)
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 nightgown 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 **EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY 1 (18:14)**

9

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 long?

JOHN

The initial estimate's 15 years.

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

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...

JOHN

She is... Two weeks into the job, a double murder case to deal with, no clue.

JOHN sends his text... looks up at BOYCE then out to the wasteland, 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. JOHN'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.

BOYCE

I wasn't breast-fed.

JOHN turns and looks at him.

BOYCE

Bottle. Last of three.

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

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

11 **SCENE CUT. CONTENT HAS BEEN MOVED TO SC10** 11

12 **SCENE CUT.** 12

13 **INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT 1 (22:36)** 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 **EXT. COAST. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 2 (17:50)** 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. Between breaths she and we hear a vague shouting. She looks up to see a girl (MEGAN DUNCAN, 15) shouting from the jetty.

MEGAN

Mum! Mum! 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.

16

INT. COTTAGE, LOUNGE & KITCHEN - DAY 2 (17:59)

16

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

NORRIE

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

BOYCE

You don't have any sweetener...?

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.

CLAIRE

Is everything okay? Whose car is--

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

NORRIE

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.

CLAIRE

What are you doing here?

NORRIE

"Just passing"...

JOHN

So... I thought we'd drop in.

NORRIE looks to CLAIRE. She gives him a search me look.

NORRIE

I'll make up the spare bed.

CLAIRE

They're staying?

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 looks at JOHN - it's almost the first proper look 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)

(quieter/honest/vulnerable
/intimate)

Seriously, it's good to see [you]...

CLAIRE

(CUTTING IN)

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.

But BOYCE is looking mighty uncomfortable as the OLD SHEEP DOG has settled right by him wagging his tail amicably.

BOYCE

I hate dogs.

JOHN looks at him. He whistles to the dog as it waddles over. He pats it.

JOHN

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

JOHN looks at the photos on the bookshelves of CLAIRE &
NORRIE... CLAIRE, MEGAN & NORRIE.

17 **SCENE CUT.** 17

18 **INT. COTTAGE, BATHROOM. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 2 (18:04)** 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)** 19

A noisy ISLAND 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.

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?

NORRIE

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.

CLAIRE

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.

CLAIRE

43.

JOHN

Oh 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...

CLAIRE

Hilarious. I'd forgotten you were such a comedian. [BEAT] It suits me here. I'm happy.

BEAT. He looks at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Very.

BEAT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We've got the cottage, the small holding. [BEAT] We've just started a new business... Small Island Biscuits. There's interest from the supermarkets.

JOHN

Biscuits?

She stares at him defiantly, fully aware of the kind of response this is likely to illicit.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Explains all that training.

He smiles. She looks away frustrated, incredulous that he can try and crack jokes.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, come on... Seriously..?

BEAT.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Claire...? What the fuck are you doing in a place like this?

CLAIRE

What the fuck are you?!...
Seriously?

CLAIRE stares at him, shocked by his gall and her sudden anger and engagement. She tries to disengage again, looking away, trying to calm herself. She does not want to be drawn back into this.

JOHN

So, that's allowed then, is it...
swearing... small island
community.

He smiles at her. There's a playful intimacy coming off him, he searches her glances trying to get it reciprocated but she's doing everything to avoid giving into him.

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 police!

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.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry. Whatever you hoped to achieve 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

Ladies 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 bastard...

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.

CLAIRE

(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.

CLAIRE

(singing)

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

JOHN 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 JOHN that stings. Subconsciously, JOHN rubs his lower back, feeling his age.

AN ORANGE JUICE lands down in front of JOHN. 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 juice as he goes to answer.

ON JOHN as he heads up to the bar.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Laphroaig.

He holds up two fingers to signal two glasses. Then glances over at CLAIRE and NORRIE foreheads together, laughing saying something intimate to each other, singing along to the band together, their obvious closeness galling him as he waits for the BARMAN to return.

JOHN

(TO HIMSELF)

Bakes and sings. Every woman's dream.

The BARMAN comes back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Actually.

JOHN nods towards the bottle. He'll just take the whole thing.

ON CLAIRE, up in front of the band with NORRIE and friends but glancing across at JOHN momentarily.

