

CAPTION ON BLACK: 2000

1 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY**

1

Open on the wilds of Scotland. Still, peaceful, savagely beautiful. Violet hue emanating from the heather. The black mass of Macroom Forest carpeting the valley floor and foothills. A pale sun framed by the purple mountains beyond.

Then, over this tranquil image, we hear FAST SHALLOW BREATHING and we're --

-- deep in the forest as PETER WALLACE, a tough farmer of 50, darts clumsily from tree to tree. Casts stricken looks behind him at some unseen pursuer.

Now we see that Peter has been shot in the back of his right leg. He's leaving a bright trail of blood across the forest floor. He's lost a lot of blood already and his face is alarmingly pale.

2 **EXT. WALLACE FARM. BACK GARDEN - DAY**

2

-- A rope swing hanging from a tree. Wider to locate the swing halfway down the sloping back garden of a ramshackle farmhouse.

PETER WALLACE bursts out of the trees at the foot of the garden. Sinks to his knees and begins to clamber up the lawn on all fours towards the farmhouse.

When he peers up he sees that a young man has materialized by the rope swing. This is Peter's son NIALL WALLACE, 16. He squints down at his father, haloed by sunlight, his expression inscrutable.

Niall looks at his right hand gripping the rope. A drop of glistening red blood hits the thick rope knot.

Peter tries to talk but all he manages is a constricted --

PETER
Niall... Niall...

(CONTINUED)

Is there a note of accusation in there or just the desperation of a dying man?

A strange still moment as Niall watches his father gulping greedily for air, the life fading from his eyes. A moment punctured by --

-- the back door of the farmhouse banging open. Niall's mother BRIDGET, 35, races down the lawn towards them.

Go very CLOSE on Niall's eyes as his head swivels to meet his mother's horrified gaze and we MATCH CUT to --

EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 0

-- NIALL's eyes again -- but now he's 30, a seasoned hunter and a true man of the wild. Wider to reveal that Niall's leading a small HUNTING PARTY. Twilight's navy gloom is settling in.

Niall nods to a nervy-looking CITY BOY, gestures into the trees. City Boy squints. Frowns. Can't see anything.

Then a RED BUCK STAG cranes out of the foliage. Strong and serene, the evening sun dappling its back.

As City Boy takes aim we see down the sight of his rifle. Cross hairs wandering back and forth over the trees around the buck. Unsteady. Nervous. We hear his heartbeat.

CITY BOY

He's massive.

The deer -- beautiful, ethereal and, as yet, oblivious.

NIALL

(a whispered reproach)

That's four of your seven seconds.

City Boy takes the hint. BANG. Missed. The startled deer runs. City Boy curses under his breath.

Niall snaps his rifle up to his shoulder. Tracks the fleeing deer through the trees. Seems to wait a moment too long. All eyes on Niall. City Boy smirks. Is he letting it escape?

BANG. No. The animal drops like a stone.

The party creep over to the fallen deer. As they walk City Boy falls in step with Niall, shaking his head in wonder.

CITY BOY

How do you stay so calm?

Niall says nothing for a moment; City Boy thinks he's ignoring him.

(CONTINUED)

NIALL

Have you got kids?

CITY BOY

(frowns, nods)

A little boy.

NIALL

How little?

CITY BOY

(beat of hesitation)

He's four.

NIALL

Watch him next time he's out playing. Put your phone down, close your laptop and really watch.

(City Boy frowns, doesn't get it)

You'll learn more from him than you will from me.

Niall quickens his pace curtailing further conversation.

He squats by the prone deer. Lifeless, heavy, bleeding from the fatal bullet wound to its neck. A strange smile of recognition touches Niall's lips.

NIALL (CONT'D)

Hello, old friend.

CITY BOY

(frowns, confused)

You've... hunted this actual deer before?

NIALL

"This actual deer". Yeah.

City Boy doesn't like the mocking repetition but Niall couldn't care less. Studying the deer's dead glassy eyes:

NIALL (CONT'D)

Knew I'd get him one day.

A coldness in the way he says that. City Boy watches Niall askance. Faintly repulsed by his mixture of triumphalism and affection for the animal he just killed.

Niall doesn't notice. His face now creased with tension. Eyes fixed on something protruding from a bush beyond the fallen deer --

-- A slender, pale human foot with pink-varnished toenails.

-- TITLE SEQUENCE --

4 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1**

4

A massive wide on the same wild, epic landscape - but altogether less forbidding in the noon sunshine. Distant drone of an engine. And off this serene image we CUT TO --

5 **INT/EXT. LAND ROVER/MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1**

5

NIKKI and JACK getting thrown around the back of an old-school Land Rover as it rattles up a bumpy forest track. Branches scraping the windows and banging on the roof.

The Land Rover is being driven by the solid-looking PC ANDY BATHURST, 50. Next to him is Detective Sergeant JASON ROSS -- a boyish, winsome 33 -- who is sat all the way around in his seat so he can face Nikki and Jack.

DS Ross says something over the Land Rover rumble but it's inaudible.

NIKKI
(craning forward)
I'm sorry?

DS ROSS
(over the din)
...How was your flight?

NIKKI
Oh. Fine, thank you.

DS ROSS
Really appreciate you coming all this way, Dr. Alexander.

A beat on Jack. What about him?

DS ROSS (CONT'D)
You too, Mr. Hodges.

JACK
Hodgson. Jack.

DS Ross smiles ingratiatingly and faces the front. A look between Jack and Nikki. And as we're wondering why they've come all the way to deepest Scotland we cut to --

6 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1**

6

Deep in the forest. JACK and NIKKI trailing DS ROSS and PC BATHURST as they walk towards the taped-off crime scene.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(watching Ross)
What else did he say on the phone?

NIKKI
Attended my seminar in Edinburgh
and stayed behind for a chat.

JACK
About?

NIKKI
Forensic anthropology, I presume.

JACK
But you don't remember?

NIKKI
Jack.

JACK
Sorry, I just... I mean we are sure
he's an actual policeman, right?

A smile between them as they head on to the crime scene.

EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1

Angle on the owner of the pink-varnished foot -- a WOMAN in her 20s with long red hair lying face up. Her black, tasseled leather jacket and denim mini skirt feel out of place in these wild, ancient surroundings.

Wider as NIKKI and JACK take her in, DS ROSS beside them.

DS ROSS
Didn't touch anything. Wanted you
to see it fresh.

Again, he's addressing Nikki rather than Nikki and Jack.

NIKKI
Good.

Nikki and Jack begin to process. DS Ross hovering.

DS ROSS
So... was she killed here or is
this just the deposition site?

Slight sense that Ross is trying to impress with 'deposition site'. Nikki smiles her acknowledgement that this is indeed a pertinent question... then presses her gloved fingers into an exposed thigh.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI
(to Jack, low and
confidential)
No blanching.
(looks under backs of
thighs)
Lividity on the underside of her
legs is fixed.

Unbidden DS Ross falls to a crouch to examine for himself.

DS ROSS

Okay...?

NIKKI

Suggests she was left in this position at the time of death or shortly after.

DS ROSS

Any ideas about cause of death?

NIKKI

No good ones.

There's just a little edge there. But DS Ross doesn't take the hint.

DS ROSS

No evidence of strangulation but -

JACK

(under him)

- Probably best if we process first and talk second.

Jack softens that with a pleasant smile. Ross feels PC BATHURST's smug gaze - is the boss going to have that? Then DS Ross affects an easy shrug.

DS ROSS

Sure thing. I'll be over there.

DS Ross heads off, taking out his mobile. Perhaps just to make it clear he also has responsibilities to discharge.

(CONTINUED)

Nikki sees something yellow poking out from one of the zippered pockets of the leather jacket. Anxious it will fall out and be lost, Nikki tweezers out... a matchbook.

NIKKI

Matchbook.

Nikki hands Jack the bagged-up matchbook. Now that this piece of evidence has left the body, it is his, rather than Nikki's, domain. The matchbook has a distinctive black-and-yellow design.

JACK

(CLOSE on mused lettering
as he peers)
Clarissa might be able to clean
that up to read the lettering...
I'll get it secure couriered to the
Lyell.

Nikki nods but she's now looking thoughtfully from the victim's bare muddy knees to her open hands.

JACK (CONT'D)

What?

NIKKI

(indicates knees)
Mud and grazes on both knees
suggest she fell hard...

She has an idea. Rolls up one sleeve of the leather jacket revealing deep, savage welts around the exposed pale wrist.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI (CONT'D)
(studies wrist welts)
Deep thin abrasions... Looks like
wire.

JACK
Wire he then removed. Vicious and
methodical.

Nikki removes some damp leaves adhered to the victim's neck.
Reveals a maggot crawling out from the beneath her jacket.

JACK (CONT'D)
Got it.

Jack tweezers and bags the maggot. Nikki reaches for the zip
of the leather jacket. Carefully tugs it down. The leather
jacket falls open as the zip comes down revealing pale flesh
and --

-- a RAGGED GAPING HOLE which is crawling with MAGGOTS.

A beat on Jack and Nikki taking this in.

NIKKI
(frowns)
Looks like an exit wound...
(a thought)
Let's check her back.

Jack and Nikki lift the body far enough off the ground to
see. The back of the leather jacket is intact.

(CONTINUED)

A look between them. This is getting freakier by the minute.

JACK

Get the feeling we won't be making
that plane?

NIKKI

Just a bit.

Jack rises. Scans the forest floor.

DS ROSS (O.S.)

She was shot?

They turn. DS Ross has crossed back over. Staring at the
front bullet wound and maggots.

NIKKI

(nods yes)
Shot then redressed.

DS ROSS

My God.
(a beat)
Any ID?

NIKKI

Not yet... We need to get the body
back for post-mortem.

Jack decides to throw it back to DS Ross.

JACK

Someone must be looking for her?

8 **INT. MANHATTAN BAR - DAY 1**

8

Camera finds AMY ROYLE, 18, swooping around a dance pole with
grace and ease.

Wider. We're in Manhattan pole dancing club. A slow
afternoon. Only a smattering of CUSTOMERS.

(CONTINUED)

Black drapes pulled shut to approximate a night time vibe even though it's the middle of the day.

The proprietor of the Manhattan club, a woman we'll come to know as STELLA NELSON, 50s, attractive, watches Amy coolly from behind the bar.

