

"THE VICTIM"

EPISODE 102

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PINK PAGE AMENDMENTS 19 March 2018
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A1 **EXT. ROYAL MILE, EDINBURGH - DAY 2 0857.** A1
CRAIG MYERS, dressed for court, WALKS -- nerves building with every step he takes towards what lies ahead...

CUT TO:

1 **EXT. OUTSIDE EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 0900.** 1
Craig stands, glancing nervously all around him.

CAPTION: **NOW**

He takes a deep breath, visibly anxious. Then stares up at --
The High Court: looming above him.

CUT TO:

2 SCENE 2 OMITTED 2

2A **EXT. CEMETERY, EDINBURGH - DAY 2 0900.** 2A
ANNA DEAN (dressed for court), in complete contrast to Craig: her stare resolute and fixed. But on what?

CUT TO:

3 SCENE 3 OMITTED 3

3A **EXT. OUTSIDE EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 0901.** 3A
A heavy ARM lands on Craig's back and JOLTS him -- until he sees --

TOM CARPENTER (court suit), who gestures an apology: he didn't think. Craig watches as Tom stares up at the building now -- and lets out a long exhalation, as if he's the one with everything to lose here.

CRAIG
You alright?

TOM
... Bit nervous.

CRAIG
(nods)
Good job it's not you giving evidence today then...

(CONTINUED)

3A

CONTINUED:

3A

TOM
(unthinking, phew)
I know...

Only then does Tom hear Craig's sarcasm -- and remember:

TOM (CONT'D)
Sorry...

Now Tom rests a fraternal hand on his friend's back, eyes him intently.

TOM (CONT'D)
Just... tell the truth.

CRAIG
(beat)
Simple as that...

TOM
(yes)
She's the one on trial here...

CUT TO:

3B

EXT. CEMETERY, EDINBURGH - DAY 2 0902.

3B

Back with Anna -- and we reveal what she's focused on:
A HEADSTONE, at the top of which we read the epitaph:

***All the darkness in the world can't kill
the light of a single candle
LIAM CHRISTIAN GRAHAM 1994-2003***

Anna stares at the lovingly-tended GRAVE -- communing with her son, fulfilling a promise. From her determination --

CUT TO:

3C

EXT. OUTSIDE EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 0902.

3C

Tom regards Craig and his tone is as instructional as it is encouraging, as he asserts:

TOM
You can do this...

Craig meets Tom's eyes.

CRAIG
I've got no choice, have I?

Their gazes move back to the court and we go to--

4 OMITTED 4
4A OMITTED 4A

TITLES: THE VICTIM

4B **INT. KITCHEN, ANNA'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 4 0900** 4B

On a tablet SCREEN: the same Google-images type search results we saw Grover get in Ep1 in response to the search term **EDDIE J. TURNER**.

CAPTION: **THEN**

Anna's eyes move across the headlines, including **KILLED FOR A PACKET OF STICKERS**, generic teen THUG images and the only known picture of young EDDIE, to the picture she posted on Facebook: of CRAIG MYERS...

MATCH CUT TO:

5 **INT. SPARE ROOM, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST DAY 4 1200.5**

The same IMAGE, on its own on a laptop SCREEN -- and beneath it, the full Facebook accusation that Craig is Eddie J. Turner.

The viewer: Craig (BANDAGE still on his head), staring hard at the image, frowning as if at an impossible puzzle.

Then the NOISE of a letterbox snapping shut. Craig DARTS to the window and sees --

The back of a MALE figure, SPRINTING away from the house. Craig BOLTS for the door and --

6 **INT. STAIRS, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST DAY 4 1200.** 6

Craig PELTS down the stairs, until he lands in the --

7 **INT. HALLWAY, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST DAY 4 1200.** 7

Craig THROWS open the DOOR but --

Too late... The street is empty. He closes the door, looks down and picks up --

A SHEET with a blown-up picture of Craig's face from the post and the words **AN EYE FOR AN EYE** scrawled over it. He stares at it, then hearing noise from the lounge, SCRUNCHES it up and forces it into his pocket just as --

REBECCA MYERS appears, out of the lounge.

REBECCA
Was that the door?

Craig shakes his head: no... Rebecca searches his face:

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Are you ready to go?

Craig looks suddenly uncomfortable.

CRAIG
I'm not so sure...

Rebecca's sigh tells us she anticipated this.

REBECCA
You can't hide forever --

CRAIG
I'm not hiding!

REBECCA
Good; because neither am I...
You've done nothing wrong.

CRAIG
I know but... why antagonise
people?

REBECCA
How is a pub lunch antagonising
anyone?

CRAIG
I'm saying maybe if we keep our
heads down a bit longer, give it a
chance to blow over... I don't
want Jess upset.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
She'll be more upset if we don't
go; you promised her...

It's true -- and Craig would hate to break his word.

CRAIG
What if someone says something?

A beat, Rebecca knows this is the moment to raise what's been
on her mind.

REBECCA
I was thinking we should tell
her...
(off Craig's reaction)
Not everything, just enough to --

CRAIG
Scare her to death? She's six --

REBECCA
For her safety, Craig...

That's persuasive -- and reminds Craig how serious this is.
He shakes his head, anguished.

CRAIG
It's not fair...

REBECCA
It's not fair on anyone -- but you
know I'm right...

A beat, then Craig looks up and reluctant, nods.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Because I'm always right...

Craig frowns: now you've gone too far -- and Rebecca smiles,
steps in and puts her arms around him. He rests his forehead
against hers.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
We deal with things together, as a
family. And six is old enough to
learn the truth is always best...
right?

Craig nods slightly and we --

CUT TO:

8

EXT. OUTSIDE PUB, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 4 1229.

8

Walking with purpose -- and no little anxiety -- Anna approaches an unlovely and unwelcoming backstreet boozier. Checking nobody is following, she heads in and we PRELAP:

ANNA (V.O.)
I need your help, Mo...

CUT TO:

9

INT. PUB, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 4 1230.

9

In a quiet corner of the pub (POSTERS advertising Christmas dinner), Anna and MAUREEN 'MO' BUCKLEY (58, 'loud' clothes) sit together with G&Ts, aware of everyone around them (*and throughout*).

ANNA
The police are saying it's not him... I need proof that Craig Myers is Eddie J. Turner...

A long beat -- in which Mo stares at Anna. Eventually:

MO
And there was me thinking you wanted to meet so you could apologise...

Anna takes a breath, knows that Mo is right:

ANNA
I do want to say I'm sorry -- and I am. I wanted to tell you but you'd have been incriminated --

MO
(incredulous)
You don't think I'm incriminated?

Anna is on the back foot now --

MO (CONT'D)
That's why you were asking about pay-as-you-go phones, isn't it? You were planning this all along...
(impersonation)
'All I want is to be able to recognise him in the street, for Ben to be safe' --

ANNA
That is what I want --

(CONTINUED)

MO

So keep the bastard's picture in
your purse! Where does the World
Wide bloody Web come in to it?

ANNA

I'm not the only one with kids;
everyone should know where he is...

Mo scrutinizes Anna: is she being totally honest?

MO

What's the charge?

Anna regards Mo nervously.

ANNA

Incitement to Murder...

The M word again packs a punch: Mo's mouths 'shit' and we --

CUT TO:

10

INT. RECEPTION, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 4 1234. 10

D.I. STEVEN GROVER sits on a sofa (FILES in hand), waiting...

ELLA (O.S.)

D.I. Grover?

He looks up at ELLA MACKIE (minus glasses). And he stands:

GROVER

She ready for me?

ELLA

'She' is me -- and yes, I am...

Grover reappraises Ella; can't hide his surprise at her age.

ELLA (CONT'D)

What is it you've got?

GROVER

(re FILE)

Anna Dean's phone records.

ELLA

(surprised)

You're keen!

GROVER

(he is, deadpan)

Well since we're not being given
enough time to build the best
possible case against her, thought
I'd do whatever I can to speed
things up...

Ella regards Grover's determination with interest, then
gestures: follow me... PRELAP:

ELLA (O.S.)

It is quite unusual...

INT. CORRIDOR, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 4 1235. 11

Ella and Grover talk as they walk, Grover still eyeing Ella
doubtfully:

ELLA

To be told I need to indict a case
in three months!

GROVER

There are those who want this to go
away quickly and with minimum
'fuss'. When did you do your Sol-
Ad?

ELLA

... Last year.

Grover nods: thought so -- she's very inexperienced. Seeing
his reaction and feeling his concern, Ella STOPS:

ELLA (CONT'D)

Don't worry: I did pass first
time...

Grover nods, still far from impressed...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE PUB, GREENOCK - PAST DAY 4 1240.

Craig, Rebecca and JESSICA MYERS (carrying her SOFT TOY from
Ep1) walk towards a family-friendly pub (POSTERS: **Have Your
Christmas Party Here!**) -- past a few CUSTOMERS sitting
outside. Anxious Craig is aware of all of them, holding a
tense arm around his two girls -- checking behind and around
them as they go.

Rebecca raises a mocking eyebrow and half-smiles at Craig's
rudimentary counter-surveillance. *Over this:*

ELLA (V.O.)

So what's he like... Craig Myers?

GROVER (V.O.)

Quiet. Shy. A bit awkward with people...

INT. MEETING ROOM, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 4
1241.

As Ella and Grover settle in for their meeting, Ella looking at the PHONE RECORDS Grover brought (and throughout):

ELLA

Not the ideal witness then... Do you think he's Eddie J. Turner?

