



# REBUS

**Episode One**

**Written by  
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**Based on Ian Rankin's *Rebus***

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1

EXT. STREET, EDINBURGH - NIGHT

1

BLUE FLASHING LIGHTS ILLUMINATE TWO CRASHED CARS. POLICE CARS and an AMBULANCE. POLICE OFFICERS taping off the area. PARAMEDICS frantically working on someone on the road.

TWO DETECTIVES in plain clothes in conference - one of them, **Detective Inspector GILL TEMPLER**, turns to look at a figure sitting on the kerb, head in his hands -

**JOHN REBUS** - late-30s, looks like he knows what the right thing to do is, even if he sometimes gets there by a circuitous route. He looks up -

REBUS POV: **GEORGE BLANTYRE**, late-40s - unconscious, in a neck brace, breathing through an oxygen mask.

Rebus stands, and crosses to where an ambulance is parked - back door guarded by a UNIFORMED CONSTABLE.

REBUS  
Is Cafferty in here?

The Uniformed Constable nods.

REBUS (CONT'D)  
Get lost.

The Police Officer steps back - Rebus opens the van door -

Inside, sitting down, handcuffed, head bloody from cuts, a **tough-looking man in his 50s, GER CAFFERTY**.

Rebus gets in beside him and closes the door.

CUT TO:

2

INT. AMBULANCE, EDINBURGH - NIGHT

2

Cafferty stares at Rebus, indicates outside -

CAFFERTY  
I didn't know you were in the car...

REBUS  
You rammed us off the fucking road.

Cafferty leans towards Rebus -

CAFFERTY  
No-one robs me and walks away.

REBUS

What are you talking about?

CAFFERTY

You know what I'm talking about.

On Cafferty as he sits back, a sneer on his face, unfazed.

A flash of temper crosses Rebus face and he lunges for him - grabbing him by the throat -

REBUS

No, I fucking don't...

Cafferty violently struggles, trying to break Rebus's hold -

CRASH! They fall to the floor of the ambulance - Cafferty hitting his head, hard on the floor.

On Rebus as he pushes himself up -

REBUS (CONT'D)

Get up.

REBUS POV: Cafferty, lies on the floor, dazed - and closes his eyes.

On Rebus, looking down on him, no concern on his face - instead, a thought occurs.

He looks at the door of the van - firmly shut against the outside world.

Rebus looks back down at Cafferty - makes a decision -

He crouches beside Cafferty, pushes his mouth closed with the palm of his hand, before pinching his nostrils shut -

Cafferty stirs - Rebus tightens his grip on his face - and uses his other hand to push down on his chest, compressing his lungs, suffocating him.

Cafferty opens his eyes, still half-conscious, weak, trying to struggle, but he can't break Rebus's hold -

On Rebus, waiting for Cafferty to expire.

CUT TO:

**TITLES: REBUS**

3

**EXT. DETACHED VILLA, THE GRANGE, EDINBURGH - DAY**

3

CHYRON - ONE YEAR LATER.

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A large, sandstone villa. Mature trees, beautifully tended lawns, big, brand-new cars in the drive.

Rebus walks up the drive to the front door. He rings the bell, clears his throat and affects what he hopes is an imperturbable facade.

The door is opened by **RHONA MONCRIEFFE, mid-30s - out of Rebus's league in looks and culture, too nice to have ever mentioned it while they were married.**

Rebus turns and looks at the new cars -

REBUS  
That yours?

On Rhona, looking awkward -

RHONA  
Lockie bought it for me... I  
haven't even driven it yet.

REBUS  
Better watch you don't get the air  
let out your tyres...

A figure behind Rhona, **LACHLAN 'LOCKIE' MONCRIEFFE - 40, definitely in her league. Tall, over-friendly, big, massive head of posh hair.**

LOCKIE  
John... At last.

Rebus and Lockie shake hands - first time, and time maybe slows a fraction for both of them -

LOCKIE (CONT'D)  
I've heard so much about you.

REBUS  
All good, I hope...

LOCKIE  
Ha, ha, yes... Yes, of course.

Rebus and Rhona politely join in laughing - so much maturity on display, the very air is sucked from around them, until -

SAMMY (O.S.)  
Hi, dad.

The air rushes back in as **SAMMY - 12**, appears beside them, in the doorway, beaming at Rebus.

CUT TO:

4

**INT. REBUS'S CAR, EDINBURGH - DAY**

4

Rebus drives, keeping his eyes on the road, but looking at Sammy now and then, too. Eventually -

REBUS

So, how's your new school.

SAMMY

The teachers are great... My favourite is the Classics teacher. And drama, Miss Gemmell, she's really nice... And my friend Max...

REBUS

Max?

SAMMY

Maximillian... He's French.

REBUS

Max-nifique.

On Sammy, frowning at the joke, and also -

SAMMY

Where are we going?

REBUS

I thought we'd do something different today...

CUT TO:

5

**EXT. QUEENSFERRY CROSSING - DAY**

5

Rebus's car heads north over the bridge.

CUT TO:

6

**EXT. COUNCIL SCHEME, FIFE - DAY**

6

A street sign reads KEIR HARDIE GARDENS. Terraced blocks of council houses facing rundown blocks of flats.

Rebus's car drives up and parks. Rebus and Sammy get out -

REBUS

His business went bust. They had their house repossessed, so they had to come back here...

On Sammy warily eyeing up their surroundings -

REBUS (CONT'D)

We grew up here, just round the corner.

REBUS AND SAMMY'S POV: A BOY cycles past wearing a BALACLAVA, staring at the car.

SAMMY

Why is he wearing a mask?

REBUS

It's a balaclava. It's for the cold. I used to have one. It was wool. Itchy.

Sammy looks unconvinced. Rebus leads her to the door -

REBUS (CONT'D)

Now when we go in here, it's going to be an exchange of cliches, there's no way round it when you haven't seen people for a while...

On Sammy as she nods, she can do that.

CUT TO:

7

OMITTED

7

8

INT. LIVING ROOM, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

8

Sammy, rictus smile in place, being squashed in a bear hug by **CHRISSIE REBUS - 36, vivacious, with a core of steel.**

CHRISSIE

She's so grown up!

Rebus nods towards two teenage boys, **MICHAEL JR, 16, and LIAM, 14,** wearing cheap sportswear and loitering awkwardly.

REBUS  
And look at the size of these two.  
(shakes his head)  
Where does the time go...

CHRISSIE  
(to Sammy)  
Oh, god, you look like your mum...  
(laughs, looks at Rebus)  
Thank goodness!

Rebus and Sammy dutifully join the laughter -

Chrissie looks at Michael Jr and Liam -

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)  
Say hello to your cousin...

