

GUILT

EPISODE 1 - "WALTER"

SHOOTING SCRIPT

05/04/2019

Including:

Pink Amendments 19/04/19

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EPISODE 1 - "WALTER"

PRE-CREDITS

1.1 **EXT. STREET. EDINBURGH - NIGHT.** 1.1

MUSIC PLAYS.

An empty residential street. It's late, dark, quiet.

Long beat. Then, approaching NOISE...

An expensive car PASSES BY and we...

CUT INSIDE:

1.2 **INT. CAR./EXT. STREET - NIGHT.** 1.2

Where the music is turned OFF by a disapproving MAX (40s, dominant, driven, wears his wealth). He is the passenger. The driver is JAKE (40s, placid, whimsical, fading rock star look).

They wear black tie, Max properly (tailored tuxedo) Jake half-heartedly (mediocre suit). Max drinks from a champagne bottle.

An awkward air. Conversation seems an effort. Silences creep in throughout. These are two Brothers who rarely see each other and ran out of small talk hours ago. Long beat. Then...

JAKE

You know what I liked?

Max ignores him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

The butterfly release.

Another long beat as Max considers, in embittered wonder...

MAX

They pay for butterflies then they
have a cash bar.

JAKE

It was beautiful.

MAX

It was bang out of order.

JAKE

(passive aggressive)
You've got no soul.

MAX
(passive aggressive)
You've got too much...

Max swigs as Jake turns a corner. He's jolted, spills...

MAX (CONT'D)
Shit...

JAKE
Sorry...

MAX
(considers tux)
That'll stain.

JAKE
I'm sure you can spare the deposit.

MAX
(disgusted)
It's not rented, Jake! I don't rent
clothes.

JAKE
(considers, then)
A man from Leith with his own
tuxedo.

MAX
(considers, then)
You know Jake your whole problem is
that you think that's a criticism.

They drive on, the tense silence returns...

Jake looks at the dashboard.

JAKE
What does that light mean?

MAX
You've turned on the heated seat.

JAKE
A heated seat?

Beat. Max sighs, looks ruefully out the side window...

MAX
A honeymoon Kickstarter and a cash
bar...

JAKE
(equally rueful)
Eighty per cent of the world live
in poverty and folk like you are
driving about toasting your arses.

MAX

That wasn't a wedding, Jake.

JAKE

(looks dash, distracted)

I'm not getting involved in this...

MAX

It was a glorified Ponzi scheme.

JAKE

(looks dash, distracted)

How do you turn it off?

MAX

Some people just don't know the difference between right and wrong.

They HIT SOMETHING.

Max SHOUTS, Jake SCREAMS.

They screech to a halt as a BODY rides on the bonnet.

The car stops, the body rolls off. Silence.

In the street, there is one light on at one window.

Max thinks. Jake looks out. He sees a pair of feet.

JAKE

Call an ambulance.

MAX

(thinks, then)

Let's not do anything hasty.

JAKE

(stressed)

Give me your phone.

MAX

What's wrong with yours?

JAKE

I'm off-grid, Vodafone and I are in this (whole)....

MAX

What kind of grown man...

JAKE

Call an ambulance!

MAX

Fuck that, let's go.

JAKE

Max, we've just run someone over.

MAX

They're fine, they're just winded.

JAKE

(re: the feet)

Winded?!

MAX

Drive.

Jake looks at the feet. He gets out the car...

MAX (CONT'D)

Jake?!

Jake bends down in front of the car. Max anxiously surveys the street. He looks at the one lit window.

A shaken Jake returns, gets in...

JAKE

(in shock)

No pulse. He's dead Max.

MAX

Don't be stupid.

JAKE

(in even more shock)

He's fucking dead.

Beat. Max gets out the car...

1.3 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT.**

1.3

We PULL OUT wide to watch Max, in the car's headlights, walk to the shadowed, prone body. He considers it. He nudges it with his foot. He returns to the car...

1.4 **INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT.**

1.4

And gets back in. He composes, turns off the car's lights. He's sobered up. He speaks calmly, firmly...

MAX

Here's what's going to happen.
You're going to be charged with
causing death by careless driving,
driving while uninsured and,
considering how many walks you went
for at the wedding, I'd imagine
you're at least a wee bit stoned.

JAKE

You said I was insured.

MAX

You said you were sober.

JAKE

I didn't want to pay for a taxi.

MAX

Well that's a cracking defence, but because I let you drive my car uninsured and impaired, I'm criminally liable and open to civil prosecution by...

(re: feet)

Your pal's family. Either way I'll be disbarred but, on the flip side, I'll have plenty of time to visit you in prison and hear how you're being relentlessly interfered with.

Jake is suitably intimidated. He nods, looks down, and Max notices that Jake holds a wallet. Which he opens...

MAX (CONT'D)

Is that, his?

Jake takes out, reads a driving licence...

JAKE

He's called Walter.

MAX

Jesus Christ.

JAKE

(off licence, then looks)

That's here. He lives on this street.

MAX

(losing it)

Jake, lose that and let's go, everything back to square one.

JAKE

(losing it)

At square one Walter wasn't dead.

MAX

(snaps)

What's wrong with you? Are you so obsessed with failing in life you want to take on this shite as well?

JAKE
(snaps back)
Are you such a narcissistic prick
that you're going to leave some old
boy dead in the street?

On that, Jake gets out of the car and walks back to Walter.

Max watches in horror as Jake begins to move Walter off the road.

MAX
(mutters)
What the fuck.

Max gets out...

CUT TO:

1.5 **EXT. STREET./DRIVEWAY. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

1.5

Jake drags Walter's body off the street. A frantic Max catches up...

MAX
What are you doing?!

JAKE
We can't leave him there, it's not
right, we'll just say we found him.

MAX
Jake, you're disturbing a crime
scene! This is another year. This,
right now, this is a year of your
life.

Amidst the panic, Jake shows self awareness. He stops, loses confidence...

JAKE
Ok, ok, ok. Shit. What shall I, I
mean, should I move him back?

Max steadies, thinks...

MAX
Which one's his?

JAKE
Seven.

Max scans the street, sees number 7, and the darkened house it comes with. He thinks, then...

MAX
Ok, let's get him off the street.

Max helps Jake as they drag Walter (across grass, garden) up to the darkened bungalow.

They reach the front door, where they set him down. From here there is a flickering at a window. In urgent whisper...

MAX (CONT'D)

Alright, good...

(Walter's prone body)

This could have been anything. Come on...

Max makes to leave. Jake does the same but then hesitates and considers Walter. He is torn between morality and Max.

Beat of decision, then Jake takes a deep breath, and RINGS the doorbell.

Max freezes, turns in horror. Jake, anticipating his fury, repeats...

JAKE

We'll just say we found him.

We watch Max battle the need for silence with his utter fury.

Long silent beat. During which, Max slowly moves from furious to thoughtful. He looks at the house. Then he walks to the window and peeks in to see...

An empty living room, lit by lamplight. A TV playing (the flickering).

He thinks then turns away, and creeps away around the side of the house, ignoring...

JAKE (CONT'D)

Max?

Jake is left alone with Walter. Not for long, but under the circumstances, it's long enough that by the time Max returns Jake is losing it...

JAKE (CONT'D)
What are you playing (at)...

MAX
It's empty.

Max considers the front door. And now he, and we, notice that the door is very slightly ajar.

MAX (CONT'D)
Let's get him off the street.

1.6 INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

1.6

In the light, we see the bulky clothing and hat that gave Walter some protection from the crash. They're tired from carrying him. Jake breathes heavily, offers a smoker's cough. Max studies the layout, sees an armchair in front of the TV.

MAX
There.

The sweating Jake removes, hangs his jacket over a chair for the final push. They lift, set Walter on the armchair as if watching TV.

Jake stands considering Walter. Max notices medication and paperwork on a table.

JAKE
(beat, tries to convince)
He looks peaceful.

Max lifts a letter as Jake looks round the room...

JAKE (CONT'D)
He played the trumpet.

Jake looks at the trumpet collection. The enormity hits him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
We've killed a sentient being.

MAX
Barely.
(shows Jake the letter)
Terminal cancer. He was dying slowly, we made it quick.

As Jake reads, Max thinks, then goes and removes Walter's coat and hat. Jake looks over at the result.

JAKE
There's not a mark on him.

MAX

Internal. Or his heart. And they
won't look for either if they buy
this.

He puts Walter's hand on the remote, pulls over a foot rest
for the feet. He stands back, admires his handiwork.

MAX (CONT'D)

Poor bastard just slipped away.

Jake frowns.

MAX (CONT'D)

Come on.

He leads Jake out. Jake has a last, wistful look at Walter,
lifts his jacket from the back of the chair and follows on.

1.7 **INT. CAR./EXT. WALTER'S STREET - NIGHT.**

1.7

The car has a dented bumper. Inside, Max sits in the driver's
seat. They are very different Brothers, living very different
nightmares. They take a breath. Beat. Then Jake, nervy, turns
to his big Brother...