GROVER

... I think he's quiet, shy and a bit awkward with people. How would you react to being accused of killing a child?

Ella regards Grover for a beat -- then returns to the papers.

ELLA

From what I gather, only a few officials in the Justice and Social Work departments plus the Chief Constable would know where Turner is now --

GROVER

This isn't about Eddie J. Turner; it's about someone trying to kill someone else...

ELLA

Right -- but obviously I need to familiarise myself with the original case --

GROVER

Because you'd have been what, twelve?

ELLA

Fourteen actually but the point stands -- and I found something that might be of interest...

(off Grover's attention)

There's someone here who worked in the courts at the time of the Turner trial and...

(MORE)

ELLA (CONT'D)

what if I told you that a year after the verdict, a court admin officer was 'asked' -- and I use the term advisedly -- to leave, after Turner's name was leaked on the internet...

GROVER

(intrigued)

That was an admin error, wasn't it?

As Ella goes on looking through the PAPERS, finding something in her own NOTEBOOK (Mo's name and phone number):

ELLA

Apparently it was very deliberate; and common knowledge on the circuit who the culprit was...

GROVER

(wow)

Why no prosecution?

ELLA

Insufficiency, so I can't use it in court -- but I wanted to see these [PHONE RECORDS] in case the same name crops up...

(confirming, from NOTEBOOK)

And here's the number: called several times on the day of the attack...

Grover reappraises Ella, then looks at the phone list:

GROVER

What's the name?

CUT TO:

Close on Mo, now in the Witness Box:

MO

Maureen Veronica Estelle Buckley.

(beat)

Dad loved the Ronettes...

JUDGE (O.S.)

... So did mine.

Mo glances at the wistful JUDGE -- making notes, not looking at (a little surprised) Mo.

ELLA

Date of birth?

MO
3.11.1968.

Mo returns her gaze to Ella (now bespectacled) at the LECTERN.

ELLA
Are you happy to give your address
as Care of the Police?

MO
OK.

ELLA
Are you working, Miss Buckley?

MO
Is there another option?

ELLA
What are you employed as?

Now Mo shifts her gaze, meets Anna's eye for the first time --
(and beyond her, we pick up LENNY DEAN, LOUISE DEAN and DANNY
CALLAGHAN) -- but Mo can't hold it --

MO
I'm a private detective...

As an intrigued Tom raises an eyebrow to Grover, we PRELAP:

MO (V/O) (CONT'D)
It's pretty easy to track most
people down these days...

Back in the pub, on a worried Mo:

MO
They'll work outwards, look at all
your friends, everyone who's ever
emailed you. I'll be a suspect --

ANNA
(no)
The police are focused on me; and
anyway: you didn't do it --

MO

They'll see what I do for a job and they'll call me as a witness...

Now Anna holds Mo's eyes.

ANNA

Then what?

As in court, Mo struggles to hold Anna's eye.

MO

I never signed up for this, Anna. Not violence... You're right: you're not the only one with kids; I've got five of the buggers at various stages of uselessness and only me to clear up after them...

(beat)

Did you have him attacked?

ANNA

... No.

MO

But you know who did it?

ANNA

... No.

Off Mo, scrutinizing Anna --

MATCH CUT TO:

Back on Mo. She looks away from Anna as:

ELLA

Could you tell the court exactly what being a private detective involves, Miss Buckley?

MO

Well I'm no Miss Marple; mostly I provide a tracing service to solicitors, insurance companies and credit or loan organizations. The odd bit of matrimonial stuff is about as glamorous as it gets.

ELLA

You help third parties find people?

MO

That's what I meant to say.

ELLA

And does that involve building and maintaining a professional network of contacts in the legal and criminal fields?

MO

... Yes.

Ella lets that land for the JURY.

ELLA

Do you know Anna Dean?

MO

... Yes.

Their eyes meet but again, it isn't comfortable; what is the current state of their friendship? Will Mo lie for Anna?

ELLA

How did you meet?

MO

I wrote to her, after Liam's death. To say my heart went out to her and you know... if there's ever anything I can do...

ELLA

If there's ever anything I can do --

MO

Nobody should have to bury their child --

ELLA

Did she take you up on your offer?

MO

Well we became friends so...

ELLA

And your offer remained open, I presume?

MO

As I say, we became friends and you help your friends, don't you; if you can...

ANNA

I really need your help, Mo. You gave me the name --

MO

Of course the police are saying it isn't him! I've been given more than a hundred names over the years; how many have I passed on to you?

ANNA

One.

MO

One. Craig Myers is Eddie J. Turner.

ANNA

(equally convinced)
And now I'm going to prove it to everyone, in court...

Mo looks slightly sheepish -- Anna sees it and frowns:

ANNA (CONT'D)

You do have proof?

MO

(not strictly)
I was in the process of getting it when you decided to go global...

Off Anna's concern --

CUT TO:

Tight on Jessica, confused:

JESSICA

But... why are people saying you did a nasty thing if it's not true?

The family mid-meal (soft DRINKS in front of all of them), Rebecca looks at Craig for help -- but sees that he's preoccupied and tense, scanning myriad FACES standing and sitting around them.

REBECCA

Well... that's what happens when someone starts a rumour, isn't it? It just... spreads --

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG

There's nothing to worry about,
sweetheart; I...

But he trails off as he catches a MAN eyeing him, or so it seems. Recognises him? Craig tenses as the man whispers something to his WIFE. Seeing it, Rebecca takes the baton:

REBECCA

You have to tell us if someone says
anything to you, or makes you feel
worried -- OK?

(to Craig)

It's the bandage. They're looking
at the bandage...

Craig returns -- to find Jess staring at his dressing.

CRAIG

(silly)

People think I'm a mummy but I'm
not a mummy I'm a daddy, aren't I?

And Jessica LAUGHS! Rebecca smiles. Craig's heart leaps.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I'm your Daddy...

REBECCA

(to Jessica)

Do you want ice cream?

CRAIG

Yes!

JESSICA

Millie and Lauren can't come to my
birthday...

It's presented as tangential but Craig and Rebecca see the connection immediately -- and their smiles straighten.

REBECCA

But... they're your best friends.

JESSICA

(to Craig)

They say you're a baddie... Can
Oscar [SOFT TOY] have ice cream
too?

Jessica's good humour is even more heartbreaking and Craig meets Rebecca's eye, then again looks away, around the pub.

CUT TO:

19

INT. PUB, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 4 1312.

19

Mo casts her eye around the pub as Anna presses:

ANNA

I know what I'm asking, Mo -- but
this is my chance --

MO

For what? What will you do with
proof when you get it?

ANNA

Confront him with it in open court.
Then he won't be able to hide any
more; he'll have to face up to what
he did... Please: I need to know
where you got his name...

Mo shakes her head, annoyed -- it's a big ask. She won't
meet Anna's eye --

ANNA (CONT'D)

Mo --

MO

(impatient)

An ex-prison officer from a Young
Offenders -- OK? He was trying to
sell a story on Turner but the
interdict scared him off. He gave
me 'Craig Myers' and I cross-
referenced his details with
Turner's birth date... Our Craig
Myers uses the same digits in a
different order, with a year taken
off his age...

Anna nods, buoyed: it's compelling.

ANNA

And this guy has proof?

MO

We only spoke on the phone; I
didn't get a chance to meet him --

ANNA

So let's meet him now...

Another long beat. Mo conflicted, not looking at her friend.

MO

I don't think you do know what
you're asking, you know...

Anna frowns and Mo meets her eye, with difficulty.

(CONTINUED)

MO (CONT'D)

Expecting me to lie to Lenny and Lou is one thing. But do you know the maximum sentence for perjury?

Worried Anna stares at Mo -- what is she saying?

MATCH CUT TO:

Anna stares again at Mo -- facing Ella:

ELLA

Kim's Cafe on Lothian Road was a regular meeting place... is that correct?

MO

Yes.

ELLA

We heard from the owner, Nicholas Konstantin, that in the period encompassing October last year, you and Mrs. Dean met in there sometimes every day of the week -- is that correct?

MO

... Probably, if Nic said so.

ELLA

Can the witness be shown Crown Production Number 36, please.

DOCUMENTS are placed before Mo by the COURT OFFICER and the Jury flip to it in their Productions FOLDERS.

ELLA (CONT'D)

It is a matter of agreement that this is Anna Dean's phone record from October last year. Do you see your number on there, Miss Buckley?

MO

Yes.

ELLA

How many times did you and Mrs. Dean speak to each other between the 24th and 31st October last year: the day Craig Myers was attacked?

MO

... You want me to add them up?

ELLA

Can you look at the records and confirm there are twenty-four separate calls over seven days, including eight on the 30th and nine on the 31st.

Mo takes a moment to do so.

MO

I'm not the best at maths but... twenty-four sounds right --

ELLA

Do you remember what you talked about on any of those occasions?

MO

(shakes head)

Could have been anything... a wine offer at a supermarket, which member of the Scottish rugby team we'd like to be in the bath with --

ELLA

You were discussing what should be done with the information you had accessed for Mrs. Dean, were you not?

SOLOMON

Objection --

JUDGE

I'm sure you're aware that's a leading question, Ms. Mackie --

ELLA

I'm sorry, My Lady...

(beat)

Miss Buckley: you worked for the Courts at the time Eddie J. Turner was sentenced... is that correct?

Mo's confidence falters now. Anna looks nervous.

MO

I wasn't actually at the sentencing.

ELLA

That's not what I asked. You worked for the courts at that time, did you not?

