

FALLING ANGELS

Written by

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PART ONE

Pink Script Draft  
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**SCENES NUMBERS LOCKED**

Silent Witness XVIII

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1

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT 0

1

1992. Farmland. A wide expanse of it under a night sky. A farmhouse on the horizon, lights on the ground floor.

2

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT 0

2

The bedroom is dark. A SIX YEAR OLD BOY dressed in his pyjamas stands at the open window looking out over fields. His breath on the cold night air.

Fade up sounds, voices raised elsewhere in the house - a woman's voice, distraught and frightened.

GINA (O.S.)

All I did was say hello.

The boy presses his ear to the floorboards.

CHRISSIE (O.S.)

When d'you see him?

GINA (O.S.)

I never...

CHRISSIE (O.S.)

Don't you.....

3

INT. STAIRS/KITCHEN, FARMHOUSE - NIGHT 0

3

The boy stands on the stairs. Exclusively his POV of his mother, GINA (30s), who stands cowering. His father, CHRISSIE (40s), is in her face, screaming.

GINA

We just talked, alright, we just  
talked. I wouldn't. Jesus, not him.

He seems to let that be a moment. She tries to get past him, needs to get away, hoping to God it'll end here. But, no.

CHRISSIE

Who then?

He's lost it now - incandescent with jealousy.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

Who?

She knows what's coming. So does the boy who turns away, we with him, as Chrissie hits Gina hard, knocking her down.

4 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT 0**

4

A shot from across the fields. Quiet. Calm. Night sounds.

5 **INT. GROUND FLOOR, FARMHOUSE - NIGHT 0**

5

The boy's P.O.V. still from the stairs. He can't see clearly, doesn't want to, as his father lays into his mother.

Chrissie backs off a moment, gets his breath, spinning, boiling, still dangerous. His eyes to the hallway now and the boy's barefoot, there on the stairs looking at him. No emotion on the boy's face, he's seen this all before. Chrissie wants him back upstairs.

Gina's hauled herself to her feet, bloodied, holding her ribs, face grotesquely swollen. Chrissie's eyes on the boy, she takes her chance and runs out through the back door into the night.

6 **EXT. YARD, FARMHOUSE - NIGHT 0**

6

He comes after her...

CHRISSIE

Gina!

But she's gone, swallowed by the darkness.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

Bitch. You...bitch...

He heads back into the house. Car keys on a hall table. He grabs them.

7 **INT/EXT. LAND ROVER/FARMHOUSE/LANE/FIELD - NIGHT 0**

7

In the Land Rover with him. He starts the engine.

Hard and fast with him now as he pulls away into a lane - an open gateway - through here with him into a large, wide field.

The Land Rover spins across the field, engine revving hard - going after Gina who's not visible.

Then the vehicle seems to lose power and veer away changing direction. A muck heap ahead. It runs into that, stopping hard, the engine still running.

Back inside the car now. Chrissie sits slumped over the steering wheel, blood from a hole in the back of his neck.

(CONTINUED)

Blood on the windows and back seat. The back door is open.

Gina, a knife in her hand, walks back towards the house.

**RUN TITLES**

8

**INT. PLATFORM/TRACKS, TUBE STATION - DAY 1**

8

A tube station platform. A train there, carriage doors open. NIKKI, in forensic suit waits on the platform at the front of the train.

JACK, in a forensic suit and gloved, is on the tracks.

JACK

(To the train driver, back  
it up)

Okay.

The train inches backwards.

A body there on the tracks wrapped in a winter coat.

A NUMBER OF UNIFORM TRANSPORT POLICE are at the far end of the platform interviewing HALF A DOZEN WITNESSES, amongst them the TUBE TRAIN DRIVER and (though we don't focus on her yet) LANA SUTHERLAND (19) in a hotel receptionist's uniform - suit jacket, pencil skirt and heels.

A UNIFORM SERGEANT, CALLUM ROSS (40's), calls to Nikki.

SERGEANT ROSS

How long you going to be? They want  
the line clearing.

NIKKI

(reactive)

God forbid the city should grind to  
a halt for this.

SERGEANT ROSS

Sorry. My job.

She climbs down onto the tracks to join Jack who's  
photographing the scene.

She bends to the body and peels back the lacerated coat. We  
see nothing - just Jack as he reacts to the mess the train  
has made of the victim.

JACK

Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI  
(to a nearby SOCO)  
Can we clear the platform, please?

Jack reaches into the victim's pocket and pulls out a cheap pay-as-you-go mobile phone.

9 **INT. PLATFORM, TUBE STATION - DAY 1**

9

Sergeant Ross and OTHER UNIFORM OFFICERS are finishing taking addresses, details and statements from witnesses, Lana amongst them who's ashen and red-eyed with the shock of what she's just witnessed. Sergeant Ross joins Jack and Nikki as they approach.

JACK  
No I.D. on him, just this...

He shows him the cheap mobile phone already in an evidence bag.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'll check it for prints and DNA.

And a leaflet for St Jude's night shelter also in an evidence bag.

SERGEANT ROSS  
(Reading it, like this  
explains something)  
St Jude's.

NIKKI  
You know it?

SERGEANT ROSS  
It's a night shelter.

NIKKI  
Homeless?

JACK  
Might explain why he jumped.

SERGEANT ROSS  
Yeah, the driver's pretty shook up.  
Bloke was paralytic.

See the driver in the background with the other witnesses, being comforted by a Uniform Officer.

SERGEANT ROSS (CONT'D)  
(re St Jude's leaflet)  
We'll get it followed up.

(CONTINUED)

The little group of witnesses have been processed. A Uniform PC approaching. Ross nods.

SERGEANT ROSS (CONT'D)

(to the PC)  
Ok, let them go.

Jack walks on.

Shaken-up to varying degrees, the witnesses climb the flight of stairs away from the platform.

Lana, suddenly aware of her high heels - uncomfortable, restrictive - slips them off and walks bare-foot.

10

INT/EXT. TUBE STATION CONCOURSE/STREET - DAY 1

10

Lana heads through the barriers into the concourse then on outside into the street. She puts her Oyster card back in her purse.

OWEN HANMORE (20) shakes a cardboard coffee cup at people for money as they pass by. Homeless, dirty, cold, hair matted and dreadlocked, he's dressed in a filthy winter coat. He has a rolled up sleeping bag and a small filthy rucksack.

She walks on, crossing the road, we with her. Then..

OWEN (O.S.)

Miss?

She turns and sees him following. Already wired, the last thing she needs is this guy coming at her.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Hey? Hey!

He reaches out and grabs her. Now she reacts, throwing his hand off.

LANA

Whoa..

OWEN

(holding up the tenner)  
You dropped it.

That catches her - not what she expected at all.

A moment then she takes the money. He's cold standing there.

OWEN (CONT'D)

You're welcome. You can say thanks,  
you won't get contaminated.

(CONTINUED)

He heads back the way he came. Everything about him says destitute, but he's done her a favour. Her world has been turned upside down by the tube death and it's on the tip of her tongue to call him back.

11

INT. CUTTING ROOM/VIEWING GALLERY, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1

11

The tube victim is on the table. He's a black man in his 20s. Unshaven, vagrant. Focus primarily on his head and neck as Nikki takes photographs of his injuries. CLARISSA looks on from the viewing gallery. THOMAS is sorting the victim's clothes - his coat (with a smart polka-dot lining) shredded and filthy.

See this...

THOMAS

Filthy clothes, clean underwear.

CLARISSA

Must've known he was going to get run over.

Thomas and Nikki flash her a look.

NIKKI

(smelling it on him)

Alcohol. Whisky?

THOMAS

(back to the body)

Major trauma to the head and neck.

(looking closer at the skin there)

A skin disease of some kind, most likely scabies.

He scrapes a sample.

NIKKI

(at the ankles)

Yeah, more here too on both ankles - and Immersion Foot.

Trench foot, the skin there mottled and wrinkled, the nails green. Ulcerated too. He's skin and bone. She steps back a moment, processing this.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What makes somebody end up like this?

THOMAS

Many complex reasons, no doubt.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

Which all come down to one thing:  
nobody much gives a shit.

On the upper left arm.

THOMAS

A tattoo here on the upper arm.  
M.V. something or other.

See it now with Nikki. Much of the rest of the tattoo has been destroyed by the impact of the train.

NIKKI

A name?

CLARISSA

Roman numerals or M for...Mary?

JACK

(entering the viewing  
gallery)

M as in Merchant, V as in Vessel.  
MV Stellendam. It's a cargo ship.

THOMAS

He was a sailor?

JACK

Until two thousand and ten. Jumped  
ship at Tilbury. Name's Israel Eze.  
Nigerian.

NIKKI

Wow and you can tell that from up  
there.

JACK

The cops traced him through  
the night-shelter. He'd left his  
bag there - his passport was in it.

NIKKI

Anything from the fingerprints on  
his phone?

JACK

No match with the database. He  
called 999 twenty minutes before he  
went under the train but didn't  
speak. I've been through the CCTV  
with the cops - they say  
misadventure.

Nikki nods, nothing in the pathology to suggest otherwise.

Jack clicks a remote and the CCTV footage of the moments leading up to ISRAEL's death appear on the plasma. The crowded rush-hour tube station platform. Israel stands in the middle of the crowd near the edge. Been drinking, he sways on his feet. Lana's a little distance behind him - though we don't see her.

