



REBUS

Episode Two

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Based on Ian Rankin's *Rebus*

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A1 **EXT. NHS MENTAL HEALTH UNIT, EDINBURGH - DAY** A1

Rebus drives up in his car and parks outside the unit.

CUT TO:

1 **INT. WAITING AREA, NHS MENTAL HEALTH UNIT - DAY** 1

An uncomfortable-looking JOHN REBUS sits in a corridor with several other OUTPATIENTS.

REBUS'S POV: Someone who looks like a drug addict - another who might be schizophrenic - the people he usually arrests.

One of them returns his stare -

OUTPATIENT

You look like a policeman.

On Rebus, wondering if he might have dealt with this person previously, decides he hasn't - puts his finger to his lips -

REBUS

I'm undercover.

CUT TO:

1A **INT. OFFICE, NHS MENTAL HEALTH UNIT - DAY** 1A

Rebus with **ANDREA THOMSON - 40s, professionally concerned.**

REBUS

I think I've had a breakthrough.

ANDREA THOMSON

A breakthrough?

REBUS

Yes... That's the right thing to say, isn't it? Breakthrough?

On Andrea as she nods, indulging him; used to his bullshit.

REBUS (CONT'D)

I was at my ex-wife's new house...
This big, new house. The mansion...
(thinks about the mansion)
I had to pick up Sammy...

ANDREA THOMSON

Was her new husband there? Lockie?

REBUS

(nods)

Yes, Lockie was there... Lachlan...

(beat)

Still the only Lockie I've ever met... No-one at my school was called Lockie... Or Lachlan.

(beat)

You don't know anyone called Lockie?

Andrea shakes her head.

REBUS (CONT'D)

Not a shrink game name, either?

ANDREA THOMSON

Not to my knowledge.

Rebus thinks about it some more, Andrea watching him.

REBUS

So, I went there, and I did the usual... I stood on the steps of his mansion, being all grown up, shaking his hand, his two eighty grand cars in the drive...

(looks at Andrea)

I did all that... And I didn't want to kill him... That's the first time I've been and not wanted to kill him... And I thought this is a breakthrough, John... You're having a breakthrough.

Rebus smiles at her, pleased with himself. A silence, until -

ANDREA THOMSON

You didn't feel any resentment at all?

REBUS

Nothing.

(beat)

All gone.

ANDREA THOMSON
You didn't get the urge you get? To
do something silly?

REBUS
(shakes his head)
No... No... It was...

On Rebus as he thinks about the moment -

REBUS (CONT'D)
I think I felt relieved...

ANDREA THOMSON
Relieved?

Rebus nods, taken aback, he didn't expect to admit this -

ANDREA THOMSON (CONT'D)
In what way?

REBUS
In every way... I think they're
better off with him than they are
with me.

On Andrea, this is the breakthrough -

ANDREA THOMSON
In monetary terms? In terms of your
job?

REBUS
Not so much the job. The job's a
nightmare just now. Not enough
people, not enough money... But
it's not just the job; things feel
like they're unravelling, don't
they... It feels like everything is
slipping out of control. That we're
on the way somewhere, to
something... And it's not going to
be good.

(beat)
Maybe it feels like Rhona and Sammy
being with Lockie... That puts them
on the other side of the fence...
They're safe now.

ANDREA THOMSON
And where does that leave you?

REBUS
(shrugs)
Fucked probably.
(beat)
But I don't care... As long as
they're alright.

CUT TO:

TITLES: REBUS

2

INT. LIVING ROOM, DRUG DEALERS' FLAT, FIFE - DAY

2

JACK, nose swollen, black eyes, sits next to KAI - both are trying desperately to avoid eye contact with the man sitting opposite them.

SHAUN STRANG - 30s, tattoo of a child's hand and date of birth on his neck - frowning, not liking what he just heard.

SHAUN STRANG
There's no gangsters in Edinburgh?

JACK
That's what he said... He said
there's only people who think
they're gangsters.

Strang looks at the other TWO MUSCLE-BOUND HEAVIES that are in the room - one behind the couch, the other at the door - this is a blow to their self-perception.

Strang looks back at Jack and Kai -

SHAUN STRANG
So, what the fuck are we then?

On Jack and Kai - there are many answers to this, and they are wisely not willing to chance any of them -

KAI
He said a polisman told him...

SHAUN STRANG
A polisman? What fucking polisman?

KAI
I don't know... I told him about
youse, I told him he was robbing
Darryl Christie.

Smack! Strang smacks Kai across the side of the head -

SHAUN STRANG
You don't mention anybody's fucking
name!

Kai looks at Jack, the more collected of the two -

SHAUN STRANG (CONT'D)
What else did he say?

A beat before -

JACK
He said... Why don't you have a
stag on?

SHAUN STRANG
A stag-on? What the fuck's a stag-
on?

JACK
(shrugs)
He said it's basic camp security...

SHAUN STRANG
What the fuck are you two cunts on
about? This all sounds like a lot
of fucking shite to me.

Strang leans towards Kai, indicates Jack's face -

SHAUN STRANG (CONT'D)
What I want to know is how come
there's no a fucking mark on you?
Why didn't you put up a fight?

KAI
He had a gun!

SHAUN STRANG
What sort of a gun?

KAI
A gun... A fucking gun!

JACK
A pistol! A handgun!

SHAUN STRANG
A handgun...

Strang looks at the Heavy standing behind the couch and nods -
the Heavy leans forward and grabs Kai -

SHAUN STRANG (CONT'D)
What handed are you?

A long beat as Kai stares at him -

KAI
Right-handed.

Strang grabs Kai's left hand, pulls it forward on the table -
then produces A PAIR OF SECATEURS from his jacket pocket.

SHAUN STRANG
Put your fingers out!

KAI
No!

The Heavy grabs Kai's ear and twists it - he screams in pain -

SHAUN STRANG
Put them out!

Kai tries to keep his fist clenched, but Strang slowly
uncurls his fingers - looks at Jack -

SHAUN STRANG (CONT'D)
You took the kicking... What finger
do you think he should lose?

JACK
We'll get the money back.

SHAUN STRANG
This isn't about the money... What
finger's worth five grand?

Jack stares at the blades hovering over Kai's fingers - a
beat, then he looks at Strang -

JACK
His pinky.

SHAUN STRANG
His pinky... For five grand?

Kai wails in fear as Strang moves the blades over his pinky -

KAI
NO! NO! NO...

Kai's protestations are halted by a piece of cloth being
stuffed into his mouth.