MO

... Yes.

Ella takes a long beat and eyes Mo, who knows exactly what's coming -- and is dreading it.

ELLA

Has Anna Dean ever asked you to track down the new identity of Eddie J. Turner?

On Anna, trying to hide her fear but only partly succeeding. Mo glances at the Judge, then Anna -- and finally returns her attention to Ella.

MO

No.

Privately, Anna exhales...

MO (CONT'D)

She hasn't and she wouldn't: she's too good a friend...

Out on Anna, hiding her guilt --

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. LADIES TOILET, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1130.

SLAM! Anna bursts in to the ladies and faces the CUBICLES -- all doors open but for one: closed but not locked. Anna eases it open and finds --

Mo. Sitting on top of the toilet, pale, still processing her actions. She looks up uncertainly at Anna, who --

HUGS her, hard and tight: Anna never doubted Mo's support but she understands what it cost her. Mo responds: no way back now...

CUT TO:

INT. WITNESS ROOM, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1131.

Craig waits, making himself breathe rhythmically, anxiety growing with every tick of the CLOCK.

He looks at his PHONE --

CUT TO:

GROVER

But I'm in the middle of building a case --

TAIT

Against Anna Dean --

GROVER

Yes... she did more than post a message online --

TAIT

There's no evidence for that --

GROVER

I just told you: I'm finding it!

Tait's eyes caution Grover to remember hierarchy.

TAIT

D.S. Harvey is across everything; I need you to move on...

A beat then Grover laughs -- without humour:

GROVER

There's a theme emerging...
(off Tait's frown)

Craig Myers' advocate is a teenager, now you're passing an attempted murder to --

TAIT

D.S. Harvey is an extremely capable detective --

GROVER

It's not Harvey I doubt --

TAIT

Meaning?

GROVER

That I wonder if everyone cares about the victim in this case as much as they might, given the continuing speculation about his identity...

Furious Tait won't even dignify that with a response.

TAIT

I agreed to take you on because it suited both of us. Don't make me regret that, Steven; or revoke it...

From Grover facing his boss --

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, BUS DEPOT, GREENOCK - PAST DAY 5
0830.

Craig (head no longer bandaged but the SCAR still angrily fresh), sitting opposite LEIGH: his boss.

LEIGH

As your manager, I want you to know
you've got my full support.

CRAIG

... Thank you.

Leigh's expression tells us there's a 'but' coming.

LEIGH

But... serious head injuries and
driving sixty-odd people around
town don't sit so well together...

Craig thumbs the LETTER he's already shown (his PHONE on the desk next to it), from his doctor:

CRAIG

The doctors signed me off, Leigh: I
can drive.

LEIGH

Then there's the PR question. If
anything did happen, god forbid, we
might be covered legally but it
wouldn't be the doctors getting
called negligent... you see?

Craig does see -- and as he scrutinizes an uncomfortable Leigh, Craig's phone (on silent) BUZZES and draws both of their attention to the screen and the message: '**DIE PRICK**'. Leigh pretends not to have seen it.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

So what we're saying is: come back --
but take your time, eh? Let everything,
you know... heal. You'll need time off
for the court case anyway --

As Craig looks anxious at that, another MESSAGE arrives: '**WE KNOW WHERE U LIVE**', then another: '**YOU R DEAD**'. Craig GRABS his phone and stuffs it in his pocket. He needs to leave --

CRAIG

Sorry, I've got to go...
(stands, awkward)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I've never let you down, Leigh --
have I?

(off Leigh's headshake)

I need to drive...

Off Leigh's stare, visibly conflicted --

CUT TO:

26

EXT. OUTSIDE BUS DEPOT - PAST DAY 5 0905.

26

Craig PACES, scrolling on his PHONE and staring at it, worried. He TAPS a button to speed dial and puts it to his ear. When it's answered:

CRAIG (IN PHONE)

Are you OK?

Cut between here and --

27

EXT. SCHOOL GATES, GREENOCK - PAST DAY 5 0905.

27

Rebecca glances self-consciously around her, PHONE to her ear.

REBECCA (IN PHONE)

Fine. How did it go?

CRAIG (IN PHONE)

Someone's put my number online...

Rebecca reacts: shocked. She glances up and we see she's at the school gates, watching Jessica go in, standing apart and isolated from a gaggle of other MUMS.

CRAIG (IN PHONE) (CONT'D)

My email too --

REBECCA (IN PHONE)

Don't look at it. Don't look at any of it...

CRAIG (IN PHONE)

Do you think it was someone we know?

As Rebecca considers that, her eyes move back to the mums and it's pretty obvious that she (and Craig) are the subject of their gossip --

CUT TO:

28

INT. NURSE'S ROOM, GP CLINIC, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 5 1031.

28

Anna reads a FILE and checks:

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Date of birth?

Reveal WILLIAM NAPIER (patient from Ep 1) -- sitting rather
strangely: pushing out his chest.

WILLIAM
31st July 1994...

Anna nods, frowning at his posture.

ANNA
Are you alright?

He nods, pushing his chest further forward. And finally, it registers:

ANNA (CONT'D)
Oh the shirt! Right! It looks great... Do they all fit?

WILLIAM
(suddenly shy, nods)
Thank you...

ANNA
(don't thank me)
It was my daughter's boyfriend sent them; I just passed them on...
(beat)
Right then: what are we doing again?

WILLIAM
Urine and saliva.

ANNA
Urine and saliva, yes...
(she stops)
Although, you could just tell me if you've been using...

William takes a beat to unravel that.

WILLIAM
But then you'd have to trust me...

ANNA
I do trust you...

William almost visibly grows at that. But is mystified:

WILLIAM
Why?

Anna regards William, the same age as Liam would have been -- and so vulnerable.

ANNA
You're right: let's do the tests...

William becomes serious and Anna laughs -- teasing him -- just as a text message BEEPS in.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly distracted, Anna peers at her PHONE on the desk -- and her smile straightens. From **MO: EX SCREW WILL MEET US**

WILLIAM

I only trust you...

But expectant Anna doesn't even hear William now. PRELAP:

CRAIG (V/O)

I thought they'd have given up by now...

INT. KITCHEN, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST NIGHT 5 1820. 29

A HAND sifts through a stack of HATE MAIL in a PLASTIC BAG: a toxic spray of threats scrawled on printed copies of the Facebook accusation; pick out key words and phrases: **NONCE!; SEE YOU ON THE BUSES BEAST; DON'T LET EVIL LIVE NEAR OUR KIDS**

Reveal the hand belongs to Grover -- at the kitchen table with a tense Craig and Rebecca. As he continues reading:

REBECCA

He [CRAIG] tried to keep them from me but there are too many. Careful -- some have been wiped with... dog...

Grover gingerly removes his hand.

GROVER

I'll have them looked at --

CRAIG

We're still getting taxis and takeaways sent at all hours --

REBECCA

They're saying he's a paedophile now... on the internet --

GROVER

I know --

REBECCA

Was Liam Graham --

GROVER

Not as far as anyone's aware but... it's pointless applying logic to these things --

CRAIG

You said someone would keep an eye the house.

GROVER
(surprised)
Nobody has contacted you?

Craig shakes his head, jaw tensed. Grover bites back anger.

GROVER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... Leave it with me.

REBECCA
It feels like everything's just...
stopped. And whoever did it is
still out there; he could be
anyone...

Grover hates to say it -- but:

GROVER
We can look at moving you all...

Rebecca looks interested but Craig shakes his head, emphatic:

CRAIG
This is our home...

Grover understands and respects that. Rebecca looks away...

TIME CUT TO:

30 **INT. HALLWAY, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST NIGHT 5 1835.30**

Craig shows Grover out. They pause at the door, their gazes move to that patch of CARPET.

GROVER
... In my experience people who
might actually kill you don't tell
you about it first...

Craig tries to draw comfort from that -- fails -- but appreciates the intent. Grover grasps the door then pauses, looks Craig square in the eye and assures him, sincerely:

GROVER (CONT'D)
You're not on your own...

The moment is broken by the doorbell RINGING. Craig tenses, Grover sees it -- and opens the door to face --

A pizza DELIVERY MAN, cradling four PIZZAS!

TIME CUT TO:

31 INT. KITCHEN, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST NIGHT 5 1836. 31

Craig re-enters, preoccupied by the moment with Grover and carrying a single pizza. He finds Rebecca, standing.

CRAIG
(re pizza, sardonic)
Save us cooking...

REBECCA
(unamused, a thought)
Why don't we fight fire with fire?
Put proof online that you are who
we say you are: birth certificate,
school reports, swimming badges,
everything!

CRAIG
(beat, incredulous)
Are you serious?

REBECCA
Why not?

CRAIG
(where to begin)
Well I never won any swimming
badges but more than that: why the
hell should we? Because someone
decided to accuse me? Nobody has
the right to make us even think
about doing that, or moving house!

REBECCA
I agree with you -- but it's not
stopping, Craig; and you don't seem
to understand that it's not going
to, not unless we do something...
(off his shaking head,
bottom line)
You have to stand up in court and
face a room full of people who
think you're a child killer...

Again Craig shakes his head -- but his fear is visible now.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
People are saying things like: *If
it's not Myers, why doesn't he join
the campaign to name the real Eddie
J. Turner?*

CRAIG
What 'people'?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
(clutching at straws)
Maybe that's the only way: for us
to find him...

CRAIG
OK. What if we did?

REBECCA
... Are you serious?

CRAIG
What then, Bex? Put his face
online to get us off the hook?