A train coming in. Passengers look to it. See the victim take a step.

The footage freezes.

12

**INT. COMMUNAL HALL/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, LANA'S FLAT - DAY 12**

Lana opens the front door to the building and lets Owen in. He's hesitant but he follows.

She unlocks a door to her ground floor one-bedroomed flat.

LANA

Come in.

He doesn't move, just stands in the open doorway. She edges past him - brushing him. He reacts like she's electric.

OWEN

Why? Why you asking me in?

LANA

Just a favour for a favour.

OWEN

Bollocks. Everybody wants something.

A beat.

LANA

There was somebody I should have helped today and I didn't, so...

OWEN

Charity.

LANA

If you like.

OWEN

I get this other guy's charity?

He just holds her gaze, wanting this to be real - is he dreaming it? - but he's deeply suspicious.

13

INT. BATHROOM, LANA'S FLAT - DAY 1

13

Lana's finishing running a hot bath. She checks the temperature with her elbow, pulls a fresh towel out of a cupboard, leaves it on the chair.

Owen enters.

LANA

All yours.

Not a lot of room, they have to shuffle past one another to let Lana out. Closer and more intimate than either of them intend. She exits closing the door behind her.

He looks around the bathroom - a long time since he's been anywhere like this. Again, the room is very feminine - creams and lotions - very welcoming.

He checks outside the room for her then closes and locks the door.

His rucksack. Inside, in a carrier bag a change of clothes - a pair of jeans and a top - ragged but clean. He puts them over the back of the chair.

He takes off his clothes. His skin is filthy - a tide mark at his neck. Scars on his forearms and thighs from self-harming, some fresher than others. Then he steps into the hot water, his cold blue skin blushing. He ducks his head under the surface and lets the heat penetrate his bones.

14

EXT/INT. LANA'S FLAT - DAY 1

14

Some eggs are cooking in a pan. The back doors of the flat open on to a garden. Lana's outside putting bird food in a feeder.

Inside, Owen exits the bathroom dressed in his clean clothes and carrying his rucksack. He looks good - handsome. She sees that, wasn't expecting it.

He prowls. Her iphone's connected to speakers. He presses play. Music.

She heads back in.

LANA

You want to sit down?

He does so at the table. She puts the eggs in front of him.

OWEN

Eggs.

(CONTINUED)

LANA

Is that okay?

She watches him eat.

OWEN

I got a lift home from a party once  
right with this woman I didn't  
know..

LANA

You go somewhere...?

OWEN

No, when I had a place. There was  
this rapist around they hadn't  
caught and so I'm riding in the car  
and I say, like I did I say:  
"You're very trusting having me in  
your car, I could be anybody." So  
she pulls over and tells me to  
walk.

LANA

And the point of that story was?

OWEN

You're very trusting.

LANA

Yeah well, something happened.

OWEN

What?

She hesitates to tell him. It's upsetting for her - her eyes  
moisten. He seems oblivious.

LANA

I saw a man jump in front of a tube  
train - and you kind of remind me  
of him a little.

OWEN

I look like him?

LANA

No. He was...

OWEN

What?

She shakes her head - enough. Pause. Music. He wolfs down the  
food.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN (CONT'D)  
I owe you. Anything anytime.

He moves to grab his rucksack and go but he now sees her upset. She just sits there, detached, numb, in shock still from the suicide.

He sits with her.

15 **INT. FORENSIC LAB, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1**

15

Jack's with Nikki. Israel's red polka-dot lined coat is on the worktop. Jack's examining it.

An email pings on his computer.

JACK  
(reading)  
Tox screen's. Israel Eze.

Nikki opens it.

NIKKI  
(reading)  
Alcohol level's two sixty. The driver said paralytic, he was right.

Thomas puts his head around the door.

THOMAS  
(to Nikki)  
You wanted me?

NIKKI  
Anybody claimed the body yet?

THOMAS  
No, I think this is one for the freezer.

NIKKI  
Someone must know him, surely. No family?

THOMAS  
Not that can afford to pay for his body to be shipped back to Nigeria.

Tragic and they both acknowledge that.

He exits.

16

INT. LANA'S FLAT - DAY 1

16

Time sequence: the light from the window changing and fading, speeded up as the day grows older and turns to night.

He lies asleep on the sofa. Her face close to his a moment, then.

(CONTINUED)

LANA

Owen?

He opens his eyes.

LANA (CONT'D)

Hey, come on you - time to go.

He nods.

17

**INT. MOVING TUBE TRAIN - NIGHT 1**

17

The sudden clatter of a fast-moving tube train. Mid-evening. A few PEOPLE are scattered around the carriage, one of them, ROSEMARY STONE (40s, white). She has a quiet intelligence, something steady and calm about her. Fresh-faced, young-looking for her age, dressed conservatively but not unattractively; a pretty scarf around her neck, her blonde hair styled short.

The train pulls into a station. She gets off.

18

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 1**

18

Cold. Rosemary heads along a street of Victorian terraces. She's on her mobile. We're following some distance behind.

ROSEMARY

(upset and increasingly  
angry)

I don't want to talk about this,  
not now...You're not listening. I  
told you...

(angry but controlled)

How the hell can you criticise me -  
huh? How dare you?

Exasperated, she just hangs up.

Her POV now, footsteps walking in step with hers? She stops, anxious. So do the footsteps, silence. A little spooked, she quickly walks on.

19

**INT. VICTORIAN TERRACE - NIGHT 1**

19

A key in the front door lock from outside, the door opens and here's Rosemary. The beep beep beep of the alarm - she turns off the alarm and snaps the hall light on then heads through the hallway.

She slips her jacket off and hangs it up. See now that she's wearing a 'dog collar'.

(CONTINUED)

Into the kitchen with her. Again, she snaps lights on.

20

INT. STAIRWAY/LANDING/BATHROOM, VICTORIAN TERRACE - NIGHT 10

She heads up the stairs with a notebook, her phone, laptop and a cup of tea. Into the bathroom.

She half-closes the door then takes a pee and cleans her teeth. The toilet flushes.

21

INT. BEDROOM, VICTORIAN TERRACE - NIGHT 1

21

Dark in here. Rosemary turns on the light. The bulb fizzes out - the room lit for a split second before the bulb gives. Rosemary heads in and snaps on a bedside light. Her eyes cast around the room. Nothing. No-one.

She changes into a nightie, gets into bed and begins to write something in her notebook/journal.

Her mobile pings a text. It makes her jump. She reaches for her phone - her wallpaper's a photo of her daughter Martha (10). She reads the text - 'love you mummy' - and a smiley emoticon. She smiles.

She turns off the bedside lamp.

A moment then she switches the light back on and sits bolt upright.

Sounds from downstairs? Someone in the house? Silence a moment - then there it is again.

ROSEMARY

Mark?

She snaps on the light, gets up and heads gingerly out on to the landing.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(Calling)

Mark?

22

INT. LANDING/BATHROOM, VICTORIAN TERRACE - NIGHT 1

22

Silence now from downstairs. She freezes and holds her breath intuiting that something's wrong. Still silence. Her heart in her mouth, her bare foot on the top of the stairs.

Then a sound behind her - from the bathroom?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

A moment then she turns and edges to the closed bathroom door. Fearful, her heart thumping, she slowly pushes it open and snaps on the light.

The shower curtain is half-pulled to, it flaps in a breeze....from the window - which is open. Did she open it? She moves to close it - then a sound behind her.

She turns. Someone in the landing shadows.

23

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE/STREET - NIGHT 1

23

Police vehicles, UNIFORM OFFICERS, CID. Activity.

Nikki and Jack, in forensic suits, are being shown into the house by DCI JOHN MCLEOD (early 40s), also in a forensic suit.

DCI MCLEOD  
John McLeod. DCI.

NIKKI  
Nikki Alexander, pathology.

JACK  
Jack Hodgson, forensics.

23A

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT 1

23A

DCI McLeod ushers Nikki and Jack inside.

The place has been turned over downstairs - ransacked. Detritus all over the house - amongst it pages of Rosemary's journals/diaries, work documents and files.

DCI MCLEOD  
She was a deacon.

NIKKI  
So, recently ordained.

DCI MCLEOD  
You know what a deacon is then?

She smiles yes. He looks to Jack who nods too, a little unconvincingly.

DCI MCLEOD (CONT'D)  
More than I did - but then, looking at you: queen, country and good old C of E.

NIKKI  
(taken aback)  
Really?

(CONTINUED)

23A CONTINUED:

23A

She's looks to Jack - what a dick. Jack's amused.

JACK

So who found her?

(CONTINUED)

23A CONTINUED:

23A

DCI MCLEOD  
(pointing him out)  
Her husband.

Nikki turns to see MARK STONE (40s), in a business suit, ashen and tearful, with his and Rosemary's daughter, MARTHA (10) who's shell-shocked. They're both sitting, talking to another CID officer: DI LUKE NELSON, late 20s, bright and zealous - a fast-tracked graduate.

Nikki's eyes briefly on Mark who is gentle with Martha, then she follows Jack and DCI McLeod on through the house.

24

INT. STAIRS, VICTORIAN TERRACE - NIGHT 1

24

Up the stairs now with DCI McLeod leading Nikki and Jack.

JACK  
Robbery gone wrong, is it?

DCI MCLEOD  
Too early to say.

