

## ACT ONE

1 EXT. HARRIS HOUSE. DAY 1

Early morning, very. The front door of a chic modern townhouse, lots of steel and etched glass. CAROL rings the doorbell, TONY at her shoulder. The door opens to reveal JASPER HARRIS, mid thirties, handsome, affable, wealthy. He smiles at CAROL, who offers him a SEARCH WARRANT.

JASPER

Hello again...

CAROL

Mr Harris, we have a warrant to search your house.

Before JASPER can even protest CAROL pushes past, followed by KEVIN, PAULA, a dozen or so OFFICERS and SOCOS, and TONY with a nervous smile at JASPER. Sorry to bother you.

2 INT. HARRIS HOUSE. DAY 2

Inside the house is cool and chic. Bare clean surfaces, a glimpse of yuppie heaven. The officers split up, heading for their assigned floors. CAROL enters the front room with TONY and four OFFICERS who start searching, pulling cushions off sofas and emptying cupboards onto the floor. JASPER looks around in innocent amazement and growing anger.

JASPER

For God's sake - is this about that missing girl? I've told you everything I know.

CAROL

We received further information.

JASPER

This is ridiculous.  
(snaps at SOCO)  
Will you be careful? That's a Corbusier.

While CAROL deploys her team Tony walks around the room, taking in the anally clean fixtures, the monochrome photos - cold and impersonal - the sculpture of a woman's hand resting on a steel shelf. A vintage one-armed bandit on a plinth. JASPER takes out a mobile, speed-dials.

JASPER (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hi, this is Jasper Harris, I need to speak to Christopher Philips? Chris, hi, it's Jasper - you won't believe this, but there's about a hundred coppers taking my house apart... Some nonsense about that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

JASPER (CONT'D)  
girl who disappeared? - thanks,  
that's great - see you in a minute.

TONY peers at the one-armed bandit.

JASPER (CONT'D)  
Are you going to search the place  
or just gawp?

TONY  
(sniffs)  
What's that smell? Oranges?

JASPER  
(offended)  
Smell? What smell?

CAROL  
Take a seat please Mr Harris. We  
may be some time.

3 INT. HARRIS HOUSE. DAY. MONTAGE. 3

MONTAGE of the police (KEVIN and PAULA) rifling JASPER's house. Designer suits hanging neatly in the bedroom wardrobe. In a lounge classical CDs are arranged by composer and conductor. Champagne and oyster pate in the fridge, cupboards full of gleaming designer cookware, barely used.

4 EXT. GARDEN. DAY 4

POLICEMEN look through a flash designer garden shed. TONY stares at the shrubbery, then turns and looks at the house. Tilts his head to one side.

5 INT. HARRIS HOUSE -- DAY 5

KEVIN comes down the stairs and shakes his head at CAROL, who curses to herself. PAULA approaching from the basement looks grim. TONY enters from the garden.

TONY  
What's downstairs?

PAULA  
A gym.

6 INT. HARRIS HOUSE. BASEMENT. DAY 6

A white clean space with a wall-mounted plasma and top-of-the-range gym equipment. No cupboards or drawers, just hooks on the wall, and a sleek bookshelf in the corner lined with hardbacks. CAROL and JASPER follow TONY into the basement.

TONY  
(to Carol)  
Very clean, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CAROL

Yes, Tony, that's just it.

TONY

(he sniffs)

Not oranges. Limes, or...

CAROL

I can't smell anything.

TONY approaches the bookshelf and glances over the books. An odd assortment: The Big Book of Barbie. Advanced Macrame. Prisoners of Conscience. JASPER grumbles BG.

JASPER

...Bloody ridiculous. Look at that circus outside! You might as well stick a burning cross in my lawn.

He snatches a book off TONY as he browses.

JASPER (CONT'D)

(to Tony)

Get a library card.

CAROL sighs, defeated.

CAROL

Dr Hill, let's go. Thank you for your co-operation, Mr Harris.

JASPER

You're welcome. Now sod off.

7 EXT. HARRIS HOUSE. DAY

7

CAROL emerges with a despairing sigh. TONY follows, still lost in thought. They pause in front of the door as the last of the uniformed police leave.

TONY

You know when students want a particular library book, they don't steal them, they just hide them, in another section. You get these weird conjunctions...

He stops, struck by a thought. Turns and dashes back in.

CAROL

Tony - !

She follows.

8 INT. HARRIS HOUSE. BASEMENT. DAY

8

JASPER is furious as he follows TONY and CAROL back into the basement. KEVIN and PAULA appear in their wake. TONY crosses to the bookshelf, stares at it.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

JASPER

Who's in charge of this idiot?

TONY

Doesn't fit, does it? With the minimalist look. Lots of cupboards, everything stored away. Out of sight, out of mind - lots of bare surfaces -

Abruptly he SWEEPS all the books off the shelf. JASPER yells in protest.

CAROL

Dr Hill - !

TONY

(throwing books to the floor)

Everything clean, sterile - nothing on the surface, all locked away, mildewed, mouldering, festering -

JASPER

(to Carol)

Somebody get him under control!

CAROL

Dr Hill - !

TONY

I'm fine, I'm fine.

He raises his hands, relaxes, then stands back and kicks the shelves, once, twice -

CAROL

Tony! Kevin, get him out of here-

KEVIN grabs TONY and pulls him away. PAULA gasps and points to the wall where the shelf uprights have pushed through the plasterboard.

PAULA

Wait - hold on a minute - !

KEVIN and PAULA grab the shelving unit and heave at it. It swings open on hidden hinges to reveal a dark room beyond. JASPER stares, sweating. KEVIN enters the hidden room.

9

INT. HARRIS HOUSE. HIDDEN ROOM. DAY

9

A dark, stuffy, glistening chamber, where we glimpse power tools, blowtorches, whips and branding irons. A girl hangs in chains from an iron rig, naked, bound, bloody, terrified, whimpering through a gag, pleading with her eyes for rescue. KEVIN, horrified, rushes forward with PAULA to free her.

10 INT. HARRIS HOUSE. BASEMENT. DAY

10

CAROL turns grimly to JASPER whose mouth is working, but no sound comes out. UNIFORMED PCS close in on him.

CAROL

Jasper Harris, you are under arrest.  
You do not have to say anything,  
but it may -

JASPER

It's not mine - it's nothing to do  
with me -

CAROL

- harm your defence if you do not  
mention when questioned something  
which you later rely on in court -

TONY

(sniffs)  
It's you.

JASPER

What?

TONY

You smell of oranges.

JASPER grabs a weightlifting bar from a bench beside him and lunges at TONY, yelling like a maniac.

JASPER

You freak piece of shit- !

The bar glances off TONY's head and he falls like a felled ox. The OFFICERS pull JASPER back. CAROL runs to help TONY.

CAROL

Tony! Tony - !

11 EXT. CARPARK. CASEY IT BUILDING. -- DAY

11

MAGGIE WARING drives her little Mazda into an office carpark. It's early, and there's only a handful of cars about. She waves as she passes STEVE BARKER - office manager, early thirties - and pulls into her parking space. BARKER hangs about to walk in with her. She looks striking in her short-skirted red suit.

BARKER

Nice weekend?

MAGGIE

Went to the races with some mates.

They head for the office entrance.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

BARKER

Did you get lucky?

MAGGIE

No. But I won fifty quid.

BARKER laughs. With a sudden bosh! the WINDOW of the car they are walking past pops, crazes and falls in glittering crumbs. Across the car park comes a muffled thump. MAGGIE and BARKER stop in surprise, and BARKER drops to his hunkers, looking around. MAGGIE looks at him and giggles.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It was only a stone or something!

BARKER

(sheepish)

Yeah - I thought -

MAGGIE yelps and staggers. Another distant thump! Drifts across from the trees. MAGGIE crumples in a heap on top of BARKER. He falls back, her dead weight upon him, shaking with fear, yelping,

BARKER (CONT'D)

Oh, oh, oh god almighty -

Her eyes are open. Blood runs from her ear. BARKER fumbles in his pocket for his phone, stabs 999, drops it in panic, and turns to MAGGIE, trying to hold her and hide behind her at the same time, looking around in terror.

BARKER (CONT'D)

Maggie - O god -

MAGGIE's mouth moves. She is trying to say something.

BARKER (CONT'D)

O God O god O sweet Jesus don't -

Her head lolls. BARKER whimpers.

12 INT. HOSPITAL CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. -- DAY

12

TONY sits in a cubicle with the curtains open, watching the bustle of an overstretched casualty unit. CAROL nearby.

CAROL

How did you know? Was it something subliminal? His body language..?

TONY

I think it was his aftershave.

CAROL

You didn't like him, did you?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

TONY

Just because he was young and handsome and loaded? You think I'm that shallow?

CAROL

I think you're a bloke.

TONY

How is she? The girl in the cellar.

CAROL

Alive. Not badly hurt.

TONY

That makes two of us.

He gets up, grabs his coat.

CAROL

You can't leave without the test results. You might have concussion - you might have a fractured skull...

TONY

Carol, I'm fine.

CAROL

Just sit down and -  
(mobile rings)  
Carol Jordan.

TONY points to a NO MOBILE PHONES sign and tuts. CAROL doesn't laugh.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Casey IT? Right. I'll be there in... ten minutes.  
(hangs up)

TONY

Any chance of a lift?

CAROL

I have to go to a crime scene.

TONY

Fine by me. They've got plenty of patients, I won't be missed.

CAROL hurries out, followed by TONY. A beat later a SISTER GREY approaches the cubicle, followed by a young, bright, intense NEUROLOGY SPECIALIST, James MORAN, who carries a folder with X-Rays. Finding the cubicle empty GREY calls to a colleague,

GREY

Noni? Has curtain five gone?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

MORAN  
Get him back, please.

GREY  
What shall I tell him?

MORAN  
Don't tell him anything. I'll do  
it.

13 EXT. CARPARK. CASEY IT BUILDING. -- DAY 13

Police vans, incident tape fluttering, uniform PCs turning cars back at the gate. Knots of workers huddle, shocked, watching a bustle of SOCOS around a tent that swathes the car where MAGGIE WARING was shot. CAROL and TONY approach and enter the tent.

14 EXT. TENT IN CARPARK. CASEY IT BUILDING. -- DAY 14

MAGGIE WARING'S body is covered in a white sheet. Two SOCOS are examining the car. KEVIN in attendance.

KEVIN  
Maggie Waring, 26, single, assistant head of customer relations. Shot at long range as she chatted to a colleague.

CAROL  
Colleague?

KEVIN  
Steve Barker, senior manager. He's being treated for shock. Forensics are checking the woods.

15 EXT. WOODS NEAR CASEY IT OFFICE. -- DAY 15

A section of woodland has been cordoned off while SOCOS comb it for evidence. OFFICERS in white overalls shuffle through the undergrowth checking for scraps of evidence. CAROL and TONY approach MIKE KINGSBURY, whose black flak jacket and cap mark him as one of the armed-response unit.

CAROL  
Mike, this is Dr Tony Hill, our profiler.  
(to Tony)  
Sgt Kingsbury's from Armed Response.

KINGSBURY  
This is the best point of vantage.

CAROL  
What range is that, 300 metres?

(CONTINUED)



15 CONTINUED:

15

KINGSBURY

This shooter's skilled, most likely using a hunting rifle with a scope. Forensic can tell us more when they've checked the bullets.

TONY

Some distance... Was that for the challenge? Was she just a target... Or couldn't you face her?

CAROL

You think he knew her?

TONY

Crimes of passion are usually up close and personal. Or maybe that's what we're meant to think.

A FOOTPRINT is being dusted down and cast in plaster. PAULA supervises. She explains to CAROL,

CAROL

They found a footprint?

PAULA

Lots of them. It's a popular area for walkers and joggers.

CAROL

Good. All the more chance of a witness. Tony...

(looks round)

Tony?

TONY

The woods are home for a hunter. An outlaw. A beast. A predator.

CAROL looks up. TONY is hanging upside-down by his heels. Odd looks from passing officers.

CAROL

If you land on your head you'll finish yourself off.

TONY reaches up, grabs the branch, drops to the ground.

PAULA

No other traces so far. No bullet casings, no damaged undergrowth.

TONY

He's fastidious. Organised. He has a dog. Possibly an Alsatian.

CAROL wonders where this came from.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

TONY (CONT'D)

He recce'd the area well in advance.

CAROL

And a dog's a good pretext for  
lurking in the forest.

TONY

Undemanding, loyal, trusting...  
not like people.

CAROL turns back to KINGSBURY.

CAROL

So you'd say he was trained?  
Experienced?

KINGSBURY

Definitely. He'd only have a window  
of a few seconds as his targets  
walked between those cars.

TONY

Unless he was up there. In a  
tree. Then he could take his time.  
That's what predators want, to see  
everything and not be seen...

He squints up into another tree. There's a PLAYING CARD  
folded and jammed into a cleft in the trunk. CAROL follows  
TONY's eyeline.

CAROL

(to Paula)

Get forensic up there.

16 EXT. WOODS. -- DAY

16

A SOCO in the tree pulls the PLAYING CARD from the cleft.  
Carefully places the CARD in a pouch.

17 EXT. WOODS. -- CONTINUOUS

17

PAULA hands the CARD in its pouch to CAROL.

PAULA

It rained last night, but this is  
bone dry.

CAROL passes it to TONY. It's the QUEEN OF HEARTS. He opens  
the bag and sniffs it. CAROL is puzzled.

18 INT. CASEY IT. BARKER OFFICE. -- DAY

18

STEVE BARKER, shaken and pale, sits bent forward, staring  
at the floor. TONY wanders round the office staring at its  
fittings - watercooler, year-planner, cheesy business snaps.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

BARKER

I freaked out, I was completely useless. You imagine how you'd be in a crisis, how you'd keep it together, and then one happens... I just fell to bits.

TONY

Did she often wear red? Maggie.

BARKER

What? Eh... yeah.

CAROL

Was she married?  
(Barker shakes head)  
Boyfriends?

BARKER

No-one regular, not that I know of.

TONY

Old fires?

BARKER is perplexed.

TONY (CONT'D)

I mean, old flames? Ex-boyfriends?

BARKER

Some. No nutters, far as I know.

TONY plays with a water-cooler. Fascinated by the bubbles.

CAROL

She was in customer services?

BARKER

The clients love her. Loved her. She'd only been there a month.

CAROL

And before that?

BARKER

Human resources.

