



But at the same moment I was conscious - in spite of my terror - that I must keep my little light going through night and wind, regardless of all dangers. When I awoke I realized at once that the figure was my own shadow, brought into being by the little light I was carrying.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR. NIGHT**

ANGLE THROUGH RAIN-SPATTERED WINDSCREEN ON DAVID CARNEY AND MEL staring out as the wipers scrape back and forth, their faces passing in and out of shadow...in and out...in and out...

DAVID CARNEY (v.o.)  
I knew, too, that this little light was my consciousness. Though infinitely small and fragile in comparison with the powers of darkness, it is still a light, my only light.

MEL and DAVID CARNEY sit in silence.

MEL  
How d'you lose your license?

DAVID CARNEY  
Red lights.

MEL  
Isn't that three points?

DAVID CARNEY  
Not if you do it four times.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. NIGHT**

CLOSE ON BOYD, listening. TRACK round MEL, SPENCER, GRACE and FRANKIE finally alighting on DAVID CARNEY.

DAVID CARNEY  
Approximately twenty minutes after  
the fire started, emergency  
services arrived...

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLOOM HOUSE. NIGHT**

ANGLE ON FLAMES twisting out from a burning window, WATER  
bursting into shot. TRACK OUT to reveal FIREMEN battling the  
blaze...

DAVID CARNEY  
Natasha Bloom appeared to be the  
only survivor.

CUT TO:

**INT. AMBULANCE. NIGHT**

A PARAMEDIC checks over NATASHA BLOOM, 28, pretty, her  
old-fashioned flowery dress stained with soot.

DAVID CARNEY (v.o.)  
She had significant burns on her  
hands but otherwise she was okay.

SUPERINTENDENT HENRY BROOKS (60), uniform, grave,  
soundlessly asks questions.

CUT TO:

**INT. AMBULANCE. NIGHT (FORMERLY SC 8)**

NATASHA and BROOKS as before.

BROOKS  
Natasha, who was in the house? Mum  
and Dad?

NATASHA  
(nods)  
And Claudia.

BROOKS

I thought Claudia was living in  
that cottage on the green?

NATASHA  
She was staying the night.

BROOKS  
(dread)  
With Matt?

NATASHA  
Matt was spared. I'm just glad it's  
all over.

BROOKS  
Over...?

NATASHA  
Claudia. She was a mule...you  
know...a drugs mule?

BROOKS  
*Claudia?*

BROOKS and the PARAMEDIC exchange a look.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLOOM HOUSE. NIGHT**

DAVID CARNEY (v.o.)

INT. AMBULANCE. NIGHT (NOW SC 6A)

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. NIGHT

DAVID CARNEY addresses the team.

DAVID CARNEY

She claimed her younger sister and  
her parents were dealing drugs and  
it'd been incumbent on her to stop  
them.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE. NIGHT

SUPERINTENDENT BROOKS and the PARAMEDIC look on in horrified  
disbelief.

th(it'ief. ved, )205(Natasha )205(became )205(ang

What happened to the little boy?  
Joshua?

DAVID CARNEY

He was living with dad until dad  
tried to kill himself. Now he's in  
care.

BOYD

Go on.

DAVID CARNEY

Two years ago Natasha was referred  
to me by her GP and I administered  
a course of Cognitive Behavioural  
Psychiatry. After the fire, this  
turned up in her notes and the  
police asked me if I'd see her. She  
told me that prior to starting the  
fire she was receiving calls from  
a man - a stranger - who said she  
was in danger from her family.

GRACE

When you treated Natasha, what was  
her condition?

DAVID CARNEY

She was schizophrenic.

GRACE

Subtype?

DAVID CARNEY

Paranoid. Command hallucinations.

MEL

Voices telling her to do things?

DAVID CARNEY regards MEL, nods.

BOYD

She heard voices then, she hears  
voices now...am I missing  
something?

DAVID CARNEY

The mystery caller told Natasha he was her shepherd and quoted Ezekiel 34: "As a shepherd seeketh out his flock so will I deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day". That struck a chord. As well as doing freelance work, I run Walstead Secure Unit where I have a patient called Fay Harding who murdered the parents of a boy she had a crush on.

SPENCER

Sorry, this was....?

DAVID CARNEY

March 2001. After her arrest, Fay claimed she'd been driven to kill by a man who told her he was an emissary of God and her shepherd. I went back and checked Fay's

testim†I oy5(will-5(wills' Talt8 pher )135(arre9aime and ts

Why indeed?

SPENCER

You don't think this person -  
shepherd - is out there in the  
world?

DAVID CARNEY

I think it's a coincidence I can't  
explain.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. NIGHT**

TRACK round BOYD, GRACE, FRANKIE, MEL and SPENCER as they grab  
bags 'n coats.

MEL

Two women, three years and fifty  
miles apart suffer the exact same  
hallucination then go on to commit  
multiple murder...

GRACE

Natasha Bloom'll be the biggest  
murder trial of the year - we won't



MEL

Don't tell me you're not curious  
Spence.

SPENCER

I'm not curious.

BOYD

Then you should be doing something  
else.

They all look at him.

BOYD

If there's a snowflake's chance  
those women are connected, we have  
to look at it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

A white glass-heavy block replete with gravel drive, shrubs  
and voice recognition entry-phones.

Steel tube gates swing open to admit BOYD and GRACE'S car.

CUT TO:

**EXT. EXERCISE AREA, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

DAVID CARNEY leads BOYD and GRACE across a drizzly almost  
deserted exercise yard.

DAVID CARNEY

(points)

That's A-block where we keep the  
Nevers.

BOYD

Never get better or never get out?

DAVID CARNEY

With some patients the risk of  
relapse outweighs all proof of  
recovery. But with medication they



GRACE

Fay, we're not here to talk to you about the deaths of Gary and Lindsay Duke. We're more interested in the events leading up to that day.

FAY

(sad)

Events are real, I'm the last person you should ask.

GRACE

But I'm right in saying you *believed* you were having a relationship with Adam Duke?

FAY's weeding becomes more vigorous.

GRACE

And you also believed that a stranger, a guardian angel-

FAY

(emphatic)

Shepherd.

(quiet)

He wasn't real either.

BOYD

Do you honestly believe that?

FAY

My mind does.

(frowns, grappling)

BOYD

But you still have the memories?

FAY meets BOYD's look, nods.

GRACE

Would you share those recollections with us?

FAY

Why? They didn't happen?

(looks at CARNEY)

David?

DAVID

This was my idea Fay, but if you don't want to...

GRACE sees the intimacy in the way DAVID gently puts an arm round her.

CUT TO:

**INT. FAY'S ROOM, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

FAY's room is completely bare. There are bars, but they're discreet. FAY sits opposite BOYD, GRACE and DAVID CARNEY.

FAY

I always had a problem with reality...I saw a psychiatrist a few times at school but Dad put a stop to it - said they were all atheists in the pay of the Devil.

GRACE

Your father's religious?

FAY

You could say that - he's the sacristan at the local church.

GRACE returns FAY's brief smile.

FAY (CONT'D)

Fact is if you really  
*I always had a problem with reality...I saw a psychiatrist a few times at school but Dad put a stop to it - said they were all atheists in the pay of the Devil.*

**INT. RUGBY CLUB BAR (FLASHBACK). NIGHT**

ADAM DUKE, dark and delicately handsome glides towards the bar. His gleaming eyes look right at us, he smiles his shy-arrogant smile...

FAY (v.o.)  
...it was like I'd been *punched*.

...REVERSE ANGLE ON FAY behind the bar, 18, long hair, almost gaping.

CUT TO:

**INT. FAY'S ROOM, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

FAY  
He kept coming over even though his girlfriend - fiancée - was sat right there with his mates.

CUT TO:

**INT. RUGBY CLUB BAR (FLASHBACK). NIGHT**

FAY's POV: ADAM, his back to her, sitting next to BRYONY - classic, good bone-and-hair middle-class girl - and his bigger, leerier, MATES. ADAM chuckles, downs his pint, slyly turning his head to shoot FAY a look.

REVERSE ANGLE ON FAY, watching ADAM. A posh red-faced BARMAN sticks a glass of punch in FAY's hand, claps her on the back.

CUT TO:

**INT. FAY'S ROOM, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

FAY  
I went downstairs to change a barrel. Even before I saw him, I knew Adam was there...

CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRS, RUGBY CLUB (FLASHBACK). NIGHT**

UNKNOWN POV ON FAY'S back as she creeps tentatively down - the bottom of the stairs are swallowed in darkness. A shadow falls over FAY'S back. She turns and looks up with a mixture of fear and excitement.

FAY

He kissed me and that's where the  
split comes...between what

house...in every room...in his  
parents' bed.

(looking them in the eye)

Except we didn't. Next morning  
after the party I felt disgusting  
and I wanted to confess.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON FAY through the grill of the confessional - her eyes full of fear and hope and fresh tears.

FAY

I said how could that be true - how could he know all these things - and he said if I didn't have the grace to accept God's gifts then I deserved to die miserable and alone without knowing love.

REVERSE ANGLE ON the silhouette of the SHEPHERD.

CUT TO:

**INT. FAY'S ROOM, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

BOYD

Was there anything familiar about him?

FAY

No - he wasn't real.

BOYD

But you still don't truly believe that?

FAY looks defeated, she's grappled with this a thousand times.

FAY

If it wasn't for the crucifix...

Off BOYD's frown.

FAY (CONT'D)

The last time I saw him he passed



CUT TO:

INT. FAY'S ROOM, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY

BOYD

D'you still have it?

FAY shakes her head.

DAVID CARNEY

It's in her possession box - you can see it.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S LAB, CCHQ. DAY

DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY

The door opens revealing a nervous looking guard quickly elbowed aside as NEVILLE HARDING - 60, wiry, something of the Old Testament prophet - pushes in.

FAY (CONT'D)

Dad.

NEVILLE

(addressing DAVID  
CARNEY)

Who are these people?

BOYD

They're police officers.

NEVILLE

Then you're now contravening the  
Police and Criminal Evidence Act.

BOYD

Section 8 - the requirement of an  
appropriate adult?

NEVILLE

NEVILLE

Sweetheart-

FAY

You're making things ten times worse like you always do.

NEVILLE

Sweetheart...

NEVILLE gapes at her, crestfallen.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKE HOUSE. DAY

Black wrought-iron gates swing open to admit MEL and SPENCER's car. They follow the drive through trees and pull up before a big secluded house.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. DAY

DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, DUKE HOUSE. DAY

A big farmhouse kitchen. MEL and SPENCER sit opposite ADAM DUKE - still handsome, dressed in an oversized tracksuit. There is a sizeable but EXTREMELY FAINT DISCOLOURED PATCH on one cheek - like a very faded birthmark. BRYONY, dressed for the world, stands protectively at his side.

BRYONY

She's been granted leave?

MEL

She's *requested* leave but her RMO...Responsible...

BRYONY

Responsible Medical Officer - I'm a GP.

MEL

...has blocked it.

BRYONY

Good. So what d'you want?

ADAM

Why don't you give them a chance to tell us, sweetheart?

BRYONY subsides, gives ADAM a look.

SPENCER

Fay Harding's responsibility for the death of your parents is not in doubt.

ADAM

But...?

MEL

We're considering the possibility - and it's only a possibility - that she was manipulated into doing what she did by a third party.

ADAM

(beat)

Who?

SPENCER

We don't know who.

BRYONY

Then what e o5A6 what

You think it's possible Fay Harding killed my parents at someone else's behest?

SPENCER

It's a theory we want to discount is the best way of looking at it.

BRYONY

You can discount it right now. Fay Harding was a friendless psychopath.

ADAM

(ignoring BRYONY)

What is it you want from me?

MEL

We'd like to talk to you about your relationship with Fay Harding.

BRYONY

A drunken kiss is hardly a relationship.

MEL

That was the extent of your physical contact?

ADAM

Yes.

BRYONY

Adam? Can I speak to you? Now?

ADAM gives BRYONY a conciliatory smile.

ADAM

Why don't you get off to the surgery?  
I'll be okay.

BRYONY turns to him, her eyes blaze but her words come out calm.

BRYONY

Don't let Fay Harding back in.

CUT TO:



FRANKIE (v.o.)

Gary and his son disagree about whether to let her in and briefly Adam prevails.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, DUKE HOUSE (FLASHBACK). DAY**

In MURKY FAST-CUT HANDHELD SHOTS we glimpse FAY and ADAM arguing, FAY slamming her hand down on the counter.

FRANKIE (o.s.)

But when Adam concurs she's got to go Fay loses it and throws a pan of boiling water in his face.

FAY picks up a saucepan bubbling on the Aga and throws it in ADAM's face. ADAM screams silently, covers his face with his hands....

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

FRANKIE

This was taken on Adam's admission to Chelsea and Westminster Burns Unit...

CLOSE ON a black and white photograph of ADAM DUKE, half his face is a livid dark red and so grotesquely puffy one eye is completely obscured.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, DUKE HOUSE (FLASHBACK). DAY**

GARY DUKE comes over - the CARVING KNIFE glints - GARY's eyes widen with shock and disbelief - a spreading red stain on his chest.

