

AETHER

Written by

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Draft 1  
February 2014

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London  
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The place is dark, save for the soft glow of the street lamps seeping in. It's a lived-in place: dishes in the sink, the bin over filled.

A body on the floor.

HARRY ORWELL, 34, sinewy, gaunt, and scratched up, stands over the corpse. White as a sheet with red-rimmed eyes, he's as still as the woman who lies before him.

Blonde hair, matted red with blood. She's lying with her back to us, we can't see her face, but she is very dead. It's a messy scene. There's an echo of the violence in the blood spurt that streaks the wall.

Something in Harry kicks in; he collects the metal case abandoned by the door. We catch a fleeting glimpse of "A.F.D. Metropolitan Police" engraved into the front of it.

Harry sets the case down by her, inches from the congealing pool of deep red. Mechanically he opens it: a hi-tech control panel dotted with audiometers, input jacks, headphones. This is the AMP.

With the speed of someone well trained, Harry places a microphone near the body, another three are spread around the room. He flicks a switch and a long tone cuts through the room, then the audio meters spring to life:

They sway in the silent room.

Harry pulls on the headphones, we hear what he does: a cacophony of sounds, everything all at once.

He pushes rewind, the sound squeaks backwards. Play: Harry hears sobs, they are his own.

He holds rewind for longer.

Play: He hears a voice, her voice, tainted with fear.

WOMAN (AMP)

Don't do this-

Harry listens on, he can hear a struggle.

The heavy footsteps as her attacker comes at her. Her screams. The clatter as the two bodies crash to the floor. The scratching of her shoes against the wood as she tries to scramble away. The tearing of fabric as he pulls her back. The thud of her head against the floor. Her choking as he wraps his hands around her neck.

Harry listens to the attacker: to the short, sharp breaths. His breathing matches it.

Her struggling is softer now.

He hears her murder. The slicing of the knife across her throat.

The metallic thud as it falls to where it now lies.

It's all getting a bit too much for Harry. He looks like he might throw up as he gropes around for the stop button.

He freezes when he hears her drag in a ragged breath. She's trying to say something. Harry listens harder. She speaks, slow, raspy and thick.

WOMAN (AMP) (CONT'D)

Harry-

Dread seeps across his face. He grabs at the machine, desperate to make it stop - his hand lands on rewind. The sound squeals backwards.

2 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING 2

Harry wakes with a start. Drenched in sweat, he lies adrift in a sea of churned up duvet. Gone are the scratches on his face, replaced with deep dark circles under his eyes.

Red eyes are blinded by the light of his phone as he checks the time: 4 am. The light casts eerie shadows in the stark, masculine room. It clicks off.

He lies awake in the darkness.

3 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - MORNING 3

The uniform Portland stone buildings give way to a dilapidated car park. An OFFICER sits in the gatehouse watching TV on his phone. The officer doesn't even look up as Harry's unmarked police car pulls into the car park.

Everything about Harry looks un-ironed.

He drags himself out of his car. He pulls his AMP out of the boot and heads inside.

4 INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - MORNING 4

There's nothing soft about the hive of cubicles that sprawl across the huge white room, it's all hard edges and very industrial. A mass of men bustle around in off-the-rack suits, chatting and laughing. Metal AMP cases are shelved against the wall.

Detective Inspector FRANCIS MALLORY, crisp, handsome, late 30s, but already a little grey, leans by the door to the meeting room. Other officers orbit around him; back slapping and shaking hands. Detective Sergeant GETTY is one of the back slappers, early 30s, heavy, posh.

Harry drifts in past them, he shelves his AMP with the others and heads towards-

5 INT. HARRY'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

5

A measly two meters squared, no pictures of friends, no trinkets. Every vertical surface is covered in violent crime scene photos: Harry's on-going cases.

He sits quietly and drinks his coffee, listening to the conversations around him.

FRANCIS MALLORY (O.S.)  
 ...Well okay, Thursday it is, as long as I don't have to buy... and no one makes a fuss.

GETTY  
 (Mocking)  
 Oh no fussing now...

A boom of laughter follows.

Harry downs his coffee as his watch approaches nine am.

KATE REYNOLDS (O.S.)  
 (Commanding, powerful)  
 Right everybody.

6 INT. MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

6

Detective Chief Inspector KATE REYNOLDS, Late 40s, fair, straight-laced and angular. Leads the meeting from a little podium. A massive white board behind her keeps track of the ongoing cases; there's over a hundred.

The whole department is gathered before her, all nineteen of them. Harry's sits on the fringe of the group.

KATE REYNOLDS  
 Who's on the stabbing over in London Fields?

Harry raises his hand.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
 Right well, the victim pulled through surgery so it's not our case anymore.  
 (MORE)

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Package up the audio you've got and  
pass it over to the gang unit.

Harry nods, a small smile tugs at his face. Kate flips through a pile of folders, she pulls out two.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Kensal Rise or Brixton?

HARRY ORWELL  
Kensal.

She hands him the file, there is an ease between them.

KATE REYNOLDS  
Who wants Brixton?

The room is quiet, eyes dart to the floor and people shift uncomfortably.

Kate thrusts the file into the hands of the closest officer to her: Detective Sergeant SIMMONS, late 20s, mousy, awkward and lost in her masculine suit. A childish necklace with the letter 'E' glints under the strip lights.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Simmons, thanks for volunteering.

Simmons' face drops, her mouth opens to protest but there's nothing she can say. Francis moves forward and takes the file.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I'll take it.

Simmons turns to Mallory, it is a look of sheer relief. Francis flashes a reassuring smile at her. A comforting hand pats her shoulder.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
(To Kate)  
If it's okay with you?

Kate nods her consent and returns to her podium.

KATE REYNOLDS  
That's it.

Someone in the crowd clears their throat, DIANE ALDER, 30s bookish, brunette, and pretty, is the culprit. Kate smiles.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Right. Doctor Alder has mentioned  
that a large number of you are  
cancelling sessions. It is  
important that you attend these,  
aside from the fact they are  
mandatory;

Diane smiles warmly to the room, she lingers on Harry. He smiles back.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

What we do is exceptionally stressful. We can't afford anymore burnouts. See the doctor, talk about your problems.

Kate collects her files, she's heading for the door when Francis clears his throat loudly.

Kate turns quickly, she is not amused.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

(Dry)

Apparently a promotion is not congratulations enough, so let us have a round of applause for D.I. Mallory.

Kate is gone before the chorus of claps start up. Harry claps twice and heads for the door. He lets Diane go through first.

DIANE ALDER

Thanks Harry.

He smiles.

7 EXT. KENSAL RISE FLATS - DAY

7

Late autumn sun beams onto the tidy Victorian terraces, it doesn't look like the sight of a murder.

Harry sits in his car eyeing the coroner's van. His sense of dread is palpable, and he's clearly in no hurry. The file lies open on his lap. The victim, Melanie Leah, 20s, brunette, pretty once, stares up at him empty eyed.

He watches a little scene play out in his wing mirror: TWO WOMEN with prams stand on the other side of the police tape gossiping. Their children stare down the road.

Suddenly the two women stop and stare captivated.

Harry follows their glances: the Coroners: ERLAND, 50s overweight, and GRAHAM, 20s, hyper, awkward and green, are wheeling out a stretcher: a black body bag lies on top. With ease and precision they load the van.

When the body is loaded, Harry gets out of his car. AMP in tow, he heads towards the van.

HARRY ORWELL

How long?

ERLAND

Not more than twenty hours.

Harry nods a curt thanks and heads into the house. The corners watch him go.

GRAHAM

You couldn't pay me to do that.

8 INT. KENSAL RISE FLAT - DAY

8

Once a young woman's flat, now a crime scene. The ghost of her remains in the belongings: the shoes strewn around the floor; the photos on the fridge door.

Then there are the remnants of violence: the broken coffee table; the blood stains on the carpet; the dents in the plasterboard.

Harry follows the trail of carnage around the room, he speaks into the aether.

HARRY ORWELL

Fourth of November, Twenty  
Fourteen. Acting Detective  
Inspector Harry Orwell recording  
homicide of Melanie Leah, at  
suspected scene of crime: Victim's  
flat.

Harry goes straight to work, setting up a microphone by the blood stains on the carpet. He dots the others around the room, near to the signs of struggle.

The AMP is on, a long tone sounds as it calibrates. Harry pulls on his headphones, the sound of the outside world dies away. Replaced with every sound ever made in that room all at once. It is an assault of noise.

Harry hits rewind, after a beat he plays:

HARRY ORWELL (AMP) (CONT'D)

Fourth of August, Twenty Fourteen.  
Acting Detective Inspector Harry  
Orwell recording homicide of  
Melanie Leah, at suspected scene of  
crime: Victim's flat.

Satisfied his AMP is working, he hits a long rewind.

A small clock runs backwards: 5 hours ago, 10 hours ago, 15 hours ago. Harry hits play, he can hear police sirens. Rewind again: 17 hours ago, 18 hours ago, 19 hours - Harry hits play. Silence.

He adjusts a microphone, we catch a murmur from the neighbour's telly. He fast forwards in minute intervals until suddenly he hears the key in the lock.

He listens as the door opens, and footsteps enter. Two sets.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP)  
I think there's some wine... or  
tea. I definitely have tea...

The door closes, no answer comes from the second set of footsteps.

The fridge door opens.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP) (CONT'D)  
Unless you take milk?

The second set of footsteps move across the room. Harry's eye's follow them as they move toward another microphone.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP) (CONT'D)  
What's that?

Harry hears her breath catching, her moving backwards and bumping into the fridge.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP) (CONT'D)  
What are you do-

A body slammed against the wall, it matches the dented plaster board. Melanie choking and fighting for breath. Then the heavy breathing of the Murderer. Deep long breaths as she splutters and gasps.

Suddenly she gets in a deep breath and lets out a shrill scream.

There's sounds of struggle as she fights back. Harry, knuckles white as he clenches his fists, is rooting for her.

But he knows how it ends.

MELANIE LEAH (CONT'D)  
(Screaming at the top of  
her lungs, trying in vain  
to reach the neighbours.)  
Please somebody help me.

Harry's eyes follow the sound of Melanie being thrown into the coffee table - a sickening crunch. Harry's shaking, his jaw clenched, riddled with the agony of inaction.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP) (CONT'D)  
Don't-

Harry listens as she gurgles and splutters. He stares at the blood on the carpet.

Harry listens as the Murder lets out a long breath.

Harry does the same, not realising he'd been holding his. There's only one set of footsteps now. Harry listens as the attacker laps the body, taking it all in.

Harry hits stop. He looks unsettled, this isn't the run of the mill murder. He opens the file and makes a note, one word, 'Silent.'

He rewinds again and presses record.

9 INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

9

Harry sets down his AMP and begins detaching the hard drive. He looks drained.

Francis comes in at his back.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Alright Orwell?

Harry nods politely, eager to get back to his desk.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
You dodged a bullet with Brixton:  
Arson... A Family, too.

Francis looks desperately sad.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Three kids. Dog and everything.

Francis sets down his AMP.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
How about you?

Harry pulls out the hard drive and heads off to his cubicle, he's not interested in a measuring contest.

HARRY ORWELL  
Just one.

10 INT. HARRY'S CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

10

Melanie's photograph is pinned to his wall. Another dead face staring out.

The AMP's hard drive is plugged into the computer. Harry sits, headphones on, transcribing Melanie's murder. It's torturous. He plays it over and over; a repulsive endless loop, as he notes down every detail of Melanie's death. Every clunk, every breath, is noted with precision.

His reaction to it is visceral; Harry detests it.

He pushes pause, but the recording keeps playing.

He hears Melanie chocking and spluttering.

He pushes pause again, but she's there: Gasping.

He pulls off the headphones.

She's still there, mingling with the sounds of the office, the clatter of keys and the murmuring on telephones and Melanie screaming. Dying.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP)

Don't-

He's trying to get a grip of himself, but the sound won't stop until-

DIANE ALDER

Harry?

Melanie's voice evaporates and the air comes back into the room. Harry turns to find Diane at the mouth of his cubicle. The tension in him melts away.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

You look a bit peaky?

Harry smiles, a quick and empty smile.

HARRY ORWELL

There's a bug going around.

DIANE ALDER

You're overdue; can we finally have a chat?

HARRY ORWELL

I wouldn't want to give you my bug...

Diane frowns, she moves into his cubicle and sits on his desk.

DIANE ALDER

Please, Harry.

He's torn, but he can't refuse her.

HARRY ORWELL

How about tomorrow?

DIANE ALDER

I'm free now.

HARRY ORWELL

Now then.

11 INT. DIANE ALDER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

11

An attempt at soothing: soft yellow on the walls, plants by the windows, comfy chairs.

Harry slouches in a seat, he looks comfortable, at ease.

Diane collects herself behind her desk and gets a notepad.

HARRY ORWELL  
No chaise lounge?

DIANE ALDER  
Budget cuts.

Harry beams.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)  
So, how are you?

HARRY ORWELL  
Great.

DIANE ALDER  
Great?

HARRY ORWELL  
Yeah.

Diane looks at him for a long beat.

DIANE ALDER  
I guess that's us done then.

Harry's smile falters. Diane closes her notepad.

HARRY ORWELL  
That's it?

DIANE ALDER  
If you won't be open with me, it's  
a waste of both our time.

Diane stands, Harry stares at her, he doesn't want to disappoint her.

HARRY ORWELL  
Okay, I'm not great.

Diane hovers.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
But I am fine... I'm okay.

Diane sits.

DIANE ALDER  
Okay. That we can work with.

Harry grimaces.

HARRY ORWELL

Are you going to make me talk about  
my childhood?

Diane smiles reassuringly, it's like warm sun.

DIANE ALDER

God no. I'm more interested in how  
you feel now?

Harry stares at her, but Diane is used to this, her voice softens, she guides him.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

Are you stressed?

Silence as Harry considers how best to answer.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

Anxious?

She lets it hang until he finally speaks.

HARRY ORWELL

I suppose I have the correct amount  
of stress, for someone who listens  
to murders.

DIANE ALDER

The correct amount. How much is  
that?

Diane smiles, she's caught him out. But his shields are instantly back up.

HARRY ORWELL

A little.

Diane scribbles in her note book.

DIANE ALDER

Do you have trouble sleeping,  
nightmares?

HARRY ORWELL

(Quickly)  
No, nothing like that.

12

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - EVENING

12

The best office on the floor, which isn't saying much. The white walls are going a little grey. Dusty blinds shield the semi-opaque glass that looks on to the floor.

Kate's hunched over her large desk, deeply lost in her work. A tap at the door pulls her out. The outline of Francis hovers behind the glass.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
You wanted to see me?

Kate beacons him in, she nods towards the door, he shuts it.

KATE REYNOLDS  
Simmons is useless.

Francis stares at her, unsure of what to say.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
I wonder if you think I don't notice; or if maybe you've got a thing for her-

Francis stammers a protest.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I don't.

KATE REYNOLDS  
If you don't let her take cases she won't get any better.

Francis takes this in.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
You're not their friend. Not anymore, you're their superior. Act like it.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I suppose I just need a slight adjustment period.

KATE REYNOLDS  
Well adjustment period over.

13 INT. HARRY'S CUBICLE - EVENING

13

It's dark and the office is empty when Harry returns to his cubicle. There's a lightness to him.

He quickly glances at his computer screen. Melanie's murder sits, ready to play again. He looks at it for a moment, all the weight settles back on him.

Over the top of the cubicle he sees Diane lock up her office and head for the door. He quickly grabs his jacket.

14 INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 14

AMP in tow, he catches up to Diane.

HARRY ORWELL  
Where are you off to now?

DIANE ALDER  
Home.

Harry opens the door for her.

HARRY ORWELL  
I feel like all we've done is talk  
about me-

Diane knows where this is going, she shuts him down.

DIANE ALDER  
That is the point of all this.

15 INT. HARRY'S DREAM - NIGHT 15

The room looks familiar; it's the flat in Kensal Rise, or a version of it. It's very flat, like the memory of a photograph. The sound track to the murder plays, identical in every way to the one Harry recorded.

Harry reclines on a sofa, before him Melanie Leah fights for her life.

He watches passively as a FIGURE throws her around. It is a messy fight. Melanie kicks and scratches and claws; but it is no use.

MELANIE LEAH  
Please somebody help me.

Melanie falls into the coffee table, there is a sickening crunch. She writhes, winded, as the Figure advances over her. Her eyes turn to Harry.