TONY

Hiring and firing?

CAROL

(catching his thought)  
Did she have to sack anyone recently? Someone who's been complaining about unfair dismissal?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

BARKER  
(shocked realisation)  
Hold on...

He turns and digs into his in-tray, pulls out a letter.

BARKER (CONT'D)  
There's a guy called Crawford,  
Terry Crawford, he was in logistics,  
got accused of sexual harassment...

He offers CAROL a scribbled letter. Using a handkerchief she takes it from him.

BARKER (CONT'D)  
He had verbal warnings, written  
warnings, the lot -

CAROL  
(reads)  
"Don't try to ignore me, you will  
pay, one way or the other..."

TONY  
Who did he harass?

BARKER  
Everyone in a skirt. Including  
Maggie. Especially Maggie. I knew  
he was a creep, I never thought...

TONY  
No-one ever does.

19 INT. CASEY IT. CORRIDOR. -- DAY

19

CAROL and TONY leave BARKER's office holding CRAWFORD's letter in a polythene bag.

TONY  
A sexually inadequate man becomes  
obsessed with a woman. Convinces  
himself they have a relationship.  
When she fires him she becomes  
every woman who ever rejected him.

CAROL  
And the playing card? What's that,  
a private joke?

KEVIN approaches holding out his mobile.

TONY  
The queen of hearts. A mother, a  
lover, a tyrant. Off with his  
head..!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

KEVIN

Boss - the hospital's looking for  
Dr Hill...

TONY

She was wearing red. A scarlet  
woman... The queen as a whore...

KEVIN offers TONY the mobile.

TONY (CONT'D)

Tony Hill. What for? Can't you  
just..? Fine, right, okay.

He hands the phone back to CAROL.

CAROL

What's up?

TONY

God knows. They've probably lost  
the X-rays. I'll see you later.

He moves off. CAROL watches him, uneasily.

20 INT. HOSPITAL CONSULTING ROOM. -- DAY

20

MORAN retrieves TONY's X-Rays from a folder and pins them  
up on a lightboard. MORAN has to fight against a habit of  
treating patients like exciting specimens.

MORAN

Have you been getting headaches at  
all? Blackouts?

TONY

I got cracked across the head with  
an iron bar.

MORAN

Before that. Any problems with  
vision? What about smelling things?

TONY

What about it?

MORAN

There was no fracture of the skull,  
at least. The reason we called you  
back was this...

He points to a gray shadow towards the front of the skull  
in the X-ray of TONY's brain.

MORAN (CONT'D)

This shadow here. It is slightly  
undefined... but we suspect a  
possible brain tumour.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

TONY stares at the shadow on the cel.

MORAN (CONT'D)

We can't be certain until we run some tests, up in neurology.

TONY

What about testing the X-ray machine?

MORAN

We're pretty sure there's nothing wrong with the X-ray machine.

TONY

I was pretty sure there was nothing wrong with me till a minute ago.

MORAN

All the same, I'd like to do an MRI, and a neurological checkup.

TONY

When?

MORAN

Today. Now.

TONY nods, dazed.

MORAN (CONT'D)

It's lucky you got that crack on the head. Or we might never have caught this.

TONY

Lucky. Yeah...

21 EXT. CRAWFORD HOUSE. -- DAY

21

A tacky suburban house with a garden full of litter. The curtains stained and permanently drawn. Armed police, led by KINGSBURY, pile into the garden and up to the door.

More armed cops run up to the REAR of the house.

There's a sticker of an ALSATIAN in the window by the front door. A caption reads, 'BREAK IN - MAKE HIS DAY!' KEVIN at the door glances at it. His radio crackles,

ARMED OFFICER (O.S.)

In position.

KEVIN rings the doorbell. Somewhere inside a dog starts barking frantically.

KEVIN

Open up. Police.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

A beat, and he nods to the officers behind him, one of whom steps forward and rams the door open.

22 INT. CRAWFORD FLAT. -- DAY 22

ARMED POLICE sweep through the dim, scruffy flat. It's a rancid hole, pizza and fried chicken boxes and beer bottles half-full of stinking liquid scattered about. Magazines litter the sofa. KEVIN pokes one with his foot. ARMED COMBAT. Girls with their tits out caress automatic weapons.

The BARKING goes on and on but there's no sign of an actual dog. KINGSBURY finds the noise is coming from an electronic speaker unit. He switches it off.

Upstairs a bedroom door is kicked open and two armed officers sweep it. Someone is asleep in the corner, on a mattress on the floor, under a filthy quilt. KINGSBURY and KEVIN enter.

KINGSBURY

Put your hands where we can see them. Slowly.

No answer. His colleagues covering him, KINGSBURY steps forward and cautiously pulls the quilt back. The shape's an expensive SILICONE LOVE DOLL, recently used, wig awry.

KEVIN

What the hell..?

KINGSBURY hears a whimper from the built-in wardrobe. He makes hand gestures to his men, steps forward and wrenches the door open. CRAWFORD, a pale, skinny, sneering thirty-year old crouches there in filthy t-shirt and shorts, holding up a broken bottle.

CRAWFORD

Piss off... get out of my house.

KEVIN

Terry Crawford? We'd like to speak to you down at the station. Get dressed, please.

CRAWFORD

I said piss off. I haven't done anything.

KEVIN throws him his trousers, nods at the fuck doll.

KEVIN

Maybe your girlfriend here will give you an alibi.

23 INT. HOSPITAL CONSULTING ROOM. -- DAY 23

MORAN scribbles some notes on a pad. TONY sits facing him.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MORAN

Ten words beginning with 'p'.

TONY

(sighs, recites)

Pi, pa, paw. Pot. Patient. Patience.  
Psychology. Phantom. Pneumonia.  
Day.

MORAN

Day doesn't start with a P.

TONY

Mine does.

MORAN grins.

24 INT. HOSPITAL. SCANNER UNIT. -- DAY

24

TONY, in a flimsy hospital robe, stares impassively upwards, his head in a clear plastic clamp, as he slides into the humming maw of an MRI scanner. MORAN and a technician watch from a control cubicle. TONY stares, trying not to flinch, as the machine starts up with a deafening whine.

25 INT HOSPITAL SCANNER UNIT DAY

25

TONY is putting his shirt back on, but he's buttoned it up crooked. He sighs. MORAN enters carrying a scan.

MORAN

Would you like some help with that?

TONY

I'm fine, it's just...

He notes MORAN's expression.

TONY (CONT'D)

I'm not fine, am I?

26 INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM. -- DAY

26

CRAWFORD sits, sulky and furious opposite CAROL.

CRAWFORD

She told lies about me, and they believed her. Wouldn't listen to anything I said. It was all lies.

CAROL

You wrote threatening letters.

CRAWFORD

Not threats. I don't make threats.

CAROL

(reads)

"One way or another you'll pay"?

(CONTINUED)



26 CONTINUED: 26

CRAWFORD  
(smiles)  
And she did, didn't she?

27 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. -- DAY 27

PAULA watches the interview. TONY stands beside her, flicking through photographs of CRAWFORD's flat.

PAULA  
What a creep. He hasn't even denied it. He's so pleased with himself.

TONY looks at the photos: the girl and gun mags, the electronic dog-barker. He looks up at CRAWFORD.

INTERCUT WITH:

28 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. -- DAY 28

CRAWFORD is enjoying himself. CAROL keeps her cool.

CAROL  
It wasn't just because she got you fired, was it? You made a pass at her. She turned you down.

CRAWFORD  
She turned everyone down. Stuck-up bloody dyke. I knew what she needed.

CAROL  
What did she need?

CRAWFORD  
A good seeing-to.

29 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS 29

TONY mutters to PAULA,

TONY  
Back in a minute.

He goes out.

30 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. -- MOMENTS LATER 30

CAROL paces the room, growing increasingly frustrated at CRAWFORD's smug stonewalling.

CAROL  
You're a member of Crosshairs gun club. But we've spoken to them, and no-one there has ever seen you shoot. Where do you keep your gun?

CRAWFORD  
You want to check out my weapon?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

CAROL

Mr Crawford, a woman has been murdered. A woman whom you threatened, in writing. Forensic tests will tell us if you fired a gun today and if you were in those woods, so why not save us all some time and tell us what happened?

CRAWFORD

What, so I have to do your job for you? You're pathetic. No wonder they don't let you carry guns, you girls wouldn't know what to do with them.

TONY bursts into the room. CAROL and CRAWFORD are equally startled.

TONY

Hi, do you do jigsaws?

CAROL

Dr Hill -

CRAWFORD

Who's this?

TONY

Maybe you know where this bit goes.

He flings a plastic bag on the table. It contains a lump of gray matter smeared with red. CRAWFORD stares at it.

TONY (CONT'D)

It's brain tissue. From the victim. They had to scrape it off a Toyota.

CRAWFORD

Oh, my God -

CAROL watches as CRAWFORD covers his mouth, gagging.

TONY

You've never shot anyone, have you? You don't have a gun. You don't even have a dog.

CRAWFORD shuts his eyes, retching.

CRAWFORD

It wasn't me - it - I was at the Jobcentre - oh -

He turns and pukes. CAROL looks at TONY, who takes the bag and walks out.

31 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. -- DAY

31

Through the glass we see CRAWFORD drink a glass of water, his hands shaking. A copper mops the floor.

CAROL joins TONY in the observation room.

CAROL

(nods at bag)

I take it you didn't pick that up at the post-mortem.

TONY

Porridge and jam from the canteen. This guy's a fantasist, a dreamer. You're an attractive woman who took him seriously. Look at his hands. He'd mix a great cocktail... He'd make a lousy sniper.

CAROL

What did they say? At the hospital?

TONY

The man you want is older, probably in his thirties, intelligent, methodical, and highly organised. He left nothing to chance.

CAROL

Apart from the playing card. So is this personal?

TONY

I hope so. Because if it was, he'll stop here.

CAROL

And if it wasn't?

TONY looks at her grimly.

32 INT. GUNMAN'S FLAT. -- DAY

32

Neat, manicured hands at a bare, clean kitchen table unwrap a fresh deck of cards. Shuffle them deftly, ripple them, cut them, flick them, lay them out in four piles. Turn the first card of the first pile over. Jack of Diamonds.

**Part one end - part two**

33 INT. CID OFFICE -- DAY

33

PAULA approaches with a report.

PAULA

Forensic found two more fresh shoeprints in the area. Size nine trainers about two months old,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

PAULA (CONT'D)

from Jock Locker, own brand. 70,000  
pairs sold this year across the  
UK.

CAROL

Start with local branches. See if  
anyone sold a pair two months ago  
to a man in his thirties.

PAULA

And there were pawprints, about  
three days old. Large dog, probably  
an Alsatian.

CAROL

Petshops, vets, local dogowners.

PAULA nods and moves off.

CAROL (CONT'D)

And talk to Traffic. See if they  
gave out any tickets round there.  
Did Dr Hill go home?

PAULA

Think so.

34 INT. SPORTSWEAR SHOP. -- DAY

34

Two DETECTIVES are talking to a BLACK SPORTS STORE MANAGER,  
show him a pair of trainers. He shrugs, laughs.

SPORTS SHOP MANAGER

Are you kidding? We sold about ten  
million of those.

35 INT. VET'S SURGERY. -- DAY

35

KEVIN with a VET who shakes his head.

VET

There's a hundred Alsatis round  
here, they don't all come to me...

36 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- DAY

36

A bottle of champagne is uncorked. TONY's doorbell rings.  
He goes to answer it. It's CAROL. She clocks the bottle  
still in his hand.

CAROL

Are you with someone?

TONY

I am now.

He lets her in and walks back to the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

CAROL

What are you celebrating?

TONY hands her a glass he had already poured and starts to pour another.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Sorry, what are we celebrating?

TONY

(shrugs)  
Being alive.

CAROL

What did the hospital want?

TONY

There was something wrong with their x-ray machine.

CAROL

That's not what they said.  
(beat)

Sorry, I'm nosey, it's part of my job description.

TONY

What did they tell you, exactly?

CAROL

That I should ask you.

TONY

They think it's a brain tumour.  
(Carol is stunned)

An intracranial meningioma. But if I can pronounce it, there can't be that much wrong with me.

CAROL

Are they sure? Did you ask for a second opinion?

TONY

They've sent for a specialist to cut my head open and have a look. And I just spent thirty quid on a haircut.

CAROL fights back tears.

CAROL

O God, Tony -

TONY

Hey... Stop it. Please.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL

Sorry. I know you don't have time for this. I mean...

TONY

Don't talk as if I was dying. Look, it's probably a fuss about nothing, chances are it's benign...

CAROL

Chances are...?

TONY

Well, sort of benign. In time it will affect my movement, speech, my co-ordination. I'll probably have to give up ballet.

CAROL laughs, though it hurts.

TONY (CONT'D)

Carol, it might not happen for years. And we all have to die of something.

CAROL

Are you going to take time off?

TONY

You want to get rid of me?

CAROL

On the contrary. I need your.. expertise.

TONY

Were you going to say brain?

CAROL

Yeah.

TONY

You're in luck. Turns out I have more up there than most people. Cheers.

He finishes the drink, puts the glass down too hard. It shatters. He cuts his hand.

TONY (CONT'D)

Damn it...

(Carol tries helping)

It's Ok. I'll just -

He goes. CAROL's heart sinks.

- 37 EXT. CITY STREETS. -- DAY 37
- KAMLESH, Asian, in his twenties, overweight and wearing too much jewellery, weaves his souped-up hatchback too fast through the traffic. Bhangra pounds from his speakers. Approaching a petrol station he cuts across from the wrong lane towards the forecourt, causing cars to screech to a halt, horns blaring. KAMLESH pauses long enough to give them the finger and roars on up onto the forecourt, straight over to the coin-operated Hoover and jet-wash.
- 38 INT. DERELICT OFFICE. -- DAY 38
- A dingy damp broken-windowed room scrawled with old spraypaint graffiti. Neatly manicured hands screw a gun barrel into position. Stock, bolt and sight slide into place with satisfying well-oiled clicks.
- 39 EXT. PETROL STATION FORECOURT. -- DAY 39
- Kamlesh sticks a coin in the machine and starts Hoovering his hatchback. Singing along tunelessly to the music.
- A YOUNG MOTHER parks her 4x4 at a petrol pump.
- 40 INT. DERELICT OFFICE. -- DAY 40
- Two sleek bullets are slipped into a magazine and clipped into place.
- 41 EXT. PETROL STATION FORECOURT. -- DAY 41
- KAMLESH tosses an empty drinks can out of the rear onto the forecourt.
- The MOTHER smiles and waves to her TODDLER strapped into his seat at the back as she pumps petrol.
- KAMLESH clambers out of the back.
- The MOTHER pulls the pump out of her tank.
- KAMLESH stands up straight, shuts the door, and gasps as a bullet enters his back. The shot was barely audible over the music. He blinks, drops the Hoover, clutches his stomach, where a bloodstain is spreading out across his shirt. He drops to his knees.
- The MOTHER glances over and gasps in horror, clutching her mouth, unable to believe what she sees.
- KAMLESH crawls towards her on his hands and knees, blood soaking his trousers now, dripping onto the concrete. He is leaving glistening red hand-prints.