Jack nods. Strang holds out the secateurs to Jack -

SHAUN STRANG

Okay then... Cut it off.

A long beat of Jack staring at the secateurs -

JACK

No...

Strang slaps Jack -

SHAUN STRANG

Do it!

JACK

He's my mate...

SHAUN STRANG

Your fucking mate? There's no fucking mates in this game... He could have set this up.

A muffled protest from Kai, shaking his head at Jack.

SHAUN STRANG (CONT'D)

You get the kicking, him and some other cunt get the money...

Jack stares at Strang and takes the secateurs - Strang pushes Kai's hand towards him, pulling his pinky out -

SHAUN STRANG (CONT'D)

Do it...

JACK'S POV: His hand on the secateurs - Kai's pinky between the blades - his friend writhing in terror - Strang staring -

JACK

No...

Jack throws the secateurs back on the table -

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll do anything else... Whatever you say!

On Strang as he stares at Jack - then picks up the secateurs -

SHAUN STRANG

Whatever I say...

Strang smiles, then turns back to Kai -

ON KAI, SCREAMS MUFFLED, EYES BULGING, PINNED TO THE COUCH,
CONVULSED IN PAIN - as Strang cuts his finger off.

CUT TO:

3

INT. BEDROOM, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

3

MICHAEL and CHRISSIE REBUS, lying in bed, post-coital - both
looking a little bit surprised with themselves.

CHRISSIE

What brought that on?

MICHAEL

I don't know...

(looks at her)

Sorry...

CHRISSIE

Don't apologise...

MICHAEL

It's been a while...

(beat)

Sorry about that, too.

CHRISSIE

No... You've been... Stressed. We
both have.

She leans in and kisses him, resting her head against him, a
moment of connection, forgetting their problems for a moment -

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

I like it when you're like this.

MICHAEL

Me, too.

Chrissie laughs - but still has a nag of suspicion -

CHRISSIE

Everything's alright?

MICHAEL

Aye...

On Chrissie as she looks at him -

CHRISSIE

You'd tell me if anything's wrong?

MICHAEL

Of course. You're always the first person I tell everything.

Another moment of connection between them -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And, listen... I know how I've been. Feeling sorry for myself...

CHRISSIE

You haven't...

MICHAEL

I have, I've been a pain in the arse... And you've been the one that held it together... But, I think I know what to do now... I can see a way through.

On Chrissie, happy to see an older form of Michael back - she turns and looks at the clock on the bedside table -

CHRISSIE

I suppose we better crack on then.

MICHAEL

Aye, I suppose...

They kiss again, then get out of bed.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE, COUNCIL SCHEME - DAY

4

Michael leaves the house and goes to his car. He pauses before he gets in, looking at the block of flats opposite -

MICHAEL'S POV: Strang and the Heavies march Jack out the entrance to the flats and bundle him into their 4x4.

On Michael, as the car is driven away, realising the repercussions of what he has done.

CUT TO:

5

INT. GILL'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION, EDINBURGH - DAY

5

Rebus sitting at a desk with DI GILL TEMPLER -

REBUS

I still don't know if it's doing me
any good.

GILL TEMPLER

It must be if you're still going?

REBUS

I feel bad for her... Andrea... My
shrink... I feel like I have to
make her think she's helping me.

(beat)

I feel a deep sense of obligation
to her.

On Gill as she shakes her head - before moving swiftly on -

GILL TEMPLER

What progress have you made on
McJagger's stabbing? Have you found
the man who intervened?

REBUS

(nods)

Shiv got a name... She went round a
few different homeless places.

Rebus consults his notes on his phone -

REBUS (CONT'D)

He's called Andy Rolland. Ex-Royal
Regiment of Scotland. And one of
the workers at the homeless
projects recognised his picture.
Thinks he knows where he might be.
I'll go there now.

GILL TEMPLER

Good. I need to see some progress.
There's a bus load of traumatised
tourists tweeting about it... How
does that make us look?

REBUS

(stands)

Everyone loves a Highland warrior,
till they meet one.

Rebus exits and enters the main office -

CUT TO:

6 **INT. MAIN OFFICE, POLICE STATION, EDINBURGH - CONTINUOUS** 6

Rebus crosses the busy office to where SIOBHAN CLARKE sits.

As he joins her, she turns her computer to show him pictures of running apparel on the screen -

SIOBHAN

This is the kit they were wearing.
It is widely available on the net,
but it's also sold in two running
shops here, one at Newcraighall,
one in Bruntsfield...

REBUS

Great. Check it out later... We
need to go and find our witness.

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. ANCHOR CLOSE, COCKBURN STREET, EDINBURGH - DAY** 7

Rebus and Siobhan climbing the steep stone stairs.

SIOBHAN

Should we not have parked at the top
and walked down?

REBUS

You're in the city of John Knox;
life's supposed to be difficult.

As they walk up the stairs, Rebus's phone rings. He looks at
it - RHONA.

CUT TO:

7A **INT/EXT. KITCHEN, DETACHED VILLA/NEWS STEPS - DAY** 7A

RHONA in the kitchen of her house - the sort of kitchen you
see in a Conde Nast magazine.

RHONA

John... I'm glad I caught you...
(beat)
I'm sorry you found out from
Sammy... About...

REBUS (O.S.)
(interrupts)
I can't talk at the moment.

CUT TO:

On Rebus, aware of Siobhan's presence -

REBUS (CONT'D)
I'm busy. I don't have time...

RHONA (O.S.)
Well, we need to talk about it,
John, so phone me back.

REBUS
I will...

On Rebus as he ends the call - he won't. Rebus and Siobhan
exit the close and walk off down the Royal Mile.

CUT TO:

7B

INT. DETACHED VILLA, THE GRANGE - DAY

7B

Rhona looks at the phone in her hand - looks up as LOCKIE
enters and joins her -

LOCKIE
I've been thinking...

Rhona waits for him to go on.

LOCKIE (CONT'D)
I'm thinking we should set up a
trust fund for Sammy.

RHONA
A trust fund?

LOCKIE
My father set up trust funds for me
and my brother when we were born.
And, obviously, with our news...
(gestures at Rhona's
stomach)
I'm going to set up a trust fund
for him... And I don't want Sammy
to feel left out.

RHONA
She wouldn't... She won't.

LOCKIE
How do you know?

RHONA
She wouldn't expect anything like that...

LOCKIE
It's about opportunity, isn't it, it would give her freedom in the future, to do what she wants... And if her brother or sister had that, and she didn't, it wouldn't be fair.