JAKE

Are we OK?

Beat. Then Max rustles up reassurance for his wee Brother, as
he starts the engine...

MAX

Yeah. We're OK.

And drives them AWAY. We come OUT the car and...

1.8 **EXT. WALTER'S STREET - NIGHT.**

1.8

And watch it go. They pass the house with the one lit window.
We stay on the house. Long beat. Then the LIGHT GOES OUT.

CUT TO:

1.9 **TITLE CARD.**

1.9

GUILT

CUT TO:

1.10 **EXT. HOUSE/INT. KITCHEN. MAX'S HOUSE. CRAMOND - DAY.** 1.10

Establishing SHOT of Max's house. A big, expensive, glassy, new-build.

INSIDE, we FOLLOW a tired, tense looking Max into his kitchen where he is hit by...

CLAIRE

What the fuck is wrong with you?

An angry CLAIRE (40s, smart, unsatisfied, a not superficial person trapped in a superficial world)...

MAX

(beat, then half-hearted)

Sorry.

He makes for the sink, near the window (and pours a glass of water)...

CLAIRE

Who goes to a wedding and argues with the bride?

MAX

It wasn't an argument, argument suggests she had a defence...

CLAIRE

It's a cash bar, Max, we can afford a cash bar...

Max is at the window, with his water.

MAX

Yes, but they'd (already)...

CLAIRE

Not the Kickstarter, I can't hear another word about (the)...

MAX

Why did you leave?

And we see out the window what provoked the thought. His car. Sitting in the drive. Dented.

Claire, sensing disapproval, is freshly annoyed...

CLAIRE

I left because, while watching you tell the bride that she was technically guilty of fraud, I thought I don't want to go home with that man. So I didn't.

MAX
(conciliatory)
I know, I know, you just...

He trails off, gathers and there's something deeper in...

MAX (CONT'D)
I wish we'd come home together,
that's all.

Claire goes to the window, sees the car, and it threatens
another row...

CLAIRE
You drove home?! In that (state)...

MAX
Jake.

She stops. And again, there's something deeper in...

MAX (CONT'D)
Jake drove.

Beat. Claire looks closer, sees the dent...

CLAIRE
What happened to (your car)...

MAX
(instantly smooths)
Someone reversed into it at the
wedding.

Claire considers then, no more than half-joking...

CLAIRE
It was probably the bride.

MAX
(smiles, then)
Yeah.

Max's phone RINGS, lying out with his car keys. Claire reads,
hands it over...

CLAIRE
Jake.

Max, wary of Claire overhearing, rustles up enthusiasm...

MAX
Hi!

INTERCUT WITH:

1.11 **EXT. FLAT./INT. BEDROOM. JAKE'S FLAT. LEITH - DAY.** 1.11

Establishing SHOT of Jake's flat. A Leith tenement.

JAKE (O.S.)
I haven't slept.

INSIDE, the flat looks cheap. Jake, on landline, looks haunted.

JAKE (CONT'D)
How could I?

MAX
Yeah, it was a good laugh.

JAKE
What? Max, we need to tell someone that he's there, we can't just let him rot...

MAX
Right, OK, I can help you with that. I'll be at your shop in half an hour.

He hangs up, thinks...

CLAIRE
Seeing your brother twice in two days? That must be a record.

MAX
He's got a legal thing. Sheriff Court, the big time.

He LEAVES. And within Claire, a note of the anger resurfacing, as she looks back out to the dented car.

1.12 **INT. JAKE'S RECORD SHOP. LEITH - DAY.** 1.12

Upbeat MUSIC (PLAYING) can't mask the small shop's air of failure. Jake offers Max a chipped mug (a testament to cult Hibs footballer 'Super Joe Tortolano'). Max doesn't take it.

JAKE
How did you sleep?

MAX
Very well. My pillows are Hungarian goosedown, they essentially cradle the neck.

JAKE
Could we talk about the fact that we killed a man?

MAX

Why would we want to do that?

JAKE

Don't you feel it, Max?

MAX

What?

JAKE

The guilt.

MAX

He was dying, Jake. Pancreatic cancer. That's a carnival of pain. If he was here now, he'd probably thank us.

JAKE

I think he'd want to at least touch on the fact that we killed him.

MAX

Jake, we gave him a dignified exit. Now someone finds him, he's spruced up and there's not a dry eye in the church now pay your phone bill...

Max places money on the counter.

MAX (CONT'D)

We should stay connected, at least for now.

They're both uncomfortable at the subtext...

JAKE

(awkward)

Thanks, I left my wallet at the wedding...

MAX

(mutters ruefully)

Fucking cash bar...

JAKE

But if you give me a few days...

Max, while leaving, raises a palm...

MAX

No, no, no, let's not go through
the charade.

Jake, in panic at the sign of MAX leaving...

JAKE

Max, where are you going, what are
we going to do?!

Max hesitates, considers...

MAX

Nothing. We move on.

Max LEAVES.

CUT TO:

1.13 **OMITTED** 1.13

1.14 **OMITTED** 1.14

1.15 **OMITTED** 1.15

1.16 **INT. JAKE'S RECORD SHOP - DAY.** 1.16

Jake scours through the Obituaries section of the *Edinburgh Evening News*.

1.17 **EXT./INT. GARAGE. EDINBURGH - DAY.** 1.17

Max points out his car's dented bumper to a MECHANIC.

1.18 **INT. JAKE'S RECORD SHOP. LEITH - DAY.** 1.18

Jake scours the Obituaries.

1.18A **INT. RESTAURANT. EDINBURGH. DAY.** 1.18A

A perfectly happy Max has lunch with BUSINESS TYPES.

1.19 **EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.** 1.19

A Police car is outside Walter's house.

Over the road a man MAURICE (40s) and woman (SHEILA, 60s),
huddle, watch with interest.

1.20 **INT. JAKE'S RECORD SHOP - DAY.**

1.20

Jake scours the Obituaries. Stops. Eyes widen.

CUT TO:

1.21 **INT. JAKE'S SHOP - DAY.**

1.21

Jake looks awful. Exhausted, paranoid. Max looks fine.

Music STOPS.

JAKE
(from paper)
Died peacefully. If only they knew.

MAX
(tense)
Would that be good Jake? Would that
be good if they knew?

JAKE
I'm just saying...

MAX
You're losing it.

JAKE
I wonder why?! Not sleeping for a
week or reading a hundred
obituaries, because believe me Max,
that's quite the fucking combo.

MAX
(calming)
Jake, they couldn't bury him this
quickly if there was a post-mortem.
Which means they concluded natural
causes. Which means it's over.

The shop's phone starts RINGING. Jake reads...

JAKE
All those who knew Walter are
invited to celebrate his life.

MAX
See? Sounds fun. I'm going to work.
Get some sleep.

Max starts walking away, Jake answers the phone...

JAKE
Leith Beats.

We hear the genial voice of HENRY on the phone...

HENRY (V.O.)
Jake?

JAKE
Speaking.

Max approaches the door...

HENRY (V.O.)
You're a friend of Walter's?

Jake swallows. When it finally comes, his voice is weak...

JAKE
Of Walter's?

Max's hand was on the door. Now he freezes.

HENRY (V.O.)
I'm his solicitor.

JAKE
(with difficulty)
OK.

HENRY (V.O.)
I'm at Walter's house doing the
inventory after the, well, you
(know)...

JAKE
Yeah, I heard something (about)...

HENRY (V.O.)
And I appear to have your wallet.

Beat. Jake's attention drifts to the stack of cards on his
counter. Of the record shop. With the phone number.

JAKE
Right. I must have left it when I
(was)...

HENRY (V.O.)
Flogging him records I imagine.
It's taken me half the bloody
morning to catalogue them.

JAKE
(with relief)
Aye, that's it.

Max walks to Jake, his face set in urgent question...

HENRY
Can you wait until tomorrow for the
wallet?

JAKE
No problem.

HENRY
Then I'll leave it here shall I,
and you can get it at the wake?

JAKE
(beat, flailing)
Eh, yeah, we could maybe do
(that)...

HENRY
Very good...

JAKE
Or, could I...

But Henry's hung up. Max stares darkly at Jake...

1.22 **OMITTED** 1.22

1.23 **INT. MAX'S CAR./EXT. WALTER'S STREET - DAY.** 1.23

Max and Jake sit in Max's car, watching MOURNERS come and go from Walter's house. Jake looks even worse. Drained, guilt-ridden. Max still looks fine, albeit furious. Tense silence.

JAKE
I'm sorry, Max.

MAX
I don't accept your apology. Ready?

JAKE
(considers, then)
Let's just leave it. Get them to
post it or something.

MAX
(as if to child)
No Jake, because that could arouse
suspicion. And while you've
probably aroused some suspicion
through your signature fuckwittery,
I'd like you not to arouse any
more, which leaves me in the
horrific position of giving you
some responsibility.