25

INT. BATHROOM, VICTORIAN TERRACE - NIGHT 1

25

Into the bathroom with them. Signs of a struggle in here - cosmetics and toiletries all over the shelves and floor.

Rosemary's body lies in the empty bath, still clothed in her nightwear. Wounds to her neck, heavy bruising all over her face and torso. Blood is drying on the wall behind the bath and on the bath enamel.

Her wrists have been tied with a smooth leather belt.

26

INT. VICTORIAN TERRACE - NIGHT 1

26

DI Luke Nelson is still with Mark and Martha Stone. Mark's doing his best not to come apart - trying to stay strong for his daughter. He has Rosemary's blood under his nails (he's washed his hands) and on his clothes. He bears a small, almost imperceptible graze, most of which is in his hair line above his ear.

Activity around them - SOCOs coming and going. The strobe of a police car light through the window.

MARK STONE  
(re detritus)  
We got home and...all this, I knew  
something was wrong so...I said to  
Martha to stay down here..

(CONTINUED)

DI NELSON

And you went up and found your  
wife?

He nods.

DI NELSON (CONT'D)

When was the last time you talked  
to her?

MARK STONE

Uh, on the phone about nine-ish.

(to Martha)

You texted her though, didn't you?

She nods.

DI NELSON

(gently to her)

What time was this, Martha? Can you  
remember?

Martha's in shock.

(CONTINUED)

DI NELSON (CONT'D)

I know it's hard and I'm sorry I  
have to ask you this right now..

MARK STONE

(Re Rosemary)  
It'll be on her phone, won't it.

DI Nelson look to him, wants him not to interrupt.

MARK STONE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Mark steps away a little. Martha doesn't want him to - she turns to him, scared he'll leave her. He takes her hand.

DI NELSON

(to Martha)  
Can you remember what you said in  
it?

MARTHA STONE

Just what I always say.

DI NELSON

What was that?

MARTHA STONE

(no emotion whatsoever)  
That I love her.

The point of this....

DI NELSON

And your dad was with you then, was  
he - when you sent the text?

MARK STONE

Martha was at my mum's for the  
evening.

DI NELSON

And you?

MARK STONE

I had a dinner - with clients.

On Martha. DI Nelson's eyes seem to reach into her - really feeling for her. His hand on the back of her head a moment, some comfort - then he stands, his eyes on the blood on Mark's clothes and under his fingernails.

(CONTINUED)

DI NELSON

(to Mark)

We're going to need your prints and  
DNA if that's okay - both of you,  
I'm afraid - just for elimination  
purposes.

Martha takes her dad's hand.

(CONTINUED)

MARK STONE

Can I get her out of here?

DI NELSON

Uh, a Family Liaison Officer will take her back to your mum's - we might need to talk to you a little more.

Mark's alarmed at that, wanting to question it but Luke walks on.

27

INT. BEDROOM, VICTORIAN TERRACE - NIGHT 1

27

Jack's working the bedroom. He's marked blood spots on the carpet with a number or tape. He's dusting the headboard for prints.

Signs of a massive struggle in here.

DCI McLeod enters with DI Nelson (now also in a forensic suit).

DCI MCLEOD

(to DI Nelson)

So, chronology of events - she got home from?

DI NELSON

Church. All saints, Stoke Newington - evening service.

DCI MCLEOD

And the killer was in the house when she got home?

JACK

Yeah, he got in through the downstairs toilet window. There's glass all over the floor.

DCI MCLEOD

So she comes home, she comes upstairs. What's she going to do?

Jack holds up a used make-up wipe from the bin.

JACK

Bathroom - takes her make-up off, cleans her teeth then through here ready for bed; her clothes over the back of the chair and in she gets.

To bed.

(CONTINUED)

DI NELSON

And sometime during all this she gets a text from her daughter.

DCI MCLEOD

(to Jack)  
Then what?

JACK

That's as far as we go.

28

INT. STAIRS/BATHROOM/BEDROOM, VICTORIAN TERRACE - NIGHT 1 28

DI Luke Nelson (in a forensic suit) heads into the bathroom. Nikki's here working on Rosemary (dry) who's lying in the empty bath. Nikki carefully unties the belt from around Rosemary's wrists.

DI NELSON

Dr Alexander, I presume? DI Luke Nelson.

NIKKI

(nods)  
Strangulation, I think - and the carotid's been severed.

His eyes on the body - a vulnerability in him - the colour draining out of him. Nikki evidence bags the belt.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

You okay?

DI NELSON

Weak stomach.

(beat)  
Anything on the body - DNA or..?

NIKKI

I'll let you know.

He walks.

29

INT. BATHROOM, LANA'S FLAT - NIGHT 1

29

Lana's had a bath. The water drains out of it. She's in a dressing gown, her hair wet.

The doorbell. This late?

30

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, LANA'S FLAT - NIGHT 1

30

Owen sits, uptight - still in his coat.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

I wanted to just ask you. When you passed me outside the station, did you see me?

LANA

Huh?

OWEN

I saw you. You didn't see me?

LANA

No.

OWEN

Because I feel like I'm...like I've got a light on top of my head; like everybody's looking at me.

He holds her gaze like he's said something really profound.

LANA

No way - nobody sees you. You ask for help and everybody looks right through you.

He hears that and it makes him smile.

OWEN

Except you.

LANA

Even me. To start with.

Pause, his eyes meeting hers and melting.

OWEN

And He preached kindness and mercy and was righteous in all things?

LANA

Huh?

He shakes his head, nothing. She's uncomfortable. Pause.

OWEN

You want me to go.

A moment on Lana, deliberating, then she gets up and heads into her bedroom returning with a duvet and pillow. She drops them on the sofa.

Her bag is on the table, she glances to it. Should she take it with her to bed? His eyes on her watching that thought process. Embarrassed, she just walks into her bedroom and closes the door.

31 **INT. VICTORIAN TERRACE - NIGHT 1**

31

Nikki takes Mark Stone's fingerprints and swabs the blood under his fingernails. She looks at the blood on his shirt - they'll need his clothes as well.

32 **INT. CID, POLICE STATION - NIGHT 1**

32

DI Nelson sits at his desk in the dark, just light from a computer monitor on which CCTV footage plays - Rosemary riding the tube train home. The pretty scarf around her neck. We focus on her, alive and unconcerned.

He stops and starts the footage focusing on other passengers.

33 **INT. FORENSIC LAB, LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 1**

33

Jack's with Clarissa who's working on Rosemary's night clothes. He's focusing on finger marks on the belt that bound Rosemary's wrists. He photographs and processes them.

The computer screen - the machine primed and ready to run the fingerprint against the database. He clicks start. See the computer scan - looking for a match amongst the millions of prints on the database.

As it does its search, Jack examines the photos he's taken of the print on a separate monitor.

The machine finishes its scan. On screen: *No match.*

On the worktop though, a fingerprint form, finger prints on it - a name above them: Mark Stone. Jack reaches for that.

34 **INT. CUTTING ROOM/VIEWING GALLERY, LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 1** 34

Rosemary's body is on the table. Thomas and Nikki working on it. DI Nelson and DCI McLeod are in the viewing gallery. Nikki's taking a set of Rosemary's fingerprints from the body.

THOMAS  
(for the  
recording/contemporaneous  
notes)

Rigor's just beginning to set in so  
time of death not more than three  
hours ago. Extensive contusions to  
the face.

NIKKI  
Contusions to the lower legs too.

(CONTINUED)

Thomas is cleaning away blood on Rosemary's neck. DCI McLeod and DI Nelson look on from the viewing gallery.

THOMAS

No obvious sign of any sexual assault.

NIKKI

Bruises here - maybe from fingers around the neck.

(finger bruises on her upper arms)

And here too.

See them.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Major wound to the carotid.

See the wounds now.

THOMAS

The other wounds too - made by the same implement?

(for the recording)

It's made incisions with abrasions to both sides - a kind of X shaped impression. New to me. Maybe a screwdriver?

She takes a closer look and photographs one of the wounds.

Bottles of beer and a half-empty bottle of whisky are on the table and floor. The couch has been made into a bed for Owen but he's haunted and he can't sleep. A sexual energy in him.

In his underwear, he gets up and paces the flat.

He drinks another beer.

Lana's bag on the table where she left it. Owen's eyes on it. He wants to go through it but knows it'd be wrong. He hesitates, then to hell with it.

His hands in the bag. Her purse. A photo of her in there on a driving licence - her name: *Lana Sutherland*. He drops the purse back in it. Then - a set of door keys.

His eyes to the wall by the front door, a spare set hanging there on a hook. He grabs them and puts them in his coat pocket.

A moment, then he goes to Lana's bedroom door. He tries the handle. It's locked.

36

INT. VIEWING GALLERY, LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 1

36

Nikki and Thomas have joined DCI McLeod and DI Nelson here. On the plasma, shots of the X-shaped wounds. Hard copies of the same shots are on the table too for people to refer to.

DI Nelson's phone rings. He puts it through to voicemail.

DCI MCLEOD  
Not letting you off the leash?  
(to Nikki and Thomas)  
His girlfriend's about to spawn.

DI NELSON  
(to Thomas, steering it  
back)  
We need to identify what kind of  
weapon was used.

THOMAS  
Absolutely. I'm on to it.

Crime scene photos of Rosemary on the plasma now.

Jack enters now.