A beat as Michael Jr and Liam look at Sammy -

MICHAEL JR/LIAM  
A'right.

SAMMY  
Hi...

The two lads slope off, uninterested in their younger cousin.

REBUS  
Sorry we've not been over in a  
while, you know, it's been hectic,  
with work... And the... Well, you  
know... Everything...

CHRISSIE  
Oh, we know, we're run off our feet  
ourselves... Aren't we Michael?

Rebus turns to see his brother, **MICHAEL**, 40s, lean, guarded, enter. They eye each other for a moment.

REBUS  
Alright?

MICHAEL  
Aye... Fine.

Chrissie spinning Sammy around for Michael to look at.

CHRISSIE  
Can you believe this one? Isn't she  
like Rhona?

Michael nods, a half-smile on his lips, looks at Rebus.

MICHAEL

She's her double... What brings you over to this side?

REBUS

Just a social call.

CHRISSIE

Are you going to stay for your tea?

REBUS

No, no, nothing like that. We just called in to say hello.

CHRISSIE

Are you wanting a drink of juice?

SAMMY

Yes, please.

CHRISSIE

What about you, John are you wanting anything? Cup of tea? A beer?

REBUS

No, no... Driving.

MICHAEL

I thought that didn't matter for you boys?

Rebus looks at Michael, doesn't rise to the bait - to Chrissie -

REBUS

Milk and two...

CHRISSIE

(leading Sammy out)

Come and give me a hand... You can tell me about how your mum is and your new house and everything...

When they've gone, Michael sits down. Rebus stays standing.

Michael stares at Rebus for a moment before a reflexive need to antagonise his brother surfaces.

MICHAEL

I couldn't have another man looking after my kids. Specially not a daughter. Bad enough with boys, if he bullies them, but a girl...

(shakes his head)  
No chance.

REBUS

He's fine.

MICHAEL

Checked him out, have you? Looked him up on the register?

REBUS

He's fine. Okay.

MICHAEL

You never really know anybody though, do you?

REBUS

That's right, you don't.

Rebus turns and looks out the window. Behind him, Michael relishes touching a nerve.

MICHAEL

There's drug dealing going on here. In the flats... A boy up the road told me they were gangsters from Edinburgh.

REBUS

There's no gangsters in Edinburgh, Michael, just boys that think they are... And I'm off duty.

Rebus turns, smiles, decides it's his turn to touch a nerve -

REBUS (CONT'D)

Must be strange living back here.  
Back where we started...

Before Michael can answer -

CHRISSIE (O.S.)

It's not so bad. We're getting by.

A beat of silence. Michael stays focused on Rebus -

MICHAEL

So, that's why you're here... For a fucking gloat.

CHRISSIE (O.S.)

Michael!

MICHAEL

(sheepish, to Sammy)  
Sorry about that.

SAMMY

It's okay. I don't mind... Dad swears all the time.

MICHAEL

No excuse. It's your dad, he brings out the worst in me. He's a smart arse. Thinks he's better than everybody else.

REBUS

Not everybody else... Just you.

On Michael as he stands and crosses to Rebus -

MICHAEL

Aye, well, think that, but remember the reason your missus and your kid have gone is because you couldn't give them the life they wanted...

REBUS PUNCHES MICHAEL IN THE FACE, KNOCKING HIM TO THE FLOOR.

On Chrissie and Sammy re-entering the room with a tray of tea and biscuits, frozen in shock.

On Michael, sitting on the floor, stunned, humiliated.

On Rebus, immediately regretting it -

REBUS

I'm sorry, Michael...

Rebus puts his hand out to Michael, who pushes him away -

CHRISSIE

Leave him!

Rebus looks at Sammy, who shakes her head in disgust.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. DETACHED VILLA, THE GRANGE, EDINBURGH - DAY

9

Sammy marches, fast and furiously, up the drive towards the house, a sheepish Rebus trailing in her wake.

SAMMY

You always ruin everything!  
(turns on the doorstep)  
Mum's right, you're an arsehole.

The front door opens. Sammy storms inside past Rhona and Lockie. Rhona looks at Rebus for an explanation. He smiles, but is already heading for the street -

REBUS

Same time next week?

On Rhona, frowning, realising something's happened.

CUT TO:

10

INT. LIVING ROOM, REBUS'S FLAT, EDINBURGH - DAY

10

Rebus comes awake, sitting upright on his sofa, head thrown back, still in the clothes from the night before.

He looks around, taking a moment to realise where he is -

Then lies his head back again for a moment, almost overwhelmed by the bleary eyed, hungover familiarity -

REBUS

Move...

A beat before he responds to his own instruction - then he stands, weary and stiff.

CUT TO:

11

INT. KITCHEN, REBUS'S FLAT, EDINBURGH - DAY

11

Rebus stares at AN ALMOST EMPTY WHISKY BOTTLE on the worktop - a glass next to it still half full -

He picks it up and thinks about drinking it - but pours it down the sink - then does the same with the bottle.

Rebus's phone rings - he looks at the screen - 'RHONA' - he lets it ring out as he makes himself a coffee.

CUT TO:

When the coffee is made, he is just about to take a sip - the phone rings again. He sighs and looks at it - 'WORK GILL' -

This time he answers -

REBUS  
Gill...  
(listens)  
I'll be right there.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. TOURIST MONTAGE, EDINBURGH - DAY

12

Arthur's Seat. The castle. The gardens. Old and New Towns. The Scott Monument. A Piper plays 'Scotland The Brave'.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. THE MOUND, EDINBURGH - DAY

13

BLOOD SPATTERED ON THE GROUND NEXT TO A TAPED OFF MINIBUS.

Rebus, and his boss, Gill Templer - watch a group of SOCO OFFICERS combing the ground.

GILL TEMPLER  
The victim, McJagger, was on weekend leave. He was getting the bus back to the jail but was attacked by two males dressed as joggers. They chased him into the road...  
(indicates the minibus)  
And he was hit by the tour bus.

Rebus grimaces, it's not good when tourists see this.

GILL TEMPLER (CONT'D)  
(indicates the blood)  
They stabbed him multiple times.  
He's alive, but in the hospital.  
(looks at Rebus)  
I can't have this happening in the middle of the town, John. Okay.

Rebus nods. Gill passes him an evidence bag -

GILL TEMPLER (CONT'D)  
We got one of the knives...

Rebus studies the BLOODY KNIFE in the bag -

REBUS  
Am I the lead on this?

GILL TEMPLER  
Yes, you are.

REBUS  
McJagger is connected to Cafferty.

GILL TEMPLER  
I know that... And I expect you to  
deal with him in a professional  
manner.

Rebus looks sceptical - Gill isn't in the mood -

GILL TEMPLER (CONT'D)  
Find out what happened here... And  
nip it in the bud.