JAKE
I can't go back in there, Max.

Max leans into Jake, with ingrained sibling authority...

MAX

You go in. You get the wallet. You leave. There are no other steps. I cannot stress enough, Jake, the lack of other steps.

Long beat. Then Jake takes a breath, opens the door and walks over to the house...

And we GO WITH HIM. We watch his discomfort as he travels up the familiar driveway to the familiar doorway, then into...

1.24 **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.24

A hushed house, with a small CROWD of elderly Mourners. Jake awkwardly makes his way through, looking and failing to see where his wallet might be. He retreats to a corner, where...

ANGIE

(American)

Hey.

ANGIE (30s, confident, personable) pauses, gathers plates.

JAKE

Hi.

ANGIE

Nice to see someone here with a pulse.

JAKE

(spooked)

Right, aye, well I've got one of (them)...

ANGIE

(re: plates)

Can you give me a hand?

1.25 **INT. KITCHEN. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.25

Angie plates up sandwiches...

ANGIE

I'm Angie.

JAKE

Jake.

ANGIE

You were a friend?

JAKE

I own a record shop, he used (to)...

ANGIE

I was just looking at his records.
Solid collection, huh? And
vertically stacked which (is)...

JAKE

Crucial.

She offers him the plate of sandwiches...

JAKE (CONT'D)

Cheers.

He says as he takes a sandwich, she's confused...

ANGIE

Sorry, can you...

JAKE

Oh right.

He takes the plate, she lifts others...

ANGIE

Thanks.

JAKE

I actually just need to (get my)...

But she's already GONE.

1.26 **INT. MAX'S CAR./EXT. STREET - DAY.**

1.26

It's been ten minutes. To an edgy Max, separated from the
unreliable Jake, it feels like an hour. Long beat. Then..

MAX

For Christ's sake...

He takes a tie from the glove box, opens the door, walks over
to the house...

And we GO WITH HIM. We watch his contrasting lack of
discomfort as he walks up the drive, to the door then into...

1.27 **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.27

Where he slips through Mourners to see, to his fury, a
bewildered Jake holding a plate of sandwiches. Beat, then...

MAX

Was this a step, Jake?

JAKE

It just happened.

ANGIE (O.C.)

Hey!

She's joined them...

JAKE

This is Angie.

ANGIE

I'm Walter's niece. Or was, I guess.

JAKE

(thrown)

Oh, right. I didn't (realise)...

MAX

Nice to meet you.

He makes a clear decision not to give his name.

JAKE

This is my brother, Max.

Max shoots a look to Jake.

ANGIE

Do you work at the record store?

MAX

Christ, no, what a concept.

ANGIE

How did you know Walter?

Max is just hesitant enough for Jake to want to help...

MAX

Oh, just (through)...

JAKE

The trumpet.

Max looks at Jake with a sickly smile...

MAX

I was going to say through you.

JAKE

They blew a little horn...

ANGIE

Sounds fun.

MAX

It was fine.

ANGIE

More fun than he'll have had with
this lot.

Jake views the Mourners with discomfort. One Mourner is
Sheila (glimpsed earlier), who looks at them in interest from
across the room.

JAKE

Is this, his family?

Max warily sees Jake's discomfort...

ANGIE

No, I'm it for family. These are
friends and neighbours, I think,
they're kind of a tough crowd.

MAX

(wraps up)

Well, I hope you enjoy your visit.

ANGIE

Funeral today, attorney tomorrow, a
few days to pack this place up then
fly home. Not exactly a vacation.

That gets Max's attention. He asks, 'casually'...

MAX

Who's the solicitor?

(with an edge)

Jake didn't think to ask.

ANGIE

I can't remember, something
Scottish.

MAX

OK, we'd (better)...

ANGIE

When did you last see him?

MAX

It had been a while.

JAKE

Too long, really.

ANGIE

I hope it was peaceful, at the end.

JAKE

Or quick...

MAX

Either fine.

ANGIE

Well, I'm sure the attorney will
fill me in. OK, well...

She leaves with a smile that is directed firmly at Jake...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

It was nice to meet you.

She leaves, goes and serves food. Jake and Max watch her.
Jake curiously, Max in concern...

MAX

Stay here.

JAKE

What?

MAX

(points to Angie)

She's it. The one thing that could
trip us up.

JAKE

Then why would I stay?

MAX

(firm, lays it out)

Because Walter's body has made it
past the police, a doctor, and a
funeral director to the hallowed
earth of Edinburgh...

JAKE

That's not helping...

MAX

And now the only people who can, at
any time, request he be dug up for
a second look are the family. Which
is her.

Jake is not convinced...

MAX (CONT'D)

Look, just stay for a drink, make
pals and leave as the one person in
Edinburgh she'd ask for advice. A
wee bit of baby-sitting, then we're
done.

JAKE

Why me?

MAX

You're available.
(concedes with difficulty)
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
And you're not entirely incapable
of charm.

Jake looks at the wake, the situation. And, genuinely...

JAKE
I feel like I'm going to cry.

MAX
(considers, genuine)
Could help.

He LEAVES. Jake stays. Angie, talking to an elderly Mourner, catches Jake's eye and smiles. Jake smiles back. Angie looks away. Amidst Jake's fear there is a trace of Angie curiosity.

1.27A INT. SPINNING CLASS. GYM. STOCKBRIDGE.

1.27A

An energetic SPIN CLASS. The CLASS work away, the loud, enthusiastic INSTRUCTOR at the front...

INSTRUCTOR
Stay in the zone, stay in the
zone...

And at the back, Claire. Going about five miles an hour, bewildered, trying to adjust the controls...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
You know it's coming, you know it's
coming, let's do it together...

The Instructor spots Claire's travails...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Are we in the zone?

Claire is increasingly irritated as she tries to adjust the controls...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Are we in the zone at the back?

Claire knows that's aimed at her...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Are we?!

CLAIRE
(snaps, SHOUTS)
No!

That gets the room's attention, as Claire launches a loud tirade...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No, I'm not in the fucking zone,
because I'm supposed to be in Body
Pump but that's full so I thought
I'd try this, which I hadn't done
before but I thought that's fine,
someone will explain it at the
beginning, but instead at the
beginning all you talked about was
being in the fucking zone!

Amidst the room's bewilderment, on the next bike, TINA (30s, confident, attractive) laughs. She gets off her bike, goes to Claire as the Class continues...

TINA

Here...

She adjusts Claire's controls...

CLAIRE

Thanks. Sorry...

TINA

Don't be daft, that was the best
thing I've ever seen in here. And
I've seen a lot of fat men fall off
bikes.

Claire smiles.

1.28 **OMITTED** 1.28

1.29 **INT. KITCHEN. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.** 1.29

Jake puts away plates in the kitchen. He sees his wallet on the work top, pockets it with relief, and returns to...

1.30 **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.** 1.30

To see the last of the other Mourners LEAVE. Angie looks at Jake. An awkward beat. Then...

ANGIE

Drink?

JAKE

Yeah, why not?

We play off Jake's fearful face as MUSIC STARTS...

CUT TO:

1.31 **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

1.31

A record PLAYS. Angie potters round the room. They sip large drinks, both a little tipsy, Jake settled by the drink...

JAKE
Where are you from?

ANGIE
Chicago.

JAKE
Love it.

ANGIE
Have you been?

Angie considers a photo of Walter...

JAKE
I feel like I have. Nat King Cole,
Dinah Washington, Sam Cooke, early
Kanye...

ANGIE
What was he like?

Jake sees Angie with the Walter photo, to his discomfort.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
I didn't really know him. He came
over to visit when I was younger,
but other than (that)...

JAKE
(shuts this down)
He was just, you know, your classic
nice old dude.

Looking for escape, he flicks through the records.

ANGIE
He's left them to me, the records.

JAKE
That's a result.
(beat, considers)
I mean, in a sort of silver lining
type situation.

Angie studies the photo...

ANGIE
Was (he)...

JAKE
Oh, Walter, well done pal...

He selects a record, puts it on...

CUT TO:

1.32 **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S - NIGHT.**

1.32

Record PLAYS (Jazz with piano). Angie and Jake, increasingly enjoying each other's company, slump tipsily on the couch.

JAKE

What's interesting about this is
that it's Mike Garson on the keys.

ANGIE

Wow, you guys use interesting in a
totally different way.

JAKE

(smiles, then)
It's interesting because he went
straight from this to Aladdin Sane,
which is of course Bowie's best
album, for four...
(considers)
Arguably five reasons, starting
(with)...

ANGIE

It's top three. Maybe.

JAKE

(joking)
Oh, sorry, this isn't a debate,
this is me trying to deepen your
understanding of the music.

ANGIE

(enjoying this)
I'm happy to tell you his best, if
that's helpful?

JAKE

That would be high risk, I have to
warn you, it would be high risk.