Amy is a natural. Even with this thin crowd she's raising steam... and without getting too close either. But one sozzled, infatuated PUNTER is not satisfied. When he sees she's heading off stage for good, he's incensed.

PUNTER

Hey, that's not a show, you tease!

The PUNTER slams his pint down, rockets out of his chair. Plants one foot on the stage and is encircling Amy's slender waist with a thick hairy arm when --

WHAM. From nowhere Stella's son JEROME NELSON, 26, steps in and discretely seats the punter right back in his chair -- but with sufficient force to make his jaw CRACK.

JEROME

Try that again and I'll give you a show.

INT. MANHATTAN BAR. CHANGING AREA - DAY 1

Only a little shaken, AMY is heading back stage to a changing area, JEROME catching her up.

AMY

Thanks, Jerome.

JEROME

You okay?

AMY

(with forced breeziness)
Yeah. 'Course.

The door opens behind them and STELLA appears.

JEROME

Mum?

She flicks Jerome a look. Go. He nods. Exits.

Amy is already rolling her eyes boredly at the lecture she knows she's about to receive.

STELLA

Listen, that creep was out of order

-

(CONTINUED)

AMY
(impatient, challenging)
- But not that out of order?

STELLA
If you don't give them a bit more,
you'll never make decent money.

AMY
So what? It all goes to you anyway.

STELLA
For one, that's bullshit. For two,
I have little things called
overheads and taxes...

AMY
Yeah, yeah. Whatever.

Stella swings around to block her path.

STELLA
Don't "yeah, yeah" me. If you think
you can do better, there's the
door.

A look between them, then Amy dips her eyes in a small
admission of defeat. No, she doesn't think she can do better.
Then, with unexpected concern:

STELLA (CONT'D)
What is it, Amy?

Amy is caught in the older woman's searching gaze. Suddenly
she looks very young and vulnerable.

STELLA (CONT'D)
(softer)
I know you looked up to Caitlin but
she was a mess. She was the one who
needed a big sister.

AMY
(defensive)
What's your point?

STELLA
That girls like that never stay put
for long. Forget about her.

Amy gives a single defiant shake of the head, disappears into
the changing room and slams the door.

Off Stella, her face holds a strange mixture of impatience
and concern.

10 **OMITTED**

10

11 **INT/EXT. LAND ROVER/MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1**

11

DS ROSS steers the Land Rover back to the lane, NIKKI in the passenger seat. As they reach the road, a local TV news van and a couple of REPORTERS are pulling up.

DS ROSS

Here we go.

DS Ross winds his window down as red-faced local JOURNALIST ambles over, his tone familiar and matey.

(CONTINUED)

JOURNALIST

Hello, Jason.

(DS Ross is awkward about
this first name address)
We've got information about a
murdered girl?

DS Ross is acutely aware of his audience -- Nikki.

DS ROSS

(trying to play it cool)
We've recovered a body. That's all
I can tell you at this time,
George.

JOURNALIST

But it's foul play?

DS ROSS

Key words there were: "all I can
tell you".

DS Ross smiles, quite pleased with that. Winds the window up
and drives on.

Nikki watches the rolling countryside a moment.

DS ROSS (CONT'D)

Vultures, but they have their uses.
(nothing from Nikki, so)
Bet they're even worse down south?

NIKKI

I don't know. Journalists are
journalists.
(a beat, then)
Bit like pathologists.

Nikki lets that hang there.

DS ROSS

Now that sounds like false modesty.

NIKKI

Actually, it was more of a
question.

Nikki looks across at him. She wants an answer.

DS ROSS

You want to know why I didn't
recruit locally?
(Nikki nods)
For a forensic pathologist, I have
to venture down to Kirkhaven.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

Home of Dr. Andrew Jenkins.
BMSc, MBChB, DMJ, FRCPath.

DS ROSS

(startled)

Right. How did you know...?

NIKKI

(lightly)

Because I have a computer and
access to the internet.

DS Ross gives a conceding, you-got-me smile.

DS ROSS

Last murder case I worked on...
Let's just say Dr. Jenkins and I
had a difference of opinion.

NIKKI

About?

DS Ross considers recounting the gory details, then shakes
his head.

DS ROSS

I don't want to impugn a man with
all those letters after his name.
(looks over at her)
Especially not to another
pathologist.

Off Nikki, quite impressed by the smoothness of that evasion -
- but still curious as to what the dispute was about.

12 **EXT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - DAY 1**

12

The Land Rover comes to a halt outside a police station.

NIKKI climbs out and takes in the small and pretty town of
Crenlogue. DS ROSS watches her a beat.

DS ROSS

Quaint, isn't it?

Nikki thinks that might be a trick question.

NIKKI

Delightful.

DS Ross narrows his eyes playfully.

DS ROSS

You mean boring?

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI
I mean delightful.

DS Ross watches her a beat for a hint of derision, finds none, then leads her towards the police station.

DS ROSS
Welcome to Precinct 13.

Off Nikki's smile, warming to DS Ross.

13 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1**

13

Back with JACK now alone in the forest. Panning for bullet fragments with a large rectangular sieve. Using a spade, wooden stakes and string to box off and examine sections of the forest floor with a metal detector.

Jack picks out a bullet fragment covered in blood. Examines it closely. We see there's light brown fur adhered to the blood. He puts it in an evidence bag.

We enter a time-lapse MONTAGE as the afternoon sun sinks in the sky and Jack makes some significant finds:

-- A single twisted length of grey steel wire. As Jack examines it, we see the wire is marked by some kind of white powdery substance, perhaps dried paint.

-- A single gold high-heeled shoe. It gleams faintly as Jack holds it up to a beam of sunlight. Something sad and pathetic about this orphaned shoe.

14 **INT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - DAY 1**

14

Close on an old-fashioned fold-out Ordinance Survey map. In widely-spaced cartographer's print, the words MACROOM FOREST stretch out over a large green-shaded area.

DS ROSS (O.S.)
Body was found roughly here...

DS Ross's hand enters frame, draws an X on the map.

DS ROSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...So did she escape from somewhere
and the killer gave chase?

Wider. In the tidy quiet of Crenlogue police station we find DS Ross and Nikki poring over the map of Macroom Forest.

NIKKI
No buildings within a good ten
miles.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

DS ROSS
A vehicle, then?

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

(nods, possibly)

Or the killer took her out there
deliberately.

Nikki looks back at the map. Shakes her head.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Macroom Forest is fifteen square
miles. Staging's about attention...

DS ROSS

Why leave the body where there's a
good chance it won't be found?

Nikki nods. Exactly.

DS ROSS (CONT'D)

So maybe it wasn't staged...

(a beat)

What about the redressing?

NIKKI

(shrugs)

Suggests some kind a psychosexual
compulsion.

Nikki's camera viewfinder showing a shot of a shallow hole in
the soil near where they found the victim. She shows DS Ross.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

That looks freshly-dug to me.
Could be an unfinished grave.

DS ROSS

Killer ran out of patience?
Stopped digging.

Nikki considers. Pulls a face.

NIKKI

Impatience doesn't seem his style.

DS ROSS

More likely he was disturbed, then?

And off the ominous look between them we cut to --

15

EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1

15

A lurking UNKNOWN POV through the trees on JACK -- still searching for more bullet fragments. The sun is sinking in the sky, rays of light filtering through the leaves, dappling the earth with gold.

As Jack sieves yet another mound of earth he hears the sound of a BRANCH breaking.

Jack starts. Spins. Soft crunching nearby in the undergrowth. Heart in his throat, Jack bags the bullet fragment and creeps towards the sound. A rustling draws his eyes to a towering gorse bush. The bush is shaking -- too hard to just be the breeze, shedding leaves. Jack squints. Glimpses movement through the bush's gnarled branches...

WUMP. WUMP. WUMP. A deer blasts from its hiding place, hooves clomping over the soft springy soil. In seconds it's gone.

Off Jack, beads of sweat standing out on his forehead. He casts around the silent darkening forest.

Now he makes a third find -- a strip of grubby knotted cloth. Holding it up to better examine it, he realizes it's actually a blindfold. Strands of long red hair snagged in its knot -- no doubt it came from their victim. Very creepy.

Something demonic and deliberate about this blindfold: their killer's handiwork.

A beat on Jack - the evil of this affecting him very deeply.

He shivers in the evening chill. Time to get out of there.

16

INT. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY 1

16

SARAH O'KEEFE, 27, smart office clothes, comes home and takes charge of OLIVER, 18 months, from the nanny GLORIA.

SARAH
(swooping Oliver up)
Give mummy a kiss.

GLORIA
He ate a royal lunch. I put what
was left in the fridge.

SARAH
Thanks, Gloria.

17

INT. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY 1

17

As SARAH tries to feed OLIVER without sullyng her blouse, her gaze absently falls on the local news playing on TV.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Police have confirmed the discovery
of a body in Macroom Forest. The
body is believed to be female but
that remains unconfirmed...

Footage of the police Land Rover driving away from the scene, DS Ross and Nikki inside.

Sarah turns the volume up. Riveted. Oliver is crying for more food. She doesn't hear him. On screen, DS Ross is talking from the window of the Land Rover:

DS ROSS (V.O.)
We've recovered a body. That's all
I can tell you at this time.

The item finishes and Sarah turns the TV off. Stands there. Blood thumping in her ears.

18

OMITTED

18

19	<u>OMITTED</u>	19
20	<u>OMITTED</u>	20
21	<u>EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1</u>	21

Aerial shot as we glide over the endless brooding forest. The tall trees just go on and on, without any break or variation. Intimidating in its vastness. If you strayed from the path down there you'd never find your way out. Over this we hear:

21 CONTINUED:

21

NIKKI (V.O.)

The victim is an unidentified female in her early twenties. Judging by the fixed lividity and its dark purple hue, she was lying face-up for a period of five to seven days between her death and the discovery of her body...

22 **INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 1**

22

Angle on -- the Jane Doe victim from the forest lying face up on the slab.

Wider to find NIKKI, JACK, DS ROSS and the assistant pathologist, BILL WRIGHT. The grimness of the post-mortem is underscored by the lab's simplicity.

Nikki examines the massive devastating exit wound in the victim's chest.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

The bullet appears to have entered
the heart and lung cavity,
penetrating the aorta and tearing
open the heart and lung tissue.

