

3 a.m. Macroom forest still a burgeoning crime scene. A blaze of garish light in the encroaching darkness. Something eerie and almost science fiction-like about the scene.

SOCOs comb the area around a large forensic tent protecting the bodies, UNIFORMED OFFICERS patrol.

STEVE anxiously looking at the clock. Calling Sarah's mobile for the umpteenth time. It goes to voicemail --

He hangs up. Stands there a wretched beat, then walks through to the nursery where little OLIVER is sleeping restlessly, the nanny GLORIA watching over him.

Gloria stares a question. Steve shakes his head. Nothing.

STEVE

I'm gonna go look for her. Can you stay for a bit?

GLORIA

Sure.

The child tosses and turns, emitting a series of mournful groans as if, somehow, he knows his mother is in trouble.

The darkened car park outside Sarah's flat block.

STEVE crosses the car park... slows... seeing Sarah's car. The driver's door stands half open.

Sarah's handbag is on the passenger seat, the key in the ignition. Steve dials Sarah's mobile again. He hears it RINGING, tinny and mournful in the night silence. And close.

Steve follows that ring -- Sarah's illuminated mobile lies inside her handbag...

Off Steve -- now he knows something is terribly wrong.

89

INT. MACROOM FOREST. FORENSIC TENT - NIGHT 2

89

JACK and NIKKI excavating a female body with short black hair. The lower half of the body is still encased in soil.

Nikki carefully scoops away more dirt encasing the legs. Revealing what's left of a gold shoe on the left foot.

NIKKI
Barbara Cheung...

Flashcut -- Barbara Cheung's mugshot.

JACK
(moved)
She never made it back to London.

Nikki and Jack look up as DS ROSS approaches.

DS ROSS
Laing and MacNeil's favourite
pathologist, Dr. Jenkins, is here.

NIKKI and Jack turn to see ANDREW JENKINS, 50, enter. A world-weary man in the Brian Cox mould, his face puffy with drink.

DR JENKINS
Dr. Andrew Jenkins...

NIKKI
Dr. Nikki Alexander.

DR JENKINS
I've read some - several - of your
papers. I'm glad to make your
acquaintance.

NIKKI
Thank you.

Dr. Jenkins crouches by an excavation site.

DR JENKINS
Still, I confess I was... surprised
to learn that DS Ross had recruited
from so far afield. And when I say
surprised -

NIKKI
- You mean offended?

Dr. Jenkins eyes her coldly.

DR JENKINS
Let's settle for 'disappointed'.

90

INT. MACROOM FOREST. FORENSIC TENT - NIGHT 2

90

Close on a pair of grimly familiar wire cuffs as dirt is shaken from them.

Wider. JACK collecting trace items from another gravesite -- from which SOCOs have just removed the most skeletal body we've seen yet.

Jack just holds those cuffs for a moment. The evil implicit in every twisted and looped strand.

NIKKI approaches, DS ROSS following. Nikki watches Jack a beat before revealing herself. He looks like he's in a trance, or in the grip of some idea or memory.

NIKKI

Jack?

Jack recovers fast. Puts his game face back on.

JACK

She might be the oldest yet. Cuffs must've slipped off as the body decomposed.

Nikki nods. Seems probable.

DS ROSS

Anything we didn't see with Caitlin?

Jack gives a bleak smile.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Funny you should ask.
(off Nikki's frown)
Something we didn't see with
Caitlin and we're still not seeing.

Jack indicates the skeletal hand of the corpse. Nikki and DS Ross share a frown, not getting it.

JACK (CONT'D)
No jewellery. Not a ring. Not a
necklace. Not a bracelet.

NIKKI
Trophies...?

JACK
(nods impatiently)
Exactly.

There's a certainty - a zeal - in Jack's eyes that Nikki isn't entirely comfortable with.

91 **INT. RUINED BUILDING - NIGHT 2**

91

A dank ruined building. Just make out SARAH in the darkness. Gagged, wire-bound hands strung up over a pipe, white paint chips crumbling into her hair.

Then, almost tenderly, a gloved hand reaches up and methodically removes her earrings, her necklace, her rings.

See them GLINT in the darkness as the killer examines them in one outstretched, black-gloved hand. Sacred treasure.

92 **EXT/INT. WALLACE FARM. BACK GARDEN/RANGE ROVER - DAY 3**

92

The Wallace Farm as dawn breaks.

NIALL driving up with a dead deer roped to the bonnet of his Range Rover. His mother BRIDGET is waiting on the porch. She tries to talk to him as he climbs out and steps around her.

BRIDGET
Have you heard the news?
(no response)
The bodies...?
(he hacks at the deer's
bloody bindings)
Where've you been all night?

(CONTINUED)

NIALL

(nods gruffly to deer)
Where d'you think?
(re: to go hunting)
Might be my last chance.

Bridget, unnerved, fluttering with panic.

BRIDGET

What...? Why'd you say that?

Niall makes her wait for her answer. Heaving the dead animal onto his shoulder.

NIALL

They're gonna pin this on me sure
as day follows night.

BRIDGET

But... you haven't done anything?

Niall turns sharply to face her. A fat splash of deer blood down his right cheek. Menacing. Bridget recoils a step.

NIALL

Is that a question?

BRIDGET

No!

NIALL

Sounded like a question.

BRIDGET

Niall, please...

But he's walking away again. Something building in Bridget's face, an old pain rising inexorably to the surface --

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I know you're innocent.
(he keeps walking)
I know you didn't kill your dad.
(he turns in the open
doorway of the barn)
And whatever you think, I never
told the police you did.

Niall just stares at her a moment, then steps into the barn and slams the door.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Niall!

Her voice echoes plaintively around the farmyard. Finally she turns away and trudges back to her car.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

As she reaches it her gaze falls on the old rope swing half-down the garden, triggering a memory --

93 INT/EXT. WALLACE FARM. BACK GARDEN - DAY

93

FLASHBACK -- with younger BRIDGET in the farmhouse kitchen, glancing through the open window. Double-takes. Clocking NIALL sitting in the rope swing watching his father PETER WALLACE writhing in a pool of glistening blood --

-- and Bridget's charging out of the back door of the farmhouse and racing down the lawn towards them.

Go very CLOSE on Niall's eyes as his head swivels to meet his mother's aghast look --

Off Bridget's horror as her gaze shifts down to fix on Niall's open right hand -- it's glistening with blood.

94 EXT. LAING'S HOUSE - DAY 3

94

A pleasant, sizable detached house surrounded by trees. Charmingly secluded or unnervingly remote, depending on your disposition. And whether there's a serial killer on the loose. Three cars on the drive, one lamp burning upstairs.

95 INT. LAING'S HOUSE. BEDROOM/LANDING - DAY 3

95

In the shadows we find DI LAING watching his 15 year-old daughter JOSIE sleep. His eyes are bright with tears. And, as we pan down, we see he's holding a hunting rifle...

Behind, Laing's wife, TANIA, very attractive, 35, encircles him in her slender arms. A man, his gun, and his wife. It could be a portrait of nineteenth century homesteader on a Nebraskan farm.

TANIA

Come to bed. Just for an hour.

DI Laing shakes his head. Can't.

DI LAING

I'll just get a shave.

Tania nods her understanding. They step into the landing. Its window commands a view over the dark, encroaching wood outside. And, watching those dense, gently swaying trees, DI Laing's look darkens.

DI LAING (CONT'D)

I don't want to scare you, Tania,
but...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

DI LAING (CONT'D)
until this is over, I want you to
keep all the doors locked and this
close-by.
(he hands her the rifle)
Okay?

TANIA
You are scaring me...

But she takes the rifle anyway, and in a manner that suggests
she knows how to use it.

DI LAING
Well, not without good reason.
(off her look, firm)
The doors. The gun. It's taken on
board?

TANIA
Yes, it's taken on board.

DI LAING
(reacting to her tone)
I'm sorry.

She shakes her head. It's okay. She loves that he wants to
protect them. She kisses him. Hugs him. Doesn't want to ever
let him go but knows she must.

96 **EXT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION - DAY 3**

96

Kirkhaven in the dreary morning light. NEWS CREWS and
REPORTERS outside the police station.

UNIFORMS struggling to keep them at bay -- we hear the DUTY
SERGEANT explaining there will be a press conference later.

97 **INT. KIRKHAVEN LAB - DAY 3**

97

While not the Lyell Centre, Kirkhaven lab is a marked step up
from the facilities at Crenlogue. Find NIKKI helping DR
JENKINS unload the bodies in grim silence.

Nikki catches Dr. Jenkins' stressed, anxious mood.

NIKKI
(breaking the ice)
Nice lab.

DR JENKINS
Compared to what you're used to,
I'm sure it's pretty basic.

Before Nikki can dispute that, double doors fly open and DI
LAING and DS MACNEIL steam in.

(CONTINUED)

DI LAING

Doc.

Dr. Jenkins is a little embarrassed at being so summoned in front of Nikki... but dutifully crosses over.

Stay with Nikki, busying herself with autopsy preparations while making out snatches of conversation as the three men huddle. MacNeil's loud voice carries the furthest --

DS MACNEIL

...feeling the heat... too big for us... already talking... some prick from Glasgow taking over... counting on you, Doc... gotta come through for us!

Nikki gets the gist. The case is already so big that MacNeil and Laing fear they'll be replaced. She can make out less of Dr. Jenkins' response but catches his urgent, plaintive tone.

DR JENKINS

...overwhelming... too much... even if I did... don't have the facilities...

Nikki has heard enough to form an idea. Crosses over.

NIKKI

We can help.

The three men stare at her irritably.

INT. KIRKHAVEN LAB - DAY 3

NIKKI has found a quiet corner of the lab to make her call.

NIKKI

(into phone)

Thomas?

INT. LYELL CENTRE. THOMAS'S OFFICE - DAY 3

Find THOMAS on the other end of this call.

THOMAS

(tight-lipped)

How's Scotland?

NIKKI (V.O.)

I need your help.

THOMAS

Two bodies checked in here this morning. It's rather me that needs you. Today.

NIKKI (V.O.)

