

1

EXT. ANGELS CLUB. BUDAPEST BACK STREETS - DAY 1 - 0500

1

Empty streets, warehouses, MUSIC from a basement club. Underground nightlife, STRAGGLERS heading home, couple of PEOPLE drinking outside, lights from the club spilling onto the street.

A girl, SOFI, coming out of the basement club, she's early 20s, pretty, drunk. Her BOYFRIEND follows her out, he's distinctive, many earrings, close-cropped hair.

SOFI SMILES at him, they're speaking HUNGARIAN to each other, she KISSES him.

They head along the cobbled street, she pulls off her heels, walking in bare feet. He takes her arm and they disappear round the corner.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. TRAFFIC BRIDGE OVER DANUBE - DAY 1 - 0515

2

A high modern bridge over the Danube, outskirts of Budapest, few cars at this early hour. The COUPLE walking along the sidewalk, arm in arm. They get to the centre of the bridge, the BOYFRIEND stops.

SOFI'S tired, she wants to go home. She looks beyond to the lights of the city.

The MAN taking a key from his pocket, digs it in a wrap, takes some coke, then offers it to her. We see a tattoo on his wrist, a wolf's head.

SOFI is not that keen, she's sleepy. But when he holds it up to her, she takes a snort.

The MAN leans in to KISS her, they're KISSING up against the railing of the bridge. His HAND under her chin, holding her FACE up, KISSING her hungrily.

SOFI LAUGHS, he leans in as if to kiss her again, on her EYES as she's lifted up, her POV from his FACE to SKY...

Sudden confusion on SOFI'S FACE, alarm. A blur of MOVEMENT, and the MAN is standing on the bridge, alone.

He steps forward looking over. A SHADOW falling hard and fast to the steel water far below. A distant thud/splash.

The MAN picks up Sofi's shoes and throws them after her. He takes the drugs from his pocket, chucks them over the edge.

He looks both ways, sticks headphones in his ears, pulls up his hood and walks away along the bridge, MUSIC playing as dawn breaks over Budapest...

The river below. The Danube isn't blue. It's steely and still.

CREDITS

3      EXT. DANUBE - DAY 1 - 0600      3

SLOW FADE UP ON: Through murky water a WOMAN'S FACE, hair floating around it. The WOMAN is moving beneath the water...

CUT AGAINST:

4      EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 1 - 0800      4

ANNA SANDOR early 30s, pretty, alive. She's walking along a busy Budapest street. As she pauses to look at a newsstand, her PHONE rings. She looks at the screen - not a number she recognises - and answers.

ANNA SANDOR  
(Jo napot), Anna Sandor...

And as she listens the look on her face visibly darkens.

BACK TO:

5      EXT. DANUBE - DAY 1 - 0630      5

The WOMAN'S FACE, drifting faster through the water now, closer to CAMERA. Her face is blank and lifeless.

BACK TO:

6      EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 1 - 0830      6

ANNA SANDOR. She steps off a tram, grim faced, walking fast across the street, the RIVER beyond...

BACK TO:

7      EXT. DANUBE - DAY 1 - 0700      7

THE WOMAN'S FACE. As it breaks the surface of the water we recognise SOFI, the GIRL we saw thrown from the bridge...

BACK TO:

8

EXT. PATH BY THE DANUBE - DAY 1 - 0835

8

ANNA'S FACE as she runs along the riverside towpath, ahead we see a couple of uniformed CITY COPS, a POLICE BOAT moored by the bank.

On ANNA as she slows, her FACE as she glimpses a BODY on plastic sheeting beyond.

ANNA trying to contain her emotion as she approaches the COPS, showing them her business card. The left hand side of the card is in Hungarian, the right in English: ANNA SANDOR, LAWYER, JLD, CENTRE FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The COP holds up a sodden ID card in a plastic evidence bag. ANNA looks at it: SOFI MUSTAFOVA. She nods, moved.

TWO GUYS turning SOFI'S BODY like yesterday's catch. ANNA wincing at their treatment of her.

All the MEN watching as ANNA walks up to the BODY, crouching down.

A swell in Sofi's belly. ANNA'S FACE. Sofi was pregnant.

ANNA comforting the DEAD GIRL as she strokes the hair from the face. SOFI'S EYES staring blankly up.

CUT TO:

9

SCENE CUT

9

10

INT. NIKKI AND HARRY'S OFFICE. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 2 - 0900

SOFI'S PHOTOGRAPH on Nikki's computer screen. NIKKI at her desk looking at it. Beyond, HARRY is hurrying around the office, putting things in his bag, looking for his passport.

HARRY looks in his drawer again, a little more desperate.

NIKKI

(not even looking up)

Grey jacket, back of the door. You wore it to Amsterdam.

HARRY

(retrieving his passport)

How do you do that?

NIKKI

I put it down to the absence of a Y chromosome.

(sighs)

Harry, I haven't had a week off since Christmas. What about Leo?

(off Harry's look)

(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Oh yes, he covered for you last time.

HARRY

I'll bring you back a present.

NIKKI

Like the bottle of Advocaat you brought Leo back from the Amsterdam conference?

HARRY

No. I'll bring you back a Hungarian delicacy like... what do they have in Hungary?

NIKKI

Goulash. And pretty lawyers.

HARRY

It's work.

NIKKI

And you love your work.

HARRY

Look, it's an independent postmortem, I'll be 48 hours.

NIKKI

In and out?

(off his look)

What's the matter, have you shagged everyone in London?

HARRY

Not quite.

NIKKI SMILES.

NIKKI

I think you like this one. Eva.

HARRY

Anna. I've only spent a couple of weekends with her, Nikki.

(off her look)

Okay, I like her. But I love you. You're giving up your precious weekend so that I can...

NIKKI looks at him. So you can what?

HARRY (CONT'D)

...I was going to say fight for women's rights in Budapest. You're awfully cynical Nikki.

He hands her a stack of FILES.

HARRY (CONT'D)

An octogenarian cardiac, a  
suspected arson in Peckham and an  
industrial accident in Acton.

NIKKI

Wait.

(off his look)

I can't let you go out there. Not  
like this.

HARRY looks at her, confused. NIKKI is writing something down  
on a scrap of paper. She hands it to HARRY. A name: SIMON, a  
mobile number. HARRY looks at it, concerned.

HARRY

Simon? Who's Simon?

NIKKI

You're not as young as you think  
you are Harry Cunningham. Simon's  
my hairdresser. He'll take ten  
years off you.

HARRY'S FACE.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. BUDAPEST AIRPORT - DAY 2 - 1200

11

HARRY exiting the arrivals hall at Budapest airport. Blinking  
in the sunlight. Unconsciously he runs his hand through where  
his flowing hair used to be, it's now cut short. He sees the  
sign marked TAXI...

CUT TO:

A MAN, early 40s, getting out of a car in the No-Stopping  
zone outside Budapest airport. It's clear he's late,  
flustered, an AIRPORT POLICEMAN approaching him.

Then the COP sees the diplomatic plates on the car.

The MAN speaks in Hungarian to the POLICEMAN, holding up two  
fingers, he'll be two minutes...

MCBURNEY ducks into the backseat of his CAR, emerging with a  
18 month old toddler in his arms.

MCBURNEY rushes off, carrying the child, towards the sliding  
doors but as he does so, he spots HARRY heading towards the  
taxi rank.

MCBURNEY

Dr Cunningham!

HARRY turns, surprised. MCBURNEY hurrying up to him, puts out a hand.

MCBURNEY (CONT'D)  
Duncan McBurney. First Secretary at  
the Embassy.  
(beat)  
British Embassy. Welcome to  
Hungary.

HARRY  
Thank you.

But HARRY turns away from him towards the taxi rank. MCBURNEY following him.

MCBURNEY  
You weren't expecting me. The City  
Police notified us. The BRFK don't  
much like being second guessed.

HARRY  
I'm here in a private capacity to  
carry out an independent  
postmortem.

MCBURNEY  
And I'm here in an official  
capacity to unofficially offer you  
a ride into town.  
(off Harry's smile)  
First thing you learn as a  
diplomat. Airport cabs will rob you  
blind. That's a universal truth  
from Zurich to Addis Ababa.

MCBURNEY gestures to his CAR. The CHILD gurgles. HARRY smiles.

HARRY  
Which one of you is driving?

MCBURNEY smiles, they walk towards the car.

CUT TO:

12     EXT. DANUBE CENTRAL BUDAPEST/INT. MCBURNEY'S CAR - DAY 2 - 12  
       1215

MCBURNEY'S CAR driving along the banks of the Danube.  
HECTOR in his deluxe car seat in the back. MOBILES and TOYS  
and CHILD'S BISCUITS.

HARRY  
A dead Roma prostitute. What's the  
embassy's interest?

MCBURNEY

The British embassy's interest Dr Cunningham is always the same. A quiet life. Post-colonial guilt really, we try not to over-rule the natives.

HARRY grimaces, extracts a TEETHING TOY from his seat.

MCBURNEY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Hector's our first child. My wife cleaned out Mamas and Papas on our last trip home. He's got a more expensive wardrobe than I do.

HARRY

(smiles)

So, officially, an unofficial warning? Tread lightly.

MCBURNEY

It's always delicate. Democracy made its first appearance here in 1989, prostitution was legalised in '93, and Romanians have had free entry since 2007. All three are tolerated. None are encouraged. The lawyer who's acting for the deceased young lady likes to yell about all three. Anna Sandor...

(glances at Harry)

She's quite something isn't she?

HARRY

I've only met her twice. I've found her to be professional and committed...

MCBURNEY

And passionate. She's not afraid to speak her mind. In words of one syllable. I like her. They don't.

HARRY

Her father's a doctor isn't he? Neurosurgeon.

MCBURNEY

Istvan Sandor, he's one of the few guys who managed to emerge from the Soviet era unscathed. Best Health Minister they never had. I presume that's how she persuaded them to let you come and check their homework. He's the President of the hospital.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. BUDAPEST HOSPITAL - DAY 2 - 1230

13

MCBURNEY'S CAR pulling up outside a brutalist hulk of a building, rows and rows of windows, the huge city hospital.

HARRY getting out. MCBURNEY hands him a business card.

MCBURNEY

Office on the front, home on the back. Anytime. Euro qualifiers tonight, crowd of us gather at Molly Malones if you're interested.

HARRY

Yes, I came to Budapest to hang out with Brits in an Irish bar watching football.

MCBURNEY

The second rule of the diplomatic service Dr Cunningham. Don't get sucked in. You're in Europe but you're a long way from home. They do things differently here.

MCBURNEY drives off.

HARRY looking up at the huge Soviet-era hospital building. His PHONE RINGS. He answers.

HARRY

Jo napot. Hogy vagy?

ANNA SANDOR (V.O.)

Nagyon jól kos zonet es Onnek.

HARRY

Mmmm... Boldog születésnapot.

ANNA SANDOR (V.O.)

It's not my birthday.

HARRY

That's a shame. That's the only other Magyar phrase they had in the Easyjet city guide. Where are you?

ANNA SANDOR (V.O.)

Right behind you.

HARRY turns. He can't see her.

ANNA SANDOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Across the road, in the park.

CUT TO:



14      EXT. SMALL CITY PARK - DAY 2 - 1232

14

HARRY entering the park, still on the phone.

HARRY  
You know this is costing me 58  
pence a minute.

ANNA SANDOR (V.O.)  
Aren't I worth it?

He sees her now, beyond on a park bench.

ANNA SANDOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm the one sitting by the fountain  
with the Herald Tribune under my  
arm.

HARRY  
The slinky one with the suspicious  
look in her eye.

ANNA SANDOR (V.O.)  
(laughs)  
That's me.

HARRY walking towards her.

HARRY  
We could probably hang up now.

ANNA SANDOR  
But we get on so well on the phone,  
I worked out 85% of our time  
together has been telephonic. I'd  
hate to spoil it now.

HARRY standing in front of her now. He hangs up.

HARRY  
83%. According to my last month's  
statement.

She SMILES. ANNA and HARRY looking at each other.

CUT TO:

15      INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE HALL/STAIRCASE - DAY 2 - 1240

15

HARRY and ANNA walking through the entrance hall of the  
hospital, a vast Soviet era stained glass wall bathing them  
in coloured light.

ANNA SANDOR  
Sofi Mustafova was meant to meet  
her social worker on Thursday. She  
didn't show up.  
(MORE)

ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)

She always showed up. They're saying suicide, they always say suicide...

HARRY

Maybe they're right this time. You said she was anxious...

ANNA SANDOR

They were making her have unprotected sex with the clients. It pays them double. She was afraid, Sofi wasn't your smack-addict hooker, she was a professional, she had dreams of going back home with a brand new Mercedes. She got pregnant.

HARRY

Might that be a reason she'd have killed herself?

ANNA SANDOR

I don't think so. But it could be why they'd have killed her. Maybe she refused an abortion... Sofi knew her mind, she thought she was in control.

They get to a staircase. A SIGN downwards: HULLAHAZ/MORTUARY. They walk down...

ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)

Why is the morgue always in the basement?

HARRY

It's never going to be the shop window. You don't want to pass that on your way to see granny.

ANNA SANDOR

I always thought it should be on the top floor. Closer to God.

HARRY

I thought you were an atheist?

ANNA SANDOR

I lapse occasionally.

HARRY watching her go.

CUT TO:

16

INT. RECEPTION. MORTUARY - DAY 2 - 1255

16

HARRY sitting in the reception area of the mortuary. ANNA pacing looking at her watch, annoyed.

HARRY

Here, have one of these, it'll calm you down.

ANNA SANDOR

What is it, valium?

HARRY

A Murray Mint. The English drug of choice. Minimal after effects, though they can prove highly addictive.

ANNA SMILES. The PATHOLOGIST, DR KERTESZ enters from the mortuary. It's dark and unlit.

DR KERTESZ

Dr Cunningham. It's a pleasure to meet you.

ANNA SANDOR

(annoyed, to Kertesz)

Dr Cunningham's very expensive you know. And I'm paying him by the hour.

DR KERTESZ

Of course. Here's my postmortem report, let me know if you require clarification on any matter.

HARRY

I'd prefer not to prejudice my own findings one way or another. Is the scrub area through here, I'd like to get started...

DR KERTESZ

I'm afraid you won't be able to do that.

ANNA SANDOR

(getting angry)

I have permission from the Ministry for a second postmortem. Dr Cunningham's credentials have been approved.

DR KERTESZ

You don't understand. You won't be able to do one.

ANNA SANDOR

What possible reason do you have to refuse?

DR KERTESZ

I'm not refusing, I'm just stating a fact. You won't be able to do a postmortem because there is no body. She was cremated earlier this morning. We only received documentation of your request an hour ago.

(hands her an envelope)

These are her possessions, the police didn't know where else to send them.

ANNA is furious, she starts speaking in Hungarian, berating him. HARRY uncomfortable, puts his hand on her arm to calm her down, she shakes him off, still SHOUTING at the pathologist.

DR KERTESZ (CONT'D)

It's standard procedure, we have limited storage space available to us, you understand Dr Cunningham.

HARRY flicking through Postmortem report, a page marked TOXIKOLOGIA.

HARRY

You sent off for toxicology...

DR KERTESZ

Of course. I'm expecting the results back later today. We established that Miss Mustafova was indeed pregnant towards the end of her first trimester. We took full bloods, samples of foetal tissue... I saw no bruising or defensive wounds, no evidence of any injuries suggesting a struggle. No suspicious circumstances.

ANNA starts SHOUTING at him once more, HARRY cutting in.

HARRY

Thank you very much doctor.

HARRY shakes Kertesz's hand and pulls ANNA away.

CUT TO:

HARRY and an angry ANNA walking down the corridor.

ANNA SANDOR

What are you doing? I was talking to him...

HARRY

I'm a good pathologist but I can't perform a postmortem on ashes.

ANNA SANDOR

It's not the first time I've had to deal with their bullshit. Police and doctors. Half of them can't be bothered. The other half are lining their pockets...

HARRY

Hang on, I'm a doctor, remember?

ANNA SANDOR

In England. Doctors here make 10,000 Euros a year. Police even less. The smart ones take bribes, the stupid ones starve.

HARRY

And the honest ones?

ANNA SANDOR

That's him there. The idiot.

HARRY follows her gaze. On the wall a framed PHOTO, an imposing man in his 60s. The caption: PROFESSOR ISTVAN SANDOR.

ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)

Or daddy as he prefers to be known.

HARRY SMILES, looking at the PHOTO. Then he turns to head up the staircase.

ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

HARRY

Laboratorium!

ANNA SANDOR

You're almost fluent.

HARRY

Come on. And no shouting.

CUT TO:

18

EXT. AMPHITHEATRE - DAY 2 - 1320

18

HARRY and ANNA heading from the street outside the hospital across a walkway. She's got a document in her hand.

HARRY

You see you can be charming when  
you want to be.

ANNA SANDOR

Perhaps. But not many people make  
me want to be.

They sit down on the seats of the amphitheatre. HARRY  
looking through the lab report.

HARRY

There was cocaine in her blood.

ANNA SANDOR

Sofi wasn't a regular user. She  
hated drug addicts. Her friend  
Marina was on junk. Sofi stopped  
seeing her.

HARRY

I could retest those samples, see  
if the cocaine usage was long-term,  
sustained.

(beat)

Hang on. Did you know about this?

ANNA SANDOR

What?

(looks at the report)

No... It can't be.

HARRY

She was HIV positive.

(Anna shaking her head)

You did say she was having  
unprotected sex...

ANNA SANDOR

No. Her pimp got her tested every  
two months, I've got the report,  
she was clean three months ago...

HARRY

She could have already been  
infected. Incubation period can be  
up to six months.

ANNA SANDOR

They'll use this as evidence of  
suicide. Pregnant. HIV positive.  
Maybe they're right.

(looks at him)

(MORE)

ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)

Then again, they couldn't sell her  
any more. So they threw her away.  
Like dumping their garbage.

CUT TO:

19

INT. ANNA'S OFFICE - DAY 2 - 1400

19

ANNA at a filing cabinet putting the ENVELOPE with Sofi's  
possessions in the drawer. She hands HARRY a sheet of  
paper.

ANNA SANDOR

That's it. Sofi's medical report,  
it's dated three months ago last  
Friday.

HARRY looking at the document.

HARRY

This isn't just an HIV test, this  
is a full STI screen...

(looking through)

A full blood count, ECG, chest  
scans, height, weight...

ANNA SANDOR

I know. I showed it to my father,  
he said a medical report like this  
would have cost them a couple of  
hundred Euros.

(off his look)

This is a business. They're  
professional about it. They like to  
know their livestock's in good  
condition.

HARRY following ANNA through the office. A few LAWYERS at  
desks, one chatting to a YOUNG MOTHER in a headscarf with a  
TODDLER. At another, an OLDER PROSTITUTE, a LAWYER running  
her through a document.

HARRY

Who are 'they'? Who runs the girls  
in this city?

ANNA SANDOR

Anyone with the means and the  
muscle. It used be the Russians,  
Ukrainians, now the Kosovans and  
Albanians have joined in. This  
place has always been the  
crossroads. Now we're the gateway  
to the EU, everything comes through  
here, drugs, contraband, women. Any  
fast moving consumer durable.

(MORE)

ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)

80% of the drugs entering Europe  
were coming in from Turkey in the  
back of television sets...

HARRY

Were? What the police caught on?

ANNA SANDOR

No. Flatscreen technology. You  
can't fit much in the back of a TV  
these days.

HARRY smiles. ANNA'S COLLEAGUES eyeing him and ANNA,  
intrigued.

ANNA stops at her desk, checking her messages. HARRY  
looking at the noticeboard. PHOTOS of GIRLS, different  
ages, different nationalities.

HARRY

So the girls are trafficked?

ANNA SANDOR

Define trafficked. They're sold a  
thousand Euro a day dream, now they  
just want to get out.

HARRY looking at one of the PHOTOS. A YOUNG GIRL,  
vulnerable, timid.

HARRY

Christ, she's young.

ANNA SANDOR

Agnes Dedej. 15, Albanian. She came  
to me a year ago. She wanted to see  
the world, or at least get away  
from her parents. Her boyfriend  
said he could bring her to the  
EU...

MERGE INTO: A YEAR AGO. AGNES sitting at Anna's desk,  
chewing bubble gum. She reaches in her Hello Kitty backpack  
for her passport, CONDOMS falling on the floor.