20 **INT. COTTAGE, BEDROOM. WESTERN ISLES - DAWN DAY 3 (06:11)** 20

Darkness. A strip light flickers on above a mirror. CLAIRE wearing her pants and vest glances back at NORRIE, who we can just make out asleep in the bedroom behind her, then quietly opens the bathroom cabinet and rummages inside it until she finds the bag with the pills she looked at earlier. She unzips the bag and pulls out the tablets and on automatic pilot, swallows one down with a handful of scooped water from the tap.

21 **EXT. COTTAGE. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 3 (06:13)** 21

On CLAIRE stepping out into the blustery grey early morning light for her run, she glances back up at the house, deeply aware of JOHN's presence inside it, before heading up into the mountains. CARRICK barks after her.

For a moment we just follow CLAIRE, as she runs. The memories she'd like to escape even closer now than in her dreams.

22 **INT. COTTAGE, OFFICE. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 3 (T/C)** 22

We pull back and see that we are watching her tiny figure heading up to the mountains from JOHN's POV as he looks out of the office window.

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

EXT. COTTAGE. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 3 (07:17)

23

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

CLAIRE

Morning.

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?

CLAIRE

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.

CLAIRE

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.

CLAIRE

I'm flattered, 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 CLAIRE.

CLAIRE

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.

CLAIRE

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.

NORRIE

Morning.

CLAIRE marches on. She turns.

NORRIE (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

CLAIRE

Our guests are just leaving.

NORRIE

(But quite pleased)
So soon?

JOHN

Unfortunately, and I'm afraid she's coming.

CLAIRE just stands and looks at him. What the hell is he talking about? JOHN looks at her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're under arrest.

NORRIE

What? What for?

CLAIRE

Just ignore him.

JOHN

Brake lights.

CLAIRE

I just told you I never drive the bloody thing.

JOHN

Parked on a public highway.

CLAIRE

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'.

NORRIE

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.

NORRIE

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.

NORRIE

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.

NORRIE

(to CLAIRE)
Seriously?!

NORRIE slams off into the house feeling confused and
betrayed.

CLAIRE

Norrie... please.

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

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to JOHN/VENOMOUS)
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

Morning.

BEAT.

BOYCE (CONT'D)

You wouldn't happen to have any Aspirin?

CLAIRE looks at him.

24 **I./E. FERRY (TRAVELLING), WEST COAST - DAY 3 (07:53)** 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 (O.S)

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

She turns to see JOHN 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 **SCENE CUT.** 2627 **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 **EXT. STATION, COURTYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 28

CLAIRE walking into the police station sixteen years ago. We still share her POV but now we are wearing a uniform.

JOHN (O.S.)

Okay?

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 **I./E. STATION, LOLA'S OFFICE - DAY 3 (T/C)** 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, fanning off to the Western Isles to drag back ex-colleagues.

JOHN

(cutting in)

Colleague... just the one ex-colleague. 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.

LOLA

Sixteen years ago? [BEAT] The latest from forensics.

She hands the report over to JOHN. He reads, and looks at her unable to hide his delight.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I'm not questioning her potential usefulness just your sense of priorities.

She looks at him, then goes to continue with her work, the signal for him to leave but...

JOHN

Oh, I bought you this, to brighten up the office.

He places a crappy Scottish souvenir from a petrol station down at her desk. She looks at him.

LOLA

Tread carefully.

He looks at her, the slightest chink in his bravado, then heads off. LOLA looks at the little HIGHLAND PIPER in her hand then... heads out of the door.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Boyce.

She looks to BOYCE who's hovering not far off about to head to the gents, he looks ghastly.

BOYCE

Ma'am.

LOLA

You reek!

She goes back into her office, glancing down to JOHN who's heading across the courtyard, followed by Boyce. A sense of lonely authority.

32

INT. STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM/ INT. STATION, CORRIDOR
OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3 (12:48)

32

We see CLAIRE sat in the interview room.

We pull back and see that we are watching her from JOHN's POV as he hovers for a moment (two mugs of tea in hand), almost checking himself before he heads in...

JOHN hands CLAIRE her tea.

JOHN

In case you're hungry.

