

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

UNA
Was your son baptized, Mrs
Geiger?

MRS GEIGER blinks at her. Shakes her head.

UNA (CONT'D)
Then I'll say a prayer for him.

She takes off her plastic crucifix necklace and puts it solemnly over the bewildered MRS GEIGER's head.

MR GEIGER
(sobbing, angry)
Get away from us!

The NURSE smiles, oblivious, gnomish, then walks away.

CUT TO:

4

4

Later night. Drizzle. The NURSE coming off her shift. Looking thoughtful as she trudges out of the staff entrance in her ratty coat.

She approaches a lighted fifth-hand Volvo estate from where we hear the loud muffled strains of Gene Vincent's Baby Blue, the DRIVER singing along loudly.

GENE VINCENT/DRIVER
Well, I know my baby loves me
I know that she'll be true
I'm sure of this each time I look
Into her eyes of blue...

The NURSE climbs into the passenger seat. The DRIVER, her boyfriend GLENN - a big man with sideburns, rockabilly quiff and brothel creepers - carries on singing then catches her mood and punches the cassette deck silent. Looks at her intently.

GLENN
Someone's had a bad day...
(big shit eating grin)
...but someone's going dancing.

The NURSE reaches into the back seat, scrabbles in a tattered shoe box stuffed with hundreds of identical CHEAP PLASTIC CRUCIFIXES. She puts a new one around her neck and a slow smile spreads over her face.

CUT TO:

5

5

New Scotland Yard. DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT PETER BOYD approaches. His expression tells us he won't be spending one second longer inside than he needs to.

CUT TO:

6

6

BOYD opposite three people. Director of Personnel KEN DEIGHTON and two Top Brass uniformed MET officers, but we will only hear from Deputy Chief Commissioner MAUREEN SMITH. Deighton an arrogant suit used to getting his own way - is talking.

*
*

DEIGHTON
She's brilliant. Exceptional.
Youngest Super they ever had in
Counter Terrorism.

BOYD
Wow.

DEIGHTON
Third youngest in the whole of
the Met, right?

He glances at the other TOP BRASS who nod.

BOYD
Sounds like we'll be lucky to

DEIGHTON

About what?

BOYD

About what's in the box. The
damaged goods. The reason
Terrorism are so keen to see the
back of this "brilliant,
exceptional officer".

DEIGHTON sighs impatiently.

DEIGHTON

An incident precipitated her
leaving Counter Terrorism but the
Official Secrets Act prevents me-

BOYD

Too young to kick upstairs, too
high ranking to bury in Traffic.
She's the expensive wedding
present you've already got.

BOYD

So you want to stick her in a
cupboard for a while?

DCC SMITH

We want you to put Humpty Dumpty

*

BOYD and SARAH ride down in the lift. Awkward silence.

BOYD
Want to get a coffee or
something?

SARAH
I'm fine, thanks.
(beat)
Unless you want one?

BOYD
No, I'm alright.

The silence grows.

SARAH
I guess... I guess you normally

SARAH
Can' t hurt.

Si l ence.

BOYD
What happened to your mate?

SARAH
(small smile)
Knew you were going to ask that.

BOYD
Di vorced, ri ght?

SARAH
She l ives wi th a tattoo artist on
Bondi Beach.

They share a smile. Pressure drop. BOYD' s phone starts
R I N G I N G.

SPENCER is a little taken aback by the Superintendent bit.

EVE

Welcome.

SPENCER

Yeah. Welcome. Sarah.

BOYD surveys the car. Spencer is still surveying Sarah.

BOYD

Who found it?

EVE

Council foresters clearing the wood.

BOYD and SARAH begin skirting the car.

SARAH

(genuinely curious)

So why's this come to you?

BOYD

Car belongs to Donald Rees, investment banker who went missing three years ago.

ANGLE ON SPENCER leaning down to whisper in EVE's ear as she removes trace evidence from the car seat.

SPENCER

Did he say... Superintendent?

ANGLE ON SARAH and BOYD at the rear of the car.

SARAH

So it's a missing persons case?

BOYD

(nods)

After two years it came to us.

EVE approaches. Indicates the driver seat.

EVE

There's traces of what looks like blood on the driver's seat. Seatbelt was unfastened and front door open so it's possible he crawled away then succumbed to his injuries...

CUT TO:

11

11

A battered bloody DONALD REES crawls through the trees.
Collapses. Dies.

CUT TO:

12

12

EVE
I've got SOCOs and cadaver dogs
on their way.
(peering into trees)
If he's out there we'll find him.

BOYD absorbs this silently. His gaze falls on the back
window.

BOYD
Donald Rees was old school.
(off SARAH's look)
Umbrella and gloves on the parcel
shelf.

Black leather gloves and a wooden-handled umbrella pressed
against the smeared glass.

SPENCER cranes up at the road above - the SOUND of a
passing CAR.

SPENCER
So was it a fall, a jump or a
push?

BOYD
If memory serves Rees' daughter
died a few months before he
disappeared.

SPENCER
(nods)
The original investigation didn't
rule out suicide.

SARAH

EVE squints, falls to a crouch - she's seen something. Go CLOSE on the dented bumper where we see TINY PARTICLES of embedded RED PAINT.

EVE
There's bumper damage and what
looks like red paint flecks
embedded in the metal...

BOYD. His gaze sharpening. A lion scenting blood.

BOYD
Fender bender?

EVE
Maybe.

CUT TO:

13

13

DONALD REES is driving along at night when the car behind switches its headlights to FULL BEAM, dazzling him and-
BANG, the car behind slams into his rear.

CUT TO:

14

14

BOYD
So he was run off the road?

EVE
(don't push me!)
Maybe.

OUT on BOYD, his gaze falls once again on the black leather gloves and the umbrella wedged against the back window. The splayed black gloves pressed against the smeared filthy glass like two hands trying to push their way out.

CUT TO:

15

15

TIGHT ON A SCREEN showing JULIE REES - identified by a place name - JULIE partaking in a police appeal for information after DONALD's disappearance, the date 02.12.07 emblazoned in the corner of the screen.

JULIE
I don't know what's happened to
Donald so I don't know who I'm
appealing to...

JULIE (CONT'D)
...I just know that earlier this
year I lost a daughter and now
I've lost a husband...
(fights tears)
...so if anyone can tell me where
Donald is, or what happened to
him on November 10th 2007, then
please please make contact.

BOYD hits PAUSE.

BOYD
And the postscript to that is
that Julie Rees herself now has
terminal cancer.

All eyes on the screen. JULIE's beseeching, frozen face.

CUT TO:

15A INT. BATHROOM, REES HOUSE. DAY 1 14:36

15A

JULIE sat in front of the mirror tying a scarf around her
bald head. She looks at herself in the mirror, runs a
finger across her hairless eyebrow...

CUT TO:

15B INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY 1 14:37

15B

SARAH
One unlucky family.

SPENCER
(chilled, shakes head)
That's more than bad luck...it's
like they're cursed or something.

GRACE
(to SARAH, offers hand)
I'm Grace by the way.

GRACE rolls her eyes re: BOYD not introducing them.

SARAH
Sarah. Good to meet you Grace.

BOYD nods back to JULIE on screen.

BOYD
A year from now Julie's children
are likely to be orphans.

SPENCER
But we can't fix that - tragic

Out on Spencer watching Sarah warily.

CUT TO:

16

16

GRACE, SPENCER and SARAH look on as BOYD welcomes JULIE REES, bald head wrapped in a scarf, frail, no eyebrows, in a wheelchair, into the base accompanied by her daughter MIRANDA - 15, feisty, not-as-tough-as-she-looks - and son TOBY, 9.

BOYD

Hello Julie - Peter Boyd - we spoke on the phone.

JULIE

This is my daughter Miranda and my son Toby.

They shake hands.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I couldn't arrange childcare for Toby but I'd rather he didn't have to hear...

BOYD

Of course.

(beat)

Spence, could you give Toby The Tour?

SPENCER gives BOYD a look - later! - and takes TOBY off.

CUT TO:

17

17

JULIE and MIRANDA with BOYD, GRACE and SARAH...

JULIE

...if he's alive, I want him to know that I'm dying. That his children are in urgent need of a father. And if he's dead...at least we can stop hoping.

BOYD nods respectfully, checks a detail in the file.

BOYD

A month before he disappeared, Donald quit his job at the bank. Can you tell us more about that?

JULIE

He had to make a lot of redundancies. He hated it, it really got to him.

BOYD
But even if he'd given a month's
notice he'd have received a hefty
severance package. . .

JULIE
(not grasping meaning)
That's right.

BOYD
Why the urgency is my point?
(no response)
Was he forced out? Was he in
trouble?

JULIE
(fond smile)
You couldn't force Donald to do
anything he didn't want to.

GRACE
But some of those people he made
redundant must've been pretty
angry?

JULIE
I think. . . I think it was a
delayed reaction to Nicola. He
never faced up to her condition.
He avoided the hospital . . . and
then he avoided the hospice. He
just couldn't accept she wasn't
going to get better.

CUT TO:

19

19

SARAH digs a PHOTOGRAPH from her file, but does not show it to JULIE - it shows REES caught on CCTV in a posh, oak-paneled bank.

SARAH

The initial inquiry I learned that Donald withdrew a hundred thousand pounds cash from Coutts Bank on the Strand the same week he quit his job...

JULIE nods warily - she's been questioned on this before.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And your original statement holds true? You've no idea what that money was for or what became of it?

JULIE shakes her head firmly. Reflects.

JULIE

I know some people thought it meant he'd run away and...
(swallowing tears)
...a big part of me still wants to believe they were right.

SARAH nods. Satisfied.

GRACE

So after Donald resigned on October 5th, he was at home with you and the children until he disappeared?

JULIE

Yes.

GRACE

Can you describe his mood that last month? Happy? Sad? Removed? Resigned?

Unexpectedly MIRANDA grins, almost splutters.

MIRANDA

Actually he was a complete pain in the arse.

JULIE and MIRANDA exchange tearful affectionate smiles.

JULIE

(nods her agreement)
Fussed over us the whole time.
(MORE)

TOBY's POV in the one-way glass - suddenly it's not him and SPENCER he sees staring back in the reflection - it's A WHITE-HAIRED COUPLE in their mid-sixties dressed in OLD-FASHIONED FUNERAL BLACKS. A sinister, spectral sight.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
What is it, Toby?

TOBY
I saw them.

SPENCER
Who?

TOBY
The old couple.
(off SPENCER's frown)
They followed me and Miranda to school. She thinks they took Dad.

Suddenly TOBY clasps a hand to his face and a few splashes of blood appear on his white shirt. SPENCER looks alarmed.

SPENCER
Shit. I'll-I'll get you some tissues. Don't move.

SPENCER hurries out.

HOLD on TOBY clutching his nose to stem the blood, his hollowed-out eyes staring back at the one-way glass where the WHITE HAIRED COUPLE have reappeared.

CUT TO:

21

21

BOYD
(warm, encouraging)
Describe Donald for us. What kind of man was he?

JULIE
(finally, fond)
Serious. Methodical. Devoted.
Generous. Brilliant. Cautious.
(beat)
He used to say I was his one rash decision, the king of control freaks one roll of the dice.

GRACE
And was spending Monday to Friday in his London flat a function of that control?

(off JULIE's look)

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JULIE gives a calm, philosophical smile.

JULIE

Donald was a private person...
Loving him meant accepting that
you'd never have all of him.

(Looks up at them

brightly)

Do you really think there's a
chance you're going to find him?

SARAH can't meet JULIE's bright expectant gaze.

CUT TO:

22

22

A new-born BABY is crying on the breast of an exhausted
MOTHER who literally can't keep her eyes open.