ANGIE

I'll take the chance.

JAKE

If you say Ziggy Stardust I'll
throw you through a window. That's
not misogynistic, I'd do it to
anyone who said Ziggy Stardust. I'd
do it to a child.

ANGIE
(smiles, then)
Station to (Station)...

JAKE
(note of relief)
I'll take it. I don't agree, but
I'll take it.

Angie laughs then stands, reaches out a hand. Jake's spooked.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Oh, no, no, no...

ANGIE
You're a bad dancer?

JAKE
No, I'm just, you know, Scottish.

She pulls him up.

They dance awkwardly....

Then it's not awkward...

Then they kiss awkwardly...

Then that's not awkward either...

CUT TO:

1.33 INT. BEDROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.

1.33

Jake sleeps in the bed. Angie (dressed) ENTERS with a tray...

ANGIE
Morning!

Jake wakes. He's all over the shop. For a start, he's naked.
They're as awkward as each other as Angie puts down the tray.

JAKE
Oh, hey.

ANGIE
I thought you might want (some)....

JAKE
Right, thanks. What time is it?

ANGIE
Late. You needed it, huh?

JAKE
I've not been sleeping well...

ANGIE

(awkwardly over-talks)

I hope this is OK, I found a kind of extreme store called Lidl. It's got a whole Hurricane Katrina vibe.

JAKE

This is lovely, thanks.

ANGIE

(beat, addresses issue)

So, that was, I mean that's not my usual approach, you know?

JAKE

OK.

ANGIE

I mean I've got no problem with where we got to, that was great, I'd maybe have just, you know, taken a little longer to get there.
(considers, concedes)
Or at least pretended I wanted to take a little longer.

Jake smiles. Angie considers him, then...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You made yesterday a lot more fun that I thought it would be.

JAKE

(smiles, genuine)

Likewise.

ANGIE

So I need to go and see an attorney, which is a dream date for a hangover, but maybe we could catch up later?

JAKE

I've got to go to work.

She's disappointed. Partly reacting to that, and partly remembering his baby-sitting role (a conflict of motivations that runs from here), Jake adds...

JAKE (CONT'D)

You could come there though, when you're done? Check out my empire.

ANGIE

(genuine)

I'd like that. Well, see yourself out. Your clothes are kind of...

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Spread around.

JAKE
Right, yeah.

Angie LEAVES. Jake looks around. He's relatively relaxed. Angie is intriguing, the sun is shining outside, he has breakfast. And then he sees...

A book with bookmark waiting to be moved, a packet of lozenges, a hairbrush with strands of Walter's hair. Reality returns for Jake. Hungover, in a dead man's bed.

1.34 **INT. MAX'S OFFICE. CITY CENTRE - DAY.**

1.34

Sleek office. A glass wall looks onto a Reception area with a SECRETARY. Max is on his (mobile) phone...

MAX
That's a somewhat unconventional
approach to babysitting.

INTERCUT WITH:

1.35 **EXT. WALTER'S STREET - DAY.**

1.35

A troubled Jake scurries down Walter's street, on the phone.

JAKE
It, just, I don't know, I was a bit
pissed. And I hadn't eaten. Well, I
had a few canapés but you can
hardly call that a proper (meal)...

MAX
Not exactly overcome with grief, is
she?

JAKE
I suppose there's no rules with
that stuff.

MAX
Clearly not. Where is she?

JAKE
The solicitor's. I'm seeing her
later.

MAX
Fine. Keep me posted.

They hang up. Jake walks opposite Sheila's house where she works in the garden. He walks past. They don't see each other.

1.35A **EXT. CAR PARK. GYM. STOCKBRIDGE.**

1.35A

We come into Claire and Tina laughing...

CLAIRE

Oh, God. There should be an age limit on changing room nudity.

TINA

I don't know. It's interesting. Like a journey through the history of female maintenance.

CLAIRE

That's not a journey I need to take. Not before breakfast.

TINA

(considers, then)
We could get breakfast?

CLAIRE

(hesitates)
Eh...

TINA

Have you got somewhere to be?

CLAIRE

(considers, genuine)
No, I don't. God, that's depressing isn't it?

TINA

Follow me?

CLAIRE

(smiles)
OK.

1.36 **INT. HENRY'S OFFICE. EDINBURGH - DAY.**

1.36

Henry, behind a disorganised desk, is engaged, excited...

HENRY

So then big Jim Malone has a wee think, and leans over to Eliot Ness and says...

(adopts American drawl)

He sends one of yours to the hospital, you send one of his to the morgue. That's the Chicago way.

(back to normal voice)

Christ, what a line. I'm buzzing just saying it. Absolutely buzzing.

Henry looks across the desk for approval. REVEAL Angie, who is not buzzing. She's bewildered. Henry clarifies...

HENRY (CONT'D)
Sean Connery.
(off Angie confusion)
The Untouchables.

Henry lifts Angie's U.S. passport, points to her address...

HENRY (CONT'D)
Chicago!

Angie gets it. But it wasn't really worth it...

ANGIE
So, what do you need?

She refers to paperwork on the desk. Henry stands, heads for a photocopier.

HENRY
If you sign there I'll make the application for confirmation, take a wee copy of this then we're done, and the record collection's all yours.

Angie signs, Henry potters while copying the passport...

HENRY (CONT'D)
Used to deliver our milk, Connery. Sent my Mum a wee bit doolally by all accounts, especially when he wore his (shorts)...

Angie, partly to wrap up Connery, partly with intrigue...

ANGIE
The neighbours said that Walter died in the house.

HENRY
That's right. One of them called the police. They found him in front of the telly.

ANGIE
Cancer, huh? What a bitch.

HENRY
Aye, well, at least it was natural causes so they didn't have to cut him open.

Angie is surprised. Henry returns to his desk.

ANGIE

No autopsy?

HENRY

Post-mortem we call it, and no, not with a terminal condition.

(hands back passport)

Here you go...

HENRY produces wrapped up clothing.

HENRY (CONT'D)

That's his bits and pieces from the Funeral Director's. Came in a wee bit bruised apparently, poor old sod. They often do though when they're frail. Who'd be old, eh? Although, Connery's pushing ninety and he's still got the peepers and the cheekbones, and thank God for that because they're Scotland's crown jewels really, Connery's peepers and (cheekbones)...

ANGIE

Where were the bruises?

1.37 **OMITTED**

1.37

1.38 **INT. JAKE'S RECORD SHOP. LEITH - DAY.**

1.38

Music PLAYS. Angie looks round, Jake watches nervously.

ANGIE

On his legs? You don't think that's weird?

JAKE

I wouldn't worry about it, you know, sleeping dogs and all that...

Looking to distract, he refers to the racks Angie is at...

JAKE (CONT'D)

That section is solid gold classics.

ANGIE

So it says.

JAKE

Find me a record in there that's not a solid gold classic and I'll close this place down today.

ANGIE
(smiles, looks through)
What are these little...

(We don't see)...

JAKE
I do my own liner notes sometimes,
just stuff about the album, and so
on.

ANGIE
('reluctant')
OK, that's relatively cute.

Angie looks through the records as Jake watches nervously,
has the danger passed?

ANGIE (CONT'D)
The Stones section feels pretty
(light)...

JAKE
Nothing after 1981.

ANGIE
Militant.

JAKE
I've got to be.

ANGIE
(beat, then)
Why would the bruising (only)...

JAKE
(steps in)
Favourite Stones Album?

ANGIE
Let It Bleed.

JAKE
OK, well, that's not quite as
apocalyptic an answer as (I)...

ANGIE
Love in Vain, You Got The Silver...

JAKE
You know, the interesting thing
about You Got The Silver is that
people think it's about...

ANGIE
Money.

JAKE

But it's actually about...

ANGIE

Heroin, why would the bruising only be on his legs?

JAKE

(thinks, then)

Tell you what, let's get Max involved.

He edges away to his back office...

JAKE (CONT'D)

He's a great lawyer. And, more importantly, a great guy.

1.39 **INT. MAX'S OFFICE. CITY CENTRE - DAY.**

1.39

MAX

You're sacked.

REVEAL Max sits across from a dishevelled KENNY (40s, a man in hock to various demons).

KENNY

I knew this day would come.

MAX

Obviously it's your performance and the drinking and, frankly, the odours.

KENNY

I used to run marathons.

MAX

I remember.

Max gets a CALL on his mobile (unseen by us), he kills it.

KENNY

And now look at me.

MAX

It's been quite the collapse.

KENNY

My wife's taken the kids to her Mum's.

MAX

Maybe a wee bit of space is...

KENNY

She caught me drinking Midori in
the Soft Play Centre.

MAX

Right.

KENNY

Not in front of the kids, I was in
the disabled toilet.

MAX

Feels like a moot point.

Phone RINGS (landline).

MAX (CONT'D)

Well, safe journey home.

Kenny sighs, LEAVES, as he does so, Max answers...

