1 EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY

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

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

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

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

2 <u>EXT. WALLACE FARM. BACK GARDEN - DAY</u>

2

1

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

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

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

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

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

PETER Niall... Niall...

2.

2

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

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

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

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

3 <u>EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 0</u>

3

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

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

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

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

CITY BOY

He's massive.

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

NI ALL

(a whi spered reproach)
That's four of your seven seconds.

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

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

BANG. No. The animal drops like a stone.

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

CITY BOY How do you stay so cal m?

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

NI ALL

Have you got kids?

CITY BOY

(frowns, nods) A little boy.

NI ALL

How little?

CITY BOY

(beat of hesitation)

He's four.

NI ALL

Watch him next time he's out playing. Put your phone down, close your lapt op and really watch. (City Boy frowns, doesn't

`get it) You'll learn more from him than you will from me.

Niall quickens his pace curtailing further conversation.

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

NI ALL (CONT'D)

Hello, old friend.

CITY BOY

(frowns, confused)

You' ve... hunt ed this act ual deer before?

NI ALL

"This act ual deer". Yeah.

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

NI ALL (CONT'D)

Knew I'd get him one day.

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

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

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

4 <u>EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1</u>

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

5 <u>INT/EXT. LAND ROVER/MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1</u>

5

4

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

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

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

NI KKI

(craning forward)
I'm sorry?

DS ROSS

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

NI KKI

Oh. Fine, thank you.

DS ROSS

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

A beat on Jack. What about him?

DS ROSS (CONT'D)

You too, Mr. Hodges.

JACK

Hodgson. Jack.

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

6 <u>EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1</u>

6

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

6

6 CONTI NUED:

JACK

(wat chi ng Ross)

What else did he say on the phone?

NI KKI

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

JACK

About?

NI KKI

For ensic anthropology, I presume.

JACK

But you don't remember?

NI KKI

Jack.

JACK

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

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

7 <u>EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1</u>

7

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

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

DS ROSS

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

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

NI KKI

Good.

Nikki and Jack begin to process. DS Ross hovering.

DS ROSS

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

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

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

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

DS ROSS

Ckay...?

NI KKI

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

DS ROSS

Any ideas about cause of death?

NI KKI

No good ones.

There's just a little edge there. But DS Ross doesn't take nes. hineNF

7.

7 CONTINUED: (3)

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

NI KKI

Mat chbook.

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

JACK

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

What?

NI KKI

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

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

7

7 CONTINUED: (4)

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

JACK

Wire he then removed. Vicious and methodical.

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

JACK (CONT'D)

Got it.

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

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

A beat on Jack and Nikki taking this in.

NI KKI

(frowns)

Looks like an exit wound...
(a thought)

Let's check her back.

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

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9.

7

7 CONTINUED: (5)

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

JACK

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

NI KKI

Just a bit.

Jack rises. Scans the forest floor.

DS ROSS (O.S.)

She was shot?

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

NI KKI

(nods yes)

Shot then redressed.

DS ROSS

My God.

(a beat)

Any I'D?

NI KKI

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

Jack decides to throw it back to DS Ross.

JACK

Someone must be looking for her?

8 <u>INT. MANHATTAN BAR - DAY 1</u>

8

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

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

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

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

AMY

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

STELLA

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

AMY

So what? It all goes to you anyway.

STELLA

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

AMY

Yeah, yeah. What ever.

Stella swings around to block her path.

STELLA

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

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

STELLA (CONT'D)

What is it, Amy?

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

STELLA (CONT'D)

(softer)

I know you looked up to Caitlin but she was a mess. She was the one who needed a big sister.

AMY

(def ensi ve)

What's your point?

STELLA

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

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

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

10 <u>OMI TTED</u> 10

11 <u>INT/EXT. LAND ROVER/MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1</u>

11

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

DS ROSS

Here we go.

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

JOURNALI ST

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

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

DS ROSS

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

JOURNALI ST

But it's foul play?

