

GUILT

EPISODE 2 - "THE HIGHLANDER"

SHOOTING SCRIPT

05/04/2019

Including:

Pink Amendments 19/04/19

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EPISODE 2 - "THE HIGHLANDER"

PRE-CREDITS

2.1 **EXT. VARIOUS. PITLOCHRY. SCOTLAND. A FEW MONTHS AGO - DAY.** 2.1

MUSIC - *Marty Robbins - One Day I'm Gonna Write The Story Of My Life.*

Against the jaunty music we open in the Scottish Highlands. But this isn't a majestic mountain range. This is the tourist town of Pitlochry. In the off season. In the rain.

We see closed shop windows full of tartan tat.

An ice cream shop. Valiantly open, defiantly empty.

A MAN (Gordie) lighting a cigarette...

A fish and chip shop. Steam escaping through the door into the cold air.

And then we alight on a faded, peeling pub...

The Highlander

And go...

2.2 **INT. HIGHLANDER PUB. PITLOCHRY - DAY.**

2.2

INSIDE. Where The Highlander doesn't get any better. Tired, depressed, vacant.

Behind the bar, we meet the landlord. GORDIE (Gordon) (40s). Tired, depressed, vacant.

The MUSIC CONTINUES as...

TIME JUMP. Gordie wheels in a delivery past grim daytime DRINKERS...

TIME JUMP. Gordie writes the Offer Of The Week on a fluorescent star and sticks it on an optic (some photos in background).

Gordie walks to the window, sticks up the piece of paper.

HELP WANTED

Gordie walks back behind the bar.

The MUSIC STOPS and we bring UP the sounds of the pub. Of the fruit machine beeping. Of an ageing Drinker's hacking cough. Of the rain outside. Of boredom. Of failure.

CUT TO:

2.3 **TITLE CARD.**

2.3

GUILT

CUT TO:

2.4 **INT. PUB. CRAIGMILLAR. EDINBURGH - DAY.**

2.4

We're in tight on a troubled MAX.

MAX

I'm afraid I have a confession to make.

(sighs)

It won't be easy.

REVEAL he's in the same rough pub we saw in Episode 1. With the same Barman (JAFFA) behind the bar.

MAX (CONT'D)

But it's something I need to do.

REVEAL he's talking to an entranced KENNY.

MAX (CONT'D)

I drove past your house yesterday.
Or, I suppose, your old house?

KENNY

Yeah. I'm in a wee flat in Pilton.

MAX

Jesus.

KENNY

It's only temporary.

MAX

Pilton?

KENNY

You were saying?

MAX

I drove past your house. And I saw your wife.

KENNY

My angel.

MAX

Hold that thought Kenny, hold that thought because, well, there was a man there Kenny. Leaving.

Beat. Kenny's speechless. Max pushes grimly on...

MAX (CONT'D)

And there was a goodbye kiss which was both protracted and performed, frankly, with significant gusto by both parties.

Kenny closes his eyes, rubs his temples, mutters...

KENNY

Oh, no, no, no, no, no...

MAX

I'm sorry, Kenny.

Then he 'reluctantly' pushes on and plays his first card...

MAX (CONT'D)

Listen, you need some time to yourself. Why don't you give me the paint sample? I'm tidying up a couple of loose ends today on the Walter front. I might as well drop it into the lab (myself)...

KENNY

They've already got it.

Max is confused.

KENNY (CONT'D)

The sample. It's at the lab. I'm up early these days, Max.

Max just about hides his anger. He takes a deep breath.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Get up, say thanks for the day ahead, and get wired into a grapefruit. Tell me Max, when you say kiss...

Max plays his second card, sliding his drink to him...

MAX

Cheers, Kenny...

Kenny lifts his drink, he's about to drink it when...

KENNY

Woah!

(puts down drink)

There's voddy in there Max.

MAX

No, it's lemonade. You said lemonade, didn't you?

KENNY

I did, but this bears the unmistakable scent of cheap voddy.

MAX

I can't see how it (could)...

KENNY

Regret. That's what this smells of to me Max. Terrible, terrible regret.

MAX

('furious')

God, sorry Kenny, that's disgraceful. Let me give Jaffa a rocket and get your lemonade.

(thinks)

Or red wine?

KENNY

Sorry?

MAX

Huge health benefits. Great for the ticker.

KENNY

Just a lemonade please, Max.

MAX

Lager tops? The Sportsman's Pint?

KENNY

Lemonade.

MAX

Come on Kenny, you deserve a proper drink.

('sympathetic')

With the news.

Long beat as Kenny considers and Max waits. And then...

KENNY

I know what you're doing Max.

Some concern from Max.

KENNY (CONT'D)

I know why you told me about my wife. I know why you wanted to meet here. And I know why there's voddy in that glass.

More concern from Max.

KENNY (CONT'D)

You're challenging me, like a good friend should. You want to know if new Kenny's real.

MAX

Not (particularly)...

KENNY

Well yes he is Max, yes he is. And new Kenny has many rivers to cross, Max. And this mystery man, this driveway Casanova, is just another river.

Kenny leans forward, there's a tiny hint of threat here...

KENNY (CONT'D)

New Kenny is real, Max. And new Kenny is strong. And new Kenny is going back to work.

New Kenny LEAVES. Max isn't entirely sure what just happened.

2.5 **INT. LIVING AREA/KITCHEN. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

2.5

JAKE looks at the Young Niece photos in Walter's photo album (from Episode 1). The photos that don't look much like Angie.

In the background, we see that ANGIE is in the kitchen.

Jake takes a photo from the album, pockets it.

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

2.6

CLAIRE is at a bike. A spare one beside her. She looks concerned as the INSTRUCTOR calls the Class together, then...

TINA arrives beside her.

TINA

Hey.

CLAIRe

(instinctive)

I was getting worried.

And then she slightly regrets saying that, as the Class starts.

2.7 **OMITTED**

2.7

2.7A **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

2.7A

A record PLAYS. Jake watches Angie flicking through the records, and wonders if she's lying.

ANGIE

Top three murdered solo artists?

JAKE

Lennon, Tupac, Sam Cooke.

ANGIE

Wow that was, weirdly quick...

JAKE

You know after Sam Cooke died his wife married Bobby Womack, and his daughter married Womack's brother?

Jake considers, sighs...

JAKE (CONT'D)

God, why do I know this shit?

ANGIE

I like it.

JAKE

That's lucky. I don't have much else in the locker.

ANGIE

('sad')

No, no you don't.

JAKE

(considers, then)

Well, other than the whole, sort of boyish thing. Which, without putting words in your mouth, is probably quite endearing?

ANGIE

Not seeing it. Got to be honest. Just not seeing it.

JAKE

It's very subtle.

ANGIE

Clearly.

She smiles, gestures to the records...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I want you to have these, for your store. I don't even know how I'd begin trying to ship them home.