KAMLESH

Help me -

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

The MOTHER slides down the side of her car, glancing around at the overlooking buildings, weeping with terror. Her TODDLER slaps the window and starts to cry.

The GUNMAN's calibrated POV: his sight swings from KAMLESH to the MOTHER, hangs there an instant, swings back again.

KAMLESH (CONT'D)

I'm bleeding -

Another shot rings out and blood splatters the ground below his head. He falls in a heap, face down.

The MOTHER screams.

A customer from the petrol station is about to run out and help, but another pulls him back, away from the door.

42 INT. DERELICT OFFICE.

42

Barrel, stock, and action are neatly tucked away in a canvas kitbag. And zipped up.

43 EXT. PETROL STATION FORECOURT. -- DAY

43

Through the glass we see the attendant on the desk gabble into a phone, staring terrified out at the lifeless body of KAMLESH, lying in a pool of blood.

44 INT. DERELICT OFFICE -- DAY

44

KEVIN and CAROL are looking down at the forecourt from the gunman's position. Below them is a cluster of cop cars cordoning off the forecourt where KAMLESH died. Uniformed PCs are keeping back rubberneckers and press photographers. Mike KINGSBURY confers with a SOCO in the doorway.

CAROL

Here we go. One's a murder, two's a spree.

KINGSBURY

(to Carol)

It's the same calibre bullet, the same MO. Position recce'd in advance, excellent line of sight, two shots in twenty seconds and withdraw.

KEVIN

Not much of a marksman, if he needs two shots.

TONY speaks from the other side of the room. He is not looking at the murder scene but at the graffiti on the walls, touching it, rubbing his fingers together.

(CONTINUED)



44 CONTINUED:

44

TONY

He doesn't need two shots. He wants to prolong the victim's torment, so they can realise what's happening to them. It enhances his sense of force... not force... power.

PAULA enters. She hands CAROL a playing card in a plastic envelope.

PAULA

It was under the carpet.

CAROL

The jack of diamonds.

TONY takes the envelope, looks at it.

TONY

Or the knave. What age was the victim?

KEVIN

Twenty five. Asian.

TONY

And he wore a lot of jewellery.

CAROL

Who's next? The king?

TONY

This guy's a gambler. That's why he takes the extra twenty seconds. That's why he leaves the cards.

CAROL

The extra risk makes the thrill more intense.

KEVIN

So he wants to be caught?

TONY stares at the graffiti.

TONY

He wants to make his mark. He wants to say something.

CAROL

What?

TONY

If he could put it into words, he wouldn't be shooting people.

45 INT. KAMLESH HOME. DAY

45

A prosperous Indian family home, lots of marble and gold. KAMLESH's mother, in her fifties, weeps uncontrollably.

MRS VORA

(in Hindi)

Kamlesh - my baby boy - they  
mustn't touch him - don't let them  
touch him! Why did they do this?

Another Indian woman leads her upstairs past KEVIN who sits talking to KAMLESH' father ANIL VORA, a heavy-set Indian businessman, sitting there in shock.

ANIL

Was this a racist attack?

KEVIN

We're not ruling that out. Did  
Kamlesh mention any problems like  
that?

ANIL shakes his head.

ANIL

I'm just trying to make sense of  
this...

KEVIN

Did he have enemies? Had he argued  
with anyone?

ANIL

Enemies? No, he got on with  
everyone. He had lots of friends...  
though I didn't like them...

KEVIN

Why not?

ANIL

They're young and stupid... they  
like flash cars, you know, spending  
their parent's money... [sadly]  
Like Kamlesh.

KEVIN

Did he know a girl called Maggie  
Waring? She worked at a company  
called Casey IT.

ANIL stares, shakes his head, baffled.

ANIL

An English girl?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

ANIL (CONT'D)

Maybe, I don't know. He had so many friends... When he was little he used to bring boys home from school, he would say, papa, this is my new friend George...

(starts to sob)

I am sorry... Who could have done this..?

KEVIN bites his lip.

46 INT. FORENSIC LAB. -- DAY

46

BARLOW, a middle-aged forensic scientist with a smug air, is leading CAROL through the lab towards the screen showing an image of a spent bullet.

BARLOW

One of the bullets was recovered almost intact. The ammunition itself is pretty common - 308 calibre, LaChasse brand, available across Europe. The gun now... the gun is a different matter.

He taps a few buttons and the image of the bullet is vastly magnified. The striations on its side become huge.

BARLOW (CONT'D)

Look at the striations - the grooves in the bullet. Modern barrels are hammerforged, mass produced. This bullet was fired from a gun with a hand-rifled barrel - a type that hasn't been made for twenty years.

CAROL

What type?

BARLOW

A Finnish Luosto 308. There are only about six in the country, that we know of. This one, I'm afraid, is not on our records.

CAROL

But it's a rarity.

BARLOW

Oh yes, a real collector's item. Talk to specialists, gun dealers. If they've seen it, they'll remember it.

47 INT. NEUROLOGICAL DEPARTMENT. MORAN'S OFFICE -- DAY 47

TONY is with MORAN, who has been running neurological tests. They have been interrupted by SISTER GREY, who hands MORAN some forms to sign.

GREY  
Excuse me, Doctor -

MORAN  
That's fine, sister -

There's a brief touching of hands and an imperceptible look between them as he hands back her pen. MORAN turns back to TONY and grins.

MORAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Tony.

He hands TONY a photo of a wedding, the happy couple and relatives beaming at the camera.

MORAN (CONT'D)  
Could you describe what's happening here?

TONY  
I'm not quite sure... it looks like a wedding, but the church door's closed. His ring's on the wrong hand and he's wearing makeup. It's fake. Real life leaves scars. Like your wedding ring.

MORAN  
I'm not wearing a wedding ring...

TONY  
You've still got the mark. You took it off quite recently. You're wearing the same clothes you wore last time, you haven't been home. You stayed with that nurse. The one who was in here just now.

MORAN  
Em, good, well, let's move on to physical co-ordination...

48 INT. NEUROLOGY DEPARTMENT. -- DAY 48

MORAN and TONY emerge from MORAN's office to find CAROL waiting outside.

TONY  
Carol..!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CAROL

Hi, Tony.  
(to Moran)  
What's the news?

MORAN

You're Dr Hill's, partner? Wife?

TONY

Is this more word association?

CAROL

I'm his... Next of kin.

TONY

I need the boy's room.

He moves off.

MORAN

I'm afraid there is cause for concern. The tests seem to indicate Asperger's syndrome.

CAROL

Oh, he's always been like that.

MORAN

Really? He seized on quite minor details and drew the most extraordinary conclusions...

CAROL

Was he wrong?

MORAN

Anyhow, we'll need to monitor his condition as it deteriorates.

CAROL

Deteriorates? I thought this tumour was benign?

MORAN

That's possible. But it's growing, and it's started to encroach on his brain. The longer we leave it the worse it will get. We'll know more after he's seen the specialist.

CAROL

He says he feels fine.

MORAN

Denial is a common reaction. Then guilt, then anger, then despair. He'll need a...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

CAROL  
Friend? Partner?

MORAN  
(smiles)  
Whatever the word is.

49 INT. STATION CORRIDOR. -- DAY

49

TONY and CAROL walk up a corridor, to be met by PAULA, who carries an A4 colour photo.

PAULA  
Dr Hill - what sort of car would  
this guy drive?

TONY  
Something big, something rugged.  
Outdoorsy.

PAULA shows them the photo.

PAULA  
Like a 4X4?  
(to Carol)  
You told me to check with traffic...  
this was taken by a red-light camera  
on Monday morning, four minutes  
after the first shooting.

The photo shows a big 4X4 half-way across a junction,  
jumping a red light. A cyclist has stopped at the junction.

CAROL  
Where?

PAULA  
One and a half miles from the crime  
scene. He must have been in a hurry.

TONY  
This is him.

A look between PAULA and CAROL.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Not the car. Him. The bike, the  
cyclist. Look at the kitbag. The  
trainers. The bicycle clips.

The cyclist has his back to the camera. He is thickset,  
wearing a baseball cap, a zip-up kitbag bungied to a rear  
pannier.

TONY (CONT'D)  
I can slip in and out of woods,  
over pavements, across fields, and  
motorists won't even see me.

50 INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY

50

The murder enquiry team assemble for a debriefing. Gossip drops to a murmur and they sit up as copies of the traffic photo are passed around. TONY pins one to the notice board.

TONY

Our shooter is in his mid to late thirties. Neat, anal, obsessively tidy. He lives alone, in a house with a garden for the dog, high walls for privet... private... privacy, and a garage or cellar where he can work on his weapons.

CAROL glances at TONY, masking her concern.

TONY (CONT'D)

He's recently lost someone close to him, through illness or separation. He's a skilled marksman, and he's a gambler. He takes risks. Controlled risks.

CAROL

We'll check out poker clubs, casinos. Lucas and Danny...

Two DETECTIVES nod.

TONY

Life's dealt me a bad hand. I have to regain control, to assert my existence. I have to show them...

KEVIN

'Them' meaning the victims? So this is personal?

CAROL

That's for us to find out. Julie, background on both Maggie Waring and Kamlesh Vora. Let's look for someone who fits the profile who was known to both of them.

PAULA

And what if they were just in the wrong place at the wrong time?

TONY

Nothing happens by chance. The playing cards tell us the victims mean something to him. Every choice he makes - his weapons, his transport, the way he stages the scene - tells us more about him.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

CAROL

Ballistics have identified the rifle, the details are in your folders - a specialist weapon, a collector's item. We're going to talk to gun clubs, dealers and collectors. Kevin, with me on that.

CAROL turns to two other detectives.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Paula, Jim, find out where he bought that bicycle, those playing cards. This guy lives in the same world as the rest of us, someone knows him, someone has seen him - this  
(she taps photo)  
- is him. We will find him.  
(dismissing team)  
OK.

The detectives get up, talking among themselves. CAROL sees TONY staring at the photo.

CAROL (CONT'D)

What are you thinking about?

TONY

Policemen and postmen and paper-boys. Death on a bicycle.

Close on the fuzzy picture of the GUNMAN on his mountain bike.

51 INT. GUN CLUB -- DAY

51

CAROL and KEVIN are led past a shooting range into a small office by the gun club president, Bill DENTON, a short man in his late thirties, in jacket and tie.

DENTON

I know why you're here, but you're barking up the wrong tree. Rifle club members are responsible, law-abiding citizens, not criminals.

KEVIN

We're looking for a skilled marksman, who practises every week -

DENTON

That's about half our membership. Look, anti-social gun fanatics don't join shooting clubs, they'd get spotted straight away -

CAROL

Tell that to Thomas Hamilton, and the families in Dunblane.

(CONTINUED)



51 CONTINUED:

51

DENTON  
(irritated, insistent)  
That just wouldn't happen here.

CAROL  
Do any of your members possess a  
Finnish rifle, a Luosto 308?

DENTON  
Not that I'm aware of.

CAROL  
We'd like to ask them. And we'd  
like to take fingerprints. On a  
purely voluntary basis.

DENTON  
(appalled)  
Fingerprints?

CAROL  
To check against the crime scenes.

DENTON  
I can't divulge my membership list -

CAROL  
Then I'll see that your permits  
are withdrawn and this club is  
closed down.

DENTON  
(fuming)  
Well. So much for purely voluntary.

52 INT. BIKESHOP -- DAY

52

PAULA is showing the gunman photo to a SALES ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT  
Yeah, that's a Krusher mountain  
bike, about four years old?  
Discontinued. You can pick them up  
second hand almost anywhere...

53 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- DAY

53

A deck of cards, unwrapped, shuffled, dealt out, face up.  
It is TONY playing. He draws out the royal cards: the jack  
of diamonds, the queen of hearts, the king of spades. Peers  
at the card, then turns to his notice board.

TONY stares at the photos. The gunman on the bike. MAGGIE,  
KAMLESH, each with the card underneath their picture.

TONY  
The queen of hearts, she made some  
tarts... the knave of diamonds...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

TONY (CONT'D)  
a girl's best friend. Boo-boo-be-  
do. Who's next, the king? The  
patriarch, the authority figure?  
Where's the Ace? You're the Ace.  
The Ace of Spades...

His hand shakes. He stares at it. Suddenly he feels a  
wave of nausea.

He dashes to the bathroom and throws up.

54 EXT. OUTSIDE TONY'S HOUSE. -- DAY

54

As CAROL approaches the door, she shivers, looks over her  
shoulder, feels she is being watched, wonders if she is  
imagining it. Glances at the shadows in the bushes nearby,  
the darkened windows of a high building staring down. She  
rings the doorbell. TONY answers, eventually. He is pale.

CAROL  
Is everything..?

TONY  
Yeah.

55 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- DAY

55

CAROL notices the playing cards laid on TONY's desk.

CAROL  
I thought you'd be working on the  
case.

TONY  
He's playing a game. If we want to  
join in, we need to know the rules.

CAROL  
I've called a press conference  
tomorrow morning. To appeal for  
witnesses and reassure the public.  
Will you be able to come?

TONY  
I'm in no position to reassure  
anyone.

CAROL  
Tony...

TONY  
Face it, Carol, I must have deserved  
it. This thing in my head. Not  
enough exercise, too much secondhand  
smoke, too many TV dinners warmed  
up in the microwave -

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

CAROL

Tony, it's not your fault. It's no-  
one's fault. You can't blame  
yourself for everything you did or  
didn't do. It just - happened.