DS ROSS

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

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

Nikki watches the rolling countryside a moment.

DS ROSS (CONT'D)

Vultures, but they have their uses. (not hing from Nikki, so) Bet they're even worse down south?

NI KKI

I don't know. Journalists are j our nal i st s. (a beat, then) Bit like pathologists.

Nikki lets that hang there.

DS ROSS

Now that sounds like false modesty.

NI KKI

Actually, it was more of a quest i on.

Nikki looks across at him She wants an answer.

DS ROSS

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

NI KKI

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

DS ROSS

(startled)

Right. How did you know...?

NI KKI

(lightly)

Because I have a computer and access to the internet.

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

DS ROSS

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

NI KKI

About?

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

DS ROSS

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

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

12 <u>EXT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - DAY 1</u>

12

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

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

DS ROSS

Quaint, isn't it?

Nikki thinks that might be a trick question.

NI KKI

Delightful.

DS Ross narrows his eyes playfully.

DS ROSS

You mean boring?

NI KKI

I mean delightful.

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

DS ROSS

Welcome to Precinct 13.

Off Nikki's smile, warming to DS Ross.

13 EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 1

13

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

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

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

- -- A single twisted length of grey steel wire. As Jack examines it, we see the wire is marked by some kind of white powdery substance, perhaps dried paint.
- -- A single gold high-heeled shoe. It gleams faintly as Jack holds it up to a beam of sunlight. Something sad and pathetic about this orphaned shoe.

14 <u>INT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - DAY 1</u>

14

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

DS ROSS (O.S.)

Body was found roughly here...

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

DS ROSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

... So did she escape from somewhere and the killer gave chase?

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

NI KKI

No buildings within a good ten miles.

DS ROSS A vehi cl e, then?

NI KKI

(nods, possibly)
Or the killer took her out there del i ber at el y.

Nikki looks back at the map. Shakes her head.

NIKKI (CONT'D) Macroom Forest is fifteen square miles. Staging's about attention...

DS ROSS

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

Nikki nods. Exactly.

DS ROSS (CONT'D)

So maybe it wasn't staged... (a beat)

What about the redressing?

NI KKI

(shrugs)

Suggests some kind a psychosexual compul si on.

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

NIKKI (CONT'D)

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

DS ROSS

Killer ran out of patience? St opped digging.

Nikki considers. Pulls a face.

NI KKI

Impatience doesn't seem his style.

DS ROSS

More likely he was disturbed, then?

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

17

17 INT. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY 1

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

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

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

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

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

The item finishes and Sarah turns the TV off. Stands there. $\sf BI$ ood thumping in her ears.

18 OMI TTED 18

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

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

19.

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

22 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 1

22

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

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

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

NI KKI

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

JACK

Looks like an expanding bullet.

NI KKI

(nods)

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

DS Ross shoots Nikki a look.

DS ROSS

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

NI KKI

Yes. No question.

Now Nikki is examining the wound more closely.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(to Bill)

Any chance of a bit more light?

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

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Thanks.

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

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

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

JACK

Looks like the tip of a lead hollow partition bullet.

DS ROSS

Same as the bullet you found that shot the stag?

JACK

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

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

NI KKI

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

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

NIKKI (CONT'D)

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

(go CLOSE to see splinters in one such wound)
Embedded in these wounds are splinters and bark consistent with the trees in the forest where the victim was found.

DS ROSS

She was running through the trees?

NI KKI

Injuries suggest high velocity contact, yes.

Jack indicates the bagged-up leather jacket and denimminiskirt.

JACK

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

NI KKI

(nods, building)

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

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

NIKKI (CONT'D)

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

(go CLOSE on nails as Nikki lifts hand)

... which have recently been cut short.

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

JACK

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

NI KKI

We can confirm that.

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

NIKKI (CONT'D)

White paint flakes.

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

JACK

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

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

NI KKI

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

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

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(recappi ng)

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

JACK

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

NI KKI

A pipe works.