JAKE

No. I couldn't do that.

ANGIE

Come on, they must be worth something...

JAKE

They are, but that's a collection. It's a family, built with love. It needs to stay together.

Beat. Then Jake adds awkwardly, genuinely...

JAKE (CONT'D)

And, the longer they're here, the longer I can be here, you know, educating you about them.

Angie smiles at the subtext. Again, amidst the sense of building feeling, we see Jake's conflict ended by...

DOORBELL. Angie GOES to answer, Jake looks out...

JAKE (CONT'D)

Shit.

He grabs his phone, quickly writes a text...

2.8

INT. LIVING ROOM. SHEILA'S HOUSE - DAY.

2.8

Max and SHEILA sit opposite each other. Max is dominant, Sheila is playing her 'befuddled old woman'.

MAX

(with 'kindness')

I understand if you were confused.

SHEILA

Confused, right.

Max's coat (phone) BEEPS with a text, which he ignores...

MAX

It was late at night and I presume, respectfully, that your eyes are shot to pieces.

SHEILA

They're no great son, they're no great.

MAX

('smiles')

And I'm sorry to hear that.

SHEILA

That's very kind.

MAX

So I don't know what you think you saw, but what you actually saw was two Samaritans helping an old man home.

SHEILA

Samaritans, right.

MAX

(wraps it up)

So, there we go.

SHEILA

There we go.

There's something in her voice but Max misses it. He's too busy enjoying finally having a victory.

MAX

Right then...

He stands, makes to leave when, with a new steel...

SHEILA

Twenty grand.

Max stops. The air in the room changes. Their positions reverse. Sheila dominant, Max thrown...

MAX

Sorry?

SHEILA

You heard me.

Beat. Max tries to take back control...

MAX

I've just told you what happened.

I've just told you what you saw.

Now, I strongly (suggest)...

SHEILA

You killed him son.

Beat. Max looks at her, the wheels turning...

MAX

Right, listen to me very
(carefully)...

SHEILA

With your car. You and the other
lad. You killed him.

Beat. Max looks at her. He recognises something in her,
something they share. Long beat of thought, then...

MAX

I'm going to give you five, which
is ridiculous, and certainly isn't
an admission of anything, but I'm
going to give you five (because)...

SHEILA

Twenty.

MAX

(beat, then)

Ten.

SHEILA

Twenty.

MAX

It's too much.

SHEILA

Not with that car you drive. Not
with what you did.

MAX

(beat, then)

I can't get my hands on that kind
of money without someone seeing
that it's gone.

Beat. Sheila smiles.

SHEILA

Lie.

CUT TO:

2.8A **EXT. DRIVEWAY. SHEILA'S HOUSE = DAY**

2.8A

While leaving Sheila's, MAX checks his phone. In response to
what he sees, he looks up and he (and we) see Kenny's car
parked outside Walter's...

MAX

For F-

CUT TO:

2.9 **OMITTED**

2.9

2.10 **INT. FRONT DOOR./LIVING AREA. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY**

2.10

Jake opens the door to a tense Max, who enters, whispers...

MAX

What have I missed?

JAKE

Just some grapefruit stuff...

Max walks purposefully into the Living Area where a record PLAYS softly and Angie and Kenny look at photos...

ANGIE

I guess that's the most recent...

KENNY

Looks like a wee birthday party.

ANGIE

Yeah.

MAX (O.C.)

Started without me?!

He and Jake ARRIVE (from the front door). Max smiling tensely, Jake on edge...

KENNY

Hi Max.

MAX

Kenny, quick reminder that any updates should go through me, not the client.

ANGIE

I'm happy to get them directly.

From here, again, a sense of building Angie suspicion of Max...

MAX

Not a good idea.

ANGIE

Why not?

MAX

Things can get confusing.

Angie considers then, with an edge...

ANGIE

Well, that's true.

KENNY

(holds up Walter photo)

I wanted a photo of Walter for the legwork. His last movements and so on.

REVEAL the photo. Amidst signs of a party in Walter's front garden, Walter (in birthday badge), Sheila and other NEIGHBOURS (including MAURICE) toast Walter with champagne...

Max's tension grows. Jake's not looking so good.

ANGIE

(to Kenny)

Is there anything else I can do?

KENNY

It's worth having a look at his financials if you can find them, root of all evil and so on...

Angie looks round the cluttered house...

ANGIE

I'll try. Walter kept things kind of loose...

KENNY

But the really interesting one is the paint fragments, they'll be back from the lab in a couple of days.

Jake shoots a look at Max.

MAX

I'm not sure how interesting they'll be...

KENNY

Oh, if it's car paint then that's interesting Max, that's very interesting.

Jake's wilting. Angie's thoughtful.

KENNY (CONT'D)

We'd get model type, factory...

JAKE

(desperate to distract)

Cup of tea?

KENNY

Maybe even the garage the car was bought from...

JAKE

I think there's a few herbals in
there too if (that)....

ANGIE

So, wait, it might have been an
accident? Would that explain the
(bruising)...

MAX

(hard interruption)

What paint fragments would explain
is that, at some point, while
wearing those trousers, your Uncle
came into some form of contact with
a car. Which is not quite the
revelation which Kenny here seems
to be suggesting it is.

KENNY

(concedes)

Could be nothing.

(beat)

Could be everything.

Max stares at Kenny with barely concealed fury, then turns to Angie...

MAX

This could drag on a bit, we can
obviously email over (any)...

ANGIE

(with finality)

Hey, you know what? I'll be right
here until Kenny's done.

Jake pricks up on that, not entirely negatively. In contrast,
Max overcomes mounting anger to turn to Jake and smile
tensely...

MAX

I'll have a tea, Jake. A nice cup
of tea.

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

2.11

Through in the living room, Kenny and Angie finish up while
here in the kitchen, in urgent whispers while Jake makes
tea...

MAX

You said you could handle her.

JAKE

And you said you could handle
Kenny.

MAX

I'm dealing with it.

JAKE

Because if that paint sample comes back and says it was your car (then)...

MAX

Jake, to save time, just assume that everything you think, I've already thought.

JAKE

Right. It's just that, to the untrained eye, you appear to have done fuck all.

MAX

You've got no idea what I've done.

JAKE

What does that mean?

MAX

It means that I'm keeping things very simple for you. I'll handle everything else, all you need to do is keep her in check until we get her out the country. OK?

Nothing from Jake. Max shows some concern.

MAX (CONT'D)

Jake?

JAKE

(beat, eventually)

Yeah, OK.

2.12 OMITTED

2.12

2.13 OMITTED

2.13

2.14 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - DAY.

2.14

Claire sits reading her ipad. Max finds her and looking a little tense, 'breezily'...

MAX

Oh, you'll notice some money coming out the joint account.

CLAIRe

What for?

MAX

Jake's shop's in trouble and, well,
I'm going to clear his debts. Get
things on an even keel, sort of
thing.