I'm sorry, they'll have to wait.

THOMAS

That's not your call, Nikki.

NIKKI (V.O.)

We found seven more bodies in the forest this morning.

Thomas is silenced, taken aback by this news.

NIKKI

I want to send you four.

THOMAS

I'm sure they have more than adequate -

NIKKI

- Not in Kirkhaven, they don't.
(before he can get a word in)

Look, this man was free to keep on killing because no-one cared. I want us to see this through and I need your help to do that.

THOMAS

Alright. Forewarned is forearmed...

INT. KIRKHAVEN LAB - DAY 3

Angle on the best-preserved corpse, VICTIM B.

NIKKI (O.S.)

Of the eight bodies recovered so far, this is the best preserved and, pending identification, will be known as Victim B.

Wider. NIKKI and DR JENKINS carry out the post-mortem on Victim B, DI LAING and DS MACNEIL looking on.

DR JENKINS

Victim B is wearing a black denim jacket buttoned all the way up.

Nikki watches DR. Jenkins unbutton the black denim jacket. Revealing a large bullet wound through the chest -- this one the size of a side plate -- just a terrifyingly big wound.

(CONTINUED)

DR JENKINS (CONT'D)

And... furthermore...

Dr. Jenkins dries up. Nikki waits for him to regain his composure. But he's staring at that gaping, uncovered bullet hole. Transfixed.

NIKKI

(rescuing him)

Looks like the victim has been shot from behind at close range with an expanding bullet, then redressed. We saw the redressing signature in the Caitlin murder.

(a beat)

Dr. Jenkins?

It's a cue for Jenkins to continue. But Jenkins remains silent. Looking queasily from DS MacNeil to DI Laing. Laing looks almost as uneasy as Jenkins -- but MacNeil betrays no reaction whatsoever.

Nikki searches Jenkins' face. Intuiting.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Have you... come across these hallmarks before?

DR JENKINS

No. I think I would've remembered.

Yet still he can't meet her gaze.

DS MACNEIL

(scowling; confused and repulsed)

Chasing them... redressing them... What does it add up to?

Silence. So, looking down at the body in front of her, Nikki attempts an answer.

NIKKI

I think it adds up to a woman-hating sadist who masks his inadequacies with guns and possibly other military paraphernalia.

DS MACNEIL

Okay, but why's he doing it?

NIKKI

Power.

(off MacNeil's doubtful frown)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

NIKKI (CONT'D)

He chains them up like slaves,
hunts them like animals, then
redresses their bodies like dolls.
What're the common factors? Power.
Control. Specifically, the control
over women that eludes him in
everyday life.

DS MacNeil looks impressed despite himself. DI Laing's look
is altogether more sardonic.

DI LAING

Quite the profiler, aren't we? For
a pathologist.

It's nothing less than an open threat to her credibility.

NIKKI

I've picked things up here and
there.

(her most charming smile)
Mainly from guys like you.

DI Laing gives her a tight smile. As if humoring a child.

DI LAING

(impatient; to Dr Jenkins)
Shall we get on?

JUMP CUT -- Jenkins points to three separate areas of
reddening on Victim B's body.

DR JENKINS

There is evidence of skin
inflammation suggestive of
infection around three abrasions on
the body.

Jenkins takes samples from the infected areas.

NIKKI

Seems logical the wounds became
infected after the victim was
abducted and before she was killed.

DR JENKINS

(nods, building)
So the nature of the infection
might tell us something about where
she was held.

NIKKI

Agreed.

A look between Nikki and Dr. Jenkins. Getting on better now.
DI Laing and DS MacNeil exchange a glance. Computing that
detente without enthusiasm.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (3)

100

JUMP CUT -- Dr. Jenkins unzips the knee-high leather boot on the victim's right foot.

Go CLOSE to see a big wound to the back of the right calf. An ugly mess of long-congealed blood and white bone fragments.

DR JENKINS

Looks like she was shot in the lower right calf...

NIKKI

Bringing down a target with a maiming shot is a military technique.

Now DI Laing steps forward.

DI LAING

Yes, it is. But the fatal shot is then typically administered to the head.

NIKKI

You can't cover up a gunshot wound to the face.

DI LAING

So...?

NIKKI

So if the redressing element's important to him, it might explain the discrepancy.

(nods to the body)

A fatal shot to the chest he can work with. Zip up. Button over.

DI Laing holds her look for a moment then nods slowly. Maybe.

DR JENKINS

During transportation I noticed three of the other seven bodies bore similar injuries.

DS MACNEIL

Similar...?

DR JENKINS

All to the rear of the lower right leg.

A beat on Nikki, struck.

DR JENKINS (CONT'D)

(catching that)

Dr. Alexander?

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

Two days ago, DS Ross questioned a Niall Wallace in connection with Caitlin's murder.

DI LAING

What tied Wallace in?

NIKKI

He hand modified the bullet that killed her.

(a beat)

As a teenager, he was a suspect - and only a suspect - in the murder of his father.

DS MACNEIL

I like him already...

NIKKI

His father bled to death after being shot in the back of the leg in Macroom Forest.

DI Laing and DS MacNeil are silenced, the magnitude of this news hitting home.

101

INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. FOYER - DAY 3

101

JACK and DS ROSS make their way inside. The foyer is crowded. A raw, nervy atmosphere of crisis. The sixty-year-old walls of Kirkhaven nick have never tasted anything like it.

DS ROSS

(puffing out his cheeks as he gazes around)

Trip down memory lane coming back here...

JACK

A happy one?

DS ROSS

Overall? ...No.

They pass Sarah's partner STEVE filling out a missing persons report at the request of the stressed-looking DUTY SERGEANT:

STEVE

...I mean her phone was in her bag in the car... and the key left in the ignition...

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

DUTY SERGEANT
(distracted)
Just... put it all down, sir,
that's what the form's for.

A beat on Jack and DS Ross exchanging an anxious look --

JACK
On any other day that would've been
taken seriously.

DS ROSS
What are you thinking?

JACK
That killers can be triggered by
the threat of capture into one last
binge.

102 **INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 3**

102

Crime scene photos of Peter Wallace, that big wound in the
back of his leg. Thick streak of blood leading across the
lawn like a crimson snail trail.

Wider. NIKKI watches DS MACNEIL and DI LAING poring over the
photos.

DS MACNEIL
Same MO. Good enough for me.

He looks expectantly at DI Laing, who nods somewhat stiffly.

DS MACNEIL (CONT'D)
Let's get him in.

NIKKI
I'll need to progress with a second
post-mortem, so is there anyone you
want to deputize to attend...

DI LAING
No need. I'll attend.
(off MacNeil's frown)
You interview Wallace.

DS MACNEIL
Whatever you say.

Off Nikki, catching MacNeil's confusion and surprise.

103 **INT. WALLACE FARM. WORKSHOP - DAY 3**

103

NIALL WALLACE as blood flecks his face --

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

Wider to reveal he's skinning that deer, suspended by a hook from the ceiling. He stops. Listens. The sound of approaching sirens. He carries on with the skinning.

104 **EXT. SARAH'S FLAT. CAR PARK - DAY 3**

104

STEVE looks on as JACK examines Sarah's car - noticing the handbag on the seat, the key in the ignition...

DS ROSS bags Sarah's phone.

JACK

Got a partial muddy shoe print on the floor of the back seat. It rained last night...

Go CLOSE on that partial muddy shoe print.

DS ROSS

Assailant lies in wait... grabs her from behind...

JACK

(nods, building)
And takes her... where?

Jack moves carefully away from the car, scanning the car park. Crouches by a snapped-off windscreen wiper. DS Ross crosses over to look.

JACK (CONT'D)

Broken with force. Didn't come free at the bolt with normal wear-and-tear...

DS ROSS

He's trying to get her in the back of his car... She's grabbing at anything she can...

105 **EXT. SARAH'S FLAT. CAR PARK - NIGHT 2**

105

FLASHBACK -- As an unseen MAN tries to lift SARAH into the back of his van, Sarah scrabbles wildly with her free hand and, CRACK, rips the rear wiper clean off the back window --

106 **EXT. SARAH'S FLAT. CAR PARK - DAY 3**

106

JACK and DS ROSS cross over to STEVE who is looking on anxiously.

DS ROSS

...You haven't seen her or heard from her all night?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

No.

DS ROSS

Is it normal for her to stay out?

STEVE

(shakes his head)

What is it? Have you found something?

JACK

If it's not normal, why didn't you call the police until this morning?

Steve reacts to the sting of accusation in Jack's question. And so does DS Ross.

STEVE

Because we had a row, okay? We had a row and it was all my fault. Now what's this about?

JACK

(flatly)

We need something with Sarah's DNA. A hairbrush is ideal.

Steve stands paralyzed, blinking at Jack, equal parts guilt-ridden and horrified.

DS ROSS

Sir, if there's a chance she's been abducted we have to move fast.

STEVE

(nods blankly, then)

Something I need to tell you.

He means: that Sarah was abducted once before.

DS MACNEIL opposite NIALL and his brief SOPHIE DALGLISH as he lays out eight crime scene photos of the eight bodies found in Macroom forest -- or, more specifically, their faces.

He arranges the images in such a way that there's a photo-sized space of blank table in the middle.

And now, after an appropriate pause, DS MacNeil sets down a graphic picture of Peter Wallace marooned and dead in a pool of his own blood.

107 CONTINUED:

107

SOPHIE DALGLISH

Showing someone a graphic image of
their dead father. Congratulations,
Sergeant, that's a new low.

DS MACNEIL

Well, you know, we can't rest on
our laurels, Sophie.

DS MacNeil studies Niall a long moment.

DS MACNEIL (CONT'D)

Here's what I think, Niall...
(his hand spreads over the
images)

Those poor lasses out in Macroom
Forest would still be here now if
it wasn't for your bastard father.

Niall slowly raises his eyes to meet MacNeil's urgent gaze.

108 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY**

108

FLASHBACK -- PETER WALLACE darts clumsily from tree to tree.
Casts stricken looks behind him at some unseen pursuer.

DS MACNEIL (V.O.)