(go CLOSE on paint chip and see rust)

Chips are edged with rust.

24. 22

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(studying her wrists)

And it explains the upward angle of the welts on the outer side of the wrists.

JACK

Gravity...

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

23 OMI TTED 23

24 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 1

24

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

NI KKI

(finally, to Ross)
I think you're looking for a hunter.

(off Ross's frown)

She was taken to the forest, bound and blindfolded, then turned loose.

JACK

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

25 EXT. MACROOM FOREST - NI GHT

25

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

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

BLAM -- a rifle erupts in the night silence.

26 <u>INT. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1</u>

26

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

Clarissa frowns at the screen. THOMAS is passing.

CLARI SSA What am I looking at?

Thomas crosses over to look.

THOMAS

What are you looking at?

CLARI SSA

A matchbook found on an unidentified body.

THOMAS

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

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

CLARI SSA

What difference does it make?

THOMAS

(all innocence)

Only reason I ask is, I wondered if your victim might be American.

CLARI SSA

MACNEI L

Thank you kindly, Jerome.

With a loud CLANK MacNeil gathers up his four glasses and heads of ${\bf f}$.

JEROME

Wait a second.

(MacNeil stares at him)

What about...?

Jerome darts out from behind the bar to pursue MacNeil.

MACNEI L

Stick it on the tab.

JEROME

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

MACNEI L

- And what?

JEROVE

(with sudden confidence)

STELLA

- Yes, it bloody was.

Both men look up into STELLA's indignant gaze.

STELLA (CONT'D)

(re Jerome)

He's just doing his job.

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

MACNEI L

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

LAI NG

That's enough, Mke.

Said quietly but with undeniable authority.

MACNEI L

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

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

Stella and Laing watch MacNeil a beat.

LAI NG

Here. I'll bring the rest tomorrow.

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

LAING (CONT'D)

Sorry about the Fat Man.

STELLA

You've been saying that for twenty years.

LAI NG

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

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

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

Jack is heading back over, his expression urgent.

JACK

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

DS ROSS

In Crenlogue? Are you kidding?

JACK

What about further afield?

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

DS ROSS

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

JACK

What kind of place is it?

DS ROSS

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

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

JACK

We need to pay it a visit. Tonight.

DS ROSS

(instantly resistent)

Says who?

JACK

The matchbook in our victim's jacket.

Jack and Nikki stare at DS Ross impatiently.

DS ROSS

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

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

JACK

(heading out)

Fi ne.

DS ROSS

Do me a favour, Jack.

(Jack Looks back
impatiently)

Tread carefully. Not my patch.

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

28 INT. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY 1

28

Angle on little OLIVER crying in his high chair.

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

STEVE

Sar ah. . . ?

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

STEVE (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

For a moment Sarah says not hing.

SARAH

Yeah. Sur e.

But she still doesn't look at him

STEVE

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

Just a hint of reproach there.

SARAH

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

STEVE

(concer ned)

Bad day?

Now Sarah Looks up at him On and on.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(really worried now)

Sweet heart . . . ?

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

SARAH

Just a headache.

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

I've got him

STEVE

Sur e?

SARAH

Sur e.

(she takes Cliver) How was your day?

STEVE

Fine. Average. Boring. (smiles)

Any and all of the above.

She returns his smile, then turns in the doorway.

SARAH

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

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

STEVE

(easy smile)

You got it.

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

29 OMITTED 29

30 <u>INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 1</u>

30

DS ROSS enters. NIKKI looks up from a microscope.

NI KKI

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

DS ROSS

Niall Wallace. Why?

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

NI KKI

Bullet casing from our victim Note the two fine tramline scratches.

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

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Remnant of the bullet casing we think killed the stag.

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

DS ROSS

Same scratches...

Nikki nods.

NI KKI

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

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

DS ROSS

What kind of tool are we talking about?

NI KKI

A collet bullet puller.

DS ROSS

A what?