MELANIE LEAH (CONT'D)  
Don't-

The figure draws a blade: a vicious looking stanley knife.

Harry can't tear his gaze away.

16 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS 16

Harry's eyes dart open, he's in his bed, 3 am glows from his alarm clock.

He switches on the light, and tries to force Melanie out of his mind.

His eyes fall on little smudges of blood by the light. He quickly finds the source: four little crescents on his palm. He makes a fist, the crescents line up with his nails.

17 INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - EARLY MORNING 17

The windows are black caverns of darkness. It's so early that even the buildings opposite are empty and dark. The whole office is silent.

A soft light glows from one of the hive of cubicles-

18 INT. HARRY'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS 18

Harry's blood shot eyes stare at the monitor, following the cursor as it runs along the peaks of the sound waves.

His headphones are on, the silence of the empty office is gone. Invaded by the sound of Melanie's murder.

The cursor reaches its crescendo.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP)  
Please somebody help me.

Harry's pupil dilate, his breath quickens.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP) (CONT'D)  
Stop-

Harry is immersed in it. The whole world around him has melted away into the darkness.

He's holding his breath as Melanie gasps for hers. Every splutter, every breath she manages to steal back is reduced to a tiny blip on a line. The jagged peaks of the struggle have become gentle squiggles. He looks ahead, the line grows flatter.

Melanie has a minute left.

Harry can hear the click, click, click of the knife. A stanley knife.

He can hear her thrashing as the knife grows closer.

She's got seconds now-

A hand comes down on his shoulder.

Harry jumps out of his skin. He spins round, his eyes refusing to adjust to the darkness. Melanie is spluttering in his ears. He tears off his headphones as his eyes adapt.

Kate stands before him with two cups of coffee.

KATE REYNOLDS  
(Trying not to laugh)  
Sorry.

Kate sits a cup of coffee on his desk, and heads over to her office.

HARRY ORWELL  
What's this for?

KATE REYNOLDS  
It's in lieu of overtime.

HARRY ORWELL  
(After her)  
I'm pretty sure you owe me more  
than a coffee.

KATE REYNOLDS  
I'll stick a hundred quid behind  
the bar tonight. How does that  
sound?

Harry grimaces.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Be social. It will help when I  
upgrade you from *acting* detective  
inspector.

19

INT. THE SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

19

A cavernous maze-like basement pub. The mahogany soaks up the light; music turned down low, no one is listening. The punters are all a very specific type: all police officers. Dotted around, drinking in little cliques.

A table of familiar faces is crammed in a corner. Francis Mallory is holding court, the other officers and detectives from the A.F.D., sit talking a little too loudly. Stacks of empty glasses tilt precariously on the table, a pile of the same newspaper is saturated with lager, we can make out a headline: 'FIRST MURDER CONVICTION THROUGH AMP TECHNOLOGY'

Harry enters the bar, he's come straight from the office. Hair unkept, shirt wrinkled from sitting all day. A pretty BARTENDER, 20s, brunette, pretty, toothy and fresh smiles at him.

His eyes scan the place, he spots the others, there is a flash of disappointment. He gingerly makes his way over.

HARRY ORWELL

Hi.

The conversation hits a low as they turn to Harry, a brief flash of recognition on their drunk faces. It's barely a welcome, never mind warm, except from -

FRANCIS MALLORY

(pleased)

Orwell. Thanks for coming over.  
What are you drinking, let me get  
you a drink?

HARRY ORWELL

I'll get them in... Is Diane  
around?

FRANCIS MALLORY

You've just missed her.

Harry glances at the door, he considers escape.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

Is it important?

HARRY ORWELL

No. No... Do you want a drink?

Francis stares dumbly at his glass, trying to work out what  
he's drinking.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Anything. Lager. No, Whisky.

20

INT. THE SPEAKEASY - LATER

20

Population at the table has dropped, those who remain are  
considerably drunk; Simmons is asleep on Getty's shoulder.  
Harry looks out from the group with a mixture of contempt and  
a longing to be somewhere else; They are talking shop.

FRANCIS MALLORY

(drunk)

... Complaining about the smell.  
The smell.

Francis takes a long gulp.

GETTY

They don't have a clue.

FRANCIS MALLORY

And, get this, Mr-fucking-Crown  
Prosecution listens, tells me he  
can't play this in court. Too much,  
too graphic.

A bitter laughter spreads around, Harry is immune.

GETTY

Did he even listen to the whole thing?

FRANCIS MALLORY

He didn't, I know he didn't. He quit when the dog was yelping-

Harry gets up and heads to the bar, he's not great on his feet. Francis watches him go with a flash of concern that instantly disappears.

GETTY

(a little haunted.)  
They don't even listen.

21 INT. THE SPEAKEASY - CONTINUOUS

21

Harry walks until he can't hear the drunken ramblings of his co-workers. Finally out of earshot he braces himself against the bar, slack jawed, looking a little tight.

BARTENDER

Same again?

Harry drags his eyes up and spots BARTENDER again. She looks an awful lot like Diane. Harry smiles.

HARRY ORWELL

Yes.

She moves off to make the drinks. Harry backtracks.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

No, wait. Just mine.

BARTENDER

Are you the laphroig?

HARRY ORWELL

The lager.

Harry finds a seat as she pours his drink.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

So what's your name?

BARTENDER

Emily.

She puts the lager in front of him.

HARRY ORWELL

Thank you, Emily.

She smiles, an awkward silence falls. Emily searches in vain for customers, Harry for something to say.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
I'm guessing your not just a bartender?

EMILY  
Is there something wrong with being *just* a bartender?

HARRY ORWELL  
(Quickly)  
No. I wish I was a bartender.

EMILY  
You could be, are you a good listener?

Harry's smile falters for a beat.

HARRY ORWELL  
What?

EMILY  
Very funny.

He wasn't joking.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
So what do you do?

HARRY ORWELL  
What do I look like?

She looks round the bar.

EMILY  
Shot in the dark: you're with the police?

Harry considers as he takes a long swig of his pint.

HARRY ORWELL  
No.

Emily looks surprised.

EMILY  
A lawyer.

Harry shakes his head.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
A judge?

Harry laughs heartily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I give up.

HARRY ORWELL

I'm a scientist.

EMILY

You know, I was going to say that but I didn't want to insult you.

HARRY ORWELL

Insult me?

EMILY

Come on, no one wants to look like a scientist.

They both laugh, Harry finishes his drink. Emily starts pouring another.

EMILY (CONT'D)

So what kind of scientist?

HARRY ORWELL

The kind that invents things. Well, a thing.

EMILY

A *thing*. Would I have heard of it?

HARRY ORWELL

Probably. But for all the wrong reasons.

Emily looks at him queerly. Harry dives into his next drink. In the background his colleagues sit, forgotten.

22

INT. HARRY'S DREAM - NIGHT

22

He's in the Kensal Rise flat again, but things have shifted, colours have muted, the sofa is different, there's a poster on the wall of some generic movie.

Harry's sitting on the sofa as Melanie hovers by the fridge.

MELANIE LEAH

I definitely have tea...

Harry looks round, he's braced for her attacker, but they are alone.

MELANIE LEAH (CONT'D)

Unless you take milk?

Melanie addresses it straight to Harry, he doesn't answer her.

MELANIE LEAH (CONT'D)

What's that?

Harry follows her eye-line to his hand. He's holding a stanley knife. The stanley knife. He stares at it dumbfounded.

Suddenly he's advancing on her, it's like a compulsion.

His hands tighten on her neck, She kicks and scratches and claws. He doesn't make a sound against her assaults. Her nails land dangerously close to his eyes. He pushes her away, she's lifted off of her feet.

The coffee table crunches underneath her.

Inflamed he stalks over, pulling round the crumpled mass of her body.

But she's not Melanie anymore, she's Emily, the bartender.

EMILY

Please somebody help me.

It throws Harry for a beat, long enough for Emily to land a solid blow under his chin. Her ring breaks the skin, a deep gouge.

Dazed, he holds her down as his vision clears, his knee on her chest, crushing her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Stop-

His hand finds the blade.

23 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING 23

Harry's eyes open, instantly he winces: The room spins.

He's on his feet, heading to the bathroom. He stumbles over something broken, he's not got the energy to look at what it is.

24 INT. HARRY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 24

Harry sticks his head under the cold tap. He reaches for his toothbrush, he catches his own reflection.

He freezes.

On his chin a cut weeps blood.

25 INT. HARRY'S FLAT- MOMENTS LATER

25

Harry makes his way out of the bathroom. A small plaster under his chin covers the cut. He takes in the carnage he must of left last night on the way to bed.

Clothes discarded, shoes strewn, glass vase smashed to smithereens, and a side table which is now little more than kindling.

Harry stares in disbelief. He moves to clean it up then catches the time. 8:20am.

In a flurry of panic he rushes to change.

26 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - MORNING

26

Hair still wet Harry sprints into the building. His AMP batters off of his back as he runs.

He sprints past Diane's room, she catches sight of him and calls after.

DIANE ALDER

Harry?

Harry screeches to a halt and jogs back to her.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

I got your message.

Harry looks at her blankly.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

The one you left last night?

He goes red.

HARRY ORWELL

We were all at the pub... if I said anything-

DIANE ALDER

There were signs of intoxication...

Diane chuckles softly.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

But I have time tomorrow.

A smile starts to spread across Harry's face.

HARRY ORWELL

For a... drink?

Diane goes a little wide-eyed.

DIANE ALDER  
For another session.

HARRY ORWELL  
Right. Of course.

There is an awkward beat. Harry starts to back away.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
I'm really late.

DIANE ALDER  
9am?

Harry nods and resumes his jog.

27 INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - MORNING

27

The meeting is well underway, if a little understaffed.

KATE REYNOLDS  
...Assistance from the department  
with immediate effect, Mallory you  
were requested-

Harry appears in the doorway. He stares at Kate  
apologetically.

She pauses her address as he gets to his seat. Harry looks  
around the room, only about half of the department have  
turned up. Those who have look a sorry state. A very tired  
looking Francis throws a collaborative smile at Harry. It's  
disarming and friendly.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
(pointedly)  
To recap, there has been another  
young, female victim. Homicide feel  
that there are similarities between  
this and the case in Kensal Rise.

Harry's focus snaps to Kate.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Harry, I'd like you to help  
Mallory. Discern if there are  
similarities to your case. Make  
this priority one.

28 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - MORNING

28

It's cold and crisp. Harry and Francis zigzag in silence,  
crossing the car park to-

29 I/E. FRANCIS' CAR - MORNING

29

An expensive car, top of the range but quiet about it. Francis' promotion must have come with a few perks.

Francis opens the boot with his key, completely empty, the two AMPS fit in comfortably.

They get in, instantly Harry is struck by the smell, his stomach tumbles.

HARRY ORWELL

What is that?

Francis looks round confused, his eyes fall on the jacket he was wearing last night.

FRANCIS MALLORY

That would be the whisky I spilled all over myself last night.

Harry rolls down his window.

HARRY ORWELL

It smells like disinfectant.

Francis chuckles. The engine rumbles to life.

30 I/E. FRANCIS' CAR - LATER

30

The car sits in gridlock traffic around St Paul's. Francis drums away on the steering wheel, filling the awkward silence.

He looks over to Harry, who looks positively ill.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Do you want to stop and get some food in you before we get over there?

HARRY ORWELL

I don't think food would be a good idea...

Francis' phone vibrates on the dashboard, we catch Diane's name on the caller ID. Francis quickly cancels it.

The awkward silence returns.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Do you want to fill me in on the other case? I've not had time to go through the file.

Harry doesn't.

HARRY ORWELL  
 Melanie Leah, twenties, throat  
 slit. She knew the guy, they enter  
 the flat together. She talks about  
 making him drinks.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 Boyfriend, or one night stand kind  
 of thing? They have sex?

The car inches forward.

HARRY ORWELL  
 No, he gets right to it.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 Did you get a voice sample?

HARRY ORWELL  
 He doesn't say anything.

Francis looks at Harry, his interest is piqued. Harry nods to  
 the road in front, the light is green. They cross the  
 junction.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 Nothing?

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY ORWELL  
 You can hear breathing, panting.

Francis' knuckles go white on the wheel.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 (sickened)  
 He enjoys himself.

HARRY ORWELL  
 Sounds that way.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 But he's silent?

Harry nods.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
 Do you think he knows we're  
 listening?

They both seem unsettled by this.

31 EXT. SPITALFIELDS FLAT - MORNING

31

A block of trendy warehouse conversions. Police cars and  
 incident vans have taken over the forecourt.

Francis' car pulls up, a uniformed officer opens the cordon and points them to a space.

Outside of the cordon a crowd have gathered, waiting morbidly.

32

INT. SPITALFIELDS FLAT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

32

Warm and modern, the hallway looks homely.

Francis and Harry call the lift, the doors open on the Coroners and a gurney carrying the remains; all awkwardly wedged into the lift.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Hello lads.

Erland and Graham smile at Francis. They extend it to Harry, who stares at the body bag.

GRAHAM

Congratulations man.

Francis rolls his eyes humbly.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Leave it.

Francis and Harry hold the lift doors as they try to close. The Coroners extract themselves and the gurney.

ERLAND

(To Harry)

It's like the other one.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Is she like the other?

GRAHAM

Have a look.

Graham reaches for the zip, Harry isn't in the mood, he gets in the lift.

HARRY ORWELL

Have you got an approximate time?

ERLAND

Eight to ten hours.

HARRY ORWELL

I'll get set up.

Graham draws the zip back, Harry smashes in the door close button, willing it to close faster.

33 INT. SPITALFIELDS FLAT. 33

A sparse flat, kitchen-less and small, cheaply furnished from Ikea. The movie posters on the wall and the tatty tan couch give it a student vibe. Harry's eyes catch a full bottle of whisky on the counter, his gut churns.

Blood has warped the cheap laminate flooring. Broken glass from a mirror crunches under foot as Harry fires up the AMP.

He rewinds back through the hours, the little clock reaches 10, Harry presses play.

VICTIM

-UT NOW.

Harry pushes pause and rewinds a little further.

VICTIM (CONT'D)

GET OUT NOW.

Harry's blood runs cold. He pauses and rewinds.

VICTIM (CONT'D)

GET OUT NOW.

Again.

VICTIM (CONT'D)

GET OUT NOW.

He recognises the voice.

EMILY

GET OUT NOW.

34 EXT. SPITALFIELDS FLAT - DAY 34

Harry strides purposefully out of the flat, his AMP and jacket abandoned back at the scene.

He heads straight for the-

35 EXT. CORONER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS 35

Francis is still chatting to Erland and Graham as they prepare to load the body. They stop when they see Harry making a beeline for them.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Are you alright?

Harry goes straight for the body bag, he locates the zip.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

Orwell, I wouldn't-

Before Francis can finish his protest Harry whips down the zip.

The pale, twisted features of the bartender, Emily, stare empty-eyed at the sky.

Harry reels away from the body. Graham and Erland rush to cover the dead girl again. There's a crowd looking on, and they've got their phones out.

GRAHAM

For Christ' sake. What the fuck is wrong with you?!

World spinning, Harry braces himself against the gurney.

He throws up.

Francis goes to comfort Harry, then spots the crowd snapping away. He makes a beeline for them, grabbing phones.

Some of them are gone before he can get the attention of the nearby uniforms, having tea in their car.

Francis, shocked at what's just happened turns back to Harry. Who is now sitting on the ground.

FRANCIS MALLORY

What the hell-

HARRY ORWELL

(Cutting him off)

I know her.

Francis stares at him in shocked silence.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

We both know her, she works at the Speakeasy. She served us last night.

Francis sits down next to Harry.

36

INT. SPITALFIELDS FLAT. - LATER

36

The AMP is set up, untouched since he walked out.

Harry stands alone in the flat, he stares at the poster on the wall, there is something sickeningly familiar about it.

The door opens and breaks the spell.

FRANCIS MALLORY

...Of course. Look we get it, air tight - Orwell, this is Edwards.

EDWARDS, 40s, a sharp woman with piercing eyes, extends a hand to Harry. Her eyes linger on the plaster under his chin.

HARRY ORWELL  
Harry Orwell.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Right, I'll get started on the hallway.

EDWARDS  
This should be quick - Did you know the victim?

Francis closes the door softly.

HARRY ORWELL  
I knew her from the bar.

Edwards isn't writing anything down.

EDWARDS  
Where were you last night?

HARRY ORWELL  
The bar...

EDWARDS  
With your colleagues... What time did you leave?

Harry thinks hard.