CLAIRe

The shop's always been in trouble.
You find it funny.

MAX

I don't find it funny...

CLAIRe

Yeah you do...

MAX

Maybe a wee bit, but he seems
different now. He's making an
effort.

CLAIRe

(considers, then)

Because of Angie...

MAX

(seizes on that)

Exactly. And, with a few changes, I
think he might turn it around. Or,
you know, fail slower.

Beat. Claire teeters, on the brink of believing...

CLAIRe

How much?

MAX

I think it's about twenty grand.

CLAIRe

What?!

MAX

I know, it sounds a lot...

CLAIRe

It doesn't sound a lot, Max, it
sounds insane.

MAX

Well...

CLAIRe

No.

MAX

Maybe it doesn't have to be
twenty...

CLAIRe

No. You've done more than enough
for him. You bought him the place!
If he's that bad at running it then
he should jack it in.

MAX

OK, look...

CLAIRe

And how exactly does a record shop
in Leith get itself twenty grand in
debt?

MAX

I don't know...

CLAIRe

I thought you had someone looking
after his books?

Max, seeing the upward trajectory of her suspicions, pulls
the rip cord...

MAX

You're right, you're right. I'll
just give him advice, that's all.
Sorry, Claire, I suppose I'm being
a bit, whatever, sentimental.

CLAIRe

Yeah.

Max jokes...

MAX

Not like me.

Claire doesn't respond to the joke. Instead, with a returning
edge of suspicion, to the departing Max...

CLAIRe

No.

2.14A **INT. LIVING AREA. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

2.14A

On the table, boxes of paperwork. Angie sits, sorting through
what appear to be bank statements. She's engrossed.

Lying on the couch, Jake watches her. Long beat of decision
then...

JAKE

Hey, so, I'm not a stalker...

ANGIE

Solid start.

JAKE

But you've really dodged the social media bullet.

ANGIE

Yeah, my ex was kinda controlling.

JAKE

Don't get me wrong, I like it. It's cool, stay above the fray sort of thing.

Nothing from Angie, as she continues with the paperwork.

JAKE (CONT'D)

It's Dylan-esque. In a good way.

Angie returns to the boxes, as she looks for something...

ANGIE

Man, there's a lifetime of crap here.

JAKE

(considers, then)

You know, my band didn't have many fans but we had one who was off the scale. She was called Joan Walker. No matter what wee room above a pub we played, there would be a letter in the paper from Joan Walker, about how good we'd been, about how good I'd been. And it was confusing, because some of those gigs were to one man and dog, you know? And then my Mum died, and I sorted out her house, I found a box just like that one. With all the letters that Mum had been writing, and signing them Joan Walker.

ANGIE

(smiles, then)

What did you do?

JAKE

I took out an advert in the paper. From me and the band, to our biggest fan, gone but not forgotten.

Angie considers, gives up her search...

ANGIE

('sighs')

OK, well, now we're going to have
to have sex...

She walks to him during...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Which I presume was your intention
when you started that story...

JAKE

(laughs)

Not at all, I just thought it was a
nice wee story...

ANGIE

Oh, well, we don't have to...

JAKE

No, no, I'm available, I'm
available...

Angie laughs, they kiss.

2.15 OMITTED

2.15

2.16 OMITTED

2.16

2.17 INT. BEDROOM. MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

2.17

Claire sleeps, a worried Max doesn't.

We stay on his tortured face. And then...

He thinks of something. Quietly, he gets up.

Gathering clothes, Max makes a noise.

He stops, waits.

Tense beat. It looks like Claire has woken up...

But she hasn't. Max skulks FROM the room...

2.18 INT. MAX'S CAR./EXT. FORENSIC LAB STREET. EDINBURGH - DAY.2.18

Max sits in his car outside a building. A door opens. PEOPLE leave.

Max gets out his car. He listens to the conversation. They're mostly Scottish. And then he hears two WOMEN talk in Polish.

He evaluates them. One is confident, chatty. The other quieter, more placid. They split. The placid one (LENA) goes to wait at a nearby bus stop.

Max waits until the others have LEFT then walks over towards Lena...

2.18A **EXT. FRONT DOOR. SHEILA'S HOUSE. - DAY.**

2.18A

Sheila opens her door, Max starts talking before she can.

MAX

I've been very patient.

SHEILA

You have.

MAX

But it's time to face reality, and the reality is that I'm a respected lawyer with no criminal record and a lot of friends in this city.

SHEILA

That's very impressive.

MAX

And the problem you have, with your somewhat ham-fisted attempt at blackmail, is what is called an evidentiary deficit. Which means you've got nothing. Which means you're getting nothing.

He turns and walks away. He smiles.

Sheila watches him go. She smiles.

2.18B **INT. JAKE'S SHOP. - DAY.**

2.18B

A hand signs the signature section of a succession of forms. In the corner of each are different page numbers - 5/5, 8/8 etc.

REVEAL the forms are being signed by Jake on the shop counter and, waiting in front of him is STEVIE (30s, weary, in a crumpled suit). He takes the forms...

STEVIE

Cheers pal...

And LEAVES. Angie, looking at records nearby, sees him go...

ANGIE

Isn't the idea that they buy something?

JAKE

He's from my accountant's.

Angie refers to a record (it's The Band but we don't have to see it)...

ANGIE

This was my Dad's favourite album.

JAKE

Then your Dad was a great man.

ANGIE

He was. He took me to concerts, then I took him to them.

(refers to record)

We were at Rick Danko's last gig.

JAKE

(in awe)

You were at The Ark?

ANGIE

Why would you know that?

JAKE

Why would I not?!

ANGIE

I took Dad for his birthday. His eyes were shot to shit by then, so we sat at the front, and I had to tell him what Rick was wearing, what he was drinking.

As Jake watches this perfect woman telling the perfect story, we see the conflict rise within him...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I asked if we could meet Rick afterwards, and he bought Dad a drink and they talked about Hank Williams. Dad said it was the best night of his life, which, seeing as I was born at night was kind of a mixed message.

Nothing from Jake. Finally, she looks over.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You, OK?

JAKE

(beat, then)

No.

2.18C **EXT. CAR PARK. GYM. STOCKBRIDGE - DAY.**

2.18C

Claire and Tina are leaving, Tina is on her phone.

CLAIRe

So I thought we could go for a drink and discuss a few things, obviously starting with that guy's shorts...

TINA

Sorry, I need to go to shoot off.

CLAIRe

(disappointed)

Oh, OK...

TINA

But I'm texting you my address.

CLAIRe

Why?

TINA

I thought you could swing by some time.

The air is heavy with subtext...

CLAIRe

OK. Yeah, maybe.

Her phone BEEPS with Tina's text...

TINA

Claire, when I said that I like women, what I really meant is that I like women like you. And I'm sorry if that makes you uncomfortable but, well, I wanted to say it.