FRANKIE (o.s.)

Adam's dad weighs in and Fay grabs a carving knife. She stabs him in

the chest and he goes down. Then she stabs him again. And again. And again. Seven times in total. His neck was so lacerated his head almost came off his body.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. TIME CONTINUOUS DAY**

GRACE

Where was Adam's mother? Lindsay?

BOYD

Step-mother - they'd only been married three years. Adam's mother died giving birth to him.

GRACE

So Gary was a single dad...?

FRANKIE

The pattern of bloody footmarks in the hall suggest Fay went looking for her in a hurry.

BOYD

*Footmarks?*

FRANKIE

(nods)

Fay was wearing sandals - she must've lost them in the struggle.

CUT TO:

**INT. DUKE HOUSE (FLASHBACK). DAY**

CLOSE SLOW-MOTION shot of FAY's bare feet as they spring over the kitchen floor leaving bloody footprints on the white tiles...

FRANKIE (v.o.)

Lindsay made a temporary escape through the French windows...





CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

ADAM hands MEL and SPENCER mugs of tea, then begins slowly loading a dishwasher.

ADAM

If we *had* been in a relationship her behaviour would've almost been normal. One day she came round with a bottle of wine. I opened the door and she breezed past saying "oh, I thought we'd stay in this evening".

SPENCER

What did you do?

ADAM

Let her stay for half and hour.

MEL

Did she make a pass at you?

ADAM

Probably, she usually did.

(off their look)

Was I tempted? Yes. Did I succumb?

No.

MEL

Never?

ADAM

Never.

MEL

I never saw any violence in her until that day.

SPENCER

Had your parents met Fay before...that day?

ADAM

No, they spent weekdays at dad's place in Holland Park.

MEL

Why were you at home so much, if you don't mind me asking?

ADAM

I was due to start at medical school that autumn.

SPENCER

And did you?

ADAM shakes his head.

SPENCER

What about Duke Security?

ADAM

I sold out my share after dad...I didn't want to run his life's work into the ground which is what I would've done.

SPENCER

And now ...?

ADAM

Now I can't be around anyone for long except Bryony.

(off their look)

Don't get her wrong, Bryony's a saint.

MEL

What about Fay?

ADAM

I try not to hate her.

MEL

Why?

ADAM

Long before Dad could afford ad agencies he came up with Duke Security's tagline - "you're only as strong as your weakest link". He thought it was just a catchy phrase but he was dead right.

SPENCER

You're talking about yourself?

ADAM

I was educated, sane, not to mention engaged and I let her in.

CUT TO:

**INT. FRANKIE'S LAB, CCHQ. DAY**

CLOSE ON A SILVER CRUCIFIX ON A SILVER CHAIN.

FRANKIE

I had a look at Fay Harding's gift from "the shepherd".

FRANKIE and BOYD stand at a bench.

FRANKIE

The world standard for silver purity is sterling.

BOYD

Derived from the British currency standard?

FRANKIE

In turn derived from the term "Osterling silver" the original German manufacturers...

BOYD

(mock dismay)  
Scratch any great British institution...



SPENCER

How the hell did Fay Harding get off?

MEL

She didn't get off - she was detained under the Mental Health Act.

SPENCER

Even though she had the presence of mind to kill a fleeing witness?

MEL

There's a section 41 restriction order on her sentence.

SPENCER

The Home Secretary's nod is required for a release?

MEL nods.

SPENCER

Here's hoping she never gets it.

SPENCER climbs in.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

CLOSE ON A FAX MACHINE, a fax whirring out, face-down.

BOYD comes out of his office, heading for the street. He walks past the fax machine, stops, turns, scoops up the fax.

BOYD

That's our in.

WE GET OUR CLOSE-UP OF THE FAX - it shows NATASHA BLOOM's mugshot, winking on her soot-smearred chest is a SILVER CRUCIFIX.

CUT TO:

**INT. FRANKIE'S LAB, CCHQ. DAY**

DELETED

CUT TO:

EXT. CCHQ. DAY

DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. FIRE INVESTIGATION UNIT, CORRIDOR/HANGER. NIGHT

NICK FOSTER leads FRANKIE down a corridor and through a door marked BLOOM HOUSE FIRE 12/3/04.

FRANKIE

D'you have a copy of scene inventory?

NICK

(shakes his head)  
My involvement is exclusively related to the fire.

They enter a cavernous room littered with charred objects grouped under signposts - KITCHEN, BEDROOM 1 etc...

FRANKIE hands him photocopy of a NATASHA BLOOM's mugshot.

FRANKIE

(points)  
I need to see the hallmark on the back of this crucifix.

NICK

That's personal effects.

FRANKIE

Yes.

NICK

I just told you Frankie, I don't have a scene inventory.

FRANKIE

But you have access to it.

NICK

Not without a good reason.

FRANKIE

Working on the case is a good reason.

(smiles)

Come on Nick, I gave you an "B".

NICK

Why don't you go in the front door?

FRANKIE

Tried. Superintendent Brooks is all ship-shape for trial.

NICK

And you're asking me to repay him by going behind his back without even telling me why?

FRANKIE frowns.

FRANKIE

Repay him, Nick?

NICK drops his eyes, shrugs.

NICK

He gave me a break requesting me for this case.

FRANKIE

How did he know who you were?

NICK

(finally meeting her look)

Him and my Dad play golf together.

FRANKIE

He chose you so he could manipulate you?

NICK

You've got a lot to learn about the art of persuasion, Frankie.

FRANKIE



Sorry - that was out of order.  
He puffs out his cheeks, meets her look.

NICK  
No it wasn't.

CUT TO:

Valuable and rare.

BOYD

I reckon that buys us a peek at the file and a coffee with the star turn.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, CCHQ. DAY

Clutching a plastic coffee cup, NATASHA gabbers away to BOYD and GRACE.

NATASHA

...I think I'm right in saying after Manchester Liverpool's the biggest city in the North - anyway daddy was part of an old family there. His grandfather started some sort of business - shipping I think - but I don't know exactly where because I've never been but I really must one day.

BOYD opens his palm to reveal the crucifix. Seeing it, NATASHA breaks off, looking at it with mild curiosity.

BOYD

Natasha, is this your crucifix?

NATASHA

Yes.

BOYD

Would you like it back?

NATASHA

Why, what have you done to it?

BOYD

(thrown)

Nothing.

NATASHA

Okay then, yes please.

BOYD is going to give it back when GRACE leans for a closer look.

GRACE

It's beautiful, where did you come by it?

NATASHA

It came in the post. I won it.

BOYD

D'you still have the package it came in?

NATASHA

No, I'm always winning things. Much to Daddy's *extreme* irritation. "Tash dearest" he says, "you think people would run those things if they weren't coining it?" And I say...

GRACE

Someone's got to win?

NATASHA

Exactly! You're not a competition hound as well are you?

GRACE

My mother was.

NATASHA

Now, you see *my* mother is a classic *closet-competition* fiend.

CUT TO:

**INT. HANGER. DAY**

SPENCER, in overalls, studies a big, detailed map of the BLOOM HOUSE pinned on a board.

Beyond FRANKIE and NICK circle a double bed sheet out on the floor and it's covered with an assortment of charred objects - furniture, books, hair dryers, etc...

FRANKIE frowns, wades in and picks out a rectangular honey-combed screen.

FRANKIE  
What's this?

NICK  
Honeycomb polycarbonate.

FRANKIE  
(frowns)  
Aircraft manufacture?

NICK  
(nods)  
What it was doing in Natasha's  
bedroom I don't know.  
Superintendent Brooks didn't  
follow it up.

FRANKIE  
Why does that not surprise me?

SPENCER (v.o.)  
Frankie.

FRANKIE approaches SPENCER.

SPENCER  
(points to the map)  
After she lost her job as a primary  
school teacher, Natasha moved into  
the top floor of her parents'  
house.

FRANKIE  
Yes?

SPENCER  
By all accounts she rarely left the  
place and there were no phone  
points up there.

FRANKIE  
So?

FRANKIE studies the map.

SPENCER

So how was the Shepherd calling her?  
We're not saying he *is* God, are we?

FRANKIE  
Mobile?

SPENCER  
She didn't have one.

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, CCHQ. DAY**

BOYD, GRACE and NATASHA as before.

BOYD  
Natasha, where d'you think you are  
right now?

NATASHA  
The police station.

BOYD  
And *why* are you here d'you think?

NATASHA  
To help you find my family. My real  
family.

GRACE  
Your real family...as opposed to?

Long silence. NATASHA smiles long-sufferingly, shakes her  
head.

NATASHA  
You're so crude...I was going to  
give you the benefit of the  
doubt...I promised I wouldn't but  
that's me - always seeing the best  
in people.

BOYD  
Promised? Promised who?

Silence.

GRACE

Natasha, Dr Carney was telling us  
about your friend - your friend on  
the telephone?

NATASHA

What about him?

MEL

Natasha knows him, trusts him -  
he's the only person she's talked  
to about the Shepherd.

SPENCER

But his version of events hasn't  
exactly checked out.

(off BOYD's look)

He told us Natasha said she was  
getting phone calls...did she  
mention that?

BOYD

She was too busy telling us about  
the Cutty Sark.

SPENCER

Well, she didn't have a phone -  
mobile or landline - and by all  
accounts she never left the house.

BOYD absorbs this.

MEL

All the more reason to bring Carney  
in - he can clarify that.

MEL look at BOYD.

BOYD

(beat)

Alright.

MEL stands, SPENCER remains seated.

SPENCER

Is Grace going to be okay with this?

BOYD

I'll talk to her.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY

A moody hotel lobby decked out with worn leather furniture and green table lamps.

DAVID CARNEY and MEL carry their drinks from the bar to an alcove.

DAVID CARNEY

Sorry we had to meet here.

MEL

It was short notice.

DAVID CARNEY

(checks his watch)

I'm going to my brother's Ph.D ceremony - bit of a three line whip.

MEL

Older or younger?

DAVID CARNEY

Older - younger at heart he'd say.

(turns serious)

I checked back through my notes. Natasha Bloom never referred to "phone calls", only "calls".

MEL

What else could she have meant?  
Voices in her head?

DAVID CARNEY

You've found something linking Fay Harding and Natasha Bloom?

MEL

Yes.

DAVID CARNEY

Let me guess. Natasha Bloom was wearing the same crucifix?

MEL holds his look.

DAVID CARNEY (CONT'D)

You can't tell me. But your boss wants help unlocking Natasha Bloom?



MEL

Actually it was my idea to come to you.

DAVID CARNEY appraises MEL, mulls a bit.

DAVID CARNEY

D'you know what shadow aspect means?

MEL shakes her head.

DAVID CARNEY

The idea is we keep a part of us caged up in a dark corner because its urges and ideas are unacceptable. If you're wronged, that's the part that cries out for vengeance.

MEL

(nods)

We listen but don't act - most of the time.

DAVID CARNEY

Exactly - but Natasha Bloom couldn't do that. Her self-image as loving big sister was so entrenched it was easier for her to believe Claudia was a drug dealer who needed saving than to admit that she, Natasha, had feelings like envy and resentment.

MEL

And by suppressing those feelings she ended up killing her?

DAVID CARNEY

(nods)

**INT. FIRE INVESTIGATION UNIT, HANGER. DAY**

TRACK across various sooty but intact items of kitchen furniture - a sign reading KITCHEN - to find FRANKIE and NICK.

FRANKIE

The fire didn't reach the kitchen?

NICK

Smoke damage only.

FRANKIE stops by a soot-covered door.

FRANKIE

Back door?

NICK

(nods)

Opened onto the garden.

FRANKIE

Can you hold it up a second.

NICK glances warily at FRANKIE then lifts the door away from

NICK

I suppose so.

FRANKIE peers into the lock on the inside of the door.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF THE TOP OF THE LOCK - TINY PARTICLES OF

If the door was just on the latch  
it could've sprung with no damage  
to either. Trust me, I lose my  
front door key about once a  
month...

NICK

Look, we know who started this fire  
- we know where and when. What are  
you seeking to prove?

Now FRANKIE let her eyes run over the outside of the door.

FRANKIE

We've seen it now.

A look between them, then MEL reverts to businesslike.

MEL

Dr Carney, I'm going to cut to the chase.

DAVID CARNEY

Will I interview Natasha Bloom?

MATT CARNEY (o.s.)

DAVID! DAVE! DAVEY!

A tanned grinning MAN of forty in white linen suit, black gown with a mortar board tucked under his arm, bounds over followed by a YOUNG WOMAN in a micro-dress.

DAVID CARNEY

Matt.

MATT CARNEY

(i.e. MEL)

Who is *this*?

DAVID CARNEY

(smiling at RACHEL)

I was going to ask you the same question.

MATT CARNEY

Oh this is...this is...

RACHEL

Rachel.

MATT CARNEY

(back to MEL)

And you are?

DAVID CARNEY

Detective Inspector Silver.

MEL

Mel.

(they shake hands)

What's your Ph.D. in?

MATT CARNEY

Magnetic Resonance Imaging of the Brain.

(smiles)  
David thinks it's more sci-fi than  
psychology.

DAVID CARNEY  
Not true.