REBECCA
At least he'd deserve it!

Wow... Craig stares at Rebecca, aghast: he had no idea she
thought that way; perhaps she didn't either.

CRAIG

Do you really believe that?

REBECCA

Don't you?

The Myers' regard each other with mutual suspicion, suddenly asking: how well do they really know each other?

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, POLICE SCOTLAND, GREENOCK - PAST NIGHT 5
2005.**

Harvey makes tea, smiling at something one of THREE COLLEAGUES also in the room has said. Then an angry Grover enters, ignores all the others and makes straight for Harvey:

GROVER

(furious)

Why is no one looking after the Myers?

Awkward. The others leave.

GROVER (CONT'D)

They're being persecuted in their own home --

HARVEY

I'll send a special constable --

GROVER

Not good enough. They need to know this is being taken seriously --

HARVEY

It is --

GROVER

Is it? Have you spoken to Anna Dean's ex-husband yet?

HARVEY

(what?)

Christian Graham's in prison --

GROVER

So?

HARVEY

So he's a former high street accountant, not El Chapo --

GROVER

That doesn't mean he didn't help organise the attack!

HARVEY

I can't ask Tait if I can bring in a suspect who was locked up at the time of the offence --

GROVER

So what exactly are you doing?

Harvey is stung by that.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Or have you been told to let this one slide?

Harvey's hurt turns to anger --

HARVEY

The only thing I've been told not to do is talk to you about the investigation; but I'm trying to use my discretion there...

He reads the subtext -- she isn't the enemy -- and he calms a little.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

We all understand why you'd feel an affinity with Craig Myers but... there's no conspiracy here --

Grover's sudden stare as Harvey talks warns her not to overstep the mark. As he leaves:

GROVER

Just remember who the victim is...

CUT TO:

32A

EXT. OUTSIDE CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST NIGHT 5 2008 32A

Rebecca, carrying SHOPPING, approaches the house. She looks up and sees through the window:

(CONTINUED)

32A

CONTINUED:

32A

Craig and Tom, seated, in the middle of an animated conversation (and consequently, not seeing Rebecca). Off her interest --

CUT TO:

33

OMITTED

33

34

INT. LOUNGE, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST NIGHT 5 2010. 34

With Craig and Tom -- mid conversation --

TOM

... That's true -- all I'm saying
is you should talk to her --

CRAIG

I know what you're saying --

TOM

(sudden change)
Hey, Bex...

Tom's interruption at Rebecca's sudden entrance could be read as a 'stop talking' message to Craig -- who does so, instantly and so conspicuously that Rebecca looks between her husband and his best friend with suspicion.

REBECCA

(to Tom)
You again...

Tom glances at a preoccupied Craig, then grins:

(CONTINUED)

TOM

I heard pizza keeps arriving so...

But Rebecca doesn't smile.

REBECCA

(to Craig)

Talk to who about what?

It takes a beat for Craig to return. With a frown:

CRAIG

... What's that? Are you OK?

REBECCA

Tom said 'you should talk to her'.
Who?

A glance between Craig and Tom. Awkward. Eventually:

CRAIG

Ms Mackie...

(off Rebecca's frown)

He [TOM] thinks it's a bad idea, me
giving evidence in court...

Rebecca keeps her eyes on Craig for a beat. Then:

REBECCA

Does he --

TOM

I know it's none of my business --

REBECCA

Do you?

TOM

... But they'll rip him to shreds,
won't they?

REBECCA

Will they? Why?

TOM

... Why? I've known him ten years
and he can only just hold a
conversation with me! You know
what these lawyers are like, the
way they twist things...

Rebecca moves her attention from Tom to Craig again, this
time even more pointedly:

REBECCA

I think... when we're deciding what paint we should use to decorate the hallway, then maybe we should ask Tom. But for legal questions that will affect the future of our family, I think we should trust our advocate...

A beat, then Rebecca leaves the room with her shopping BAG and goes through to the --

34A **INT. KITCHEN, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST NIGHT 5 2011** 34A

Rebecca busies herself unpacking the SHOPPING but as she does so, her eyes move through a gap in the door, scrutinizing (an oblivious) Craig. And she's visibly wondering:

Did he lie to her then? And if so, what else is he lying about?

CUT TO:

35 **INT. WITNESS ROOM, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1205.** 35

A PHOTO on a SMARTPHONE: of Craig with Rebecca and Jessica at Pollok House (we'll see it taken in Ep3) -- all apparently happy. Viewed by --

Craig. He can't keep his legs or his lips still any longer: the tension rising... PRELAP the SOUND of a TEXT MESSAGE arriving and --

CUT TO:

36 **INT. RECEPTION, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6 1030.** 36
NEW DAY

Craig: similarly burdened, now on the same sofa Grover occupied earlier, Rebecca at his side, looking at her phone:

REBECCA
(re message)
Now Lois can't come... To Jess's party...

CRAIG
(beat)
How many have said yes?

REBECCA
Nobody yet...

They return to heavy silence and we PRELAP:

ELLA (V/O)
Witness statements are usually taken by a precognition officer...

37 **INT. MEETING ROOM, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6 1031.** 37

Ella smiles and gestures for whoever her meeting is with to take a seat at the table opposite.

(CONTINUED)

ELLA

But given that we haven't got long,
I want to be across everything...

She looks up from her papers and smiles at -- Craig, who without making eye contact, nods awkwardly. She can't help but scrutinize him...

ELLA (CONT'D)

Shall we make a start?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6
1115.

The same seat, now occupied by Rebecca. She smiles back.

REBECCA

You look even younger than in your picture...

ELLA

(used to this)

It's the glasses: they're for court only; shameful I know but... everything's a performance in the end, isn't it?

Rebecca looks thoughtful: she's been wondering about that...

ELLA (CONT'D)

Now the main purpose of this is to talk through the incident but I'll try to answer any questions --

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6
1035.

CRAIG

(jumping in)

Do I have to be a witness?

Surprised, Ella regards Craig. He still can't meet her eye.

ELLA

You'll be required to give evidence on behalf of the Crown, yes...

CRAIG

(fearful)

You mean I've got no choice?

ELLA

Not really...

A beat as that lands and we see the depth of Craig's anxiety.

CRAIG
What about her?

ELLA
... Your wife, or Mrs. Dean?

He glances up and nods: the latter.

ELLA (CONT'D)
The accused isn't required to give
evidence but I'd be surprised if
the Defence don't call her...

Craig reacts: it's so unfair...

ELLA (CONT'D)
I need you as my final witness...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. COURT 3, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1215.

SLAM! Ella demonstrates the weight of the DOORSTOP that
Craig was hit with, 'dropping' it on the rail of the Jury
Box. She presents it to the FOREMAN, to pass around (see the
KNIFE, also in an evidence BAG, already in circulation).

ELLA (V.O.)
... I'll be calling on a mix of
expert testimony --

TIME CUT TO:

INT. COURT 3, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1225.

A DOCTOR in the witness box, REPORT in one hand, POINTING to
the nearest of the screens carrying a DIAGRAM of Craig's head
injuries, as he explains what it shows.

ELLA (V.O.)
And eyewitnesses...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. COURT 3, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1240.

A FEMALE witness (a trick or treater from Ep 1 who saw the
Reaper flee) points to a street MAP now on the screens.

ELLA (V.O.)
Building to you, for maximum
impact...

43

INT. CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6 1040.

43

Back on Craig's anxiety.

ELLA

Do you have specific concerns?

CRAIG

(awkward)

... I'm not mad about talking,
that's all. I'm no good at it.
Even just... this; let alone...

Craig exhales at the enormity of what's coming into view.

ELLA

You're a bus driver, aren't you;
you must have to talk to people all
the time?

CRAIG

... You do but everyone sort of
knows their part so... it's OK; you
don't have to talk about yourself --
you know?

ELLA

(she does)

It's structured, like questioning a
witness. 'Who? What? How?
When?' None of the vague stuff I
get so confused by in every other
part of my life!

Slowly, Craig makes eye contact with Ella and in a sense, we
also see her for the first time: that's it exactly.

CRAIG

There's not much that can be said
in the end, is there...

Ella smiles, agrees: she likes him -- and intuits:

ELLA

You really like your job...

CRAIG

... I love the freedom of it,
driving...

(beat)

I just want to be left alone...

ELLA

We're already making an application
for special measures; you can have
a supporter and screens if you --

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG

No...

(off Ella's surprise)

No, if I've got to do it, I don't
want her to think I'm hiding
away...

On Ella's thoughtful portrait, PRELAP:

REBECCA (V/O)

Can I ask you something...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6
1120.

Ella looks uncertain but smiles: what is it?

REBECCA

(careful)

You must have met witnesses who've
had to change identity... have you?

Ella looks uncomfortable: this isn't in the script.

ELLA

We're not really supposed to talk
about anything other than this
case, Mrs. Myers. I'm sorry.

Rebecca nods, understands. But:

REBECCA

It's just... I was looking online
and it says they're trained in
counter-surveillance, told to stay
off social media, avoid drink and
drugs --

ELLA

I'm really not the person you
should be talking to --

REBECCA

They have to get clearance if they
want to go on holiday, let alone
get married or have kids -- is that
right?

ELLA

Mrs. Myers --

REBECCA

There's no one for me to talk to;
not about this; not now...

Ella sees that Rebecca's discomfort outweighs her own.

ELLA

I understand you having questions
but... the internet isn't always
the best place to get the most
reliable... well --

REBECCA

I know that.