JACK

Looks like an expanding bullet.

NIKKI

(nods)

The small entry wound in her back
and contrastingly large exit wound
to her chest suggest the bullet
lodged inside her then
mushroomed.

DS Ross shoots Nikki a look.

DS ROSS

(re the bullet wound)
...Cause of death, then?

NIKKI

Yes. No question.

Now Nikki is examining the wound more closely.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(to Bill)

Any chance of a bit more light?

Bill looks a bit helpless. Has to settle for dragging a floor
lamp a little nearer the table.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Thanks.

But shifting the lamp nearer actually does the trick. The
light picks out something shiny lodged inside the wound.

Nikki pincers out a large bullet fragment. Jack takes it.

JUMP CUT -- Jack examines the bullet fragment under the
microscope he's brought with him.

JACK

Looks like the tip of a lead hollow
partition bullet.

DS ROSS

Same as the bullet you found that
shot the stag?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Similar. We can try and reassemble
the fragmented bullet and run a
comparison.

(CONTINUED)

JUMP CUT -- Nikki examines trauma to the victim's nose.

NIKKI

Victim has a broken nose that's partially healed. From the bruising it looks like the breakage was sustained roughly a week before her death.

JUMP CUT -- Nikki cleans dirt from their Jane Doe's legs and arms revealing various superficial injuries.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Various cuts and scratches to the sides of the victim's legs and arms.

(go CLOSE to see splinters in one such wound)

Embedded in these wounds are splinters and bark consistent with the trees in the forest where the victim was found.

DS ROSS

She was running through the trees?

NIKKI

Injuries suggest high velocity contact, yes.

Jack indicates the bagged-up leather jacket and denim mini skirt.

JACK

But we didn't find corresponding scratches and tears to the victim's clothing.

NIKKI

(nods, building)

Suggesting she was pursued and shot, then redressed by the killer.

A dark look between the three of them. This killer's sadistic pathology becoming clearer at every turn.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

There is evidence of vaginal trauma suggestive of rape, possibly multiple rapes. I'll swab for DNA there and under her fingernails too...

(go CLOSE on nails as Nikki lifts hand)

...which have recently been cut short.

(CONTINUED)

JUMP CUT -- Jack tweezers out the red hair from the blindfold.

JACK

Hair recovered from this blindfold
is a visual match to our victim.

NIKKI

We can confirm that.

Nikki goes to remove a hair from the victim for comparison.
She sees something in the roots of the red hair. Tweezers out
one of several white flakes.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

White paint flakes.

Jack produces his bagged-up length of wire. Go TIGHT to see
patches of transferred white paint on the wire that, this
close, resembles white chalk.

JACK

There's white paint on this wire I
found at the scene.

Nikki takes the bagged up wire and holds it against the mass
of narrow-but-deep welts in the flesh of the victim's wrists.

NIKKI

The width of the wire matches welts
in the victim's wrists.

Nikki is taking a closer look at the wrist injuries. Tweezers
out a white paint flake.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(recapping)

We've got white paint flakes in her
hair, in the circular injuries to
her wrist, and on the wire we think
caused those injuries.

JACK

She was strung up over a pipe - or
something painted white.

NIKKI

A pipe works.

(go CLOSE on paint chip
and see rust)

Chips are edged with rust.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (5)

22

NIKKI (CONT'D)
(studying her wrists)
And it explains the upward angle of
the welts on the outer side of the
wrists.

JACK
Gravity...
(holds up hands)
...She hung suspended.

23 **OMITTED**

23

24 **INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 1**

24

NIKKI, JACK and DS ROSS wait for BILL to wheel the victim's
body out. But even after he's gone, no-one speaks for a
moment.

NIKKI
(finally, to Ross)
I think you're looking for a
hunter.
(off Ross's frown)
She was taken to the forest, bound
and blindfolded, then turned loose.

JACK
(with force, sealing it)
Hunted down like an animal.

25 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - NIGHT**

25

FLASHBACK -- The naked WOMAN runs, terrified and bound
through the darkening forest. Branches scratching her bare
flesh. Three times she trips over then clambers back to her
feet and stumbles on.

She stops, exhausted, looks back over her shoulder. Listening
intently. Then she hears her pursuer charging through the
trees behind her. A gasp of pure fear and she forces herself
on --

BLAM! -- a rifle erupts in the night silence.

26 **INT. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1**

26

MONTAGE as CLARISSA scans the design from the Jane Doe's
matchbook into her computer. Enlarges it and enhances the
definition of the darker regions. Cautiously and carefully
bringing out that black-on-yellow design.

Clarissa frowns at the screen. THOMAS is passing.

(CONTINUED)

CLARISSA

What am I looking at?

Thomas crosses over to look.

THOMAS

What are you looking at?

CLARISSA

A matchbook found on an
unidentified body.

THOMAS

(a little pointed)
An unidentified body in Scotland by
any chance?

From this we glean Thomas has mixed feelings about Nikki and
Jack's trip north.

CLARISSA

What difference does it make?

THOMAS

(all innocence)
Only reason I ask is, I wondered if
your victim might be American.

CLARISSA

American?

THOMAS

(nods)
More specifically a New Yorker.

Thomas is staring fixedly at the screen. Clarissa has another
look, too.

CLARISSA

(her spreading smile)
It's the Manhattan bloody
skyline...

Go CLOSE on enlarged matchbook design -- it's the silhouette
of the Manhattan skyline, the Statue of Liberty, the Empire
State Building, the Chrysler Building, etc. --

26A

INT. MANHATTAN BAR - DAY 1

26A

-- Female hands encircling a pole -- they belong to AMY
dancing in the Manhattan Bar.

Angle on -- the bar where MACNEIL, 53, an overweight bruiser,
has just been served two pints and two chasers by JEROME.

(CONTINUED)

MACNEIL
Thank you kindly, Jerome.

With a loud CLANK MacNeil gathers up his four glasses and heads off.

JEROME
Wait a second.
(MacNeil stares at him)
What about...?

Jerome darts out from behind the bar to pursue MacNeil.

MACNEIL
Stick it on the tab.

JEROME
I would. But the tab's kinda running away with itself and -

MACNEIL
- And what?

JEROME
(with sudden confidence)
And it's over a grand and we have a business to run.

MacNeil meets Jerome's charged look.

MACNEIL
(mock appalled)
Is it? No! Christ, I had no idea, honest to God. When it gets to two grand, be sure to let me know.

JEROME
(under his breath)
Arsehole.

MacNeil gives him a sharp look for that. Just as we think MacNeil's going to erupt... he heads off, leaving Jerome marooned in the middle of the bar. A table of tough-looking OIL RIG WORKERS chuckle at his humiliation.

Angle on MacNeil as he reaches a back booth where his friend LAING, tall, handsome, 50, has been watching this scene.

LAING
(gently chiding)
That was a bit unnecessary, wasn't it?

MACNEIL
Oh, come on -

(CONTINUED)

STELLA
- Yes, it bloody was.

Both men look up into STELLA's indignant gaze.

STELLA (CONT'D)
(re Jerome)
He's just doing his job.

MacNeil looks over at Jerome who is watching the scene keenly.

MACNEIL
You're right, he was, I feel terrible.

LAING
That's enough, Mike.

Said quietly but with undeniable authority.

MACNEIL
You stay for the lecture, mate. I got better things to do.

MacNeil waddles off, climbs on the stage and dances among the POLE DANCERS. Some of the girls look annoyed, some positively wary, but we sense no-one will try to usher MacNeil off the stage until he's good and ready.

Stella and Laing watch MacNeil a beat.

LAING
Here. I'll bring the rest tomorrow.

Laing hands her a decent wedge of notes. Stella takes them with a curt nod of thanks.

LAING (CONT'D)
Sorry about the Fat Man.

STELLA
You've been saying that for twenty years.

LAING
(conceding nod)
Well, thank God there's only another ten to go.

A brief, unexpected smile between them. A hint of intimacy.

Angle on -- MacNeil dancing on stage, getting sweaty as he homes in on AMY who does her best to ignore him -- not easy.

27

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 1

27

We join mid-conversation as DS ROSS watches NIKKI and JACK scrub up.

JACK
...You've had no reports of missing girls at all? As in none? Zero?

DS ROSS
Not recently. Not from Crenlogue.

JACK
And before "recently"?

DS Ross, and to a lesser extent Nikki, react to Jack's aggressive tone.

DS ROSS
Not in the two years I've been up here.

JACK
You sure about that?

DS ROSS
(pressured, unnerved)
Look, we've had the odd lass running off to Kirkhaven but no-one who didn't turn up again.
(off Jack's impatient stare)
Why?

Nikki smoothly interjects here. Calm but firm.

NIKKI
Because whoever did this was confident. Organized. Evolved. Nothing about it feels like a first kill.

DS Ross stares at them. It almost feels like they're accusing him of something.

Jack's phone rings. Go CLOSE on the caller display as he looks: Clarissa. He steps away to take it.

DS ROSS
But... if the victim's not from the area maybe the killer isn't either.

NIKKI
Maybe. But they know their way around Macroom Forest. All fifteen square miles of it.

(CONTINUED)

Jack is heading back over, his expression urgent.

JACK

Do you have a New York themed bar
or restaurant around here?

DS ROSS

In Crenlogue? Are you kidding?

JACK

What about further afield?

DS Ross thinks for a moment. A shadow flits across his face.

DS ROSS

I think... Well, there used to be a
place down in Kirkhaven called the
Manhattan Bar.

JACK

What kind of place is it?

DS ROSS

Pole dancing club, basically.
Popular with oil rig workers
looking for a bit of R&R.

Jack -- instantly making the pole dancing/girls connection.

JACK

We need to pay it a visit. Tonight.

DS ROSS

(instantly resistant)
Says who?

JACK

The matchbook in our victim's
jacket.

Jack and Nikki stare at DS Ross impatiently.

DS ROSS

Look... you follow it up by all
means... I've got a murder inquiry
to coordinate.

Jack is going to question this. Decides he hasn't got the
time.

JACK

(heading out)
Fine.

(CONTINUED)

DS ROSS
Do me a favour, Jack.
(Jack looks back
impatiently)
Tread carefully. Not my patch.

Jack exits without another word. Nikki slides a look to DS Ross. Catches a flash of vulnerability, as if an old wound was suddenly opened.

