

"Resolutions"

by

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EXT. FIELD - DAY

The sun is high in the cloudless sky. There is a gentle breeze blowing causing the long grass to sway back and forth. It is an idyllic summers day. A small boy of about eleven runs through the field, or at least tries to. The long grass reaching up to his shoulders, the boy is forced to jump with every step. Turning back he sees another figure moving through the grass, though his view is obscured. He continues to run, shaking the bugs and various plant life out of his messy black hair. This is the young WILL HAWKER.

Will runs on, nearing the edge of a dense forest. His pursuer, untroubled by the length of the grass, closes the gap.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Will enters the forest, picking up speed and weaving in and out of the trees as the forest bends downhill. The canopy of the trees overhead cut out the light. Will trips and tumbles down the slope, sliding on the loose earth on the forest floor. He gets back to his feet and with a slight limp, runs on.

EXT. ROOT CAVE - DAY

Will arrives at a small river flowing over the edge of the roots of an old tree, creating a miniature waterfall. Will ducks behind one of the old roots, peering out at his pursuer who has just arrived on the scene. Not seeing Will he stops, looking in all directions. He is a man in his mid 50s, bald with oddly distributed patches of grey hair. He is incredibly thin and tall and shall henceforth be referred to as SCRAWNY.

SCRAWNY

(yelling)

Will - eee - aaamm!!

Will ducks back, deeper into the protection of the tree's roots. It is only now that Will notices a window of clouded glass behind the waterfall. Will after a moments hesitation, cautiously approaches the window. Only the waterfall hides him from Scrawny now. Digging his fingers under the bottom edge of the window, Will lifts. The window suddenly springs open into the path of the waterfall. Scrawny, a deeply satisfied smile on his face, sees this and looms towards Will. Will dives through the window. Seconds later the window slams behind him.

INT. ROOT CAVE - DAY

Will crawls away as fast as he can. The only light shines through the clouded window. The vague outline of Scrawny tries to bang against it, to no avail. Will crawls deeper.

All light is gone now. Will crawls slowly through the dark whilst fighting back tears.

Will stops, finding enough room to sit up. He huddles in the corner, sobbing. After a time he notices that a figure is watching him. It is a woman in her early 30s with short cut black hair. She reaches towards Will.

WILL

Mum?

She smiles, a mother's smile.

Will goes to reach her when another figure materializes. It is Scrawny. A twisted smile upon his face he raises a rusty hook shaped knife above his head, preparing to strike.

WILL

Mum!

Will dives forwards as the hook knife comes down. The ground gives way below Will and he falls.

Will lands with a crunch at the bottom of a very deep pit. there is a thin shaft of light from somewhere far above. Will struggles to his feet and desperately attempts to climb the edge of the pit, but he helplessly slides back down to the ground.

A slow, deep, raspy breathing echoes around the pit. A voice that sounds very much like Will's own whispers.

VOICE

Don't you want to kill them?

Will, pressed against the edge of the pit, is paralised with fear. There is a figure with him in the pit. In the thin shaft of light, all Will can make out is the face. It shines bright white save for it's deep dark eyes and it's black, twisted smile.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY / NIGHT

We rise, leaving Will alone in the root cave and out through the light, through the forest and into the sky. Saltwater by Chicane plays.

We see the city of Riverside. The city is by the side of a large river, crossed only by two bridges. A circle of hills surrounds the city.

Time goes by. Night after day after night after day, it speeds up. Years fly by as we fly from the northern hills above the ever changing city. The sky flashes a multitude of colours as days pass like seconds.

Title Card: "Resolutions"

Time slows. Our flight ends at a radio station on the side of the southern hills outside of the city. The sun falls over the horizon. It is now the year 2005.

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - NIGHT

The sound of Chicane fades out and in fades the voice of AMY LIATT, a late night radio DJ, 25 years old.

AMY

That was the sublime, laid back sound of Chicane, from way back in 1999. It is just coming up to 11 o' clock. If you're just joining us we have John Stevenson in the studio...

JOHN STEVENSON

(cutting in)

Hello.

AMY

Author of recent bestseller "The Hunted: Struggles in the wilderness". Personally, I loved the book.

JOHN STEVENSON

Thank you.

AMY

A lot of people consider you something of a hero now. You went, to quote the book, "where even the city doesn't dare to tread", i mean we were all told stories as kids about why you don't cross the river and now your book has proved them all right.

JOHN STEVENSON

That's the real irony. The very stories I went out there to disprove have now been proven. It's easy to look back and see my actions as heroic, but i try not to let it go to my head.

AMY

So what happens now? How do you adjust to normal life after an experience like that?

JOHN STEVENSON

Well, I'm still kept very busy. First of course there was the book and i've been doing lots of interviews, much like this one. It's strange how things have turned out, that all my time is spent dwelling on a time i'd rather forget. There is also talk of a film based on my book.

AMY

Who's going to be playing you?

JOHN STEVENSON

I don't believe it's got as far as casting yet.

AMY

Who would you want to play you?

JOHN STEVENSON

No question, Samuel L Jackson.

AMY

John, you've been great.

JOHN STEVENSON

One last thing i'd like to add. Anyone considering marching off into the wilderness after reading my book, do NOT do it. There is real danger out there. We can't all be heroes, you can quote me on that.

AMY

Heed that advice. Next up is the news.

Amy having done her part, hangs up her headphones. John does the same.

They both get up, John heading towards the door.

AMY

It really is an incredible story.

JOHN STEVENSON

If i've heard correctly, your story is similar in many respects.

AMY

In all the worst respects.

JOHN STEVENSON

Hey, you should write a book too.
The money is really good and...

(Leans closer to Amy)

Between you and me, i only had
to write about a quarter of it.

AMY

Who wrote the rest?

JOHN STEVENSON

...Daniel something or other.
It's a busy life, who has time
to write a book, right? You can
quote me on that.

(Checks his watch)

Well, it's getting late. If you
ever feel like you need someone
to talk to, i took the liberty
of adding my number to your phone.

John steps out the door before Amy has any chance to respond.

AMY

How and when did he do that?

STEZ approaches Amy, coffee cup in hand. She is Amy's
assistant, aged 20 and seems to have an affinity for the
colour yellow that extends to her hair and most of her
clothing.

STEZ

Samuel L Jackson would not
approve.

(Handing Amy the coffee)

Thinks he can get away with it
just because he's THE John
Stevenson... Wonder if he did it
to my phone too?

Stez pulls out her phone and starts scanning through the
numbers.

AMY

(Laughing)

He's just John Stevenson, he's
not magic. Anyway, that went
well i thought.

The show's producer has just come through the door. A
tall woman in her early 30s with her dark hair tied up in
a perfect bun. She is wearing a suit. We will call her BUN.

BUN

It most certainly did not go well.
You played right into his hand,
inflating his ego even more than
it already has been.

AMY

It's not my job to knock him down.
Why would i want to do that?

BUN

Because he's a liar and the
sooner he's exposed as one, the
better for all. I need you all
out of here now, except you!

She points at a short chubby young man slumped in front of a computer who has apparently been there the whole time. He is wearing a shirt for the petrol company Texaco and will be referred to as TEX from this point. He makes a noise of basic acknowledgement.

BUN

Come on move it!
(clapping her hands)
I need the room!

Amy, maintaining an air of complete aloofness starts to walk out the door. Stez follows.

STEZ

(muttering)
Yes, Nazi.

BUN

Excuse me?