MAX (CONT'D)

Max speaking.

INTERCUT WITH:

1.40 INT. BACK OFFICE. JAKE'S RECORD SHOP - DAY.

1.40

Jake hides, peeks out at Angie...

JAKE

You were right. Natural causes, no
post-mortem.

Max looks at his Secretary, headphones on. Listening?

MAX

(careful, measured)

Well, I hope that's settled any
concerns your friend may have.

JAKE

(increasingly edgy)

Our friend. And no, because the
solicitor told her that Walter's
legs didn't look too clever, which
apparently everyone is putting down
to a fall (thankfully)...

MAX

Stop talking...

JAKE

But now she's going a wee bit
Columbo on me.

MAX

Stop!

Jake stops. Max thinks.

MAX (CONT'D)

OK.

1.40A **INT. CORRIDOR. MAX'S OFFICE. DAY.**

1.40A

Angie, Jake and Max walk down the corridor. Angie, as Max planned looks a little intimidated...

ANGIE

Nice place.

Max gets a CALL on his mobile, doesn't take it...

MAX

It is.

CUT TO:

1.41 **INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY.**

1.41

The three of them are in Max's office...

MAX

So, Jake filled me in. I really wouldn't worry yourself about any of this Walter stuff.

ANGIE

No?

Max and Jake work together...

MAX

Sad as it is, I remember him having falls.

JAKE

It was just, you know, part of his life.

MAX

I don't know if it was the medication, (or)...

JAKE

It was quite endearing in it's own way. Probably one of the reasons we loved him so much.

MAX

Liked.

ANGIE

I guess at that age they get a little sloppy.

Max gets a mobile CALL that we see is from CLAIRE, kills it.

MAX

Sadly so.

ANGIE

Who was around him towards the end?

Both brothers are thrown, Max just hides it better...

MAX

I think he was a pretty solitary soul really...

JAKE

Old school loner, sort of thing.

ANGIE

He must have had someone...

MAX

(nips in bud)

I tell you what. If you're worried about the bruises, why don't I speak to whoever found him, the responding officers? See if it all looked kosher.

Jake is alarmed, Max isn't. Angie considers, then...

ANGIE

No, I don't want some big thing.

Two SMART CLIENTS arrive through the glass, Max's Secretary looks over to him...

MAX

Off the books. I play golf with half of them. I'll make a call tonight, report back in the morning, sound good?

ANGIE

(considers, then)

I guess there's no harm in checking it out.

Max smiles, stands to signify an ending...

MAX

How could there be?

He looks a lot more confident than Jake.

1.42 **INT. KITCHEN. MAX'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.42

Claire and Max eat breakfast, then...

CLAIRE

You were a bit elusive yesterday.

MAX

I was in court.

CLAIRE

Your secretary said you were
dealing with some personal
business.

(half-joking)

Sounds exciting?

MAX

Right, yeah, I saw Jake as well.

Beat. A note of building suspicion from Claire...

CLAIRE

Really? What's going on between you
two?

(off Max confusion)

Forty years of winding each other
up and suddenly you're best pals.

Max stands, puts on his jacket...

MAX

He was upset after a funeral.

CLAIRE

I thought it was a legal thing...

MAX

(tense)

It was, and then it was this. He's
got a few things going on and asked
me for help, Claire, what's so
(hard)...

CLAIRE

He asked you?

Max hides his unease through anger, and by heading for the
door, then the driveway as Claire follows...

MAX

I'm his brother!

CLAIRE

Well, on paper...

They walk OUTSIDE...

1.43 **EXT. FRONT DOOR/DRIVEWAY. MAX'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.43

Towards Max's car. Max trying to bat Claire off, Claire refusing to be battered...

MAX

I'm helping him out, it's good to help people out.

CLAIRE

Yeah. I'm just trying to think of a time that you've helped anyone out.

MAX

Of course I have! It's like, what is it, a good turn, you know, begets another good turn, etcetera.

CLAIRE

That's not a saying...

MAX

I'm paraphrasing.

CLAIRE

No, you're lying.

Max gets in his car.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And you're not as good a liar as you think you are.

MAX

I've got to go.

CLAIRE

Personal business?

MAX

(exasperated)

Work!

He drives AWAY. Claire watches him go. Long beat. Then she takes out her phone.

1.43A **OMITTED**

1.43A

1.44 **INT. DINING AREA/LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.44

Max, Angie and Jake sit round a table bearing plates of food.

ANGIE

You've never been to Lidl?

MAX

Of course not.

ANGIE

It's nuts. That's Ugandan Salami.
How does that even happen?

MAX

So, I spoke to the police who found
Walter. They said he slipped away
in front of the telly. Apparently
he looked peaceful, happy and,
their words not mine, ready to go.

Jake 'sighs sadly'...

ANGIE

Nothing weird?

MAX

Nope.

ANGIE

Well, I guess that's good news.

JAKE

Thanks Max, we appreciate it.

MAX

(frowns, then)

Oh, did you get that solicitor's
name?

ANGIE

Is it, McKinnon?

MAX

Henry McKinnon?

ANGIE

That's it.

MAX

Fantastic!

ANGIE

He's kind of flakey...

MAX

He's ideal!

(stands)

OK, enjoy this little spread.

The doorbell RINGS. The Brothers swap a look. Angie GOES to
the hallway (and on to the door)...

MAX (CONT'D)

What's all this "we" bollocks?

JAKE

I'm just getting into character...

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Oh, hi, I'm looking for Max?

ANGIE (O.S.)

Sure, come in...

CLAIRE (O.S.)

He's my husband.

(continues in b/ground)

Which I hope doesn't come as too much of a shock...

JAKE

Isn't that Claire?

MAX

For Christ's sake. OK. OK...

He takes a deep breath, stands and smiles. Angie and Claire ARRIVE. Angie curious, Claire seething. Max, 'upbeat'...

MAX (CONT'D)

This is a surprise!

CLAIRE

Find My Car. Cracking little App. Good for supermarket car parks and when your husband's full of shit.

MAX

(quickly smoothing)

This is Jake's girlfriend Angie.

ANGIE

(smiles, surprised)

Girlfriend?!

JAKE

(flails)

In for a penny...

CLAIRE

(turns to Max)

What the fuck is going on?

MAX

It was Angie's Uncle that died.

(off Claire confusion)

The funeral.

CLAIRE

(beat, considers)

Right.

MAX

He was a customer of Jake's...

JAKE

(quick, nervous)

Friend first, customer second.

MAX

I'm just helping Angie with a couple of things, you know, pro bono, before she flies home.

ANGIE

He's been awesome. They both have.

Claire's anger has switched to embarrassment.

CLAIRE

Sorry, Max should have told me.

Horrible tension, Angie sees a way of breaking it...

ANGIE

Hey, why don't we all get dinner later? I'm heading home tomorrow, and there's got to be more to Edinburgh than this place.

Claire sees a way out of her embarrassment, smiles...

CLAIRE

Why not?

Max and Jake compete to offer the least convincing smile.

1.45 **EXT. WALTER'S STREET./INT. MAX'S CAR - DAY.**

1.45

Max and Claire go to their cars...

MAX

You followed me?

CLAIRE

Bloody right I did, you've been acting weird since that wedding.

MAX

That's just, work (and)...

CLAIRE

And since when did you do pro bono? You charged Dad two grand for that thing with his neighbour's hedge.

MAX

No, I charged two grand to listen,
on several occasions, to your Dad
talk about a hedge.

CLAIRE

Why didn't you just tell me about
this Mother Theresa bollocks?

MAX

(almost genuine)
I know, you're right. I'm spinning
a lot of plates just now Claire,
but you're right. I'm sorry.

Claire calms down, they reach their cars.

CLAIRE

She's interesting.

MAX

She's a pain in the arse.

CLAIRE

A step up for Jake though, after
old whatsername...

MAX

With the guitar.

CLAIRE

(a pained memory)
Ukulele. It was a ukulele.

They swap a smile. Max opens his car door then, 'breezy'...

MAX

We'll give it an hour then cancel.

CLAIRE

Why?

MAX

She's leaving tomorrow, we should
let them get on with it.

CLAIRE

(suspicion resurfacing)
It was her idea. Max, why are you
being (so)...

MAX

(quickly smooths)
You're right, you're right, we'll
go. It'll be fun!

CUT TO:

1.46 **INT. RESTAURANT. GEORGE STREET - NIGHT.**

1.46

We come into laughter. Max/Jake/Claire/Angie in a smart restaurant. Max pours wine, Claire enjoys her night out, turns to Angie...

CLAIRE

It's a shame you're not here for the Festival...

ANGIE

Yeah, I read about that.

CLAIRE

You'll have to come back.

The Brothers react, Jake neutral, Max dismissive...

MAX

I wouldn't bother, it's all drama students and jugglers, shall we have another...

He holds up the empty bottle, fails to attract the WAITER.

