



SILENT WITNESS 26

**BLOCK 5
EPISODE 9**

Southbay

By Ed Whitmore

**Shooting Script
Yellow Revisions**

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1

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT 1 - 21:15.

1

JACK - mid-speech at a dinner. Commemorating the retirement of pathologist BILL BURNETT, a rumpled Yorkshireman.

JACK

...Bill was the pathologist at the first scene I ever set foot on as a newly-qualified forensic scientist. A triple in a basement launderette under a tower block. One of the bodies was stuffed in a still-turning tumble dryer...

Bit of backchat at that detail - 'nice', 'hold the *Lenor*'.

JACK (CONT'D)

I stood there for a full ten seconds looking from one mangled corpse to another, 'til Bill kindly put me at my ease: 'Get a bloody move-on lad, before we all drop dead'.

Smiles all round - sounds like Bill!

JACK (CONT'D)

Enjoy your retirement, Bill - no-one living or dead could say you haven't earned it...

2

INT. BAR, HOTEL - NIGHT 1 - 00:30.

2

Later. Everyone's gone. Burnett and Jack at the bar. Burnett on the whisky; Jack drinking something transparent. The clock on the wall says half past midnight.

BILL BURNETT

Better be some gin in there?

JACK

Just the three shots.

Burnett sips his whisky ruminatively.

BILL BURNETT

I was thinking about Spain.
Marbella. Good for the psoriasis.

JACK

And retired villains.

BILL BURNETT

Could keep my hand in, couldn't I?

They share a grin about that. Burnett's phone rings. Burnett pulls an exaggerated, affronted look. Checks caller display and suddenly he's deadly serious.

BILL BURNETT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Bridget?

Jack - watching Burnett's face stiffen with surprise.

3 INT. CORRIDOR, HOTEL - NIGHT 1 - 00:32.

3

Jack is half-chasing Burnett down the corridor.

JACK
...it's your bloody retirement do!

BILL BURNETT
Three line whip, Jack.

JACK
C'mon, you're off the clock and
you're pissed.

BILL BURNETT
A medicinal two or three...

Jack strides ahead. Turns to block his path:

JACK
You're seriously going to a scene?
Now?

Burnett nods heavily, acutely aware how unorthodox this is.

BILL BURNETT
When the Chief Superintendent
calls...

You've got to go.

JACK
I lied.
(off Burnett's frown)
It was sparkling water.

BILL BURNETT
What..?

JACK
Had a whisky before my speech - bit
of Dutch courage, y'know - but
since then, only the purest H2O...

By way of explanation Jack takes out his car keys - he's driving.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (sealing it)
 We can chat in the car like old
 times.

Burnett digs for a token.

BILL BURNETT
 Just gonna get my bag.

Burnett leaves Jack, heading to the coat desk. Jack puts a call through to -

3A OMITTED

3A

3B INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL - NIGHT 1 - 00:35.

3B

- NIKKI, finishing up after a late night at the Lyell.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)
 Hey. How was the speech?

JACK (V.O.)
 OK. Might be a late one. Later,
 anyway.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)
 Right...?

JACK (V.O.)
 Need to run Bill back to Southbay.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)
 Can't he get a cab?

JACK (V.O.)
 It's complicated.

Nikki - a bit confused but inferring Burnett's with him now.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)
 OK. Love you. Be safe.

JACK (V.O.)
 Love you, too.

4 INT/EXT. CAR/LONDON STREETS/A13 - NIGHT 1 - 00:45.

4

FLASHES of Jack and Burnett driving out of London. The topography gets more suburban. The London lights fade as Jack drives up the A13.

5

INT/EXT. CAR/SOUTHBAY - NIGHT 1 - 01:15.

5

Jack steers his car across a mist-shrouded suspension bridge. A near-mythical sense it's delivering Jack and Burnett to another world... or at least the insulated, sea-moated fiefdom of: SOUTHBAY ISLAND. Our crossbreed of Southend and Canvey Island. A tough, wind-lashed town - if there's a UK equivalent to Springsteen's blue collar, work-hard play-hard New Jersey, Southbay is it.

Jack's headlights wash over a battered sign - HARBOUR FIELDS.

Jack weaves around drunks and junkies. A fire burning in an oil drum, cars up on bricks. An isolated, wind-lashed pub called the FLINTHOUSE - a glimpse of a tough-looking bouncer with a thick beard we'll come to know later as WES CARTER.

BANNERS flap on the rusted railing of a playpark: **SAVE HARBOUR FIELDS! SAVE OUR COMMUNITY! STOP GOSHAWK CONSTRUCTION!** Remnants of children's pictures, wrinkled and sun-faded.

Now Jack's eyes are drawn to a MISSING poster. The plump, amiable face of a fifty-ish man wearing a navy police sweater smiles out - identified underneath as PC FRED WOODS, whose car was found at Southbay Bridge.

And then they're clear of Harbour Fields estate and the road descends to SOUTHBAY proper and the darkened sea...

6

EXT. CAROL LAING HOUSE, SOUTHBAY - NIGHT 1 - 01:30.

6

Suburban street back from the seafront. Jack and Burnett climb out of the car. Take in the police cars and ambulance clogging the road ahead, everything awash with blue light. Go with Jack and Burnett as they approach on foot.

Jack - slowing as he sees a tall, striking woman in jeans and t-shirt, her long blonde hair tied in a pony-tail. This is KATE FREEMAN, 26, and she's leaning against a car, smoking, gazing across the street at the crime scene house with... what? Disinterest? Mild curiosity? Hard to say.

Jack sees a smear of blood on her cheek, a light spray on her t-shirt and wonders if she's concussed.

JACK

You OK?

Kate glances at Jack briefly, takes a drag on her cigarette.

KATE FREEMAN

Not my blood.

She nods across the street, where Jack sees things kicking off.

A wheelie bin's been knocked over and a handsome, tough-looking man in police uniform, SERGEANT MIKE LAING - think Tom Hardy at 30 - is being restrained by defiantly old school DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT RAY PALMER (58). Jack's gaze shifts from Mike's bloody right hand to a nearby car with a smashed window.

Then - softening slightly - Kate looks at Jack properly:

KATE FREEMAN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Jack holds her gaze a beat, then he and Burnett cross the street and into the eye of the storm outside the crime scene:

MIKE LAING
...I don't want him in my house! I
don't want him near my kids!

Jack has no interest in who "he" is but that will change.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
Easy, tiger. You've had a shock.

MIKE LAING
I'm going in, Ray - my house.

He means it - shoves past Palmer like an angry bull.

BRIDGET LAING (O.S.)
Mike!

Mike looks up. So do we. Into the cool gaze of Mike's mother, CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT BRIDGET LAING, 50. A hair softer:

BRIDGET LAING (CONT'D)
That's enough.

Bridget underscores that with a comforting hand on his arm. And, surprisingly, Mike does subside - a little. Bridget moves on to reach Burnett. An ominous nod to the house:

BRIDGET LAING (CONT'D)
Take care of her, Bill, she's
family.

Bridget takes Jack in with a frowning smile.

BILL BURNETT
This is Jack. A forensic scientist
I've had the privilege-
(interrupts himself,
casting around)
Are forensics here?

Ray Palmer is suddenly at Bridget's elbow:

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
 Delayed at a stabbing on the
 seafront.

BRIDGET LAING
 (then, squinting in gloom)
 Where's your gear, Bill?

BILL BURNETT
 Oh, I just, I came straight from -
 a thing.

So, Burnett didn't invite them to his retirement do.

JACK
 (rescuing him)
 I've got the basics in my car.

7 **INT/EXT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT 1 - 02:00.**

7

From darkness, the boot of Jack's car comes up. He roots around, hands Burnett gloves, a forensic suit, etc.

BILL BURNETT
 Thanks, Jack. Life-saver.

Jack turns - watches people filing in and out of the crime scene, limping figures at a lit upstairs window.

JACK
 No cordon. No-one getting signed in and out. By the time Forensics fetch up, half of Essex will've traipsed through there...

Burnett - as he realises this is an offer of assistance. He stares at Jack, on and on, deliberating furiously and cut to:

7A **EXT. CAROL LAING HOUSE - NIGHT 1 - 02:03**

7A

Ominous, poster-of-the-*Exorcist* vibe as Jack - suited and booted now - follows Bill Burnett into the house.

OPENING TITLES.

8 **INT. CAROL LAING HOUSE - NIGHT 1 - 02:05.**

8

Jack and Bill Burnett cross the darkened entrance hall, Jack spies a POLICE CORDON across the bottom of the stairs:

JACK
 Why isn't the whole house cleared and sealed off?

Bill Burnett affects not to hear that excellent question.

JACK (CONT'D)
Want to give me a primer?

BILL BURNETT
The deceased is a Carol Laing.
Upstairs in the master bedroom.

Burnett ducks under the cordon, starts heavily up the stairs.
Jack follows.

JACK
And she's 'family' because....?

BILL BURNETT
The angry man outside is her ex,
Sergeant Mike Laing. Chief
Superintendent Bridget Laing is his
mother.

JACK
Cosy.

BILL BURNETT
(with a dark smile)
Incestuous, some would say.

Jack reacts to that. Jack lingers on a half-landing by a window overlooking the back garden. There's a summerhouse at the foot of the small lawn, where he sees two boys - RYAN (13) and DOM (10) being questioned by two DETECTIVES. The boys are wearing pyjamas, dressing gowns, slippers - all somewhat surreal.

9

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/BOYS' BEDROOM, CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1 - 9
02:07.