STEZ

Aunty. I said yes Aunty!

Bun looks visibly annoyed. Amy and Stez leave.

INT. RADIO STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

STEZ

That was close!

AMY

You know, I think she actually
would have preferred Nazi.

EXT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Amy and Stez come out of the main entrance. It is dark and deathly quiet. Amy places her emptied styrofoam coffee cup in the bin.

STEZ

What are you doing now?

Amy sighs, looking up at the thick, dark night sky.

AMY

Going home I guess.

Stez hesitates momentarily.

STEZ
I'll see you tomorrow.

She heads off to a distant corner of the car park.

Amy makes her way to her car. There are only five other cars in the car park. From one of them comes a man, walking fast towards Amy. He is impeccably groomed, very well built and has what is best described as a serious face. This is MORGAN.

MORGAN
Amy!

Amy having reached her car turns as Morgan approaches.

AMY
Hi, what are you..
(Morgan gives her
a mostly unreturned
kiss.)
..doing here?

MORGAN
I have come to collect you.

AMY
(Tapping the side
of her car)
I came in my car.

MORGAN
...But I thought that i could...
Surprise you..

AMY
I appreciate the gesture Morgan.
But i need my car. I don't think
you thought this through.

MORGAN
Ok..

Morgan turns and heads back to his car.

Amy gets in hers and they both drive out of the Radio Station car park, Amy right behind Morgan.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Amy and Morgan continue to drive.

They reach the turn off for Amy's house. Morgan's car slows to a crawl, the front wheels ever so slightly twitching towards the turn off. After a moment he accelerates, driving straight on and away into the night.

Amy turns in.

She pulls into the driveway of a small converted bungalow with a wooden extension off to the side. From the driveway there is a good view of the whole city, with only the occasional tall tree extending from the hillside to obscure it. Amy lives on the southern side of the city.

She goes inside.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside is quite a mess. Lots of clothes, half finished piles of ironing, magazines and assorted junk litter almost every surface. The wall is adorned with many photos, most of which feature Amy in exotic countries.

She pulls out a mobile from her bag and begins to write a text to Morgan.

SORRY, YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN
PEOPLE MESS WITH MY PLANS. COME BACK...

As she writes that last line, she hesitates before deleting the entire message.

The sound of a drawn out breath reverberates throughout the room. Amy freezes. She stands motionless for the longest time, listening.

Gradually, cautiously she heads upstairs with phone still in hand, dialing a number as she goes. She reaches the top of the stairs.

There, from the shadows, the breathing returns. Amy stares into those pitch black, oval eyes. The killer rushes at her. Amy moves seconds before the shadow reaches her, but she trips.

Amy falls down the stairs, her head smashing through the banisters at the bottom. Amy is unconscious. Of the Shadow there is no sign.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS - DAY

A slightly overweight man with messy deep black hair, which may or may not be dyed, wearing an old brown leather jacket walks sown the corridor. This man is JOHN PRICE, formerly of Internal affairs. He enters one of the wards.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Lying on the bed is Amy, her neck in a brace. Also in the room is Morgan and a short, permanently surprised looking police officer who will from now on be known as SHAKY.

SHAKY

(To Price)

This sounded like your area of expertise.

JOHN PRICE

Hello Amy. It's been a long time.

AMY

Not long enough. No offense meant.

JOHN PRICE

None taken. Are you going to tell me what I think you are?

AMY

I think I am. A man in a mask.

Shaky points to the edges of his mouth and moves his fingers to show the crooked smile.

After a pause.

JOHN PRICE

..There's no chance you just tripped and fell and are just too embarrassed to admit it?

AMY

No, fraid not.

JOHN PRICE

Worth a shot.

MORGAN

Price, I must insist you leave now. Amy needs rest.

AMY

Morgan i'm fine.

MORGAN

No, you are not. You need peace and quiet to recover. The doctor said that you should avoid excessive activity to ensure that you...

JOHN PRICE

We'll just go...

Price makes a sign to Shaky and they both discreetly walk out the door.

MORGAN

.. If you don't get the maximum amount of rest and nutrition...

AMY
Morgan! You don't need to be so
concerned. This isn't a big deal.

A doctor walks in a tall man of about 30 with well styled
hair and intense, dark eyes. Some might call him rugged,
but one things for sure, the guy has presence. This is GILES.

GILES
Nevertheless, you do need rest.

Giles looks at Amy a smile upon his face. Amy looks very
surprised.

AMY
Giles?!

MORGAN
You two know each other?

GILES
Know is a strong word. We've met.

AMY
(To Morgan)
Chris' brother.

MORGAN
..And yet you're a doctor?

Giles grins.

GILES
(To Morgan)
I'm going to have to ask you to
leave now. As you said yourself,
the lady needs her rest.

Morgan leans over and kisses Amy on the forehead.

MORGAN
I'll be back in a few hours.

Morgan leaves.

AMY
I really don't feel like resting.

GILES
You wait until your boyfriends
gone to say that?

AMY
I feel like leaving. Can I?

GILES
I wouldn't recommend it.

Giles walks towards Amy. He brushes his hand along her neck brace.

GILES
It hurts and you're more tired
than you think. Sleep.

Giles stares deeply into Amy's eyes. Slowly they flutter closed.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Price walks out of the hospital entrance. Shaky behind him.

JOHN PRICE
To begin...

Price stares at a young man in a wheelchair as he tries to push himself up the wheelchair ramp, mostly ascending the ramp by no more than a foot before rolling back to the bottom. Twice someone walks by without helping.

JOHN PRICE
(turning to Shaky)
I want you to look up everyone
from the Hambrook case. I want
to know where they are, what they
are doing and where they were
last night.

SHAKY
I'll get right on it.

Price walks down the front stairs.

JOHN PRICE
..And help the guy in the
wheelchair!

Price walks away to a car parked on the opposite side of the street.

Shaky looks towards the struggling wheelchair. He pulls out a cigarette and lighting it walks down the path in the opposite direction.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - EVENING

Sitting in small office raised above a large warehouse is CHRIS, a man of about 25. He has a mop of brown hair and is wearing a rather tatty denim jacket. Across a desk from him is a well built, rough looking man in a suit who we shall call NEW TO A SUIT.

CHRIS
You're firing me?

NEW TO A SUIT
Remind me just what your job here
is.

CHRIS
Security guard.

NEW TO A SUIT
And what does that involve you
doing?

CHRIS
"Ensuring safety of goods and
property"

NEW TO A SUIT
And what happened last night?

CHRIS
The "property" was broken into
and the "goods" were taken.

NEW TO A SUIT
And you were where?

CHRIS
..Asleep.

NEW TO A SUIT
I think i've made my point.

CHRIS
Yes, but having made these
mistakes, I feel I can move
forwards and grow to..

NEW TO A SUIT
You're fired! Get out of my office!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE STREETS - EVENING

Chris leaves the warehouse, looking surprisingly pleased
considering what just happened.

He walks on. At a distance someone follows.

Chris turns down a staircase that leads into a small
alleyway between several large buildings. As he
progresses along the alley, he slows, hearing footsteps
that aren't his own.

CHRIS
(To himself)
It's not paranoia if i'm right.

Chris turns suddenly. Stood behind him is a man in his
mid 30s dressed all in black that matches his messy black
hair and beard.

With a wide smile upon his face, this is GREG aka THE CHIEF.

CHRIS
(Laughing)
I'm right!

