



SILENT WITNESS 26

BLOCK 5
EPISODE 10

Southbay

By Ed Whitmore

Shooting Script
Yellow Revisions

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56

EXT. GARDEN, CAROL LAING HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 21:00.

56

Coming in halfway, as Ryan gives a statement to DC Puri:

DC MEENA PURI

...the man in the mask... can you
remember the colour of his eyes?

(Ryan looks up at his
bedroom window, shakes
his head)

But you said you thought you
recognised him?

RYAN LAING

I said I thought I'd heard his
voice before.

(in her eye, with force)
If I recognised him, I'd tell you.

DC MEENA PURI

Of course.

Reveal: Jack and Mike Laing looking on.

DC MEENA PURI (CONT'D)

And he made no attempt to restrain
you or bind your hands, nothing
like that?

RYAN LAING

(frowns, weird question)
No... why?

Jack - also wondering why Puri asked that.

DC MEENA PURI

Thank you, Ryan.

As Mike crosses to check Ryan's OK, Jack catches Puri's eye:

JACK

Can I have a word?

Jack leads her over to the patio area.

JACK (CONT'D)

...is there a reason you asked if
his hands were tied?

DC MEENA PURI

The killer tied his mother's hands.
(Jack watches her)
What...?

JACK

Just a very specific question,
that's all.

DC MEENA PURI
You're reading too much-

JACK
Yesterday, you said you 'didn't
want people jumping to
conclusions.' What did you mean by
that?

DC MEENA PURI
Nothing.

JACK
What conclusions are you worried
we'll miss?
(no response)
The truth?

DC Puri stays grimly silent, grappling, and Jack loses it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Kate Freeman's facing life in
prison - not because she's guilty,
but because Southbay CID want to
shut her up.

DC MEENA PURI
That's ridiculous.

JACK
Is it? Her partner questioned the
lack of patrols in Harbour Fields
and vanished without trace.

DC MEENA PURI
(defensive)
How about you do your job and let
me do mine? Are you testing Ryan's
pyjamas-

JACK
- for fibres and DNA, possibly from
saliva? Yes, as we speak.

Before Puri can respond, Mike Laing crosses over.

MIKE LAING
Everything OK?
(Puri nods)
Ryan just wants to get a few things
from his room.

58 **INT. CELL, REMAND PRISON - DAY 4 - 13:00.**

58

A scared-looking Kate Freeman is placed in a cell by a prison officer. Kate fails to suppress a shudder as the door CLANKS shut, the lock slides home and the guard's footsteps recede.

59 **EXT/INT. ANDREW AND LISA'S HOUSE - DAY 4 - 17:15.**

59

DC Puri knocks on a door. She looks tense, furtive. Beat, then Lisa Walsh opens. Surprised:

LISA WALSH
Meena...?

DC MEENA PURI
Hi Lisa, is Andrew in?

LISA WALSH
No...

DC MEENA PURI
He's not at work and I couldn't reach him on his mobile...

LISA WALSH
He said he'd be back by six because we're going to the cinema.

Puri can't quite hide how odd she finds that.

DC MEENA PURI
Right. OK.
(musters a smile)
Can I come in and wait for him?

60 **INT. KITCHEN, WALSH HOUSE - DAY 4 - 17:17.**

60

Close on a photograph we've seen before - Bridget with Mike, Andrew and Lisa on a beach holiday, twenty years ago.

DC MEENA PURI (O.S.)
Is that Mike?

Reveal - Puri studies the picture, while Lisa makes tea.

LISA WALSH
On the left, yes. Corsica, 2001.

DC MEENA PURI
Good memory.

LISA WALSH
Remember the good, forget the bad,
that's my philosophy!

Puri smiles thinly. God, she's eccentric. Brow creasing:

LISA WALSH (CONT'D)
We barely see Mike these days...

Puri is curious about all this but affects mild interest:

DC MEENA PURI
Why's that, if you don't mind me asking?

Lisa looks pained. Digs deep.

LISA WALSH
Andrew wasn't impressed he walked out on Carol. And Mike - being Mike - didn't think it was any of his business.

Lisa's mobile rings. She glances at caller display, steps into the hall to answer it, closing the door behind her. Pretty obvious she's on the phone to her brother.

Puri gives up trying to eavesdrop. Gets rid of her gum in the kitchen bin. Sees it's brimming with beer cans.

LISA WALSH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Poor Andrew.

Puri jerks. Didn't hear Lisa come back in.

LISA WALSH (CONT'D)
You must have noticed?

Puri has no idea what she's talking about. Gives an apologetic shake of the head.

LISA WALSH (CONT'D)
He's taken Carol's death hard.
(a glance at the bin/cans)
Very hard.

Puri - genuinely shocked - this doesn't square with the buttoned-up partner she knows. She fishes a bit:

DC MEENA PURI
I didn't know him and Carol were close?

LISA WALSH
They dated when we were kids.
(strange, nostalgic smile)
I was so jealous. I'd always had his undivided attention...

She trails off. That nostalgic smile fading.

LISA WALSH (CONT'D)
Carol had her eighteenth at the sailing club.
(MORE)

LISA WALSH (CONT'D)

Andrew arranged it... he was always good at arranging things.

(shakes head, admonishing)

What did I do? Threw the biggest meltdown I could muster. Andrew blew out the party to stay with me and by midnight, Mike and Carol were an item...

Puri sees a car pull up outside and Walsh climb out - watching him with fresh eyes.

LISA WALSH (CONT'D)

I was so happy when they got together again.

Puri - reacting to that. Affecting only passing interest:

DC MEENA PURI

Andrew and Carol?

LISA WALSH

Yes - it felt like it was meant to be.

But, tragically, it wasn't. They hear the sound of a key turn in the lock, then Walsh appears in the hall beyond.

DI ANDREW WALSH

Meena?

Summoning her, clearly annoyed she's come to his house. Puri steps into the hall to join him.

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)

What're you doing here?

DC MEENA PURI

You blank me at work - ignore my calls - what am I supposed to do?

Walsh subsides, recognising the truth of these charges. Picking up on her wired mood:

DI ANDREW WALSH

What is it, Meena?

She breathes deep, then:

DC MEENA PURI

I just took a statement from Ryan Laing that - if corroborated - kills our case.

DI ANDREW WALSH

In what way?

DC MEENA PURI

In every way. As in: Kate Freeman didn't do this.

61

INT. MEETING ROOM, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 4 - 17:45.

61

Aided by Miriam Harper, Nikki, Gabriel and Velvy put their heads together - the fact Kate has been charged only adds to their collective urgency.

MIRIAM

...Ryan's testimony is compelling, but not a knockout blow. The CPS are too invested to drop the charges unless they have to.

GABRIEL

I say we focus on the timeline - it's central to showing the Crown's case is fundamentally flawed.

MIRIAM

Go for it.

NIKKI

OK - the boys went to bed earlier than usual - 9pm - because they were going fishing with their dad at the crack of dawn.

Velvy starts writing it up on an old-school white board. The wired, energized, them vs. the World (or at least the Crown) vibe is palpable. Infectious.

MIRIAM

Dom Laing says that when he heard his mother arguing with Kate, his brother was watching the Spurs game on his phone with headphones.

GABRIEL

What time did the game finish?

MIRIAM

9.30.

NIKKI

A 9 pm - 9.30 pm window does fit with the pathology evidence.

VELVY

It's when Carol sustained the blow to the head downstairs...

NIKKI

Now we hit the two hour gap before the killer inflicts the fatal chest wound...

GABRIEL

Apart from a partial clean-up and moving Carol to the bedroom... we're drawing a blank there.

MIRIAM TURNER

What were they doing the rest of the time?

NIKKI

Obvious options are: Did they go away and come back? Summoning the courage?

GABRIEL

We see evidence of prevarication in homicide sometimes.

NIKKI

Or are we looking at two timeframes and two offenders?

VELVY

I'm stuck on him carrying her upstairs. Why? What purpose did it serve?

GABRIEL

And having done it, what possessed him to go into the boys' room and be seen? Why take that risk when the boys weren't interfering in any way?

NIKKI

And he doesn't just go in the room. He makes physical contact with Ryan - lets him hear his voice.

GABRIEL

Again - all seriously odd.

MIRIAM

OK... 'seriously odd' sounds like we're doubting Ryan's account before...

GABRIEL

(overlapping)

We're establishing a factual sequence of events...

MIRIAM

...the ink's dried on his witness statement.

GABRIEL

...how you then frame it is up to you.

MIRIAM

Sorry, that is disingenuous.

GABRIEL

Meaning?

MIRIAM

Meaning: you're an expert witness for the defence - you know the drill...

GABRIEL

I thought I did.

MIRIAM

...we refract all the evidence through the prism of Kate's innocence...

GABRIEL

(shakes his head)
Cart before horse...

MIRIAM

(overlapping)
...everything else gets binned.

GABRIEL

...we can't make that call without a grasp of the totality of that evidence. Take PC Woods' disappearance - it may or may not pertain to the Crown's case. We don't know.

MIRIAM

Like affairs of the heart - 'don't know' means 'no'. I get the impulse to find out what happened to Woods, but it's pulling focus and threatening my ability to offer a clear, exculpatory narrative.

NIKKI

(small smile, peacemaker)
Let's start with the narrative, then, if only to move this conversation on.

Appreciative smiles at Nikki letting air out of the bag.