ANNA SANDOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Only when she gets here, the  
boyfriend's dust and she finds she  
owes 15,000 euros to someone she's  
never met. And now she has to work  
to pay them.

AGNES choking back tears. She's young, trying to be brave.

BACK TO: HARRY and ANNA in the office. The PHOTO of AGNES  
on the board.



ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)

I hadn't seen her in months then she called me at the office, she was upset, she wanted to meet me yesterday at Nepliget bus station. I waited all afternoon. I've given the police her picture but...

HARRY looking at AGNES, so young, vulnerable.

ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)

So now I'm waiting for a postcard. Or a postmortem.

ANNA takes out a newspaper clipping. It's in Hungarian but the picture is clear. A CHARRED CORPSE. Below it the words 'LO ES EGET'.

ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)

This was one of my colleague's clients. All she wanted was to go home. 'Lo es eget', shot and burned. They shoot them through the face then burn what's left. Kill one troublemaker and the others know to be scared.

HARRY

What about you, Trouble? Do you know when to be scared?

ANNA SANDOR

If I was getting anywhere, doing any good, I'd be scared.

(off Harry's smile)

I think there's something worth fighting for here.

HARRY

And you like a fight don't you?

ANNA SMILES.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. COURTYARD. RUINED BAR - DAY 2 - 1500

20

Tables in a courtyard of a 'ruined' bar. Saturday afternoon buzz. HARRY and ANNA at a table, drink, LAUGHTER. HARRY a little bit merry, ANNA sipping at her glass. HARRY looking at the menu.

HARRY

Where's the goulash? I wanted goulash. I can have polenta at home.

ANNA LAUGHING at him. Then she sees SOMEONE, her smile fades.

ANNA SANDOR  
We've got a problem.

HARRY  
(worried)  
What is it?

ANNA SANDOR  
You know what I love about this place? Everyone, anyone comes here. You know what I hate about it? That includes my father.

HARRY looks up. The MAN from the PHOTO in the hospital. The imposing FIGURE of ISTVAN SANDOR coming towards them.

HARRY  
Christ. How do I look?

ANNA SANDOR  
Like a foreigner who's slept with his only child.

ISTVAN sits down beside them, takes Anna's beer and drinks, speaking HUNGARIAN to ANNA.

ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)  
English dad. This is Harry Cunningham. A very important doctor from London.

HARRY  
(puts out his hand)  
Pleased to meet you sir.

ISTVAN SANDOR  
Are you gay?  
(off Harry's look)  
Every Englishman I ever met was gay.

HARRY  
Maybe I just never met the right boy, but I don't think I'm gay.

ISTVAN SANDOR  
(pointed)  
That's a shame.

ANNA shaking her head. ISTVAN turns to her.

ISTVAN SANDOR (CONT'D)  
I believe you've been using my name in vain. The lab called me.  
(MORE)

ISTVAN SANDOR (CONT'D)

Said I'd ordered some results on a dead Romanian woman. One of yours I presume?

ANNA SANDOR

There's got to be some advantage to the name.

(to Harry)

You know when I was six I needed a kidney transplant...

ISTVAN SANDOR

Here we go.

ANNA SANDOR

...But Saint Istvan here wouldn't let me jump the queue like the other sick little girls with important daddies. So then they ask him if he'd give me one of his kidneys...

ISTVAN SANDOR

So what, I'm quite attached to my kidneys. I gave life to her once, it was a great pleasure. But once is enough don't you think?

(leans back)

It was a little more complicated, but Anna likes the story that way. It conforms to her image of the aloof father Professor.

ANNA SANDOR

He professes to be my father.

ISTVAN SANDOR

That's not true. Most of the time I do my best to deny it.

(turns to Harry)

Now, Dr Cunningham, let's get you a proper drink and you can tell me why you prefer your patients dead.

HARRY

It's the Hippocratic Oath - First do no harm.

ISTVAN LAUGHS, ANNA watching the two men getting on a bit too well for her liking...

ANNA SANDOR

That's a shame. I was hoping you'd hate each other.

ISTVAN SANDOR  
He's screwing my only daughter.  
Could I hate him more?

CUT TO:

21      EXT. TRAM STOP. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 2 - 1700      21

A YELLOW TRAM pulling up at a stop. ANNA and HARRY get off.

HARRY and ANNA walking along the street, HARRY a little drunk. As they walk, their hands brush, a SMILE between them.

ANNA SANDOR  
When is your flight home?

HARRY  
Day after tomorrow, Monday morning.  
But I can move it up if you like,  
if you're busy. I can retest the  
samples back in England.

ANNA SANDOR  
If you want to go...

HARRY  
Why would I want to go?

ANNA smiles.

CUT TO:

22      EXT. COURTYARD. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 2 - 1730      22

ANNA and HARRY exiting the stairs of her apartment building, Harry's bag over his shoulder. They walk along the 3rd floor walkway, SOUNDS of TV from other apartments, a BABY CRYING, a PARROT SQUAWKING. Late afternoon.

A comfortable silence between them. ANNA unlocks her door, 3 locks...

CUT TO:

23      INT. ANNA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 2 - 1735      23

HARRY looking around Anna's apartment. A large flat, curated clutter, mid-century furniture. Books, files, music. SOUND of ANNA in the kitchen, fridge opening, clink of bottles. She returns with a couple of bottles of beer, takes a blanket from the sofa.

She passes HARRY, he follows her to the covered balcony.

CUT TO:

24      INT. STAIRWELL. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 2 - 1736      24

HARRY following ANNA up a spiral staircase. Afternoon sun spilling through the window.

CUT TO:

25      EXT. ROOFTOP. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 2 - 1738      25

JUMP CUTS: HARRY and ANNA stepping out onto the rooftop, a few plants in pots, table, couple of chairs, rusty sun-loungers. The sleepy HUM of the weekend city beyond. The SUN lower, dappled...

She hands him a beer, he pulls her close and KISSES her.

ANNA spreads out the blanket on the concrete, he's unbuttoning her shirt, her EYES closed as they start to make love.

HARRY looking at her, the hollow of her neck, her long fingers, the SOUND of her breathing, her chest rising and falling...

And her FINGERS are in his hair, he looks up, she's staring right at him.

ANNA SANDOR

Your hair. What have they done to  
your beautiful hair?

He LAUGHS, she's KISSING him, it's intense now, HARRY'S FACE buried in her neck, her body wrapped around his...

CUT TO:

LATER. HARRY lying on the blanket, her head on his chest.

HARRY

So this is the famous roof terrace.

A SOUND of BELLS CHIMING outside. ANNA LAUGHS.

HARRY (CONT'D)

And those damn bells. When I called  
you I thought you lived in a  
convent.

ANNA LAUGHING. HARRY stroking her hair.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You had something you wanted to  
talk to me about.

ANNA SANDOR

Did I?

HARRY

Is it another case?

ANNA SANDOR

No.

(beat)

It was about me.

HARRY

(teasing)

You mean there's things I don't know about you?

ANNA SANDOR

Probably.

(beat)

Maybe not.

HARRY

(mock serious)

Listen Anna, I know everything there is to know about women.

(off her look)

I know that...

He picks up the pen from the file, draws a line on her belly.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I know that your liver is here, your kidneys -

(seeing her scar)

- whoever you stole them from - are here...

(she laughs as he draws)

Your lungs are here. Your pancreas starts here. And your heart...

HARRY draws a huge circle on her chest. ANNA looking at him.

ANNA SANDOR

Life makes you laugh doesn't it?

(off his look)

What do you want? If it's just a good time in a different time zone I can understand that...

HARRY

Would you prefer that?

ANNA SANDOR

I'm asking you a question. If you don't want to answer it...

HARRY

What do I want? We barely know each other. I live in London, you live here.

ANNA SANDOR

Will you always live in London? Do you prefer to be alone?

HARRY

Where's all this coming from? Are you asking me what I want or are you telling me what you want?

ANNA SANDOR

I suppose I was wondering if there's any coalition between them.

HARRY

Coalition? Is this a political pact?

ANNA SANDOR

(anger)

You want to laugh at my English because the conversation's too much? Grow up Harry.

ANNA starts to gather stuff up, putting it on the table.

HARRY

What's going on here? Is this is an argument? Because I really don't want to have an argument with you and if we are going to have an argument I'd sort of like to know what it's about.

ANNA SANDOR

I asked you what you want. You're not a child, I'm not a child... We can both be serious in our work, why not in our lives? That's serious too, isn't it?

HARRY

I don't know. Maybe. I don't know yet. Do you?

(off her look)

So why ask me?

ANNA pulls the blanket from the table, sending a beer bottle smashing to the ground.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Anna!

But she's already halfway down the steps...

HARRY standing there, wondering what just happened.

He bends down picking up pieces of the bottle.

He picks up another unopened bottle of beer. He looks around for a beer opener, then puts it against his teeth, then WINCES.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ow.

His CROWN has come out again. HARRY pushes it back into place. He looks at the beer. It's open now. He shrugs.

JUMP CUT TO:

HARRY looking out over the city, drinking. The SUN, lower now, sound of MUSIC, POLICE SIRENS distant.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What am I doing?

JUMP CUT TO:

HARRY standing there. He SIGHS. He knows why he's here.

HARRY puts his shoes back on, takes his shirt, we follow him as he starts down the fire escape...

CUT TO:

26

INT. ANNA'S LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - DAY 2 - 1820

26

On Harry's back as he comes from the balcony into the apartment. He can't see Anna. But he can hear the TELEVISION on LOUD.

But the living room is empty. The FAN on, HARRY puts his shirt on, walks towards the bedroom.

ANNA is lying in bed turned away from the door, the shutters across the window, it's dark, shafts of light coming through.

HARRY

Look Anna, I'm sorry...

(off her silence)

Anna...

HARRY walks round the bed, crouching down beside her. Her EYES are open, staring right at him. He reaches out for her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Anna, listen...



HARRY flicks on the light. And stops. ANNA staring right at him. Her EYES glassy. The white bed sheet wet and soaked red with blood. HARRY pulling away the sheet.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Christ, Anna...

Then he looks at her body, blood everywhere, trying to find the wounds, feeling for a pulse, blood on his shirt.

HARRY looks down, a KITCHEN KNIFE on the floor. It's covered in blood. HARRY staring at it.

A NOISE from the bathroom. HARRY looks up. Standing in the en-suite doorway is a MAN.

HARRY standing there. The MAN steps towards him, instinctively HARRY grabs the knife. The MAN stops. He's staring at HARRY.

The MAN is late 20s, wiry, he looks dangerous. If he had blood on him he's washed it off. He's wearing latex gloves.

HARRY staring at him. A wary stand-off. Sweat on the back of the man's neck.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
What have you done to her?

The MAN watching him, he doesn't seem to understand, just focused on the knife in Harry's hand. HARRY between him and the door.

The MAN steps towards the door. HARRY blocking him. HARRY seeing a TATTOO under the man's glove and up his arm. A wolf's head.

HARRY with the knife in front of him.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Tell me who you are. Why?

The MAN stepping towards him, HARRY'S FACE, his anger, but the MAN keeps coming. HARRY lashes out, the KNIFE catching the man's left ARM, a deep cut, the GUY still coming towards him, HARRY lashing out again, another cut to the man's torso.

The MAN steps back, still SILENT, looking at the blood spreading through the cut on his arm, on his side.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Just stay there. Stay there. Don't move.

The MAN slumps down against the wall, taking a towel, tying it round his arm, his hand pressing to the wound on his side, he looks pale, blood seeping.

HARRY stepping to the living room door, still watching the man. He reaches for Anna's home PHONE, a number on the centre, 112. He dials, speaking fast.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Police. Ambulance. Hello? Do you  
speak English...

HARRY'S FACE, sweat, he's almost hyperventilating, looking through to the bedsheets soaked in Anna's blood, her BODY lying there.

Behind him a SHAPE, the MAN standing. HARRY swings round, the MAN on his feet, coming towards him.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Stop. Don't move.

But the MAN doesn't stop, HARRY raising the KNIFE, but the MAN leads with the towel round his arm, his other hand grabbing the PHONE, elbow following through slamming HARRY in the neck, yanking the PHONE from the wall, smashing it down on the side of Harry's head.

HARRY staggering backwards, but he's still got the KNIFE, holding it out towards the MAN.

The MAN goes towards the door, HARRY launches at him, barrelling the MAN into the wall, smashing against a lamp, the MAN slipping, falling back into a hanging rail of clothes, reaching out for support, grabbing at HARRY...

The two MEN grappling, falling through the hanging rail, pulling down Anna's long dresses and coats, HARRY tripping on the shoes.

As HARRY falls, the KNIFE slips from his hand, the MAN bringing his elbow down into Harry's solar plexus, again and again. And finally right into HARRY'S FACE...

HARRY stunned, disorientated... the MAN heading out of the front door...

HARRY looking up through the dresses, the light from the hallway through the colours of the material.

He sees the KNIFE by the shoes, grabs it, stumbling unsteadily to his feet, trying to get to the door of the apartment but there's a side table in front of it.

HARRY moving the debris, opening the door, running from the apartment...

CUT TO:

27     EXT. UPPER FLOOR WALKWAY. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 27-1825

HARRY exiting Anna's flat, running along the exterior walkway, blood running from a cut on his head. He can see a SILHOUETTE running down the stairs through the frosted window of the stairwell...

CUT TO:

28     INT. STAIRWELL. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 2 - 1826     28

HARRY tearing down the stairs, two at a time. ANNA'S KILLER three flights below.

HARRY  
Help! Stop him!

As HARRY runs down the stairs we start to hear concerned VOICES, SHOUTS above him...

CUT TO:

29     EXT. COURTYARD. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 2 - 1827     29

ANNA'S KILLER running across the courtyard and through the doors to the street beyond.

CUT TO:

30     EXT. COURTYARD. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 2 - 1828     30

HARRY coming down the last flight of stairs and through the doors into the courtyard where PEOPLE have started to gather.

HARRY  
Where is he? Did you see him? He  
killed her.

HARRY looking towards the door to the street, there's no sign of him. He turns back. They're staring at him.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
He killed Anna, Anna Sandor...  
Ambulance. Ambulanzia. Police...

A GUY on the 3rd floor walkway, pointing in to Anna's apartment, SHOUTING in Hungarian, the FACES staring at HARRY.

HARRY looks down at his shirt. It's covered in blood. In his hand, the KITCHEN KNIFE. He puts it on the ground waving at them.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Don't touch it. Police. Police.

HARRY looking to the door to the street, but a NEIGHBOUR grabs him. HARRY pulling away. Another WOMAN on her MOBILE calling the police.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Yes, police, police...

But the WOMAN is pointing at him, PEOPLE coming down from upstairs. The NEIGHBOUR goes to grab him again, HARRY pushing him back. There's a CROWD growing now, a COUPLE of GUYS stepping towards him, one has an ice hockey stick, he points at HARRY, SHOUTING at the others in Hungarian...

HARRY backing away, trying to explain but they don't understand.

The CROWD getting angrier, the GUY with the hockey stick goes for him and as SOMEONE enters the door from the street, HARRY turns, pushes past and exits the apartment building, running...

CUT TO:

31     EXT. STREET NEAR ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 2 - 1830     31

HARRY running down a long street near Anna's building, he's no idea where he is, what he's doing, he can hear VOICES SHOUTING behind him but he keeps running.

JUMP CUT: HARRY running...

JUMP CUT 50 FRAMES: High above HARRY. He's stopped, hyperventilating, the empty street...

JUMP CUT: spinning round HARRY, he looks down at his shirt, stained with Anna's blood, he pulls it off, appalled, sits down on the street, shaking.

HARRY

Anna.

JUMP CUT: HARRY running again, tears in his eyes.

JUMP CUT: HARRY walking in the shadows, he takes out his PHONE, but he doesn't know who to call.

He reaches in his pocket, takes out a business card. DUNCAN MCBURNEY. He turns it over. Handwritten is McBurney's home number.

HARRY looking at it, a relic from another time.

JUMP CUT TO:

HARRY on the PHONE. MCBURNEY'S VOICE.

MCBURNEY (V.O.)

Slow down, I can't hear you. Is that Dr Cunningham?

HARRY

Yes. Yes. She's dead. Anna's dead. A man in her apartment, he killed her...

MCBURNEY (V.O.)

Who killed her? Where are you Harry?

HARRY

I don't know. She's dead. I saw him. She was stabbed, a multiple stabbing... Oh Christ...

MCBURNEY (V.O.)

Listen to me Harry. Go back to your hotel...

HARRY

I'm not staying at a hotel. I'm staying with her, I'm staying with Anna...

(looks up)

There's a street sign. Duna Utca.

MCBURNEY (V.O.)

You're in Andrassy district. Get to the river, to Szabadsag Hid, Freedom Bridge. I'm coming to get you. Don't talk to anybody. Do you hear me? Wait for me there. Freedom Bridge, I'll be 30 minutes, less...

HARRY nodding.

HARRY

Thank you.

MCBURNEY (V.O.)

It's okay Harry. Just get to the bridge. You know my car.

CUT TO:

Freedom Bridge, ornamental ironwork in the centre of Budapest. HARRY standing in the middle of the bridge. It's strangely empty, barely any traffic.

HARRY waiting. Looking each way for MCBURNEY'S CAR, his arms wrapped around him, trembling from shock more than cold.

A MAN walking towards him. HARRY starts walking the other way, but a VOICE calls out to him.

JANOS  
Euro... Forint... Dollar...  
Dollar...

HARRY quickening but the MAN is coming after him...

JANOS (CONT'D)  
Deutsch? Italiano?

HARRY  
No sorry, I don't have any money...

The MAN is clearly homeless, probably drunk, medicated or both. He keeps talking, holding out his hand.

JANOS  
English? American? Marlboro,  
Marlboro?

HARRY  
I don't have money, no cigarettes,  
leave me alone, go away...

HARRY walking away from him, but JANOS is still following him. HARRY steps out into the empty carriageway. As he approaches the middle of the bridge a POLICE CAR is now visible stopped 20 metres ahead of him, blue lights flashing.

HARRY looking at the police car, relief, MCBURNEY must have sent them.

HARRY starts towards the police car, TWO COPS getting out, HARRY taking his passport from his shirt pocket, holding it up. The COPS watching him come towards them.

JANOS watching, soft behind HARRY. HARRY squinting through the sunlight, there's another CAR parked behind the police car.

A COUPLE of GUYS getting out, leather jackets. They approach the COPS, the COPS talking to them. HARRY trying to see who these GUYS are, looking for MCBURNEY in the CAR.

But now the COPS are getting back into their car, the GUYS in leather jackets coming towards him, a glimpse of tattoos on their hands.

A MOMENT. HARRY squinting into the sun, this doesn't feel right, and as he looks towards the POLICE CAR it starts to reverse, the blue lights turn off.

A beat. HARRY'S FACE. The POLICE CAR is driving away. The TWO GUYS coming towards him...

HARRY looks over his shoulder. JANOS is walking away fast. HARRY turns and runs...

HARRY running, the GUYS SHOUTING after him, beyond, the departing FIGURE of JANOS. Hearing the FOOTSTEPS behind him, JANOS glances back, then he's running too...

The CAR starting up behind, HARRY glancing behind him, the two GUYS running after him, the CAR coming up the bridge fast towards him.

JANOS at the end of the bridge, crossing the road towards a subway, HARRY following. GANGSTERS running after them...

CUT TO:

33

INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNELS - DAY 2 - 1931

33

JANOS running down stairs into a seemingly endless graffitied pedestrian foot tunnel, a COUPLE of HOMELESS PEOPLE sleeping under cardboard.

HARRY following him, JANOS swearing in Hungarian at him...

Shuttered kiosks and shops, JANOS running on, disappearing round a corner. HARRY trying to keep up...

CUT TO:

The GANGSTERS coming down the stairs, the tunnel is empty. One of them pulls the cardboard away from the HOMELESS GUYS who look up bemused, afraid.

The OTHER GUY pulling at the shutters of the shops but they're all locked. He takes out his MOBILE speaking in Ukrainian...

CUT TO:

HARRY in the side tunnel, turning left, running straight into... JANOS who starts pushing him away, swearing again in Hungarian. Beyond JANOS the exit is blocked off.

HARRY  
Please, help me...

JANOS looks at him a moment, then he's off again, running down the main tunnel. HARRY takes off after him...

CUT TO:

The GANGSTERS moving along the main tunnel. SOUND of FOOTSTEPS beyond. In the distance, JANOS and HARRY running. The GANGSTERS tear off after them.