The NURSE we met in the opening scene - now twenty-one
years older and identified by a name badge as UNA - is
watching mother and baby steadily, playing with the PLASTIC
CRUCIFIX

SARAH
Is that reason enough to reopen
the case? Spend money, raise
hopes?

BOYD
Are you asking me if it is or
suggesting it's not?

SARAH
(easy answer)
It's my first day. I'm watching
and learning.

BOYD
(returning the smile)
Good answer.

BOYD moves away back into the building.

SARAH
(after him)
We're taking the case because
mum's got cancer.
(BOYD turns, meets her
gaze)
Basically?

Look between them then SPENCER appears. Animated.

SPENCER
My babysitting duties weren't a
complete waste of time...

CUT TO:

24

SPENCER, juiced, addressing BOYD, GRACE and SARAH.

SPENCER
Toby told me something about an
old couple approaching him so I
checked the file...

SPENCER approaches the board, tacks up an E-FIT of the
elderly WHITE HAIR ED COUPLE.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Toby claims he was standing in
the school playground when he
noticed a white-haired couple...

24

25

25

SPENCER (V.O.)
...dressed in old-fashion funeral
blacks watching him intently...

The BLACK-CLAD COUPLE stand in the street behind the bars
of TOBY's school playground, watching him.

CUT TO:

26

26

SPENCER
...he thought it was weird but

SPENCER

The start of Rees' final week at the bank - Monday October 1st 2007.

BOYD

And the '07 inquiry never traced the couple?

SPENCER

(taps their E-FIT)

No, but they suspected they might be Schultz Neumann shareholders who got burned...

GRACE

Why would they single out Rees?

BOYD

His four million bonus that year got his picture in the paper...

BOYD tacks up a newspaper - a self-conscious looking Rees' pictured climbing in his car on his gated drive under the headline:

BOYD (CONT'D)

He gave half of it to UNICEF but that didn't make the papers.

GRACE

(studying BOYD)

Someone's been doing their research.

SARAH

If these two were angry shareholders...

SARAH's staring at the E-FIT of the OLD COUPLE.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...approaching Rees' kids in funeral garb seems a bit extreme.

GRACE

I don't know, look at Fathers for Justice. Nothing inspires a bit of fancy dress and trespassing like envy and desperation.

BOYD

But then they would've gone to Rees directly... which they didn't, right?

SPENCER

No, Rees didn't see them but you'd still expect him to call the cops given his wealth and the approach to his kids.

BOYD

Yes, you would. So why didn't he?

SPENCER

(shrugs, it's obvious)
The old timers had something on him.

SARAH

(nods)
Something that worried him more than the safety of his children.

OUT on BOYD. Computing this. Non-committal. His eyes travelling back to REES' PHOTO on the board.

CUT TO:

30

30

Under a cracked grey sky a worry of CROWS explode from Nicholas Hawksmoor's Christ's Church on Commercial Street. BOYD walks through the dregs of Spitalfields Market. It's late, closing down. A desolate, forbidding air.

CUT TO:

31

31

BOYD lets himself into DONALD REES' apartment. Open plan, spare, bare floorboards. A TV with no plug on the flex.

In the kitchen area BOYD switches on the radio and the reassuring tones of Radio Four purr out. He opens a cupboard – one glass, one mug, one cup and saucer. Clearly REES didn't do much entertaining.

CUT TO:

32

32

BOYD searching REES' flat. He opens a door into a small study. More stuff in here than the rest of the flat put together. A bureau, a bookcase, neat piles of papers and a computer. He pulls open a drawer and finds a spare pair of REES' distinctive black framed glasses.

Now BOYD scans the book spines. Most of them are about cancer.

CUT TO:

33

33

MONTAGE - Eve has removed the car seat and is searching the fabric for trace evidence with tape. Black wool fibres adhere to the tape.

Under the microscope, Eve notices small globules of blood attached to them. She takes a sample of the blood to test.

Now Eve examines the removed car bumper and finds paint chips trapped underneath.

EVE studies a red paint fragment and a silver paint fragment on two side-by-side screens. She enlarges both images and looks between them urgently, clearly clocking something significant...

CUT TO:

34

34

DONALD REES is driving along at night when BANG, the car behind slams into his rear.

CRASH ZOOM into the rear of REES's car as particles of red paint from SCOBLE's car accumulate there in SLOW MOTION.

CUT TO:

35

35

BOYD is completing his methodical search of REES' crammed bureau. At the bottom of the drawer BOYD finds a recordable mini-DVD disc labelled Nicola in markerpen. He takes it out and puts it in the CD-ROM of REES' desktop computer. Will it play...?

Yes, it will. The SCREEN shows a few seconds of black then judders into a home movie as we go in TIGHT ON THE MONITOR:

CUT TO:

36

36

DONALD REES stands on the balcony on a bright summer day, the TELESCOPE visible behind.

NICOLA (O. S.)
(from behind the camera)
Why can't we tell Mum we're here?

DONALD REES
Because then Mum would want in on the act. And Miranda. And Toby.

NICOLA (o. s.)
And...?

DONALD REES

And Dad wants you all to himself
for once.

NICOLA (o. s.)

You're greedy.

DONALD REES

A greedy fat pig when it comes to
you.

NICOLA (o. s.)

You're crying.

DONALD REES

I'm not crying. My eyes are
watering.

DONALD studies NICOLA a moment then the recording cuts to
STATIC and ends.

HOLD ON BOYD, the tape's impact on him. He turns and looks
out of the window at the two empty chairs on the balcony
where REES and NICOLA sat three years ago.

CUT TO:

38

38

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS, one of the vastly magnified RED PAINT CHIPS and one of the RED BMW COUPE.

BOYD and SARAH opposite RICK SCOBLE, 35.

BOYD

Binder types, pigments and other spectroscopic information tell us these paint fragments come from the complementary BMW you drove while working at Schultz Neumann. The smashed front light helpfully documented by the bank's insurers is just the cherry on the cake.

SCOBLE looks at the pictures gloomily. Pushes them away.

SCOBLE

(finally)

Seven years I worked for Schultz Neumann. Seven years then Rees tells me I'm out like he's telling me what sandwich he had for lunch. Next thing security are getting me to clear my desk. In front of everyone. Like I've done something wrong, like I never made that bank bloody millions.

CUT TO:

39

39

Two SECURITY GUARDS escort an irate SCOBLE out of the lift. They pass REES as he steps into the opposite lift. SCOBLE breaks free of the security guards and lurches to stop the lift doors closing. REES ignores him, focusing on his Blackberry.

SCOBLE

You know we all hoped losing your little girl would thaw you out a bit. Inspire a little empathy.

SECURITY get hold of SCOBLE.

SCOBLE (CONT'D)

A vain hope, wasn't it Iceman? Did you even shed a tear at her funeral?

(now REES looks at Scoble)

I feel for your wife, I really do.

REES presses the lift door shut as security drag SCOBLE out.

CUT TO:

40

40

SCOBLE
(justifying)
...if he'd said goodbye - if he'd
just looked up from his bloody
Blackberry...

BOYD
Maybe he was ashamed. You
consider that?

SCOBLE
(shakes his head)
To feel shame you need a
conscience. A heart.

SARAH
So you decided to teach him some
humility?

SCOBLE looks grim. Cornered.

SCOBLE
It was the car that really got to
me. Asking for it back just
seemed petty.

BOYD
You thought the bank should've
thrown it in?

SCOBLE
Yeah.

SARAH
And you blamed Rees? For
everything?

SCOBLE
(slightly sheepish)
I was sat in the pub one
afternoon when I got a really
stupid idea...

CUT TO:

41

41*

DONALD REES pulls up outside a bit neglected house set back from the road. Another car, driven by SCOBLE, appears and parks up a few yards away.

SCOBLE (v. o.)
I knew he'd be working late - he
always did - but it was a Friday
so I thought he'd be heading home
to Surrey...

CUT TO:

42

42

BOYD
What was your stupid idea, Rick?
Spell it out for us?

SCOBLE
I was just gonna put the
frighteners on him on a country
lane.

BOYD
(angry)
Make the Iceman sweat a bit?

SCOBLE
(nods, smug smile)
And I did that alright - 'cause
Clark Kent wasn't going home to
the wife and kids.

They stare at him. SCOBLE enjoys their surprise.

SCOBLE (CONT'D)
A bit of a hippie chick and not
too young - probably an antidote
to all those intimidating City
birds in trouser suits...

CUT TO:

43

43*

SCOBLE watches REES walk up to the house. A scruffy but
attractive middle-aged WOMAN lets him in.

Nasty, gotcha!

CRASH ZOOM into the rear of REES' s car as particles of red paint from SCOBLE' s car accumulate there in SLOW MOTION.

REES and the woman come running out of the house. SCOBLE starts snapping away with his phone camera then, before REES can do anything, he floors it triumphantly, taillights swimming and vanishing in the night...

HOLD on a frozen image of one of SCOBLE' s pictures showing REES and the HIPPIE CHICK standing startled and outraged in SCOBLE' s headlights...

CUT TO:

44

44

SARAH
What did you do with your pictures, Rick?

SCOBLE
(hint of shame)
I mailed them to Rees' wife.

SARAH
To a woman who' d just buried her daughter?

SCOBLE
Exactly - I thought: "she' s suffered enough, she deserves to know who she' s shackled up with".

BOYD slides pen and paper across the desk.

BOYD
"Hi ppy chick' s" address. The bloody postcode.

SCOBLE
Sorry. Somewhere off the A3 is all I can tell you.
(off their disbelief)
I was pissed, alright?

CUT TO:

45

45

GRACE and BOYD wait at the front door. A trim, wary-looking woman in her fifties opens up - JULIE REES' mother SUE.

BOYD
Detective Superintendent Peter Boyd...we wanted to speak to Julie?

SUE
(Cockney accent)
Sue Myers, Julie's Mum.

CUT TO:

46



46

JULIE

That's because they didn't know about them.

BOYD

Why didn't they know, Julie?

JULIE

It didn't strike me as relevant.

BOYD

You'll have to do better than that.

JULIE

Because it was humiliating and painful and weird.

(glaring at him)

That better?

BOYD

No. Sorry. These pictures are motive for murder.

JULIE starts coughing. A horrible agonized sound that

Did I think for one single moment
he'd been unfaithful to me?
Never.

BOYD
But he still sought the comfort
of a stranger?

JULIE
I think he was looking for an
explanation for our daughter's
death. Cancer was...insufficient.

GRACE
He wanted someone to blame?

JULIE
(nods)
And this woman - her name was
Denise - had all these theories
about secret plots to hide the
dangers of X-rays and radiation.
Crazy stuff. He only met her a
couple of times before he
realized it wasn't going to help.

BOYD
You any idea where we can find
Denise?

JULIE
Sorry. She had an organization -
or at least a website - The Big

GRACE

(woah!)

He's...just very committed to
finding out what happened to your
husband.

JULIE

(over her)

Looks are exchanged inside the car about this news.

Darkness. SPENCER, BOYD and SARAH creep into a chaotically untidy office. BOYD tries the light switch. Doesn't work.

HOLD ON SARAH coming to a creeping halt. Up this close we can see she is freaking out. Afraid of this place. Her panic building horribly as we go inside her head and hear Arabic voices and calls to prayer.

She looks up and sees flitting shadowy figures. FLASHBANGS - EXPLODING GLASS - SCREAMING.

SARAH snaps out of it. There's no-one on the ceiling. But BOYD is looking back at her - watching her steadily.

BOYD

You okay, Sarah?

She avoids his gaze and catches up. Ahead SPENCER's flashlight splays over a peeling yellow RADIATION SIGN. Nearby, hanging up on the back of a heavy door, are two ANTI-RADIATION VESTS like X-ray technicians wear in hospitals.

SPENCER

Radiation vests.
(only half kidding)
Think we need them?

BOYD

Hope not - there's only two.