TONY

Nothing just happens. It's not bad  
luck, it's not destiny. Tumours  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

TONY (CONT'D)

happen for a reason, but people  
won't look for the reason because  
they're afraid to take  
responsibility for their choices -

He gestures at the pictures -

TONY (CONT'D)

He shot her and spared her boss,  
he shot him and left the woman  
with the kid, he's making choices,  
and the choices tell us about him.

CAROL

Do they tell us what he's going to  
do next?

TONY stares at a map of Bradfield pinned on his board, the  
murder sites marked on it.

TONY

He likes his victims in the open  
while he remains concealed. Look  
for exposed spaces, a park, a  
playing field, a playground.  
Overlooked by trees or derelict  
buildings. Within four miles of  
the last two murders.

CAROL

That's a lot of ground to cover.

TONY

With every kill his confidence  
grows, he'll expand his territory,  
his radius of action.

CAROL

So the longer this goes on...

TONY

The worse it will get. Do you feel  
reassured?

56 INT. PRESS CONFERENCE. -- DAY

56

CAROL is addressing two rows of reporters and one camera  
crew. A blow-up of the traffic photo is on display. TONY  
watches from offstage.

CAROL

If you know this man, or if you've  
seen him, please get in touch. He  
may have been walking a dog in the  
woods, in the days preceding the  
shooting. Possibly an Alsatian.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

TONY frowns, shakes his head. CAROL's voice is echoing and the room sways. He leans on a wall, places the heel of his palm to his head.

CAROL (CONT'D)

And of course he may have nothing to do with the incident, but we really need him to come forward.

REPORTER

What about the driver of the car?

CAROL

We've spoken to her. She doesn't remember the cyclist.

TONY shakes his head. His vision clears.

BURGESS

So when will you catch this guy?

BURGESS is the tabloid hack who nearly got KEVIN fired in series I. Smug, selfish, irresponsible, full of fake indignation on behalf of the public she despises.

CAROL

We're following up several leads. In the meantime, people should go about their lives as normal.

BURGESS

Would you advise them to avoid open spaces? Stay indoors?

CAROL

No, just stay alert, and tell us if they see anything that makes them uneasy or suspicious.

BURGESS

But this sniper could strike again at any time. Effectively Bradfield's under siege.

CAROL

That's not the case. With the help of the public, and the press, we will find this man.

She cuts off BURGESS before she can ask another question.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, there are copies of the photo with the press release...

She moves offstage, towards TONY.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

CAROL (CONT'D)

With the help of the Press - !

She notices his dazed expression.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Tony?

BURGESS

Dr Hill! Still propping up DI  
Jordan?

CAROL

That's DCI Jordan. I thought you  
moved down South?

BURGESS

Parents getting on a bit. Thought  
I'd come home and look after them.

CAROL

Wealthy, are they?

Ignoring the jibe, BURGESS twinkles at TONY.

BURGESS

So, any chance of some background  
on this Bradfield Sniper?

TONY

Newspapers smell fear, don't they?  
I mean, they sell fear...

BURGESS

You alright? Bit early in the day  
for...

CAROL

(cutting in)

If you need background, read the  
handout. Dr Hill?

She ushers TONY away. BURGESS wonders at TONY's vagueness.

57 INT. DENTON'S HOUSE. -- DAY

57

It's DENTON's house but we don't see him. A drawer is pulled open and a folder marked "insurance" is tugged out. The folder is opened to reveal several photographs of KAMLESH, arguing with the photographer, gesticulating angrily. The photos are snatched up and thrust into a bin.

A newspaper is shoved in the bin with the photos - we glimpse the headline - 'Second Victim of Bradfield Sniper' and the whole lot is set on fire.

An Alsatian dog watches the flames and whimpers.

58 INT. DENTON'S GARAGE. -- DAY 58

A sheet is tugged off an old green Volvo 740 with a badly damaged light cluster. A hand runs over the damage, inspecting it, and drops the sheet again.

59 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND. -- DAY 59

A large school playground at breaktime, hundreds of teenage kids running about, clustering in groups. Overlooked by woods and empty offices. Two teenage boys, JOE and LEVI, are scuffling. Joe is the bigger. A teacher, GEORGE BURNETT, comes over to break them up.

JOE

Cough it up you tosser -

BURNETT

Knock it off you two -

JOE

He owes me money -

LEVI

I don't! It was three to two, you put a quid on, you get one fifty, not three quid. Tell him, sir -

BURNETT

He's right, Joe, get lost.

JOE wanders off grumbling.

LEVI

So what do you reckon Bradfield vs Millwall, Mr Burnett?  
(Burnett laughs)  
I'll give you good odds.

BURNETT

You, sir, will die of the pox or the gallows.

A distant crack. BURNETT grimaces, falls to his knees, onto his side. Shot through the heart. LEVI kneels by him.

LEVI

Sir, Sir! Mr Burnett!

JOE

(returning)  
What happened?

LEVI lifts his hands from BURNETT's chest, covered in blood.

JOE (CONT'D)

Shit -

He turns and runs.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

LEVI  
Get an ambulance!

Kids gather in knots, staring, as LEVI starts to weep.

LEVI (CONT'D)  
Sir... it's alright sir... sir?

**Part two end - part three**

60 INT. HOSPITAL CONSULTING ROOM. -- DAY

60

BROWN, a surgeon in his fifties, peers into TONY's eyes with an ophthalmoscope.

BROWN  
Have you been suffering from mood swings? Irritability?

TONY  
I have a brain tumour. Every day's a carnival.

BROWN  
(grins)  
What about memory? Any lapses?

TONY  
Not that I recall.

BROWN  
You may find you forget things that are second nature. Or remember things that never happened.

BROWN puts down the scope, rolls his chair back, and goes to make some notes.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
The headaches are due to intracranial pressure, I'll prescribe some steroids...  
(beat)  
It appears to be a primary tumour - It hasn't spread from elsewhere in the body. That's the good news.

TONY  
Which suggests there's bad news.

BROWN  
It's growing quickly. So it's atypical. Probably malignant.

TONY  
How probably?

(CONTINUED)



60 CONTINUED:

60

BROWN

I can let you know when I've opened your head up and taken it out.

TONY

I was afraid you might say that.

BROWN

How's tomorrow for you?

TONY

I'll have to check my diary. So leaving it isn't an option?

BROWN

Perhaps, if we knew it was benign. But it would go on growing. In time the headaches would get more severe, you'd lose the ability to walk, to write, to speak. Eventually you'd die. If it's malignant, all that will happen in three months.

TONY

What are my chances? If you operate?

BROWN

Brain surgery always involves the risk of damage to healthy tissue. But you have about a forty percent chance of a full recovery.

TONY

Forty? That's the best you can do?

BROWN

Well, I'm quite good at my job, so let's say fifty. It's a gamble whatever way you look at it. And it's a choice only you can make.

TONY

I'd rather go out fighting.

His mobile starts to ring.

BROWN

Good man.

TONY cancels the call.

BROWN (CONT'D)

You can answer that. You didn't get this tumour from a mobile phone.

TONY

So what did cause it?

His phone starts to ring again.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

BROWN  
(shrugs)  
Life?

TONY  
(answering phone)  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
Oh god.

61 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- DAY

61

BURGESS is talking to a NURSE in sweats, taking notes.

BURGESS  
So they were both dead on arrival..?  
  
She notices TONY emerge through double doors and hurry downstairs.

BURGESS (CONT'D)  
Hold on a minute -

She goes over, looks down the stairwell TONY took, then towards the doors he came through. The sign indicates one department: Neurology. BURGESS ponders.

62 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND. -- DAY

62

Empty of schoolchildren now, a bleak black tent flapping on the tarmac, socos and coppers flitting back and forth. CAROL sees TONY approaching and comes to meet him. A glimpse of BURNETT's feet through the flaps of the tent.

CAROL  
George Burnett, a maths teacher in his forties, shot through the heart while he supervised lunchbreak.

63 EXT. WOODS NEAR PLAYGROUND. -- DAY

63

KEVIN greets CAROL and TONY. TONY is distracted, drifting in and out of a fugue.

KEVIN  
Guv...  
(to SOCO)  
Are we ok?

The SOCO nods. KEVIN leads TONY and CAROL towards a large tree and points out a shiny new six-inch-nail hammered into the trunk.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Looks like this was the shooting position.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

TONY

For the want of a nail, a king was  
lost.

KEVIN

Kingdom. For want of a nail -

CAROL

(to KEVIN)

Forensics, where it came from,  
what sort of hammer he used.

(Kevin nods)

And get a list of the victim's  
former pupils. Cross-check with  
the other two, see if any names  
come up.

KEVIN

He's been teaching twenty years.

TONY

Start with men in their thirties.  
A teacher... an authority figure,  
a father figure... the king.

CAROL and KEVIN exchange a look. TONY wanders off towards  
a tree that has a PLAYING CARD propped in a cleft. A SOCO  
wearing rubber gloves is dusting the tree trunk for prints.

CAROL

(to SOCO)

Could we see that?

Carefully the SOCO retrieves the card, holds it out. It's  
the SEVEN OF CLUBS.

CAROL (CONT'D)

The seven of clubs?

(to Tony)

Where does it fit?

TONY

Hearts, diamonds, clubs - he could  
be working his way through the  
suits -

KEVIN

Or working his way through the  
deck.

TONY's head is pounding. He holds his temples.

TONY

No! There's a pattern here!

CAROL

Give it time, Tony.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

TONY

I don't have time! Damn it -  
everyone wants miracles - ! There's  
no such thing - !

He leaves. KEVIN and CAROL exchange a glance.

64 EXT. CITY. -- NIGHT

64

Punters at a petrol station fill up nervously, looking  
over their shoulders at overgrown wasteland nearby.

Kids playing street football are called in by anxious  
parents.

A newspaper blows through an eerily empty park: we glimpse  
the headline we missed earlier: CITY UNDER SIEGE, with a  
byline and photo of PENNY BURGESS.

65 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- NIGHT

65

TONY is going through the victim files. He stares at their  
pictures on his board, at the photo of a hunting rifle, at  
the map of Bradfield with the crimes scenes marked.

TONY

Maggie Waring - Kamlesh Vora -  
George Burnett - all killed in the  
space of one week - queen, knave,  
seven...? What hand is that, what  
game are you playing?

He goes through his shelves, finds a book of card games,  
flicks thorough it, back and forward.

TONY (CONT'D)

Stick, twist, busted flush, not  
twentyone, is it straight poker -  
old maid - what? I don't get it!  
And you know we won't get it, why  
do you even bother leaving these -

He pauses.

66 INT. CAROL'S OFFICE. -- NIGHT

66

One or two people are still at work. CAROL sighs as she  
flicks through a huge heap of printouts on her desk, all  
the data about the sniper's victims. Her phone rings.

CAROL

Carol Jordan.

TONY

He's going to call.

INTERCUT WITH:

67 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- NIGHT

67

TONY stares out the window at the trees opposite waving in the wind.

TONY

He know we won't understand what the cards mean.

CAROL

Is he going to tell us?

TONY

No.

CAROL

Can you be here when he calls?

TONY

I'm going into hospital tomorrow. For the procession... The process. The procedure.

CAROL

They're operating? Why didn't you say? Do you want me there?

TONY

It doesn't matter. I'll be unconscious. Hopefully.

CAROL

When you wake up.

TONY

If I wake up. When he calls... you won't understand him. He wants to taunt us, frustrate us, spread the panic. It's all part of the game.

CAROL

Go to bed, Tony.

TONY

Yeah. You too.

He hangs up and goes to the window.

68 EXT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- NIGHT

68

An ALSATIAN noses along the pavement and pisses on a treestump. The man walking it stops and looks up at TONY staring out of his lighted window. The man is DENTON.

69 INT. CAR IN STREET. -- NIGHT

69

Penny BURGESS sits in her car listening on her mobile phone.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

BURGESS

Hi... is that Neurology? This is Carol Jordan. DCI Jordan, yes. I was hoping you could give me some news on Dr Hill... Really? Tomorrow?

70 INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY

70

CAROL, her coat across a chair nearby, leads the progress report and debriefing. PAULA has a sheaf of phone logsheets.

PAULA

Twenty-two calls about the man on the bike, ten with possible IDs.

CAROL

You and Harry chase those up. Kevin?

KEVIN

Forensics say it was a standard six-inch steel nail, available from any DIY store. Nothing on the hammer.

CAROL

Take the photo to every hardware store and DIY shop within a three mile radius of the shootings.

She picks her coat up. KEVIN frowns.

KEVIN

You off?

CAROL

I'll be back this afternoon. Tony Hill's going into hospital.

A phone rings. PAULA answers it.

PAULA

CID. Hello? Hello?

KEVIN

Was it that bang on the head? I thought he was acting flaky. Well - more flaky than usual.

PAULA

Ma'am. For you. I can hardly make him out, he wouldn't give his name.

CAROL reacts.

CAROL

Keep him on hold.

(to Kevin)

Record this call and trace it.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

KEVIN gets onto another phone, calls the switchboard.

KEVIN

There's a call on extension 220,  
we need it recorded and traced...

He nods to CAROL. She picks up the extension.

CAROL

DCI Jordan.

The voice at the other end is strangely distorted, crackling and hissing. It's nearly impossible to understand it.

GUNMAN

You won't find me. You've got more  
chance of winning the lotto.

CAROL

Sorry, this is a really bad line -

GUNMAN

Don't kid a kidder, you're trying  
to trace the call.

CAROL

What do you want?  
(hissing, buzzing)  
Sorry, you'll have to call back -

GUNMAN

(unintelligibly)  
...Rollodyes.

He hangs up. CAROL turns to KEVIN.

KEVIN

Phonebox, Treehouse arcade.  
(into phone)  
I need bodies there, quick.

CAROL's phone rings again. She snatches it up.

CAROL

What have you got?

INTERCUT WITH:

71 INT. HOSPITAL NEUROLOGY DEPARTMENT. -- DAY

71

Sister GREY is on the phone, holding TONY's file.

GREY

Ms Jordan? This is Sister Mary  
Grey, from Neurology at Bradfield  
General Hospital. Your Tony Hill's  
next of kin?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

CAROL  
What's happened?

GREY  
Nothing's happened. He never turned  
up for surgery. Do you have any  
idea where he is?

CAROL is mystified.

PAULA  
Guv! They're there.

72 INT. SHOPPING ARCADE -- DAY

72

Four UNIFORMED COPS race through a crowded shopping mall. They burst through doors to an empty FOYER with a row of phones. One swings off the hook. The coppers curse.