ANGIE

Thanks for taking me out. That place was kind of closing in on me.

Claire, with an edge aimed at an oblivious Max...

CLAIRE

It's nice to be out.

MAX

And it's on me.

CLAIRE

Us.

MAX

So, put away the Groupons Jake...

JAKE

Dick.

CLAIRE

(to Angie)

Can't you stay a little longer? I can just about remember some fun places to show you...

The Brothers are spooked, Angie demurs...

ANGIE

I don't know, I should really get (back)...

CLAIRE

Come on Jake, tell her to stay...
(points Angie)
You'll not do better than this.
I've seen your back catalogue mate,
and this is frankly a bit of a
miracle...

Everyone looks at Jake. He's a rabbit in the headlights...

JAKE

Yeah, I mean, I can't immediately
think why (not)...

MAX

Jake, let's order at the bar.

1.47 **INT. BAR. RESTAURANT - NIGHT.**

1.47

A seething Max and nervous Jake at the bar...

JAKE

I was on the spot.

MAX

The correct answer is no. Jake. Or
no thanks. Or piss off back to
America, you lunatic.

While Max tries to catch the BARMAN'S attention, Jake builds
courage, then, awkwardly...

JAKE

It's just, I know it would be
easier if she left in terms of the
situation but she's pretty
manageable (really)...

MAX

(with mounting concern)
Oh my dear God. You actually think
this is a viable relationship?

JAKE

I know you're going to say this is
mental but I've been thinking about
soul butterflies...

(off Max confusion)

At the wedding, the humanist said a
butterfly has one soul butterfly in
the world and they might never
meet. And maybe there's a world in
which Walter's death wasn't in
vain, maybe, I don't know...

Max looks at him in bewilderment. The Barman arrives.

MAX

A bottle of the Merlot.

JAKE

Please.

The Barman leaves, Max takes a napkin from the bar, pulls out pen, scribbles...

MAX

Right, me first. Failing to stop and report an accident, six months. Perverting the course of justice, with a fatality let's say five years. Allowing you to drive under the influence, a year maybe?

(tots up)

So, six or seven years, on top of the whole disbarment thing.

Jake's coming round, Max scribbles away...

MAX (CONT'D)

You get all that plus five years for death by careless driving.

(tots up)

There you go kid, eleven years on a good day.

The Barman serves drinks. Max puts the napkin in his pocket.

MAX (CONT'D)

Eleven years Jake. Eleven years in Saughton. Ever driven past Saughton at night? You hear screams Jake.

JAKE

OK, Max, I get it...

MAX

Screams.

Max LEAVES. Jake follows. He sees Angie laughing with Claire. Jake looks conflicted.

1.48 **EXT. WALTER'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT.**

1.48

It's late, dark. Max/Claire drop Jake/Angie off in a taxi. Away from the Brothers, Angie/Claire have a tipsy farewell.

CLAIRE

God, it's nice being drunk with other people.

ANGIE

(laughs, then)

Happy to help.

CLAIRE

Please stay! You're definitely the best that Jake's ever rustled up.

Angie jokes away the suggestion...

ANGIE

Jeez, how bad were the others?

CLAIRE

Awful. The last one played the ukelele. That was a long Christmas.

ANGIE

(laughs)

Well, you're safe, I don't play anything. Not like Max.

CLAIRE

(laughs)

You mean Jake, he's the musician. Max is tone deaf.

We leave a confused Angie during to CUT OVER TO Max and Jake on the driveway. An awkward silence then...

MAX

You're doing well.

JAKE

Am I?

He looks over to Angie.

MAX

Last push, Jake. Get her on the plane tomorrow and we're home and hosed.

Beat. Jake sees something, thinks.

JAKE

I'm not sure about that.

Max follows Jake's gaze. Against the dark shadow of the neighbouring house, a small red light FLASHES.

CUT TO:

1.49 **EXT. WALTER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY.**

1.49

Jake and Max (Max in golf gear), same viewpoint but daylight. The light belongs to a CCTV camera on the neighbouring house. It covers their driveway but undoubtedly Walter's too.

Beat. Then Max walks to an area of Walter's garden not covered by the camera, picks up a garden gnome, SMASHES it and carries the resulting pieces (Jake follows) over to...

1.50 **EXT. FRONT DOOR. MAURICE'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.50

The door is opened by Maurice (glimpsed earlier). Who is reserved, cautious...

MAURICE

Alright, boys?

MAX

We're friends of Walter's...

MAURICE

Right, aye, I heard. Very sad.

JAKE

Just awful.

MAX

We found this in his garden...

(re: gnome)

And we think your camera might have picked up whoever did it...

MAURICE

Sorry, I can't help, (it's not)...

MAX

(with total commitment)

Walter loved that garden. And he loved this gnome. So for someone to do this, it's, well...

JAKE

A real boot in the balls.

MAX

It'll just take a minute.

Maurice thinks, then walks past the Brothers to the camera. Where he reaches up, and pulls the wire out of the wall. It hangs loose.

MAX (CONT'D)

It's a dummy camera.

MAURICE

Isn't it funny how a wee, flashing red light in the darkness, can put the fear of God into people?

Beat. They try to read his intent. Then Maurice smiles...

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Sorry I couldn't be more help.

The Brothers relax...

MAX

Don't worry about it.

JAKE

You've been top drawer.

While leaving, Max hands Maurice the gnome...

MAX

Can you deal with this?

Max walks on. Jake, as always, softens Max's rudeness...

JAKE

Walter's house has seen enough death.

He follows Max. They LEAVE.

Maurice is left with the shattered gnome. He thinks, then walks back into his house and we...

CUT TO:

1.50A **INT. KITCHEN. MAURICE'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.50A

Maurice arrives, puts the gnome down. And we track another cable across the wall, to a CCTV monitor. Which is ON, showing the driveway view from the camera.

1.51 **OMITTED**

1.51

1.52 **EXT. WALTER'S STREET - DAY.**

1.52

The relieved Brothers stand by Max's car.

MAX

When's her flight?

JAKE

Tonight.

MAX

Right, well, enjoy your last day together. Don't cry. Or, you know, shite yourself and confess all.

JAKE

Then it's back to the Tesco Value Meals for One.

MAX

Sounds nice.

JAKE

You know they come with plastic
cutlery?

MAX

I didn't.

JAKE

What are they trying to say?

MAX

You take these things too
personally.

JAKE

How can I not?

ANGIE (O.C.)

Hey Max!

Angie's at the door of Walter's house...

MAX

Hi!

ANGIE

Last night was fun.

MAX

(opens car door)

Aye, to a degree. Well, safe
flight. Get yourself an exit row.
Just say you've got ligament
damage.

ANGIE

Can I show you guys something?

MAX

Sorry...

ANGIE

It'll just take a minute.

MAX

I've got a Saturday morning tee
time at Gleneagles, which might not
mean much to you (but)...

ANGIE

(sharper)

It'll just take a minute.

1.53 **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.53

The Brothers are unnerved. On the chair where they left Walter, Angie's laid out the clothes Walter wore that night.

ANGIE

They were in the bag from the Undertaker. That's how they got him.

Max and Jake aren't sure what to say, so they say...

MAX

Very smart.

JAKE

Debonair.

ANGIE

Not so much.

She shows the back of the trousers, dirt and grass stains, then gestures to the shoes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

The shoes are dirty too. Why would he be wearing them inside?

MAX

(trying to stay polite)
Why not?

ANGIE

I don't know, this, the bruising, it doesn't really fit with the whole slipped away (thing)...

MAX

(firm)
Angie, your Uncle died of cancer. It's sad, really sad, but you've got to let him go.

JAKE

(softer)
Gone but not forgotten.

ANGIE

I don't know. Something just feels a little weird...

She looks out the window in thought.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

What do you guys know about the neighbours?

Jake is spooked, Max takes charge...

MAX

OK, look. I use an investigator.
Great guy, sharp as a tack. Why
don't I have him give this place a
once over before you go?

Jake is deeply nervous. Angie thinks, then...

ANGIE

Sure, why not?

MAX

Great, I'll go and grab him now.

ANGIE

No rush.

(off Brothers' confusion)
I've pushed my flight back a few
days. I don't know, it kind of
feels like I'm not quite done here.

She glances at Jake. She could mean him. But she could mean
anything. Max looks at Jake. Smiles tensely...

MAX

Actually Jake, why don't you come
with me?

1.54 **OMITTED** 1.54

1.55 **OMITTED** 1.55

1.56 **EXT. STREET. CRAIGMILLAR. EDINBURGH - DAY.** 1.56

In a rough housing scheme, Max and Jake bicker as they walk.

MAX

You're supposed to be nipping these
things in the bud.

JAKE

I'm as surprised as you are, Max.

MAX

But I don't think you're as
disappointed as I am, are you Jake?
Which I find highly troubling.

JAKE

It's difficult, I'm walking a right
old emotional tightrope here...