CUT TO:

JANOS getting to the end of the tunnel where it opens out to a concourse where six sets of steps/ramps go up to street level, JANOS running up one set of steps, SOUND of TRAFFIC beyond...

As he nears the top of the steps, a CAR SCREECHES up at the exit, JANOS recognises the GANGSTERS' CAR, he ducks back into the stairwell, sliding down the stairs two at a time, SHOUTING angrily at HARRY.

CUT TO:

The GANGSTERS running along the tunnel to the concourse of six exits to see a FIGURE coming down the stairs.

They draw their guns, but it's their partner, the DRIVER. One of the GANGSTERS gestures at another set of stairs, the two of them running up, the DRIVER following.

CUT TO:

34      EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 2 - 1940

34

The three GANGSTERS looking up and down the street. It's empty. The three of them walking between the CARS, GUNS in hand, one of them crouching, looking under each car...

They look at each other. NO SIGN of Harry and Janos.

CUT TO:

35      EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 2 - 1950

35

Another street. JANOS walking along, HARRY following, both of them sweating. HARRY looks over his shoulder but the GANGSTERS are nowhere to be seen. JANOS turns, shoves him angrily.

HARRY  
Why did you run?

JANOS turns, starts to walk away. HARRY following.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Who are they? Do you speak English?

JANOS  
No English. Ruski. Romana. Deutsch.



HARRY  
Erm... oh God...  
(schoolboy German)  
Warum has du gelaucht?

JANOS shrugs, still walking away.

JANOS  
Polizei... Mafia...  
(crosses his wrists)  
Alles zusammen. Together.

HARRY  
Danke.

JANOS  
Danke? Danke?

JANOS stops, he looks threatening now. He makes the international gesture for cash.

JANOS (CONT'D)  
Geld. Euro. Dollar.

HARRY hesitates, reaching in his pocket. JANOS shoves him again, HARRY hands him twenty euros and change. JANOS nods, starts to go.

HARRY looking at his PHONE: MISSED CALL: MCBURNEY.

HARRY catches Janos's arm.

HARRY  
Embassy.  
(off Janos's look)  
British Embassy.

HARRY holds out a fifty Euro note. JANOS'S FACE.

CUT TO:

36     EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY/INT. LYELL CENTRE. LEO'S OFFICE - NIGHT  
         2 - 2100

HARRY and JANOS walking a dimly lit side street, JANOS now with a newly purchased bottle of something strong, sipping as he goes.

He gestures to a building a couple of blocks up across the street, a Union Jack flying.

JANOS  
British.

HARRY hands JANOS some more money. JANOS looking at him in the pool of streetlight, trying to size him up.

JANOS (CONT'D)

Was ist du?

(off Harry's look)

Was ist du? Was machst du?

HARRY

Doktor. Ich bin Doktor.

JANOS

Doktor?

(looks at him)

Good luck, Doktor.

JANOS pats him on the shoulder, turns and walks away. HARRY watching him. Move round HARRY into...

HARRY'S IMAGINATION. A flash of reflection off steel as the knife comes down, horribly slowed, towards ANNA'S BODY in the bed. The latex gloved HAND over her MOUTH. The shot is MUTE, super-slowed and we feel the terror in her EYES.

HARRY

They killed my friend. Mein  
freundin. They killed her.

JANOS hesitating, HARRY is holding out the shirt from his pocket, it's covered in Anna's blood.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Who are they? Wer sind Sie? The  
Mafia?

JANOS shrugs, looking at HARRY.

JANOS

Go home Doktor.

JANOS walking away. He disappears into the shadows.

HARRY looking beyond to the Union Jack, the Embassy. He takes out his PHONE, dialling.

A RING TONE. A VOICE answers. It's LEO at his desk in the Lyell Centre.

LEO

Harry?

HARRY doesn't know where to start.

HARRY

Anna's dead Leo. She was murdered.  
I was there, I saw the guy, I tried  
to stop him...

LEO

Hang on Harry, start again...

HARRY  
Anna's dead.

QUICK FLASH: ANNA talking to him earlier, her FACE animated, her life force.

HARRY has stopped now, he's shaking...

HARRY (CONT'D)  
She's mixed up in something, there are these criminal gangs, it was one of them, they had tattoos... This guy said they were speaking Ukrainian...

LEO  
What are you talking about? What guy?

HARRY  
It doesn't matter. They think I did it Leo. They think I killed her.

LEO  
Harry, go to the police. Explain it, I'll get on a plane first thing.

As HARRY watches he sees SOMEONE appearing from a side door in the Embassy beyond. Between the cars we recognise DUNCAN MCBURNEY. The relief on HARRY'S FACE.

HARRY  
I called the Embassy, I'm going there now...

But then HARRY sees who MCBURNEY is talking to. Two CITY POLICEMEN. HARRY staring at them.

LEO  
Harry?

Suddenly SOMEONE is behind HARRY, grabbing his arm, wrenching the PHONE from Harry's hand...

LEO (CONT'D)  
Harry?

HARRY spinning round to see...

JANOS stamping on HARRY'S PHONE again and again.

HARRY  
What are you doing, you crazy bastard!

JANOS points to the air, to the ether, mobile phone masts, satellite dishes, cameras pointing into the street.

JANOS  
Uberall. Uberall.

HARRY  
Everywhere? What's everywhere?

JANOS  
Polizei...  
(tugs his ear)  
Sie horen.

JANOS gestures back at the Embassy, MCBURNEY has gone now but the TWO POLICEMEN are still there.

JANOS (CONT'D)  
Same. Same police. Von der Brucke.

HARRY  
From the bridge?

HARRY looking at the POLICEMEN. The SAME GUYS.

JANOS  
No police.  
(crosses his wrists again)  
Polizei... Mafia...

HARRY  
I have to trust somebody.

JANOS looking at him.

JANOS  
Trust?  
(points upwards)  
Trust auf Gott.

HARRY looking at the POLICE outside the Embassy. JANOS looking at him. He shakes his head.

JANOS (CONT'D)  
Komm.

HARRY'S FACE.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK...

CUT TO:

37      INT/EXT. BUDAPEST AIRPORT - DAY 3 - 1000

37

Bright sunlight through the glass of the arrivals hall. LEO and DUNCAN MCBURNEY coming up the escalator. No baby now, this time it's official business.

MCBURNEY

He was meant to meet me at Freedom Bridge. He wasn't there. I've tried to call him since then, a dozen times. If he comes in, we can help...

LEO

He called me. He got interrupted. He was talking about the man who killed Anna, he thought he was connected to some gang. I think he was attacked, Harry would have been in touch, contacted us, he's not stupid...

They exit the arrivals hall, bright sunlight.

MCBURNEY

We've checked the hospitals. The problem is, the police think he did it. He was covered in her blood, he had the knife, he ran. He didn't seem like that kind of guy.

LEO

He isn't. Jesus.

MCBURNEY

Anna Sandor stepped on a lot of toes. Dr Cunningham didn't kill her. We've got people looking for him.

LEO

What about the police?

MCBURNEY

There are police and there are police. It's good you're here.

MCBURNEY (CONT'D)

The more people asking about Harry, the more difficult it is for him to disappear.

MCBURNEY shows LEO the HUNGARIAN NEWSPAPER he's carrying, a PHOTO of LASZLO VOROS.

MCBURNEY (CONT'D)

I've contacted a friendly face in government, environment minister Laszlo Voros, bit of a rising star, he's one of the good guys...

They arrive at MCBURNEY'S CAR, haphazardly parked at the curbside. A COP writing out a ticket for it.

MCBURNEY shows his diplomatic badge to the COP who grimaces, CURSES, walking away tearing up the ticket.

LEO

How far does that badge get you?

MCBURNEY

It gets me in the door, but a hundred Euro note gets me a table. The postmortem on Anna Sandor is taking place this morning. I've got permission for you to observe.

CUT TO:

38

INT. VIEWING AREA/MORTUARY - DAY 3 - 1100

38

LEO enters the viewing area. Another MAN is standing by the glass watching the postmortem. We recognise ISTVAN SANDOR but LEO doesn't.

In the mortuary, KERTESZ is beginning the postmortem. With him is another MAN, mid 30s, standing back, clearly a policeman. This is TIBOR ORBAN.

KERTESZ speaks in Hungarian, outlining the stab wounds. LEO following as well as he can. KERTESZ describing the nine separate wounds, three to major organs, one to the heart. TIBOR making notes. KERTESZ looking closer, the pen marks on ANNA'S BODY that HARRY drew. KERTESZ speaking in Hungarian.

LEO

(turning to Istvan)

Excuse me. I don't suppose you speak English?

ISTVAN SANDOR

(doesn't turn)

I speak English.

LEO waiting for him to continue, but he doesn't.

LEO seeing Istvan's reflection in the glass. A tear rolling down his FACE.

LEO

I'm sorry. You knew her.

ISTVAN SANDOR

You might say. She's my daughter.

(turns now)

And who are you?

LEO

I'm Leo Dalton. A colleague of...

The WORDS hang in the air...

From the mortuary, KERTESZ speaks some words in English as he reads what Harry wrote.

DR KERTESZ  
Liver. Lungs. Kidneys.

ISTVAN watching KERTESZ as he makes the first incision.

ISTVAN SANDOR  
Your colleague drew on my  
daughter's body with pen, like a  
surgeon before an operation. And  
then he cut her. Like a butcher.

ISTVAN watching the continuing postmortem, he doesn't speak again. LEO standing there, shaken.

CUT TO:

KERTESZ has removed Anna's organs from ANNA'S BODY, and is now dissecting them. He pauses abruptly in his commentary, leans towards TIBOR. The two of them talking.

LEO watching, puzzled.

LEO  
What's happening?

TIBOR exits the mortuary, enters the viewing area.

TIBOR ORBAN  
Professor Dalton. You have to leave  
now.

LEO  
Why? Who are you?

TIBOR ORBAN  
Detective Orban, National  
Investigations Office. I've taken  
over the Anna Sandor murder case.

LEO looking at him. ISTVAN still watching the postmortem.

LEO  
I don't mean to be rude Detective  
but if I'm not able to observe the  
postmortem, I should like to know  
why.  
(off Tibor's silence)  
In the circumstances I think a  
second independent postmortem will  
have to be carried out.

ISTVAN SANDOR  
You're his colleague, his friend,  
right? What makes you independent?

TIBOR ORBAN

We're being premature here, I think. Nobody has been charged. There'll be time for these decisions later.

ISTVAN starts talking angrily to TIBOR in Hungarian. LEO hesitates.

LEO

I've heard many wonderful things about your daughter Professor Sandor. I'm very sorry for your loss.

ISTVAN barely glances at him as LEO exits the viewing area.

CUT TO:

39

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/STAIRWAY - DAY 3 - 1105

39

LEO walking with MCBURNEY along the corridor.

MCBURNEY

He didn't give you any reason why?  
(off Leo's shrug)  
I'll go and talk to them. Don't worry Professor Dalton.

LEO

(worried about everything)  
About what?

LEO looks up. On the wall the framed PHOTO of ISTVAN SANDOR. MCBURNEY follows his gaze. Anna's father looking down at them.

MCBURNEY

I can't imagine. Losing a child...

LEO is SILENT. We know he can.

LEO

How old are yours?

MCBURNEY

We only have the one. We adopted...  
(smirks, self-deprecating)  
Me, I'm afraid, lazy sperm...  
(off Leo's smile)  
He's eighteen months now. At the beginning I was worried I'd not feel that connection, that... thing. But now...  
(catches himself)  
I'm sorry. Look, I'll go and see what I can find out, shall I?



MCBURNEY walks away.

LEO standing looking at the picture of ISTVAN SANDOR.

CUT TO:

40      EXT. BUDAPEST HOSPITAL - DAY 3 - 1120

40

TIBOR ORBAN exiting the hospital, speaking on his mobile.

LEO standing waiting for him. TIBOR hangs up, before LEO can say anything, TIBOR speaks...

TIBOR ORBAN  
Where is he Professor?

LEO  
I don't know. If I knew would I be standing here?

TIBOR ORBAN  
Possibly. You would have assumed we were following you.

LEO  
Are you?  
(off Tibor's smile)  
Why don't I make it easy for you.  
Let's assume you're going back to the murder scene...

TIBOR ORBAN  
Why would we assume that?

LEO  
I think you're that kind of detective. There's something you found out in there...  
(points back at hospital)  
... Something that changes things.  
And you want to go back to understand it.

TIBOR looking at him.

CUT TO:

41      INT. ANNA'S LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - DAY 3 - 1155

41

TIBOR and LEO enter Anna's apartment, UNIFORM COP on the door, NEIGHBOUR talking to other COP on the walkway beyond.

TIBOR ORBAN  
The neighbour upstairs reported hearing an argument.  
(MORE)

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)  
(off Leo's shrug)  
In English. Smashing glass.

On the table the picnic blanket, the broken beer bottle.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)  
A few minutes later there was the  
sound of a struggle. Dr Cunningham  
ran out, he had blood on his shirt.  
He was carrying a knife.

They look through into the bedroom. Forensic tags and  
markers, the sheets have been removed from the bed.

LEO looking at the mattress, it's stained in blood. In the  
living room the clothes rail on the floor, a FORENSIC  
OFFICER looking at Anna's clothes, some still hanging, half  
off the hangers, others on the floor. He picks up a dress,  
it's been torn.

The lamp on the wall smashed, the smashed PHONE being  
bagged. LEO'S FACE.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)  
To me it seems personal. Angry.  
Reactive.

LEO  
I know what it seems. I'd be  
thinking the same as you.

TIBOR ORBAN  
You mean if you didn't know him.

LEO  
That's why you brought me here  
isn't it? To see if it made me  
doubt him.

TIBOR ORBAN  
I knew Anna Sandor. She drove me  
crazy. Everything was a conspiracy,  
against women, against minorities,  
against her. A woman with a cause  
can be a very tedious thing.

LEO  
Harry told me he saw the man, he  
said he had tattoos, gang tattoos.

TIBOR ORBAN  
This isn't a gang killing. They  
like people to know they were  
there. A warning to others. Often  
the victim is disfigured, teeth are  
smashed, the body is burned. 'Lo es  
eget.' Shoot and burn.

LEO

She was working with people who were trafficked. Perhaps whoever killed her was trying to retrieve documents, witness statements...

LEO following TIBOR around the apartment.

TIBOR ORBAN

There's no evidence of theft.

LEO

Dr Cunningham disturbed the assailant before he finished.

TIBOR ORBAN

Then we'd have two bodies.

LEO

What you're looking at here is a struggle, a man trying to escape the scene, another man trying to stop him. You've got a murder weapon, you've got a suspect. But you have no motive.

TIBOR ORBAN

Passion, sex, deceit, rejection. Women are killed by people they know. It's always the boyfriend, right?

LEO

Whatever you found in the postmortem, you're not sure what to think about it are you?

TIBOR ORBAN

Why did Dr Cunningham come to Budapest?

LEO

You know why. To perform a postmortem on Sofi Mustafova. But you'd cremated her before he had the chance.

TIBOR ORBAN

He came because of a dead prostitute. And because he wanted to see his girlfriend I imagine.

LEO

You think he came to kill Anna?

TIBOR ORBAN

I think something had changed. I think he had another reason to be here.

LEO

(looking at him)

What? What did you find? Anna was sick, she was ill? What?

TIBOR ORBAN

Anna Sandor was pregnant. About eight weeks.

LEO'S FACE. His shock.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

You didn't know? He didn't tell you?

LEO

I'm not sure he knew. On the phone, he'd have said...

TIBOR ORBAN

Anna Sandor was at a conference in Amsterdam two months ago. Dr Cunningham was also there.

LEO

You're saying it was Harry's child? My God...

TIBOR ORBAN

Who might he have told?

LEO

Me... My colleague. His mother perhaps. But I doubt it.

TIBOR ORBAN

Maybe Anna told him last night. Maybe that's why they fought. She was going to keep it, she wasn't going to keep it. They're reasons to fight.

LEO

But not reasons to kill.

TIBOR ORBAN

Maybe the baby wasn't his. We're checking foetal DNA.

LEO

Oh Christ.

(beat)

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)

I can supply a sample of Harry's  
DNA...

TIBOR ORBAN

Why would you do that?

LEO

(looks at Tibor)

Harry was going to be a father.  
When you find him, I'd like to be  
the one to tell him.

TIBOR ORBAN

When we find him? If he's alive,  
it's probably because he's guilty.  
If they killed Anna Sandor, they've  
killed him too.

CUT TO:

42

INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 3 - 1158

42

HARRY lying asleep. Daylight across his face, his hair  
matted. A HAND stroking his forehead.

ANNA SANDOR

Harry.

ANNA sits down on the dirty mattress he's sleeping on.  
They're in a disused workshop, corrugated roof, boarded up  
window. The SOUND of trams beyond.

ANNA SANDOR (CONT'D)

Harry. It's beautiful day, come on  
let's go and have breakfast. We  
should swim, it's hot. Your  
forehead's burning...

HARRY opens his EYES seeing ANNA.

HARRY

I thought... are you okay?

ANNA SANDOR

Of course. I'm sorry we fought.

HARRY

It was my fault.

ANNA looking at him. She gets up, HARRY closes his EYES.  
Then he sits up, looks around. The room is empty. And he's  
alone.

He looks around the disused workshop. Plastic bags of  
shopping, the empty bottle of alcohol. HARRY looking down,  
an empty blister pack of Amitriptyline.

HARRY standing unsteadily, his head hurts.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Anna.

He's cut and bruised. Suddenly a wave of nausea hits him.  
He pushes through the door and up steps towards daylight...

CUT TO:

43

EXT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 3 - 1200

43

The blinding sunlight. HARRY throwing up against the wall  
of the workshop. He looks up.

JANOS is standing against the wall, eating Frankfurters  
from a jar. He offers the jar to HARRY. HARRY looks away.

HARRY

What time is it?

JANOS

Mittag.

HARRY

12? It's quiet.

JANOS

Sonntag. Sunday.

HARRY looking around. Beyond is a tram depot, a yellow tram  
going along the tracks.

HARRY shows JANOS the blister pack of drugs. JANOS smiles.

JANOS (CONT'D)

Make you sleep.

HARRY

Yeah. You made me sleep. I feel  
like shit.

(looks at him)

I can't find my wallet.

JANOS hands it to HARRY. HARRY looks inside. The cash is  
gone. JANOS shrugs.

JANOS

Come. Wir müssen gehen.

HARRY looks up. JANOS hands him a photocopied sheet. On it  
is HARRY'S FACE. Something written in Hungarian, and a  
telephone number.

JANOS gestures at the trams, a couple of DRIVERS smoking  
between shifts. On the inside of the cab window is the  
picture of HARRY.

JANOS (CONT'D)  
(points at the sheet)  
Polizei...

On the sheet is the BFRK crest, the Budapest police, the central telephone number. JANOS mimes someone calling the police, pulls his finger across his neck, HARRY will be done for. HARRY'S FACE.

JANOS disappears inside, returns with some CLOTHES, throws them to HARRY. HARRY looking at them...

CUT TO:

44 EXT. STREET BY TRAM DEPOT - DAY 3 - 1230

44

HARRY following JANOS along a back street. He's wearing tracksuit bottoms, T-shirt, Tram Worker's coat with reflective stripes. JANOS adds booze to a takeaway coffee cup.

HARRY glancing around him. The streets of the Eighth District, poor, rubbish strewn. COUPLE of GUYS arguing about something, KIDS kicking a ball in a disused building, OLD WOMAN with a shopping trolley. This isn't postcard Budapest. Then JANOS tugs Harry's arm, pulling him across the road.

HARRY confused, then he realises, there was a CCTV CAMERA where they were walking. JANOS knows where all these cameras are. JANOS disappears round a corner...

CUT TO:

45 EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 3 - 1231

45

HARRY catching up with JANOS.

HARRY  
You were a soldier? Soldat?  
(Janos shakes his head)  
Were you a policeman? Back then? Du  
Polizei?

HARRY gestures 'in the past'. JANOS is silent.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
You were an informer? For the  
Communists?

JANOS is still SILENT. He's annoyed.

JANOS  
Ich war Kommunist. Ich bin  
Kommunist.  
(hand on his heart)  
(MORE)

JANOS (CONT'D)  
I am Kommunist. Die Welt...  
(turns his finger)  
The world, it turns.

JANOS stops, points beyond. An apartment block, once elegant, grand, now shabby.