73 EXT. ROOFTOP ABOVE SQUARE -- DAY

73

Through a SCOPE with no markings we watch PEOPLE in a town square going about their daily business. Two LOVERS bill and coo on a bench. The scope tracks quickly sideways to find two WINOS sharing a can of Special Brew. An ESTATE AGENT walks past, jabbering into a mobile phone.

TONY is watching all of them, standing at the edge of a flat rooftop. He drops the scope - a small monocular - and watches the little figures scuttling about like insects.

He looks down at his feet, at the edge of the building, at the sheer drop through clear air to solid concrete a hundred feet below. He steps towards the void. His mobile phone rings. He looks at it. The screen reads, CAROL.

TONY  
Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

74 INT. CAROL'S OFFICE. -- DAY

74

CAROL on the phone to TONY while KEVIN brings her a tape and transcript of the call.

CAROL  
Tony, you missed your surgery.

TONY  
I wanted to get into his head...  
not let someone else into mine.

CAROL  
You have to have that operation!

TONY  
Has he called yet?

(CONTINUED)



74 CONTINUED:

74

CAROL

Yes. And we couldn't understand him.

TONY

Maybe I should come in.

CAROL

I'll send a car. Where are you?  
Tony?

TONY blinks, sways, staggers. He falls away from the edge, lands heavily on the roof.

TONY

I'm... on my way.

75 INT. PRESS CONFERENCE. -- DAY

75

There are now four rows of reporters. CAROL fields the questions.

BURGESS

Will you be releasing a transcript of this call to the press?

CAROL

Right now we're still analysing it. Either the connection was poor, or he was trying to disguise his voice. We need him to ring back.

TONY enters from a side door and watches proceedings.

REPORTER

Was there any ransom demand?

CAROL

I don't wish to comment on that yet.

BURGESS

Did you make out *anything* he said?

CAROL

Yes, and we would like him to ring back. We're very keen to hear what he has to say.

BURGESS

What have you got to say to the people of Bradfield about your handling of this case?

CAROL

That everyone on this force is working flat out to catch this murderer. And we will. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

She gets up. The press mill about and snigger. TONY approaches CAROL but is buttonholed by BURGESS.

BURGESS

Dr Hill - how are you feeling? You know, maybe we could go pro-active on this one. Plant a story to draw the Gunman out.

TONY

Invent something, you mean?

BURGESS

I know it's not very ethical.

TONY

I didn't know ethics bothered you that much.

BURGESS

You're wrong. I mean I wouldn't print anything about your illness, for example. You know you could give hope to so many people -

CAROL sees BURGESS pestering TONY and comes over.

CAROL

Dr Hill?

TONY

You want to know where he'll strike next?

BURGESS

We don't have to talk here.

TONY

He's choosing his targets very deliberately. An office worker, a boy racer, a teacher...

CAROL

Tony -

TONY

She has a right to know, Carol.  
(to Burgess)  
Don't you see where he's going?

CAROL

Perhaps we should discuss this -

BURGESS

So who is the next target?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

TONY

Someone in the media. Preferably a pushy tabloid hack who'd do anything to get her face on the front page. Including having it blown off.

BURGESS seethes.

BURGESS

Fine. I'll stick to the human interest angle.

She flounces off.

CAROL

You are evil sometimes.

TONY

It's the tumour. It affects my personality.

CAROL

You can call the hospital from my office. Make another appointment.

TONY

You want nice Tony back?

CAROL

I'll take whatever Tony I can get. As long as he's alive.

76 INT. CID. -- DAY

76

TONY, CAROL and KEVIN listen to the tape of the call.

GUNMAN

You won't find me. You've got more chance of winning the lotto.

TONY pauses the tape.

CAROL

It's not the line. He's using some kind of voice disguiser.

TONY

In case you recognise him. You may have spoken to this guy already.

CAROL

(on tape)  
I'm sorry, this is a really bad line -

GUNMAN

(on tape)  
Don't kid a kidder, you're trying to trace the call.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

CAROL  
(on tape)  
What do you want?  
(hissing, buzzing)  
Sorry, you'll have to call back -

GUNMAN  
(unintelligibly)  
...Rollodyes.

KEVIN  
Rollo dies. Some sort of a threat?  
His next victim?

TONY rewinds, plays the last line again.

GUNMAN  
(on tape)  
...Rollodyes.

TONY  
Roll the dice.

CAROL  
He wants to play.

77 EXT. WASTELAND -- NIGHT

77

A Volvo 740 estate, old but neat and shiny, bumps across wasteland where burntout cars lie scattered, the work of joyriders. Its front offside light cluster has been smashed.

We don't see the face of the thickset man [DENTON], wearing baseball cap pulled down and leather gloves, who goes to work unscrewing the number plates.

He hoists open the rear door to reveal a canister of petrol and a mountain bike. He pulls out the bike.

78 INT. BRIEFING ROOM. -- NIGHT

78

CAROL and TONY are briefing the team, referring to a map of Bradfield, the three murders marked on it.

TONY  
His radius of action, the area in which he feels comfortable, is expanding, but it's still finite.

CAROL  
When he calls back, it'll be from a phone box in this area. I want all patrols ready to move.

TONY  
Stick to the fringes. He won't let himself be surrounded.

79 EXT. WASTELAND -- NIGHT

79

The driver splashes petrol around the immaculate interior of the Volvo, stands back, flicks a lighter, and tosses it through the window. The car explodes in a fireball and the driver hurries away.

He clammers onto his bike and cycles off into the night. A gaggle of whooping teenagers comes running, drawn towards the fire. One of them, GENGHIS, clocks the thickset man cycling away, his baseball cap obscuring his face.

80 INT. CID. -- NIGHT

80

CAROL finds TONY playing patience, examining each card as he lays it down.

CAROL

Did you call the hospital?

TONY

They've rescheduled for next week.

CAROL

Tony, the longer you put it off -

TONY

He's leaving cards in other places too. That's the hand we don't see.

CAROL

What do you mean?

TONY

All the times the cards told him not to shoot. King, jack, seven...

CAROL

You're looking for a pattern?

TONY

Jung's theory of synchronicity says there are links between events beyond cause and effect. Patterns the conscious mind can't perceive. There's no such thing as coincidence, or accident.

CAROL

Did Jung say that as well?

TONY

No, that was Joe Stalin. And he was one of history's greatest murderers. After cancer.

The phone rings. PAULA answers it.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

PAULA  
CID.

She gives CAROL a nod. CAROL hurries to her office.

81 INT. CAROL'S OFFICE. -- NIGHT 81

Monitoring equipment and extra phones have been set up. KEVIN and TONY lift the receivers, then CAROL lifts hers.

CAROL  
DCI Jordan.

GUNMAN  
You're in luck.

His voice is still distorted, but this time it's intelligible. CAROL glances at PAULA outside. She give CAROL the thumbs- up.

CAROL  
Look, you've made your point.  
There's no need for any more  
innocent people to die.

GUNMAN  
No-one's innocent. It's a wicked  
world and we're all to blame.

82 EXT. STREETS. -- NIGHT 82

A police patrol car in a deserted street fires up lights and hurtles down the road.

Another police patrol car fires up its lights and does a screeching u-turn.

83 INT. CAROL'S OFFICE. -- NIGHT 83

CAROL on the phone to the GUNMAN glances at TONY.

CAROL  
Tell me what I can do for you.

GUNMAN  
Seventy grand should cover it.

CAROL  
If we pay you, will you stop?

GUNMAN  
I won't if you don't.

CAROL  
Where do we send it?

The GUNMAN speaks more quickly now, his time running out.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

GUNMAN

Small denomination, unmarked notes,  
in a black binbag. Drop the bag in  
the litter bin beside stall 30 at  
Horsefair market by noon tomorrow.  
And if I so much as smell a cop  
you'll be consoling twenty grieving  
relatives next week.

CAROL

It might take us time to get the  
money together -

GUNMAN

O please! Don't take the piss.

He hangs up.

CAROL

Hello?

She throws the phone down.

TONY

Seventy grand?

CAROL

Paula, talk to me!

PAULA

They're there!

84 EXT. STREET PHONEBOX. -- NIGHT

84

Two POLICE PATROL CARS converge from opposite directions  
and one mounts the kerb near a phone box. The thickset man  
inside dashes out of the phonebox and races down the street,  
pursued by the officers on patrol, who rugby-tackle him  
into a wooden fence. They go down in a tangle of limbs.

85 INT. CID. -- NIGHT

85

KEVIN examines the map.

KEVIN

Crowton Street. Right on the edge,  
like you said.

TONY

Seventy thousand pounds is nothing.  
He's the world's first discount  
extortionist.

KEVIN

Maybe it's a first instalment.

CAROL returns.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

CAROL  
He won't be collecting it anyway.  
They're bringing him in now.

86 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. -- NIGHT

86

CAROL and KEVIN sit facing James BECK, a thick set, neatly-dressed loser in his thirties who still thinks he's young and happening.

CAROL  
Now, Mr...

BECK  
Beck. Jimmy Beck.

CAROL  
I'm DCI Carol Jordan. We spoke earlier. You rang this station twenty minutes ago.

BECK  
Must have been a wrong number.

CAROL  
So why did you run from my officers?

BECK  
Thought they were going to do me over.

CAROL  
Why did you think that?

BECK  
Because they did.

CAROL  
We'll need your clothes for forensic tests.

BECK  
Oh come on... it's for personal use, okay?

CAROL  
What is?

BECK sighs, reaches into his crotch, pulls out a large bag of GRASS (the smoking kind).

KEVIN  
Oh, for God's sake...

BECK  
It's only a bit of grass. It's hardly even illegal any more.

CAROL bites back her frustration.

(CONTINUED)



86 CONTINUED:

86

CAROL

Did you see anyone in the phonebox  
before you?

BECK

Guy, fortyish. Baseball cap. He  
left about thirty seconds before  
you lot turned up.

CAROL stands.

CAROL

Thank you, Mr Beck.

BECK

It wasn't me you wanted, was it?

CAROL

And by the way, it is illegal.  
(to Kevin)  
Charge him.

87 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM. -- NIGHT

87

CAROL emerges, boiling with frustration, to meet TONY.

CAROL

I hope to God the press doesn't  
get hold of this.

TONY

Carol, you're doing everything you  
can, you've covered every angle -

CAROL

I know that! But why are we getting  
such shit luck..?

PAULA hurries up the corridor, clutching a photo.

PAULA

Ma'am... We checked out the shops  
selling those playing cards.

She hands CAROL the picture, taken by a shop security  
camera. The GUNMAN, in a baseball cap and shades, stands  
at a toyshop counter. The camera is too high to see his  
face clearly but it's a better shot than the traffic camera.

PAULA (CONT'D)

This man bought ten decks two weeks  
ago, from a toyshop in Bollo. It's  
kind of a fluke... they normally  
wipe the tapes once a fortnight.

CAROL

Release it to the press. And get a  
copy for everyone on the stakeout.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

PAULA

Ma'am.

TONY

Horsefair Market?

CAROL

I know. The ransom demand's too small, the drop's too exposed... but if there's even a chance he'll turn up, I have to take it.

88 EXT. MARKET. -- DAY

88

A crowded open-air market with rows of stalls and punters packed between them, checking out fake handbags and cheap curtains and pocket-money clockwork snipers. PAULA pushes through the crowd carrying a square bundle wrapped in a binliner under her arm. She drops it in a litter bin and moves on. A fat bloke wandering in the other direction throws a half-eaten Big Mac on top of it.

A fake STALLHOLDER nearby keeps one eye on the bin while he hangs shirts out on a rack.

89 INT. MARKET OFFICE -- DAY

89

KEVIN watches the action through binoculars. CAROL is at the other side watching a bank of CCTV screens. She glances at the photo of the GUNMAN in the toyshop, which has been taped up by the monitors.

90 INT. SUPERMARKET. -- DAY

90

A thickset man in a bomber-jacket and shades loads a basket with dog food illustrated with a panting ALSATIAN. There's already a bottle of vodka in there. He shuffles over to a checkout where a cheery CHECKOUT ASSISTANT called SALLY is packing for a customer.

91 EXT. PLAYING FIELD. -- DAY

91

TONY strides across the school playing field, stops to look at a bouquet lying on the grass where BURNETT fell. He looks up and peers into the woods.

92 INT. SUPERMARKET. -- DAY

92

The SHOPPER plants his basket on Sally's checkout. She looks up at him and smiles cheerfully.

SALLY

Hello!

The thickset man doesn't reply. His eyes are hidden behind shades. SALLY starts to put his shopping through. As he packs it into a carrier bag she glances at the NEWSPAPER under her till, with its frontpage photo of the GUNMAN in

(CONTINUED)

- 92 CONTINUED: 92
- the toyshop. There's a strong resemblance to the SHOPPER (but it's not him).
- 93 EXT. MARKET. -- DAY 93
- Through KEVIN's binoculars he sees a TRAMP pick the Big Mac out of the bin and take a bite out of it.
- KEVIN  
Yuk.
- 94 INT. SUPERMARKET. -- DAY 94
- As the thickset SHOPPER moves off another shopper with a trolley approaches SALLY's checkout.
- SALLY  
Sorry, I'm closing.
- 95 EXT. PLAYING FIELD -- DAY 95
- TONY stares into the woods that whirl around him.
- 96 EXT. MARKET. -- DAY 96
- A man in the luminous jacket and heavy gloves of a REFUSE WORKER approaches the litter bin.
- 97 INT. MARKET OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS 97
- CAROL watches the monitors in alarm.
- CAROL  
I thought you sorted the binmen.
- KEVIN  
I did - shit!
- The REFUSE WORKER lifts out the bulging liner with the ransom and ties the neck. KEVIN dashes out of the office.
- 98 EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK. -- DAY 98
- SALLY comes out of the supermarket and watches the sullen, thickset SHOPPER throw his shopping in a VOLVO estate.
- 99 EXT. PLAYING FIELD -- DAY 99
- TONY is surrounded by the whirling shadows of SCHOOLBOYS hooting, chasing each other in circles. Their shouts and laughter echo through his head.
- A SHOT rings out and the shouts scatter screeching like frightened gulls.
- TONY is alone, the blood pounding at his temples. He clutches his head, trying to hold back waves of pain.

100 EXT. MARKET. -- DAY 100

The REFUSE WORKER hurls the BINBAG into the back of a compactor, just as the 'stallholder' grabs his arm. KEVIN rushes up as the plastic bag with the money disappears under the garbage crusher, mulched up with rotten vegetables, coke cans and dogshit.