INT. HAVEN BAR - NIGHT

Chief and Chris enter a large, but mostly empty bar. A small staircase leads up to a balcony above the bar itself. The whole interior has been fashioned to look like an old log cabin. At the bar are sat two people, JACK and DARREN.

JACK
(To an uninterested
barmaid)
So, I'm in the train station and
this guy, completely drunk out
of his skull, i've never seen him
before. He walks up to me and
asks for a cigarette. So I said
"Get outta here!"

The barmaid (from now on called BARMY), realising that is the end of the story, gives a rather delayed polite laugh.

DARREN
(muttering)
...Keeps bringing that up.. I
wasn't that drunk. I was
completely in my skull.

Throughout the above Chris and the Chief have gotten drinks and made their way to the upstairs balcony.

CHRIS
Ok. I have to ask. All those
times with Will.. That was you,
right?

GREG
Yeah.

CHRIS
Is that why you're here now?
Because i'm not helping, if
that's what you want.

GREG
You haven't heard? Amy was
attacked last night.

CHRIS
What!? What happened?

GREG
I don't know much but i do know
one thing. She saw a man in a mask.

There is a silence as the situations gravity slowly sinks into Chris.

CHRIS

Is she ok?

GREG

Fine. I can't believe you hadn't heard. It was in the papers.

CHRIS

I don't read the papers. Besides, these days.. Amy and me... We move in different circles. Whatever that's supposed to mean.

Greg takes a big swig of his drink.

GREG

I have a plan but i'm going to need your help. I want you to ask Will for a job.

CHRIS

Good timing, I was made redundant tonight.. Why though?

Greg finishes off his drink and sliding back his chair, gets up to leave.

GREG

Because it's part of my plan.

CHRIS

Hey, I said I wouldn't help you with..

Greg smiles.

GREG

(Interrupting)

I'm going to need you to trust me on this. Keep your eyes and ears peeled.

Greg walks away down the stairs.

CHRIS

...Always do.

EXT. RIVERSIDE STREETS - NIGHT

Chief strolls down the street, away from Haven.

INT. LOFT BEDROOM - DAWN

Chief sleeps on a large, old fashioned metal bed. His head is shaved, the year is 1997. The room is a simple one, mostly wooden. The light from the sun is starting to creep in through the dust covered windows.

Slowly waking, the Chief stumbles out of bed, his chest heavily bandaged. He pushes at the window, it creaks open.

The sun shimmering across the sea dazzles his eyes.

EXT. SEASIDE - DAWN

The view is of an old and small town on the side of a hill, sloping down into the sea. There is a busy dockland at the water's edge. One very large ship is docked, loaded with shipping crates. "The Polar Resolution". The town is starting to wake, like a flower opening it's petals to the sunlight.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Amy is sat up in bed. Giles is removing her neck brace.

AMY

I've never fallen asleep like that before.

GILES

(Laughing)

I can be very persuasive.

AMY

You know you're really nothing like Chris. Not even the slightest resemblance.

GILES

Thank you. How is my wayward brother these days?

AMY

..I don't know.

Giles finishes removing Amy's neck brace.

Amy rubs her neck. Giles hands take Amy's place. He starts massaging her neck.

GILES

I'm a big fan of your show.

AMY

Really? I'm not. It's just low grade music and whoever wants to be interviewed at 11pm.

GILES
It's your voice, perhaps.

Amy notices that Giles' massage is perhaps now more for his benefit than hers.

AMY
So, am I ok to go now?

Giles stops his massage and walks round to the front of the bed.

GILES
Well, that depends.. Can you feel your legs?

AMY
Of course.

GILES
Can I?

AMY
Wha...

At that moment, Morgan enters.

MORGAN
Amy, I have come to collect you.

AMY
(Still distracted
by what Giles said)
Sweet of you..

Morgan starts to help Amy out of bed, not that any help is really required.

MORGAN
Careful.

Giles walks out the door smiling at Amy as he leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Chris is sat at a small table, cold cup of coffee and tape recorder being the only things atop it. In steps Price, as usual with brown leather jacket.

JOHN PRICE
Morning.

Price takes the seat across from Chris. Chris reaches over and pushes the record button on the tape recorder.

JOHN PRICE
Ha, that won't be necessary.

Price reaches over and switches it off.

JOHN PRICE

This is just a friendly talk to find out what you've been doing and where you've been lately.

CHRIS

If it's a friendly talk, maybe we could have had it in a friendly place.

JOHN PRICE

I admit, this is more for my convenience than anything else. So, let's talk about you. How have you been this past year?

CHRIS

Good. Better, I think i'm starting to get a grip on my paranoia. Starting to Move on with my life.

JOHN PRICE

That's good.. That's good. If my information is correct, you're currently a security guard for Krone electronics, is that right?

CHRIS

Actually, I was.. made redundant last night.

JOHN PRICE

Interesting. The security guard becomes redundant the night after the robbery.

CHRIS

Wasn't anything to do with me, I can prove it.

JOHN PRICE

I know, I've seen the footage.

CHRIS

..Ah.

JOHN PRICE

Luckily for you it counts you out of another investigation. I'm sure by now you've heard.

CHRIS

About Amy? I've heard.

JOHN PRICE

Have you seen anything out of the ordinary lately?

CHRIS

You mean my "paranoid delusions" that didn't happen and we're not supposed to talk about?

JOHN PRICE

Yes, anything like that?

CHRIS

No.

Price sighs, Relaxing back into his chair.

JOHN PRICE

Well, you're free to go. If you do see anything, you know where to find me.

Chris stands up and goes to the door.

CHRIS

I have a hypothetical question.

JOHN PRICE

Go ahead,

CHRIS

What kind of sentence would someone be looking at for a second firearm possession offense?

JOHN PRICE

Bad. Even if it was put down to paranoia. Not a good idea Chris.

Chris hesitates.

CHRIS

..Ok.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

We hear singing. A beautiful, melodic but wordless song.

A battered old Mitsubishi shogun winds it's way up the country road that leads to the radio station.

The song continues.

EXT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The shogun rolls to a stop in the car park. Out steps Chris who proceeds to the entrance. As he enters Stez passes, bag in hand. She is leaving for the night.

Today she is dressed in green.

CHRIS
Is she here?

STEZ
Upstairs, Denim. S-I-N-G-I-N-G!

Chris smiles, and walks down the corridor.

INT. RADIO STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The song continues.

Chris walks further down the corridor, approaching the source. He pauses before opening the door, smiling as he recognises the song. He pushes open the studio door.

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - NIGHT

On the other side of the window, past all the recording equipment is Amy singing. Chris sits down at the controls. Amy, looking in a different direction, has yet to see him. Chris presses a switch on the controls and leans in to the microphone.

CHRIS
You were a bit off on that last
note.

Amy stops singing and looks at Chris. She motions for him to put the headphones on, which Chris does.

AMY
AAAAAGGGGHHHH!!

Chris pulls the headphones off in an instant, clutching at his ears.

Amy laughs. She walks through to the main part of the studio, Chris stands and they hug.

CHRIS
You're looking well. I'm glad.

AMY
You're looking...
(looks him up and down)
Exactly the same as when I last
saw you.

They sit down.

CHRIS
Still singing?

AMY
I do it after work sometimes..
It's cathartic.

CHRIS
...And the screaming?

AMY
Well, that too sometimes.

CHRIS
You know, drummings a lot more
cathartic.