MIRIAM

Ryan Laing saw and heard a male
intruder. Not a woman, not Kate.

VELVY

(clarifying)

His brother was... mistaken about
hearing Kate?

MIRIAM

(nods)

'Mistaken' being a charitable
interpretation.

(then)

And why did Southbay CID miss this?
Because their myopic focus on Kate
Freeman demonstrably blinded them
to key elements of the scene.
Examples? The two-hours-plus the
killer spent on site and the
initial attack with the dumbbell
downstairs.

Right then, Nikki's mobile rings.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)

Hello? Come on up.

She hangs up, meets the room's collective frown.

62

INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL - DAY 4 - 17:50.

62

Moments later. DI Andrew Walsh and DC Puri filing in. Both
detectives radiate tension - even paranoia - as if already
regretting the wisdom of this visit.

DI ANDREW WALSH

Meena's brought me up to speed
about Ryan and there's something we
need to share as a matter of
urgency.

GABRIEL

Sorry... do I infer you haven't
shared his testimony with your
superiors?

DI ANDREW WALSH

No, we have.

NIKKI

And?

DI ANDREW WALSH

I'll get to that in a minute.
(beat)

(MORE)

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)

About four months ago, West Yorkshire CID got in touch in... unusual circumstances. They'd had a spate of robberies targeting cash in transit vans, carried out by a man in a black ski mask.

Beat - the 'black ski-mask' commonality re: Ryan's testimony is as immediate as it is chilling.

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)

He struck early, and bound the driver with cable-ties. He then threatened the guard with a hunting knife to ensure they did his bidding.

Now, Puri plays CCTV footage of one of the robberies on her tablet - the man wearing a black coat, black ski mask, black gloves. Threatening two guards with a HUNTING KNIFE, who are on the floor with their hands cable-tied.

DC MEENA PURI

They had a strong suspect named Wes Carter, who they pulled in a few times but didn't have enough for a charge.

GABRIEL

Why did West Yorkshire get in touch?

DC MEENA PURI

Because Wes Carter had moved down to Southbay - no doubt hoping for police interest in him to cool.

NIKKI

Yorkshire must've been pretty sure he was their man?

DC MEENA PURI

Very sure - they were warning us to keep an eye and expect the worst.

The clip freezes as the man exits with the hold-all of cash.

Ringling silence in the Science Room. Then, with a nod to the masked robber:

DI ANDREW WALSH

Clearly this man - Wes Carter according to Yorkshire CID - looks and sounds a lot like the man Ryan described.

A beat, as they all think about that.

63 INT. CAROL LAING HOUSE (RECONSTRUCTION) - NIGHT 1

63

Ryan reacts as the figure starts to approach him. Ryan retreats into the corner of his bed/wall and accidentally knocks the lamp off the bedside table in the process - the bulb SMASHING.

64 INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL - DAY 4 - 17:52.

64

Nikki is watching Walsh, thoughtfully, warily:

NIKKI

Don't take this the wrong way...
but why're you coming to us?

DI ANDREW WALSH

I - we - have been sidelined by
Det. Super. Ray Palmer.

DC MEENA PURI

I took Ryan's statement and
formally entered it in the file.
(then, carefully)
We're here to ensure that this new
avenue is fully explored.

NIKKI

(a dark smile, then)
Sounds like you don't trust your
colleagues in CID to do their job
and we're the safety net?

Walsh gives a tight, diplomatic smile.

ANDREW

Insurance policy.

Gabriel glances from Walsh to Puri.

GABRIEL

Would you be kind enough to step
out for a moment?

Walsh and Puri - their instinct is to be offended but
Gabriel's so damned polite and reasonable.

DI ANDREW WALSH

Sure, we'll be in the lobby.

Walsh and Puri exit the Science Room. Finally, low:

GABRIEL

We need to give the CPS pause for
thought - make them aware how
flawed their case really is.

(faint smile)

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
I know someone in the CPS who can
help... if I'm still on her
Christmas card list.

65

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE, SOUTHBAY STATION - DAY 4 - 19:00.

65

Bridget Laing and Detective Super. Ray Palmer, in an
urgently-scheduled meeting with CPS lawyer, Alan Webb.
Coming in halfway:

ALAN WEBB
...you told me Freeman's brief
tapped the Lyell for a second PM
and a look at the forensics...

BRIDGET LAING
And...?

ALAN WEBB
You neglected to add their
findings differ significantly
from yours. That worries me.

BRIDGET LAING
It shouldn't.

ALAN WEBB
Makes me think: ambush down the
line in court.
(then)
Now I'm hearing about a witness
statement from Ryan Laing that
essentially contradicts his
brother's.

BRIDGET LAING
Heard from who?

ALAN WEBB
It's not important how I know, I
know.

BRIDGET LAING
I beg to bloody differ...

ALAN WEBB
It's led me to look deeper into
the background of the case,
specifically Kate Freeman. I
hear-

BRIDGET LAING
(overlapping)
I don't believe this.

ALAN WEBB

- I hear that after her partner disappeared, Kate was making trouble. Bandyng stories about. Stories like Woods didn't take his own life and had enemies in CID.

BRIDGET LAING

Key word there being 'stories'.

ALAN WEBB

Still - putting her on suspension might play like you were muzzling her to a jury. Christ, Bridget, it might play like that to me.

DET. SUP RAY PALMER

Who's been pouring poison in your ear, Alan?

ALAN WEBB

(ignores him; to Laing)
And Kate luring your son from the marital bed doesn't exactly simplify matters.

DET. SUP RAY PALMER

Someone's put the frighteners on you. Haven't they, Al?

Webb - intimidated by Palmer despite himself. Bridget gives Palmer a look: back off.

BRIDGET LAING

I understand your wariness. As you say: Kate Freeman is not a straightforward suspect. How can we move things forward?

Webb figures for a long, grappling beat, then:

ALAN WEBB

We get it all out in the open.

DET. SUP RAY PALMER

We do that in court, right?

ALAN WEBB

I mean now. We hear both sides' evidence early doors so no-one can say the CPS rushed to judgement in charging Kate Freeman.

DET. SUP RAY PALMER

That's pretty unorthodox, isn't it?

ALAN WEBB
But not unprecedented.

66 **EXT. ALAN WEBB'S LONDON OFFICES - DAY 5 - 13:30.** 66

New day. Establisher of Alan Webb's London offices.

67 **INT. MEETING ROOM, ALAN WEBB'S LONDON OFFICES - DAY 5 - 13:35.** 67

Alan Webb is formally opening the meeting.

ALAN WEBB
Thank you all for coming up to
London today.

Murmur of good afternoon, etc.

ALAN WEBB (CONT'D)
...Dr Burnett, can you clarify
your interpretation of the
pathology evidence with regard to
sequence and timeframe?

DR BILL BURNETT
Gladly. We're looking at two
distinct attacks. First the blow
to the head; then, after a short
delay, the fatal stab wound.

NIKKI
How short a delay?

DR BILL BURNETT
5-15 minutes.

NIKKI
I find that unlikely. For one,
hilt bruising on the skin shows it
was an exceptionally forceful wound
and in a position where the
internal haemorrhage would have
been torrential.

ALAN WEBB
It would've induced death swiftly?

NIKKI
(nods yes, then)
For two, grooving on the base of
the brain suggests Carol was alive
for a longer period of time,
possibly a couple of hours, between
the initial head injury and the
stabbing.

ALAN WEBB

Not the shorter time Dr Burnett's suggesting?

NIKKI

No.

BILL BURNETT

Can you really exclude other causation for the grooving? Cardiac arrest for example? You can't and you know you can't.

Webb nods. Feels like a draw. Nikki turns back to Burnett:

NIKKI

In your report, you class the head wound as a *contre coup* injury - i.e. one caused by the victim falling onto an object.

BILL BURNETT

Let me guess: you think it was a *coup* injury.

Temperature drop. Nikki responds to his testiness with a pleasant smile.

NIKKI

(nods agreeably)
I think Carol was struck by a moving object, not the other way around.

BILL BURNETT

Based on what evidence?

NIKKI

(brings up images of the patterned head wound)
If this was *contre coup*, can you specify the object she fell onto? That caused these distinctive marks?

BILL BURNETT

She sustained the injury in the struggle in the bedroom. She could've fallen on any number of objects or corners.

NIKKI

Then you'd expect to find blood transfer, surely?

BILL BURNETT

Not if the killer wiped that object down.

NIKKI
(c'mon!)
Dr. Burnett...

BILL BURNETT
The absence of evidence is not
evidence.

NIKKI
..for the avoidance of doubt: are
you saying you failed to identify
the object that caused this injury?

Burnett is on the ropes now.

BILL BURNETT
Look... I didn't process the scene.
Jack did.

A ripple across the room as that goes down.

BILL BURNETT (CONT'D)
Sadly, he didn't swab or photograph
all the potential edges and corners
she could've fallen on - or close
to all of them.

JACK
I didn't finish processing because
I was ejected from the scene by
Chief Superintendent Laing.

Alan Webb glances at a stony-faced Bridget Laing.

BILL BURNETT
That was later, you broke away from
the scene of your own volition.

JACK
What's your point, Bill?

BILL BURNETT
That you were distracted and less
than stringent in observing scene
etiquette.

JACK
I was doing you a bloody favour!

BILL BURNETT
Perhaps it was the effect of
meeting Kate Freeman outside - she
made quite an impression on you.

Jack feels Nikki's askance gaze - and snaps.