101 INT. MARKET OFFICE -- DAY 101

CAROL groans at the fiasco.

102 EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK. -- DAY 102

SALLY watches like a hawk as the thickset SHOPPER pulls out of his parking space. She notices a flash of reflected light from the dense trees overlooking the supermarket and frowns.

A shot rings out and she staggers back against a pillar, collapses and slides down in a heap.

Passing shopper scream and duck behind their cars. The SHOPPER'S car jolts to a halt. He jumps out and stares, pulling off his shades.

A supermarket manager runs over.

A pool of blood puddles under SALLY's staring head.

**Part three end - part four**

103 EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK. -- LATER 103

Once more the circus of blood, the vans, the tents, the socos in white suits. CAROL leads TONY through the melee.

CAROL

I need something concrete, Tony.  
When the press finds out we threw  
seventy grand in a dustcart while  
he struck again...

TONY

He wanted to make you look stupid.  
It enhances his god-complex, his  
sense of control.

CAROL

Can't we set something up? Give  
him a target, something that  
challenges his ego. Me or -

TONY

I'm not interested in authority  
figures. I want people like her.

He nods at the covered body of SALLY, the SOCOS swarming round her.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

TONY (CONT'D)

Ordinary people. People who forget death is on their shoulder. They need to taste death before they can live. I am death, you don't know where I'm coming from, or when. You can't stop me, and you can't summon me.

KEVIN approaches.

KEVIN

The manager's sorting out the security footage.

CAROL

I want the details of every customer that went through her till in the last fortnight.

KEVIN

That could be a thousand people.

CAROL

If they paid with plastic, there'll be records.

KEVIN

What if he paid with cash? What if he never shopped here at all?

CAROL

Kevin - !

KEVIN

All this piling up data - it's a waste of time!

CAROL

What would you rather be doing?

KEVIN clams up, moves off.

104 EXT. WOODS NEAR SUPERMARKET. DAY

104

PAULA shows CAROL and TONY the shooting site, the area around it taped off, being checked by a SOCO.

CAROL

What about the playing card?

PAULA hands them a card in a plastic pouch.

PAULA

A ten, of hearts.

TONY takes it.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

CAROL

What number was her till?

PAULA

Fifteen, I think. Nobody knows why she went outside. Her shift wasn't over, she didn't smoke...

CAROL

So he couldn't have known she'd be out in the car park at that moment.

TONY looks through her, in a fugue.

TONY

Then Kevin's right.

He turns and wanders off. CAROL wants to go after him, but can't.

105 EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY. DAY

105

A lorry thunder past along a broad dual carriageway, edged by dusty, shabby woods from where TONY emerges. He starts to walk across the road. A horns blares, a lorry brakes, a speeds past, barely missing him, but TONY seems oblivious as he reaches the far side of the road, also lined with shabby trees and bushes. He pushes into it.

106 EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY. -- MOMENTS LATER

106

TONY emerges from the undergrowth and finds himself staring at a sea of headstones, silent and deserted.

107 OMITTED

107

108 EXT. WASTELAND -- DAY

108

GENGHIS and a mate swig from bottles of alcopop as they spray graffiti on the burnt-out wreck of the Volvo. Genghis' spray can runs out. Cursing, he turns to throw it away and sees a POLICE CAR bumping over the wasteland towards him. He and his mate chuck down their bottles and scarper, right into four more UNIFORMS coming in from the other direction, who tackle them and drag them off towards a POLICE VAN.

109 OMITTED

109

109A INT. CID OFFICE -- DAY

109A

KEVIN drops a sheaf of papers listing names and addresses onto PAULA's desk. She looks up at him, appalled.

KEVIN

Customers from the supermarket.  
Six hundred names to cross check  
against the other cases.

(CONTINUED)

109A CONTINUED:

109A

PAULA

I'm not doing all of them - !

KEVIN shows her another sheaf.

KEVIN

That's just your half.

110 INT. CASINO. -- DAY

110

TONY sits at a vingt-et-un table. The CROUPIER deals out cards to the two other players, coming to TONY at the end. Then deals out the second. TONY gets a king and a ten.

CROUPIER

Nineteen - nineteen - vingt et un.

He pushes a pile of chips at TONY. TONY stares at them, pushes them back again. The CROUPIER deals again. TONY watches the cards flick and slap onto the baize. A queen of hearts. A five of diamonds. A five of clubs. The CROUPIER pushes an even bigger pile of chips towards TONY.

TONY's head throbs. He presses the heel of his palm to his eyes.

Dice tumble and bounce on the craps table. Cards flick and slide on the baize. The roulette ball rattles and dances, never resting.

111 INT. CID OFFICE -- DAY

111

CAROL is cross-checking names from a sheaf of papers. PAULA enters with a newspaper.

CAROL

What?

PAULA

Is it true about Dr Hill?

She hands CAROL the paper. CAROL checks the front page. A picture of TONY is part of the main story, with a sub-headline reading, PROFILING EXPERT HAS ONLY 'WEEKS TO LIVE'

CAROL

That bitch...

112 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- DAY

112

Dice bounce and roll across TONY's table. Six and one. CAROL is there.

TONY

You don't need me. You need a decent bookie.

CAROL

Are you going back to hospital?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

TONY

Actually I was going to try hang-gliding. All the risk of brain surgery, but more of the glamour. That's the thing about gambling, it's addictive, self-destructive... He can't stop even if he wanted to.

He throws again.

TONY (CONT'D)

Gamblers always think they have a system, they can beat the house, but the house always wins, it's fixed that way. His luck will run out. All good things...

(beat)

Do you ever wish we were still lovers?

CAROL stares at him.

TONY (CONT'D)

That weekend in Paris, when we spent two days in bed. Oysters from room service. We should do that again.

CAROL

Tony... we were never lovers.

TONY

(hurt)

Felt like it to me.

CAROL

I mean - that never happened...

TONY stares at her, confused. He thinks, desperately, clutches his head trying to grasp a fading illusion.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... you must have...

TONY

Oh God... I can't think straight, Carol. I don't know what's real, what's accident, what's intention - I don't know what's me and what's - this!

He thumps his forehead. CAROL takes his face, urges him,

CAROL

Tony... Try to hold on. You're still here, you're still - you.

(CONTINUED)



112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

TONY

When I talk to myself, there's no-  
one there. I miss me.

CAROL's phone rings. A beat. She takes it out, checks the  
caller ID, answers.

CAROL

Yes, Paula.

INTERCUT WITH:

113 INT. CID OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS 113

PAULA is watching GENGHIS being questioned by a UNIFORMED OFFICER.

PAULA

Ma'am, uniforms have just nicked a kid for twoccing. They thought he'd burned a car on the Cleveland estate.

CAROL

And what does this kid say?

PAULA

That the car was dumped by a thick-set man in his thirties, riding a mountain bike.

114 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS 114

CAROL looks at TONY.

115 EXT. WASTELAND. -- DAY 115

TONY, KEVIN, CAROL and PAULA approach the burnt-out VOLVO.

PAULA

Dr Hill - we heard - about your -

KEVIN

If there's any way we can help...

TONY

Yeah, there is. If I start remembering things, slap me.

KEVIN and PAULA exchange a look. TONY turns to the car.

TONY (CONT'D)

How long's it been here?

KEVIN

Thirty-six hours. Nobody reported it, they've given up round here.

CAROL

It has a mesh barrier. For keeping dogs in the back.

TONY

Why burn it?

KEVIN

To destroy forensic evidence. He'd already removed the plates and the VIN.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

CAROL

No distinguishing features. No  
stickers, ornaments...

TONY

I hate all that rubbish anyway.  
All that... rubbish.

PAULA

Is he giving up? Getting rid of  
the evidence so he can skip town?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

TONY

I'm not done yet. This is connected to one of the victims... I can't let you trace it...

CAROL

Maggie Waring. Customer services in an IT company.

TONY

Kamlesh Vora.

KEVIN

Bling bling. Lived off his dad.

PAULA

George Burnett. Teacher's car, isn't it? A Volvo.

TONY

I roll over.

KEVIN

Pardon?

TONY

That's what Volvo means. I roll over...

TONY clocks the damaged off side light cluster.

TONY (CONT'D)

The fire?

KEVIN

Wouldn't have dented the bodywork like that.

CAROL

(making connection)

Kamlesh Vora. He was a boy racer.

KEVIN

Shit... He ran into Kamlesh.

TONY

Or Kamlesh ran into him.

116 INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT. -- DAY

116

An upmarket Indian restaurant. CAROL and KEVIN interview ANIL while customers and staff carry on in the background.

ANIL

We can't use my office, it's full of boxes...

CAROL

This shouldn't take long.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

ANIL

I wanted to carry on working. There is a lot to do, and, it keeps my mind off...

CAROL

I understand. I need to know if Kamlesh had ever been involved in any traffic accidents.

ANIL

All the time. But never anything serious. Dented paintwork... injured pride. He never hurt anyone.

CAROL

None of the incidents were ever reported. Why was that?

ANIL

I settled them myself, with cash. That was okay, isn't it?

CAROL

We just need to know, did you ever deal with a thickset man in his thirties who drove a green volvo? Over a damaged wing?

ANIL

Him? yes. Two months ago. He was crazy, screaming we had ruined his business... I had to give him nearly a thousand pounds. He still wasn't happy.

CAROL

What was his name? Do you remember?

ANIL

...Denton. Charles Denton.

117 INT. DENTON HOUSE. -- DAY

117

Charles DENTON, fastidiously neat in his dressing gown, sits in his front room, his dog curled up in its basket. He has a photo in front of him, of himself with his arm around a woman, a man beside them. The image of the MAN has the eyes scratched out. DENTON is scratching the eyes from the woman's face with the tip of a large hunting knife.

The dog jumps from its basket, whimpering and barking, trots to the rear door. DENTON puts down the blade.

He twitches the net curtains.

118 EXT. DENTON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS 118

Two POLICE CARS and a VAN parked outside his house. ARMED RESPONSE officers in flak jackets, carrying submachine guns, hurry to his front door.

119 INT. DENTON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS 119

The dog barks at the back door. Shapes in BLACK run across the rear garden.

DENTON hurries upstairs.

120 EXT. DENTON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS 120

CAROL in front of the house nods to the ARMED RESPONSE OFFICER, KINGSBURY, on the doorstep. KINGSBURY nods to an officer who steps forward with a battering ram and bashes the door open with one blow.

Suddenly DENTON is in the doorway. KINGSBURY whips up his weapon.

KINGSBURY

Stand still! Show us your hands!

DENTON glowers as he holds up his empty hands.

DENTON

This is private property! You have no right, it's private property -

The armed response people pile into the house, push him to his knees, cuff his hands. They pile past him up the stairs.

CAROL

(steps up)

Sorry, Mr Denton, we have a warrant to search your house.

She shows it to the kneeling DENTON.

CAROL (CONT'D)

And we'd like you to come down to the station to answer some questions.

DENTON

Can I at least get dressed first?

Armed response men check the upstairs rooms. Cosy, frilly, neat, empty. A woman's touch, but no woman.

KINGSBURY is in the front room, looking at the dog, who growls and whimpers angrily. CAROL enters.

KINGSBURY

We need to sort this dog -

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

CAROL

Let him do it.

KEVIN brings in DENTON and undoes his cuffs.

DENTON

Relax Felix... it's the New World  
order, that's all.

CAROL notices a locked GUN CUPBOARD.

CAROL

(TO DENTON)

Do you have a key for this?

DENTON produces a key on a chain around his neck. KINGSBURY  
unlocks the cupboard to reveal several shotguns and full  
bore rifles.

DENTON

Yes, I have permits, for all of  
these.Officers search the house. A filing cabinet is opened. One  
folder is labelled, CAR AND INSURANCE. But it is empty.An attic hatch is lifted away. KINGSBURY's head appears.  
He shines a torch around, revealing dusty crates.TONY picks up the photo DENTON left on the table. Notes  
the eyes scratched out.

DENTON (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

He takes it off TONY. CAROL takes it off DENTON. KEVIN  
confronts DENTON with the empty folder.

KEVIN

Some of your paperwork is missing.

DENTON

I've been tidying up.

CAROL

Did you own a green volvo 740 till  
quite recently?

DENTON

I sold it, to a breaker's yard.

CAROL

Did you tell the DVLA?

DENTON

I'm behind with my paperwork.

Kitchen cupboards are cleared out, carpets lifted.

121 INT. DENTON HOUSE BEDROOM. -- DAY 121

DENTON opens his wardrobe and takes out a shirt, watched by CAROL and TONY. The dog sniffs and whimpers round DENTON's legs.

TONY

You're married? Separated?

DENTON

If you don't mind, I'll speak to a Solicitor. I know how you people work. Agents of the state. We citizens can only have rights if we promise not to use them.

A beat. DENTON looks lonely.

DENTON (CONT'D)

Will someone look after Felix? He wont give you any trouble. He just wants to love and be loved.

TONY senses something in DENTON's voice that makes him uneasy. DENTON takes a jacket out of the wardrobe that has a vague heavy bulge in the pocket.

DENTON (CONT'D)

Love tamed the wolf. Take that away... and he's the wolf again.

DENTON pulls a pistol out of his pocket.

TONY

Gun!

DENTON has started to point the pistol at his own temple, but CAROL pushes his arm upwards. A BULLET goes through the ceiling. An ARMED RESPONSE officer piles in and restrains the hysterical, furious, weeping DENTON.

DENTON

Let me go! - It's my choice!

122 EXT. DENTON HOUSE -- DAY 122

Neighbours gather in curious knots and stare as DENTON, with head bowed, is led to a police van and ushered in.

123 INT. DENTON HOUSE, GARAGE. -- DAY 123

A cover is pulled off a MOUNTAIN BIKE, the same model seen in the traffic light photo.

124 INT. DENTON HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY 124

KEVIN is in the attic with KINGSBURY. He notes the bullet hole in the ceiling at his feet and looks up at the hole

(CONTINUED)



124 CONTINUED:

124

it made in the CHIMNEY BREAST. Went clean through the brick. Something about the chimney breast seems wrong to KEVIN.

KEVIN runs his hand around the chimney breast, feels the edges. He finds finger holds, and lifts off a panel covered in fake bricks, concealing a hidden cupboard. Several gleaming HANDGUNS and an empty rack for a rifle.