Rebus nods and turns as Detective Constable **SIOBHAN CLARKE** -  
**25, smart, eager to impress** - joins them and addresses Gill -

SIOBHAN  
A couple of witnesses said there  
was a man who intervened and  
stopped the attack...

REBUS  
Did we get him?

SIOBHAN  
Also ran off.

On Gill as she nods, and a thought occurs -

GILL TEMPLER  
Have you two met?

Siobhan and Rebus shake their heads.

GILL TEMPLER (CONT'D)  
Detective Sergeant John Rebus meet  
Detective Constable Siobhan Clarke.  
(beat)  
Siobhan just came from the  
detective course.

REBUS  
(shaking her hand)  
I hear it's a whole week now, the  
detective course?

On Siobhan, looking embarrassed -

SIOBHAN  
Yeah...

GILL TEMPLER  
You can show her the ropes.

Gill's phone rings she walks away.

REBUS  
There's no ropes. They went the  
last time our budget got cut.

CUT TO:

14

INT. MAIN OFFICE, POLICE STATION, EDINBURGH - DAY

14

An office space filled with desks and computers. At one, Rebus and Siobhan watch CCTV footage of the attack -

ON SCREEN: TWO MALE JOGGERS [**SHAUN STRANG**, N/S HEAVY] in lycra, caps, bumbags and sunglasses - set upon MCJAGGER - SLASHING and STABBING at him as he desperately tries to defend himself.

SIOBHAN  
Is this an attempted murder, or a  
serious assault?

Rebus makes a fifty-fifty hand gesture -

REBUS  
There'll probably be a bit of  
pressure for the more serious  
charge. Make an example... Chop  
each other up in the schemes, but  
not in the town...

SIOBHAN  
Not in front of the tourists.

Rebus nods, she knows the drill.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)  
Do you recognise either of them?

REBUS

Not with this quality of film...  
(shrugs)  
Take your pick from the usual  
suspects.

Rebus points to one figure [Strang] as he pummels McJagger -

REBUS (CONT'D)  
Classic Celtic *Untermensch*.

SIOBHAN

Long arms, short legs.

REBUS

A body type that's evolved over  
thousands of years to carry stolen  
livestock over boggy ground.

ON SCREEN: A figure intervenes [**ANDY ROLLAND**] - hitting one  
of the Joggers [Strang] with a shoulder, sending him  
sprawling - then turns as the other Jogger slashes at him -

The figure grabs his attacker's arm and hand, and expertly  
twists the knife from his hand, throws him to the ground.

REBUS (CONT'D)  
He's been trained to do that.

ON SCREEN: The Two Joggers, taken by surprise, run off.

Rebus's phone, on the desk, vibrates with a message. He picks  
it up, reads it.

On Rebus, distracted by the message - it is something he has  
expected, or perhaps dreaded.

Siobhan turns back to the screen.

ON SCREEN: The man who intervened watches the car speed off,  
turns back, looks at Jimmy McJagger, at the tourists and  
passers-by gathering - a beat, then he runs, too.

Siobhan stares at the image on screen - **late-20s, matted  
hair, grubby camouflage jacket** -

SIOBHAN

What does he look like to you? A  
rough sleeper?

On Rebus as he nods, still distracted by the message -

REBUS

Aye...

(stands)

We should go to the hospital. Speak to Jimmy McJagger... No that he'll tell us anything...

SIOBHAN

It's quite a name.

REBUS

Aye, be careful... Don't mention the Rolling Stones. He hates it if you mention the Rolling Stones.

(beat)

Talking of names, what should I call you?

SIOBHAN

Siobhan.

REBUS

You don't have a nickname?

SIOBHAN

No.

REBUS

Vonny?

SIOBHAN

No.

REBUS

Shiv?

SIOBHAN

I hate Shiv.

Rebus seizes his chance -

REBUS

I'll call you Shiv then.

CUT TO:

Rebus and Siobhan exit the station - as they descend the steps, Inspector **MALCOLM FOX** - 32, smart suit, metal coffee cup, on his way to the top - climbs the steps to enter.

Fox pauses, looks at Siobhan for a moment, then glances at Rebus, and awkwardly acknowledges him.

MALCOLM FOX

Sergeant...

On Fox as Rebus ignores him, he glances at Siobhan again -

Another brief moment of awkwardness before Fox walks off.

Rebus watches him go, then turns to Siobhan -

REBUS

Professional standards...

SIOBHAN

Is he?

REBUS

(nods, suspicious)

I wonder what he's doing here?

Siobhan shrugs - Rebus answers himself -

REBUS (CONT'D)

Ruining someone's life, no doubt.

Rebus walks away. Siobhan looks back at Fox before following.

CUT TO:

16

INT. BATHROOM, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

16

Michael splashes water on his face and stares at himself in the mirror above the sink.

He gingerly dries his face, feeling along his jaw, bruised from the punch - when he reaches his chin, he pushes the small pouch of fat upwards - his former jawline.

He grimaces, doing facial exercises, opening his mouth wide and extending his jaw - it is painful - then he gets cramp -

MICHAEL

Owwww... Owwww...

Michael clutches his jaw in agony until the cramp recedes.

CHRISSIE (O.S.)

You could still go to the hospital.

Michael turns to Chrissie, wearing the uniform of a private care company, letter in her hand, in the doorway.

CHRISSE (CONT'D)  
What if your jaw's broken?

MICHAEL  
It's not...

CHRISSE  
I never liked him. He always  
thought he was better than you.  
(beat)  
You should report him. You could  
ruin his career...  
(snaps fingers)  
Like that.

MICHAEL  
He can ruin his own career... I'm  
not a grass.

CHRISSE  
You're scared of him.

Michael turns and looks at Chrissie, sees the letter -

MICHAEL  
I'm not scared of anybody...

Michael takes the bill from her and scans it, looks at her.

CHRISSE  
There's a foodbank that...

MICHAEL  
You're not going to a foodbank!

Michael exits the bathroom - Chrissie looks after him. After a few moments -

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Where's my car keys?

CUT TO:

Rebus and Siobhan, phone in hand for notes, stand next to the bed in which lies **JIMMY MCJAGGER - 40s, jail tan - hands and arms heavily bandaged, glowering with pain at his wounds and the presence of the police.**

SIOBHAN

Did you recognise either of the men  
who assaulted you?

JIMMY MCJAGGER

No comment.

REBUS

Have you fallen out with someone in  
the jail, Jimmy? You've been away  
for how long? Five years? I'm sure  
you've had plenty fallouts... What  
happened? Did you wank in the wrong  
pair of socks?

McJagger turns his stare on Rebus -

JIMMY MCJAGGER

No comment.

REBUS

Come on, you don't have to say  
that. This isn't an interview.

