

THE KEYS TO THE STREET

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BLACK SCREEN. Accompanied by a RHYTHMIC ORGANIC PULSE.

FADE IN:

On a MICROSCOPIC VIEW of a blood stream. Translucent artery walls. Channels branching off from one another. Cells SURGE forward then CREEP back in a regular hypnotic rhythm.

The PULSING SOUND continues over -

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - MORNING

Early sunshine. The paths and walkways form another circulatory system - for joggers, cyclists, dog owners.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

A SERIES OF EXTREME CLOSE-UPS pulse past. HUMAN SKIN wiped by a cotton swab. Latex-covered HANDS. A large SYRINGE and a gleaming large-bore NEEDLE with an oblique SERRATED EDGE.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - MORNING

Tracking along a row of SHARP IRON RAILINGS at the edge of the park. White highlights FLASH off the glossy black SPIKES.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The tip of the serrated needle is placed against the skin of a WOMAN'S hip.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - MORNING

Tracking along the railings, then looking through them to where BEAN - a professional dog walker - marches along behind his formation of four purebreds.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - LATER

The dogs lead Bean across a canal bridge. TILT DOWN to the darkness beneath, where a STREET ADDICT tightens a cord around his lower leg.

The HEARTBEAT becomes FASTER and LOUDER as we PULSE between -

The first needle PENETRATING the woman's skin.

The second needle ENTERING a bulging vein in the addict's grimy ankle.

The first needle STOPPING as it hits bone; jumping forward as force is applied and bone is breached with an AUDIBLE CRACK.

A delicate RIBBON OF BLOOD joining the murky fluid in the addict's syringe.

The first syringe filling with FOAMY BLOOD.

The addict's fix EMPTYING INTO HIS VEIN.

Then the face of MARY, the donor, anaesthetised on the operating table.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - MORNING

Tracking along the railings as before. The PULSING sound is reaching a CLIMAX. We stop.

A MAN'S BODY is suspended from the railings. His clothes are dirty and worn, filthy shoes hanging a few inches from the pavement. His mouth has been gagged with a purple silk scarf. A spike has entered the base of his skull at the back of the neck.

FADE OUT.

INT. BLACK CAB (TRAVELLING) - DAY

Close on MARY - around 26, dark hair, pale skin. She is lost in thought.

CAB DRIVER (O.S.)
They found another one.

Mary blinks, turns.

MARY
Excuse me?

CAB DRIVER
Another body.

He nods to the side of the road. Mary looks.

A fleeting view of the scene as we pass - the railings, an ambulance, police vehicles, OFFICERS in white overalls.

Mary turns away.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PARK - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the CAB FADES. The BODY is wheeled towards the ambulance on a covered stretcher. A middle-aged DETECTIVE (MARNOCK) turns away, talking into a phone.

We look beyond the railings, into the park. Bean's dogs stand waiting as he picks shit up in a plastic bag. He straightens, eyes on the crime scene as he expertly knots the bag.

He turns and walks on. He's in his 60s, short and a bit overweight, his military bearing at odds with his attire - over-tight jeans and a T-shirt picturing a herd of elephants.

EXT. TERRACE FACING REGENT'S PARK - LATER

The houses are huge and painted wedding-cake white. Mary stands on the pavement, two suitcases at her side, as the cab pulls away. She stares up at the house in front of her.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mary hauls her suitcases inside and closes the door. Sudden QUIET. She steps forward and turns in a slow circle, oil paintings and polished oak everywhere she looks.

She turns back towards the door.

FLASHBACK: INT. ALISTAIR'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Mary's SUITCASES in another hallway. Sunshine through a glass-panelled front door, which OPENS NOISILY.

ALISTAIR strides in looking harassed. He's around 30, big and handsome and wearing an expensive suit. He grabs a wallet from a side table and looks at his watch.

ALISTAIR
(under his breath)
Shit shit shit.

He's about to rush straight out again when he sees the suitcases and stops dead. He looks up.

Mary stands, frozen, halfway up the stairs.

Alistair stares up at her, eyes wide with shock and anger.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Mary turns and walks down the hall.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A large vase of FLOWERS sits on the kitchen table. Lying to one side is an old-fashioned KEY.

Mary turns from the table. There's a HANDWRITTEN LIST on the door of the fridge with the heading "Reminders for Mary".

Mary takes the list from the door. She looks but doesn't read, her mind still somewhere else.

FLASHBACK: INT. ALISTAIR'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Alistair shakes his head, struggling to understand.

ALISTAIR
Where will you go?

Mary is sitting on the stairs. She looks small and scared.

MARY
I'm house-sitting. Near the park.

ALISTAIR
(over, loud)
House sitting? Who the fuck for?

His face is twisted in anger. The sudden switch of mood makes Mary flinch.

MARY
Friends of Frederica's.

ALISTAIR
(bitter laugh)
Of course. Friends of Granny's.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The room is large, old-fashioned and magazine-perfect. Mary is standing at the table, still holding the list. She picks up the KEY.

FLASHBACK: INT. ALISTAIR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mary has a phone to her ear. As she speaks, she glances anxiously back towards the hall.

MARY
Number five... Can you tell me how long..? OK. Thank you.

She rings off and drops the phone into her handbag, which lies open on the kitchen table.

Alistair enters the room behind her.

ALISTAIR
(quiet)
Mary, please.

She doesn't turn. She takes a deep breath, trying to be strong. Alistair glances away and sees something -

An ENVELOPE inside Mary's handbag, its distinctive MUSHROOM-SHAPED LOGO just visible. Alistair pulls it out. The envelope has already been opened.

ALISTAIR
What's this?

Mary turns. Her eyes widen in alarm.

MARY
It's nothing. Just another update.

ALISTAIR
(dry, unkind)
He's still alive, then?

He tosses the envelope onto the table. Mary steps forward and grabs it, folding it quickly into a pocket.

ALISTAIR
That's when all this started. We were happy until then.

MARY
Were we? I still don't understand why it mattered so much.

ALISTAIR
(shout, over)
IT MATTERED...

As he says it, he BANGS a FIST down hard onto the table.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)
...because you went behind my back.
(pause)
I was trying to protect you. To stop you damaging yourself for some sickly nobody who was probably going to die anyway.

MARY
Alistair please, not again.

She sounds at once weary and afraid. Alistair pauses, breathing hard.

ALISTAIR
I had a right to be angry.
(steadily more upset)
I get angry because I love you. You have no fucking idea how much I love you. That's why it happens.
(sobbing, wretched)
(MORE)

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)
I've tried. And I've said I'm
sorry.
(hands to head, crazed)
I'msorryI'msorryI'msorryI'msorry.
(screams it)
I'M SORRY!

Mary jumps as he SHATTERS a cupboard door with a KICK.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Mary crosses the hall and stops at the bottom of the stairs.
She looks up -

The stairs spiral upwards into dusty sunlight.

FLASHBACK: INT. ALISTAIR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Exhausted silence. Mary is looking out into the back garden.
Alistair is sitting at the table, lost.

There's the TOOT-TOOT of Mary's CAB from the street.

INT. ALISTAIR'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mary opens the front door, then heads back for her cases.
Suddenly Alistair is striding past her, SLAMMING the door
shut. He turns and faces her.

ALISTAIR
You're staying.

Mary shakes her head. She's close to tears.

MARY
No. Please. We've tried. We've been
trying for three years.

He just stares, a new menace in his expression. He steps
forward. She backs away, afraid. But then a SCRAPE OF FEET on
the doorstep stops them both -

There's a figure behind the glass. He tries to look through,
then KNOCKS.

CAB DRIVER
(unsure)
Taxi's here. Need any help?

Mary and Alistair's eyes meet - he no longer looks quite as
brave.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Mary stands among shadows and looks around the room - SHUTTERS over the windows, ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

Then she takes the ENVELOPE from her pocket. We see the LOGO and the words "Harvest Trust". She slides a LETTER from the envelope and unfolds it. As she re-reads it, she smiles.

A SOUND from the hall makes her look up in alarm - the SCRATCH of a KEY in the front door.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Bean comes through with a SMALL DOG on a lead - an ugly little ornament of a shi tzu. He shuts the door, re-attaches a large BUNCH OF KEYS to the belt loop of his jeans and crouches to unclip the dog.

Mary steps hesitantly in from the drawing room. There's relief as she realises who it is.

The dog gives a BARK. Bean straightens. He is sweaty and a bit breathless. He looks Mary up and down without smiling.

MARY

You must be the dog-walker.

BEAN

Looks like it, doesn't it? You must be the house-sitter.

He makes it sound somewhat squalid. Mary steps forward.

MARY

Yes, Mary. It's Mr...

BEAN

(over)

Just Bean, if you don't mind.

Mary nods, stifling a smile. Up close, Bean looks even odder - BAD SKIN and too much CONCEALER. An awkward pause. Mary crouches, feigning interest in the dog.

MARY

Hello.

It watches her, unimpressed.

MARY

What's it called?

BEAN
She... is called Gushi.

Mary can't help a frown at the name. She isn't a dog lover.

MARY
Hello Gushi. You're very... fluffy.

BEAN
She's a shi tzu.

MARY
Right.

BEAN
She gets forty minutes twice a day.
Ten past nine and ten past four. If
you take her out it's as-well-as,
not instead-of, if you get my
meaning.

MARY
Of course...

BEAN
(over)
And I don't do Sundays.

He turns and opens the front door. A BARK goes up from where
three other dogs are tied to the gatepost.

MARY
I won't be here later. I'll be at
work.

BEAN
(looks back, pauses)
I'm sure we'll manage.

He leaves, pulling the door LOUDLY SHUT. Mary stares after
him a moment, then looks down at the dog.

MARY
He seems nice.

EXT. OUTSIDE PRIVATE GARDENS/PRIVATE GARDENS - DAY

The KEY from the kitchen goes into the lock on an iron gate.
A SIGN reads "Key-Holders Only".

Mary smiles as she pushes the gate open and steps through.
She gazes around. There's TRAFFIC NOISE in the background,
but the gardens are an oasis of leafy seclusion.

EXT. PRIVATE GARDENS/NURSEMAID'S PASSAGE - LATER

Mary comes down the curving path towards the passage.

She walks away from us along the passage, TRAFFIC RUMBLING overhead.

EXT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - DAY

A large house with a discreet BRASS PLAQUE by the door which reads: "Irene Adler Museum".

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Mary stands by the fireplace, addressing an AMERICAN COUPLE and a British family comprising a FATHER and TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS.

MARY

Irene was already famed for her beauty and character when, in 1883, she caught the eye of the Crown Prince of Bohemia.

The American man points towards the mantelpiece with an excited smile.

AMERICAN MAN

And this is where she hid the photograph?

This steals Mary's punch-line but she doesn't object. Smiling, she opens a SLIDING PANEL next to the fireplace to reveal a hidden compartment and a FADED BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of a beautiful woman in Victorian evening dress.

The American couple are delighted and move in for a look.

The British family stay back, the father looking troubled. He motions Mary towards him.

FATHER

I'm sorry, we missed the beginning. Irene Adler...

MARY

The nineteenth century adventuress who outsmarted the greatest detective of all time.

FATHER

Right...

MARY

(addressing the girls)

Holmes disguised himself as a clergyman and tricked his way into Irene's house looking for the photograph. But she saw through his disguise and escaped.

FATHER

I'm sorry. Did you say "Holmes"? As in Sherlock Holmes?

MARY

Yes. Irene was the only woman he ever admired. He may even have loved her.

FATHER

(beat)

But he wasn't real.

MARY

No.

FATHER

So this Irene wasn't real either.

MARY

She's a character in the story A Scandal in Bohemia.

FATHER

This isn't really her house.

MARY

It's the kind of house she would have lived in.

FATHER

(pauses, blank-faced)

We paid fifteen pound fifty for this.

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - GIFT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

On the TILL as the drawer slides open. Mary takes out fifteen pounds fifty and hands it to the father with a smile.

ROMAN, a neatly-dressed man of around 50, is across the room tidying a display of key rings and fridge magnets. He watches the man leave, then turns to Mary.

ROMAN

You're going to ruin me.

MARY

(sighs)

We need a sign Roman. Some kind of disclaimer. For those who lack your sense of irony.

ROMAN

Nah, fuck 'em.

Mary laughs.

ROMAN

How's the new place?

MARY

Enormous.

ROMAN

And how are you?

It's a real question and Mary looks up.

MARY

OK, I think.

(pause, smiling)

I've got something to show you actually.

She pulls her handbag from beneath the desk and pulls out the Harvest Trust LETTER. She hands it to him.

MARY

It's from the Trust. They've given me his name.

Roman's is wide-eyed as he reads the letter.

ROMAN

Leo Nash. Nice name. And his address...

(looks up at her)

Are you going to write to him?

Mary just grins. Roman's mouth falls open.

ROMAN

You already have!

(laughs)

Oh my God!

EXT. PRIVATE GARDENS/OUTSIDE PRIVATE GARDENS - EVENING

Mary emerges from the nursemaid's passage and climbs the curving path.

She walks through the gardens in the soft evening light. She looks happy. Then she sees something.

MARY'S POV - through the bushes and the railings to where a SHUFFLING FIGURE is moving along the pavement.

Mary slows. The figure is heading towards the gate, his path set to intersect with hers. We hear a faint TINKLING SOUND.

Mary walks on, curious. The TINKLING grows a little louder. For a moment, the figure is obscured by thicker bushes. Then they're suddenly FACE-TO-FACE through the gate and the man - a street-sleeper called PHARAOH - reels back in fright.

Mary stares.

Every inch of Pharaoh's JACKET and HAT are covered in KEYS - every kind of key, sewn to the fabric in overlapping rows like the scales of a fish. Kind eyes stare out of a dirt-streaked face.

MARY

I'm sorry.

He gives a nod and walks on. Mary unlocks the gate and steps onto the pavement. She watches Pharaoh leave, listening to the TINKLE of a thousand keys.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - LATER

Gushi SKIDS across the hall, YAPPING with pleasure, as Mary comes through the front door.

INT. STAIRWAY - LATER

Gushi trots up the stairs, passing Mary who is hauling a suitcase.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Mary drags the case into the doorway and stops.

MARY

Really?

Gushi is lying on the bed. She looks at Mary with a hopeful wag of the tail.

Mary leaves the case and steps towards the window and its view of the gardens and the park.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE PARK - NIGHTFALL

The street addict we saw under the bridge strides along past spiked railings. His name is HOB. He is tall and for a man of his habits looks surprisingly strong. And while his clothes are dirty and worn, there's the hint of a different world in the long coat and the sturdy shoes.

He stops at a corner. Traffic passes, headlights on his face. He needs a fix - feverish, twitchy, mean.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - NIGHTFALL

Pharaoh sits on a bench in the gathering gloom. He is very still. He sees something.

A police car is patrolling the empty park, gliding quietly across the grass.

Pharaoh watches. There are trees behind him. He gets up and disappears into the shadows.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - FOUNTAIN - NIGHTFALL

WATER SPRINKLES prettily into the unwatched fountain, then stops - a few DRIPS, followed by SILENCE.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary sits at the table, lost in thought, an empty plate in front of her. She looks small in the big, shadowy room.

There's a sudden RINGING from where her PHONE lies on the table. A smiling photograph tells her it's Alistair.

She lets it ring several times, unsure what to do. Then she rejects the call and SLIDES the phone sharply away across the table. She stays sitting there, very still.

FLASHBACK: INT. ALISTAIR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alistair and Mary are in bed, kissing. Alistair moves on top of her. His HAND squeezes her THIGH then slides up beneath her nightdress. It STOPS.

Mary's eyes widen in alarm. Alistair pulls the nightdress higher to reveal a small STICKING PLASTER on Mary's hip.