Jack - following Bill Burnett into the MASTER BEDROOM. Lying on her side on the double bed, in sweat pants and t-shirt: the body of CAROL LAING. She's been stabbed through her chest. Jack takes a series of photographs before they begin their examination.

BILL BURNETT
Paramedics confirmed death on their arrival, but it was too late for any attempt at resus.

Burnett sees her hands are bound behind her back with a white cord. His gaze shifts to a white towelling dressing gown.

BILL BURNETT (CONT'D)
Killer used the cord from her dressing gown to restrain her.

Jack photographs an overturned chair, a lamp strewn on the floor, a jewellery box upended on the dressing table.

JACK
Signs of a struggle...

Jack photographs the lamp, then the scattered earrings etc.

QUICK FLASH (JACK'S VISUALISATION) TO: Dark figure rifling through the jewellery box and frantically throwing it onto the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)
...jewellery box is emptied out.
Hopefully someone can tell us
what's missing...

Burnett moves down the side of the bed. Spies a pool of blood on the carpet that's dripped from that single wound.

BILL BURNETT
Pool of blood from the chest wound.

Jack steps to him. Crouches. Sees a small, smooth, partial (the tip) shoeprint, in the blood.

JACK
Partial shoeprint in the blood.

BILL BURNETT
Paramedics?

JACK
(shakes head)
Looks on the small side.

Jack photographs the print. As Burnett examines the body, Jack examines the bed covers. A sense of two old colleagues falling back into an old rhythm and routine.

Jack finds a long blonde hair on the bed covers - an almost complete follicle - bags it. He sees something - moves further around the other side of the bed, where a lamp and a landline phone sit on a bedside table.

JACK (CONT'D)
Some spatter on the curtains above
the bed...

Burnett glances up at the closed cream curtains.

BILL BURNETT
Could be expirated blood - or from
this?

Burnett indicates a large, bloody injury on Carol's forehead as Jack photographs the blood spray on the curtain.

JACK
Might have a fingerprint, too...

Jack switches on the bedside lamp before photographing a brownish fingerprint on the hem of the cream curtain.

Jack takes out a torch, uses it to see: more partial bloody shoemarks - again, small and smooth but overlapping - by the table bearing the phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Who called 999?

BILL BURNETT
The older boy, I think...

Jack nods - and we go with him out of the master bedroom, across the landing into the BEDROOM opposite. Jack takes in the two single beds, Spurs posters on the wall - Ryan and Dom's bedroom.

Jack examines the boys' room more carefully. Sees something GLINTING on the carpet. A fragment of broken glass. He gets on his knees - most of the glass has been swept under the bed, clearly shards of a lightbulb. He checks the bedside lamp - the bulb is broken.

JACK
Bill...?

And off Jack's deepening frown we cut to -

10 **EXT. BACK GARDEN, CAROL LAING'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1 - 02:30.** 10

Moments later. In the back garden, Burnett introduces Jack to DI ANDREW WALSH (33) and his partner DC MEENA PURI (28), who step away from the two Laing boys briefly.

BILL BURNETT
Jack Hodgson - DI Andrew Walsh and
DC Meena Puri.

Friendly nods rather than handshakes. A tension around the two boys and what they may or may not have witnessed tonight.

BILL BURNETT (CONT'D)
Have they said anything?

DI Andrew Walsh deliberates, taking off his heavy-set Clark Kent glasses and cleaning them with a handkerchief.

DI ANDREW WALSH
(nods to younger boy)
Dom said he heard his mum shouting.
Ryan's said nothing at all.

JACK
Can I speak to them? Briefly?

A conferring look between Walsh and Puri, then:

DI ANDREW WALSH

Briefly.

Jack nods his thanks. Steps forward to the Laing boys.

JACK

Which of you's the Harry Kane fan?

DOM

Ryan.

Ryan glares at his little brother - shut up.

JACK

Ryan, d'you mind me asking how your bedside light got broken?

Ryan stares intently off into the shadows.

JACK (CONT'D)

Can I see your slippers, d'you think? The soles?

Ryan is still for a moment. Abruptly kicks his slippers off.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Jack examines and photographs the slippers. The sole of the right is smeared with blood. And there are tiny fragments of glass adhered in the blood on the side of the slipper.

DOM

We went to bed early 'cause Dad's taking us fishing-

RYAN

What do you know? You had the covers over your head.

BRIDGET LAING (O.S.)

Thank you, Jack.

Jack turns into Bridget's firm, regretful gaze. How long she's been there and how much she's heard - Jack can't know.

BRIDGET LAING (CONT'D)

Our CSI, Fiona's here but thank you for stepping in.

As ever, Palmer is at Bridget's side:

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER

We'll contact you through Bill Burnett if the need arises.

Jack peers past the pair to where Burnett - looking a little sheepish - is conferring with forensic scientist FIONA LAMB - 25, just-qualified, bright white zoot suit.

Jack - a spike of frustration. The case has bitten him. He glances back at Ryan Laing who meets his gaze, a silent beat.

JACK

From a continuity of evidence angle, I should finish what I've started.

BRIDGET LAING

Meaning?

With a glance at Fiona Lamb:

JACK

Complete processing of the house before the handover.

BRIDGET LAING

(a glance at Fiona Lamb)
Honestly, Jack, if you hand over with Fiona we'll take it from here.

She underscores that with a cold smile: further protest is not in his interest. Jack knows when he's beat, nods curtly.

11

INT. CAROL LAING HOUSE, SOUTHBAY - NIGHT 1 - 03:00.

11

Ten minutes later. Jack walks back through the house. He slows his pace, scanning left and right, taking everything in. In the kitchen, he notices - among other things - that the kitchen bin lid is up and there's no bin bag inside... his eyes flick to the sink... two mugs there... the door of the cupboard below is open, dishwasher tablets, a duster, a bottle of oven cleaner have tumbled out on the floor.

BILL BURNETT

Thanks again, Jack.

Jack turns, to see Bill smiling sheepishly after him. They lock eyes, all Jack can manage is:

JACK

'Night.

12

OMITTED

12

13

EXT. BRIDGET LAING HOUSE - DAY 2 - 05:00.

13

Big house in its own grounds. A car sweeps into the drive. Mike Laing gets out with Dom and Ryan. Bridget appears, ushers the kids in:

BRIDGET LAING
Go inside, boys, I'll be right in.

Ryan and Dom head into the house. Bridget and Mike just look at each other for a charged beat. Finally:

BRIDGET
Is there anything you want to tell me?

It takes him a beat to realise she means: *Did he kill Carol?* He just stares at her. On and on.

MIKE LAING
How could you even fucking ask me-

BRIDGET LAING
Spare me the self-righteousness.
Your wife's killed in front of your kids and instead of tending to them you start punching out car windows and threatening people.

Mike loses it now.

MIKE LAING
Andrew shouldn't be on this. He was all over Carol from the day I moved out.

BRIDGET LAING
Good for him. She was his to begin with.

Mike blinks at his mother in angry, wounded confusion.

MIKE LAING
Gimme a break, Mum.

BRIDGET LAING
Even now you can only think of yourself. That's why the boys are staying with me.

And she shuts the front door, Mike marooned on the doorstep.

13A INT. ANDREW AND LISA'S HOUSE, SOUTHBAY - DAY 2 - 06:30. 13A

DI Andrew Walsh creeps in. Shattered.

LISA WALSH (o.s.)
Andrew?

Andrew jerks. His sister, LISA, 30, sits at the kitchen table, half in shadow, smoking.

DI ANDREW WALSH
I said not to stay up.

LISA WALSH
There's mac and cheese in the
fridge. Can't have my brother
going hungry.
(rising)
I'll heat it up.

DI ANDREW WALSH
I don't want it.

LISA WALSH
It won't take a minute.

DI ANDREW WALSH
Sit down, Lisa.

Quietly commanding. She sits. He picks up her pack of cigarettes, twists it in his fingers. Watching her intently:

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)
Carol's dead. Murdered.

Lisa says nothing for a long, long beat, then:

LISA WALSH
I hope the kids are OK. I mean I
hope they didn't see anything?

He stares at her. On and on.

DI ANDREW WALSH
What a strange question.
(she looks down, twists
her fingers)
Is that all you've got to say?

LISA WALSH
I'm sorry.
(excruciating beat)
I always say the wrong thing.
(starts to cry)
Poor Carol.

Andrew steps forward and stiffly, mechanically, envelops her in a brotherly hug. In the weak light we just discern the scars of old needle marks that litter Lisa's arms.

On Andrew - as she clings to him - his eyes settling on a framed picture - we may or may not recognise a younger Bridget with himself, Lisa and Mike smiling on a family beach holiday, twenty odd years ago.

14

EXT. MIKE AND KATE'S MOBILE HOME - DAY 2 - 07:00.

14

A scrappy, windblown mobile home.

15

INT. MIKE & KATE'S MOBILE HOME - DAY 2 - 07:00.

15

Kate wakes blearily. THUMPING. Checks her watch: 7 am. The fuck? She pads through to find Mike tearing the sitting room apart, like a man possessed.

KATE FREEMAN

Mike...?

(he ignores her, focused)

Mike. What're you doing?

MIKE LAING

Looking for my keys to the house.

(off her frown)

No sign of forced entry. If they know I've got a set, they'll jump to one conclusion.

Kate - equal parts confused and annoyed now.

KATE FREEMAN

I didn't know you had a set.

(he glances at her)

You said you gave them back to Carol?

MIKE LAING

I did.

(sighs, sheepish)

I got new ones cut from Ryan's set.

(off Kate's stare)

I rebuilt that house with my bare hands - they're my kids - why should I be denied access?