Then pulls a packet of SMALL ISLAND BISCUITS 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 nothing.

JOHN

Forensics have confirmed the timeline fits. There were the remains of a tenner and a bus pass hidden in one of their shoes.

Claire still says nothing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I could arrest you for withholding information from the police.

She looks at him unimpressed - no he couldn't!

JOHN

For obstructing the course of justice.

CLAIRE

I gave you all the information I had sixteen years ago and you rejected it.

JOHN produces a faded green file from his bag - CLAIRE's original investigation.

JOHN

What you gave me was incomplete...

She stares at him. He looks at her then opens the folder...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Obviously I can't reveal the full details of the current case but as you wrote this...

He reads...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Caz Jenkins, Mimi Fenton, Sally Fisher...

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 look up.

CLAIRE

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 CID. 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.

CLAIRE

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.

CLAIRE

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!

CLAIRE

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

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

JOHN

Collect your things.

She looks 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.

33

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

33

JOHN drives. He glances at across at CLAIRE but she's looking steadfastly ahead of her. He pulls out a packet of cigarettes.

CLAIRE

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?

CLAIRE

Iron Woman.

JOHN

You're serious?!

CLAIRE

26 Mile run, 112 mile cycle, 2.4
Mile swim.

JOHN

Yes you are. Very.

JOHN 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.

CLAIRE

You heard me.

He looks at her... sighs.

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I know it wasn't the only reason you left the police.

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

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

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!

Only to be met by a uniformed officer at the CORDON who stops her going through.

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 re-engagement.

35 **SCENE CUT. CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 36.** 35

36 **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: FAMILIES & KIDS bickering innocently. Opposite her a BUSINESSWOMAN 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 (O.S)

Any refreshments?

CLAIRE looks up to see the refreshment trolley passing.

CLAIRE

Coffee.

REFRESHMENT MAN

Milk, sugar.

CLAIRE

Two of each.

CLAIRE turns and reaches into her bag for her purse.

REFRESHMENT MAN (O.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.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

She pays. The REFRESHMENT MAN goes. She glances around her, holding the file to her. She looks at it again and starts to open the folder just the tiniest bit and sees the corner of a photocopied sheet, a photo, just EARTH... DUG EARTH. It's totally overwhelming. She shuts the files, and looks out the window, weak. The muddy countryside is obscured as the INTERCITY rushes into a tunnel.

37 **EXT. QUAYSIDE. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 3 (17:57)** 37

We see the eddy and swirl and pull of the sea as the FERRY moors. CLAIRE looks at the ever moving gap between boat and land and jumps onto the quay. She looks up at the island and the mountains, feeling the safety and the relief, closing her eyes for a second, just soaking it all in.

38 **I./E. COTTAGE, LOUNGE & KITCHEN. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 3 (18:06)** 38

MEGAN sits playing at a piano in the cottage - a beautiful piece - late Schubert - she's good, the adult in the child emerging through the intensity of her concentration and the music.

CUT TO:

We pull back and see that we're watching from CLAIRE's POV through the cottage window. She's just walked in from the ferry and, rather than announce herself, is just watching and quietly listening.

She turns to see NORRIE heading out of the barn, his arms full of stuff as he heads into the kitchen.

CLAIRE

Hey.

NORRIE

Hey.

But that's all she gets from him as he heads in. He's pointedly avoiding eye contact, still in a strop for the way she left but doesn't want to admit it.

39 **INT. COTTAGE, LOUNGE & KITCHEN. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 3 (T/C) 39**

CLAIRE follows NORRIE in.

NORRIE

You didn't call. I'd have picked you up.

CLAIRE

Fancied the air.

BEAT. NORRIE half glances at CLAIRE as if he's about to have this out now, broach the issue of her departure with JOHN 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 Middle 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.

NORRIE

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.

NORRIE

I didn't think we had any secrets.

CLAIRE

(mouthful of toothpaste)
We don't.

BEAT. She spits, turns, leaning back against the sink.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm just knackered, okay.

She smiles a little unconvincingly and kisses him. He looks at her unconvinced.

He heads back through to bed. CLAIRE glances to see where he is then shoves the toilet bag containing the tablets that she's been shielding to the back of the cabinet.