ALISTAIR

(hard)

What's this?

MARY

Nothing...

On the PLASTER as Alistair RIPS it off. We see a SMALL BRUISE and a PUNCTURE MARK.

Alistair looks at Mary, seething with anger.

ALISTAIR
You did it, didn't you? You fucking
did it.

He pulls his hand back and swings.

BACK TO PRESENT: INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MARY, flinching slightly as she remembers the blow.

She gets up and goes to the window, looking out into the darkness. A pause, then a CAMERA FLASH.

Mary recoils, blinking, then steps slowly back to the window.

HER POV as she looks up and down the street. Nothing moving - just shadows and parked cars.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

ON THE FRONT DOOR as Mary walks up to it and attaches the HEAVY CHAIN, then turns and walks away.

FADE TO:

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - MORNING

ON THE FRONT DOOR as an ENVELOPE slides through the slot and LANDS on the mat.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - LATER

Mary stands by the door holding the ENVELOPE - no stamp, just the words "Mary Jago".

She tears it open. As she unfolds the note inside, something falls out. She bends and picks it up -

A small PHOTOGRAPH - the smiling face of a man in his late 20s. The picture has been cut from a larger photograph - there's someone's arm around the man's shoulder.

Mary looks back to the NOTE. It's brief. We glimpse a few words: "Dear Mary, thank you for your letter... This afternoon... The cafe by the boating lake..."

EXT. FREDERICA'S FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Mary walks along the path towards a Georgian villa - large but welcoming, with wisteria climbing the front wall.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

An ELDERLY HAND holds the PHOTOGRAPH.

FREDERICA
He's got a nice smile.

She hands the photograph back, watching fondly as Mary stares again at the picture.

Frederica is in her 80s. They're sitting surrounded by her books and souvenirs of her travels. An open door looks out onto a large and tangled back garden.

MARY
I can't believe it. All this time
he was just down the road.

FREDERICA
In Somers Town.

MARY
Gran!

FREDERICA
(laughs)
I'm joking. I'm sure he's very
nice. Just don't expect too much.
People don't always enjoy feeling
grateful.

MARY
I know. I just want to see him. See
how he is.

But it's clear to Frederica how excited she is. We see a flicker of concern.

FREDERICA
I wish you hadn't given him your
address.

MARY
(shrugs)
I don't see the harm. I'm only
there a few weeks.

The thought makes her deflate a little.

MARY

I suppose I should start looking
for a flat.

FREDERICA

Perhaps you need a holiday to look
forward to. I'm thinking about
Vietnam.

MARY

(laughs in surprise)
Vietnam?

FREDERICA

So interesting. And lovely beaches.
I'll treat you.

Mary shakes her head, still smiling.

MARY

I think I'd slow you down.

Frederica dismisses this with a TUT. They're both quiet for a
moment.

FREDERICA

Do you miss Alistair?

MARY

I don't think so.
(smiles)
Do you?

She's joking, but Frederica doesn't smile.

FREDERICA

I didn't like the way he spoke to
you, that's all. But I knew it was
none of my business.

There's a glimpse of how worried she's been - of her
protectiveness and love. Mary smiles in gratitude.

MARY

I should go.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Clothes are scattered over the bed. Mary stands in front of
the mirror, nervously assessing her latest choice.

EXT. OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE/OUTSIDE PRIVATE GARDENS - LATER

Mary emerges in a different outfit and hurries to lock the door. We hear the RHYTHMIC PULSE from the opening.

Mary half-runs across the road and along the pavement towards the gate to the gardens.

Pharaoh is coming the other way. He stops.

MARY
(smiles)
Hello.

Pharaoh doesn't respond. Mary unlocks the gate and heads through with another smile.

INT. NURSEMAID'S PASSAGE - LATER

The PULSING SOUND is growing LOUDER as Mary walks quickly through the tunnel. She checks her watch and starts to run.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - OUTDOOR CAFE - LATER

The PULSING is LOUDER STILL. Mary scans the tables. The PULSING STOPS as she sees him -

He's at one of the furthest tables, facing away, one foot bouncing nervously. He turns and sees her, then stands as she breaks into a grin and walks over.

He has her colouring. He's in jeans and a Fred Perry top - skinny and fashionably rough, a tattoo snaking down from one shoulder.

MARY
Leo? I'm Mary.

He is momentarily stunned by the sight of her, then manages a nod and motions for her to sit.

LEO
(strong London accent)
I got us tea.

MARY
Lovely.

They sit. Mary is flustered, aware suddenly of how straight and proper she must seem. Leo is unsmiling and ill at ease.

MARY
It's so nice to see you. Thanks for agreeing to meet.

LEO
(shrugs)
Least I could to. In the
circumstances.

Mary's smile falters. She has to help herself to tea.

MARY
How are you?

It's simple and serious and he looks at her properly for the first time.

LEO
A lot better than I was.
(shrugs)
I need to put on a bit of weight...

He indicates the tubular bandages on both forearms.

LEO (CONT'D)
And they're still giving me all
these blood tests.

MARY
Are they worried?

LEO
No. My platelets are a bit low,
that's all. I'm still bruising a
bit.

He shows her the bruises on the knuckles of one hand.

LEO
But they say I'm going to be all
right.

Mary smiles, unable to hide how happy this makes her.

MARY
I'm so glad.

LEO
Why d'you do it?

It's abrupt, and again Mary's smile fades.

MARY
(quiet)
Just to help... if I could.

LEO

But you don't know me. I could be anyone. Any kind of low life.

It seems to bother him. She tries again.

MARY

It was probably something to do with not having much family. It's just me and my grandmother. No brothers or sisters. I think I liked the idea of there being someone else. Another connection.

She pauses, watching him.

MARY

You know that having the same marrow means we've got the same blood. Identical. Just you and me.

LEO

Yeah.

He looks a bit blank. Mary gives a shake of the head and reaches for her tea.

MARY

It doesn't really mean anything.

LEO

What happened to your parents?

MARY

They died.

LEO

(beat)
I'm sorry.

Mary senses that he means it.

MARY

Thank you.

There's a pause. Mary looks across the tables. She's relaxed now, relieved of her earlier hopes.

MARY

My boyfriend... He's now my ex. He didn't understand it either. He hated the idea.

LEO
Why was that?

MARY
He thought it would do me some kind
of damage.
(shrug)
And he was kind of possessive.

LEO
Thought I was getting a part of
you.

Mary nods.

LEO
I'm glad you talked him round.

MARY
I didn't.

LEO
You kept it quiet?

MARY
I tried to.

Leo waits for her to say more. She gives a shake of the head.

MARY
It doesn't matter.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - OUTSIDE CAFE - LATER

They stand in the middle of the path, people passing by. For a moment, neither of them knows quite what to say.

MARY
Thanks for the tea.

She means it, but Leo gives an unhappy laugh.

LEO
Thanks for... you know...

He's finding it hard to meet her eye. Mary lingers a moment longer, then smiles.

MARY
Take care.

She turns and walks away. We see the smile give way to a sigh of disappointment. Leo stays where he is, watching her leave.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - LATER

Mary walks heavily back towards the house. We hear a CAR DOOR and RUNNING STEPS.

ALISTAIR (O.S.)

Mary!

MARY

(turning, dismayed)

Alistair.

He stops a few yards short, hands raised in peace.

ALISTAIR

Just let me speak. Just for a moment.

She's unhappy but she doesn't move.

ALISTAIR

I want you back. I'll do anything. Whatever you want.

(swallows)

I think I might need some... you know... some kind of help.

Mary gives a sigh and a shake of the head.

ALISTAIR

(over, breathless)

You don't have to say anything. I just wanted you to know. I can change. I know I can.

(pause)

I miss you.

MARY

Please Alistair...

ALISTAIR

(over)

Can I come in?

(smiles, glances at house)

It's quite a pile.

MARY

(over)

No.

Her certainty seems to shock them both. She walks on, passing three of Bean's dogs tied up outside the house.

ALISTAIR
I've been worried. These murders...

Mary turns at the door, unimpressed.

MARY
He's killing homeless people,
Alistair. I'm fine.

She unlocks the door and goes inside. Alistair watches with a grimace of frustration, then turns away and heads back towards his car.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mary stands with her back against the front door. We hear Alistair's CAR ACCELERATE NOISILY along the street. Mary takes a breath, then frowns as she remembers Bean and steps forward into the empty hall.

MARY
Hello?

A pause. Then FOOTSTEPS, and Bean emerges from the kitchen carrying Gushi.

BEAN
Just checking the old girl's water
bowl.

He bends and puts the dog down. Mary watches - she doesn't like the idea of him snooping around. He straightens and faces her. She waits, but he doesn't move.

MARY
Is something...?

BEAN
It's Saturday, Miss.

MARY
(remembering)
Oh right... sorry.

She goes to a side table, opens a drawer and pulls out an envelope. Bean takes it with smile.

BEAN
Most kind.

He pockets the envelope, and goes to the door, turning as he opens it.

BEAN
There was a young man...

MARY
I know. I saw him.

BEAN
(smile)
Boyfriend?

MARY
No.

BEAN
He rather gave the impression...

MARY
We split up.

BEAN
Ah... And he can't live without
you. Poor man.

She's about to tell him to mind his own business, but he's
already pulling the door SHUT.

EXT. PRIVATE GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

Bean marches towards the nursemaid's passage behind the three
dogs - a Scottie, a golden retriever and an elderly basset-
hound.

EXT. OUTSIDE MANSION BLOCK - LATER

The golden retriever and the basset-hound sit tied to the
railings. The door of the block OPENS and Bean emerges,
folding another envelope into his pocket.

EXT. PRIVATE ROAD FACING PARK - LATER

A terrace of massive houses in white stucco. Bean walks along
with the two remaining dogs.

INT. BARKER-PRYCE HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bean unleashes the retriever, which pads away out of sight.

He looks around. The house is QUIET. There's a BRIEFCASE on a
chair, with a couple of LETTERS lying on top of it. Bean
takes a look. We see the name "James Barker-Pryce, MP."

BARKER-PRYCE (O.S.)
Looking for something?

Bean turns calmly. Barker-Pryce - a large, red-faced man of around 60 - is coming down the stairs in a dressing gown.

BEAN
Just my envelope, Sir James. It's Saturday.

BARKER-PRYCE
Behind you.

Bean turns. An ENVELOPE with his NAME on it is in plain view, propped up on a side table.

BEAN
Ah. There it is.

He picks it up. It's unsealed and he glances inside at a surprisingly thick WAD OF NOTES.

BARKER-PRYCE
(bristling)
It's all there Bean.

His dislike of Bean is obvious. Bean smiles.

BEAN
I'm sure.
(glance at dressing gown)
Lady Barker-Pryce in the country again this weekend?

BARKER-PRYCE
(quiet, glaring)
Just get out.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PARK - LATER

Bean and the basset-hound walk along past railings. They both look a little tired.

FREDERICA (V.O.)
He used to be some kind of manservant.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mary is sitting by the window. She turns.

MARY
Like a butler?

FREDERICA
I suppose so.

She's glancing through The Guardian. Mary turns away again. Her mood is subdued. THROUGH THE WINDOW we see Gushi sniffing around in the garden.

MARY

I can imagine him pissing in the
consommé.

FREDERICA

(smiles)

Your hosts have got all sorts of
stories about him.

INT. BEAN'S APARTMENT BLOCK - LOBBY - DAY

We look across the marble-floored lobby to an open elevator. Bean stands staring out, the basset-hound sitting at his side.

FREDERICA (V.O.)

Apparently he inherited a flat from
his last employer. Lord Somebody-or-
other. And a basset-hound called
George.

The doors of the lift slide shut.

INT. BEAN'S FLAT - ENTRANCE HALL/LIVING ROOM - LATER

We follow Bean through the front door. He lets George off the lead and walks through into the living room. It's large and expensively modern, with wide windows.

FREDERICA (V.O.)

They say he's got a view of the
park. You can imagine the gossip.

Bean steps up to the window and looks out. Then he looks away, putting his KEYS down on the desk next to him. We see neatly-arranged paper work - mostly BILLS.

Bean takes out the various folded ENVELOPES containing his week's earnings and drops them onto the desk next to the bills.

INT. BEAN'S FLAT - KITCHEN - EVENING

George waits expectantly as Bean chops at a glistening bowl of DOG FOOD then puts it down on the floor.

BEAN

Tuck in, Georgie-boy.

George SLURPS at the meat. Bean strokes his head fondly.

BEAN
You're a good lad, aren't you?
Bean's old friend.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Semi-darkness. George lies in his basket. Bean sits at the table taking the top off a bottle of supermarket brandy. He pours a glass and takes a slow drink.

We PUSH CLOSER. Bean is thinking - remembering. He still has the bottle top in his hand. Without looking, he runs his THUMB around its THIN METAL EDGE. Then he presses against it.

He gives a tiny gasp and closes his eyes. Then he opens them and sucks the blood from his thumb.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gushi lies asleep on a chair in the corner. Frederica and Mary have finished a light dinner. Mary takes a sip of wine, then watches as Frederica shakes two PILLS from a bottle.

MARY
Are they new?

FREDERICA
Nosey.

She swallows the pills with a sip of water.

FREDERICA
It's to thin my blood. Keep it
moving through my clogged-up old
veins.
(smiles at Mary's concern)
I'm fine.

A pause. Mary's mood remains heavy. Frederica watches her.

FREDERICA
You can't go worrying about this
boy.

MARY
I know. He just seemed so...
injured.

FREDERICA
I know it's not the point, but I
can't say he sounds particularly
charming.

MARY
I don't care about charming.
(pause)
I want to see him again.

Momentary dismay in Frederica's face. Mary doesn't see.

FREDERICA
Will you contact him?

MARY
I can't. I can't keep bothering
him.

FREDERICA
Maybe he'll get in touch.

Mary gives a tired shake of the head.

FREDERICA
I'm sorry darling.

She reaches a hand across the table. Mary takes it.

FREDERICA
Will you and Gushi stay the night?

Mary looks at her with a sad smile and a nod.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PARK - MORNING

Sunshine. A SCRAPPY LITTLE GIRL walks along past railings.
She's carrying a BUNCH OF FLOWERS and looks like she's on a
mission.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - MORNING

Mary and Gushi are walking towards the house from the private
gardens. Mary sees -

The little girl at the door, pressing fiercely on the bell.

MARY
Hello.

GIRL
(turns, stares)
You Mary?

MARY
Yes.

The girls hurries towards her, flowers outstretched. Mary
takes them, laughing in surprise.

GIRL

He's written you a note.

Mary finds the note among the stems. When she looks up, the girl is already hurrying on her way.

MARY

Thank you!

EXT. STREET APPROACHING RESTAURANT - EVENING

We hear the PULSING SOUND as Mary runs along the street.

LEO (V.O.)

I'm sorry. Can we try again?

The PULSING FADES as Mary stops outside a small Italian restaurant and goes inside.

We see THROUGH THE WINDOW as she crosses to Leo's table and he stands to greet her.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Leo has smartened up - handsome in a jacket - but there's still something reticent about him, a hint of discomfort. He and Mary both have plates of pasta and glasses of red wine.

LEO

It's called acute myeloid
leukaemia. It basically fucks up
your bone marrow.

He pauses. Mary is hanging on every word.

LEO

There was chemo. But I needed the
transplant. They thought my brother
might match up but...

(shakes head, pause)

I was waiting for months.

MARY

You must have been so scared.

He looks at her, struck by her understanding.

LEO

Terrified. It drives you crazy.
Knowing there's people all around
who might be able to help.

(looks around restaurant)

They could be anywhere. They could
be sitting next to you on the bus.

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)

(pause)

Then you came along.