CLAIRe

Right. Well, that's...

(flails a little)

Thanks. And I'll save the address just so I have it for, you know, Christmas cards or whatever, although no-one sends Christmas cards any more do they, it's such a shame...

But Tina's leaving...

TINA

I'll see you later.

She goes. Claire takes a deep breath.

2.18D **INT. JAKE'S SHOP. LEITH - DAY.**

2.18D

On the counter, is one of the photos of Young Angie, that Jake has liberated from Walter's album. Angie looks at the photo. Jake looks at Angie looking at the photo.

Long beat. Then...

ANGIE

I guess that's me busted.

Jake looks scared. Then, equally calmly...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I was an ugly kid.

She points to the photo, ruefully...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Look at that hair. Why did they let me leave the house?

Jake, not convinced...

JAKE

So, that's you?

Angie, convincingly....

ANGIE

Of course it's me! And I know it's not great, but, well, what did you look like as a teenager?

Jake, with his long hair, his *Teenage Fanclub* T-shirt...

JAKE

Kind of like this.

ANGIE

Well, between...

(photo, then herself)

That and this is twenty years of teasing, bullying, gyms, diets, eating disorders, shame and the shitload of insecurities that have drawn me to some truly atrocious men. So, you know, all the good stuff.

She's effortlessly convincing. Jake believes her. Or wants to believe her. Which, for now, is the same thing. It leaves him sheepish...

JAKE

I'm sorry. I was just, it was a wee bit (confusing)...

ANGIE

That's OK.

JAKE

And you didn't need to do any of that stuff.

ANGIE

What do you mean?

JAKE

Well, because you're...

(awkwardly flails)

Because you're perfect. Well, not, I mean no-one's perfect, are they, that's ridiculous, but you're not far off. I don't mean that there any major flaws or anything, just that, well, you're sort of a solid 95% all round if that makes any...

(swallows)

But I'm getting away from my main message here which is that you just didn't need to do it.

Angie has been watching that performance with warmth. She smiles..

ANGIE

Thanks.

(she takes the photo)

And if you don't mind I'll take this and, you know, burn it.

Jake smiles, with relief.

2.19 OMITTED

2.19

2.20 OMITTED

2.20

2.21 OMITTED

2.21

2.22 OMITTED

2.22

2.23 OMITTED

2.23

2.24 OMITTED

2.24

2.25 OMITTED

2.25

2.26 OMITTED

2.26

2.27 OMITTED

2.27

2.28 INT. KITCHEN. MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

2.28

Claire prepares dinner, Max prepares a drink, Claire gets a TEXT, smiles, replies. Long beat. Then she gets another TEXT.

MAX
(relaxed)
Who's that?

CLAIREE
A friend.

MAX
Who?

CLAIREE
(beat, lies)
Angie.

Max is uncomfortable, which he tries to hide, and sound casual...

MAX
What do you two even talk about?

CLAIREE
Loads of stuff.

Building concern from Max. Everything he says annoys Claire.

MAX
Such as?

CLAIREE
About things in my life, Max.

MAX
It just seems a bit, unnecessary.

CLAIREE
Max, I want to talk to another
human being about things in my
life. That's what normal people do.

MAX
Why her?!

Claire takes an enraged beat, then lets loose...

CLAIRe

I don't know, Max. Maybe because you made us move out of town to this...

(the house)
Soulless shit-hole.

MAX

(offended)

How many shitholes have a four car garage?

CLAIRe

Maybe because the only time we go out is if we're meeting who you call "high calibre people", which means pricks, by the way Max, it means pricks...

MAX

(tries to calm)

OK Claire, I (get it)...

CLAIRe

So yeah, I called her. And I like her. So I'll probably call her again. So fuck you.

She returns to the dinner. They sink into a tense silence. Until Max, recognising a danger...

MAX

You're right. I'm sorry. Tomorrow, I'll get home at a decent time and we'll go out for dinner, OK? How about that place you like and I hate?

Claire is sceptical.

MAX (CONT'D)

I promise. We'll go out, and have a drink, and you can tell me all these things.

He tries to make the next bit a joke but it's not, it's the danger...

MAX (CONT'D)

Rather than her.

CLAIRe

(considers, then)

OK.

MAX

Good.

He gives her a kiss. They swap a smile of sorts. Max leaves, and we see both their smiles fade.

2.29 OMITTED

2.29

2.30 INT. LIVING ROOM. JAKE'S FLAT - NIGHT.

2.30

Angie lies on the couch (the fact she now wears Jake's Hibs football jersey (retro 1990s number) suggests post-coital. Jake rolls a joint. Nearby a record PLAYS.

A long beat as she watches him while he finishes rolling. He can't find a light. She takes matches out her handbag and throws them over. He lights, then...

ANGIE

Something weird was going on with
Walter's money, before he died.

Jake is surprised enough to act surprised.

JAKE

Yeah?

ANGIE

He gave it away. Like, all of it.
From the statements, I think it was
cheques but I've not found them
yet.

She fixes him with a gaze. But Jake is genuine...

JAKE

I suppose, if he knew he was dying.
You can't take it with you.

ANGIE

Maybe he didn't know he was doing
it.

JAKE

That feels a wee bit dramatic.

ANGIE

You said Max used to be Walter's
attorney.

We see Jake's usual discomfort with lying. He stands, walks to the records, and 'breezily' replies...

JAKE

Yep. Until Max got too big for that
stuff.

ANGIE

Would he have handled Walter's
money?

Jake, seeing where it's going, rustles up conviction. It helps that he's being honest...

JAKE

Look, I can't pretend that Max is big on the right or wrong vibe, or that he isn't a selfish bellend.

Angie is surprised, pleased by his candour...

JAKE (CONT'D)

But all he's ever wanted to be is someone with a flash office, and car, and house and wife. Very possibly in that order.

Angie smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)

He wouldn't risk all that to nick a few quid from your Uncle. And if I ever thought that Max had done something as shitey as that then I'd shop him myself.

That rings true. Which is significant for us and, for Angie, is the end of a reassuring run.

Looking to move on, Jake selects a record...

JAKE (CONT'D)

Now, you probably think you know Rod Stewart...

She considers, smiles.

ANGIE

I feel like I know him as much as I need to.

JAKE

No. You know late Stewart. Late Stewart was one of the great artistic collapses of our time. But I'm going to introduce you to early Stewart and, believe me, once you've met early Stewart nothing will ever be the same again...

He turns away, to put the record on, and we see the relief.

2.31 **EXT. FORENSIC LAB. EDINBURGH - NIGHT.**

2.31

Establisher shot as a reminder of the building we saw Max in his car outside earlier. Then we go...

2.32 **INT. CORRIDOR. LAB - NIGHT.**

2.32

INSIDE. Lena walks down a corridor. She approaches a sharps bin. She takes out the paint sample (we recognise the bag from Kenny's collecting of it), checks she's not being observed, dumps it in the bin and walks on...