JACK

You'd had so much to drink, I'm surprised you remember anything.

Beat. You could hear a pin drop. Burnett staring daggers at Jack who turns to Webb:

JACK (CONT'D)

We'd like to present an alternative reading of the evidence, if that's alright?

ALAN WEBB

It's why we're here.

JACK

We believe we've found a second crime scene - in the downstairs sitting room.

Jack pulls up images of the sitting room, close shots of the boards, etc, the blood glowing blue.

JACK (CONT'D)

Not only have we found blood on the floor belonging to Carol, we've matched the tiered pattern in her wound to her adjustable dumbbell.

Jack takes out the bagged-up dumbbell - holds it up next to the image of the distinctive, tiered wound. Very clearly a visual match; one made the other.

JACK (CONT'D)

Significantly, the other dumbbell is missing from her house - and, yes, they're sold as a pair.

Beat. Jack and Nikki now have Alan Webb's full attention.

NIKKI

Expired blood on the halfway landing and transfer of paint under Carol's toenails further proves this attack unfolded in two locations and in two time frames - circa 9 pm and circa 11 pm.

Nikki scrolls through photos that support this narrative.

MIRIAM HARPER

The Crown's investigation completely failed to unearth these basic elements of the scene - we've effectively had to do their job for them.

(MORE)

MIRIAM HARPER (CONT'D)

And when you factor in Ryan's testimony that he saw a male intruder and Dr. Burnett's inebriation, it adds up to one thing: You need to release Kate Freeman, immediately.

Alan Webb - all eyes on him as he deliberates furiously.

68 **OMITTED**

68

69 **EXT. CAR PARK, SOUTHBAY POLICE STATION - DAY 5 - 14:05**

69

Angle on Kate seen from afar as she embraces Mike Laing outside the police station, Miriam Harper smiling on.

Reveal - it's Nikki's POV from the car, who has just arrived with Jack, who can't feel any sense of air-punch re: Kate's release.

JACK

Can't believe Bill would pull that.

NIKKI

He's been down here too long, I reckon.

JACK

Yeah. You're right.

Jack's mobile starts RINGING. Jack fishes out his phone. Velvy is on a video call:

JACK (CONT'D)

(answering)

Velvy?

Tight on Velvy. We don't see the background.

VELVY (VIDEO CALL - TIGHT ON FACE ON SCREEN)

I enlisted my botanist friend. Foliage in PC Woods' car is predominantly leaves from a black poplar.

JACK

OK, rare, but not as rare as I'd like...

VELVY (VIDEO CALL - TIGHT ON FACE ON SCREEN)

Well, the good news is there's an arboretum of black poplars near one of the two roads that come off Southbay Bridge.

(MORE)

VELVY (VIDEO CALL - TIGHT ON FACE ON
As you know, speculation's
something I avoid, but if I
absolutely had to I might-

JACK
(cut to the chase!)
What d'you think happened, Velvy?

VELVY (VIDEO CALL - TIGHT ON FACE ON
SCREEN)
OK. Yes. I think Woods was
killed and possibly buried at the
arboretum. The killer then drove
Woods' car to South Bay Bridge in
the knowledge that a) people jump
off it and b) bodies that go in
the water are often swept out to
sea.

JACK
Speculation suits you.

70 OMITTED

70

71 **EXT. BLACK POPLAR ARBORETUM - DAY 5 - 14:30.**

71

Big set-piece as - under Jack and Nikki's supervision - two
HANDLERS let loose their CADAVER DOGS in the black poplar
arboretum. DC Puri and DI Andrew Walsh are also present.

MONTAGE our way through a long and exhaustive search. Now
the dogs circle trees by the car park. As Puri and Walsh
look on, Jack and Nikki find matted fur and bones:

NIKKI
Looks like a fox or a dog...

The search continues. Jack - alone now - sees a patch of
disturbed earth in the trees. Crouches to examine it.

Right then the DOGS start BARKING in earnest. Go with Jack
through the trees. The dogs are gathering on the edge of a
steep-sided stream. Their two handlers and Nikki coming
over. One of the dogs starts climbing down the steep bank.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
Can you call your dog back,
please?

The handler does so as DC Puri and DI Walsh join them.

DI ANDREW WALSH
What is it? What've they found?

Nikki and Jack exchange a look re: Walsh's fretful demeanour.

JACK

Give us a minute, Andrew.

Go with Nikki and Jack, as they carefully pick their way down the bank to the water. It's clogged with weeds, lilies etc. The water is stagnant and soupy. They wade into it. Boggy and marshy, broken up with boulders protruding through the scummy surface of the water.

NIKKI

Jack.

Jack crosses to Nikki. Sees what she's looking at:

A decomposed body lying face-down in the water. Almost concealed by reeds, lilies, ferns etc. Nikki examines the corpse.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Body is partly skeletal, partly adipocere, hair has fallen away, face is decomposed.

Jack straightens out a navy anorak, revealing Manchester United FC livery.

JACK

Fred Woods was last seen wearing an anorak with Man United insignia.

A look between them: they will proceed as if this is Woods. Jack scans the opposite bank thoughtfully, spies a low point:

JACK (CONT'D)

We can recover the body over there.

NIKKI

Hands are bound behind his back.
(clears mud, moss, etc)
Looks like they used cable ties.

SNAP ZOOM to BLACK PLASTIC CABLE-TIES, binding WOODS' hands. Look between Jack and Nikki, thinking the same thought:

NIKKI (CONT'D)

The cash van guy...?
(looks to Jack for name)

JACK

Wes Carter - allegedly.

NIKKI

...he used cable-ties, right?

DI ANDREW WALSH (o.s.)
What about Wes Carter?

Jack and Nikki whirl - didn't hear Walsh climbing down to the stream. But they don't have to explain. Walsh is staring past them at the horrific sight of Woods' body, eyes zoning in on his cable-tied hands.

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)
Meena!
(Puri appears above;
gaping at Woods' body)
Wes Carter - arrange back-up.

And with that, Walsh starts clambering back up:

JACK
Andrew.
(Walsh turns back)
If you're right about Carter, he'll
be very motivated to destroy
evidence linking him to the crime.

DI ANDREW WALSH
(impatient)
So?

JACK
So, let me help you secure it.

72 **EXT. FLINTHOUSE, HARBOUR FIELDS ESTATE - DAY 5 - 15:00.** 72

Jack, Walsh and Puri pick their way into the scrappy area behind the Flinthouse pub. Approach Wes Carter's caravan.

DI ANDREW WALSH
(THUMPING caravan door)
Police. Open up!

73 **OMITTED** 73

74 **INT. WES CARTER'S CARAVAN - DAY 5 - 15:10.** 74

Small, squalid, near-empty. Jack, Puri, Walsh and Palmer - all gloved - have just begun searching the caravan.

Right then the caravan door opens and Palmer appears, Neil Carter hangs back behind him, as Palmer climbs in.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
What're you doing here, Andrew?

DI ANDREW WALSH
Following a lead. A link, anyway.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER

A link?

(Walsh nods)

Let me guess; between Ryan's testimony about a masked man and the tip-off from West Yorks? Bloke doing over cash vans?

DI ANDREW WALSH

In part, yes.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER

(off 'in part')

Do tell.

Watching Palmer intently for his reaction, Jack cuts in:

JACK

We just found a body matching the clothes Woods was last seen wearing a mile from Southbay Bridge. His hands were bound with cable ties.

(Palmer looks blank)

A rather more compelling link than a mask.

Unbidden, Palmer begins helping with the search. Jack is pulling the camp bed apart and searching the mattress, finding nothing. Palmer impatiently empties a bin bag all over the floor. Ready meal packaging and beer bottles tumble out everywhere.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER.

Nothing here.

DC MEENA PURI

I'm not so sure, sir.

Puri's on her hands and knees by a small kitchen unit adjacent to the sink. Removing a plywood false bottom. Reaching into a cavity below. She lifts out another bin bag, the neck tied in a knot.

JACK

(i.e. bin bag)

Let's not tip this one over the floor.

Puri deferentially hands the bag to Jack, drawing a glare from Palmer. Jack carefully undoes the knot, reaches in and takes out wedges of banknotes wrapped in cling film.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER.

Jesus.

Jack lifts out more cling-filmed bundles of cash.

DI ANDREW WALSH
Got to be two hundred grand here.

DC MEENA PURI
We need to check this against the
cash from the vans.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER.
No shit. Any more in there?

Puri reaches into the cavity.

DC MEENA PURI
No, sir. Just this.

Puri lifts out CABLE TIES. Jack peers to read the fine print
embossed on the tie.

JACK
Venttight. Same brand as the tie we
found on Fred Woods.

75

INT. SOUTHBAY LAB, MORTUARY - DAY 5 - 15:12.

75

Kate Freeman and Bridget Laing - a little apart - look on as
Gabriel and Nikki carry out Fred Woods' PM, NIKKI leading.
We move at a fleet-footed lick to maintain the overall pace -

KATE FREEMAN
I appreciate you agreeing to us
both being here (a look to
Bridget.)

GABRIEL
(surprised that Kate and
Bridget are on speaking
terms)
It's our job.

BRIDGET LAING
After everything... asking Bill
Burnett just felt...
(weary smile)
...wrong, untimely, inappropriate.
Take your pick.

Gabriel and Nikki share a smile, reacting to this more human,
self-deprecating side of Bridget. Jump cut.