Mike - realising he's said too much. Again. Softly:

KATE FREEMAN

Jesus Christ, Mike.

MIKE LAING

Before you pile in... I've already had both barrels from Mum.

And in this moment he looks utterly broken and lost. And Kate can't help taking him in her arms.

16

OMITTED

16

17

INT. BRIDGET LAING HOUSE - DAY 2 - 07:15.

17

Dom Laing walks towards us. Dead-eyed. He stops at the top of the stairs. Peers into the shadowed hallway below. As if he's seen something there.

BRIDGET LAING (O.S)

Dom?

It's his grandmother, Bridget. She senses a tension in him, something the boy needs to offload. She approaches slowly, falls to a crouch by his side and joins him in looking down through the spindles into the gloom. Finally:

DOM

I heard a voice. Someone arguing with Mum.

BRIDGET LAING

Was it someone you knew?

(no response)

A voice you'd heard before?

DOM

(nods, then)

She was angry.

BRIDGET LAING

(reacts to 'she')

Mum - or the other person?

DOM

The other person.

BRIDGET LAING

The other person was a woman?

Off Dom - a long beat, then he nods.

18

EXT. LONDON ESTABLISHER - DAY 2 - 09:06.

18

Establisher.

19

INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL - DAY 2 - 09:07.

19

Coming in halfway - Jack has just filled Nikki, Gabriel, Velvy in on his weird night. Easy smile, Gabriel's not serious:

GABRIEL

I'll be billing Southbay for your services.

NIKKI

Time and a half after midnight.

JACK

Just wish I'd got to finish the job.

VELVY

Doesn't sound like your friend went in to bat for you very hard?

JACK

(conceding shrug)

He knows which side his bread's buttered.

VELVY

I hope it hasn't damaged your friendship?

Jack looks a bit disarmed. Then, honestly:

JACK

So do I.

GABRIEL

I did some work down there a few years back. Bit of an oddity.

(considers choice of words)

Anomaly, anyway.

NIKKI

In what sense?

GABRIEL

In theory part of the Constabulary; in practise, its own jurisdiction.

JACK

Was Chief Superintendent Bridget Laing in charge then?

GABRIEL

Very much so, but I never had the pleasure. You?

Jack - in this moment deciding to bulk erase last night.

JACK

Doesn't matter.

They disperse, Nikki following Jack over to his bench.

NIKKI

You OK?

(Jack nods unconvincingly)

Bill?

JACK
 (grappling)
 Last night, he seemed sort of...
 diminished. Small.

NIKKI
 Not how you've described him to me.

JACK
 No.
 (the hardest part)
 But now it's the version I'm stuck
 with.

A sad subtext there: He probably won't see Bill again. As CARA passes, go with her across the room. Building herself up to something, as she approaches Velvy at his work station.

CARA
 (BSL)
 Are you OK?
 (Velvy nods)
 Has your wife let you speak to your
 kids again?

Velvy sets down his work, offers her a tight smile, then:

VELVY
 (SSE)
 I don't want to talk about this.
 Sorry.

CARA
 (BSL)
 I'm here if you change your mind.

Velvy gives no response, goes back to his work.

20

INT. CID, SOUTHBAY STATION - DAY 2 - 10:00.

20

DC Meena Puri at her desk in the empty office. Hitting keys. GLIMPSE a few things that intrigue us: Emails from West Yorkshire CID... person of interest... references to local Cash in Transit vans in the West Yorkshire Area.

And a clip of CCTV: It shows a man wearing a black coat, black ski mask, black gloves - advancing towards a single guard/driver with a HUNTING KNIFE. The footage has been labelled: 'Hilldon Cash in Transit Van Robbery.'

Off DC Meena Puri - staring at the screen, a talon of dread. Her mobile PINGS. A text from Andrew Walsh: WHERE ARE YOU??

21

INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL - DAY 2 - 10:02.

21

Jack is alone at his workstation - watching something intently on his laptop as we hear:

NEWSCASTER

...after the murder of a mother-of-two in Southbay, a night of frantic activity culminated in the arrest of a serving police officer this morning...

On Jack's laptop screen we reveal: a handcuffed Kate Freeman, as she's led out from her mobile home by DI Andrew Walsh.

Jack replays the footage - freezes on Kate's wan face. Definitely the same woman he spoke to when he arrived in Southbay in the wee hours. Now he knows her profession, and her new status as a murder suspect.

22

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, SOUTHBAY STATION - DAY 2 - 10:03.

22

Kate Freeman stares at us. Calm, inscrutable, wearing a paper suit. Wider: Kate sits next to her brief MIRIAM HARPER - 50, black, tough as old boots - across from DI Andrew Walsh.

DI ANDREW WALSH

Just so you know: We've obtained a warrant to search your property and that search is happening right now.

(no reaction)

Have you ever been inside the Laing residence?

Beat. Then Kate nods.

KATE FREEMAN

Last week. Mike and I ran the boys back.

DI ANDREW WALSH

Did you go upstairs?

KATE FREEMAN

(frowns, weird question)

No.

Andrew slides bagged-up FRONT DOOR KEYS across the table.

DI ANDREW WALSH

Have you seen these keys before?

(beat; Kate nods)

OK. And what do they unlock?

KATE FREEMAN

Carol's front door.

Miriam Harper - can't quite hide a bolt of worry.

DI ANDREW WALSH

That's significant, Kate. For two reasons. One: there was no sign of forced entry at the house and two: we found the keys in your coat pocket - and the most prominent fingerprints lifted from the fob are yours.

(beat, then)

Did you use those keys to gain access to Carol's house last night?

KATE FREEMAN

No, I did not.

DI ANDREW WALSH

How did you come to be in possession of them?

KATE FREEMAN

(breathes deep)

I found them in Mike's jeans and I was annoyed. So I took them.

DI ANDREW WALSH

Why were you annoyed?

KATE FREEMAN

Because I knew what he'd done.

(sighs, it's irrelevant)

After Carol made him hand over his keys, he got copies made from Ryan's set.

DI ANDREW WALSH

And that made you feel - what? - insecure? Jealous?

KATE FREEMAN

Both, probably. It made me feel Mike wasn't ready to move on.

Miriam is wincing a little at her client's frankness.

DI ANDREW WALSH

Jealous enough to go and confront Carol?

KATE FREEMAN

No.

DI ANDREW WALSH

The evidence suggests you did, Kate. That you attacked her in her own bed while her sons slept just across the hall.

(MORE)

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)
 And when she fought back, you
 stabbed her through the heart.

Miriam Harper - a withering smile for that.

MIRIAM HARPER
 It's very obvious why my client's
 in custody. Because Southbay CID
bear a grudge. And equally obvious
 you have no evidence worth the
 name.

DI ANDREW WALSH
 What do you call Carol Laing's
 house keys?

MIRIAM HARPER
 Incidental? Irrelevant? A set of
 keys? Charge my client or release
 her.

Reveal - on the other side of the one-way glass, Bridget Laing, in full battle rattle, watching with CPS lawyer, ALAN WEBB, who now speaks up:

ALAN WEBB
 Sorry, Bridget, from a CPS angle we
 need more than the testimony of a
 child and some keys.

Bridget fixes him with a cool, askance look:

BRIDGET LAING
 You'll get it.

Bridget and Webb react as the interview room door opens and DC Meena Puri bustles in, takes a seat next to Andrew, who glances sharply at his watch.

23

INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL - DAY 2 - 11:45.

23

Jack moves through the Lyell. His mobile rings: Bill Burnett.

JACK (INTO PHONE)
 Bill.

BILL BURNETT (V.O.)
 Have you heard about Kate Freeman?

JACK (INTO PHONE)
 Yes. From the news.

A little pointed - but Burnett either misses or ignores it.

BILL BURNETT (V.O.)
 Apparently her lawyer's got wind of
 your involvement.
 (MORE)

BILL BURNETT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She's going to make an approach,
Jack. Bring you onside.

JACK (INTO PHONE)
Bit previous, isn't it? She's only
been arrested.

BILL BURNETT (V.O)
A charge is coming but you didn't
hear it from me. One of Carol's
lads belatedly spoke up - put Kate
at the scene.

(then, hint of pleading)
Bottom line: I'd appreciate it if
you declined. With us being
friends, it's just going to get
messy. Not to mention blighting
what'll likely be my last case.

Jack is silent for a moment, uneasy re: Burnett's pre-emptive
strike. Sensing this:

BILL BURNETT (V.O) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to put you in this
position.

Off Jack - weighing this.

23A

INT. RECEPTION AREA, LYELL - DAY 2 - 13:20.

23A

Later. Jack waiting in the lobby - a moment of anticipation,
tension. The lift doors part and out step Kate Freeman, Mike
Laing and Miriam Harper.

JACK
Jack Hodgson - Miriam?

Jack offers his hand and Miriam shakes it.

MIRIAM HARPER
Good to meet you, Jack. This is
Kate Freeman and her partner Mike
Laing.

Jack shakes Mike's hand - flash of eye contact - then Kate's.

JACK
We met last night.

KATE FREEMAN
Yeah.
(smiles, oddly formal)
Thanks for your concern. Sorry if I
was rude.

JACK

You weren't.
(then)
Come and meet the team.

Jack's phone vibrates on silent - he glances at the screen - nine missed calls from Bill Burnett.

24

INT. MEETING ROOM, LYELL - DAY 2 - 13:30

24

Coming in halfway as Nikki, Jack, Gabriel and Velvy go through the case with Kate, Miriam and Mike. Gabriel shifts his miss-nothing gaze to Kate.