She turns the light off in the bathroom and heads through to bed. NORRIE has climbed into bed and turned his back to her.

BEAT. She lies and looks at him for a second then...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He's on a case that relates to some work I did years ago.

He rolls over to look not quite at her yet but at the ceiling.

NORRIE

He?

CLAIRE

John.

He turns his back again, pulls the covers around him.

NORRIE

You two were partners.

CLAIRE

He was my DS. I...

NORRIE

Translate for the plebeian please.

CLAIRE

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

She feels NORRIE'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.

NORRIE

Who are you calling a mountain?

She smiles.

NORRIE (CONT'D)

I thought you were knackered.

CLAIRE

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.

NORRIE

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 better to leave things be.

JOHN

Let sleeping dogs lie?

He glances at her.

JULIE

There's enough now that needs sorting.

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

INT. STATION, INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT 3 (23:33)

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 DRIVER whose face we can not see gets into his sleeping bag and stretches out on the seat - first having to move a pile of pornographic magazines.

LOLA (ON TV) (CONT'D)

So please come forward. No matter how small, no matter how insignificant that information might appear to be...

44 **INT. LUCY'S BEDSIT - NIGHT 3 (23:35)**

44

On the appeal, we pull out this time to see a WOMAN (LUCY MAXLEY) in her late thirties sat watching an old TV.

LOLA (ON TV)

All calls will be dealt with in the strictest of confidence. So ring the information line please.

As she watches silent tears pour down her otherwise completely static face, her eyes lost in what she is watching. In her trembling hand, we see that she is clutching the phone - seemingly about to call the number up on screen but she seems to have frozen mid action.

45 **SCENE CUT - CONTENT HAS BEEN MOVED TO SC46**

45

46 **INT. PEEP SHOW, BACK STAGE - NIGHT 3 (23:37)**

46

Close to the TV screen we see cameras flash as LOLA finishes her appeal and questions begin. The journalists all calling to get her attention.

JOURNALIST (O.S)

Do you think you'll find more bodies? If the murderer's still at large...

ON LOLA as she takes a deep breath.

JOURNALIST (O.S)

...do they still pose a risk?

LOLA (ON TV)

These crimes were committed sixteen years ago. Nevertheless we can not discount the possibility... that the murderer could still be active. Any information, any suspicions please come to the police.

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, iPod shuffle headphones in.

ENGLISH LESSON PODCAST

To be - Present, Past, Future. I am...

AGOTA

(murmuring to herself/learning)

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. AGOTA 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) (O.S)

Let's give these girls what they have so far been denied...
Justice.

48 **INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 (23:40)**

48

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

JOHN

Hello.

LOLA (O.S)

You were watching?

JOHN

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

LOLA (O.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 (O.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 nightmares, 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 **SCENE CUT.**

50

51 **EXT. COTTAGE. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 3 (23:48)** 51

From out in the fields we see NORRIE'S COTTAGE on the dark windy night. A solitary light goes on in the kitchen and a figure (CLAIRE), sits down at the table.

52 **I./E. COTTAGE, OFFICE. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 3 (23:49)** 52

CLAIRE sits beneath the hanging, overhead table light and stares at the GREEN FOLDER that JOHN had placed in her bag. Her old CRIME report.

She traces her finger across her name that she wrote in the top corner - 17 years ago. PC CLAIRE CHURCH.

So much of her would just like to throw the thing away but instead she opens it, turning back the years with each page.

We don't see what's on the pages, just CLAIRE'S face as she forces herself through this experience.

Intermittently, as she turns the pages, we also intercut to the scene of the cottage from outside, CLAIRE visible in the window. The eagle eyed viewer would notice that with each cut away, we seem to be gaining on the cottage, getting just that little bit closer.

ON CLAIRE as she stops, stalled by what lies on the page she has just turned to:

An opaque plastic slip - a sticker with a date on it - says 2015. Whatever's inside is from the MODERN DAY CRIME SCENE.

She picks it up.

Opens it.

Draws out the photocopied sheet of photos of the crime scene.

ON CLAIRE'S FACE.

BANG! FLASH!