NIKKI
...the deceased is an adult male
provisionally identified as Fred
Woods, DNA will confirm. There is
putrefaction consistent with the
body being deceased for a
significant period of time.

Jump cut. Nikki examines the neck and remains of musculature.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

There is evidence of a broken neck - the odontoid peg has fractured at its base.

GABRIEL

Also suggestive of a fall is this blunt force trauma to the skull.

SNAP ZOOM to the skull injury and embedded GRIT.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

There is grit embedded in the skull that we'll be comparing to the sandstone boulders in the stream.

BRIDGET LAING

So, what... he fell headfirst into the creek, cracked his skull on a boulder and broke his neck?

NIKKI

(nods)

Easy to imagine with his hands bound behind his back.

Nikki holds up a baggie containing the intact black cable-tie that was used to bind Woods' hands behind his back.

KATE FREEMAN

Fred was last seen leaving the Green Man at 9 pm, so it was probably dark too...

Beat, while they all think about the grim totality of that:

76 **EXT. BLACK POPLAR ARBORETUM (RECONSTRUCTION) - NIGHT D - 22:30.** 76

Fred Woods - hands bound behind his back - runs for his life through the lonely darkness of the arboretum. He plunges over the edge of the creek. Strikes the top of his skull on a sandstone boulder, as he lands head-first in the creek. Lies face down in the water, half-concealed by reeds, lilies etc.

77 **INT. SOUTHBAY LAB, MORTUARY - DAY 5 - 15:30.**

77

BRIDGET LAING

So, what was cause of death? The broken neck or the head injury?

NIKKI

Too early to say yet - it could've been drowning.

KATE FREEMAN

What...?

NIKKI

(nods)

Diagnosis of death-by-drowning is challenging at the best of times. When a body's this decomposed, some of the basic signs are not available - froth around the mouth and nostrils, for example.

BRIDGET LAING

But...?

GABRIEL

But with a C2 fracture - essentially compressing the spinal cord - he could very well have been paralysed from the neck down.

KATE FREEMAN

So Fred's lying there in the dark with a smashed skull and a broken neck, but potentially still conscious or semi-conscious... and then he drowns?

NIKKI

Possibly. We can't say for sure. The C2 fracture could've been rapidly fatal but we just don't know when decomposition's this advanced.

Kate's visibly traumatised by these details; to Bridget:

KATE FREEMAN

(i.e. Ray Palmer)

We'd better catch this bastard, Ma'am, that's all I can say.

With that, Kate walks out, overcome by the horror of it all.

78

INT/EXT. WES CARTER'S CARAVAN/BEACH - DAY 5 - 16:15.

78

The light is fading. Jack, Puri, Walsh and Palmer are all engaged in removing bagged-up items from the caravan.

Right then they hear it - the sound of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS - it's Wes Carter.

New angle - Wes - those predatory eyes instantly spotting the foreign vehicles and people dotted around his caravan.

And instantly he runs, as Neil Carter emerges from the pub.

NEIL CARTER

Wes! Don't be fucking stupid!

With Jack - seeing Wes tear off towards the beach, a four hundred yard head start. Arms and legs pumping, Jack belts after him, trying to close the gap.

JACK

Cut him off!

Palmer, Walsh and Puri, fan out as they hurry after Jack.

With Jack - as he emerges onto the beach - scans around -

WHAM. From nowhere, Wes Carter is on him. Pounding him with fists made of iron. Jack shields his head with his forearms, trips, goes down.

Wes Carter picks up a rock. Swings it high to finish Jack off. But Jack brings him down with a lunging kick.

The two men roll around the shingle, fighting furiously. Jack breaks Wes's nose with a mighty right hook. But - down, down, down - Wes finally subdues Jack with three jackhammer PUNCHES, and runs off into the hills just beyond the town.

Off Jack - horribly winded but forcing himself to his feet.

79

EXT. WOODS ABOVE BEACH (OR OTHER SUITABLE LOCATION) - DAY 5/9-16:30.

DI Andrew Walsh - looking pretty scared as he moves through the woods. And freezes. Hearing heavy breathing and footsteps. Walsh steps behind the cover of a tree, watches Wes Carter - nose bleeding profusely from Jack's blow - picking his way up the path running along the lip of the cliff.

Walsh - a moment of decision. He picks up a thick branch, darts from tree to tree as if he's going to block Wes off as he climbs the path.

With Wes - reeling from Jack's head blows, but forcing one foot in front of the other, as he ascends the path and makes good his escape.

Wes slows, listens intently, hearing movement very close-by.

Walsh - as he breaks cover and charges the startled Wes Carter, whacking him HARD across the forehead with the branch.

Wes Carter loses his balance, feet twisting under him, clawing at Walsh's neck as the detective gives him a final, hard shove - and Wes plummets over the side, landing with a sickening thud - but we don't see yet.

Walsh - taking a moment to both calm himself and psych himself up. Clears his throat, then:

DI ANDREW WALSH
Here! OVER HERE!

Sound of FOOTSTEPS charging through the undergrowth. Palmer piling through the trees to Walsh's aid and - mere seconds after him - Jack comes running from the other direction.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
What happened? Walsh?

DI ANDREW WALSH
I told him to stop. He wouldn't.
Tried to push me over...

As one, Jack and Palmer catch the subtext of that. Peer over the edge. And see Wes Carter's splayed corpse far below on the rocky riverbed.

DC Puri - emerging from the trees, computing what's happened and watching WALSH with just a flicker of suspicion, then dismissing the thought and rushing over to join the others.

80 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, SOUTHBAY POLICE STATION - DAY 5 - 17:00.**

Jack watching from the observation area - as Puri and a shaken-but-holding-it-together Walsh interview Neil Carter, his BRIEF beside him.

DI ANDREW WALSH
We've matched the size and waffle-style tread of *Nike* trainers in your closet to the muddy print left on PC Woods' brake pedal.

Walsh shows Neil Carter PHOTOS of this evidence.

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)
We've also DNA'd the head-rest in Woods' car and scored a match to you.

DC MEENA PURI
The forensics tie you to the murder of a policeman, Neil. So now's the time to cooperate. Don't dig your hole any deeper.

Jack - watching Neil Carter intently. Who glances askance at his brief, then lets out a long breath, grimly resigned:

NEIL CARTER

I didn't kill anyone, alright?
Nothing like that.

DI ANDREW WALSH

OK. So what happened?

NEIL CARTER

I was paid to hassle a few
residents in Harbour Fields.

DC MEENA PURI

Hold-outs against the Goshawk
Construction development?

NEIL CARTER

Yeah. The numpties fighting the
compulsory purchase order.

DI ANDREW WALSH

What did 'hassling' them entail?

NEIL CARTER

Nothing much. A broken window
here, a late night call there. A
few slashed tyres.

(sighs)

When Wes came to stay, it's fair
to say I was able to bolster my
services.

DI ANDREW WALSH

I bet he took to it like a duck
to water.

(then, harder)

Who paid you?

NEIL CARTER

I dunno.

(then)

I assume Goshawk Construction
ultimately, somewhere down the
line.

(shrugs)

Can't prove it.

DI ANDREW WALSH

How were you paid, then?

NEIL CARTER

Money was put in my account via a
front called Standant.

DI ANDREW WALSH

A shell company?

NEIL CARTER

(nods)

I Googled 'em. Based in the Virgin Islands. I only dealt with one bloke - called himself Marcus and that was via a burner, caller unknown.

DC MEENA PURI

So you can't help us? Can't help us help you?

DI ANDREW WALSH

You need to give us something, Neil. And the sooner the better. Or it stops looking like cooperation and more like desperation.

DC MEENA PURI

Bear in mind your phone and laptop are being examined right now.

Neil - deliberating furiously. His brief leans in, whispers something in his ear. Finally, grudgingly:

NEIL CARTER

Marcus told me and Wes to give Woods a scare 'cause he was 'asking difficult questions at work'.

(shakes his head)

I didn't start out wanting to hurt him - he's a copper, I'm not daft.

DC MEENA PURI

What, just roughed him up a bit?

NEIL CARTER

(nods)

Wes did. Bound his hands while I showed him the money. I thought he was gonna go for it but then he belted off into trees and that was that...

Beat. The awfulness of Woods' end resounding in the silence.

DI ANDREW WALSH

Lets talk about Carol Laing. There's eyewitness testimony that places Wes at the scene.

(no response, so:)

It points to him killing Carol in the process of stealing her jewellery.

NEIL CARTER
(a dismissive sneer)
Nice try. He didn't do that.

DI ANDREW WALSH
How do you know?

NEIL CARTER
I was always his favourite uncle.
Never kept anything from me.

DI ANDREW WALSH
That's not exactly compelling,
Neil.

NEIL CARTER
He 'fessed up to those cash vans
soon as I asked him.
(beat as that goes down)
And - for that very reason - I
asked him about the Laing woman.

Neil shakes his head - Wes didn't do it.

DC MEENA PURI
Fact you even had to ask him
contradicts your statement that he
spent the night fixing a leak at
the pub, doesn't it, Neil?

Neil grimaces - he hadn't factored that in.

DI ANDREW WALSH
So, forgive us if we take
everything you say with a pinch of
salt.

Subtext: Wes Carter is now the prime suspect in the murder of
Carol Laing.

With Jack - still watching from the observation area as Neil
Carter's brief finally speaks up:

BRIEF
I'd like a private word with my
client, if I may?