ELLA (CONT'D)

You know that.

ELLA (CONT'D)

(brass tacks)

I don't know anything about Eddie
J. Turner.

REBECCA

I'm not asking that; I'm just
asking if someone in that position
would be allowed to have kids...

ELLA

(beat, out of her depth)

All I know is there would be risk-
assessment, careful monitoring,
particularly at the outset --

As something strikes Rebecca -- and Ella sees it:

ELLA (CONT'D)

But I'm really not supposed to --

REBECCA

Even without the rest of the family
knowing?

ELLA

... That would be a decision for
those in charge of the case -- and
the subject. But yes, if all else
is going well, as far as I know
there's no reason why life can't be
totally normal...

As Rebecca processes that, Ella tries to get things back on a
legal footing:

ELLA (CONT'D)

Just to be clear, Mrs. Myers: the
Crown's position is that it doesn't
matter whether Craig is Eddie J.
Turner or not --

REBECCA

(smiles, painfully)

It matters to me!

A beat then Rebecca sighs, shakes her head -- reeling at the pace of her own thoughts:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I can't believe I'm even asking...
I don't even know you!

Ella nods, understands -- it's natural:

ELLA

First and foremost, he's the father
of your child who you love -- and
we need to get justice for him...
don't we?

A beat and Rebecca nods, trying to shake her treacherous thoughts --

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. MEETING ROOM, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6
1050.**

Back to Craig: pensive, watching Ella reading paperwork.

ELLA

I see you have a previous conviction...

CRAIG

(beat)

What's that got to do with this?

ELLA

Well, the Defence can bring out
anything that calls your character
into question and makes your word
seem unreliable to a Jury...

CRAIG

(rocked)

But... Can she be questioned about
her past?

ELLA

If your character is attacked, yes,
in theory -- but as she hasn't got
any previous convictions...

Ella shakes her head: no. Craig absorbs more unfairness.

ELLA (CONT'D)

(familiar ground)

If what you're concerned about is
people close to you hearing certain
information for the first time, you
might consider... preempting that.

Craig looks suddenly scared -- and holds Ella's eye.

CRAIG

What I'm concerned about is who's
going to be on trial...

Off his helplessness --

TIME CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6 1145. 46

Craig gets up as Rebecca joins him back at the sofa.

CRAIG

OK?

Rebecca nods: fine.

REBECCA

You?

Craig nods too, with a hint of: what choice have I got? An awkward beat: they aren't communicating but they are still together.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You'll be alright... I'll be
there...

And Craig is grateful for that -- if visibly concerned.

CRAIG

I was thinking... maybe you should
tell the other parents that I'll be
working, on Jess's birthday -- so I
can't be around...

Rebecca admires his self-sacrifice, sees what it's costing
him -- and nods:

REBECCA

And maybe if I take them for ice
cream, rather than have them at the
house?

A beat and Craig nods, aware this isn't a solution Rebecca
has come up with in the moment. As they smile but struggle
to hold each other's eye --

CUT TO:

47 **INT. MEETING ROOM, CROWN OFFICE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6 1155.** 47

Ella TAPS quickly at her LAPTOP/TABLET and one eye on the door, stares closely at her screen --

On it: the same Google images-style search results for the term **EDDIE J. TURNER** that we saw Anna looking at earlier.

Ella stares hard at the blurry image of young Eddie: could it be Craig?

CUT TO:

48 SCENE 48 OMITTED 48

49 **EXT. ALLEYWAY, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6 1535.** 49

Anna and Mo walk down STEPS, aware of passers-by, clearly wary of being seen. They TURN into --

49A **INT/EXT. DOORWAY, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6 1536.** 49A

And PUSH cautiously into a --

50 **INT. KITCHEN, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6 1536.** 50

STEAM obscures their view for a beat, then clears and reveals KITCHEN WORKERS. Among them: KIERAN (50s, 'solid'). He sees the new arrivals and nods towards --

A private corner. Once there, Kieran joins Anna and Mo and checks nobody is looking at them.

KIERAN

I know who you are and the less you know about me the better.

MO

... Did you get the picture I sent: of Myers now?

KIERAN

I did but... it was a kid I met. Doesn't matter anyway... Will I just talk?

MO

(yes)

I gave up on foreplay years ago...

No smiles: too tense. As Kieran speaks (quiet, measured) he monitors his surroundings throughout and is prison curt: neither expects nor welcomes interruption.

(CONTINUED)

KIERAN

Around 2009 this kid Myers arrives on the wing from a secure unit to finish his sentence: nothing unusual... He's quiet, no bother; but there's something about him; none of the staff like the smell of him. Then a few months in, his cellbell goes... We get in there and find an Asian lad with bad head injuries; he's been PP9'd --

MO

(off Anna's frown)
Batteries, in a sock.

KIERAN

The injured lad says he fell but the No Grassing pap is all for show and once he's in healthcare, he tells us...

(beat)

He admits to starting it; says he's gone in there to do someone but he was disarmed and attacked with his own weapon. I say serves you right then, son. He says: 'But Boss, Eddie J. Turner's in there...'

Mo looks at Anna as that lands.

ANNA

Lots of inmates have been falsely accused or even claimed to be him.

Kieran continues as if Anna hasn't spoken:

KIERAN

Child killers aren't forgiven in that environment, which is fine but I like a quiet life. So I go to the Number One Governor, report what I've been told. And he says... Forget it; put nothing on paper; never happened...

Mo and Anna again regard each other.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

So I do forget it. Till one day, months later, that cell is suddenly empty... All we're told is to box all the prop in there and drop it to OMU. I do as I'm told but now I'm curious... so while I'm there, I hop on their system to find out where the boxes are going...

Anna is rapt now.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
Renfrew Criminal Justice Services.
No details on the system, no
records. Odd. So I call -- and
they won't even say whether either
lad is a client! Now that's
unheard of!

Mo and Anna regard each other suddenly: what was that?

KIERAN (CONT'D)
And I think: who would they do that
for if --

MO
Wait! Either lad? There were two
in that cell?

KIERAN
(obviously)
Myers shared with a lad from
another secure unit.

MO
You never... [SAID] And what was
his name?

KIERAN
(shrugs, no idea)
He was nobody...

MO
But... it's possible that it was
him they were protecting, not
'Myers'; and therefore that Craig
Myers isn't Eddie J. Turner?

Kieran looks almost offended -- then adamant:

KIERAN
I was in the job thirty years; my
instincts saved my life more often
than my stick...
(definitive)
Trust me: it was Myers...

As a suddenly worried Mo regards an inscrutable Anna--

CUT TO:

Craig and Tom walk together holding PASTIES: Tom tucking in,
Craig staring at his without enthusiasm -- not hungry...

TOM
(concerned)
You need to eat something...

But Craig only looks nauseous... Tom lays a fraternal hand on his back, comforting.

As they turn a corner, Craig casts nervous glances around, as is his habit. Tom also looks around them and his eyes find --

Louise and Danny: sitting on a bench near St Giles' Cathedral (both eating SANDWICHES). Tom's eyes move to (the oblivious) Louise's bare LEGS --

Danny spots Tom and follows his lascivious stare -- and he SNARLS involuntarily, fists CLENCHING --

Tom meets Danny's stare and his challenge -- both showing sides that we haven't yet seen --

Louise catches Danny's look -- and her eyes find Craig and Tom.

LOUISE
What's the matter?

DANNY
... Do you think your Mum's right?
Do you think the whole truth will
come out now, because of this?

Louise regards Danny for a beat -- then nods:

LOUISE
Yes, one way or another; I think it
will...

As Louise watches Craig disappear round the corner, Danny's mind is visibly racing and we --

CUT TO:

A burdened Danny enters the lounge with Louise and they see -- Lenny, watching TV with BEN DEAN, though Ben is in a (sullen) world of his own, wearing HEADPHONES and his school uniform.

LENNY
(to Louise and Danny)
Good day?

Louise nods, looking for evidence of Anna. Danny stays by the door, tense.

LENNY (CONT'D)
OK, Daniel-son?

DANNY

... Aye not bad, Len, thanks.

Aware of Ben (despite the headphones), Louise lowers her voice to tell Lenny, re Danny:

LOUISE

He's had to go and give a statement
about the night of the attack...

Lenny fixes Danny with a suddenly serious stare.

LENNY

(aware of Ben)
We all know it was you, son...

Louise frowns. Then Lenny... CRACKS UP! Louise rolls her eyes.

DANNY

If it was me, he wouldn't be taking
Anna to court; he wouldn't be going
anywhere...

Lenny's smile fades and he frowns a little, glances at Louise
-- who looks awkward, then changes the subject:

LOUISE

Is she not back yet?

Lenny shakes his head: no -- and turns his attention to Ben:

LENNY

And you'd best get in front of your
homework, or we'll both be for it
when she is. Go on...

But Ben doesn't even acknowledge Lenny. Suddenly serious,
Lenny PULLS off Ben's HEADPHONES:

LENNY (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

Finally, Ben regards Lenny -- with insolence:

BEN

Do you really think she'll care?

Before Lenny can react, Danny steps up, eager:

DANNY

What's the subject, Benny boy?

Ben looks up at Danny -- there's a bond here.

BEN

Maths...

DANNY

Should me and you go and smash it --
then play some FIFA?

Ben thaws and a jerk of Danny's head says: Come on... Ben slouches off the sofa, allows Danny to lead him out.

Lenny and Louise watch them go; Lenny shaking his head at Ben. Then:

LENNY

He's great with Ben.