On Rhona as she thinks about this -

RHONA
How much are you talking about?

LOCKIE
Well, you know, a million isn't very much anymore, but it's a start...

RHONA
(laughs)
A million pounds, are you kidding?

Lockie misunderstands, thinks her laugh is derisory -

LOCKIE
It would be a lot more when it matured...

On Rhona, a little bit overwhelmed at the prospect -

RHONA
No... I don't know...
(beat)
I would have to talk to her dad about it.

LOCKIE
Did you phone him?

RHONA
Yes. But, he didn't want to talk. He said he was busy...
(beat)
I wish I'd been the one to tell him.

On Rhona, as she thinks -

RHONA (CONT'D)

He won't like a trust fund. He's quite Presbyterian at times. Thinks you have to suffer... And I don't want Sammy growing up not having to work. I want her to have a purpose when she's older...

LOCKIE

She would still have that. You'll instil that in her... This is just about fairness.

CUT TO:

7C EXT. ROYAL MILE, EDINBURGH - DAY

7C

Rebus and Siobhan walk down the Royal Mile into Bell's Close.

CUT TO:

7D EXT. ALCOVE, EDINBURGH - DAY

7D

A gloomy alcove, filled with LARGE BINS. He takes out his phone and switches on the torch, shining it behind the bins -

Illuminating a neatly folded stack of SLEEPING BAGS, BLANKETS, FOLDED CARDBOARD and SEVERAL PLASTIC BAGS.

REBUS

He's squared away this one.

Rebus opens one of the plastic bags and looks in - shows the contents to Siobhan - A CAMOUFLAGE JACKET and other clothes.

SIOBHAN

This could be our guy.

Rebus nods, takes a card with his details from his pocket and tucks it into the jacket, which he folds back into the plastic bag and replaces in the pile.

ANDY (O.S.)

Ho! What the fuck are you doing?

Rebus and Siobhan turn to see ANDY ROLLAND staring at them.

Rebus pulls out his warrant card - Andy looks at it - a beat of recognition -

ANDY (CONT'D)

Rebus?

CUT TO:

8

INT. CAFE, EDINBURGH - DAY

8

Rebus, Siobhan and a wary Andy sit at a table in a cafe.

ANDY

He was a decent guy your brother. I liked him. How's he doing?

REBUS

He's fine... Still a miserable bastard, but that's a family trait.

A flicker of a smile of remembrance from Andy.

REBUS (CONT'D)

How long have you been out?

On Andy, uncomfortable -

ANDY

About six weeks now.

REBUS

I meant the army, not the jail.

On Andy, realising he was too quick to confess -

ANDY

Ah, got you... About three years. I didn't want to leave; I failed a random drugs test. I'm a stupid, ay... I don't think, I just do things... Like the other day... I shouldn't have got involved.

SIOBHAN

Well, you are involved.

Andy sizes up Siobhan, who takes a picture of the CCTV footage - showing Andy confronting Strang and the other attacker - from a file and slides it across the table -

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Did you recognise either of them?

Andy picks up the photo, looks at it, shrugs -

ANDY

No... I just... I saw the lad with the knife, and I think I thought they're going to kill him...

(beat)

So, I just steamed in...

REBUS

Well, you probably did save his life, so it's a good thing you did.

On Andy, looking unconvinced.

SIOBHAN

You don't remember anything... Any details about their appearance?

ANDY

I'm not a grass. I don't want to be involved in giving evidence or anything like that...

REBUS

No-one's talking about any trial at the moment, or anything like that, Andy. If you can just give us any hint as to who they might be, we'll do the rest.

SIOBHAN

You didn't hear them speak? Any names?

ANDY

They never spoke. They looked like they knew what they were doing...

On Andy for a long moment before he points to the figure of Shaun Strang on the photo -

ANDY (CONT'D)

I think that one had a tattoo on his neck.

SIOBHAN

What of?

ANDY

I don't know. Just looked like a tat... It wasn't a birthmark or anything, it was ink.

Rebus looks at Siobhan - he knows something -

REBUS
That's a start.

SIOBHAN
Why did you run away?

On Andy for a long moment -

ANDY
I don't know... I'm just out the
jail, ay... I panicked.

Siobhan looks unconvinced - but Rebus is reassuring -

REBUS
You didn't do anything wrong.

ANDY
Can I go now, then?

REBUS
Where are you going to go?

ANDY
Back to my spot... If I don't,
someone else will nab it.

REBUS
You not got any family around?

ANDY
No, really. My mum's still alive, but
she can't help me, she's got enough
problems of her own.

REBUS
There's services we could put you in
touch with.

ANDY
I'm fine, mate.

REBUS
I could give my brother a shout if you
want?

ANDY
(interrupting)
No, fuck that... He'll think I'm a
fanny for getting in this state.

REBUS
He won't.

ANDY

He would. Your brother had all his
shit in one sock.

Andy stands to leave - Rebus stands, too, pulls out his wallet,
takes out a couple of twenty pound notes, holds them out -

ANDY (CONT'D)

I don't want your money.

REBUS

For your time.

ANDY

(indicates the teacup)
The brew's fine.

On Rebus, watching Andy as he leaves the cafe -

REBUS

Fight for your country, thank you
very much, now piss off and don't
bother us.

SIOBHAN

Is that why you went easy on him?

REBUS

I didn't go easy on him...

SIOBHAN

You were going on about my tribe...
I know who yours are now.

REBUS

It's a fact. The jails are full of
ex-servicemen... And no-one cares.

SIOBHAN

I don't think it's really like that
anymore. There's plenty of
charities, Help For Heroes and all
that. Poppy day lasts longer than
Christmas now... He just doesn't
want to get help, that's his
problem... Male pride.

On Rebus as he looks at Siobhan, not happy. He gets up -

REBUS

I don't have that... You can get
the teas.

SIOBHAN
I'm just saying. You can help
yourself if you want.

Rebus exits the cafe. Siobhan heads for the counter.

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. STREET, FIFE - DAY**

9

Michael, parked outside a house, back door open, sorting
through the packages in the back of his car.

Michael's phone rings - he looks at it - 'JOHN' - he sighs,
ends the call - goes back to searching the packages -

The phone rings again - this time he answers it, irritated -

MICHAEL
What do you want?

CUT TO:

10 **EXT. CAFE, EDINBURGH - DAY**

10

Rebus standing outside the cafe, on his phone -

REBUS
Michael... I know you don't want to
talk to me, but listen, this is
about someone you know. A boy that
was in your battalion, Andrew
Rolland...