GABRIEL

... and you're a serving PC with Southbay police?

KATE FREEMAN

Yes... no... I'm on suspension.

GABRIEL

OK. And is the victim...
(checks notes)
...Carol Laing... known to you?

KATE FREEMAN

Yes.

She glances askance at Mike. He can fill in this blank.

MIKE LAING

Carol and I were married. We separated about a year ago.

GABRIEL

Then I'm very sorry for your loss.

Mike - a stiff nod of appreciation for that. And then Nikki comes right out with it:

NIKKI

Why are you on suspension, Kate?

Kate looks anxious, seems reluctant to answer. Miriam sets an encouraging hand on her arm:

MIRIAM HARPER

You're among friends.
(Kate looks uneasy)
They need to know everything to mount an effective defence.

JACK

We really do.

Kate breathes deep and begins. Digs for her phone - shows them a picture of herself and PC Fred Woods, both in uniform, eating ice creams on the beach.

On Jack - recalling the MISSING POSTER for Woods he saw last night.

KATE FREEMAN

Six months ago my police partner, PC Fred Woods disappeared. His car was found by Southbay Bridge.

VELVY

He could've gone in the water? And not been found?

That suggestion seems to irritate Kate. She ignores it.

KATE FREEMAN

Fred was a cancer survivor and a period of remission had just come to an end. So top brass went straight to 'he's killed himself'. Despite the lack of body, note, anything supporting that...

GABRIEL

So - to be clear - you thought he hadn't taken his own life?

Kate nods. Glances at Mike to pick up the thread.

MIKE LAING

My mother, Bridget Laing, is Chief Superintendent of Southbay Police. I told Kate to share her concerns with her.

He puffs out his cheeks. The silence grows. Intuiting:

JACK

That was a mistake?

KATE FREEMAN

(nods)

She not only dismissed my suspicions but accused me of leaking false allegations to the media. I was placed on suspension pending a disciplinary hearing.

GABRIEL

Did you leak to the media?

KATE FREEMAN

No.

NIKKI

But it's your belief PC Woods was
murdered?

Kate grows wary:

KATE FREEMAN

Look... sorry... airing this
stuff got me suspended and I don't
believe it's relevant. Can we move
on?

NIKKI

Sure.

(then)

Why don't you tell us more about
what the police have, or think they
have?

MIKE LAING

My son, Dom, has given a statement
saying he heard Kate and Carol
arguing.

(then, he's got to say it)

Obviously, he's mistaken.

Jack - frowning, surprised.

JACK

Dom... he's the younger of your
boys, right?

MIKE LAING

Yeah. Why?

JACK

I found broken glass under Ryan's
bed - felt like he was the one who
might've witnessed something.

Awkward silence, then -

GABRIEL

Be helpful to hear about your
movements last night, Kate?

KATE FREEMAN

I was home alone all night,
cleaning out the kitchen cupboards.
And - yes - as a copper - I know
that's a shit alibi.

JACK

What about your phone?

MIRIAM HARPER

Logged as being at her flat all
night but on charge.

VELVY
(clarifies, to Kate)
You didn't use it at all?

Velvy's scepticism is clear. Kate shakes her head.

MIRIAM HARPER
So it's of scant use evidentially.

NIKKI
Do we know when the post-mortem's
being carried out?

MIRIAM HARPER
(nods)
Right now. As we speak.

NIKKI
(nods, resolved)
Then we should be carrying out our
PM soon as - and not taking 'no'
for an answer.

Miriam feels the force of that, fishes for her phone.

MIRIAM HARPER
I'll make a call.

Nikki - watching Kate. Noticing her nervously tugging down her cuff to cover bruises on her wrist. But somehow Mike's presence deters her from asking about these bruises.

NIKKI
Were you photographed after your
arrest?
(Kate nods)
Be prudent for us to take our own
set.

24A

INT. GABRIEL'S OFFICE, LYELL - DAY 2 - 13:40.

24A

Cut to - Nikki using a scale as she photographs coin-shaped bruises on Kate's right arm.

NIKKI
These bruises are consistent with
someone gripping your arm.
(she looks at her)
...unless you tell me different?

KATE FREEMAN
(shrugs, no biggie)
Mike and I got into a row two
nights ago and it got physical.

Nikki can't help glancing through the glass... only to find an antsy-looking Mike staring right back at her. He seems to be concealing the bandaged knuckles of his right hand.

KATE FREEMAN (CONT'D)
We were both drunk and I lost it.
Said I was going to a mate's.

NIKKI
(and the bruises?)
OK...?

KATE FREEMAN
(shrugs, it's obvious)
Mike was just trying to get the car keys off me.

Nikki studies Kate - why is she trying so hard to exculpate Mike? Finally, bluntly:

NIKKI
You could be looking at life in prison, Kate.

KATE FREEMAN
Think I don't know that?

Nikki - sees her mask of composure fray a bit.

NIKKI
We need the truth and nothing but.
(she dips her eyes)
What was the row about?

Kate looks at her intently - seemingly about to spill - and then she shakes her head.

KATE FREEMAN
It doesn't matter.

And she pulls her sleeve down as Mike approaches and the moment passes. Off Nikki: a queasy sense of shifting sands.

25

INT/EXT. CAR/BRIDGE - DAY 2 - 15:40.

25

High angle - on a car crossing the bridge into Southbay Island.

Cut inside the car to find Jack, Nikki and Gabriel taking in Southbay Island in daylight.

26

EXT. CAR PARK, SOUTHBAY LAB - DAY 2 - 15:45.

26

Jack, Nikki, and Gabriel meet up with Miriam Harper in the car park of Southbay lab. To Gabriel:

MIRIAM HARPER

...a boss who keeps his hand in?

GABRIEL

Especially if the post-mortem could serve my research.

MIRIAM HARPER

Dare I ask?

Gabriel looks unsure how to express it in layman's terms.

NIKKI

A computationally approximated solution for the equation for Henssge's time of death estimation.

GABRIEL

What she said.

A smile for that, then:

MIRIAM HARPER

Just so you know: they think they're doing us a huge favour in expediting a second post-mortem.

GABRIEL

Same day as the coroner PM is pretty rare...

NIKKI

...but the Coroner's signed off on it, so no need for too much bowing and scraping.

JACK

(then, to Miriam)

A second PM, you want to demonstrate the process is thorough, you're going the extra mile. I want to run a full light source examination, everyone wearing eyewear, the works.

NIKKI

Are we sure he's not playing both sides?

Jack and Miriam frown, follow Nikki's gaze: across the car park, Mike Laing - now in police uniform - talks to his mother, Bridget Laing, in the entrance of the lab.

JACK

He's got an alibi, right? For Carol?

MIRIAM HARPER
(nods, firm)
On duty.

Jack nods but his scepticism is clear.

27

INT/EXT. CAR/FLINTHOUSE, HARBOUR FIELDS - DAY 2 - 15:50. 27

A few dealers on the street, junkies relieving them of their wares. Closed-down shops, a rusted playpark etc. Various banners and DIY posters draped over the fence. **SAVE HARBOUR FIELDS, STOP GOSHAWK CONSTRUCTION etc.** If this place is ready to meet its maker, some are going down fighting.

Pick up DC Meena Puri parking up by the Flinthouse pub. She picks her way to the rear of the pub. A sea of rusted kegs and rotting pallets giving way to marshland and tall yellow grass. And, amidst all this, a defiantly old-school caravan.

Right next to it she finds WESLEY 'WES' CARTER loading his pick-up. Wes is a quiet, intense presence - formidably strong. You just know this man has seen and done terrible things - some for Queen and country, others decidedly not. When he speaks, we notice his soft Yorkshire burr.

DC MEENA PURI
DC Puri. Need a quick word, Wes.

Wes continues mechanically - defiantly - loading his pickup.

DC MEENA PURI (CONT'D)
Can you do that later, please?

Wes stops. Fixes Puri with a piss-holes-in-the-snow stare.

Right then, his uncle NEIL CARTER emerges from the rear of the pub.

NEIL CARTER
Anything I can help with,
Detective?

DC MEENA PURI
No, thank you, Neil, it's your
nephew I'm here to see.

Fuck off back to your pub. But Neil stays where he is. Puri makes an instant decision to let it go; turns back to Wesley.

DC MEENA PURI (CONT'D)
I need to check your whereabouts
last night? Between 7pm and
midnight?

Wes glances at his uncle.

DC MEENA PURI (CONT'D)
In your own words, please?

Finally, Wesley speaks:

WES
Is it about that copper's wife?
Carol Something?

Puri stares at him. She's asking the questions.

WES (CONT'D)
I was working in the pub.

DC MEENA PURI
Oh. Plenty of witnesses, then?

WES
(beat, then)
I was downstairs. In the cellar.

DC MEENA PURI
What were you doing down there?

WES
Burst pipe.

NEIL CARTER
(nods, it's true)
We were ten inches under. I was on
the bar so Wes had to man the
pails.

DC MEENA PURI
(to Wes)
So, your alibi - should you need
one - is a burst pipe and a bucket?

NEIL CARTER
Plumber came around 11. Helped him
pump the rest out, right, Wes?

WES
Right.

NEIL CARTER
Get you his number if you like?

Puri's face lets us know how much store she'd set by that.

Jack, Nikki, Gabriel and Miriam shaking hands with a warmer,
more conciliatory Bridget Laing.

BRIDGET LAING

...this is DI Andrew Walsh, he's heading up the investigation.

DI ANDREW WALSH

We met last night.

Andrew shakes hands with Jack, then Nikki and Gabriel.