Another pause as he looks at her, very serious.

LEO

And the other day... I didn't even
say thank you. Not properly. I
don't know what was wrong with me.
I couldn't deal with it.

Mary shakes her head but he keeps going - talking faster,
seeming to come alive for the first time.

LEO (CONT'D)

And it's true what you said. We're
connected. I've got your cells in
my bones, filling me up with your
blood, bringing me back to life.

(broad smile)

It's a fucking miracle.

Mary can't help laughing, shy but delighted. Then a WAITER
steps up to refill their glasses. We see the WINE, swirling
and dark.

LEO

So thank you.

(raises his glass)

And here's to your blood.

MARY

(shakes her head)

Our blood.

Smiling at each other, they drink.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

The place is almost empty. Leo and Mary are finishing off the
bottle. All his earlier discomfort has gone.

LEO

How did they die?

MARY

A car accident. I was eight.

LEO

Jesus.

MARY

It's OK. My grandmother took good
care of me.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Still does.

(pause)

What about you? Yours still around?

LEO

Somewhere.

MARY

You don't see them?

He shakes his head.

MARY

But you've got your brother.

LEO

(dry smile)

Yeah... Carl.

MARY

What does Carl do?

LEO

Well... neither of us ever really settled to anything to be honest.

MARY

Are you close?

LEO

(shrug)

We live together.

(pause)

He doesn't know we've met. He's kind of like your ex about all this. A bit jealous.

MARY

I don't understand.

LEO

You saved me. He couldn't.

The starkness of this shocks Mary. Leo takes another sip of wine.

LEO

Then he saw something about leukaemia running in families. Completely freaked him out.

He looks at her with a rueful smile.

LEO
Now it's him who needs looking
after.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They stand on the pavement.

LEO
Fancy another drink?

Mary shrugs in mock indifference. But she's grinning.

MARY
If you like.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

They sit close together in a quiet corner.

MARY
I just felt silly. Expecting it all
to be hugs and smiles. And you all
cool and grumpy.

Leo laughs.

LEO
I didn't think you were silly.

MARY
You did a bit. And posh, of course.

LEO
(smiling)
Well, posh. Obviously.

There's a pause. Leo's smile fades.

LEO
I felt like I didn't deserve it.
Like I had nothing to show you for
your trouble.

MARY
Stop it.

She's serious. He goes to say more but she puts fingers to
his lips.

MARY
You were sick and I tried to help.
I'm not complaining.

EXT. WEST END STREET - NIGHT

SUDDEN NOISE as Mary and Leo walk together down the busy street - MUSIC, VOICES, BRIGHT LIGHTS. He has his arm around her, laughing at something she's said.

HER POV. Rapid glimpses - FACES hurrying by, a POLICE VAN, a COUPLE kissing in a doorway, a SHOUTING, BARE-CHESTED DRUNK.

After a few yards, Leo gives Mary an inquiring smile as he nods to where a SHORT QUEUE of people wait outside a dark doorway. Mary looks unsure but Leo is already stepping over.

He talks briefly to the DOORMAN and slips him a FOLDED NOTE. Then he turns back with a smile and takes Mary by the hand.

INT. CLUB STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

THUMPING DANCE MUSIC from below as they head down the narrow, dark stairway. They're jostled by a group of YOUNG MEN coming the other way. Leo shields Mary and shoves back, unafraid.

INT. CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Leo and Mary dance, eyes locked together. The place is busy and sweaty but it's as if they're alone, moving to their own slow rhythm.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PRIVATE GARDENS - NIGHT

Mary and Leo wander down the centre of the silent street. Mary stops.

MARY

Hey. I want to show you something.

Reaching into her bag, she heads towards the private gardens. At the gate, she turns with a smile and pulls out the key.

EXT. PRIVATE GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

Mary and Leo walk into the centre of the garden. Leo looks around, enchanted by it.

LEO

I always wondered what these places were like.

Mary sits, takes off her shoes and flops happily back onto the grass. Leo lies next to her. She takes a deep breath.

MARY

I haven't danced like that in years. Thank you.

A pause as they lie in silence, staring up into the sky.

LEO
What was it like? The donation. How
did they do it?

MARY
(smiling)
With a fucking great needle.

Leo turns to her with a look of concern. She laughs.

MARY
I was asleep. It was nothing.

Still smiling, she wriggles the top of her skirt lower to reveal the skin of her hip.

MARY
It was here. It's called the iliac
crest.

She strokes the spot, then motions for his hand. He hesitates.

MARY
Come here.

She takes his hand and touches his fingers to her skin. The feel of it renders them both silent.

LEO
There's nothing there.

MARY
I know. Like it never happened.

She closes her eyes sleepily. Leo lies back but his eyes stay open. He looks troubled. A pause, then -

LEO
I should get you home.

She turns onto her side, facing him, eyes still closed.

MARY
(sleepy whisper)
Let's stay here.

She puts a hand to his cheek.

MARY
Just for now.

EXT. PRIVATE GARDENS - DAWN

We see Leo from behind, sitting huddled in his jacket. A thin mist lies across the grass.

Mary pushes herself up, blinking sleepily.

MARY

Hey.

He turns and manages a smile - but he's trembling with cold.

MARY

(appalled)

Leo you're shivering.

LEO

I'm OK.

MARY

Shit. What was I thinking?

LEO

I'm fine.

(smiles)

Just a bit chilly. Not quite as strong as I like to think.

He lets her put her arms around him and sinks against her, accepting her warmth. Moments pass, then he lifts his head.

LEO

You hear that?

She listens. We hear it in the distance - a ghostly CLOPPING of HORSES' HOOVES.

LEO

(smiling as he stands)

Come with me.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PRIVATE GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

Leo runs across the street, Mary following. He stops at a corner and listens - we hear the CLOPPING.

LEO

This way.

He takes Mary's hand and they disappear around the corner.

EXT. PORTLAND PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

They run together down the empty street.

EXT. DEVONSHIRE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

They run on, then Leo slows to listen. The CLOPPING is louder. Leo grins and points to the next corner.

EXT. HARLEY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Leo pulls Mary around the corner. She stops in surprise at the sight of -

HORSES - emerging from the mist in rows of three, marching down the deserted street towards them. Each centre horse has a RIDER, eyes hidden beneath a low helmet.

Mary watches in amazement as they come past, row after row, like a dream underscored by the CLIP-CLOPPING of hooves.

LEO

They always take a different route.
You have to find them.

The last row of horses passes by. Mary and Leo step into the street and watch as the column moves away and the CLOPPING begins to fade.

Mary looks at Leo. He feels her gaze and turns. She steps up to him and they kiss - slow and long.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - EARLY MORNING

Mary shuts the DOOR quietly behind her, the hint of a smile on her lips as she thinks back over her night.

Gushi TIP-TAPS in from the kitchen and gives a single YAP.

EXT. LEO'S ESTATE - EXTERNAL STAIRWAY - EARLY MORNING

Leo climbs the steps, his jacket pulled tight around him.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Mary sits at the table - too tired to move, but still smiling. After a moment, she reaches into a pocket, pulls out her PHONE and turns it on.

On the phone as the SCREEN comes to life.

EXT. WALKWAY OUTSIDE LEO'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Leo unlocks the battered front door and pushes it open.

INT. LEO'S FLAT - CORRIDOR/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leo enters. Immediately, a door in front of him OPENS NOISILY and CARL appears.

CARL
Where the fuck have you been?

He's got a dead joint in his fingers and he looks like shit - twitchy, sweaty, hollow-eyed.

Leo gives a weary shake of the head and walks past him into the living room - Babestation on the TV, a Carl-shaped dent in the sofa, a mess of Special Brew cans, Rizla packets, etc.

CARL
I waited up, man. All fucking night. Where were you?

LEO
(quiet)
Nowhere. Just... out.

Carl isn't really listening. He's back on the sofa, opening another CAN with a WHOOSH.

CARL
(whiny)
I get scared on my own. You know I do. Fucking hell man.

But his anger is already dissipating as he stares at the TV and chugs on the can, then finds a lighter and sparks up the joint.

Leo watches him a moment, then turns and walks away.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

MARY'S PHONE - the words "seven missed calls".

Mary stares down. She's already scared. She dials voicemail and listens.

VOICEMAIL WOMAN (V.O.)
You have five new messages. First message. Sent yesterday. At eleven fifty-two pm.

Close on Mary as she listens - her worst fears coming true.

WOMAN (V.O.)
 This is a message for Mary Jago.
 I'm calling from University College
 Hospital. It's about Frederica
 Jago...

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

A swing door OPENS with a THUMP and Mary hurries through. She half-runs towards us, panic in her eyes.

She stops where two corridors meet, looking frantically around for the right way to go.

ALISTAIR (O.S.)
 Mary...

He's sitting just a couple of feet away. Mary stares at him, utterly confused at finding him here.

ALISTAIR
 They had my number.
 (stands)
 You were gone all night.

MARY
 Where is she?

He walks towards her.

LONG SHOT from back along the corridor. Alistair speaks, then tries to catch Mary as she collapses messily to the floor.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE on Mary - smudge-eyed and numb, staring ahead.

Alistair steps quietly up, puts a mug of tea on the table in front of her and sits. She doesn't move. Then -

MARY
 You should be at work.

ALISTAIR
 I phoned. It's fine.

Everything is very quiet. Again, Mary stares numbly ahead. Then without warning her face crumples and she is seized by PAINFUL, CHOKING SOBS. Alistair lays a hand on her back.

MARY
 I wasn't there. I wasn't there.

She can barely gets the words out.

ALISTAIR
She knew you'd come.

MARY
(sudden shout)
But I didn't come.

ALISTAIR
You came as soon as you could. And
she wasn't alone... I know we
didn't always get on. But she let
me hold her hand.
(swallows, choked)
I think it was all she needed. I
promise you Mary, she was at peace.

He edges closer and puts his arm around her shoulder, pulling
her gently towards him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Mary lies on her side. She's awake, her cheeks damp with
tears.

Alistair steps quietly into the room. She turns.

ALISTAIR
I'm going to go home and get some
things.

MARY
(sitting up)
No. I'll be fine.

ALISTAIR
(over, firm)
I'm not leaving you on your own.
(smiles)
I'm sure there's a spare room
somewhere.

MARY
What about work?

ALISTAIR
I'll take a few days off. You're
going to have an awful lot to do.

Mary stares at him - unhappy but helpless.

ALISTAIR
Please. I just want to help.

EXT. OUTSIDE BARKER-PRYCE HOUSE - DAY

Bean ties George up at the gate.

INT. BARKER-PRYCE HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bean CLOSES the DOOR behind him. He's holding a lead.

He looks around, then gives a low WHISTLE. When the dog doesn't appear, he crosses the hall to the open kitchen door and looks inside. Turning away, he glances up -

The retriever is standing on the stairs, looking down.

BEAN

What are you doing up there?

The retriever turns and walks on up the stairs. Bean gives a shake of the head and follows.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Bean arrives at the tops of the stairs.

The dog is along the landing, standing at a closed door. There are SOUNDS from beyond the door - GRUNTS and SLAPS.

Bean hears the sounds. He stares at the door a moment, then bends and beckons the dog.

BEAN

(quiet)

Come Charlie! Come on boy!

The dog looks at him, but turns its nose back to the door. Bean sighs and goes to get him. There's a LOUD SLAP from beyond the door, A BELLOWING GROAN.

Bean is about to put the lead on the dog, when it lifts a paw and SCRATCHES at the door. The SOUNDS inside STOP.

Bean listens, then hurries to attach the lead. He steps back as the door OPENS to reveal Barker-Pryce - naked, panting, bathed in sweat.

Bean stares at him, then past him into the room, where a YOUNG MAN lies spread-eagled across the bed.

BARKER-PRYCE

(insinuating smile)

Hello Bean. Up to your old tricks.

He chuckles. But Bean recovers quickly from his shock. He gives a smile and a nod, then turns and leads the dog away along the landing.

BARKER-PRYCE

Why the rush Bean? Perhaps you'd like a picture. Or you could join us. I can see you like the look of him.

His voice rises as Bean retreats towards the stairs.

BARKER-PRYCE (CONT'D)

And he's really most obliging.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

We hear Barker-Pryce's laughter as Bean descends the stairs, his nose wrinkled in distaste.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A MURMUR of CONVERSATION as funeral guests - dressed in black and mostly elderly - sit and stand in small groups, drinking tea and eating sandwiches.

INT. FREDERICA'S BEDROOM - LATER

In EXTREME CLOSE-UP we see PILLS through COLOURED PLASTIC. They SLIP and TUMBLE as the bottle is tipped slowly one way, then the other.

ON MARY, sitting on the bed in her funeral clothes and staring at the pills.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roman approaches a couple of seated OLD LADIES, checking they have all they need. As he smiles and moves on, he glances towards -

Alistair, looking properly mournful as he listens to an OLD MAN's recollections.

INT. FREDERICA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Mary has the bottle of pills in one hand and her phone to her ear. She waits, a little anxious, then -

MARY

Hello... Leo? It's Mary. I... oh, I'm sorry. You sounded like him. Are you... is this Carl?

But the call ends. She lowers the phone and looks at it, then glances up as the DOOR OPENS.

Roman steps in. He SHUTS the door and joins Mary on the bed. For several moments, they sit side-by-side in silence. Then she raises the bottle of pills.

MARY

She was taking these. It's Warfarin. Thins the blood. So when the haemorrhage started it wouldn't stop.

She's still dazed with grief. The hand holding the pills falls back into her lap.

MARY

Are they all right down there?

ROMAN

Alistair seems to have it covered.

There's a slight edge in his voice. He turns to her.

ROMAN

Is he staying with you?

She doesn't answer. Roman sighs and shakes his head.

ROMAN

Mary...

MARY

(over)

He was there. I wasn't.

ROMAN

I know. And it's horrible. But it doesn't change anything. You've just left him. Are you really going to let him drag you back?

He looks up sharply as the DOOR OPENS - Alistair. There's a chilly moment as he looks at them both.

ALISTAIR

People are starting to leave.

Mary takes a breath and stands.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Mary manages a smile for an OLD COUPLE who linger at the door pressing commiserations upon her. She glances up -

Alistair is across the hall in close conversation with a short, elderly man later identified as EDWARDS.

The couple leaves. Roman steps up next. He and Mary look at each other a moment.

MARY
I'll be all right.

ROMAN
Good girl.
(they hug)
I don't want to see you at work for
at least a week.

ALISTAIR
Don't worry. I'll make sure of
that.

Roman looks at him without smiling, gives Mary a final squeeze on the arm, and leaves.

ALISTAIR
Darling, when you're ready Mr
Edwards would like a word.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Edwards sits on one side of the table, a small pile of papers in front of him. Mary sits opposite.

EDWARDS
Mary my dear... Your grandmother
was one of my first clients. I was
terribly fond of her.

He coughs, collecting himself.

EDWARDS
Alistair and I thought we'd spare
you a trip to the office. Matters
are really very simple. There are
legacies to a number of charities
but Frederica left the bulk of her
estate to you.

Mary nods, not very interested.

EDWARDS
Did she discuss with you the extent
of her holdings?

Mary shakes her head.

EDWARDS

Well, taking account of inheritance tax, I estimate that you stand to receive between nine and ten million pounds.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and Mary steps out looking stunned. Alistair is waiting. He steps towards her with a smile.

INT. BLACK CAB (TRAVELLING) - LATER

Mary and Alistair sit in silence.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - LATER

Alistair follows Mary inside and CLOSES the DOOR. Gushi trots in. Mary turns to Alistair.

MARY

I'll be OK on my own tonight.

Alistair looks at her, taken by surprise. A pause.

ALISTAIR

We should talk. Let's have a cup of tea.