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. STREET, FIFE/STREET, EDINBURGH - DAY**

11

Michael nods at the name -

MICHAEL
Aye, I remember Andy... He was a
good lad.

Behind Michael, the HOMEOWNER appears at the front door and
stares at him.

CUT TO:

Rebus, relieved that his brother is engaging -

REBUS

He's homeless now. Begs on the News
Steps in the toon. He's no in any
trouble or anything, he's a witness
in something...

CUT TO:

On Michael, interrupting, full of cynicism -

MICHAEL

Right. You need me to get him to
help you?

Michael turns to see the HOMEOWNER bearing down on him.

CUT TO:

Rebus, shakes his head -

REBUS

Michael... Come on... The boy needs
help. I just thought you could
maybe get through to him because I
doubt anyone else will...

Rebus waits for a response, hears -

HOMEOWNER (O.S.)

I've been waiting in all morning.

CUT TO:

Michael looking at the Homeowner as he holds up a phone -

HOMEOWNER (CONT'D)

The text I got said between nine
and ten... Where's my parcel?

A beat as Michael considers the Homeowner, makes a decision -

MICHAEL

Leave it with me, John.

Michael ends the call and starts to throw all the packages
into the front garden of the house - when he finishes -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There's your parcel, there!

Michael gets in his car and drives away.

CUT TO:

12 **INT. CAR - DAY**

12

Michael drives, scrolling through his contacts - finds the name - NEIL MACKENZIE - the profile photo shows Michael's former comrade smiling, arms around two little girls.

Michael presses the call button, listens until it's answered -

NEIL MACKENZIE (V.O.)

Hello.

MICHAEL

Neil... Michael. How you doing, pal?

NEIL MACKENZIE (V.O.)

I'm a'right, Mick. How's you?

MICHAEL

I'm fine, mate, you know... You see it all...

NEIL MACKENZIE (V.O.)

Tell me about it.

MICHAEL

Listen, what are you up to? I heard a bit of news about a laddie that used to be in your platoon...

CUT TO:

13 **OMITTED**

13

14 **OMITTED**

14

15 **OMITTED**

15

16 **INT. HOSPITAL WARD, EDINBURGH GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY**

16

Rebus and Siobhan walk through the ward to McJagger's room.

Rebus notices the blinds on the window into the room are drawn.

The seat outside the room where the UNIFORMED OFFICER was sitting previously is empty -

Rebus frowns, knocks, opens the door -

CUT TO:

17 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, EDINBURGH GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS 7

On the bed, the heavily bandaged JIMMY MCJAGGER struggles with Jack, leaning over him, a knife in his hand -

JACK CUTS JIMMY MCJAGGER'S THROAT -

On Rebus and Siobhan, frozen in the doorway -

PROPERTY OF ELEVENTH HOUR FILMS

THEN A TORRENT OF BLOOD ERUPTS ACROSS MCJAGGER AND THE BED.

Rebus throws himself at Jack, dragging him away from McJagger.

Siobhan rushes to McJagger's side and tries to stem the flow of blood, which sprays over her -

Jack slams Rebus back against the wall, and turns slashing at him with his knife -

Rebus grabs his knife hand, stopping the blow, punching Jack as they crash to the floor together -

At the bed, another pulse of blood, soaks Siobhan.

Rebus on the floor, hanging on grimly to Jack's arm, fighting to keep the knife away. But Jack is strong -

As the point of the knife gradually descends on Rebus's throat -

A BLOODY ARM WRAPS ITSELF AROUND JACK'S NECK.

Siobhan pulls him back, choking him, allowing Rebus the chance to scramble up and knock the knife from Jack's hand.

Rebus pins him down and handcuffs him - Siobhan clambers to her feet and hits the CRASH BUTTON ALARM on the wall -

Siobhan returns to the bed and McJagger, trying to stem the flow of blood - but the bed is drenched, and his eyes are lifeless.

A UNIFORMED POLICE CONSTABLE enters and freezes in shock -

Followed by several NURSES and DOCTORS rushing into the room.

Siobhan steps back from the bed, looks down at Rebus, panting, holding Jack.

REBUS

Is he okay?

Siobhan, blood-soaked jacket and shirt, shakes her head.

CUT TO:

18

EXT. ADVOCATE'S CLOSE, EDINBURGH - DAY

18

Michael and **NEIL MACKENZIE** - **early 40s, alert to everything around him** - walk up Advocate's Close.

NEIL MACKENZIE

I don't want charity from anyone,
Mick, I don't want a free ride, I
just want to earn money. Proper
money, you know...

MICHAEL

Everybody's in the same boat, Neil.

NEIL MACKENZIE

Well, I'm sick of it.

On Michael as he looks at Neil -

MICHAEL

Do you remember what we always said
to each other, before we left?

On Neil as he and Michael share a look - he nods.

CUT TO:

18A **EXT. ALCOVE, EDINBURGH - DAY**

18A

Michael and Neil walk into the gloomy alcove -

MICHAEL

Here we go...

Ahead, the huddled figure of Andy in his sleeping bag and
blankets - a paper coffee cup on the floor in front of him.

Michael and Neil reach him and pause, looking down at him.

NEIL MACKENZIE

Fuck's sake, Andy... Look at the state
of you.

Andy peers up at him - and freezes - then his emotions get the
better of him - he bursts into tears.

Michael crouches down beside him and puts his arm around him -

MICHAEL

Come on, son. It's alright.

CUT TO:

18B **INT. SHOWER, POLICE STATION - DAY**

18B

On Rebus as he has a shower - blood-tinged water draining into the plug at his feet.

CUT TO:

18C **INT. CUSTODY SUITE, POLICE STATION - DAY**

18C

REBUS POV THROUGH THE OBSERVATION HATCH OF THE CELL: Jack, in a forensic suit, lying on the mattress in the cell, immobile, eyes closed.

Rebus, showered, changed into fresh clothes closes the hatch and crosses to the desk where the CUSTODY SERGEANT sits.

REBUS
How's he been?

CUSTODY SERGEANT
Not a peep out of him.

REBUS
I want someone on the door,
watching him... It's going to hit
him what he's done.

The Custody Sergeant nods -

CUSTODY SERGEANT
Is it right the uniform on the door
at the hospital was at the toilet?

Rebus nods grimly -

REBUS
He'll be a constable forever now.

The Custody Sergeant nods -

CUSTODY SERGEANT
And is it right that young lassie
Clarke had to save you?