LOUISE

(nods)

Shite at maths though: they'll be
back through in a minute... Is she
working late?

Lenny looks suddenly awkward as he shrugs and we --

CUT TO:

Anna stares ahead, Mo pacing, back at the top of the alley (Kieran in the background, smoking with NS Workmates). Both are deep in thought, Mo suddenly doubting everything:

MO

I'm sorry: if I'd known I'd have
waited to give you the name --

A beat, then Anna shakes her head, decided:

ANNA

Why? He's sure and so am I: Craig
Myers is Eddie J. Turner. We'll
get the proof...

The certainty of Anna's words more than cover the vaguest flicker of doubt Mo searches for in her eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And when he stands up in court and
goes to pieces in front of
everyone, he'll prove it himself...

As Mo tries to hide her concern in the face of Anna's
conviction, PRELAP:

BEN (V/O)

Did you know Liam?

INT. BEN'S ROOM, ANNA'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6 1605 54

Ben sits in front of his HOMEWORK, glances up at Danny -- who
looks a little awkward.

DANNY

No... I was at the same school but
I was older, so... I only knew him
by sight...

Ben nods and returns to his work. Danny drifts away for a
beat and when he returns, he regards Ben:

DANNY (CONT'D)

You know your Mum's amazing, don't
you? I mean, really amazing...

Ben glances up at Danny and reluctantly, nods: whatever.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I should probably have told you...
I'm rubbish at maths...

As Ben smiles at Danny, PRELAP:

LENNY (V/O)

Do you think with all that's going
on...

INT. LOUNGE, ANNA'S HOUSE. EDINBURGH - PAST DAY 6 1611. 55

Louise regards Lenny's insecurity: this is hard for him.

LENNY

That she'll have gone to see your Dad?

Louise feels for Lenny: he's been a father to her.

LOUISE

I was about to say she'd have told
me but...

A beat as they both finish the sentence.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

What if she's convicted, Lenny? What about Ben? I might not have been allowed to go on school trips but at least I came home to my mum...

LENNY

(forced lightness)

You did go on trips; you always came to me to persuade her!

Louise knows what Lenny is doing but won't let him. She stares at Liam's PHOTOGRAPH as she talks, from experience:

LOUISE

It's tough enough trying to follow in the footsteps of an angel...

Now she eyes Lenny. And she smiles, reassuring:

LOUISE (CONT'D)

She won't have gone to Dad...

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON - PAST DAY 6 1659.

Grover enters the prison gates and we PRELAP:

GROVER (V.O.)

When did you last see your ex-wife?

INT. VISITORS ROOM, PRISON - PAST DAY 6 1704.

CHRISTIAN GRAHAM (43), sitting across from Grover, searches his memory: it's not easy.

CHRISTIAN

Must be at least... It's been years for definite but... These places do strange things to time...

GROVER

Your drink problem won't help...

Ignoring the sarcasm, Christian nods, philosophical:

CHRISTIAN

Nothing helps; time doesn't heal; the needle returns to the start of the song and we all sing along like before...

GROVER

Did you know she'd been arrested?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

... My daughter still writes to me.

GROVER

Then presumably she also told you why the victim was attacked?

CHRISTIAN

(beat, surprised)

That's what we're calling him, is it: 'the victim'... Is it him?

GROVER

You've made numerous threats towards Eddie J. Turner through the media --

CHRISTIAN

Liam's the only victim; and my alibi is pretty strong...

Christian regards the barred window behind him.

GROVER

This is your what... fifth sentence since the first in 2006... Your professional skills useful in here?

CHRISTIAN

Not too many tax returns but I'm trusted with the book and some bet on anything, passes the time...

GROVER

I've been looking at your previous cellmates. Plenty with form for violence --

CHRISTIAN

Seventeen minutes: best odds on the length of your visit --

GROVER

I'm sure plenty would do you this particular favour...

Now Christian eyes Grover with curiosity.

CHRISTIAN

Why aren't we at the station?

GROVER

We'll talk to them all, Christian --

CHRISTIAN

And why are you on your own?

GROVER

You're out next month; if you have anything to tell me, do it now and let me help you --

CHRISTIAN

You're not supposed to be here, are you?

Caught, Grover is silenced. Christian relaxes...

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I never really got all that mob stuff to be honest...

(impersonation)

Kill any kid who kills a kid because it's evil killing kids!

Christian frowns: makes no sense.

GROVER

He's not a kid anymore...

Now Christian meets Grover's intense stare, with interest.

CHRISTIAN

Have I thought about killing Eddie J. Turner? Yes. But I've thought even more about killing myself and...

Christian's (rather sad) gesture says: Still here...

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I let Liam down. I wasn't there when he needed me most and nothing can ever take that away... So threaten what you like -- bring back the rack if you want and put my head on a spike on Waverley Bridge -- because the worst thing that could ever happen to me already has...

Off Christian's tortured smile --

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. CRAIG'S CAR, ICE CREAM PARLOUR - PAST DAY 7 1600. 58
*NEW DAY***

Another man in pain... Craig stares out of his car window --

Through the glass of the shop -- where Rebecca and Jessica (in pretty party DRESS) sit together, eating ice cream;

(CONTINUED)

Rebecca trying to be cheery, Jessica unable to hide her sadness, or stop looking for friends who aren't coming. But for a few **HAPPY BIRTHDAY! BALLOONS**, they are alone...

On Craig's heartbreak, tears filling his eyes, his jaw steeled at the injustice of this, PRELAP the SOUND of running water and --

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES TOILET, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1405.

Anna stares at the PILLS in her hand. Knows she shouldn't be doing this. But --

She SWALLOWS them with tap water and regards herself in the mirror. She stares into her eyes for reassurance, notices the BARS on the window behind in reflection. A deep breath and --

INT. CORRIDOR, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1406.

Anna exits, into the corridor... Where Mo is waiting.

MO

... Ready, soldier?

Anna takes a deep breath and steels herself:

ANNA

I've only waited fifteen years for this...

Mo nods, knows what this means to Anna -- but also feels she should temper her expectations:

MO

Solomon can't actually ask him though... can he?

ANNA

Not outright -- but he knows that I know -- and he'll break, I know he will...

Mo takes Anna firmly by the arm and they begin WALKING together. They reach the door of the court and we --

INT. COURT 3, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1407.

Enter the Public Gallery with Anna leading Mo, head down and she has to PAUSE -- for someone to move for her to pass. The body shifts aside, Anna lifts her head to thank them, until she realises it's --

Grover. Seeing each other simultaneously, both steel their jaws. Mo looks awkward, tries to pull Anna forward -- but she doesn't move.

ANNA
(to Grover)
How is the next witness feeling?

Mo glances across at the Police Officer:

MO
(to Anna)
You two aren't allowed to speak...

GROVER
(to Mo)
Your accomplice -- sorry, friend -- seems to be having trouble remembering who's on trial --

MO
(mischievous)
There's no smoke without fire though is there...

Now Grover faces Mo squarely. Lenny, Louise, Danny notice from their seats.

GROVER
If you're referring to me, I thought as a P.I you'd understand the importance of evidence; how certain you need to be before you go making accusations that could destroy someone's life...
Innocent till proven guilty: the same human right your friend here's benefitting from --

ANNA
(to Mo)
I suppose we're used to thinking only those who kill children are entitled to human rights?

Grover's attention moves to Anna. Now the Police Officer notices them.

GROVER
You do know the only reason people let you get away with saying such stupid things is because they feel sorry for you, or because they need you to sell newspapers; somebody really needs to tell you that --

MO
Have you got kids?

GROVER

No -- but Craig Myers has...

(to Anna)

You've got no more expertise or rights than anybody else and the idea you should have any say in what happens to Liam's killer is absurd --

Danny and Lenny stand at the same time, defensive.

MO

He's her son --

GROVER

I know -- and the only thing that entitles her to is her grief...

Ouch. Multiple winces. Anna and Grover glare at each other, the Officer STANDS and we --

CUT TO:

INT. WITNESS ROOM/CORRIDOR, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1410. 62

Mouth moving and PACING, Craig scratches absently at his forearm. He STOPS suddenly as the DOOR --

OPENS. The BAR OFFICER gestures: it's time. And on jelly legs, Craig follows --

The Bar Officer towards the door to **Court 3**: a gladiator preparing to enter the arena. A door is opened for him and we enter --

INT. COURT 3, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1411. 63

On Craig: eyes deliberately downcast but feeling the intense heat of multiple stares as he's shown to the witness box.

JUDGE (O.S.)

Mr. Myers...

Craig has no choice but to look up now. Sees the Judge standing, her right hand raised:

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Oath or affirmation?

CRAIG

... Oath, please.

JUDGE

Raise your right hand and repeat these words: I swear by Almighty God that I will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Craig raises his hand, nervous gaze trained on the Judge.

CRAIG

I swear by Almighty God that I will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth...

JUDGE

(sitting)
Advocate Depute...

A beat as Ella moves to the lectern with her notes.

ELLA

Could you tell us your name and age, please...

Finally Craig looks out, first at Ella, then Solomon and the legal teams, the expectant Jury, the Public Gallery (Tom and Grover both nod reassurance; Lenny, Louise and Danny stare) and finally... Anna, glowering at Craig from the dock.

Craig stares directly at Anna and with a steel jaw, replies:

CRAIG

My name is Craig Andrew Myers. I'm twenty-eight years old.

Anna meets his eye, shakes her head a little: liar.

ELLA

Are you happy to give your address as care of the police?