Advancing deeper their torches pick out terrifying images plastered all over the walls - Hiroshima and Nagasaki victims - deformed and disfigured children - flames pouring from Reactor One at Chernobyl - vast graveyards for fridges and microwaves in the Arizona desert. The place reeks of obsession and insanity.

SPENCER surveys a dusty trestle table piled with flyers, literature etc..

SPENCER

Looks like this was some kind of campaign HQ...

BOYD

Campaigning for what?

SARAH spies a big chest freezer against the far wall and sets off towards it...

BACK with BOYD and SPENCER in the office area. BOYD picks up TheBigLie newsletter.

BOYD (CONT'D)

(reads)

Diagnostic x-rays are the leading

BOYD

I'm afraid you're absolutely correct - we have no rights. None whatsoever. We busted in here without a warrant. In fact, if you wanted to ruin all our careers you probably could. And on top of all that you've got the gun so...

DENISE METCALFE

WHO ARE YOU?

BOYD

(softer)

Who are you, Denise - I'm not the one with a body in the freezer?

She lets the gun droop a little.

TIGHT ON SARAH, this has gone on long enough. FAST spidery movements in the gloom then SARAH is driving the barrel of the gun upwards and hurling DENISE floorwards in one lethal practised movement...

BOYD and SPENCER look a little shocked as SARAH roughly searches the prone figure of DENISE, face pressed in the dirt, blood trickling from her nose...

CUT TO:

EVE

Afraid I'm with the coroner.

We go TIGHT as she shows BOYD evidence of the brain tumour. BOYD absorbs this then looks up at EVE. Intently.

EVE (CONT'D)

What?

BOYD

She thinks all scientists are bad. I need you to show her different.

OUT on EVE, what is BOYD talking about?

CUT TO:

54

54

BOYD looking through the one-way glass into the INTERVIEW ROOM where DENISE METCALFE is opposite GRACE and EVE. SARAH enters, joins BOYD at the glass. He gives her a sidelong glance which she doesn't meet.

INTERCUT WITH:

55

55

DENISE's arms are folded defiantly, staring down at the tabletop - "I'm not talking to you".

GRACE

...as a biology teacher you had the knowledge and the tools to interrogate Josh's death. To hold death accountable.

DENISE METCALFE

(snapping, impatient)
To hold the people responsible accountable.

GRACE

For giving him cancer?

DENISE METCALFE

For lying about the level of radiation he was exposed to at the hospital.

GRACE

The Big Lie?

DENISE nods.

EVE

Donald Rees was interested in your research, wasn't he?

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

The possibility that too much
radiology had given his daughter
cancer?

DENISE frowns quizzically at EVE.

GRACE

Dr Eve Lockhart. Thought you'd
appreciate having another
scientist present.

DENISE looks wary.

EVE

Did you tell Donald he was right
to be worried?

(no response)

Did you tell him that for boys,
radiation exposure in the first
year of life produces three to
four times the lifetime cancer
risk as exposure to the same dose
between the ages of 20 and 50.
But that female infants have
almost double the risk as male
infants.

DENISE nods excitedly - does EVE believe her?

DENISE METCALFE

Yes. Yes, I did.

(composes her thoughts)

Donald was a good man. He just
wasn't ready for the truth. That
the apparatus of the medical
profession killed his daughter
just as surely as it killed my
son.

GRACE

How did you know he wasn't ready?

DENISE METCALFE

We fell out. Or he fell out with
me. I asked him for a donation to
my organization...

CUT TO:

56

An anguished REES confronts DENISE METCALFE.

DONALD REES

That's what it's all been about?
Money! You exploited my grief!

56*

DENISE METCALFE
How d'you work that out? You
contacted me!

DONALD REES
(clutching his head,
reeling)
What was I thinking? What the
hell was I thinking?

REES grabs a fistful of her flyers.

DONALD REES (CONT'D)
Look at this stuff. It's junk.
It's madness. It's Elvis on the
bloody moon!

He throws the flyers at her. They swirl around her like
confetti. She flinches but maintains a dignified poise.

DONALD REES (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I mean you're a nice
person and everything, but you
are officially off your head and
you are NOT dragging me down with
you. My daughter was not
irradiated by a conspiracy of
doctors and, I'm sorry, but your
son died of a common-or-garden
brain tumor - there is no cover-
up or hidden truth or all-
encompassing answer. Our
children died and now they're
worm food. Full stop. That's
our Answer. That's our lot. The
only Big Lie is that there's any
more to it than that!

She slaps him. He stares at her. On and on.

DONALD REES (CONT'D)
(a whisper)
I'm sorry.

He buckles, all his anger gone. And weeps. Weeps for his
daughter. Tentatively she takes him in her arms and he
cries on her shoulder like a baby.

CUT TO:

Intercut between DENISE as she paces, on the phone to DONALD REES in his flat.

DONALD REES
Is this your idea of a joke, Denise? Sending that couple to ask for money? Sending them after my wife and children?

DENISE METCALFE
I don't know what you're talking about.

DONALD REES
The funeral attire was a nice touch - very creepy. Now my son can't sleep at night.

DENISE METCALFE
Donald, listen to me, I didn't send anyone to speak to you-
(beat)
Donald? Donald?

REES has hung up.

CUT TO:

58A INT. OBSERVATION AREA, CCHQ. NIGHT 3 22:01

58A*

BOYD and SARAH exchange a look as they hear this.

*

59

59

DENISE
If you find Donald tell him I didn't want his money and I didn't send those people. I wanted to help him.

*

GRACE
I'll tell him.

*

*

CUT TO:

60

60

TOBY wakes in the night. Can't breathe. Can't see. Something smothering him. Pressing down on his face. His pale arms thrash around desperately and finally he sits up, takes in his darkened bedroom.

No-one there. It was just a bad dream. His window is BANGING in the breeze. He moves to close it and starts violently.

The elderly BLACK CLAD COUPLE are standing on the lawn
Looking up at him. Stern and disapproving.

TOBY wakes up again but this time for real. No window

64

JULIE (with hair, pre-cancer) stands at the kitchen, sink. Looks up, frowns, sees the OLD COUPLE at the entrance gate.

64

CUT TO:

65

SPENCER

(nods)

Checked the date of Miranda's hockey match just to be sure.

GRACE

So it was about applying psychological pressure. Attrition with a dash of pure theatre.

SPENCER

We know who your kids are. Where your kids are.

BOYD

And it worked - three days later Rees withdraws a hundred grand.

GRACE

From Denise's account it sounded like they went after the kids after Rees turned them away.

SARAH

(nods)

We'll check the bank's CCTV.

SPENCER

Three years on - you'll be lucky.

SARAH

(with quiet authority)

Since 9/11 most insurers won't let bigger clients scrub their tapes for five years.

BOYD

(nods, pleased)

I think Schultz Neumann qualify as "big".

(taps OLD COUPLE EFIT)

What about these funeral outfits? Clearly they were meant to scare the shit out of the Rees family?

GRACE studies the OLD COUPLE's EFIT thoughtfully.

GRACE
(almost to herself)
Harbingers...

BOYD
What?

GRACE
(slightly flustered)
There are various fundamental...
primal things that induce fear -
Jung called them universal
archetypes...

SARAH
Like spiders?

GRACE
Like spiders - and funeral blacks
are comparable in that they
provoke a set of predictable fear
responses - the childhood terror
of being buried alive coupled
with the out-of-sight-out-of-mind
way we deal with death and dying -
at least in the West.

BOYD
So we could be looking at someone
who knows their Freud from their
Festinger?

GRACE
(impressed he's heard of
Festinger)
Maybe.

SARAH
But we're not saying Rees was
creeped out into coughing up a
hundred grand?

GRACE
(conceding smile)
No. Universal Archetypes only
take you so far - my guess is
they had something rather more
specific and personal on Rees...

BOYD studies the E-FIT of the FUNERIAL OLD COUPLE.

BOYD
And when we find out what that
was we'll know who these two are.

CUT TO:

66

SARAH and SPENCER sweep across the epic foyer with an anxious-looking suit.

66

CUT TO:

67

Windowless bowels of Schultz Neumann. We're in a side room off the building's security HQ, glimpse a bank of CCTV monitors and SECURITY GUARDS through the open door.

67

SPENCER and SARAH are scouring the bank's CCTV for the OLD COUPLE on separate screens.

SARAH

(easy, without taking
eyes off screen)

So you're OK with Boyd getting
you to break into private
residences?

SPENCER

Look, it's not like
it's... routine.

SARAH

(ironic chuckle)

You can say that again.

(now she looks over)

He's close to retirement, you're
not. I'd think about your future
and if that means saying no to
him say no to him.

SPENCER

I say "no" to him all the time.

SARAH

Is that why you scurried back
from National Crime Squad at the
first request?

SPENCER drops his gaze. Conceding she has a point.

SPENCER

Boyd and me... lot of history
it's... it's...

SARAH

Complicated?

SPENCER

Yeah. Exactly.

SARAH smiles. Turns back to her screen. Her smile infuriates SPENCER.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
I guess you know a bit about
"complicated" yourself?
(she doesn't look at
him)
It's why you're with us, down in
the dungeon?
(no response)
Working for another DSI instead
of fronting up your own thing?

Still she doesn't look at him. Then she smiles agreeably.

SARAH
That's some gift for eliciting
information you got there,
Spence.
(nods to screen)
Think this is them?

SPENCER crosses to look. TIGHT ON THE SCREEN showing the
Lobby where we see the BLACK-CLAD COUPLE caught on a high
angle camera.

SARAH (CONT'D)
...yes I do.

She says this emphatically because DONALD REES has now come
into frame on the foyer CCTV footage - go TIGHT on the
date 27/09/07. The couple speak to him - REES shakes his
head several times. The OLD MAN hands him a scrap of paper
which, after deliberating, REES snatches from him and
stuffs in his jacket pocket before turning on his heel and
walking back into the building. SPENCER snatches up the
phone, speed dials BOYD.

SPENCER
(into phone)
Grace was right, they confronted
Rees before they approached the
kids...

CUT TO:

68 _____

68

69 _____

69

BOYD rifles through REES' many suits... searching the inside
pockets of the lighter-coloured suit jackets as his earlier
conversation with SPENCER plays over....

SPENCER (v. o.)
...looks like he gave them short
shrift but they handed him a
business card or a bit of paper
which he put inside his suit
jacket...

BOYD (v. o.)
The suit. What colour?

SPENCER (v. o.)
Light. Light grey or blue.

BOYD fishes something out - a SCRAP OF PAPER - we go TIGHT to reveal a HANDWRITTEN MOBILE PHONE NUMBER and nothing else...

BOYD deliberates, staring at the number. He dials it. Waits tensely.

A FORLORN UNBROKEN TONE - disconnected.

CUT TO:

70 OMITTED

70

71

71

BOYD and GRACE with JULIE and MIRANDA. JULIE directing her answers to GRACE - BOYD clearly still in the doghouse.

JULIE
I don't understand. Why didn't Donald tell us? We were all so scared.

JULIE studies the CCTV image of the OLD COUPLE with REES.

GRACE
Probably for that very reason.

JULIE
Are you close to finding out who they are?

BOYD
Closer.
(beat)
You're absolutely sure you can't help us there?

JULIE
(snapping at BOYD)
If I could you really think I'd keep it to myself?

MIRANDA
(over her, with quiet conviction)
I knew Dad had seen them, too. I knew it.
(off GRACE and BOYD's look)
He was waiting for them...

JULIE

Miranda.

MIRANDA

...watching for them.

CUT TO:

72

72

MIRANDA comes up the stairs, spies her father DONALD standing on the landing above, staring out of the window, bathed in white light, hands sunk in pockets. A resigned, fatalistic air about him...

CUT TO:

73

73

SPENCER and SARAH still searching the bank's CCTV.