HARRY ORWELL  
I'm not sure.

Edwards eyes him reservedly.

EDWARDS  
Try to be.

Harry shakes his head.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)  
Well how did you get home? Tube?

Harry stares at her, he's pulling a complete blank. He can feel his heart beating faster.

Edwards takes out her notebook, she begins writing things down. It's making Harry sweat.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)  
Did you get home?

Harry nods.

HARRY ORWELL  
Yeah, of course.

EDWARDS  
What time?

Edwards' demeanour has become increasingly less friendly.

HARRY ORWELL  
I had an awful lot to drink.

EDWARDS  
How did you cut your chin?

Harry stares at her, panic envelopes him.

37 INT. SPITALFIELDS FLAT STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER 37

Francis has set up his AMP in the stairwell and is gathering the sounds of the night before.

Harry walks past, Edwards is at his back, barely a pace behind.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Where are you going?

Harry doesn't look at Francis.

EDWARDS  
Further questioning.

Francis laughs.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Don't be ridiculous-

Edwards moves Harry on.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Wait a second and I'll come with you.

Harry heads for the lift, Edwards stares at Francis.

EDWARDS  
(sotto)  
D.I. to D.I. - I'd distance myself from this.

Francis watches in disbelief as the two get into the lift. He reaches for his phone.

38 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - AFTERNOON 38

A windowless square, with a table and four chairs.

Harry sits with a veneer of patience, but the sweat pooling at the back of his neck betrays him.

Edwards, and a SERGEANT sit opposite reading through their notes.

EDWARDS

Let's just go through it one more time.

Harry sighs.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

You go to the bar to celebrate with your friends, but you spent the evening talking to the victim.

HARRY ORWELL

She was serving me drinks.

EDWARDS

Whilst talking to her you lied about your profession.

Harry closes his eyes against the embarrassment.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Were you trying to sleep with her?

HARRY ORWELL

No.

Edwards has stepped up the aggression, she's going for him.

EDWARDS

It's just in my experience when a man speaks to a young, attractive girl all evening, and lies about his profession, he's usually trying to sleep with her.

HARRY ORWELL

I wasn't trying to sleep with her.

EDWARDS

Is she not your type?

Harry stares blankly, unsure how to answer.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

So, you went home, but you are not sure how or when you got there.

HARRY ORWELL

I was wasted.

EDWARDS

Are you sure you didn't go home  
with her?

HARRY ORWELL

Yes.

EDWARDS

How can you be sure?

HARRY ORWELL

I was too drunk.

EDWARDS

To get it up?

Bang-bang-bang. The door to the interview room is battered loudly. Edwards nods to the Sergeant to investigate. Before he can protest the door is barged open by Kate.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

We're in the middle of an  
interview.

KATE REYNOLDS

Not anymore.

39

INT. HOMICIDE OFFICES - LATE AFTERNOON

39

Slicker and clearly better funded than the Audio-Forensics Department's offices.

Harry sits stewing, Francis sits next to him trying to appease the situation as Edwards and Kate go toe to toe.

KATE REYNOLDS

-And half the bloody force drink in  
that dive.

EDWARDS

He's got no alibi, little  
recollection of the evening, two of  
my guys saw him talking to the  
victim.

KATE REYNOLDS

Ordering drinks!

EDWARDS

Look, it is my job to find out  
where he was last night.

KATE REYNOLDS

It's your job to catch a murderer,  
not bother my people.

EDWARDS

A woman was killed, he doesn't know  
where he was -

FRANCIS MALLORY

I put Harry in a taxi.

Harry stares at Francis with something like awe. Francis has  
just put all of the air back in the room. Harry relaxes.

EDWARDS

Convenient.

Kate clenches her jaw, she's about to lose it.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

When?

FRANCIS MALLORY

Before they called last orders.

EDWARDS

How do you know he didn't double  
back?

FRANCIS MALLORY

He was wasted - I had to give the  
taxi driver an extra twenty to just  
take him.

EDWARDS

Did you get the cab number?

FRANCIS MALLORY

No.

EDWARDS

Why not?

KATE REYNOLDS

I'd hazard they didn't expect the  
bartender to get murdered.

Edwards is not at all pleased.

EDWARDS

(to Francis)

You were drinking, how can you be  
sure?

Francis rolls his eyes.

KATE REYNOLDS

Were your two guys at the scene  
sober?

Edwards bites her tongue.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Clear him.

EDWARDS

Not until-

KATE REYNOLDS

Clear him or every case you work after this will be handled by the laziest idiot in my department, I'll hire someone special, just for you.

40 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

40

It's raining as Kate walks Harry to his car. He's left his jacket somewhere, the perfect end to the perfect day.

KATE REYNOLDS

Cheer-up, bad things come in threes.

HARRY ORWELL

This is only the second.

KATE REYNOLDS

Here's the third: I want you at that crime scene first thing tomorrow.

HARRY ORWELL

I've got an appointment with Diane.

Kate grimaces.

KATE REYNOLDS

After your *session* then.

Harry gets in his car, Kate taps on the glass.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Eat something, you look like shit.

41 INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

41

Neon and primary colours. It's the kind of place that sells fried chicken, or more likely pigeon. No sober adult should eat there.

Harry sits, shirt wet from the rain alone in the shop waiting for his order.

The heat causes the windows to fog up, it's also getting to Harry. He starts to nod off.

A crash from the kitchen rouses him. Bleary eyed he stares out of the steamed up window.

Two girls walk by arm in arm. He catches their faces in the neon glow: Melanie and Emily.

He watches as they pass the window, he turns to follow them, they link arms with another girl.

Harry's on his feet, he follows them outside.

42 EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT 42

Light flows out the shop windows that line the street. They've got a quite a lead but he's running to catch them.

Chasing them, hunting them, through the crowd.

He bumps into a PASSER BY.

PASSER BY

Hey

Harry's lost them, he's angry.

PASSER BY (CONT'D)

HEY

43 INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS 43

He opens his eyes. He's still sitting in the restaurant. Harry gets his bearings.

FAST FOOD GUY

HEY! Your meal.

44 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - NIGHT 44

The key goes into the lock and Harry, food in hand, opens the door onto the carnage of last night. Untouched since he ran out late this morning.

He lets out a long sigh, and traipses over the smashed glass into the kitchen.

He eats over the sink.

45 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - LATER 45

The glass is swept and bagged. Harry struggles to rebuild what once was his sideboard.

From a cupboard he pulls out a tool bag and roots through it for a screwdriver. He comes across a stanley knife, the one from his dreams.

He drops it back in the bag.

46 EXT. HARRY'S FLAT - LATER 46

Harry dumps the remnants of his sideboard by the bin, the bag of tools are dumped with it.

47 INT. HARRY'S DREAM - NIGHT 47

The place has become a fusion of Melanie and Emily's apartments. A collage of the striking things in each flat.

Harry stands by the door.

MELANIE LEAH  
I definitely have tea...

The knife is already in his hands, he stares at it.

EMILY  
Unless you take milk?

Harry looks up to see Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
What's that?

Harry closes his eyes, when he opens them his hands are on Melanie's neck.

He throws her across the room, the coffee table crunches underneath her.

Inflamed he stalks after her, pulling round the crumpled mass of her body.

She's Emily again. She screams loudly, it invades his brain.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
GET OUT NOW.

She lands the blow under his chin. Her ring breaks the skin. Before his vision can clear his knee is on her chest.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Stop-

His hand finds the blade.

48 INT. DIANE ALDER'S OFFICE - MORNING

48

A very tired looking Harry grips a pen tightly, clicking it on and off as Diane returns with two cups of tea.

Harry looks down at it.

DIANE ALDER  
Did you say coffee?

HARRY ORWELL  
No, tea. Tea is fine.

DIANE ALDER  
You did say coffee.

Harry shakes his head and puts the cup to his lips.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

She pulls out a note book and presses on.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)  
Right. Second session.

HARRY ORWELL  
A milestone.

DIANE ALDER  
So what do you want to talk about?

Harry lets out a little nervous breath that's trying to be a laugh.

HARRY ORWELL  
It's daft.

Diane softens she motions for him to continue.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
I lied before... when I said I  
wasn't having nightmares.

Diane pauses to see if he will go on. He doesn't.

DIANE ALDER  
Are they a common occurrence?

HARRY ORWELL  
Yes.

DIANE ALDER  
Every night?

Harry suddenly looks incredible vulnerable.

HARRY ORWELL

Yes.

DIANE ALDER

How long have you been having these?

It's like pulling teeth.

HARRY ORWELL

About a year.

Diane is a little shocked.

DIANE ALDER

You're not alone.

He feels alone.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

Is it always the same dream?

HARRY ORWELL

No. Not until recently.

DIANE ALDER

Tell me about the most recent one?

HARRY ORWELL

I'm sitting on a couch or I'm waiting. And a girl, Melanie Leah, she is a victim from a case of mine.

Diane bites her lip.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

She's there. And she's attacked. And I can't stop...

DIANE ALDER

You're helpless? Watching on?

Harry stares at her, he lies.

HARRY ORWELL

Yes.

DIANE ALDER

Have you considered that this nightmare is your subconscious playing out your day... You're job is to listen as someone is killed. You're helpless to prevent it, it's already happened. But you don't deal with the aftermath, you deal with the moment it happens.

(MORE)

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)  
Your head is playing out this  
moment, trying to make sense of it.  
Trying to make sense of your  
feelings of inaction...

Harry is very quiet.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)  
It's a stress response.

Harry is shaking ever so slightly.

HARRY ORWELL  
I dreamed the girl was Emily, the  
bartender.

DIANE ALDER  
You're subconscious adapting to new  
information.

HARRY ORWELL  
I dreamed it was her, before she  
was killed.

Diane looks at him for a long moment.

DIANE ALDER  
The mind can play tricks, Harry. It  
can go back and fill in faces after  
the fact. The stress of seeing  
Emily, a girl you were speaking to  
only hours ago, dead. Well that's  
exactly the kind of thing that  
would trigger an episode, a massive  
release of chemicals in the brain,  
twisting in your subconscious.  
Convincing you, you foresaw her  
death...

Harry sits back, he seems convinced.

HARRY ORWELL  
I've been trying to stay awake.

Diane grows serious.

DIANE ALDER  
That is the worst thing you could  
do. You need time. Rest.

HARRY ORWELL  
So, how do I stop them?

DIANE ALDER  
It's not so much stop as prevent.  
You're experiencing trauma daily.  
It's piling up faster than your  
mind can process it.

Harry knows where this is going.

HARRY ORWELL  
We're already understaffed.

Diane nods.

DIANE ALDER  
Hear me out-

HARRY ORWELL  
I'm not going on the sick.

DIANE ALDER  
It wouldn't have to be for long-

HARRY ORWELL  
I'm on a contract. People that go on sick leave aren't exactly candidates for full time employment.

DIANE ALDER  
Is that what you want?

Harry's not sure.

HARRY ORWELL  
I at least want the option.

DIANE ALDER  
You can't go on like this much longer.

Harry stares at Diane, she underestimates him. He stands.

HARRY ORWELL  
I'd prefer if you didn't speak to anyone about this.

Diane stands, she heads him off at the door.

DIANE ALDER  
I couldn't if I wanted to. Come again next week, just speak to me.

Harry's hand is on the door.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)  
(desperate)  
I am paired with a GP, I can have sedatives prescribed for you; To help with the nightmares.

Harry considers.

49 INT. HARRY'S CUBICLE - LATER

49

Harry goes for his coat, he blinks at his cubicle in disbelief.

Every one of his photos has been covered with photographs of him throwing up at the crime scene.

He's everywhere.

Snickers start to escape from near by cubicles. Simmons pokes her head up, barely able to contain her laughter. Getty booms with laughter, The other emerge and look on.

Harry's face is stone. He slips on his jacket and heads for the door.

SIMMONS  
(after him)  
Don't be like that, it was only a  
joke!

GETTY  
Orwell?

Harry leaves.

SIMMONS  
Shit. He's going to tell Reynolds.

GETTY  
He won't.

SIMMONS  
Humourless prick.

Getty laughs, Simmons drops back down to her computer.

Getty heads round and pulls the photos off of the walls. His eyes land on the crime scene pictures underneath. His face crunches into disgust.

GETTY  
Did you put these up too?

Simmons peers over.

SIMMONS  
Nope. They are all his.

Getty shakes his head sadly.

50 EXT. SPITALFIELDS FLAT - MORNING

50

Harry's car pulls up outside the flat, Francis's car is already there.

He heads inside.

51 INT. SPITALFIELDS FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

51

Harry wanders into the empty flat, he spots his AMP, it's been all packed up. The TV is on, mid-morning telly is an eerie juxtaposition against the crime scene markers and the bloodstains.

Behind him a toilet flushes. Francis exits.

FRANCIS MALLORY

There you are, Reynolds said you'd be late. I thought I'd wait around.

HARRY ORWELL

You're done?

Francis throws a hard drive over to Harry.

FRANCIS MALLORY

It's all on that.

Francis switches off the TV.

HARRY ORWELL

Does he speak?

Francis shakes his head.

FRANCIS MALLORY

It's a weird one...

HARRY ORWELL

What do you mean?

FRANCIS MALLORY

It sounds like there was more than one woman.

HARRY ORWELL

A witness?

FRANCIS MALLORY

Two enter, one leaves, and there's not a peep in here before they come in.

Harry looks around the room perplexed.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

You're better at it than me, I've probably made a mistake.

52 INT. HARRY'S CUBICLE - EVENING

52

The puking photographs lie crumpled in his bin. Harry's sole focus is on the screen in front of him. With his headphones clamped on the sounds of the office around him are gone.

A flashing cursor hovers over a sound wave. Harry hits play.

The sounds of the door swinging open, two foot steps. Harry recognises the second: The heavy feet, crisp on the wood floor.

EMILY (AMP)

It's a bit tragically hip. Or at least that's what my brother says...

A bottle hitting the counter.

EMILY (AMP) (CONT'D)

I swiped a bottle of the stuff you liked.

Cupboards opening, the tinkle of glasses.

The heavy footsteps move towards her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Get away.

A little gasp and then the glasses tumble to the floor and smash.

EMILY (CONT'D)

GET OUT NOW!

A heavy choke of breath, not hers. She's fighting back.

Running now, to the front door. He hears the squeak of the handle, the creek of the hinges, the echo of the hallway in her -

EMILY (AMP) (CONT'D)

HELP!

Slam - the door shutting as her body is thrown against it.

A clatter as she's thrown back, she crunches some of the broken glass.

Harry can hear her scrambling to her feet. The whipping of her clothing as she punches.

A heavy blow, a kick. She's winded. He hears her drop to the ground.

Another kick, a thick sound this time: A blow to the head.

The air wheezing out of her lungs as she's held down.

A scream.

Harry looks confused, but he lets it play on.

He can hear the sounds of her struggling under the attacker, shifting, trying to push him off. She's gasping for breath.

She's being pushed down so hard, he can hear the laminate flooring crack and squeak under the weight.

A scream. The exact same as before. Harry's brow furrows.

A sudden shift, Emily claws in a breath. She howls, a primal terrified scream.

Harry hears something crack, her murderer coming down on top of her.

Then a scream again, the same one.

Harry hears the attacker sighing, it's sickeningly filled with delight.

That scream, again.

Then clicking - the stanley knife being unsheathed.

The sounds of Emily trying in vain to struggle.

A gurgling. Harry's gripping the desk.

That scream again.

Harry's eyes go wide.

He frantically opens another window and searches through his files.

53

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - LATER

53

They sit behind Kate's desk. Harry operates her computer as she listens to the headphones.

She is visibly affected by the sounds of Emily's murder.

HARRY ORWELL

There is a scream -

He plays it for Kate, she winces.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

It's recurring, exactly the same each time.

Kate looks at him, waiting for an explanation.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
 It can't be Emily's - it happens  
 after she's just been winded, then  
 when she's being choked, then after  
 she's had her throat slit...

KATE REYNOLDS  
 Someone else was there?

HARRY ORWELL  
 No -

Harry moves Kate to one side while he operates the computer.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
 This is the Melanie Leah murder.

He searches through the recording, satisfied he hits play.  
 A scream fill's Kate's headphones. Kate's eyes go wide.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
 It's identical.

KATE REYNOLDS  
 Not possible.

Kate furrows in concern.

HARRY ORWELL  
 Unless-

KATE REYNOLDS  
 (firm)  
 Not possible.

Kate stares at him.

HARRY ORWELL  
 It is.