DI ANDREW WALSH
Sure.

Puri and Walsh exit the room. Find Jack outside.

JACK
I need to tell you something in
confidence.

Beat, then Walsh nods impatiently - what is it?

JACK (CONT'D)
According to Kate Freeman, Palmer
threatened Woods when he asked why
patrols were being diverted from
Harbour Fields.

Puri and Walsh exchange a look, both tellingly unsurprised.

DI ANDREW WALSH
What did Palmer say to Woods?
Allegedly?

JACK
'There are faster ways to die than
cancer'.

Walsh digests that. With severe misgivings:

DI ANDREW WALSH
I'll have to pass that on to Police
Conduct.
(off Jack's look)
They were informed as a matter of
course because I was involved in
the death of a suspect.

JACK
(nods)
They reached out to us, too.
Reminding us you couldn't attend
the PM.

DI ANDREW WALSH
(nods, he expected this)
My interview's scheduled for
tomorrow...

JACK
On the plus side, we could use some
outside help.

Walsh just about mustering a nod for that.

80A **OMITTED**

80A

80B **OMITTED**

80B

81 **OMITTED**

81

82 **OMITTED**

82

83

INT. SOUTHBAY LAB, MORTUARY - DAY 5 - 18:30.

83

Busy day for Gabriel and Nikki - now carrying out their post-mortem on Wes Carter, whose body bears massive and extensive trauma, mainly from the fall but also from his fight with Jack. Coming in halfway:

NIKKI

There's massive trauma to the body and head, consistent with a significant fall on to a hard surface.

GABRIEL

Specifically: skull fractures, posterior rib fractures, lung contusions, liver laceration, as well as fractures to four vertebral spinous processes.

NIKKI

There's damage to the side of the skull, consistent with him landing on his right side, there's a contusion to the forehead... some particles embedded in the wound.

Jump cut: now the skull has been opened and they have noticed some dark brown bruising on the surface of the brain.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Contusions in the left upper fronto-temporal region. Unusual given the plane of impact. And it is inconsistent with Jack Hodgson's account of grappling and fighting with the deceased.

Nikki studies the skull.

She removes tiny dark brown particles, using tweezers.

GABRIEL

(then, to Puri)

You spoke to Andrew in detail, d'you think you could flesh out the scene for us?

DC MEENA PURI

I'll try.

GABRIEL

He said he saw Carter progressing up the path in a westerly direction?

DC MEENA PURI

Right. Yes. So Andrew ran onto the path, ahead of him. He told him to stop, then Wes grabbed him and tried to shove him over.

(they wait for her, she consults her notebook)

Andrew said he thought he was going over but Wes must've tripped or-or got his feet twisted... 'cause he just fell backwards and then he was gone.

Nikki produces the bloody t-shirt she cut off Wes's body.

NIKKI

Wes' shirt front was bloody from his nose injury. I found what could be a handprint in the blood.

Nikki holds up the shirt revealing the hand print.

DC MEENA PURI

I asked Andrew point-blank if he pushed Wes. He said he didn't remember but conceded that, yes, he could've pushed him in the altercation. He was in fear for his life.

84

INT. BRIDGET LAING'S OFFICE, SOUTHBAY STATION - DAY 5 -
18:50.

84

Close on - Bridget Laing in her battle rattle, sitting alone at her desk. A sense of an empire crumbling. A KNOCK.

BRIDGET LAING

Come in.

The door opens and Palmer - her loyal attack dog of twenty years - enters. He crosses over and sits down opposite her. Heavy silence, then:

BRIDGET LAING (CONT'D)

If I looked in your bank account, Ray, would I find any unexplained payments?

Palmer opens his mouth. Thinks better of it.

BRIDGET LAING (CONT'D)

Specifically from some untraceable, bounced-around-the-world shell company called Standant?

(no response)

I need an answer, I'm afraid.

Palmer is silent for a long beat, then digs out his warrant card and sets it down on her desk. Bridget gapes at him, her face a vortex of anger, shock and deep sadness.

BRIDGET LAING (CONT'D)
How, Ray? How could you be so
bloody stupid?

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
All I did was shift patrols away
from Harbour Fields, that's it.

BRIDGET LAING
Why was that important?

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
(a flash of shame)
I dunno. To drive the crime stats
up I suppose.

Bridget reacts to the equivocation of 'I suppose'.

BRIDGET LAING
You suppose?

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
Look... I had nothing to do with
Fred Woods, alright? Nothing.

BRIDGET LAING
But you threatened him, didn't you?

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
I had a word. Big deal.

Bridget fixes him with a look of pure granite.

BRIDGET LAING
'Big deal'? I placed Kate Freeman
on fucking suspension for coming to
me with nothing less than the
truth! My advice? Don't say
another word 'til you've got a
lawyer present.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
Noted.

Beat. Relenting a hair:

BRIDGET LAING
Can't believe you'd do this, Ray.
Just for a bit of cash. If you
were short, I could've lent you a
few grand.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
I wasn't short, I was greedy.
(then)
They offered me the moon to choke
off police activity in Harbour
Fields, let it go to the dogs...

BRIDGET LAING
...so some fucking property
developer got it for a song?

He stares her, his face flushed with shame. Nods.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
Everyone has their price, Ma'am,
and they knew mine.

BRIDGET LAING
I'm sure that contrition will mean
a lot to Fred Woods' relatives.

We see this biting sarcasm really land with Palmer.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
OK... listen... I knew Neil Carter
was scaring the hold-outs on
Harbour Fields. But I had no idea
about his ex-para nephew hitting
town.

BRIDGET LAING
(clarifying)
Wesley Carter?

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
Right - or that they liked him for
the cash van jobs back home.

BRIDGET LAING
(frowns, confused)
I thought West Yorks shared that
with us when he moved down?

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
Yeah... well, they did. But Andrew
Walsh took the call.

BRIDGET LAING
And...?

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
And in his wisdom, he sat on it.
Only him and Puri knew 'til this
week.

Bridget - something about that doesn't stack up but she can't
focus on it now.

85 **EXT. LONDON ESTABLISHER - DAY 6 - 09:15.**

85

A new day dawns on London.

86 **INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 6 - 15:30.**

86

Find Jack, Nikki and Gabriel with DI Walsh and DC Puri.

DI ANDREW WALSH
...the Carol Laing inquiry is being
wound down - we just wanted to
thank you for your critical
involvement and working in a pretty-

JACK
(under him)
Wound down?

DI ANDREW WALSH
Obviously, the Coroner's work is
ongoing and there'll be an inquest-

GABRIEL
Because guilt is being ascribed to
Wes Carter?

Walsh and Puri exchange a look, then Walsh nods.

JACK
I think that's premature.

DI ANDREW WALSH
Well, with respect-

DC MEENA PURI
(stemming him, to Jack)
Why d'you think it's premature?

Walsh shoots Puri an askance look for the interruption.

JACK
Sure, there are things about
Carol's murder that chime with
Carter's MO...

DI ANDREW WALSH
(nods impatiently)
Lots of things - the mask, the
knife, the black clothes, tying his
victim's hands behind their back...

NIKKI

But there are differences. Carter never targeted private residences, he used cable-ties, he never spoke in the commission of his crimes and his booty of choice was cash not jewellery.

JACK

The masked man who grabbed Ryan Laing couldn't shut up.

GABRIEL

And I still go back to the 'why'. Why did he go into the boys' room and make contact? Why take the risk?

(off their silence)

The only explanation is: he wanted to be seen, wanted Ryan Laing to give the testimony he did.

DI ANDREW WALSH

(forced smile)

If we were in court it would definitely be deemed 'conjecture'.

GABRIEL

But we're not in court.

DC MEENA PURI

If you're right... there's a problem.

They all look at her - which is?

DC MEENA PURI (CONT'D)

If the killer was trying to lead us to Wes, banked on a link being made to this... notorious new arrival in town, then-

DI ANDREW WALSH

(anticipating)

- how did they come by the information?

Puri nods. The Lyell team are all frowning now.

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)

When Yorkshire got in touch about Wes, we decided to keep the intel on a strictly need-to-know basis.

NIKKI

Why?

DI ANDREW WALSH
Frankly? Because Wes's uncle, Neil
Carter, has a lot of mates in CID.

DC MEENA PURI
(nods)
From Ray Palmer down.

A frustrated silence, then Walsh's phone CHIMES in receipt of
a text. Reads it, then:

DI ANDREW WALSH
Bridget. Need to go and update her.
Ray Palmer's on suspension and I've
replaced him.
(a forced smile)
Acting DCI.

GABRIEL
Congratulations. If the cap
fits...

Walsh exits with a curt nod. All eyes on his partner, who
gives a slightly self-conscious, frowning smile:

DC MEENA PURI
Guess I'm getting an Uber.

Sensing, under her quip, a genuine sense of abandonment:

JACK
(grins)
Don't worry, we haven't finished
with you yet.

87

EXT/INT. WALSH HOUSE - DAY 6 - 18:10.

87

Mired in thought, DI Andrew Walsh lets himself in. An awful
weariness about him. He stops, takes in -

Lisa. Taking all the coats off the coat-stand and piling
them on a chair. Possessed by her usual mix of shyness and
manic energy. Off his stare:

LISA WALSH
Looking for my scarf.
(no response, looks over)
You seen it?

DI ANDREW WALSH
Your scarf...?

LISA WALSH
The gingham one I got in the sale.

He stares at her expectantly. On and on.