Chris drums with his hands across a nearby mixing desk.
There is a crack as one of the knobs shatters under Chris'
fists.

CHRIS
...Sorry.

Amy starts laughing.

AMY
What is with you and music?

Chris starts adjusting the knob to see if it will
magically fix. It does not.

CHRIS
I should stick to trash cans..
Is it true? What you saw?

Amy pauses, seeing that the conversation is moving to
darker subjects.

AMY
Yes. But I don't want you
getting all paranoid again.

CHRIS
Hey, it's not para...

AMY
(Interrupting)
I know, "It's not paranoia if
you're right". But you weren't
right. Were you?

CHRIS
No, I was wrong.

AMY
Besides.. This felt.. different.

CHRIS
Different how?

AMY
Just different... Like a man in
a costume, you know?

CHRIS
...A fake.

EXT. THE POLAR RESOLUTION - EVENING

A large man is stood directing a bunch of dock workers.
He is wearing a well worn suit with a thick jumper pulled
over the top of it. This is Baltic.

BALTIC
Bend knees! Idiot!

Greg is making his way down the jetty toward Baltic,
weaving in and out of hurried workers as he goes. He is
still bandaged and looks like he doesn't have quite as
much blood as he should.

BALTIC
What you want?

GREG
To outrun my shadow.

Baltic stares at Greg, his eyes piercing through him,
appraising him. After a moment he nods.

BALTIC
You seem the type. We make
appointment.

A somewhat lanky man in a baseball cap runs up to Baltic's
side, quickly producing a pen and wrinkled diary. He
shall be known as CAPPY. He flips through the diary.

CAPPY
(To Baltic)
Umm... Tomorrow evening?

BALTIC
(To Greg)
Tomorrow evening?

Greg looks to the red sun slowly sinking into the ocean.
Slowly he nods.

GREG
Tomorrow evening.

EXT. HAWK OFFICES - DAY

A flash looking car pulls up into a reserved parking space in front of a small but important looking office building, a large sign revealing it to be the offices for "Hawk Construction and Real Estate". Out of the passenger seat steps Will Hawker, now aged 30. His jet black hair is pulled back into a miniature ponytail and he is wearing a well tailored suit. He is a touch overweight. Out of the driver's side steps a tall woman with pulled back, long dyed blonde hair wearing a dress suit. At the right edge of her mouth is a scar that curves downwards. Combined with the confident smirk that seldom leaves her face, this creates a smile not dissimilar to that of the killers. We shall call this woman SCARFACE.

Price is waiting by his own car, awkwardly parked on the pavement, Shaky sat inside.

Price approaches Will.

JOHN PRICE

Mr Hawker! I was hoping I would be able to ask...

Will without a moments hesitation walks on up the stairs past two security guards and into the building. Price is interrupted by Scarface, who holds him back. That smirk still upon her face.

SCARFACE

I'm sorry Inspector. Mr Hawker is a busy man. You'll have to make an appointment. You know how it is.

Scarface grins.

JOHN PRICE

...I'll be in touch.

Price turns and walks back to his car. He gets in.

SHAKY

Well played.

INT. HAWK OFFICES - DAY

Chris is sat in a luxurious leather seat pretending to read Hawk's corporate magazine. Enter Will, he approaches reception, the receptionist of which shall be called RECIPE.

RECIPE

Someone to see you Will.

(whispered)

He's been here all morning, reading that same magazine.

Will turns, seeing Chris.

WILL
Chris? What are you doing here?

Chris stands, putting the magazine down. Without the magazine to hide him we see that Chris is wearing a surprisingly neat shirt and tie, though the effect is ruined by the tatty denim jacket that Chris has placed on top.

CHRIS
I was wondering if we could talk..

Will is a little taken aback. But after a pause..

WILL
Come on through.

Chris follows Will down a corridor to the left of reception and through a windowed door into Will's office.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Will sits behind his large desk in what is a very plush and executive office. Chris, very much out of place in these surroundings, sits down opposite.

Outside the door Scarface peers through the window.

WILL
So, what can i do for you Chris?

CHRIS
I was wondering if you could give me a job.

WILL
A job?... I see... Exactly what qualifications do you have Chris?

CHRIS
Hold on, I've got my CV here.

Chris starts digging around through various pockets before producing a rather scrunched up, folded piece of paper. He hands it to Will who unfolds it.

Will looks over it, however it is more out of courtesy than actually expecting to find any sort of skills listed.

Will lowers the CV to look at Chris. Chris grins nervously.

WILL
Why exactly do you want to work for me?

CHRIS

Well... with all that's been happening lately, it's just put things in perspective. I've been thinking I should get out there.. really make something of my life...

Will looks on incredulously.

CHRIS

...So Amy said that you would help me. Said you'd get where I'm coming from.

WILL

Did she?

CHRIS

..Yes.

There is a long pause as Will thinks. Chris glances around the room nervously.

WILL

As a matter of fact, there is a job you could do for me. One I think you'd be quite suited for.

CHRIS

Really?

WILL

I'm selling Hambrook House, there's a young couple who want to see it. I'd show them myself save for a few security issues. Does that sound like something you could do?

A long pause

CHRIS

I can do that.

WILL

You feel you know the place well enough?

CHRIS

Oh yes.

WILL

Excellent. If you could collect a few personal belongings that are left in the loft too, i'd greatly appreciate it. If all goes well, we'll see what else I can do for you.

Chris stands up.

CHRIS
Thank you Will.

Scarface, who has been listening by the door, leans back as the door swings open. Chris glances at her as he passes, clocking the scar. He walks down the corridor, casually glancing back over his shoulder.

Scarface peers round the door. She mimes a person walking with the fingers of her right hand then has a second person follow with her left hand. She looks at Will questioningly.

WILL
...Yes.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY

Chris, in his tatty old shogun drives down a large street that leads to the bridge across the river. He starts to drive across it and looks somewhat nervous about it. The city lies behind him and the blank northern wilderness beckons.

A taped copy of Amy's show is drawing to a close.

AMY
(On radio)
...So in summary, I am not dead, despite what a few crossed wires and overzealous reporters may have led you to believe. Good to be back Riverside. Next up is the news. Stay south!

Chris winces at Amy's "Stay south" remark as he pulls into a lay by at the northern end of the bridge. Chris shuts the engine off and steps out of the car.

He glances around, naturally there is no one there. Assured of this he walks down the bank and under the bridge.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY

Greg is there, sitting on a pile of rocks that seem to have been placed there with sitting in mind.

CHRIS
Well, I did it. He gave me a job. I had to play the "Amy" card though... he likes Amy.

GREG
Everyone likes Amy.

CHRIS
But Amy doesn't like everyone.

GREG
Cruel World. What's the job?

CHRIS
Showing some couple round
Hambrook House. He's selling it,
did you know?

GREG
I knew. This is working out
quite nicely. It'll give you a
good opportunity to scope things
out.

CHRIS
Scope what out? You know, I seem
to be doing most of the work in
this little plan of yours. You
haven't even told me what we're
doing yet.

GREG
Don't worry. I know what we're
doing.

Chris looks around, a little nervous.

GREG
Something bothering you?

CHRIS
I.. don't like being on this side
of the river.

GREG
(Laughing)
Then go home, get some sleep
because this is one job you are
not going to be able to sleep on.

Chris looks at him suspiciously.

GREG
I have eyes everywhere.

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

Greg steps into a mostly empty cinema auditorium. He
scans the audience and eventually sees who he is looking for.