(a thought occurs)

Have you fallen out with Cafferty?

On Jimmy as he turns and looks at Rebus and smirks -

JIMMY MCJAGGER

No comment.

On Rebus as he looks at Siobhan and shrugs resignedly.

SIOBHAN

I know you don't want to say  
anything to us, Mister McJagger,  
but there's no other way to get any  
satisfaction here...

Jimmy looks at Siobhan, furious -

JIMMY MCJAGGER

Fuck off you, you cheeky bitch!

CUT TO:

A grinning Rebus and Siobhan walking away from the room - in  
the background a UNIFORMED CONSTABLE guarding the door.

REBUS

I told you... Very sensitive about his name.

SIOBHAN

Complete accident.

On Rebus, liking her style -

REBUS

It could have been worse; it could have been his dad. He murdered a guy who put Brown Sugar on the jukebox in a pub.

Siobhan looks at the deadpan Rebus - is he winding her up?

REBUS (CONT'D)

Shame's a terrible thing.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. UPMARKET STREET - DAY

19

Michael's car pulls into a street a little too fast and rolls to a stop outside a house.

Michael jumps out of the car and opens the back door, sifting through A PILE OF BOXES AND PACKAGES on the back seat.

As he does, the mobile device in his hand emits a beep -

MICHAEL

I know I'm late...

Michael finds the package he is looking for closes the door, turns, heads up the path to the house door - rings the bell -

On Michael as he waits, seconds, but it feels interminable - he rings and knocks again -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Come on...

Another wait - then the door is opened by the HOUSEHOLDER -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hi... Parcel...

Michael scans the package and hands it over -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I just need a picture...

The Householder poses - Michael takes the photo -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Michael turns and hurries down the path, jumps back in his car and speeds away.

CUT TO:

20

**EXT. HOMELESS PROJECT, UPPER BOW, EDINBURGH - DAY**

20

Rebus and Siobhan in the Homeless Project, a Volunteer looking at a picture of Andy Rolland - they shake their head.

CUT TO:

Rebus and Siobhan exit the Project straight into the tourist heart of Edinburgh.

SIOBHAN  
Where do you want to try next?

REBUS  
We can go up to Hunter Square, there's always people hanging about there... And there's a veterans' place I thought with the camo jacket, you know...

SIOBHAN  
He'd not be the first one on the streets.

Rebus indicates a nearby cafe -

REBUS  
Come on, I'll let you buy me a coffee.

CUT TO:

21

**INT. CAFE, HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH - DAY**

21

Rebus and Siobhan sit at a table in the crowded cafe.

REBUS grimaces as TWO BACKPACKERS squeeze past their table, bumping him with their packs -

REBUS

Toon's a theme park these days...  
Instagrammers and Quidditch nonces.

SIOBHAN

I like it.

REBUS

I bet you do.

SIOBHAN

What's that supposed to mean?

REBUS

Well, you know, someone like you...

SIOBHAN

Someone like me? What do you mean?

REBUS

Someone like you is always going to  
like Edinburgh.

(beat)

You're fast track, aye?

Siobhan nods.

REBUS (CONT'D)

So you came here for uni?

Siobhan nods again.

REBUS (CONT'D)

That's what happens. People come  
here from England, and they go to  
the Uni, and they get a degree, and  
they fall in love with the place...  
So they stay and get married...

SIOBHAN

I'm not married.

REBUS

And they have kids...

SIOBHAN

No kids.

REBUS

And then they start Instagramming  
and cycling about the place like  
they're in Denmark or something...

On Rebus, pleased with himself, watching Siobhan bristle at his assumptions, and their accuracy -

REBUS (CONT'D)  
What's your degree in?

On Siobhan for a beat of discomfort before she answers -

SIOBHAN  
Anthropology.

On Rebus as he manages to remain deadpan -

REBUS  
Did you vote for independence?

SIOBHAN  
Didn't you?

REBUS  
(laughs)  
I'm a policeman. I'm ex-army. A  
quiet Jambo... What do you think?

Silence. Rebus drinks his coffee, until -

SIOBHAN  
What regiment were you in? In the  
army?

REBUS  
The Paras. It was a long time ago.

SIOBHAN  
Did you see much action?

REBUS  
I was in Afghan. It was mostly just  
walking about, sweating...

SIOBHAN  
No good war stories?

REBUS  
Anytime it went noisy, I just got  
down on the ground and put my  
fingers in my ears... That's what  
combat's mostly about, hiding and  
putting your fingers in your ears.

(beat)  
My brother's the soldier in our  
family...

(MORE)

REBUS (CONT'D)

He did lots of tours, Iraq,  
Afghan... He's the man with the  
stories.

Rebus sips his coffee, uncomfortable that he's found himself on the subject of Michael - doesn't want to think about that.

SIOBHAN

Why did you ask McJagger if he's fallen out with Cafferty?

A beat as Rebus considers another uncomfortable subject -

REBUS

Because Ger Cafferty bears a grudge. And anyone who crosses him, friend or foe, is in danger.

(beat)

You had any dealings with him?

SIOBHAN

No, just heard the stories...

REBUS

Well you're in CID now, so you'll maybe have your own stories to tell soon... Cafferty tries to pass himself off as a property magnate now, student flats, Airbnb's... He's fooling no-one.

SIOBHAN

Maybe some of the tourists on that bus today were staying in his flats...

REBUS

(nods)

Maybe...

(beat)

For a long time Cafferty's thought he can't be touched by anyone...

(beat)

We'll see after today.

Talking of Cafferty makes Rebus think - looks at his watch -

REBUS (CONT'D)

I have to be somewhere... You go and try Hunter Square.

SIOBHAN

Okay.

REBUS

Give me a shout if you find out anything. And if I don't see you back in the office, I'll see you the morn...

Rebus gets up and exits the cafe. Siobhan watches him go.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE, COUNCIL SCHEME, FIFE - DAY

22

Michael gets out of his car outside his house, on the phone -

MICHAEL

I know they're all supposed to be delivered today. But, fifty slots is impossible.

As Michael listens to his Supervisor, he contemplates the pile of undelivered packages still in the car.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's supposed to be my day off tomorrow...

Interrupted, he listens again, and then nods, defeated -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll do them then.

Michael ends the call and sighs.

MICHAEL JR (O.S.)

You okay, dad?

Michael turns, sees Michael Jr and Liam, home from school and looking at him with concern - the last thing he wants -

MICHAEL

I'm fine... How was school?

Michael Jr, not believing a word his father says, also lies -

MICHAEL JR

Fine. Good.

MICHAEL

Learn anything?

LIAM

Loads...

MICHAEL

Good, good... Keep it up.

Michael Jr and Liam share a glance, enter the house.