KATE REYNOLDS  
 Harry, the killer can not have an  
 AMP. Christ, it'd be easier to get  
 anthrax.

HARRY ORWELL  
 He could have made one.

Kate shakes her head.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
 I made one...

KATE REYNOLDS  
 As part of a whole team of people  
 and with millions of pounds in  
 military grants.

Harry lets it go.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Why, why would someone want to do that.

HARRY ORWELL  
He enjoys their terror. He's conducting it.

Kate shudders.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
He has to have gone in after Melanie Leah's murder and before Emily's. I need to go back to the first crime scene. And we need to check Emily's.

KATE REYNOLDS  
She won't be the last.

HARRY ORWELL  
No.

KATE REYNOLDS  
I'll send Francis.

54 EXT. KENSAL RISE FLATS - DAY 54

Gone are the police cars and the cordons. The street has returned to a *nice* neighbourhood.

Harry, AMP in tow, pushes the buzzer. Without an answer the door opens.

55 INT. KENSAL RISE FLAT - DAY 55

Harry opens the jarred door and takes in the flat. Shards of light escape the curtains, catching the dust motes in free fall. A bath mat has been laid over the blood stained floor. Failed efforts to erase the violence.

A woman sits at the dining table: MRS LEAH, 50s, but aged beyond her years, thin, dirty, but pretty once. Her hair is greasy, loosely tied, she's not wearing make-up. Her clothes look slept in, in fact her tee shirt looks like something her daughter would wear to bed. The most striking thing is her lips, they are dry and cracked and bleeding. She's forgotten to drink, she's forgotten to live.

Mrs Leah sits vacantly as Harry hovers by the door way. He can't tell if she can even see him.

HARRY ORWELL

Mrs Leah? I'm Detective Orwell, I believe you were told I was coming?

No answer.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

I'll set up this device. With your permission?

Harry holds up the AMP. Mrs Leah doesn't look.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

I don't know if you know what it does?

No signs of life.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

It allows me to hear any sounds made in this room at any given time... To collect them, as evidence.

Harry pulls out a hard drive.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

I'll record the sounds made around the time of Melanie's murder onto this... We'll analyse it and use the sounds to catch who did this.

Harry casts his eyes around the room, temporary shrines have popped up: one is just a collection of hair swept from the floor, left in the shovel, unable to be thrown away.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

I may have to move some things?

Harry begins, slowly and with reverence he sets up his AMP.

He glances at Mrs Leah, her dead eyes are leaking tears. She doesn't seem to notice. Harry looks like a prisoner.

He plugs everything in and prepares to switch on.

MRS LEAH

(Her voice cracking, the first time she's spoken in days)

I'd like to hear it.

Harry is still, considering how to handle this.

HARRY ORWELL

That's not allowed.

MRS LEAH  
I'll hear it in court... I want to  
hear it now.

HARRY ORWELL  
I wouldn't ever listen to it.

Mrs Leah turns to him, it's the first time she's looked at  
him. Her eyes are haemorrhaging tears.

MRS LEAH  
I want to know if she suffered.

Harry suddenly can't seem to swallow.

HARRY ORWELL  
She did.

Mrs Leah disappears before his very eyes, utterly lost.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
7th November 2014. Acting Detective  
Inspector Harry Orwell. Second  
recording of Melanie Leah homicide  
at confirmed scene of crime:  
Victim's flat.

Harry switches on the machine. The start-up tone fills the  
room. Mrs Leah doesn't react.

The cacophony of sound fills his headphones. He hits rewind.

MRS LEAH  
I want to hear her.

Harry visibly sinks.

HARRY ORWELL  
(forcefully)  
Not with me.

MRS LEAH  
I want hear her happy.

Harry stares at Mrs Leah in disbelief.

MRS LEAH (CONT'D)  
That thing can hear any sound ever  
made. I want to listen to her  
happy. You can do that?

Harry nods.

HARRY ORWELL  
When? I just need to know when she  
was happy. A time.

Mrs Leah thinks for a long time. A little smile forms on her face, it looks haunted.

MRS LEAH  
Play me her birthday.

Harry looks at the file in front of him - 30/7. He pushes rewind, the hours on the AMP clock fly backwards.

56 INT. KENSAL RISE FLAT - LATER

56

Mrs Leah is crouched next to Harry. She's wearing the headphones. Rocking back and forth she's utterly enrapt in what she's hearing. Harry sits in silence, wondering.

A little laugh escapes her.

A long breathy smile, then her eyes go again. Rivers down her cheeks.

She grips the bath mat she kneels on, inert with anger.

Mrs Leah breaks, she heaves with grief. Crying without care for how she looks; primal, ugly, reckless, crying that damages the body with its ferociousness.

Harry watches on helpless.

Mrs Leah slips off the headphones. He thinks she might hug him but she pulls herself to her feet.

She walks to her daughter's bedroom and closes the door.

Harry listens as she howls.

She doesn't stop.

He pulls on the head phones, drowning out Mrs Leah and catching the end of something.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP)  
...never, never, never!

He listens as a group of girls erupt into giggles.

Harry fast forwards.

57 INT. KATE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

57

Kate is plowing through paperwork, half listening to Diane, who sits opposite.

DIANE ALDER  
...a rota system. With cases graded  
in terms of, well for want of a  
better word, horror.  
(MORE)

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

One listener shouldn't be working more than say, two highly numbered cases at a time.

KATE REYNOLDS

It's not that I don't value your opinion, it's that I don't have the luxury to do what you recommend. This is a pilot programme. Alder, if we don't yield results we won't survive.

DIANE ALDER

Part of the programme is assessing the mental impact on your team. We don't know the repercussions of this work, the field is barely two years old. You've already seen swathes of your guys taking time off because they are rendered mentally ill.

Kate's mouth goes thin.

KATE REYNOLDS

And that is partly due to you recommending they take time off... Sick leave is full pay and zero work. I'd like to go on sick leave for a few months.

Diane looks uncomfortable.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

No one is saying this job is a walk in the park - it's difficult, unpleasant work-

DIANE ALDER

It is traumatising. Your team are suffering from a sort of P.T.S.D.. They are over worked, they do not have the time or the help to correctly process the things they confront daily. We've got no idea what the fallout could be. They could become a danger to themselves.

Kate shakes her head, Diane launches her point home.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

How will you feel when you're listening to one of their suicides?

Kate shuts her files, she stares at Diane, alive with rage.

KATE REYNOLDS  
What are you insinuating?

Diane doesn't answer.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
If I had all my listeners I could have enacted some sort of rota system. I could have implemented your ideas. But you have convinced over half of my staff to go on extended holidays. Your actions have put pressure on the remaining staff. Your actions Doctor Alder.

58 INT. KENSAL RISE FLAT - EVENING

58

Harry is still working by his machine. The soft glow from the monitors are the only thing illuminating the room. His headphones are on, the whole world is dead to him. All he can hear is Melanie's murder:

The sound of the key in the lock, the two people entering.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP)  
I think there's some wine... or tea. I definitely have tea...

The front door closing.

The fridge door opens.

Harry wracks up the volume, listening desperately.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP) (CONT'D)  
Unless you take milk?

He tries to hear behind her voice.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP) (CONT'D)  
What's that?

The footsteps move towards her.

Her breath catching, her moving backwards, bumping into the fridge.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP) (CONT'D)  
What are you do-

Her body slammed against the wall.

Her choking and fighting for breath.

His heavy breathing. Deep long breaths as she splutters and gasps.

A shrill scream. That scream repeated in Emily's murder. The hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

There's sounds of struggle as she fights back.

MELANIE LEAH (AMP) (CONT'D)  
(Screaming at the top of  
her lungs, trying in vain  
to reach the neighbours.)  
Please somebody help me.

The sickening crunch as she hits the now gone, coffee table

MELANIE LEAH (AMP) (CONT'D)  
Stop-

Harry listens as she gurgles and splutters. He stares at the bath mat.

Harry pulls out the file, he makes notes.

As the AMP plays on he can hear the murderer straighten himself out. His footsteps as he laps the corpse. The front door opening and shutting on the still warm Melanie.

Silence.

Harry listens as the minutes fall away. The silence is so relaxing after the assault of sound.

Harry closes his eyes, everything about him relaxes. The silence stretches on.

A loud tone cuts through the air. Harry's eyes split open, he stares at the machine in disbelief.

He can hear soft breaths. Someone is in the room.

He hits rewind.

He listens to the tone again.

Rewind.

Tone.

Rewind.

Tone.

There's no mistaking it.

Harry hits record.

59 INT. KATE'S OFFICE - EVENING

59

Kate sits behind her computer, Harry stands at her side. Both look sick.

Harry plays it again.

The very recognisable tone fills Kate's headphones.

She goes white.

KATE REYNOLDS

Are you sure it isn't your own tone from when you set up?

HARRY ORWELL

This is thirty-six minutes after the murder. I didn't get there for another 9, 10 hours.

Kate rubs her temples.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

He just sat in the room. I could just hear him breathing. He opened and shut the door, waited long enough that we would assume he'd left. He knows we record for an extra thirty minutes at the beginning and end. He doesn't speak Kate. He knows we're listening, he knows protocol.

Kate stands, she can't really listen to this just now.

KATE REYNOLDS

So he built an AMP or got one on the black market.

HARRY ORWELL

Only our AMPs have the tone: privacy laws thing.

KATE REYNOLDS

They are all accounted for.

Harry sits.

HARRY ORWELL

I'll be a suspect again.

KATE REYNOLDS

You're all suspects.

Kate picks up the phone.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

Kate grits her teeth.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
 (Down the phone)  
 I need to speak to Edwards, in  
 Homicide.

Harry stands and heads for the door.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
 Leave the files.

He nods, he opens his bag and leaves them on her desk.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
 I don't give a rat's arse where you  
 were, I don't care how embarrassing  
 it is. Drugs, prostitute, male  
 prostitute. Out with it.

Harry stares at her.

HARRY ORWELL  
 Kate, I can't remember.

KATE REYNOLDS  
 Work it out.

Her hand lands on the AMP.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
 I don't care how.

Message received, Harry nods.

60 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - NIGHT

60

Harry has set up the AMP in his own flat. We can see from the clock he's listening to the night of Emily's murder.

The clock is showing after midnight now, the minutes tick by. Finally Harry hears his door open and close. 1 am. Relief floods his face as he listens to himself stumble along his hallway. It's vaguely amusing to hear himself.

He waits for the crash to come, the fall that would obliterate his furniture.

It doesn't.

He hears the door to the bedroom pushed open, left open. The sounds of him fumbling around trickle down into the hallway.

Harry listens with a growing horror as he hears himself walk back down the hallway.

He looks ill as the front door opens again.

He listens as his feet grow faint on the staircase.

He's perfectly still, waiting for those steps to come back.

Nothing.

After a long beat Harry begins to fast forward, 15 minutes increments disappear in silence as he searches for sounds of himself.

Finally he catches a smash. His table being destroyed.

He rewinds a little and hears his door open. 4:37 am blinks on the display.

He listens to himself stumbling and smash up the place.

Harry switches off the machine. He pulls the sedatives out of his pocket, he takes one.

61 INT. HARRY'S DREAM - NIGHT 61

The room around him lies in disarray, Harry pins down Melanie. His knee on her chest.

Behind a closed door he can Hear Mrs Leah howling.

Melanie wont stop screaming. It's the same scream every time.

Over and Over.

He tries to get her to stop, his hands grow tighter round her neck.

62 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 62

Melanie's screams become Harry's alarm.

He's awake. Grey and exhausted, he looks terminal.

He picks up his phone and looks for Diane.

He pauses before dialing, trying to summon up some courage.

It rings on to answer machine.

HARRY ORWELL

It's Harry. Orwell. I'd like to speak to you, if you have time today? I'm... well, they're not working. The pills. I'd like to talk.

63 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - MORNING 63

Harry's car pulls into a space, he's getting his stuff together in the front seat when he spots Diane by the door way. A glimmer of a smile plays on his face as he watches her through his rainy windshield.

He puts a little bit of speed on, hoping to catch her.

As he's reaching for the door handle Francis strides up to Diane.

They kiss.

Harry watches until the rain blurs them out.

He starts up the engine, the wipers clear the glass, Francis and Diane have gone inside.

Harry drives away.

64 EXT. HARRY'S FLAT - DAY 64

Harry pulls up in front of his flat, grabs his AMP and heads inside.

He passes the heap that used to be his side table. He pauses for a second. The bag of tools he threw out is gone.

65 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - AFTERNOON 65

Harry sits on the sofa, eyes closed he's trying to relax, but everything around him is so loud.

The tap dripping, the people in the flat upstairs, his own heartbeat, thundering in his ears.

A siren streaks past his flat, it sets off a chain reaction. Melanie starts screaming.

He turns on the TV and puts the volume on max. She's still screaming.

He can hear the sounds of a struggle now: Emily's fight.

Banging which becomes knocking.

His front door.

They stop and Harry is left with the blare of the TV. He mutes it and hears the knock again.

Harry opens it. Kate stands in the hallway.

She stares at him with genuine concern.

KATE REYNOLDS

People look guilty when they don't  
turn up for work.

She walks past him and heads for the living room, familiar  
with the layout for the flat.

Kate takes in the place, it's a mess. She helps herself to a  
glass and pours in water.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Want one?

HARRY ORWELL

Shouldn't I be offering you?

Kate pushes his laundry off of the end of the sofa and sits  
down.

KATE REYNOLDS

Edwards wants you in for further  
questioning. She suggested you  
contact your union adviser and have  
him provide a lawyer... I told her,  
well, I told her a couple of  
things, but I stressed you did not  
need a lawyer.

She watches as Harry stares at the floor.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

(panic rising)  
Do you need a lawyer?

HARRY ORWELL

I listened to the flat the night  
the bartender was killed. I got in  
around one a.m.

Kate smiles.

KATE REYNOLDS

That clears you!

HARRY ORWELL

I went back out.

Kate's mouth drops open a little, she's got nothing to say.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

(afraid, quietly)  
I didn't come back until after  
four. I don't know where I went.

They sit in a heavy silence.

KATE REYNOLDS  
 You'd have gone for food, or more  
 booze. Or cigarettes. Jesus, Harry  
 it could be anything.

HARRY ORWELL  
 Or, I could have-

KATE REYNOLDS  
 No.

Kate moves closer to him, she stares him in the eye.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
 You would know if you went out and  
 killed a girl. I think something  
 like that might stick out. You look  
 ill when you're listening to a  
 murder. Do you actually think you  
 could commit one?

Harry can't look at her.

HARRY ORWELL  
 I don't know.

KATE REYNOLDS  
 I do.

HARRY ORWELL  
 If they listen to this place...

KATE REYNOLDS  
 They can't. Not without due cause.

66 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - AFTERNOON

66

Harry sits opposite Edwards. There's a gleam in her eye:  
 she's out for blood.

Harry looks exhausted.

EDWARDS  
 I'd like you to start again, from  
 the top.

HARRY ORWELL  
 We keep going over and over this.  
 What are you expecting to have  
 changed?

Edwards sneers.

EDWARDS  
 I'm hoping something jogs your  
 memory.

67 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

67

Francis and Edwards sit opposite. Edwards is a different creature here, she treats Francis with reverence, respect.

EDWARDS

He's got no alibi for the Melanie Leah murder. *At home, in bed.* As an officer, doesn't that ring alarm bells?

Francis watches her with interest.

FRANCIS MALLORY

People tend to be at home, in bed, at 3 am.

EDWARDS

Haven't your superiors asked you to go over Harry's work with a fine tooth comb...

Francis nods.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Strange thing to ask. Unless they had concerns he was perverting evidence.

FRANCIS MALLORY

You can't pervert sound evidence, it's incorruptible.

EDWARDS

Then why check it?

FRANCIS MALLORY

To make it air tight.

Edwards treads lightly, she tries a different tact.

EDWARDS

How long had you been drinking for? They night the bartender was murdered.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Since we finished work.

EDWARDS

So, for over five hours when you put Orwell into the taxi.

Francis sighs loudly.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

After five hours of drinking I can't even tell my arse from my elbow.

FRANCIS MALLORY

So, you're a cheap date.

EDWARDS

Please take this seriously.

FRANCIS MALLORY

I put Harry Orwell into a taxi, what more is there to tell you?

EDWARDS

But you don't know where he went?

FRANCIS MALLORY

I told the taxi driver Harry's address; the driver made me pay the fair in advance since Harry was so inebriated.

EDWARDS

Then why won't Harry give us access to his flat. We could *listen*, confirm when he arrived home?