MATT CARNEY  
Listen - Mel - I've got to don the  
old cape 'n board for an hour but  
after that we are going to *party*.

MEL  
It's a sweet offer but...

MATT CARNEY  
No "buts" - David's been out of  
action way too long and frankly I  
don't want him eyeing up Rachel all  
night...

DAVID CARNEY  
(ushering MEL away)  
Mel, we're holding you up.

MEL meets DAVID CARNEY's look for a moment.

MEL  
What is it they say? No one ever  
said on their deathbed, "I wish I'd  
spent more time at the office".

MATT CARNEY  
I dunno, Dad said something pretty  
similar didn't he David?

MATT laughs, claps MEL on the back.

MATT CARNEY  
I'm honoured Mel.

DAVID CARNEY  
(to MEL)  
Are you sure?

MEL  
Yeah, I'm sure.

CUT TO:

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

GRACE looks up from pages of transcript and a map of the Bloom house as BOYD comes in.

BOYD

Grace, can I have a word?

GRACE

I've been re-reading Natasha's statement for round two.

BOYD

Round two?

GRACE

We've got to interview her again - we got nowhere this morning. Frankie mentioned the fire investigator didn't know why Natasha chose this spot...

(bangs map)

...to start the fire, but I have an idea. Among other convictions, Natasha believes everything on the left is evil.

BOYD

So did my Dad.

GRACE

As in her own hand or - better example - the lefthand rooms of a house, the lefthand wall of which...

BOYD

...was where she poured the petrol? Grace, I'm with you about this morning being a washout...

GRACE

(overlapping)

That kind of detail would not have escaped her...

BOYD

I'm sure you're right...listen...



BOYD's mobile RINGS, he reluctantly picks up.

INc 03 MAIN OFFICE, CC

FRANKIE

Brooks must've done that.

BOYD

Brooks never looked past Natasha Bloom.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. NIGHT

SPENCER sits at his desk surrounded by files.

GRACE

You know that Ezekiel quote?

SPENCER

(absorbed)

Yup.

GRACE

Know how the rest of it goes?

SPENCER looks up, shakes his head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

"And I will set up one Shepherd over them, and he shall feed them, even my servant *David*; he shall feed them, and he shall be their Shepherd".

SPENCER

Unless David Carney chose his own christian name or had a hand in the Bible...?

GRACE

*Someone* chose the passage didn't they? It feels like we're being toyed with, that's all.

SPENCER

By David Carney?

GRACE

Don't you think it'd be a good idea to do a five-year-trawl - crimes of

violence...female  
schizophrenics..there won't be  
many I can tell you..

SPENCER

See if Carney's name turns up  
anywhere else?

GRACE

Can't hurt.

SPENCER

What d'you think I do all day?

SPENCER gestures a big pile of brown files - splits the pile  
and gives half to GRACE.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Knock yourself out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR. NIGHT

~~dit~~toGRACE.

~~dit~~ ~~gads~~2.98t.

~~dit~~ ~~to~~ GRACE.

~~W~~DAVID CARNEYRA~~ER~~2T. HOTEat.

'Course I'll never be a *real* doctor  
like you and Dad.

DAVID CARNEY  
Stop fishing.

MATT CARNEY  
Shame he couldn't be here. Dad.

DAVID CARNEY  
He'd have been proud.

MATT CARNEY  
Wouldn't he? Or would he've ruined  
it with some innocently-poisonous  
remark.

(grins)  
Nearly forgot.

MATT hands DAVID a softbacked A4 copy of his Ph.D..

MATT CARNEY (CONT'D)  
Your copy. Couldn't have done it  
without you.

DAVID CARNEY  
It was a pleasure to help.

MATT CARNEY  
"It was a pleasure to help".  
(affectionate chuckle)  
He's priceless, isn't he Mel?

MEL smiles awkwardly. MATT CARNEY bearhugs his brother. HOLD  
on DAVID's taut embarrassed face.

CUT TO:

**INT. FRANKIE'S LAB, CCHQ. NIGHT**

FRANKIE turns over the rectangular honey-combed screen. With  
tiny bellows she blows dust off, revealing three faded  
patches.

The door opens and SPENCER appears.

SPENCER  
Fancy a drink?

FRANKIE  
I fancy some help.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET. NIGHT**

DAVID CARNEY hails a black cab, turns to MEL.

DAVID CARNEY  
I'm sorry about Matt.

MEL  
I had a good night.

DAVID CARNEY  
You should get out more.

MEL  
Who's fishing now?

DAVID CARNEY  
Two dysfunctional brothers and a  
mute escort girl...

MEL  
(cutting through)  
You're kind to him.

This stops DAVID in his tracks. He chuckles.

DAVID CARNEY  
It's a little more complicated than  
that.

MEL shrugs, recoils a little.

MEL  
Sure.

DAVID CARNEY  
Sorry, that was really  
patronizing.

MEL  
(shakes her head)  
It was a *bit* patronizing.

DAVID CARNEY

Sorry.

MEL

Stop saying sorry.

DAVID CARNEY

(the caEWu-25ry.'aT s .st2e 6 a

Your parents just made too much  
fuss of her when she came to stay,  
didn't they?

NATASHA

It wasn't that.

DAVID CARNEY

And why was she coming to stay when  
she had her own place down the road  
with a husband and a baby and  
everything you should've had first  
because you're the oldest, right?

NATASHA

(snapping)

Stop it!

CUT TO:

**INT. OBSERVATION AREA, CCHQ. TIME CONTINUOUS DAY**

MEL is watching the interview. She turns as GRACE appears,  
approaches the window. Her face tightens.

MEL

He didn't...?

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, CCHQ. TIME CONTINUOUS DAY**

DAVID CARNEY

That's why you killed them.

NATASHA

No - I told you it wasn't that, it  
wasn't that.

(confidential to BOYD)

They were dealing drugs, Detective  
Superintendent.

BOYD

I'm afraid we've found no evidence  
of that Natasha.

NATASHA

I know how it sounds...I thought *I* was crazy...but he told me I was right all along, all the signs I'd picked up *he'd* picked up.

DAVID CARNEY

What signs?

NATASHA snorts contemptuously.

NATASHA

My dad suddenly writing cheques with his left hand - they have the kitchen done and whatdoyaknow the cupboards are all on the lefthand wall - they wanted me to know *they* knew *I* knew - they wanted me to kill myself to save them the trouble because they had a nice little earner going...

(she starts to cry)

BOYD

And he'd picked up on the signs, too?

NATASHA

Yes.

BOYD

*How* did he tell you that Natasha?

NATASHA

He spoke to me.

BOYD

Like I'm speaking to you now?

NATASHA shakes her head.

BOYD (CONT'D)

I don't understand.

NATASHA

He *called* me - he wasn't in my head - I know the difference. He told me they were going to kill me in my



sleep if I didn't stop them  
first...

(sobbing now)

They were going to throw me out of  
the window and say I'd been  
sleepwalking.

DAVID CARNEY

You loved your sister, you loved  
your parents...

NATASHA

Yes...

DAVID CARNEY

And he manipulated you into killing  
them.

NATASHA

No, he was my friend, my Shepherd.

DAVID CARNEY

If he's your Shepherd, where is he  
now?

NATASHA

He's punishing me. He's angry with  
me.

DAVID CARNEY

Why?

NATASHA

Because he told me to save Joshua.

BOYD and DAVID CARNEY can't hide their frowns.

DAVID CARNEY

But you *did* save Joshua?

NATASHA

No...I couldn't...it was so hot.

They absorb this.

BOYD

*Somebody* carried Joshua out of that  
building? Are you telling us it  
wasn't you?

NATASHA nods.

BOYD

Then who?

NATASHA

I don't know. I couldn't see his  
face.

BOYD and NATASHA exchange a look.

BOYD

You couldn't see his face?

NATASHA

He was there in the flames...

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLOOM HOUSE (FLASHBACK). NIGHT**

Out on MEL still looking down the empty corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. BOYD'S OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY

BOYD leads GRACE in.

BOYD

...I wasn't my intention to shut  
you out ...

GRACE

(interrupting)

Peter it's not my feelings you  
should be worried about.

BOYD watches her.

GRACE

I worked up a profile of "the  
Shepherd".

BOYD

Let's hear it.

GRACE

A narcissistic, Machiavellian,  
grandiose in a position of  
responsibility with a knowledge of  
abnormal psychology. He will have  
developed traits to mask the relish  
he takes in his own authority and  
expertise. Stop me if anything  
rings the bell.

BOYD

David Carney came to us.

GRACE

You didn't hear me say  
Machiavellian. If the voice  
Natasha described *wasn't* in her  
head its owner has a detailed  
knowledge of her specific  
condition.

BOYD

Agreed.

GRACE

The family-as-drug-dealers, the  
lefthand thing, the deep-seated  
jealousy of her sister.

BOYD

Agreed.

GRACE

The list of people who could know  
those things...

BOYD

(overlapping)

We wouldn't *have* those insights  
without Carney ...

GRACE

(overlapping)

...is pretty short and you just let  
the person at the top of it into our  
investigation.

BOYD

(diffusing)

What about the shepherd saving the  
toddler? That doesn't fit with  
Machiavellian narcissistic or  
grandiose...?

GRACE

(heavily)

No it doesn't.

BOYD

So how do you explain it?

GRACE

I can't - it's an anomaly.

BOYD

So lets not crucify Carney for  
fitting a profile that's at best  
incomplete.

GRACE

I did *not* tailor the foot to the shoe if that's what you're suggesting...

BOYD

Look Grace, if I can conduct this investigation without calling on Carney's help again I will, alright?

Out on GRACE's half-way reassured nod.

CUT TO:

**INT. FRANKIE'S LAB, CCHQ. DAY**

ANGLE ON A RECTANGULAR SHEET OF POLYCARBONATE. THERE ARE THREE FADED PATCHES ON THE DARK SKIN.

BOYD enters, approaches FRANKIE and SPENCER.

FRANKIE

This is a sheet of honeycomb polycarbonate - it's tough fire-resistant stuff used in aircraft manufacture and it was found in the burned debris in Natasha's room.

SPENCER

It's also used in the production of high-end flat-panel speakers which explains this little coil motor.

SPENCER picks up a small blackened motor, sets it over the first and biggest of the faded patches on the polycarbonate sheet.

FRANKIE

Otherwise known as an "exciter", it actuates the panel's natural resonances to produce sound.

BOYD

Like a violin string?

FRANKIE

Like a violin string. They can also be attached to baths, tables and windows.

BOYD points to the second faded patch on the polycarbonate.

BOYD

What else is missing?

From a baggie FRANKIE takes a grimy aluminium box about the size of a cigarette packet - the front is off revealing a charred battery and wires inside.

FRANKIE

An aluminium high-band receiver the heaviest part of which is its triple A battery.

FRANKIE slots the receiver into the second faded space on the panel.

BOYD

That's how he spoke to her.

FRANKIE points to the third faded spot.

FRANKIE

This occupant's missing in action but I'd bet the farm it was some kind of boundary microphone.

BOYD

So he could hear her and talk to her...did she know this thing was in her house?

FRANKIE

We were debating that when I found a little ball of charred fabric in the receiver.

FRANKIE indicates the microscope - BOYD peers in.

BOYD'S POV DOWN THE MICROSCOPE: A tiny, dirty patch of canvas depicting a single EYE fringed with brown hair.

BOYD

What is that...a dog's eye?

FRANKIE

Close.

FRANKIE crosses the lab to a rectangular shape draped in a white sheet. She pulls it off to reveal a framed picture of a chestnut mare.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

A Distributed Mode Picture  
Speaker.

BOYD

Another competition win?

SPENCER

She liked horses so it was a good  
choice.

BOYD

No, it was an informed choice.

BOYD lifts the picture off its stand, weighs it in his hand.

BOYD (CONT'D)

You wouldn't know.

FRANKIE

That's what people pay for.

BOYD

How many people are we talking?

SPENCER

Eight thousand in the UK alone - and  
three thousand went for our  
chestnut mare.

BOYD

hundred meters away, three hundred tops.

BOYD  
(turns back)  
Makes sense. Where's the fun in playing God if you can't look down on your flock?

Out on an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the horse's EYE staring out from the picture speaker.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LANE. DAY**

BOYD, SPENCER and FRANKIE climb out their car in a secluded lane.

ANGLE OVER FENCE DOWN LONG WILD GARDEN TO THE BOARDED-UP, CHARRED REAR of the BLOOM HOUSE.

BOYD  
Okay...there's the Bloom house.  
We're looking for two things.  
Vantage and privacy.

They move through a strand of trees in the failing light.

SPENCER  
(nods)  
That block doesn't look too lively.

ANGLE ON A DARKENED TOWER BLOCK.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

As MEL comes in from the street, GRACE comes out of her office.

GRACE  
I've got it.

MEL  
You've always had it Grace.



GRACE picks up the remote control, ANGLE ON THE TV, a bleary CCTV image, date & time glowing in the corner - shows a strange tottering crane-like figure. It is a WOMAN wearing army boots strapped to wooden platforms. She is holding a shotgun and walking through glass doors into a reception area. Behind the reception desk a sign reads: Western Region Electricity.