28 INT. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY 1

28

Angle on little OLIVER crying in his high chair.

Wider. His mother SARAH is nowhere in sight. Sound of the flat door opening and closing. Sarah's partner STEVE BOYD, 30s, comes in from the street. Takes in Oliver in his chair.

STEVE
Sarah...?

Steve scoops Oliver out of his high chair. Carries him through to the SITTING ROOM where Sarah sits on the sofa.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

For a moment Sarah says nothing.

SARAH
Yeah. Sure.

But she still doesn't look at him.

STEVE
(as he joggles Oliver)
How long's he been crying?

Just a hint of reproach there.

SARAH
I don't know... just had to sit down.

STEVE
(concerned)
Bad day?

Now Sarah looks up at him. On and on.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(really worried now)
Sweetheart...?

Sarah - about to open the floodgates. But then she gives a tight smile and a small dismissive shake of the head.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
Just a headache.

She gets to her feet. Gives a convincing, reassuring smile.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I've got him.

STEVE
Sure?

SARAH
Sure.
(she takes Oliver)
How was your day?

STEVE
Fine. Average. Boring.
(smiles)
Any and all of the above.

She returns his smile, then turns in the doorway.

SARAH
Oh... those steaks need eating up.
D'you want put them on?

Steve is only momentarily thrown by her abrupt change of mood. Happy she's back to her old self.

STEVE
(easy smile)
You got it.

Track with Sarah as she carries Oliver down the hall and into his bedroom. Go close on her face as she holds him tight against her, as if his warm body and young innocent life will protect her.

29 **OMITTED**

29

30 **INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 1**

30

DS ROSS enters. NIKKI looks up from a microscope.

NIKKI
The man who shot the deer and found
the body. What's his name?

DS ROSS
Niall Wallace. Why?

Angle down a microscope on a bullet casing: a piece of the outer casing, mangled, but two fine tram line scratches visible.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

Bullet casing from our victim. Note
the two fine tram line scratches.

Nikki replaces the bullet casing with the fragment Jack
recovered at the scene adhered with stag hair.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Remnant of the bullet casing we
think killed the stag.

Angle down the microscope on this second bullet fragment; the
brown stag hairs visible now, stuck to the metal by dried
blood. The bullet casing bears the same fine tram line marks.

DS ROSS

Same scratches...

Nikki nods.

NIKKI

Both bullets were hand modified
using the same implement. If you
found the common tool...

DS Ross nods -- gets it -- that would be compelling indeed.

DS ROSS

What kind of tool are we talking
about?

NIKKI

A collet bullet puller.

DS ROSS

A what?

PC BATHURST (O.S.)

A bullet press. It uses a caliber-
specific clamp to grip the bullet,
while the loading press is used to
pull the case downwards.

They both look over at PC BATHURST, unaware he was there.

PC BATHURST (CONT'D)

Niall Wallace owns several.

NIKKI

How do you know?

PC BATHURST

(shrugs, it's obvious)
It's where I buy my ammo. He's the
best.

31 **EXT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - DAY 1**

31

NIKKI walks away from the police station with DS ROSS and PC BATHURST towards the Land Rover. DS Ross finishes a call.

DS ROSS
Niall Wallace has over twenty
firearms registered in his name.

NIKKI
That's good to know.

PC Bathurst clears his throat.

PC BATHURST
Something else you should know.
About Niall.

Nikki and DS Ross stare at Bathurst impatiently.

PC BATHURST (CONT'D)
When he was a kid he was prime
suspect in the shooting of his dad,
Pete Wallace.

NIKKI
Are we talking... a fatal shooting?

PC BATHURST
We are.

32 **EXT. WALLACE FARM. BACK GARDEN - DAY**

32

FLASHBACK -- PETER WALLACE bursts out of the trees at the foot of the garden. Sinks to his knees and begins to clamber up the lawn on all fours towards the farmhouse.

When he peers up he sees that a young man has materialized by the rope swing. His son NIALL WALLACE, 16. He squints down at his father, haloed by sunlight, his expression inscrutable.

33 **EXT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - DAY 1**

33

Back with DS ROSS, PC BATHURST and NIKKI by the Land Rover.

DS ROSS
Why didn't you mention this before?
Like when he found the body?

PC BATHURST
Didn't seem right, sir. Kid was
only a suspect. Nothing proven.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

But you're mentioning it now?

PC Bathurst knows he must explain this contradiction.

PC BATHURST

(finally, sad)

We all knew he did it and we all...
pitied him, I suppose.

NIKKI

Why?

PC BATHURST

'Cause his Dad was a monster.
'Cause every copper in Crenlogue
had been up that farm one time or
another to help Mrs. Wallace pick
her teeth off the floor.

34

EXT. WALLACE FARM. BACK GARDEN - DAY

34

FLASHBACK -- A strange still moment as NIALL watches his
father PETER WALLACE gulping greedily for air, the life
fading from his eyes. A moment punctured by --

-- the back door of the farmhouse banging open. Niall's
mother BRIDGET, 35, races down the lawn towards them.

Go very CLOSE on Niall's eyes as his head swivels to meet his
mother's horrified gaze --

35

OMITTED

35

36

EXT. WALLACE FARM - NIGHT 1

36

Close on the decrepid, half-rotten rope swing which still
hangs from the tree in the farmhouse garden.

Wider. As the police vehicles reaches the farm. NIKKI, DS
ROSS, PC BATHURST and other UNIFORM OFFICERS climb out into
the quiet farmyard.

The adjacent hunting shop is shut up.

DS Ross crosses to the front door of the farmhouse. Knocks.
Waits. As PC Bathurst joins him:

DS ROSS

His car's here.

DS Ross nods to a beat-up Range Rover covered in mud. So
where is Niall?

(CONTINUED)

PC BATHURST
I'll check round the back, sir.

37 **EXT/INT. WALLACE FARM. WORKSHOP - NIGHT 1**

37

NIKKI, DS ROSS and other UNIFORM OFFICERS enter a vast, chaotic barn-cum-workshop. Dark in here.

CRACK. DS Ross stumbles into something. Barks his shins.

DS ROSS
Shit! Ow!

A couple of the uniforms snigger.

DS ROSS (CONT'D)
Light switch anyone?

But no-one can find it. Nikki switches her torch on. The beam splays over a workbench. She goes closer. DS Ross follows.

NIKKI
There's your bullet puller.

Nikki's torch picks out the collet bullet puller mounted in a steel, green-painted press.

Suddenly a neon single strip light comes on above them. One UNIFORM OFFICER has found the light switch --

The pale flickering light illuminates this horror story of a work-shop. A few damp-damaged animals' heads on the wall.

DS ROSS
Nikki...

Nikki follows his gaze. An old white-painted pipe stretching across one wall, perhaps eight feet off the ground.

Nikki and DS Ross exchange an ominous look. Cross over. Nikki crouches, picks up a couple of flakes of white paint. Go CLOSE to see they are tinged with rust.

NIKKI
Look familiar?

38 **EXT. WALLACE FARM. FIELD - NIGHT 1**

38

In the murky twilight, NIALL WALLACE crosses a field, heading towards the farm. A rifle slung over his shoulder.

39 **INT. WALLACE FARM. WORKSHOP - NIGHT 1**

39

DS ROSS steadies a crate as NIKKI climbs on it to better examine the white-painted pipe more closely.

 NIKKI
Scratch marks.
 (go CLOSE on those scratch
 marks)
He's used this pipe to hang
something...

40 **EXT. WALLACE FARM - NIGHT 1**

40

NIALL is still picking his way through the gloom towards the farm. He notices the light is on in the barn/workshop and in a second the rifle is off his shoulder and in his hands.

He creeps closer. Makes out voices. A smile touches his lips. Whoever's trespassing on his property will soon regret it.

He ducks between two buildings, backs along a wall and emerges in a small scrappy back yard.

PC BATHURST is standing twelve feet away, peering through a window. Bathurst sees movement in the darkened glass. Whirls.

 NIALL
PC Bathurst, right?

 PC BATHURST
 (finally, dry-mouthed)
Right.

 NIALL
How can I help?

 PC BATHURST
You can start by putting the gun
down.

 NIALL
This old thing?
 (assesses it critically)
Just cleaning it. Didn't realize it
was still in my hand.

But he doesn't drop it. PC Bathurst stands frozen.

 PC BATHURST
Come on, Niall. We just want to ask
you some questions.

Niall cracks a bleak smile.

(CONTINUED)

NIALL

That's what you said when Dad died.
Didn't see my bed for a week.

And with that he dumps the rifle on the ground as other
UNIFORM OFFICERS come running, NIKKI and DS ROSS behind.

Off Nikki -- taking in Niall Wallace as PC Bathurst handcuffs
him.

41 **EXT/INT. KIRKHAVEN ROAD/JACK'S CAR - NIGHT 1**

41

JACK drives into Kirkhaven with its wind-lashed granite and
hard-faced populace. There's something of the outlaw town
about the place.

His mobile RINGS. He clicks it on speaker phone --

JACK

Nikki.

NIKKI (V.O.)

They've got a suspect in custody.

JACK

That was quick.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Local gun-nut called Niall Wallace.
Maybe his interests extend to pole
dancing...

JACK

I'll make some inquiries.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Clarissa's emailing his driving
licence to your phone...

42 **INT. MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT 1**

42

As thumping 70s disco music plays, a hand snakes into a bowl
of matchbooks -- the familiar Manhattan skyline design -- and
plucks one out.

Wider to find the hand belongs to JACK who stands at the bar.
Taking in all this fake NYC tat, the GIRLS dancing up on the
stage against drapes of the Manhattan skyline.

JEROME (O.S.)

You can look but don't touch.

Jack looks round into JEROME's knowing smile.

(CONTINUED)

JEROME (CONT'D)

What can I get you?

By way of answer Jack takes out his ID.

JACK

My name's Jack Hodgson, I'm a forensic scientist.

It takes a moment for Jerome to digest that.

JEROME

Like a CSI?

JACK

Like a CSI.

JEROME

What can I do for you, Jack?

JACK

I'm trying to ID a recently deceased female. Could be a member of your staff, could just be a punter, in which case --

Jack breaks off, staring at something over Jerome's shoulder.

JEROME

In which case...?

Jack is staring at a photo board behind the bar. One photo shows a girl with a mass of red curls.

JACK

Excuse me...