JACK  
Okay, something to run past you.  
(re Rosemary)  
Her wrists were tied - with a  
patent leather belt. There were  
prints on it...

DCI MCLEOD  
You got a match with the database?

JACK  
No, with prints we took tonight.  
Mark Stone.

NIKKI  
Legitimately, presumably - they  
were married.

JACK  
Yeah, but these were in her blood.

All eyes to him now.

DCI MCLEOD  
Let's get him in.

DI NELSON  
He was first on the scene, guv..

(CONTINUED)

DCI MCLEOD  
(ignoring that)  
And the girl too.

37 INT. LIVING ROOM, LANA'S FLAT - NIGHT 1

37

Owen sits, the photo of Lana on her driving licence in his hands.

Her purse. In there, a photo-booth photo of her a few years ago with a 14 year old GUY gurning for the camera. And a photo of a baby. He pockets them.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Then his eyes to the bedroom door. It's like he can smell Lana's perfume creeping under it.

He hovers at the bedroom door needing the comfort of someone, something to take away this aloneness.

He spins away, conflicted, wound up, dangerous, deeply needful. Then he puts his shoulder against the door to force it.

Owen's hand now depressing the handle, his body taut and ready to push - but the door just opens. It's been unlocked.

Take Lana's POV now sitting up in bed unclothed. Owen standing there in the doorway - a sense of threat and violence in him, but now his vulnerability too.

Lana doesn't try to cover herself. A small locket hangs between her breasts.

A moment - then he moves to her. She doesn't react until he's standing over her then she looks up, meets his eyes then reaches for him.

38

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

38

Mark's emotionally numb, spinning. Nikki photographs him concentrating on the tiny graze on his face.

39

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

39

DCI McLeod sits opposite Mark Stone (who's wearing a forensic suit). A N/S DC is also present.

DCI MCLEOD

When did you last see Rosemary alive?

MARK STONE

Let me see Martha and I'll answer your questions.

DCI MCLEOD

You don't get to make the running.

MARK STONE

She's just lost her mother, for Christ's sake!

(CONTINUED)

DCI MCLEOD

I'll ask you again and we'll sit here till you've told me. When did you last see Rosemary alive?

MARK STONE

Yesterday morning before I left for work.

DCI MCLEOD

That wasn't so difficult, was it?  
And...?

MARK STONE

And what?

DCI MCLEOD

You argue?

MARK STONE

Huh?

DCI MCLEOD

You fall out - get angry with her?

MARK STONE

Where'd you get that from?

DCI MCLEOD

Okay, so what did you talk about, then?

MARK STONE

I don't know.

DCI MCLEOD

Just sat there in silence eating your corn flakes?

MARK STONE

The house and bills and Martha, probably - usual stuff.

DCI MCLEOD

Was she worried about anything?

MARK STONE

She was always worried.

DCI MCLEOD

So there were problems?

MARK STONE

It's the nature of her job - dealing with other people's shit.

DCI MCLEOD

But nothing personal to you?

MARK STONE

No.

40

INT. SOFT INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

40

A room specifically designed for interviewing vulnerable witnesses. More domestic, more homely - sofas, toys.

Nikki's with DI Nelson and Martha, a N/S SOCIAL WORKER here too. Nikki's taking DNA from Martha who opens her mouth. Nikki takes a scraping and bags the sample.

NIKKI

There you go.

(CONTINUED)

DI NELSON  
(to Martha)  
Can we chat a bit now?

Martha nods. The interview's being videoed.

DI NELSON (CONT'D)  
Okay. So. Were they like good  
friends your mum and dad?

Martha nods.

DI NELSON (CONT'D)  
Did they ever argue?

MARTHA  
Sometimes.

DI NELSON  
What about? What kind of things?

She says nothing. Nikki's eyes on Luke now watching him work.

DI NELSON (CONT'D)  
We don't want to do anything to  
hurt your dad, okay - we just want  
to understand what happened last  
night.

A beat.

MARTHA  
Everybody argues, don't they? It's  
what people do.

DI NELSON  
Who told you that?  
(a beat)  
Your dad?

She nods.

Back with DCI McLeod, the N/S DC, and Mark Stone who's  
increasingly upset, brittle and defensive.

DCI MCLEOD  
You had blood on your clothes - and  
under your fingernails.

MARK STONE  
And?

DCI MCLEOD

And your fingerprint was in her blood on the belt. You want to explain that?

MARK STONE

I don't know. I tried to help her.

DCI MCLEOD

There was nothing on Martha - no blood on her.

MARK STONE

No, I found Rosemary on my own. I'd told Martha to wait downstairs.

DCI MCLEOD

Why?

MARK STONE

Huh?

DCI MCLEOD

Why would you tell her to wait downstairs?

MARK STONE

(like McLeod's thick)  
Because I didn't want her to see!  
Obviously.

DCI MCLEOD

See what? You didn't know what was up there, did you?

Mark has no answer.

DCI MCLEOD (CONT'D)

So let me get this straight. You didn't know there was anything wrong but you wanted to protect Martha from it anyway.

McLeod's begun to catch him out and he's panicking.

MARK STONE

(exasperated)

Okay, there was stuff all over the house like we'd been burgled. I shouted for Rosemary but there was no answer, so...so...I don't know, I suppose I just had a feeling.

DCI MCLEOD

(bollocks)

A feeling.

(CONTINUED)

MARK STONE  
(losing it, welling)  
I knew there was something wrong,  
okay - I just knew.

Mark can't believe he'd think he's guilty. A beat.

DCI MCLEOD  
What caused that?

MARK STONE  
What?

DCI MCLEOD  
That mark on your face?

MARK STONE  
I...I don't know. I was playing  
with Martha, maybe it's from that.

DCI MCLEOD  
It wasn't Rosemary?

MARK STONE  
(more controlled)  
Where's all this coming from?

DCI McLeod puts some photos in front of Mark, shots from Rosemary's post-mortem of her arms and torso.

DCI MCLEOD  
(pointing them out in the  
photos)  
See these here - yeah? These are  
finger marks. The pathologist says  
they were caused by someone trying  
to forcibly hold her down. They  
your finger marks?

MARK STONE  
No...

DCI MCLEOD  
You like to throw your weight  
around, a bit, don't you? Knock her  
about? Let her know who's boss?

MARK STONE  
No!

(CONTINUED)

Mark reacts - McLeod's getting to him.

42 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS, DAY 2 42

Nikki looks on from the observation room. She reacts to that - that's not what she said at all.

43 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS, DAY 2 43

DCI McLeod, Mark Stone and the N/S DC.

MARK STONE

No way.

DCI MCLEOD

So what are they, then - playful  
little love taps?

MARK STONE

I never touched her.

DCI MCLEOD

I can prove you did. Forensics'll  
prove it.

Not true but he eyeballs Mark anyway like it's gospel. Mark begins to cave in on himself.

MARK STONE

She...okay....she, we were drifting  
apart a bit - her work was  
demanding all her time.

DCI MCLEOD

Okay - so what you saying, you  
loved her and she loved Jesus?

(a beat)

You an atheist?

MARK STONE

No..

DCI MCLEOD

Just hate the bloody church, huh?

MARK STONE

I'm a Christian.

DCI MCLEOD

Oh, so beating your wife, that's  
okay..

MARK STONE

You're not listening...

DCI MCLEOD

That's Christian, is it....

MARK STONE

(very angry)

You're not listening to me!

(CONTINUED)

A beat. DCI McLeod's wound him up.

DCI MCLEOD

And this row you didn't have  
yesterday morning, wasn't she  
listening then either?

Mark's eyes to him, then backing down...

MARK STONE

(sarc)

Oh she listened - she was great at  
listening. It was her job, wasn't  
it, always was, even before the  
church...

DCI MCLEOD

How do you mean?

MARK STONE

Well, she taught for a while  
and...she had other jobs, you know,  
running support groups and...

DCI MCLEOD

So always caring for other people  
but never you.

Spot on. Mark's ashen and on the verge of quietly breaking down.

MARK STONE

Look, I have a key - why would I  
have broken in to my own house!

Back with DI Nelson, Martha and the social worker.

DI NELSON

I argue with my girlfriend  
sometimes. Your dad's right,  
everybody does.

(lightly)

It's usually my fault, me getting  
something wrong. Is that the same  
with your dad?

She meets his eyes.

MARTHA

Yeah.

Pause.

DI NELSON  
(gently)  
So?

45

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

45

Back with DCI McLeod, Mark and the N/S DC.

(CONTINUED)

MARK STONE

(losing it, tearful)

I swear, okay, I swear I never hurt her. I never touched her - only when I tried to resuscitate her...

(a beat)

Okay, yes we'd argued, and yes there was a scuffle. But she came at me, right - it was something and nothing. But I have never ever laid a hand on her.

DI Nelson enters. The N/S DC exits.

DCI MCLEOD

DI Nelson's entered the room.  
Interview paused.

DI Nelson wants DCI McLeod to join him in the closed doorway. He does so. A moment between them, Nelson updating him, then they both sit again opposite Mark.

DCI MCLEOD (CONT'D)

Interview resumed at oh eight thirty three.

(a beat, then to Mark)

Okay, you want to tell us about Georgia?

On Mark, the bottom beginning to fall out of his world.

DCI MCLEOD (CONT'D)

DI Nelson's already talked to Martha. So what is it, an affair?