GRACE

A year after Fay Harding and a year before Natasha Bloom - Judy Walsh walked into an electricity showroom and shot herself in the head.

JUDY WALSH, poking the end of the shotgun into her mouth.

ANGLE ON MEL and GRACE reacting to the images.

ANGLE ON TWO B&W SOCO SHOTS - JUDY WALSH stretched out between wings of dark pooling blood, the shotgun extending from her

In the shadowed seat of a van, a FIGURE adjusts an earpiece and lifts heavy military-looking binoculars.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Framed by a lighted window, a PALE GIRL, 19, scruffy, sits tensely at her desk, studying a book - *Beowulf*. Behind, her ROOMMATE, also 19, paces, talking animatedly.

We CLOSE IN on the lighted window...

CUT TO:

**INT. PALE GIRL'S ROOM, HALL OF RESIDENCE. DAY**

As ROOMMATE talks and paces we stay on PALE GIRL's taut face.

ROOMMATE

(pacing)

You can retake Chaucer - bloody Shakespeare - but it's Game Over if you fail *Beowulf*. It's faculty eugenics - their way of creating a master race of speccy virgins. But I'll be alright, it's you they want.

PALE GIRL jerks.

ROOMMATE (CONT'D)

I'm not kidding they want you stone cold dead.

PALE GIRL turns with dread. Her ROOMMATE is taking a small black revolver from her drawer.

PALE GIRL stands in terror. Reacts.

The revolver in her ROOMMATE's hand has become a mobile phone which she is now obliviously checking for a text message.

ROOMMATE (CONT'D)

That's my motivation baby - don't give the shits the satisfaction.

PALE GIRL slowly sits down, closing her eyes with sweet relief.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLOOMSBURY STREET. DAY**

THE FIGURE climbs down from the van, their movements spidery in the gloom, and crouches before a junction box in the street.

A wrench breaks open the double doors of the junction box and BOLTCUTTERS hack through bunches of coloured wires.

CUT TO:

**INT. SHED. EVENING**

DELETED

CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRWELL, DERELICT BLOCK. DAY**

A torch beam heralds BOYD, MEL and FRANKIE as they troop up the dripping stairwell.

CUT TO:

**INT. FLAT, DERELICT BLOCK. DAY**

BOYD, FRANKIE and SPENCER use flashlights to navigate the cavernous empty flat.

ANGLE ON BOYD, FRANKIE and SPENCER reacting to something.

Framed by a smashed and stained window is a single PLASTIC CHAIR.

FRANKIE crouches next to the chair where there are half a dozen cigarette ends.

FRANKIE

Gauloise. Gauloise. Gauloise.

CLOSE ON three cigarette butts curled in her gloved palm.

BOYD takes out BINOCULARS, trains them on the back of the house.

FRANKIE

Good view?

BOYD'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - a clear view of the boarded-up rear of the BLOOM HOUSE.

BOYD

He could've helped her pick out her flowery dresses.

SPENCER

He probably did.

SPENCER holds up a black plastic lens cap.

SPENCER

Someone somewhere's short a lens cap.

FRANKIE has her case opens and is brushing the filter of a cigarette. SPENCER and BOYD peer over her shoulder as she snaps on her UV torch.

FRANKIE

You were right Spence - he's not God.

(off their look)

Big fat thumbprint.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLOOMSBURY STREET. DAY**

ANGLE ON PALE GIRL standing at her window staring intently out.

PALE GIRL'S POV, two WORKMEN in orange boilersuits are standing on a cherrypicker working on a streetlight.

CUT TO:

**INT. PALE GIRL'S ROOM, HALL OF RESIDENCE. DAY**

PALE GIRL'S mobile RINGS.

PALE GIRL

(nervous, into phone)

Hello?

The VOICE that replies is electronically distorted - high-pitched and grotesquely childlike.

PHONE VOICE

Right uniform, right van, right hats. Of course there's nothing wrong with the light but the council can't say no to them.

PALE GIRL

Who are they?

PHONE VOICE

Police officers. They're installing a night-vision camera.

PALE GIRL

Police...

PHONE VOICE

Special Operations. I don't know what they think you did but they're on to you.

PALE GIRL

I didn't do anything.

PHONE VOICE

I know that and you know that.

PALE GIRL

Please help me.

PHONE VOICE

Please help me...?

PALE GIRL

(a whisper)

Shepherd.

(beat)

I don't want to hurt anyone.

PHONE VOICE

Take a bus down Oxford Street - change twice - enter Marble Arch underpass and go to the bin at the foot of stairwell 7.

PALE GIRL

I don't want to hurt anyone.

PHONE VOICE

The sling that slew Goliath was made to protect sheep but David had to defend himself or die and so do you.

EMILY DELL

If that's true why hasn't God told me?

VOICE

He is telling you.

**END OF EPISODE ONE**

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

ANGLE ON the black and white CCTV stills of JUDY WALSH coming into the electricity showroom with the shotgun.

BOYD, FRANKIE and MEL study them while SPENCER and GRACE look on.

SPENCER

SPENCER

I know he came to us with the case,  
but we have to consider the  
possibility that Carney is the  
shepherd... don't we?

FRANKIE enters. They all look at her expectantly.

FRANKIE

If the thumbprint from the  
cigarette was the shepherd's, he's  
never been printed.

BOYD looks disappointed.

SPENCER

Anything on the Italian crosses?

FRANKIE

Just a list of antique jewellers -  
shops and internet dealers - that  
keeps getting longer.

GRACE

I hate to say it but I think he  
wanted us to come this far.

BOYD gives GRACE his full attention.

GRACE

Why give the same crosses to the  
women if he didn't want us to make  
a connection? Why use crucifixes  
from a town destroyed up by an  
earthquake...?

MEL

He's saying: you're only as close  
as I want you to be.

BOYD

I thought we were doing okay.

GRACE

In a signature killer context, it's  
archetypal narcissistic  
behaviour.

BOYD

Except he's not a killer.

SPENCER

He gets other people to do it for him - way more scary.

BOYD

But he rescued a child from a burning building so he's not an archetypal *anything*. I think he's a one-off with a practical, real world goal ...

GRACE

Like...?

BOYD

I've no idea.

GRACE

Logic and organization in the means doesn't equate to rationality in the goal.

SPENCER

So why d'you think he's doing it?

GRACE

Power for power's sake. And as an exercise in that, making one human being kill another takes some beating.

CLOSE ON the b/w CCTV still of JUDY WALSH coming into the electricity showroom with the shotgun.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACK, WALSH FARMHOUSE. DAY

DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. MILKING BARN. DAY



DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, CCHQ. DAY

BOYD sits opposite DAVID CARNEY.

BOYD

In retrospect - after you connected  
Natasha Bloom and Fay Harding's  
accounts of the Shepherd - did you  
never think he might've had  
something to do with Judy Walsh's  
suicide?

DAVID CARNEY

No.

BOYD

It never crossed your mind?

DAVID CARNEY

Never.

BOYD

Why not?

DAVID CARNEY

The answer's in the question - Judy  
Walsh hurt no one but herself and  
she didn't suffer command  
hallucinations.

BOYD slides a photograph of JUDY WALSH's last moments across  
the table - watches CARNEY.

BOYD

It's not like she ended it all in  
the bathroom with a handful of  
Aspirin - she walked into a  
workplace with a shotgun and not  
two years ago.

DAVID CARNEY

I know what she did.

BOYD

Why did you request - successfully  
- that she be placed in  
high-support accommodation?

DAVID CARNEY

Because she was very ill and in  
immediate danger from an  
unsympathetic husband who *could* be  
violent.

BOYD

These women had three things in  
common beyond their sex and age -  
they suffered severe delusions and  
they were your patients and they  
took at least one life.

DAVID CARNEY watches BOYD slide a portrait of JUDY WALSH  
between FAY HARDING and NATASHA BLOOM.

BOYD (CONT'D)

If those five things *did* inform  
their selection, the selector  
would've needed an A-Z of your  
patients past and present.

DAVID CARNEY

(beat)

In the context of your scenario, I  
agree.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. MILKING BARN. DAY**

DELETED

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW RM. CCHQ. DAY**

DELETED

CUT TO:

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, CCHQ. DAY**

MEL watches, rapt, through the one-way glass.

BOYD

Who could possibly have that knowledge?

DAVID CARNEY

I don't know.

CUT TO:

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

GRACE and SPENCER sit opposite DONALD WALSH a hard-faced farmer of 35.

DONALD

Standing there at Judy's funeral I felt like a fraud. I didn't know who I was burying.

GRACE

Whenever someone takes their own life there's always a gap, a "why".

DONALD

(grappling)

Sometimes I had the feeling if I got too close to understanding her, I might get pulled into her world...

SPENCER

What were the outward signs of Judy's illness?

DONALD

Electricity. Judy believed the government had developed a new current that induced Alzheimer's

(cringes despite himself)

- that they were pumping it up through the earth.

GRACE

Judy considered herself an undesirable?

DONALD

(fleeting smile)

Judy was *proud* to be an undesirable. When we were first married she did at least as much as me running the farm but by the end... First it was the phone, then it was the car and by the end she wouldn't use the milking machines.

SPENCER

Because they involved electricity...?

DONALD

(nods)

She started nailing six-inch heels to her boots. It was embarrassing - that's how shallow *my* reaction was - embarrassment, irritation, self-pity.

GRACE

I think you're being hard on yourself.

DONALD

(ignoring GRACE)

I started drinking to help me cope but it had the opposite effect if you know what I mean.

(off SPENCER's frown,  
holding his look)

I started using my fists.

GRACE

That's when you went to your GP who referred Judy to Dr Carney?

DONALD

(nods)

And he suggested the support unit. I was like - give me a pen - where

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, CCHQ. DAY

BOYD

Can you think of someone who might want to hurt you professionally?

DAVID CARNEY

Your scenario ignores two important facts.

BOYD

You haven't answered the question.

DAVID CARNEY

No. One, I wasn't Fay Harding's psychiatrist until *after* she committed her crimes...

BOYD

You'd never met her before?

DAVID CARNEY

Never - two, you have yet to show Judy Walsh has anything to do with this.

They lock eyes.

OUT ON A PHOTOGRAPH OF JUDY WALSH.

BOYD watches DAVID CARNEY drain his plastic cup of tea, hesitate, then drops it in the bin.

BOYD

I just thought I'd sound you out.

DAVID CARNEY

No problem.

BOYD

Thanks for your help with Natasha Bloom by the way.

DAVID CARNEY

Pleasure.

MEL's mobile starts RINGING - she moves quickly away.

DAVID CARNEY  
(turning in the door)  
By the way how did you get on with  
Adam Duke?

BOYD  
Who told you we were meeting Adam  
Duke?

DAVID CARNEY  
Educated guess.

BOYD remains silent.

DAVID CARNEY  
Did he mention visiting Fay  
Harding?

BOYD  
Adam Duke...?

DAVID CARNEY  
(nods)  
As part of the victim  
reconciliation program. Normally  
it's just one visit but he came back  
several times. In the end I had to  
say, enough's enough.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY

Mel - everything in Adam Duke's statement - check it five ways. He told you when his father and stepmother were murdered he was about to start medical school. He was twenty-two, what was he doing before that? Frankie, same goes for the forensics.

FRANKIE

You think Adam Duke's a suspect?

BOYD

I think he's not above suspicion.

FRANKIE

But Fay Harding threw boiling water in his face...?

CLOSE ON A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH OF ADAM DUKE, half his face is a livid (d4wKIE ).62 iered 62 ieThgrythyi205(w-tgsoteis)-5( r4

MEL

So cynical so young...

BOYD takes out a plastic cup in a baggie.

BOYD

Do me a favour Frankie. Check the  
DNA on this cup against the  
cigarette butts.

FRANKIE

David Carney?

On MEL's reaction.

BOYD

If it matches I'll tell you.

CUT TO:

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

SPENCER, GRACE AND DONALD as before.

SPENCER



Didn't really. Just said he felt similarly about technology being a bad thing and he'd helped her finding her ancestors.

SPENCER

You never met or saw this man?

DONALD

No, but afterwards - when I was looking for the "why" - I tried finding him.

(shaking his head)

No one could remember seeing him - I thought he must've been in her head.

SPENCER and MEL exchange a look.

DONALD

Was I wrong?

SPENCER

After Judy died did you find any jewellery you didn't know she owned?

DONALD

Yes... How d'you know?

SPENCER

What was that piece of jewelry?

DONALD flips a silver cross out from under his T-shirt. GRACE leans forward, gently takes the cross, turns it in her fingers, reacts.

CLOSE ON THE HALLMARK: the same as the other hallmarks.

DONALD

I found this under her pillow. Now tell me how you knew to ask that?

GRACE

(beat)

In Judy's note, she said she was going to kill the staff at the

electricity showroom before she  
killed herself.

DONALD

What of it? She didn't did she?

GRACE

No, but we think someone might've  
put that idea in her head.

DONALD blinks uncomprehendingly at GRACE.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MARBLE ARCH PIAZZA. DAY**

PAN OFF Marble Arch to catch PALE GIRL climbing off a rickety  
bike with an old-fashioned hand-basket. She casts around  
anxiously then creeps down a stairwell.