125 INT. INTERVIEW/OBSERVATION ROOM. -- DAY

125

DENTON sits with a duty SOLICITOR facing CAROL and KEVIN. TONY is behind the glass with PAULA.

CAROL

We found a large quantity of weapons and ammunition hidden in your attic, Mr Denton. Illegal handguns. Armour-piercing bullets.

DENTON

I'm a collector.

CAROL

When do you get to use them?

DENTON

At the rifle club. Perks of office.

TONY

Is he a good shot?

CAROL

All that practice, you must be good.

DENTON

I have a few trophies.

CAROL

Where did you learn to shoot?

DENTON

In Bradfield. As a boy.

TONY

As a boy? Who taught him?

CAROL

Did your parents encourage you?

DENTON

Not exactly. They thought I was a bit obsessed. I'd tell them I was visiting my Uncle David. And spend a few hours on the rifle range.

CAROL

And uncle David covered for you?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

DENTON

Yeah. It was, our little secret.

TONY's ears prick up. A familiar codeword. A beat.

CAROL

Several weeks ago you were involved in a minor traffic accident with a Mr Kamlesh Vora. In your Volvo 740. The one you said you sold to a scrap dealer. You didn't report it to the police.

DENTON

We settled it among ourselves.

CAROL

For a thousand pounds in cash. What did you do with the money?

DENTON

Spent it.

CAROL

You didn't have the car repaired?  
(beat)

A green Volvo 740 was set on fire on some waste ground a few days ago by a man answering your description. Have you anything to say about that?

DENTON says nothing.

SOLICITOR

My client has explained, the car was no longer in his possession. Could we get to the point?

BEAT.

TONY

Go for the stressors. His business.

CAROL

What do you do for a living, Mr Denton?

DENTON

I'm an IT consultant. Freelance.

CAROL

Have you had any dealings with Casey IT?

DENTON

I've done some work for them, yes.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

TONY

Did he get paid?

CAROL

Did they pay you?

DENTON

There's some dispute about my fees.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (3)

125

CAROL

Your contact there was Maggie  
Wearing, wasn't it?

DENTON clams up, impassive.

TONY

How much does he owe the bank?

CAROL

How's business? Do you have any  
cashflow problems?

DENTON shrugs.

CAROL (CONT'D)

How much are you overdrawn?

DENTON

Sixty, seventy thousand pounds.

PAULA

(to Tony)

The ransom was seventy.

CAROL

And you shop at Millwards  
supermarket?

DENTON

Doesn't everyone?

CAROL

You had an argument with a checkout  
girl. When your card bounced. She  
humiliated you in front of the  
whole store.

PAULA

My God...

TONY

His wife left two weeks ago.

CAROL

When did your wife leave?

TONY

She went off with a friend of his.  
His best friend.

CAROL

There was someone else, wasn't  
there?

DENTON

... none of your business. It's  
nobody's business.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (4)

125

SOLICITOR

I don't see the relevance of any  
marital -

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (5)

125

CAROL

That was when it all fell apart.  
Your business went bust, the people  
you loved betrayed you, some Asian  
wideboy drove you off the road,  
and your customers said your work  
was worthless, that you were  
worthless. But you're not, are  
you? And you had to prove it.

DENTON stares at her, fury building up inside. TONY talks,  
and then CAROL, saying the same speech, in turns.

TONY

You feel better when you shoot,  
don't you?

CAROL

You feel powerful.

TONY

When you're looking through the  
gunsight, there's just you and the  
target -

CAROL

They're at your mercy. Nobody can  
stop you. Nobody can hurt you.

TONY

No-one can interfere with you. Not  
Uncle Dave. Not anyone.

CAROL hesitates, taken by surprise by TONY's prompt.

CAROL

Not Uncle Dave. Not anyone.

DENTON

You bitch. You smug, arrogant,  
superior, know-it-all whore.

He starts to rise from his chair. KEVIN gets up from his  
chair. CAROL merely watches him coolly. The SOLICITOR  
raises a hand to calm DENTON.

SOLICITOR

Mr Denton, please -  
(to Carol)  
I'd like to confer with my client -

DENTON

You have it all on file, you have  
all the answers, you have everything  
under control, you've got SOD ALL!

CAROL

Sit down please, Mr Denton.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (6)

125

DENTON

You're going to catch a bullet  
someday. In the guts or the chest.  
And you're going to fall down and  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (7)

125

DENTON (CONT'D)

bleed and piss yourself and beg for mercy, only you'll be crying so much you won't get the words out, and you won't be so sure about anything except you're going to die soon.

PAULA

(observing)

Yes! You sick, sorry bastard.

CAROL

(to SOLICITOR)

Your client may wish to prepare a statement.

DENTON

You prepare it. You've got all the answers.

SOLICITOR

That's enough -

TONY

Why did he try to kill himself?

CAROL

Why did you try to shoot yourself?

DENTON

You think I should throw myself on the mercy of the court? I'll decide my own fate.

CAROL

It'll be a jury trial. There's a chance you'll be out in twenty, thirty years.

DENTON

I'm not interested in chances. I prefer certainties.

This hits TONY like a brick in the stomach.

126 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM. -- MOMENTS LATER

126

Elated and relieved, CAROL finds TONY outside. She doesn't notice at first that his mind is in a whirl over the impossible truth.

CAROL

Thanks Tony. We've got teams out at the shooting club and his home, searching for the gun.

(CONTINUED)



126 CONTINUED:

126

TONY

He's not having much luck, is he?  
His business, his marriage, and  
now this. Thought I had problems.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

CAROL

He brought this on himself -

TONY

Like I didn't. He's not interested in chances, he prefers certainties.

CAROL

Wait a minute - Are you saying you don't think it's him? He's practically confessed - He had the motive, the means, he knew all the victims, they were linked, like you always said -

TONY

Because I wanted to believe it.

CAROL

But how do you explain all the -

TONY

Coincidence.

CAROL gasps.

TONY (CONT'D)

I know. It's hard to - comprehend. This much misery, this much misfortune, just accidental. Except it is.

CAROL

Tony, it was Denton. You're not thinking straight.

TONY

Maybe not. How would I know?

He walks on.

127 EXT. POLICE STATION. -- DAY

127

As he leaves TONY is buttonholed by Penny BURGESS.

BURGESS

Dr Hill... can you confirm they've made an arrest?

TONY

Are you interested in good news?

BURGESS

So they've got the right man?

TONY walks on.

128 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- DAY

128

TONY places DENTON's photo in the centre of his board, the shooting victims's photos around him in a circle. Stands back and looks at them. Trying to free associate, but the words evaporates on his lips.

TONY

Six degrees.... All of us connected,  
no man is an island but each a  
part of the... part of the... What  
holds us together? Faith, hope,  
that something holds us together?

He notes the neat pattern of the five victims around DENTON.

TONY (CONT'D)

Petals. Fibonacci sequence. Golden  
selection. The world ruled by  
numbers, by immune - constant -  
laws, truth - no-one understands.  
If it was, we could predict the  
future. But we can't. If we could...  
these people would be alive.

With a rush of anger He starts to strip the photos off the board, throwing them onto the desk beside him.

TONY (CONT'D)

We can't, because it's chaos, no  
theory, all pointless -!

He seizes the files and photos and flings them into the air, hurls the deck of cards after them. The cards flutter down slowly, like blackened, bleeding snow, and settle on the scattered papers, the jumbled files, sliding in random heaps on the floor. A queen of hearts, a three of diamonds, an Ace Of Spades on the top of it all. TONY bends down and retrieves it.

129 EXT. STREETS NEAR CHURCH. -- NIGHT

129

TONY wanders through the teeming rain, soaked, absent. People scuttle past, heads bowed. One crosses TONY's path into a CHURCH. TONY is drawn to the light glowing from the doorway.

130 INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

130

A PRIEST in his seventies, father Jack LAMB, is speaking from the lectern. He is relaxed, charming, compassionate. He looks over the congregation - fifty people, some with kids, coughing, praying, half-listening.

LAMB

I see we have some new faces among  
us tonight. You're all very welcome.  
Maybe you're just sheltering from  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

LAMB (CONT'D)

the rain, or maybe, like me, you're here to seek answers, reasons for this terrible torment our city has been going through.

TONY looks around. A little boy plays by his mother in a pew. He has a gun made of Lego, quietly taking potshots at the congregation.

LAMB (CONT'D)

We fear for our families, our friends, for ourselves. Because of one, sick, desperate man with a gun. Those answers are not easy to find.

Christ stares down from the altar, impassive, detached, helpless to intervene. TONY stares at him uncomprehending.

LAMB (CONT'D)

I was taught, if you suffer, thank God, it means you are alive. And I always thought, that's not a lot of use. In the end our only answer is faith in God, in his purpose, a purpose we can't comprehend.

Visions of the victims, laughing, full of life, moments before the shooter struck. MAGGIE, KAMLESH, BURNETT, SALLY.

LAMB (CONT'D)

Let us remember now the departed: young Maggie Waring; Kamlesh Vora; George Burnett, the teacher; and our own Sally Washford. Let's pray for them, for ourselves, and for each other. Let us bow our heads.

TONY bows his head, put his head in his hands.

Glimpses of MAGGIE, KAMLESH, GEORGE BURNETT, SALLY, sprawled dying in their blood. Of TONY himself slumped where BURNETT fell, blood streaming from his nose, eyes staring.

TONY stares at his own death.

131 INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

131

The service has ended and most of the congregation has left. TONY is in the tail of them, shuffling out. LAMB is stationed by the door bidding goodnight to his parishioners. TONY passes, pale and drawn, and nods.

TONY

Goodnight. Thanks, Father...

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

LAMB

Lamb, Jack Lamb. You're welcome,  
Dr Hill.

(Tony reacts)

I've been to some of your lectures.  
Never dreamt I'd see you at one of  
mine.

TONY

No... me neither.

LAMB

Did I give you food for thought?

TONY

Not much appetite at the moment.

He moves on, out towards the steps. LAMB walks with him.

132 EXT. CHURCH STEPS. NIGHT

132

LAMB follows TONY out into the damp evening.

LAMB

Why not stay behind for a while?

TONY

Sorry... I don't believe in God.

LAMB

(shrugs)

Details. A chat over some cheap  
instant coffee. No obligation, no  
salesman will visit your home.

TONY

I'd like that.

LAMB

Give me a minute and - ah -

He gasps, blinks, and staggers. TONY is suddenly aware of the dying sound of a distant shot, echoing off the church facade. LAMB's face sags and he falls into TONY, who tries to take his weight, but fails, and falls to his knees, the old priest dying in his arms. Shouts from other members of the congregation, urgent questions, stifled screams, some gather round, some scatter in terror. TONY looks up and sees along the street a WHITE TRANSIT screech out of a parking space and speed away.

LAMB is speaking. TONY bends over him.

LAMB (CONT'D)

It's dark... it's so dark...

TONY

Father Lamb... try not to -

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

LAMB  
(faintly)  
Don't - don't ever -

His head lolls. TONY fights back tears, of frustration and desperation and despair.

**Part four end - part five**

133 EXT. CHURCH STEPS -- NIGHT

133

Blue lights strobe along the church's dingy facade, fighting with the flashguns of press photographers hustled back by weary, resigned uniformed PCs.

CAROL approaches with KEVIN. They too are tainted by weariness and frustration.

KEVIN  
Same gun, same bullets, same guy.  
Reports of a white transit speeding  
away, no-one got a number, we're  
talking to traffic.

CAROL  
The congregation?

KEVIN  
Most of them did a runner.

CAROL  
Names, addresses.

KEVIN shakes his head. Not again. CAROL snaps,

CAROL (CONT'D)  
What?

KEVIN  
It's not like a club. They don't  
have membership lists.

CAROL  
It's a congregation, they have  
regulars, they have ushers, they  
know each other.

134 INT. SACRISTY -- NIGHT

134

CAROL enters the dim, dusty room, lined with wooden coffin-coloured panels. Bishop FORDHAM is there, talking on a mobile phone.

FORDHAM

(into phone)

On the steps of his church.

Unbelievable.

(sees Carol)

I'll call you back, Andy.

CAROL shows her ID.

CAROL

DCI Carol Jordan.

FORDHAM offers his hand.

FORDHAM

John Fordham. I was Jack's Bishop.  
I came as soon as I heard, it's  
truly terrible...

CAROL

Have you any idea why this might  
have happened?

FORDHAM

It was the same man, wasn't it?  
This sniper. I thought you'd made  
an arrest.

CAROL

Do you know if Father Lamb had  
received any threats?

FORDHAM shakes his head.

CAROL (CONT'D)

From his parishioners, or from  
people he met through his work -

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

FORDHAM

No, no. Nothing like that. Jack was a well-loved priest, he'd been here for years. I'm not just saying that... He was the nearest thing I knew to a saint.

CAROL

He was never accused of anything?

FORDHAM frowns, puzzled.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Priests deal with troubled families, troubled individuals. Had he been accused of interfering with parishioners, or their children -

FORDHAM

Mother of God, what is this? Are you so desperate for leads now you're digging for dirt on the victim? He was a harmless old man, he was kind, he was popular, he'd never been accused of anything.

At last CAROL begins to see TONY's point: it is hopeless.

CAROL

Then he was just an innocent victim?

FORDHAM

Of course.

CAROL

Then why was he shot?

FORDHAM

God knows.

CAROL

So you'd be the right man to ask.

FORDHAM glares at her, stung by her facetiousness.

FORDHAM

(coldly)

If there's anything else you need, Ms Jordan, let me know. I have arrangements to make.

He moves off, punching out a number on his mobile.

134A EXT. CHURCH STEPS -- NIGHT

134A

As CAROL emerges PAULA hurries up.

PAULA

Guv - it's Dr Hill -

(CONTINUED)



134A CONTINUED:

134A

CAROL sees TONY, shocked and pale, talking to an paramedic, his shirtfront soaked in blood. He shakes his head and moves away from the ambulance.

CAROL

Tony - !

TONY

It's his. I was there when he died.

CAROL

Why? What were you doing here?

TONY

He's picking victims at random,  
Carol. He's cutting the deck, he's  
God playing dice with the universe.  
No meaning, no motive, no pattern.  
There's no why, there's no who.  
There's no hope.

He walks off into the night, and CAROL lets him.