On Rebus as he turns to him -

REBUS
News travels fast.

CUSTODY SERGEANT
You ken what this toon's like.

REBUS
It's a village.

CUSTODY SERGEANT
So, is it true?

REBUS
I had it all in hand.

CUT TO:

19 OMITTED 19

20 OMITTED 20

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. MAIN OFFICE/GILL'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY 22

Rebus enters the main room and heads for Gill's office.

As he reaches it, the door flies open, and A SENIOR OFFICER exits Gill's office and heads out of the room.

On Rebus for a beat, watching him - then he enters -
Gill, still smarting from what's been said to her.

REBUS
Not happy...

GILL TEMPLER
No, they're not happy. McJagger's
just been stabbed to death in a
hospital, in broad daylight...

On Rebus, he knows how bad this is -

REBUS
That boy, Jack, he wasn't one of
the people who did the initial
assault. He's too slight.

GILL TEMPLER
It has to be connected.

REBUS
(nods)
He's been put up to it by someone.
(MORE)

REBUS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Has he said anything?

GILL TEMPLER

Just his name. He's in shock
still... He's from Edinburgh, but
he gave an address in Fife...

(looks at her notes)

Sixty-eight, Keir Hardie Gardens.

On Rebus, shocked -

REBUS

Keir Hardie Gardens? My brother's
been staying there...

On Rebus as he remembers Michael's mention of drug dealing -
but he keeps it to himself.

GILL TEMPLER

I'll get in touch with P division
in Fife and get them to check the
address.

Rebus nods, closes the door to the office -

REBUS

Listen, I think I might have a name
for who could be involved here...

(beat)

Darryl Christie.

On Gill as she sits back and considers this -

GILL TEMPLER

And where did you get this
information?

On Rebus as he decides what to say - he goes for truth -

REBUS

Cafferty... I didn't go to him. He
phoned me.

On Gill for a long beat -

GILL TEMPLER

And why do you think he phoned you?

REBUS

The main thing here is stopping
this. We don't want anyone else
getting hurt... Cafferty phoned me.
He told me he had some information.

(MORE)

REBUS (CONT'D)

It would have been remiss of me not to listen...

GILL TEMPLER

We're not here to do what Ger Cafferty wants.

REBUS

We're not, we're solving the case.

(beat)

Christie was in Polmont when he was seventeen for a stabbing... He's got form.

On Gill as something occurs to her -

GILL TEMPLER

There is a link between Cafferty and Christie...

REBUS

Is there?

Gill nods, starts to type on her computer -

GILL TEMPLER

His dad, I think... Christie's dad worked for Cafferty...

(beat)

He committed suicide... A while back. Must have been round about when Darryl went to jail.

REBUS

And we investigated it?

Gill reads the return to her search -

GILL TEMPLER

It's not on the system. Too long ago... I'll get onto records about it.

Gill picks up her phone.

REBUS

I can go and see Christie.

On Gill for a long moment before she nods - Rebus opens the door to leave -

GILL TEMPLER

Don't let Cafferty think you're doing this for him. I mean it.

Rebus turns back and looks at Gill -

REBUS
I'm not doing it for him.

GILL TEMPLER
I'm the one who knows what happened
between you...

On Rebus as he closes the door again.

REBUS
I know what you did for me, Gill.

GILL TEMPLER
I don't have long to go. I have a
pension... A big pension... And
nothing, or no-one, is putting that
at risk... Understand?

On Rebus, as he acknowledges his understanding.

GILL TEMPLER (CONT'D)
I want to retire and drink myself
to death in peace.

REBUS
That's the dream...

On Rebus as he acknowledges this - then he opens the door
again and exits into the main office, closing the door.

Siobhan, also changed into fresh clothes, is there.

REBUS (CONT'D)
Done your statement?

SIOBHAN
(nods)
Yeah...

REBUS
How are you feeling?

SIOBHAN
Fine... Yeah... Good.

REBUS
Thanks... You know... For in the room.

Siobhan, a bit embarrassed, waves him away -

SIOBHAN
Don't be silly.

 REBUS
I slipped.

 SIOBHAN
He had a few years on you.

 REBUS
What are you trying to say like?

A grin from them both.

 REBUS (CONT'D)
I mean it though...

On Siobhan as she nods -

SIOBHAN

You would have done the same for me.

A silence again between them - Rebus decides to confide -

REBUS

Ger Cafferty phoned me up
yesterday... I think the attack on
Jimmy maybe spooked him. He gave me
a name...

(beat)

Darryl Christie.

SIOBHAN

I don't know him.

REBUS

Well I think you and me should go
and say hello to him.

CUT TO:

23

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE, COUNCIL SCHEME - DAY

23

A furious Chrissie, in her work uniform, with a sheepish
MICHAEL JR and LIAM, in their school clothes.

MICHAEL JR

Chicken, aye. Meat and that... But,
I didn't know they put security
tags in noodles now. Noodles!

Chrissie thumps him -

CHRISSIE

You shouldn't have been shoplifting
anything!

LIAM

(trying to be helpful)
They've never done noodles before.

On Chrissie as she turns on him now -

CHRISSIE

You've been doing this before!?

Chrissie looks up to see Michael, Neil and Andy in the
doorway.

MICHAEL

Hey... What's up?

A beat as Chrissie looks at Neil and Andy. She's not saying anything in front of them - and Neil is coming towards her, grinning, arms out -

NEIL MACKENZIE

Chrissie, darling, how you doing?

CHRISSIE

Hi, Neil... Long time no see...

Chrissie gives him a kiss - as she breaks from his hug, Michael indicates Andy -

MICHAEL

This is Andy... He was in Delta Company.

Chrissie looks at Andy, suspiciously, politely smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I just have to get something for Neil from the shed...

Michael and Neil disappear outside - Chrissie looks at Andy, who awkwardly gives her a smile back.

CUT TO:

24

EXT. FRONT GARDEN, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

24

At the door of the shed, Michael shows Neil the thick wad of bills in the open SHOEBOX alongside the plastic wrapped gun -

NEIL MACKENZIE

Where did you get it?

MICHAEL

I'm no going to be a victim, Neil.
We know the army doesn't give a fuck about us once we've left, but there's too many boys can't hack it when they come out...

(beat)

Not me.

Michael hands Neil a couple of hundred pounds from the money -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Get your wee one something.

On Neil as he stares at Michael and nods his thanks -

NEIL MACKENZIE

If there's anything you need me for
pal, just shout.