SARAH

Deja Vu all over again...with one little difference.

SPENCER comes over but we don't see SARAH's screen yet.

SPENCER

Friday 5th October...same day
Rees quit his job...

SARAH

(nods)

...and approximately one hour
after he withdrew a hundred
thousand pounds cash.And only now do we see what SARAH and SPENCER have seen.

CCTV FOOTAGE showing REES approaching the funereal OLD COUPLE in the foyer for a second time but this time he walks out with them onto the street, the three of them disappearing from view. Sandwiched between the two ominous, white-haired, black-clad figures, his head slumped low, REES looks like he's being escorted to the scaffold or some equally terrible, unavoidable fate.

CUT TO:

74

74

MIRANDA

In that last month...when he was home with us...it's like he had to be near us. Like he was storing up memories and feelings, drinking us in before...

GRACE
Before?

MIRANDA
Before they carried him off.

JULIE
That's nonsense.

MIRANDA isn't listening, remembering...

CUT TO:

75

75

MIRANDA playing hockey, the OLD WHITE-HAIRED COUPLE on the touchline watching her fixedly.

MIRANDA (v. o.)
They were spirits. Angels of death.

CUT TO:

76

76

JULIE
(to BOYD and GRACE)
I'm sorry, she has an active imagination.

MIRANDA
Okay, where is he, Mum? Where the hell is he?

*

JULIE turns her bright hopeful gaze on BOYD and GRACE.

JULIE
People turn up after long periods don't they? Tell her. Tell her it happens all the time.

BOYD
It happens. But it's rare.

MIRANDA
He died the same day he left us. That night. If he was alive I'd know it I-I'd feel him even if he was in Australia.

MIRANDA is upsetting JULIE. And suddenly JULIE is dangerously short of breath.

JULIE
(gasping)
Miranda... please... stop it.

MIRANDA
(tears coming, instantly
contrite)
I'm sorry, Mum, I'm sorry. I
didn't mean to upset you...

MIRANDA tries to comfort her but JULIE shrugs her off
violently.

JULIE
You should've thought of that
before...

JULIE covers her face with her hands, SOBS. MIRANDA looks
on - guilty, mortified.

HOLD on BOYD and GRACE, harrowed by this family's terrible
plight. BOYD reacts to his mobile vibrating on silent -
caller display shows "SPENCER".

BOYD
Excuse me a minute.

CUT TO:

BOYD
Okay, we need to see the whole picture here - flesh out Spence's timeline. April 2007 Nicola Rees dies of cancer....

BOYD taps NICOLA's picture on the board.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Forward-wind six months to Friday 5th October 2007 and Rees hands his notice in at Schultz Neumann with no warning and no explanation.

BOYD scrawls: 5/10/07 REES QUILTS BANK. WHY?

GRACE
Rees made no effort to look for another banking job in the next five weeks.

BOYD
(nods)
It's like he just gave up. Again - why?

BOYD studies his timeline on the board.

BOYD (CONT'D)
He meets this unidentified couple twice -
(indicates CCTV still of BLACK CLAD COUPLE)
- withdraws a hundred grand cash then walks out on his job.

SPENCER takes a pen and completes the timeline he started.

SPENCER
And after five weeks hanging around the house...

CUT TO:

79

REES wanders aimlessly down the big empty hall.

79

CUT TO:

80

REES'

80

...and the car disappears from view.

CUT TO:

81

81

BOYD

So where did Rees go? Who did he meet?

SARAH

Maybe he wanted revenge - or at least his money back.

SARAH pins up the sinister image of REES being led away by the OLD COUPLE

SARAH (CONT'D)

Given this picture was taken an hour after the withdrawal they must be the probable recipients of the hundred grand.

BOYD

So why did Rees pay them off?

SPENCER

(impatient)

We've been over this - they had the goods on him.

BOYD

(too passionate)

What "goods"? The guy didn't drink, smoke, gamble, take drugs - in fact he lived an extraordinarily modest life given his means.

Beat while that settles. Everyone watching BOYD. His outburst.

CUT TO:

82

82

BOYD in his office. Brooding. He looks up as SPENCER comes through, his expression urgent.

SPENCER

The mobile number you found in Rees' jacket - a pay-as-you-go mobile bought by an Ernst Geiger on Shaftsbury Avenue. Pretty unusual name so I spun it through some databases and got a hit. Two hits.

SPENCER hands him a PRINT-OUT - glimpse two PHOTOS of ERNST and ELSA GEIGER, text underneath.

BOYD

(scans, reads)

Ernst and Elsa Geiger ... reported missing from their house in Peacehaven, West Sussex in October 2007, no reported sightings since...

BOYD and SPENCER exchange a look.

CUT TO:

83

83

The DOCTOR emerges, approaches the GEIGERS and the GIRL.

MR GEIGER

You said he'd be fine! You stood there and told me he'd be fine!

The GEIGERS and the GIRL cling to each other - UNA the NURSE watching them, twisting the crucifix around her neck.

CUT TO:

84

84

SARAH

The major networks will only track a phone to the nearest cell site. More extensive tracking via the GPRS chip is only possible through third party companies as the major networks won't condone it but...

BOYD

(impatient)

But you know a guy who knows a guy?

SARAH

It's a girl actually.

SARAH'S screen showing the TRIANGULATION SOFTWARE finding the common ground between three radio masts - then, as a MAP is overlaid, pinpointing a location in East London.

SARAH (CONT'D)

The phone went offline on October 5th 2007...

BOYD
The day Rees went off with
them...

SARAH
(points to screen)
...the SIM card and/or the
battery were removed at this
location - a paper mill in
Dagenham, East London but tax
records tell me it ceased trading
in 2005...

CUT TO:

85

The vast forbidding landscape of East London. Miles of
industrial wasteland. The grey sludgy ribbon of the Thames.
Outside an ugly half-collapsed PAPER MILL set back from the
road an unmarked POLICE DOG VAN in the junk-strewn yard.
EVE directing the dog handler as he unloads a police
cadaver dog.

85

CUT TO:

*

86

SPENCER and SARAH weaving through a warren of rotten stinking
paper bales, finding BOYD...

86*

SARAH
Got a little more background on the
Geigers. He was a taxi driver, she
was a florist - lived in Putney

*

*

*

*Putne

BOYD, SPENCER and SARAH follow the SOUND. Find the SNIFFER
DOG pawing excitedly around a wide rusted metal chute that
appears to run vertically through the entire building.

*

EVE
(to BOYD, SARAH and
SPENCER)
Something in this ventilation
shaft...

BOYD looks towards the top of the shaft.

*

BOYD
There might be access from the top.

*

*

EVE
DNA and dental records will confirm but we found Geiger's bank cards and drivers licence in his jacket.

EVE shows them the baggie containing GEIGER's wallet and driving license.

SARAH
What about the hundred thousand cash?

EVE shakes her head.

EVE
But I found this in Mrs Geiger's jacket -

EVE holds a up a cellophane bag marked COUTTS BANK.

EVE (CONT'D)
- a fifty pound note cash bag from Coutts Bank.

SARAH
Where Rees withdrew the hundred grand cash in fifties...

They absorb the ramifications of this.

SPENCER
Maybe we've been looking down the wrong end of the telescope.

BOYD
In what sense?

SPENCER
In the sense of thinking of Rees as a victim. Maybe he went AWOL because he knew one murder means a life tariff never mind two.

BOYD
That a bit of a leap.

SARAH
Is it? He's the last person to see the Geigers alive, he quits his job that day, then spends five weeks hiding under his duvet before vanishing without trace.

GRACE
(nods her agreement)
Retreat and regression are documented symptoms of psyches crumbling under intense stressors such as guilt.

BOYD feels ambushed on three sides and doesn't like it.

BOYD
Or grief. Grief's an "intense
stressor" too, isn't it, Grace?

GRACE
(conceding slightly
reluctantly)
Yes, it is.
(beat)
But we also have Denise
Metcalfe's account of Rees'
aggressive and unstable
behaviour....

CUT TO:

88

88*

DONALD REES
You exploited my grief!

He throws the flyers at DENISE. They swirl around her. She

90

Small sleepy Sussex coastal town. Violet twilight.

90

CUT TO:

91

A quiet residential street of tidy bungalows off the coast road. A FIGURE standing in the shadows, a rucksack on his back and a BALACLAVA on his head. Watching the GEIGER'S bungalow - darkened and shut-up, the small front garden overgrown. The front door has been secured by a gleaming padlock, faded POLICE KEEP OUT tape peeling off the woodwork. He heads around the back.

91

CUT TO:

92

BALACLAVA dousing the GEIGERS' musty bungalow with A CAN OF PETROL

92

WPC GINA ALLEN (CONT'D)

...I'll be stuck here a while
babe so don't wait up. Make sure
she looks at her spellings, she's
got a test tomorrow. Love you.

GINA hangs up, scoops KEYS and a FLASHLIGHT off the passenger seat. Shivers a little as she crosses the street to the GEIGER BUNGALOW. She selects a key and inserts it in the padlock.

CUT TO:

96

96

GINA comes in through the front door. Switches her flashlight on. Stands there a moment. Absorbing the still, silent house of the murdered couple.

She's about to close the front door behind her when her nose wrinkles at a strange smell.

Petrol.

WPC GINA ALLEN

(fear)
Hello?

She opens a door into the SITTING ROOM. Pulls a face. The smell of petrol in here is overpowering.

She hears a NOISE from behind a sofa at the darkened rear of the room. Slides her baton from her belt.

WPC GINA ALLEN (CONT'D)

Get out from behind there. Now.

CUT TO:

97

97

BOYD, SARAH and SPENCER turning into the street, passing WPC GINA ALLEN's MARKED CAR. Look between SARAH and SPENCER - they got the message - good.

CUT TO:

98

98

GINA slowly advancing towards the sofa, baton ready.

WPC GINA ALLEN

I'm going to count to three...

Behind the sofa BALACLAVA springs to his feet-

SPLASH. The rest of the PETROL CAN hits GINA full in the face.

WPC GINA ALLEN (CONT' D)

Bastard!

GINA, stunned, blinking, face and hair GLEAMING with petrol.

She advances fearlessly, raising her baton. BALACLAVA's reaching in his pocket. Fiddling with something. A LIGHTER! A FLAME!!

WPC GINA ALLEN (CONT' D)

No! No, please!

CUT TO:

99

99

As BOYD, SARAH and SPENCER climb out of their car they hear

SPENCER bashes across the road, just makes out BALACLAVA's silhouette racing up the other side of the road about two hundred yards away, merging with the shadows then vanishing from view altogether...

SPENCER sprints after him, arms and legs pumping, reaches the spot where his prey disappeared -

103

103*

BOYD sits **in the dark office** looking blankly at his bandaged hands.

FLASHCUT, the burning WPC, a loud CRACKLING. FLASHCUT, her flaming mouth as she SCREAMS.

BOYD sits in silence. Picks something off his desk and studies it intently. It is a picture of DONALD REES.

CUT TO:

104

104*

BOYD, SPENCER, GRACE and SARAH. BOYD is still somewhat distracted.

SARAH

WPC Allen's death wasn't quite in vain - she interrupted the killer before his fire took hold so there's every chance we'll find the thing he wanted to destroy so badly.

SPENCER's crossing over with an armful of files.

SPENCER

If we haven't already.
(off their look)

The Geigers kept meticulous records of their small share portfolio, some of which were invested through Rees' bank.

BOYD

How small?

SPENCER

Twenty five grand reduced to a mere fifteen hundred by September 2007.

BOYD

(sceptical)

What... Rees feels bad about the global economic downturn so he gives them a hundred grand? Of his own money?

SPENCER

It's a coincidence we can't ignore.

BOYD rips down a CCTV still of the GEIGERS leading REES out of the bank foyer. Holds it in SPENCER's face.