JANOS (CONT'D)  
Das war mein haus. My house. My  
friends. My life. Alles endet. Neun-  
und-achtzig. Eighty-nine.

JANOS finishes his coffee, lost in the moment.

HARRY  
I'll get more money.

HARRY takes out his credit cards. JANOS shakes his head.

JANOS  
Kein bank. Kein phone. Kein metro.

HARRY looking at him. Move round HARRY into... HIS  
IMAGINATION.

The KNIFE emerging from Anna's shirt, white sheets, cold  
metal and the KNIFE rises to fall once more, reflecting  
ANNA'S FACE, again MUTE and super-slowed.

HARRY standing in the street.

HARRY  
Janos. The Mafia... the gangs...  
The man who killed Anna...

JANOS looking at him. He blows through his teeth. He starts  
to walk off, HARRY following him.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
It was my fault. We had an  
argument. I should have been there.  
Why? Why kill her?

JANOS stops by a BUS STOP, there's a BUS MAP of BUDAPEST.  
JANOS gesturing at the map, different sections.

JANOS  
Serbo. Albanian. Roma. Kosovar.

Then he points to another section by the river. JANOS bares  
his teeth. The White Wolves.

JANOS (CONT'D)  
Ukrainisch.

HARRY  
Ukrainian? They're Ukrainian?



HARRY looking at the MAP. The northwest bank of the Danube.

JANOS gestures at HARRY, there's nothing HARRY can do.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I have to try.

HARRY goes over to the PAYPHONE, picking up the phone.

JANOS

Hey!

JANOS mimes, 'no phone'.

HARRY

It's a payphone. Coins. No trace.

HARRY dialling a UK number.

CUT TO:

46     INT. LYELL CENTRE. NIKKI AND HARRY'S OFFICE/ EXT. BUDAPEST  
STREET - DAY 3 - 1232 46

NIKKI in her office at her desk.

NIKKI

Leo, what's going on? Where is he?

LEO walking a Budapest street on the PHONE.

LEO

I don't know. They don't know.

NIKKI

Oh God...

LEO

Listen, I need you to courier his  
DNA samples. To me, you've got the  
hotel details...

NIKKI

To match against the crimescene?  
They really think he did this?

(off his silence)

How cooperative do you want to be  
Leo?

LEO walking along, thinking.

LEO

How serious was it, this thing with  
him and Anna?

NIKKI

I don't know, they only met a couple of months ago. About as serious as it normally is with Harry?

(beat)

Maybe more.

(beat)

Why are you asking me this?

LEO stops in the street.

LEO

Anna was eight weeks pregnant.

NIKKI'S FACE.

NIKKI

Did he know?

LEO

I hope not. He hasn't called you. Not even a text?

NIKKI

Not a word. The people who killed Anna... Have they killed him?

(off Leo's silence)

Oh God...

LEO

We'll find him. We'll find him Nikki.

LEO'S FACE. He's looking out over the city. A sleepy Sunday afternoon. They're not going to find him today.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. ANNA'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 3 - 1400

47

Anna's office building. The street is empty. In a first floor window, a LAWYER, dressed casually, finishing up some work, turning off the fans, shutting the windows. JANOS standing outside, watching this.

LAWYER at the front door, pausing to punch in the alarm code. JANOS approaching, talking in Hungarian, JANOS trying to show him a document but they're in the shade, he walks over into the sunlight, the LAWYER annoyed trying to explain to him that the office is closed, he should come back tomorrow. JANOS insistent...

Behind the LAWYER, a SHADOW slipping into the building.

JANOS shaking the lawyer's hand, he won't let go. Finally the LAWYER pulls himself away, closing the front door, double locking it. The sound of the ALARM arming.

CUT TO:

48      INT. HALLWAY. ANNA'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 3 - 1405      48

HARRY walking through the hallway of Anna's office building. He goes up the stairs...

CUT TO:

49      INT. ANNA'S OFFICE - DAY 3 - 1406      49

HARRY walking quickly through Anna's office. He gets to her desk. The drawer is locked. He looks around, takes a pair of scissors, jams it in the drawer, yanking it open.

Inside is paperwork, pens, a DESK DIARY and a SMALL TAPE RECORDER. There's a wire running up to the desk, connecting it to the TELEPHONE. HARRY grabs the DIARY and TAPE PLAYER, wrapping them in a JUMPER that's hanging on Anna's coat stand. He's about to go, then he sees a KEY in the drawer.

As he takes the KEY, the ALARM goes off.

Harry's panic, he goes to the filing cabinet, fumbling with the KEY, pulling open the drawer. Looking through the files, all in Hungarian.

The ALARM shrill. He sees a name: SOFI MUSTAFOVA. With it the ENVELOPE of her possessions. Another file: AGNES DEDEJ, her PHOTOGRAPH on the front. He grabs the files and the ENVELOPE, anything he recognises, pushing them into his jacket.

On the base of the cabinet is a GLASS JAR, petty cash. The ALARM LOUDER and LOUDER. HARRY grabs some banknotes, exits the office.

CUT TO:

50      EXT. ANNA'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 3 - 1410      50

HARRY exits onto the rear second floor rooftop, the ALARM RINGING. JANOS in the courtyard below looking panicked.

HARRY drops down the jumper bundle, JANOS catches it clumsily.

HARRY climbing down a ladder from the rooftop. A SIREN getting closer, the ALARM wailing behind him...

HARRY jumping down the last bit to the street, JANOS pulling him away...

CUT TO:

51      EXT. HOTEL - DAY 3 - 1700

51

LEO approaching his hotel. Outside, the CONCIERGE having a smoke. LEO about to say something...

CONCIERGE

Sorry Mr Dalton. Still no messages.

LEO

Nothing at all? A note or something?

CONCIERGE shakes his head. Leo's frustration, concern. He takes out his phone, no texts.

He calls his VOICEMAIL. NO NEW MESSAGES.

CUT TO:

52      INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 3 - 1800

52

ANNA'S DIARY open, HARRY staring at it in the dimly-lit workshop.

JANOS behind him, eating McDonalds, looking through the PAPER FILE on SOFI MUSTAFOVA. The PHOTO of her.

HARRY looking at the DIARY, Anna's handwriting in Hungarian. HARRY turns to the current week, looking at Anna's appointments.

Her list of appointments. HARRY seeing his own NAME, his arrival on the previous day: HARRY.

The PREVIOUS DAY. A name: AGNES DEDEJ. NEPLIGET 14.30.

JANOS now looking through the ENVELOPE of Sofi's stuff.

JANOS

Sofi Mustafafova. Wo ist sie?

HARRY still looking at the DIARY.

HARRY

She's dead. Tod.

JANOS going through the possessions in the envelope. A blisterpack of tablets, lipstick, a Metropass and a NECKLACE. JANOS pockets the Metropass and the necklace.

HARRY looking at him. JANOS shrugs.

JANOS

She's dead.

HARRY gathering up what's left of Sofi's stuff. A water stained SNAPSHOT of a smiling SOFI and another GIRL in happier times. The blisterpack of pills, a label with Sofi's name and the drug: OVULIEVE.

HARRY

Are you sure you don't want her  
contraceptive pills to add to your  
medicine chest?

JANOS doesn't understand a word. He's looking back at  
SOFI'S PHOTO in the file.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What does it say? Was hast du darin  
gefunden?

JANOS

(looking at Sofi's photo)  
Pretty woman... She is prostitute?

HARRY

Does it have an address, Strasse?  
Utca?

JANOS shakes his head looking at the file.

JANOS

Bar. Club. Work...

HARRY looks at the page. A bar name. ANGELS. And an  
address.

CUT TO:

53      EXT. ANGELS CLUB. BUDAPEST BACK STREETS - DUSK 3 - 2030      53

The same cobbled streets we saw SOFI and her BOYFRIEND  
walking at the beginning. MUSIC from the basement club,  
'ANGELS'. It's dusk. The evening shift starting.

HARRY approaching the basement club. At the side of the  
building a GIRL is sitting on some steps smoking. He walks  
towards her, SMILES. She doesn't look at him, saying  
something in HUNGARIAN.

HARRY

Sorry I don't speak Hungarian. I'm  
a tourist.

GIRL

Entrance that way. I finish work.

HARRY

I was here before. I met a girl  
here, you know...

GIRL

Lot of girls here.

HARRY

She was Romanian. Sofi something...

GIRL looks at him for a moment, uncomfortable. She puts out  
her cigarette, turns back round the corner as another GIRL  
joins her, looking for a light for her cigarette. This is  
MARINA, the other girl from Sofi's snapshot.

MARINA glances at HARRY, she seems strung out, on  
something. HARRY noticing the track marks on her inner arm.

MARINA asks the GIRL about HARRY in Hungarian. The GIRL  
saying something back. The GIRL turns to go...

GIRL

Ciao, Marina...

HARRY clocking the name. MARINA. Sofi's friend? MARINA  
remains, smoking by the steps.

HARRY

Marina? It's a nice name.

MARINA

(accent)

What's your name?

HARRY

(a beat)

Leo.

MARINA

Like Di Caprio. Leonardo.

HARRY

Anna sent me. Anna Sandor.

(off her look)

She wants to talk to you, I'll take  
you to her. I can pay you for your  
time...

MARINA is strung out but now she looks panicked, looking  
over her shoulder, just as the FIRST GIRL is coming back  
round the corner with a GUY behind her.

GIRL nods towards HARRY. HARRY looking at the GUY, raises  
his hands diffidently, backing away.

As he backs away, he sees the guy's lower arm. A WOLF'S  
TEETH tattoo. He's not the guy, but he's one of the guys.

HARRY stops, feeling the blood rising. His anger.

Beyond, other MEN exiting the club, same tattoos. The GUY looking at him. He steps towards HARRY.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I've got money. What'll this buy  
me?

HARRY holds up some banknotes, tosses them down onto the street between them.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
How many girls do I get for that?

The GUY just looking at him. Then he reaches in his pocket, takes out a thick roll of cash.

HARRY looking at him.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Fair point. Yours is thicker than  
mine.

HARRY picks up the money, affects a SMILE, walks off trying to control his anger.

The other GUYS LAUGHING at him, MARINA watching him go.

CUT TO:

54     INT. LYELL CENTRE. NIKKI AND HARRY'S OFFICE/LEO'S OFFICE - 54  
NIGHT 3 - 2225/2325

NIKKI in the Lyell Centre, at her desk. It's late. She looks pale.

Her laptop open. The SCREEN: BUDAPEST DAILY - the English language news site. The headline: ACTIVIST ANNA SANDOR STABBED TO DEATH.

SCROLLING down the site: HARRY'S PHOTO.

NIKKI'S HEAD in her hands. She closes the laptop, turns off the lights in the office.

She goes to leave, in the corner of her eye, a red light dimly flashing. She turns to look for it, it's in Leo's office, his phone.

NIKKI going to the PHONE, she presses SPEAKERPHONE. YOU HAVE ONE MESSAGE. She presses play.

HARRY (V.O.)  
Leo it's me. I can't use my mobile.  
You shouldn't be using yours.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'll be at the ferry station, Pier  
Seven at eleven tonight. Is it safe  
to come in?

NIKKI'S FACE. She looks at the clock, it's 22.25. She looks  
back at the laptop. 23.25 Budapest time.

NIKKI  
Shit.

CUT TO:

55      EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 3 - 2326

55

LEO running out of the hotel, he goes round the corner to a  
payphone. All seen in long shot, no sound.

JUMP CUT TO:

LEO running from the phone booth, across the street, across  
the square and away down the street...

CUT TO:

56      EXT. JETTY - NIGHT 3 - 2346

56

Darkness, a small ferry pier on the Danube. CARS passing  
behind. PARTY CRUISES going up and down the river.

On the dark pier is HARRY, JANOS sitting on the edge, feet  
dangling. He's pretty drunk, drinking from a bottle looking  
out at the river. HARRY watching him.

HARRY  
Will you be okay Janos?

JANOS is SILENT. HARRY takes the rest of the money from his  
pocket, offering it to JANOS.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
It's not mine. I stole it from a  
charity. I'll pay them back when I  
get home.  
(Janos takes the money)  
Maybe you'll come to London? My  
guest.

JANOS looks at him, SMILES, pats HARRY on the shoulder. He  
goes to the edge of the pier, unzipping his fly, starting  
to pee into the Danube.

NOISE from a party boat in the background. MUSIC.



HARRY (CONT'D)

You believed in something, didn't  
you Janos. You were wrong, weren't  
you? And now you're here.

JANOS not understanding a word he's saying, HUMMING along  
to himself.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Do you want to hear something  
crazy? Last night, just for a  
minute, I thought I could stay  
here. Anna believed in something. I  
thought maybe I could believe in  
something too. In her.

(looks up at Janos)

People believe in stuff don't they?  
The people I work with, they  
believe in things. I used to make  
fun of them for it. I'm the  
skeptic, I guess.

(looking at Janos)

You're not listening to a word I'm  
saying, are you Janos?

HARRY starts to LAUGH. MUSIC from the river. The cheesy  
William Shatner version of Pulp's 'Common People'. JANOS  
starts to SING along, massacring Shatner's massacre...

JANOS

I wanna live like Common People. I  
wanna do whatever Common People do.  
I wanna sleep with Common People.  
Like you...

HARRY

(laughing at him)

Jarvis Cocker eat your heart out.

HARRY joins in, the TWO MEN singing in the night.

JANOS/HARRY

Sing along with Common People, sing  
along and it might just...

HARRY still SINGING but suddenly JANOS falls. The CRACK of  
the GUNSHOT comes afterwards.

HARRY stops, confused.

HARRY

Janos?

HARRY goes to him. A bullet hole in Janos' head. He's dead.  
Another CRACK! HARRY looking up, where's it coming from?

SILENCE. The road beyond, TRAFFIC. He can't see anyone.

HARRY'S FACE. Breathless. Adrenaline coursing through him. Another CRACK! A bullet sparking off the jetty behind him.

HARRY starts to run...

CUT TO:

57 EXT. RIVERSIDE ROAD - NIGHT 3 - 2348

57

HARRY running hard as he can along the side of the road.

CRACK! HARRY falls to the ground.

HARRY lying on the verge. He tries to move, but pain cuts through him. His jeans torn, blood seeping through.

He looks up, bleary eyed. A DARK FIGURE approaching him, traffic behind. The MAN is carrying a HANDGUN.

As passing HEADLIGHTS illuminate the MAN we see he's holding a CAN of PETROL in the other hand.

ANNA SANDOR (V.O.)  
'Lo es eget'. Shot and burned. They  
shoot them in the face and burn  
what's left...

HARRY trying to move but his leg is dead, he's groggy from the fall.

The MAN coming closer. And HARRY sees the BANDAGE on his arm, the WOLF TEETH TATTOO on his hand.

And he sees the MAN'S FACE. It's ANNA'S KILLER.

CUT TO:

58 INT. TAXI - NIGHT 3 - 2349

58

LEO in a TAXI heading down an incline towards the river. He looks at his watch, anxious, peering out into the darkness.

As he stares, a SUDDEN GLIMPSE of a FACE. It's HARRY. Then...

CRACK! CRACK!

LEO swivelling round, staring through the taxi back window. Another glimpse of HARRY. FLASHES of GUNSHOT in the darkness. The FIGURE in the leather jacket, arm outstretched, shooting directly down at a BODY lying there.

LEO'S FACE. Horror.

LEO  
Stop! Stop the car!

The TAXI DRIVER doesn't understand him, LEO SHOUTING.

LEO (CONT'D)  
Stop! STOP! Let me out!

The TAXI slows to a stop, LEO thrusting cash at the surprised TAXI DRIVER, rushing from the taxi...

CUT TO:

59 EXT. RIVERSIDE ROAD - NIGHT 3 - 2350

59

LEO running back towards where he saw HARRY, trying to make out the shapes in the darkness, lights on the river... Confusion, fear on his FACE.

As he approaches, a sudden explosion of FLAME sucks the darkness out of the night.

LEO panicked, rushing towards the FIRE. The FLAMES consuming HARRY'S BODY. And beyond, a glimpse of the FIGURE in the leather jacket walking away into the darkness.

LEO at HARRY'S BODY, taking off his coat to smother the flames, but the heat is too intense, he has to step back.

SOUND of SIRENS in the distance.

LEO staring at the burning body, he recognises Harry's watch, his SHOES, hands pulling at his hair, desperate.

LEO  
Harry. HELP! HELP!

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT of LEO standing by HARRY'S burning BODY, the FLAMES the only light in the darkness.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. RIVERSIDE ROAD - NIGHT 3/FIRST LIGHT 4 (IF POSSIBLE) -60  
0530

LATER. POLICE CARS, an AMBULANCE parked at the roadside.

LEO sitting in the grass, something in his hand. Beyond, from where HARRY'S CHARRED BODY lies, a MAN approaches.

TIBOR standing there looking at LEO.

TIBOR ORBAN  
I'm sorry Professor Dalton.

LEO doesn't look up.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm going to need that.

And we see the charred British passport in LEO'S HAND.

LEO passes it up to TIBOR who puts it in an evidence bag.

TIBOR watching JANOS' BODY being carried by TWO COPS from the jetty.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

He was shot in the head. Executed.

Did you know him?

LEO shrugs. Only now does he look up at TIBOR, gesturing towards the POLICE CARS.

LEO

How did they find out? How were they here so fast?

TIBOR ORBAN

Not fast enough.

LEO looking at him.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

We knew he'd contact you. Your cellphone. The hotel phone.

(off Leo's look)

The phone kiosk outside your hotel.

LEO'S HEAD in his hands. Then he looks up, anger, steel.

LEO

How did they know where to find Harry? The people who killed him.

TIBOR ORBAN

Maybe they followed him. We were too slow.

LEO stands.

LEO

They didn't follow him. You know how they found him. The police.

(a beat)

You.

TIBOR ORBAN

You're upset Professor Dalton...

TIBOR turns to go. LEO pulls him round.

LEO

You.

TIBOR ORBAN

You and your friend playing games.  
You didn't play very good. You used  
that phone.

TIBOR looking at him. LEO PUNCHES him in the face, hard.

TIBOR bowing his head, blood dripping from his mouth.

Then he looks up at LEO once more.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

Go home old man.

TIBOR walks away. LEO standing there. He looks beyond.

A BODY BAG being lifted onto a gurney. A COP writing the  
name in white marker on the black plastic.

CUNNINGHAM. H. 18. 06. 1972

END OF EPISODE ONE

61

EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 4 - 0900

61

NIKKI'S FACE looking out of a car window. She hasn't slept, she's pale, lost in thought.

Reflections of buildings in the car window, the churches and palaces of postcard Budapest.

LEO (V.O.)  
Nikki, where are you?

NIKKI (V.O.)  
Have you found him?

LEO (V.O.)  
Nikki... It's terrible news I'm afraid...

Her FACE staring out of the car window. Numb.

NIKKI (V.O.)  
I'm coming out there.

LEO (V.O.)  
It's okay. I'm here...

NIKKI (V.O.)  
No. I want to bring him home.

NIKKI looking out at this foreign city.

NIKKI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
How did he die?

LEO (V.O.)  
Nikki...

NIKKI (V.O.)  
How did he die?

CUT TO:

62

INT. VIEWING AREA/MORTUARY - DAY 4 - 0930

62

LEO'S FACE, reflected in glass.

A VOICE speaking HUNGARIAN, heard through an intercom. And another VOICE speaking ENGLISH, translating.

MCBURNEY (O.S.)  
...The body has been identified as that of Harry Cunningham, male, 38 years old, UK national... The body weighs 82 kg, height approximately 179 cm...

We're on LEO'S FACE through this, hearing snippets of McBurney's translation. One speech bleeding into another.

MCBURNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The victim is badly burned, there  
are traces of an accelerant,  
indicating the body was burned  
deliberately...

In the mortuary, KERTESZ stands over the BODY. TIBOR to one side taking notes.

MCBURNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...No reactive changes to the  
wounds, suggesting life was extinct  
before the body was burned...

LEO'S FACE in the glass. Staring out, barely hearing MCBURNEY'S VOICE.

MCBURNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...Gunshot trauma to the face and  
head... trauma to the back of the  
skull... Six nine millimetre bullet  
cases found alongside the body...

LEO'S FACE. He closes his EYES. And we see HARRY smiling, HARRY LAUGHING...

MCBURNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The jaw is largely absent,  
destroyed... Only a few teeth ...  
three upper molars on the right  
hand side, no decay or cavities...  
consistent with the dental records  
of Harry Cunningham...

LEO'S FACE. EYES still shut.

MCBURNEY (CONT'D)  
There's a dental... 'corona'...

LEO looks up. KERTESZ is holding something small and shiny between tweezers.

LEO  
A crown.

KERTESZ checking Harry's dental records, talking.

MCBURNEY  
(translating)  
Dr Cunningham's dental records  
indicate he had a crown on the  
upper first pre-molar. The crown  
does not appear of local origin...

LEO

Bonded porcelain. NHS finest. He had it twenty years. He told me he bit the lid off a beer bottle on his sixteenth birthday.

MCBURNEY

Didn't we all.

(beat)

He seemed like a nice guy.

LEO looking through the glass. TIBOR is speaking to KERTESZ, turned away from the BODY.

LEO

What are they saying?

MCBURNEY shrugs. LEO presses the intercom.

LEO (CONT'D)

Can you speak so we can hear you please...

TIBOR turns facing the glass.

TIBOR ORBAN

I was asking the pathologist to check Dr Cunningham's fingernails for traces of Anna Sandor's skin.

LEO staring at him. He releases the intercom button. LEO is furious, fuming. MCBURNEY'S HAND on his shoulder.

MCBURNEY

We know we can't trust him. So we keep an eye on him.

LEO

They're going to get away with this right? Now Harry's dead. It's so neat, no one left to tell.

MCBURNEY

There's us. I'm not going to let this go. This is what I'm here for.

LEO

What can you do? What can anyone do?

MCBURNEY

There are people here who care. The environment minister Laszlo Voros, he's running for the leadership of his party. My wife and his are close friends. He's been looking for something like this. Something that'll blow it all open.



LEO  
(bitter)  
I'm so glad we could be of help.

LEO watching as KERTESZ starts cutting into HARRY'S BODY.

CUT TO:

63

INT. HOSPITAL ATRIUM - DAY 4 - 1000

63

NIKKI enters the hospital, the stained glass wall beyond.  
As she nears the stairs, TIBOR is coming down towards her.

TIBOR ORBAN  
Dr Alexander, I'm Tibor Orban,  
National Investigations Office...

NIKKI  
I know who you are.

TIBOR ORBAN  
I'd like to ask you a few  
questions... when you're ready.

NIKKI  
I'm not sure I will be ready to  
talk to you.

She goes to walk up the stairs past him.

TIBOR ORBAN  
You're a pathologist, look at the  
evidence. Just because your friend  
got himself killed doesn't mean he  
didn't kill Anna Sandor.

NIKKI stops, looking at him.

NIKKI  
Harry was shot through the mouth  
and burned. An execution. The same  
gang killed Anna Sandor.

TIBOR ORBAN  
You know a lot for a woman whose  
only experience of my country is a  
twenty minute ride from the  
airport.  
(harder)  
Dr Cunningham strayed into places  
he shouldn't have. I advise you not  
to make the same mistake.

NIKKI  
Tell me what's going to happen.

TIBOR ORBAN

Nothing.

(off her look)

Eventually we will release Dr  
Cunningham's body when the Medical  
Examiner says so, and you will come  
back to Budapest to take him home.  
You will be angry for a long time.  
You'll arrange petitions, and ask  
your government to demand a review.  
I will still be a policeman. You  
will still be a pathologist. And  
your friend will still be dead.

NIKKI looks up. LEO is standing at the top of the stairs.

LEO

Nikki.

NIKKI hurries up to him, LEO putting his arms around her.

NIKKI

(whispers)

I'm not going to cry. Not in front  
of him.

LEO looking over her shoulder at TIBOR. TIBOR has the good  
grace to look away.

CUT TO:

64      EXT. ANGELS CLUB. BUDAPEST BACK STREETS - DAY 4 - 1200      64

MUSIC coming from the club. Outside a COUPLE of FOREIGN  
BUSINESSMEN, beer bottles in hand, smoking.

MARINA exits a side door, bag over her shoulder. She chats  
to the DOORMAN, he looks dubious, he doesn't seem to have  
what she wants. And if he does, he's not giving it to her.  
MARINA walking away.

And we move with her, long-lensed. She's being followed.  
For a brief moment we see the back of the MAN following.  
The black leather jacket of the MAN who killed HARRY.

CUT TO:

65      INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 4 - 1205      65

Nikki's hotel room. The windows looking out over the city.  
She's sitting in a chair, unscrewing a miniature bottle of  
whisky. She pours it in a glass, drinks. LEO standing  
beyond, watching her.

NIKKI

Who's going to tell her?  
(off his silence)  
We have to tell his mother before  
she hears it on the news. The  
police'll go round won't they?  
Maybe I should call...

LEO

The idiot. Stupid bloody idiot.  
(off her look)  
He stormed in there, thought he  
could take them all on...

NIKKI

Maybe he didn't care anymore. Have  
a drink, Leo.

LEO

I don't want a drink. I want my  
head clear.

NIKKI

That detective was right. There's  
nothing we can do.

LEO

I'm not leaving.

NIKKI

So we'll stay here. Maybe that's  
better. Because while we're here  
it's not real. It's when we go  
back, to the office, all his  
stuff... Where's his car, is it at  
the airport? Will it be towed...

LEO

What are you talking about?

LEO looking at NIKKI, her thoughts bouncing around,  
unbidden, uncontrolled.

NIKKI

You always thought we'd get  
together, didn't you? Me and Harry?  
Everyone thought that, that we'd  
come to our senses one day.

LEO

Is that what you thought?

NIKKI

I thought there'd be time. To know.

LEO

It's always later than you think.

NIKKI drinking the whiskey. Her PHONE BLEEPs. She picks it up. A text message. She clicks on it. It's a PHOTO.

The PHOTO is of her and LEO. She's sitting in the chair, holding the glass. It's just been taken. She looks up, the buildings opposite through the window.

NIKKI

My God...

She goes to the window, looking out.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

They're watching us.

LEO seeing the PHOTO, he hurries to the window, pushing her away from it, closing the curtains.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

It's a warning isn't it?

LEO with the PHONE. He clicks down. Below the PHOTO, two words. GO HOME.

CUT TO:

66      INT. DUNA CITY WAREHOUSE - DAY 4 - 1300

66

A vast derelict warehouse. Graffiti, broken windows.

Looking through the debris strewn warehouse towards concrete cubicles, distant throb of BASS. SOMEONE enters one of the cubicles, MARINA exits walking through the cast interior.

And the MAN in the leather jacket starts to follow.

CUT TO:

67      EXT. DUNA CITY WAREHOUSE - DAY 4 - 1305

67

On MARINA, her walk is unsteady, she's high, she slides down, leaning back against the graffitied wall. Looking up at the sky, her EYES bleary, just breathing.

A SHADOW across her. And she looks up at the GUY in the leather jacket, PANIC, confusion on her FACE.

CUT TO:

68

EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 4 - 1430

68

LEO standing by a newsstand looking at a copy of VIP MAGAZINE, a Hungarian 'Hello', a beaming family portrait of Minister LASZLO VOROS, his pretty wife, IRINA and FIFTEEN MONTH OLD SON. The caption: 'HUNGARY'S OBAMA'.

LEO flicking through the mag, a series of PHOTOS of glamorous IRINA and her SON.

As he puts it back, he sees the day's Budapest newspaper. On the front page a PHOTO of HARRY. Another picture of the ambulance and police cars by the river.

LEO

Jesus.

LEO walking down the street, takes out his PHONE.

LEO (CONT'D)

Nikki, it's out, it's in the paper...

CUT TO: over the shoulder of the MAN in the leather jacket, hood up. He's following LEO at a distance. His HAND deep in his pocket, holding something heavy.

LEO hailing a cab. He gets in, hanging up the PHONE, showing the TAXI DRIVER a map. Suddenly the other door opens, a FIGURE gets in, the leather jacket.

LEO (CONT'D)

Hey!

Sudden fear on LEO'S FACE.

And we see the TAXI drive off, doing a sudden U-TURN, two FIGURES in the back seat.

CUT TO:

69

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 4 - 1500

69

NIKKI sitting on the bed watching the TV. BBC WORLD NEWS.

SOPHIE RAWORTH at the newsdesk.

SOPHIE RAWORTH

...The British National has been identified as Dr Harry Cunningham, a pathologist who was in Budapest to carry out a postmortem on behalf of JLD, an independent legal aid charity.

A PICTURE on the screen: caption: LASZLO VOROS

SOPHIE RAWORTH (CONT'D)  
Minister of State Laszlo Voros has  
vowed to set up an independent  
commission to investigate the  
circumstances of Dr Cunningham's  
death...

On the screen: VIDEO FOOTAGE of LASZLO VOROS...

SOPHIE RAWORTH (CONT'D)  
Laszlo Voros is widely seen in  
Brussels as a moderniser and is  
currently leading polls to become  
his party's leader next month...

NIKKI'S PHONE BLEEPs, another text message. She looks up,  
the curtains are drawn. The text is from LEO.

MEET ME AS SOON AS YOU CAN. MARTYR'S MEMORIAL. TELL NO ONE.

CUT TO:

70

EXT. MARTYR'S MEMORIAL - DAY 4 - 1530

70

Tight on NIKKI walking along, looking around warily. She  
checks her PHONE, there's no coverage here.

Her POV: sun in her eyes, a long avenue to a wide expanse  
of white marble, four walls of COMMUNIST ERA friezes and  
statues. The Martyr's Memorial.

NIKKI walking across the white flagstones. There's no one  
around, she's nervous, uncomfortable.

And then in the doorway of the memorial wall she sees LEO.  
She starts towards him.

Her POV: as she gets closer, in the deep shadow she can  
glimpse another FIGURE, standing behind LEO wearing a dark  
leather jacket. NIKKI stops.

And the MAN turns, seeing her.

Tight on NIKKI squinting into the sun. Concern, confusion.

LEO  
Nikki.

NIKKI'S POV: she takes a step towards them, straining to  
see through the horizontal sun. The MAN looking at her.  
She stops again. Turmoil on her FACE.

She turns quickly, starting to walk away. On the back of  
the MAN as he approaches her.

On NIKKI'S FACE as he comes towards her. She stumbles, his  
hand grabbing her arm.

And she's being pulled into an embrace. She looks up into the FACE of...

HARRY CUNNINGHAM. He looks at her, relief and emotion. LEO approaching. NIKKI staring at him in disbelief, looking into his eyes.

CUT TO:

70A INT. MARTYR'S MEMORIAL - DAY 4 - 1545

70A

LATER. In the dimly lit mausoleum, HARRY stands, NIKKI with her back to him. She won't look at him. SILENCE hangs heavy.

NIKKI  
We thought you were dead.

HARRY  
I'm sorry Nikki. Seeing you...  
seeing you both...

Feeling the emotion, he tails off. He reaches out his hand to NIKKI, she pulls away.

A MOMENT. Then she looks at him.

NIKKI  
Sorry...

HARRY  
I had no choice. They would have  
kept coming for me. I just needed  
time...

NIKKI  
For what?

HARRY  
I need to know what happened to  
Anna. He killed her. I need to know  
why.

NIKKI glancing at LEO. LEO doesn't meet her eye, he approaches HARRY.

LEO  
Let me take a look at that leg.

HARRY  
It's fine. It grazed me.

FLASHBACK TO:

71 EXT. RIVERSIDE ROAD - NIGHT 3 - 2348 (FLASHBACK)

71

The BULLET hitting Harry's leg. He falls.

HARRY lying on the verge. He tries to move, but pain courses through him. His jeans torn, blood seeping through.

He looks up, bleary eyed. The DARK FIGURE approaching him, carrying a HANDGUN. The headlights illuminating the CAN of PETROL in his hand.

HARRY trying to move but his leg is dead, he's groggy from the fall. The MAN coming closer. The BANDAGE on his arm, the WOLF TEETH TATTOO. The MAN'S FACE. ANNA'S KILLER.

HARRY'S terror. ANNA'S KILLER brandishing the can of petrol, shaking it, he's enjoying this, taunting HARRY. He kicks at HARRY'S leg, the bullet graze, HARRY GROANS in pain.

ANNA'S KILLER puts down the CAN of PETROL, discarding the empty clip from the GUN... As he goes to load another clip, a millisecond of decision or instinct from HARRY... and he grabs the CAN of PETROL, SWINGING it up hard at the MAN...

The MAN staggers back barely half a metre, a passing TRUCK glances his shoulder, sending him spinning to the ground...

HARRY is already moving, stumbling to his feet, dragging himself away along the verge, waiting for the bullet to hit him in the back of the head...

But there's nothing. He slows, turns. The dark shape of the MAN lying on the ground.

HARRY stops. The GUY isn't moving.

JUMP CUTS: HARRY approaching, wary.

HARRY looking down. The MAN lying FACE down.

HARRY reaching down. Moving the GUN away.

HARRY reaching out again, to the back of the man's neck. Feeling for the carotid pulse. Nothing.

HARRY looking at his own hand. Wet with the man's blood. He looks down. A construction slab, sharp edge shiny with blood.

HARRY pulling the BODY round, pulling open the EYES, the pupils fixed, eyes glassy in the streetlight. His ear to the MAN'S CHEST. The MAN is dead.

JUMP CUTS: HARRY sitting by the BODY at the side of the road, his head in his hands. He glances again at the DEAD GUY, not quite believing what's just happened.

HARRY seeing the MAN in Anna's bathroom, washing her blood off his latex gloves.



HARRY looking over, JANOS' BODY lying at the end of the pier.  
HARRY trying to calm himself.

ANA SANDOR (V.O.)  
'Lo es eget'. They shoot them  
through the face then burn what's  
left. It's a warning and a  
humiliation, no open casket...

JUMP CUT: HARRY standing over the BODY. We realise he's got  
the GUN in his hand. His FACE pale, desperate.

HARRY half crouches, holding the GUN out towards the MAN, but  
he can't do it. He stands up, turning away from the BODY, his  
head bowed. He can't do it.

Push into HARRY'S FACE looking down, the DEAD MAN'S HAND, the  
WOLF HEAD TATTOO...

CUT TO: the same HAND over Anna's mouth as she struggles,  
EYES searching for help, for HARRY, super slow, MUTE... until  
CRACK! A GUNSHOT.

Then... CRACK. A SHOT. Another. SHOTS RINGING out and a VOICE  
SHOUTING, AGONY, DESPERATION...

BACK TO:

72      INT. MARTYR'S MEMORIAL - DAY 4 - 1550

72

HARRY'S FACE, the shame and pain of the memory.

HARRY  
I burned him. I poured the petrol  
over him and burned him...

BACK TO:

73      EXT. RIVERSIDE ROAD - NIGHT 3 - 2350 (FLASHBACK)

73

HARRY pouring petrol over the BODY.

HARRY (V.O.)  
My crown was loose. I put it in his  
mouth.

HARRY crouching, he puts the crown in the bloody mess of  
the man's mouth. The MAN soaked in petrol wearing HARRY'S  
SHOES.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I took his coat, gave him my watch,  
my shoes, my passport... And then I  
burned him...

CUT TO: HARRY walking away from the burning BODY, numb, limping, staring into darkness as it swallows him...

CUT TO:

74      INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL - NIGHT 3 (FLASHBACK) - 0100      74

HARRY limping along a dimly lit pedestrian tunnel. His bloody footprints on the polished floor. He grabs the FIRST AID KIT from the wall, shoving the contents in his pocket.

JUMP CUT TO:

75      INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - NIGHT 3/FIRST LIGHT 4 0500 (FLASHBACK)      75

HARRY stumbling round Janos's 'home', he puts the GUN down on the work bench, finds some scissors.

HARRY starts to cut away the material from round the wound. The wound is deeper than he thought.

The medical kit open. HARRY pours antiseptic over his leg, wincing. Cleaning the wound.

JUMP CUT: HARRY pulling a bandage around his wound, trying to stay conscious.

JUMP CUT: HARRY taking off the leather jacket, pulling it inside out, looking through the pockets. In the inner pocket he feels something. It's a piece of paper: SOFI'S MEDICAL CERTIFICATE. HARRY staring at it...

LEO (V.O.)  
You think they killed her for this?

CUT TO:

76      INT. MARTYR'S MEMORIAL - DAY 4 - 1551      76

LEO looking at the bloodstained CERTIFICATE in his hand.

HARRY  
I don't know. I think they came to her flat because they thought Anna had proof of what they'd done to Sofi Mustafova. But she didn't, this certificate proves nothing. Sofi had a more recent examination that would have shown she was pregnant and HIV positive. I think that's what they were looking for.

NIKKI

So they killed Anna for a piece of paper that means nothing?

HARRY points at the CERTIFICATE.

HARRY

This name, Dr Elek, the guy who signs the reports... I found his number in the phone records in Anna's office. I think he was her source...

NIKKI glancing at LEO. Has he told him?

LEO

Did Anna say anything else, that night..?

HARRY shakes his head.

HARRY

She told me she was meant to meet this other girl, Agnes Dedej, a prostitute, she's only fifteen. Agnes didn't show, maybe Agnes knew something, maybe Anna knew it too, but she didn't tell me. She didn't trust me...

LEO and NIKKI looking at him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What is it? What do you know?  
(mind spinning)

Do you know why he killed Anna? Was it about Sofi? Or Agnes? I think the Ukrainians trafficked Agnes...

NIKKI

Stop it Harry. Just stop it. It's not important.

HARRY

It's important to me. Anna was killed for a reason...

NIKKI

This is about Anna.

HARRY

What is it? What have they told you?

LEO

Nikki, I don't think...

NIKKI glancing at LEO. It's clear he thinks this is the wrong time to be talking about it.

HARRY  
What are they saying about her? You  
can't trust them...  
(off their silence)  
What is it for Christ's sake?

LEO  
Let's just concentrate on getting  
you out of here...

HARRY  
Nikki...

NIKKI  
Anna was pregnant.

HARRY'S FACE.

HARRY  
How long?

NIKKI  
Harry...

HARRY  
How long?

LEO  
Eight weeks.

A MOMENT. HARRY nods. He walks towards the door...

CUT TO:

76A EXT. MARTYR'S MEMORIAL - DAY 4 - 1553

76A

HARRY standing on the steps. LEO emerges behind him.

LEO  
We'll get you on the hydrofoil to  
Vienna. We can sort this out, but  
not here...

HARRY  
You're sure? Eight weeks?

HARRY standing there, mind spinning. NIKKI looking at him.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
She said she had something to tell  
me, something about her...

LEO

Harry, you need to leave  
Budapest...

HARRY

...I didn't get it, I didn't want  
to get it... I was happy.  
He killed her. And he killed her  
child...

(beat)

Why wasn't I there?

LEO

You're angry, you should be angry.  
But the anger goes. This has  
nothing to do with you.

HARRY

(deep confusion)

Angry? I must be. Is that what I  
am?

LEO looking at him. HARRY thinking, then...

HARRY (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Is that what you'd do? Leave, go  
back?

LEO

That's exactly what I'd do.

HARRY

I didn't know her, Leo. She was  
trying to tell me... Go back to  
what? They killed Anna, they killed  
Janos right in front of me...

LEO reaches out. HARRY pulls away, numb.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm gone. They want to kill me.  
It's screwed, it's all screwed up.  
In my head. I'm...

A LONG MOMENT. Then HARRY reaches in his pocket, hands  
something to LEO. A MOBILE PHONE.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's a pre-paid. I'll call you,  
don't use your own phone.

He turns, LEO catches his arm, NIKKI there too.

NIKKI

This is crazy. We've only just got  
you back. Please Harry...

LEO

They'll know you're alive as soon  
as they get the DNA results on that  
body. Then what?

HARRY takes out a plastic bag. Strands of HAIR.

HARRY

It's his. Give it to them.  
(off their look)  
I thought it'd give me a chance to  
get out, go home...  
(laughs at the word)  
I thought... I thought I could...

HARRY standing there. Looking at LEO and NIKKI, he wants to  
say something, a goodbye, an explanation, a wish.

Then he turns and walks away.

LEO

Harry!

But it's NIKKI who goes after HARRY.

In long shot, we see him stop and look at her. She walks up  
to him, close, WHISPERING something in his ear.

LEO watching. And then HARRY walks away, disappearing down  
the long path of trees.

CUT TO:

77

INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 0900

77

MARINA lying on a mattress. Unmoving.

A SHADOW across her, a HAND feeling for a pulse.