Mark says nothing.

DI NELSON

I can always go talk to Martha again.

The last thing Mark wants. A beat.

MARK STONE

It was more than an affair, okay.

DCI MCLEOD

Did Rosemary know?

MARK STONE

(nods)

She just...lost it with me. She knew I wanted to be with Georgia - and she was making threats, you know, like she'd make sure I didn't see Martha.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

A beat.

DI NELSON

Were you with Georgia last night?

(CONTINUED)

MARK STONE

Yes.

DI NELSON

So why tell me you were with work clients?

MARK STONE

Because...because Martha was there listening when we were talking and...okay, she'd already got an inkling about what was going on - but.. how could I just say I was with another woman when her mother's lying dead in the house?

Tears come now.

DI NELSON

This woman, she'll confirm you were with her, will she? What time?

MARK STONE

From seven until about ten, ten fifteen.

DCI MCLEOD

Where?

MARK STONE

Her place. Lowman Street.

DCI MCLEOD

Ten fifteen. Rosemary died at eleven. Plenty of time for you to get back home and sort out your marriage problems huh?

Mark collapses inside.

Nikki's joined by DI Nelson and DCI McLeod in the observation room.

NIKKI

(To Mcleod)

I didn't say those finger marks were caused by somebody trying to hold her down.

DCI MCLEOD

No, I did.

NIKKI

And I never suggested they may have  
been caused by Mark Stone. I can't  
back you up on that.

DCI MCLEOD

Don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

DCI McLeod wants a result. DI Nelson's more circumspect. On Mark slumped in the interview room. He lifts his head and faces the one-way glass. He seems to be staring directly at DI Nelson.

NIKKI

(to DCI McLeod)

He might be just telling the truth.

DI NELSON

(to DCI McLeod)

I think we should rein this in,  
boss, look outside the family.

DI Nelson's mobile starts ringing.

DCI MCLEOD

(reacting)

He's our man. I'm charging him.

DI Nelson's not happy, looks from McLeod to Mark. He chooses to let it pass and takes the call on his mobile.

DI NELSON

(into phone)

Hi, love.

DI Nelson exits on the phone. Nikki clocks his little term of endearment as he goes. Then looks back to Mark who stares out.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY 2

An Italian café. Owen sits at a table, Lana (dressed for work) with him - coffee and breakfast in front of them, half-eaten. He takes her hand and kisses it.

OWEN

Don't go in today.

LANA

No work, no money.

OWEN

I know a nice shop doorway.

She smiles, finishes off her food.

OWEN (CONT'D)

You like your job?

She shrugs.

OWEN (CONT'D)

So leave.

LANA

That what you did, was it?

He nods.

LANA (CONT'D)

Doing what?

OWEN

Apprentice engineering.

LANA

Didn't you like it?

OWEN

They didn't like me. Never paid me  
much attention.

LANA

I know how you feel. Invisible.

(a beat)

Is that how..?

She dries.

OWEN

How a nice boy like me ended up  
sleeping rough? No, I got shagged  
by me dad all through being a kid.

The truth. Her horrified face then his face cracks into a  
grin to cover.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Okay, I was in like this poker game  
- you know poker?

LANA

Kind of.

OWEN

There was this massive pot, right,  
and I've got Four of a Kind  
but...but I've run out of chips so  
I can't play..

LANA

Another story?

OWEN

All I've got in the world is this  
house me gran's left me. Big risk  
but hey. In it goes and I'm like  
scooping up the pot and this guy:  
"Not so fast." Got a Straight  
Flush. Lost the lot.

LANA

(knows that's bollocks)

Am I supposed to believe that?

Pause. He reaches in to his pocket and pulls out the photo booth shot of Lana and a 14 year old guy he found in her purse last night.

OWEN

So who's this guy?

Her face now - angry, defensive - he's been in her things.

LANA

A guy I knew.

OWEN

Boyfriend?

LANA

Years ago.

OWEN

And this?

Out of his pocket now the shot of the baby. Lana's face darkens. She tries to snatch it from him but he's too quick. A moment then he pushes it across the table to her.

OWEN (CONT'D)

What's his name - first name?

LANA

Laurie.

OWEN

Still?

She nods.

OWEN (CONT'D)

How come you..you had him adopted, right?

LANA

I was fourteen - I got told by my parents. They thought it was for the best.

OWEN

Don't you see them anymore?

She shakes her head, finds it hard to talk about.

OWEN (CONT'D)

You must want to see him again big time - the kid?

She nods. A waitress puts the bill on the table.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

OWEN (CONT'D)

Okay, so they kept his first name,  
right?

She nods.

OWEN (CONT'D)

And you know his surname now?

LANA

Yeah, and roughly where he might  
be, so Electoral Roll, yeah I know,  
I've researched it. I'll look up  
the name and see what I get.

She puts a tenner on the bill. He pockets it.

LANA (CONT'D)

What you doing!

OWEN

(grabbing his rucksack)

Run.

LANA

Huh?

OWEN

Run.

He takes her hand and they do so, belting out the door. The  
COUNTER GUY calls out.

48

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY 2

48

On the pavement with them now on their toes. She slips off  
her heels then, laughing, lit up, they run.

49

INT. CORRIDOR TO FORENSIC LAB, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 2

49

Nikki and DI Nelson head to the lab.

DI NELSON

Sorry, have I kept you hanging  
about? I got held up.

NIKKI

Trying to convince the DCI to put  
the brakes on.

DI NELSON

No. Actually I've been to the  
hospital. With Cassie - my partner -  
her twenty week scan.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

All good?

He nods.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

You must be delighted.

DI NELSON

Shocked, actually. Was a little  
unplanned. Can't be a little  
unplanned, can it. It was  
unplanned.

NIKKI

But not unwanted.

He smiles, maybe he's not entirely sold on it. They walk.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(making conversation)

So where were you before Murder  
Squad?

DI NELSON

Domestic Violence.

NIKKI

Fast-track graduate?

He nods and smiles. They head into the lab.

Jack's here - sorting pages of Rosemary's documents, files,  
notebooks from the house.

NIKKI

Criminology?

DI NELSON

Archaeology.

NIKKI

Me too. At Kings. You?

DI NELSON

(modestly)

St. John's.

JACK

Oxford?

He nods, not the kind of guy to trumpet that.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)

Ah, hence the turbo-charged promotion.

Thomas appears in the doorway before DI Nelson can come back on that.

THOMAS

(to Jack)

Can you come look at something for me? Possible weapons.

Jack gets to his feet and follows him out.

NIKKI

(to DI Nelson)

You want a coffee or...?

DI NELSON

No, no thanks - I'm.....Actually, there was something else.

Nikki looks to him, open, waiting.

DI NELSON (CONT'D)

Okay, this thing with Martha Stone, the kid caught between fighting parents, you know, it's..it's..uh..

He dries.

NIKKI

It's?

DI NELSON

It's kind of brought some stuff back that I'd buried for a while. Personal stuff.

NIKKI

Oh.

DI NELSON

(awkwardly and quickly)

Okay, my mother served time for my father's murder - a long time ago - I was like six years old.

NIKKI

Wow. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

DI NELSON

Really not your fault. Anyway the point is, she pleaded guilty but I've been looking back over the case files and it seems to me that it was self-defence - he was extremely violent and abusive.

NIKKI

So how can I help?

DI NELSON

If I'm right then I want to get that addressed - get her conviction looked at, maybe overturned.

NIKKI

What does your mother think about that? Is she still alive?

DI NELSON

Yeah. She...she can't talk about it.

(memory stick)

Anyway, I have my father's post-mortem report on this and I wondered if you'd take a look when you have time - just in case there's anything in there that might back up my theory.

NIKKI

Sure. Of course.

She takes the pen drive. This has been tough for him to talk about and she knows it. She smiles supportively, wants to be there for him now.

A large multi-storey hotel. Modern, understated opulence. Lana's at work behind the reception desk. She's on a call. Other uniformed STAFF here too plus a MANAGERESS (30s) visible in an office.

Owen's outside, his face pressed against a window, eyes on Lana like a dog waiting for its owner.

Tight on Lana now alone at reception. She has Googled the Electoral Roll UK and got results for the name Silsbury in SE London. She's printed out the page and is picking it up from the printer.

The manageress is prowling. Lana holds the printout against her blind side, hiding it from her but not from Owen who she knows is watching.

A GUEST wants help. The manageress steers her into an adjacent lounge.

OWEN

How we doing?

His hand on her ass, feeling for her. A passing GUEST clocks him - scruffy homeless guy - what's he doing here?

Lana takes action - she ushers Owen through into a storage area.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Where we going?

She backs him against the wall

LANA

(quietly into his ear)  
I want what we had last night.  
I want to feel that again.

They kiss. We dissolve to...

A busy tube train - rammed - stopped in a tunnel. PEOPLE sitting and standing - luggage, cases, baggage, business people, tourists, students, elderly.

Find JOEL BEAMISH (20's): a big heavy-looking white guy. He stands by an exit door scanning the carriage. WOMEN. His eyes on them - no attempt to hide his gaze. Intimidating, lascivious.

The train moves and pulls into a station. Joel Beamish pushes his way off - A WOMAN and CHILD knocked aside as he does so. He doesn't apologise, just walks on. Something and nothing, an incident that happens a hundred times a day.