LISA WALSH (CONT'D)

What...?

DI ANDREW WALSH

Doesn't matter.

He walks past her, Lisa frowning after him.

88

INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL - DAY 6 - 18:15.

88

Gabriel - studying something intently.

GABRIEL

Can you zoom in on the knife,
please, Velvy?

Wider. The team (minus Nikki) and DC Puri studying CCTV of one of Wes Carter's raids. Wes, brandishing his KNIFE at a cash van guard/driver. Velvy zooms as close as he can without the pixels distorting.

VELVY

It's a double-edged blade.

GABRIEL

Yes, it is.

Gabriel brings up PM photos of the wound to Carol's chest.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

The stab wound looks symmetrical -
both ends of the wound pointed,
sharp, V-shaped.

DC MEENA PURI

Key word there being 'looks'?

GABRIEL

(nods)

We're actually looking at a single-
edged blade wielded with such force
the skin behind the blunt edge
split.

DC MEENA PURI

Leaving something that looks V-
shaped but isn't quite.

GABRIEL

(indicates)

One of the V's has a fishtail split
at one end.

JACK

So, if someone was trying to mimic
Wes Carter's MO, it was likely
improvised, not planned...

VELVY

Or you'd bring a double-edged blade?

JACK

And cable ties. Both easy to source.

DC MEENA PURI

What about the mask and the coat?

JACK

Could've used Carol's gym leggings for the former and Mike says he's missing a black coat from his closet...

Nikki enters to join them.

NIKKI

The brown particles I retrieved from the wound to Wes's forehead... it's bark from a *Fraxinus Excelsior* aka the Common ash.

DC MEENA PURI

OK...?

JACK

(seeing it)

How did it get there?

Nikki brings up images of Carter's body on the beach.

NIKKI

No wood or trees down on the rocks, suggesting contact was made before he fell - and with sufficient force to penetrate his scalp.

DC MEENA PURI

What're you saying...?

NIKKI

That Andrew might've been economical with the truth.

(then)

I'm sorry, but the evidence is telling me he was the aggressor.

89

INT. KITCHEN, WALSH HOUSE - DAY 6 - 18:28.

89

Lisa sets two mugs of steaming tea down on the kitchen table. She perches awkwardly on a chair.

LISA WALSH

Andrew?

Silence. Then Walsh comes in. Dressed down in jeans and an old jacket. Off his casual attire:

LISA WALSH (CONT'D)
What's all this? You not going
back to work?

DI ANDREW WALSH
No. Not today.

He sits down. They sip their tea.

LISA WALSH
I'm worried about you. Drinking.
Missing work...
(then, simply)
It's Carol, isn't it?

Walsh says nothing. Drinks his tea. Finally:

DI ANDREW WALSH
I don't want to talk about Carol.

LISA WALSH
OK...

DI ANDREW WALSH
Lets talk about your scarf.

Lisa frowns - is he teasing her?

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)
Where it could be.

LISA WALSH
If I knew... I wouldn't be looking
for it, would I?

DI ANDREW WALSH
No, 'spose not.
(a nostalgic smile touches
his lips)
Remember that old couple with the
white house and the fish pond?

LISA WALSH
Mr and Mrs Carey.

DI ANDREW WALSH
That's right. We weren't there for
long... he had a stroke, I think...
but she was always looking for
something.
(strains to recall what)
Her wallet... glasses...?

Lisa's face lights up - she knows the answer.

LISA WALSH

Her stick.

DI ANDREW WALSH

Her stick! That's right.

By now, we might've noticed that Walsh is sitting just a little awkwardly. A new angle reveals why - he has a hammer concealed up his right sleeve, the business end not quite covered by his balled fist.

LISA WALSH

I'm not stupid. I can tell something's up.

(no response)

What is it?

(no response)

Alright. Be like that.

Walsh - a sharp intake of breath, then, nothing for it:

DI ANDREW WALSH

I know what you did. I found your scarf at Carol's.

(then, flatly)

In her blood.

He looks at her for a reaction. Her jaw quivers.

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)

It's alright. I'm going to make it go away like always.

(then, crucifying himself)

For both of us.

90

INT. CAROL LAING HOUSE, SOUTHBAY (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 1

90

Walsh comes round to see Carol. Finds the front door ajar.

ANDREW

Carol?

He enters, walks through the house. Finds Carol lying still on the sitting room floor and bleeding from a head wound. Walsh - horrified - even more so when he spots Lisa's scarf spattered in Carol's blood and Lisa's brand of cigarette butts (plus lipstick traces) in the ashtray.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

No...

Walsh - a beat of pure horror and heartbreak - something dying inside him. Then - mechanically - he starts the clean-up operation. But right then: a deep GURGLING emanates from Carol's throat - she's alive!

Walsh - turning slowly - looking from Carol's swimming eyes to the blood-stained scarf and back to Carol - caught on the horns of an evil dilemma.

91

INT. KITCHEN, WALSH HOUSE - DAY 6 - 18:30.

91

DI ANDREW WALSH

I understand. You weren't jealous.
You were just... scared. Of losing
me.

(a flash of bitterness)

So, you removed the competition.

Lisa just stares at him, tears in her eyes. Walsh reads her silence as an admission of guilt.

We see him slowly - inch-by-inch - release the hammer. Let it slide down his sleeve so he's gripping the handle in his fist. Ready to swing. To kill his sister.

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)

It's OK. I'm going to take care of
you - protect you - now and
wherever we end up next.

LISA WALSH

What're you talking about?

DI ANDREW WALSH

Just tell me what happened.

LISA WALSH

I did go and see Carol... just for
a coffee.

(off his frown)

Everyone thinks you're married to
me, that I'm your ball and chain.
I didn't want that to spoil things
when you'd waited so long. I didn't
want it to put her off... 'cause
it's not true.

Dry-mouthed but trying to sound measured, like a copper:

DI ANDREW WALSH

What happened, Lisa?

(no response)

She took it the wrong way?

You lost it? What?

LISA WALSH

No. No, she was fine...

(then)

She said she was touched... just a
bit taken aback... y'know... by me
going round.

(MORE)

LISA WALSH (CONT'D)

She didn't deny there was something going on but she said it was early days and Mike was still a big part of her life. But she said...

(covers his hand tenderly)

...she said she was hopeful for a future with you.

A future that was brutally, unaccountably denied.

LISA WALSH (CONT'D)

And then I left. I went to the gym, popped in the supermarket, and came home.

Walsh - after all these years, he knows when his sister is lying - and she isn't lying now.

From outside, the sound of POLICE SIRENS.

THUD. The hammer slips from Walsh's grip and falls to the floor. Lisa sees it, computes what he was about to do and why and SCREAMS. She stumbles from the table, runs through to the hall and out into the street, her FOOTSTEPS dying away as Walsh just sits there, taking a last sip of tea. LOUD VOICES, then uniformed police flood in and surround ANDREW.

92 **EXT. WALSH HOUSE - DAY 6 - 19:10.**

92

Aftermath. Later. Puri, Jack and Nikki have just arrived, Puri checking a distraught Lisa.

93 **INT. KITCHEN, WALSH HOUSE - DAY 6 - 19:15.**

93

Walsh hasn't moved from his chair. Puri, Nikki and Jack look on, uniforms in the background.

DI ANDREW WALSH

All our years in foster care... I'm not making excuses...

DC MEENA PURI

But?

Walsh gives his partner a sharp look for that - glimpses the depth of her hurt and betrayal - then continues:

DI ANDREW WALSH

It's hardwired in me. Defending her, protecting her.

(then)

All I could think was: if she comes round and ID's Lisa, it's over. I can't protect her in prison, it'd be a fate worse than death for her...

(MORE)

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)

(then)

And then it just came into my head.
Earlier that day I'd got an email
from West Yorks asking if Wes was
still keeping his nose clean... I
knew what to do.

DC MEENA PURI

The perfect fall guy?

And off Walsh's slow, thoughtful nod, we cut to:

94

INT. CAROL LAING HOUSE, SOUTHBAY (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 1

94

Walsh carries Carol into the bedroom... sets her on the bed... rummages in her jewellery box... finds a black coat, black woollen gloves, and black lycra leggings that he uses as a mask, slashing open two eye holes. And it's only when he has the improvised mask on - catching his own disembodied eyes in Carol's dressing table mirror - that he plucks up the courage to finish Carol off and drive the kitchen knife through her heart.

Walsh - not just a killer, but the killer of a woman he's loved since childhood - staggers out onto the landing - every instinct screaming at him to get out of there. But he knows he needs a witness, he needs the Laing brothers to SEE Wes Carter before their very eyes... and into the darkness of the boys' bedroom he goes. We just discern Ryan back away, hear the lightbulb SMASH...

95

INT. KITCHEN, WALSH HOUSE - DAY 6 - 19:15.

95

Silence, as they all absorb his confession. Finally:

NIKKI

Carol was dying anyway - you didn't
need to do a thing.

Walsh barely reacts. With an awful, resigned calm:

DI ANDREW WALSH

You've no idea how true that is.
(off Nikki's frown)
There was nothing to stop me
rushing her to A&E. Nothing at
all.

Jack catches his meaning first. Softly:

JACK

Your sister didn't do it?

DI ANDREW WALSH

(shakes his head)
I saw her scarf...
(MORE)

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)
and jumped to the wrong conclusion.
Not for the first time.

(then)
She was at the gym, then the
supermarket...