Amy and Will are sat directly in the middle, about halfway
toward the back. The year is 1997.

Greg heads for the back row, with only the light cast from
"Taxi Driver" to guide his way.

He takes his seat, his eyes focused on the silhouette of Will's large green hat.

TAXI DRIVER

BETSY

You gotta be kidding.

TRAVIS

What?

BETSY

This is a dirty movie.

TRAVIS

No, no. This is a movie that a lot of couples come to. All kinds of couples go here.

Greg keeps his eyes on Will, checking his watch.

Betsy leaves the "Dirty movie" and at that moment, Amy turns to look toward the exit. Greg ducks down.

EXT. CINEMA - NIGHT

Will and Amy exit the cinema along with about five other people.

WILL

It's rare to get the opportunity to see a true masterpiece like that on the big screen.

AMY

Mmm... Films aren't really my thing. I think i'm gonna call it a night. I've got to work really early tomorrow.

WILL

Oh.. Ok. Well, I'll give you a lift home.

AMY

No, that's ok. It's not far.
(Amy starts walking away)
See you.

Amy is fast disappearing before Will can raise any objections.

WILL

Bye.

Looking like he's stuck halfway between frustrated and forlorn, Will departs.

Chief who has been hanging back at the cinema entrance, follows.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Will enters an excessively large car park. It is mostly empty. Will heads to his car, kicking the occasional can as he goes.

His car sits beneath the only broken light in the whole car park. It flickers a little. He gets in, turning the key to start. The car groan in acknowledgement but it is soon clear that the car is not going to start.

Will gives up.

WILL
(Hitting the
steering wheel)
Damn it!

He is about to get out of the car when he sees a figure momentarily illuminated by the flickering yellow light.

Greg stands in front of the car staring at Will. Will has the door lock pressed down in an instant.

The Chief laughs.

WILL
Wh... What the hell are you doing
here?!

GREG
(Laughing)
We all know the answer to that
one, don't we.

Greg raises his gun, perfectly and stylishly firing at Will. The shot sails through the cars windscreen, shattering it into a spider web like pattern before it hits it's target.

Will slumps in the driver's seat. Greg hastily, yet calmly departs. Flickering away into the dark.

EXT. SUBURBAN CLOSE - EVENING

Price drives, pulling up to a moderately sized semi detached house in a quiet well maintained close on the hills outside the city. Still sat in the car, he takes off his beaten old brown leather jacket and places it on the back seat. Reaching back he grabs a neatly folded, fancier jacket which, still sat in the cars front seat, he awkwardly puts on. He gets out of the car. No Shaky this evening. He lumbers his way up to the door and into the house of Price he steps.

INT. HOUSE OF PRICE - EVENING

Price steps through the door, removing the tidy jacket that he only just put on and hanging it up on a coat rack by the door. He steps through a door to the left that leads to the living room. As the door creaks open, piano music accompanied by a child singing slightly off key floods through.

The room has a piano in the corner and several other musical instruments nearby, some of which are intended to be ornamental. There are shelves piled high with a wide assortment of music. The decor of the room is best described as feminine. Sat at the piano is DILYS, also known as Mrs Price. She is in her late 30s, she is casually dressed and has a very teacher-ish look to her, though the kind of teacher that kids actually like. She has neat brown hair that inexplicably becomes a total mess as it moves to the back of her head. This same trait is carried through to their seven year old daughter SAM, with the exception being that for her, the mess also extends to the front. Sam is standing near the piano singing.

Sam hits a particularly off key note.

DILYS

Ouch. Let's try that again Massy.

Dilys presses the same note as Price falls heavily back onto the sofa.

JOHN PRICE

The day i've had...

SAM

(singing)

La.

DILYS

Not quite. Try again.

Dilys pushes the same key a couple of times for emphasis.

SAM

(singing)

La.

JOHN PRICE

..None of it makes any sense, why now?..

The key is pressed again.

SAM

(singing)

La.

JOHN PRICE

All i've got to work with is the word of a girl who nearly cracked her head open.

The key is presses three times.

SAM

(Singing)

La.

JOHN PRICE

..And they're still expecting to find some guys finger prints. Or a guy with some mask hidden in the attic..

The key is pressed again.

SAM

(Singing)

La.

DILYS

That's it! Well done Massy.

Dilys, clearly delighted, starts pressing the key again.

DILYS

Now, can you do it again?

JOHN PRICE

This is too hard.

SAM

(singing)

La.

Dilys looks disappointed as Sam sings her worst note yet.

JOHN PRICE

..Or maybe i'm just incompetent.

SAM

oops.

DILYS

Don't worry, there's time. We'll get there. I'll get started on dinner.

Dilys gets up to leave the living room. Sam walks to the piano and starts to press what is now a very familiar key. As Dilys passes she leans over to kiss Price on the forehead. She looks straight at him, appraisingly.

DILYS

Shave.

Dilys leaves the room. Price rubs the stubble growing on his chin.

Sam starts bouncing up and down excitedly.

SAM
I'm singing in the school play!

JOHN PRICE
Really, that's great. What's the play?

SAM
Mum wrote it! It's a surprise!

JOHN PRICE
I see... And she's having you star in it? That's like me making you a detective.. Not that I have the power to do that.

SAM
That's ok. I don't want to be a policeman.

JOHN PRICE
...Me neither...

Sam presses the key.

SAM
(singing)
La.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Morgan is busy in the kitchen, chopping vegetables and seemingly creating quite a complex meal. Amy, an alcoholic drink of some kind, in her hand, absent mindedly spins a globe that she has next to her sofa. The TV is on, there is a report about the shadows.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE DINING ROOM - EVENING

Will sits at a large table eating a well cooked meal, there is also plenty of food remaining across the table. It is a large room that is very much solely for the purpose of dining. The large window at the end of the room is heavily barred. At the middle of the table sits Scarface. She is still very neatly dressed but it now looks like a facade. She is tilting her chair back and has her bare feet on the well polished table. Will glances up at her feet with unspoken disapproval.

EXT. CHIEF'S FIELD - EVENING

Chief sits outside a large tent in a field of long grass. He is in a small clearing of squashed down grass, probably only days old. He is cooking some sort of soup on a portable gas cooker. Greg starts cutting up a piece of meat, letting the severed chunks plop into his soup. From the long grass two hungry eyes watch.

A stray dog jumps forward and grabs the meat. Greg has no intention of giving it up without a fight. He tries to pull it away while simultaneously hitting the dog away with his free hand. Half the meat comes away in the dogs mouth. The dog hurriedly takes it's prize away into the grass. Greg looks at the small amount remaining in his hand. He hurls it away over his shoulder.

INT. CHRIS' HOVEL - EVENING

Chris is asleep on an old sofa, frayed at the edges. There is some kind of half eaten take away on a table that has been pulled up to the sofa, creating large folds in the rug. He is still clothed, though his jacket is now a duvet.

INT. HAMBROOK HOUSE - DAY

Chris is walking up the staircase. Today he actually looks moderately respectable. Behind him walk JAMES and MARY. A newly married couple in their early 20s.

CHRIS

You've got five bedrooms, the master bedroom is on your left there..

James and Mary go to look inside but Chris just carries on up the stairs to the top floor. A little puzzled, they follow. They reach the top of the stairs.

CHRIS

You've got your second bathroom there. And a nice, safe, secure loft above it.

Chris turns to James and Mary. Running out of things to say.