CRAIG

Yes.

ELLA

Are you working at the moment?

Again he engages Anna, then the slightest movement of his lips and we --

CUT TO:

Craig walks through the depot: first day back. He checks routinely behind him, then sees, up ahead --

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

A group of DRIVERS, laughing together as they drink their morning COFFEE. Craig tenses as he approaches them, considers joining but as he nears and they notice him --

The laughter tails off. They look at the floor, or pointedly away -- faces darken. He sees Leigh watching from his office, concerned. And Craig walks on...

CUT TO:

65

INT/EXT. STATIONARY BUS, DEPOT, GREENOCK - PAST DAY 8 0910.65

Craig takes his place in the drivers seat... He's been waiting for this. But rather than feeling at home, he looks horribly ill at ease. Sweating suddenly, Craig moves to start the engine -- and notices that his hands are involuntarily SHAKING...

A HORN sounds, from behind -- startling Craig, telling him to move... He looks in the mirror but catching his own eye, has to look quickly away... He mumbles to himself, shaken -- What's the matter with me?

CUT TO:

66

EXT. STREET, GREENOCK - PAST DAY 8 1005.

66

A shaken Craig walks away from the depot, PHONE to his ear:

CRAIG (IN PHONE)
I couldn't do it...

Cut between here and --

67

INT. SPARE ROOM, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST DAY 8 1005.67

A picture of a younger Craig: in a PHOTO on his bus DRIVING LICENSE. It's one of many documents from Craig's life strewn on the floor: his PASSPORT, BIRTH CERTIFICATE, SCHOOL REPORTS. All having been scrutinized by --

Rebecca: now sitting at the same COMPUTER we saw Craig at earlier. At her elbow, open PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS -- and on SCREEN, an image search showing (amongst others):

LIAM GRAHAM (often the same photo); the CRIME SCENE at the back of the pub; various images of ANNA from the past twenty years, some with LOUISE and several outside court or official buildings; NEWSPAPER HEADLINES including **WHY?; LIAM COP: IT WAS LIKE A HORROR MOVIE'** (with a picture of GERRY TYTHE) and a SILHOUETTE of a generic child alongside: **'DEVIL CHILD PLEADS GUILTY'**

Take all this during the following:

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (IN PHONE)
You couldn't do what?

CRAIG (IN PHONE)
I couldn't move the bus... let
alone pick anyone up...

Rebecca reacts: heart breaking for him -- she knows what
driving means to Craig.

REBECCA (IN PHONE)
So what happened?

CRAIG (IN PHONE)
I offered to work in the depot but
Leigh just wanted me to take more
time off: *You're a driver*, he says -
- *and if you can't drive...* Nobody
wants me around --

REBECCA (IN PHONE)
Did he say that?

CRAIG (IN PHONE)
He didn't have to! He was just
looking for an excuse --

REBECCA (IN PHONE)
What do you mean?

CRAIG (IN PHONE)
(beat)
I told him to back me or sack me...

Rebecca reacts: you did what? PRELAP:

ELLA (V.O)
And they sacked you...

Dejected, Craig nods, his discomfort evident and constant
throughout. Ella silently reminds him:

CRAIG
Sorry: Yes...

ELLA
From a job you held for eight years
with an unblemished record -- is
that correct?

CRAIG
Yes...

ELLA

Craig... before we talk about the specific events of 31st October 2017, can you tell us how else your life has been impacted by what happened that night?

CRAIG

(beat)

It's not only my life; it's my wife and daughter's too...

He looks at Anna who is implacable: you did this, not me.

ELLA

Lets focus on you for now...

She nods encouragement and Craig tries to pretend he's only talking to her -- but it's still difficult:

CRAIG

... Before I was just, you know... ordinary... Enjoying my work and time with my family... That's pretty much all I ever wanted...

Ella encourages him further: good. And then?

CRAIG (CONT'D)

But... everything I've done since it happened, everything I've said... it's like everyone's reading things into it all the time, trying to work out if I'm...

(beat, drifting)

I feel like I'm being stared at, like everyone knows...

ELLA

... Knows what, Craig?

Anna sits forward. Is this it?

CRAIG

That I'm the one accused of being him... Eddie J. Turner. I mean, most people think 'there's no smoke without fire', don't they? I've thought it myself...

Take Grover, listening intently as next to him, Tom's leg moves frantically up and down like an impatient, or nervous, child. Without taking his eyes off proceedings, Grover suddenly CLASPS Tom's leg with a swift firm hand; stills it.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

And the thing is, there's nothing you can do once it's been said.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

It's there forever... some people will always think you're him, no matter what you say, or do... And you'll probably always think you're being stared at...

CUT TO:

INT. SPARE ROOM, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST DAY 8 1050.69

Filling the SCREEN alongside that picture of CRAIG, the same search results we we've seen Anna and Ella looking at, including the fuzzy black and white image tagged: **Edward James Turner**

Rebecca optimizes the image -- but it's still lousy quality. It might be a younger version of Craig, or it might be Danny or Tom as a child; or countless other people. She leans in, eyes an inch from the screen, until a sudden --

BANG! Jolts her back from her reverie. The front door. Rebecca SCOOPS documents off the floor, STOWS them in a drawer, then hurriedly closes the browser just as --

The door OPENS. And Craig enters...

Seeing his devastation, Rebecca stands -- and HOLDS him for a beat. She searches his face, sees how deep this cuts.

REBECCA

Don't worry... I'll get a job.

Craig reacts -- a flash that tells us that prospect only makes this worse. Looking to change the subject, he glimpses the photo ALBUM over Rebecca's shoulder: open on shots of her as a child.

CRAIG

Is that you?

Rebecca watches him REACH for the album, aware that he's avoiding the question of her getting a job.

REBECCA

... Jess has got to do her family tree...

(re PICTURES)

I thought you'd seen them?

Craig shakes his head, smiles at her cuteness in the picture.

CRAIG

You look like Jess in that one...

Rebecca searches Craig's profile, feeling increasingly like she doesn't know him at all.

(CONTINUED)

She places her hands on his arms, his sleeves rolled up to expose his FOREARMS. She looks at him, desperately in need of reassurance:

REBECCA

We haven't got a single photo of
you as a child...

A long beat and Craig nods: I know.

CRAIG

(distant)

I don't think anyone wanted to
remember my childhood...

Rebecca's fingers find the old SCARS on Craig's forearm.
Both look at them.

REBECCA

There are things we should have
talked about...

It's a challenge rather than a moan and annoyed at her
suspicion, now of all times -- Craig REMOVES his arms from
Rebecca's grasp, then pulls down his SLEEVES to cover the
scars.

CRAIG

(sharp)

I don't want you having to work...

Though on completely different pages, both look hurt and
annoyed -- and from the growing distance between them,
PRELAP:

SOLOMON (V/O)

Mr. 'Myers'?

Craig's jaw is again tense -- and hardens at the tone of:

SOLOMON

When D.I. Grover asked you in
hospital if the attacker said
anything to you, what was your reply?

CRAIG

... I said 'No'.

SOLOMON

Because?

CRAIG

... Because I didn't remember.

SOLOMON

No. And what made you remember?

CRAIG

(baffled)

I don't... [KNOW] I mean, why do you remember anything?

SOLOMON

That's my question...

CRAIG

... Well, I can't answer it; sorry. I just... did.

Solomon's expression emphasises how unsatisfactory that is for the sake of the Jury. Craig knows he's under attack and nervous, looks into the Public Gallery -- where Tom discreetly moves his outstretched palms up and down as if bouncing basketballs in slow-motion: stay calm.

SOLOMON

We've heard evidence going to the severity of the head injury you sustained. First I'd like to make clear to the Jury that the wounds visible today are not as a result of the Halloween attack; those injuries are more recent, are they not?

Ella seethes. Craig checks with her. She nods.

CRAIG

Yes.

Again Solomon lets the Jury note that.

SOLOMON

Now, given the seriousness of that original head injury and Dr. Nielsen's lack of certainty about how your memory might be affected... if we accept that the attacker did speak, how sure can you realistically be of his exact words?

CRAIG

... It's what he said.

SOLOMON

They were whispered, were they not?

CRAIG

Yes.

SOLOMON

Between blows?

CRAIG

Yes.

SOLOMON

Savage blows, according to an eyewitness... Yet you can be absolutely positive?

CRAIG

I just told you: it's what he said.

SOLOMON

The problem is, we only have your word for that, don't we?

Craig frowns -- doesn't understand.

CRAIG

I don't... why is it a problem? Are you calling me a liar?

SOLOMON

Are you a liar, Mr. Myers?

CRAIG

... No.

SOLOMON

You've never lied to the authorities before? I'd remind you that you are under oath...

A beat -- now Craig knows what's coming. Anna stares.

CRAIG

If you're talking about 2012, I was admonished --

SOLOMON

For a street brawl in which you denied any involvement to police, until CCTV evidence caught you in a lie... Is that correct?

CRAIG

... It was a stupid idea --

SOLOMON

Is that correct?

CRAIG

... Yes.

Solomon takes a beat, scans the Jury: get that? Off Craig's building anxiety

CUT TO:

71 **INT. BEDROOM, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST NIGHT 8 2215.** 71

Craig and Rebecca lay side-by-side in bed, distant, staring up at the ceiling, lost in their own thoughts and anxieties. Eventually:

CRAIG

(almost to himself)

All I ever wanted to do was look
after you...