CUT TO:

**INT. UNDERPASS, MARBLE ARCH. DAY**

The PALE GIRL walks through the dark, pissy underpass past  
a caged, flickering NEON LIGHT. A TRAMP squatting in the  
shadows shouts something and she jumps out of her skin.

CUT TO:

**INT. UNDERPASS, MARBLE ARCH. DAY**

PALE GIRL checks a graffitied map on the wall and carries on.  
She turns a corner and sees a sign saying EXIT 7, then an  
open-topped wooden-slatted WASTE BIN. PALE GIRL approaches  
gingerly, peers inside.

A taped-up Jiffy bag.

PALE GIRL closes her eyes, waits for an entwined couple to  
pass, then snatches out the package. She rips the tape off  
and peers inside. She tugs out a photograph of a b/w A4  
photograph of a man we recognize as MATT CARNEY. Underneath,  
scrawled in red marker, "HE IS THE ONE".

PALE GIRL flicks over the photograph to reveal a photocopy

BOYD

We're not arresting David Carney.

SPENCER

How many ex-patients of David Carney going postal is it going to take?

BOYD

(turning on SPENCER)

Four, five, six, doesn't matter if the connection's legitimate - he's a psychiatrist, they were ill.

(turning to GRACE)

Grace?

GRACE

I understand Mel's scepticism but there are precedents of high achievers pathologically undoing the work of their day.

BOYD

What, they're bi-polar, split personality?

GRACE

Jung talks about something called shadow aspect - the projection of what we least like about ourselves onto others.

SPENCER

What better place to do that than a mental hospital?

GRACE

GRACE

A Jungian might see evidence of a doomed attempted to balance the books with the shadow shelf.

MEL

(grappling)

So the tension between you and your shadow actually sustains both?

GRACE

Yes. If David Carney *is* the shepherd, that's how he's kept going.

Out on MEL.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MARYLEBONE STREET. DAY**

DAVID CARNEY makes his way up the front steps of a smart apartment block.

CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRWELL. DAY**

DAVID CARNEY walks up a plush stairwell, knocks on a door. MATT CARNEY

How did you find it?

DAVID produces his soft-backed A4 version of MATT's Ph.D..

DAVID CARNEY

Inside page of your thesis. You renting?

MATT CARNEY

Of course I'm renting. Have you read it?

DAVID CARNEY steps out onto a balcony with a view across the West End.

DAVID CARNEY

Ph.D. subsistence grants must have gone up since my day.

MATT CARNEY

I told you, I had sponsors.

DAVID CARNEY

Remember I gave you Judy Walsh's case file to read?

MATT CARNEY

Of course.

DAVID CARNEY

And how I arranged for you to meet her?

MATT CARNEY

Of course I remember...

DAVID CARNEY

I only ask because you made no reference to it whatsoever.

MATT CARNEY

After she killed herself you stipulated I change Judy's name and age...

DAVID CARNEY

You made no reference to it whatsoever.

MATT blinks at him. Smiles haplessly.

MATT CARNEY  
You're right. That chapter needed  
trimming.

DAVID CARNEY  
I don't think it was ever in there.

MATT CARNEY  
Why would I've asked for help if I  
didn't need it?

DAVID CARNEY  
You tell me.

MATT CARNEY  
(unnerved)  
Look I didn't *knowingly* waste your  
time, alright? What's this about?

MATT meets DAVID's stare. DAVID shakes his head.

DAVID CARNEY  
Look... I'm sorry.

MATT CARNEY  
It's okay.  
(frowns, i.e. "sorry")  
Did I just witness history there?

DAVID almost smiles. MATT nods to his thesis.

MATT CARNEY  
So what's the verdict?

CUT TO:

**INT. FRANKIE'S LAB, CCHQ. DAY**

TRACK PAST EVIDENCE BAGS MARKED GARY DUKE and LINDSAY DUKE.

ANGLE ON a blood-stained carving knife.

FRANKIE  
This is the German-made carving  
knife Fay Harding used to kill Gary  
Duke.

ANGLE ON a big Hawaiian shirt on a lightbox and covered in perforations.

BOYD

That's not a shirt to die in.

FRANKIE

Seven holes, seven wounds, any one of which could've been fatal.

CLOSE ON A PHOTOGRAPH OF GARY DUKE'S HUGE NAKED TORSO, covered in stab wounds.

BOYD

Rage...fear?

FRANKIE

Don't know by the time she got to Lindsay Duke, Fay'd lost her bottle...

BOYD is reading the file as he listens.

BOYD

And - her bloody footprints tell us - her sandals...

FRANKIE

Which I'll never understand. Anyway...

FRANKIE indicates a selection of pathologist's photograph of LINDSAY's body.

FRANKIE

There were three wounds to Lindsay's chest inflicted with the same knife that killed her husband ... but only one punctured the skin.

BOYD

(pointing)

Bruises to the throat suggest Fay tried asphyxiation with as little success?

FRANKIE



(nods)  
If Lindsay hasn't suffered a major heart attack I think she would've got away - Fay was all played out.

BOYD  
Two killings, one psychotically brutal, one almost accidental...? What did Gary Duke do to her?

FRANKIE  
I'm not done yet - there's other things that don't fit.

Off BOYD's look, FRANKIE holds up two blood-stained coats wrapped in plastic.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ENTRANCE, DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

CLOSE ON: A CLUSTER OF SECURITY CAMERAS.

The wrought-iron gates heave open and BOYD's car noses through.

CUT TO:

**INT. DRAWING ROOM, DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

BOYD and FRANKIE stands waiting, eyeing a half-completed chessboard. At the doorway BRYONY watches him.

FRANKIE  
Who's winning?

BRYONY  
(terse)  
He plays himself.

BOYD is peering at an old framed black-and-white photograph.

GARY DUKE, a man mountain in a khaki shirt and shades, sits at a card table with ADAM, grinning 12, a chess board between them, a wire-fence and endless desert behind.

ADAM DUKE enters, follows BOYD's look.

BOYD

Where was this taken?

ADAM

Saudi.

(off BOYD's look)

After he was thrown out of the army,  
Dad made his first bucks securing  
oil fields.

BOYD

Must've been an exciting time?

ADAM

Best days of my life.

(BYRONY reacts to this)

Lying out under the stars, kicking  
around ideas for the business...no  
school in the morning.

BOYD

How did you feel when he remarried?

ADAM

That was much later.

BOYD

*That* bad.

ADAM

I missed have him to myself, sure.

ADAM smiles tightly, bringing the subject to a close.

BOYD

I was hoping we might speak alone.

BRYONY

Believe me, Detective  
Superintendent, we've been through  
this every step of the way.

BOYD turns to ADAM - he answers by putting an arm round BRYONY.

BOYD

Let's start with your meetings with  
Fay Harding through the victim  
reconciliation program.

BRYONY

That was a brave attempt to put the  
past behind him.

FRANKIE

I'd have thought moving house  
would've been a better bet.

BRYONY opens and closes her mouth.

ADAM

That's my fault. Leaving the Hall  
was never an option.

BOYD

Why not?

ADAM

It's my home.

(beat)

Is that all?

FRANKIE

I'm afraid not. I need to see your  
kitchen.

CUT TO:

**SCENE DELETED**

CUT TO:

**SCENE DELETED**

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, ADAM DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

FRANKIE and BOYD stand with ADAM and BRYONY.

FRANKIE

In your statement, you said you,  
your dad and your stepmother were  
about to have Sunday lunch when Fay  
Harding appeared?

ADAM

That's right.

FRANKIE

That's why the carving knife was on the side?

ADAM

Yes.

FRANKIE shows him a black and white photograph of the blood-spattered kitchen - two skewed places on the kitchen table.

FRANKIE

Why was the table only set for two?

ADAM

There was a rugby match on...I was going to eat upstairs.

BOYD

(indicates photo)

So, these places were for your dad and your stepmum.

ADAM

Obviously.

BOYD

It's just that when they died they were both wearing coats, like they'd just come in.

FRANKIE

And the fridge and larder inventories list nothing requiring a carving knife - just a couple of bags of pasta.

ADAM

Before Fay Harding murdered my father she threw boiling water in my face - I've no idea where the knife was.

FRANKIE

So it must've been in a drawer?

ADAM says nothing.

FRANKIE

How would she know which one?

ADAM

Unlucky guess.

BOYD moves to a the main kitchen unit. Selects one of four drawers - pulls it open. Not the knife drawer.

BOYD

That morning your father and stepmother were due to test drive a Ferrari in Hendon - they were opening up specially.

ADAM

(interrupting,  
impatient)

And they phoned to cancel because Lindsay had a migraine, where is this going?

BOYD

A till receipt tells us they brought Praxin migraine tablets at Watford Gap services at eleven-fifty. If we assume that's where they turned back, there's no way they could've returned much before one-thirty which is when you say Fay Harding arrived. So let me ask you again, are you sure those places were set for your dad and your stepmother?

ADAM closes his eyes, remains silent.

BOYD

Is the reason for your discomfort anything to do with the fact that Fay Harding wasn't wearing any shoes?

ADAM's eyes snap open.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERPASS, MARBLE ARCH. DAY

DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, ADAM DUKE HOUSE. DAY

BOYD, FRANKIE, ADAM and BRYONY as before.

BRYONY

Adam...?

ADAM

Bryony?... Dad always said you were  
too good for me.

BOYD

You lied.

ADAM

(stricken, looking at  
BRYONY)

I'm so sorry...

BOYD

You can be sorry later - starting  
when?

ADAM

Starting at the Christmas party. I  
*did* have sex with Fay Harding.

BRYONY

Oh God...

BOYD

And afterwards?

ADAM nods.

BRYONY

Here?

ADAM

Bryony ...  
(she won't look at him)  
Darling...

BOYD

I need the truth and you need me to hear it.

ADAM tries to compose himself.

ADAM

(points)

We were on the floor having sex when they came back. Dad completely freaked. He wanted to throw Fay out...as she was.

BOYD

Naked?

ADAM

She was trying to put her knickers on...he wouldn't let her...it was horrible, he was grabbing her breasts calling her the most disgusting things...

BOYD

You didn't help her?

ADAM

Of course I did.

(he points to his face)

She was aiming for him.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, DUKE HOUSE (FLASHBACK). DAY**

GARY DUKE manhandles FAY...she reaches for a boiling saucepan of water as ADAM barges in. She swings the pan as ADAM pushes in front of his father and he catches the boiling water full in the face lets out an almighty SCREAM.

GARY DUKE

Look what you've done you whore.

FAY

I'm sorry...

GARY DUKE

You're SORRY?

FAY fumbles for the drawer and we see the knife glint.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM, DUKE HOUSE. TIME CONTINUOUS DAY

BOYD, ADAM and BRYONY as before.

BOYD

Fay Harding's spent the last three years trying to believe your relationship was all in her head.

ADAM

I know what I did.

BOYD

I don't think you have the first idea what you did.

BRYONY

(frowns)

Adam?

BRYONY's tone is momentarily reasonable - she's just trying to figure it out.

BRYONY

Afterwards...after she killed... why did you want to see her?

(no response)

I need to understand, Adam.

ADAM

No you don't.

BRYONY

Let me be the judge of that.

Finally ADAM drags his eyes up to meet hers.

ADAM

(beat)

She was the one who put a stop to our meetings, alright? She and Dr. Carney. They decided it was unhealthy and they were probably right. But if it'd been down to me



I'd still be visiting her as often  
as the Victim Reconciliation  
Program allowed.

(sad and sober look)

Do you understand *now*?

Out on BRYONY, her world collapsing around her.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

MEL is flicking through a file, frowns.

MEL POV, scrolling down a LETTER starting on an address,  
Fernbank Farm, Hempstead Lane, Suffolk starting Dear Judy  
Walsh

MEL (v.o.)

(DAVID CARNEY'S VOICE

Dear Judy Walsh, my  
colleague Matt Carney  
from Thames Valley  
College has contacted me  
regarding research for  
his Ph.D.....Yours  
truly David Carney.

MEL looks up as GRACE approaches.

GRACE

Got something?

MEL

(slides the letter in a  
file of papers)

What's up?

GRACE

You know a cursory stab of the words  
Dr David Carney into the world wide  
web brings up a hundred-plus hits  
- and half also pertain to his  
brother Matt.

MEL

Really...?

GRACE

Five years ago, Matt tried to change his name by deed poll to his brother's name - David Tobias Anthony Carney. Weird or weird?

MEL

D'you know *why*?

GRACE

Their father - Dr David Carney senior - was a psychiatrist of note. In fact I dimly remember attending a lecture by him...

MEL

(interrupting)

As firstborn, Matt felt *he* should've inherited the Big Man's nomenclature?

GRACE

It went to court - David jnr. won and it was silly-story-of-the-week in the national press.

SPENCER enters with two steaming mugs as GRACE walks into her office.

MEL

(i.e. mug)

What's *this*?

SPENCER

Try it is all I ask.

MEL

What *is* green tea?

SPENCER

What d'you mean what *is* green tea? It's...it's...