Michael is about to follow when his eye is caught by something across the road -

MICHAEL'S POV: A MAN and WOMAN knock at the door of the flat.

A few moments of agitated waiting, then the door opens - a glimpse of a YOUNG MAN before they disappear inside.

On Michael for a beat, thinking - then he enters the house.

CUT TO:

23

EXT. BLANTYRE HOUSE, EDINBURGH - DAY

23

A street of semi-detached, suburban houses. A nervous Rebus on the doorstep of one, a ramp leading to the front door.

Rebus takes a deep breath and rings the doorbell -

The door is opened by MAGGIE BLANTYRE - **40s, hopeful life isn't slipping out of reach.** A beat as they look at each other, then she steps back to let Rebus inside.

CUT TO:

24

INT. LIVING ROOM, BLANTYRE HOUSE - DAY

24

George Blantyre grins as Rebus follows Maggie in -

REBUS

There he is... Don't get up.

GEORGE BLANTYRE

(laughs)

Don't get up, you cheeky bastard...

Rebus and George awkwardly almost hug - Rebus sits -

REBUS

Good to see you, pal...

GEORGE BLANTYRE

You, too... You, too... Do you want a drink?

REBUS

No...

GEORGE BLANTYRE

I haven't seen you for ages and you  
won't even have a drink with me?

REBUS

I'm driving, Dod...

MAGGIE BLANTYRE

I can drive you home.

On Rebus and Maggie for a beat as they look at each other.

REBUS

I'm fine. I'm off it the now.

George roars with laughter -

GEORGE BLANTYRE

Oh, Christ, I've heard it all now.

(to Maggie)

Well, I'm having a drink...

George looks at Maggie, who exits.

GEORGE BLANTYRE (CONT'D)

So, what's going on pal, what's  
been happening?

REBUS

(shrugs)

Oh, the same old shite, mate,  
nothing ever changes, does it.

GEORGE BLANTYRE

It did for me...

A beat as George struggles with his emotions - Rebus reaches out and puts a hand on his arm -

REBUS

Come on...

George shakes Rebus's hand off. Silence between them, until -

GEORGE BLANTYRE

How's Gill?

REBUS

She's fine... There's a new lassie  
joined the team... Siobhan.

GEORGE BLANTYRE

She tidy?

REBUS

Graduate. Fast track.

GEORGE BLANTYRE

You didn't answer my question.  
Anyone fired into her yet? Have  
you?

Rebus shakes his head at George - he's not doing this -

REBUS

She's way out of my league.

GEORGE BLANTYRE

Rhona was out your league.

REBUS

Now you tell me.

George laughs, lowers his voice -

GEORGE BLANTYRE

You're divorced now. You should be  
riding everything...

Maggie re-enters, hands George cans of beer and a glass -

George takes them, opens one, starts to pour -

GEORGE BLANTYRE (CONT'D)

I'm just saying to John, he needs  
to get back out there, now he's  
divorced...

On Maggie as she looks at Rebus -

MAGGIE BLANTYRE

We've all got to move on.

On Rebus as he watches Maggie exit again.

GEORGE BLANTYRE

So, is this just a social call  
then, is it?

Rebus looks at George, shakes his head, takes out his phone.

CUT TO:

25

INT. BAR, EDINBURGH - DAY

25

Siobhan, at a corner table, having a drink with Malcolm Fox -  
Siobhan has wine, Malcolm has water.

SIOBHAN

It was awkward.

MALCOLM FOX

It's fine...

SIOBHAN

I felt bad ignoring you.

MALCOLM FOX

Honestly, it's better that you  
didn't say anything... Rebus, all  
of them, they hate anyone that  
works for professional standards.  
If you'd told him you knew me,  
you'd be persona non grata on your  
first day.

SIOBHAN

Well, I did feel bad... It was  
fleeting, very brief, but you  
should know.

On Malcolm, appreciating it. Siobhan watches him, knowing he  
might not like what she says next -

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

He seemed okay to me, though...  
First impressions.

MALCOLM FOX

Well, don't be fooled, he's not  
someone you want to get close to.

SIOBHAN

Have you investigated him?

MALCOLM FOX

I can't tell you anything about  
that...

SIOBHAN

You can, Malcolm...

MALCOLM FOX

I can't... Really... I...

On Malcolm as he thinks -

MALCOLM FOX (CONT'D)  
I mean it didn't really come to  
anything... Nothing actually  
happened....

Malcolm looks at Siobhan, who gives him the time to crumble -

MALCOLM FOX (CONT'D)  
About a year ago... Him and another  
policeman were involved in a car  
accident with a criminal called Ger  
Cafferty.

SIOBHAN  
He mentioned Cafferty today... What  
happened?

MALCOLM FOX  
No-one knows what happened. That's  
the problem. Everyone involved kept  
their mouths shut, Rebus, George  
Blantyre, Gill Templer... Even  
Cafferty...

(shakes his head)  
He was charged with reckless  
driving, and he got off.

On Siobhan as she absorbs this.

MALCOLM FOX (CONT'D)  
George Blantyre, the policeman who  
got hurt that night, he was Rebus's  
mentor. Head of the Serious Crime  
Squad... The serious drinking squad  
they called it back in the day...

Malcolm pauses as Siobhan takes a long drink of her drink -  
when she's finished relishing it, he continues -

MALCOLM FOX (CONT'D)  
There was always a lot of rumours  
about George swirling around. How  
close he was to people... But  
nothing ever got pinned on him. He  
was lucky.

SIOBHAN  
Until the car accident.

On Malcolm as he nods, then casually -

MALCOLM FOX  
Did Rebus say anything about me?

SIOBHAN

He warned me off you.

MALCOLM FOX

What did he say?

SIOBHAN

He said to be careful, you ruin  
people's lives.

MALCOLM FOX

Well, he'd know, he's ruined a few  
himself.

CUT TO:

26

INT. LIVING ROOM, BLANTYRE HOUSE - DAY

26

On George, looking at the message on Rebus's phone -

GEORGE BLANTYRE

How do you know it's from Cafferty?

REBUS

Because I got it today, right after  
Jimmy McJagger got stabbed.

GEORGE BLANTYRE

Jimmy McJagger got stabbed?

REBUS

This morning, in the toon, on his  
way back to the jail.

On George as he looks at the phone again - there's something  
he's keeping from Rebus - offers the phone back -

GEORGE BLANTYRE

About time someone took care of  
Jimmy... Scrote.

Rebus takes the phone from George and leans in close -

REBUS

Cafferty wants something from me.

GEORGE BLANTYRE

Of course he does...

REBUS

So, what do I do?

GEORGE BLANTYRE

(shrugs)

You either do what he wants...

(beat)

Or you don't.