MAX

Jake, do you understand what's on the line here? I could lose everything. My career, my house, Claire. So just sharpen up a bit...

JAKE

I tell you what Max, tell me to sharpen up again, see what happens.

Max sees something, smoothly switches to upbeat...

MAX

Here he is!

REVEAL, having a cigarette outside a rough pub, is a downbeat Kenny.

1.57 **OMITTED**

1.57

1.58 **INT. SPINNING CLASS. GYM. STOCKBRIDGE - DAY.**

1.58

The CLASS warm up. Angie and Claire settle on bikes (Tina arrives in B/G)...

ANGIE

Thanks for inviting me.

CLAIRE

I'd wait till you meet the instructor before thanking me. I'm just glad you're hanging around for a bit.

ANGIE

(genuine)
So am I.

CLAIRE

And Jake must be bloody delighted.

ANGIE

(smiles, then)
He's sweet. You know he writes his own liner notes for the records in his shop?

CLAIRE

That's, kind of heart-breaking.

ANGIE

I know. I'm going to give him my Uncle's records, how could I not?

CLAIRE

I think it's fair to say that Jake
got the family's share of soul.

ANGIE

They seem very different.

CLAIRE

They are. And they certainly don't
normally spend this much time
together. I'm not sure what they're
up to. And how they've not killed
each other yet.

Angie thinks, and might have asked more but Tina arrives...

TINA

Hey.

CLAIRE

Oh, hi.
(to Angie)
This is Tina.

ANGIE

Angie.

TINA

Hey.

CLAIRE

She's visiting for a few days.

TINA

Has she warned you about (the)...

INSTRUCTOR

(shouts)

Who is ready to hurt? Who is ready
for pain? Who is ready to enter the
zone?

The lights FLASH, Music STARTS, the Instructor starts cycling
maniacally...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Come and chase me people, come and
chase me....

The three of them laugh, start to cycle...

CLAIRE

Lunatic. Absolute lunatic.

Angie catches Claire and Tina swap a smile.

1.59 **INT. PUB. CRAIGMILLAR - DAY.**

1.59

Inside the rough pub, a Barman (JAFFA) behind the bar. While, at a table, Max and Jake put aside their differences to persuade Kenny.

KENNY

I can't take on a case lads. My head's minced with the bevvy.

MAX

Really? You look great.

Kenny doesn't look great.

KENNY

The wife won't answer my calls, I haven't seen the kids for weeks, my Freeview box is frozen on More4.

MAX

Right.

KENNY

Ever tried to wank to *Grand Designs*?

JAKE

No.

KENNY

(haunted)
Don't.

MAX

Come on Kenny...

KENNY

You were right Max. All those awful things you said about me, I deserved every one.

Jake shoots Max a look.

MAX

No, that was tough love Kenny. I broke you down, then you left before I could build you up again.

KENNY

It felt like you'd finished?

MAX

Kenny, you're a good investigator stuck in a rut. Various ruts. But this is the case that could get you out of them.

Glimmer of interest from Kenny, Jake tries to help...

JAKE

Maybe taking on a new case will
show your wife that you're, you
know, back on your feet.

KENNY

Do you think so?

JAKE

Definitely!

KENNY

(considers, then)
I suppose I could take a (look)...

MAX

There we go!

KENNY

Just give me a couple of (days)...

MAX

(stands)
Wash your face and don't be sick in
my car.

1.60 **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.60

Max/Jake/Angie watch Kenny COME from the bedroom to inspect
the living room. He is a drunk man playing sober and just
about getting away with it. Angie watches Kenny curiously.

MAX

He's worked for me for years. They
don't come better.

Long beat. Then Angie, seeing the little signs...

ANGIE

Has he been, drinking?

MAX

No! That's just his style.

JAKE

Shabby chic...

Kenny surveys the room.

KENNY

Where did they find him?

ANGIE

On the chair.

Kenny focuses on the armchair. He's still glazed, still half-drunk but as we and the nervous Brothers watch him there is a flash of something, of thought. Then he turns, smiles...

KENNY

That's me. I'd best have a wee peek
at the medical files and whatnot?

MAX

I'll send you a summary.

KENNY

Okey doke.

Max leads Kenny out, turns to Angie...

MAX

I'll be in touch, enjoy your night!

He hurries Kenny OUT. Angie watches them go in curiosity.

1.61 **INT. LIVING AREA. MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

1.61

Claire watches TV, eats takeaway (sushi). Max ARRIVES, sits.

MAX

Hey...

CLAIRE

Hey. I got you the tuna...

MAX

Oh, great. Thanks.
(picks it up)
Is it the bluefin?

CLAIRE

(they've discussed this
before)
Nope.

MAX

Why wouldn't (you)...

CLAIRE

Because it's endangered.

MAX

I'm not surprised, it's delicious.

CLAIRE

It's not the bluefin.

With effort, Max takes a breath, switches to 'breezy' for...

MAX

So, how was your big gym date?

CLAIRE
Don't take the piss.

MAX
I'm not.

CLAIRE
It was fun.

MAX
(not good)
Good.

CLAIRE
I like her.

MAX
Really? A bit odd, isn't she?

CLAIRE
No.
(concedes)
Well, other than being into Jake.

MAX
Och, that's just a holiday thing.

CLAIRE
I don't know. She's giving him her
Uncle's records. Try it with
(the)...

MAX
(sharp)
I am.

He makes an effort, smiles weakly, and unconvincingly...

MAX (CONT'D)
Sorry. This is great, thanks.

He goes back to his non-bluefin tuna. His face darkens.

1.62 **INT. KITCHEN. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.62

Angie and Max in the kitchen. Angie entirely comfortable with the silence. A tense Max, less so. Long, silent beat. Then...

ANGIE
Seeing a lot of your Brother, huh?

MAX
Always.

ANGIE
Yeah?

MAX

Two peas in a pod.

Angie views him with curiosity. While Max sees...

MAX (CONT'D)

Hello sleepy head!

REVEAL a weary Jake coming through. Max is overly friendly...

MAX (CONT'D)

Can I have a wee word?

1.63 **EXT. WALTER'S STREET - DAY.**

1.63

Max leads Jake down the street...

MAX

What are you playing at?

JAKE

Sorry?

MAX

Angie told Claire that she's giving you Walter's records. Must be worth a few quid?

JAKE

Is she?

MAX

(as if to a child)
That's a connection Jake. To him.

JAKE

(irritated)
Max, this is the first I've (heard)...

MAX

You know Jake, I think you've run your course with her. Time to return to base.

JAKE

Why?

MAX

Because one wrong word from you and we go to prison and right now I'm not sure who's side you're on.

JAKE

(rising anger)
What's that supposed to mean?

MAX

(rising anger)

It means I've got enough to worry
about without you going rogue...

JAKE

(rising anger)

You've got enough to worry about?
Max, I'm sleeping in the bed of the
man we killed...

MAX

Technically it's the man you
(killed)...

JAKE

(on roll, crashes over)

But you're right, I should have
thought about you, getting to go
home to your big gaff every night,
that must be hard...

MAX

Don't give me that shite! Before
this you were single, and living
above a chippy. Now you've got a
girlfriend, a house-share and a wee
earner on the way. You're on the
fucking up!

JAKE

(thinks, then)

That's what's really annoying you
isn't it, Max?

(off Max confusion)

Any suggestion that I might be on
the up.

MAX

What?! All I've ever done is help
you, Jake.

They've wound up close to where they hit Walter...

JAKE

Really?

At the overlooking house, we (not the Brothers) see Sheila
come to a window.

MAX

I bought you the bloody shop.

JAKE

You did. And now I get to sit
there, day after day, bored,
lonely, and surrounded by all the
records that I never got to make.

MAX

And that's my fault, is it?

That was instinctive, and he immediately regrets it. Jake fixes him with a glare, and we see fleeting discomfort from Max. Beat, then...

JAKE

(thinks, then)

Careful, Max.

He walks AWAY. Max is left frustrated, angry. He takes a breath, his gaze drifts and...

He stops. REVEAL he looks at Sheila. Standing in her window. Staring right back at him.

And the wheels turn for Max. He looks at where they are, on the street. And for the first time (for Max and us) we work out that it is the window that was lit on the night.

At the window, Sheila walks AWAY. And Max is left thrown, uncomfortable.

1.64 OMITTED

1.64

1.65 EXT. BALCONY. GYM. STOCKBRIDGE - DAY.

1.65

Claire and Tina are on the balcony, we come into...

CLAIRE

He mostly does commercial law stuff, nothing very exciting.

Tina looks relatively interested...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

How about you? Have you got a bloke?

TINA

I like women.

CLAIRE

Oh. Cool.

TINA

(enjoys)

It's cool?

CLAIRE

('considers', jokes)

Well, obviously I have deeply held moral objections...

TINA
Quite right...

CLAIRE
And, frankly, quite a lot of
questions on the whole mechanics of
it...

TINA
You people always do...