CHRIS

A great location on the western hills...And, er.. running water. As standard.

Chris turns on a tap in demonstration.

JAMES

What so you think sweetie?

MARY

As long as I'm with you, I could live in a crypt.

James smiles and they start kissing.

CHRIS

Ugghh.

They stop.

MARY

Sorry?

Chris clears his throat.

CHRIS

Nothing.. So what DO you think?

MARY

I think we should take it!

JAMES

I think so too. We'll take it!

CHRIS

Excellent! Come down to the office tomorrow and we can get the ball rolling.

JAMES

Thank you. I think we'll be very happy here.

CHRIS

I'm sure you will. Do you remember the way out?

JAMES

Yes.. I think so.

James and Mary turn to leave, a little unsettled with Chris' choice to stay stood in the bathroom.

James and Mary hesitate before heading downstairs. Mary can be heard on the phone as their voices fade away.

MARY

Hey Laura, guess what!

With them gone. Chris pulls out a ladder from behind the door, he sets it up below the loft trapdoor. He climbs up.

INT. HAMBROOK HOUSE LOFT - DAY

Chris pulls a string that illuminates a very weak and dusty light bulb clipped to an overhead beam.

The second side of the loft has been knocked through, doubling it's size. The loft is full with piles and piles of boxes. Chris opens the first. It is full to the brim of hats. He throws the box down the hatch without any concern for the contents, he move on to the next.

Later, there is a large and ever growing pile of junk surrounding the ladder. The loft is now practically empty. Chris crawls over to the few undisturbed boxes that remain at the back of the loft.

He opens the second to last box. There, carefully wrapped at the top of the box, he finds a picture of a woman. It is Will's mother. There are other pictures in the box. Old family pictures. Chris looks through them with only mild interest. At the bottom of the box he finds a torn off newspaper article. The headline reads - HUNT ON FOR HAWKERS MURDERER. Below the article is a sketch of a man. A thin bald man in his 40s with oddly distributed patches of grey hair. Scrawny.

Chris pockets the article and departs the loft, kicking the last of the boxes down the hatch as he goes.

EXT. CHIEF'S FIELD - EVENING

Chris and Greg are stood in the field a short distance from Greg's tent. They both of guns in their hands, raised and ready to fire. A moments pause and then the guns are fired. Their targets are two fence posts which have two crudely fashioned killer masks sat atop them. Greg's bullet hits home, whilst Chris' flies off into the open air.

Chief turns his aim slightly to the left and shoots Chris' killer too, right between the eyes.

GREG

So who's buying the house?

CHRIS

Some stuck up couple. They just got married, now their parents are buying them a house. Just the two of them living in Hambrook House..

Chris fires again hitting whatever was holding his mask to the post, it falls into a little pool of mud at the base. Greg fires again, causing the same to happen to his own mask.

GREG

Did you find anything?

CHRIS

I found...

Chris is staring in the direction of Greg's tent.

CHRIS
There's a dog in your tent.

GREG
Not again! Hey!

The same dog from before runs out of the tent carrying food in it's jaws. Greg levels his gun in the direction of the dog and fires two shots, both of which miss. The dog escapes into the long grass. Chris stares at the Chief, a little shocked but he says nothing.

EXT. CHIEF'S FIELD - NIGHT

Chris and Greg are sat around Greg's little gas cooker, some kind of stew cooking in it. In it's light, Greg looks over the article that Chris took from the loft.

CHRIS
Will's parents were murdered...
I never knew that.

GREG
Was there any more to this article?

CHRIS
No. Whoever tore it off just
wanted the picture I think.

Greg stares at the picture of Scrawny.

CHRIS
Do you know who that is?

GREG
He killed Will's parents. That's
all I know. Dated 1985..

CHRIS
Will would only have been about
ten..

Chris tests the stew and pours some into two bowls.

CHRIS
Must have been tough.

He passes Chief a bowl.

GREG
Tough is having to choose between
death or a life in prison whilst
bleeding from three holes in your
chest!

A long pause. A train thunders by at the edge of the field. Greg folds the article and places it in his pocket.

CHRIS

Why does it have to be this way?
Everyone always so angry at
eachother.

GREG

(Laughing)

You mean "Why can't we all get
along"?

CHRIS

Yeah! No one trusts anyone. It
just feels like.. If you went
back far enough, you'd find one
person who screwed it up for all
of us.

GREG

What you're talking about is
original sin. There's a very
lengthy and popular book on the
subject.

CHRIS

I didn't mean that far back.. I
mean personally. We've all got
someone who betrayed us and took
our trust.

GREG

Whose yours?

CHRIS

..My brother. You?

GREG

I'll pass.

Chris prods at a large lump of potato in his stew, pushing it beneath the surface.

CHRIS

I don't think I was ever supposed
to grow up, nothings really fit
since then..

GREG

I think a lot of people feel that
way.. For me it was the opposite,
I started at the police at
sixteen. I don't think I was
ever meant to be a child. Things
didn't really fit until then.

The miniature gas cooker between them starts to dim and struggles to stay aflame.

CHRIS
Your fire's dying.

The little cooker burns out.

INT. SHIPPING CRATE - NIGHT

Greg is sat at a small table inside a green shipping crate. Across from him is Baltic. Cappy is stood at the rear of the crate picking loose bits of paint off the wall.

GREG
My name is Greg Andrews.

BALTIC
..And why you want to outrun your shadow?

GREG
It's too dark.

CAPPY
Come on! Can you guys talk proper, maybe?

BALTIC
Too dark?.. Hmmm. To lose shadow you must go to darkest places. No light, no shadow.

Greg nods in understanding.

BALTIC
What you do?

GREG
Police officer.

Cappy pulls up his cap, which had sunk half covering his eyes. Both are staring at Greg.

GREG
All ties severed.

BALTIC
Like cutting of umblical cord?

GREG
No..

Baltic, after a moments thought, rises. Every step inside the crate resounds with a deep metallic echo.

BALTIC

You stay here on ship for time
being.

Baltic heads to the door of the crate, which hangs open allowing the last of the evening sun to fall in. Cappy also moves to the door, taking it in hand.

CAPPY

This would be the dark place.

Cappy pulls his cap down over his eyes and breaking into a wide grin, slams the crate door shut.

Slowly the echo dies. Greg is alone in the dark.

INT. MORGAN FAMILY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A long match lights the candles of an old and rather expensive looking candlestick.

Amy stares at the flames, in a world of her own.

The candles lit, the hand holding the match gives a quick shake, extinguishing the flame. The hand belongs to a man in his mid 50s. He has a very big Moustache. This is Morgan's father whom we shall call TACHE.

TACHE

I would like to say a few words.

Tache strokes his moustache with his finger. Also present at the table are Amy, Morgan, Morgan's mother who is a large lady who we shall call LARGE and Morgan's brother who is 14 and has deep, wide eyes that look as if he's never slept. He will be called INSOMNIA.

TACHE

There are occasions in life..

(strokes his moustache)

..When one looks around oneself
and sees the true brilliance of
existence.

(strokes his moustache)

And when I look around this table..

Tache has everyone's attention, as much for the moustache stroking as for his speech.

TACHE

...And I see us all together like
this. I wonder if, when my
father first arrived on the
shores of this country..

(strokes his moustache)

..If he...

LARGE

The foods getting cold dearest.

TACHE

Ah yes, quite right.. I'm
rambling.