Jack lifts the countertop hatch and steps behind the bar to better examine the photo. This close, there's no doubt - it's their victim.

Go CLOSE on the photo: their Jane Doe sitting on the bonnet of a Buik outside the Manhattan Bar complete with cowboy boots and, poignantly, the tasseled leather jacket she was wearing when she was shot.

Jack looks up as a scuffed door leading to a back area bangs open and STELLA emerges. She shoots Jerome a look: why the hell have you let a punter behind the bar?!

STELLA

(getting in Jack's face)
Can I help you, mate?

JACK

(taps the photo)
Who is this girl? Her name?

(CONTINUED)

Now Stella thinks she knows what's going on.

STELLA

Afraid you're out of luck, but
we've got plenty of other nice -

JEROME

- Mum.

(off Stella's stare)

He's with the police.

Stella is not in the least bit fazed by that.

STELLA

Her name's Caitlin.

JACK

Caitlin what?

STELLA

No idea.

JACK

She worked here?

STELLA

In a manner of speaking.

JACK

What does that mean?

STELLA

Means when she could be arsed to
turn up.

JACK

Then how come you don't know her
last name?

STELLA

Because she never bloody told me,
alright? What is this?

Jack subsides a little.

JACK

"Caitlin" was found yesterday
afternoon in Macroom Forest. We
estimate she'd been dead about a
week.

Stella, in shock, her eyes flashing guiltily up to the stage
where AMY is dancing -- to find Amy looking right back at
her, intuiting that Jack is some kind of law enforcement
person and that his business there concerns Caitlin.

43

INT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 1

43

Just a stark room with a table and chairs. NIKKI and DS ROSS sit opposite NIALL WALLACE.

Nikki shows a photo of the bullet shrapnel adhered with deer fur.

NIKKI

This is shrapnel from the deer we know you shot.

Nikki sets down a second photo of the bullet fragment from the victim.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

This is a fragment from the bullet that killed the young woman.

NIALL

And?

NIKKI

Both bullets were modified by the bullet puller we found in your workshop.

Niall examines the photos side-by-side -- go CLOSE on the tram line scratches.

NIALL

I was thinking of making a change. Been thinking about it for a while.

DS ROSS

A change?

(Niall nods)

You mean like upgrading your prey from deer to women?

NIALL

(a dark smirk)

Wouldn't call that an upgrade.

DS ROSS

No?

NIALL

Hunting's a test. A challenge. Where's the challenge in hunting some tart through the trees?

DS ROSS

So what kind of change were you talking about, Niall?

Niall taps one of the photos. Shakes his head, disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

NIALL

Decent bullet puller shouldn't leave any marks. I was thinking of changing to a spring-loader.

DS ROSS

Well, you know what they say about bad workmen blaming their tools?

NIALL

I'm no workman. I'm more of an engineer. Some say I'm an artist.

NIKKI

Really?

NIALL

Really. That's why my hand-augmented ammo sells to such a wide variety of people. Hunters, tourists, farmers, weekenders from the city who fancy killing something that's not computer generated...

DS ROSS

The rifle you pointed at PC Bathurst was illegally modified.

NIALL

Didn't point it at him.

DS ROSS

That's not what he says.

NIALL

As for small changes I may or may not have made to the barrelling... big deal.

DS ROSS

But it is a big deal, Niall. It's against the law.

NIALL

Then it's against the law for my customers. The Sheriffs. The Chief Constables. The Procurators Fiscal.

(off Ross's frown, Niall nods)

That's right. I modify their guns, too. We're all hunters up here. You'd know that if you were local. Real local, I mean.

(CONTINUED)

DS ROSS

Trust me, I wear it as a badge of
honour that I'm not.

Niall shakes his head in mock dismay.

NIALL

That kind of attitude, well, it's
liable to get you killed.

DS Ross can't believe what Niall just said.

DS ROSS

Are you threatening me?

Niall looks him right in the eye.

NIALL

Just the opposite. I'm warning you.

44 **INT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - NIGHT 1**

44

Close on a series of gruesome photos from Caitlin's autopsy.

Wider. NIKKI is laying them out before NIALL as DS ROSS looks
on.

Niall picks up a photo of the victim's back bearing the small
entry wound roughly in the middle. Studies it with
dispassionate interest, perhaps even admiration for the
marksmanship.

NIKKI

All the pathology evidence
indicates we're looking for a
seasoned hunter. I understand
"you're the best"... Your homemade
bullet caused some of the worst
internal injuries I've ever seen.

Nikki sets down her final photograph. A close-up of that
devastating wound tract.

Niall slowly picks up this last, shocking photo. It has no
discernible impact but he grasps that he must give them
something.

NIALL

Few days before I found the body, I
was out in the same part of the
forest. I heard someone.

DS ROSS

(deeply underwhelmed)
You heard someone?

(CONTINUED)

NIALL

Making a right ruckus they were.
Charging round like a bloody
elephant. I had a mind to shoot 'em
myself.

(a beat)

Then I heard a shot. Just the one.

DS ROSS

What did you see?

NIALL

Nothing.

(off Ross's impatient
frown)

Sound travels in a forest. You can
be five hundred yards from someone
and it sounds like they're right
next to you.

Nikki wants to marry his account with their victim's
estimated time of death.

NIKKI

You said this was a "few days"
before you found the body. Can you
be more specific?

Niall leans back, studies the ceiling.

NIALL

I want to say Sunday, but I was
priming the oast house all weekend.
Must've been last Friday.

NIKKI

(clarifying)

So six days before you found the
body?

Niall nods. A look between Nikki and DS Ross -- six days
earlier matches Nikki's estimated date of death.

DS ROSS

Were you alone?

NIALL

Yeah.

DS ROSS

And you can't give us any kind of
description? Nothing?

Niall reflects a beat.

(CONTINUED)

NIALL

I did see a van parked out on the lane. Maroon or dark red.

DS ROSS

(a sardonic eyebrow)

Maroon or dark red?

(nothing from Niall)

Hate to state the obvious, but why didn't you mention this before?

When you found the body, say?

Niall takes a moment before replying.

NIALL

I'll tell you something. If I'd been on my own when I found her...

(nods to photos of Caitlin)

...I'd've left her there.

Nikki, at once appalled and fascinated:

NIKKI

Why?

NIALL

Call it prior experience.

(off her frown, he gives a curt nod to Ross)

When my Dad died all they did was try and pin it on me -- I want as little to do with 'em as possible.

DS ROSS

Unless we're buying your hunting supplies?

Niall cracks a cold smile. Exactly.

Right then the door opens and Niall's lawyer, SOPHIE DALGLISH, a formidable looking woman in her 60s, enters.

SOPHIE DALGLISH

Shut up, Niall. As in don't speak.

Don't say another solitary word.

(to Ross)

Are you personally indemnified against prosecution, Detective? It's a rhetorical question. You're not. If you don't believe me, check your contract. Reason I ask is: I don't want you to have a shock when I bring civil cases against the police force you represent and you individually, shorn of your Detective Constable status.

(CONTINUED)

DS ROSS

Detective Sergeant. If you're gonna sue me, might help to get my rank right. Look, he had his phone call and -

SOPHIE DALGLISH

- Oh great, let's make you president of Amnesty International. Cut the crap. You don't say squat to my client until I'm sat by his side with a mug of tea, one sugar, and a biscuit. If any of that's news to you then I am seriously depressed.

(nods to Nikki)

And who the hell are you?

INT. MANHATTAN BAR. CHANGING AREA - NIGHT 1

A small, scrappy changing room. A guarded AMY, upset but hiding it well, is taking her make-up off as JACK talks to her. STELLA stands sentinel-like in the doorway.

JACK

I hear you knew Caitlin well?

AMY

Well enough.

JACK

Do you know where she lived?

AMY

(shakes her head)

She stayed on floors mainly. Didn't have her own place.

JACK

What was her last name?

AMY

Don't know. She was just Caitlin.

Caitlin. Just saying her name hurts. But Amy isn't going to well up in front of a stranger.

JACK

When did she last come in to work?

STELLA

A week ago Thursday. You asked me that already.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

And now I'm asking her. You got a problem with that?

STELLA

She was fine, wasn't she, Amy?

A beat then Amy nods silently. Jack thinks he detects fear.

JACK

(rounding on Stella)

Well, that makes her disappearance more not less strange, doesn't it? Ditto your failure to report it to the police?

Stella gives a mirthless laugh at his naivety.

STELLA

Why d'you think she was just plain old Caitlin? It was her choice -

JACK

(overlapping)

- I think you were her employer and you had a duty of care -

STELLA

(overlapping)

- She didn't want us to know her last name. Who she was. Where she came from. Half the girls don't - and I don't ask.

JACK

Well, it sounds like you've told me all you can. Thank you.

Jack nods pointedly at the door. Stella is going to stand her ground but an intensity in Jack's gaze deters her. Stella exits.

Silence for a moment. Jack meets Amy's eyes in the mirror. Without her make-up she looks very young indeed.

JACK (CONT'D)

(finally, simply)

What was she like? Caitlin?

AMY

She was a laugh.

(wipes more make-up off)

When I started she... gave me the confidence to, you know, get up and do it?

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMY (CONT'D)

Showed me how to handle the punters, too.

JACK

She looked out for you?

AMY

Yeah.

A faint sad smile touches Amy's lips.

AMY (CONT'D)

She'd say "do as I say not as I do."

JACK

(intuiting)

She had troubles of her own?

AMY

(defensive)

Doesn't everyone?

JACK

I wasn't judging her, Amy. I just want to find out what happened to her.

Amy searches his face. Decides she believes him.

AMY

We were getting ready to leave the club. She was pretty drunk or high... I dunno...

Amy breaks off. Like her account somehow dishonors Caitlin.

JACK

(coaxing)

Go on?

AMY

I'd seen her getting a bit too close to one of the punters when she was dancing.

JACK

A regular?

AMY

No, I'd never seen him before. But when we got outside later, I turned round and she was gone...

(CONTINUED)

JACK

(careful)

Did you think she might've gone off
with the punter?

A moment, then Amy nods, fear in her eyes.

AMY

I waited two days then went to the
police. Weren't interested.

JACK

Did they have you fill out a
missing persons report?

AMY

No. They told me to stop wasting
their time.

Jack bites down on his indignation. Takes out his iPad. Shows
Amy the photo of Niall Wallace.