Joel Beamish exits the tube station concourse into the street. HALF A DOZEN OTHER PASSENGERS with him.

A WOMAN'S already in shadows walking away - hear her heels on the pavement. Beamish walks in the same direction.

54

EXT. TUBE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 2

54

An alleyway runs alongside the train tracks. Joel Beamish walks, wrapped up warm too; the woman's footsteps ahead. She's just visible now in the darkness, the back of her in shadow..

55

INT. MORGUE, LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 2

55

Thomas is with Nikki and Jack in the morgue.

THOMAS

We've had a request from DCI McLeod to do a tox screen on Rosemary Stone?

NIKKI

There's no suggestion of any drug use, is there, from the pathology?

JACK

"Belt and braces".

Shared knowing look between Jack and Thomas. Thomas pulls a drawer out of the refrigeration unit. Rosemary's body.

THOMAS

(to Nikki)

So - okay, one question: did you take a hair sample before for tox screening?

NIKKI

No, I just combed it through for fibres and debris.

THOMAS

Right.

56

EXT. TUBE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 2

56

Joel Beamish walks, no longer any sound of a woman's heels ahead.

Then, from behind and out of nowhere, a ligature is looped around Beamish's neck.

He struggles but his assailant is strong - his hands pulling the ligature tight. Beamish falls to his knees, the life ebbing out of him.

The assailant's long winter coat, a scarf around his neck, a beanie hat on his head. Owen.

57

INT. MORGUE, LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 2

57

Back to Nikki, Jack and Thomas. Rosemary's body.

THOMAS

See how the hair falls here?

On the left side of her head, the short blonde hair is styled to fall in a small V in front of her upper ear - the ear itself left uncovered.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

And now here.

The right side. There is no V - that's been crudely cut away.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(to Nikki)

You're absolutely sure you didn't take a sample?

NIKKI

Of course I'm sure. So what you thinking, that the killer's taken a trophy?

THOMAS

And that husbands who kill their wives tend not to take something to remember them by. This is a whole other kind of... gratification.

JACK

Psychopathic gratification?

NIKKI

You haven't mentioned this to the police yet?

THOMAS

I wanted to check with you first.

58

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT 2

58

Owen stands waist deep in water, fully clothed apart from his beanie and boots. He ducks down under the surface.

59

INT. LANA'S FLAT - NIGHT 2

59

The flat is dark and quiet. Lana's in bed, lying on her front, her eyes open.

Owen lets himself into the flat with Lana's spare keys. He heads into the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

A moment, we stay with Lana, until he emerges from the bathroom. He's taken off his clothes and towelled himself dry.

He drops the spare flat keys onto the chest of drawers, Lana sees that but says nothing.

He climbs into bed with her. She turns and, like she's half-asleep, puts her arm across him.

60

EXT. TUBE ALLEYWAY - DAY 3

60

Tube trains thunder by. POLICE and SOCO activity.

We head with DCI McLeod (forensic-suited) to Thomas and DI Nelson, both forensic-suited. They're with Joel Beamish's body. It lies abandoned here, fully clothed.

THOMAS

(giving wallet to Nelson)

Name's Joel Beamish.

DI NELSON

(going through wallet)

Hazlemere Road, Acton. He's a roofer.

THOMAS

The same X-shaped stab wounds as Rosemary Stone. The same weapon.

DCI MCLEOD

The same killer?

THOMAS

Looks like it, yeah.

DI Nelson's eyes are fixed on McLeod.

DI NELSON

You charge Mark Stone?

DCI McLeod nods.

DI NELSON (CONT'D)

(making a point)

He's still in custody. It follows, therefore, that it can't be him.

We agreed on that?

McLeod doesn't need reminding.

DCI MCLEOD

You'd have done it different, huh?

He would though he won't say so directly.

(CONTINUED)

DCI MCLEOD (CONT'D)  
Wise after the event.

DI NELSON  
(pissed off)  
No I said it - I told you - I said  
we should widen the enquiry. Sir.

McLeod's made a mistake and has no comeback. He walks.

61

INT. VIEWING GALLERY, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3

61

Nikki, Jack, Thomas, Clarissa, DI Nelson and DCI McLeod have gathered here.

DCI McLeod sits staring into space, then...

NIKKI

Strangulation followed by multiple stabbings - the carotid severed, hair taken for a trophy.

On the plasma, she shows him a photo of the left side of Joel Beamish's head. A section of hair has been removed next to his ear - like Rosemary - but this time much more apparent - blood there where the scalp was cut when the hair was taken.

On the plasma now shots of bruising around Joel Beamish's neck.

What's on the plasma is replicated in hard copies which are passed between everyone at the meeting.

THOMAS

There is a difference. Some kind of ligature was used this time. Something which left these kind of teeth marks, can you see?

On the plasma.

DI Nelson presses play on a remote. CCTV on the plasma now (and in hard copies on the table) - the exterior of the tube station as Joel Beamish exits it.

DI NELSON

Okay, this is the tube station he got off at. That's him right there.

He freezes the image. The HALF-DOZEN PASSENGERS exiting with him. See Owen amongst them now, scarf over his lower face, beanie over his eyes, rucksack on his back.

DI NELSON (CONT'D)

Four passengers go the same way.

As Beamish.

DCI MCLEOD

No other CCTV?

DI NELSON

That's it - nothing on this street or in the train carriage.

JACK

Don't they all have CCTV?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

DI Nelson shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

DCI MCLEOD  
(the passengers walking  
the same way as Beamish)  
These people we need to find.

DI NELSON  
Actually, maybe just this one.

He indicates Owen - then clicks another window and different CCTV footage appears on screen - the footage we've seen before of Rosemary's last tube journey home.

DI NELSON (CONT'D)  
I was looking at this before...

A moving carriage - lots of passengers, Rosemary amongst them in her pretty scarf.

DI NELSON (CONT'D)  
That's Rosemary Stone right there.  
And....

He freezes it as Owen comes into shot to exit the carriage, his face close to camera but masked again with the scarf and beanie hat.

CLARISSA  
The same guy.

Silence. Nikki withdraws into herself.

NIKKI  
Another tube journey.

DI NELSON  
(to Nikki)  
What you thinking?

Nikki pulls a drawer out of the morgue fridge. A body bag. She unzips it. Israel Eze's body. Jack's with her, a camera in hand. DI Nelson and DCI McLeod too.

NIKKI  
We've had one other tube-related death in the last couple of days.

DI NELSON  
Not that crossed my desk...

NIKKI  
Transport police have it down as accidental.

Jack examines his hair and gets to work photographing his head.

63

INT. VIEWING GALLERY, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3

63

Nikki, Jack, Thomas, Clarissa, DI Nelson and DCI McLeod. On the plasma, CCTV footage of the moment when Israel seems to step off the crowded platform in front of the train.

DCI MCLEOD

What's this guy's name?

THOMAS

Israel Eze..

DCI MCLEOD

It's a suicide.

THOMAS

In the light of developments, you don't think..."belt and braces"?

Jack passes around close-up photos he's just taken of Israel's hair, Israel on the platform CCTV, and Owen on Rosemary's train.

NIKKI

(pointing out a section of Israel's head above the ear)

I think a section of hair may perhaps have been cut from here not long before his death.

DCI MCLEOD

You think or you know?

CLARISSA

(to Jack)  
Go closer.

A microscopically close shot of the end of a section of hair.

NIKKI

This area here - this is straight-ended like it's been cut. Can you see?

DCI MCLEOD

Okay, simple question: did this guy have hair taken for a trophy, yes or no?

NIKKI

I can only show you what we've got - it's up to you how you play it.

(CONTINUED)

DCI MCLEOD

So it's a maybe if the wind's blowing in the right direction.

DI NELSON

What's the post-mortem say?

THOMAS

There's no indication of anyone else being involved in his death - though he did call 999 shortly beforehand.

DCI MCLEOD

What for?

THOMAS

He hung up.

Pause.

DCI McLeod takes the remote an brings up a photo of the masked Owen on the plasma.

DCI MCLEOD

Is this guy on that platform? Did he push him?

DI NELSON

Not as far as I can tell from the footage. Either way, maybe Transport for London should be told.

DCI MCLEOD

Told what? That somebody's riding their trains? There's no obvious connection to the underground - neither is there between the victims - a homeless guy, a deacon and a roofer. Their paths ever cross?

Pause.

NIKKI

And Mark Stone?

DCI MCLEOD

Already been released.

Lana and Owen sit in a bus shelter opposite terraced housing. Owen's on his back on a bench seat smoking and blowing rings into the air.

Lana has a printout of the Electoral Roll results for the name Silsbury.

LANA

Oh, I got you something.

She reaches into her bag for a mobile phone and gives it to him.

LANA (CONT'D)

It's nothing fancy but you can go online and stuff - and it's topped up. My number's on - you can call me.

He takes it from her, delighted.

Lana looks up as a MAN (60s) goes to the door of a house opposite and presses the doorbell.

LANA (CONT'D)

Hey?

Owen clocks him too.

LANA (CONT'D)

His parents'll be in their twenties to forties tops.

On Lana, holding her breath.

LANA (CONT'D)

Come on, come on...

A moment and an OLDER WOMAN (70s) answers the door and lets the guy in.

Lana sinks into herself.

OWEN

(like it could be a joke)  
I'll kill that bastard for you,  
shall I?