CUT TO:

2.33 **OMITTED**

2.33

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

2.34

A sheepish Kenny...

KENNY

It's gone.

REVEAL he faces Angie/Max/Jake. Jake looks hopeful. Max glowers.

KENNY (CONT'D)

I don't really know what else to (say)...

MAX

(scathing)

For God's sake Kenny!

Jake's confused...

KENNY

I've never heard of a lab losing a sample before.

Angie looks with curiosity at Max...

KENNY (CONT'D)

Misplaced maybe, or corrupted in some way, but (never)...

MAX

(interrupts, 'dismayed')

It's negligence Kenny, that's what it is.

KENNY

(to Angie)

Have you still got the clothes, we could take another sample?

ANGIE

They're washed, I found them a little creepy.

Another hopeful flicker for Jake contrasts with Max's 'sad sigh'.

MAX

Kenny, it breaks my heart to do this, it really does, but I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go.

(From here, growing comprehension from Jake).

ANGIE

Are we?

MAX

Sorry Angie, but this isn't about your case. This is reputational damage to my practice. There's a wider context.

ANGIE

Yeah, I'm starting to think there is.

KENNY

(defeated)

Max is right. We've lost a critical line of investigation. I've got to throw myself on the old sword.

MAX

Well done Kenny. You come out of this with a measure of dignity.

Angie and Jake watch Max. Angie curious. Jake in grudging admiration as Max, relaxed for the first time this episode, happily takes charge...

MAX (CONT'D)

Kenny, drop in your invoice to me sometime. Jake, let's go. Angie, I feel like I've said this before, but I hope you enjoyed your time here and safe journey home.

Angie views him curiously...

ANGIE

Yeah. You've said that before.

MAX

Jake, shall we?

JAKE

I'm going to hang out here for a bit.

Max is unimpressed...

MAX

Well, no, I think you (should)...

He's helped out by Angie, with a slight coolness...

ANGIE

No, let's catch up later. I need to sort some shit out.

JAKE

Oh. Right.

(unsure)

Cool.

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

2.35

Jake and Max leave down the drive. At the door, Kenny hesitates at Angie...

KENNY

I'm sorry Angie.

(genuine, hesitant)

I, well, I really wanted to get this one right, I really did, but...

(sighs)

Sorry.

He turns, and is walking away when...

ANGIE

Kenny.

He stops. (The Brothers have now GONE from view)...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

What do you think happened?

KENNY

(considers, then)

I don't know, maybe there was some funny business going on internally that the police couldn't see.

ANGIE

You don't think it was the cancer?

Kenny considers. Long beat, then he turns to her...

KENNY

Keep looking.

Kenny LEAVES.

Angie thinks then looks, curiously, out to the road. Her angle offers Sheila's house in the background.

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

2.36

Max and Jake get into Max's car.

(In deep B/G Kenny walks to his car parked outside Maurice's).

JAKE

Was that you?

MAX

I'll not burden you with that knowledge Jake.

Jake wrestles, as ever, between self-preservation and guilt...

JAKE

Was it, I mean, no-one got hurt along the way I take it? Other than Kenny, but he'll be OK.

(beat)

Will he be OK?

MAX

I took care of it Jake.

Beat. Then Jake moves on and, with a conciliatory air...

JAKE

OK. Thanks.

(beat)

And I took care of the Angie thing.

Long beat. Then Max turns to Jake.

MAX

What Angie thing?

2.37 **OMITTED**

2.37

2.38 **OMITTED**

2.38

2.39 **OMITTED**

2.39

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

2.40

Max and Jake sit beside each other in tense silence.

JAKE

It's cool, she explained it. She lost weight, changed her whole look.

Nothing from a tense Max.

JAKE (CONT'D)

It's hard for women Max. All that body image stuff, it can be absolutely crippling...

HENRY ENTERS...

HENRY

Here you go gents...

He hands them the photocopy of the photo page of Angie's passport. Jake is relieved...

JAKE

That's her.

MAX

And you ID'd her and so on...

HENRY

Of course. I couldn't settle the estate until she signed for the records.

MAX

How did you find her?

HENRY

A family friend. She's from Chicago. I did a wee bit of Connery for her.

(off Brothers' confusion)

The Untouchables.

JAKE

Great movie.

MAX

Film.

(satisfied, wraps up)

OK, thanks Henry. Jake just wanted to check. The record collection's worth a few quid and the story sounded a bit, well...

JAKE
(genuine)
I run a clean business.

A flicker of something from Max...

HENRY
Of course, any time Max.

Henry points to Max, speaks to Jake...

HENRY (CONT'D)
Look at your brother, eh? High
flyer.

JAKE
So he tells me...

MAX
No I don't.

JAKE
Repeatedly.

HENRY
I remember when he set up by
himself, took on that big office,
right in the arse-end of the
recession...

Some discomfort from Max...

HENRY (CONT'D)
Everyone thought he was crackers,
but fair play to you Max, you've
gone from strength to strength.

MAX
(wraps it up)
Thanks for your time, Henry.

2.41 OMITTED

2.41

2.42 INT. KENNY'S CAR./EXT. MAURICE'S GARDEN - DAY.

2.42

A despondent Kenny sits in his car outside Maurice's house,
gathers his thoughts.

MAURICE opens his front door, walks out and puts the gnome in
his garden. He's pieced it back together.

When Maurice spots Kenny in his car and realises he isn't
alone, he heads back inside but has gained a limp.

Kenny watches Maurice go. Then he looks at the gnome. And he
thinks.

Kenny takes out the photo of Walter outside his house. In the photo is a garden gnome.

Kenny puts down the photo and looks at Maurice's garden. The same gnome. Kenny looks closer. As do we. At the cracks that run over the gnome.

Kenny, quietly, doggedly...

KENNY

Could be nothing, could be
everything.

Then he gets out his car and walks towards Maurice's house and we GOT WITH HIM.

On the path he stops, and looks at the CCTV camera.

2.43 **EXT. CALTON HILL - DAY.**

2.43

Max has parked on Calton Hill. He and Max stand near the car. Edinburgh is spread out before them. Max is delighted, Jake morose as they take in the view.

MAX

This is a great day, Jake. Believe it or not, this is a great day.

He considers with surprise the morose Jake...

MAX (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

JAKE

Nothing.

MAX

Jake, it's over. It's done. As of right now, we can get back to normal life.

JAKE

And what if I don't want to, Max?

(off Max confusion)

What if I don't want to get back to normal life?

Max takes a breath, then tries again.

MAX

Jake, I know that, at some level, maybe all this added a measure of excitement to your life that isn't, I mean, it's not missing, it's just a different sort of...

He trails off. Then tries, desperately, to find some common ground with his Brother...