53 **EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT (IMAGINATION)** 53

- We see SALLY FISHER laughing, putting her arms forward to show Claire a new bracelet, but it's her arms we stay focussed on her wrists... the laugh is disjointed, distant.

- We see a pair of young girl's arms in the same position being forced/tied...

N.B. The above images should be brutal but not graphic! We only get a glimpse, a snapshot of what CLAIRE imagined happened to Sally Fisher, Mimi Fenton and Caz Jenkins as a result of looking at the photos of the crime scene.

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 calm a rising 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.

55 I./E. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 3 (23:59)

55

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...

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

What the hell! It's locked.

He looks down at the dog.

NORRIE (CONT'D)

Someone's locked the... Did you lock this?

He looks round to see his daughter MEGAN, who's just come downstairs, helping herself to breakfast.

MEGAN

No. It's never locked.

NORRIE

Exactly. Carrick needs a pee.

He searches around for the key.

NORRIE (CONT'D)

Where's Claire!

MEGAN

In bed.

NORRIE

What?

He looks at his daughter, CLAIRE evidently never lies in.

MEGAN

Spare room.

NORRIE

She never lies in.

MEGAN

Does now, apparently.

As he searches, MEGAN half heartedly joins in. She looks under the table under the table, wanders into the office...

56A

INT. OFFICE. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 4 (T/C)

56A

Megan saunters into the office picking up instead a stray photocopied sheet... She's about to look at it when...

CLAIRE

I'll take that.

Suddenly the photocopy is snatched from her hand. She looks up to see CLAIRE still not dressed and pretty blurry, holding it cagily.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You do not look at these. They are none of your business.

She turns and tidies it away in the FOLDER which is on the side. Then walks into the kitchen (MEGAN following) to see NORRIE staring at her.

NORRIE

What's going on?

CLAIRE

Nothing. What do you mean?

CLAIRE heads, with purposeful nonchalance to the fridge.

NORRIE

Well, the door's locked, the dog's about to piss himself, and you're acting weird.

CLAIRE

I'm not acting weird.

She looks into the fridge door that she's opened to see a prepared chicken. She stares at it for a moment, seeing the binding string around its legs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No.

She shuts the door then still not managing to get a particular image out of her mind, dashes to the back door which she tries, only to discover of course that it's locked. She bashes the door then remembering heads over to the sofa, unzips a cushion and removes the key from it.

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

NORRIE

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 trying to work out what's up.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Thank God we haven't got neighbours.

She turns on her laptop - starts watching TV (not having a set certainly doesn't mean you don't watch it), while making herself toast.

The phone rings. She grabs it, propping it under her chin.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

No. Sorry, she's... out.

She glances out to where NORRIE is holding CLAIRE.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Can I take a message. Hang on...
'Kay.

She grabs some paper and a POST-IT and scribbles down the message...

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(mumbling/repeating what she's hearing)
Sally Fisher...

SALLY FISHER POSITIVE ID...

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Got it. Byeee.

She hangs up then sticks the message up on the fridge.

57

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 4 (07:50)

57

JOHN looks at himself in the downstairs hallway mirror - we can almost hear his thoughts, "heavy-drinking, embittered, middle-aged, male, detective". He tightens his tie, smooths his hair with a little more care than normal.

58

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

58

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

(Mouthing 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.O) (CONT'D)

DCI Hind.

CLAIRE (V.O)

It's me.

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

JOHN (V.O)

You got the message.

59 **I./E. JOHN'S CAR, JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY 4 (07:57)** 59

JOHN glances around at his street at the large modern build, mock Tudor Barrat homes. A NEIGHBOUR nods to him as they clean their car windscreen. JOHN 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.O)

We should meet.

60 **I./E. NORRIE'S CAR (TRAVELLING), MOTORWAY - DAY 4 (13:06)** 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.O)

Where?

CLAIRE (V.O)

Somewhere... neutral... somewhere in-between.

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

61 **EXT. M6 SERVICES - DAY 4 (T/C)** 61

We see Norrie's car turn off but we stay for a moment, just watching all that traffic moving between those mountains.