You got an even bigger thrill from
watching Dad die than you expected.

Now we see that Peter has been shot in the back of his right
leg. Soft CRUNCHING FOOTSTEPS on the dead leaves.
Terrifyingly close.

DS MACNEIL (V.O.)

It turned you on. Watching the old
man running scared. Bleeding out.
At your mercy.

Peter Wallace fights to control his breathing, backs up
against a tree. Spies the barrel of a rifle jutting out from
behind an oak twenty yards away --

109 **INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3**

109

Back with DS MACNEIL opposite NIALL and SOPHIE DALGLISH.

DS MACNEIL

It made you feel great. Powerful.
The big man at last. And like a
cold beer on a hot day, you
couldn't stop at one.

(shakes his head sadly)
With Dad gone, you needed fresh
victims, didn't you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

DS MACNEIL (CONT'D)

And with all those nasty hormones
raging through your blood they had
to be female.

Niall drops his gaze. MacNeil's eyes brighten. He's getting
somewhere. Cracks forming.

NIALL

(with a glance at Sophie)
The brief I had back then... he
told me to say I was home when Dad
was shot, getting my fishing gear
ready.

DS MACNEIL

That wasn't true?

Niall shakes his head. A beat, then:

NIALL

I was in the forest that
afternoon...

110 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST. STREAM - DAY**

110

FLASHBACK -- 16 year-old NIALL sets up his fishing rod by a
broad stream deep in the forest. Niall hears a distant
GUNSHOT. Then, much closer, a man SHOUTING.

Curious, Niall goes to the lip of the bank above the stream.
As he reaches the path beyond, he hears the SOUND OF HEAVY
TRAMPING FOOTSTEPS. So LOUD in Niall's heightened
recollection, they have the textured WHUMP of an
ELECTROCARDIOGRAM HEARTBEAT.

High angle on Niall down in the trees -- paralyzed -- craning
around frantically -- ambush is imminent but it's impossible
to determine from WHERE those GODZILLA BOOTSTEPS are
emanating - only that they're getting LOUDER --

-- a FIGURE flies by through the trees above on a hill.

Niall squints up at the towering shape of a MAN clutching a
RIFLE... so heavily backlit, he can't see his features under
a peaked cap, but he is wearing military fatigues.

Niall's frozen in shock as the man passes by into the forest.

111 **INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3**

111

Back with NIALL, SOPHIE DALGLISH and DS MACNEIL.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

DS MACNEIL
(openly sceptical)
So how old was this, er, "man in
military fatigues"?

NIALL
Mid-thirties, maybe.

DS MACNEIL
Mid-thirties. Mmm. Anything else
about him?

Niall thinks. Shakes his head.

DS MACNEIL (CONT'D)
So he knocks you down and runs off.
Then what?

A beat as Niall searches his memory.

NIALL
I remember I was... spooked. I'd
only just got to the stream but I
decided to go home.

112 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST. STREAM - DAY**

112

FLASHBACK -- NIALL is shaken from his collision with the man
in fatigues. Hurriedly packing up his things. So hurriedly he
cuts the palm of his right hand on a fish hook --

113 **EXT. WALLACE FARM. BACK GARDEN - DAY**

113

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

When he peers up he sees NIALL, 16, standing by the rope
swing. He squints down at his father, haloed by sunlight, his
expression inscrutable.

Niall looks at his right hand. It's dripping with blood as it
grips the rope.

A beat, then the back door bursts open and his mother BRIDGET
comes running out --

114 **INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3**

114

Back with DS MACNEIL opposite NIALL and SOPHIE DALGLISH.

DS MACNEIL
There were other people in the wood
that day. No word of a soldier.

(CONTINUED)

NIALL

It's not a wood, it's a forest.

DS MACNEIL

No evidence he's anything more than
a figment of your guilty
conscience...

Niall springs to his feet, his chair clattering over.

NIALL

(incensed)

I saw him, you prick. I saw him.

It's the first time we've seen Niall lose his temper. And it
isn't pretty.

SOPHIE DALGLISH

Okay, Niall. Now'd be an excellent
time to sit down and apologise to
Detective Sergeant MacNeil.

With entirely bogus magnanimity:

DS MACNEIL

Please. No need.

MacNeil's grinning. On his feet. Meeting the seething Niall's
gaze eyeball to eyeball. Niall slowly sits back down. Face
twitching with rage.

DS MACNEIL (CONT'D)

I hear they sweated you pretty hard
about your Dad. Held you to the
wire, questioned you all night?
(Niall nods impatiently)
You never mentioned a soldier.

NIALL

How many times -- my brief told me
to say I never left the house.

DS MACNEIL

Told you to lie?

NIALL

Yes.

DS MacNeil shakes his head in mock dismay.

DS MACNEIL

I'd like to meet this former brief
of yours -
(to Sophie DalGLISH)
- wouldn't you, Ms. DalGLISH?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

NIALL

Good luck. He's dead.

DS MacNeil smiles contemptuously.

DS MACNEIL

Now that is convenient.115 **INT. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY 3**

115

Angle on the bagged up hairbrush Jack just got from Steve.

Wider. JACK and DS ROSS sit listening to STEVE. We're coming in half-way. DS Ross asking the questions, Jack steely silent. Something building in Jack's eyes as Steve talks --

STEVE

...He took her to Macroom Forest
and told her to run.

DS ROSS

Bound and blindfolded?

STEVE

(nods)

She said he took the blindfold off,
started chasing her through the
trees. Firing at her.

DS ROSS

She never went to the police?

STEVE

(shakes his head)

Reading between the lines... I
think she was ashamed.

JACK

You said 'it was your fault'. Why?

STEVE

(feels Jack's stare,
judging him)

When she told me about her
stripping I was... shocked. I had
to know if that was the extent
of... you know... what she'd done.

JACK

And it wasn't?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

(shakes his head)

She'd gone with a punter. Just the once, she said.

JACK

(intuiting, impatient)

And you were less than understanding?

DS Ross slides Jack a look. Easy.

STEVE

(defensive)

Look, I told you... It was a shock, that's all...

JACK

More of a shock than the fact she was raped and almost killed?

STEVE

No, of course not...

DS ROSS

(smoothing)

Okay, Jack...

JACK

She lived with this for years, finally worked up the courage to tell you and you threw it in her face?

For a moment Steve can only blink at him. Poleaxed by that bullet-through-the-heart accusation.

STEVE

Look, I'm not proud of how I reacted, okay?

Jack stares at him. Feels the man's raw pain and guilt. And now something's building in Jack. He gets to his feet and exits before he does something he'll regret.

Awkward silence. DS Ross clears this throat.

DS ROSS

I'm truly sorry about that.

Nothing from Steve. DS Ross sees that Jack has left Sarah's bagged-up hairbrush behind. Collects it.

116

INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 3

116

Find DS ROSS gravely briefing DS MACNEIL, DI LAING and NIKKI as a UNIFORM OFFICER pins Sarah O'Keefe's enlarged driving licence photo to the incident board.

DS ROSS

...A woman went missing last night and, get this, her husband says she was abducted five years ago and taken to Macroom Forest.

DS MACNEIL

The same woman?

DS ROSS

(nods yes)

Sarah O'Keefe - we found her car outside her flat this morning, key in the ignition, phone left in her bag inside. Doesn't look good.

DI LAING

'We'?

A beat on DS Ross. My big mouth.

DS ROSS

Me and, ah, Jack Hodgson.

DS Ross waits for a tongue lashing but it never comes.

DS MACNEIL

(to Laing)

Wanna join me for round two with Niall Wallace?

A beat on DI Laing clocking the photo of Sarah on the board, then he shakes his head, urgent:

DI LAING

I'll raise a full priority search for this Sarah O'Keefe.

117

INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3

117

A photo of Sarah O'Keefe's smiling face is slammed down.

Wider. DS MACNEIL towers over NIALL. SOPHIE DALGLISH watches.

DS MACNEIL

Where is Sarah O'Keefe? What have you done with her?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

Niall and Sophie Dalglish study MacNeil. His newfound urgency is palpable.

NIALL

Who's Sarah O'Keefe?

DS MACNEIL

She's the one that got away, Niall.
Had to fix that before we came for
you, didn't you?

Niall picks up Sarah's picture.

DS MACNEIL (CONT'D)

(encouraged)

She's got a little boy. Eighteen
months. He needs his mum back.

Niall is silent for a long time. Alarming Sophie Dalglish.

SOPHIE

Niall... do you want to take a
break?

DS MACNEIL

He's just had a break.

(to Niall, firm)

Where were you last night?

Niall looks up at him blankly.

NIALL

Hunting.

(a beat, then he nods to

Sarah's picture)

I don't know this woman.

DS MACNEIL

Bullshit! Where is she?!

Niall shrinks in his seat.

DS MACNEIL (CONT'D)

(then, a soft and lethal

whisper in his ear)

Last chance, Niall. Last chance to
buy some good will. Bit of remorse
goes a long way with the judge,
right Sophie?

Sophie Dalglish gives him a look.

Silence. Niall has shut down. DS MacNeil turns away, burning
with frustration.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

Angle on DS Ross watching this through the glass -- looking askance at DI Laing who seems agitated. Laing feels Ross's sideways gaze, turns to go.

DI LAING

Need to search his farm again.

DI Laing heads out. A beat on DS Ross, then he quickly catches Laing up.

DS ROSS

Sir, my men know that farm inside out, it's our patch. I can handle the search and you can stay here, where you need to be.

DS Laing just stares at him. His face holds something both desperate and dangerous. DS Ross retreats a step. Cowed.

DI LAING

I'll decide 'where I need to be' thank you, Sergeant.

And Laing's gone. Off DS Ross, frowning after him.

118 **INT. RUINED BUILDING - DAY 3**

118

In the gloom we make out SARAH, still blindfolded, hanging suspended from the pole. She jackknives her body. Screams as the wire digs into her flesh. Jackknives again. Her scream is more muted this time. Anticipating it.

119 **INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 3**

119

DS ROSS is making his way out as NIKKI comes in.