He walks past her towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The KETTLE is on the stove. Mary steps up and turns it off.

MARY

I want you to go.

She's shaky but determined. Alistair laughs.

ALISTAIR

What? I can't even have a cup of tea?

MARY

(over)

Don't. I know what you're doing. I'm grateful for your help. And I know you're hoping things might have changed.

ALISTAIR

Mary please...

MARY (CONT'D)

But they haven't. I want you to go.

Alistair stares at her, struggling to remain calm.

ALISTAIR

Is it about the money?

MARY

(frowning)

What?

ALISTAIR

Are you accusing me of being after
Frederica's money...

MARY

No!

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

(over)

...because I do perfectly well at
the bank thank you very much.

MARY

It hadn't crossed my mind!

This stops him. He blinks foolishly then looks away.

ALISTAIR

All right. If you really want me
to...

He waits but she doesn't speak.

ALISTAIR

I'll get my things.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Mary is sitting on the sofa - a hand to her head, tired.

We hear FOOTSTEPS in the hall. Alistair steps into the room.

ALISTAIR

Where were you?

He SHUTS the DOOR. The room darkens. Mary stands.

ALISTAIR

Who were you with? The night your
grandmother lay dying in a hospital
bed.

Mary glares at him in disbelief.

MARY

A man called Leo. He was given my
bone marrow.

For several moments, Alistair can only stare at her.

ALISTAIR

How could you?
(rising anger)
How could you do that to me?

MARY

It's nothing to do with you.

ALISTAIR

(over, loud)
He ruined everything.

A pause, Alistair breathing hard but seeming to calm down.

ALISTAIR

Will you see him again?

MARY

I hope so.

He slaps her - sudden and hard. She falls heavily against the
corner of a table, then to the floor.

Alistair stares wretchedly down at her.

ALISTAIR

Why couldn't you love me? Look what
you've done. With your perfect
face. And your cold fucking heart.

EXT. OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - LATER

Alistair walks away along the street. Leo is coming the other
way. They pass each other without a glance.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary is looking into the mirror. The DOORBELL RINGS LOUDLY.
It makes Mary jump but she isn't going to answer it.

She touches fingers to the tender spot on her cheek. The
DOORBELL RINGS, more insistent. She ignores it again. Then
she drops her hand - a sudden thought.

EXT. OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Leo is walking away down the street.

MARY

Leo!

He turns. She comes out onto the pavement without her shoes. They walk towards each other and stop a couple of yards apart.

MARY

It was you.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - LATER

Mary and Leo are sitting at the bottom of the stairs, his arm around her shoulders. She's been crying.

MARY

I feel like I'm eight years old.
Like people keep dying and I'm
never there and there's never
anything I can do.

Leo is staring bleakly ahead.

LEO

There's nothing anyone can do. Not
really.

He stifles a COUGH, then has to pull away and COUGH properly, his body shaking. Mary is alarmed.

MARY

Are you all right? You look pale.

LEO

Just a bug. I pick them up, you
know...

MARY

(upset)
From the other night?

LEO

(smiling shrug)
I'm getting over it.

His face falls - he's seen the MARK ON HER CHEEK. He lifts fingers towards it.

LEO

What's this?

She turns away as if ashamed.

MARY
Alistair. Just before he left.
Expressing his disappointment in
me.

Leo is wide-eyed with anger but says nothing. Mary settles against him and he puts his arm around her again.

MARY
(deep sigh)
God I'm tired.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Mary lies asleep in her clothes, Leo's arm around her. Her eyes drift open.

HER POV. The window, a golden sky beyond.

Mary turns. Leo is awake. She looks into his eyes. Then she kisses him, a hand to his cheek, a trembling sigh going through her.

They kiss for several moments, then sit up. Mary pulls Leo's shirt over his head and sees the BRUISES that cover his ribs. He sees her alarm.

LEO
It's just the thing with the
platelets. It doesn't hurt.

She raises a hand, staring in fascination as she runs her fingers over the BLOTCHED and MARBLED SKIN.

She looks into his eyes. With a hand on his chest, she pushes him back onto the bed, leaning over him, her lips moving across his torso as if trying to kiss the bruises away.

She reaches for his belt. As his jeans slide down, she sees more BRUISES on his legs. She looks up at him, wondering for a moment whether he's strong enough.

LEO
Don't stop. Please.

Looking him evenly in the eye, she unbuttons her blouse. As it falls open, he sees the GRAZE where she fell against the table. She trembles as he raises fingers towards it.

MARY
You aren't a bastard, are you Leo?

LEO
(smile)
I don't think I've got the
strength.

She takes his hands in hers, weaving their fingers together.

MARY
Poor Leo.

She pushes his hands back above his head, lowering herself
onto him, pulling back teasingly as he tries to kiss her.

MARY
Poor sick boy.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MARY, lying in the bed.

MARY
I wish you could have met her. I
think you'd have liked her.

Leo is behind, spooned around her. She sniffs and wipes away
a tear.

MARY
She was one of those tough old
girls. She'd been everywhere.
(pause)
She was always telling me a young
woman should travel.

LEO
You didn't take her advice?

MARY
(shakes her head)
I always felt safer at home.

LEO
You were scared?

MARY
I think so. A little bit.

He holds her tighter. She kisses his arm.

MARY
I think that's why I ended up with
Alistair.
(gives a shiver)
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
God knows I need some kind of
excuse.

She has turned her face towards him. He strokes the back of a
hand across the redness on her cheek.

LEO
Had he done this before?

MARY
Not often... often enough.

They lie still a moment. Then she turns to him, ready for a
change of subject.

MARY
I want to know more about Leo and
Carl.

Leo looks away. He smiles, but he doesn't look keen.

LEO
Well Leo's all right.
(smile fades)
But Carl's a fuck-up. Whatever you
try to do, there's always trouble.
(turns to her)
I don't want you to meet Carl.

Mary looks shocked.

MARY
But you love him?

LEO
(looks away)
Yeah. I love him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - MORNING

Bean approaches the house, along with George, the retriever
and the Scottie.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON MARY, lying awake.

HER POV. Leo asleep, his face turned away, a VEIN PULSING in
his neck.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

ON THE FRONT DOOR as it THUDS against the CHAIN. The DOORBELL
RINGS SHARPLY.

INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The DOORBELL RINGS again as Mary hurries down the stairs pulling on Leo's shirt.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gushi is YAPPING as Mary releases the chain and opens the door. Bean enters.

MARY
I'm so sorry. I forgot.

BEAN
I keep a tight schedule, Miss Jago.

He puts Gushi on the lead, then turns to Mary, pausing a moment as he takes in the shirt and the dishevelled hair.

BEAN
Not at work today?

MARY
I'm sick.

BEAN
(leaving)
Nothing catching I hope.

MARY
Oh, very contagious.

She's smiling as she SHUTS the DOOR behind him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bean crosses the road and heads towards the private gardens. He passes Alistair - red-eyed and unshaven - watching the house from the shadow of the railings.

BEAN
Looks like the young lady might
have had company last night.

Alistair seems hardly to notice him. But then the words penetrate and he turns. Bean is already several yards on down the pavement.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Leo is in his underpants as he opens the door of a large wardrobe. He frowns - the clothes are those of a rich, middle-aged man. Suits, blazers, ties etc.

Smiling, Leo pulls a flimsy dressing gown in Japanese silk from the inside of the door.

INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Leo comes down the stairs in the dressing gown, gazing around like he can't believe where he's found himself.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mary is filling the kettle, a piece of toast in her mouth. She looks up and collapses into laughter.

Leo is in the doorway, smiling and doing a turn in the dressing gown.

LEO
I couldn't find my shirt.

MARY
Sexy bastard.

Leo steps nearer, still the table between them.

LEO
So... whose is all the gear in the
bedroom?

Mary is looking away as she puts cereal bowls etc on a tray.

MARY
Mr and Mrs Blackburn-Norris.

Leo doesn't understand. Mary turns suddenly, eyes wide.

MARY
You think I live here!

She bursts out laughing. Leo gives a confused smile.

MARY
No! I'm only the house-sitter. It's
just a few weeks.

Mary thinks the mix-up is hilarious - she's breathless with happy laughter. For a moment, Leo just watches her, like she's the most gorgeous thing he's ever seen.

She recovers and comes round the table towards him.

MARY
Jesus. What would I want with eight
bedrooms?
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
(arms around him)
Are you very disappointed?

LEO
(smiles)
I'm devastated.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Mary and Leo have ignored the chairs - they sit on the long table eating their bowls of cereal.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Leo follows Mary into the room. She crosses to the window and opens a shutter. Sunlight floods in. Leo smiles and shakes his head as he looks around.

INT. STUDY - LATER

Mary and Leo circle the room, Mary scanning the shelves of leather-bound volumes, Leo picking up an old cricket bat, then sitting down behind the large antique desk.

LEO
So what are these people like?

MARY
Quite sweet.
(shrug)
I've only met them a few times.

She moves to the window and looks out. Leo spins his chair in a slow circle.

LEO
Christ. Imagine having all this money. You'd never have to work again.

Mary lowers her eyes - a hint of discomfort.

MARY
I quite like working.

LEO
But you could say no if you wanted to. That's what money gives you. Freedom... Time...

MARY
Can you really buy time?

LEO

You can buy bone marrow. If you know where to look. That's kind of the same thing for someone like me.

He stops spinning. Mary has turned to face him.

MARY

Is that true?

He nods slowly.

LEO

I checked it out. When I was waiting and things were getting hairy.

(smiles)

Way out of my budget.

He spins the chair again.

LEO

We can pretend though, can't we? Pretend all this is ours.

He stops, facing her again, and holds out his hand. She steps forward and takes it.

LEO (CONT'D)

For a little while.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

We hear the RHYTHMIC PULSING. No other sound. Glimpses in EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Mary kissing and stroking the BRUISED SKIN of Leo's torso - STRANGE SHAPES and RAINBOW COLOURS.

The SOUND grows LOUDER. GLIMPSES of their lovemaking as we PULSE from moment to moment - her hair trailing across his chest; his hand against her skin; gasping, helpless pleasure on her face.

As they come, the SOUND STOPS suddenly and we hear their ragged, panting breaths. Mary flops onto her back, her eyes wide like she can't quite believe what's happening to her.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Bean stands at the foot of the stairs, looking up. Gushi is on the lead at his side. As he bends and unclips her he sees Leo's jacket hanging on the bannister. He picks it up and goes quickly through the pockets. Finding nothing, he puts it back and turns for the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Near darkness. Mary and Leo lie together in a tangle of sheets.

MARY

You are telling me the truth? You
are going to be all right?

LEO

That's what they tell me.

Mary is ready to sleep. She puts an arm around him and pushes her hips playfully against him.

MARY

(sleepy whisper)
I want it to make you stronger.
Every time we make love. Like a
transfusion.

Her eyes close. A pause.

LEO

Mary...

She's almost asleep. She gives a semi-conscious grunt.

Leo says nothing.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Mary wakes.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL/DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Mary comes down the stairs and stops in the hall. She hears a VOICE and heads towards the drawing room.

HER POV through the door. Leo is on the phone, his back towards us.

LEO

What, right this fucking minute...?
(sighs)
All right, all right. I'm coming.

Mary enters the room as he rings off and turns. He's shocked to see her but recovers quickly

LEO

It's Carl. I've got to go.

INT. ALISTAIR'S CAR (OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE) - LATER

Looking THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN as Leo comes out of the house and walks quickly towards and past us.

Alistair's in the driver's seat. For a moment, he just stares ahead. Then he STARTS the ENGINE.

INT. LEO'S FLAT - CORRIDOR/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

We're with Leo as he heads quickly into the living room, scans the room and the empty sofa, then walks on into the kitchen.

Carl is sitting hunched over a cup of tea and a cigarette. He looks even worse than before - grey-faced and shivering.

LEO
So what's up?

CARL
(swallows, upset)
The hospital rang.

He pushes a note with a number on it across the table.

CARL
I said you'd call them.

Shock on Leo's face. He picks up the note and stares numbly down at it.

INT. LEO'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Leo sits in an armchair, lost in thought.

Carl sits across the room, watching him. He's sweating and there's a look of panic in his eyes.

CARL
Bruv... You got any money?

Leo turns. He pauses, his mind still elsewhere, then shakes his head.

CARL
(breathless, whiny)
I need something. You gotta help me.

LEO
I gave you three hundred quid...

CARL
(shakes his head)
We need money, man. One of us needs
to go out.

Leo sits a moment, then gives a resigned nod.

EXT. ESTATE WALKWAY - DAY

We watch from below as Leo walks along. He stops at a door, glances around and knocks, then heads quickly inside.

MONTAGE: EXT. CAMDEN TOWN - VARIOUS - EVENING

We watch, always from a distance, as Leo works:

Hanging around outside the Tube station.

In hurried, watchful conversation with a couple of teenagers on a busy street corner.

Running across a road and into a down-at-heel pub.

A quick glance up and down the street as he leaves a second pub.

EXT. CANAL TOW PATH - EVENING

Leo walks quickly towards us. He turns sharply off the path, revealing that Hob is following a few yards behind.

Hob joins Leo in a narrow alleyway. They stand close. Items change hands. Leo heads quickly back out onto the towpath.

INT. FASHIONABLE PUB - NIGHT

It's quiet. Alistair stands at the bar with a pint of lager, out of place among the scattering of skinny-jeans-and-eyeliner types. We hear the SQUEAK of a DOOR. He turns -

A STUDENT comes out of the gents looking nervy but pleased and heads for the door. Leo emerges and goes back to a table in the corner where a bottle of lager is waiting for him.

Alistair takes a long swig from his glass, then heads over.

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - HAT ROOM - DAY

The room is full of Edwardian ladies' hats. Mary stands straightening the feathers on one exhibit. Her mind wanders and she stops a moment, lost in thought. Then she goes back to work.

EXT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - DAY

Mary locks the door of the building and walks away.

EXT. PRIVATE GARDENS - DAY

Mary comes out of the nursemaid's passage and walks slowly up the curving path.

EXT. OUTSIDE PRIVATE GARDENS/PRIVATE GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

Mary comes out through the gate. She looks towards the house and stops -

Alistair is on the doorstep. He turns and sees her.

Mary hurries to take the key from her bag as Alistair comes running across the road.

ALISTAIR

Mary stop. I need to talk to you.

But she's already shutting the gate behind her and stepping back.

MARY

There's nothing to say.

ALISTAIR

I'm afraid there's rather a lot to say.

She shakes her head, refusing to listen, and hurries away along the line of the railings. Alistair rattles the gate, then heads along the pavement after her.

ALISTAIR

What's he told you Mary? What exactly do you know about him?

She doesn't look at him. She stops and heads the other way. Alistair follows, his anger growing. The railings flicker between them.

ALISTAIR

Do you know what he is, Mary? Do you?

She gets too close to the railings and he grabs her arm.

MARY

FUCK OFF!

But she sees something - the BAGGIE of WHITE POWDER he's holding up in his other hand as he pulls her close.

ALISTAIR

See this?

(shakes it in her face)

I bought it off your precious
fucking Leo in a pub toilet in
Camden Town.

Mary stares at the baggie, then wrenches herself free and steps back, shocked and panting.

ALISTAIR

It's all right. Anyone can make a
mistake.

A pause, Mary staring blankly back at him. Then -

MARY

I don't care. Just leave me alone.

She turns and walks away, leaving the railings and heading across the grass.

ALISTAIR

(voice rising)

I'm not going to let you do this
Mary. Mary!

(under his breath)

Fucking hell!

He puts his hands on the railings and starts to climb.

On Mary as she walks on, angry and upset. She looks back. Alistair teeters on top of the fence, then jumps. Mary starts to run.