PC BATHURST (O.S.)

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

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

PC BATHURST (CONT'D)

Niall Wallace owns several.

NI KKI

How do you know?

PC BATHURST

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

31 <u>EXT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - DAY 1</u>

31

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

DS ROSS

Niall Wallace has over twenty firearms registered in his name.

NI KKI

That's good to know.

PC Bathurst clears his throat.

PC BATHURST

Something else you should know. About Niall.

Nikki and DS Ross stare at Bathurst impatiently.

PC BATHURST (CONT'D)

When he was a kid he was prime suspect in the shooting of his dad, Pete Wallace.

NI KKI

Are we talking... a fatal shooting?

PC BATHURST

We are.

32 EXT. WALLACE FARM. BACK GARDEN - DAY

32

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

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

33 EXT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - DAY 1

33

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

DS ROSS

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

PC BATHURST

Didn't seem right, sir. Kid was only a suspect. Not hing proven.

NI KKI

But you're mentioning it now?

PC Bathurst knows he must explain this contradiction.

PC BATHURST

(finally, sad)

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

NI KKI

Why?

PC BATHURST

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

34 <u>EXT. WALLACE FARM. BACK GARDEN - DAY</u>

34

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

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

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

35 OMI TTED 35

36 EXT. WALLACE FARM - NIGHT 1

36

Of ose on the decrepted, half-rotten rope swing which still hangs from the tree in the farmhouse garden.

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

The adjacent hunting shop is shut up.

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

DS ROSS

His car's here.

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

36 CONTINUED:

PC BATHURST

I'll check round the back, sir.

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

37

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

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

DS ROSS

Shit! Ow!

A couple of the uniforms snigger.

DS ROSS (CONT'D)

Light switch anyone?

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

NI KKI

There's your bullet puller.

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

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

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

DS ROSS

Nikki...

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

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

NI KKI

Look familiar?

38 <u>EXT. WALLACE FARM. FIELD - NIGHT 1</u>

38

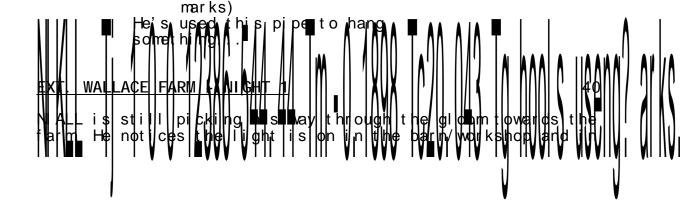
In the murky twilight, NIALL WALLACE crosses a field, heading towards the farm A rifle slung over his shoulder.

39

40

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

NIKKI Scratch marks. (go CLOSE on those scratch



NI ALL

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

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

Off Nikki -- taking in Niall Wallace as PC Bathurst handcuffs hi m

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

41

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

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

JACK

Nikki.

NI KKI (V.O.)

They've got a suspect in cust ody.

JACK

That was quick.

NIKKI (V.O.)

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

JACK

I'll make some inquiries.

 $$\rm NI\ KKI\ (V.\ O.\)$$ Clarissa's emailing his driving licence to your phone...

42 INT. MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT 1

42

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

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

JEROME (O.S.)

You can look but don't touch.

Jack looks round into JEROME's knowing smile.

42 CONTI NUED:

JEROME (CONT'D)

What can I get you?

By way of answer Jack takes out his ID.

JACK

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

It takes a moment for Jerome to digest that.

JEROME

Like a CSI?

JACK Like a CSI.

JEROME

What can I do for you, Jack?

JACK

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

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

JEROME

In which case...?

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

JACK

Excuse me...

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

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

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

STELLA

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

JACK

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

43 INT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 1 43

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

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

NI KKI

This is shrapnel from the deer we know you shot.

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

NIKKI (CONT'D)

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

NI ALL

And?

NI KKI

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

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

NI ALL

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

DS ROSS

A change?

(Ni all nods)

You mean like upgrading your prey from deer to women?