(trails off to nothing)

MEL

Thank you - you're advocating something and you have no idea what it is apart from it's green. It's

like my mum and her acupuncture.  
"How does it work?" "Oh, it just  
does". "But you pay all this money  
to get stabbed in the foot?" "I  
know, isn't it great?"

SPENCER  
Shut up and drink.

MEL sips.

MEL  
Oh my God that's disgusting.

SPENCER  
(turning serious)

**INT. CORRIDOR, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. NIGHT**

A GUARD leads MEL down the corridor. We can hear MOANING and WHISPERING from far-off.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID CARNEY'S OFFICE, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. NIGHT**

As MEL and the GUARD enter DAVID CARNEY breaks off his conversation with FAY HARDING, an intimate coffee and

Harding's jailer. He declares her sane, she's out tomorrow, she doesn't...

BOYD

(interrupting)

She stays there forever - what's your point?

GRACE

You remember Fay's father implying Carney's relationship with her was improper?

BOYD

I remember not paying it much attention.

GRACE

Carney did Fay's first assessment on the day she murdered Gary and Lindsay Duke.

BOYD

So?

GRACE

So she didn't say anything about the Shepherd for three days. Then suddenly - three meetings with David Carney on - out it comes, fully formed.

BOYD

He gives her the story, she gives it back to him, he gives his recommendation to the judge. She's insane, no prison?

GRACE

Something like that. Then at sentencing he requested that "for purposes of continuity" she be sent to his secure unit where he appointed himself her Responsible Medical Officer.

BOYD

But we've found no connection whatsoever between David Carney and Fay Harding prior to the murders?

GRACE

Not yet.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID CARNEY'S OFFICE. NIGHT**

MEL sits opposite DAVID CARNEY.

MEL

Why did you grant your brother access to Judy Walsh?

DAVID CARNEY

Who says I did?

MEL hands him the letter. He scans it, looks up.

DAVID CARNEY

I wanted to help Matt any way I could with his Ph.D. He spent years in Florida frittering away his inheritance on one failed bar after another...

MEL

(interrupting,  
impatient)

Five years ago, things weren't so rosy between you.

DAVID CARNEY

(shrugs)

We're brothers.

MEL

When did you patch things up?

DAVID CARNEY

When my wife died.

MEL

(taken aback)

I'm sorry...

DAVID CARNEY  
You mean how did she die? Brain  
tumour, three years ago.

MEL  
I meant I was sorry.

DAVID CARNEY  
We've digressed.

MEL (CONT'D)  
Is there anything - apart from you  
- that links Judy with Fay Harding  
and Natasha Bloom.

DAVID CARNEY  
(bemused)  
Not that I know of...

MEL  
What about Matt?

DAVID CARNEY  
I've never discussed Fay Harding or  
Natasha Bloom with him.

MEL  
Could he have seen their files in  
your office?

DAVID CARNEY  
They're confidential.

MEL  
At home...?

DAVID CARNEY  
Matt has nothing to do with this,  
okay?

MEL studies him - he grapples.

DAVID CARNEY (CONT'D)  
I did...I did recommended Judy and  
Natasha for high support  
accommodation.

MEL

At the same centre?

DAVID CARNEY

No but the centres are coordinated  
from a national office.

MEL



(pointed)  
- but not by David Carney.

BOYD  
(shakes his head)  
Fay's previous psychiatric history  
ran to seeing a school shrink.

MEL  
She could've been recommended and  
rejected.

BOYD  
You think the shepherd might work  
at the Accommodation Commission?

MEL  
It's someone with access and/or  
clearance - employees seem an  
obvious place to start.

BOYD  
I'll get over there with Grace  
first thing.

BOYD heads for his office.

MEL  
Grace...?

BOYD stops in his doorway, doesn't turn.

BOYD  
Just because you got a result  
doesn't change the fact you snuck  
out to see our prime suspect on your  
own and on your own terms.  
(sad)  
We're a team Mel - I get tired of  
saying it.

BOYD shuts his door behind him.

CUT TO

**EXT. HIGH SUPPORT ACCOMMODATION COMMISSION. DAY**

ANGLE ON A SIGN: HIGH SUPPORT ACCOMMODATION COMMISSION.

PAN UP to follow BOYD and GRACE into a converted warehouse on a deserted backstreet.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SUPPORT ACCOMMODATION COMMISSION. DAY

ANGLE ON TWO FILES MARKED NATASHA BLOOM and JUDY WALSH being slapped down on a desk.

MARTIN NESS, neat, clean, plump, looks on while BOYD and GRACE peruse a file each.

MARTIN NESS

...each application is allotted to a panel member who reads the recommendation and supporting material, then makes their own report to the panel.

BOYD

(reading)

In Natasha Bloom's case, the allotted panelist was you.

MARTIN NESS

(shrugs)

If you say so.

GRACE

(frowns up from file)

And also with Judy Walsh...

MARTIN NESS

Look, I'm one of the full-time panelists, I take on a lot of cases.

GRACE smiles agreeably.

GRACE

Could you check one more file? Fay Harding?

MARTIN NESS sighs, goes behind a mainframe and bangs away at the keys.

MARTIN NESS

No.

MARTIN NESS catches BOYD's suspicion, swings the moni

You've had twenty - thirty - visits  
from a Matt Carney?

MARTIN NESS

(nods)

Matt's doing a Ph.D. on  
semi-autonomous therapeutic  
communities, pie-in-the-sky stuff  
with current funding but laudable  
nonetheless.

GRACE

And the screening process...?

MARTIN NESS

(nods)

He had all the ID I just listed and  
a letter from his brother - Dr David  
Carney.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID CARNEY'S OFFICE, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

DAVID CARNEY stands listening on the phone, his big shoulders  
hunched with tension.

MEL (V.O.)

You're saying you didn't write a  
letter vouching for him?

DAVID CARNEY

(with creeping dread)

No, I did not...

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

MEL stands on the phone.

MEL



FRANKIE

Well whoever supped from this cup  
isn't Mr Gauloise but he has the  
same mitochondrial DNA.

CUT TO:

DAVID CARNEY drinking FROM MUG.

CUT TO:

FRANKIE GATHERING CIGARETTE BUTS FROM THE FOOT OF THE  
ONLOOKERS CHAIR IN THE ABANDONED FLAT.

CUT TO:

Now FRANKIE has MEL's full attention.

MEL

Brother?

FRANKIE

(helpful)

Or mother, sister, cousin - anyone  
maternally related.

Out on MEL.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CAR PARK, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

DAVID CARNEY comes out of the main entrance of Walstead Secure  
Unit.

DAVID CARNEY'S POV, MATT CARNEY pops out of his cheap Japanese  
sportscar.

MATT CARNEY

I only got half your message - she's  
from Miami University?

DAVID CARNEY

The chair in forensic psychiatry.  
Given your love of the place it  
seems opportune to get you  
together.

MATT shakes his head in wonder.

MATT CARNEY  
I do not deserve you for a brother.  
I want you to know that I know that.

DAVID looks sadly at MATT for a moment, then smiles awkwardly.

DAVID CARNEY  
We're keeping her waiting.

DAVID CARNEY moves off, leading the way. MATT CARNEY frowns after him, then follows.

CUT TO:

**INT. CORRIDOR, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

DAVID and MATT CARNEY come down the corridor. A thick white metal door - a barred panel set at head height - stands open at the end. DAVID ushers MATT CARNEY through.

CUT TO:

**INT. CELL, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

MATT CARNEY takes in the windowless room. DAVID shuts MATT in and turns the key in the same motion. MATT frowns at DAVID through the grill.

MATT CARNEY (CONT'D)  
David?

DAVID CARNEY  
I want to hear all about  
semi-autonomous therapeutic  
communities.

MATT smiles, blinks.

MATT CARNEY  
What?

DAVID CARNEY  
Or how about the letter to the  
Accommodation Commission? No,

forget that, just tell me about  
Judy Walsh and Natasha Bloom.

MATT CARNEY  
Natasha Bloom...?

DAVID CARNEY  
My *patients*, Matt.

MATT CARNEY  
David, whatever you *think* you  
know...

DAVID CARNEY  
I know the police will be here in  
ten minutes.

DAVID CARNEY AND MATT CARNEY lock eyes.

MATT CARNEY  
David, let me out of here *now*.

DAVID CARNEY  
Nine minutes.

MATT CARNEY starts to look anxiously around the cell.

DAVID CARNEY (CONT'D)  
Brass tacks, Matt.

MATT CARNEY  
(finally)  
Three years ago I got a call from  
this guy. I've never met him, I  
don't know who he is...I always  
assumed he was another doctor you'd  
pissed off...I just copied some  
files and mailed them to a PO Box,  
that's all.

DAVID CARNEY  
Which files?

MATT CARNEY looks stricken.

MATT CARNEY  
Every referral you made to the  
commission - if the patient was



female and under thirty he wanted  
a copy.

DAVID CARNEY

Why?

MATT CARNEY

David, let me out. Let me out!

DAVID CARNEY

Why female?

MATT CARNEY (CONT'D)

(sees camera in corner)

Is that thing on? Are the police  
really coming?

DAVID CARNEY

You copied the files for yourself,  
didn't you?

MATT CARNEY

No! He'd read about our court  
case...

DAVID CARNEY

Your court case.

MATT CARNEY

This guy exists David - *he* was my  
sponsor.

DAVID CARNEY

(with terrible sadness)

I don't have an enemy in the world  
- a real enemy - except you.

MATT CARNEY

How else would anyone get to you  
except through me - you've never  
put a foot wrong in your life.

(DAVID turns away)

David!

DAVID CARNEY begins walking down the corridor.

MATT CARNEY (CONT'D)

Don't leave me in here...

David...let me explain! DAVID!

MATT throws his head back and smashes it against the bars.

TIGHT ON DAVID CARNEY walking off down the corridor. The sickening SOUND of flesh and bone on metal - CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH.

DAVID turns and looks back down the corridor. Blood is trickling from the barred panel. He cranes to see through the panel - nothing. Panicking, he hurries back to the door, looks through the panel.

DAVID'S POV THROUGH PANEL, MATT lies prone on the floor, his face a bloody mess.

DAVID fumbles for the keys, drops them, finally unlocks the door and heaves it open.

As DAVID steps over his brother, MATT's legs twitch into life, scissor-kicking. DAVID's legs go from under him. As his heavy frame crashes backwards, MATT springs up, booting DAVID hard in the face.

MATT CARNEY (CONT'D)

Bastard! *Bastard*

**EXT. CCHQ. DAY**

MEL crosses to her car talking on her mobile.

MEL  
(into mobile)  
Matt Carney is at Walstead Secure  
Unit... his brother is going to  
hold him there 'til you arrive. I'm  
going to secure his flat.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MARYLEBONE STREET. DAY**

MATT jumps out of his car and runs up the steps.

CUT TO:

**INT. MATT CARNEY'S FLAT. DAY**

In a blind panic, MATT rifles through drawers, finds what he's  
looking for - his PASSPORT.

A KNOCK at the door.

MATT starts, moves into the hall, stares at the door. Another  
KNOCK. Cautiously he approaches, looks through the spy-hole.

His face registers relief. He steps back and opens the door.

MATT CARNEY  
What is it? Rag week again?

CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION. DAY**

MEL stands impatiently at the desk absently palming her mobile  
phone as a SERGEANT irritably searches his desk.

MEL  
I phoned ahead...I was told the  
warrant would be ready.

The SERGEANT hands her a sheet and a pen.

CUT TO:

**INT. CELL, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

GRACE, BOYD and a GUARD help a groggy, blood DAVID CARNEY.

BOYD

Where's your brother?

DAVID CARNEY

I don't know...

GRACE

You had a fight?

DAVID CARNEY

Apparently.

BOYD

So he knows we know.

DAVID CARNEY stares at him.

BOYD

What's he going to do, David?  
You're his brother.

DAVID CARNEY

Run.

BOYD

Run where?

DAVID CARNEY

He used to live in Florida - he's  
got friends there.

Holding his look BOYD takes out his mobile.

CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION. DAY**

The SERGEANT is munching a sandwich when he hears a mobile RINGING. He leans across to see MEL's mobile glowing on the counter.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CAR PARK, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

BOYD and GRACE run to their car - BOYD trying his mobile again.

CUT TO:

**EXT/INT. STREET. DAY**

MEL pulls up behind MATT's Japanese sports car, peers up at the smart apartment block. She reaches for her mobile but the phone holder is empty, her hands free jack plugged into thin air.

MEL

Shit.

She grabs her radio, shove it in her pocket as she climbs out.

CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRWELL, MATT'S APARTMENT BLOCK. DAY**

MEL comes up the stairwell, slows when she sees the door she's looking for stands open.

CUT TO:

**INT. MATT CARNEY'S FLAT. DAY**

MATT CARNEY lies on the hall floor staring sightlessly up at the ceiling, his shirt stained with blood.

MEL crouches, checks his pulse, straightens up at a SOUND.

MEL moves down the hall, clocks a half-open door, peers through into a sitting room.

MEL's POV, THE PALE GIRL is perched on the sofa, side-on to MEL, staring into space, her left hand hidden from view.

MEL steps into the room.

MEL

Are you alright?