NIKKI
Talking of jumps... what about
Wesley Carter?

DI ANDREW WALSH
(beat, then he nods)
He dropped like a stone - I only
hit him once. I hoped Lisa would
be the same.

NIKKI
You were going to kill her...?

DI ANDREW WALSH
(nods, bleakly)
Then myself. Seemed like the only
way out.

96 **EXT. SOUTHBAY POLICE STATION - NIGHT 6 - 21:00.**

96

That night. A heightened, stylized, soundless scene as -
AWASH WITH BLUE LIGHT - DC Puri leads a handcuffed Walsh from
her car to the police station. Bridget, looking on, her
tough mask still in place, but barely.

New angle - on Jack and Nikki getting out of their car,
taking in the scene as they also head inside.

A furious Mike Laing has just arrived and is being held back
by Kate and other coppers - a clear and deliberate echo of
the scene outside the house on the night of Carol's murder.

97 **INT. BRIDGET LAING'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6 - 21:30.**

97

Bridget Laing wipes a hand down her wan face, then:

BRIDGET LAING
Where are we? Essentially?

Wider. She's sequestered with Nikki, Jack and DC Puri.

DC MEENA PURI
Sadly, we have no reason to doubt
Andrew's version of events.
Especially in the light of him
confessing to Wes Carter.

JACK
He also directed us to a bin bag
containing these items.

Jack places bags containing A BLOODY KITCHEN KNIFE, Lisa's GINGHAM SCARF, Mike's BLACK COAT etc.

NIKKI

But he says he saw no dumbbell when he arrived at the scene and found Carol unconscious on the floor. As a detective, he says he looked for a weapon but couldn't find a likely candidate.

(then)

For what it's worth, I'm inclined to believe him.

Bridget finds a brief, appreciative smile for Nikki and nods - she is, too. Then, she's got to ask:

BRIDGET LAING

And we're sure Lisa's in the clear?

JACK

We're sure - CCTV shows her leaving the gym at 9.30 pm, stopping in a supermarket and entering her street just before 10.

NIKKI

So, we've solved the mystery as to why the killer waited in the house for two hours.

BRIDGET LAING

(already there)

They didn't - we're dealing with two offenders.

NIKKI

(nods)

And it's important to stress that whoever hit Carol with the dumbbell used massive force. Regardless of what Andrew did later, this would likely have been a fatal injury, eventually.

BRIDGET LAING

(grim)

Attempted murder. At the very least.

(Nikki nods)

So, we should be focusing on anyone arriving in or leaving Carol's street circa 9 pm.

DC MEENA PURI

On it. Something else, Ma'am.

(off Bridget's look)

(MORE)

DC MEENA PURI (CONT'D)

I trawled house-to-house with fresh eyes. A witness saw someone throw something over the sea wall behind Carol's house between 9.15 pm and 9.30 pm.

JACK

Timing and location fit with the attacker discarding the dumbbell.

BRIDGET LAING

You want to search the shoreline?

(Jack nods)

We'll cover it - and whatever else you need.

98 **EXT. SOUTHBAY (AERIAL SHOT) - DAY 7 - 07:00.** 98

AERIAL SHOT, swooping down on Southbay in the dawn sunshine.

99 **OMITTED** 99

100 **EXT. SEA WALL BEHIND CAROL LAING HOUSE - DAY 7 - 10:00.** 100

Angle on divers searching the water beyond the sea wall behind Carol's house. Jack and Velvy supervising. VOICES from across the water. One of the divers plucking his mask free as he holds a grit-covered DUMBELL aloft.

JACK

Let me see it!

The diver brings it over; Jack takes the bagged-up dumbbell, sets the dumbbells side-by-side: identical.

101 **OMITTED** 101

102 **OMITTED** 102

103 **EXT. BRIDGET LAING'S HOUSE - DAY 7 - 16:00.** 103

Bridget and Mike manning the barbecue in her big back garden. CID and spouses make up most of the guest list. Greatest Hits of the Rolling Stones on the stereo. Reconciliation is the vibe.

Pick up Lisa passing, talking to Bill Burnett.

BILL BURNETT

...Sue said I should've packed it in at sixty. I guess the moral of the story is: always listen to your wife. Who knows, I might actually enjoy retirement...

He gives a self-deprecating chuckle. Lisa smiles thinly.

BRIDGET LAING

Can you get some more onions, Lisa?

Lisa nods, heads inside. Bill looks a bit abandoned.

MIKE LAING

Cheer up, Bill, might never happen.

BRIDGET LAING

Ignore him.

(nods to table)

Drinks are over there and there's more beers in the fridge if they're not cold enough.

Bill returns her warm smile, sets off to find the booze.

MIKE LAING

Mum.

Bridget catches his serious tone. Follows his gaze: Ray Palmer has pulled up on the edge of the car-clogged drive. He climbs out with a crate of beer.

MIKE LAING (CONT'D)

Want me to get rid of him?

BRIDGET LAING

Please.

MIKE LAING

Don't burn the wings.

A smile between them - we haven't seen mum and son get on so well. A sense of the Laing family closing ranks - Andrew Walsh is out and Mike, her true son, is back in his rightful place.

Mike marches over to Ray Palmer. Stay with Bridget's POV - watching Mike sending an unhappy Palmer packing in no uncertain terms. For a moment, she meets Palmer's half-indignant, half-pleading gaze, but then she turns away.

BRIDGET LAING

Kate!

Kate Freeman breaks off talking to Bill Burnett and a couple of cops, crosses over to her.

BRIDGET LAING (CONT'D)
I just wanted to say... how much
I appreciate you coming.

KATE FREEMAN
I'm happy to be here.

BRIDGET LAING
I know we're not gonna fix things
overnight, but it's a start...

KATE FREEMAN
It is.

An open, sincere look between them, then Mike's coming back over. Pulls a mock-scandalised face, i.e. burning them:

MIKE
What did I say about the wings?!

Bridget - a conspiratorial eye roll for Kate - then:

BRIDGET LAING
Shit - it's gonna blow away!

Bridget nods to where Mike's boys are struggling to erect a huge, temporary gazebo, the plastic SLAPPING in the wind.

Kate and Bridget head over to help Ryan and Dom.

KATE FREEMAN
Need a hand, boys?

Angle on - Dom Laing, freezing up, gripping the peg he's supposed to be pushing into the ground and staring at Kate.

Reveal: Mike watching from the barbecue. Catching his younger son's allergic, terrified reaction to Kate Freeman. Bridget is oblivious because she's clocked DC Puri arriving with a bottle of wine. Crosses over to intercept her.

Kate - now feeling Dom's charged, wounded stare and meeting it with chilling calmness.

Dom - gripping the peg so hard, the sharp end cuts into his palm and he YELLS, blood dripping on the sunlit grass.

104

INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 7 - 16:10.

104

Jack hits keys; Nikki, Velvy and Gabriel looking on. He's cleaning up an image of the street behind Carol's house.

GABRIEL
I thought there were no cameras in
the street?

JACK

A bus passes through twice an hour,
cameras front and back. Checked the
timetable - if the last bus was on
time we might be in luck...

Jack reacts to something on screen.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here we go.

Jack cleans up a section showing a tall, slender figure,
hood up, caught on the bus's camera. Walking along the low
wall by the canal; 9.14 pm in the corner.

NIKKI

It's not Mike Laing. Too slight.

VELVY

Kate Freeman?

JACK

(a breath, then)

Possibly.

(then)

Look at their right hand as the
bus passes and the lights hit.

The bus headlights pick out something silvery in the
figure's fist. Jack freezes the image, punches in on the
blocky, symmetrical, distinctive shape of the dumbbell.

GABRIEL

I'll call Puri.

VELVY

Wait.

(all eyes on Velvy)

Let me have a crack at this
first. Got some gait software
I've been waiting to use...

Gabriel nods, OK. Jack moves off... stops when he passes
Nikki's open laptop, still displaying images of Kate showing
the coin-shaped bruises on her arm for Nikki's camera.

105

INT. KITCHEN, BRIDGET'S HOUSE - DAY 7 - 16:12.

105

Mike inside the house with Dom. Bandaging up his hand.
The Stones' *Sympathy for the Devil* muffled in here.

MIKE LAING

Anything you want to tell me,
Dom?

(Dom looks torn; gentle)

Anything at all?

DOM LAING
I want to go home.
(urgently qualifies)
Just you, me and Ryan.

Mike looks out into the garden. Sees Kate laughing with Bridget, DC Puri and Bill Burnett.

MIKE LAING
Yeah, I know what you mean.

Right then, Mike's mobile RINGS:

MIKE LAING (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Mike Laing.

JACK (V.O.)
This is Jack Hodgson - can we
speak in confidence?

106 **EXT. DRIVE, BRIDGET LAING HOUSE - DAY 7 - 16:15.**

106

Mike is almost pushing Ryan and Dom into his car, a strained smile on his face as he turns to Bridget and Kate.

BRIDGET LAING
...football practice?

MIKE LAING
Yeah. Totally forgot.

BRIDGET LAING
But that's Tuesdays?

MIKE LAING
Yeah, they just changed it. Don't
ask me why.
(to Kate)
I'll come and get you later.

KATE FREEMAN
No hurry, I can help clear up.

Somewhat stiffly, Mike steps forward, gives Kate a half-hearted kiss goodbye and he's in the car and driving away.