DI ANDREW WALSH (CONT'D)

Good to meet you Nikki, Gabriel.

GABRIEL

Likewise.

BRIDGET LAING

I owe you an apology, Jack. I might've let my emotions cloud my judgment last night.

JACK

Understandably.

NIKKI

You were close to Carol?

BRIDGET LAING

(carefully)

She was my daughter-in-law and I'm big on family.

(then, to Jack)

In hindsight I should've let you finish processing the scene.

Jack - recognising it's big of her to say that.

GABRIEL

Can we have that in writing?

He underscores that with a smile that Bridget returns.

BRIDGET LAING

No.

(serious again)

Given the sensitivity of Kate Freeman being a serving Southbay officer, I welcome the Lyell's involvement.

MIRIAM HARPER

Not to mention being in a relationship with your son?

Bridget meets Miriam's glance with an open, unruffled look:

BRIDGET LAING

That too.

(then)

(MORE)

BRIDGET LAING (CONT'D)
I'll leave you in Andrew's capable
hands.

She turns to Walsh.

DI ANDREW WALSH
Look... I know how this sounds, but
we're only interested in the truth.
We'll share as much of our
investigation as possible...

MIRIAM HARPER
Nothing less than your legal
requirement.

DI ANDREW WALSH
...and avoid the adversarial stuff
in favour of good 'ol mutual co-
operation.

NIKKI
Thanks, Andrew.
(ignores Miriam's stare)
I'm all for mutual co-operation.
As long as you mean it.

Andrew - feeling the quiet force of that.

29

INT. SOUTHBAY LAB, MORTUARY - DAY 2 - 16:05.

29

Nikki, Gabriel and Jack carry out Carol Laing's post-mortem, DI Andrew Walsh and Miriam Harper looking on. Nikki and Gabriel have clipboards, make notes on a body map and talk into a dictaphone.

GABRIEL
This is the defence post-mortem
examination of the body of Carol
Laing.
(checks the ID wrist band)
She shows evidence of an earlier
post-mortem carried out by Dr Bill
Burnett for the Coroner. There is a
sutured post-mortem Y-incision and
coronal incision of the scalp.

Gabriel writes on his chart. Nikki starts by examining the single, deep chest wound.

NIKKI
There's evidence of a single,
deep wound to her chest. The
bladed weapon has penetrated the
chest within the precordial
region.

She photographs and tapes the wound.

JUMP CUT: Gabriel examines the massive blow to the forehead. Into his dictaphone as he looks over the body:

GABRIEL

There's a large complex injury on the forehead...

(peers closer to see grooves in the wound)

...which shows a patterned appearance with distinctive grooves or crevices. Some have fresh splits at their bases on a background of recent, dark-mauve bruising.

Jack is photographing as he observes:

JACK

Unusual pattern. Could help us ID the weapon that caused it.

Nikki uses forceps to lift the edges of the wound.

NIKKI

The tissue bridges across the base of the splits confirm that they are lacerations caused by blunt force trauma, rather than incisions caused by a cutting edge.

Nikki places a right-angled measuring scale against the wound, then photographs it.

JUMP CUT: Nikki undoes the sutured post-mortem incisions to re-open the head (the brain isn't in the head). Nikki examines the skull cap and inside the skull itself. Nikki strips a bit of the dura inside the skull. Sees something.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

There's a fine fracture crossing the middle meningeal artery groove producing extradural blood.

DI ANDREW WALSH

I don't remember that from the first PM?

(Nikki looks up, meets his frowning gaze)

Why was it missed?

NIKKI

I'd offer three reasons. One, the fracture is very fine, two, Dr Burnett failed to strip the *dura mater* - the tough outer layer of the meninges around the brain.

Three -

(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)
(a glance at Jack, but
she's got to say it)
- and this is only conjecture -
he'd already made up his mind.

MIRIAM HARPER
Whatever the underlying cause, it
was negligent, right?

She's looking right at Nikki to confirm this - as Nikki feels
Jack's askance gaze.

NIKKI
It's curious, certainly.

Jack - this is hard but he can't really gainsay that verdict.

GABRIEL
After concussion from the blow to
the head, extradural bleeding
occurred between the outer aspect
of the brain and the inside of the
skull which took time to collect.

Gabriel opens the bag with the brain slices inside. Lays them
out on the dissecting board, examines each slice in turn:

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
There's some grooving to the
parahippocampal gyri at the base of
the brain....subuncal herniation.

Nikki frowns as she computes the ramifications of that.

MIRIAM HARPER
What?

NIKKI
Suggests there was sufficient time
not just for the extradural blood
to collect but for the brain itself
to swell.

GABRIEL
I'll take histology samples of the
brain to look for trauma.

MIRIAM HARPER
That'll help with a timeline?

NIKKI
(nods)
As will the application of beta-APP
staining.

Nikki turns to the chest wound, peers at it once again.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

With the single, deep wound to the chest, the blade went into the left side of the sternum, right where the heart is.

MIRIAM HARPER

The killer knew what they were doing?

NIKKI

That, or they got lucky.

Miriam - faintly annoyed at her refusal to speculate. But when Nikki briefly catches Andrew's eye, it's clear he's impressed by her even-handedness.

Gabriel turns his attention to the already dissected heart - the heart has already been removed by Burnett at his PM.

GABRIEL

...the bladed weapon did indeed injure the heart...here, there is a stab wound into the front of the left ventricle. This is the fatal injury.

30

INT. SOUTHBAY LAB, MORTUARY - DAY 2 - 17:30.

30

Full darkness - no room lights and blacked-out windows. Jack, in full PPE and orange goggles, operates blue laser light from a hose attachment. The hose is connected to a box control held by Nikki, also in goggles. Wider: Gabriel, Miriam, Andrew in goggles.

JACK

More light, please, Nikki.

Nikki increases the light from the hose. Methodically, Jack moves the light down the torso, then the legs and feet. And then something fluoresces - trapped under Carol's toenails.

JACK (CONT'D)

Something under the nails of her right foot... We'll have the lights on please.

Cut to: the house lights are now on and Nikki holds a torch as Jack uses his nail scrape kit to carefully recover fine blue paint from under her red-painted toenails.

JACK (CONT'D)

Looks like light blue paint.
Damage to the nail suggests it scraped the paint quite hard.

NIKKI

Wall paint from the house?

JACK

Possible. Carol's bedroom was strictly magnolia, so we'd have to go back and check.

Nikki flashes Andrew a smile.

NIKKI

That won't be a problem, right, Andrew?

Andrew - after his earlier pledges, he can hardly deny them.

31

INT. LOBBY, LYELL - DAY 2 - 17:35

31

Velvy is heading home. Crossing the lobby, he comes to a halt.

Sees Cara on her phone on the sofa. Their eyes meet. She's not pushing him but a sense she knows he needs to unburden himself - and, deep down, he knows that, too.

Velvy crosses over and sits down. Beat, then, positioning himself so she can read his lips, speaking clearly:

VELVY

(SSE)

I haven't spoken to my children again. It's not allowed. My wife won't let me.

CARA

(BSL)

You should still try. Love conquers all, right?

Velvy gives a regretful smile, as if he once believed that.

VELVY

(SSE)

When I told Rivka I wanted to leave, I hoped she'd come with me because she had a lot of questions, too.

CARA

(BSL)

What happened?

VELVY

(SSE)

She told her father I was thinking about leaving.

CARA
(BSL)
What did he do?

VELVY
(SSE)
He came to the house and took Rivka
and my children away. I thought I'd
still be able to see them.
(shakes his head)
I was wrong. Naïve. Now she won't
even acknowledge my existence.

CARA
(BSL; passionate)
That seems so unfair.

VELVY
(nods, SSE)
I have to break away now. There
won't be any closure.

Cara gives him a moment, then:

CARA
(BSL)
Are you angry with your wife?

VELVY
(thinks; shakes his head.
SSE)
In this situation, everyone is a
victim.

A sympathetic look from Cara.

CARA
(BSL)
You've let go of the past.

VELVY
(nods, resolved, SSE)
I have to. But I'm still proud to
be Jewish and I'm still optimistic
for the future.
(then, grapples)
My hope is that... somehow, I can
inspire my children. They can take
their own path if they want - they
don't have to conform or just do as
they're told.

She sets a supportive hand on his. A moment of connection.

32

EXT/INT. CAR/SOUTHBAY STREETS - DAY 3 - 09:30.

32

New day. Nikki and Jack pull up outside Carol Laing's house. Jack is driving. Checking his mirror, engine still running, he turns around in his seat to scan the empty street. Off Nikki's frown:

JACK

There was a blue Astra behind us...
(shakes head)
Jumping at shadows.

Jack turns the engine off. Grappling with something:

NIKKI

The time between the head blow and the stabbing...
(Nikki looks across)
Why would the killer stay longer than necessary in the house?

JACK

And with the boys asleep upstairs...

The puzzle resonates in the silence. They climb out into the deserted street and collect their gear from the boot.

NIKKI

Talking of the boys... what do we think about Dom hearing his mum and Kate arguing?

JACK

I don't know.

NIKKI

Miriam doesn't seem to have a ready answer, either.

Jack shuts the boot, looks across at Carol's house a beat.

JACK

Sounds like the fallout from Carol and Mike's break-up was toxic - maybe the boys blamed Kate for breaking up the family?

33

INT. CAROL LAING HOUSE, SOUTHBAY - DAY 3 - 09:35.

33

Jack and Nikki enter the house. A shut-up, abandoned feel, the pall of violent death hangs in the shadows. They switch the lights on. Nikki lifts the cordon still in place at the foot of the stairs.