Another beat, then Rebecca glances at Craig. Their eyes miss each other's -- then meet -- and search each other's faces as if remembering who the other is. Then hesitant at first, Craig places a KISS on Rebecca's lips. A beat -- and she responds.

Slowly, he shifts his weight, caresses her and gradually, it's clear that he wants -- perhaps needs -- to make love to her. Again she responds but as Craig's passion intensifies and Rebecca sees his hands exploring her skin, she's increasingly uneasy.

(CONTINUED)

Rebecca's body stiffens and her eyes find a pattern of old SCARS on Craig's bare arms -- once endearing, now somehow threatening -- and she shifts to gently push him away.

But Craig's ardour overrides the sign and he continues. Annoyed, Rebecca PUSHES him off again, harder this time -- but Craig presses on, until --

REBECCA

Craig...

And he STOPS... Looks at the woman he loves and so desperately wants to connect with.

Then he shifts to lay next to her, an arm around her. Both their gazes are troubled as we PRELAP MUSIC and --

CUT TO:

Grover steps inside a pub.

We move with him to the bar, where he stands, alone -- and casts glances around. Until he finds --

The blonde WOMAN we saw him watching in Ep1. She's laughing with FRIENDS -- until eventually, she glances up and sees Grover. Something like fear gives way to anger and she --

Moves off her stool and approaches him at the bar.

GROVER

(appeasing)

I only want to talk --

CATHY

You can't be anywhere near me.

GROVER

Cathy, please. Five minutes --

CATHY

No --

GROVER

(reaching for her)

Just tell them the truth --

CATHY

I said no!

Her volume attracts attention around the pub. All eyes on Grover now. Cathy announces to the pub:

CATHY (CONT'D)

He still doesn't understand that when
a woman says no, she means no...

Cathy's friends stand and suddenly aware of how dangerous his
situation is, frustrated Grover turns and HURRIES out of the
pub, slamming the DOOR as --

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH - PAST NIGHT 8 2240.

The front door SLAMS -- and burdened Louise, sitting watching
TV, reacts...

Anna enters, swaps smile with Louise, as Lenny enters:

LENNY

Everything OK?

Anna moves to Lenny and kisses him by way of reply.

ANNA

Ben in bed?

As Lenny nods, Anna catches a glance between him and Louise --

ANNA (CONT'D)

... What?

LENNY

The school phoned...

ANNA

Why?

LENNY

They want us to make an appointment
to go in and talk about Ben's
'recent behaviour'...

Lenny and Louise both eye Anna: not quite accusing but
interested in her reaction. After a beat:

ANNA

All kids play up...

As Lenny steels his jaw, disappointed (but doesn't want to
talk about it now):

LOUISE

He needs to know exactly what's
going on, Mum --

ANNA

He knows what's going on --

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE
You've talked to him, have you?

INT. BEN'S ROOM, ANNA'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH - PAST NIGHT 8 2241.

Ben sits on the floor, looking at his TABLET. On SCREEN: some of the same search results we've seen Ella and Rebecca looking at: he's researching his brother's murder. Over this:

LOUISE (V.O.)
You keep on about the truth but all you ever do is try to protect him from it...

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH - PAST NIGHT 8 2242.

Back with Louise:

LOUISE
You did the same with me --

ANNA
I won't have another one of my kids poisoned by this --

LOUISE
Is that really what you're worried about?
(off Anna's 'what?' frown)
Or are you scared of him finding out that you're willing to leave him because you can't tell the difference between justice and revenge?

Ouch. Lenny shoots Louise a 'don't' glance -- but Anna doesn't back down from a fight:

ANNA
You still don't see it, do you...

LOUISE
... See what?

ANNA
How deluded we are! All the families of 'victims', so desperate to make their deaths mean something through a 'legacy' or a 'campaign', because deep down we know it didn't mean anything to anyone but us; that nothing really matters except they're gone and they're not coming back -- that after that, everything else is just... noise.

LOUISE
(stunned)
So it was all a waste of time, was
it: taking the petition to Downing
Street and --

ANNA
That's about the law being broken --
not our hearts --

LOUISE
You selfish bitch...

That lands, hard -- and after a beat, Louise leaves. Shocked,
Anna turns to Lenny -- but he can only look to the floor...

CUT TO:

INT. LANDING/SPARE ROOM, CRAIG'S HOUSE, GREENOCK - PAST 76
NIGHT 8 2330.

Returning from the bathroom, Craig passes the spare room (the
house dark and silent) when something catches his eye...

He enters -- leaves the light off -- and a flashing light on
the COMPUTER tells him it hasn't been shut down.

Then, one eye on the door, he clicks **HISTORY** and two clicks
later, the fuzzy IMAGE of **Eddie James Turner** fills the screen
again.

Tears fill Craig's transfixed eyes -- either because he's now
certain his wife suspects him, or for more disturbing
reasons. Suddenly the deep silence is SMASHED by the --

CRASH! of a brick hurled through an upstairs window. Jessica
SCREAMS! Craig RUNS!

REBECCA (O.S.)
(shouting, panicked)
CRAIG!

CRAIG
(shouting, panicked)
JESS!

From that cacophony --

CUT TO:

INT. COURT 3, EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1535. 77

Pin-drop SILENCE. Solomon circling Craig in the witness box
like a shark as he talks:

SOLOMON
I don't doubt that you have been
the victim of violence, Mr. Myers.
But I do doubt your memory...
(MORE)

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I believe you are misremembering, deliberately or otherwise: trying to make sense of a random event by creating connections where there are none. Do you think that's possible?

CRAIG

(shakes head)

No -- I'm not lying and there's nothing wrong with my memory.

SOLOMON

Really? So if asked, you could tell the court what you were doing last week, or last month?

Ella looks concerned; Anna expectant -- where is this going?

CRAIG

I think so... as much as anybody else --

SOLOMON

What about six months, or a year ago?

Craig shrugs and nods simultaneously.

CRAIG

I suppose...

SOLOMON

What if I asked you about your childhood, Mr. Myers?

Now Anna shifts to the edge of her seat. So does Ella. The Judge frowns: dangerous waters. Craig glares at Solomon, as the door to the Public Gallery opens and in walks --

Rebecca. Take Craig's reaction.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Mr. Myers?

CRAIG

(rattled)

I don't see what that's got to do with anything --

Ella stands as Craig watches Rebecca take a seat (away from anyone):

ELLA

My Lady --

JUDGE

(acknowledging Ella)

I tend to agree with the witness,
Mr. Mishra --

SOLOMON

The reliability of the complainer's
memory goes to the heart of this
case, My Lady --

Craig shakes his head in derision -- bullshit! -- he knows
what this is; and as he locks eyes again with Anna:

ELLA

My Lady, may I remind the court
that we are not here to establish
whether Craig Myers is Eddie J.
Turner --

SOLOMON

That's not what I asked --

CRAIG

I don't like talking about my
childhood and I don't see why I
should have to --

All eyes on Craig now, not least Rebecca's. Is he losing it?

JUDGE

Understood, Mr. Myers; confirmation
that you have childhood memories
should prove sufficient for Mr.
Mishra's purposes...

Solomon nods. Craig looks out at Rebecca: he told her he had
none... And when he replies, it's as if he's talking to her
alone, forcing out a painful truth. Expectant Anna stops
breathing: this is it.

CRAIG

The truth is I don't, not really --
but not because my memory's bad....
(this is hard)
My mum and dad were always out or
on holiday so... I'd go to stay
with people, or sometimes be put in
care for a week or two. But
mostly, I was on my own, so...
What's to remember?

ANNA

(under her breath)

Ask him who he is...

SOLOMON

You seem agitated, Mr. Myers --

CRAIG

You'd be agitated --

Solomon frowns: would I?

ANNA

Ask him...

The Guard next to Anna shoots her a cautioning glance.

JUDGE

The witness's memory appears sound,
Mr. Mishra: please move -- [ON]

ANNA

(outburst)

No!

Now all eyes move to Anna.

JUDGE

Mrs. Dean, please --

ANNA

Ask him while he's under oath --

JUDGE

Mrs. Dean --

ANNA

Ask him!

CRAIG

(snarling)

You ask me!

As Anna and those in the Public Gallery (not least Rebecca) reacts with shock at the violence of Craig's outburst -- and we are confronted (for the first time) with the real possibility that he is in fact a dangerous killer:

JUDGE

I will find you both in Contempt!

Craig looks to the floor, knows he's lost it and instantly regretting it. Tom and Grover react: shit. Anna closes her eyes: the chance has gone --

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE EDINBURGH HIGH COURT - DAY 2 1805.

Rebecca HURRIES out of the court building, eager to get away. She's quickly swallowed by the rush-hour stream of bodies...

(CONTINUED)

A beat later, Craig exits in a similar hurry -- and STOPS, trying to locate Rebecca in the crowd. Then spots her and WALKS quickly after her...

Another beat and a dejected Anna continues past them, Mo at her side. Mo drops a supportive arm around her friend:

MO

I know you were hoping for more...

As Anna stares at the human traffic:

ANNA

He thinks he's got away with it...

Mo sees Anna's growing frustration -- and looks worried.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm not giving up, Mo... I
can't...

Anna walks on -- followed by Mo's anxious stare as --

Craig zigzags between TOURISTS, keeping Rebecca in view -- and in doing so, he doesn't see that he too is being FOLLOWED. By a STRANGER, hidden by his hood --

Rebecca heads down STEPS and Craig follows her. As he arrives at the bottom, reveal the stranger watching Craig is:

Christian Graham --

*

TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE 102