FRANCIS MALLORY

Why won't he give you access to completely and utterly invade his privacy? Especially when you have been so nice and understanding? I have no idea.

68 INT. KATE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

68

Francis taps lightly on Kate's door. She waves him in.

KATE REYNOLDS

How did it go?

FRANCIS MALLORY

They just want to tie it to someone outside the force. They're gunning for him because he's not one of us.

KATE REYNOLDS

He is one of us.

FRANCIS MALLORY

You know what I mean. He wasn't ever a uniform.

Kate lets it go.

KATE REYNOLDS

Have you gone through his work in the Melanie Leah case?

FRANCIS MALLORY

I didn't see anything concerning. I asked Simmons to double check it.

KATE REYNOLDS

Simmons? Would you not prefer someone more experienced. Getty?

FRANCIS MALLORY

If I don't give her cases she'll never get any better.

Kate smiles.

KATE REYNOLDS

(tentative)

If you're satisfied with his work, I'd suggest you use him. No one understands the machine better than him. I trust him.

FRANCIS MALLORY

I do too.

69

EXT. HARRY'S FLAT - NIGHT

69

The headlights of Harry's car sweep the front of his building as he pulls up. The catch a figure, HELEN TEMPLETON, petite and brunette, waiting by his door.

She approaches him as he collects his things from the boot.

HELEN TEMPLETON

Detective Orwell?

Harry keeps his head down.

HELEN TEMPLETON (CONT'D)

I've been trying to reach you through your office. It's important.

Harry pauses, hearing her out. He looks at her for a beat, she reminds him of Emily.

HELEN TEMPLETON (CONT'D)

I want to interview you. A source of mine in the military tells me you were part of the team that developed the AMP.

Harry puts his head down, tries to walk past her but she gets in his face.

HELEN TEMPLETON (CONT'D)  
It would be in The Times.

HARRY ORWELL  
Not interested.

HELEN TEMPLETON  
Would you prefer New Scientist? I'm  
freelance so you could have your  
pick.

He side steps her but she's right back in front of him before  
he can get away.

HARRY ORWELL  
Please get away from me.

HELEN TEMPLETON  
Okay, but you were in the team that  
developed the AMP?

Harry pushes by her but Helen's not having it. She grabs him,  
forcefully holding him.

HELEN TEMPLETON (CONT'D)  
A simple yes or no-

She grabs at Harry's AMP it digs into his back.

He pushes her away, it's more violent than he expected, she  
goes right over. Harry looks at her crumpled little form in  
shock.

She's winded. Harry drops his stuff and goes to help her up.

HELEN TEMPLETON (CONT'D)  
Fucking hell.

HARRY ORWELL  
(bumbling)  
I'm sorry. I-

Harry pulls her up.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
I'm really sorry. I didn't  
realise...

Helen straightens herself out. She rubs the elbow that took  
all of the impact.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
Can I call someone?

HELEN TEMPLETON  
You can give me an interview.

Harry backs away. He picks up his stuff.

HELEN TEMPLETON (CONT'D)  
 (after him)  
 You know I could have you done for  
 that.

He heads straight for his door.

70 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - NIGHT 70

Harry is slouched on the sofa, the TV blares in front of him. Empty cans of energy drink lie around.

His head lolls, he fights to stay awake..

71 INT. HARRY'S DREAM - NIGHT 71

Emily is running for the front door, Harry catches her as she reaches the handle. He slams her body against it. She screams. He wraps his hands around her throat, trying to make it stop.

She keeps screaming.

72 INT. KATE'S OFFICE - MORNING 72

Kate sits rigidly behind her desk. Before her stands Commander MASON, late 50s, uniformed and severe. There is no love lost between them. Francis sits opposite Kate. He looks like he'd rather not be there, but can't quite look away.

MASON  
 We simply can't have it tied to the  
 force.

KATE REYNOLDS  
 The issue with that, Sir, is that  
 it is. The killer is using our  
 technology...

MASON  
 He's in your team. Edwards is  
 telling me it's Harry Orwell.

Kate opens her mouth to protest.

MASON (CONT'D)  
 Homicide want you to keep your  
 distance, and I want you to get rid  
 of him. Terminate the contract.

Kate snorts, it's bitter. Mason over inflates, about to launch into a dressing down when -

FRANCIS MALLORY

If I may sir, that is a huge mistake.

Mason turns on Francis, Francis picks up his pace.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

Homicide have little understanding of the technology, they don't know how to look for the nuances. The only reason we know he's using our tech in the first place is because of our skills. Because of Harry Orwell.

Mason considers.

MASON

Close ranks, limit access to the investigation. Offer Homicide full. Full. Co-operation.

KATE REYNOLDS

(smugly)

I already have. Mallory is heading it up.

Mason glares at her.

MASON

Let me be clear. When this gets out, and it will get out, Kate. There will be regime changes.

Kate stares back at him, she's not intimidated.

KATE REYNOLDS

Hopefully it will be out with the *old*.

Mason turns on Francis.

MASON

Make or break, Mallory. Don't fuck it up.

FRANCIS MALLORY

I'll do my best, sir.

MASON

I want updates.

Mason leaves without any pleasantries.

KATE REYNOLDS

If it gets to the press, we're dead in the water.

Francis shares her worried look.

73 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - MORNING 73

Harry pulls up in his car. He's parked next to Simmons. He forces a smile at her.

She catches him out of the corner of her eye. She stares straight ahead. She won't look at him.

Harry gets out of his car, he hears Simmons lock her doors. He heads into the office.

74 INT. HARRY'S CUBICLE - MORNING 74

Harry sits at his desk. No one will sit within ten feet of him. Previously occupied cubicles are empty. A zone of exclusion.

The meeting room is being turned into a make-shift incident room. Harry watches as Francis and Kate confer in silence. White boards are filled in. Large photos from the crime scenes are pinned up.

Simmons enters the room. Harry watches on as they discuss.

Simmons glances over at him, they all do.

After a beat the blinds are drawn on the room. Harry's locked out. He stares at his empty screen, penned in by his crime scene photographs.

DIANE ALDER

Harry?

He doesn't look round, doesn't answer her.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

You never came.

She steps into his cubicle. He remains a statue. Diane stands for a beat, but it's obvious to her there's no way to him. Not now.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)

I'll be here, if you feel differently.

75 INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - DAY 75

Simmons is slaving away at a desk on the opposite side of the office to Harry's. The Melanie Leah and Emily Kinsella case files lie on her table. She's listening to Melanie's death.

Getty walks in, he taps her on the shoulder and plonks himself down next to her. He's a different person with her, softer, gentle.

Simmons is confused, she looks around edgily.

SIMMONS  
(sotto)  
What?

Getty brandishes an office memo.

GETTY  
I've been asked to provide details of my whereabouts on the nights of the murders...

SIMMONS  
So?

GETTY  
I don't have any witnesses for the second.

Simmons looks at him, urging him on.

SIMMONS  
Can you get to the point, before people see?

GETTY  
I don't have an alibi for the second... And you are my alibi for the first.

Simmons bites her lip.

SIMMONS  
Oh.

GETTY  
I know you don't want Reynolds to know, but well I don't want to be-

SIMMONS  
Suspected of murder. Yeah.

Getty nods. Simmons doesn't say anything.

GETTY  
I guess I could just say I was alone for both. I mean, they can't really suspect one of us.

Simmons grows very grave.

SIMMONS  
They don't suspect you.

Getty laughs.

GETTY  
I should hope not.

Simmons hushes him.

SIMMONS  
They do have a person in mind.

Getty stares at her in disbelief.

GETTY  
One of us?

Simmons nods.

GETTY (CONT'D)  
You're messing with me... Who?

Simmons shakes her head, she's said enough.

GETTY (CONT'D)  
We're not just talking murder we're  
talking torture... then listening  
to it again. None of us even want  
to listen to these things once...  
No one here is capable of that.

Simmons isn't listening. He puts his hand on her arm.

GETTY (CONT'D)  
None of us are killers.

She doesn't pay him any attention. He sits looking at her for  
a long time. He swishes the memo through the air.

GETTY (CONT'D)  
I have to answer this today...

Simmons turns to him.

SIMMONS  
Speak to Francis. He's heading the  
investigation, he's the only one  
that has to know where you were.

76 INT. DIANE ALDER'S HOUSE - EVENING

76

A beautiful open-plan minimalist place, calming, with lots of  
plants.

Diane sits at her kitchen table reading, Francis is by the  
sofa not really watching the TV.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I spoke to Getty.

Diane makes a little noise, she's not listening.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Him and Simmons.

DIANE ALDER  
Saw that a month ago.

Francis laughs, he watches her, picking his moment. She turns the page.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
What do you think of Orwell?

Diane looks up.

DIANE ALDER  
I don't think he's seeing anyone.

She goes back to her book. Francis is still watching her.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Not that, what do you think of him?

DIANE ALDER  
He's pleasant. Quiet.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Are you worried about him?

She closes her book.

DIANE ALDER  
I can't and won't discuss him with you.

She walks over to the sink and busies herself with dishes.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
If you had to pick one of us. One of the team who could do that... who would it be?

Diane doesn't answer him.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Who'd fit that profile?

DIANE ALDER  
I don't put any stock in profiles.

Francis purses his lips. He looks a little petulant.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Who could do something like that?

Diane continues to wash.

DIANE ALDER  
Anyone is capable of atrocities.

Francis sits forward, he chooses his words carefully.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Has anyone ever brought anything up  
with you... in a session?

Diane turns to him, she's not pleased.

DIANE ALDER  
I am sure you are not asking me to  
break patient-doctor  
confidentiality.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Not in an official way.

Diane grows very quiet.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Diane.

DIANE ALDER  
Get out.

Francis grows frustrated.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
What?

DIANE ALDER  
If you are not going to stop  
questioning me you have to leave.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I'm trying to stop someone getting  
killed. Commander Mason is on me  
for updates and there's nothing.

DIANE ALDER  
You are so out of line, asking me-

FRANCIS MALLORY  
To help me catch a murderer. How  
dare I.

Francis walks out.

77 EXT. HARRY'S FLAT - EVENING

77

Harry arrives home from work, he's dead tired. He downs the  
rest of his energy drink and gets out of the car.

A blue sedan catches his eye. Two men sit in the front, their  
eyes follow him.

One of them is the Sergeant from his first interview. He's being watched.

78 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - EVENING 78

Harry gets in and shuts the door, he locks it. He's caged. He turns the TV on loud.

He sits alone. He looks scared.

79 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - MORNING 79

Early morning cartoons blare from the TV. Harry's eyes are open but he doesn't look with it.

Francis is standing in his apartment.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
(Over the TV)  
Harry!

Harry comes to, he stares at Francis confused. Francis turns off the TV.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Bloody hell.

Harry is still confused.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Would you consider locking your door? I know I would sleep a lot better...

HARRY ORWELL  
Have I to go in?

Francis mutes the TV.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I've been calling you.

HARRY ORWELL  
What's happened?

Francis puts the kettle on to boil.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Nothing yet.

HARRY ORWELL  
There's a surveillance team watching me.

Francis frowns.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Yeah, I heard about that. They  
weren't here long...

HARRY ORWELL  
Kate?

FRANCIS MALLORY  
You wouldn't want to be on her bad  
side.

Francis puts a cup of coffee in Harry's hand.

HARRY ORWELL  
What are you doing here?

Francis sits down opposite him. He pulls out the case files.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
You're in this with me.

HARRY ORWELL  
I'm a suspect.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
(warmly)  
Who isn't?

Harry smiles, it's a relief to be treated normally.

80 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - MORNING

80

Getty reverses his car into a space. Simmons is sitting in the passenger seat, she's wearing the same clothes as yesterday.

SIMMONS  
I'll go first, you wait a few  
minutes and follow.

Getty smiles at her.

GETTY  
(Only half joking)  
You have a way of making me feel  
very used.

Simmons smiles playfully.

She pops open the door, then quickly catches Francis and Harry walking in together. She stalls in her seat, watching them go.

SIMMONS  
(serious)  
Why is Francis with Orwell?

Getty clocks them as they disappear through the door.

GETTY  
Why wouldn't he be?

Simmons turns to him.

SIMMONS  
Orwell is...

GETTY  
That's who you suspect?!

Getty laughs.

GETTY (CONT'D)  
No way.

SIMMONS  
They've got me checking over  
everything he's done on this case.

GETTY  
Orwell isn't the guy. Look at him,  
he's built like the side of a  
fiver.

Getty laughs again.

SIMMONS  
He gives off something, he gives me  
the creeps.

Getty isn't really pay attention, he looks at her watch.

GETTY  
If you don't leave now, I'm going  
to be late.

He leans over to kiss her, she's gone before he can get  
there.

81

INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - EVENING

81

The meeting room has become a make shift incident room. Time-  
lines of Melanie and Emily's last days cover white boards  
Gruesome photos adorn the walls.

Francis and Harry sit round a table, they are pouring over  
the files.

A tap at the door draws them both out. Diane hovers on the  
other side of the glass.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Give me a minute.

Harry watches them through the blinds. Now he knows they're not strictly professional he picks up the little moments of intimacy between them. Her hand brushing his arm; how close together they stand, the way they mirror each other.

Harry smiles sadly.

Diane catches Harry's eye. She tenses slightly. They break apart. Francis comes back inside, he sits down.

HARRY ORWELL  
You're lucky.

Francis considers lying.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
(changing the subject.)  
We need a break. A pint.

HARRY ORWELL  
I'm not drinking.

Francis throws Harry his coat.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
(playful)  
Shut up.

HARRY ORWELL  
I can't.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Just the one.

Harry smiles.

82 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

82

Harry and Francis cuts their way across the car park. A figure is running after them.

SIMMONS  
Francis!

She's catching up to them when she spots Harry. She slows.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
What is it?

Simmons catches her breath.

SIMMONS  
(cautiously)  
It's about...

Her eyes dart to Harry, he infers her meaning.

HARRY ORWELL

I'll get us a table.

Harry continues through the carpark, Simmons waits from him to be out of earshot.

SIMMONS

I've got something... well, I think I have.

Francis moves closer to her, willing her on.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

I'm not one hundred percent-

FRANCIS MALLORY

(serious)

Simmons, what is it?

SIMMONS

I think there's a vibration. A phone call, during the second murder... And well, I can pinpoint the exact time of the call. We just need to get Orwell's phone records.

FRANCIS MALLORY

A phone vibration. That's a tricky pick up. It could be anything. It could be the motor in the fridge...

Simmons gets a burst of confidence.

SIMMONS

It's a repeating pattern... I'm sure it's a phone. I'll clean it right up, take out the background noise where I can.

Francis smiles approvingly.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Right. I'll come find you after I get a bite.

Simmons smiles, she strides back towards the office.

83

INT. PATRICK'S BAR BOOTH - NIGHT

83

A bright little Irish bar, lots of green and orange. A massive mural on the wall depicts St Patrick driving away snakes. Empty whisky bottles and broken fiddles line the shelves that tower up behind the bar. It's not a police bar, and the regulars don't look too pleased with the sudden intrusion of officers dotted around.

Francis and Harry are jammed into a booth picking at the last remnants on their plates. A few of empty pint glasses dot the table in front of Harry.

Familiar faces come in from the rain: Diane and Getty. Francis lights up, he waves them over.

They cram past the regulars and jam into the booth.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Well how was your first shrink  
session?

Getty mock grimaces.

GETTY  
Allegedly I have authority  
issues... and I use humour to mask  
my pain.

Francis laughs. Diane smiles.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Humour? I've never seen you be  
funny once.

Getty pushes Francis playfully. Diane goes to the bar. Francis and Harry watch her go.

GETTY  
It's not The Speakeasy, that's for  
sure.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Jesus, give it a chance.

GETTY  
I am, it's just an awful shame.  
That was a great pub...

Harry looks a little disgusted. He slips past Getty and heads for the bar.

84 INT. PATRICK'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

84

The barman is busy looking at his phone. Diane waits patiently to be served. Harry approaches the bar, it's so little he has no option but to stand next to her.

No pleasantries are exchanged, both look unhappy in the silence.

After a beat Diane caves.

DIANE ALDER  
 (sotto)  
 You really shouldn't drink with  
 those tablets... You could-

Harry walks away.

DIANE ALDER (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Black out.

85 INT. PATRICK'S BAR BOOTH - CONTINUOUS 85

Harry walks back to the booth, he extracts his coat from under his colleagues. Francis looks at him questioningly.