She veers off the grass, towards the trees and bushes at one side of the gardens. She pushes through foliage, rejoining the railings and hurrying on into a quiet corner of shadows and compost heaps.

She stops, frozen. Then she screams.

Her screams go on and on. We see Alistair sprinting across the grass. We see her backing away, still screaming, still staring at whatever horror she's stumbled upon.

Alistair arrives panting at her side. Then steps forward.

A BODY is hanging from the railings. Its HEAD is held grotesquely erect by the spike on which it's impaled.

There's a GAG of purple silk. Flies BUZZ around dark patches of DRYING BLOOD on a jacket festooned with A THOUSAND KEYS.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PRIVATE GARDENS - DAY

Bean walks along with four dogs, Gushi among them. He's looking across the road -

Several POLICE CARS parked along the railings. FORENSICS OFFICERS pulling on their white overalls.

Bean walks on.

INT. POLICE CAR (OUTSIDE PRIVATE GARDENS) - DAY

Mary is sitting in the back seat. She still looks shaky and numb.

DI MARNOCK - middle-aged, plain clothes - is in the front seat, watching her in the mirror. He looks tired.

MARNOCK

We'll need a full statement at some stage. We'll be in touch.

(pause)

Are you going to be all right?

Mary nods. Marnock looks ahead. Alistair is standing a few yards away, giving his details to a second OFFICER.

MARNOCK

He's giving you trouble, is he?

(eyes on mirror)

Someone said you were running away.

MARY

It was...

She shakes her head, without the will to explain. Marnock isn't satisfied.

MARNOCK

You don't have to put up with it, you know. Shall I have a word?

Mary shakes her head, but then looks into the mirror.

MARY

I could do with not having to talk to him.

MARNOCK

(nods)

All right. Sit tight. I'll suggest
he gets on his way.

We hear him get out and CLOSE the DOOR. We look through the windscreen. Alistair looks up as Marnock approaches, then towards us as Marnock ushers him away.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANSION BLOCK - DAY

Bean, now without Gushi, walks along the pavement. He sees something and grips the leads a little tighter.

Hob is striding happily towards us, coat flapping. As he passes, he bends and BARKS MANICALLY at the three dogs, then LAUGHS and walks on. Bean scowls after him, shaken and angry.

INT. ALISTAIR'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Alistair stands just inside the door, grim-faced, very still. His gaze shifts to -

Him and Mary smiling out of a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH on the wall.

A HOOK on another wall, empty but for a woman's SCARF.

INT. ALISTAIR'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

SUDDEN ACTIVITY. We're with Alistair as he moves around the house in a near frenzy dumping anything left by Mary into a bin bag - SHOES, CLOTHES, PICTURES, BOOKS.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Alistair is breathing hard as he dumps half-empty SHAMPOO BOTTLES etc. into the bin bag. He opens the mirrored cabinet above the sink and stops.

Mary's shelves are almost empty - just a couple of BROKEN EYELINER PENCILS, a few stray COTTON WOOL BALLS, an old LIPSTICK, which Alistair picks up and opens.

The door of the cabinet closes. We see tears on Alistair's cheeks. He stares at himself, then raises the lipstick and smears its redness clumsily onto his lips.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARY

They said he was called Pharaoh.
That's all they know about him.

(pause)

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

He had a scarf in his mouth. It was purple. It looked like silk.

She takes a sip of wine. The bottle on the table in front of her is two-thirds empty. Her manner is flat and distant.

Leo watches her from along the table.

LEO

I've seen him around. He didn't look like he'd hurt anyone.

Mary says nothing.

LEO

There's something else.

Mary looks at him. A pause.

MARY

I know about the drugs.

Leo stares, open-mouthed.

MARY

Alistair followed you.

LEO

He fucking what...?

MARY

I told him I didn't care. But it turns out I do.

Leo is reeling - alarmed and angry. With an effort, he calms himself and looks at her, shock giving way to defiance.

LEO

It's the way it is. It's how we get by. I don't expect you to understand.

MARY

I thought you might say that. I hoped you wouldn't.

LEO

It's not a business, all right? It's now and then. When the money runs out.

MARY

You and Carl?

LEO
(sharp)
I've told you about Carl. He needs
looking after. That's why I do it.
That's the only reason.

He seems upset by this. There's a pause, Mary watching him.

LEO
I never pretended to be anything
else.

MARY
I know.

Leo takes a heavy breath. He suddenly looks very tired.

LEO
I'm sorry.
(pause)
Is there any way we can forget
about it? Just leave it all
outside? I'd give anything for
that.

MARY
I don't know.

She gets up and stands behind him, running her fingers
through his hair, then taking hold of a handful and pulling
on it to the point that it almost hurts.

MARY
Maybe. For a little while.

INT. BEAN'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bean sits on the sofa staring into the shadows. He raises a
glass and drinks. We hear MUSIC - an OPERATIC ARIA - as we
PUSH CLOSER.

FLASHBACK: INT. BEANS'S FLAT - BEDROOM/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The MUSIC is LOUD. The bedroom door is open a crack. We're
looking through into a MIRROR, in which we see DISTORTED
GLIMPSES in reddish light -

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN is tied face-down on the bed, naked. A
YOUNGER MAN, also naked, sits nearby, his head tipped back as
he pulls a needle from his arm.

Bean is in the corridor in near darkness, watching.

The younger man stands, skinny and graceful. He picks up a leather belt and gets onto the bed, standing over the older man who squirms in pleasure as the end of the belt is trailed teasingly over his flesh.

FLASHBACK: INT. BEAN'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The MUSIC continues. Bean sits at the kitchen table choking down a large glass of cognac. We hear CRIES from the bedroom and the CRACK of leather on skin.

The MUSIC is abruptly cut off by the SCRATCH of CURTAINS being pulled open.

FLASHBACK: INT. BEAN'S FLAT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Bean's employer winces in the daylight.

Bean wrinkles his nose. The room is a squalid mess. There are angry, bloody wounds criss-crossing his employer's back.

BEAN
This is going to kill you one of
these days.

Bean's employer begins to weep quietly. Bean puts down the bowl he's carrying and squeezes out a sponge.

BEAN
I swear they enjoy it.

His employer gives a sobbing LAUGH.

EMPLOYER
Oh Bean. Of course they enjoy it.
That's what I pay them for.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Leo sits half-dressed at the table, his phone in his hand. He looks like he's just received terrible news.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Mary comes out of the bedroom just as Leo is hurrying up the stairs and into the bathroom, SLAMMING and LOCKING the door. She stops, wondering what's wrong.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Mary stands at the table looking down at LEO'S PHONE.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leo is staring numbly into the mirror. He lifts his T-shirt and strokes a hand across his BRUISED STOMACH, tears of shock and confusion springing to his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Mary raises Leo's phone to her ear. RINGING TONE, then -

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Dr Rashid's office.

Mary's mouth opens but no words come.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Dr Rashid's Office... Hello...?

MARY
I'm sorry. Can you tell me what
department this is? I'm not sure...

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Haematology and oncology... How can
I help...?

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Leo enters, pulling on his jacket. Mary is sitting at the table, she stands. She's desperate to say something but doesn't know how. Leo puts his phone in his pocket.

LEO
I'm going to be gone a few days.

She nods.

MARY
Will you be back?

LEO
Yes.

We hear the PULSING SOUND.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

The PULSING continues as we follow Leo along the corridor.

INT. WARD - LATER

We follow Leo as he approaches the nurses' station, STAFF of various kinds coming and going. A NURSE sees him and smiles, then indicates for him to follow as she walks on ahead.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - LATER

The PULSING continues. Leo sits across the desk from Dr. Rashid, listening as she speaks. The PULSING fades.

DR. RASHID
It's called graft versus host
disorder. I think we've spoken
about it. It involves the new cells
turning against the patient's body.

CLOSE ON LEO as he listens.

DR. RASHID (CONT'D)
I'm really very sorry.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - LATER

Leo comes out through sliding doors and walks towards us. He's in a state of shock.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN. The words "acute myeloid leukaemia" in a search box, suggestions listed below.

ON MARY, the laptop on the table in front of her.

ON THE SCREEN as Mary adds letters - r-e-l-. A single suggestion appears - "acute myeloid leukaemia relapse rates".

Mary's breath catches. She stares at the screen, sick with worry.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - STAIRWAY/ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Mary sits at the bottom of the stairs, her phone to her ear. After a few moments she gives up and rings off. Gushi wanders up to her with a wag of the tail.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - NIGHT

Leo is sitting alone on a bench, staring ahead, still deep in shock. We hear a GUST OF WIND moving through the trees. He looks up.

HIS POV, the shadows SHIFTING and RUSTLING as the breeze moves through the branches.

As Leo watches, shock gives way to grief and he starts to cry.

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - GIFT SHOP - DAY

A RATTLE OF COINS as the till drawer opens and Mary fishes out change.

She hands it to one of a PAIR OF CUSTOMERS with a smile.

MARY

I'm glad you enjoyed it. Thank you
for coming.

The customers turn and walk away, clutching small paper bags of post cards and souvenirs. As they disappear through the door, we see Leo standing there.

Mary sees him. They stare at each other.

INT. SITTING ROOM - LATER

The door to the hidden compartment slides open to reveal the PHOTOGRAPH OF IRENE.

Mary takes it out and hands it to Leo. He looks at it a moment, then puts it to one side.

LEO

I need to tell you something...

MARY

(over)
Don't.

Leo doesn't understand.

MARY

I know where you've been. There are things I need to say. The first is that there's money. A lot. From my grandmother. We can go anywhere. Do whatever it takes.

She is breathing hard, increasingly upset.

MARY (CONT'D)

And I'll give another donation. I know it didn't work properly. But maybe a second time.

Leo looks stricken, overwhelmed by her words.

LEO

(whisper)
Mary... thank you...
(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)
(shakes his head)
But...

MARY
No!

She strides up and grabs him by the front of his shirt.

MARY (CONT'D)
We're not going to give up. We're
going to fight. Do you understand?
(sobs)
I'm not going to let you die.
Please. I can't...

Tears spill from Leo's eyes. She throws her arms around him and holds him.

EXT. FREDERICA'S FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Leo follows Mary up the garden path. Mary unlocks the front door and pushes it open.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mary watches as Leo stops and looks around. It's less grand and imposing than the other house and speaks of a different, more bohemian kind of privilege. Mary walks on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leo follows Mary into the room. He seems dazed, both by what's happened and by what he sees.

LEO
You grew up here?

MARY
Guilty.

LEO
No... It's nice. It kind of makes
sense.

Something catches his eye and he walks over to where a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH sits on a shelf - a smiling holiday snap of a girl of seven or eight and her parents.

LEO
Your mum and dad?

She nods. She reaches for another PHOTOGRAPH.

MARY
This is Frederica.

Leo takes it - Frederica and Mary, both smiling happily.

MARY
(looking around)
It's mine now.
(turns to him)
We could move in. As soon as I
leave the other place. Or we could
go away. When you're better. Far
away if you want.

He gazes around the room, then looks at her.

LEO
We're already quite far from
anywhere I've ever been.

Mary turns and unlocks the doors to the garden.

Leo watches as she pushes the doors open and steps out onto
the sun-drenched lawn.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

We see Mary through cooking steam as she peels and chops. She
turns and looks out the window.

HER POV. Leo sitting on the lawn, his back towards us.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON LEO. He still looks a little dazed. Then the sound
of WIND-RUSTLED LEAVES and he looks up into the trees above.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

A small WOODEN BEAR attached to the wall raises its arms and
legs as the string beneath it is tightened.

Leo turns away from the toy with a smile. Mary is by the
window. There's a telescope on a stand.

MARY
I had a thing about stars for a
while. But mostly I used to spy on
the neighbours.

She looks through the eyepiece.

LEO
Anyone there?

MARY
(scanning)
Doesn't look like it.

LEO
(beat)
Are you sure?

CLOSE ON MARY. Something in his voice makes her stop a moment, then look again.

MARY
There is someone. A woman. She's
standing at a window.

LEO
What's she wearing?

MARY
Just a dress. Summery. With
flowers.

It describes her own dress.

MARY
There's a man there. Watching her.
A stranger.

Leo steps slowly forward.

MARY
He's coming closer. She knows he's
there.

LEO
What's he doing?

MARY
He's very close. He's kissing her
neck...

Leo follows each of her prompts.

MARY
Very softly... Touching her hair.

She sways slightly but keeps her eye to the telescope.

MARY
His hands are on her waist... Her
stomach... Her breasts...

Her breath catches as Leo holds her, his face buried in her neck. She takes several deep breaths.

MARY
He's... reaching down... one
hand... lower...

She sucks air softly as Leo reaches between her legs. Her head arches back.

LEO
Keep looking.

He lowers her head gently back to the eyepiece.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREDERICA'S FRONT GARDEN - EVENING

Mary locks the door and walks down the path with Leo.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - LATER

The light is fading. Mary and Leo are alone as they walk arm-in-arm across a wide stretch of grass.

MARY
This money. I've done nothing to
earn it. It's like it's fallen from
the sky.
(looks at him)
I was thinking about Carl...

LEO
No.

It's abrupt, almost a sob. They stop, Mary facing him.

LEO
I'm done with Carl. I've had
enough. I can't do it any more.

He's upset. Mary watches. For a few moments she says nothing.

MARY
Does this mean you can stay with me
now?

LEO
Do you want me to?

She nods. She suddenly looks very serious.

LEO
All right. Thanks.

She doesn't move. He smiles.

LEO
Come on then.

ON LEO as he turns to walk on, Mary behind, rooted to the spot.

MARY
Marry me.

Leo stops dead, eyes wide. He turns.

MARY
Please say yes.

LEO
(instant)
Yes.

LONG SHOT. Mary and Leo alone in the dusk. For a moment, they stand staring each other, then fall into each others arms.

INT. UP-MARKET PATISSERIE - DAY

Looking through glass at an immaculate display of CAKES and PASTRIES.

LEO
(points)
And two of those at the back.

FEMALE SHOP ASSISTANT
The chocolate...

LEO
Yeah, what the hell...

The shop assistant smiles as she starts wrapping Leo's order. He looks around the shop, sun glasses on top of his head, relaxed and happy.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - LATER

The retriever runs in circles chased by the Scottie. Gushi sniffs around under a bush.

Bean is sitting on a bench with George asleep at his feet. He doesn't notice Leo coming along the path towards them, his sun glasses on and the cakes in a bag.

George gives a LOW GROWL. Bean frowns but ignores it. Then George is up, BARKING and pulling on the lead, and Leo is having to side-step quickly to avoid him.

LEO
All right. Fucking hell.

He walks on without looking at Bean.

But Bean is staring after him as George continues to BARK and pull.

EXT. NURSEMAID'S PASSAGE - LATER

Leo walks away from us through the tunnel, TRAFFIC above.

Bean follows with the dogs, eyes fixed ahead, George straining at the lead.

EXT. PRIVATE GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

Looking through the railings towards the house as Leo unlocks the front door and goes inside.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The neatly-wrapped PARCEL OF CAKES lies on the table. Mary and Leo are in each other's arms. They kiss. Then a SOUND from the hall - a KEY in the FRONT DOOR. Leo turns.

MARY
(whisper, smiling)
It's just Bean.

LEO
(frown)
Bean?

MARY
That's his name. The dog walker.
He'll be gone in a minute.

Still smiling, she kisses his neck. But Leo is listening, waiting. Gushi appears in the open doorway and stands looking at them. A pause, then FOOTSTEPS. Mary and Leo move apart as Bean steps into the room.

BEAN
Sorry to bother you Miss.

MARY
(smiling, amused)
Not to worry. What is it?