NI ALL

(a dark smirk)

Wouldn't call that an upgrade.

DS ROSS

No?

NI ALL

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

DS ROSS

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

Ni all taps one of the photos. Shakes his head, disappointed.

NI ALL

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

DS ROSS

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

NI ALL

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

NI KKI

Really?

NI ALL

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

DS ROSS

The rifle you pointed at PC Bathurst was illegally modified.

NI ALL

Didn't point it at him

DS ROSS

That's not what he says.

NI ALL

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

DS ROSS

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

NI ALL

Then it's against the law for my customers. The Sheriffs. The Chief Constables. The Procurators Fiscal. (off Ross's frown, Niall

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

Real local, I mean.

 $$\operatorname{DS}\nolimits$ ROSS Trust me, I wear it as a badge of honour that I'm not.

Ni all shakes his head in mock dismay.

 $$\operatorname{\textsc{NI}ALL}$$ That kind of attitude, well, it's

NI ALL

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

(a beat)

Then I heard a shot. Just the one.

DS ROSS

What did you see?

NI ALL

Not hing.

(off Ross's impatient

frown)

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

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

NI KKI

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

Ni all leans back, studies the ceiling.

NI ALL

I want to say Sunday, but I was priming the

NI ALL

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

DS ROSS

(a sardonic eyebrow)
Maroon or dark red?
 (nothing from Ni all)
Hate to state the obvious, but why didn't you mention this before?
When you found the body, say?

Niall takes a moment before replying.

NI ALL

I'll tell you something. If I'd been on my own when I found her... (nods to photos of Caitlin)...I'd've left her there.

Nikki, at once appalled and fascinated:

NI KKI

Why?

NI ALL

Call it prior experience.

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

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

DS ROSS

Unless we're buying your hunting supplies?

Niall cracks a cold smile. Exactly.

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

SOPHIE DALGLISH

Shut up, Ni all. As in don't speak. Don't say another solitary word. (to Ross)

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

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

STELLA She was fine, wasn't she, Amy?

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

JACK (rounding on Stella)
Well, that makes her disappearance more not less strange, doesn't it?
Ditto your failure to report it to the police?

Showed me how to handle the punters, too.

JACK

She I ooked out for you?

AMY

Yeah.

A faint sad smile touches Amy's lips.

AMY (CONT'D)

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

JACK

(intuiting)

She had troubles of her own?

AMY

(def ensi ve)

Doesn't everyone?

JACK

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

Amy searches his face. Decides she believes him

We were getting ready to leave the

48. 45

45 CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

(car ef ul)

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

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

AMY

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

JACK

Did they have you fill out a missing persons report?

AMY

No. They told me to stop wasting their time.

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

JACK

Is this the man you think Caitlin went off with?

AMY

No.

(off Jack's surprise)
I mean... I didn't get a good look
at him but he had blonde hair.

JACK

Thank you, Amy.

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

JACK (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

(she nods unconvincingly)
Can I take you anywhere?

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

STELLA

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

46 OMITTED 46

47 <u>OMI TTED</u> 47

48 **OMI TTED** 48 49 **OMI TTED** 49

50 INT. MANHATTAN BAR. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 1

50

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

JACK

She had a kid...

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

Lamborghi ni 5... (turns to Stella, sees her

look darken)

Does that mean something to you?

STELLA

(nods)

Sounds like the Grand Prix motel. The rooms are named after different cars...

JACK

(cat ches her for eboding) What kind of place, is it?

STELLA

Most of their guests are off-shore oil workers.

Rough I ot?

STELLA

Some of them We get our share her e.

Off Jack figuring out what happened...

51 **OMI TTED** 51

52 <u>INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT 1</u>

52

Once again NIKKI stands before the two microscopes.

The door opens and DS ROSS hurries in looking grave.

DS ROSS

Got your message. Are you sure?

NI KKI

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

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

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

DS ROSS

He says he uses the pipe to hang animal hydes.