LANA

What? How's it his fault!

OWEN

(it's not a joke, anger)  
Somebody should pay - they should pay you...

LANA

Hey, woah..

(CONTINUED)

OWEN  
I'll find him.

LANA  
Yeah, we just work through the list..

OWEN  
(angry and wired)  
I said I'll find him, yeah? I'll find him.

He walks, disturbed, losing himself. She goes after him.

65 **INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3**

## 65

Nikki's at her desk looking up police files from the memory stick DI Nelson gave her. Christopher Gerald Nelson's post-mortem report on screen.

She clicks onto another file: newspaper cuttings from 22 years ago: *A Battered Woman?* A photo of Gina. An article about events at the farm, photos of that.

A photo of Luke as a 6 year old post-killing - the photo captioned with his name. Nikki zooms in on that image. The boy is sitting on a kitchen chair. His eyes are blank and broken. Her eyes on his drinking them in.

DI Nelson appears in the room.

DI NELSON  
The DCI's with Dr Chamberlain. I thought I'd hassle you some more.  
(noticing the material on the monitor)  
Oh hey, I meant it - I didn't want to distract you with this.

NIKKI  
You're not. Just been putting my head somewhere else for five minutes.

She smiles. A little eye contact between them - a connection, an attraction before she looks away.

DI NELSON  
So. Are you with someone?

NIKKI  
Hmm?

DI NELSON

A boyfriend, husband, partner?  
Sorry. Prying.  
(a beat)  
Kids?

NIKKI

No, no, no, and no. Why do you want  
to know?

DI NELSON

Parity. You know about me, I know  
nothing about you.

NIKKI

Fine. If you want relationship  
advice or whatever, you've come to  
the wrong place.

He smiles weakly. Pause.

Jack passes the doorway and clocks them. When he's out of  
earshot...

NIKKI (CONT'D)

I've looked through the post-  
mortem, your father's post-mortem.

DI NELSON

Great, and?

NIKKI

I mean looked through, scanned, not  
examined in any great detail - but  
there's nothing terribly  
controversial. I think the  
pathology supports your mother's  
confession.

DI NELSON

No contradictions?

NIKKI

I'll have another look but no, I  
don't think so.

He nods, disappointed. Pause.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

This is you?

The photo of him as a 6 year old sitting on the kitchen chair  
post-killing.

DI NELSON

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

Did nobody put a blanket around you or hug you or get you away from the police photographer? You must've been broken.

DI NELSON

I suppose there was too much going on.

NIKKI

What about your mum - what happened to her that night?

DI NELSON

They...just took her away. Did eight years. Never really got over it.

NIKKI

And you?

DI NELSON

I went to my grandmother's.

NIKKI

(cleverly)  
Like Martha Stone.

DI NELSON

Like Martha Stone. Cyclical, isn't it - like they say. We're kind of wired to repeat our experiences - or relive them when others do.

Nikki's eyes on the photograph once more then to DI Nelson, his expression in the here and now not a million miles away from how it is in the photograph.

He looks to Nikki and meets and holds her eyes. She doesn't look away. Again they hold eye contact for far too long. She breaks it.

DI NELSON (CONT'D)

I should go.

NIKKI

Absolutely.

He walks.

66

INT. MOVING TUBE TRAIN - NIGHT 3

66

Owen rides the tube train again. He's wrapped in his winter coat, the beanie hat on his head and the plain black scarf pulled up over the lower part of his face cowboy style.

Time sequence:

A sense of the late night timeline now as the train pulls in and out of stations. PEOPLE coming home - A COUPLE IN EVENING DRESS/BLACK TIE; A FAMILY WITH SLEEPING YOUNG CHILDREN; A MIDDLE-AGED MAN WHO'S HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK, struggling to keep his feet on the moving train; AN OLDER WOMAN who no-one pays any attention to; A YOUNG WOMAN travelling alone who tries to avoid eye contact with other passengers.

No-one sits next to Owen, no matter how busy the train gets. Something about him, the way his face is covered, the homelessness of him adds up to 'damaged person' and people keep their distance. The anger too from his failure to so far find Laurie is still in him and needs to find an outlet. People can feel that anger in him.

The train pulls into a station and Owen gets off.

67

INT. PLATFORM, TUBE STATION - NIGHT 3

67

A tube station platform. Late at night - the last trains are running.

Owen waits here for his connecting train, his face and head still covered.

Other passengers are on the platform.

We focus on a couple, JAMAL JENNINGS and PRIYA BECK (both mid/late 30s) who are waiting on the platform, hand in hand. There's nothing loud or particularly objectionable about them but they're self-assured and have an air of entitlement.

The train pulls in. A DESTITUTE WOMAN (also 20s) is along the platform a little way. She gets into a carriage. Jamal and Priya clock her and subconsciously take another carriage. Very few people travelling now - it's late.

68

INT. TUBE TRAIN - NIGHT 3

68

Owen takes the same carriage as Jamal and Priya. The train pulls out.

The destitute woman now comes through the train. She puts a few little packs of tissues on empty seats next to PASSENGERS. One passenger at a time, she holds out her hand to them for money.

(CONTINUED)

A GUY reaches into his pocket and gives her a few pounds - more than the value of the tissues - a WOMAN likewise.

The destitute woman reaches Jamal and Priya who are now deep in conversation.

Jamal glances up and shakes his head. She picks up the tissues and walks.

Owen's watched the whole thing. He feels for the woman and he abhors Jamal's dismissiveness - see that flash across Owen's face. A passing cloud, no more, but his eyes stay on Jamal.

A moment then he gets out the mobile that Lana gave him - no network connection.

69

**INT. FORENSIC LAB, LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 3**

69

Nikki and Thomas are examining a selection of screwdrivers and blades, and various timing belts (possible ligatures). Both testing the screwdrivers on apples - trying to get that same x-shaped pattern.

Jack joins them.

JACK

Any luck?

THOMAS

Not yet.

Thomas bites into an apple.

Jack sits at a workbench, in his own thoughts a moment, then..

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

Want one?

He nods. Thomas throws him an apple.

JACK

So what's the connection?

A vicar, a wino and a roofer.

NIKKI

(the terminology)

Wino?

JACK

Excuse me - alcoholic.

(wind-up)

Or bum - rather I call him a bum?

She looks to him. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)

They go to her church, did they?  
She help them out?

NIKKI

You joined the police?

He shuts up a moment. Thomas exits.

JACK

So what did Nelson want then?

NIKKI

Nothing particular.

JACK

(teasing)

Just hanging out.

NIKKI

(not seeing the funny side  
of that)

Okay, it's a cold case. He wants me  
to take a look at a cold case.

Happy?

JACK

And you've got all the time in the  
world for that right now, yeah?

She doesn't bite and gets back to her work.

Owen rides the tube train. He checks his phone again - showing bars now, connected. Lana's name in the display. He texts her.

A station. OTHER PASSENGERS get off, Priya amongst them. She and Jamal kiss in the doorway, wave and smile as the doors close and the train pulls away.

PRIYA

Tomorrow?

He nods.

Just Owen and Jamal in the carriage now, Jamal back in his seat playing on his phone.

Owen, wearing gloves, adjusts the scarf over his face and the cap.

71      **INT. TUBE STATION - NIGHT 3**

71

The train pulls in to another station.

Jamal gets off and heads up the exit stairs, Owen following him.

72

INT. TUBE STATION CONCOURSE - NIGHT 3

72

Jamal heads through the barriers and away, pulling his coat collar up. Owen stays with him, his face still covered, his hat, his scarf, coat.

73

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT 3

73

A long subway tunnel leading from the station. Late - very few people around.

We're with Jamal. Someone walks over his grave and he checks behind him. No-one. He walks on.

Now footsteps behind him. He turns and here's Owen closing on him. Jamal panics, terrified - but Owen just walks past him.

Jamal's heart in his mouth but a moment's relief. Then Owen stops dead and turns to him. Not another soul around.

Jamal stops too, doesn't know how to respond. Owen makes the hackles rise on his neck. He turns to retrace his steps.

Then Owen's on him. A ligature around his neck, a belt. Owen's strong. He drags him to the ground and sits astride him, his hands white as he tightens the belt.

The sound of a police car siren distant.

Jamal fights for his life, turning Owen over, clawing at him - but still Owen holds on tight, the belt cutting in to Jamal's neck, the life ebbing out of him.

GO TO BLACK:

74

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT 3

74

We're at the murder scene, Jamal face down on the ground. A couple of UNIFORM OFFICERS. One of the PCs is talking to a MAN IN HIS 40s.

Nikki and Jack are on scene wearing forensic suits and working with the body.

DI Nelson arrives running with DCI McLeod, TWO N/S DC's following.

NIKKI

(re the guy with the PC)

Witness saw a guy running towards the tube station. Heavy coat, beanie hat. Minutes ago.

Nelson and McLeod run for the station.

75

INT. TUBE STATION CONCOURSE - NIGHT 3

75

With DI Nelson, DCI McLeod and 2 other N/S DC's trailing, running into the tube station concourse.

An electronic display.

A N/S PC is talking to a N/S TICKET GUY.

DI NELSON  
(re electronic display)  
Train's due now, platform two.

DCI MCLEOD  
(re ticket guy)  
I'll get them to hold it. Go.

DCI McLeod heads into the control room. DI Nelson and the two N/S DC's run for the escalator.