(aggressively
strokes his moustache)

The point I am trying to make is
that we belong here, at this
table this evening. That we are
a family. We were brought here
by God or fate or what have you.

(a long, slow
moustache stroke)

So, a toast! To the new member
that fate has brought us!

A look of fear comes over Amy, which she is quick to mask
with a rather weakly faked embarrassed smile.

TACHE

To Amy and Morgan!

They all raise their glasses. Amy however just drinks her
drink.

MORGAN

Father you're embarrassing her.

TACHE

Ah, Nonsense!

LARGE

Dig in everyone! Here Amy.

Large starts to pile Amy's plate high.

AMY

It's okay, I don't really..

LARGE

Nonsense! We want to get some
meat on those little bones of yours.

Large chuckles to herself. Amy Smiles awkwardly.
Everyone has begun eating.

TACHE

As I have always said...

(Strokes a gravy
soaked moustache)

The only truly embarrassing thing
is embarrassment itself!

Insomnia has been eating away at his food mechanically
without so much as looking up until this moment. He knows
what's coming.

MORGAN

Father, I'm not sure this story is appropriate. You'll embarrass Amy.

TACHE

Which would perfectly illustrate my point . This particular story begins when our little boy here was seven. We were at the station, catching a train to, oh where was it now...

Insomnia gets up, pushing back his chair.

INSOMNIA

This is Nonsense!

He walks fast out of the room.

LARGE

Oh dear.

TACHE

(laughing)

I embarrassed him!

INT. MORGAN FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amy and the Morgan family are sat in the living room. Only Insomnia is absent. They are playing a game of scrabble on what looks like a very old and possibly foreign version of the game. Amy's turn to spell a word.

E-N-C-A-G-E-D

TACHE

(contemplatively
stroking his moustache)

Engaged, is it?

AMY

(Cutting in
revealingly quick)

No, no. It's Encaged. As in trapped.

Morgan leans in, looking at Amy's letters.

MORGAN

You could have had Engaged, You have a G. You'd get more points.

AMY

I don't want engaged!

LARGE

Very well, we shall leave you
encaged. My turn. At last I get
to use my Q.

TACHE

(Pulling on his moustache)
Ahhh...

Amy gets up. Morgan looks up, a little worried.

AMY

Bathroom.

Amy leaves.

INT. MORGAN FAMILY STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Amy leans against the wall, right outside the door. She
takes a deep breath.

She notices a figure slumped halfway up the stairs.
Moving to get a closer look, she sees that it is Insomnia.
He is asleep.

AMY

Are you ok?

Insomnia awakes suddenly, eyes wide open once more.

INSOMNIA

Yeah, I just fall asleep
sometimes. That's what the story
was about, if i'd let him finish.
He never finishes it if I leave...
He needs his victim. So are you
gonna marry my brother?

Amy pauses for the longest time.

AMY

...Why do you ask?

INSOMNIA

He's gonna ask.

AMY

Did he tell you that?

INSOMNIA

No. But he's growing a moustache,
didn't you see?

AMY

Why would that mean that...

INSOMNIA

Ask Dad to tell you the moustache story. All will become clear. Morgan always tries to do things the way Dad does. Wants to be just like him..

AMY

And you?

INSOMNIA

(drowsily)

I just wanna sleep. What are you doing out here anyway?

AMY

i felt encaged.

Insomnia falls asleep.

INT. SHIPPING CRATE - ?

Greg is still in the dark, hair and beard coming along nicely. He is tapping on the side of the crate, different grooves in the metal emit different sounds and he's got a little beat going on. Suddenly there is a metal thump that is noticeably not a part of his rhythm.

Greg stops playing immediately and moves swiftly to the corner, untroubled by the darkness. There is food in the corner. Greg eats.

INT. SHIPPING CRATE - ?

Greg is stood in the centre of the crate, a small bunch of gravel in one hand and a collection of slightly larger pebbles in the other. He lifts his hands up and down, letting the stones rattle, listening intently to the sounds. He lets one of the pieces of gravel roll between thumb and forefinger.

Silence.

He throws the piece of gravel. Moments later there is a gentle tap. Greg moves fast as lightning, hurling a pebble to crash in the exact same spot. The echo takes a long time to silence.

Greg smiles.

EXT. OLD LIBRARY - DAY

The old library stands in what is a largely forgotten street, it's large size seeming tragically unnecessary. Two homeless people loiter at the bottom of the steps.

INT. OLD LIBRARY - DAY

Chris waits by a photocopier adrift in the middle of the room but anchored to the wall by a very taut extension cable. The library is midway through some sort of modernisation attempt. Greg is sat at a table perusing a handful of photocopied newspaper articles. The copier spits out it's final pages into Chris' hands.

Chris walks up to Greg, taking the seat opposite and placing his photocopies in the middle of the table.

CHRIS

That's the last of them.

Greg doesn't look up. We see he is looking at a copy of the same article about Scrawny, this time it is complete.

GREG

He was murdered ten years ago.

CHRIS

Exactly how does this help us?

Greg grabs an article and holds it up to Chris. On it is a picture of the lovely Denise.

GREG

Someone else was murdered ten years ago.

Greg grabs the pile of newspaper articles and stands up. He starts to place them one by one back across the long table, forming a timeline.

GREG

In 1985 Will's parents were murdered and with Will missing, they assumed he'd been abducted.

(Greg places the first article on the table)

No witnesses, no real evidence of any kind. Two weeks later, Will shows up.

(greg places the second article on the table)

Almost starved having supposedly been hiding in a hole in the forest, this is across that river you're so afraid of crossing. And so we get this.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

(Greg places
Scrawny's picture
on the table)

No one recognises him or knows
anything about him, and with
fourteen days gone already, the
trail dies.

(Places a
succession of
articles onto the table)

Ten years later, he's found dead,
December 14th 1995.

(Another article)

Two weeks before the death of
Denise.

Greg places the last article on the table. Denise smiles
up from the low grade photocopy.

CHRIS

You know something I don't.

GREG

I don't KNOW anything. This is
just a theory.

CHRIS

Are you trying to say that Will
killed Denise?

GREG

No of course not, at least not
intentionally.

Chris just looks confused. He reaches across the table,
grabbing the article concerning Will's disappearance. He
looks over it.

CHRIS

Did you ever hear of John Stevenson?

GREG

..No.

CHRIS

You've never heard of John
Stevenson?!

GREG

No. What's your point?

CHRIS

He was lost in the woods across
the river, he wrote a book about it.

GREG

I thought you didn't read?

CHRIS
He was on Amy's show. Hold on a
minute.

Chris gets up and goes to search the shelves.

Later he is looking at John Stevenson's book (complete
with John smugly staring out from the cover) and comparing
it the article about Will.

GREG
I don't think you're going to
find anything in there.

CHRIS
Maybe not, but i'm hooked now.

Chris suddenly looks at the article again.

CHRIS
.. The article says that Will hid
in a cave covered by a window right?

GREG
So?

Chris turns the book to face the chief. There is a
coloured photo of John Stevenson, standing by the entrance
to the Root Cave.

INT. POLICE OFFICES - DAY

Shaky is slumped in a reclined chair in what seems to be
a busy but massively understaffed office. He is reading
The Hunted. There are piles of paper and files and pinned
on the wall behind him are pictures of the Hambrook
survivors and a sketch of the killer's mask.

MORGAN
Officer Shackleston.

Shaky looks up from the book. Stood right in front of him
is the trim, yet muscley form of Morgan.