She doesn't notice the way Leo has turned away.

BEAN
Saturday again I'm afraid.

Mary TUTS at her forgetfulness and heads for the door.

MARY
This is Leo, by the way.

She leaves. Bean looks towards Leo, a wide smile spreading across his face.

BEAN
Hello Leo.

Leo turns to face him but says nothing.

BEAN
(frowns)
You know I think we've met.

LEO
(firm)
No we haven't.

Mary re-enters holding Bean's envelope.

BEAN
I'm sure we have. Just now in the park. I'm afraid my basset was rather unfriendly.

We see Leo untense. Mary misses it as she hands Bean the envelope. He looks at it, folds it, and puts it into his pocket. He doesn't move.

BEAN
So... you're keeping Miss Jago company. Helping her keep an eye on the place.

The friendliness is laced with insinuation. Mary bristles.

MARY
That's right. And we're getting married.

Bean's eyes widen in fake please.

BEAN
Well well. That is happy news. Congratulations.
(turns to Leo)
You must be thrilled Leo. She's quite a catch.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

THROUGH THE WINDOW. Bean walking away with the rest of the dogs.

ON LEO. Standing at the window, staring out.

Mary enters.

MARY
Creepy little man, isn't he?

Leo says nothing. He turns.

MARY
You all right?

LEO
(smiles)
Yeah.

EXT. OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - NIGHT

A car sits in the darkness across the street from the house.

INT. ALISTAIR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alistair stares blankly out of the windscreen.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A PHOTOGRAPH. Carl grins out at us, his arm around an empty circle from which Leo's face has been cut.

Leo is sitting on the bed staring down at the picture. There's the PING of a bathroom light cord. He drops the picture into a bag of clothes which is open at his feet and gets quickly under the covers.

Mary enters, ready for bed. She looks at Leo, his back turned towards her, then glances down.

She bends and picks up the picture.

MARY
Is this Carl?

On Leo, his eyes still open.

LEO
Yes.

Mary sits on the bed, studying the picture. She turns to Leo.

MARY

I don't want you to stop seeing him
because of me.

(pause)

He's your brother. Whatever he's
like, I'm sure we can rub along.

Leo hasn't moved. Mary watches him.

MARY

Will you ask him to the wedding?

Leo sits up suddenly. He looks stricken - close to tears.

MARY

(shocked)

Leo...

LEO

I want to be with you. I need to
forget about him. Just...

(pause, tearful)

...leave him behind, leave
everything behind. I don't like the
things I've done. I want to start
again. With you. That's all I want.

The force of this leaves Mary speechless. She manages a smile
and takes him in her arms, but she's troubled.

INT. TRADITIONAL PUB - NIGHT

Alistair sits alone at a table, a half-finished drink in
front of him. He's twitchy and drunk and he's fiddling with
something - Mary's LIPSTICK - repeatedly taking the lid off
and putting it back on. He doesn't notice -

Bean, watching him from the bar.

On Alistair, drinking thirstily. Bean sits down a couple of
feet away. Alistair glances round irritably, then looks again
as he remembers the face.

ALISTAIR

What do you want?

For a moment, Bean just looks at him.

BEAN

You should try to be more polite.

ALISTAIR

Fuck off.

He drinks again.

ALISTAIR
(snort of laughter)
Fucking dog man. Picking up shit
all day.

BEAN
There's worse things than a bit of
dog shit. I don't mind, if it keeps
the place tidy.
(beat)
None of us wants to see filth where
it doesn't belong.

Alistair isn't really listening. Bean watches him a moment.

BEAN
She's talking about marrying him.

It's a moment before Alistair hears. He turns.

BEAN
It's a travesty if you ask me. We
all know what he's after.

There's growing horror on Alistair's face.

ALISTAIR
I don't believe you.

BEAN
And she doesn't know the first
thing about him. If she did, he
wouldn't last five minutes.

ALISTAIR
I already know about the drugs.

BEAN
More to it than that. Much more.
(smiles)
You could talk to her. You'd be
saving her from herself. She'd be
upset at first, but she'd come
round.
(pause, moves closer)
Or... You could talk to him. Tell
him the game's up. Slip him a few
hundred to ease him on his way.

A pause, Alistair starting to take Bean seriously.

ALISTAIR

Why would he take a few hundred if he's about to marry into a few million?

BEAN

Because he's not sure he can keep this up. And because a common shit like him always takes the short money.

ALISTAIR

Is that what you're asking? A few hundred?

BEAN

Oh no Sir. I'd need a bit more than that.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

ON THE PHOTOGRAPH of Carl as Mary picks it up from the floor by the bed.

She sits looking down at it, Leo asleep behind her. Then she looks up - the CUT-OUT PHOTOGRAPH OF LEO is tucked into the corner of a picture on the wall next to the bed.

ON THE PHOTOGRAPH as Mary fits Leo's image back where it came from - the two brothers smile out at us.

EXT. OUTSIDE BARKER-PRYCE HOUSE - DAY

Bean unties George and goes on his way.

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - GIFT SHOP - DAY

Mary sits at the desk, lost in thought. She looks at her watch, then stands suddenly and takes her jacket from a hook.

EXT. CANAL TOW PATH - DAY

Bean and George walk along under a low bridge.

BEAN'S POV as they emerge into daylight and Hob steps out in front of them, just inches away.

HOB

(well-spoken)

Good morning.

He's grinning crazily, forcing Bean back into the shadows. George GROWLS. Hob answers with a lunatic burst of BARKING and GROWLING that leaves George silent and submissive.

Then Leo's there, close to Bean. He smiles.

LEO
Do that smile again. You know...
pleased to meet you Leo. That one.
Do it for me.

His manner is mild but full of menace. Bean is terrified.

LEO
What's wrong Bean?

He moves even closer - as if he's about to kiss him.

LEO
(quiet)
Mary Jago's the best thing that
ever happened to me. Please don't
spoil it.

He rubs a finger gently, sensuously across Bean's lips.

LEO
Keep this shut, eh?

He steps back. Hob gives a final BARK and they depart.

Bean collapses back against the damp bricks, a hand to his chest like he thinks he's going to have a heart attack.

INT. BAKER STREET TUBE STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

SUDDEN NOISE as a TRAIN RATTLES into the station.

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE (TRAVELLING) - LATER

Mary stands in the crowded carriage.

EXT. EUSTON ROAD - LATER

LOUD TRAFFIC NOISE as Mary makes her way along the pavement.

EXT. STREET IN SOMERS TOWN - LATER

It's quieter, but the street feels scruffy and abandoned.
Mary pauses at a corner, getting her bearings, then walks on.

EXT. LEO'S ESTATE - EXTERNAL STAIRWAY - LATER

Mary climbs the stairs.

EXT. WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mary walks along. She has to pass a SMALL GROUP of people in conversation outside an open door. They pay her no attention.

She walks on, checking the door numbers, then stops. She pauses, looking around. Then she KNOCKS on the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - DAY

Leo approaches the house with a newspaper and a small bag of groceries. He gets out his keys and unlocks the front door.

ALISTAIR (O.S.)
Is Mary in?

Leo turns. Alistair is striding towards him.

LEO
No.

ALISTAIR
Good. You and me need to talk.

He walks straight past Leo and into the house.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Alistair strides away across the hall. Gushi YAPS a couple of times, then returns to the drawing room. Leo SHUTS the FRONT DOOR.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Alistair stands in the middle of the room, waiting. He looks wired - pleased with himself but also full of jealous anger.

Leo enters.

LEO
You're Alistair.

ALISTAIR
That's right.

LEO
What do you want?

Alistair pauses a moment. He smiles.

ALISTAIR
I know who you are.

EXT. WALKWAY - DAY

Mary KNOCKS on the door, LOUDER than before. She waits, looking up and down the walkway. Then she admits defeat and turns to leave.

The door next to Leo's OPENS suddenly. Mary stops. The girl who delivered the flowers is in the doorway, staring up at her.

GIRL
Are you looking for Carl?

MARY
(pauses, surprised)
Yes I am. Do you know where I can find him?

The girl shakes her head - poker-faced, eyes fixed on Mary. There's a pause. Mary isn't sure what to do.

GIRL
He hasn't been around.

MARY
(nods)
OK. Thanks.

She's starting to feel foolish about coming. She gives the girl a quick smile and turns to go.

GIRL
Not since Leo died.

Mary stops dead. She turns slowly, staring at the girl. Moments pass. Then a confused laugh.

MARY
What did you say?

GIRL
Leo. His brother. The one who was sick.

Another pause. Mary blinks, struggling to think straight. Then another panicked half-laugh.

MARY
Are you making fun of me?

The girl shakes her head - still the same poker-face.

Mary goes very still. She stares at the girl.

MARY
When did he die?

GIRL
(shrug)
Don't know. About a week ago.

MARY
The flowers you gave me. Who sent them?

GIRL
Carl.

Mary gags. She claps a hand to her mouth and closes her eyes, waiting for the nausea to pass.

Then she reaches into her bag and takes out the photograph of the brothers. Her hands are shaking as she holds the two pieces together.

MARY
Show me. Tell me their names.

ON THE PICTURE as the girl points to the intact portion.

GIRL (O.S.)
That's Leo.
(points at cut-out face)
That's Carl.

EXT. WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mary walks quickly back along the walkway, then breaks into a run.

The group conversing at the open door look up as she approaches. She runs through them, a hand to her mouth.

EXT. EXTERNAL STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mary comes running around the corner. She stops, half collapsed against the wall, and vomits onto the stairs.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The man we now know is Carl sits slackly at the table.

Alistair sits opposite, watching him.

ALISTAIR
We're going to keep this simple,
Carl. You're going to pack your
things and go.
(MORE)

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

I'm going to watch you don't help
yourself to any of the silverware
on the way out.

Carl says nothing. Alistair reaches into a pocket and pulls
out a thickish ENVELOPE. He DROPS it onto the table.

ALISTAIR

That's to tide you over.

(beat)

I want you out.

EXT. EUSTON ROAD - DAY

Mary stands on a traffic island, CARS and BUSES THUNDERING
PAST on both sides. She's looking around like she doesn't
know where she is, out of her mind with shock and confusion.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Carl is holding the envelope. He looks at it, then lays it
back onto the table and looks up at Alistair.

ALISTAIR

I'd take it if I were you. I'd take
it and I'd piss off.

CARL

I'm not leaving. I love her.

Momentary shock on Alistair's face. Then a scornful laugh.

ALISTAIR

Jesus Carl, it's over. You can drop
the bullshit.

CARL

It's true. I love her. And she
loves me.

ALISTAIR

(shout)

No she fucking doesn't!

He's on his feet in a sudden spasm of fury, his chair
toppling back and CLATTERING to the floor. With an effort, he
gets hold of himself and attempts a dismissive laugh.

ALISTAIR

What the hell do you think's going
to happen? You don't imagine she's
going to forgive you?

CARL
(pauses, bleak)
I don't know. I want to explain.

ALISTAIR
Explain?! How the fuck do you
explain that?

He's grinning as he circles the table towards Carl.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)
You lied about everything. And I
know all about you. And your
brother. Every nasty, grubby
detail.

Carl meets his gaze, unmoving.

ALISTAIR
(scowling anger)
So why don't you just fuck off?

CARL
She deserves the truth.

ALISTAIR
I'll decide what she fucking
deserves. I've been with her three
years.

CARL
I know. She told me about it.
(beat)
All the fun times.

This stops Alistair. There's a pause.

ALISTAIR
(quiet)
How dare you accuse me? After what
you've done to her.

He starts to breathe harder, face twisting with emotion.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)
Someone as sweet as her. As
defenceless. She needs to be cared
for. By someone who loves her. Who
can look after her. Not lied to.
Not fucked over by some shitty
little nothing like you.
(pauses, calmer)
You really don't know her at all,
do you? That wasn't love.
(MORE)

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

That was pity. You were just someone she could feel sorry for. More sorry than she feels for herself. Her poor broken Leo. Her helpless pet.

(quiet)

Think about it. Why else would someone as beautiful as her, as perfect... be with someone like you?

He smiles and steps away. He isn't expecting a reply.

CARL

Because I don't treat her like a child.

Alistair turns. The smile dies.

CARL (CONT'D)

Or like a doll.

ALISTAIR

Shut up.

CARL (CONT'D)

Because I don't make her afraid.

ALISTAIR

I said shut up.

CARL (CONT'D)

Because I make her feel alive. Like she's got real blood in her veins.

Alistair turns away, like he can't stand to hear it.

CARL

She doesn't love you.

ALISTAIR

(over, screams it)

SHUT UP!

He directs a FRENZIED KICK at a chair, sending it CRASHING away across the floor. Carl stands, ready to defend himself, but Alistair doesn't turn.

ALISTAIR

Please...

(panting, desperate)

Just go... just get your things and...

CARL

No.

A pause. Alistair takes a breath.

ALISTAIR

We'll see...

Without looking at Carl, he turns and strides from the room. Carl exhales, looking towards the door as he hears Alistair STAMPING up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alistair grabs Carl's bag from the floor. Then his eyes fall on the unmade bed and he stops, frozen.

He drops the bag and steps forward. Mary's pyjamas lie discarded on a pillow. Alistair picks them up, his face crumpling in grief - then in fury, as he tears the covers from the bed and stares down at the sheet underneath.

Carl steps into the doorway. Alistair takes a trembling breath, still staring down at the bed.

ALISTAIR

Did she call out his name?

Carl says nothing. Without warning, Alistair turns and rushes him, grabbing him by the shirt front and shoving him back out through the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING/STAIRWAY/ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Carl slams into the wall across the landing.

ALISTAIR

Did she? Did she call out for Leo?
For your dead fucking brother?

A pause, Carl staring grimly back at him.

CARL

The question is, did she ever call
out your name?
(no answer)
Exactly.

Alistair lets out a FURIOUS YELL as he spins Carl away from the wall and towards the stairs. As Carl staggers away, he feels the PYJAMA BOTTOMS loop around his neck and tighten.

They stumble together down the stairs, Carl's eyes bulging as he struggles to free himself, his forehead banging against the wall as Alistair holds him tight, murder in his eyes.

Half-way down the stairs, Carl's spinning momentum pulls him clear of Alistair's grip. He scrambles and slips down the remaining stairs and across the hall, Alistair right behind.

The CRICKET BAT is resting against the wall by the door to the study. Carl reaches for it and turns, swinging the bat with all his strength.

There's a WET, BREAKING SOUND as the blow lands on the side of Alistair's head. He stumbles back into the kitchen, grabbing for a chair, half-falling, blinking in surprise.

Carl steps after him, staring in horror. He takes a SINGLE FRIGHTENED BREATH, then swings the bat TWICE MORE.

FADE TO BLACK.

We hear the PULSING SOUND - slow and heavy.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DAY

The PULSING is the only sound. CLOSE ON MARY, still distracted and confused as she walks along the pavement.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The PULSING continues. Carl sits at the table, helpless with shock.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DAY

Mary turns in fright as an ambulance speeds silently past, lights flashing.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Alistair's dead eyes stare up from the floor as a pool of blood gathers around his head.

FADE TO BLACK.

The PULSING STOPS and SOUND RETURNS - a background drone of VOICES and FOOTSTEPS.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

CLOSE ON MARY, standing still as STAFF and PATIENTS mill around her. She's looking for something. She sees it -

Among dozens of destinations on an OVERHEAD SIGN, the words "Harvest Trust".

INT. HOSPITAL - HARVEST TRUST OFFICE - LATER

An untidy room, posters on the walls promoting bone marrow donation.

Mary sits with red eyes and a tissue. DEBORAH COX, 40s, watches from behind a desk, torn between sympathy and the work she could be doing.