A MOMENT. MARINA stirs, EYES opening, slowly, painfully. Her  
POV: blurry, trying to focus. A FIGURE sitting opposite,  
watching her, unfamiliar. Her EYES close again.

HARRY (V.O.)

Marina. You're okay. You've been  
asleep a long time...

She opens her EYES again, focusing unsteadily on HARRY.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I gave you something to help you  
sleep.

MARINA trying to keep her EYES open.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
We met before. I'm a friend of  
Anna's. I'm a doctor.

MARINA'S first instinct is to pick up her bag, looking  
through it.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
It's gone Marina. I threw it away.

MARINA  
Give me it, bastard, thief.

Her FACE, desperation. HARRY holds up the snapshot: MARINA  
and a smiling SOFI.

HARRY  
Your friend Sofi... she's dead.

MARINA  
So what. She killed herself.

HARRY  
I don't think that's true.  
(off Marina's look)  
Anna. Anna Sandor's dead too. I  
just want to know why. Why they  
were killed.

MARINA shaking her head...

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Anna was...  
(finding the word)  
She was pregnant with my child. I  
can help you. We can help each  
other.

MARINA looking at him. Feeling faint. HARRY takes her arm.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
You need to sleep. Sleep now.

Her POV of HARRY helping her back to the mattress. The PHOTO  
of her and SOFI. Her EYES closing...

CUT TO: LATER. HARRY'S FACE, lost in thought. Sound of  
BELLS RINGING. The tape player from Anna's office by his  
side. VOICES, two women speaking HUNGARIAN, one is Anna.  
The other is panicked, young. Anna trying to calm her.

In front of HARRY on a chair is ANNA'S JUMPER. He's just  
staring at it, listening to her VOICE, the BELLS. MOVE  
ROUND HIM into...

HIS IMAGINATION. Super-slow and mute as before, but this  
time the sequence is reversed.

The KNIFE emerging from ANNA, blood disappearing back into her, the KNIFE becoming clean. JANOS getting up from the dock, the hole in his head disappearing and he's SINGING again. ANNA SMILING at HARRY.

BACK TO: HARRY sitting in the workshop. He looks up. MARINA is sitting up on the mattress, unsteady. HARRY gets up going over to the bench, mixing bicarbonate into milk.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Drink this. It'll help with the  
cramps.

She doesn't take it. She glances at the tape player, Anna and the girl talking.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
It's a call Anna had with an  
Albanian girl called Agnes Dedej.  
Do you know her?

MARINA doesn't answer.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Anna was worried about Agnes. She  
emailed a Detective called Tibor  
Orban...

A Hungarian newspaper. The report of Harry's death, Anna's picture and a PHOTO of TIBOR ORBAN.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
The man who thinks I killed Anna.

MARINA  
Did you?

MARINA looking at him, defiant. A MOMENT.

HARRY  
I need to know what they're saying.  
(off her look)  
Help me and I'll get you what you  
want.

MARINA  
Anna's telling her to be calm...

We hear AGNES' VOICE, breathless, teary...

MARINA (CONT'D)  
The girl says she wants to meet,  
Nepliget...

HARRY  
The bus station...



MARINA

She says she's scared. She needs money. She says she hasn't much time.

We hear the scared VOICE, we hear BELLS RINGING in the background, the BELLS we heard at ANNA'S apartment. Then the tape player slurs to a halt. He opens it up. The TAPE is exposed, mangled.

HARRY

Shit.

HARRY pulling out the tape, it breaks.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

(looks up)

Did Agnes say where she was?

MARINA

(shrugs)

She was saying she couldn't stay on the payphone, she had to go...

HARRY

Maybe she was already in the bus station?

HARRY sitting there, lost in thought.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Those bells, I heard them on the phone to Anna. The church opposite her apartment...

HARRY looks at MARINA, she doesn't look well.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Marina, are you okay?

MARINA

My stomach hurts.

HARRY

It's part of the withdrawal.

MARINA

(sarcastic)

Is that right?

(bitter)

I've done it before. Many times.

HARRY

Why do you go back?

MARINA starts drinking the bicarbonate mixture he gave her.  
HARRY looking at her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You know what it's like to lose a  
child, don't you?

MARINA looks up. He's holding up a MASS CARD. A baby cherub  
on the front. A date. 2005. A lock of hair attached to it.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ildiko Sebes. Your daughter?

MARINA

Son of a bitch. Give me that. You  
have no right. Who the hell are  
you?

HARRY

(chastened)

I'm sorry.

He hands her the MASS CARD. She puts it in her bag.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What you want, it's on the table.

MARINA looks at the foil wrap. She puts it in her bag.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Agnes Dedej. Do you know her? Do  
you know where she might be?

MARINA

(shakes her head)

I have to go. If I don't show up  
they'll come looking for me.

(looks at him)

They'll find you.

HARRY looking at her. He can't trust her, but he can't keep  
her here. He unbolts the door.

HARRY watching her walk away across the tram tracks.

CUT TO:

78

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 5 - 0930

78

NIKKI coming along the corridor to her hotel room. The door  
is half open. She stops. She pushes open the door.

TIBOR ORBAN is standing in her room.

TIBOR ORBAN

You didn't answer your phone Dr  
Alexander. We were worried about  
you.

NIKKI enters the room, puts down her bag.

NIKKI

I went for a walk.

TIBOR ORBAN

With Professor Dalton?

NIKKI

Are you questioning me? If this is an interview I want a lawyer and a representative from the British Embassy...

TIBOR SMILES, gestures to the city beyond.

TIBOR ORBAN

About the only Empire that never ruled Hungary was the British. We've had the Romans, the Huns, the Ottomans, the Nazis and the Russians... None of them stuck around for very long.

NIKKI looking at him.

NIKKI

What are they paying you to leave them alone? And can we pay you more?

A MOMENT. TIBOR looking at her.

TIBOR ORBAN

A detective here gets paid the same as some kid working in McDonalds in London. So what'll it be? A quarter pounder with cheese?

(off her look)

Don't try to bribe people here unless you really know what you're doing. And you really don't know what you're doing.

NIKKI

I understand why you wouldn't cross them. I wouldn't.

TIBOR ORBAN

My father was a policeman. His father also. We serve under the powers that be. We work within the laws of the State.

NIKKI

Whatever the State might be.

NIKKI trying to contain her anger. She reaches in her bag. The sample bottle from the LYELL CENTRE, now containing the strands of HAIR Harry gave them.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

The DNA sample from Dr Cunningham.

TIBOR looking at it for a moment.

TIBOR ORBAN

The truth from a strand of hair. I  
wish my witnesses were this  
reliable.

TIBOR looks at her a moment and back at the sample. He  
doesn't trust her.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

That photo message you received. It  
was good advice.

NIKKI looking at him. TIBOR puts the sample bottle in his  
pocket, exits. NIKKI closing the door behind him, tense.

CUT TO:

79

EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 5 - 1000

79

DUNCAN MCBURNEY sitting on a bench looking at a copy of  
SOFI'S MEDICAL CERTIFICATE. The doctor's signature.

MCBURNEY

Dr Elek. He has a nice address.  
(looks up)  
Where did you get this?

LEO

Sofi Mustafova gave it to Anna  
Sandor. I found this copy in  
Harry's notes.  
(beat)

Anna Sandor had been talking to Dr  
Elek. He would have done a medical  
examination on Sofi Mustafova in  
the last two weeks. It would have  
shown she was pregnant and HIV  
positive.

MCBURNEY

But we already know that from her  
postmortem. What does it prove?

LEO

It proves that they knew it. It  
gives them motive to kill her.

MCBURNEY thinking.

MCBURNEY

It's not far. Why don't we pay Dr  
Elek a visit?

CUT TO:

80

EXT. UPSCALE RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY 5 - 1030

80

An upscale residential street. LEO and MCBURNEY standing  
outside a grandiose house. A brass plaque: DR ELEK.

MCBURNEY

Quite a place isn't it?

MCBURNEY pressing the ornate bell. Again and again. LEO  
looking at a WREATH hanging on the wall. A long ribbon  
hanging down, writing on it.

LEO

My Hungarian's a little rusty, but  
I'm guessing he's got a good excuse  
for not answering the door.

MCBURNEY looking at the ribbon. Ornate script: JOSZEF ELEK.  
And in the centre a PHOTO of a MAN in glasses in his 60s.

JUMP CUT TO:

MCBURNEY on the PHONE speaking in Hungarian. He turns to LEO.

MCBURNEY

Three days ago. Car accident  
apparently.

LEO

I see.

A MOMENT. LEO and MCBURNEY looking up at the house.

MCBURNEY

No Hungarian doctor I know has a  
house like this.

LEO

They're clearing up aren't they?  
Anyone who knows.

CUT TO:

81

EXT. ANGELS CLUB. BUDAPEST BACK STREETS - DAY 5 - 1100

81

Angels Club, GUYS with tattoos outside. MARINA exits, a GUY  
hassling her, she flirts with him for a moment, walks on.

MARINA crossing the cobbled streets. She looks up, a FIGURE  
watching her beyond. It's HARRY.

She turns the other direction, walks away. HARRY following her. She goes down another street, stops, turning on him.

MARINA

What if I shout? They'll come.

MARINA standing there. HARRY sees her FACE. It's bruised.

MARINA (CONT'D)

I missed a shift. I'm much more scared of them than I am of you.

HARRY

Let me have a look at that.

MARINA

Go away.

She walks on, HARRY following.

HARRY

I want to help you.

MARINA

No you don't.

HARRY standing there.

HARRY

I need to find Agnes.

MARINA

I don't need to find Agnes. I need a hit. I need to keep my head down and work. I need you to leave me alone.

But HARRY isn't going anywhere. MARINA looking at him.

MARINA (CONT'D)

A girl at the club told me Agnes is 'Kulonleges'... One of the special ones.

(a beat)

Like Sofi.

HARRY

Special how?

MARINA

Young, pretty. They put her in a nice apartment, on her own, give her expensive clothes. The important clients, VIPs, they come there, not to the club like the tourists and the city cops...

(looks down)

I was special once.

HARRY looking at her.

HARRY

So that's what the medical examinations are about, I saw Sofi's certificate...

MARINA

The men don't use condoms, they pay more. I got pregnant. I didn't want an abortion, but I owed them money, so I ran. When they found me I was in my seventh month. I still owe them money. I'll always owe them money...

HARRY

Where is she? Agnes?

MARINA

I went to a party for some businessmen, politicians. There was a girl living at the apartment, she was young, Albanian...

HARRY

Where is it, the apartment?

MARINA

Magyar Street. Special girls, special address.

HARRY

Magyar Street. What number?

MARINA

I don't remember. It was months ago.

HARRY

Will you show me?

MARINA

Will you leave me alone?

CUT TO:

82

EXT. MAGYAR STREET - DAY 5 - 1159

82

A wealthy street. A COUPLE of POLICE standing by a building at the end, a Minister's house perhaps. In a doorway stand HARRY and MARINA looking at a building opposite.

MARINA

That one. Second floor.

HARRY looking at the security cameras on buildings, lamp posts.

HARRY  
The front of the building or the back?

MARINA  
The whole second floor. I told you, she's a special girl...

MERGE INTO:

83      INT. MAGYAR STREET APARTMENT - NIGHT - 2100 (FLASHBACK)      83

MARINA'S FACE at the party a few months previous. GUY in a SUIT talking to her. His hand on her arm. MARINA'S POV:

Through OTHER PEOPLE at the 'party', sitting down, glimpsed between TWO OLDER MEN is AGNES. She looks tiny, young, far too young for the dress she's wearing...

BACK TO:

84      EXT. MAGYAR STREET - DAY 5 - 1200      84

HARRY and MARINA looking up at the building. The curtains are drawn on the second floor.

HARRY  
Curtains drawn at noon.

MARINA  
They work her hard. Like vampire.

MARINA walks away without a look back.

HARRY in a doorway of the building opposite, keeping to the shadows. Watching the apartment building.

But there's no one going in or out. Just a FEMALE CONCIERGE watering the plants, smoking.

HARRY walks past her into the inner courtyard...

CUT TO:

85      INT. STAIRCASE. MAGYAR STREET APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 5 - 85 1202

HARRY going up the ornate stairs, sweat damp on his back, FEMALE CONCIERGE following him, SHOUTING at him in HUNGARIAN.



HARRY

Second floor. I'm a client.

He takes out a card. ANGELS CLUB. FEMALE CONCIERGE looking at him suspiciously, talking away at him in HUNGARIAN.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I still don't understand a word  
you're saying. I'm a tourist.

(gestures up)

Girl?

He continues up the ornate staircase. SOUND of PIANO playing from an upper floor. The FEMALE CONCIERGE watching from the landing below as he RINGS on the doorbell.

No response. FEMALE CONCIERGE coming up the stairs. HARRY gestures at the apartment.

HARRY (CONT'D)

She's sleeping, maybe?

FEMALE CONCIERGE taking out her PHONE. HARRY walks over to her, taking out some money. He points to the door.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's okay. She's expecting me.

FEMALE CONCIERGE looking dubious. He hands her another twenty Euro note. She takes a key, unlocking the door. HARRY steps quickly into the apartment, she goes to follow him but he shuts the door, bolting it, FEMALE CONCIERGE SHOUTING after him...

CUT TO:

86

INT. MAGYAR STREET APARTMENT - DAY 5 - 1204

86

The apartment is ornate, but entirely empty, stripped of furniture. HARRY looking round, confused. Beyond the door to the bedroom is ajar, it's dark inside.

HARRY

Agnes!

No response. He goes into the bedroom, but it's dark. He reaches for a light switch but he can't find one. SOMETHING on the bed. A horrible feeling of dread.

He opens the blinds, light flooding the room. It too is empty. The bed has no mattress, two pillows on the frame.

A VOICE from outside the apartment. He goes back towards the door. His POV through the frosted glass: FEMALE CONCIERGE talking animatedly on her phone.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

CUT TO:

87      EXT. MAGYAR STREET - DAY 5 - 1206

87

MARINA at a tram stop, smoking. Then she sees a CAR approaching. She starts to walk away. But they've seen her. The CAR stops. COUPLE of UKRAINIAN GUYS getting out. We recognise one of them as SOFI'S KILLER.

He's talking to MARINA, annoyed, angry, she's playing innocent. But he's suspicious of what she's doing here.

She protests but he grabs her, shoves her into the car.

CUT TO:

88      INT. MAGYAR STREET APARTMENT - DAY 5 - 1207

88

HARRY going to the window, looking out to the street. He opens the window, but it's twenty feet to the street. On the wide exterior window ledge is a window box, the plants long dead. And an ashtray full of old cigarette butts.

HARRY looking at the window box. Pushed into the earth are several small brown plastic prescription bottles, all empty. The labels are all pretty much worn away, but on one is a fragment of a name: AGNES...

Below SOUND of a CAR pulling up. HARRY looks down, pulling away from the window...

CUT TO:

89      EXT. MAGYAR STREET APARTMENT - DAY 5 - 1208

89

The GUYS getting out, SOFI'S KILLER ordering MARINA to wait for them. She nods, cowed, sweat on her brow.

FEMALE CONCIERGE waiting for them at the entrance, jabbering away in Hungarian.

CUT TO:

90      INT. STAIRCASE. MAGYAR STREET APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 5 - 1209

The GANGSTERS climbing the stairs behind the FEMALE CONCIERGE.

She unlocks the door, they turn the handle, pushing hard, the door opens, surprise on FEMALE CONCIERGE'S FACE. They step past her and in...

CUT TO:

91      INT. MAGYAR STREET APARTMENT - DAY 5 - 1210

91

SOFI'S KILLER moving fast through the apartment, going to the bedroom, but it's empty. He checks under the bed, the closets. And comes back out to the living room.

The OTHER GUY goes through into the back bedroom, the window open a crack. A TREE right outside the window, down to the courtyard. The GUY leaning out of the window, sweat marks on his armpits, looking down, CURSING.

FEMALE CONCIERGE jabbering away at them. She's holding a newspaper. SOFI'S KILLER walks over to her, looking at it. She's pointing to a PHOTO. The PHOTO is of HARRY.

Push in on the FACE of SOFI'S KILLER. HARRY is alive.

CUT TO:

92      INT. MAGYAR STREET APARTMENT - DAY 5 - 1215

92

SOFI'S KILLER exits the apartment, grilling the FEMALE CONCIERGE on the landing. A DOOR opens on the floor above them, an OLD GUY exits his apartment, hearing the VOICES below...

OLD GUY opens the door to the lift. And stops. Crouched in the corner of the lift is HARRY, knees pulled into his chest. His hair matted with sweat.

OLD GUY looking at him. The MEN'S VOICES below.

HARRY looks at OLD GUY, imploring.

CUT TO:

The lift descending, the GANGSTERS on the landing looking round towards it, seeing only the OLD GUY. But we can see HARRY crouched down, barely breathing...

CUT TO:

93      EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - DAY 5 - 1300

93

LEO on the eighth floor hotel terrace looking out over the Danube to Buda Castle. He reaches into his pocket for the pre-paid mobile HARRY gave him. FOOTSTEPS behind him. He turns. It's TIBOR ORBAN walking towards him.

Hurriedly, LEO puts the phone back in his pocket.

LEO

Are you looking for me? Haven't you got better things to do?

TIBOR ORBAN

Maybe. There's been a complaint. About you. Apparently you've been ringing on dead men's doors.

LEO

I just went to talk to him.

TIBOR ORBAN

Why?

LEO doesn't answer. TIBOR looking out over the city.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

What do you want to know about Dr Elek?

LEO

What is there to know? He died in a car accident, right?

TIBOR ORBAN

That's right. He always drove too fast. You should see his speeding tickets.

LEO

You know it wasn't an accident. He died the day before Anna Sandor was killed. It was his signature on the bottom of Sofi Mustafova's medical certificate. They were paying him...

TIBOR ORBAN

Yes they were. He was doing private medical examinations. That's not illegal, that's capitalism.

LEO

We say nothing to each other, you and I.

TIBOR ORBAN

That's why we get on so well.

(off Leo's look)

Okay. I'll tell you something. Dr Elek had a lot of clients. The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly. He was well connected, he had a good list, way before '89. And his friends don't like his widow being upset.

(MORE)

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

Mr McBurney, well, he's a diplomat,  
he can do what he likes, within  
reason. But you...

LEO

You don't want to get involved. I  
don't blame you, I don't think I  
would. You want to follow me, I'll  
tell you where I'm going. I'm going  
to see Laszlo Voros, in his office  
at the Ministry. Mr McBurney's  
spoken to him. Mr Voros seems like  
someone who actually wants to know  
what's going on here.

TIBOR is SILENT. LEO glaring at him. A MOMENT. Then the  
PHONE in Leo's pocket starts to RING. LEO ignores it.

TIBOR ORBAN

Aren't you going to answer that? It  
might be important.

(off Leo's look)

May I?

TIBOR puts out his hand. LEO weighing his options, heart  
racing. The PHONE stops RINGING. He hands it to TIBOR.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

Did you get a new phone?

LEO

It's a pre-paid. It's cheaper.

TIBOR clicking on the missed call. He presses DIAL.

LEO (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

TIBOR ORBAN

Don't worry, I'll give you a  
Forint.

The PHONE RINGING.

CUT TO:

94

EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 5 - 1301

94

HARRY walking along a street, the MOBILE RINGING in his  
hand. He answers, he's about to speak, but then he waits...  
SILENCE. A long moment. Then a VOICE.

TIBOR ORBAN (V.O.)

Hello?

HARRY looks at the PHONE. He knows it's not Leo. He hangs  
up.

HARRY

Shit.

The PHONE starts to RING again. HARRY panicked, he pulls out the battery then throws it and the PHONE into a bin.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

HARRY walking away quickly, cutting down a side street.

CUT TO:

95

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - DAY 5 - 1302

95

TIBOR holding LEO'S MOBILE to his ear. It's SILENT. He looks at LEO.

TIBOR ORBAN

Whoever wanted to talk to you must  
have changed their mind. Or maybe  
they didn't want talk to me.

He looks at the PHONE once more, hands it back to LEO,  
who's visibly annoyed.

LEO

Is that it? Can I go now?

TIBOR looking at him.

TIBOR ORBAN

No. I don't think so.

LEO

What?

TIBOR ORBAN

I think you should come with me.

LEO

Are you arresting me?

TIBOR ORBAN

If I have to.