On Rebus as he stares at him -

PROPERTY OF ELEVENTH HOUR FILMS

REBUS

He tried to kill you, Dod...

(beat)

What did you do to make him do  
that? You've never told me what it  
was about?

A beat before George replies -

GEORGE BLANTYRE

You don't want to know.

On Rebus as he stares at George, then sits back. Silence.  
George returns to his drink, until -

GEORGE BLANTYRE (CONT'D)

I wish I had fucking died... I've  
ruined everybody's life.

REBUS

No, you haven't...

GEORGE BLANTYRE

Maggie's, too...

Rebus freezes as George suddenly bursts into tears -

GEORGE BLANTYRE (CONT'D)

I don't know what I'd do without  
her... I'd be lost...

On Rebus, this is the last thing he expects from this man -

REBUS

I know, mate... She's great...

George suddenly grips Rebus's arm and pulls him close -

GEORGE BLANTYRE

She's seeing someone else...

On Rebus, frozen for a beat, then -

REBUS

No...

GEORGE BLANTYRE

She disappears out sometimes. She's  
shagging someone, I'm telling you.  
I know it!

REBUS

She'll just need a bit of time to  
herself.

Another bout of sobbing from George, before -

GEORGE BLANTYRE  
I'm no fucking use to her anymore.

When he recovers himself, George stares at Rebus -

GEORGE BLANTYRE (CONT'D)  
Will you find out who it is...

REBUS  
No...

Another fierce, furious grip from George -

GEORGE BLANTYRE  
I want you to find out who he is.  
And I want you to tell him... Tell  
him he better be nice to her... He  
better not hurt her...  
(sobs)  
I don't want her to get hurt.

George collapses into Rebus's arms, body shaking with sobs.

As Rebus consoles him, he looks up to see Maggie standing in the doorway.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. MEWS, STOCKBRIDGE - EVENING

27

Siobhan and Malcolm Fox kiss in a street of picturesque mews houses.

SIOBHAN  
I should ignore you more at work.

Siobhan pulls Malcolm towards the front door of her house - and pauses - next to the door, A BICYCLE. Like in Denmark.

On Siobhan as she ponders Rebus's characterisation of her.

MALCOLM FOX  
What's wrong?

SIOBHAN  
Nothing.

Siobhan opens the door, and they enter the house.

CUT TO:

28

INT. KITCHEN, REBUS'S FLAT - NIGHT

28

On Rebus as he looks at the empty whisky bottle - he regrets he poured it away -

His doorbell rings.

CUT TO:

29

INT. HALL, REBUS'S FLAT - NIGHT

29

Rebus opens the door to Maggie on his doorstep.

REBUS

Maggie...

They stare at each other for a long moment - then she steps inside the door and kisses him passionately.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE, COUNCIL SCHEME - NIGHT

30

On Michael, standing next to his car, watches the flat across the road.

MICHAEL'S POV: Two people knock on the door of the flat - a wait - then the door opens, and they enter.

He turns as, behind him, the front door opens -

CHRISSIE

You not coming to bed?

Michael opens the door of the car -

MICHAEL

In a minute... I just have to empty the car, there's parcels leftover from today. I'll do them tomorrow.

CHRISSIE

It's your day off tomorrow...

MICHAEL

I know, but I don't get paid if I don't deliver them, Chrissie... And if I don't keep up, they'll sack me.

On Chrissie, she knows him too well, he's not fine -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Now, go on, get to bed, I'll be up  
in a minute.

Chrissie enters the house. After a few moments, Michael turns his attention back to the flat across the road.

CUT TO:

31

INT. BEDROOM, REBUS'S FLAT - NIGHT

31

Rebus and Maggie lie next to each other in bed, apart.

REBUS  
You heard what he said to me?

MAGGIE BLANTYRE  
He's just paranoid.

REBUS  
He knows...

MAGGIE BLANTYRE  
He doesn't know anything... He was  
comatose with the drink when I  
left, he won't know I came out.

A long silence, until -

REBUS  
I can't do this anymore... Not if  
he knows...

MAGGIE BLANTYRE  
But you could when he didn't?

Maggie looks at Rebus, but he can't meet her gaze - he has no answer to that. She gets up from the bed and starts to put her clothes on.

REBUS  
You don't have to run off.

MAGGIE BLANTYRE  
I do, I really do.

CUT TO:

32

INT. LIVING ROOM, REBUS'S FLAT - NIGHT

32

Rebus, at the window, watches Maggie walk along the street.

Rebus raises his hand in farewell, but she doesn't turn back.  
A beat on Rebus, feeling more failure.

CUT TO:

33

**INT. BEDROOM, REBUS'S FLAT - NIGHT**

33

Rebus goes back into the bedroom and lies on the bed. He stares at the ceiling, until he hears a message notification on his phone. He picks it up, opens the message -

ON SCREEN: 'Don't ignore me'.

After a long beat - he deletes it.

CUT TO:

33A

**INT. LIVING ROOM, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY**

33A

The usual rushed morning routine of the boys getting ready for school and Chrissie for work.

Michael Jr and Liam finishing their breakfast - Chrissie fussing about in her uniform - Michael enters.

CHRISSIE

What are you going to do with  
yourself today?

MICHAEL

I've got to finish off those  
parcels... But I'm going to do the  
housework, darling. I'm going to  
hoover, I'm going to dust, I'm  
going to polish...

Michael Jr and Liam share a glance of contempt at this.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This place'll be like a palace when  
you get home.

CUT TO:

Michael at the living room window, waving them off. Then he switches his focus to the flat opposite.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. DETACHED VILLA, THE GRANGE, EDINBURGH - DAY

34

Sammy, in school uniform and cycling helmet, pushes a bicycle down the drive. As she reaches the pavement, she frowns at Rebus as he approaches.

SAMMY

Dad...

REBUS

I thought I'd chum you to school.

Sammy nods, then looks behind her to where Rhona and Lockie, pushing bikes, helmets on, are following her down the drive.

RHONA

John...

(frowns)

Were you to take Sammy to school?

REBUS

No... Eh, no, I was just round the corner, and I thought... But, listen, it's fine if you're cycling. I can see her later...

LOCKIE

No... We can walk.

(looks at Rhona)

Can't we?

RHONA

Of course.

CUT TO:

35

EXT. THE MEADOWS, EDINBURGH - DAY

35

Sammy and Lockie walk ahead. Rebus and Rhona follow a short distance behind.

REBUS

It wasn't really much of a fight.

RHONA

John, that's not the point, is it? I don't want her seeing something like that... It really upset her.

REBUS

I know... I was upset it happened.

RHONA

I mean, are you going to put her in that position again? Because if you do, John, then we're going to have to rethink when you see her.

A beat of panic on Rebus's face - he stops walking -

REBUS

Don't start saying things like that, okay...