HARRY ORWELL  
 I'm going to head back over.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 Stay and have another.

Harry shakes his head.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
 Let's call it a day, it's after  
 nine.

Harry finally frees his coat.

HARRY ORWELL  
 I'll do another hour.

He's gone before Diane gets back to the table with their drinks.

86 INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 86

Harry walks back through the dark and practically empty office.

87 INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 87

He pushes the door open.

Simmons jumps, positively startled. She stares at him, eyes wide. Harry can tell she's afraid.

HARRY ORWELL  
 Sorry.

She doesn't say anything, her eyes long for the door.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
 I just wanted to press on.

SIMMONS  
 (a hint of fear)  
 Did Francis say anything to you-

HARRY ORWELL  
 (Quickly)  
 No.

SIMMONS  
 -about when he'll be back?

HARRY ORWELL  
 I don't know if he will.

Simmons gets up and heads straight for the door.

88 INT. PATRICK'S BAR BOOTH - NIGHT

88

Francis' phone buzzes on the table, it's unnoticed by them as they chat away. Diane sits close to Francis, the empty glasses on the table have grown in number. All are quite drunk.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 Stop going on about The Speakeasy.  
 It's morbid.

GETTY  
 At least we had a good last night  
 there!

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 Getty, a girl died.

GETTY  
 Well not that bit obviously. And my  
 morning was almost as bad as hers.

Francis looks incredulous.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 You are sick. You need some  
 professional help.

Getty turns to Diane, he winks at her.

GETTY  
 I would say I don't need your help,  
 but you'd only tell me I am wrong.

DIANE ALDER  
 You are wrong.

Francis howls.

GETTY

I needed help that night! When I got home I fell asleep in the bloody shower.

Diane snorts with laughter, she instantly chastises herself.

GETTY (CONT'D)

That's not even the worst of it. I must of shifted in my sleep and my fat arse plugged up the drain... I flooded my bloody bathroom!

Diane and Francis can't help but laugh.

FRANCIS MALLORY

The human plug.

GETTY

Well there is enough of me!

They laugh again.

GETTY (CONT'D)

Christ knows how you got me into a taxi that night.

Diane and Getty are still laughing. Francis isn't.

DIANE ALDER

(laughing)

God, how many people did you put in taxis that night?

Francis has sobered.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Just the one.

Diane and Getty don't sense the weight of this.

89

EXT. PATRICK'S BAR - LATER

89

A sober Francis helps Diane and Getty out of the bar. He looks for taxi's.

A voicemail beeps on his phone. He drifts a little bit away from them and listens.

SIMMONS (TELEPHONE)

Francis, it's Simmons I'm sure this is a ring-tone, or a vibration-tone. I've cleaned it all up and I've got the recording. I was going to leave it for you but Harry is in...

Diane has flagged down two taxis. Getty is in and away.

DIANE ALDER

Francis.

He turns his back on her, engrossed in the message.

SIMMONS (TELEPHONE)

I'll take it with me. I'm not going to wait. I don't want to be alone with him. Okay.

Francis jogs over to the Taxi, Diane is already inside.

DIANE ALDER

Hurry up.

FRANCIS MALLORY

I've got to go back over and check on something.

Diane moves back towards the door.

DIANE ALDER

I'll come.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Don't be daft.

DIANE ALDER

Don't be long.

Francis closes the door and watches until she disappears.

90 INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

90

Francis walks through the deserted department. Simmons is gone.

He pushes the door to the meeting room open.

Harry is gone too.

He calls Harry's mobile. It rings out.

91 INT. HARRY'S DREAM - NIGHT

91

Everything looks familiar, it's a fusion of the crime scenes. It's incredibly real, everything is here. It doesn't feel imagined, it is recalled in perfect detail.

Somewhere a phone is ringing, but Harry has no intention of answering it.

He's too busy trying to make Melanie to stop screaming. His hands clamping on her mouth. But she won't.

He tries shaking her but she's resolute. Before he knows it his hands are round her throat.

The soft chime of glasses and a bottle hitting the counter.

Harry looks up to see Emily holding a bottle of nice whisky.

EMILY

I swiped a bottle of the stuff you liked.

He moves towards her, taking in every detail of her expression as she makes a little gasp. He can feel the knife in his hand, he knows she's seen it.

The glasses smash on the floor. He can smell the whisky, it's like disinfectant.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Get away.

Melanie scream again. It confuses and terrifies Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

GET OUT NOW!

Harry is inches from her, she kicks him hard. He chokes out a breath, as she dashes by him.

She's almost at the front door, he turns and advances on her, his eyes wild.

He hears the squeak of the handle, the creek of the hinges, sees the hallway through the gap-

EMILY (CONT'D)

HELP!

He slams her into the door and shuts it. She thrashes around trying to break his hold. He throws her clean across the table. She slides into the broken glass.

Melanie screams again. Harry looks at her, lying prostrate and empty-eyed on the sofa, her throat seeping red everywhere. She still screams.

Emily slams into Harry, she catches him off guard. She lands a few punches. Harry can hear the whipping of her clothes as her arms flail. She goes for his eyes, trying to scratch and gouge. He pushes her away but she keeps coming.

He kicks her, a heavy boot to the abdomen. She drops quickly.

He kicks again and again. His savagery given free reign.

Melanie screams again as he pushes his knee onto Emily's chest.

She gasps for breath beneath him. There's a glint in his eye, he feels powerful, he enjoys this.

Harry pulls out his knife.

Emily claws in a breath. She howls, a primal terrified scream. Her eyes don't look at the blade, they look into his. Harry sighs contentedly. He wanted this.

He clicks the knife open.

Emily thrashes, squirms and screams under him.

Melanie screams again.

The knife slips into her throat. Blood flows out it pools along her clavicle, it swirls around a necklace, a little gold 'E' is drowned in blood.

He watches as Emily's eyes slow, settling into emptiness.

Harry pushes off the corpse, he sits and looks at the two girls, necks scarlet and dripping, as they gaze towards the ceiling.

The silence is wonderful.

They both draw in ragged breaths.

They scream.

92 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - MORNING

92

Harry's fully clothed on his sofa, his shoes are even still on. The plaster has come off of his chin. The cut underneath looks infected.

His phone is ringing, he reaches for it just as it cuts off. He checks the screen - 13 missed calls.

93 EXT. BAYSWATER FLAT - MORNING

93

Green and leafy, the white stucco buildings reflect the blue flashing lights that line the street. The windows are alive. Neighbours watch on, enrapt.

Harry pulls up and abandons his car in the street. He hasn't changed. He walks straight to the front door.

All eyes are on him.

He passes Getty sitting on the stoop, his head in his hands, utterly distraught.

He goes for the door way when Edwards comes out. She looks at him with pure hate. He side steps her and moves inside.

94 INT. BAYSWATER FLAT - CONTINUOUS

94

A youthful flat. Living greens line the windows, bright colours pop on the white walls. A large photo of Simmons with her family beams out from the wall.

It's full of people, camera's flash, before Harry can cross the threshold he's handed a bunny suit and boot covers.

Harry dons the suit and heads inside: Furniture is knocked around; Blood darkens on the floor. Harry makes his way over to Erland and Graham. They're standing above Simmons.

She lies on the ground. Throat slit. Blood is drying along her clavicle, The necklace she's wearing is swimming in red. The 'E' necklace.

Harry reels.

It's a beat before he notices Francis, looking at him. Watching him.

Francis walks up to Harry, he grabs him by the arm and drags him outside.

95 EXT. BAYSWATER FLAT - CONTINUOUS

95

Francis tows Harry away from the crowd of police.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Where were you?

HARRY ORWELL  
Home.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I called you.

HARRY ORWELL  
I was sleeping.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I called you last night, I came back to the office, you weren't there, I called you.

HARRY ORWELL  
I went home, I crashed out.

Francis is staring at Harry, there's an edge to him.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
I was at home.

Francis doesn't seem appeased. He storms away.

96 INT. KATE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

96

Kate sits behind her desk, she's pale. She isn't doing any work, just staring out into the office.

FRANCIS MALLORY

She told me she thought she had something. Something I had missed on the recordings.

KATE REYNOLDS

What?

FRANCIS MALLORY

I don't know exactly... But when she approached me I was with Harry... He knew she was looking into his work. She told me on the phone she was taking whatever she found home... They haven't found anything at the scene.

Kate doesn't say anything.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

She was gagged. They said she was gagged. Someone didn't want her speaking.

Kate's a million miles away.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

Kate?

She stands.

KATE REYNOLDS

I have to go down. They're expecting us at three-thirty.

97 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - AFTERNOON

97

A throng of reporters have gathered at the entrance. Helen Templeton is at the front. A general hubbub goes through the crowd. Francis stands to the side, not wanting to get involved.

They erupt when the front doors open. Kate and Edwards step out, flanking Supt Mason, who's just shy of enjoying this.

SUPT MASON

It is with great regret that I now confirm the body discovered in Bayswater this morning was that of Detective Inspector Elizabeth Simmons.

Questions are shouted at him but none can be clearly made out.

SUPT MASON (CONT'D)  
 Questions will not be addressed  
 until after my statement.

The questions die down. Mason continues.

SUPT MASON (CONT'D)  
 I can also confirm that evidence  
 discovered at the scene links  
 Detective Simmons' murder to two  
 others. Melanie Leah, and Emily  
 Kinsella.

The reporters shout again, a barrage of questions assaults them.

SUPT MASON (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting over them)  
 As this is an on-going  
 investigation certain details will  
 be withheld. I will pass you over  
 to the officer in charge of the  
 investigation. D.C.I. Edwards, who  
 will be taking questions.

Mason retires back. Edwards can barely make it to the podium before the questions are screamed at her.

REPORTER  
 Are these murders the work of one  
 person?

EDWARDS  
 Yes.

A symphony of shouts. She points at another reporter.

REPORTER 2  
 ....Serial killer?

EDWARDS  
 I'm sorry I can't hear you.

REPORTER 2  
 (shouting)  
 Are you hunting a serial killer?

EDWARDS  
 We are looking for only one suspect  
 at the moment.

REPORTER 2  
 So a serial killer?

EDWARDS  
One question each.

Edwards points at another reporter.

REPORTER 3  
Yes or no, are you hunting a serial  
killer?

EDWARDS  
Yes.

Edwards looks uncomfortable as camera flashes burst around her.

REPORTER 4  
Are people in danger?

EDWARDS  
The Metropolitan Police are working  
round the clock to catch the  
killer, and keep people safe.

The reporters don't seem to be growing any quieter. Edwards looks through the crowd, she points at another reporter, a hapless looking young woman: Helen.

HELEN TEMPLETON  
Can you confirm reports that one of  
your own officers is the primary  
suspect?

A hush falls through the crowd.

Edwards glances at Kate. They've been caught off guard.

EDWARDS  
I cannot comment on this aspect of  
the case.

HELEN TEMPLETON  
Can you confirm that the AMP  
technology has been involved in the  
killings?

The reporters go into a frenzy.

EDWARDS  
One question only.

Edwards points at another reporter.

REPORTER 6  
Her question.

Edwards points to yet another reporter.

REPORTER 7

Is the police AMP being used by the killer?

Edwards stares at the crowd.

EDWARDS

I'm afraid we don't have any more information for you at present.

The reporters continue to shout. Edwards and Kate retreat inside.

INT. BAYSWATER FLAT - EVENING

Simmons' flat has emptied. Only Harry and a few SOCOs are still around. Harry looks exhausted.

The AMP is all set up around the blood stain. Harry sits next to the control panel. Through his headphones all he can hear is screams. Emily's and Melanie's.

A muffled gagging, and sobs. He knows they belong to Simmons.

He pushes pause, slumping under the weight of himself.

A SOCO with a camera hovers by the door.

SOCO

Are you going to be much longer?

Harry glares at the Soco.

HARRY ORWELL

I'll be here as long as she was.

Soco shifts awkwardly.

SOCO

Don't suppose I can get an estimate.

Harry stands, he feels his blood boiling.

HARRY ORWELL

I don't know how much longer it will be, he's still torturing her.

Harry is right up in the guy's face.

SOCO

Sorry.

Harry sees the fear in the Soco's eyes. It sobers him.

HARRY ORWELL

Go ahead.

Harry walks away.

98 INT. BAYSWATER FLAT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 98

Harry walks into the bathroom, trying to get away from the flashing camera. He moves to splash water on his face. He stops himself when he see's the blood stains on the sink.

The killer cleaned himself off here.

Harry stares at it for a long moment. He shakes it off and heads for the door, something on the ground in the corner catches his eye.

A plaster.

Harry's hand instinctively goes to his chin. He feels nothing but scab.

Harry stares at the plaster in disbelief.

His plaster.

He reaches for it when the door swings open, Soco steps in.

SOCO  
Just in here, then I'm out of your  
hair.

Harry stands dumbfounded as Soco snaps away. He snaps the area the plaster is in. Harry stands perfectly still.

SOCO (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

He walks out of the bathroom. Harry moves over to the plaster. He picks it up.

He catches himself in the mirror. He looks guilty.

99 INT. BAYSWATER FLAT - MOMENTS LATER 99

Harry walks out of the bathroom, he's shell shocked. The plaster is in his hand.

Francis stands in the living room next to Harry's AMP.

Harry's fist closes on the plaster. Francis stares at him.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Are you finished?

Harry can't quite get words out.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Where's the hard drive? I want to  
analyse it myself.

HARRY ORWELL  
Not yet. It's long... *He* took his  
time.

Francis can see Harry isn't doing well.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
What is it?

HARRY ORWELL  
Nothing.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Did you hear something?

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY ORWELL  
I need a break.

Harry starts to pack up his AMP.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
(incredulous)  
What?

Harry is having trouble packing up, he can't open his hand  
without revealing the plaster.

HARRY ORWELL  
I'll get the rest tomorrow.

Francis moves to stop him.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Leave your AMP and take mine. I'll  
do the rest of the recording.

Harry collects Francis' AMP with his free hand. He heads for  
the door.

Francis follows him out.

100 EXT. BAYSWATER FLAT - CONTINUOUS

100

Harry heads towards his car, he can feel Francis watching  
him. He opens the boot and slides in the AMP. As he gets in  
the car he opens the glove box. He drops the plaster in it.

Francis watches Harry from the front door and Harry drives  
off.

101 INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - EARLY MORNING 101

It's the small hours and the office is deserted save for Francis.

He sits at his desk listening to Simmons' murder. It's a symphony of screams.

Francis eyes are drawn over to Diane's office door.

He leaves Simmons' sobbing and walks towards the door.

He produces a key, opens it and goes inside.

102 INT. DIANE ALDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 102

The desk lamp is the only light source. An AMP is all set up, ready to listen.

Francis sits behind Diane's desk going through her diary.

He finally finds what he's looking for: Harry's last appointment - 9am Wednesday 15th.

Francis walks over to his machine. He starts rewinding, as fast as it can go.

The hours drop away, the date turns back to 15. The clock goes to 9 am. Francis hits play.

DIANE ALDER (AMP)  
-ession.

HARRY ORWELL (AMP)  
A milestone.

DIANE ALDER (AMP)  
So what do you want to talk about?

HARRY ORWELL (AMP)  
It's daft.

Francis listens hard, willing a confession.

HARRY ORWELL (AMP) (CONT'D)  
I lied before... when I said I  
wasn't having nightmares.

103 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - NIGHT 103

The TV blares, and all the lights are on. Every effort has been made to make this place hostile to sleep. Harry sits in an uncomfortable chair, he stares at the screen.

104 INT. KATE'S OFFICE - MORNING

104

The morning light cuts through the blinds, Kate enters and walks to her desk. She stops dead when she spots Francis, waiting for her.

FRANCIS MALLORY

I need you to listen to this.

There is a seriousness to him that makes her comply without question. She sits and pulls on headphones. Francis hits play.

DIANE (AMP)

-playing out this moment, trying to make sense of it. Trying to make sense of your feelings of inaction...

Kate looks at Francis confused.

DIANE ALDER (AMP)

It's a stress response to what you have to deal with daily.

HARRY ORWELL (AMP)

I dreamed the girl was Emily, the bartender.

DIANE ALDER (AMP)

You're subconscious adapting to new information.

HARRY ORWELL (AMP)

I dreamed it was her, before she was killed.

Kate pulls off her headphones.

KATE REYNOLDS

What is this?

FRANCIS MALLORY

Orwell's sessions with Doctor Alder.

Kate is livid.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

Kate, he dreamed of killing Emily Kinsella before she was murdered.