76

INT. STATIONARY TUBE TRAIN/PLATFORM - NIGHT 3

76

The train sits stationary. A smattering of PASSENGERS, Owen amongst them in the very rear carriage. He's breathing hard, adrenaline pumping, desperately wanting this train to move out.

77

INT. PLATFORM/STATIONARY TUBE TRAIN - NIGHT 3

77

With DI Nelson and the two N/S DC's running down stairs and onto the platform. The train's waiting there, doors open. They job the platform, checking for anyone who looks like the guy in the CCTV - Owen.

78

INT. STATIONARY TUBE TRAIN/PLATFORM - NIGHT 3

78

Owen's on his feet checking out of the open train door. Cops heading his way.

Now he panics. Where's he going to go?

He grabs his rucksack.

79

INT. STATIONARY TUBE TRIAN - NIGHT 3

79

With DI Nelson and the other 2 DC's walking the platform, searching the carriages through the windows and open doors.

No Owen. Into the rearmost carriage now. No one in here at all. Late-night empty. DI Nelson can't quite believe it - he walks the length of the carriage anyway. No-one.

80

INT. CONTROL ROOM, TUBE STATION - NIGHT 3

80

A LONDON UNDERGROUND MANAGER is sitting at a bank of monitors. Live security footage plays on them of the station platforms, walkways, escalators. She cuts between them looking for Owen. DCI McLeod's with her.

LONDON UNDERGROUND MANAGER  
He's not in the station.

The London Underground manager will load platform footage, the time code: 00.18.

A few PASSENGERS, then the stationary train coming in. Passengers move to get on.

Jack joins them in the control room.

DCI MCLEOD  
There.

Owen in the coat, beanie hat and scarf over his mouth. See him get on the train.

DCI MCLEOD (CONT'D)  
(to the manager)  
Can you fast forward.

She does so until....

LONDON UNDERGROUND MANAGER  
That's live - this is now.

JACK  
He's got to be still on there, has to be.

81

INT. STATIONARY TRAIN/PLATFORM - NIGHT 3

81

Along the platform now once more with DI Nelson, DCI McLeod, Jack and the two N/S DC's.

Passing carriages, no Owen in any of them.

The final (empty) carriage. They get aboard. Jack's attention now to a grab pole - a tiny trace of blood here.

JACK  
He was here.

He points it out to them then heads slowly towards the back of the carriage - the rear of the train.

The door into the rear driver's cab. He looks closely at the handle.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

JACK (CONT'D)  
Blood here too.

Already gloved, Jack tries the handle, slides the door open and steps through into the rear driver's cab. As he scans it.

DI NELSON  
You have to have a key, right?

The driver's cab door to exit isn't closed properly. Jack nudges it and it swings open. Then, looking into the darkness through the cab windscreen..

JACK  
He's in the tunnels.

82 **INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT 3**

82

Back momentarily with NIKKI and the body. Lots of police activity here now; the subway cordoned off, lights erected over Jamal's body.

Jamal's clothes have been torn in the struggle with Owen. She moves his thigh slightly. Under it, just visible, is a centimetre square of polka-dotted rich red lining. She tweezers it out and evidence bags it.

83 **INT. TUBE TUNNEL - NIGHT 3**

83

Owen's coat flaps open (that same rich red polka-dot material in the lining) as he runs keeping well clear of the live train lines.

Dark and filthy in here. Sounds of trains distant and not so distant.

84 **INT. TUBE PLATFORM - NIGHT 3**

84

CID and uniform officers (as many as we can muster) have collected on the platform. The stationary train has been moved back slightly from the edge of the tunnel to allow access.

Jack's with DCI McLeod, DI Nelson and the London Underground Manager.

DCI MCLEOD  
(re the map)  
How far's the next station?

LONDON UNDERGROUND MANAGER  
A couple of miles.

85 **INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT 3** 85  
 Owen stumbles in the darkness, adrenaline pumping, still keeping well clear of the lines.

86 **INT. TUBE PLATFORM/TUNNELS/AIR VENT SHAFT - NIGHT 3** 86  
 Search sequence.  
 Uniform and CID are on the platform and in the tunnels.  
 DI Nelson and a group of CID search tunnels - torchlight.

87 **INT. AIR VENT - NIGHT 3** 87  
 A huge air-vent - massive - reaching a hundred feet up into the night sky.  
 Owen stands gazing up. Sounds now, faint but distinct, of officers searching.

88 **INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT 3** 88  
 DCI McLeod and back-up. See their torchlight heading towards us.

89 **INT. AIR VENT - NIGHT 3** 89  
 The huge air vent. Officers here now, torchlight. DI Nelson joining them.  
 Like Owen did before him, he looks up into the night above us.

90 **INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT 3** 90  
 Nikki with Jamal's body. Police have cordoned off the area and closed the subway. N/S PC's and WPCs background.  
 Jack joins Nikki.

NIKKI  
 It's the same MO. Ligature,  
 stabbing. Hair sample's been taken  
 from close to the ear again too -  
 like a big fat signature.

JACK  
 Got a name yet?

NIKKI  
 Jamal Jennings.  
 (the N/S police)  
 They're tracing next of kin.

91 **INT/EXT. LANA'S FLAT - NIGHT 3**

91

The TV plays in the living room - the screen the only light in the room.

Lana, hair wet, stands in her dressing gown staring out of the window into the street.

Quiet and dark out there. We wait - then here comes Owen heading to the front door. Lana moves quickly to go meet him.

92 **INT. COMMUNAL HALLWAY, LANA'S FLAT - NIGHT 3**

92

Owen lets himself in at the building main door. Lana's in the hallway. He's twitchy, sweating, been running. His clothes are filthy too from the tunnels.

OWEN  
 I tried calling you.

LANA  
 I saw, yeah sorry - I was in the shower.

He pushes past her to head into the flat.

93 **INT. BATHROOM, LANA'S FLAT - NIGHT 3**

93

Owen goes straight into the bathroom. He locks the door. He opens his rucksack. A bag of clean clothes in there, a gun drill. Some blood and tube tunnel filth on the clothes he's wearing. He pulls them off and begins to change.

94 **INT. LIVING ROOM, LANA'S FLAT - NIGHT 3**

94

Lana waits in the living room, the TV on. She channel hops. The news. On-screen now, the CCTV image of Owen masked with the scarf, the beanie hat on the tube train. She freezes the image and studies it. On the back of her settee, the scarf and beanie hat. Her eyes to that seemingly putting two and two together. It takes her breath away.

Her eyes to her mobile now on the table then alert to someone else in the room. Owen (changed into clean clothes) is watching her - the image still frozen on the TV screen.

OWEN  
Jesus Christ.

His eyes fix on his own image on the screen. He looks to Lana - she can't speak.

She moves, stepping away from him, frightened, something wild about him now.

He moves on her, panic and anger in him. Frightened now, she runs. The main flat door? No, he'll get to her before she reaches it. The bathroom. She runs for that - and makes it, closing the door and fumbling for the lock.

LANA  
Don't. Don't you.....!

He thumps into it. She huddles on the floor, knees in her chest, terrified of him.

He thumps the panel in the door, kicks out at it until the locks gives....

LANA (CONT'D)  
No...

And he's on her.

LANA (CONT'D)  
No...

He grabs her again and pulls her standing against the wall.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Owen..

He has a blade in his hand, a gun drill attached to a homemade handle. The blade has an X-shaped tip to it. He presses it against her neck.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Please.. it's okay..I promise...  
please.

Now tears coming - he and Lana both. A nick of blood where he's pressed the blade against her neck.

LANA (CONT'D)  
(terrified)  
Listen to me..

OWEN  
What? Listen to you what?

She's speechless, terrified.

(CONTINUED)

LANA

I love you.

OWEN

(the gun drill)  
What, because of this?

LANA

(petrified)

Because...listen to me, listen -  
because nobody ever gave themselves  
to me like you have..

He shakes his head, doesn't believe her.

LANA (CONT'D)

I don't care, yeah - I'm not going  
to give you up - whatever's  
happened. Owen? I'm not letting you  
go, yeah? Listen to me. Owen?

A moment then he steps away from her, spinning, boiling,  
still dangerous. Her face and neck are bruised - tears,  
terrified. He wrestles with himself a moment then puts the  
gun drill against his own throat.

OWEN

Both of us then.

Blood runs down his neck now too where the gun drill cuts  
into it. She goes to him, tries to restrain his hand - and to  
stem the flow of blood. Her blood and his now mingling on her  
hands.

LANA

(shaking her head)

I want to live...

He puts the blade against her throat again.

LANA (CONT'D)

...you and me, whatever.

Her tears.

LANA (CONT'D)

I'll make it right, I promise.  
(the blade at her throat)  
I'll make it right.

His eyes hold hers a moment - then he drops the blade and  
holds her fast and close.

95

EXT. REAR OF LANA'S FLAT/GARDEN - DAWN 4

95

Owen sits wrapped in his coat, his boots on his feet, beanie hat on his head.

Lana's lit a fire in a metal dustbin. She feeds his blood-stained clothes to the fire. He joins her and drops the hat in himself.

He puts his arm around her shoulders from behind and pulls her close.

On her face - fear there but she takes his hands and holds his arms tight around her.

Tight on them, the firelight in their eyes as they watch the flames burn.

END OF PART ONE