RHONA

Or what? You'll punch me?

REBUS

Don't be ridiculous... Whatever I was, I never did anything like that to you. And I would never... I'd never do anything to jeopardise her seeing me...

Rebus looks at Lockie up ahead -

REBUS (CONT'D)

Is this coming from him?

RHONA

It's coming from me...

On Rebus as he looks at her. It is. They walk on in silence.

RHONA (CONT'D)

Have you apologised to Michael?

REBUS

Not yet... I'm going to. I promise.

On Rhona, as she examines Rebus with another look -

RHONA

Sammy! Come and walk with your dad.

CUT TO:

Rhona and Lockie in the lead now - Sammy and Rebus lagging.

SAMMY

You shouldn't hit anyone, but especially not your brother.

REBUS

I know... I know that.

SAMMY

It's wrong.

REBUS

I know... It's difficult to explain. You don't have any brothers or sisters, but, if you did, you'd hit them all the time.

SAMMY

I don't think I would.

REBUS

You would, believe me.

On Sammy as she thinks about this for a moment -

SAMMY

Well, I won't hit my little brother when he comes along.

REBUS

Your little brother?

On Sammy, butter wouldn't melt -

SAMMY

When mum has her new baby... I won't hit him.

Rebus stops walking.

REBUS POV: Sammy runs ahead of him towards her TURRETED, ROMANESQUE SCHOOL. Expensive SUVs line the street dropping off pupils.

Sammy being hugged in turn by Rhona and Lockie before she hurries inside the gates - and out of sight.

Rhona and Lockie take each other's hands, kiss, walk off.

On Rebus, suddenly feeling the fact that he is alone.

CUT TO:

35A

INT. VETERANS FOUNDATION, THISTLE STREET, EDINBURGH - DAY 35A

Siobhan with a FOUNDATION WORKER. He holds Andy's picture, hesitating to divulge what he knows. Siobhan reassures him -

SIOBHAN

He hasn't done anything wrong. It's the opposite. He may have stopped someone getting killed.

On the Foundation Worker as he switches -

FOUNDATION WORKER

They have to trust us, you know.

SIOBHAN

I understand that completely...

On Siobhan, a smile, and another nudge -

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

But, we need to find him before anyone else does...

One more beat of vacillation -

FOUNDATION WORKER

His name's Andy Rolland. He was in the Royal Regiment of Scotland...

(beat)

He was in jail last I heard. He was struggling... Well you know the story, ay, it's an old one.

SIOBHAN

Has he got any family?

FOUNDATION WORKER

I don't think so. That was part of the problem.

Siobhan takes out her card and hands it over -

SIOBHAN

If he turns up, give me a discrete shout.

A beat, then the Foundation Worker takes the card.

CUT TO:

35B

EXT. STREET, EDINBURGH - DAY

35B

Rebus walks through the town, lost in thought. His phone rings - he looks at it, answers -

REBUS

Shiv...

CUT TO:

35C

EXT. STREET / STREET, EDINBURGH - DAY

35C

Siobhan grimaces at his persisting with the nickname -

SIOBHAN

I have a name for our have-a-go-hero... Andrew Rolland. Ex-Royal Regiment of Scotland.

CUT TO:

On Rebus, impressed, and a little intrigued -

REBUS

That's my brother's old mob. Did he say what battalion?

CUT TO:

Siobhan shakes her head -

SIOBHAN

He didn't say, but he did say he was in jail the last he heard... I'm thinking he might have known what was going on?

CUT TO:

Rebus considers this -

REBUS

We can talk about that... I'll be into the office soon.

Rebus ends the call to Siobhan and continues walking.

CUT TO:

36

INT. LIVING ROOM, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

36

MICHAEL'S POV: The door of the flat across the road. No-one on the walkway, the door shut.

On Michael as he stares at it - he makes a decision -

MICHAEL

Fuck it.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. FRONT GARDEN, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

37

Michael opens a shed that is in the garden. It is filled with boxes, all marked with writing from their recent move.

He pulls out a cardboard box, taped shut, 'ARMY' on the side.

CUT TO:

38

INT. KITCHEN, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

38

Michael at the kitchen table, the box open in front of him.

Inside, A ROYAL REGIMENT OF SCOTLAND CAP BADGE. A TAM O'SHANTER with A RED HACKLE. FOLDERS. A SHOEBOX.

Michael takes out one of the folders and sits, opening it -

It is filled with pictures from his army career. He leafs through them -

MICHAEL'S POV: Michael, in desert fatigues, among a group of heavily armed, soldiers at an FOB in Helmand -

Sitting on top an armoured vehicle, wearing a kaffiyeh -

Sitting against a wall in a compound alongside another soldier, NEIL MACKENZIE, both dust-covered and exhausted from combat, both grinning manically into the lens -

Another, with Neil again, both now wearing the casual chinos and polo shirts of the modern mercenary.

On Michael as he stares at the pictures for a beat - then he takes out the shoebox and removes the lid -

Inside, AN OBJECT WRAPPED IN PLASTIC.

Michael unwraps the plastic - revealing A HANDGUN. He looks at it for a moment, takes out the magazine, thinks -

Michael goes to the cupboard under the sink, opens it, takes out a cloth - back to the table, sits down -

He starts to dismantle the gun and give it a clean.

CUT TO:

39 OMITTED 39

40 EXT. OXFORD BAR, YOUNG STREET, EDINBURGH - DAY 40

The plain facade of the bar, tucked away in a side street.

CUT TO:

41 INT. OXFORD BAR - DAY 41

At the bar, the LANDLORD reads a paper alongside A PENSIONER sipping a pint.

In the empty back room, Rebus sits at a table, an untouched pint and chaser in front of him - phone to his ear -

ANSWERPHONE (O.S.)

The person you have dialled is not available. Please leave a message after the tone... BEEP!

A long beat as Rebus hesitates -

REBUS

Rhona... It's John... I heard your news... Sammy let it slip. Don't blame her it was... Yeah... I just wanted to say congratulations... I'm happy for you. Really...  
(beat)  
Anyway... Aye... Bye...

On Rebus as he ends the call and looks at the drinks. He reaches out to pick one up - stopped by his phone ringing -

Rebus looks at it - No Caller ID - he answers - and listens.

He ends the call, puts the phone on the table. He stares at it - looks around at the bar - back to the phone -

Rebus makes a decision, stands and exits the bar.

CUT TO:

42 OMITTED 42

43

INT. KITCHEN/HALL, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

43

Michael clips the magazine back into the handgun and tucks it into the pocket of the hoodie he is wearing.

He puts on a pair of gloves, picks up a baseball cap and a scarf, then looks around - A PLASTIC BAG - he folds it into his pocket.