JACK

Is this the man you think Caitlin
went off with?

AMY

No.

(off Jack's surprise)

I mean... I didn't get a good look
at him but he had blonde hair.

JACK

Thank you, Amy.

Jack studies Amy a moment, she suddenly looks so young and
vulnerable.

JACK (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

(she nods unconvincingly)

Can I take you anywhere?

Jack realises this could be misinterpreted. Makes for the
door. Which opens and STELLA appears bearing a bunch of keys.

STELLA

If I was the bitch you're making me
out to be, I'd've cleared her
locker last week.

48 OMITTED

48

49 OMITTED

49

50 INT. MANHATTAN BAR. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 1

50

STELLA leads JACK into the gloomy locker room and unlocks Caitlin's locker. As the door creaks open Jack immediately sees a photo of a younger Caitlin with a 3 year old girl. Proud Mum.

JACK
She had a kid...

For a moment, Jack can't tear his eyes from the photo. The life and hope in Caitlin's eyes. Where is her little girl and how will they ever find her to tell her the awful news?

Jack searches the paltry items in the locker. In the back pocket of a pair of glitzy hotpants, Jack finds a torn strip from a beer matt - on it scrawled in biro "Lamborghini 5".

JACK (CONT'D)
Lamborghini 5...
(turns to Stella, sees her
look darken)
Does that mean something to you?

STELLA
(nods)
Sounds like the Grand Prix motel.
The rooms are named after different
cars...

JACK
(catches her foreboding)
What kind of place, is it?

STELLA
Most of their guests are off-shore
oil workers.

JACK
Rough lot?

STELLA
Some of them. We get our share
here.

Off Jack figuring out what happened...

51 OMITTED

51

52 **INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT 1**

52

Once again NIKKI stands before the two microscopes.

The door opens and DS ROSS hurries in looking grave.

DS ROSS
Got your message. Are you sure?

NIKKI
No. Not without chemical tests. But
the texture's visibly different.

Nikki gestures to the microscopes. Look for yourself. And as
DS Ross peers down the two microscopes we --

Go CLOSE on two different white paint chips. Both chips are
white and fringed with rust but Nikki's right -- the vast
magnification makes it clear the paint texture is completely
different; one is powdery and matt, the other glossy and
synthetic.

DS ROSS
He says he uses the pipe to hang
animal hydes.

NIKKI
Maybe he does.

DS ROSS
Either way, I don't have enough to
hold him. Not with that brief.

53 **EXT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - NIGHT 1**

53

Triumphant SOPHIE DALGLISH escorts NIALL out of the police
station to a waiting taxi.

Angle on NIKKI and DS ROSS watching them go from the front
steps.

Nikki's phone rings. She glances at the caller display.

NIKKI
Jack?

JACK (V.O.)
(urgent)
Tell Ross we need a search warrant.

54 **INT. SARAH'S FLAT - NIGHT 1**

54

SARAH looks down at her little boy OLIVER asleep in his bed.
Her face is wet with tears.

(CONTINUED)

She composes herself and walks through to her bedroom. STEVE is waiting for her in bed. She climbs in next to him.

STEVE

Been thinking about you all day.

Sarah smiles thinly. He starts to kiss her -- it's clear he wants sex. Sarah tries to go along with it but it's painfully obvious she's not in the mood.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What, another headache?

SARAH

(absent)

No...

Steve isn't going to let this go. Only half kidding:

STEVE

Gone off me? I know I've put a few pounds on but...

SARAH

(igniting)

You honestly think that bothers me?
I'm that shallow?

Steve misses the raw pain underlying this reply -- hears only a scathing overreaction.

STEVE

You know what, Sarah? I don't know what to think.

Sarah climbs out of bed and runs into the en suite before tears overwhelm her.

INT. SARAH'S FLAT. TOILET - NIGHT 1

SARAH is panicking. Sobbing. Just desperate. Then, very slowly, she folds up the sleeves of her pyjamas and we see the deep, healed, ring-shaped scars on both her wrists.

We hear gentle knocks from STEVE on the other side of the door.

STEVE

Sarah... please...

Sarah backs away from the door. Slides down the wall, draws her legs up and hugs her knees like a child.

OMITTED

57 **INT/EXT. CAR/BRIDGE - NIGHT 1**

57

DS ROSS is piloting his car over a bridge, NIKKI beside him, when they hear a POLICE SIREN.

 NIKKI
 (turning in her seat)
 Unmarked car...

Angle on that unmarked car -- dangerously close -- a blue light flashing on its roof. Abruptly it overtakes DS Ross. SLEWS recklessly across their path, forcing DS Ross to brake violently.

Two men emerge from the car -- DETECTIVE SERGEANT MIKE MACNEIL, 53, an overweight, charismatic bully, and his handsome, quietly authoritative partner DETECTIVE INSPECTOR SIMON LAING, 50. We have, of course, met them both already.

 DS ROSS
 (clocking MacNeil and
 Laing)
 Great.

DS Ross gets out and makes his way over to DS MacNeil and DI Laing.

Off Nikki -- what is going on? She climb out to join DS Ross.

DS MacNeil and DI Laing are looking at DS Ross but addressing each other.

 DS MACNEIL
 Look what the cat dragged in.

 DI LAING
 He doesn't write. He doesn't call.

 DS MACNEIL
 It's disappointing.

 DI LAING
 It's heartbreaking.

 DS MACNEIL
 Taught the bastard everything he
 knows -

 DI LAING
 - And when he does darken our
 doorway he doesn't even knock.

 DS ROSS
 Alright, guys...

(CONTINUED)

DS MACNEIL
Sneaks in like a peado in a play
park.

DS ROSS
Look. I'm sorry. Really.

DS MACNEIL
Apology not accepted.

DS MacNeil spits on the ground, right by DS Ross's feet.
Temperature drop. Nikki reacts. DS MacNeil lights a
cigarette. Blows the smoke in Ross's face and moves off.

DI LAING
He'll be alright. You've hurt his
feelings.

DI Laing is looking questioningly at Nikki.

DS ROSS
Oh -- Dr. Nikki Alexander. She's
helping me with a case.

DI LAING
In what capacity?

NIKKI
I'm a forensic pathologist.

DI LAING
A forensic pathologist from where?

NIKKI
London.

DI LAING
That's a long way.

But he's looking at DS Ross when he says this. Accusingly.

DS MacNeil is coming back over still puffing on his fag.

DS MACNEIL
Little bird tells me you're heading
up the Grand Prix to shake an oil
worker down?

DS ROSS
(uneasy)
Yeah. Is that a problem?

Unexpectedly MacNeil's face splits in a big shit-eating grin.

DS MACNEIL
Not now, it isn't.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

He means: because they're coming along for the ride.

58 **EXT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. CAR PARK - NIGHT 1**

58

As DS MACNEIL and DI LAING, NIKKI and DS ROSS leave their cars, JACK climbs out of his.

DS ROSS

This is Jack Hodgson. He's helping us on the forensics side -- DI Laing and DS MacNeil.

JACK

Hello.

DI Laing nods a curt hello back. DS MacNeil doesn't even manage that.

DS MACNEIL

Also from London, I take it?

JACK

(smiles)

Depends how far back you wanna go.

Slight edge to the way he said that.

DS MACNEIL

(turns to Ross, shakes his head in dismay)

I don't know, you need all this outside help to wrap up a dead tart?

DI LAING

(nods)

We've got one or two experts up here, you know.

But the dead tart line has incensed Jack.

JACK

Victim's name was Caitlin. She was raped and tortured then gunned down as she fled for her life.

DI LAING

(flicker of regret)

Yeah. I heard something.

JACK

Yes, you did. Her workmate reported her missing and was told to stop wasting police time.

DS MacNeil slides DI Laing a dark look.

(CONTINUED)

DS MACNEIL

A Squint with a heart, that's all
we need.

DS ROSS

Okay, Jack.

DS Ross shoots Jack an imploring look. Please stop!

DS MACNEIL and DI LAING very much lead the charge as NIKKI, JACK and DS ROSS approach the Grand Prix Motel -- a decidedly seedy establishment on the edge of Kirkhaven.

As they enter the weed-ridden, ill-lit courtyard they get an earful of '*God Is On The Radio*' by Queens of the Stone Age blasting from someone's room. It sets the scene. A shot of pure unadulterated machismo.

Pride of place in the courtyard is a cheap, dilapidated scale model of a Ferrari. Perched on and around it, half in shadow, are well-built OIL RIG WORKERS. Smoking and drinking, the tips of their cigarettes and joints glowing red. Their voices are low, confidential, but we make out a smattering of Dutch.

As Nikki, Jack and the three cops head for the entrance, two scantily-clad girls are stumbling out --

GIRL

(to MacNeil)

Alright, Mike.

DS MacNeil pulls a face of mock outrage. Shouts after her.

DS MACNEIL

How'd you know my name? Cheeky
bitch, getting familiar...

(to Laing, but for
everyone's benefit)

Have we nicked her before?

EXT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL - NIGHT 1

DS MACNEIL, DI LAING, NIKKI, JACK and DS ROSS approach the reception entrance. The panda-eyed, seen-it-all MANAGER in a faded Judas Priest T-shirt is smoking with the OIL RIG WORKERS. He approaches Laing.

MOTEL MANAGER

Can I help you?

DI LAING

Lamborghini 5. Is it occupied?

MOTEL MANAGER

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

DS MACNEIL
How long and who by?

MOTEL MANAGER
Linus Skinner. Coupla weeks.

60 INT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. HALL/LAMBORGHINI 5 - NIGHT 1

60

The door of Lamborghini 5 opens a crack. A tired, handsome face topped with blonde curls appears through a screen of smoke -- LINUS SKINNER.

SKINNER
Go away.

DS MACNEIL shoulders the door open hard. Crunching sound of teeth connecting with wood. The door flies in sending Skinner crashing back into the wall in his boxer shorts and T-shirt.

A look between NIKKI and JACK following DI LAING and DS ROSS inside.

NIKKI
Guess we're not in Kansas anymore.

61 INT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. LAMBORGHINI 5 - NIGHT 1

61

NIKKI, JACK and DS ROSS look on as DS MACNEIL and DI LAING question SKINNER, who presses tissues to his bleeding mouth.

DS MacNeil spots a still smoking bong. He picks it up. Then takes a long sweet hit on it himself.