LEO

You have to.

TIBOR ORBAN

Okay. You're under arrest.

LEO

What's the charge?

TIBOR ORBAN

This is Hungary. I am under no  
obligation at this stage to reveal  
the reasons for your arrest.

LEO looking at him.

CUT TO:

96      INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY 5 - 1310

96

TIBOR and another COP escorting LEO through the lobby of  
the hotel to the exit. LEO looks over at the CONCIERGE.

LEO

Peter. Tell Dr Alexander I've been  
arrested. Tell her to call the  
British Embassy, she knows who to  
talk to. Please.

CONCIERGE wary. He doesn't acknowledge LEO, looking away.

TIBOR ORBAN

Shall we?

TIBOR waiting by the doors. Reluctantly LEO exits in front of  
him. TIBOR glances back at CONCIERGE, exits too.

CUT TO:

97      EXT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1400

97

HARRY crossing the tram tracks towards the disused  
workshop. He opens the door...

CUT TO:

98      INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1401

98

HARRY stepping inside, then he stops abruptly. In the  
shadows SOMEONE is pointing a GUN at him.

Harry's breath caught in his throat. Then he sees the HAND  
shaking. A SOFT SOBBING.

It's MARINA. Holding the GUN that Harry stole.

HARRY

It's empty.

MARINA still holding the GUN. HARRY approaching her,  
gently. Her HAND falling, the GUN on the floor.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What happened?

MARINA

They saw me. On Magyar Street. They  
put me in the car.

HARRY

Are you okay?

MARINA

I ran. They went in the building, I  
thought they'd found you...

HARRY looks over. There's a holdall next to her.

MARINA (CONT'D)

I can't go back. I ran from them.  
Do you understand?

HARRY

It's okay. I can help you...

MARINA

What are you talking about? You?  
You can't help anyone.

HARRY'S FACE.

CUT TO: LATER. MARINA sitting on the floor of the workshop.  
HARRY boiling water on Janos's gas stove.

HARRY

Maybe they took Agnes somewhere  
else. Another apartment...

MARINA

No one's seen her in months. She's  
probably dead already.

MARINA is looking at the empty prescription bottles Harry  
found at the apartment.

HARRY

She called Anna a couple of days  
ago. Agnes was alive then. She was  
going to meet Anna at the bus  
station...

MARINA

Maybe they got there first. Maybe  
Anna told them...

HARRY

You don't believe that.

MARINA

Haven't you learned? You trust  
anyone you end up like Sofi. That's  
what'll happen to me. Or you.



MARINA opens one of the empty prescription bottles.

MARINA (CONT'D)

They give the girls Valium  
sometimes, keeps them quiet.

HARRY

It's not Valium. Smell it.  
(she sniffs)  
I think it's iron. But if Agnes was  
anemic why hide it from them?

MARINA

When I was pregnant I took iron  
pills. It helps the blood.

HARRY

Agnes is pregnant?  
(realisation)  
That's why she ran. Jesus.

MARINA

So they wouldn't send her to the  
clinic. So she could have her baby.

HARRY looking at MARINA.

HARRY

Agnes is alive, somewhere. She's  
pregnant. She must be terrified.

MARINA'S FACE. Remembering that feeling.

CUT TO:

99

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 5 - 1500

99

NIKKI in her hotel room, worried, talking on her phone to  
DUNCAN MCBURNEY. On the bed a copy of VIP MAGAZINE, LASZLO  
and IRINA VOROS on the front cover with their SON.

MCBURNEY (V.O.)

I've made some calls, we know where  
Leo is, Pushkas Street...

NIKKI

They've had him for hours, what's  
going on...

MCBURNEY (V.O.)

I'm on my way from the Embassy now,  
I'll meet you outside the hotel  
we'll go down there together,  
Nikki...

NIKKI

Have they even said why?

MCBURNEY (V.O.)  
They've got seventy-two hours  
before they have to tell anyone  
anything...

NIKKI grabs her coat and bag, exits the room.

CUT TO:

100

INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1501

100

HARRY looking through Janos's stuff in the workshop.

HARRY  
I think there's some tea here  
somewhere..

MARINA  
Coffee. I need coffee.

HARRY rummaging in Janos's plastic bags. MARINA behind him.  
She puts something down on the bench.

HARRY  
What's that?

MARINA  
I told you. I was special once.

HARRY looking at it. It's a MEDICAL CERTIFICATE just like  
Sofi's. Only this one is dated JUNE 2005.

HARRY  
I'm confused. You said Ildiko died  
in July 2005. The date on this,  
it's just a month before you gave  
birth.

MARINA  
So what?

HARRY  
Well they must have known you were  
pregnant by then...

MARINA  
I don't remember.

HARRY looking at her. She's upset, she looks young, lost.

HARRY  
What'll you do now, Marina?

MARINA  
What difference does it make to  
you?

HARRY

You're smart. You speak better English than I do. You're only twenty-six. You've got a future.

MARINA

You sound like that American missionary who used to come round to see the girls, telling us God loved us and getting a free blow-job when he could...

HARRY

That's not me.

MARINA

No, it's worse than that. You've got a guilty conscience and you want to make something good out of this so you can forgive yourself.

(looks at him)

I should charge you. A clean conscience, that's worth more than sex.

HARRY

Agnes called Anna for help. If she's pregnant...

(another thought)

I don't get it, Agnes, Sofi, you... You're on the pill, right?

MARINA

So? I was drinking, taking that stuff, I forget sometimes. I didn't even know I was pregnant for three months...

HARRY

And Sofi? You said she was careful, she had these in her bag...

HARRY picks up the blisterpack of Sofi's contraceptive pills. MARINA is silent. He looks at her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

There are tears in MARINA'S EYES.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to remind you...

MARINA

Everything reminds me. I hear Ildiko sometimes. Crying.

(beat)

(MORE)

MARINA (CONT'D)

It's stupid. She was born dead. At least they buried her properly. They did that for me.

HARRY

It helps. Having some place to visit, some place to grieve.

MARINA looks at him, self-loathing.

MARINA

I never visit. I've never been.

HARRY seeing the pain on her face. He looks down, he's been playing with the blisterpack in his hand. As he looks at it again, the label with Sofi's name on it, the brand name - OVULIEVE - he realises the label has started to come away in his hand. Beneath it there's different text...

HARRY looks again at Marina's certificate, then again at her. A horrible suspicion.

HARRY

Why don't we go to Ildiko's grave now? You and me.

MARINA looking at him, confused.

CUT TO:

101     INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY 5 - 1503

101

NIKKI walking along an atrium corridor where LADIES are having tea. As she rounds the corner she sees a couple of WOMEN sitting on sofas having coffee, both wearing black. NIKKI recognises one of them: IRINA VOROS, the WOMAN from the cover of VIP magazine, her FIFTEEN MONTH-OLD SON playing on the carpet by her feet. NIKKI hesitates, then approaches.

NIKKI

Mrs Voros? I'm sorry...

(off her look)

I recognised you from the magazine...

(Irina smiles politely)

I'm Dr Alexander, your husband's been trying to help us...

IRINA VOROS

You're a friend of the English doctor, the one who was killed?

NIKKI nods. Despite herself, tears well in her EYES.

NIKKI

I'm sorry, I wouldn't normally,  
it's just my colleague, Professor  
Dalton, he's been arrested, and...

IRINA VOROS puts her hand on Nikki's arm.

IRINA VOROS

This must be an awful time for you.  
Come, sit with us, I'll get you  
something to drink...

(Nikki goes to sit down)

I understand, we also have suffered  
a loss, an old friend of my  
husband's, our family doctor...

NIKKI

I'm sorry, I'm disturbing you, this  
isn't your concern. Mr McBurney  
from the Embassy is coming to get  
me...

IRINA VOROS

Duncan? Of course. I know he and  
Laszlo have spoken about this...

IRINA calls over the WAITER, talking to him. NIKKI looking  
at the BOY playing with toys on the carpet. She leans down  
to hand the BOY a toy car, but lying next to it is a NASAL  
INHALER. NIKKI picks it up, hands it to IRINA.

NIKKI

Sorry you probably didn't want him  
playing with this.

IRINA VOROS

My goodness, it was in my bag.  
Thank you, he'd eat anything this  
one.

NIKKI

(sees the label)

Desmopressin? You have Haemophilia  
A?

IRINA VOROS

It's mild. I'm lucky really.

NIKKI

You look very healthy.

(the boy)

And he seems very happy.

NIKKI steps towards the BOY, IRINA moves between them.

IRINA VOROS

He's fine. There's no sign of it in  
him.

NIKKI  
(surprised, looks at her)  
Really?

IRINA VORAS  
Our little miracle.

NIKKI looking at the BOY. FOOTSTEPS approaching, NIKKI looks up, MCBURNEY is there. A beat.

The look on McBurney's face. Wary. Cold.

MCBURNEY  
Hello Nikki.  
(then)  
Irina, what a nice surprise.

MCBURNEY kisses IRINA, starts to speak to her in Hungarian. NIKKI watching, looking at the child. She glances at the coffee table, the FUNERAL ORDER OF SERVICE lying there. A PHOTO on the front and a name: DR JOSZEF ELEK.

NIKKI looks at IRINA talking in hushed tones to MCBURNEY. NIKKI'S FACE. A feeling of creeping dread.

When the WAITER arrives with Nikki's drink, MCBURNEY sees NIKKI is walking away.

MCBURNEY (CONT'D)  
Where are you going Nikki? The car's outside...

NIKKI  
I left something in my room...

MCBURNEY  
You seem upset. Has something happened?

But NIKKI keeps walking. Her PHONE clasped in her hand.

MCBURNEY (CONT'D)  
Nikki....

MCBURNEY walking towards her as she enters the lifts.

Nikki's face as she presses the lift button, trying to keep calm. FOOTSTEPS approaching.

MCBURNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Nikki...

MCBURNEY appearing at the lift, but the doors close. NIKKI exhales. She dials her phone. Leo's answerphone.

NIKKI

Leo, I don't know if you're out yet, I don't know if you'll get this... I met Minister Voros' wife, she's just been to the funeral of Jozsef Elek. Leo, she said Elek was an old friend, he was their doctor...

NIKKI'S VOICE continues over...

CUT TO:

102

EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY 5 - 1510

102

TIBOR pulled over at the side of the road. Leo's phone in his hand. He's listening to Nikki's message.

NIKKI (V.O.)

There's something else. Their son... Irina Voros is a Haemophiliac, type A, but she claims her son isn't. The boy isn't hers, he can't be. Why would they pretend? What's going on Leo?

TIBOR'S FACE. Sitting there a moment, thinking. Then he presses a key and we hear 'MESSAGE DELETED'.

A knock on the window. A FACE we recognise, SOFI'S KILLER. TIBOR winds down the window, nods. SOFI'S KILLER hands TIBOR a envelope of CASH. And TIBOR hands him something in return.

A POLICE FILE. The name: CUNNINGHAM, HARRY.

CUT TO:

103

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 5 - 1600

103

HARRY walking along. A vast endless cemetery. Ahead of him is MARINA, nervous as they pass the rows of graves.

They get to an area of smaller graves, fresh flowers, toys placed against the headstones. The children's section.

HARRY nods over to a wall of plaques, each one with a small door. MARINA hesitates.

MARINA'S POV: scanning the wall, the names. She stops, reaching out to one, tracing the name with her fingers.

ILDIKO SEBES. The birth and death date the same: 02/07/05.

MARINA

I told you. July. So much sun, so much light. I remember that.

FLASH TO: MARINA'S MEMORY. SUNSHINE through a window. A FACE blurry in front of her, saying something soothing in HUNGARIAN. Her EYES close again. Then the briefest SOUND.

A BABY CRYING.

BACK TO: MARINA standing there.

MARINA (CONT'D)  
I heard her. I really feel like I  
heard her. So stupid.

HARRY looking at her. MARINA blinking in the afternoon sun.

HARRY  
What if you did hear her?

MARINA  
She died. She was born dead. The  
doctor told me. They gave me the  
certificate. It said...  
Halvaszuletett. Born dead.

HARRY  
But you heard her.

MARINA  
Stop it. You're cruel. My baby  
never cried...

FLASH TO: MARINA'S MEMORY, her POV: sunshine streaming round the blurry FACE of a DOCTOR who's talking to her. The ID TAG on his scrubs: ELEK. And beyond, a distant SOUND.

A BABY CRYING. And a FIGURE moving behind the DOCTOR carrying something, moving out of the room.

BACK TO: MARINA staring at the door by the plaque. She pulls on the door.

HARRY  
Marina.

MARINA still pulling on the door, she looks round, picks up a piece of broken flagstone, starts BASHING it against the door bracket. The bracket bent away.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Wait, Marina...

A MOMENT. The two of them staring at the door.

MARINA  
Open it. I want to see. I want to  
know.

HARRY looking at her.



MARINA (CONT'D)

You brought me here.

HARRY looking at the small COFFIN.

HARRY

I thought... I'm not sure Marina...  
(reality check)  
It's five years, it's not your baby  
anymore. All you'll see is...

MARINA

What will I see?

HARRY looking at her.

MARINA (CONT'D)

I heard her cry.

HARRY hesitates. MARINA goes to open the door. HARRY puts his hand on her shoulder, pulling aside the door himself. MARINA looks away. HARRY starting to remove the coffin, but the side falls away. HARRY staring.

HARRY

Look Marina. You have to look.

Slowly MARINA turns, her POV from behind Harry's back.

In the half-collapsed coffin there are no bones, no decomposed remains. Just a single BRICK.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. WASTE GROUND - DAY 5 - 1700

104

Vast waste ground on the edge of the city. An unmarked car approaching, dust billowing behind. It stops.

LEO handcuffed in the back. In front TIBOR and a DRIVER.

LEO

What the hell's going on? First you  
hold me in some building for four  
hours, no questions, no charges...  
What do you want from me?

TIBOR ORBAN

The truth would be nice.

LEO looking at him. The waste ground beyond. There's no one here, no one to shout to. Nowhere to go.

LEO

I want to speak to the British  
Embassy.

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)

I want to know why you're holding me, why you're preventing me from going to Minister Voros, telling him what I know.

TIBOR ORBAN

Minister Voros and I are well acquainted. I have his personal number on my phone. Do you want it?

(off Leo's look)

You know very little Professor Dalton. I was on Laszlo Voros' personal protection detail for five years. I know him better than anyone.

LEO

(looking at him)

He's involved?

TIBOR ORBAN

Involved? In what?

LEO

The girls, the ones for the VIPs, businessmen, politicians... He's one of the clients?

TIBOR ORBAN

(laughs)

Laszlo Voros having sex with girls for money? I find that highly unlikely.

LEO

Why, because he's so clean?

TIBOR ORBAN

No. Because Laszlo Voros is gay.

(beat, Tibor smiles)

Not something you publicise here. Not if you want to get elected.

LEO

But he's married, they have a young baby...

TIBOR looking at him. A MOMENT.

TIBOR ORBAN

I know who called you earlier.

LEO'S FACE. He must be bluffing.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

I know that Dr Cunningham is alive. Where is he?

LEO looking at him. TIBOR grim now.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)  
Where is he?

CUT TO:

105 EXT/INT. HOSPITAL ATRIUM - DAY 5 - 1705

105

The entrance to Budapest Hospital. SWING ROUND onto HARRY, walking up into the entrance, focused, purposeful. Move with him into the foyer, a few PEOPLE glancing at him...

JUMP CUT: HARRY walking down the corridor.

CUT TO:

106 INT. ISTVAN SANDOR'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 1710

106

ISTVAN at his desk, typing on his computer. He's SMOKING, ashtray alongside. He looks up. His FACE. A frown, uncertain.

A MOMENT. His mouth open. And we MOVE ROUND him to reveal HARRY standing in the doorway.

ISTVAN SANDOR  
And my daughter? Is she alive too?

HARRY facing him. A PHOTO on the desk: ANNA, smiling, happy.

ISTVAN SANDOR (CONT'D)  
The dead can walk. Can't they speak?

HARRY walks up to the desk.

HARRY  
I think I know who killed Anna. I think I know why.

ISTVAN SANDOR  
Her boyfriend killed her. The man who's lying in my mortuary.  
(off Harry's look)  
Who knows death like a pathologist?  
Who better to fake his own?

ISTVAN reaches for the PHONE.

HARRY  
The Special Ones, that's what they call them. They separate them from the other girls, charge a premium for unprotected sex with them. And when they get pregnant...

ISTVAN

(shaking his head)

Anna showed me that girl's medical report, Sofi Mustafova. She told me her theory, the girls get pregnant or infected and they're killed...

HARRY

Anna was wrong. Sofi wasn't killed because she was pregnant. Or even because she was HIV positive. She was killed because what she had they couldn't sell.

\*

ISTVAN SANDOR

(shaking his head)

I see why you and Anna got on. Everything was a conspiracy with my daughter.

HARRY

I've just been to the grave of a child recorded as a stillbirth in 2005. There's no baby there. They buried a brick in its place.

\*

He's got Istvan's attention now.

HARRY (CONT'D)

The contraceptive pills they're giving them, they're antihistamines, placebos, I've seen the packs, they relabelled them. They want the girls to get pregnant...

(off Istvan's look)

The babies of trafficked prostitutes, immigrant girls and runaways, sold to the rich here in Budapest. They thought Anna knew, that's why they killed her.

ISTVAN SANDOR

No. You killed her, it was your DNA, your fingerprints on the knife. You fought, about her baby, your baby. What sort of man kills the mother of his child?

HARRY

I don't know. I didn't know that she was...

ISTVAN SANDOR

Yes, she told you, you lost your temper, you...

HARRY

I killed your daughter. Istvan. Is that what you think? Really?

ISTVAN SANDOR

What, you're going to tell me you loved her now?

HARRY

She didn't tell me about the baby. I didn't get a chance to... [love her]...

On the wall, a framed PHOTO of ISTVAN, the one HARRY and ANNA looked at in the corridor.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I thought you'd want to know the truth. Anna had so much respect for you. She told me you were the only honest man she ever knew.

HARRY looking at the wall, other PHOTOS, CERTIFICATES from Istvan's career. A picture of SIX YOUNG DOCTORS, serious, white coats. The date 1968. The Soviet Crest on the photo.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I can't imagine what it was like. To live, to practice medicine under such conditions.

ISTVAN in front of the picture from 1968.

\*

ISTVAN SANDOR

(staring at the picture)

\*

Under the Soviets, political prisoners who got pregnant, their babies were taken from them, given to party members. They gave birth handcuffed to the beds, screaming...

\*

HARRY looking at the PHOTOGRAPH. Next to a young ISTVAN SANDOR is another DOCTOR, slick, SMILING. And now HARRY sees the name underneath. JOZSEF ELEK. HARRY staring.

HARRY

Elek?

HARRY turns to ISTVAN. ISTVAN is SILENT.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You knew him? Then?

\*

ISTVAN staring at the picture on the wall. A LONG MOMENT.

\*

ISTVAN SANDOR

The same people. All the same...  
They never went away, they just  
found new masters...

\*  
\*  
\*

HARRY

You knew? You knew this was  
happening?

\*  
\*  
\*

ISTVAN SANDOR

When I saw that poor girl's  
certificate, when I saw Jozsef  
Elek's signature...

\*

HARRY

Why didn't you tell Anna about  
Elek, she could have done something  
about it. She would have done  
something about it.

\*

ISTVAN SANDOR

I dealt with it. I called the  
authorities. When I found out  
they'd started doing this again, I  
told the authorities. I did  
everything I could to put a stop to  
this.

\*  
\*  
\*

HARRY

Why didn't you tell her?

ISTVAN SANDOR

I had to protect her, she was  
always flying too close to the sun.  
When she was a girl...

HARRY

(cuts in, angry)

She wasn't a child. She cared about  
these women. If you cared about  
her, about the things that were  
important to her...

ISTVAN SANDOR

It's because I cared about her...

HARRY

Why didn't you tell her? For  
Christ's sake, she could be alive.

ISTVAN SANDOR

I couldn't tell her.

HARRY

Not her? Your own daughter?

ISTVAN SANDOR

Especially not her.

HARRY

What are you talking about?

HARRY looking at ISTVAN. A LONG MOMENT.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That story. About you, about Anna's kidney transplant... You couldn't donate to her, could you?

(Istvan silent)

It would never have matched. Anna wasn't your child.

ISTVAN looking down, just staring down.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That's why you couldn't tell her the truth about Sofi, about the other girls. Because then she'd know the truth about herself.