107 **EXT/INT. MIKE'S MOBILE HOME - DAY 7 - 18:30.**

107

Jack and Nikki approach Mike Laing who stands outside his mobile home, the weight of the world on his shoulders.

Ryan is playing football by himself away from the caravan. Manic, loud, faintly unnerving. Powering the ball past some imaginary keeper into the back of the 5-a-side net. Dom is sat a little way off, gazing at his bandaged hand.

Jack, Nikki and Mike are out of earshot of Ryan and Dom.

JACK

Is Dom OK?

MIKE LAING

What did you want to ask me?

NIKKI

When Kate first came to the Lyell
- the day after the murder - she
had bruises on her right wrist.
She told me you made them.

Looks like Mike's going to deny it but he nods sheepishly.

MIKE LAING

We'd had a few. I was feeling
down about being stuck in
uniform. I said the only way mum
would let me back in CID was if I
went home to Carol. Kate lost it.
Said she was going to spend the
night with a mate but she'd had
way too much to drink, so I had
to get the car keys off her...

Mike - a flash of shame - it wasn't his finest hour.

Jack and Nikki - picking up on his wired, worried mood:

JACK

What is it, Mike?

MIKE LAING

(breathes deep, then)
Dom's adamant... adamant he heard
Kate arguing with his mum.

NIKKI

And d'you believe him?

Mike is grimly silent. By way of answer, he crosses to Dom; Jack and Nikki following. In the background, Ryan just carries on his belligerent one-man game of footie - it's weird, tension-inducing. Jack, Nikki and Mike sit down with Dom. Over Ryan shouting: "GOAL!" etc.

MIKE LAING

I believe you, Dom, OK?
(this is so hard)
I believe it was Kate you heard.

Dom stares at him. Then at his bandaged hand. A dark shadow of blood showing through.

JACK

D'you remember what they were
arguing about, Dom? D'you remember
any specific words?

Beat. Dom figures for a long, tense beat. Just when we think
he won't respond:

DOM LAING

Uniform. They were arguing about
uniform.

They all react to that. Beat. Jack and Nikki stand, move
away and gesture for Mike to follow.

NIKKI

You gave Kate a scare. She knew
how much you wanted to get back in
CID. How much you missed your
kids. So the next day - hungover
and paranoid - she confronts Carol?

JACK

Call it a pre-emptive strike? 'If
Mike comes back, it's not for love,
it's cause he wants to get out of
that bloody uniform....'

(then)

Sounds plausible?

Off Mike's grim face - very plausible.

108 **OMITTED** 108

109 **OMITTED** 109

110 **INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL - DAY 7 - 18:33.** 110

Velvy uses GAIT ANALYSIS SOFTWARE to compare the CCTV of the
hooded figure about to throw the dumbbell over the sea wall -
with the footage of KATE FREEMAN walking to and from the
custody cell.

The two pieces of footage run side by side and then -
simultaneously freeze as the word MATCH comes up on screen.

Velvy glances up to see Gabriel approaching with DC Puri.

VELVY

Just in time.

Velvy sits back proudly, as Gabriel and DC Puri stare at the
hooded figure - now confirmed to be Kate Freeman.

111 **EXT. BACK GARDEN, MIKE'S MOBILE HOME - DAY 7 - 18:34.** 111

Jack and Nikki - watching Mike as he calls Bridget.

MIKE LAING
(panic rising now)
She's not answering...

Catching his father's anxiety, Ryan has finally stopped playing football. Stands with Dom, both watching their father with dread and concern...

112 **EXT/INT. GARDEN/KITCHEN, BRIDGET'S HOUSE - DAY 7 - 18:34.** 112

We see why Bridget didn't pick up - she's out in the garden with Kate, clearing up after the barbecue. The Stones still playing, but everyone's gone home. I.e. the food:

BRIDGET LAING
It all went! I normally make too much...
(cleans down grill; wipes brow thoughtfully)
You think Mike's OK?

KATE FREEMAN
Yeah. I mean... under the circumstances.
(affected casualness)
Why?

BRIDGET LAING
Just him shooting off like that...

And we see Kate react to this - a talon of dread.

KATE FREEMAN
I'm sure he's fine.

Bridget turns the music off. Resumes cleaning the grill. Kate grabs a stack of plates and we go with her as she carries them inside. On the counter, Bridget's mobile is on charge, glowing in the gloom of the kitchen.

Kate steps to it: **13 MISSED CALLS** from Mike. Kate instinctively checks her own phone. She has no missed calls, from Mike or anybody else.

And right then, Bridget's phone rings - Mike again - and this time Kate answers it.

MIKE LAING (V.O.)
Is Kate still there? You've got to keep her there!

Then, very calmly, Kate replies:

KATE FREEMAN

I'm still here, Mike, what's the matter?

113 **EXT. BACK GARDEN, MIKE'S MOBILE HOME - DAY 7 - 18:35.** 113

Mike - grips the phone, Jack and Nikki looking on. A thousand things he could ask her, wants to ask her, but no words come.

114 **INT. KITCHEN, BRIDGET HOUSE - DAY 7 - 18:35.** 114

Kate - face contorting in a spasm of anger as Mike ends the call. Immediately, the landline starts RINGING.

Bridget hurries in from the garden to answer it. As she reaches for the phone, Kate SMASHES it out of its cradle and beats Bridget over the head with a heavy ceramic dish lying on the kitchen counter.

Peering up at Kate... dazed and concussed... all Bridget can muster is:

BRIDGET LAING

Why...?

Kate shakes her head at the bitter irony of it all:

KATE FREEMAN

Funny you should ask. 'Cause in so many ways you were to blame...

115 **INT. KITCHEN, CAROL LAING HOUSE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 1** 115

Coming in halfway as Kate confronts Carol:

KATE FREEMAN

...if Mike comes back, it's only 'cause of Bridget, don't be fooled.

CAROL

You don't know Mike at all. If he comes back, it's 'cause he wants to.

Kate flinches - the insight rings true, Carol catching this.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You look worried, girl. What - is he bored of you already? You didn't really think you were the first, did you? Didn't fall for that old line?

(Kate looks disarmed, hurt)

(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)
*You did! Oh, that is priceless.
That is fucking hilarious!*

Carol starts LAUGHING.

CAROL (CONT'D)
*Don't tell me - kids, nuptials,
future plans, all that...*

KATE FREEMAN
Shut up!

CAROL
*(laughs LOUDER)
I almost feel sorry for you.
Almost. I mean he said you were
thick but Jesus Christ...*

*Kate loses it - grabs the DUMBBELL lying on the sofa.
Strikes Carol across the head with massive force.*

116 **INT. KITCHEN, BRIDGET HOUSE - DAY 7 - 18:35.**

116

As Kate goes in for the kill, Bridget brings Kate down with a last-ditch scissor-kick. After a close-quarters fight, Bridget overpowers Kate. Bridget has ample chance to hurt Kate in self-defence but summons her self-control by sheer will, digs out handcuffs, snaps them. Entirely professional and respectful:

BRIDGET LAING
*Kate Freeman, I am arresting you on
the suspicion of the murder of
Carol Laing in Southbay, Essex.
You do not have to say anything,
but it may harm your defence if you
do not mention, when questioned,
something which you later rely on
in court...*

117 **EXT. DRIVE, BRIDGET LAING HOUSE - DAY 7 - 18:45.**

117

As Bridget leads Kate out to her car, they hear an ENGINE, then a car pulls up and Jack, Nikki and Mike climb out.

Hold on the five of them, standing frozen on the drive, staring at each other. And Jack and Nikki see that even now, Kate and Mike have eyes only for each other. Kate might be in handcuffs but she still has some power, some hold.

MIKE LAING
I can take her in?

Bridget fixes him with a hard, I-don't-fucking-think-so look.

Then, into the silence:

BRIDGET LAING
It's years since I felt a collar -
I've missed it.

Bridget puts a handcuffed Kate in the back of her car, drives away. Leaving Jack, Nikki and Mike marooned on the drive, staring after the car as it vanishes in the early evening gloom.

118 **EXT. SOUTHBAY BEACH - DUSK 7 - 19:30.**

118

The setting sun washes over Jack and Nikki as they walk hand-in-hand along the beach.

NIKKI
Southbay's kind of grown on me.

JACK
I wouldn't go that far...

She gazes appreciatively off to the blue horizon.

NIKKI
Bank Holiday's coming up. We could
do the drive in our sleep...

JACK
(chuckling)
Stop. Just stop.

They share a smile. A melancholy passes Jack's face.

NIKKI
You OK?

JACK
Just the whole thing with Bill...

NIKKI
No way back there?

Jack reflects, shakes his head.

JACK
He took a wrong turn... got stuck
down here and... now he's done.
(struggles to name it)
Life's so bloody fleeting... so
fragile...

He meets her firm, loving gaze. Then, lighter:

NIKKI
Not worried you've taken a wrong
turn?

JACK
What...? No. Never.

She encircles him in her arms.

NIKKI
...got stuck somewhere you don't
want to be?

He's smiling now. Takes her face in his hands - looks her
right in the eye - not just with love but appreciation.

JACK
Categorically not.

They kiss, long and deep.

NIKKI
'Categorically not'?
(chuckles)
Who knew those words could be so
romantic? So hot?

Jack laughs and they resume their kiss, more passionate now.
We PULL OUT AND UP, leaving them far below on the burnished
beach and:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.

119 **OMITTED**

119

120 **OMITTED**

120