BOYD

This does not look like guilt to me it looks like coercion. In your words "like they're leading him to the bloody scaffold"!

SPENCER

We have three bodies and one suspect. One suspect you won't even entertain...

BOYD

(overlapping)

Who hasn't touched any of his bank accounts in three years.

SPENCER

That we know of - he could have dozens of offshore accounts.

GRACE

Even if he doesn't, a hundred grand goes a long way living under the radar.

BOYD looks at GRACE. You as well?

GRACE (CONT'D)

I don't think Rees planned to kill the Geigers but given his anguished state of mind he could've lost control with fatal consequences.

BOYD

(quiet, genuinely asking)

You think Rees is capable of this?

GRACE

But whatever the Geigers' grudge
against Rees, I don't think it
was about money, I think it was
about death.

BOYD

The funeral garb?

GRACE nods. We hold on BOYD for a long beat. Is he coming
round to the idea REES might be guilty? He reaches up and
replaces the CCTV still of the GEIGERS escorting REES out
of Schultz Neumann. Forcing himself to look at it afresh
and find new meaning.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Didn't the Geigers lose a son...?

SARAH

(nods, checks file)

Andrew. Died of respiratory
failure at St. Stephen's hospital
in '89.

CUT TO:

And isn't forgiveness the bloody
non-negotiable foundation of your
so-called faith?

Silence. GLENN sighs. Relenting.

CUT TO:

108

UNA in the darkened hall. Twisting her crucifix, crying
silently. GLENN's heavy silhouette appears in the doorway.

108*

GRACE

Spence?

SPENCER Looks round. GRACE in her doorway watching him.

SPENCER

Very relaxed with the new girl,
isn't he?

GRACE

That's good, right?

SPENCER

She's the same bloody rank as him.
Only thing makes sense is they're
grooming her to replace him.

GRACE

Not what I hear.

SPENCER

(pointed)

What do you hear, Grace?

GRACE

(ignoring dig)

I hear she's damaged goods and we
were the nearest port in the storm.

GRACE goes back into her office. Out on SPENCER's disquiet.

CUT TO:

110

110

The bodies of ERNST and ELSA GEIGER laid out side-by-side.
CUT WIDE to find EVE explaining her findings to BOYD and
SARAH.

EVE

Ernst Geiger. Cause of death
head injury. His skull was
fractured.

EVE indicates two heavy injuries on ERNST GEIGER's lower
legs.

EVE (CONT'D)

There are bilateral symmetrical
injuries on the shins consistent
with a car bumper strike.
Probably the initial injury.

FLASHCUT - MR GEIGER's eyes widen as a car flies towards
him, the bumper SMASHING into his legs.

EVE (CONT'D)

After the bumper strike, his body would have been propelled over the car.

FLASHCUT - the impact throws GEIGER over the car like a rag doll.

EVE (CONT'D)

These lighter, gravel-embedded injuries appear to be drag marks.

SARAH

Impact with the road when he came off the car?

EVE

Possible, except we also have these...

(shows bruises)

...grip marks on the inner aspect of the upper arms.

SARAH

Someone dragged him across the ground?

EVE

(nods)

Typically indicating a single assailant.

FLASHCUT - GEIGER is dragged across the ground.

EVE moves to ELSA GEIGER's body.

EVE (CONT'D)

Elsa Geiger is a very different story. Two separate impacts - top of her spine and her face.

TIGHT ON ELSA GEIGER's face, even with decomposition it is clearly crumpled and distorted from the impact, a nasty circular wound around her right eye.

EVE (CONT'D)

Some kind of jagged, rusted circular implement.

BOYD

What if it's not different.

(points to circular wound)

What if that was made by an exhaust pipe.

EVE

The only way that would make sense is if she was crouched down low...

BOYD

Yes.

EVE

(sceptical)

With a car reversing towards her
at high speed...

BOYD

Yes.

EVE

So she's already incapacitated?

BOYD

Yes, but not physically.

(off EVE's look)

They were married for forty
years. They survived the loss of
a child.

SARAH

She was tending to her husband.
He's hit first, he goes over the
bonnet.

EVE

Elsa doesn't run. She goes to his
aid.

They all think about this. Moved.

EVE (CONT'D)

So it's not two impacts, it's
one.

CUT TO:

111

111*

MRS GEIGER, beside herself, crouches over her husband -
bleeding, maimed, groaning. Turns her head sharply as the
SOUND of a REVVING ENGINE intensifies and sees the car
REVERSING towards her FAST and we CUT out a second before
the jagged rusty EXHAUST PIPE rips her eye out...

CUT TO:

112

112

EVE indicates a STRANGE GRILLED PATTERN on ERNST GEIGER's
face.

EVE

... this imprint could be contact
impact when he came off the car -
I'm going to head out there. See
if anything matches up.

BOYD

Tell me when you're leaving, I'll
keep you company.

BOYD exits mysteriously, clearly cooking something up.

CUT TO:

113 OMITTED

113

114

114

GRACE looks up as SPENCER enters.

SPENCER

Found this list of names in Rees'
papers.

SPENCER hands her a hand-written list. Three columns long.
Go CLOSE and see the first name SIMON APPELYARD, beside it
a date, 2nd October, and time.

GRACE

(re: handwritten list)
Dates and times...looks like a
schedule?

SPENCER

(nods)
Checked out first five names.
They're all oncologists.
(points to TICK by Dr
Appleyard on list)
Looks like Rees went to see Dr
Simon Appleyard the same week he
quit his job.

GRACE

Rees' daughter died of cancer...

SPENCER

(nods)
My hunch is they're all
oncologists and they all treated
Nicola.

GRACE

A conspiracy of doctors?

SPENCER

(looking at list)
If it is, they're all in on it.

CUT TO:

115 OMITTED

115

115A

115A

HIGH ANGLE on the windswept industrial estate as EVE, BOYD and SARAH pull up in EVE's car. As they reach the gates of the mill EVE reads a key...but the gates are already open.

EVE
(frowns, disquiet)
I put a new padlock on here
yesterday...

BOYD picks up a smashed padlock - this one? They exchange wary looks, then move into the yard.

CUT TO:

116

116

GRACE and SPENCER are sat across from DR SIMON APPLEBYARD.

APPLEBYARD
...I saw Nicola twice, three
years apart. First time Mrs Rees
brought her in convinced she was
presenting early signs of cancer.
I ran a CT scan - all clear.
(pause, swallows)
Then three years later she brings
Nicola back in and she's riddled
with it. It's over. Nothing I
can do for her.

GRACE
Mum's worst nightmare had come
true?

APPLEBYARD
Yes.

GRACE
Uncanny, isn't it?

APPLEBYARD
Horrific.

Beat.

SPENCER
And you had no contact with the
Rees family between those two
visits?

APPLEBYARD
No. Well - apart from Mrs Rees
requesting a second CT scan when
the first one came back negative.

SPENCER
She didn't believe Nicola was
healthy?

APPLEYARD
I refused point blank. To
groundlessly expose Nicola to
further radiological treatment
would've been wholly unethical.

GRACE
But Mum's instincts were right.
She was ill.

APPLEYARD
No, she became ill. I've been
doing this for twenty years - I
didn't miss any signs in the
first scan.

GRACE
(reasonable smile)
As far as you know. But you
can't be sure, can you?

Appleyard stops. Meets Grace's look with a patient sigh.

APPLEYARD
No. I can't be sure.

SPENCER
Is that what you told Donald Rees
when he came to see you?

APPLEYARD
(rattled now)
Look... Mr Rees wasn't pointing
the finger about his daughter.
He just wanted to clarify some
dates and times.

SPENCER shows him REES' handwritten note.

SPENCER
Recognize any of these names?

APPLEYARD
Some...
(sees his own name,
looks from SPENCER to
GRACE, creeps now)
What is this list?

CUT TO:

FLASHCUT - EVE examines a STRANGE BARRED PATTERN on ERNST GEIGER's face.

EVE measures the grille cover.

SARAH
It matches Ernst Geiger's wound?

EVE
Perfectly.

BOYD
So the Geigers were killed here.
And not by Donald Rees.

EVE and SARAH frown at him. How so?

BOYD (CONT'D)
We passed Schultz Neumann on the way. 45 minutes from there to here and CCTV shows he was back at the bank an hour after he went off with the Geigers.

EVE
Can we account for his movements the rest of the day?

BOYD
To the minute.

BOYD, unashamedly chuffed to have proved this.

CUT TO:

118

GRACE enters, SPENCER finishing a call.

SPENCER
Julie Rees has been on the phone. Some reporters have made the link between Donald and the Geiger murders...

Juiced look between them.

CUT TO:

119

Back with BOYD, EVE and SARAH.

EVE
...as we've ruled out Rees and a vehicular suicide pact there must've been a fourth, unidentified party?

118

119

BOYD

(nods)

Rees hands over the cash to the Geigers, they come out here, this unknown party kills them, hides their bodies and makes off with the cash...?

SARAH

(nods her approval)

I like it.

BOYD casts around the desolate yard.

BOYD

What a place to die.

CUT TO:

120

120

ELSA GEIGER, beside herself, crouches over her husband who is bleeding, maimed, groaning. Turns her head sharply as the SOUND of a REVVING ENGINE intensifies and sees the car REVERSING towards her...

CUT TO:

121

121

BOYD

Somehow I don't think they chose the rendezvous.

SARAH

Maybe none of it was their idea. I mean a taxi driver and a bloody florist without a parking ticket between them...

Suddenly MUSIC starts playing from inside the old mill. Tutu Frutti by Little Donald. Very very LOUD. Incongruous. Sinister. BOYD and EVE exchange looks. Make their way towards the entrance.

CUT TO:

122

122

BOYD, EVE and SARAH creep into the gloomy mill. The music's DEAFENING in here.

BOYD

Hello?!

They try and make their way towards the music but it's coming from all around.

Suddenly the music cuts out. A few beats of silence, then DOGS start BARKING. Very close and very loud. You can almost see their gnashing teeth and frothing spittle.

BOYD, EVE and SARAH cower instinctively, fearing they're about to be mauled. But nothing happens.

BOYD looks up. Clocks an old-fashioned PA speaker in the corner.

BOYD (CONT'D)
It's coming through the bloody
PA.

CUT TO:

123

123

The DOGS thunder on as BOYD, SARAH and EVE come along a decrepit corridor. At the end they spy a man standing with his back to them, touching up his hair in a cracked mirror.

As they walk in, BOYD clocks the PA system and yanks the plug out of the wall. Suddenly the DOGS are no more. The man turns. It's GLENN.

GLENN
Who the hell are you?

BOYD shows him his warrant card.

BOYD
You first.

CUT TO:

124

124

MIRANDA opens the door. Eyes GRACE and SPENCER coolly.

GRACE
Hello, Miranda.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Where is Detective Superintendent Boyd?

GRACE

Busy finding out what happened to your husband.

JULIE

I see. I'm not worth the boss' time. Send the B-team.

GRACE

Last time we spoke, you expressly said that you didn't want to speak to DSI Boyd because he'd offended you.

CUT TO:

126

126

BOYD and SARAH opposite GLENN BURKE.

BOYD

So your company - Ghostship - took over security of the mill after it closed in March 2005?

GLENN BURKE

Not security. Deterrence. You want four skinheads and an Alsatian give some navy sweater outfit a bell and get ready to remortgage your house.

BOYD

So what is it exactly that you do?

GLENN studies BOYD shrewdly

GLENN BURKE

Cold Cases, that's crimes in the past, right?

BOYD

(impatient)

Right.

GLENN BURKE

Well metal theft's the crime of the future. Used to be the domain of Pikiies, smackheads and Somalians but now everyone's at it. Scavengers.

(MORE)

They'll rip the lead of a church roof - the bloody lightning conductor off the spire - but it's empty buildings are the soft targets and that's where we come in.