MAX (CONT'D)
Who have Hibs got on Saturday?

JAKE
I thought you were a fan?

MAX
I am a fan.

Jake eagerly latches onto this vehicle for his bitterness...

JAKE
How many games have you been to since relegation?

Max is stumped.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You know what I did after relegation Max? I bought a season ticket.

MAX
Christ...

JAKE
It's called loyalty, Max.

Max is growing irritated by Jake's preaching...

MAX
Right...

JAKE
It's called keeping the faith.

MAX
(scornful)
It's called having fuck all else to do.

JAKE
(equally scornful)
Is it nice Max, is it nice with your job, and your money, and Claire?

MAX
Yes Jake, as shallow as it might appear, I take comfort in having a good job and money and Claire and not living above a chip ship.

Long, tense beat.

JAKE

It's a pizzeria.

Long, tense beat.

MAX

Do they do chips?

Nothing from Jake. Max thinks, looks for the real issue...

MAX (CONT'D)

Is this about her?

Jake's silence speaks volumes. Max sees the lingering danger, and his self-preservation adds a new steel, a new threat.

MAX (CONT'D)

She's going Jake. And it's for the best. And maybe you don't see that now, but it really, really is.

He moves closer. More steel, more threat.

MAX (CONT'D)

Let me be very clear Jake. She's leaving. And you're not going to do anything to stop that.

Now he's the big Brother, and Jake's the wee Brother. Beat.

MAX (CONT'D)

OK?

JAKE

(beat, then)

OK.

Max sits back. Tense silence. Then, quietly...

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ayr United.

(off Max confusion)

On Saturday. They're playing Ayr United.

Max sighs, heads for his car...

2.44

INT. HALLWAY. MAURICE'S HOUSE - DAY.

2.44

Maurice has let Kenny in the house, but only just.

MAURICE

I told the others, it's a dummy camera.

KENNY

Others?

MAURICE

Walter's friends, two of them.
White haired guy, drives a nice
motor. I've seen him about the
place.

KENNY

(considers, then)
Right.

MAURICE

Sorry I couldn't be of more help.

Kenny is looking at something. A cable, that runs down the wall towards the closed kitchen door.

KENNY

Listen pal, I'm just cleaning
things up for Walter's family. I'm
not interested in you and I'm not
interested in whatever level of
disability benefit a part-time limp
gets you these days.

Long beat. Then...

MAURICE

I fell down a manhole. Working on
the bins.

Kenny surveys the generously built Maurice.

KENNY

How did you fall down a manhole?

MAURICE

With difficulty.

Kenny smiles. Then, firmly...

KENNY

I'm not interested in you.
(beat)
But that's not a dummy camera.

He follows the cable, and slides open the door to the kitchen. And sees the CCTV monitor.

2.45 INT. BEDROOM. MAX'S HOUSE - DAY.

2.45

MUSIC PLAYS. Claire starts to get ready for her night out.

She gets a text. From **TINA GYM**.

Offer stands x

Claire considers, then returns to getting ready.

2.46 **INT. RECEPTION. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY.**

2.46

Max RETURNS. Where his SECRETARY says...

SECRETARY

You had a visitor.

MAX

Yeah?

SECRETARY

Some wee old lady.

Max is confused. The Secretary hands him a jiffy bag...

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

She left you this.

Max takes the bag and heads into...

CUT TO:

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

2.47

Where he closes the door and opens the bag. It's a DVD and a note. Max (and we) read the note. It says -

I've got this.

Max is no longer confused.

He sits at his desk and slides the DVD into his computer.

The screen comes up...

CUT TO:

2.48 **INT. LIVING ROOM. MAURICE'S HOUSE - DAY.**

2.48

A TV shows the view from the CCTV camera which mostly covers Maurice's garden, but some of Walter's drive. It's dark, grainy...

Kenny and Maurice are watching. Maurice serves tea, nudges a plate across to Kenny...

MAURICE

Wee bit of gingerbread there...

Kenny is oblivious. He watches the TV, transfixed.

CUT TO:

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

2.49

Max is similarly transfixed.

On his computer screen, the footage continues.

Some SHADOWS move across the screen. It's almost imperceptible. (This is them carrying Walter's body across the grass, but it's dark and hard to see them, then they move out of view).

CUT TO:

2.50 **INT. LIVING ROOM. MAURICE'S HOUSE - DAY.**

2.50

Kenny watches.

MAURICE
(unconvincing)
That's it. More or less.

Kenny takes the control. FAST FORWARDS.

Maurice, on edge, looks to fill the silence...

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Cinnamon.
(beat)
In the gingerbread.
(beat)
That's what gives it the kick.
(beat)
Well, it's not a kick (but)...

On the screen, some movement...

KENNY
What was that?

He stops. REWINDS.

MAURICE
Oh, yeah. That.

Kenny PLAYS IT...

CUT TO:

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

2.51

And Max watches.

It's dark, grainy. Then...

Two shadows walk down Walter's drive and out to the road. A street light catches them. They're silhouettes, nothing more. Then they walk out of view.

Max watches transfixed...

CUT TO:

2.52 **INT. LIVING ROOM. MAURICE'S HOUSE - DAY.**

2.52

As does Kenny.

MAURICE

All you can really tell is that there's two of them.

KENNY

Yeah.

Beat.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Has anyone else seen this?

Beat.

MAURICE

(unconvincing)

No.

Kenny turns away in thought. To Maurice's window. And the view it offers onto the street.

CUT TO:

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

2.53

Max stares at his computer. At what it means. Then at the note -

I've got this.

And what that means.

He takes out the DVD. Turns off his computer. And makes to leave.

As he does so, his phone RINGS. He has a quick, hurried glance then kills the call.

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

2.54

Claire, now dressed for the night out, hangs up.

A note of concern. She opens wine.

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

2.55

Angie opens a final box. And she's pleased with what she sees. She lifts out the chequebooks.

She sorts through them. Finds the most recent.

She opens it. She reads the stubs. All of them.

She stops. Shock and betrayal play on her face.

2.56 **EXT. STREET/FASTCASH4U. EDINBURGH - DAY.**

2.56

We are on a relatively respectful office, with plastic lettering sprayed across the window...

FastCash4U

Payday Loans, No Questions Asked!

We see Max walk in...

2.57 **INT. RECEPTION. FASTCASH4U - DAY.**

2.57

INSIDE, Max continues through the small Reception...

MAX

Is he in?

RECEPTIONIST (O.C.) (UNSEEN TINA)

Yeah.

As he walks, Max's phone RINGS again. He puts it on silent, as he walks into...

2.58 **INT. FRONT OFFICE. FASTCASH4U - DAY.**

2.58

Where an intimidating looking MAN (ARCHIE) sits behind a desk in a small, dingy front office. He nods at Max who doesn't stop, he walks on to a further door, opens it, walks into...