Nikki and Jack's eyes are out on stalks but DS MacNeil shrugs easily --

DS MACNEIL
Just checking it was out.

We sense DI Laing trying to steer things back on course.

DI LAING
What've you been up to, Skinner?

SKINNER
Piss off. I've got rights.

DI LAING
Yes, you do. Until you start raping and murdering the wee lasses of Kirkhaven. Then those rights diminish somewhat.

(CONTINUED)

DI Laing turns to Jack, nods. Jack shows Skinner the photograph of Caitlin sitting on the Buik.

JACK

(holding up the photo)
When did you last see this girl?

SKINNER

What girl? I can't see straight
thanks to fatso over there.

DS MacNeil SMASHES the end of the glass bong. Thunders over to stab Skinner with it but DI Laing smoothly blocks his path. DS MacNeil is straining like a wild enraged animal.

Beat on Jack, noting how strong and calm-under-fire Laing is.

DI LAING

You were saying?

Skinner looks again at the picture.

JACK

(building)
That woman is dead. Murdered. We
found a beer mat in her shorts with
your room number written on it.

NIKKI

Our guess is it will also prove to
have your fingerprints and DNA on
it.

SKINNER

So I go down the Manhattan Club for
a few drinks. That's where it ends.
I'm family man.

DS MACNEIL

Yeah? Pass the bong around with
your kids, do you?

Skinner reaches into a bag. Takes out a photo which he displays proudly. Go CLOSE to see Skinner with his attractive blonde wife and two daughters.

SKINNER

See. Think I need to play away with
a wife like that?

Right then there's the sound of a key card sliding in the lock and the door opens. A YOUNG WOMAN with long brown hair enters clutching beer cans and bags of crisps.

DI LAING

I preferred you blonde, Mrs.
Skinner.

(CONTINUED)

SKINNER

Wrong room, love.

Nikki nods to the key card in the startled girl's fist.

NIKKI

Right key, though.

Skinner glowers at Nikki. Jack is staring at the girl's lower half. We don't yet see why.

JACK

Nice boots. Where'd you get 'em?

Now see the distinctive blue cowboy boots the girl's wearing.

YOUNG WOMAN

(cocky)

Present from a friend.

Jack shows her the photo of Caitlin. Go CLOSE to make out the detail of Caitlin sitting on the Buick, wearing the exact same cowboy boots.

JACK

This friend?

(the girl looks fearfully
from photo to Skinner)

Because, as her friend, you might
be interested to know she's dead.

The girl caves. Nods sourly at Skinner - he's got her into trouble.

YOUNG WOMAN

He gave me them.

The young woman has gone. JACK and NIKKI are in the en suite bathroom examining Caitlin's boots. Go CLOSE as Jack's torch illuminates something.

Go CLOSE to see -- almost camouflaged by the worn leather but clear enough in the beam of Jack's torch is a small area of blood staining.

A look between Jack and Nikki, then they head back into the main room.

DS MACNEIL, DI LAING and DS Ross look up as they cross to SKINNER.

JACK

There's blood staining inside the boots.

NIKKI

If it belongs to Caitlin I'm pretty confident we don't have the wrong room.

JACK

The fact the blood's not smudged tells its own story -- it had time to dry out after Caitlin sustained the injury and before you gave them to your friend.

Skinner closes his eyes. DI Laing slides a look to DS Ross.

DI LAING

(re: Jack and Nikki)

I take it back. I like these two.

SKINNER

Alright. Caitlin came back with me after the club shut.

DS ROSS

This is Thursday night, right?

SKINNER

(thinks)

Right. Yeah. But by the time we got back here she was a mess. Hyper one minute, suicidal the next. Going on about missing her bloody kid...

63

INT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. LAMBORGHINI 5 - NIGHT

63

FLASHBACK -- CAITLIN rocking backwards and forwards on the edge of the bed. Hyper, tearful, wasted. Frustrated, SKINNER forces his mouth on hers.

Caitlin pushes him off, slaps him hard, then Skinner punches her in the face. Blood issues from her nose and we go CLOSE to see some of that blood spatter on the inside of Caitlin's discarded boot.

64

INT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. LAMBORGHINI 5 - NIGHT 1

64

Back with SKINNER facing off the three detectives, NIKKI and Jack watching on.

SKINNER

I didn't mean to hit her so hard.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

You broke her nose.

SKINNER

Serves her right. Little junkie
prick-tease.

Jack flies at Skinner. Knocks his chair clean over. Leaps on him. Fixes an iron arm across his throat. Skinner rasps, eyes popping.

DS MACNEIL and DI LAING take a second to react then pull Jack off forcefully.

DS MACNEIL

Easy, Tyson. That's our job.

A beat on Nikki watching Jack -- she's sensed a storm coming all day and now it's broken.

DS ROSS sees a chance to remind everyone this is his case.

DS ROSS

You hit her... then what?

SKINNER

The blood just seemed to freak her
out -- she just ran out like the
building was on fire...

65 **INT/EXT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. LAMBORGHINI 5 - NIGHT**

65

FLASHBACK -- A shaken SKINNER crosses to the window in time to see CAITLIN running away from the motel bare-foot.

He looks down at the blue, blood-spattered cowboy boots she's left behind. More blood on the sheets.

66 **INT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. LAMBORGHINI 5 - NIGHT 1**

66

DS ROSS steps to SKINNER. Slight sense DS Ross is trying to impress DI LAING and DS MACNEIL.

DS ROSS

I have two observations. You were
the last person to see her alive
and your story stinks.

67 **INT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 1**

67

Angle on DS MACNEIL roughly herding SKINNER out into the corridor. Deliberately cracking his head on the door frame.

(CONTINUED)

DS MACNEIL
Sorry about that.

A UNIFORM OFFICER leads Skinner away.

A few feet away, NIKKI watches a minor altercation unfolding between DS ROSS and DI LAING --

DS ROSS
It's my case.

DI LAING
Not if that room's our primary
crime scene.

NIKKI
It isn't. Caitlin was shot out in
Macroom Forest. If Skinner's
guilty, this was just the abduction
site.

DS Macneil is crossing over and caught the end of that.

DS MACNEIL
Listen, love, unless you want us to
charge your mate Jack with assault
I'd keep your bloody nose out.

DS ROSS
(cringing, eyes down)
It's fine, Nikki, honestly.

Before Nikki can react --

JACK
Nikki.

JACK is calling from down the corridor where he's bagging
Caitlin boots.

Nikki marches over to Jack.

NIKKI
What the hell happened in there,
Jack?

JACK
(stemming her)
Later.
(softer)
Promise.
(Nikki subsides; okay)
Two scenarios. Depending on whether
Skinner's lying, Caitlin was either
barefoot or wearing cowboy boots
last time she was seen alive.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI
(already there)
So who does the gold shoe you found
belong to?

Jack nods ominously. Exactly.

68 **INT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - DAY 2**

68

The gold shoe -- as JACK dusts it. NIKKI looks on.

JACK
(nods)
Getting some prints. Going to email
them to Clarissa...

NIKKI
(checks her watch)
It's three in the morning.

JACK
Has she ever let us down?

NIKKI
You didn't... You called her?

JACK
(shrugs, no biggie)
She was totally cool about it.

69 **INT. LYELL CENTRE. CORRIDOR - DAY 2**

69

And here comes a thunderous CLARISSA - navigating the spooky,
ill-lit Lyell Centre as she talks on her mobile.

CLARISSA
You owe me big time for this. I'm
not talking dinner, bottle of wine,
chocolates. I'm talking blood.

JACK (V.O.)
It's really appreciated, thank you.

CLARISSA
I'll call you back.

She hangs up on his reply.

70 **INT. LYELL CENTRE. FORENSIC LAB - DAY 2**

70

CLARISSA is at her desk, looking at the computer screen as
the fingerprints from the gold shoe come through.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

Clarissa leans forward. Go CLOSE on her screen. Say hello to BARBARA CHEUNG gazing sullenly out of a mugshot.

Clarissa back on the phone to Jack.

CLARISSA

Prints on your shoe belong to a Barbara Cheung. Convictions for drug possession, intent to supply.

JACK (V.O.)

Got an address?

CLARISSA

As of her last conviction, she listed her place of work as a massage parlour in Kirkhaven...

JACK (V.O.)

That figures.

CLARISSA

I'm thrilled to hear it.

71 **EXT. KIRKHAVEN - DAY 2**

71

Establisher of Kirkhaven in the grey dawn light.

72 **INT. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY 2**

72

Grey dawn light leaking through the blinds. SARAH sits at the kitchen table staring into space.

STEVE comes in, bleary eyed, sits down opposite her. He takes her hands in his. Dips his head to meet her far-off gaze.

STEVE

(finally, softly)

What is it? Tell me?

Silence for a long beat, then Sarah holds up her wrists bearing the circular scars.

SARAH

Why have you never asked me about these?

STEVE

I thought you'd tell me when you were ready.

SARAH

I'm ready.

(a beat)

Five years ago a man kidnapped me.

(CONTINUED)

Steve can only stare at her. What?

SARAH (CONT'D)

He raped me...

(tears coming)

...He raped me and then he tried to
kill me.

For a moment Steve's world stops turning.

STEVE

Why didn't you tell me this before?

(no response)

Did the police get him?

SARAH

No.

(a beat)

I didn't tell the police.

STEVE

Why not?

(no response)

Sarah?

SARAH

I was ashamed.

Steve stares at her, a cold talon of dread.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I was broke and... to make ends
meet I was doing some stripping.

(off his look)

I had debts and my parents couldn't
help. I was desperate.

STEVE

And was...

(can barely bring himself
to articulate)

...that as far as it went?

(a beat)

Stripping?

SARAH

You mean: did I sell my body?

STEVE

(cringing, a whisper)

Yes.

SARAH

(defiant)

Once, when I was absolutely
desperate.

(shakes her head)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hated it. Disaster. Never again.
Happy?

Steve is visibly shocked. Drops his eyes. She looks at him fiercely, but we sense that under this she desperately wants him to reassure her.

STEVE

(dry-mouthed)

Carry on.

She withdraws her hand from his. Unsure that she wants to.

72A

INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2

72A

DI LAING and DS MACNEIL grill SKINNER who has a non-speaking SOLICITOR. DS ROSS looking on through the two-way glass.