Michael nods, and takes out a wad of bills which he pockets.

CUT TO:

25 OMITTED 25

26 OMITTED 26

27 INT. BACKSTREET BOXING GYM, LEITH - DAY 27

A backstreet boxing gym. PUNCH BAGS hang from the roof,
POSTERS on the walls advertising boxing and MMA bouts.

In a ring, DARRYL CHRISTIE - 30s, handsome, thinks he's one
step ahead of everyone else - smashing vicious punches and
kicks at the pads A TRAINING PARTNER is holding for him.

He stops and ushers the Trainer away as he sees Shaun Strang
and the Two Heavies enter the gym.

Darryl climbs from the ring and approaches Strang -

DARRYL CHRISTIE

What?

CUT TO:

In a corner of the gym, a vexed Darryl Christie now deep in
hushed conversation with Strang -

SHAUN STRANG

I never expected him to do it...

DARRYL CHRISTIE

Well, what did you fucking take him
there for?

SHAUN STRANG

He said to me he would do
anything... So, I said okay, you
fucking wide-o, get in there and
kill this cunt for us...

(shakes his head)

(MORE)

SHAUN STRANG (CONT'D)
I thought he'd just jump out the
car and fuck off... But he never.

On Strang as he looks at Darryl -

SHAUN STRANG (CONT'D)
It's barry, Darryl. He's pan breed.
(beat)
Which is what you wanted...

On Darryl, this is not what he wanted, not like this -

DARRYL CHRISTIE
And what if the cunt grasses? Once
the shock wears off and he realises
he's going to do life?

SHAUN STRANG
Nothing connects him to you...

On Darryl as he stares at Strang for a beat, then leans in -

DARRYL CHRISTIE
You do.

Darryl's disquiet deepens into a frown as he turns to see
Rebus and Siobhan enter the gym - Strang follows his gaze -

DARRYL CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
(softly, to Strang)
Nash.

Strang nods at Darryl and heads for the door, passing Rebus
and Siobhan as they approach -

They both clock the TATTOO OF A HAND on his neck -

REBUS
I like your tattoo, Shaun... You
don't see many Catholics with the
Red Hand on their neck.

SHAUN STRANG
It's my bairn's hand!

Strang walks away - Rebus and Siobhan share a look -

REBUS
We'll catch up soon.

Strang and the Two Heavies exit - Rebus watches him go -

REBUS (CONT'D)
Mister Christie. I'm Detective
Sergeant Rebus.

DARRYL CHRISTIE
I know who you are.

REBUS
Oh, you do, do you? And how do you
know Strang? Is he one of your MMA
pals? Do you like a grapple with
him in your cage?
(looks around)
Where is your cage, by the way?

On Darryl, not going to rise to any of this -

DARRYL CHRISTIE
Shaun works here.

REBUS
And how did you meet him? In
Polmont?
(to Siobhan)
Darryl did a bit of time when he
was younger for a stabbing...
(waves his hand around)
And now look at all this.

Darryl ignores Rebus and puts out his hand to Siobhan -

DARRYL CHRISTIE
Pleased to meet you...

Siobhan ignores his hand, but holds his look -

SIOBHAN
Detective Constable Siobhan Clarke.

DARRYL CHRISTIE
Pleased to meet you, Siobhan.

REBUS
Did you hear about that business at
the hospital today?

On Darryl as he switches his attention back to Rebus -

DARRYL CHRISTIE
I did. Terrible... You got someone
for it though. I heard on the news?

REBUS
Where have you been today?

DARRYL CHRISTIE

Round about... How?

REBUS

Because I want to know why that young laddie killed McJagger, and I heard it might have something to do with you.

DARRYL CHRISTIE

Me? No...

REBUS

McJagger works for Cafferty.

DARRYL CHRISTIE

(shrugs)

And?

REBUS

Aye... That's a big 'and'...

Rebus steps in close to Darryl -

REBUS (CONT'D)

And... I'm here to tell you, if anything else happens, you're going to be my first port of call.

A long beat as Darryl stares at Rebus -

DARRYL CHRISTIE

And I'll do everything I can to help.

He steps back from Rebus, smiles, looks at Siobhan -

DARRYL CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

I'm always open to helping people.

(looks at Rebus)

Always.

On Rebus as he stares at Darryl -

REBUS

Be careful, Darryl... Be very careful.

Rebus gives Siobhan a nod to leave - as she follows him -

DARRYL CHRISTIE

You have a nice day, Siobhan.

Siobhan looks back - Darryl smiles - she doesn't smile back.

On Darryl as he watches her leaving the gym.

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. REBUS'S FLAT, EDINBURGH - DAY**

28

Rebus walks towards his close - Rhona waits at the entrance -

RHONA

You didn't phone me back, so I came round...

REBUS

No, I was... I forgot. Sorry.

A moment as they stand and look at each other.

REBUS (CONT'D)

You better come up.

CUT TO:

29 **INT. KITCHEN, SIOBHAN'S FLAT, STOCKBRIDGE - DAY**

29

Siobhan enters the kitchen - sitting at the table, her flatmate, **KIRSTEN - 20s, English and very middle class** -

KIRSTEN

Hey! How was your day? Anything exciting happen?

On Siobhan, what does she say -

SIOBHAN

Oh, you know...

Siobhan goes to the fridge, opens it, and takes out a bottle of wine.

CUT TO:

30 **INT. REBUS'S FLAT, ARDEN STREET, EDINBURGH - DAY**

30

Rebus sits in the living room with a concerned Rhona.

RHONA

I wanted to be the one who told you...

REBUS

I'm fine, honestly. It's all good.

RHONA

It wasn't something we'd planned. I mean we'd talked about it, and, you know... But, we weren't expecting it to happen so quick.

REBUS

Same as Sammy.

RHONA

That's not what happened with Sammy.

REBUS

She was conceived on New Year's Eve.

RHONA

New Year's day.

REBUS

Same thing... Scotland's fertility festival.

RHONA

Stop it.

Rhona playfully slaps him, but the contact leads to an awkward silence - which Rebus eventually punctures -

REBUS

I meant what I said when I phoned you... Congratulations. And to Lockie. Tell him that.

On Rhona, smiling her relief.

REBUS (CONT'D)

When are you due?

RHONA

Round about Christmas.

REBUS

A saviour.

On Rhona, unsure what he means - Rebus isn't sure either -

REBUS (CONT'D)

Seriously, though if it's a boy, give him a proper name. Don't call it Crawford or Finlay, any of that Gaelic (gay-lick) shite.