PALE GIRL stares straight ahead as MEL approaches.

MEL (CONT'D)

What's your name?

PALE GIRL

Is he dead?

MEL sits on the sofa, not too near.

MEL

What's your name?

PALE GIRL

Emily.

MEL

I'm Mel.

**EXT. WESTWAY. DAY**

ANGLE ON BOYD and GRACE's car racing into London.

BOYD

(into phone)

EMILY turns, surveys MEL blankly.

EMILY

I'm fine.

She lifts her left hand up, a gun loosely held in its grip.

MEL saw it coming, her expression remains calm.

MEL

(finally)

Maybe I should take that.

EMILY

Okay.

But EMILY doesn't move. MEL shunts up the sofa. MEL reaches again, finally closes her finger round the barrel of the gun.

MEL takes the gun, slowly stands, never taking her eyes off EMILY.

EMILY

(wanting MEL to  
understand)

They were going to fail me. They were going to fail me so when I disappeared no-one would ask any questions. "She was upset, she was depressed, she must've thrown herself off a bridge". He was the only one who understood how

MEL

He...?

EMILY narrows her eyes, suddenly suspicious.

MEL's radio CRACKLE into life.

RADIO VOICE

*...road traffic accident at  
junction 12: police presence  
required.*

Instinctively MEL turns the radio down and glances at EMILY.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON EMILY, reacting to "police". Her terror turns to blind anger.

EMILY lunges for MEL, throwing her arms around her so they topple backwards...the gun clattering to the floor...their weight crashing against the double patio doors which break open...

CUT TO:

**EXT. MARYLEBONE STREET. DAY**

ANGLE ON GRACE and BOYD climbing out of their car...

An OBJECT flashes past their field of vision, a LOUD CRACKING SOUND, followed by TINKLING GLASS.

CLOSE ON BOYD CLOSE ON GRACE, gaping.

GRACE and BOYD's MOVING POV, a FIGURE on the pavement twenty yards away, a FLASH OF BLONDE HAIR, GLASS everywhere.

REVERSE ANGLE ON BOYD AND GRACE, reeling, casting around, trying and failing to absorb what they're seeing. It's impossible to look at what's lying before them and impossible to look anywhere else.

GRACE

Mel...

GRACE's utterance breaks the spell. BOYD turns to GRACE.

BOYD



Get back in the car. Get back in  
the car Grace.

GRACE, in shock, lets BOYD steer her back towards the open passenger door.

BOYD approaches MEL, crouches by her side. With dread he reaches for her neck, feels for a pulse, closes his eyes when he gets nothing.

A GUNSHOT.

BOYD's eyes travel up to the open balcony doors above - a curtain twists in the breeze.

CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRWELL, APARTMENT BLOCK. DAY**

BOYD flies up the stairs, clocks the open door on the landing above.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALL, MATT CARNEY'S FLAT. DAY**

BOYD comes into the hall, takes in MATT CARNEY's outstretched body.

Silently, BOYD moves deeper into the flat, hugging the wall. He reaches the open door, reacts to something.

BOYD's POV: EMILY sits on the sofa, head slumped on one side, the gun sitting in her curled dead hand.

At her throat a blood-flecked crucifix glints.

CUT TO:

**INT. FRANKIE'S LAB, CCHQ. DAY**

FRANKIE is working. She looks up as SPENCER appears.

FRANKIE  
Alright, Spence.

FRANKIE double takes - sees the tears standing in his eyes.  
SPENCER opens and closes his mouth.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
(she knows)  
Who?

SPENCER  
Mel.

FRANKIE's phone starts RINGING.

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. STREET. DAY**

Pandemonium. We track through ambulances and police cars to find ON BOYD on his mobile, GRACE next to him.

BOYD  
Frankie, I need you to come and  
process this scene.

FRANKIE  
What...?

BOYD  
Frankie, I need you to come and  
process this scene.

FRANKIE  
(beat)  
Sure.

BOYD  
Bring Spence and get yourselves  
driven.

MEL's body is ringed by SOCOS and a PATHOLOGIST.

GRACE is sobbing now, BOYD hugs her tight.

CUT TO:

**INT. SITTING ROOM, MATT CARNEY'S FLAT. DAY**

CLOSE ON the blood stain on the floor, TILT UP to BOYD, then GRACE, then FRANKIE, then SPENCER.

SPENCER

Her name was Emily Dell, a first year at University College. Diagnosed with paranoid psychosis eighteen months ago by David Carney who recommended her for high support accommodation. Her...thing...was authority figures, uniforms, police.

They absorb this.

BOYD

If anyone wants to take some leave I'll more than understand.

She takes out files marked HIGH SUPPORT ACCOMMODATION  
COMMISSION: JUDY WALSH, HIGH SUPPORT ACCOMMODATION  
COMMISSION, NATASHA BLOOM, HIGH SUPPORT ACCOMMODATION  
COMMISSION, EMILY DELL.

Next she takes out a velvet jewel bag, tips a silver crucifix  
on a chain into her hand.

The BOX is turned on its side, the base facing us.

FRANKIE

The only trace evidence of any kind  
is this stain -

(points)

- I pulled a couple of fibres but  
it's probably just resin.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of a tiny brown stain on the light wood of  
the trunk, tiny fibres sticking out.

BOYD

Sorry, Frankie what's your...?

FRANKIE

(interrupting)

My point is why was the same man  
happy to leave his prints near an  
arson scene where three people died?  
And while we're at it, why was the  
trunk so well hidden?

BOYD

You think it was hidden *from* Matt  
Carney not *by* Matt Carney?

FRANKIE

You always say keep an open mind.

BOYD

What about the cigarettes?

FRANKIE

Personal detritus is page one of  
How To Frame Someone. All you need  
is access to their rubbish...

FRANKIE's intensity is palpable. She meets GRACE's  
expressionless look.

FRANKIE

What is it Grace, you think I'm  
losing it?

GRACE makes no response. FRANKIE looks to BOYD.

FRANKIE

(suddenly upset)

Boyd?

BOYD

(reassuring her)

We're just taking it all in Frankie,  
that's all.

Meeting his look, FRANKIE suddenly bursts into tears. BOYD hugs her. Over her shoulder he notices GRACE is staring off, seemingly oblivious to FRANKIE's tears.

CUT TO:

**INT. CORRIDOR MAIN OFFICE. DAY**

BOYD and SPENCER come down the corridor. SPENCER puffs out his cheeks, forcing himself to focus.

SPENCER

...so the fags and binoculars tie  
Matt Carney to the Bloom house, the  
crosses and the files tie him to the  
women...

BOYD

He didn't have Fay Harding's file.

SPENCER

No, but she was given a cross.

BOYD

Begging the question how did the  
shepherd find her - she was the  
first?

SPENCER

You're having doubts about Matt  
Carney?

BOYD

I want to know how he got started  
- I want to know the origin of cash  
payments totalling ninety thousand  
pounds in his bank account - I want  
to know why.

SPENCER

Kane and Abel. Revenge on his  
brother.

BOYD

Revenge is a dish best eaten cold  
not dead.

GRACE is standing outside her office listening to them.

GRACE

(bleak, removed)

Who says he intended Emily Dell to  
kill him - he was playing with fire  
and he got burned.

They stare after her as she disappears into her office,  
disarmed.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY (FORMERLY SC 144A)**

SPENCER sits at his desk staring dead ahead.

SPENCER's POV, MEL's desk - the spurned mug of green tea he  
made for her. He absently leans across and picks it up.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ (FLASHBACK). DAY (FORMERLY 144B)**

CLOSE ON MUG, TRACK OUT TO FIND MEL holding it warily while  
SPENCER looks on.

MEL

...you're advocating something and  
you have no idea what it is apart  
from it's green. It's like my mum  
and her acupuncture. "How does it  
work?" "Oh, it just does". "But  
you pay all this money to get  
stabbed in the foot" "Yeah, I know,  
isn't it great?"

A RINGING breaks SPENCER's reverie. He picks up.

SPENCER  
(heavily)  
How long til he gets here?

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY (FORMERLY SC 145)**

CLOSE ON A black peaked hat, TRACK OUT TO REVEAL THE URBANE PRESENCE OF ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER CHRISTIE flanked by two UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER  
I want to express the  
Commissioner's condolences and his  
assurance - his decree - that  
Detective Inspector Silver will  
get the send-off she deserves. I  
know your prime suspect is dead but  
in the interests of impartiality  
your investigation will now be  
handed over to me.  
(smiles)  
Any questions?

BOYD, GRACE, SPENCER and FRANKIE just stare at him.

BOYD  
(stands)  
Thanks for dropping by Assistant  
Commissioner.



CUT TO:

EXT. WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY

DELETED

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

DAVID CARNEY comes down the corridor, bruised and broken, a shadow of his former self.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Two long tables facing each other. A QC sits in the centre of one, flanked by a MAN and a WOMAN. On the opposite table, sitting left-to-right, DAVID CARNEY, NEVILLE HARDING, suited, half-moons, whispering lawyerly in his daughter FAY's ear.

QC

My name is Simon Joyce QC and I am now convening this Mental Health Review Tribunal in respect of Miss Fay Harding.

(to DAVID CARNEY)

Dr Carney you have been Miss Harding's Responsible Medical Officer since her arrival here in October 2001?

DAVID CARNEY

That is correct.

QC

Do you believe the patient is suffering from a mental disorder?

DAVID CARNEY

Yes, I do.

QC

Do you believe the nature or degree to warrant compulsory detention in a hospital?

DAVID CARNEY

No, I do not.

Stunned silence. The QC blinks.

QC

Let me repeat the question.

DAVID CARNEY

I heard the question.

QC

Dr Carney, this appeal was granted on the basis that you were opposed to Miss Harding being granted leave of any form.

DAVID CARNEY

I'm aware of that.

QC

You are now recommending her release?

DAVID CARNEY

Yes I am.

QC

Would you mind telling us on what grounds?

DAVID CARNEY

It is a doctor's right - his responsibility - to reevaluate a patient's condition on a daily basis and that's what I've done.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

NOW SCENE 141B

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ (FLASHBACK). DAY**

NOW SCENE 141C

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY

NOW SCENE 141D

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY

GRACE is staring sightlessly out of her window when BOYD bustles in.

BOYD

Carney's reversed his position and recommended that Fay Harding be released immediately.

GRACE

(a faint frown)

She's got a Section 41 - she needs the Home Secretary's approval.

BOYD

Carney's view still carries most weight - she's out on leave this weekend on the strength of it.

GRACE betrays no reaction. BOYD grapples with the germ of an idea.

BOYD

Maybe you were right. Maybe all this was about Carney giving himself a reason to sanction Fay's release. If he can prove four separate women were manipulated by the same man suddenly Fay's not a bunny boiler anymore, she's a frail young woman cruelly preyed upon - as much a victim as Gary and Lindsey Duke. And if that arch manipulator is *dead* so much the better...

(no response)

Grace?

GRACE

What...?

BOYD

Grace, I need you...

GRACE

I'm sorry.

BOYD

What's the matter?

GRACE

"What's the matter?"

BOYD

Grace, don't make me feel bad for wanting to finish this.

GRACE drops her eyes, grapples.

GRACE

Look...what I said about Carney being Fay's jailer...

BOYD

Yes?

GRACE

I mean that power cuts both ways.

BOYD

You mean if someone else wanted to free Fay Harding...Carney could be the *object* of manipulation?

GRACE

I don't know...maybe.

(as she watches BOYD, her look softens)

Are you sure you're not just angry we never got to look Matt Carney in the eye? I am.

Out on BOYD caught in her tearful gaze - maybe she's right.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

BOYD scans the memo board, the PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WOMEN. He frowns - the seed of an idea...

SPENCER approaches.

SPENCER

You asked Mel to find out why Adam Duke was still waiting to go off to college aged twenty-two? Answer: he did one year at the Royal Institute of Medicine aged nineteen.

BOYD

What happened?

SPENCER

He was asked to leave after he beat up his tutor, Professor John Dixon.

BOYD leaves his car and makes his way through the graveyard towards the hulking shape of All Souls church.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALL SOULS CHURCH. DAY**

BOYD walks through the shadows of the deserted church. He approaches the confessional, unhooks the priest's door and looks inside. He takes in the priest's chair, the purple stole draped over the back.

BOYD glances back across the church then lowers himself into the chair. He peers through the ornate carved wooden grill at the penitent's side. From his pocket he takes one of the silver crucifixes, absently pools the chain in his palm. He frowns faintly, then holds the crucifix up to the wooden grill, tries to push it through one of the holes.

It won't fit.

BOYD forces the crucifix harder - tries another hole and another - it won't go through any of them.

CUT TO:

**INT. FAY'S ROOM, WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT (FLASHBACK). DAY**

FAY

The last time I saw him, he passed me a crucifix through the grill.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALL SOULS CHURCH. DAY**

VOICE

What are you doing?

BOYD looks into the frowning stare of NEVILLE HARDING.

NEVILLE HARDING

(recognizing BOYD)

Oh...it's you. I'm sorry about...the girl

BOYD  
(pocketing crucifix)  
Mr Harding, how old is this church?