NI KKI

Maybe he does.

DS ROSS

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

53 <u>EXT. CRENLOGUE POLICE STATION - NIGHT 1</u>

53

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

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

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

NI KKI

Jack?

JACK (V.O.)

(ur gent)

Tell Ross we need a search warrant.

54 INT. SARAH'S FLAT - NIGHT 1

54

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

54

54 CONTINUED:

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

STEVE

Been thinking about you all day.

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

STEVE (CONT'D)

What, another headache?

SARAH

(absent)

No. . .

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

STEVE

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

SARAH

(igniting)

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

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

STEVE

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

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

55 INT. SARAH'S FLAT. TOILET - NIGHT 1

55

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

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

STEVE

Sarah... pl ease...

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

56 OMI TTED 56

DS MACNEIL

Sneaks in like a peado in a play park.

DS ROSS

Look. I'm sorry. Really.

DS MACNEIL

Apol ogy not accept ed.

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

DI LAING

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

DI Laing is looking questioningly at Nikki.

DS ROSS

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

DI LAING

In what capacity?

NI KKI

I'm a for ensic pathologist.

DI LAING

A forensic pathologist from where?

NI KKI

London.

DI LAING

That's a long way.

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

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

DS MACNEIL

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

DS ROSS

(uneasy)

Yeah. Is that a problem?

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

DS MACNEIL

Not now, it isn't.

57

57 CONTI NUED: (2)

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

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

58

As DS MACNELL and DL LALNG, NIKKI and DS ROSS leave their cars, JACK climbs out of his.

DS ROSS

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

JACK

Hello.

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

DS MACNEIL

Also from London, I take it?

JACK

(smiles)

Depends how far back you wanna go.

Slight edge to the way he said that.

DS MACNEIL

(turns to Ross, shakes his head in dismay) I don't know, you need all this

outside help to wrap up a dead tart?

DI LAING

(nods)

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

But the dead tart line has incensed Jack.

JACK

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

DI LAING

(flicker of regret) Yeah. I heard something.

JACK

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

DS MacNeil slides DI Laing a dark look.

DS MACNEIL

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

DS ROSS

Okay, Jack.

DS Ross shoots Jack an imploring look. Please stop!

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

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

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

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

GI RL

(to MacNeil) Alright, Mike.

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

DS MACNEIL

How'd you know my name? Cheeky bitch, getting familiar...
(to Laing, but for everyone's benefit)
Have we nicked her before?

59 EXT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL - NIGHT 1

59

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

MOTEL MANAGER

Can I help you?

DI LAING

Lamborgini 5. Is it occupied?

MOTEL MANAGER

Yeah.

DS MACNEIL How long and who by?

MOTEL MANAGER Linus Skinner. Coupla weeks.

60 <u>INT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. HALL/LAMBORGHIN1 5 - NIGHT 1</u>

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

SKI NNER

Go away.

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

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

NIKKI Quess we're not in Kansas anymore.

61 <u>INT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. LAMBORGHINI 5 - NIGHT 1</u>

61

60

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

61

61 CONTINUED:

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

JACK

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

SKI NNER

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

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

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

DI LAING

You were saying?

Skinner looks again at the picture.

JACK

(building)

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

NI KKI

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

SKI NNER

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

DS MACNEIL

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

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

SKI NNER

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

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

DI LAING

I preferred you blonde, Mrs. Skinner.

58. 61

SKI NNER

Wrong room, love.

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

NI KKI

Right key, though.

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

JACK

Nice boots. Where'd you get 'em?

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

YOUNG WOMAN

(cocky)

Present from a friend.

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

JACK

This friend?

(the girl looks fearfully from photo to Skinner)

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

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

YOUNG WOMAN

He gave me them

62 <u>INT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. LAMBORGHINI 5 - NIGHT 1</u>

62

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

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

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

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

JACK There's blood staining inside the boot s.