RHONA
Gaelic (ga-lick)...

REBUS
You know what I mean...
(beat)
What does Sammy think?

RHONA
She says she's excited... A little
brother or sister.

REBUS
I didn't mean to drop her in it
when I phoned you.

RHONA
She's very annoyed at you. Says
you're a grass.

REBUS
I'm a copper, I have to grass...

RHONA
I told her that.
(beat)
Have you made up with Michael yet?

REBUS
Not yet.

RHONA
I was thinking I'd like to go and
see them.

REBUS
I don't know...

RHONA
How?

REBUS
I think they might be a wee bit
embarrassed. You know how folk get
when things aren't going so well.

A beat on Rhona, suspicious -

RHONA
You're not trying to keep me away
from them are you?

REBUS

No, I'm not. I think they're
embarrassed. It feels like you're
intruding round there...

RHONA

Well, I can't do any worse than
you've done, can I?

On Rebus, he didn't need reminding of that.

A beat of silence before Rhona's own discomfort with
inequality surfaces -

RHONA (CONT'D)

Lockie was talking about setting up
a trust fund for Sammy today...

REBUS

A trust fund?

RHONA

He's in such a bubble...

REBUS

That's great.

On Rhona, taken aback -

RHONA

It's not great, John.

REBUS

It is... I'd have loved me a trust
fund...

(beat)

Do you not want him to do it?

RHONA

I worry... I worry about what it
might do to her.

REBUS

Tell him I'll take it. How much is
he wanting to give her?

RHONA

I don't know... I just find it all
a bit disorientating, you know...
The ease of it all.

REBUS

Well, I say, fill your boots.

On Rhona as she turns and looks at him, searching for a chink
in his facade -

RHONA

Do you think that, though?

REBUS

I do. I'm happy for you... Really.

(beat)

And listen, remember how I always
said that if you murdered someone
to always phone me first?

Rhona nods, how could she forget -

RHONA
So you can come round and destroy
all the evidence?

REBUS
Aye... Well, that still applies...
In case you have to murder Lockie.

On Rhona, staring at him for a long moment -

RHONA
I thought it was two murders I got?

REBUS
Just the one, now, sorry.

CUT TO:

30A **INT. TENEMENT CLOSE, EDINBURGH - DAY**

30A

Rebus accompanies Rhona to the front door of the block. He opens the door to the street - Rhona pecks him on the cheek -

RHONA
You will go and see Michael.
Please. For Sammy's sake. The boys
are her cousins...

REBUS
Okay, I will.

Rhona smiles at him, then exits into the street, walks away.

On Rebus as he watches her go.

CUT TO:

31 **OMITTED**

31

32 **INT. KITCHEN, SIOBHAN'S FLAT, STOCKBRIDGE - EVENING**

32

Siobhan sitting with Kirsten, the empty bottle of wine between them.

KIRSTEN
I don't know how you do it. It's so
grim and depressing... And
dangerous.

SIOBHAN
(drains her drink)
Badly paid, too...

KIRSTEN
So, why do you do it? I could get
you a job with me...

SIOBHAN
You're beginning to sound like my
parents, Kirsten. Don't do that, I
told you.

Siobhan's phone rings, she picks it up and answers -

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
Hello, Malcolm.

MALCOLM FOX (O.S.)
I heard what happened... Are you
alright?

SIOBHAN
I'm fine.

MALCOLM FOX (O.S.)
I'll come round.

SIOBHAN
No, honestly, Malcolm, I'm totally
fine... I just want to sleep...
I'll see you tomorrow, okay. Bye.

Siobhan ends the call and puts the phone on the table. She
gets up, crosses to the fridge and opens it -

SIOBHAN'S POV: No more booze inside the fridge.

She closes the door, after a beat, she looks at Kirsten -

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
Fancy going out?

CUT TO:

33

EXT. JEFFREY STREET, EDINBURGH - EVENING

33

Rebus walks along the street, pauses, looking over the city.

He pulls out his phone and scrolls through it - 'MAGGIE' - he
dials - the number connects and rings, until -

MAGGIE BLANTYRE
What do you want? I thought you
couldn't do this anymore?

CUT TO:

On Rebus, taken aback -

REBUS
Come on... I didn't mean that...

CUT TO:

On Maggie, not going to fall for his bullshit -

MAGGIE BLANTYRE
No? Then why did you say it?

CUT TO:

On Rebus, flailing for an answer -

REBUS
I was just... I... I don't know...

CUT TO:

On Maggie, she has heard it all before -

MAGGIE BLANTYRE
That's it, you don't know... You
say things... But you don't know
what you want...

CUT TO:

On Rebus, this is the truth - but he tries one last plea -

REBUS
Maggie...

CUT TO:

On Maggie for a beat, torn - then she ends the call.

CUT TO:

Rebus listens to the silence.

REBUS (CONT'D)
Hello?

Rebus realises she has ended the call and pockets the phone -

He stares out at the view for a few more moments, thinking -
Then walks to his car and gets in.

CUT TO:

34

INT. BATHROOM, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - EVENING

34

Andy, towel wrapped round him, Michael scooping his clothes into a BLACK BIN BAG.

MICHAEL

I need you to be straight with me...
I'm not bothered about the bevy, but
are you using anything else?

On Andy as he shakes his head, holding out his arms -

ANDY

No, I swear. I'm clean... I mean I did
a wee bit of gear in the jail, but,
nothing since I got released...

On Michael looking into Andy's eyes for a long moment, nods -

MICHAEL

You're welcome to stay here till we
get something sorted out.

On Andy, almost overcome again -

ANDY

Thank you.

MICHAEL

You don't have to thank me, son. I have a duty of care.

ANDY

Not anymore, you don't.

MICHAEL

Always... We're a family, we look after each other no matter what.

Michael turns on the shower and exits the bathroom.

CUT TO:

35

INT. KITCHEN, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - EVENING

35

Michael sorts Andy's clothes into the washing machine.
Chrissie prepares dinner, violently -

CHRISSIE

We don't have room to swing a cat in here.

MICHAEL

He's no a cat, is he...

On Chrissie, staring at Michael, not the tone to be taking -

CHRISSIE

We can't afford another mouth to feed.

MICHAEL

It might just be for a few days.
We'll manage...

CHRISSIE

I'm sick of managing...

(beat)

And what about the boys?
Shoplifting.

MICHAEL

They were only trying to help...
They're good lads.

CHRISSIE

That doesn't matter if they have a criminal record...