NIKKI

When you were based down here, d'you recall any cases Dr. Jenkins worked where the re-dressing signature was present?

DS ROSS

No.

NIKKI

You sure? Because he reacted very strangely?

DS ROSS

Yes, I'm sure. Listen -

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

(over him)

- The first time I asked you why
you'd recruited me and not Dr.
Jenkins you hinted at a prior
conflict.

DS ROSS

I'm really not sure now is the best
time -

NIKKI

(like she didn't hear)

- Was the conflict recent or when
you worked down in Kirkhaven?
(stemming his protest)
- Need a straight answer here,
Jason.

DS Ross blinks at her. No wriggle room here.

DS ROSS

(low, almost a whisper)
MacNeil and Laing aren't bad cops
per se but... they like to cut
corners when cases don't stick.

NIKKI

And Jenkins goes along with that?

DS ROSS

(puffs out his cheeks)
It has been known, alright?

Nikki looks thoughtful for a moment.

DS ROSS (CONT'D)

Now I have to go. It's all hands on
deck to find Sarah O'Keefe.

(moves off, then turns
back)

And you'd better talk to Jack.
Something about this case disagrees
with him - he needs to deal with it
or go home.

Nikki is instinctively protective of Jack.

NIKKI

That's a bit harsh, not to say
ungrateful.

DS ROSS

He just balled out Sarah's partner
while he's standing there in tears.
That's harsh.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

Off Nikki, yes it is.

120 **EXT/INT. WALLACE FARM/LAING'S CAR - DAY 3**

120

DI LAING arrives in his car at the main farm gate. Finds a couple of local OFFICERS manning it. One of them is PC BATHURST who talked Niall down when he was first arrested.

DI LAING
(showing ID)
What've we got?

PC BATHURST
Searched the farm twice, sir. No sign of Ms. O'Keefe, but the cellar and some of the barns are padlocked.

DI LAING
SOCOs are on their way. They'll have the tools to breach them.
(nods to farm beyond)
Think I'll just get a sense of the lay of the land.

PC Bathhurst, a faint flicker of a frown, then:

PC BATHURST
Right you are, sir.

He stands aside and DI Laing drives onto the farm.

121 **INT. KIRKHAVEN LAB. FIRING RANGE - DAY 3**

121

Angle on a rifle discharging. KERBOOM. Deafening.

Wider. NIKKI finds JACK, ear muffs clamped over his head, test firing various rifles recovered from Niall's arsenal. Firing the bullets into a FIBRE BULLET CAPTURE SYSTEM.

Nikki just watches him a beat. Sees the action is providing a tangible release for Jack's anger, he's savouring the noise and recoil as he pulls the trigger.

Jack sees her. Plucks the ear muffs off. Before Nikki can speak:

JACK
I lifted a clear set of prints off the broken wiper and they match prints from Sarah O'Keefe's hairbrush.
(off Nikki's look)
She ripped that wiper off fighting for her life for a second time --

122 **EXT. SARAH'S FLAT. CAR PARK - NIGHT 2**

122

FLASHBACK -- SARAH scrabbles wildly with her free hand --
CRACK, she rips the rear wiper clean off the back window...

123 **INT. KIRKHAVEN LAB. FIRING RANGE - DAY 3**

123

A beat while NIKKI absorbs this, then, searching JACK's face:

NIKKI
Are you okay, Jack?

JACK
I'll be fine when we find Sarah
alive and well.

NIKKI
I hear you tore a strip off her
husband?

JACK
I went back and apologised.

Nikki decides to get right to the point.

NIKKI
What is it about this case that's
affecting you so much?

Jack stares at her in disbelief.

JACK
This man preyed on the most
vulnerable women he could find,
then hunted them like vermin. What
is there not to be affected by?

NIKKI
We've seen worse.

JACK
Not worse.

NIKKI
Okay, as bad. It's what we do.
(he dips his eyes, can't
deny it)
So? What is it?

Jack cracks a mirthless smile.

JACK
Like death and taxes...

...there's no escaping Nikki. A long beat as Jack composes
his thoughts and frames his memories:

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)

When I was sixteen I met a girl
called Katie...
(catches himself, self-
deprecating smile)
...That's how all the best stories
start, right?

Nikki returns that smile, but won't be deflected.

NIKKI

Go on.

JACK

She just turned up at our school in
the middle of term... She was
different. Wild. Funny. Didn't give
a shit about the rules...

Nikki nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

We dated for about a year, then she
got expelled for dishing out Es at
the Christmas carol service.
(off Nikki's smile)

Yeah...

(a beat)

Anyway, my parents laid down the
law.

NIKKI

No more Katie?

JACK

(nods, justifying)

I mean they'd made a lot of
sacrifices to send me to that
school...

He trails off.

NIKKI

You dumped her?

Jack is a little taken aback by Nikki's bluntness.

JACK

(nods)

Broke my heart, but, yeah, I dumped
her.

(a beat)

She couldn't get into another
school, then fell in with a really
bad crowd. Her parents kicked her
out...

(CONTINUED)

Jack breaks off, overcome.

NIKKI

What happened to her?

JACK

Died of a heart attack a week
before her nineteenth birthday...
Heroin-and-coke speedballs. Bad
batch. Killed her pimp too.

(a beat while Nikki
absorbs that detail)

They found her body in an
underpass. She'd been trying to get
warm.

For a moment Jack is possessed by that unutterably bleak
image.

JACK (CONT'D)

Didn't speak to my parents for six
months, but it was me I couldn't
forgive.

(a beat)
Still can't...

A beat on Nikki. How on earth can she comfort him?

NIKKI

(finally)

You said she was wild? Katie?

Jack nods distractedly.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Well, maybe that's just who she
was. Maybe... maybe she was just
hard-wired that way and even Jack
Hodgson couldn't keep her on
course?

Jack, the ghost of a smile, accepting this crumb of comfort.

She puts her arm around him. Hugs him.

DI LAING moves to Niall's battered Land Rover, snapping on
forensics gloves. Checks he's not being observed, then CRACK,
he snaps the rear wiper off the back window of the Land Rover
and conceals it in his own car.

Next DI Laing tries the back door of Niall's Land Rover. It
swings open. From his pocket he takes out a small transparent
baggie containing long brown hairs.

124 CONTINUED:

124

He opens the baggie, plucks out the hairs and scatters them on the filthy, worn-through carpet in the rear area of the Land Rover.

He slams the door. The deed is done. Off DI Laing -- in Hell.

125 **INT. LYELL CENTRE. CUTTING ROOM - DAY 3**

125

THOMAS carrying out the post-mortem on one of the more skeletal bodies -- VICTIM C. CLARISSA beside him.

THOMAS

Body is that of a young female.
Decomposition rates, factoring in
temperature and soil make-up,
collectively suggest the victim
died three-and-a-half to four years
ago.

JUMP CUT -- Thomas lifts out a dental bridge from the remains of her jaw.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Dental bridge. False tooth.

Clarissa takes it. Studies it.

CLARISSA

It's fashioned from flexible
acrylic material...

THOMAS

(nods, seeing it)
A temporary bridge...

CLARISSA

The kind a patient wears while a
permanent bridge is made, typically
with metal or porcelain.

THOMAS

So... our victim has a temporary
bridge installed right before she's
abducted...

CLARISSA

We're probably only talking a few
days, a week at the most.

THOMAS

But then, after that, it would seem
logical, she missed a follow-up
appointment -

(CONTINUED)

CLARISSA
- To have the permanent bridge put
in its place, yes.

THOMAS
(smiles, impressed)
I'll phone around Kirkhaven
dentists. Might give us an ID.

126 **INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR - DAY 3**

126

NIKKI speed-dials Clarissa on her phone.

NIKKI
(into phone)
Are you any closer to sourcing the
white paint chips we found in
Caitlin's hair?

127 **INT. LYELL CENTRE. FORENSIC LAB - DAY 3**

127

Close on the WHITE CHIPS in question, which CLARISSA is in
possession of.

Wider as Clarissa heads back to her desk, on her mobile.

CLARISSA
Not yet but I have a hunch why. The
paint contains Dimethylfumurate, an
anti-fungal agent now prohibited
under EU law after being linked to
respiratory failure.

NIKKI (V.O.)
(anticipating)
And so no longer on the market?

CLARISSA
Or on my database. So I'm going to
have to become something of a paint
historian to source it.

128 **EXT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION - DAY 3**

128

Outside Kirkhaven police station, the encampment of NEWS
CREWS is growing. The media have got wind of the abduction of
Sarah and, in the context of the bodies in Macroom Forest, it
makes the case the Holy Grail of 24/7 news cycles...

129 **OMITTED**

129

(CONTINUED)

SW XVII - IN A LONELY PLACE - PART TWO - AMENDMENTS 27.09.13
129 CONTINUED:

33.

129

130 **OMITTED**

130

(CONTINUED)

131 INT. LYELL CENTRE. THOMAS'S OFFICE - DAY 3

131

Find THOMAS on the phone to a Kirkhaven dentist.

THOMAS

...Dr. Caine, I'm not actually seeking dental treatment, I'm a forensic pathologist trying to identify a murder victim.

MEREDITH CAINE (V.O.)

My God.

(a beat)

Is it one of the bodies from Macroom Forest?

THOMAS

Yes, it is... I just emailed you some photos of the dental bridge we extracted from the victim's jaw.

Go close on Thomas's screen to see those photographs of the acrylic bridge.

MEREDITH CAINE (V.O.)

Give me a second.

THOMAS

Sure.

MEREDITH CAINE (V.O.)

Okay. That looks like my work, but I make two or three of those a month...

THOMAS

We believe the young woman was killed around three years ago if that helps narrow it down?

MEREDITH CAINE (V.O.)

Not really.

THOMAS

We also suspect you made her a permanent bridge that was never installed because she didn't keep the follow-up appointment.

MEREDITH CAINE (V.O.)

My God, I know who this is... You'll have to give me a minute while I check the file.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

THOMAS

Of course.

THOMAS grips the phone. Yes!