Still ISTVAN won't look at him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Anna was stolen. You weren't her father.

ISTVAN SANDOR

I wanted to be. But it was always there. Like she knew. My wife was desperate for a child. I was giving them my silence, why shouldn't I get something in return? That's what he said. Elek.

HARRY looking at ISTVAN. Sick at the sight of him.

HARRY

Don't you see? They didn't kill her because they thought she knew. They killed her to shut you up. Anna died because of you.

ISTVAN cannot even look at him. HARRY turning to go. Then ISTVAN looks up, his face hard.

ISTVAN SANDOR

Don't kid yourself that Anna loved you. She wanted a child. People will do whatever it takes to have a child.

HARRY staring at him.

ISTVAN SANDOR (CONT'D)

My wife killed herself, did you know that? Anna found her, she was eight years old.

(MORE)

ISTVAN SANDOR (CONT'D)  
My wife killed herself because she  
knew Anna could never love her.  
Anna was hard. Like a stone.

HARRY wants to punch him. Meeting Istvan's gaze.

HARRY  
Not to me.  
(a beat)  
Not to me.

HARRY exits. ISTVAN standing there. A MOMENT. He opens his  
desk drawer. A MOBILE PHONE. He takes it out and dials...

CUT TO:

107 EXT. STREET NEAR ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 5 - 1800 107

A POV: Anna's building. Her apartment windows. The roof  
terrace, the plants, the awnings...

Reveal HARRY standing across the road. And as he looks up,  
ANNA is standing on the roof terrace, PHONE in hand looking  
out. His memory of a phone call between them.

ANNA SANDOR  
(laughing)  
I thought you said you were at  
work?

HARRY in the street, muttering the words as we hear him in  
VOICE-OVER on the PHONE.

HARRY/HARRY (V.O.)  
I am. All weekend. What are you  
doing?

ANNA SANDOR  
Okay. It's 18.58 in Budapest, it's  
21 degrees, it's spring and sunny  
and a girl's thoughts turn to...  
ice cream. What do boys think about  
in spring?

HARRY/HARRY (V.O.)  
Girls mostly. It doesn't  
necessarily have to be spring.

ANNA SANDOR  
I don't want to talk on the phone.  
I'd like to see you. There are  
things you shouldn't say on the  
phone.

HARRY/HARRY (V.O.)  
I will soon. Promise.



The BELLS start to ring. On the PHONE. And with HARRY, here, now, on the street.

ANNA SANDOR  
Bye phone-friend.

HARRY  
Bye Anna.

HARRY standing in the street looking up at her as she hangs up the PHONE. He looks beyond, the church towers, the BELLS RINGING. TEARS welling in his EYES.

HARRY starts to walk away, the bells getting more distant. Then he stops, thinking. He looks back at Anna's building.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Why were there those bells... when Agnes called you? She called you at your office.

HARRY looking towards the church. He starts to run.

CUT TO:

108      EXT. STREET NEAR THE CHURCH - DAY 5 - 1805

108

A payphone opposite the church. HARRY approaching as the bells stop. HARRY standing there looking round.

Beyond, a VAN near the church, a couple of CHURCH PEOPLE handing out food to some HOMELESS PEOPLE.

HARRY approaching, in LONG SHOT we see him showing the HOMELESS GUYS Agnes' photo. They ignore him, focusing on the food. But one of the CHURCH PEOPLE sees it. He nods.

CUT TO:

109      INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL NEAR CHURCH - DAY 5 - 1810

109

A large HOMELESS WOMAN walking into a pedestrian tunnel leading to the subway. Beyond, a few grubby tents, some sheets strung up to create some sort of privacy.

At the entrance to the tunnel HARRY appears. An OLD MAN lying in a dirty sleeping bag. A few other HOMELESS PEOPLE smoking beyond.

HARRY trying to talk to the OLD MAN, showing him a PHOTO of AGNES. The OLD MAN shrugs. HARRY looking at the PEOPLE beyond. It seems hopeless.

Further down the tunnel, barely glimpsed through the sheets hanging, he sees MOVEMENT. A small FIGURE getting up, her silhouette as she slips away down the tunnel.

HARRY follows, trying to see her through the walls of sheets in the semi-darkness.

HARRY running down the tunnel, then he sees her again, the small figure, it's a GIRL.

HARRY

Agnes?

She doesn't look back, speeding up, but she's walking with difficulty, climbing some steps. SOUND of TRAFFIC beyond.

HARRY running after her but before he gets to her she falls on the steps, trying to get to her feet.

HARRY catching her as she falls again. It's AGNES DEDEJ. She's pale, sores on her face. She's heavily pregnant.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Agnes? Are you okay?

AGNES looks up at him, scared.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm a doctor. Doctor...

(off her terror)

From Anna. Anna Sandor... Anna...

AGNES looking up at him.

AGNES

(Hungarian)

Baba. Baba.

She's holding her hands to her belly, there's something wrong, she starts to cry...

MARINA (V.O.)

She says she's scared, she says she hasn't much time...

HARRY checking her pulse, feeling her abdomen.

HARRY

You must be nearly full term. We need to move you, the hospital...

AGNES

No hospital. No hospital.

HARRY looks at her terrified face. Where can he take her?

HARRY

It's okay. No hospital.

He helps up the steps towards daylight, a TAXI RANK beyond.

CUT TO:

110      EXT. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1830      110

Street opposite the tram depot. A TAXI pulling away. HARRY helping AGNES across the tram tracks towards the workshop.

CUT TO:

111      INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1835      111

HARRY and AGNES enter the workshop, HARRY looking around, Marina's not there. HARRY helping AGNES onto the mattress, she's MOANING, hands on belly, talking to her baby.

HARRY looking through the boxes, plastic bags, he finds a box of medicines, pills, looking through them, some have no labels, they all look pretty old.

HARRY  
Thanks Janos.

He gets to another box. It's full of old MOBILE PHONES.

JUMP CUTS: HARRY rummaging through the box of PHONES.

Finally he finds one that powers up, some credit left. He takes one of the medicine bottles, the BUDAPEST HOSPITAL crest, a phone number. He DIALS.

The RECEPTIONIST answering in Hungarian.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Istvan Sandor. Istvan Sandor.

The line goes SILENT for a moment. Then it starts RINGING.

CUT TO:

112      INT. ISTVAN SANDOR'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 1836      112

The PHONE RINGING, pull back to reveal ISTVAN standing in the middle of his office. He's elsewhere, hardly hearing the RINGING. A CIGARETTE burning in the ashtray.

An ORDERLY knocks, enters. He's pushing a trolley of OLD FILE BOXES. He speaks to ISTVAN in Hungarian, these are the files he wanted. ISTVAN telling him to leave them there.

ORDERLY glances at the PHONE, it stops RINGING. He exits.

ISTVAN approaches the trolley. The FILE BOXES, the same name on each: ELEK.

And dates, from the 1960s to the present.

The PHONE starts RINGING again. ISTVAN standing there, staring at the files.

BACK TO:

113      INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1837      113

HARRY hanging up, frustrated. He looks over at AGNES, dials another number. A WOMAN answers.

HARRY

Marina, listen, I've found Agnes, she's going to have her baby, she's very weak, I can't feel the baby moving. I need your help.

MARINA (V.O.)

Where are you?

HARRY

At the trams. I know what's happening, I think your child is alive, I think we can find her. I need you to do something... I need you to go to the Marriot Hotel, find my colleagues Leo Dalton, Nikki Alexander... Write this down... Tell them I need these things...

CUT TO:

114      INT. ISTVAN SANDOR'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 1840      114

ISTVAN stands at his desk, the FILE BOX now open. He's taking out FILES, the HUNGARIAN COMMUNIST insignia on the front. On each a PHOTOGRAPH. A WOMAN, most of them young.

Attached to each of the PHOTOGRAPHS is a tiny hospital wrist tag, big enough for a BABY'S wrist. And the names, the real names of each of the stolen babies.

CUT TO:

115      INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1850      115

AGNES writhing in pain, HARRY crushing PARACETAMOL into a plastic bottle of water. He offers it to her.

HARRY

For the pain.

She looks at him. She takes it, drinking. HARRY watching, he's knows it's not going to help much.

A SUDDEN KNOCK on the door. HARRY goes to the door.

MARINA

Harry. It's me.

HARRY relieved, unbolting the door. MARINA enters. In her hand is a PHARMACY BAG, she hands it to HARRY, closing the door behind her.

MARINA (CONT'D)

I couldn't find them. Your  
colleagues. This is the stuff you  
wanted.

HARRY looking at the contents of the bag. MARINA goes to AGNES, talking to her in HUNGARIAN, trying to calm her.

MARINA holding Agnes's hand, HARRY looking at MARINA and her arm. The tell-tale imprint on her upper arm from a tourniquet, a BRUISE on her inner elbow...

HARRY

Marina...

MARINA turns. And we can see it now. She's strung out, high on heroin. A MOMENT.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What happened?

MARINA

Her baby's dead already isn't it?  
She can't feel it. It's dead. Like  
Ildiko.

(looks up at him)

Women like us, we were never meant  
to be mothers.

HARRY looking at her. Dread rising in him.

HARRY

How long have I got? Have I got  
time to move her?

MARINA

(shrugs)

I'm sorry.

HARRY moving towards the door, he sees MARINA left it unbolted, but as he gets to it there's already a FIGURE standing in the doorway, menacing.

SOFI'S KILLER. He has a GUN, TWO more GUYS behind him.

SOFI'S KILLER pushes past him, another GUY grabbing HARRY by the neck pushing him back against the wall.

SOFI'S KILLER tells MARINA to get out. She hesitates, stopping by the door, turning back to HARRY.

MARINA (CONT'D)  
They said they'd tell me, where my baby is. If I helped them.

She exits. SOFI'S KILLER, and one of the other GUYS start to lift AGNES.

HARRY  
You can't move her. Are you crazy? Look at her.

SOFI'S KILLER  
Shut up.

HARRY  
If you move her she'll lose the baby. That's what you want isn't it, the baby?

SOFI'S KILLER unmoved.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Fine. You want to take that risk, the baby dies you've got nothing to sell. Explain that to your boss.  
(off his look)  
We need to call medics.

SOFI'S KILLER'S FACE. Not a chance. He starts towards AGNES. HARRY desperate...

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm a doctor. I can deliver the baby. But you can't move her.

SOFI'S KILLER looking at AGNES.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I can do it here. If you let me.

CUT TO:

116     INT. BUDAPEST HOSPITAL - DAY 5 - 1900

116

TIBOR walking down a hospital corridor. He stops outside Istvan's office, knocks. No response. The door is open.

TIBOR ORBAN  
Professor?

CUT TO:

117 INT. ISTVAN SANDOR'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 1901

117

TIBOR steps into the office, FILES spread everywhere, now covering every shelf, every tabletop, every inch of carpet.

TIBOR stops. ISTVAN is slumped in his chair. A CIGARETTE burned all the way down in the ashtray beside him. Below Istvan's hand, a bottle of pills, a few capsules lying on the carpet. TIBOR feels for a pulse, but ISTVAN is dead.

TIBOR looking at ISTVAN. The PHOTO of ANNA is lying on the desk. Next to it is a FILE. A BLACK and WHITE PHOTO of a WOMAN, the resemblance is striking. Anna's real mother. And clipped to the photo, a tiny baby hospital bracelet.

On the FORM we see the name of the real mother. And below it the adopted parent's name: ISTVAN SANDOR.

TIBOR goes to the door, locking it. And he starts to collect up the files, one by one. He takes Istvan's briefcase and starts putting the files inside...

CUT TO:

118 INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1930

118

AGNES' FACE. Her EYES closed. She opens her EYES, looking down. In her arms is a TINY BABY wrapped in a towel. The BABY CRYING softly.

HARRY sitting against the wall, exhausted. A GUY watching from the door.

SOFI'S KILLER enters the workshop, says something to the other GUY. HARRY gets up.

HARRY  
Not yet. Wait...

The GUY goes towards AGNES. HARRY pulls him back.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I need to give the baby the Vitamin  
K shot...

HARRY goes to take the BABY gently from AGNES. She looks up at him confused, anxious.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
It's okay. It's okay Agnes.

But he knows it isn't okay, he's desperately playing for time. He looks at the BABY.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(lying)  
There's something wrong. He's not  
breathing properly. Hang on...

The GUY goes to take the BABY, HARRY resisting. GUY hits him with the GUN butt, HARRY falls, AGNES SCREAMING as the GUY exits carrying the CRYING BABY.

AGNES trying to get up, SOUND of a CAR starting up, pulling away. She collapses, SOBBING.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry Agnes. I'm so sorry.

GUY WHACKS HARRY, cocking the GUN. But he doesn't shoot.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
What are you waiting for?

SOFI'S KILLER comes back into the room. He puts something down on the floor. It's a JERRY CAN of PETROL.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1931

119

TIBOR ORBAN walking across the tram tracks. He reaches the workshop, looking around him a moment.

Then TIBOR slips into the workshop...

CUT TO:

120 INT. DISUSED WORKSHOP. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1932

120

HARRY lying on the ground, his wrists bound in front of him with plastic ties. AGNES in the corner, CRYING.

TIBOR enters the workshop, SOFI'S KILLER looks up at him, surprised. TIBOR talking to him in Hungarian, looks towards AGNES. SOFI'S KILLER considering. HARRY staring at TIBOR.

TIBOR ORBAN  
So now you know. What are you going  
to do about it?

HARRY sitting there. SOFI'S KILLER nods to the other GUY who pulls AGNES to her feet.

HARRY  
Why hurt her? Hasn't she suffered  
enough?



TIBOR ORBAN

Her? She's young, healthy. We sold the calf but we can still milk the cow.

HARRY

Just business right?

TIBOR ORBAN

Just? 30,000 euros a baby, 50,000 to the right customer. The supply is there, orphanages, care homes, prostitutes...

(approaches Agnes)

Now that you've told everyone about her, you've got to wonder if she's worth the trouble...

TIBOR takes a terrified AGNES from the GUY, heading towards the door. SOFI'S KILLER picks up the can of petrol, starts sloshing it around the workshop.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

(an order)

Nem itt. Idiota.

(in Hungarian)

It's BKV property. Too messy. Take him to the river...

SOFI'S KILLER shrugs. HARRY confused.

TIBOR ORBAN (CONT'D)

They'll take you somewhere quieter, do the job properly this time.

(in Hungarian to Sofi's killer)

Follow me...

SOFI'S KILLER pulls HARRY up.

SOFI'S KILLER

You should have gone home.

He pushes HARRY to the door after TIBOR and AGNES, the OTHER GUY following...

CUT TO:

121      INT. TRAM DEPOT - DAY 5 - 1945

121

TIBOR pushing AGNES through the work-pits under the trams. SOFI'S KILLER twenty yards behind leading HARRY, OTHER GANGSTER behind him. They exit into...

121A EXT. TRAM YARD - DAY 5 - 1947

121A

A line of TRAMS parked up. On one side of the trams is TIBOR pushing AGNES forward. On the other side of the track and the trams, SOFI'S KILLER leading HARRY forward, OTHER GANGSTER behind. As they walk, HARRY catches glimpses of TIBOR through the trams, his hand on Agnes' shoulder as he leads her along the tracks. HARRY stumbles, SOFI'S KILLER pushes him on.

As HARRY looks up, he sees TIBOR push AGNES forward, and there's a GUN in Tibor's hand, he's raising it at the girl's back...

Harry's terror, but before he can do anything the GUN swings round towards him...

An explosion of NOISE and BLOOD, BLOOD showering Harry's face, and SOFI'S KILLER looks down, surprised to see his chest soaked in blood. He falls, dead.

The OTHER GANGSTER, confused, goes to put up his hands, another GUNSHOT, and he too falls, hit by a sniper's bullet.

On the roof of one of the tram buildings stands a POLICE SNIPER. HARRY standing there in shock. And then he sees AGNES, he rushes to her, but TIBOR is there, helping her up...

Through the trams we can see COPS streaming towards them. HARRY looking at TIBOR confused, angry.

TIBOR ORBAN

You thought I was one of them. So did they. You were my way in.

(off Harry's look)

My grandfather served the Nazis, my father under the Soviets. I'm different. I wanted something better.

PARAMEDICS rush up to AGNES, a blanket round her, checking her pulse. TIBOR cuts the plastic ties around Harry's wrists. Over his shoulder, HARRY sees MARINA standing by a car, COPS with her.

HARRY

Marina?

TIBOR ORBAN

She was your friend, after all. She called me.

As PARAMEDICS help AGNES away, HARRY turns to TIBOR.

HARRY

What about the baby? You let them take the baby.

TIBOR puts a hand on Harry's shoulder, then walks past him towards SOFI'S KILLER on the ground, kicking the GUN away from him.

LEO gets to HARRY, puts a blanket around him, NIKKI running towards him...

CUT TO:

122

INT. BUDAPEST AIRPORT - DAY 6 - 0930

122

Early morning at Budapest Airport. Bright light streaming through the windows. And a MAN walking through the terminal carrying a small BABY. It's DUNCAN MCBURNEY.

Ahead, a COUPLE sitting at the airport cafe. They look anxious, excited. The MAN stands as MCBURNEY approaches.

MCBURNEY

You look worried, don't be. His mother's Albanian, very young, you're doing a good thing, believe me I know.

WOMAN looks at the BABY as MCBURNEY puts down an envelope.

MCBURNEY (CONT'D)

The documents are all there.

The MAN shakes his hand. But he doesn't let go. MCBURNEY confused. Behind MCBURNEY a FIGURE approaches. It's TIBOR ORBAN. MCBURNEY looking up at him. Other COPS approaching, NNI stencilled on their jackets...

As MCBURNEY is led handcuffed from the airport terminal, we realise we're seeing this now as TV NEWS FOOTAGE, a strapline and commentary from a HUNGARIAN NEWS READER as MCBURNEY is led from the airport.

A PHOTO of SOFI'S KILLER. A PHOTO of SOFI MUSTAFOVA. A PICTURE of JANOS, smart, young. AGNES DEDEJ. DR ELEK. All commented on in Hungarian by the onscreen NEWS READER.

And now an under-pressure LASZLO VOROS reading a statement to camera. He doesn't look so slick anymore. IRINA at his shoulder, cold, stone-faced.

CUT TO:

122A

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 6 - 0935

122A

And watching this on TV in his hotel room is HARRY. A HAND on his shoulder. He looks up, it's NIKKI, LEO standing behind her. LAZSLO VOROS on the screen.

NIKKI

He'll say he knows nothing about it  
won't he?

(looking at Irina on the  
TV)

She knows.

They hand HARRY a boarding pass. HARRY gets up, following them towards the door. He glances back once more towards the TELEVISION.

On the screen ANNA'S FACE looking back at him.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. LONDON SUBURB - DAY 7 - 1200

123

A large house in the London suburbs. A beautiful summer's day. A FIVE YEAR-OLD GIRL in a dress playing in the garden.

MOTHER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Alice don't get your dress dirty.  
Our visitors will be here soon...

And we see HARRY at the gate. He stops, looking back at someone. MARINA approaching. She looks different, she looks healthy, she too is wearing a smart dress.

MARINA stops, transfixed by the GIRL, who's playing, oblivious, happy.

HARRY

It's okay Marina. They're expecting  
us.

MARINA

They haven't told her have they?

HARRY

First you meet her, a few times, as  
a friend. Then when she gets to  
know you...

MARINA nods. She's nervous, her hand shaking on the gate.

MARINA

She's my daughter.

HARRY smiles.

MARINA (CONT'D)

She looks happy doesn't she? She's  
beautiful.

MARINA looking at the GIRL, TEARS in her EYES.

MARINA (CONT'D)

She's alive.

(quiet, to herself)

Ildiko.

The GIRL playing with her TOYS in the garden.

MOTHER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Alice!

The GIRL looking towards the WOMAN in the house.

MARINA

Come on.

She turns away from the gate. HARRY looking at her.

MARINA (CONT'D)

She's happy. That's important,  
isn't it. The most important thing.

(off his look)

We can go now.

HARRY

Marina...

MARINA

Maybe one day, when she wants it,  
she'll come and find me. And then  
I'll be happy too.

MARINA going back to the car, HARRY following her, his hand on her shoulder. As he opens the door for her, MARINA looks back one more time.

The GIRL LAUGHING as she plays in the garden.

THE END.