On Chrissie, looking broken by this, shoulders slumped.

MICHAEL

It's okay, Chrissie, come on, I'll deal with it. I promise... Things are going to be better.

CHRISSIE

How are they?

On Michael as he looks at her, makes a decision - he takes the wad of notes out of his pocket, hands it out -

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

What's this?

MICHAEL

We... Me and the lads... We did a bit of work together.

CHRISSIE

What bit of work?

MICHAEL

Just relax... I'll explain everything later.

CHRISSIE

Michael... You need to tell me what's going on?

But he's gone - Chrissie stares at the money in her hand, unease on her face.

CUT TO:

35A

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - EVENING

35A

Michael doles out A COUPLE OF TWENTY POUND NOTES to Michael Jr and Liam.

MICHAEL

That's the end of it, okay. No more choring stuff.

On Michael Jr and Liam, looking at their dad in a new light.

MICHAEL JR/LIAM

Cheers... Thank you...

Michael turns to leave the room, turns back, quickly -

MICHAEL
No vapes.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

36

Rebus on Michael's doorstep. He rings the bell, then stares across at the block of flats.

He turns as Michael opens the door; they face each other.

REBUS
A'right...

MICHAEL
Aye... Fine.
(beat)
Yourself?

REBUS
I'm a'right...
(beat)
Look, about the other day... I
shouldn't have done it... I'm
sorry.

On Michael, impassive, until -

MICHAEL
It was a lucky punch. You took me
unawares...

Rebus catches a glimpse of Chrissie watching inside -

REBUS
Aye, it was lucky, you're right...

Rebus turns and looks across the road again -

REBUS (CONT'D)
That flat you said there was drug
dealing in... Where was that?

A beat, then Michael points over the road.

MICHAEL
Top landing, last one on the
right...

REBUS
Is that number sixty-eight?

MICHAEL
(thinks)
Something like that... How?

REBUS
There was a murder at the General
today... The lad that did it gave
that flat as his address.

On Michael, realising the further consequences of his
actions, he stares across at the address.

REBUS (CONT'D)
Maybe I should listen to you.

MICHAEL
Aye, maybe you should.

Rebus walks off towards the flat. Michael closes the door.

CUT TO:

37 INT. TOILET, BAR, EDINBURGH - NIGHT

37

SIOBHAN'S POV: Staring at herself in the mirror above a sink.

She is clear eyed, stone cold sober, despite what she has
drunk, processing the day.

A thought occurs to her - maybe she enjoyed it.

SIOBHAN
Shit...

CUT TO:

38 INT. BAR, EDINBURGH - NIGHT

38

Siobhan exits the toilet and crosses to the bar. Kirsten is
perched on a seat, swaying with the effects of the drink.

Siobhan sits beside her and indicates her glass -

SIOBHAN
What are you wanting?

KIRSTEN
No... No more... Aren't you drunk?

On Siobhan, for a long beat -

SIOBHAN

I'm fine... I feel great.

KIRSTEN

(shakes her head)

What's wrong with you?

PROPERTY OF ELEVENTH HOUR FILMS

SIOBHAN
(shrugs)
I'm in the polis...

She waves to the BARMAN to serve her.

CUT TO:

39

INT. LIVING ROOM, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

39

Michael watches Rebus on the walkway of the flats. Chrissie stands beside him, looking horrified -

CHRISSIE
It was on the news.

On Chrissie, staring across at the flat -

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
You thought there was something going on over there.

MICHAEL
(nods again)
You never know the half of it.

On Chrissie, that's what she's afraid of - looks at Michael -

CHRISSIE
Where did you get that money?

MICHAEL
I told you, I did a bit of work.
For Neil...
(looks at Chrissie)
It's all good. We can pay our bills now. That's what matters. Nothing else.

Chrissie doesn't look convinced - but Michael surprises her -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
John apologised. For the other day.

CHRISSIE
Well, I don't forgive him.

MICHAEL
You don't have to...

Chrissie looks unconvinced. Michael turns back to the window.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm thinking, I'll speak to him
about the boys... About the
shoplifting. I'm sure he'll be able
to help. Make a call.

CHRISSIE
You think he will?

MICHAEL
(nods)
Of course. We're family.

CUT TO:

40 **EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT**

40

Rebus knocks at the door of the flat - No 68. Silence. He
crouches down and looks through the letterbox.

REBUS POV: The hall of the flat in darkness.

Rebus stands up again and thinks for a moment. He looks
around at the street and the landing - both deserted.

He slides A JEMMY from inside his jacket and starts to work
it slowly into the door jamb.

CUT TO:

41 **INT. HALL, DRUG DEALERS' FLAT - NIGHT**

41

CRACK! The door gives way with a splinter to reveal Rebus on
the threshold.

REBUS
Hello!

Silence. Rebus steps inside.

CUT TO:

42 **INT. LIVING ROOM, DRUG DEALERS' FLAT - NIGHT**

42

Rebus flicks the light on in the living room and enters.

He stands for a moment, looking around, amid the chaos -

A LARGE BLOODSTAIN ON THE COUCH AND CARPET BELOW IT.

CUT TO:

43 INT. BATHROOM, DRUG DEALERS' FLAT - NIGHT

43

Light floods the bathroom.

REBUS POV: Blood dried brown around the sink.

Bloody toilet paper in the bowl of the toilet.

CUT TO:

44 INT. BEDROOM, DRUG DEALERS' FLAT - NIGHT

44

Rebus opens the door to the bedroom. On the bed, Kai, hand wrapped in towels, pale with blood loss, barely conscious.

On Rebus as he stares down at him.

CUT TO:

45 INT. LIVING ROOM, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

45

MICHAEL'S POV: Rebus emerging from the block of flats and carrying Kai to his car.

On Michael, realising what he has done to both Jack and Kai.

Behind Michael, Andy enters the room - Michael closes the curtains and turns to him -

MICHAEL

I suppose with you being in the jail, you know who people are?

ANDY

Well, aye... You kind of have to know who's who...

MICHAEL

You ever heard of someone called Darryl Christie?

ANDY

Aye... He owns a gym.

(beat)

How?

On Michael, steely eyed, determined -

MICHAEL

We'll talk about it in the morning.

CUT TO:

46

INT. REBUS'S CAR - NIGHT

46

Rebus in the driving seat, puts his hand on Kai's arm.

REBUS

It's going to be okay, son...

Rebus starts the car and speeds away.

END OF EPISODE TWO

PROPERTY OF ELEVENTH HOUR FILMS