132 **EXT. MANHATTAN BAR - DAY 3**

132

NIKKI and JACK walk up to the Manhattan bar. A handwritten sign in the window says: 'Not open for business today'.

Jack knocks anyway. Gets no reply. Then, from the rear of the building they hear the CLACK of someone dropping a pallet. Nikki and Jack share a look.

133 **EXT. MANHATTAN BAR. REAR YARD - DAY 3**

133

As NIKKI and JACK pick their way down the side of the building, they make out JEROME taking out the rubbish.

Jerome has iphone plugs in and doesn't seem them approach.

JACK

Jerome.

Now Jerome sees them, pulls the plugs out of his ears.

JEROME

Hi Jack.

JACK

This is Nikki.

NIKKI

Hello.

JEROME

Listen, Jack, I'm really sorry if my mother seemed... defensive the other night.

JACK

It's fine.

JEROME

She knows you had Amy's best interests at heart when you offered to drive her home.

Jack feels Nikki's searching, sideways glance.

JACK

Don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

JEROME

She wasn't so thrilled to lose one
of her best assets though.

JACK

(panicked)

What do you mean?

JEROME

Apparently Amy took your advice and
went home to mummy.

JACK

Thank God.

Nikki's pleased for Jack.

JEROME

High horses.

JACK

What?

JEROME

You should try getting down off
them.

NIKKI

He meant thank God she's safe.

(CONTINUED)

JEROME

No, I get it. You walk in a place like this. All you see is girls getting exploited, right? But it's the guys who are the real suckers.

NIKKI

How's that?

JEROME

Because they pay through the nose, and for what? To see some girls' tits and arse. What's the girl lost? Bit of dignity maybe, but she's not even fully naked. Way I see it, the girls are in charge.

JACK

Until someone drags them into their van and rapes and murders them?

JEROME

Who says that only happens to pole dancers? I mean what about this latest girl that's gone missing?

Nikki talks over Jack's reply.

NIKKI

Sorry, we're in something of a hurry. What does the name Magda Borek mean to you?

Right then, a car pulls up and STELLA climbs out.

STELLA

I own this bar. If you have any questions, address them to me.

NIKKI

Happily. It was you we came to see.

Off Stella -- just the tiniest hairline crack in that front.

JACK and NIKKI opposite STELLA in a back booth. Stella is holding a photo of the acrylic bridge removed from Magda's jaw and, stapled to it, a copy of Meredith Caine's invoice.

STELLA

Yes, I paid for Magda's dental work.

NIKKI

Why?

STELLA

She worked here.

Jack gives a derisive snort.

JACK

And all your girls enjoy a
comprehensive health package? Come
on, Stella.

Stella looks at him sharply.

STELLA

Magda slipped and fell in the
changing area and was all for suing
me. We reached an agreement - I'd
pay for her dental bills, she'd
move on.

NIKKI

Interesting.

(off Stella's impatient
stare)

Meredith Caine, who carried out the
reconstructive work, believed it
was the result of a physical
assault.

Nikki sets down some photos we haven't seen before. Various
angles on Magda's injured jaw that Caine took in 2010.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

And looking at the photos Dr. Caine
took of Magda's jaw, so do I.

STELLA

I'm telling you, she fell. If
you're implying a punter hit her
and I covered it up, forget it. I'd
have the police here in a
heartbeat.

Jack is just staring at her. On and on.

STELLA (CONT'D)

(equal parts unnerved and
defiant)

What?

JACK

Bottom line: at least two girls who
worked for you wound up dead in
Macroom Forest. How can that be a
coincidence?

(CONTINUED)

STELLA

Well, it is and you can't prove otherwise.

JACK

That's an odd thing to say.

Jack and Stella lock eyes. Nikki decides to strike a more conciliatory tone.

NIKKI

Stella, in the days after that bridge was installed, Magda was abducted and killed.

(Stella looks at her fiercely)

So it's very important that you're honest. If somebody hit her -

STELLA

- How many times? She fell over coming off stage. She blamed the lighting and the floor tiles and was talking legal action. Maybe I'm a mug, maybe it was scare tactics, but I didn't fancy some vast compensation claim so I paid up -- and now I'm paying again.

Jack studies Stella a further beat. Under the fierce indignation something fearful lurks.

135 **EXT. WALLACE FARM - DAY 3**

135

DI Laing crosses over to DS ROSS and DR JENKINS.

DS ROSS

(respectful nod)

Sir.

DI LAING

Rossey, Doc. No sign of Sarah, but we've nailed Niall to the wall. If he knows what's good for him he'll tell us where she is.

DS Ross and Dr. Jenkins look equally surprised.

DS ROSS

Nailed him... how?

(then, quickly)

Sir?

DI Laing leads them across to Niall's Land Rover which SOCOs are processing. Laing indicates the broken-off windscreen wiper.

(CONTINUED)

DR JENKINS
(seeing it, ominous)
Broken wiper...

DI LAING
That's not all.

DI Laing nods to a SOCO who holds up a baggie containing long brown hairs.

DI LAING (CONT'D)
Hairs are a visual match with
Sarah's shoulder-length brown hair.

DI Laing shows DS Ross a copy of Sarah's driving license photo. In the photo she does indeed have shoulder-length brown hair and not the short brown bob she has now.

DR JENKINS
(impressed by hair match)
Compelling.
(a beat, faint frown)
Any sign of a Winchester .308?

DI Laing shakes his head 'no'.

DR JENKINS (CONT'D)
It's just... all the victims were
killed with one and it's pretty
much the only model of rifle Niall
Wallace doesn't own.

DI LAING
(shrugs, dismissive)
So he was smart enough not to kill
these women with a gun registered
in his name? We know he's
forensically sharp, right?

DR JENKINS
Right.

DI LAING
He's obviously got a second
location where he's keeping Sarah --
the Winchester'll be stashed there.

DS Ross watches Jenkins a beat - put in his place - but, Ross senses, not quite sold. Ross nods to the forest stretching off to the horizon. With dangerous, faintly mocking irony:

DS ROSS
Now all we've got to do is find it.

DI Laing stares at him, like he doesn't follow.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

DS ROSS (CONT'D)
That second location, I mean.

Off DI Laing, a sharp look for that.

136 **EXT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION - DAY 3**

136

An ever-growing number of LOCALS, REPORTERS and RUBBERNECKERS being held back by harassed looking UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

Above we hear the THUMP and CLATTER of a circling news helicopter.

Angle on JACK and NIKKI as they battle their way inside.

137 **INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 3**

137

The Incident Room is packed with OFFICERS. Pick out NIKKI, JACK and DS ROSS. DI LAING and DS MACNEIL have the floor.

DI LAING
...Good news is the hairs from Niall Wallace's vehicle are a DNA match with Sarah O'Keefe. Bad news is, he still isn't talking.

DS MACNEIL
It's up to us to find Sarah and we have hours to do it. If she isn't dead already, likelihood is she doesn't have access to water.

DS MacNeil pins up a CCTV screen grab of Sarah O'Keefe.

DS MACNEIL (CONT'D)
This is Sarah leaving her apartment block less than a minute before she was abducted...

The eyes of the room on that smeary ill-lit CCTV image of Sarah exiting the foyer. Spooky, haunting, fateful.

A beat on Jack -- staring at that CCTV screen grab of Sarah with an altogether more quizzical and confused expression.
Why we don't know yet.

DI LAING
We've searched every corner of the Wallace estate, so Niall must be keeping her at another location. Where? To answer that we have to scour every aspect of his life. Who does he hunt with? Do any of those people own farms...

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

Jack slips out of the briefing, he thinks unnoticed -- but DI Laing doesn't miss it.

138 **EXT. KIRKHAVEN DOCKS - DAY 3**

138

CLOSE on the CCTV screen grab of Sarah exiting her apartment building, but it's cropped and cleaned-up -- Sarah's short bobbed hair clearly discernible.

JACK (O.S.)
I had Clarissa clean up the CCTV of
Sarah leaving her flat.

Wider. Tracking around JACK, NIKKI and DS ROSS in a bleak, abandoned corner of Kirkhaven docks -- but isolation is what Jack needs given the potency of what he has to say.

JACK (CONT'D)
In Sarah's driving license photo,
she's got long hair. Some of the
hair recovered from her hairbrush
is also long.

NIKKI
(seeing it)
But on the night she was abducted,
her hair's short, almost bobbed.

JACK
Exactly.

NIKKI
You think the longer hair was taken
from Sarah's hairbrush and planted
in Niall's jeep?

JACK
(nods yes)
And my money's on Laing doing the
planting.

139 **INT. RUINED BUILDING - DAY 3**

139

Back with SARAH, suspended by her bound wrists over a pipe above her. She makes several full-body spasms, pulling down hard on the pipe. Finally it breaks free, and --

THUNK. She falls to the ground like a stone. It hurts but she doesn't care. Doesn't feel it. Clambers to her feet.

And as she does so we re-frame -- to see a large shoulder in the extreme foreground.

(CONTINUED)

Sarah is trying to remove the blindfold with her wire-bound hands. Harder than it looks, it's tied on tight. Finally she gets it off.

139 CONTINUED: (2)

139

And SCREAMS at what she sees as we REFRAME over the killer's shoulder -- he's been watching her the whole time.

140 **EXT. KIRKHAVEN DOCKS - DAY 3**

140

Back with NIKKI, JACK and DS ROSS, digesting the enormity of Laing's involvement in this...

NIKKI

Do the timings work? Did Laing have access to the evidence?

DS ROSS

Yes to both.

(off their looks)

I checked the hairbrush into the evidence locker and went straight to brief Laing about Sarah's probable abduction. I was surprised he was sitting out the interview with Niall...

NIKKI

(nods, remembering)

So was DS MacNeil. He invited Laing in twice, twice he refused...

JACK

(nods, building)

He didn't want to be trapped in an interview room....

DS ROSS

Then he went off to search Niall's farm. When I offered to assist he knocked me back...

JACK

(nods impatiently, of course)

He couldn't plant evidence and break the wiper with you breathing down his neck...

NIKKI

One question. Why's he planting evidence at all?

(no response)

Why the hell would he frame an innocent man knowing he's sentencing Sarah to death?