KATE REYNOLDS

(disbelief)

You listened to private sessions with a psychologist...

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Diane records them on tape.

KATE REYNOLDS  
Jesus Christ, and she just lets you listen? You have to come off of the investigation.

Francis stands.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
You won't even consider him!

Kate grows stern.

KATE REYNOLDS  
Detective-

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Kate, I don't want to believe either, but how much longer can we deny the evidence.

KATE REYNOLDS  
Detective Mallory. Go home.

Francis stares at her, he's livid. But he can see she won't budge.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I haven't done anything wrong.

KATE REYNOLDS  
I'm afraid you actually believe that.

105 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - MORNING

105

Harry, zombie-like, but still awake is sitting in front of the TV. His phone rings - Kate. He looks for the remote and mutes the TV.

HARRY ORWELL  
Hi.

KATE REYNOLDS (V.O.)  
I need to put you on leave.

Harry stares at the silent TV screen.

HARRY ORWELL  
Right.

106 INT. KATE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

106

KATE REYNOLDS  
Just until we can clear this up.

HARRY ORWELL (V.O.)  
Of course.

Kate can hear his fear.

KATE REYNOLDS  
I'm sorry I got you into this.

HARRY ORWELL (V.O.)  
I was the one that asked for the job.

KATE REYNOLDS  
I will make it right, I will get you cleared and re-instated.

Harry doesn't reply.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Are you still there?

HARRY ORWELL (V.O.)  
Yeah.

KATE REYNOLDS  
Are you okay?

HARRY ORWELL (V.O.)  
Yeah.

KATE REYNOLDS  
I'm sorry.

He's gone before she can say anything else. Kate sits down the phone.

She pulls on her headphones and hits play.

DIANE ALDER (AMP)  
Tell me about the most recent one?

HARRY ORWELL  
I'm sitting on a couch or I'm waiting. And a girl, Melanie Leah, she a victim from a case of mine.

Kate looks ill.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
She's there. And she's attacked. And I can't stop...

107 INT. AUDIO FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - DAY

107

Francis gathers up the files on his desk. A photo of Simmons stares up at him. He stares down at it.

Francis quickly flips the photo, as Getty's voice breaks a little.

GETTY

Have you listened to it?

Francis shakes his head sadly.

FRANCIS MALLORY

We've not finished collecting it.

Francis puts his hand on Getty's shoulder, Getty is crumbling.

GETTY

(breaking, horrified.)

Is it long?

FRANCIS MALLORY

When we have it, you can do what ever you want.

Getty stares up at Francis.

GETTY

I don't ever want to hear it. It will ruin her.

Francis reaches into Getty's jacket pocket. He pulls out Getty's car keys.

Getty grabs Francis' arm, he's incredibly strong.

GETTY (CONT'D)

She thought Orwell was the killer... Do you?

FRANCIS MALLORY

Go home. Sober up.

Getty lets him go.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

108 INT. COMMANDER MASON'S OFFICE RECEPTION - AFTERNOON

108

A grand and regal reception room. Tall windows and marble floors.

A uniformed RECEPTIONIST is busy on the phone. Francis sits in a waiting chair. He's growing impatient.

Receptionist, 20s brunette, pretty, finishes her call and Francis leaps at the chance.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Do you know how much longer?

She looks at him haughtily.

RECEPTIONIST  
No. If you had an appointment, I would.

Francis stares at the her darkly. He sits back down.

The doors open, Commander Mason arrives back from lunch.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Sir, I have a couple of telephone calls you need to return.

Mason spots Francis, he sighs.

SUPT MASON  
Mallory.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Hello Sir. I wondered if I might speak with you.

RECEPTIONIST  
The calls are urgent sir.

Francis stares at the girl with malice.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I'll be brief.

Mason beacons Francis to follow him.

109 INT. COMMANDER MASON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

109

A grand office that puts Kate's to shame. An expanse of desk sits in the middle of the room. Three massive windows flood it with light. It's the kind of room the Empire was planned in.

Francis waits for Mason to sit before he begins.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I'm sorry to take up time unscheduled like this-

MASON  
Get on with it, suspects? Have you got someone in custody?

FRANCIS MALLORY  
No, well, We've hit a bit of a roadblock. Sir, it's with my superior.

Mason smiles, there's malice in it.

MASON  
What about her?

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I am concerned that she isn't capable of being objective with regards to the recent murders... Evidence is mounting up against a suspect. She refuses to see reason.

Mason laughs, it's a little forced.

MASON  
Are you here to make a formal complaint?

Francis shakes his head.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
No, sir. Nothing formal. It's just that last time I was in the room with both of you, you mentioned a *régime change*...

Mason eyes up Francis, carefully evaluating him.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
I wondered how I might earn my spot in the new world order.

MASON  
Reynolds has firm supporters. And to be frank, you have bigger things to worry about than who your boss is.

Francis looks worried, he's played his hand and has nothing else.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I understand sir, it's just. Three women have been killed. One of them was my friend. And I can't investigate. I've been removed from the case by her, because she doesn't like where the evidence points.

MASON  
What do you want from me?

Francis chooses carefully.

FRANCIS MALLORY

I was hoping for your guidance...  
How could I be reinstated on the  
case?

MASON

Look for support outside of your  
department.

Francis beams, it is exactly what he wanted to hear.

MASON (CONT'D)

Have someone from homicide approach  
me with a request. I'll push it  
through.

110 INT. DIANE ALDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

110

Diane sits at the kitchen table, trying to read, but the  
sound of her buzzer keeps cutting through the flat.

She grits her teeth and ignores it.

It buzzes again, for longer this time. It's driving her to  
distraction.

She stands and walks to the handset. It buzzes constantly.  
About to rip it off of the wall when it stops. The silence  
washes over her. The aggression fades out of her with a deep  
exhale.

She walks back to the table.

The phone rings.

Her anger rises again, but she ignores it's incessant  
ringing. It clicks over on to answer machine.

DIANE ALDER (TELEPHONE)

You're through to Diane, sorry I  
can't speak right now, please leave  
a message.

Diane turns the page refusing to let the machine steal her  
concentration.

FRANCIS MALLORY (TELEPHONE)

Di... Please speak to me. I know  
you're in. I can see your shadow on  
the blinds... just speak to me...

Diane can't help but be drawn in.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
 I'm worried. I'm worried something  
 is going to happen to you. I don't  
 what I would do if anything  
 happened to you... I just want to  
 explain, I'll leave you alone  
 after, just please let me in.

She walks over to the door, she buzzes him in.

She listens as he bounds up the stairs.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
 (out of breath)  
 Thanks.

DIANE ALDER  
 You broke into my office.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 It was open.

Diane walks away from him, she's angry.

DIANE ALDER  
 It wasn't. You've destroyed any  
 trust I had with the whole  
 department.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 Nobody has to know.

DIANE ALDER  
 Of course they do.

Francis follows her.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 I'm not sorry.

Diane wheels round, she's livid.

DIANE ALDER  
 That's the worst of it. You don't  
 think you've done anything wrong.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
 I'm trying to stop people getting  
 murdered. If I had of listened  
 before Simmons, I would never of  
 left her alone with him.

Diane pales a little at the 'him'

DIANE ALDER  
 You don't know-

Francis grabs her arms.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
No I don't, but tell me he's  
incapable of *that*.

She can't.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
I need you to talk to Kate. Tell  
her to just consider it. She'll  
listen to you.

Diane pushes him away.

DIANE ALDER  
She won't.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
It's only going to get worse. You  
need to do this.

Diane won't look at him.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
You'd be helping him too you  
know...

Diane won't budge, Francis heads for the door, disappointed.

DIANE ALDER  
Where are you going?

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Where do you think?

111 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - NIGHT 111

Harry's head is drooping, he's nodding off. Empty energy  
drinks lie everywhere. Suddenly he comes too. He stands,  
clumsy on his feet from the lack of sleep.

He puts his head under the kitchen tap.

112 EXT. HARRY'S FLAT - NIGHT 112

Francis's car sits with the lights out. Francis is watching  
Harry's front door.

The sound system plays Harry's therapy sessions.

DIANE ALDER  
Tell me about the most recent one?

HARRY ORWELL  
I'm sitting on a couch or I'm  
waiting.

(MORE)

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)

And a girl, Melanie Leah, she's a  
victim from a case of mine...  
She's there. And she's attacked.  
And I can't stop.

113 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICES - DAY

113

The office is a buzz. Francis enters and spots Edwards. She looks older, stressed, as she collects files from the wall.

FRANCIS MALLORY

We need to speak.

EDWARDS

I'm not touching anything from your  
department with a twenty foot pole.  
The investigations are separate.

FRANCIS MALLORY

It's not from my department...

Edwards is intrigued, she drops the folders on her desk, and waits for what Francis has to say.

EDWARDS

I've not got time to waste.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Somewhere private.

114 INT. SCOTLAND YARD CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

114

Edwards struggles with a coffee vending machine as Francis looks around anxiously.

EDWARDS

What is it?

FRANCIS MALLORY

Is this your idea of private?

EDWARDS

The coffee is terrible, no one  
comes down here.

Francis has another scan.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Mallory, for fuck's sake.

FRANCIS MALLORY

What if I made a mistake on my  
earlier testimony?

EDWARDS

What mistake?

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I'm not sure I put Orwell in a  
taxi.

Edwards forgets the rotten coffee, she concentrates on Francis.

EDWARDS  
How are you not sure?

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I was, until the other night, Getty  
told me I put him in a taxi...

EDWARDS  
You need to recant your statement.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I want on the case.

EDWARDS  
Not a chance.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I'm not sure, and I'm not going to  
blindly hand him over to you. You  
just want to close it.

She can't deny it.

EDWARDS  
Recant your statement.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Not without a place on the  
investigation.

Edwards is frustrated.

EDWARDS  
To give your pal a fair shot; or to  
get your name in the paper?

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Fuck you.

Francis walks away.

EDWARDS  
Wait, I'll speak to Mason. But I  
can't make any promises. In the  
mean time recant so I can hold him.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I need to be sure.

115 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - DAY

115

Harry paces his flat, the blinds are drawn and all the lights are on. Music plays in every room, the TV is on full volume. It is a mess of sound.

Out of the corner of his eye he catches sight of Simmons. She's lying dead on the floor.

When he turns to look at her she's gone.

Amidst the sound his phone is going; ringing on the table.

Harry pick it up, the sound drowns out the caller.

He can't find the remote, he pulls the plugs - silence. He sits.

HARRY ORWELL

Yeah?

KATE REYNOLDS (TELEPHONE)

Just checking in.

Harry looks around, he spots a clock, it's 4 am.

HARRY ORWELL

Why are you calling so late?

Kate's pause filters down the line.

KATE REYNOLDS (TELEPHONE)

Harry, it's the afternoon.

Harry looks back at the clock, he stares at the light gapping through the blinds. It makes sense.

KATE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

I'll come by after work, get food?

Harry's eyes dart wild, he's afraid.

HARRY ORWELL

(quickly)

No. I don't want to go out.

KATE REYNOLDS

I'll bring something.

Emily's body lies by his foot. He blinks it away.

HARRY ORWELL

I don't want anyone here.

Sitting is making him drift.

KATE REYNOLDS

I'm trying-

HARRY ORWELL  
I know. I've got go.

KATE REYNOLDS  
Call me later.

Harry hangs up and pulls open his blinds. Light floods the room. Outside he can see Francis' car.

Harry walks away from the window. He's getting so heavy. He forces his eyes open. He walks to the bathroom and runs the shower.

116 I/E. FRANCIS' CAR - HARRY'S FLAT - EVENING 116

It's growing dark, Francis stares through the ever building condensation on his car windows. Harry's lights are on.

Francis' eyes strain in the twilight as he looks at the crime scene photos from Simmons' house.

He thumbs through them and reaches the ones from the bathroom. He stalls over one: in the mirror he can see the reflection of Harry; staring at the ground.

Francis sorts out the other bathroom photos. In all of them Harry is staring at the same spot. Francis turns on the interior light, he pours over the bathroom photos.

He stops. He's found it.

Francis looks at the photograph, in it you can clearly see a plaster.

He looks up at Harry's flat. There's triumph on his face. He starts his engine, he pulls away.

117 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICES - MORNING 117

Edwards drags herself into the office, a massive cup of coffee in hand.

Francis is already there, waiting for her.

EDWARDS  
Tell me you're recanting.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Better.

He pulls out the crime scene photograph of the bathroom.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Have that plaster analysed asap,  
it'll have his DNA on it. It will  
place him at the scene.

Edwards looks at the photograph.

EDWARDS  
There was no plaster.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
What?

EDWARDS  
I've been through the evidence  
logs, no plasters, nothing like  
that.

Francis looks frustrated.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
He took it, I knew he had  
something.

EDWARDS  
He shouldn't have been at the scene  
in the first place.

Francis is lost in thought.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
No.

118 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

118

Harry lies on top of his bed, there's blood on the pillow; a dried wound on the side of his head. Everything in the house is on. Music and TV sounds drift in from the living room.

The shower is still going.

He slowly comes too, the blood is all he sees.

He backs off of the bed, there's too much sound he can't think.

He heads for the bathroom.

119 INT. HARRY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

119

The whole room is steam. There's blood on the shower wall. Blood in the sink. Harry wipes the mirror, his hairline at the side is caked with dried blood, it's going black and blue.

Harry stares around the room. There's a lot of blood, more than just his.

120 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - LATER 120

Harry washes he dried blood off, he pulls open the blinds.  
No one is outside. No one has been watching him.  
He's starting to hyperventilate.

121 EXT. HARRY'S FLAT - LATER 121

Harry's pulled on the first clothes that have come to hand, he's heading for his car when he spots her. Helen Templeton is sitting in her car.  
He stalks over to her, she spots the gash on his head, she looks concerned.  
She won't roll down her window. Harry talks through it.

HARRY ORWELL  
Were you here last night?

He looks wild. Helen instinctively goes for her phone, he can see she's calling 999.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
I just want to know if you were here?

Helen doesn't answer him. He hits the glass.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
Did I leave?

She's speaking on the phone now. His panic rises.

HARRY ORWELL (CONT'D)  
Did I leave?

He's not going to get an answer, he turns and heads back inside.

122 INT. HARRY'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER 122

His phone is ringing, Harry jogs back into the flat, and searches for it.  
HARRY ORWELL  
Kate?

There is a pause down the line.

FRANCIS MALLORY (TELEPHONE)  
Orwell. It's Francis.

Harry feels the blood draining out of his head.

HARRY ORWELL

Yes?

FRANCIS MALLORY (TELEPHONE)

There's been another girl found.

Harry sinks to the floor. Francis waits, listening for a reaction.

FRANCIS MALLORY (TELEPHONE) (CONT'D)

We don't know if it's the same as the others. I want you to on the scene.

HARRY ORWELL

Why?

FRANCIS MALLORY (TELEPHONE)

I'll text you the address.

Harry lets the phone slip down. He can't seem to get up.

123 EXT. NOTTING HILL STREET - MORNING

123

Harry's car pulls up to the scene, he's in pieces and not quite managing to hold it all together.

It's quieter than normal, no coroners van. He's the first of rank on scene.

He pulls his AMP from the passenger seat and heads towards the UNIFORM at the door.

Harry flashes his ID and is shown inside.

124 INT. NOTTING HILL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

124

The house is cluttered, over filled with women's clothes. A uniform hangs on the back of the door. She's an officer. Harry takes it in. Furniture up ended, blood on the floor.

The body is still there. A pretty brunette, no more than 25. Gagged, throat slit. Tears have dried on her face leaving rivulets of mascara down her temples.

Harry stands over her, helpless.

He cracks open his AMP and begins to set up.

Francis is there before Harry finishes.

He blows into the room, there's a ferocity to him.

He looks at the girl, his eyes grow cold.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Don't you recognise her?

Harry can barely look at Francis.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
She works with us.

Francis turns, he kneels down to be on Harry's level. Francis spots the gash on Harry's head.

He walks out.

125 EXT. NOTTING HILL STREET - DAY 125

Francis stops a team of SOCOs on their way into the scene. He points to Harry's car.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Get into the glove box.

126 INT. NOTTING HILL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 126

Harry scans through the last twenty-four hours. He's getting nothing but screams. So many, he can't tell who they belong to anymore. A whole symphony has been composed of them.

He pulls off the headphones, somewhere a car alarm is going off.

His car.

He walks over to the window. The door to his car is being slim-jimed open. A team of SOCOs in bunny suits are all over it.