NEVILLE HARDING  
Nineteen hundred and one.

BOYD  
And the confessional?

NEVILLE HARDING  
The same.

BOYD  
Thank you.

CUT TO:

**INT. FRANKIE'S LAB, CCHQ. DAY**

EXTREME CLOSE UP - the words "lavender oil" and "allantoin" are typed into a web search engine.

FRANKIE sits at her laptop, frowning at what she sees.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: SCROLLING DOWN PHOTOGRAPHS of different shaped and sized white boxes marked with CHINESE TEXT - small writing in English below...dozens of them...

CUT TO:

**EXT. WALSTEAD SECURE UNIT. DAY**

A GUARD escorts FAY out of the main entrance where NEVILLE HARDING throws his arms around her.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY**

...THEN FINALLY ONTO FAY HARDING - NO CROSS.

BOYD, SPENCER and GRACE discuss.

SPENCER

I checked the file - not only was Fay not wearing it when arrested, it wasn't listed in her personal effects until her second year at Walstead Secure Unit. Then one day she gives the cross to a nurse and requests it be melted down because it was given to her by the Devil.

GRACE

Possible bestowers ...David Carney, her father Neville... .

BOYD

Adam Duke on a victim reconciliation visit.

FRANKIE

Adam gets my vote.

They turn as FRANKIE approaches.

FRANKIE

The stain on the base of the trunk we found in Matt Carney's flat - not resin. It's a cocktail of Vitamin E, lavender oil and allantoin - a crystalline by-product of metabolism in certain non-primate mammals...

BOYD

Such as?

FRANKIE

Cows, horses...it's widely used in Chinese medicine but the other ingredients helped me narrow it down further. It's a concoction designed to reduce irritation in healed scars, specifically *burn* scars.



They look as one at the picture of ADAM DUKE.

BOYD

And the fibres?

FAY

Hopefully.

NEVILLE

Auntie Jean was gonna pop over but her car wouldn't start. I offered to go pick her up but she had to wait for the AA man.

FAY

Never mind.

They reach the car park. FAY hesitates by NEVILLE's car.

FAY

Don't take this the wrong way Dad. It's a long time since I've been on my own - really on my own.

NEVILLE

(smiling)

When we get home you can go up to your room - it's all ready for you.

FAY

I was thinking I might walk home. Cut past the allotments like I used on the way home from school.

NEVILLE looks disquieted, smiles again to hide it.

NEVILLE

Sure, you do that, I'll see you at home.

FAY smiles, turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOOD. DAY

ANGLE ON FAY running through the trees, throwing back her head, filled with wild freedom.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD. DAY

FAY reaches the road, sees a Land Rover parked opposite. A flicker of apprehension then she approaches. The passenger door opens and a chivalrous hand reaches out.

CLOSE ON FAY smiling, her eyes shining, taking the hand.

REVERSE ANGLE ON ADAM DUKE, smiling back. He pulls her up.

CUT TO:

SPENCER

Like?

BOYD

Your fiancée. A bit of facial tissue. Look at him...

CLOSE ON A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH OF ADAM DUKE, half his face is a livid dark red and so grotesquely puffy one eye is completely obscured.

BOYD

Water burns....catastrophic short terms effects but in three weeks with the right treatment you'd hardly notice...

GRACE

By then Adam was a million miles from suspicion.

SPENCER

You think it's credible he threw boiling water in his own face?

BOY

He might've *asked* Fay to do it, but the evidence tell us what a lily-livered job she made of killing Lindsay...

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, DUKE HOUSE (FLASHBACK).DAY (FORMERLY 149A)**

As FAY looks on ADAM DUKE lifts the bubbling saucepan from the hob and dashes the water across his face.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY (FORMERLY SC 149B)**

FRANKIE

That would explain why the murders  
were so different - two different

BOYD

Meanwhile Fay sees a chance to bind herself to him forever.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DUKE GARDEN (FLASHBACK). DAY**

ON LINDSAY DUKE'S back as she SPRINTS through the trees - she turns to look back at her pursuer.

REVERSE ANGLE ON FAY, chasing her.

LINDSAY begins to climb the fence...

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. TIME CONTINUOUS DAY**

FRANKIE

Adam had stabbed his dad seven times - almost beheaded him. He wasn't going to get manslaughter and he knew it.

GRACE

Fay's psychiatric history dated back to childhood - Adam calculated, rightly, she'd have a much better shot at diminished responsibility...

BOYD

Plus their relationship didn't exist so the more Fay tells the truth the madder she sounds...

SPENCER

So Adam persuades Fay to take the blame for both murders or she volunteers...

GRACE

I think volunteers - she'd killed his stepmother for him.

BOYD



DELETED

INT. BOYD'S OFFICE, CCHQ DAY

DELETED

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLOTMENTS. DAY

DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. BOYD'S OFFICE, CCHQ DAY

DELETED

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLOTMENTS. DAY

DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. SITTING ROOM, DUKE HOUSE. DAY

ANGLE ON BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE IN AN ICE BUCKET AND TWO GLASSES.

FAY and ADAM kiss, long and passionate but respectful, slightly wary of each other. Finally they part.

ADAM

Still Fiji?

FAY

I saw a documentary about New Zealand the other day.

ADAM

We could stay here in the Hall.

FAY

(smiles)



People would talk.

ADAM  
People would scream blue murder but  
would we care?

FAY  
I don't want to live here.

ADAM  
We don't have to rule anything out.

FAY  
I'm ruling it out.  
(off his hurt frown)  
You've screwed Bryony too many  
times upstairs.

ADAM  
Only under duress.

FAY  
(sly smile)  
Tell us what you said to her again?

ADAM  
(adopts actorish voice)  
"I'd still be visiting her as often  
as the Victim Reconciliation  
Program allowed - do you understand  
now?"

FAY giggles.

ADAM  
Her face - she looked like I'd just  
pissed on the carpet - I thought I  
was gonna piss on the carpet.

FAY narrows her eyes seductively.

FAY  
That's enough about her. The  
church has not been attended.

ADAM  
You haven't changed.

She nods to the chess board on the sofa.

FAY

I know this has all been a game to you...

ADAM

I don't remember my first trip to the burns unit being a *complete* laugh.

She drags the chess board off the sofa, the pieces scatter across the floor.

FAY

That's *nothing* to what I've been through.

ADAM looks taken aback for a second, then FAY smiles mischievously, lies back on the sofa.

FAY

Dr Carney forcing himself on me every Friday night...

ADAM

You have *not* changed.

FAY opens her legs. As ADAM kneels his eyes catch a pair of eyes on the wall - his father's. A FRAMED ADVERTISEMENT from a yellowed 1980s newspaper shows GARY DUKE arms folded bullishly, under the slogan: ***YOU'RE ONLY AS STRONG AS YOUR WEAKEST LINK.***

CUT TO:

**EXT. OIL FIELD FENCE (ADAM'S MEMORY). DAY**

GARY DUKE - playing chess with the YOUNG ADAM - grins.

ADAM

Never learn do you?  
(he moves his chess  
piece)  
Checkmate.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

DELETED

INT. BATHROOM, DUKE HOUSE. DAY

DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. SITTING ROOM, DUKE HOUSE. DAY

FAY  
(opening her eyes)  
Adam?

ADAM  
I'm here.

The BUZZER SOUNDS. ADAM and FAY exchange a look.

ADAM crosses to a CCTV monitor sees POLICE CARS outside the front gate.

FAY stares at ADAM in panic.

FAY  
Christ Adam...I'm not supposed to  
be here...I'm not supposed to be in  
a mile of you or this house...

ADAM  
It's alright.

ADAM roots in his pockets and presses a key into her hand.

ADAM  
Go out the back door and wait in the  
changing rooms.  
(FAY nods, turns to go)  
Don't try and sneak away - they'll  
see you. Alright?

FAY nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR, DUKE HOUSE. DAY

DELETED

INT. SITTING ROOM, DUKE HOUSE. DAY

DELETED: DIALOGUE PARTIALLY IN SC 185

EXT. FRONT DOOR, DUKE HOUSE. DAY

DELETED

INT. STAIRCASE, DUKE HOUSE. DAY

DELETED

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, DUKE HOUSE. DAY

DELETED

EXT. DUKE HOUSE. DAY

ACTION NOW IN SC 188.

INT. HALLWAY, DUKE HOUSE. DAY

ADAM opens the door to BOYD, FRANKIE and SPENCER and GRACE.  
For a moment BOYD and ADAM just stare at each other.

BOYD

Adam Duke, I have a warrant to  
search this house and I would  
appreciate it if you would supply  
us with keys to all your vehicles.

ADAM

Is it...is it about the perjury?

BOYD

No, it's not about the perjury -  
your confession is evidence of  
that.

ADAM

So...?

BOYD

So read the warrant and give me your  
car keys.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHANGING ROOMS. DAY**

FAY unlocks the changing room and steps into the big  
impressive room.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

FRANKIE approaches ADAM's Land Rover, presses the boot  
release button on his car key lifts it open...

FRANKIE

(to herself)

Brown...

FRANKIE'S POV: ON THE COURSE BROWN CARPET OF THE LAND ROVER'S  
BOOT, a couple of BOXES OF EMPTY WINE BOTTLES MARKED "RECYCLE",  
a PICNIC HAMPER, a picnic RUG.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM, DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

SPENCER rifles through a bathroom cabinet full of . Crouches,  
opens another cupboard...

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

ADAM sits opposite GRACE at the kitchen table while BOYD looks  
through cupboards. He finds the first aid/medicine cupboard.

ADAM

What are you looking for? Perhaps  
I can help.

BOYD

You can stay where you are.

ADAM

I'm so sorry about your  
colleague...DS Silver. Mel,  
wasn't it?

(BOYD tenses, doesn't  
turn from the cupboard)

Terrible. Her whole life ahead of  
her...

ADAM shakes his head, meets GRACE's cool contemptuous look.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

BOYD approaches FRANKIE still searching the Land Rover.

FRANKIE

The fibres are a visual match with  
the ones on the trunk but there's  
no Chinese medicine...

BOYD

Are you sure?

FRANKIE

(nods)

He's had this valeted very recently  
and they did a good job. I could  
impound it, take it back to the lab,  
but I'm not to find a sample that's  
going to stand up in court.

BOYD

If the fibres match it's  
something...

FRANKIE

(shakes her head)

How do we isolate *this* vehicle from  
ten thousand others? Anything  
inside?

BOYD

Lots of lotions and potions,  
nothing obviously Eastern.

FRANKIE

Maybe I got this all wrong...maybe  
I was seeing what I wanted to see.

BOYD

No, you weren't.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

GRACE and ADAM look round as BOYD enters.

BOYD

Grace, we're off.

ADAM

(pleasant)

You didn't find what you were  
looking for?

BOYD steams over to him...

GRACE

Boyd...

Whatever BOYD was going to do he thinks better of it. He stands  
there seething. Looks up. His position commands a view  
through into the sitting room.

BOYD's POV: a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket and two  
glasses.

ADAM turns, follows his gaze.

BOYD

New lady?

ADAM

(rueful smile)

Just trying to woe the old one back.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVE, DUKE HOUSE. DAY



Closing her eyes with sweet relief, FAY unlocks the door and lets ADAM in.

FAY  
What happened?

ADAM  
They've gone. Now where were we?

FAY makes her way to a cushioned bench running along one wall.

ADAM  
Fay.

FAY turns, looks up at him.

ADAM  
(serious)  
I don't love you - I'm *in* love with you.

FAY  
(winks)  
Think I don't know?

She turns back. ADAM closes his eyes, grimaces, plunges the knife down. FAY SCREAMS...

CUT TO:

**EXT. GARDEN, DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

ANGLE ON BOYD reacting...he deliberates furiously as FAY'S SCREAM is drowned out by ADAM's TORTURED YELL.

BOYD breaks his cover and starts running towards the direction of the screams - the swimming pool.

CUT TO:

**EXT. POOL, DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

BOYD reaches the pool area - takes in the scene.

FAY's body lies in the swimming pool, blood billowing into the clear water....a bloody KNIFE flashes by the edge of the

pool...ADAM lies hunched on the ground, clutching his bleeding side...

ADAM  
(with indignant tears)  
You were supposed to protect me.  
The courts said you'd protect me.

CLOSE ON BOYD, gaping, horrified, knowing.

ADAM  
Well, don't just stand there - call  
an ambulance.

HOLD ON BOYD.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DUKE HOUSE. DAY**

POLICE CARS and AMBULANCES pulled up in the drive.

ANGLE ON BOYD, destroyed.

BOYD'S POV, ADAM, sitting on the back steps of an AMBULANCE as a PARAMEDIC takes his blood pressure. The ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER crouches before ADAM, talking confidentially, a WPC bustles over with a bottle of water.

ANGLE ON BOYD, SPENCER, FRANKIE AND GRACE watching ADAM climb into a car.

Like a funeral car it drifts off down the drive.

ANGLE ON ADAM THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW OF THE CAR.

ANGLE ON BOYD WATCHING HIM GO, the ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER is approaching.

ANGLE ON ADAM smiling sympathetically and we CUT TO BLACK.

THE END