JACK

(finally)

No idea.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

JACK (CONT'D)

But it seems Niall Wallace is a
wronged man, for the second time.

A look between the three of them - they got it wrong.

NIKKI

(to Ross)

He needs to go home.

DS ROSS

I'll make sure of it.

NIKKI

(struck)

What if Dr. Jenkins has an inkling
about Laing?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

140

DS ROSS
(already shaking his head)
You'll never get him to break ranks
with Laing and MacNeil.

NIKKI
No. Not without leverage.

Nikki, the seed of an idea taking root.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
(to Ross)
Where's the collator's office in
Kirkhaven station?

And off the alarm in DS Ross's face we cut to --

141 **EXT. MANHATTAN BAR - DAY 3**

141

STELLA emerges as a car fishtails to a halt at the rear of
the bar. DI LAING gets out. He stares at her impatiently.

DI LAING
You said it was urgent.

142 **INT. MANHATTAN BAR. STELLA'S OFFICE - DAY 3**

142

STELLA opposite DI LAING.

STELLA
...They found Magda's dental bridge
and, Christ knows how, but they
know I paid for it.

DI Laing studies her a beat, then:

DI LAING
What happened, Stella?

An intimacy to 'Stella' that perhaps we register as odd.

STELLA
Jerome said he caught her using,
tried to confiscate the drugs but
she resisted...

DI LAING
...And he hit her in self-defence?

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

Something sad as well as openly sceptical in the way he says that.

DI LAING (CONT'D)

More likely she saw through his knight-in-shining-armour act and paid the price, don't you think?

Stella doesn't want to contemplate that and yet...

STELLA

I don't know. That's why I covered her dental bills. Because I didn't know.

She seems to be seeking reassurance. And Laing is holding her gaze... but his eyes hold nothing resembling reassurance.

STELLA (CONT'D)

What?

His look shifts meaningfully to the muted TV showing the latest news from Macroom Forest.

DI LAING

(a whisper)

God forbid, Stella, God forbid...

He lets this hang there a beat.

STELLA

(dawning horror)

What...? No...

(then, more emphatically)

Forget it.

DI LAING

(oddly gentle)

Don't tell me it hasn't crossed your mind.

STELLA

(shakes her head)

It hasn't crossed my mind. No way. I mean you've got someone, right?

DI LAING

(pointed)

We've got 'someone', yes. I made sure of that.

STELLA

What d'you mean?

DI LAING

I mean I took precautions to protect us. If Jerome did this -

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2)

142

STELLA

- He didn't!

DI LAING

(steams on remorselessly)

- If he did, and the truth comes out -

STELLA

- There's no 'if' here, Simon.
Jerome's just not capable of -

DI LAING

(under her)

- I wish I shared your confidence.

She stares at him. Stricken.

143 **EXT. MANHATTAN BAR - DAY 3**

143

DI LAING crosses to his car, mobile to his ear.

DI LAING

(into phone)

Can you swing by Jerome's flat and
see if he's home?144 **EXT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION - DAY 3**

144

DS MACNEIL is trudging out of the police station on the other
end of this call.

DS MACNEIL

Sure... What do you want me to give
him... some money?

DI LAING (V.O.)

I just want you to keep an eye.

DS MACNEIL

He in trouble?

Laing doesn't reply.

DS MACNEIL (CONT'D)

Course not, he's a good lad.

DI LAING (V.O.)

Don't spook him. It's probably
nothing.

DS MACNEIL

(doubting)

It's done.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

DI LAING (V.O.)
Thanks, Mike. I owe you.

145 **INT. KIRKHAVEN POLICE STATION. COLLATOR'S OFFICE - DAY 3** 145

A jumpy-looking DS ROSS weaves down a grotty, leaky basement corridor and through a door etched COLLATOR'S OFFICE.

Follow DS Ross into a room stuffed ceiling to floor with old school brown card case files. Where to begin?

146 **EXT. STREET - DAY 3**

146

DS MACNEIL pulls up. About to climb out when he sees JEROME crossing the street to his van. MacNeil speed-dials Laing.

(CONTINUED)

DS MACNEIL
(into phone)
He's on the move. Want me to stop
him?

A beat on Laing. Deliberating furiously.

DS MACNEIL (CONT'D)
Sir?

DI LAING (V.O.)
No. Follow him. Follow him and
speak to nobody but me. Clear?

DS MACNEIL
I'm not sure I am actually -

DI LAING (V.O.)
(exploding)
- How many times have I covered
your arse? How many times?

DS MACNEIL
Okay. Jesus, Sir. There's no need
for that.

DI LAING (V.O.)
I'm sorry. Call me when he gets
where he's going.

DS MACNEIL
Will do.

With MacNeil as he ends the call, bemused and unsettled. He
pulls out to follow Jerome's van.

147

INT. KIRKHAVEN PUB - DAY 3

147

Dark corner of a pub. DS ROSS looks on as NIKKI and JACK read
the case file that Ross smuggled out of the collator's
office. The atmosphere paranoid, heavy, urgent.

Nikki instantly grasps why Ross has alighted on this case in
one arresting photograph --

It shows 21 year-old DANIELLE FARLEY lying in a pool of
blood, fully-clothed. The wings of blood surrounding Danielle
clearly emanate from a gunshot wound under her clothes, but
there's no bullet hole to prove it.

NIKKI
Gunshot wound to the chest... No
corresponding bullet hole in her
clothes.

(CONTINUED)

DS ROSS

(nods)

She was redressed just like the
forest victims. But this happened
here in Kirkhaven six years ago.

A chilled look between them. Have they stumbled on an early
work of the Macroom Forest killer?

JACK

What was the official version of
events?

DS ROSS

Classic murder-suicide.

Go CLOSE on a photo -- young Danielle's dead face.

DS ROSS (CONT'D)

Danielle Farley, a 21-year-old
prostitute shot by her pimp, Darren
Mounsey, also found dead at the
scene from a gunshot wound to the
head.

Go close on a photo - Darren Mounsey, half his face missing.

Jack is looking at some of the close-ups of Danielle.

JACK

Not a lick of jewellery. But she's
got pierced ears and ring marks on
her fingers...

Nikki meets Jack's ominous look.

NIKKI

Trophies from his first kill..?

Certainly seems more than likely.

JACK

Prostitutes make easy prey. Smart
place to start.

DS ROSS

(pleased with himself)

Turn the page.

Nikki turns the page. Go close on the report's signatories --
DI SIMON LAING AND PATHOLOGIST DR BRIAN JENKINS.

NIKKI

I knew Jenkins had seen the
redressing before...

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (2)

147

JACK

So why did he deny it?

Nikki and Jack both look at DS Ross for illumination. But Ross shakes his head, equal parts appalled and confused.

148 **INT. KIRKHAVEN LAB. JENKINS' OFFICE - NIGHT 3**

148

NIKKI opposite a glowering DR JENKINS in his office. We're coming in halfway:

DR JENKINS

Danielle Farley's murder was solved. Her pimp Darren Mounsey -

NIKKI

(anticipating, impatient)
- Shot her before shooting himself.
I've read your report.

Now we see that Nikki has spread some of the Farley/Mounsey crime scene photos on the desk between them.

DR JENKINS

Well, there's your answer. There's no connection. There can't be.

Nikki is already shaking her head.

NIKKI

This wasn't a murder-suicide, it was a double murder and I have no doubt the Macroom Forest killer was responsible.

(searching his face,
softer)
Do you?

DR JENKINS

I've made my position perfectly clear.

NIKKI

Well, allow me to do the same.
Darren Mounsey -

- Nikki lays out photos of Darren Mounsey's bloody head.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

As you know, almost all gunshot suicides are a product of a contact shot which leaves muzzle burn or close-range shots that leave stippling and fouling - but I'm seeing neither.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

NIKKI (CONT'D)
(indicates a photo of
Darren's right hand)
Nor is there any spatter on the
right hand with which he supposedly
pulled the trigger. All this
suggests Mounsey was shot from
further away - by a third party.

DR JENKINS
(weakly)
Let's call it a professional
difference of opinion.

NIKKI
Certainly sounds better than
'willfully covering up a double
murder'.

Dr. Jenkins blinks at her. Nikki at her most calmly
formidable. We almost feel sorry for him.

Dr. Jenkins shakes his head, full of shame. Beaten.

DR JENKINS
Danielle and Darren worked as
informants for Laing and MacNeil.
MacNeil has a temper. I assumed
he'd fallen out with them, shot
them, and Laing was trying to clean
up his mess.

NIKKI
By staging a murder-suicide?
(Jenkins nods; Nikki
frowns)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2)

148

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Are you saying MacNeil wasn't at
the scene?

DR JENKINS

(nods)

Just Laing. Poor guy spent his life
clearing up after MacNeil...

149 **INT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE - DAY**

149

FLASHBACK -- The warehouse is dilapidated, crap everywhere.

As DI LAING looks on warily, a younger DR JENKINS examines
the prone body of Darren Mounsey. Beyond we glimpse
Danielle's body.

DR JENKINS (V.O.)

It was a crude effort. The gun, a
Walther P38, was placed in Darren's
open right hand, but it turned out
he was left-handed. And while
Darren's prints were on the handle,
they weren't on the trigger.

Dr. Jenkins finishes his study of Darren Mounsey. Gets to his
feet and crosses over to DI Laing.

DI LAING

(catching his unease;
preemptively)

Looks like a no-brainer to me, Doc.
(nods to Mounsey's gored
head)
Pun intended.

Dr. Jenkins doesn't smile. Watching Laing. Scenting something
beneath his habitual, laconic, seen-it-all demeanor.

DR JENKINS

(careful)

There's no way... I mean there's no
chance this was staged, is there?

DI LAING

No chance. No chance whatsoever.

Jenkins nods slowly. Can hardly miss the underlying threat in
Laing's answer.

150 **INT. KIRKHAVEN LAB. JENKINS' OFFICE - NIGHT 3**

150

Back with NIKKI opposite DR JENKINS.