2.59 **INT. BACK OFFICE. FASTCASH4U - DAY.**

2.59

Another, hidden office which is bigger, smarter, brighter.

CAMERON (30s), a well-dressed man, trying to be slightly posher/smoothen than he is...

CAMERON

Max, what a pleasant surprise.

Max closes the door.

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

2.60

Claire at the front door. A taxi in the driveway.

Claire begins angrily typing out a text.

2.61 **INT. CAMERON'S OFFICE. FASTCASH4U - DAY.**

2.61

Max sits across from Cameron, who is confused...

CAMERON

How much?

MAX

Twenty grand.

CAMERON

You've got twenty grand, Max.

MAX

I do. But this would be less...

(considers)

Visible.

CAMERON

(considers, then)

Max, is there anything for me to worry about?

MAX

No.

Cameron takes out, counts money...

MAX (CONT'D)

I'll work it into your payments, over time.

CAMERON

No problem, Max.

He gives Max the money. Max stands, he's leaving when...

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I've not seen you look like this before Max.

Max stops.

MAX

Like what?

CAMERON

The others.

Beat. Max stiffens, then lifts the money..

MAX

Thanks, Cameron.

He LEAVES. Cameron watches him go, with a note of concern.

2.62 OMITTED

2.62

2.63 INT. LIVING ROOM. JAKE'S FLAT - DAY.

2.63

Jake sits, lonely, depressed on his couch, the TV playing.

Beat.

He checks his phone. Nothing.

Back to the TV, the depression.

2.64 INT. LIVING ROOM. SHEILA'S HOUSE - DAY.

2.64

Max holds an envelope. Sheila holds a cup of tea.

MAX

He said that it's a dummy camera.

SHEILA

He's not a man who wants attention.

(off Max confusion)

He's on all the benefits that

they're trying to do away with.

Don't worry about him, he doesn't

know what you did.

Max finds some cautious comfort in that.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

And don't worry about the niece.

Max's comfort is instantly jettisoned. Beat. Then he tries ignorance, but he's unconvincing...

MAX

Who?

SHEILA

I've seen you both. Keeping an eye
on her. Very clever.

Max takes this in. He finds himself in unlikely agreement. But he's not going to admit anything more. So instead he tries to get things back on track, to clarify...

MAX
(re: envelope)
So who does this cover?

SHEILA
Me. I'm the only one who knows what
you did. I'm the only one who knows
what that...
(envelope/DVD)
Is.

MAX
It isn't anything. You can't even
see that it's...
(stops himself)
You can't see anything.

SHEILA
(concedes)
It wouldn't be the end of it, but
it could be the start of it.

MAX
Are there other copies?

SHEILA
(confident, eye contact)
No. This is it. This is you done.

Max tries to regain some authority. We see his visceral need for control. He gestures to the envelope.

MAX
I don't have to give you this. I'm
choosing to do so. Because I want
to move on. OK? This is my
decision.

He holds out the envelope. She takes it, but he doesn't let go. They look at each other. Beat. Then Sheila says, gently...

SHEILA
You look tired, son.

Max is surprised enough to answer honestly...

MAX
I am tired.

SHEILA
I'm not surprised. Everything
you've been through. Everything
you've done. Well, you can leave
all of that right here. With me.

Max watches her intently, trying, failing to read her, to read the situation.

Then Sheila smiles and, with total control...

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Let go, son.

Beat. Then Max lets go of the envelope.

2.65 **OMITTED**

2.65

2.66 **OMITTED**

2.66

2.67 **OMITTED**

2.67

2.68 **EXT. FRONT DOOR. TINA'S HOUSE - DAY.**

2.68

Claire's finger hesitates over a doorbell then gives it the lightest, briefest possible PRESS.

She waits about two seconds then...

CLAIRe

Fine, OK...

She walks away. She's halfway down the path when...

TINA (O.C.)

Claire?

Tina's at the door. Claire edges back towards her while launching into...

CLAIRe

I was in the area, so I thought I'd, you know, it's just a hello really...

TINA

Hello.

CLAIRe

Hi.

Beat.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

I don't think I should come in.

Tina steps aside.

Beat.

Claire goes in.

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

2.69

Max gets back to his office. The Secretary has gone. But Kenny is sitting waiting for him.

Max takes a deep breath, at least this is one conversation he can dominate. He strides in...

MAX

We're closed Kenny.

Kenny is as polite and harmless as ever.

KENNY

Sorry Max, I just popped in on the off-chance, to drop off my invoice.

He hands it over. Max takes out a cheque book, pays it while the conversation continues...

KENNY (CONT'D)

(beat, gently)

Out of interest, did you ever speak to any of Walter's neighbours?

MAX

No.

KENNY

(beat, gently)

None?

MAX

No.

KENNY

(beat, gently)

It's just (that)...

Max interrupts, hands over the cheque...

MAX

Well, all the best Kenny.

Kenny looks impassively at Max.

A long enough beat to cause fleeting discomfort.

Then Kenny smiles...

KENNY

Thanks Max.

2.69A **INT. LIVING ROOM. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY.**

2.69A

Angie sits thinking, with the cheque book, ignoring a RINGING phone. She stands and walks to the window.

And looks out to the street.

2.69B **INT. LIVING ROOM. SHEILA'S - DAY**

2.69B

Sheila is in her house, on the phone, listening to the ringing. She hangs up.

2.70 **INT. KITCHEN. TINA'S FLAT - NIGHT.**

2.70

In the small kitchen, Tina pours them both a glass of neat vodka.

Claire sneaks a last look at her phone, then puts it away.

She takes the drink...

CLAIRe

Thanks.

Claire has a long swig.

TINA

You OK?

CLAIRe

(no)

Yeah.

(looks to distract)

I like your place.

TINA

No you don't. It's expensive round here.

CLAIRe

Is it?

TINA

I guess these things are relative

Claire, awkward, has another drink.

TINA (CONT'D)

I bet you've got a nice house.

CLAIRe

(genuine)

I hate my house.

They drink. Tina smiles at her. Beat. Then Claire, only because she thinks it's what she should probably say now...

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

I should go...

TINA

No.

She moves closer to Claire...

TINA (CONT'D)

You shouldn't.

She takes Claire's drink and puts it down. She moves in, their lips nearly touch, then they do...

2.71 **INT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT.**

2.71

Max sits at his desk, destroying the DVDs.

He hears the door open. It's Stevie (seen at Jake's shop earlier).

Stevie drops a folder on Max's desk, they nod, he LEAVES.

Max opens the folder. Inside are the forms Jake signed earlier. We recognise his signature and the page numbers (5/5, 8/8 etc.)

Max looks at the forms. At his Brother's childish signature. And we see something new. Guilt.

Then he takes out other paperwork, the rest of the forms, and puts them with the signed pages to complete the documents (from our fleeting glance, it looks like accounts), and puts them away.