COX

This is why we advise against contact. There are no guarantees in this kind of work.

(pause)

I can confirm that Leo Nash died on the seventh of August.

MARY

(very quiet)

But the letter...

COX

The letter actually said very little. If people agree to make contact we don't try to stop them but Leo's treatment was at best a partial success. And the end came quickly. Just a few days. Now I'm afraid that's all I can tell you.

Mary sits there, utterly lost. Then she reaches into her bag.

MARY

I've got a picture. Him and his brother.

Cox frowns. She's finding Mary's behaviour increasingly odd. Mary holds up the TWO PIECES of the PICTURE.

MARY

I got it wrong. I thought it was him.

She reaches forward with the CUT-OUT PORTION. Cox takes it with a sigh.

MARY (CONT'D)

We've got the same eyes. And the hair.

COX
That's not quite how it works.

She hands the picture back.

MARY
(looking at the picture)
I know. But we seemed like such a
good match.

COX
(exasperated)
He had leukaemia Mary.

Mary looks up, stirred from her daze by the name of the
disease.

COX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's a horrible, dangerous illness
and frankly I wouldn't wish it on
my worst enemy.

We PUSH IN on Mary. She is suddenly very still. As we PUSH
CLOSER, Cox's voice begins to fade.

COX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The doctors here did all they
could. And your donation was
extremely generous. But there's no
magic wand. That should have been
clear to you. Now if you feel you
need formal counselling about
what's happened...

Her voice returns to full volume and Mary looks at her.

COX (CONT'D)
...I can refer you to someone who
can help. But I'm afraid...

MARY
(over, abrupt)
No.

Cox blinks, pulled up short.

MARY
(quiet)
I think I'll be all right.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

Mary walks slowly towards us along the corridor. There's a
strange calm about her. She glances to one side.

HER POV. A DISPENSARY - shelves of pill bottles and a stooped, sickly OLD MAN standing at the counter. He takes his paper bag of medicine and turns, watching us as we pass.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Carl sits as before. Then he turns slowly towards the body.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Carl pulls two large towels from an airing cupboard. He's moving slowly, still in shock.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - LATER

Carl pulls a dark blanket from the bottom of a linen chest.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Alistair's head is lifted clear of the congealing blood on the floor. Carl has him by the neck of his jacket, grimacing as he swivels the body around and lays it down on a towel.

Later. Drawers open one after another. Carl pulls DUCT TAPE from one drawer, a handful of PAPER TOWELS from another. He is moving faster - shock giving way to panic.

Later. Alistair's head and shoulders are inside a bin bag. Carl wraps duct tape tightly around his neck.

Later. Carl drags the body onto the blanket.

Later. Carl uses a towel to push the blood into a pool, then to scoop up as much as he can, laying it all in an open bin bag.

Later. He frantically wipes the blood off his hands with a paper towel.

EXT. LANE BEHIND TERRACE HOUSE - DAY

A garage door tips up and Carl steps out. He looks up and down the deserted lane, then goes back inside, pulling the door down after him.

EXT. YARD BEHIND TERRACE HOUSE - LATER

Carl hauls the body out of the back door. It's roughly wrapped in the blanket and several yards of duct tape and is very heavy - Carl is panting hard.

He pauses, glancing up at the windows above. Then he drags the body across the concrete towards the open inner door of the garage.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Carl empties a bucket of pinkish water into the sink.

Later. Carl is on his hands and knees, scrubbing the floor.

EXT. OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - DAY

Mary comes along the pavement carrying a bag of shopping. She stops. For several moments she stares up at the house. Then she takes out her keys and steps up to the front door.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mary stands in the hall. Everything is QUIET. She walks on towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We follow her into the room. She looks around - no-one there, no sign of what happened. She walks on and puts the shopping bag on the table.

CARL (O.S.)

Hi.

She turns, startled. She doesn't smile.

Carl is in the doorway, fresh out of the shower.

CARL

How was work?

Mary turns back to the table and starts unpacking the shopping.

MARY

It was fine.

CARL

Everything OK?

She turns. There's a pause. Then she sees something and frowns.

MARY

What's that...? On your forehead.

We notice a split-second of alarm, but he covers it well - shaking his head as he touches fingers to the bruise he received on the stairs.

CARL

I... uh... bumped it. You know...

He shrugs it off, but Mary reaches for a roll of kitchen towels, tears off a sheet and dampens it under the tap. Then she goes to him.

MARY

Poor Leo.

He sways slightly as she holds the cool towel against his skin. We glimpse his exhaustion and fear.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Steam from the stove. Mary is crushing ingredients in a pestle and mortar. She stops a moment, looking down at her work, then carries on.

INT. STUDY - EVENING

THROUGH THE WINDOW to the yard and the garage.

ON CARL as he looks out.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

They eat in silence. Carl seems lost in thought. Mary watches him, sipping from her wine glass.

MARY

When's your next appointment?

It takes a moment for her words to penetrate.

CARL

Uh... Not sure. Next week some time. I've got it written down.

MARY

Maybe I could come. I'd like to hear what they say.

Carl looks at her a moment, then nods.

CARL

All right. Thanks.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mary lies in a deep bath with a glass of wine.

The DOOR RATTLES, but it's locked. Mary turns.

MARY

Sorry.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Carl is sitting on the bed. He looks up as Mary enters and watches her as she sits at the dressing table and starts putting cream on her face.

CARL
They're back in a couple of days.
(pause)
I'm looking forward to it.

MARY
Me too.

He gets up and stands behind her, watching her in the mirror, then stroking fingers across the point of her shoulder.

MARY
Do you mind if we don't. I'm a bit tired.

Carl looks into the mirror.

CARL
Is something wrong?

She meets his eyes in the mirror and smiles.

MARY
No.
(eyes moves lower)
Those ones are looking a bit better.

Carl looks down in shock at the fading bruises on his torso. Unsure what to say, he heads for the bed. Mary turns.

MARY
It's a good sign, no?

CARL
(getting into bed)
Maybe.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Mary puts a cup down on the bedside table. She's dressed for work.

MARY
Morning. Cup of tea.

She leaves. Carl stirs, then groggily sits up in the bed and reaches for the cup.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

THROUGH THE WINDOW. Mary heads off along the street. Carl watches, then turns away.

EXT. OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - LATER

Carl pulls the door shut and turns -

Bean is there, tying up the dogs. George GROWLS. Bean and Carl stare at each other - Bean is scared but Carl hasn't got time. He hurries past and on his way.

EXT. CANAL TOW PATH - DAY

Hob lies asleep on a low wall, his coat over his head.

CARL (O.S.)

Hob.

Hob doesn't stir.

CARL

(louder)

Oi! Hob!

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

TRAFFIC NOISE. Carl and Hob stand outside a McDonalds. Hob bites messily into a burger.

CARL

I've got something wants moving.
Not far, but you'll need a van. A
Transit or something.
(looks at Hob)
You listening?

Hob nods as he chews.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carl is working his way through a plate of pasta. Mary watches.

MARY

Like it?

He nods as he eats.

MARY

We're going to feed you up. Get you
well again.

He smiles.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Carl stands in front of the mirror in his underpants, examining the fading bruises on his torso.

He looks up and stares into his own eyes. We PUSH CLOSER. His face clenches against the pain as he begins to PUNCH HIMSELF HARD in the chest.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary is sleeping. Carl lies awake next to her. He pushes the covers back and gets quietly out of bed.

INT. TRANSIT VAN (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

Hob at the wheel. He's driving with care - twitchy and tense. He makes a rough gear-change, then slams on the brakes.

HIS POV as he squeaks to a stop behind a car waiting at a traffic light.

Hob blinks in fright. The lights change. The car ahead is pulling away but Hob hits the HORN anyway.

HOB

Chop chop.

INT. TRANSIT VAN (TRAVELLING) - LATER

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN as we head along the lane behind the terrace house. The garage door swings up and Carl steps out in bare feet, jeans and a jacket.

EXT. LANE BEHIND TERRACE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carl watches as the van STOPS, then REVERSES JERKILY towards the doorway. Hob gets the line wrong and Carl has to BANG on the side as loudly as he dares to stop him.

INT. REAR OF TRANSIT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Carl and Hob heave the blanket-covered body inside. They stand, bent over in the weak glow from the roof light. Carl reaches into a pocket and pulls out a small BAGGIE of powder.

CARL

This is to keep you going.

Hob takes it. Carl reaches into another pocket and shows him a PLASTIC BAG containing about a dozen GLASS AMPULES. Hob's eyes light up.

CARL
This is for the morning. All right?
I'll find you.

EXT. LANE BEHIND TERRACE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Carl watches the van drive away. He steps back into the garage and the door comes down.

INT. TRANSIT VAN (TRAVELLING) - CONTINUOUS

ON HOB as he slows at the end of the lane, then pulls out. He's sweating, hands tight on the wheel.

HIS POV as he slows for the next junction then JERKS to a sudden stop as a POLICE CAR glides past.

Hob is spooked, shaky and wide-eyed as he watches the car go.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carl climbs quietly into the bed, his back to Mary.

ON MARY, facing away, her eyes open.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - INNER CIRCLE - NIGHT

The van is parked under a street lamp. The road is deserted. We see a sign on the railings - "Inner Circle".

INT. TRANSIT VAN - CONTINUOUS

Hob snorts the last of the powder out of a cupped hand. He blinks and sniffs and licks his palm.

He sits a moment, breathing deeply as he feels the drug working through him.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carl lies awake, staring at the ceiling.

He looks at where Mary lies, facing away. He watches her, his face full of fear and regret. Then he turns and moves closer, trying not to wake her but in need of her warmth.

ON MARY. She's awake, trying not to move. We see a slow blink of reluctant desire as he settles against her.

INTERCUT WITH -

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - INNER CIRCLE - NIGHT

The rear door of the van CREAKS OPEN. Hob looks in, then turns and looks back along the road.

Carl pulls closer to Mary, an arm around her. In spite of herself, Mary responds - her breath catches and her body softens into his. Carl feels it, holding her tighter, kissing her neck.

The blanket-covered body BUMPS DOWN onto the pavement. Hob is holding one end. Panting slightly, he has another quick look around, then pulls again and drags the body away.

Mary twists onto her back as Carl's hand moves across her body. He lifts himself up, pulling up her top and pressing soft kisses to her stomach, her side, her iliac crest.

We see a BLADE. Hob crouches and starts SLICING through the blanket and the duct tape. He is breathless and panicky.

Mary sighs and arches as Carl nuzzles and bites at her breasts. He stops, breathing hard, kneeling above her.

CARL

I love you.

She SHUSHES him, lifting a hand towards his mouth.

ON HOB, panting and struggling. ON ALISTAIR, Hob's fingers gripping his bruised, dead face, pushing it back over a spike, pausing, panting.

CARL

I need you to understand...
Whatever happens, you knew the real
me... who I really was.

Mary is staring up at him, a grimace of shock on her face.

CARL

What is it?

There's a LARGE DROP OF BLOOD suspended from Carl's nose.

ON HOB as he HEAVES DOWN on Alistair's upturned face. There's a downward jerk and a sound of SPLITTING FLESH.

The drop of blood falls. Mary turns her face but it hits her cheek. She grimaces and wipes it away. Carl rears up from the bed, clapping a hand to his face as more blood flows.

CARL

Fuck!

Blood POOLS on the horizontal bar that joins the railings at the base of the spikes, then starts DRIPPING to the ground.

FADE OUT.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The sound of the door BANGING OPEN. The light CLICKS on and Carl CRIES OUT in shock -

He's looking into the mirror - not at the smeared blood around his nose and mouth but at the expanse of UGLY BLACK BLOTCHES now covering his torso.

There's another SOB of horror as he sees the bandages on his forearms - RED AND DAMP WITH BLOOD.

Mary hurries in and stops, staring wide-eyed at Carl's reflection.

MARY

Jesus!

CARL

(sobbing)

Oh God.

MARY

Let me see.

She turns him, examining his chest, running fingers across the bruises. She's alarmed, but less shocked than we might expect. And there's a hint of fascination.

MARY

Is this what happened before? Is this how it was?

CARL

(hesitates a beat)

I... I don't know. Not like this.

MARY

It'll be all right. I'm sure.

CARL

(loud, panicked)

HOW DO YOU KNOW? YOU'VE GOT NO FUCKING IDEA.

He turns back to the mirror, stepping closer and pulling down his lower lip. We see BLOOD ON HIS GUMS.

CARL
(sobbing)
Oh Jesus Christ!

INT. STAIRWAY - LATER

Carl is still pulling on his shirt as he hurries down the stairs. Mary follows.

MARY
If you wait I'll come with you.

He ignores her, grabbing his jacket from the bannister and hurrying out of sight.

Mary stops and sits on the stairs. We hear the front door OPEN, then BANG SHUT.

INT. TRANSIT VAN (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

The ENGINE SCREAMS. Hob is grinning and manic. He gives a delighted HOWL as he drives on, apparently unaware that he's going faster and faster.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - INNER CIRCLE - CONTINUOUS

The van SPEEDS PAST, lurching towards the centre of the road.

INT. TRANSIT VAN (TRAVELLING) - CONTINUOUS

Hob peers ahead, working his eyes like he's having trouble seeing straight.

HIS POV - the deserted road unwinding ahead of him at alarming speed, the light of the street lamps streaking and distorting.

Hob frowns as he looks ahead for a junction or a sign. He's getting confused, unsure where he is.

Then a look of panic as he sees something at the side of the road. The van veers to the side. Hob over-corrects and it swings back the other way, out of control.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - INNER CIRCLE - CONTINUOUS

The van bounces violently off the kerb. It careers across the road, a collapsed wheel SCRAPING and SPARKING, mounts the far pavement and SMASHES into the railings.

INT. TRANSIT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

For a moment, Hob is unconscious. Then his head rears back with a snort and he stares around, wondering where he is.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - INNER CIRCLE - LATER

Hob is emptying petrol from a one gallon container into the back of the van - over bin bags, the bloodied blanket, strips of duct tape. He lights a match and throws it inside.

There's a WHOOSH and flames billow out of the van. Hob grins and steps back. But he moves too late and he's still holding the container - the petrol left inside ignites with another WHOOSH.

Burning petrol spills onto both hands as he shakes the cannister free. He dances away, patting his hands against himself in a frenzied effort to douse the flames.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mary looks into the mirror as she lifts a flannel to her cheek and wipes away the remaining traces of Carl's blood.

INT. HOSPITAL - CASUALTY DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

IN CLOSE as Carl steps up to the reception desk - breathless and panicky, a bloody tissue held to his nose.

CARL
I need help. I'm bleeding.

CASUALTY NURSE
All right.

She hands him a form on a clipboard.

CASUALTY NURSE (CONT'D)
If you could just fill in some details...

CARL
Look...

He lifts his shirt. Shock on the nurse's face.

CARL (CONT'D)
It's leukaemia. My brother had it.

CASUALTY NURSE
(calming, firm)
OK. You need to take a seat. But someone'll be out to see you soon.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

Faint grey light from the window as Mary stands looking out across the park.

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRWAY - DAWN

Carl is alone in the deserted stairway. He's on a landing, looking out through a large window at a wide view of dawn breaking across London.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - INNER CIRCLE - DAWN

There's a police car and a UNIFORMED OFFICER placing traffic cones around the burned-out van. A SECOND OFFICER walks back along the road, eyes on the long STREAKS OF RUBBER left by the van's tyres.

The officer stops and sees something else - a DARK SHAPE just visible through the leaves of a tree that overhangs the railings on one side of the road.

The officer walks on. As he passes the tree, Alistair's body comes into view, his mouth gagged with PURPLE SILK.