DS MACNEIL

I'm not a complicated man, Skinner.
But this looks pretty simple to me.
You've got a temper. You beat up
tarts. You're the last person to
see the victim alive before she
runs into the night bleeding from
an injury you inflicted.

SKINNER

Yeah... I know it doesn't look
good.

DS MacNeil chuckles at this.

DS MACNEIL

That's the bloody understatement of
the year.

DI Laing glances at a file on Skinner's background. He shuts it, places it on the table, then fixes Skinner with a look.

DI LAING

You served in the army.

SKINNER

(nods)

Once upon a time.

DI LAING

So you know the difference between
a Light Support, a carbine and a
semiautomatic. You know that the
L96 can achieve a first-round hit
at 600 metres and harassing fire
out to 1,100 metres.

(CONTINUED)

SKINNER
Sounds like you do.

DI Laing gives a conceding shrug.

DI LAING
Did my bit in Kuwait. Gulf War One.
(a beat)
Point is you can handle a high-
powered rifle. Stalk a moving
target. Steady your aim.

SKINNER
I haven't handled a rifle in
fifteen years.

DI LAING
Like the proverbial bike though,
isn't it? You never forget.

Angle on DS Ross looking on. His phone beeps. He checks the
message. Reacts.

73 **EXT. MESSAGE PARLOUR - DAY 2**

73

A grotty corner of Kirkhaven. Boarded up shops and a massage
parlour. JACK is HAMMERING on the rusted metal grille over
the front door.

NIKKI
(ease down on the
hammering)
Jack...

JACK
There's a light on!

Sound of an engine. NIKKI turns to see DS ROSS climbing out
of his car and crossing over. Nikki meets him half-way.

NIKKI
How'd it go with Skinner?

(CONTINUED)

DS ROSS

Stuck to his story. To the letter.
They had to let him get some kip
eventually.

NIKKI

You've got some history with those
two? Laing and MacNeil?

DS ROSS

You could say that. I used to work
down here.

NIKKI

That much I got.

A small smile between them, then they see Jack's thumping has
finally paid off -- the door is opened by BOB SCOTT,
overweight, 50, half asleep.

74 **INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - DAY 2**

74

CLOSE on Barbara Cheung's mugshot.

Wider. JACK, NIKKI and DS ROSS are talking to BOB. Dank and
depressing in here. Glimpse massage beds through dirty
drapes.

BOB

...I haven't seen Barbara Cheung in
over a year. Sorry.

Bob hands the mugshot back to DS Ross.

NIKKI

What was she like?

BOB

Tough cookie. And you could trust
her. I even let her look after the
place sometimes.

DS ROSS

You have any idea where she went
after she left?

BOB

London, probably. That's where she
was from.

JACK

But you're not sure?
(Bob shakes his head 'no')
Did she leave suddenly?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Yeah. Very. Didn't even pick up her last pay packet as I recall...

A chilled look between Nikki, Jack and DS Ross. Did Barbara Cheung meet her end in Macroom Forest?

75

INT. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY 2

75

Back with SARAH and a riveted STEVE.

SARAH

It was a Friday night. I was waiting at the bus stop after work. He came from nowhere, grabbed me and pushed me into his car. He tied my hands with wire and blindfolded me and then... Then he raped me.

(a beat)

In the morning... he drove me out to Macroom Forest and told me to run.

(snatches away a tear)

And I did. I ran for my life. He started shooting at me. It was so loud and I could smell the gunpowder... I couldn't see where I was going, but I managed to find a hiding place. I watched him go by, then I ran the other away.

(looks at her scarred wrists)

I walked all day with my hands still tied. Hour and hours. Thought I was going to die in that forest. The sun was setting when I found the road. Then a lorry driver stopped for me around midnight...

She breaks off. Harrowed by the process of recounting this nightmare. By how close she came.

Steve is staring at the tabletop. Watching him, Sarah suddenly feels unnerved. She craves reassurance and comfort but his face holds neither.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Steve...?

It's her turn to reach for his hand. And Steve's turn to retract his.

STEVE

Need some time to think about this.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

What...?

Steve can't meet her raw gaze.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Steve. Look at me. Please.

Steve finally meets her gaze, forcing himself to continue this painful exchange for Sarah, battling his selfish desire to react to her admission of prostitution.

76

INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 2

76

Kirkhaven police station is cavernous and noisy and looks like it hasn't had a refurb since 1974.

In the incident room, find NIKKI, JACK, DS ROSS, DI LAING and DS MACNEIL.

DS MACNEIL

For all you know, Barbara Cheung's back in London, massaging for England.

JACK

Come on, she left without her pay packet. Her shoe was found twenty yards from the body of another young woman.

DS ROSS

He's right, sir.

DI LAING

But you don't have the budget to press play on a search that big?

DS ROSS

You know I don't, sir. That's why I'm here.

Nikki's mobile rings. She steps away to answer it.

DS ROSS (CONT'D)

We think there may be other bodies buried in the forest...

DS MACNEIL

So why didn't he bury this one? Caitlin?

(CONTINUED)

DS ROSS

It's possible he was disturbed
before he got the chance.

Nikki finishes her call. Steps over.

NIKKI

Results are back on the fingernail
scrapings and vaginal swabs from
Caitlin.

To make an impact on DS MacNeil and DI Laing, Nikki shows
that picture of Caitlin sitting on the Buik, smiling, alive.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Both show the presence of bleach
which destroys DNA, as does her
clothing. We are dealing with a
highly organized sex killer.

(sealing it)

We need to search that forest.

77

EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 2

77

NIKKI, JACK, DS MACNEIL, DI LAING and DS ROSS all present as
a large UNIFORM POLICE search of Macroom Forest unfolds
complete with police dogs and heat sensors.

Eerily, the dogs begin to congregate in a clearing in the
centre of the forest. The dogs sniff the ground and whimper
and howl, high and keening, signalling that a cadaver lies
beneath their paws.

Nikki and Jack, their eyes travelling slowly downwards. The
handlers pull the dogs away as Nikki and Jack mark the area
to excavate.

But then one of the dogs breaks free and goes straight to
another spot. Nikki approaches the handler.

NIKKI

Set the dogs free. All of them.

The handler looks a little uncertain. But Nikki's tone of
quiet certainty brooks no argument.

The dogs race off in different directions, all barking their
finds which are dispersed around the clearing -- i.e. there
are multiple bodies here.

78

EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 2

78

MONTAGE -- NIKKI and JACK supervise as a dozen SOCOs carry out the excavation of several bodies in various stages of decomposition, some completely skeletal.

DS ROSS crosses to Nikki and Jack.

NIKKI

Five so far. All female.

JACK

(looking around at the
grave pits)

I don't care how organized he is.
Somewhere here he's made a mistake,
left a clue, something.

With that Jack walks off before his emotions get the better of him again.

A beat on Nikki as she recalls she never got to the bottom of why Jack attacked Skinner.

79

EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 2

79

Dusk. Tracking with JACK as he walks deeper and deeper into the darkening forest, a lethal animal intensity building in his eyes. Walking faster and faster until...

WHAM. He slams a fist into a tree. Stares at his bloody knuckles through eyes glazed with tears.

JUMP CUT -- Jack on his phone, pacing impatiently as he waits for someone to pick up.

JACK

Amy. Jack Hodgson.

AMY

Who?

JACK

The forensics guy. We met yesterday
--

80

INT. MANHATTAN BAR. CHANGING AREA - DAY 2

80

-- AMY is getting ready to go on stage on the other end of this call.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

JACK (V.O.)

Amy, you need to get home and stay
home, and you need to do it now.

AMY

(thrown)

I can't, I'm due on stage...

JACK (V.O.)

Then you're going to get yourself
killed.

Amy, shocked by what Jack said.

Jack, no less shocked that he actually said that out loud.

81 **OMITTED**

81

82 **OMITTED**

82

82A **INT. SARAH'S FLAT - NIGHT 2**

82A

As SARAH enters, GLORIA the nanny is sitting on a play mat
with OLIVER.

SARAH

Has Steve called?

GLORIA

No.

(frowns, struck)

Some bloke did come by this
afternoon...

SARAH

Who?

GLORIA

I dunno. Just spoke to him on the
intercom. He didn't come up.

SARAH

Well... what was his name?

GLORIA

He didn't give one, just asked for
you and I said you were out...

Sarah, a bolt of pure fear. Could it be him?

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED:

82A

Sarah doesn't answer - her eyes are now fixed on the TV where we glimpse a news flash, the banner running across the bottom of the screen reads: MORE BODIES FOUND IN MACROOM FOREST. There's a number to ring if you have information...

JUMP CUT -- Sarah is on the phone. Dialling that number from the TV. Predictably, it's engaged. She slams the phone down in frustration.

83 **EXT. BUS STOP/ROAD - NIGHT 2**

83

AMY has taken Jack's advice to heart. Shivering in her costume, she's waiting at the bus stop.

A car pulls level, the DRIVER invisible in the gloom of his car. But she feels his eyes on her.

84 **INT. MACROOM FOREST. FORENSIC TENT - NIGHT 2**

84

DS MACNEIL and DI LAING approach NIKKI.

DI LAING

What are your first impressions
about how long these bodies have
been in the ground?

NIKKI

Decomposition rates can vary wildly
so we'll really need to assess -

DS MACNEIL

(over her)

- That's why he said 'first
impressions', luv.

Nikki eye-fucks DS MacNeil a beat for that, then:

NIKKI

I think the oldest body has been in
the ground at least three years.

DS MacNeil balls a fist in frustration.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What?

DS MACNEIL

Skinner's in the clear - that's
what.

He says this like it's Nikki's fault. As ever, Laing follows his partner up by striking a more conciliatory, explanatory tone.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

DI LAING
Skinner's only been in the UK a
year -- before that he was in
Dubai.

NIKKI
For how long?

DI LAING
The guts of a decade and his
employers confirm it.

85 **OMITTED**

85

85A **EXT. SARAH'S FLAT. CAR PARK - NIGHT 2**

85A

The rain has finally stopped as SARAH hurries out to her car
and climbs in.

She fiddles with her keys, checks the rear view mirror. All
clear. She looks away, puts the key in the ignition --

-- As the figure of a MAN rears up menacingly from the
shadows of the back seat, unseen by her...

END OF EPISODE ONE