He sighs. His eye wanders, sees his phone. He picks it up.

Missed Calls - Claire (19)

And a text...

CLAIRE - CALL ME FUCKING NOW

Beat. He remembers, grabs his stuff...

MAX

Shit...

2.71A **INT. BEDROOM. TINA'S FLAT - NIGHT.**

2.71A

Tina and Claire lie in bed. Tina comfortable. Claire not.

Long beat, then Claire reaches for some clothing.

2.72 **INT. ATRIUM. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT.**

2.72

A thoughtful Kenny sits in the atrium.

He sees Stevie leaving. Kenny's curious. He follows Archie OUT.

2.73 **INT. LIVING ROOM. JAKE'S FLAT - NIGHT.**

2.73

In his flat, Jake sits holding the phone, building courage.

2.74 **INT. KITCHEN./EXT. DRIVEWAY. MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

2.74

Claire is home, sitting drinking. She looks haunted.

Through a window, Max's car drives sharply INTO the drive.

Max gets out, rushes towards the door. Claire takes a deep breath, ahead of Max storming in....

MAX

I know, I know, I know.

He launches into a persuasive onslaught....

MAX (CONT'D)

I've been a dick, and not just today, I know that, it's just that, I've had so much going on Claire, with work and everything, honestly, you wouldn't...

CLAIRe

(genuine)

I don't care, Max...

MAX

Claire, listen to me, please...

As he talks, it moves from generic Max apology to something more honest...

MAX (CONT'D)

I'll be honest, the last few days, week, whatever it's been, it's been hard Claire, really hard, but I've done it. I've done it. Everything's sorted...

As he says it, he realises it's true...

MAX (CONT'D)

It's sorted. It's done. And now it's just, normal. Me and you. So, come on, let's go out!

CLAIRe

It's too late.

MAX

I know Claire, I know. But let's move on from here, please...

(genuine)

Because things will be different.
I'll be different.

CLAIRe

I'm tired Max. I want to have a shower. And then, let's just stay in, shall we?

It's neutral at best but Max sees what he wants to see, a glimmer of hope...

MAX

Yeah. Yeah, of course.

2.75 **INT. LIVING ROOM. JAKE'S FLAT - NIGHT.**

2.75

Jake finds the matches that Angie gave him earlier, lights a spliff. He builds up the courage, then makes a call, waits and we...

INTERCUT WITH:

2.76 **INT. LIVING ROOM./EXT. DRIVEWAY. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT.** 2.76

Angie answers her mobile in the living room...

ANGIE

Hey, I can't really talk right (now)...

JAKE

OK listen, just let me say this, or I won't get it all out...

ANGIE

(reluctantly)

I'm listening.

Jake paces as he talks. Angie listens, while heading for the front door...

JAKE

When I was younger and in the band it looked, just for a minute that we were going to make it, but that all turned to shit and I've just sort of drifted I suppose, and more and more I found myself feeling, well, scared if I'm honest, really fucking scared.

Angie leaves Walter's (and heads down the drive)...

JAKE (CONT'D)

But then I met you and I know it's not been long and it's pretty odd circumstances, and tragic too, with your Uncle and that, but I just feel like maybe things are going to be better for me...

Angie walks down the drive...

JAKE (CONT'D)

And I don't feel so scared, well I do but not in the same way, in a better way, and I think all that's because of you and I suppose what I'm saying is, and I've gone round the houses on it here, but what I'm saying is that I want you to stay.

By now Angie has reached the end of Walter's drive...

ANGIE

Yeah. I'm staying.

She hangs up.

In his flat, Jake's confused, but delighted.

In the street, Angie looks over to Sheila's house.

MUSIC STARTS. *We Were Promised Jet Packs - Quiet Little Voices.*

Angie sets off for Sheila's as we cut to a dialogue-free SEQUENCE under the MUSIC...

CUT TO:

2.77 INT. LIVING ROOM. JAKE'S FLAT - NIGHT.

2.77

Jake smokes, happy. He sees something, frowns.

REVEAL the matches, given to him by Angie. Angie, who only arrived in Edinburgh, and Scotland, a week ago.

And on the matches it says...

The Highlander Bar
PITLOCHRY, SCOTLAND

CUT TO:

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

2.78

Max and Claire sit together watching TV, Claire in her pyjamas. They feel like two individuals.

CUT TO:

2.79 **EXT. FASTCASH4U. EDINBURGH - NIGHT.**

2.79

Kenny follows Stevie and watches him enter Fastcash4U. A note that this is of interest to Kenny.

CUT TO:

2.80 **INT. LIVING ROOM. JAKE'S FLAT - NIGHT.**

2.80

Jake, on his laptop, is on The Highlander's page of a Trip Advisor type website. There's nothing much of interest. He starts to look through testimonials, customers photos...

CUT TO:

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

2.81

Claire moves position, and leans her head on Max's shoulder. Now they are connected. We are on their faces. They can't see each other. Max smiles, with comfort, relief. Claire looks tortured, guilty.

CUT TO:

2.82 **INT. LIVING ROOM. JAKE'S FLAT - NIGHT.**

2.82

Jake trawls through the testimonials, the amateur photos...

He stops. Frowns. REVEAL the photo he's looking at.

Two TOURISTS, wearing tartan hats, getting their photos taken in front of the bar.

And, working behind the bar, Gordie.

And, working behind the bar...

ANGIE.

Shock and betrayal play on Jake's face...

CUT TO:

2.83 **EXT. FRONT DOOR. SHEILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

2.83

Angie rings the bell. While she waits, off Angie, we flashback...

CUT TO:

2.84 **INT. HIGHLANDER BAR. PITLOCHRY - DAY.**

2.84

FLASHBACK. To that photo being taken. The tourists, Gordie, Angie.

A note of discomfort from her when she realises she was in the photo, then she goes back to work...

We drift past them...

To the bar...

Past paraphernalia including the discarded 'HELP WANTED' sign we saw earlier (in the Pre-Credits)...

To the end of the bar, where a woman sits, alone, quietly, her side to us...

WAS THAT SHEILA?

CUT TO:

2.85 **EXT. FRONT DOOR. SHEILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

2.85

Sheila opens the door.

MUSIC STOPS.

Angie and Sheila stand in silence. Long beat. Then...

SHEILA

Why are you still here?

ANGIE

Because I think you lied to me.
About what happened. About what
this is.

Sheila steps closer.

SHEILA

It's time for you to go home.

ANGIE

(firm)

I'm not going anywhere until I know
what you did.

Beat. Then Sheila smiles and, with total control...

SHEILA
What we did.

She closes the door. Angie is left alone.

MUSIC RESTARTS.

Angie walks back over the road towards Walter's.

We GO with her.

As the MUSIC SWELLS, we watch her battle anger and confusion.

And, as she walks, we see something new.

Guilt.

*** END OF EPISODE ***