62 **EXT. M6 SERVICES, CAFE - DAY 4 (13:14)** 62

JOHN sits by the window, the busy road and the car park behind him, and in the distance the magnificent but ominous hills of The Lakes. A FILE is placed on the table in front of him. He looks up to see CLAIRE, stood pale faced and serious - deeply uncomfortable with this meeting.

CLAIRE

For the record, this doesn't mean we're about to work together, it doesn't mean anything...

JOHN

So don't read anything into it. This is your case Claire... Now we have the positive ID on Sally Fisher.

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]

CLAIRE

(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.

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

Oh come on.

CLAIRE

Deny it.

JOHN

Gallows humour.

CLAIRE

(overlapping)
That's how it was. You and the lads.

JOHN

(overlapping)
What do they call it now?

CLAIRE

(overlapping)
You and the team.

JOHN

(overlapping)
A coping mechanism.

CLAIRE

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

JOHN

Not true.

BEAT.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Not me.

CLAIRE

No you had other outlets.

BEAT. He turns off the tape recorder.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I thought you wanted me to tell you everything.

BEAT. She looks at him for a moment. Then reaches across and presses record herself, then stares at him defiantly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

These girls felt the law offered them no protection. And they were right, weren't they?

BEAT.

JOHN

This girl. She was an addict. Hardly the most reliable witness.

CLAIRE

Like I said, she was desperate. And it was different. And she wasn't the only one. By then I'd begun the meetings.

JOHN

With the prostitutes?

CLAIRE

Anyone involved in the sex worker community. We'd meet in a cafe once a week.

JOHN

Tea for intelligence.

He raises his cup to her.

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 catastrophe. Always in trouble with the other girls, always owing someone something, she didn't drink tea, just chips and vinegar.

BEAT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She was happy, the last time I saw her. She'd met a man. A decent one or so she believed. He'd given her a bracelet.

CLAIRE takes the photo of the bracelet (THE JEWELLERY PICTURE that MEGAN looked at) found on one of the bodies. JOHN looks up at her - this is a very strong connection.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Just silver plated tat but to her it was priceless, proof of his feelings. She thought she'd met her knight in shining armour, the man who'd save her from the streets.

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 I'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...

CLAIRE

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

CLAIRE looks at the photos of the other girls: MIMI AND CAZ.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The girl on the raid, your "unreliable witness": that was Mimi Fenton - she couldn't have been seventeen 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

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 4 (13:40)

65

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

A LORRY's horn blares past in the background.

66 **INT. COTTAGE. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 4 (18:03)** 66

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.

NORRIE

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

Hey gorgeous.

SLAM! MEGAN goes into her bedroom upstairs. NORRIE arrives from the kitchen, his arms full of boxes. He dumps them down at the bottom of the stairs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What's going on?

NORRIE

Some party on Rùm she can't go to. James Chase. He's all I hear about these days.

MEGAN slams out of her room and leans over the bannister.

MEGAN

Because there are no other boys within a million miles of this place.

NORRIE

Ben Maddock?!

MEGAN rolls her eyes, obviously she and every other girl would rather die than consider Ben Maddock and slams the door. NORRIE looks to CLAIRE.

NORRIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with Ben?

CLAIRE

Nothing apart from halitosis and buck teeth.

He looks at her. She smiles and looks down at the boxes.

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 him in.

68

INT. COTTAGE, OFFICE. WESTERN ISLES - DAY 4 (T/C)

68

CLAIRE peers around the door. NORRIE'S bringing all the boxes out. Fourteen years worth of accumulated stuff.

NORRIE

It's about time. [BEAT] There's stuff here from...

He holds up the remnants of some ridiculous STAG NIGHT COSTUME. Holds it up against himself.

NORRIE (CONT'D)

God knows when.

CLAIRE

You were wearing that on our third date.

NORRIE looks none the wiser.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The Queen's Head Camden, 2001.

NORRIE

Sorry.

CLAIRE

It's okay I was pissed.

NORRIE

Back then, you were always pissed.

CLAIRE

Hadn't got you to straighten me out yet.

She smiles at him. He chucks the costume back down, comes and puts his arms around her.

NORRIE

Tell me how it went?

CLAIRE

Tell me what you're doing?

He doesn't say anything.

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.

NORRIE

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

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT 4 (21:14)

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

Ollie.