CLAIRE
But I think, on balance, I'll find
a way to be your friend.

Tina takes out her phone, taps, then offers it to Claire...

TINA
Then why don't you give me your
number?

Claire hesitates....

TINA (CONT'D)
Giving me your number won't turn
you into a lesbian, Claire, that's
not really how it works.

CLAIRE
(smiles, enjoys)
No?

TINA
No, there are a few other steps.

Claire smiles, takes Tina's phone, starts putting it in.

1.66 **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

1.66

A record PLAYS. Angie and Jake have a drink as they look
through Walter's boxes. Jake flicks through a photo album...

ANGIE
Claire said that you're a musician.

JAKE
Used to be. I was in a band.

ANGIE
Really? What happened?

It's not a road Jake wants to go down. Tensely...

JAKE
It just kind of fizzled out.

He returns to the photos. It's Edinburgh in the 80s. Photos mounted on card with the occasional scrawled message beneath.

ANGIE
What's that?

JAKE
Photos.

A fleeting note of alertness from Angie...

JAKE (CONT'D)
Edinburgh in the Eighties. Which was basically just folk cutting about town in flammable clothing.

She smiles, relaxes. Jake gets to Walter photos. And he's less relaxed. He looks from the photo to the trumpet. They killed a sentient being.

Angie watches him, thinks, then...

ANGIE
Hey...

Jake looks up. She fixes him with a stare. When she speaks there is a suggestion we are finally seeing pure, real Angie.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
I think it's time we cut the shit.

JAKE
(beat, 'casually')
What do you mean?

ANGIE
Max didn't know Walter. And he doesn't play the trumpet.

Jake buys time, flicking through the photos, pretending to be unaware of Angie watching him. The photos become more personal. Walter as a younger man.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
I don't know what Max is doing, I'm not sure that you know what Max is doing. But he's up to something.

Jake considers the escape route, turning the pages as a distraction. Walter at an airport with a suitcase. And the message - THE BIG TRIP! Walter at the other end of the flight, with a couple his age and their teenage daughter...

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Well?

Walter visiting this family. Walter and the girl. A scrawled message - MY DARLING NIECE.

Jake doesn't know who the girl is. It's twenty years ago. She's only a teenager. But it's not Angie.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Jake?

Jake looks up, produces an impressive performance...

JAKE

You're sort of right. Max doesn't play the trumpet. He represented Walter, some legal business in the past. So, you know, confidentiality and all that.

Angie considers believing him...

JAKE (CONT'D)

He just wants to help. I know he's a fairly colossal prick, he always has been. But, honestly, he just wants to help.

He looks at her calmly, confidently and, in summary...

JAKE (CONT'D)

He's my brother.

Angie more or less buys it.

ANGIE

I guess you know him better than me.

JAKE

Unfortunately so.

(beat, then)

And there's only the two of us left. Like you and Walter. You're all he had, right, by the end?

ANGIE

Yeah.

She stands, takes their glasses, heads for kitchen. Jake looks at the photos. Walter. The other couple. Their one child. Walter's niece. And we see fear creep back into him.

1.67 **INT. LIVING ROOM. MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

1.67

Max and Claire watch TV, drink wine. Claire gets a TEXT. It's from TINA GYM. She reads it, smiles, puts it down. Max, without looking away from the TV...

MAX

Who's that?

Claire hesitates then, instinctively, says...

CLAIRE

Waitrose. Couple of substitutions.

She takes a long sip of wine. And wonders why she lied.

1.68 **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.68

We're close on a different Kenny. Alert, sharp, focused.

KENNY

Epiphany. That's the word isn't it?
I couldn't spell it with a gun to
my head, but that's the word.

REVEAL he talks to a deeply uncomfortable Jake and an
intrigued Angie.

KENNY (CONT'D)

I feel reborn. I feel cleansed. And
I know it's only been one day, one
night, but it feels like the
beginning of something. You can't
climb Everest without taking a
first step. Do you know what I
mean?

JAKE

No.

ANGIE

Totally.

DOORBELL. Jake, relieved, goes for it.

KENNY (CONT'D)

And the first thing I wanted to do
with this newfound clarity, was to
come and apologise, and have
another go. If you'll allow me...

ANGIE

Sure...

Max comes striding IN with Jake following on...

MAX

What's going on, Kenny?

KENNY

It's over, Max.

MAX

Sorry?

KENNY

The booze. It's all over. And it's
all down to your wee brother.

(MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)

I can't get what you said out my head, Jake. Solve this case and I get my family back.

Max shoots Jake a dark look, Angie a warm one...

JAKE

I don't think that's (what I)...

ANGIE

That's sweet.

KENNY

I've never been more focussed. I'll nail this one for you folks.

MAX

Kenny, you checked the house. There's nothing (here)...

KENNY

(stands)

Let's try again with a clear head. A last wee look, free of charge.

ANGIE

How can we say no to that?

She directs that at Max, with a note of slight suspicion. Which he picks up and so, 'breezily'...

MAX

We can't. Fire away, Kenny.

Kenny stands, begins looking around, as Angie follows on...

KENNY

Always start at the door...

He and Angie wander over there as, whispered...

MAX

Well done.

JAKE

Fuck you.

At the door, and then leading Angie around the room...

KENNY

The police would have found any forced entry, and the lock's discontinued so you'd struggle to get a skeleton. If someone's been here who shouldn't have then they had Walter's key, or the door was open, or Walter let them in.

During the above, Jake pulls back Max...

JAKE

Hey. This is probably nothing, in fact it's definitely nothing...

Max is distracted, keeping an eye on Angie and Kenny...

MAX

What?

JAKE

Well, it's a bit (weird)...

MAX

Shit.

He's watching Kenny inspect Walter's clothes (neatly piled in a corner). Max walks over, Jake follows, in time for...

KENNY

Fragments. Looks like paint.

ANGIE

From where?

KENNY

(examines)

Well, it's metallic. Could be car paint.

MAX

That feels dangerously subjective.

KENNY

Can I have this tested? Should take around a week.

(During the below, Kenny takes out a small plastic evidence bag, scrapes fragments from the trousers into it...)

MAX

(to Angie)

I can handle this if you need to go.

ANGIE

I'm not going anywhere.

She and Max, with forced smiles, size each other up, as a nervous Jake watches on. Again, a note of Angie testing Max, and Max recognising the test and batting it back.

MAX

Cool.

ANGIE

Is it?

MAX

Of course.

ANGIE

Good.

1.69 **EXT. FRONT DOOR./DRIVEWAY. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

1.69

Angie/Jake at the door. On the drive, Max and Kenny.

MAX

Let me send it for testing, Kenny,
I get a better rate...

KENNY

Come on boss, you know I need to
stay in control of the evidence.
I'm by the book from now on.

MAX

Well look, there's no rush.

KENNY

Don't worry, Max, I'm on it. I need
this, for all sorts of reasons, and
I'll give it everything I've got.
(walking AWAY)
This is life-changing stuff!

MAX

(mutters)
Yeah.

Meanwhile, at the door, Angie and Jake...

ANGIE

So. I guess I'm sticking about for
a while.
(off Jake silence)
Are you glad?

Jake looks at Angie. We see the conflict inside him that will
only grow from here, and believe him when he finally answers.

JAKE

Yeah, I am.

1.70 **INT. MAX'S CAR - DAY.**

1.70

Max and Jake drive down Walter's street in tense silence.
Jake considers, then doesn't speak.

As they approach Sheila's, she's working in the garden. She
stands, looks at the car, fixes them with a deliberate stare.

Max notices. We come OUT the car...

1.71 **EXT. WALTER'S STREET. INT. CAR. - DAY.** 1.71

And watch it pass Sheila. She returns to work in the garden.
We stay on her. Beat. The car reverses BACK into view.

Max gets out, walks to Sheila. She sees him, stands, waits.

(In the car, Jake watches nervously.)

Max stops in front of Sheila, unsure what to say. They hold
each other's gaze for a long time. There's something in
Sheila that fractures Max's confidence.

When he finally speaks, he means it as a challenge, but it
sounds more plaintive...

MAX

Well?

She considers, then...

SHEILA

I saw.

MUSIC STARTS - *The Jesus and Mary Chain - Darklands*

Sheila walks AWAY. Max thinks, turns, walks back to the car.

1.72 **INT. MAX'S CAR./EXT. WALTER'S STREET - DAY.** 1.72

Max drives as they roll quietly down the street. They are
very different Brothers, living very different nightmares.
Beat. Then Jake, nervy, turns to his big Brother...

JAKE

Are we OK?

A long beat as an impassive Max thinks and Jake waits. Then
Max rustles up fleeting reassurance for his wee Brother...

MAX

Yeah. We're OK.

Jake is relieved, looks out the window. We stay on Max.

And, as the MUSIC SWELLS, we see in Max a vulnerability which
is as new and surprising for him as it is for us.

***** END OF EPISODE *****