SARAH

And for "we" should we read "I"?

GLENN BURKE

(smiles evasively)

It's a skeletal staff but we keep a dozen premises safe in the London area and one in Bristol.

BOYD

So if it's just you, Glenn, how do you protect all these buildings?

GLENN BURKE

(a theatrical flourish)

Stagecraft. Perception. The power of suggestion.

SARAH

Make them think someone's there when there isn't? The lights are on but no-one's at home?

GLENN BURKE

(nods)

Bin bags left outside. The opening and closing of gates. A car left on a drive. A tree at Christmas. Windchimes and hanging baskets if appropriate. The occasional bonfire. Lights and stereos on timers.

(mischievous)

JULIE

I told you... Donald was looking for someone to blame for Nicola. Scapegoats.

GRACE

Why blame the doctors who tried to save her?

JULIE

(sad, it's obvious)
Because they failed.

SPENCER

So - for the record - all these doctors treated Nicola?

JULIE casts her eye down the list.

JULIE

I don't know. If you say so. My memory of that period isn't great. Every day was Hell.

SPENCER

A lot of the names look Germanic? Did you take Nicola abroad?

JULIE

We lived in Germany when Donald started at the bank - the health service there is second only to Canada.

SPENCER

So is that a yes? For the record?

JULIE

I took her everywhere and I tried everyone.

(simple sad statement)
She was my daughter.

SPENCER

Of course.

GRACE

I'm still... confused... why Donald waited until six months after Nicola's death to start talking to her doctors.

JULIE fixes GRACE with a penetrating stare.

JULIE

How is any of this going to help find Donald?

GRACE

It may not. But it's worth
trying isn't it?

(takes list back from
JULIE, holds her look)

It's Donald's list. Donald's
plan.

JULIE starts coughing. Can't stop. Instinctively calls
for Miranda like a hospital patient calling for nurse.

JULIE

(calling)

Miranda! Water!

SPENCER

I'll go.

SPENCER hurries out.

CUT TO:

128

128

Back with BOYD, SARAH and GLENN BURKE. BOYD drops his
bandage on the table. His raw fresh wounds.

BOYD

Sorry. Doctor said I must air
them regularly. You got any
burns, Glenn?

GLENN BURKE

Excuse me?

BOYD

You got any burns? On your body?
About your person?

GLENN BURKE

(shakes head)

Spot of Athlete's Foot, that's
it.

BOYD

Lucky you. I got these trying to
save a fellow officer's life.

(beat)

A young mother.

(beat)

It was only last night.

GLENN BURKE

I'm sorry for your loss.

BOYD

(shrugs)

Can't say I knew her.

(MORE)

Feel for her husband though. Her
little girl.

BOYD looks calmly into GLENN BURKE's soul.

CUT TO:

129

129

As SPENCER hurries into kitchen he's surprised to hear the sound of LAUGHTER. TOBY and his maternal grandparents SUE and BRIAN MYERS are sitting at the kitchen table eating fried chicken straight from the bag. SUE and BRIAN are both young and healthy for their fifty odd years. A very coupley couple, SUE's perched on her husband's lap.

TOBY
(pleased to see him)
Spencer!

SPENCER
Toby, where are the glasses,
mate?

TOBY instantly grasps it's for his mother. Bolts to a cupboard and returns with a glass.

TOBY
Mum likes this one.

SUE
(sardonic)
And what Mum likes Mum gets.

SPENCER lets the tap run cold a second, gazing absently out of the window. And then not so absently. He frowns, something's not right but we don't know what yet.

CUT TO:

130

130

BOYD

Sorry - deterrence - my mistake -
but still. On the watch of
Ghostship Deterrence.

Now BOYD is showing GLENN a crime scene photo of the
GEIGERS' bodies at the bottom of the ventilation shaft.

GLENN BURKE

BOYD

Down to your boxers. She won't
look.

GLENN BURKE

Do I need a lawyer?

BOYD

SPENCER reaches across, opens the glove compartment and takes out the Reader's Digest Toby gave him at CCHQ.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Five minutes.

SPENCER gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

134

134

TOBY Looks up as SPENCER appears in his bedroom doorway.

SPENCER
Just wanted to return this.

SPENCER hands him the Reader's Digest.

TOBY
I said you could keep it.

SPENCER
Well I wanted to talk to you anyway.

TOBY Looks wary.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
You remember when you saw the creepy couple? In black?

TOBY nods.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Your mum saw them, too, didn't she?
(no

TOBY

Sorry. Speak to Mum about it.

He crosses to open a glass-fronted bookcase. Inside are row upon row of editions of the Readers Digest.

SPENCER

(taking in the
magazines)

You got all these in hospital
waiting rooms?

TOBY reaches up to return the magazine to its designated place on the shelf.

TOBY

And doctor's surgeries.

SPENCER

(trying for casual)

When did you start collecting?

TOBY

They can't find what's wrong with
me. It drives Mum nuts.

Out on SPENCER, chilled.

CUT TO:

135

135

BOYD looks up as SARAH enters looking urgent.

SARAH

I ran Glenn Burke's mobile against
the calls made from the Geigers'
pay-as-you-go-phone.

BOYD

(anticipating)

No match?

SARAH

(shakes her head)

So I checked the number he gave us
for his common law wife, Una Mason.
The Geigers called her four times
the day before they disappeared.

BOYD, something gnawing at him. A connection.

BOYD

The Geigers' son died at St.
Stephen's hospital... Una Mason's a
nurse. Do we know where?

SARAH
(shakes head)
I've left her a message she hasn't called me back yet.

BOYD picks up the phone.

BOYD
Can you connect me to St. Stephen's Hospital, please?

He is put through.

HOSPITAL OPERATOR
St. Stephen's hospital.

BOYD
This is Detective Superintendent Boyd, can I speak to Una Mason please?

HOSPITAL OPERATOR
One moment.
(Long pause)
I'm sorry, she's just gone off-shift. Can I help?

BOYD
You just did, thank you.

BOYD puts the phone down. Meets SARAH's look.

BOYD (CONT'D)
I want to see the coroner's report on Andrew Geiger's death right now.

CUT TO:

136

136

Drizzle. UNA trudges out of the staff entrance in her ratty coat. Approaches a lighted fifth-hand Volvo estate. Sighs deeply then climbs in next to GLENN.

As he leans forward she sees his passport in his jacket.

UNA
Got mine in there, too?

He realizes she's seen his passport. Puts an arm round her.

GLENN BURKE
I'm just the advanced party.
You're gonna join me when things calm down.

UNA
(finally, sad smile)
Glenn, you are so blind.

GLENN stares at her impatiently.

UNA (CONT'D)

All these years you still think you
can do without me - that you can
find The Light on your own.

(with calm conviction)

You leave me and you'll burn in
Hell. We both know it.

GLENN sighs but can't hide the tension building within.
Starts the engine and drives off.

CUT TO:

137

137

A grave-looking EVE approaches BOYD and SARAH.

EVE

I think I know what cost WPC Allen
her life.

EVE holds up the baggie containing GLENN'S GHOSTSHIP BUSINESS
CARD.

EVE (CONT'D)

The Geigers were hoarders - it was
buried in a kitchen drawer with a
hundred other business cards.

SARAH

So Burke looks for it, can't find
it, and the fire was Plan B...

EVE

I thought you didn't find any burns
on him?

SARAH

We don't know he was burned - we
just heard him scream...

EVE

(i.e. Glenn's card)

Sorry I didn't find this
earlier... when we had him.

BOYD nods curtly - all the comfort he can offer EVE.

BOYD

(rising, to SARAH)

I want an all units on Burke's car
and get Una Mason's address from
the hospital...

As the team split to the four winds HOLD on EVE Looking grimly at the GHOSTSHIP

As she reaches the trees she risks a look back and sees an enraged GLENN charging after her, blood trickling down his face from his bald bleeding scalp...

CUT TO:

139 _____ 139

140 _____ 140

BOYD marches through as SARAH falls in step.

SARAH

St. Stephen's Hospital confirm that Una Mason has worked there since 1985...

BOYD

So she could've been on duty the night Andrew Geiger died?

They enter the MAIN OFFICE where SPENCER and GRACE are still working through Donald's list of doctors' names.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Where's that bloody coroner's report?

SARAH

I'll try Una again...

CUT TO:

140A _____ 140A

Close on Una's phone ringing in her handbag.

CUT TO:

140B _____ 140B

UNA MASON is crying, out of breath, sitting on her haunches at the base of a tree and trying not to make a sound.

NEW ANGLE on bald bleeding GLENN BURKE prowling through the trees like some nightmarish end-of-the-pier Nosferatu.

CUT TO:

140C INT. MAIN OFFICE, CCHQ. DAY 5 17:35 140C

GRACE crossing over to BOYD, reading a print out...

GRACE

Coroner's report on Andrew Geiger's death - I can't see any reference to Una Mason...

BOYD
Doesn't mean she wasn't on duty.

GRACE
...but there is a reference to
someone else - the 15-year-old
babysitter who made the 999 call
then accompanied Andrew to the
hospital in the ambulance - one
Julie Myers.

SARAH
Wait...Myers is...

BOYD
...Julie Rees' maiden name.

GRACE
Correct. Julie Rees had sole charge
of Andrew Geiger the night he died.

CUT TO:

141

141

JULIE wheels herself around a corner into the main hall. Her
parents SUE and BRIAN are by the front door, putting coats
on. Clearly on the point of leaving.

JULIE
Mum... Weren't you going to say

JULIE figures desperately.

JULIE
You could get the train and a taxi
from the station. I'll pay.

SUE
Not likely. You know what trains
do to my neck.

JULIE
Just stay over, then. Please.
Borrow some of my clothes.

SUE
Don't be daft, Julie. Who's gonna
walk the dogs?

Sue looks down the hall at Brian who is about to explode.

SUE (CONT'D)
You'll be alright. You look like
you'll be with us a while yet.

JULIE
I'm not alright, Mummy, I'm not
alright...

Losing it BRIAN bangs open the front door and exits. It
inspires JULIE to redouble her entreaties to Mum.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I'm dying, Mum, I'm dying.

SUE
And we're trying our best to help,
but we've got to strike a balance.

JULIE
A balance? A balance with what?
I'm your daughter. Your only
child. A balance with what?

JULIE grabs her mother's arm.

SUE
Listen to you! You're so
ungrateful sometimes.

JULIE
(crumbling, childlike)
I'm not - I'm not ungrateful, Mum.
Please stay, I'm begging you. Stay
with me!

SUE looks down at her daughter's bowed head, her quaking
shoulders. A flicker of compassion, a moment of
deliberation, then a hard, weary look enters SUE's eyes. She
pulls her arm free and slips nimbly out, shutting the door
behind her.

JULIE (CONT'D)
(beating bony fists on the door)
Mummy! MUMMY!

JULIE struggles out of her wheelchair, tries to reach up to open the door. But then a hand appears above, sliding the top bolt home. MIRANDA.

MIRANDA
Let her go, Mum. She doesn't deserve you.

MIRANDA takes her mother in her arms. Kisses her head.

CUT TO:

142

142

BOYD, GRACE, SPENCER and SARAH.

BOYD
Just because Julie was Andrew's babysitter doesn't prove she killed him.

GRACE
I think Julie may be a long-term sufferer of Munchausen by Proxy.

BOYD
The thing where you harm your kids to get attention?

GRACE
Correct. The defining traits are a thin-skin and an overwhelming egocentricity. She craves attention from authority figures - you in this instance - plus the most common cause of Narcissism is indifferent parenting. You met Julie's mum - she was more interested in her pets than her terminally ill daughter.

BOYD
That's a long way from evidence, Grace.

SPENCER
(too passionate)
How about past behaviour evidence? Like dead daughter evidence?