NIKKI If it belongs to Caitlin I'm pretty confident we don't have the wrong r oom

 $\begin{array}{c} \text{JACK} \\ \text{The fact the blood's not smudged} \end{array}$

JACK

You broke her nose.

SKI NNER

Serves her right. Little junkie prick-tease.

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

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

DS MACNEIL

Easy, Tyson. That's our job.

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

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

DS ROSS

You hit her... then what?

SKI NNER

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

65 <u>INT/EXT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. LAMBORGHINI 5 - NIGHT</u>

65

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

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

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

66

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

DS ROSS

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

67 <u>INT. GRAND PRIX MOTEL. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 1</u>

67

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

DS MACNEIL

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

SW XVII - IN A LONELY PLACE - PART 1 - AMENDMENTS 19.09.13
70 CONTINUED:

63. 70

Clarissa Leans forward Co. CLOSE on he

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

Clarissa back on the phone to Jack.

CLARI SSA

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

JACK (V.O.)

Got an address?

CLARI SSA

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

JACK (V. O.)

That figures.

CLARI SSA

I'm thrilled to hear it.

71 <u>EXT. KIRKHAVEN - DAY 2</u>

71

Establisher of Kirkhaven in the grey dawn light.

72 INT. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY 2

72

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

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

STEVE

(finally, softly) What is it? Tell me?

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

SARAH

Why have you never asked me about these?

STEVE

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

SARAH

I'm ready.

(a beat)

Five years ago a man kidnapped me.

Steve can only stare at her. What?

SARAH (CONT'D)

He raped me...

(tears coming)

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

For a moment Steve's world stops turning.

STEVE

Why didn't you tell me this before? (no response) Did the police get him?

SARAH

No.

(a beat) I didn't tell the police.

STEVE

Why not?

(no response)

Sar ah?

SARAH

I was ashamed.

Steve stares at her, a cold talon of dread.

SARAH (CONT'D)

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

(off his look)

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

STEVE

And was...

(can barely bring himself

to articulate)

...that as far as it went? (a beat)

Stripping?

SARAH

You mean: did I sell my body?

STEVE

(cringing, a whisper)

Yes.

SARAH

(defiant)

Once, when I was absolutely

desper at e.

(shakes her head) (MORE)

Hated it. Disaster. Never again. Happy?

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

STEVE (dry-mout hed) Carry on.

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

72A INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2 72A

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

DS MACNEIL

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

SKI NNER

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

DS MacNeil chuckles at this.

DS MACNELL

That's the bloody understatement of the year.

DI Laing gives a conceding shrug.

DI LAING Did my bit in Kuwait. Gulf War One. DS ROSS

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

NI KKI

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

DS ROSS

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

NI KKI

That much I got.

A small smile between them, then they see Jack's thumping has finally paid of f -- the door is opened by BOB SCOTT, over weight, 50, half as leep.

74 INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - DAY 2

74

CLOSE on Barbara Cheung's mugshot.

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

BOB

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

Bob hands the mugshot back to DS Ross.

NI KKI

What was she like?

BOB

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

DS ROSS

You have any idea where she went after she left?

BOB

London, probably. That's where she was from

JACK

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

BOB

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

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

75 <u>INT. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY 2</u>

75

Back with SARAH and a riveted STEVE.

SARAH

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

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

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

(looks at her scarred wrists)

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

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

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

St eve...?

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

STEVE

Need some time to think about this.

DS ROSS

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

Nikki finishes her call. Steps over.

NI KKI

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

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

NIKKI (CONT'D)

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

We nèed to search that forest.

77 EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 2

77

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

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

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

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

NI KKI

Set the dogs free. All of them

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

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

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

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

DI LAING

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

NI KKI

For how long?

DI LAING

The guts of a decade and his employers confirmit.

85 <u>OMI TTED</u> 85

85A <u>EXT. SARAH' S FLAT. CAR PARK - NI GHT 2</u>

85A

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

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

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

END OF EPISODE ONE