135 OMITTED

135

136 INT. CID OFFICE -- NIGHT

136

The team is working late. CAROL looks up from her desk, aware of an odd atmosphere in the office, stifled giggles,

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

silences. She gets up. An urgent look between PAULA and KEVIN as she steps into the main office.

CAROL

(to KEVIN)

How are you getting on with those names? The congregation.

KEVIN

I've been trying to reach someone on the parish council.

CAROL

And?

KEVIN

I'll try them again.

He picks up the phone. CAROL puts her finger on the hook, stares at KEVIN.

CAROL

Have you been drinking?

KEVIN

(unconvincing)

No.

CAROL picks up his plastic coffee cup, sniffs it, hurls it aside in fury.

CAROL

Kevin - ! What the hell are you playing at? We're running a murder enquiry and you're getting pissed?

KEVIN looks at his desk. CAROL looks around at her team. Sullen stares, resignation, frustration, resentment. CAROL realises they have lost it, they have lost heart.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I won't have this. We're not giving up, we can't. We're the only chance the public has. I know it's hard, I know it seems to go on for ever, but we have to try.

No answer. CAROL takes a deep breath.

CAROL (CONT'D)

(to Kevin)

Go home.

KEVIN gets up wordlessly, goes out, a little unsteady. PAULA comes over.

PAULA

Ma'am... Denton's still in custody.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2)

136

CAROL REACTS, weary, desperate, at the end of her tether.

PAULA (CONT'D)

We could charge him with possession  
of those handguns...

CAROL

Bail him.

She goes back to her office.

137 INT. CUSTODY AREA -- NIGHT

137

The cell door is opened to reveal DENTON, sitting on his bed staring at the wall.

He stands in front of a desk as the duty sergeant gives him back his clothes and possessions, with a form to sign. He signs.

138 EXT. STREETS. -- NIGHT

138

TONY, his shirt still stained with blood, walks the glistening streets. Shouts and sirens and crying echo from everywhere and nowhere.

139 EXT. POLICE STATION. -- NIGHT

139

DENTON emerges from the station into a gaggle of shouting press and photographers, video cameramen shining sunglasses in his face.

CAROL comes to stand at her window, looking down on the melee in the street.

Irritated, DENTON tries to push through the throng, shoving them aside as they bawl questions in his face. A uniformed PC intervenes, and DENTON breaks through the line, which swirls around him and follows in his wake.

CAROL looks down on the scrum.

DENTON breaks free and dashes across the road - only to meet Penny BURGESS coming the other way. She stops him in the middle of the street.

BURGESS

Mr Denton, I'm Penny Burgess - let  
me tell your side of the story -

He pushes her aside, but she grabs his arm. He looks left in horror and falls back as a huge ARCTIC TRUCK looms out of the dark, its horn screeching, its brakes locking.

CAROL gasps, clutches a hand to her mouth.

Her POV: the Arctic shuddering to a halt, the crowd falling back in horror and confusion, a

(CONTINUED)

- 139 CONTINUED: 139
- glimpse of DENTON's body broken under an enormous wheel.
- Spattered with blood, BURGESS pants in terror, crying hysterically. Some reporters rush forward, babbling, to help, but one PHOTOGRAPHER takes her picture among the melee, then another, then more, as her wails echo through the wet streets.
- 140 EXT. STREETS NEAR CHURCH. -- NIGHT 140
- TONY stops and looks up. The Christ stares down on purgatory, dreaming of heaven. He is outside the church. Police tape, torn and trampled, flickers in the wind. There are bloodstains on the church steps. TONY stands beside them, turns, stretches out his arms, offers himself as a sacrifice to the dark, as the rain falls.
- 141 INT. GUNMAN'S FLAT. -- NIGHT 141
- The GUNMAN shuffles and riffles the cards. Delicately sets the deck down. Delicately cuts, turns the top card over. KING OF SPADES.
- A KITBAG is dumped on a scrubbed pine table. The glint of gunmetal within. More weapons are added - an Uzi - a Webley - two grenades - a sawnoff shotgun - ammo, ammo, more ammo. An ALSATIAN whimpers and noses the GUNMAN'S hand. The hand fondles its furry head.
- The gunman takes a PISTOL out of the bag, fits a silencer to the muzzle. Points it at the dog. The dog whimpers, puzzled, playful, gives a little bark. The PISTOL coughs.
- 142 EXT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- NIGHT 142
- The rain has stopped when TONY comes home. CAROL is sitting on his front step. They look at each other, wordlessly.
- 143 INT. TONY'S HOUSE - SHOWER -- NIGHT 143
- TONY squints under the hard spray. Blood pools at his feet.
- 144 INT. TONY'S HOUSE. -- NIGHT 144
- CAROL tidies TONY's scattered clothes, holds up the bloodstained shirt, bins it. TONY enters, hair wet, in clean clothes.

CAROL

I'm going to take extended leave.  
That way I can look after you...  
Since you won't look after yourself.

TONY

It won't be a long-term, position.  
What about the case?

CAROL

Plenty more DCIs where I came from.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

TONY

There's nothing they could do you  
haven't done, Carol.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

144

CAROL

I was so convinced there was a link. And when Denton was the link, it all made sense.

TONY

It's human nature, to find patterns. Faces in clouds, gods in stars, the future in tea-leaves. So desperate for meaning we invent it. But there is none.

CAROL

That's not true. Who we care about, what we care about, fighting for it, that's what gives our lives meaning. We have to keep going, we don't have any choice.

TONY

(amused)

You'd never take leave, would you? In an hour's time you'll be back at work, pushing a rock up a hill.

CAROL

Tony - I understand it's hard for you but - help me.

TONY

Carol, he's not making conscious decisions. He's given his will to the cards - he cuts the deck - high he shoots, low he spares - it's as simple as that.

CAROL

I know it's hopeless - I know he's acting at random, I know he could strike anywhere -

TONY

Not anywhere. He doesn't have infinite choices. None of us have.

TONY suddenly has a thought.

TONY (CONT'D)

No... that's it..!

CAROL

He has a finite number of options -

Seized by excitement, TONY starts to scribble keywords on his whiteboard - NEW - QUIT - MOVE - His hand shakes but he masters it with an effort of sheer will.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (3)

144

TONY

He can find a new target. He can  
give up, disappear -

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (4)

144

CAROL

Would he do that?

TONY

He'd rather not. He'd want - a  
blaze of glory - He might move to  
a new city, start again or -

(beat)

Go back - somewhere he's already  
been...

CAROL

How do we know which?

TONY

We don't.

He picks up something from his desk, hands them to CAROL.  
She looks down at the DICE, two dotted blocks in her palm.  
And throws them.

The dice dance and tumble and spin.

145 INT. FOYER. CASEY IT. -- NIGHT

145

The GUNMAN, dressed in BLACK combat gear, lugs his kitbag  
up to the doors of Casey IT and enters. A sixty-something  
SECURITY MAN sits at the front desk, holding the fort till  
the receptionist arrives. He looks up, to find the GUNMAN  
pointing an Uzi at him. The GUNMAN squeezes the trigger  
briefly. The GUARD slumps in his chair. The GUNMAN deftly  
opens a nearby doorway, moves behind the desk and wheels  
the bloody body out towards the back room.

146 INT. OFFICES. CASEY IT -- DAWN

146

Steve BARKER is already at his desk, dictating into a  
taperecorder.

BARKER

Thanks for your letter of the 24th.  
We have detailed extra staff as  
requested. This will incur further -

BARKER hears shouts, running feet, firecrackers outside.  
He gets up and goes to his door. As he looks down the  
corridor GUNMAN appears behind him and shoots him in the  
back with the Uzi. BARKER falls. The GUNMAN walks calmly  
past him, still carrying his kitbag.

The GUNMAN walks into an open-plan office. No-one there  
yet. He walks out again.

Down the corridor he sees a terrified WOMAN emerge from a  
toilet. She sees him and dashes back inside. He goes up,  
tries the door, she's holding it shut. He pushes it open.  
We hear her babble, I'm married - please - but he shoots  
into the room, twice, three times. Silence. His gun clicks.

(CONTINUED)



146 CONTINUED: 146

He pops in another clip.

He skips down the stairs.

147 INT. CORRIDOR BY WINDOWS -- DAWN 147

GUNMAN turns a corner and walks into TONY, who doesn't run, doesn't blink. The gunman grins, lifts the gun.

TONY

You shot the dog, didn't you? You're not coming back from this. That must have been hard. Something that loyal, that - loving.

The GUNMAN hesitates. Lowers the muzzle.

TONY (CONT'D)

But you didn't have any choice, once the cards had decided. Or none of it would have any meaning, would it? There's something so pure about - chance. It almost makes life bearable.

The gunman raises the gun again.

TONY (CONT'D)

I can see the buzz. All the people coming to work, thinking about - their mortgage, their promotion - everything - not you, waiting for them. How long will you have? Before the cops come? How many can you take?

The GUNMAN hesitates. Several SIRENS can be heard approaching. TONY steps closer.

TONY (CONT'D)

But no-one else is coming. Just us. And this. Only, there's nothing to this, is there? No risk. Haven't you got a revolver in there?

A long beat.

GUNMAN puts the Uzi back in the bag, pulls out the Webley. Flicks open the chamber, tips out all the bullets but one, catches them, pockets them. Flicks the chamber shut. Spins it. Points it at his own head. Pulls the trigger.

Click.

GUNMAN smiles, hands the gun handle first to TONY. TONY weighs it in his hand. Doesn't spin the chamber, puts the gun to his temple.

Pulls the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

Click.

They smile at each other. GUNMAN holds out his hand. TONY points the gun at GUNMAN. GUNMAN stares at him, furious, steps back towards his kitbag, glances down to his Uzi.

TONY (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Does it matter, who pulls the trigger?

GUNMAN stoops down and snatches the Uzi. He points it at TONY.

TONY (CONT'D)

All those hostages, to Fortune. Men, women - taking their kids to school - knowing you're out there - getting on with their lives. Every one of them - has more courage than you.

GUNMAN frowns, his finger tightening on the trigger. TONY lowers the Webley.

148 EXT. CARPARK. CASEY IT BUILDING. -- DAY

148

CAROL stands by KINGSBURY who is listening to his headset. In the background ARMED RESPONSE POLICE are hurrying across the carpark.

KINGSBURY

We have a clear shot -

CAROL

Take him.

149 INT. CORRIDOR BY WINDOWS, CASEY IT. -- DAY

149

The window by the GUNMAN explodes at the same time as the GUNMAN'S head. Blood splatters the wall opposite and TONY'S face. The GUNMAN falls to his knees, his head a wrecked shell, and collapses at TONY'S feet.

150 EXT. CARPARK. CASEY IT BUILDING. -- CONTINUOUS

150

There's a buzz among the ARMED RESPONSE UNIT. KINGSBURY listens to his radio. We can hear

POLICE MARKSMAN

(on radio)

Good hit, good hit!

KINGSBURY

(to Carol)

He's down. Clean shot to the head.

(into radio)

Alpha move in, repeat move in.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

CAROL

I'm coming with you -

KINGSBURY

No, Ma'am, you're not.

CAROL

Tony Hill's in there.

KINGSBURY

We need to assess the risks -

CAROL

(to Kevin)

Get me a flak jacket.

Someone shouts. KEVIN and CAROL look towards the front door of the offices.

TONY is emerging from the office, dazed, bloody, shocked. He sees paramedics waiting and waves them in, come on, come on... CAROL hurries up to him.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Tony..?

TONY smiles, sways, and falls. CAROL hurries to catch him. Blood streams from his nose.

151 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

151

CAROL's hand clasps TONY's. After an age TONY's hand twitches. CAROL looks up in time to see TONY open his eyes and frown, sleepily. TONY's head is encased in bandages. BROWN is there, conferring with MORAN.

CAROL

Hi.

TONY

Did he shoot me?

BROWN

Doctor Hill. Welcome back to the land of the living. You suffered a haemorrhage at the site of the tumour. We had to perform an emergency operation.

TONY

How did you get on?

BROWN

You tell me. How do you feel?

TONY glances at MORAN.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

TONY

Sick. Sore... Shattered. Shocked.  
Sad. Sorry.

CAROL frowns. MORAN grins.

TONY (CONT'D)

Safe, sober, sorted. Serendipitous.

MORAN

(to Carol)

Ten words beginning with S.

BROWN

Very good. Very promising.  
(he glances at Carol)  
Dr...?

BROWN and MORAN leave.

TONY

Shouldn't you be at work?

CAROL

I'm the DCI who caught The Bradfield  
Sniper. I can take a day off.

TONY

The Bradfield Sniper?

CAROL

Thirty five years old, a draftsman,  
made redundant a month ago. His  
wife died last year, of cancer.  
The press want to know how we caught  
him.

TONY

Tell them, good police work.

CAROL

Not the truth?

TONY

Too scary.

CAROL

I could cope... with all those  
deaths. Part of me can treat it as  
the job. Losing you, I couldn't  
cope with.

TONY

I'm not crazy about the idea either.

152 INT. BROWN'S OFFICE. -- DAY

152

TONY, wearing a baseball cap to cover his bruised and stapled scalp, stares out at the sunshine while BROWN scans his notes. CAROL sits opposite BROWN.

BROWN

The biopsy indicates a Stage Three  
Grade One tumour. Classic  
meningioma. Quite benign.

BROWN produces a pink lump in a jar of alcohol.

BROWN (CONT'D)

Would you like a souvenir?

TONY

You keep it.

BROWN peers at it, as proud as if he'd grown it himself.

BROWN

It's a fine specimen. A very clean  
job.

TONY

A clean job?

He takes his hat off to reveal his livid crown.

BROWN

Yes, sorry about your scalp. We  
were in a hurry.

CAROL

Will he need further treatment?

BROWN

Radiotherapy and continuing  
observation. But that's largely a  
precaution. Given some luck, I  
think we can be optimistic.

BROWN picks up the tumour in its jar.

BROWN (CONT'D)

I'll put this with my collection.  
Take your time. You have plenty.

CAROL approaches TONY, staring at the sky.

CAROL

Looking for faces in the clouds?

TONY

I'm thinking about... Hang-gliding.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

CAROL

Shouldn't you wait till you lose  
the needlework?

TONY

I'm done putting things off. Come  
with me.

CAROL

I have work to do.

TONY

You're making excuses.

CAROL

Yes, because I'm petrified. It's  
dangerous.

TONY

Life's dangerous. Come with me.

CAROL looks at him, thinks about it, and suddenly says,

**End episode**