NIKKI
Light blue? Hints of olive?

Jack follows her gaze up the light blue painted stairwell.

They walk up the stairs, carefully.

JACK
Half-landing's pretty tight.
The killer's carrying her...
(mimes carrying someone
cradling fashion)
...has to turn 180 degrees...

NIKKI
...her feet hit the wall and her
nails scrape the paint...

A quick FLASHBACK (JACK'S VISUALISATION) TO: An indistinct FIGURE carrying Carol's body past him, up the stairs - as the figure swings round on the half-landing, Carol's bare feet slam into the wall and we CRASH ZOOM to her toenail scraping the blue wall paint.

They step up onto the small half-landing, scan a wall each. Beat. Know not to rush this. A companionable silence.

JACK
Here.

As Nikki looks - we SNAP ZOOM to a horizontal scrape mark in the blue paint. Jack puffs out his cheeks, frustrated:

JACK (CONT'D)
Cross-deposits from her nail
polish would've sealed it.

NIKKI
Mustn't grumble.

He catches her pointed tone, follows her gaze - Nikki is staring at a framed landscape print on the half-landing. Go close to see fine spray of blood on the glass.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
Discrete distribution. 1 mm
tops.

JACK
Expirated blood?

NIKKI
(nods)
Sudden manipulation of the body
can cause exhalations great and
small... Suggests she had some
blood in her airways already...

JACK

So. We know she sustained the head injury significantly earlier than the fatal stabbing in her room and we know she was carried - alive, probably - up or down the stairs.

NIKKI

Up seems more likely.

JACK

(nods his agreement)
So the head injury was likely inflicted downstairs...

Look between them, then they head down to check. Nikki pulling up images of Carol's forehead wound, with its unusual grooves/crevices, on her tablet.

Go with Jack and Nikki as they head into the kitchen. Memories of that morning coming to Jack:

JACK (CONT'D)

Yesterday morning...the kitchen bin was empty... the bin bag removed.

(looks from kitchen bin to cupboard under sink)

And someone had a rummage in there. Stuff was scattered on the floor...

Nikki crouches, opens cupboard, surveys cleaning products.

NIKKI

A clean-up might explain the time the killer spent in the house.

They move into the sitting room. Bare, darkly varnished boards. In one corner, Jack finds tidied-away gym gear - a resistance band, a push-up board, a gym mat... and a single dumbbell.

JACK

Those grooves in her head wound... what d'you reckon?

Jack shows Nikki the dumbbell - a model where you can screw on additional, slim weights. Carol has three weights on each end, two tight crevices between them. Nikki sets images of Carol's head wound alongside the dumbbell.

NIKKI

I reckon.

(i.e. dumbbell weights and grooves in wound)

(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Size and shape are a visual
match.

They share a look of tentative triumph. Getting somewhere. Jack gets on his knees, peers under the couch etc.

JACK

Dumbbells typically come in
pairs...

(her eyes flick to his)
...and we're one short.

I.e. The dumbbell the killer hit Carol with.

NIKKI

You said the kitchen bin bag was
missing?

JACK

(nods, figures, then)
Our killer hits her with a
dumbbell, stabs her with a knife,
then takes both weapons from the
scene. What're we missing?

NIKKI

Blood.

Off Jack - as he twigs what Nikki means.

Jump cut: Nikki and Jack have cleared the sitting room and, in subdued lighting, methodically spray the boards left to right with luminol. This done, Jack turns out the top light, plunging the room into darkness. A large swirling pattern of blood GLOWS blue on the floor.

JACK

A fair bit of blood.

NIKKI

Swirl pattern. Definitely a
clean-up job.

JACK

(conceding nod)
And I missed it.

Jack crouches. Tweezers fine fibres from the blood:

JACK (CONT'D)

Fibres coincident with areas of
strong luminescence adhered in the
blood. Rust-coloured and white.
Loose item of clothing maybe -
scarf, cardigan...

NIKKI
Bet that went in the bin bag,
too.

34

INT. BEDROOM, CAROL LAING HOUSE - DAY 3 - 10:15.

34

Jack enters the boys' room. Sees that Ryan's broken light bulb has not been removed from the lamp. Jack kneels down and peers under Ryan's bed. Still some shards of glass from the bulb scattered on the carpet. Jack puts the shards in a weapons tube.

He hears Nikki coming up the stairs. Rises, eyes meet:

JACK
First right.

Jack follows Nikki across the landing into Carol's bedroom. The pool of blood from the knife wound still visible. Nikki compares the scene with the photographs Bill Burnett took of Carol's body in situ.

NIKKI
Bill got good coverage.
Comprehensive set.

Jack smiles appreciatively, despite everything it's nice to hear Burnett being complimented for a change.

JACK
Thanks, Nikki.

Jack reflects on his feelings re: Burnett.

JACK (CONT'D)
I feel a bit... I dunno.

NIKKI
Conflicted?

JACK
I was gonna say...a bit crap about
everything.

NIKKI
(firm)
You have no reason to. None.

Jack - feeling her love and loyalty in this moment.

JACK
He just got tired, I think.
Should've got out sooner.

NIKKI
Easy mistake to make.

Nikki eyes the window above the bed - the curtains/curtain rail have been completely removed. Off her frown:

JACK

There was blood spatter on the curtains - and a fingerprint.

Jack shows her a photo of the cream curtains stained with blood spray. Nikki steps to the exposed window, peers down into the street below, squinting at something.

NIKKI

Maybe you weren't jumping at shadows...

Jack follows her gaze - a blue Astra is parked across the street. Jack - a flash of anger - and we CUT TO:

35

**EXT. BACK GARDEN/GARAGES/STREET, CAROL'S HOUSE - DAY 3 - 35
10:20.**

Jack lands in a scrappy patch of asphalt abutting a row of garages, and a service road with a wall abutting the sea. Jack finds a cut through which delivers him to the corner of Carol's street.

Perfect. He can approach the blue Astra from behind, using the cars as cover. He can see a slim figure behind the wheel now, but something's spooked them because the driver door is opening and out climbs - DC Meena Puri.

DC MEENA PURI

Jack...?

It takes Jack a moment to place her.

JACK

DC Puri.

She smiles nervously, offers her hand. Jack doesn't take it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Keeping tabs on us?

DC MEENA PURI

(all innocence)

I'm sorry...?

JACK

You followed us from the lab. What are you worried we'll find?

DC MEENA PURI

I was told you requested some evidence? Ryan Laing's slippers?

Jack nods, warily. Puri reaches into her car for the bagged-up slippers and pyjamas. Presses them into a disarmed Jack's hands.

Jack glances over as Nikki emerges from Carol's house to join them. Nikki offers her hand:

NIKKI
Nikki Alexander.

DC MEENA PURI
DC Meena Puri.

They shake hands. But Jack still radiates suspicion.

DC MEENA PURI (CONT'D)
Look... I know the Lyell by
reputation and I'm relieved you
guys are on this-

JACK
I'm getting really tired of hearing
that.

But to Nikki's more impartial eye, DC Puri seems sincere and a little afraid. Affecting only mild interest:

NIKKI
Why d'you say that, Meena? That
you're 'relieved'?

Puri looks fleetingly uneasy, then offers, opaquely:

DC MEENA PURI
I just don't think we should be
jumping to conclusions.

JACK
About what?
(no response, so:)
Kate Freeman's guilt?

DC MEENA PURI
About anything.
(then)
A POLSA team searched the
surrounding streets this morning.
I'll find out what they turned up,
then check with house-to-house and
get back to you.

Puri underscores that by offering her card.

DC MEENA PURI (CONT'D)
If you haven't heard from me by
morning, call me.

Nikki takes her card with a smile, but Jack is still watching Puri with unabashed suspicion.

36

INT. MEETING ROOM, LYELL - DAY 3 - 15:30.

36

Back in the Lyell. Miriam Harper and the Lyell team putting their heads together. We're coming in halfway as they're discussing the case.

JACK

I want to go back to the crime scene with Ryan Laing.

(Miriam pulls a face)

Yes, I know how potentially traumatic that could be.

MIRIAM HARPER

I was thinking more about the safeguarding red tape.

She looks at him expectantly, waiting for him to expand.

JACK

We've found glass adhered in blood on the side of his right slipper.

He shows blown-up images of glass in blood on the slipper.

MIRIAM HARPER

(underwhelmed)

OK...?

JACK

The layering tells a story. Tells us Ryan swept the glass from his broken light bulb under his bed after he trod in his mother's blood in her bedroom.

NIKKI

(seeing it)

The bulb was broken yesterday but Ryan chose to hide it?

JACK

(nods)

Question is: why?

GABRIEL

Cumulatively, our findings show the Crown have a poor grasp of what occurred. They didn't know Carol was attacked downstairs; that the dumbbell used in the attack is missing;

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
 that the killer carried Carol
 upstairs and waited before
 stabbing her to death on her bed.

VELVY
 (nods his agreement)
 How can they make a case against
 Kate Freeman - against anyone -
 when the scene's been so badly
 misunderstood?

MIRIAM HARPER
 Good job Burnett's retiring - his
 work's borderline incompetent.

We see that trashing Burnett's still not easy for the loyal
 Jack to hear - but, tellingly, he doesn't defend him either.

Miriam turns to Nikki and Gabriel.

MIRIAM HARPER (CONT'D)
 (to Nikki)
 The gap between the head blow and
 the fatal stabbing. We can prove
 it definitively?

NIKKI
 (nods)
 We can try. Burnett was so sure
 the brain bleed was very recent
 he didn't take a 'trauma set'.