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.

JULIE

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 anything.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Do you think we still know each other enough?

JOHN

God.

JULIE

Sometimes I feel. We've been so busy...

JOHN

Of course we'll still know each other, if anything too much.

BEAT.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I've a lot on... It's just not how I wanted to be spending my free time... not exactly relaxing.

She looks at him upset.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sorry.

BEAT. He turns the TV off.

JULIE

The truth is I can't compete. You're still thinking about her aren't you?

That certainly gets JOHN's attention though he tries to cover up how much.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Sally Fisher.

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
the Indian!

She looks at him it's still not enough. He takes her hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know it's tough on you. You're
an angel really but what can I
say.

BEAT.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Jules...

She looks at him. There's a feeling that she's about to say something - that they're about to get to somewhere more real when BEEP BEEP. JOHN's PHONE goes. He looks down at it, looks up at JULIE.

JULIE

Take out for one.

70 **I./E. JOHN'S CAR, WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 4 (21:46)**

70

JOHN pulls up outside a large old warehouse, music playing on his stereo. He kills the engine and sits peering forward towards the building with the headlights on in the quiet for a moment. He sees BOYCE (already wearing a full forensic suit) walking towards him.

71 **EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 4 (T/C)**

71

JOHN steps out, BOYCE comes scurrying over, walkie talkie blustering. They head towards the building. JOHN one march ahead, BOYCE scurrying to keep up.

JOHN

Who found it?

BOYCE

The Security Guard.

JOHN

How long ago?

BOYCE

30 minutes.

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

JOHN

Fresh?

BOYCE nods and hands JOHN a forensic suit then opens the door to step in.

72 **INT. COTTAGE, BEDROOM. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 4 (22:03)** 72

NORRIE sleeps after sex with CLAIRE. He sleeps that kind of sleep of the gods, someone fulfilled, untroubled by anything. CLAIRE meanwhile is wide awake. She hears a noise. She listens again: a movement in the house. ON CLAIRE wired now.

73 **INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 4 (22:06)** 73

BOYCE and JOHN (both now wearing forensics suits) step into the warehouse. We see their faces - the flashlights, the traces of the blue police lights from outside casting strange shadows around the building. They pull back an internal door.

74 **INT. COTTAGE, LOUNGE & KITCHEN. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 4 (22:11)** 74

CLAIRE walks through the house to see a low light coming from the office. She pushes the door open to see...

75 **INT. COTTAGE, OFFICE. WESTERN ISLES - NIGHT 4 (T/C)** 75

We see pictures of CLAIRE and NORRIE. Pictures of MEGAN as a tiny kid. Each picture is being picked up by someone and held up to a small side light, briefly examined then chucked down as the viewer moves on to rifle through the next box, which is full of tiny baby clothes, apparently unworn. The viewer continues to rifle on - opening another box. It's full of photos and certificates: PHOTOS of CLAIRE's police graduation, her certificate from Sedgley Park, photos of her winning POLICE SPORTING cups, NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS. The viewer looks at these far more carefully, slowing down, taking a keen interest, especially in A PHOTO of CLAIRE & JOHN together in uniform.

CLAIRE

What are you doing?

MEGAN (the VIEWER) looks up shocked.

MEGAN

Just looking.

CLAIRE

You should be in bed.

MEGAN

Tell me about him.

She holds up the photo of CLAIRE and JOHN.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

He was your boyfriend, wasn't he?

CLAIRE looks 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.

CLAIRE

He 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 attached. She takes it off her but MEGAN's already onto the next box and is pulling out a small jewellery/presentation case. CLAIRE looks up at her feeling guilty.

CLAIRE

You know your Dad just wants to keep you safe.

MEGAN

Yeah well, I'm going to die of boredom here.

CLAIRE

If I were you I'd try and hold out till college.

MEGAN

It's not funny.

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 nothing.

MEGAN

So why keep it?

CLAIRE

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)

Sleep!

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 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 4 (22:18) 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 - NIGHT 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 (O.S)

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

She turns to see NORRIE.

NORRIE

You haven't locked the door again?!

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

CLAIRE

No.

We stay on the epaulette - those numbers A9645.