NIKKI

You went along with it?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

DR JENKINS
(nods heavily)
But I appeased my conscience. I
kept the gun. It's clean. I swabbed
for DNA and prints at the time.

Reveal JACK who nods curtly, but his expression says: *we'll see about that.*

151 **OMITTED**

151

152 **EXT/INT. RUINED BUILDING - NIGHT 3**

152

A lane bisecting vast wooded countryside.

Angle on DS MACNEIL's car slowly navigating a bend. Go CLOSE on MacNeil as he peers out. In the distance he can see some low buildings and, parked outside, is Jerome's van.

JUMP CUT -- Now DS MacNeil approaches the buildings on foot. He makes a slow tour of various crumbling outbuildings to reach the front drive.

Cut inside the building -- as JEROME makes his way down a dark corridor -- opens the door at the end to reveal --

SARAH -- strung up in the dark. Jerome extends a gloved hand and pulls the tennis ball gag out of her mouth.

She SCREAMS and SCREAMS. Jerome watches her for a moment. He is perfectly still. Head tilted to one side as he looks up at her, listening to her scream like someone paying close attention to a Mozart concerto.

Angle on DS MacNeil outside -- heading towards Sarah screams. It takes a lot to scare MacNeil but he looks scared now. He fumbles for his mobile. Swears. No reception out here. Not one bar.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

With MacNeil -- hugging the walls as much as he can, edging his way around to the doorway where he can hear her screams.

MacNeil cautiously enters the dark building --

He edges forward. Sarah whimpers, mouth stuffed with the gag. He moves towards plastic sheeting hanging from the ceiling, the shape of a figure visible through it. He's almost there --

KERBOOM!

MacNeil blasted in the chest, hits the floor with a thud, dragging the plastic sheeting with him, covered in blood.

Angle on -- Sarah's gagged face in the dark as she stares in horror at MacNeil's lifeless body. All hope of a rescue dying with him.

JEROME emerges from the shadows with his gun, a satisfied smile on his lips. He approaches terrified Sarah, chillingly resting his head on her trembling shoulder.

153 **INT. KIRKHAVEN LAB - NIGHT 3**

153

JACK, wearing forensic gloves, places the Walther P38 on the table before him. He opens his kit box, then stares at the gun, ready to start dismantling it.

154 **EXT/INT. LAING'S HOUSE/OUTBUILDING - NIGHT 3**

154

Laing's secluded house. At night the surrounding forest seems malevolent. Threatening. Like rings of coiled black smoke.

Angle on -- Laing's daughter JOSIE on a treadmill. Cut wider to reveal we're in an outbuilding turned fitness area.

The courtyard outside. In darkness. Tracking steadily across it, soft crunching underfoot. Until we're peering through the lighted window at Josie. Watching her sweat...

...Reveal DI LAING as he turns away from the window, on his mobile, face etched with worry.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

DI LAING
Mike. Where the hell are you? Call
me.

DI Laing stares ominously at the phone.

155 **OMITTED**

155

156 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 4**

156

Tracking over the soaring treetops as the new day dawns.

157 **OMITTED**

157

158 **OMITTED**

158

(CONTINUED)

SW XVII - IN A LONELY PLACE - PART TWO - AMENDMENTS 27.09.13
158 CONTINUED:

54.

158

159 **OMITTED**

159

160 **OMITTED**

160

161 **INT. RUINED BUILDING - DAY 4**

161

A PHOTOGRAPH of Laing and a 14 year-old boy, both wearing military fatigues, standing in a forest.

REVERSE to reveal JEROME staring at the photo a moment. As we compute that Jerome is the 14 year-old boy in the picture. That Jerome is Laing's son.

162 **EXT. RUINED BUILDING - DAY 4**

162

Establisher of the ruined building. The entrance door bangs open and JEROME emerges. He's roughly herding SARAH, bound and blindfolded, out into the morning light.

Steers her across a scrappy, overgrown yard towards his van. As he shoves her head-first into the back of the van the camera lingers on the BROKEN OFF WIPER.

Jerome climbs in the driver's door and we PULL FOCUS to the sleek shape of the Winchester rifle propped up against the passenger seat.

163 **EXT. LAING'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

163

Laing's house in the stillness of the morning.

An engine breaks the silence. A car winding its way down the drive, intruding.

The car pulls up on the broad gravel apron. Out climb JACK, NIKKI and DS ROSS.

163A **INT. LAING'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

163A

DI LAING is having breakfast with his wife TANIA and daughter JOSIE. As one they look out of the kitchen window and see DS ROSS, JACK and NIKKI approach the front door.

DI LAING
Work. Sorry.

Hold on Laing. He knows it's not work. That it could be more personal.

164 **INT/EXT. VAN/MACROOM FOREST - DAY 4**

164

SARAH -- on the van floor as JEROME starts the engine. Trying to free her blindfold by rubbing her forehead on the floor.

With effort she cranes her neck to see the outline of Jerome's shoulder in the driver's seat. He begins to speak.

(CONTINUED)

JEROME

I knew you couldn't identify me.
That's not why I took you. I took
you because you're the only one
that ever got away.

(a smile tinged with both
regret and pride)

The only one.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: (2)

164

Sarah -- her eyes travel to the catch on the van door. Impossible to know if it's locked or not. It's got to be worth a shot. She slips her toes under the handle --

Slides the side door open with her foot. The forest races by outside. She builds up the courage and rolls out of the moving van, hitting the road.

Jerome checks his wing mirror -- seeing her escape -- braking hard. He leaps out and races after her, rifle in hand.

Sarah has a good head start, but it's slow going with her bound hands. KERBOOM. The rifle explodes behind her.

Her head twisted round to gauge Jerome's progress, Sarah continues her frantic escape.

165 **INT. LAING'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

165

JACK and NIKKI are seated side by side on a sofa. They both notice a nest of framed photographs of the Laing family, a family of three.

DS ROSS stares at DI LAING, clears his throat respectfully, then:

DS ROSS

Sir, we've made a link between the Macroom Forest bodies and a double shooting in Kirkhaven back in 2009.

DI LAING

(finally, neutrally)

A link?

NIKKI

The redressing signature is present, as is the removal of the victim's jewellery.

JACK

We've also recovered the gun used in the 2009 shooting. It bears traces of male DNA.

DS ROSS

(sealing it)

Male DNA that is a very close match to your own.

JACK

A brother. Or a son...

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

All eyes on DI Laing. He is perfectly still and silent.

Nikki's mobile rings. Go CLOSE on Nikki's phone as Clarissa pops up on caller display. She steps out to answer.

166 OMITTED

166

167 OMITTED

167

168 INT. LYELL CENTRE. FORENSIC LAB - DAY 4

168

CLARISSA on her mobile --

CLARISSA

I can shed more light on the paint flakes from Caitlin's hair. There's an unusual anti-bacterial chemical coagulant, which makes it likely the paint's from a meat packaging plant, an indoor fish-farm or an abattoir.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Okay, that helps...

CLARISSA

My bet is an abattoir or dairy farm building because I also found cow hairs adhered to some of the victims' clothing...

(a beat)

I've also lifted a print from the material used to blindfold Magda Borek. A rubberised fabric to black out windows, theatre -

NIKKI (V.O.)

(impatient)

- Do you have a match?

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

CLARISSA

Yes. A Maxine Clay, arrested for soliciting and resisting arrest all the way back in 1987, aged nineteen.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Maxine Clay...

The name means nothing to her.

CLARISSA

I've just emailed you her a mugshot if that helps.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Thanks, Clarissa.

169 **OMITTED**

169

170 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 4**

170

SARAH continues her frantic escape through the forest. JEROME is gaining on her. He aims and fires his gun on the run. Narrowly misses. But the sound makes Sarah slow to a stop, now resigned to her fate.

Jerome approaches her and stops a short distance away. SNAP. She looks up to see him snapping his rifle shut. A cocky grin on his lips.

JEROME

Run.

SARAH

Screw you!

She won't give him the pleasure. Jerome points the rifle at her. She turns and throws herself off a cliff.

Off Jerome, furious -- denied and outsmarted -- unloading the rifle into thin air.

He peers over the cliff edge. Sarah's body is dragged away by the wild rapids of the river below.

171 **INT. LAING'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

171

NIKKI enters after her call. JACK and DS ROSS intuit she's learned something significant. She turns to DI LAING, shows him the mugshot of Maxine Clay that Clarissa sent on her phone -- we see it is in fact a very young Stella Nelson.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI
Who is Stella Nelson, born Maxine
Clay, to you?

171 CONTINUED: (2)

171

DI Laing can't but realise that it's over. He looks up at Nikki and finally answers her question.

DI LAING
Stella Nelson is the mother of my
son. My son...

172 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY 4**

172

JEROME is alone in the forest wilderness.

DI LAING (V.O.)
...My son is a troubled soul.

Jerome bellows at the heavens -- raging, cursing, twisting, bending. Frightening. Just giving himself up to all the anger and frustration and poison inside him.

173 **INT. LAING'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

173

JACK has heard enough.

JACK
Where is Sarah O'Keefe? Where has
he taken her?

DI Laing shakes his head.

DI LAING
If I knew, I would tell you.

Jack charges at Laing and belts him in the face. The violence shocks everybody. Including Jack. No-one moves.

DI LAING (CONT'D)
If anyone can make him talk it's
me.
(a beat, shakes his head
in wonder)
God knows why, but he worships me.
Worships me and blames his poor mum
in equal measure...

174 **INT/EXT. VAN/MACROOM FOREST - DAY 4**

174

JEROME drives. Flooring it. Murder in his eyes.

175 **INT. LAING'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

175

NIKKI fixes DI LAING with a look.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

Has Jerome ever worked at an
abattoir or dairy farm?

Laing shakes his head. But then something comes to him.

DI LAING

Stella's brother used to work at
Youngs' dairy farm.

DS ROSS

Out on the B20?

DI Laing nods yes.

JACK

Did Jerome ever go there?

DI LAING

I'm sure he did, but it closed down
years ago.

And with that Jack is out the door. A moment, then the front
door bangs shut after him, the screech of tires on gravel.