BOYD
(frowns)
Nicola Rees died of cancer.

SPENCER

Dr Appleyard said when Nicola's first CT scan came back negative Julie insisted on a second scan despite the radiation risks.

SARAH

(shrugs)

Maybe she just wanted to be sure?

SPENCER

You can say that again - Julie paid out to sixty-six clinics from here to Hamburg.

BOYD

You're saying she systematically exposed Nicola to multiple CT scans with the aim of...giving her cancer?

GRACE

It's about the attention a terminally ill child confers on the parent-

BOYD

(over her, disbelief)

So she killed her own daughter?

GRACE

Yes - and Donald compiling this list suggests he was on to her.

SPENCER

At least half the specialists she took Nicola to were on the Continent thereby circumventing the need to notify Nicola's GP.

SARAH

But no legit doctor of any nationality is going to OK a CT scan without symptoms?

GRACE

(nods)

Unfortunately there's not many you can't fake - with Appleyard Nicola was presenting as anemic.

SARAH

How could Julie fake that?

GRACE

Withdraw blood systematically until the red cell count's depleted.

GRACE (CONT'D)

The diagnosis of iron deficiency mandates a search for the source of the loss - e.g. colon cancer.

Boyd is coming round to the theory now.

BOYD

And when your daughter - who trusts you because you're Mum - asks why you need all this blood, you say it's for life-saving tests?

GRACE nods grimly.

SARAH

So at 15 she smothers Andrew Geiger... then waits 18 years and kills her own daughter.

BOYD

What's the commonality apart from Julie herself? Why the gap?

Boyd and Sarah exchange a look. It annoys Spencer.

SPENCER

More to the point how are we going to protect Toby? He said she sends him to a different doctor every week but "they can't find out what's wrong with him". Why? Because there's no real underlying illness. Just whatever mum put in his corn flakes that morning.

CUT TO:

143

Una stumbles into a call box by the common and dials 999.

143

CUT TO:

144

BOYD and GRACE opposite a shaken, distracted UNA MASON.

144

BOYD

Una. Why don't you start at the beginning.

She doesn't seem to hear.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Why don't you start by telling us about the first time you met Julie Rees - Julie Myers as was.

Now UNA looks at him. Grasping that they know a lot already. She roots around for where to start.

UNA MASON
I always remembered her. That cute
little face. Those shining eyes...

CUT TO:

145

145*
*

AMBULANCES piling into frame - PARAMEDICS barking instructions - stretchers being secured - pulses being taken - dials being read - great pulsing washes of BLUE LIGHT.

YOUNG JULIE is drinking in all this Important Activity. But JULIE herself is being observed, too - by UNA, nurse's uniform, grabbing a crafty cigarette a little way off - struck by the girl's strange excited demeanor.

MR GEIGER (o.s.)
Julie! What happened?

JULIE turns to see the GEIGERS hurrying over from their car, dressed smartly - they've obviously been called away from some function.

JULIE
I just checked on him and he wasn't
breathing! They let me come with
him in the ambulance...

MRS GEIGER
What did they say? Is he going to
be alright?

JULIE
They wouldn't tell me. They just
said it's a good job I dialled
999...

MRS GEIGER
(throwing arms around her)
Bless you, Julie, let's go and find
him...

They hurry inside. OUT on UNA MASON, perturbed...

CUT TO:

146

146

UNA MASON
In my heart I knew something was
wrong, that she'd done something to
the child.

GRACE

But this was 1989, two years before
Beverly Allitt. No-one was talking
about

ANGLE ON UNA watching JULIE's excitement at all this activity, excitement that peaks as one of the nurse puts a supportive hand on her shoulder...

UNA picks up her notes, reads the name JULIE REES. UNA's eyes narrow...

CUT TO:

151

151

UNA

I got Nicola on her own once and she told me she was getting radiology treatments from different doctors every week.

GRACE

Did you relay that to your superiors when Nicola contracted cancer?

UNA MASON

Doctors don't mess with other doctors. They said me talking to Nicola was unethical.

BOYD

So instead you shared your burden with Glenn. Glenn the blackmailer.

UNA nods, crucifying herself.

CUT TO:

152

152

GLENN and UNA sit opposite ERNST and ELSA GEIGER who are listening intently. GLENN sports his best suit, half-moon glasses and an attache briefcase which he may well believe - erroneously - give him a lawyerly air.

GLENN BURKE

Mr Geiger, nothing can bring back your son, just as no-one can definitively prove Julie smothered him, but lightning doesn't strike twice.

MRS GEIGER

But you said Julie's daughter died of cancer?

GLENN BURKE

After her Mum put her through hundreds of radiology treatments by going to every private doctor in the whole of Christendom.

(MORE)

GLENN BURKE (CONT'D)

Julie Rees - née Myers - is an attention seeking psycho who shouldn't be let near kids but the silver lining is she married well.

He sets down a copy of the article about REES' 4 million Christmas bonus we saw earlier. MR GEIGER picks up the newspaper article. Studies REES' face as if trying to gauge his character. His soul.

MRS GEIGER

Why should he pay? Why should he believe these things about his own wife?

GLENN

He won't straight away. We'll have to tug the heartstrings. Apply some pressure. Of the psychological variety.

(taps REES in the cutting about £4mill)

But he's the hand-ringing type. After that story was published he gave half his bonus to charity and, like I say, lightning-

MR GEIGER

(firm, stemming GLENN)

Mr Burke, the only reason he will pay is if he believes his wife is guilty.

GLENN

Quite. And deep down he does, trust me.

MR GEIGER

How much?

GLENN

Twenty-five thousand. Twenty for you. Five for me.

The GEIGERS look at each other.

GLENN (CONT'D)

(folds hands solemnly)

You owe it to little Andrew.

He sets down his business card and we go CLOSE on the GHOSTSHIP DETERRENCE card that will one day get WPC GINA ALLEN killed. GEIGER picks it up. GLENN reads acceptance.

GLENN BURKE
Great. Now in my experience a bit
of stagecraft goes a long way - do
either of you own any black
clothes?

CUT TO:

153



153

BOYDB

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Y

D

MR GEIGER
We have to take it ALL to the
police. We'll reimburse you later,
Mr Burke, I promise.

GLENN
GLENN The police?

GLENN lunges for the money. MR GEIGER fights him off so
GLENN punches GEIGER in the face.

GfrF8hALENN

BOYD

And you believe him?

UNA MASON

I don't know. I don't think Glenn would've dumped a brand new BMW.

BOYD

I think I agree with you.

UNA MASON

(beat, reflects)

All my life people have been telling me to leave Glenn. That he was bad for me. That he was bad full stop. They didn't see the good in him. The real Glenn. The man who repainted our children's ward when the maintenance grant got slashed. Who lifted his dad on and off the toilet like a baby after his stroke. Who made me feel like

JULIE
Who are you?

GLENN
A kindred spirit. Not that I'm in
your league.

JULIE
What are you talking about?

GLENN
Well, I draw the line at kids for
one.

JULIE
Get out or I'll call the police.

GLENN
Donald knew what you were. Broke
his heart but he had to hear it,
poor bastard.

JULIE studies him. Musters a sympathetic smile.

JULIE
You're obviously... confused.
What is it you think I can do for
you?

GLENN
Oh, lots. Money. Jewelry. Bank
transfer. I'm flexible.
(sniffs her neck)
Indiscriminate.

She SCREAMS. Terrified. He takes a step back. Watches her.
She roots in the cupboard with shaking hands.

JULIE
I need my pills.

GLENN
I'm on a schedule darling. How
about we start with the safe?

JULIE turns from the cupboard and now we see the NAIL
SCISSORS in her fist -

She slashes down hard, gouging deep into GLENN's neck...

GLENN SCREAMS - lashes out blindly - a meaty ringed fist
catching JULIE full in the face, sending her sprawling in a
corner.

GLENN clutches his neck, BLOOD sluicing through his fingers.
He takes an uncertain step towards JULIE but suddenly the
room's swaying, the colour draining from his face and -
PATTER PATTER - he looks down to see blood splashing his
brothel creepers and the white floor-

CRASH. GLENN's slipped on the blood-slicked tiles, legs scissoring out from under him, ELVIS WIG falling in his face...

JULIE is on her feet and racing down the corridor - GLENN's guttural SCREAM chasing her from the bathroom...

CUT TO:

158

158

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EVE (CONT' D)
I think Julie might be faking her cancer.

CUT TO:

160

160

EVE shows the team the photos of the GLENN BURKE crime scene in the BATHROOM - BLOOD all over the white tiles.

EVE
(handing a photo to BOYD)
What's missing from this picture?

BOYD
No wheelchair tracks in the blood.

SARAH
She's weak, not disabled. Maybe she doesn't use it all the time.

EVE
I also found this scalp razor while processing the Glenn Burke crime scene.

EVE shows BOYD, GRACE, SPENCER and SARAH a scalp razor in its trendy plastic housing.

EVE (CONT' D)
(indicates vastly magnified hair)
The hairs are uniformly short - like stubble - suggesting she shaves her head every day or every other day.

SPENCER
I used to go out with someone who had chemo - her hair fell out in clumps so she'd shave it all off.

Beat while everyone absorbs this.

EVE
Did she pluck her eyebrows and eyelashes, too?

SPENCER thinks. Shakes his head.

EVE (CONT' D)
(holds up baggie with HAIRS)
Found these in the plughole. They're slightly hooked and have anagen roots intact suggesting they've been pulled out.

GRACE
That means tweezers.
(EVE nods)

SARAH
That means pain.

GRACE
Munchausen by proxy often develops from straight Munchausen's - I'd expect her to have a history of fabricating illness dating back to childhood.

CUT TO:

161

161

SUE opposite GRACE and BOYD.

SUE
... Julie was always wearing dressings and plasters but she'd never let you see the injuries underneath.

GRACE
Clearly she wanted attention.

SUE
(frowns)
Why all the questions about my daughter?

BOYD
We'll get to that. You were saying?

SUE
Her piece de resistance was her appendix. She did such a number convincing the doctors she had appendicitis they whipped out a perfectly healthy organ. Can you believe that?

Boyd and Grace exchange looks as Sue reminisces.

SUE (CONT'D)
And then she went and rubbed dirt into her surgical scar so it'd get infected and she'd have to stay in longer.

GRACE
Did you never ask yourself why she was doing these things?

SUE

(shrugs)

Like you said, she wanted attention. From the time she was on my breast she was like a black hole. Just a hard kid to love. Felt like if you kept on giving she'd pull you in and...you know...

BOYD

No, I don't know, Mrs Myers?

SUE

Well, me and Brian had a life before she came along, d'you know what I mean?

BOYD

(not hiding his disgust)

What about Donald? Did he

JULIE

(message tone kicks in)

It's me - this is the last message I'm leaving. Someone tried to kill me today so I'd - you know - really appreciate it if you'd call me back as I am supposed to be your bloody daughter.

She's reached the kitchen. Still and silent. Her fidgety eyes fall on the house phone in its dock. A big ZERO flashing red. She presses play anyway.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

JULI E

167

167

GRACE

Something tells me Julie's bored of the wheelchair now. When she gets to Canada I'd lay money she goes into remission...

SARAH

And Toby's back on point as the primary source of Mum's entertainment.

BOYD maybe walks over to the board and looks at all the photos, finally at Donald.

BOYD

Geiger was right. The only reason Rees paid up is because he believed his own wife was a killer.

GRACE

It's why he quit the bank so suddenly - why he went straight home and never left the house.

SARAH

Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.

CUT TO:

168

168

MIRANDA comes up the stairs, spies her father DONALD standing on the landing above, looking watchful.

CUT TO:

169

169

SARAH

He was keeping a vigil for Miranda and Toby. Maybe trying to catch Julie in the act.