CUT TO:

44

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE, FIFE - DAY

44

Michael exits his house and stands beside his car for a moment, looking at the flats - he looks at his car -

MICHAEL'S POV: Undelivered packages still on the back seat.

Michael opens the door and takes a plastic wrapped package out. Shuts the door and crosses to the block of flats.

CUT TO:

45

INT. BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY

45

Michael, at the top of the stairs of the block, package at his feet - he puts the baseball cap on and wraps the scarf around his face - then pulls his hood up over the cap.

He rips the package open and draws his gun - putting his hand with the gun inside the package to hide it.

He walks along the walkway, reaches the flat door - No 68.

He pauses for a beat and then he knocks - BANG! BANG! BANG!

A long moment of silence as he stands there, feeling exposed.

He knocks again - BANG! BANG! BANG! Eventually -

JACK (O.S.)

Who is it?

MICHAEL

A delivery!

JACK

I didn't order anything.

Michael holds the package up to the spyhole of the door, hand and gun still inside -

MICHAEL

It's your address!

Silence - then bolts sliding back, chains unhooking - Michael steps back - and, as the door starts to open, he kicks it hard - smashing it into whoever is behind it -

Michael steps inside, pulling his gun from the package -

One of the dealers, **JACK - late teens** - stunned, blood pours from his nose as he looks into the barrel of Michael's gun.

Michael kicks the door shut behind him.

CUT TO:

46

INT. LIVING ROOM, DRUG DEALERS' FLAT - DAY

46

Jack walks into the living room, Michael follows - gun aimed, finger alongside the trigger, at Jack's partner in crime who is sitting on the couch -

**KAI - late teens**, stunned expression, mid-count of the PILES OF MONEY on the coffee table in front of him.

Kai looks at the gun and raises his hands in surrender.

CUT TO:

Jack and Kai, on their knees facing the wall, hands behind their heads.

Behind them, Michael stuffs their money into his plastic bag -

MICHAEL

You didn't even have a stag on,  
boys... It's basic camp security.

Jack glances at Kai, then almost round at Michael -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I TOLD YOU! LOOK AT THE FUCKING  
WALL!

A beat as Jack turns back to the wall - Michael picks up the mobile phones from the table, stuffs them in his pocket.

KAI

Do you know who you're robbing?

MICHAEL

Aye, I'm robbing you two gumps.

KAI

You're no... You're robbing a  
gangster from Edinburgh... Darryl  
Christie.

JACK

Shut up!

MICHAEL

I know someone who's in the polis  
there. He says there's no gangsters  
in Edinburgh...

Michael crosses to Jack and puts the barrel of the gun  
against the back of his head -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Just boys that think they are...

KAI

This one's called Darryl Christie.

MICHAEL

I'll ask my pal if he's heard of  
him...

Michael jams the gun into the back of his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Either of you moves from there in  
the next ten minutes, I'll be  
coming back here to slot you.

Michael backs out of the room - when the front door slams,  
Jack and Kai look at each other, devastated.

CUT TO:

47

INT. BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY

47

Michael skips down the stairs, removing his hat and scarf,  
pausing only to dump the two mobile phones in a bin.

He leaves the back of the flats and heads in the opposite  
direction from his own house.

CUT TO:

48

INT. KITCHEN, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

48

Michael counts the bundles of money - a thousand pounds in each - one - two - three - four - five.

A beat as he exhales, then he packs the money into the shoebox - puts it back in the cardboard box, seals it up.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. FRONT GARDEN, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

49

Michael replaces the cardboard box back in the shed - locks the door. He stands and stares at it for a moment - then heads back to the house.

CUT TO:

50

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

50

Michael, back inside the house, starts to hoover.

CUT TO:

51

INT. PETER'S YARD, QUARtermile - DAY

51

Rebus steps into a light filled coffee shop.

Tables of pastries, coolers filled with smoothies, sourdough scoffing, golden haired students on laptops -

And, incongruous among it all, **GER CAFFERTY - the god of hard-faced recidivism made flesh.**

Rebus approaches him - spots a couple of what might be MINDERS sitting nearby - nods at them as he reaches Cafferty -

REBUS

Got the heavy mob with you I see.

On Cafferty, ignoring the remark -

CAFFERTY

Sit down... Have something to eat,  
or a coffee.

REBUS

I don't want anything.

CAFFERTY

I don't blame you... The food's terrible. Hard bread and fucking chickpeas. I go to Greggs.

Rebus sits down and leans forward -

REBUS

What do you want?

CAFFERTY

I wanted to talk to you about Jimmy McJagger.

REBUS

You want to confess?

CAFFERTY

Funny... I have a name for you.

Cafferty leans in on Rebus -

CAFFERTY (CONT'D)

Darryl Christie. Thinks he's a kiddie now. Made himself a bit of money with his nightclub and his gym and put a team together... I hear he's got a line down to Liverpool now...

REBUS

You feeling the pressure?

CAFFERTY

On my chest do you mean?

On Cafferty as he stares at Rebus - who doesn't respond -

CAFFERTY (CONT'D)

Are you forgetting you tried to kill me, Rebus?

On Rebus - maybe wishing he had.

CAFFERTY (CONT'D)

I could have made things much worse for you.

REBUS

And we could have made things much worse for you...

CAFFERTY

That would have brought a whole can  
of worms to the surface... For  
George, for lots of people.

REBUS

Whatever happened with you and  
George has nothing to do with me.

Rebus stands to leave.

CAFFERTY

How's George getting on by the way?  
How's he liking his chair?

On Rebus, a flash of anger crosses his face as he stops -

A long beat, then he turns and looks at Cafferty.

CAFFERTY (CONT'D)

Tell him I'm asking for him...  
And Maggie...

(beat)

You told him about you and her yet?

On Rebus as he stares at Cafferty -

CUT TO:

52

INT. POLICE VAN, EDINBURGH - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

52

**Flashback to Scene 2.**

Rebus, hand over Cafferty's face pushing his mouth closed  
pushes down on his chest as he stirs into consciousness -

Cafferty opens his eyes, half-conscious, trying to struggle,  
but he can't break Rebus's hold -

On Rebus, waiting for Cafferty to expire - he looks up as -  
the back door of the ambulance opens to reveal Gill Templer.

A look of shock on Gill's face -

Rebus releases his hold on Cafferty.

CAFFERTY (O.S.)  
I'll be in touch.

CUT TO:

53

INT. PETER'S YARD, QUARTERMILE - DAY

53

On Rebus as he comes back to the present -

REBUS POV: Cafferty, grinning at him, stands and exits the cafe, his Heavies follow.

We end on Rebus, marooned among the tables of pastries, the smoothie coolers, and the golden haired students -

All of them oblivious to what is in their midst.

END OF EPISODE ONE