DI LAING (CONT'D)

You can't run from DNA. Stella
proved Jerome was mine.

NIKKI

Her silence had a price...?

DI LAING

(nods)

The Manhattan bar. The down payment
anyway.

(a beat)

By the time I saw Jerome again I
was married with a daughter but no
son...

DS ROSS

(intuiting)

You reconnected?

DI LAING

(nods yes)

It was an insane risk, I knew it
was, but... he was mine, my flesh
and blood. I started taking him
hunting...

176 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY**

176

FLASHBACK -- DI LAING and 14 year-old JEROME out in Macroom Forest, Laing showing him how to line up a shot as an unsuspecting deer idles in a clearing.

DI LAING
If you're not sure you can kill it
outright, maim it first...

Teenage Jerome nods, taking that on board. Staring at his father with undiluted admiration and devotion.

DI LAING (V.O.)
It was a mistake. The more he saw
of me, the more he resented that he
hadn't been raised by me - blamed
his mum and what she'd been.

177 **INT. LAING'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

177

Back with DI LAING explaining.

DI LAING
He was just full of hate. I mean
consumed by it, running his mum
down every other minute. One day
I'd had enough, plus my wife had
fallen pregnant so I knocked it on
the head...

NIKKI
The hunting trips?
(Laing nods)
Did you tell Jerome about the
pregnancy?

DI LAING
(nods)
Big mistake. He was devastated.
Guilt-mongered me into taking him
out one more time...

178 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - DAY**

178

FLASHBACK -- DI LAING and 14 year-old JEROME stalking a deer.

Jerome's position commands a view down a slope to where PETER WALLACE can be seen clearing scrub from the forest floor in the distance.

Jerome -- a diabolical idea twitching to life in his eyes.
Laing doesn't see Jerome slowly edge away from him...

A beat on NIALL fishing by the stream -- hearing a GUNSHOT.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

A beat on Jerome -- watching, fascinated, as Peter Wallace stumbles through the trees, blood leaking from his leg.

A beat on Laing -- racing through the trees, searching for Jerome. Tearing along a rutted path abutting a stream -- WHAM -- suddenly 16 year-old Niall lies sprawled in his path.

179 **INT. LAING HOUSE - DAY 4**

179

Back with DI LAING.

DI LAING

He told me Peter Wallace was an accident and I wanted to believe him...

NIKKI

No, it suited you to believe him. Turning him in would've meant your wife finding out. But now Jerome had you over a barrel. He could call you any time he got into trouble...

180 **INT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE - DAY**

180

FLASHBACK - Danielle, blindfolded, walks to the centre of a derelict warehouse. She smiles, thinking this is some sort of sex game.

Close on JEROME telling her to remove her blindfold. She does so and turns to him. Her face fills with horror. He's aiming a gun at her and tells her to run.

She sprints to the far end of the building, desperate to escape. But Jerome shoots her in the back.

Danielle dead on the floor, a bullet wound in her chest which disappears from view as 18 year-old JEROME excitedly buttons up her jacket to cover the wound.

Then, behind, the door opens and DARREN enters. Stares at Jerome, aghast. Jerome fumbles for the gun. Darren is about to turn and flee. Can't have that. BLAM.

181 **INT. LAING'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

181

Back with DI LAING, NIKKI and ROSS.

DI LAING

I thought Danielle was a one-off. Tried to keep an eye on him after that -- I had no idea he'd gone on to kill other girls, I swear.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

But that's not cutting any ice with NIKKI at this point -- or
DS Ross.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: (2)

181

DS ROSS

You need to make this right, sir.
As much as you ever can...

Off Laing, for all his turmoil looking at DS Ross with a new respect.

182 **INT/EXT. RUINED BUILDING/MACROOM FOREST - DAY 4**

182

A frantic JACK leading the search with UNIFORM POLICE. Sees that rusted white-painted pipe where Jerome strung the girls up. But no Sarah.

Jack turns, arrested by the sight. The heavy bulk of DS MACNEIL's corpse in the shadows.

Jack heads over with Uniform Officers, a tense silence engulfing them at the loss of one of their own.

Jack takes in the bloody bullet wound to his chest, consumed by his fear for Sarah's safety --

Then a ringing mobile pierces the silence. Jack turns to see a uniform officer taking the call. Their eyes lock. Jack knows there's been a development on finding Sarah...

182A **EXT/INT. FOREST ROAD/POLICE CAR - DAY 4**

182A

A police car cruises along a forest road. JACK and a driving POLICE OFFICER scanning the area for Sarah.

As the car approaches a bridge, Jack turns and spots SARAH's body in the distance...

Jack -- no, no, no -- before he knows what he's doing he's racing away from the police car, tearing down the chalk face of the escarpment. Almost losing his footing as the gradient steepens, clutching on to sharp gorse bushes for dear life as dislodged boulders rain past him. But he doesn't care. He just wants to get to Sarah. She mustn't be dead. She mustn't, she mustn't...

Jack rolls Sarah on her back, checks for a pulse. Suddenly her head turns. Eyes watering. The valley swimming around her, everything coming back into focus.

JACK

You okay?

Sarah peers up at him, takes a moment to think about this question.

SARAH

Yeah... I think so.

(CONTINUED)

182A CONTINUED:

182A

A quietly triumphant moment for Jack.

183 **INT. MANHATTAN BAR - DAY 4**

183

CLOSE ON FINGERTIPS whitening as black material is RIPPED away. Wider to find STELLA up a ladder, replacing a piece of worn blacking that's peeled away from the window. She discards the old material into a bin by the ladder.

JEROME enters with his rifle. Shaken and angry from losing Sarah in the woods. Dumps the rifle when he sees his mother up the ladder.

JEROME

Get down.

Stella isn't used to him talking this brusquely.

(CONTINUED)

STELLA

What?

JEROME

Get down, I need to talk to you.

Stella warily climbs down the ladder. Jerome strides over. Grabs her hands and starts pulling off her rings and bracelets. Hard. Grazing her knuckles. Stella recoils.

STELLA

What's the hell are you doing?!

JEROME

That stuff's gonna get us in a lot of trouble. I had no business giving it to you.

STELLA

Why?

(penny drops)
Did you steal it?

JEROME

You could say that...

He smiles, as if at some private joke. Stella is incensed. Slaps him hard across the face.

STELLA

You worthless piece of shit!

Jerome rubs his stinging cheek. Rubs it harder and harder. Snaps. He grabs the rifle and trains it on her --

JEROME

Who are you to insult anyone?
Seriously, look at yourself.

He grabs her by the hair with his free hand and shoves her towards a mirror.

JEROME (CONT'D)

What d'you think people see? A businesswoman? A boss? A proud single mum.

(shakes head)
They see a whore. An ugly, withered whore.

(savage, finally)
So what does that make me?

Stella blinks at him. Sees the rage in his eyes. Sees what's been lurking beneath the surface all this time -- a Jerome she doesn't, or doesn't want to, recognise.

(CONTINUED)

JEROME (CONT'D)

I feel bad.

(a strangely mild,
distracted tone)

Took it out on all those girls when
I just wanted to hurt you.

STELLA

(dumbly repeating)

Hurt me...?

(shakes her head, utterly
confused)

Why?

And in this moment, looking into those cold-but-furious eyes,
she knows. A soft moans escapes her...

STELLA (CONT'D)

...He's right... Oh my God...

She's backing away. Almost gagging. Doesn't want it to be
true. Jerome suddenly senses that, despite the gun, that he's
losing control.

JEROME

Mum?

STELLA

Get away from me.

JEROME

"Right?" Who's "right", Mum?

(she can't speak)

Someone been pouring poison in your
ear? Who's right?

Right then, DI LAING enters the room. Alone.

DI LAING

Jerome. Put it down. If anyone
deserves your anger, it's me.

Jerome just stares at his father. Paralyzed. Almost swooning.

DI LAING (CONT'D)

If you do the right thing I'll
always be there for you. I'll be
the dad you always wanted.
Deserved.

NIKKI and DS ROSS now watch from the entrance.

JEROME

You mean that?

DI LAING

I do.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED: (3)

183

Finally, the stricken, moved Jerome puts the rifle down and Laing steps forward to embrace him as Stella runs for cover.

DS Ross -- watching the scene intently, noticing Laing hasn't secured the rifle yet. Because he isn't finished with it...

Laing swings the rifle wide and steps back in the same fluid motion. A look of total heartbreak in Jerome's eyes as he sees what his father means to do --

DS Ross -- running -- sliding -- scissor kicking his legs wide as his backside hits the floor and --

WHAM. Ross's legs clamp around Laing's ankles, bringing him down HARD as -- KERBOOM -- the rifle discharges into the ceiling, throwing plaster.

In a heartbeat, DS Ross has got the gun out of DI Laing's grip. And it's over.

DS Ross grabs Jerome. A strange look between Stella and Laing -- between them they created this monster -- then Nikki escorts Stella out.

184 **EXT. MANHATTAN BAR - DAY 4**

184

Brief silent montage as JACK carries out an evidence box from the bar. As he places it in the open trunk of the car we go CLOSE to see jewellery belonging to the dead girls -- Jerome's trophies. Purses and bus passes, etc...

NIKKI (O.S.)
Any luck ID'ing Caitlin?

Jack starts. Looks over to see NIKKI.

JACK
(shakes his head 'no')
Look like she'll just be Caitlin
forever...

From his pocket Jack hands Nikki that picture of Caitlin with her daughter that was pinned up in her locker.

JACK (CONT'D)
(emotional)
Her daughter will never know that
she didn't just abandon her, that
she couldn't come home...

Jack can't continue. Too upset. Off Nikki, feeling for him.

185 **EXT. WALLACE FARM. BACK GARDEN - DAY 4**

185

Find NIALl WALLACE sitting on the rope swing on his lawn. His mother BRIDGET approaches. A sad smile between them. They can finally rebuild their lives.

186 **EXT. MACROOM FOREST - NIGHT 4**

186

High angle on Macroom Forest as the night fog closes in. A cry in the night -- human or animal we can't tell --

CUT TO BLACK.

END CREDITS

THE END