GABRIEL
 We can remedy that - should help
 narrow down the timeframe.

MIRIAM HARPER
 Excellent.

VELVY
 Why is the time important?

MIRIAM HARPER
 Because it suggests a killer who
 was comfortable in the house with
 the boys asleep upstairs.

VELVY
 Someone who belonged there?

MIRIAM HARPER
 (nods)
 And that's not Kate.

JACK

Gonna head home. Feeling my short night...

NIKKI

Sure. I need to run the brain samples through the processor so they're ready for staining.

JACK

It's a glamorous life.

They share a smile and a brisk kiss and part. Go with Jack, as he weaves through to the lifts. He presses the button and his mobile rings, doesn't recognise the number.

JACK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Jack Hodgson.

KATE FREEMAN (V.O.)

It's Kate Freeman. Sorry to call you.

JACK (INTO PHONE)

It's OK. What can I do for you?

KATE FREEMAN (V.O.)

Miriam... she's a good brief but she's such a bull in a china shop.

(then)

You asked why I'm on suspension and you deserve an answer.

JACK (INTO PHONE)

Actually, Nikki asked... but it would be good to get more context.

KATE FREEMAN (V.O)

OK... but I'd rather meet face-to-face. You never know who's listening.

PING. The lift doors part and Jack steps inside.

38

INT/EXT. CAR/BRIDGE, SOUTHBAY - DAY 3 - 17:45.

38

Jack - a slight foreboding in his face as he drives over the suspension bridge into Southbay.

39

EXT. BEACH, SOUTHBAY - DAY 3 - 18:00.

39

Jack has just found Kate Freeman on the beach.

KATE FREEMAN

Thanks for coming.

JACK

No problem.

She casts an eye around the beach, anxiously. Then:

KATE FREEMAN

You and Nikki... you're a couple,
right?

JACK

And we thought we hid it so well.

Kate briefly returns his smile, then -

KATE FREEMAN

Me and Mike... we only started
seeing each other after he left
Carol. But no-one believes that.

She looks at Jack sharply as if to say - do you believe me?

KATE FREEMAN (CONT'D)

Bridget punished Mike by putting
him back in uniform.

JACK

(penny drops)

...he was a detective before
that?

KATE FREEMAN

Detective Sergeant.

Jack looks shocked at this harsh treatment.

KATE FREEMAN (CONT'D)

She'll do anything 'to protect her
family' as she sees it. Total
control freak.

JACK

And she put you on suspension?

And off Kate's slow nod we FLASHBACK to:

40

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE, STATION (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 0 -

40

Late night vibe. Bridget opposite a tense-looking Kate.

BRIDGET LAING

*...I feel your pain, Kate, I
really do. Fred isn't just a
bloody good copper, he's a mate.*

KATE FREEMAN

*Then you'll know how hard he was
fighting the cancer...*

BRIDGET LAING

*When someone takes their own
life, first thing people say is:
I didn't see it coming.*

KATE FREEMAN

I don't buy it. Sorry, Ma'am.

BRIDGET LAING

*Look, Kate, the bottom line is...
his cancer was back.*

KATE FREEMAN

*And I'm telling you he took that on
the chin like he did everything.*

Bridget looks a bit disarmed now. More firmly:

BRIDGET LAING

*His car was found at Southbay
Bridge. You know how many go
over the side there every year?
Sadly of their own volition. How
few bodies are ever-*

KATE FREEMAN

(under her)

Ray Palmer.

BRIDGET LAING

(frowns; cold)

I'm sorry?

KATE FREEMAN

*Fred received a threat-to-life
from Detective Superintendent Ray
Palmer.*

BRIDGET LAING

*That's a very serious allegation,
Kate.*

KATE FREEMAN

Yes, it is.

BRIDGET LAING

About a very senior officer.

KATE FREEMAN

*We need to be treating Fred's
disappearance as suspicious.*

Kate struggles to hold Bridget's piercing gaze.

BRIDGET LAING

Do you have any evidence to back this up? Because there's feeding the rumour mill and there's trashing a man's good name - only one's forgivable.

41

EXT. BEACH, SOUTHBAY - DAY 3 - 18:05.

41

JACK

But why was Palmer threatening your partner?

KATE FREEMAN

Fred was on a bit of a crusade about Harbour Fields. One night, we pulled this dealer over who said he'd been told 'it was OK to operate in Harbour Fields'. That he'd been given 'assurances'...

Jack is furiously trying to piece all this together.

JACK

By Southbay police?

Kate nods a little reluctantly.

JACK (CONT'D)

And Fred believed him?

KATE FREEMAN

Maybe not then but... soon afterwards, yeah.

(then)

He found evidence Harbour Fields was being left unpatrolled. Effectively allowing dealers to sell there with impunity.

Jack - something coming to him now.

JACK

Does this have anything to do with the 'Stop Goshawk Construction' stuff?

KATE FREEMAN

They're seeking to buy the land, torch the estate and turn it into a gated community. But first they need the courts to grant a compulsory purchase order...

JACK

(anticipating)

...and a rocketing crime rate
goes a long way to secure that?

KATE FREEMAN

A long way.

JACK

If Fred was right about this... it
stinks. This is grade-A corruption
and Bridget didn't give it a second
look?

KATE FREEMAN

(shakes her head, then)

I probably could've been more
supportive. When you're cooped
up in a car with someone all
day...

(starts again; beating
herself up)

The more obsessed he got, the
more I distanced myself. I just
didn't want to get involved...

JACK

Until he went missing.

She nods guiltily. Jack is gripped now. Figuring furiously.

JACK (CONT'D)

How about a trip to the bridge?

42 OMITTED

42

43 OMITTED

43

44 INT. SCIENCE ROOM, LYELL - DAY 3 - 18:15.

44

MONTAGE through: Nikki and Gabriel carrying out a beta-APP
stain on the brain slices.

NIKKI

The haemorrhage shows activated
microglial cells...

She shares her findings with Gabriel.

GABRIEL

..and the presence of early beta-
APP staining within the axons.

Jump cut: as Nikki and Gabriel make another discovery.

NIKKI

We've got a clot adherent to the brain. But a fresh clot slides off the brain...

GABRIEL

Conversely...it takes hours for fibrin to form and the clot to adhere to the brain surface.

NIKKI

There it is in black and white.

(peers closer)

We're talking two hours between the head injury and the death by stabbing.

They share a puzzled, ominous look and we cut to:

45

EXT. SOUTHBAY BRIDGE - DAY 3 - 18:16.

45

Jack and Kate climb out into the wind-buffeted car park under the bridge.

JACK

(peering around)

Was this area searched?

KATE FREEMAN

Not officially because his death wasn't treated as suspicious.

They walk on.

KATE FREEMAN (CONT'D)

A few of them got together the next day, poked around on the bank...

Kate takes out her phone. Jack catches a flash of her home screen - a selfie of Kate and Mike grinning up from under a bed sheet - then she brings up the relevant images, passes Jack her phone.

Jack studies images of Woods' abandoned silver VW.

KATE FREEMAN (CONT'D)

If you were going to throw yourself off the bridge, would you really park all the way down here?

Jack nods cautiously, scrolls through.

JACK

What happened to Woods' car?

KATE FREEMAN

It's in his garage.
(off Jack's frown)
His sister's trying to sell his
house but she lives in Wales.
I've been dealing with the estate
agent and arranging viewings.

JACK

So you have keys?

Kate - caught in his gaze - feeling she's said too much.

46

EXT/INT. BRIDGET LAING HOUSE - DAY 3 - 18:45

46

Mike Laing leaves his car, marches to the front door, knocks. Beat, then Andrew Walsh opens up, a napkin rather nerdily tucked into his shirt. Trying to be nice in the shadow of Carol's death, Andrew greets him warmly:

DI ANDREW WALSH

Mike!

MIKE LAING

(curt nod, then)

Andrew.

DI ANDREW WALSH

You should've said you were
coming, we'd've saved you some!

Mike pushes past him. Go with Mike - Andrew following fretfully - as he weaves into the open-plan kitchen-dining area, where Bridget and Lisa are halfway through dinner. Lisa stares at Mike, becoming instantly emotional:

LISA

Mike... I'm really sorry about
Carol.

Totally ignoring that, to Bridget:

MIKE LAING

Where are they?

BRIDGET LAING

Why don't you sit down a second?

MIKE LAING

I wanna see my kids.

She smiles magnanimously in the face of his unreasonableness:

BRIDGET LAING

Of course. They're watching TV.

Mike exits to find his sons. Tense beat. Lisa nervously rifles for her cigarettes. I.e. if she wants to smoke:

BRIDGET LAING (CONT'D)
Outside, please.

Lisa puts the cigarettes away. Andrew's mobile rings. He looks at Bridget for permission to answer it during dinner:

DI ANDREW WALSH
It's the lab.

BRIDGET LAING
Answer it.

Andrew does so. Feeling Bridget's expectant gaze. Andrew frowns at what he's being told (which we don't hear):

DI ANDREW WALSH (INTO PHONE)
...coffee?

47

EXT/INT. GARAGE/CAR, WOODS HOUSE - DAY 3 - 19:00.

47

Jack has just finished searching Woods' car. Kate hugs her arms in the evening chill.

KATE FREEMAN
Find anything?

Jack exits the car, sealing a baggie.

JACK
Bootprints on the pedal, bit of foliage...

A look between them. Doesn't sound very promising.

JACK (CONT'D)
...d'you know how the car was brought here?

KATE FREEMAN
Low-loader, they couldn't find the key.