INT. HOSPITAL - TREATMENT CUBICLE - DAY

Carl pulls the bandage off one arm. A MALE NURSE is sitting opposite preparing to take blood. He frowns at the sight of half a dozen ulcerated needle marks, some oozing blood.

MALE CASUALTY NURSE
Are you still using?

CARL
Not for two and a half months.
(indicates his arm)
They were getting better till this happened.

The nurse picks up a syringe and moves closer.

MALE CASUALTY NURSE
OK. So where shall we try?

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - INNER CIRCLE - DAY

Alistair's body lies on a stretcher.

LOOKING UP as Marnock looks down. He frowns and takes a step closer. Then he turns to the YOUNG DETECTIVE standing next to him.

MARNOCK
We know him, don't we?

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - CONTINUOUS

We're watching the crime scene from 20 yards away, through bushes and railings.

On Bean as he stands watching, shock on his face, the dogs milling around him.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A suitcase open on the bed. Mary is packing.

Later. Mary shakes out a clean sheet and straightens it over the mattress.

Later. She stands in the doorway. One last look around the room, then she pulls the door closed.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Mary dries a pan and puts it away. She turns and looks around. The room is as neat and tidy as the day she arrived.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Mary stands at the window, pulling the shutters closed.

The DOORBELL RINGS - LOUD and SUDDEN.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens to reveal Marnock and the young detective.

MARNOCK

Morning Ms Jago.

(holds out his ID)

DI Marnock. We spoke the other day.

This is DC Simpson.

MARY

Hello.

(blank, then remembers)

Oh yeah, the statement.

She steps back to let them in but Marnock doesn't move.

MARNOCK

I'm afraid it's something else.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

CLOSE ON MARY, numb with shock.

MARNOCK

When did you last see him?

MARY

That day. With you.

MARNOCK

He left you alone after that.

She nods. A pause, then she turns to him.

MARY

You think it's the same... as the others?

MARNOCK

We don't know. Some of it fits.
Some of it doesn't.

MARY

The scarf?

MARNOCK

(beat)
That part fits.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

Carl sits on a bed, waiting. A young CASUALTY DOCTOR enters holding a file. He sits and looks at Carl.

CASUALTY DOCTOR

Well it's not leukaemia.

Carl stares in surprise. The doctor checks the notes.

CASUALTY DOCTOR

No medication...
(looks up)
And you told us you're no longer
using drugs.

Carl nods.

CASUALTY DOCTOR

So how do you explain the presence
of Warfarin in your blood?

CARL

Warfarin?

CASUALTY DOCTOR

It's a blood thinning agent. It's
also used as rat poison.
(MORE)

CASUALTY DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(pause)

It's the kind of thing that finds
its way into street heroin now and
then.

There's a hint of accusation, but Carl isn't listening. He's
looking away, thinking. We PUSH CLOSER.

CASUALTY DOCTOR (O.S.)

You're going to be fine. But we'll
admit you. Keep an eye on things
for a day or so.

CARL

(quiet)

No thanks.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON MARY. The detectives have gone but she hasn't moved.

INT. HOSPITAL - CASUALTY DEPARTMENT - DAY

Carl walks quickly through the reception area. He sees
something and stops -

Sky News on a TV screen. No sound. A red banner carries the
words: PARK KILLINGS - NEW VICTIM? The picture shows buckled
railings and the burned-out van.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mary sits as before, still in a daze. For several moments,
she doesn't move. But then she notices something and frowns.

She stands slowly and steps forward, then bends and picks
something up from the shadows just under a cupboard.

She straightens and turns, staring in confusion at ALISTAIR'S
KEEPSAKE LIPSTICK.

FLASHBACK: INT. ALISTAIR'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Inside the cabinet above the sink - Mary's near-empty shelves
as she throws the LIPSTICK back inside, SLAMS the mirrored
door shut and leaves the room.

EXT. CANAL BRIDGE - DAY

Carl walks quickly across the bridge.

EXT. CANAL BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Carl squeezes between bent railings and scrambles down a steep, rubbish-strewn bank and into the shadows under the bridge.

Hob is lying in a dark corner on a piece of cardboard, his back towards us. Carl approaches and shakes his shoulder.

CARL

Hob.

Hob rolls back a little to reveal BLACKENED COAT SLEEVES and HANDS held trembling to his chest, the BURNS raw and fluidy.

HOB

Fucking hurts, Carl.

CARL

Jesus. What the fuck happened?

Hob starts to cry.

CARL

(pause, then gentle)

It's all right. I'll sort you out.
Like I said.

He glances around for anyone watching. Moving fast, he takes the bag of ampules from his pocket and chooses a syringe from among the dozens scattered on the ground.

Moments later. The head SNAPS off an ampule. Then ANOTHER and ANOTHER and ANOTHER.

Moments later. Carl rubs Hob's neck to raise his jugular.

HOB

Chop chop.

He laughs. The needle pierces the vein.

CARL

Here we go, mate. Easy does it.

He pushes the plunger home, shushing Hob gently, stroking a hand across his brow as he sighs and goes still.

A pause, then Carl is moving fast again. He looks around, throws the syringe into the canal and pulls something from another pocket - a WALLET in a plastic bag.

Using his T-shirt to cover his fingers, he takes the wallet out, scatters some of the cards, then drops it a few feet from Hob's body.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Mary's suitcases stand ready.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mary stands in the SILENCE in the place where Alistair lay. She's looks down at the LIPSTICK in her hand, unable to shake the mystery. Then she looks at the floor.

The tiles where she stands are scrubbed slightly cleaner than those around them. Mary notices. She crouches and looks closer. She runs fingers across the tiles, up to where the cleaner tiles meet the base of the fridge.

She hesitates. Then something makes her wipe her fingers into the narrow gap under fridge. She pulls them out, staring -

There's REDNESS ON HER FINGERTIPS. She feels it, the blood still sticky to the touch.

EXT. MARYLEBONE ROAD - DAY

SUDDEN NOISE. Carl waits at the lights as the TRAFFIC THUNDERS PAST.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

We hear the front door SLAM and rapid FOOTSTEPS.

CARL (O.S.)
(shout)
MARY!

He stops in the doorway and looks quickly around.

INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Carl comes running up the stairs.

INT. BLACK CAB (TRAVELLING) - DAY

Mary sits in the back as the cab heads past the park.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PARK - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the CAB FADES as Bean leads George across the road and towards the park.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - INNER CIRCLE - LATER

Bean and George approach the spot where Alistair was found. The pavement around it is cordoned off with police tape, but there's no-one there.

Bean stops, staring at the railings. His expression is one of anger and confusion. After a moment, he glances quickly around, pulls a Polaroid camera out of the pocket of his jacket and takes a photograph.

INT. POLICE CAR (CANAL BRIDGE) - DAY

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN as Bean and George walk past the car.

Marnock is in the driver's seat examining evidence bags - one with ALISTAIR'S WALLET inside, others containing several of his CARDS.

Marnock lowers the bags and looks away with a sigh.

We see Simpson coming along the pavement. The passenger door OPENS and he gets in. The door SHUTS.

SIMPSON

They call him Hob. Can't get a full name.

He looks happy but Marnock says nothing.

SIMPSON

What? It's him, isn't it?

(still no response)

Whatever's going on with this one, he still looks good for the others.

Marnock looks back down at the evidence bags.

MARNOCK

Maybe.

SIMPSON

They're talking about a press conference.

MARNOCK

(half-laugh)

There you go then. Not really up to us, is it?

He pauses, looking out towards the park.

MARNOCK

They used to put heads on spikes,
 didn't they? In the old days.
 Around the city walls. That's what
 this is like. A warning to thieves
 and traitors. Keep out of my park.
 My little kingdom.

He's speaking more to himself than to Simpson. His phone
 rings and he pulls it out with a shrug.

MARNOCK

Marnock.

INT. BEAN'S APARTMENT BLOCK - LOBBY - DAY

Looking across the lobby as the lift doors close on Bean and
 George.

INT. BEAN'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

THROUGH THE WINDOW - down to where Marnock's car sits on the
 canal bridge.

ON BEAN. He stares out, then turns -

The POLAROID OF THE RAILINGS is in his hand.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - DAY

Mary lies curled up on the bed in her clothes.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PRIVATE GARDENS/PRIVATE GARDENS - DAY

A KEY in the lock.

Carl enters the gardens. The gate swings shut behind him.

EXT. NURSEMAID'S PASSAGE - MOMENTS LATER

TRAFFIC NOISE above as Carl walks away through the tunnel.

INT. BEAN'S FLAT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Bean stands in the corridor. He has the photograph in his
 hand. He's staring ahead -

The door to the bedroom is closed.

FLASHBACK: INT. BEAN'S FLAT - CORRIDOR/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flashes of memory rush at us -

The closed bedroom door.

The door opening - the reddish light, the mirror.

Purple silk tied around a dead hand.

The employer's dead face as Bean removes the gag from his mouth.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEAN'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

The room has been stripped bare - no curtains, no carpet. Bean stands in the middle, the photograph still in his hand.

He steps up to the window ledge, which contains two items - a PEN and a PLASTIC CONTAINER of DRAWING PINS. He picks up the pen and writes the word "Alistair" on the white strip at the bottom of the picture. Then he takes a drawing pin and turns.

On the opposite wall is a large TOURIST POSTER featuring a nineteenth century map of the park and its surroundings. Pinned to the map are dozens of Polaroid photographs. Bean contemplates them, still with a look of agitation.

We see photographs of the HOUSES on Bean's rounds and the DOGS that live in them. Around the Barker-Pryce House, a cluster of pictures shows YOUNG MEN entering or leaving. One of the young men is Carl. Next to the Blackburn-Norris house is a shadowy shot of a WOMAN at a window at night, the word "Mary" written below.

Bean steps forward and pins the new Polaroid up in the appropriate spot. He looks calmer but still somehow dissatisfied. His eyes continue to roam the map.

We see that several of the photographs are of ragged, tired-looking STREET SLEEPERS - walking, drinking, collapsed on a bench. There are three of them. One of them is Pharaoh.

In rapid succession, we see the BODIES of all three - IMPALED on the railings, their mouths GAGGED with purple silk.

Bean takes a breath, a little happier now.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING

Mary comes down the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mary stands at the bookshelves looking at the photograph of her and Frederica, then of her and her parents. She turns.

Carl is at the garden door, looking in.

Mary jumps in fright. But as they stare at each other, she understands that he won't hurt her. She crosses to the door and unlocks it.

She turns away as Carl enters. He is breathing hard, speechless for a moment with anger and disbelief.

CARL
You poisoned me.

A pause.

MARY
Will you be all right?

CARL
(over, shout)
What the fuck? Why?

MARY
(turns, shouts back)
Why do you think?

Furious tears come to her eyes.

MARY
(louder)
Because you ripped out my fucking heart!

Carl blinks, then turns away and sinks into a chair. He looks utterly exhausted.

MARY
I thought I'd found someone. I thought it was going to be all right.
(tears)
I would have given you anything.

Her face hardens and she swallows the tears down.

MARY
When I heard... I felt like I was disappearing. Like you'd snuffed me out. I had to do something. I had to save myself.
(pause)
It was your game. I just made it a bit more real.

She turns away again. Another pause.

MARY
What did they say?

CARL
I'll be all right.

MARY
Good.

She sits in Frederica's old chair. We see a brief spasm of grief as she feels its shape against her.

MARY
Please tell me why. Was it just the money? The address on the letter?

Carl looks like it's so long ago he can hardly remember.

CARL
To start with... He needed another transplant. They weren't going to pay...

He trails off, then shakes his head.

CARL
Not just the money. The letter. It sounded so... pleased. Like it was all so easy.
(upset)
But it wasn't. You saved him, but not for long. And I had to watch. Not you.
(tears)
And now he's dead.

Mary is angrily fighting her own tears.

MARY
Don't talk about him. Don't ask me to care.

They fall into silence. Mary shakes her head.

MARY
I'll never forgive you. The lies you told. And I made it so easy.
(bitter laugh)
All my weak spots on display.

CARL
(quiet)
It wasn't all lies.

MARY
Yes it was.

CARL
(loud)
NO!

He's on his feet, anguished, breathing hard.

CARL
The lies were easy because I wanted them to be true. I wanted to be with you. From the day I saw you. I wanted to be who you thought I was.
(voice rising to a shout)
I didn't want to be Carl. I wanted to be someone different. I've wanted to be someone different my whole fucking life.

Mary is also on her feet. They stare at each other.

CARL
I love you.

With an effort, she holds his gaze, saying nothing.

CARL
And I'm sorry.

She gives a nod of acknowledgement.

MARY
You know the way out.

EXT. FREDERICA'S FRONT GARDEN - EVENING

We follow Marnock and Simpson as they walk slowly up the path towards the front door. Marnock hesitates, then indicates that they should have a look round the back.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/STAIRS - EVENING

Mary walks out of the living room and crosses the hallway to the stairs. As she starts to climb, Carl steps into view.

CARL
I tried to tell you. More than once.

Mary stops but doesn't answer.

CARL
Would you have forgiven me?

MARY
I don't think so.

CARL
What about this morning?

Her eyes drop at the memory, but then she looks up again.

MARY
That was going to be goodbye. And
anyway. It was before...

CARL
Before what?

MARY
(beat)
I think you killed Alistair.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marnock steps silently in through the garden door, Simpson following.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carl has slumped into a chair by the front door. He sits slackly, a picture of exhaustion and loss.

MARY
It's true?

CARL
(still can't believe it)
It was so fast... then he wasn't
there.

A SOUND from the living room makes him turn -

Marnock, then Simpson, step through the door.

Carl and Mary stare. Carl half-stands, ready to run. But he slumps back, accepting defeat.

MARY
I had to tell them. I didn't love
him any more. But there are people
who do.
(beat)
Goodbye... Carl.

She continues up the stairs. Carl can't bear to see her go. He stands and moves towards the stairs, trying to shake Simpson off as he takes firm hold of his arm.

CARL
Mary! I love you!
(breaking down)
Mary!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LATER

Carl is in handcuffs as they lead him down the garden and out to the car. He is quiet and resigned. Only when he reaches the car and looks back at the house is he once again overwhelmed by despair.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary stands next to the telescope. She has already turned away from the window. We hear the DOORS of the car SLAM SHUT. She stands a moment longer, then walks past us and out of the room.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

LOOKING THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR into the garden, the wind rustling the trees.

Mary pulls the door closed and locks it. She turns, looks around the room, then heads for the door.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She crosses the hall and walks out through the open front door.

EXT. FREDERICA'S FRONT GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

We follow her out and along the path. Roman is waiting for her at the gate. He smiles as he sees her. There's a black cab parked outside, and a DRIVER loading suitcases.

Mary and Roman embrace. He looks a little tearful.

ROMAN
I want postcards.

MARY
Of course.

ROMAN
No, I mean it.

He pulls something from his jacket pocket - a stack of POSTCARDS carrying the picture of IRENE ADLER.

Mary smiles, tears now in her eyes as well.

ROMAN

I still feel bad.

(nods towards house)

You could be renting it out for a fortune.

MARY

It suits us both. I know you'll take care of it.

They hug again.

INT. BLACK CAB (TRAVELLING) - DAY

ON THE POSTCARDS.

Mary looks at them, then puts them away in her bag. She turns and looks out the window -

The park slides past - leafy, green, busy with walkers and sunbathers. And the railings, flickering by until they merge into a sleepy blur.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PARK - CONTINUOUS

ON THE RAILINGS as the sound of the CAB fades. Then CRANE UP, looking over the fence and into the gardens beyond.

Bean comes up the slope from the nursemaid's passage. He has a full complement of dogs with him as he marches towards the gate, unhooking his keys from the belt loop of his jeans as he goes.