BOYD

And if he did catch her, it probably explains his disappearance.

SPENCER's crossing over now.

SPENCER

Especially as the late Glenn Burke's no longer in the frame -
(off their look)
(MORE)

- hotel and cash transactions put him in Bristol the weekend Rees went missing.

172

172*

JULIE, black sweater, climbs out of the BMW on the verge above the ravine and we go TIGHT on the BLOOD she's left behind on the seat.

CUT TO:

173

173

BOYD approaches a photograph of the REES house.

BOYD

So somewhere in that house there could be a matching sweater, a wealth of blood evidence and a dead body.

BOYD approaches a photograph of the REES house.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Always thought that place felt more like a mausoleum than a home.

(to GRACE)

You said she craves acknowledgment from authority figures?

GRACE

Yes.

BOYD

Specifically me?

GRACE

In the context of this unit, yes - don't feel special.

BOYD, smiling, but his eyes are cold and calculating.

CUT TO:

174

174

GRACE sits opposite JULIE REES in her wheelchair. They are seated on the edge of the room, in a tight space, as if JULIE is not very important. Through the glass BOYD is visible talking on the phone in his office.

GRACE

Thanks for coming in, Julie.

JULIE looks around to watch BOYD on the phone.

JULIE

That's alright.

GRACE

We just want to rule out any criminal charges against you.

Now GRACE now has her full attention.

JULIE
What? He attacked me.

GRACE
So you say, but obviously we only have your word for that

JULIE
He's a murderer. He killed a
policewoman!

GRACE
Yes, but if he were here he'd still be entitled to offer his account -
to defend his actions.

JULIE
"Defend his actions"?? He was in
my house!

JULIE blinks at GRACE.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Why am I talking to you, Dr Foley?
(Looks back at BOYD)
Why not Detective Superintendent
Boyd?

GRACE
He's busy.

JULIE
He's on the phone.

GRACE
It's an important call.
(off JULIE'S look)
Actually he's speaking to your
mother. Following up something she
told us.

JULIE
What? What did she tell you?

GRACE
I shouldn't really tell you...

JULIE
Grace, please, you know what I'm
going through.

GRACE
(reluctant)
She says you have a history of
fabricating illnesses.

JULIE
No... she's lying.

GRACE

She said they showered you with love and attention - gave you everything you wanted - but it was never enough.

JULIE

She said... that?

GRACE

Words to that effect.

(JULIE looks stunned)

Is it true?

JULIE

No. No!

GRACE

So the removal of the healthy appendix - she's lying about that? Making it up?

JULIE looks worried.

GRACE (CONT'D)

She even said you might be faking the cancer.

JULIE

What?

GRACE

It's why you didn't want to get into the ambulance isn't it. You were tempted but routine admission checks at the hospital would've found you out.

JULIE

Is this your idea of a sick joke?

GRACE

Of course if it's true, if you have been pulling the wool, it casts doubt on everything. Your account of Glenn Burke's death, your witness statements regarding Donald's disappearance.

cDonald's disappearance -0.197 Tc

GRACE
Because he's in charge?

JULIE
Because he'll listen!

GRACE
He's a man - you can manipulate him?

JULIE
No!

GRACE
Give him the Little-Girl-Lost routine?

JULIE gapes at her.

GRACE (CONT'D)
It was Daddy's attention you really wanted wasn't it? All the sirens and flashing lights and trips to A&E couldn't brighten that hole.

JULIE
You bitch!

GRACE
Little Andrew Geiger died in vain.

JULIE
(exploding)
I WANT TO SEE DETECTIVE
SUPERINTENDENT BOYD NOW!

CUT TO:

175

175

JULIE sits alone behind the table. Agitated. Eyes darting around, trying to see through the one-way glass.

BOYD enters. Sits down opposite her.

BOYD
I don't want to talk about your conversation with Dr Foley or whether or not you've really got cancer or how many hundreds of radiology treatments you exposed Nicola to or even discuss the odds of Toby seeing Christmas without going the way of Andrew Geiger.

(beat)
No, I just want to talk about Donald. Donald the person, not Donald the subject of a police investigation. If that's okay?

JULIE

(a whisper, disarmed)

Okay.

BOYD

I think meeting Donald led you to the most important discovery of your life – that all those years it wasn't attention you craved. It was love.

(her eyes leap to his)

Donald was the only person in this heartless Godforsaken world that ever truly loved you. He made you feel happy and secure and worthwhile and all the things you never felt growing up. I've met your mother and I have one observation to make – what the hell was she thinking having a child? But Donald made up for it, healed your wounds. He was a husband and a father and your first years of marriage were the happiest of your life. Which is why you never hurt Miranda.

JULIE, this observation knocking the air out of her.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Why she's a healthy, normal child. You didn't need any trips to A&E – you had Donald. But Donald was a brilliant man and after a few years you had competition. Hour by hour, day by day, the bank stole him away. Turned your prince into a phantom. A stranger. And the worst thing was Donald was complicit – he was weary of you by then.

JULIE

(mortified)

No...

BOYD

After he took his flat in the City and you only saw him at weekends you'd gone full circle. You were as lonely as little Julie Myers ever was – lonelier, because you'd tasted happiness. Union. And that's when you started putting things in Nicola's food and running into A&E screaming your lungs out, isn't it?

CUT TO:

JULIE runs into A&E carrying NICOLA.

JULIE

My daughter - she's stopped
breathing - she's stopped
breathing! Please help me!

NURSES relieve her of NICOLA, get the child on a bed as
DOCTORS come running.

CUT TO:

Tears are streaming down JULIE's face.

BOYD

Donald caught you doing something -
something to Toby - and you lashed
out. Not because you wanted to
hurt him but because you couldn't
bear the idea of him seeing the
real you - the craven, pitiful,
psychotic attention-junkie who'd
smother her son to get her kicks.

JULIE

(passionate, desperate)
That's not the real me. Please!

BOYD watches her a moment then sets a framed picture on the
table - the family picture REES kept on his desk in his flat.
DONALD and JULIE arm in arm, happy, in love, husband and

JULIE
With all my heart.

BOYD
Then tell me where he is. If I find him on my own, it won't mean anything.
(beat)
I want you to give him to me.

JULIE
(finally)
I wish I could help you, I really do, but I don't know where Donald is.

OUT on BOYD. Chilled. Resolved.

CUT TO: *

178 _____ 178*

BOYD emerges from his interview with JULIE. SPENCER and SARAH stare at him expectantly. He shakes his head. *

BOYD
(to SPENCER)
Search the house. *

Now in the background we see GRACE with MIRANDA and TOBY. Waiting tensely for their mother. *

BOYD (CONT'D)
They can wait here. *

CUT TO: *

179 _____ 179*

Spencer - who has been searching inside the house - heads for the front door. *

180 _____ 180*

Spencer finds Eve crouched down in a flowerbed against the wall of the house. *

SPENCER
What've you found? *

EVE
Wasn't me, one of the dogs. *

Eve examines something. *

EVE (CONT'D)
Looks like lemon peel. Lots of it
in different stages of
decomposition.

SPENCER
Dogs are trained to sniff out lemon
peel...?

She meets his charged, meaningful look.

EVE
No, they're not.

Eve removes a clump of soil covered in crushed white powder.

EVE (CONT'D)
But they are trained to find
pharmaceuticals, crushed or
otherwise.

SPENCER
(Looks up)
Toby's room's directly above.

EVE
So why's he been pouring away his
bedtime drink?

SPENCER
(with conviction)
Because deep down Toby knows what's
good for him.

SPENCER takes out his mobile to call the office.

CUT TO:

181

With a tense JULIE huddled with MIRANDA and TOBY. JULIE

181*

Boyd and Sarah lead Toby in. Sarah closes the door. Boyd sits, gives Toby a reassuring smile then starts in.

*
*

BOYD
"The doctors can't find what's wrong with me. It drives Mum nuts". You said, that?

*
*
*
*

TOBY
Yes.

*
*

BOYD
What do you think is wrong with you?

*
*
*

TOBY
I don't know.

*
*

BOYD
But whatever it is, Mum's trying to fix it.

*
*
*

TOBY
Yes.

*
*

BOYD
Do you ever wonder - just for a

*
*

183 INT. GRACE'S OFFICE DAY 7 15:08 183*

JULIE is getting agitated. GRACE is trying to calm her down. *

JULIE *

He can't treat me like this. Toby *

is my son. Come on, Miranda, we're *

leaving. Go get your brother now. *

MIRANDA does as she's told. *

184 INT. BOYD'S OFFICE. DAY 7 15:08 184*

TOBY looks over and sees his mother is upset and making a scene. *

TOBY *

I want to see my mum. *

He tries to get up. *

BOYD *

Do you think your mum loves you? *

Outside of his office, MIRANDA is making her way over from Grace's office and walks in to hear BOYD telling TOBY - *

BOYD (CONT'D) *

I think she does. I think she loves *

you with all her heart. So if she *

was to hurt you, it could only mean *

one thing - that Mum's the one *

who's REALLY ill, right? *

BOYD looks at MIRANDA pointedly. *

BOYD (CONT'D) *

In which case we'd all need to put *

our heads together to help mum, *

wouldn't we? To help Mum get *

better? *

In the background we hear JULIE shouting at MIRANDA and TOBY, while she's struggling to maneuver her way out of GRACE's office in her wheelchair. *

BOYD (CONT'D) *

I've got one more thing to say. *

TOBY
No, no, you promised!

SARAH
(firm)
What did he tell you Miranda?
Right now?

TOBY
NO! NO! SHUT UP!

MIRANDA
He said... they were arguing about
Nicola... that night.

SARAH
(careful they've got it
right)
Toby said your Mum and Dad were
arguing about Nicola the night your
Dad disappeared?

JULIE has finally managed to wheel herself over to the door,
totally panicked now.

JULIE
Miranda, what are you saying?

SARAH
(steady, ignoring JULIE)
Miranda - Look at me.

Finally MIRANDA meets SARAH's gaze and nods.

MIRANDA
I didn't hear anything... but Toby's
room's right above the cellar.

Boyd and Sarah exchange a look.

Distinctive wave patterns indicating the presence of a body.

CUT TO:

189

189

We hear DIGGING as we move into a corner of the basement EVE is there and has removed several flagstone slabs and is digging up the soil underneath, revealing a long object swathed in bin bags. BOYD looks on as she carefully removes the upper bags to reveal DONALD REES' corpse. A broken magnesium bottle and DONALD'S distinctive glasses are present beside the corpse.

BOYD, finally coming face-to-face with DONALD REES.

BOYD
What's that?

EVE'S flashlight finds the remains of a brown bottle buried with DONALD. EVE lifts it out and reads the label.

EVE
Magnesium.

EVE looks closer at the wound in REES' neck.

EVE (CONT'D)
Looks like she went straight
through his carotid artery...

CUT TO:

190

190

DONALD REES finds JULIE in the basement filling a syringe from the bottle of magnesium. She spins. Horrified.

DONALD REES
(tears in his eyes)
This is for Toby, right?
(savage, re: NICOLA)
I suppose he's lucky he's not being
irradiated.

JULIE
(aghast, her worst
nightmare)
Donald, please...

DONALD REES
Don't lie to me. I know
everything. Right back to Andrew
Geiger.

This is too much for JULIE.

JULIE

Don't look at me like that Donald,
don't look at me like that...

DONALD advances. Cornered, JULIE panics, SMASHES the magnesium bottle against the wall and plunges the jagged glass into his throat...

CUT TO:

191

191

BOYD and SARAH lead JULIE REES out to his car as SPENCER tries to hold a distressed MIRANDA back from running to her mother's aid.

MIRANDA

Mummy! MUMMY!

And now BOYD picks out TOBY - beyond distressed. Numb. Expressionless. He turns and walks away across the lawn and into what remains of his life.