Jack feels her still raw emotion re: her missing partner. Jack and Kate head away from the garage towards steps leading down to the sea.

JACK
Is there anything else - anything at all - that might help us?

Kate figures, then shakes her head.

KATE FREEMAN

Like I said. I didn't exactly encourage Fred to air his theories...

Jack is getting frustrated now.

JACK

Tell me about Palmer then? This threat he made?

KATE FREEMAN

(breathes deep)

Fred found evidence our patrol grid had been revised at the behest of Palmer. That was weird in itself.

JACK

Why?

KATE FREEMAN

CID don't hold sway over uniform logistics or - to be honest - show much interest in them.

JACK

Did Fred confront Palmer?

KATE FREEMAN

(nods)

Palmer denied it - told Fred to wind his neck in. A week later, Fred finds himself next to Palmer in the gents. As Palmer zips up, he tells him: 'there are faster ways to die than cancer'.

JACK

(shakes head in disbelief)

And you told Bridget? About that specific threat?

KATE FREEMAN

Told her, yes, but I couldn't prove it.

Beat on Jack - something gnawing at him.

JACK

That morning... was Mike talking about Palmer when he said: 'I don't want him in my house'.

Kate shakes her head, answers flatly:

KATE FREEMAN

DI Andrew Walsh.

(off Jack's surprise)

(MORE)

KATE FREEMAN (CONT'D)

A lot of history between Mike and Andrew. When Mike was 11 or 12, Bridget fostered Andrew and his younger sister, Lisa.

JACK

Wow... they're like brothers almost?

KATE FREEMAN

(ghost of a smile)

I wouldn't go that far.

Jack absorbs all this, one question finally emerging from his tired, whirring brain:

JACK

Why would Southbay CID - or at least Palmer - want Harbour Fields to go to the dogs? What's in it for them?

KATE FREEMAN

I don't know

Right then, Kate's mobile RINGS. Off caller display, to Jack:

KATE FREEMAN (CONT'D)

Miriam Harper.

JACK

Take it.

Kate answers it.

KATE FREEMAN (INTO PHONE)

Hi Miriam.

Jack watches Kate, can't hear the other end (neither can we). But he sees a flash of panic in her eyes.

KATE FREEMAN (CONT'D)

(dry-mouthed)

I'll be right there.

She hangs up. Meets Jack's questioning stare:

Kate Freeman and Miriam Harper - opposite DI Andrew Walsh and Det Super Ray Palmer.

Reveal - Jack watching through the one-way glass. And a few yards away, Bridget and CPS lawyer, Alan Webb. Palmer is asking most of the questions. Dominating.

DET. SUPER RAY PALMER

This morning, Kate, you said
you'd never been upstairs at the
Laing house. But we've found
compelling evidence you have.

(he watches her, then)

A hair on Carol's bed not two
feet from her body bears DNA
that's a 100 percent match to
you.

Jack - registering it's the hair he recovered at the scene.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER

Then, above the bed, we found a
fingerprint on the curtain.

Again: a perfect match to you.

Palmer sits back triumphantly and adds, sardonically:

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER (CONT'D)

I mean I can see why you might
wanna draw the curtains.

Kate turns to Miriam. Confers in urgent whispers.

Jack watches Kate intently through the glass. Finally:

KATE FREEMAN

We brought the boys home the
other day... me and Mike... Carol
was delayed somewhere...

49

EXT./INT. CAROL LAING HOUSE, SOUTHBAY (FLASHBACK) - DAY C 49
15:40.

KATE FREEMAN (V.O.)

Mike told me to grab a coffee while
he looked for some clothes he'd
left upstairs.

Ryan, Dom, Mike and Kate enter Carol's house. Mike heads up
the stairs as Kate goes into the kitchen. The brothers pile
into the sitting room, get the Playstation 5 on.

Kate enters the kitchen. Sound of the boys on the PS5 in the
other room. She glances around, a weird vibe being in Carol's
house. Pictures of Carol, Mike and the boys on the fridge.
She winces. Homewrecker. She finds the cupboard with the
mugs, fills the kettle. Finds a bag of fresh coffee but -
shit - there's a split in the side and the fine brown powder
spills all over the counter. Kate's just trying to scoop it
up with her hands when, from above -

MIKE

Kate! Gimme a hand a second!

Mike is standing in the master bedroom, an open, half-filled suitcase on the floor. As Kate walks in, a gleam of mischief in Mike's eye. He kisses her. She bats him off - half-laughing, half-annoyed that he got her up here on false pretenses.

KATE
C'mon. Let's go.

Mike persists, encircling her in his arms.

KATE (CONT'D)
I shouldn't be here...

MIKE
My house as much as hers.

KATE
Grow up.

They kiss; Kate stops.

KATE (CONT'D)
The kids are downstairs, this is
wrong...

But the sexual chemistry between these two is strong, unstoppable. Kate reaches up to close the curtains - leaving that coffee-brown fingerprint on the fabric - but they stubbornly refuse to close. Laughing:

MIKE
Not the kind of curtains you draw -
only the best for Carol!

He pulls the drawstring, closing the curtains. They tumble on the bed, hungry for each other. And we leave them to it.

50

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, SOUTHBAY STATION - NIGHT 3 - 19:53. 50

Palmer is staring at Kate, sardonically.

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER
So, that explains it. That's how
your hair got on the bed. That's
how your fingerprint got on the
curtain. Case closed. Only one
question - why did you tell us
this morning you'd never been
upstairs? Why did you lie?
People with nothing to hide don't
lie, Kate.

Jack - watching Kate - seeing that she's out of answers.
Even Miriam can't help her now.

Abruptly, Jack exits - his face holds new, urgent purpose - making eye contact with Bridget as he heads out. We stay with Bridget as she huddles with Alan Webb. Low:

BRIDGET LAING

She has no alibi worth the name,
a witness puts her at the scene,
she had keys to the house and as
for her explanation for the
prints and DNA -
(shakes head vehemently)
- don't believe a word of it.

Off Alan - deliberating furiously.

51 OMITTED

51

51A EXT. CAROL LAING HOUSE, SOUTHBAY - NIGHT 3

51A

Jack meets Mike Laing and his son, Ryan, outside Carol's house.

Jack meets Mike's wary gaze.

JACK

Thanks for doing this. I wouldn't
ask if it wasn't important.

Mike nods to SALLY, a trained child social worker.

MIKE LAING

Sally's a child social worker -
she's here just to make extra sure
you're OK with this and it's not
too much for you.

This said, Mike lingers outside, lighting up a cigarette, eyeing Jack warily. As Jack asks Ryan:

JACK

(to Ryan)

Are you ready?

52 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, SOUTHBAY STATION - NIGHT 3 - 20:20. 52

Back with Kate, huddled with Miriam. Palmer and Walsh come back in, sit down. Palmer clears his throat, then:

DET. SUPER. RAY PALMER

Kate Freeman, you are charged
that on 14th August 2022 at
Markland Avenue, Southbay, you
did murder Carol Laing contrary
to common law...

Off Kate - just drowning in the moment.

53

INT. CAROL LAING HOUSE, SOUTHBAY - NIGHT 3 - 20:40.

53

As they move up the stairs...

JACK

As a forensic scientist, my job's to put all the bits of physical evidence together. Not just explain them, but make a story out of them. With a beginning, middle and end. Sometimes that can help the police find the person responsible.

Nothing from Ryan, so:

JACK (CONT'D)

I want to try a story out on you, if that's OK?

Ryan shrugs. They've reached the top floor landing. Tension rising as they enter the boys' room. Ryan perches on his bed.

JACK (CONT'D)

I know you went into your mum's room and that took courage. And you had the presence of mind to call 999. Tell them what happened, then go and look after your brother 'til the police arrived.

Ryan - back in that moment, tension coursing through him.

JACK (CONT'D)

But something happened in your room. Something that caused the bulb in your lamp to smash. Something I know you don't want to talk about - that's why you swept the pieces under the bed. But without that 'something' the story's incomplete. It might even take us in the wrong direction.

Ryan stiffens but remains silent. Staring across the landing into the room where his mother died. Jack glances at Sally, then, as gently as he can, he cuts to the chase:

JACK (CONT'D)

I might have this completely wrong but... I have this sense you feel bad about something.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Guilty, even.

(Ryan's eyes leap to his)

If I had to guess... I'd say you think you let your mum down? That you should've tried harder to protect her? Save her?

Ryan's eyes leap involuntarily to Jack's. Yes. Looking him dead in the eye:

JACK (CONT'D)

You had no chance, Ryan. No chance.

RYAN

(a stricken whisper)

I did...

54

INT. CAROL LAING HOUSE (RECONSTRUCTION) - NIGHT 1

54

Darkness. Ryan sits upright in bed, hearing a commotion across the hall, his mum GROANING. Ryan's brother, Dom, has heard it, too, and has pulled the blankets over his head. The bedroom door bursts open and a terrifying BLACK-CLAD FIGURE in a black mask looms into view.

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

55

INT. CAROL LAING HOUSE, SOUTHBAY - NIGHT 3 - 20:40.

55

RYAN LAING

He had gloves and... he put his hand in my mouth. His voice was... weird... like a bark but quiet.

JACK

Like he was trying to disguise it maybe?

RYAN LAING

Maybe.

(Beat, then)

He said: 'I've got hidden cameras. You or your brother leave this room, I'll know and I'll come back.

JACK

You're sure it was a man?

RYAN LAING

(nods)

I think I'd heard him before.

And as that lands with Jack, we cut to -

END OF PART ONE.