Harry watches on as Francis points to the glove box.

A commotion has kicked up near the boot. Edwards watches as a bag is pulled out. It's the tool bag Harry threw away days ago. Harry pales.

The sweat is pooling at the back of his neck as a hand reaches in to the glove box: the plaster is retrieved.

Francis turns and looks towards the house. He spots Harry in the window. He's coming for him.

Harry's breathing hard, he grabs his AMP, shoves it into it's box. He can hear Francis' heavy footsteps on the stoop.

Clunk, he shuts the AMP. He's halfway to the back door when he hears the front door swing open. It's fight or flight, and Harry is flying.

- 127 EXT. BACK GARDEN NOTTING HILL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 127
- Harry's over the wall, AMP scraping and clunking as swings over.
- FRANCIS MALLORY (O.C.)  
He's over there.
- Harry runs through the stranger's garden, pure instinct leading him. He rushes along the hedge, stray branches leaving him with a few nasty scratches.
- He boots in a rotting wooden door to-
- 128 EXT. LANE - CONTINUOUS 128
- He goes left, blood pumping as he takes great strides over the cobbles.
- He can hear officers in the garden near to him. The buzz of walkie talkies.
- FRANCIS MALLORY (O.C.)  
(out of breath)  
I want cars on that lane-
- Sirens are closing in, it's impossible to tell what direction they're coming from.
- EDWARDS (O.C.)  
Air support to my location.
- Harry's about to round the corner when he hears the rotting door slam open.
- He's gone as Francis pauses on the cobbles.
- Francis looks from left to right. He goes right.
- 129 EXT. NOTTING HILL ROAD - CONTINUOUS 129
- Harry bounds across an intersection, on the road parallel he can see crowds of people and buses.
- He takes the next road leading over to it. Slowing his pace as he reaches -
- 130 EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS 130
- A busy, tourist ridden street. Portobello on a Saturday; packed and slow moving. Harry works to control his panting as he skims past people.
- He scans the road behind him. Uniformed officers have arrived, they cut channels through the crowds.

Harry's phone is ringing, but the sound is swallowed by the crowd.

He searches for an escape route, but blue lights are filling up the streets that lead away.

Helicopters pump overhead.

Black police hats bob around in the crowd.

Harry's eye darts to a bus.

He pushes forward to the bus stop.

Two police hats are heading towards it from the other direction. Harry can see them through little gaps in the crowd.

He stands at the bus stop, dropping his AMP to his feet, he puts his back to the officers and becomes a statue, sipping in breaths to his burning lungs.

They're getting closer, moving against the flow of people. Eyes searching faces.

Harry watches as the bus clicks on it's indicator. It slowly pulls in.

He resists the urge to look at the uniforms. Slowly he collects his AMP and steps up onto

131 INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS 131

The door close behind him, he takes care to hold his AMP low, keeping it out of the eye level of people on the street.

There are empty seats but he goes upstairs.

Harry sits near the back, AMP under his seat. He stares straight ahead and takes deep breaths.

He can hear a helicopter over head, the other passengers peer out with interest. Harry doesn't look.

His phone rings, it's Kate. He puts it on silent.

The bus pulls away.

132 EXT. HARRY'S FLAT - LATER 132

An incident unit is massing outside of Harry's flat. Edwards is in charge, Detective Getty stands next to her, withdrawn and quiet.

EDWARDS

I want to concentrate on the nights of the murders in particular. I want the times he leaves and the times he returns. To. The. Second.

GETTY

Yeah.

Kate approaches, Getty stares through her.

KATE REYNOLDS

Getty.

He turns and heads into Harry's house without uttering a word.

Edwards turns to Kate, smug.

EDWARDS

This is a closed scene.

Kate hands Edwards a key.

KATE REYNOLDS

I came to give you this, save you putting the door in.

Edwards doesn't take it.

EDWARDS

No thanks.

Edwards moves off to bark more commands. Kate checks her phone again. Nothing.

Francis arrives, he blows right past Kate without a word.

FRANCIS MALLORY

We lost him on Portabello, I've put out a description. The press are hungry, will I give it to them too?

Edwards nods to Francis.

Kate is riddled with despair, she turns and walks away.

INT. HARRY'S FLAT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Getty is paused outside Harry's front door, he looks ill. Francis thunders up the stairs behind him.

He looks at the paralysed Getty.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Innocent people don't run.

Getty is the shell of a man, he stares at Francis. Francis gives the go ahead to the SOCOs, they begin to batter down Harry's front door. Getty winces at each bang, Francis stares on coiled and angry.

The door cracks off of it's hinges and splits. The SOCOs move in, Francis is right behind them. Getty still won't move.

GETTY

I just can't see how...

FRANCIS MALLORY

We will never understand it. But we can get the fucker.

Getty nods, a grit of his teeth and he's though the door.

133 I/E. BUS - LATE AFTERNOON 133

Harry's head rocks gently against the window. He's asleep.

DRIVER

ALL CHANGE.

134 EXT. LONDON STREET - CONTINUOUS 134

Harry disembarks the bus on a quiet street. AMP in tow, he picks a direction and walks in it.

His phone is buzzing, calls from numbers he doesn't recognise.

He's got a heft of voicemails. He hits play on the first one.

GETTY (TELEPHONE)

Orwell. We need to speak. I need you to call me. I want to know wh-

Harry cuts it off.

He sees voicemails from Kate.

He plays one.

KATE REYNOLDS (TELEPHONE)

It's me. You need to come in. The longer you're out there the worse it gets. I can help you, we'll sort this. Even if you did- Come in. Or come to the house.

Harry looks at his phone for a long time. He switches it off and drops it down a drain.

Harry pulls out his wallet. His travel card, credit cards, licence and an expired military id follow his phone down the drain. He looks in his empty wallet. He's got £20.

135 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICES - EARLY EVENING

135

The strip lights make everyone look like hell. All bustle; the man-hunt is in progress. Francis takes it all in.

An officer walks over to him.

OFFICER

Can you tell Edwards we've got  
Orwell's voicemail open.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Where is it?

OFFICER

On the server.

Officer goes back to work. Francis slides over to Edwards' computer.

He's straight into the server. Headphones on he scans down the list of voicemails. He catches a number he recognises.

Play.

KATE REYNOLDS (TELEPHONE)

It's me. You need to come in. The  
longer you're out there the worse  
it gets. I can help you, we'll sort  
this. Even if you did- Come in. Or  
come to the house.

Francis smiles.

136 EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

136

A well-to-do street, leafy and quiet. A little newsagent's window floods the dark street opposite with light. Harry crosses over he wants to remain in the darker side. He's shivering in just his shirt, arms tired from carrying the AMP. He's been walking for hours.

He slows as he looks for Kate's house. A couple exiting the newsagent startle him, they're in their own world and walk off with out looking at him.

He spots Kate's place, the lights are off. He slips open the gate and quietly heads towards the door.

137 INT. KATE'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

137

Harry pushes the kitchen door open. He drops his AMP.

He can't do anything to stop the choked sobs that wheeze out of him.

We've been here before. It's the kitchen from the opening scene.

Everything is exactly the same: dark, save for the soft glow of the street lamps seeping in; dishes in the sink; the bin over filled.

The body on the floor. We can see the face now, her face.

It's Kate.

Harry walks over to her slowly, white as a sheet with red-rimmed eyes, his world collapsing.

Kate's blonde hair, matted red with blood. She's very dead. It's a messy scene. There's a blood spurt that streaks the wall.

Something in Harry kicks in; he collects the AMP abandoned by the door.

Harry sets the AMP down by her, inches from the congealing pool of deep red. Harry places a microphone near the body, another three are spread around the room. He flicks a switch and a long tone cuts through the room, then after a beat the audio meters spring to life:

They sway in the silent room.

Harry pulls on the headphones, we hear what he does: a cacophony of sounds, everything all at once.

He pushes rewind, the sound squeaks backwards. Play: Harry hears sobs, they are his own.

He holds rewind for longer.

Play.

KATE REYNOLDS (AMP)  
(tainted with fear)  
Don't do this-

Harry listens on, he can hear a struggle.

Her screams. The clatter as the two bodies crash to the floor. The scratching of her shoes against the wood as she tries to scramble away. The tearing of fabric as he pulls her back. The thud of her head against the floor. Kate choking as he wraps his hands around her neck.

Harry listens to the attacker, to his short, sharp breaths.

Harry's breathing matches it.

Her struggling growing softer.

He hears her murder. The slicing of the knife across her throat.

The metallic thud as it falls to where it now lies.

It's all getting a bit too much for Harry. He looks like he might throw up as he gropes around for the stop button.

He freezes when he hears her drag in a ragged breath. She's trying to say something; he listens harder. She speaks, slow, raspy and thick.

KATE REYNOLDS (AMP) (CONT'D)

Harry-

Dread seeps across him. He listens as she tries to form more words, but her voice has given out. Harry stares at her still lips.

He hits the button. Everything stops.

Harry sits in the muffled silence his headphones offer.

Behind him another door opens: the bathroom. Francis emerges into the half light. He takes in the scene.

Francis moves into Harry's eyeline. The two look at each other silently.

Francis takes out his handcuffs. Harry puts his arms behind his back.

He stares at Kate's lifeless form, waiting on the snapping of the cuffs.

Francis bends down behind him. He picks up the stanley knife.

He slits Harry's throat.

Harry sees the blood cascading down his shirt. His hands go to the wound.

Harry tries to speak but blood is pouring out of his mouth. It forms shapes but there's no air, no sound.

He's heading towards the ground. Harry's eyes find Francis, who stares down at him with something that looks like victory.

The last little bit of life seeps out of Harry, as his blood stretches across the floor.

HARD CUT.

138 INT. OLD BAILEY COURTROOM - DAY 138

A COURT AIDE hits stop on a large audio player. The JURY sit quietly, reeling from what they've just heard.

COURT AIDE  
DCI Francis Mallory expert witness  
for the prosecution.

Francis gets on the stand. A BARRISTER, late 30s, austere and strict. Greets him with a nod.

BARRISTER  
Detective Chief Inspector Mallory.  
Can you please explain to the jury  
what we've just heard.

He turns to the jury, he's quite magnetic. It's packed with press.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Yes, you were listening to audio-  
forensic evidence. That is, sound  
evidence of a murder, gathered  
after the crime.

BARRISTER  
So we are hearing the crime?

FRANCIS MALLORY  
Yes. You are listening to the  
crime.

BARRISTER  
And you are qualified in audio-  
forensics?

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I am the head of the Metropolitan  
Police Audio-Forensics Department.

139 INT. KATE'S OFFICE - DAY 139

All of Kate's personal touches are gone, they've been replaced by Francis' things. It's Francis' office now.

Francis sits behind the desk, outside, in the hive the department bustles at full strength. Francis watches on, he looks utter bored.

A new DETECTIVE passes his window. A pretty, young, brunette.

His eyes follow her, with dark eyes. They trail her all the way to the door and out of sight. He looks like there's an itch he can't scratch.

The boredom returns. Francis gets up and closes over his door. There's a lightness to his step as he moves back behind the desk. He unlocks his desk drawer and pulls out an AMP hard drive. He plugs it in.

He pulls on his headphones.

Play.

A symphony of screams fills his head. Everyone is there: Melanie, Emily, Simmons, The Receptionist.

Francis' pupils dilate, the rest of the world has fallen away. The smile practically splits his face, he's in ecstasy.

He looks above his screen to see Edwards standing in front of him. She watches him.

Her lips move, he can't hear her.

He pulls off his headphones.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Pardon?

EDWARDS

I said, what are you doing?

Francis observes her, trying to determine how much she's seen.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Please don't tell me Getty has been on to you.

Francis eye's dart up to Edwards.

FRANCIS MALLORY

About what?

Edwards rolls her eyes.

EDWARDS

Simmons heard a phone vibrating during the Emily Kinsella murder, she phoned Getty, left a message about it the night she was killed. Harry's phone records don't show a call that matches...

Francis sighs.

FRANCIS MALLORY

So he had another phone and dumped it too.

EDWARDS

That's what I said... Have a word?

Francis plasters a smile on his face. Edwards stands and heads for the door.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Will do.

Edwards leaves. Francis stares out at the office, thin lipped and angry. Detective Getty isn't there.

The pretty, brunette detective walks by again, his eyes devour her.

140

INT. FRANCIS' FLAT - NIGHT

140

A stunning, yet cold flat. Open plan, everything has a place and there are no personal touches. The only thing which stands out is the Amp, set up in the centre of the room.

Keys twist in the lock, Francis swings the door open and walks in. He stalls when he catches the Amp.

Getty is sitting watching the door, perfectly still. Francis clocks him. After a beat he reacts.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Bloody hell. What are you doing?

Getty stares at him. Thinner, paler, dark bags under his eyes, Getty looks like he caught whatever Harry had.

Francis shuts the door and drops his coat. He walks over to the kitchen.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

Do you want something to drink?

Getty still doesn't speak.

Francis pours himself a glass of water. His glance falls on the block of kitchen knives.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

Diane spoke to me about you. She said she was concerned. You might not be very well...

Francis positions himself next to the knives.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

She thinks you need time off...

Getty shakes his head.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
A couple of months to get yourself  
right?

Francis mask of calm is slipping.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
If you don't say something soon  
you're going to make me awfully  
nervous.

Getty rises up, he's still a large, powerful man. Francis  
sizes him up.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Harry was the killer.

GETTY  
He was in his flat for the first  
murder. I could hear him sleeping.

Francis smiles sadly.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
He knew how to play the machine. He  
left the TV on loud to cover up his  
movements. He could have been  
playing a recording of someone  
sleeping.

Getty rubs his head with his hands, trying to get himself  
together.

GETTY  
You lied about your alibi for the  
murders. You weren't here.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
I was with Diane.

Getty shakes a little too violently.

GETTY  
I checked that too...

FRANCIS MALLORY  
You're not well.

GETTY  
After each of the murders you came  
back here, and you're happy. You  
shower and you scrub and bin bags  
rustle and I can hear you.

Getty moves a little towards Francis.

GETTY (CONT'D)

I see you.

FRANCIS MALLORY

Tell it to Edwards, if you're so sure I'm a murder tell her... Or have you already?

Getty stares at him darkly.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

Let me guess Edwards told you to drop it?

He doesn't answer.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but you've lost the fucking plot, and it's time to go.

Francis points to the door.

GETTY

I've seen your phone records.

Francis stops still, he looks at Getty.

GETTY (CONT'D)

I've got you.

Francis considers for a long beat.

FRANCIS MALLORY

(Goading)

You've lost touch with reality, what is your plan here, to arrest me? Go ahead.

Getty smiles, it's more a bearing of teeth. Utterly primal.

GETTY

I'm not going to arrest you.

Francis reaches up to the butchers block and extracts a knife. He's not hiding what he is. He looks evil.

GETTY (CONT'D)

You'll only get that in once.

Getty advances on Francis, Francis rams the long blade home, aiming for Getty's throat, but missing and driving it down into his chest.

Getty keeps going at him, he throttles Francis, crushing his neck.

Francis twists the blade handle. Getty's grip on Francis's loosens.

Francis twists it the other way. Getty drops to his knees.  
He coughs up blood.

Francis wheezes in a breath, he smiles down at the wounded  
Getty.

GETTY (CONT'D)  
They will listen to this and they  
will know that you are a murderer.  
That you killed Simmons.

FRANCIS MALLORY  
They'll never listen to this.

Francis smiles.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
They won't even find your body.

Francis pulls the blade out of Getty's chest, blood spurts  
everywhere.

FRANCIS MALLORY (CONT'D)  
(evil)  
Out of all of them, I like  
listening to Simmons the most. That  
gag, the way she kept screaming  
through it... Really did something  
to me...

Getty harnesses his hate and tackles Francis to the ground,  
They fall behind the kitchen island. Obscured from our view.

We can hear as Getty savagely beats Francis. Getty is  
screaming, full of hate and despair.

His bloodied hand reaches up on the counter top, it snatches  
the glass, we listen as it crunches into Francis.

Getty keeps stabbing him with it, screams turning into sobs.

He doesn't stop.

141 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICES - LATER

141

Edwards sits by her desk, mountains of paperwork neglected as  
she reads an article about herself on line. The by line  
reads: 'by Helen Templeton'. Edwards is clearly very pleased.

Her phone rings, she ignores it.

The door to her office is pushed open, she's caught a little  
off guard. Sergeant stands in the door way.

EDWARDS  
What?

SERGEANT  
Double homicide just called in.

THE END.