SHAKY
Yup?

MORGAN
I would like to have a word with
you.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE STUDY - EVENING

Will sits in an expensive looking leather chair. This
study isn't all that different from his work office.
Across his desk is paperwork that seems to relate to
Hambrook house.

At the edge of the desk, somewhat submerged by the piles of paper is a copy of John Stevenson's book.

Enter Scarface. She walks up to the table, dropping a photo onto the desk. It is a photo of the Chief stood with Chris outside the library. Will looks up, worried.

Scarface mimes pulling the trigger of a pistol with her left hand.

WILL

...Yes.

Scarface grins.

INT. SHIPPING CRATE - ?

Chief stands at one end of the crate, his eyes closed. He is focused. He takes a deep breath. This is the only sound to be heard.

He runs to the other side of the crate, however instead of the usual loud footsteps there is only a dull reverberation.

He does it again, adjusting his body weight perfectly as he moves. This time he runs to the centre of the crate and drops into a "press up" position. Only the faintest sound of metal creaking.

INT. SHIPPING CRATE - ?

Greg is suddenly awoken by an extremely loud clunking noise. The ground begins to shake, Greg starts moving about the crate like a bead in a maraca.

There is a loud thump as the crate stabilises at last.

A moments tense confusion.

Clunk. A blinding rectangle of light with one chubby silhouette at it's centre. A disheveled and extremely unkempt Greg stumbles toward said chubby silhouette.

BALTIC

Greg Andrews is dead.

EXT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Morgan's shiny, shiny car pulls into the radio station car park. Out steps Amy.

MORGAN

I will come to collect you later.

AMY

That's ok, I'll get a lift.

Morgan kisses her.

AMY
Are you growing a moustache?

MORGAN
...Yes.

AMY
Don't.

Amy walks away towards the entrance. Morgan, watches her leave before he drives off.

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - NIGHT

Amy is sat at the microphone. Stez, Tex and Bun are also in the room.

AMY
This is Amy Liatt and you're listening to Phantom radio, bringing you thirty minutes of non-stop music!

Amy leans back, pushing a button to play the next song.

AMY
(To Stez)
He's going to propose.

STEZ
How do you know?

AMY
He's growing a moustache.

STEZ
Those were two unconnected statements, right?

AMY
Connected. Don't ask. Morgan's great but he's just so...

STEZ
Toned?

AMY
..no.

STEZ
Reliable? Well groomed?

AMY
Do YOU want to marry him? I said Morgan's great BUT...

STEZ

..Boring?

AMY

Yeah.

Bun, who has been going over some paperwork in the corner of the studio. gets up.

BUN

Ha! A bit rich, you two calling anyone boring. If you could just stop your inane chatter for one moment and focus on the show, perhaps we could get off this graveyard shift! Marry him or don't marry, just shut the hell up!

Bun leaves the room.

STEZ

(Mouthing)

Trouble at home.

Tex gets up from his seat at a pace that suggests he doesn't do it all too often. He heads out the door, mumbling something to Amy as he goes.

STEZ

You know what? We should do a John Stevenson. Sell your story! You could do a show about what happened to you. People would wanna hear that. That would get us off the graveyard shift.

AMY

I kind of like the graveyard shift.

STEZ

Well me too, but we could at least get free from the grave keeper.

The phone rings.

STEZ

(Worried)

Do you think she heard that?

Hesitantly Stez picks up the phone.

STEZ

Hello? ... Ok, hold on.
(Puts her hand over the receiver)
There's a call for you, from a Doctor. You wanna take it?

Amy stalls momentarily.

AMY
Yeah, ok. Put him through.

Amy lifts her phone, Stez presses a button before placing hers down.

AMY
Hello?

GILES
(On Phone)
Hello Amy, this is a pleasant surprise.

AMY
uh.. You called me.

GILES
(On Phone)
I meant a pleasant surprise for you.

AMY
I see... Well what do you want?
I've only got twenty minutes of non-stop music left and I have plans.

GILES
(On Phone)
Nothing more than to hear your voice. How's your neck?

AMY
It's fine. Do you check up on all your patients like this?

Stez reaches for a set of headphones, puts them on and goes to flick a switch. Amy gives her a mock annoyed look. Stez grins before flicking the switch, allowing her to hear their conversation.

GILES
(On Phone)
Only the ones I feel are still a cause for concern.

AMY
I'm still a cause for concern?

GILES
(On Phone)
Absolutely. There's more damage than just your neck. This runs far deeper. The damage done by living a lie.

(MORE)

GILES (CONT'D)

By forcing yourself into a place where your not supposed to be, with a person that you're not supposed to be with. This kind of damage is difficult to fix.

AMY

So what would you suggest, Doctor?

GILES

(On Phone)

Dinner tonight at the Dancing Monkey.

STEZ

(Impressed, mouthing)

The Dancing Monkey.

AMY

Well, Giles. Much as I appreciate the... Hold on a minute.

Amy leans across to the microphone, pressing a button.

AMY

This is Amy Liatt, midway through thirty minutes of non-stop music on Phantom radio.

Amy is about to return to the phone call.

STEZ

Go! Go! Hey, he's not boring. And it's the Dancing Monkey!

Amy stays in wait, thinking, before finally picking up the phone once more.

AMY

I'll be there.

Stez grins.

GILES

(On Phone)

Yes you will. Looks like you've got an appointment with Doctor Giles.

The grin instantly drops from Stez's face. Giles hangs up.

STEZ

Yeah, I'm not sure you should go.

AMY

Is the Dancing Monkey even open this late?

STEZ

The Monkey never stops dancing,
Aimz! You should know that!

EXT. THE DANCING MONKEY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A very small green car, driven by Stez, pulls up on a very quiet road. The Dancing Money lies across a small bridge. The restaurant is built on a step downward slope and is raised up to the level of the road by large pillars. The restaurant, from it's appearance, leaves no doubt that it's chinese. It is colourfully decorated in hues of red and gold and the bridge is lined by lanterns. It is dangerously, though quite expertly toeing the line between extravagance and tackiness.

Amy looks out across the bridge from the passenger seat. She is still dressed in her work clothes, though some extra effort has been made.

STEZ

Don't worry Aimz. He won't try anything, not here. I think it's safe to say that all the waiters know kung-fu.

Amy laughs, getting out of the car.

AMY

Thanks for the ride.

Stez's car growls painfully off into the night. Amy starts to walk across the bridge, through the clusters of moths beating themselves against the lanterns. There is a man stood waiting by the door. An elegantly dressed chinese man who we shall call ELEGANCE.

ELEGANCE

This way miss Amy, we have been expecting you.

Amy, a little taken aback by Elegance knowing who she was, follows him through the door.

INT. THE DANCING MONKEY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Amy is led through a long hallway and into the main part of the restaurant. There is an uncountable number of dancing monkey images, the restaurant seems to only just stop short of having a live dancing monkey. There are few patrons and Amy is quick to spot Giles. He is sat at a table at the direct centre of the restaurant on a raised platform, reserved for that table alone. He has obviously made quite the effort with his appearance. He smiles a wide smile as he sees Amy approach, still led by Elegance.

GILES

Welcome Amy.

Amy takes her seat opposite Giles. Amid the table is a golden monkey candlestick. It has four arms all of which hold a brightly burning flame.

Giles turns to Elegance.

GILES
(Speaks in chinese)

Amy looks a combination of impressed and very much surprised.

ELEGANCE
(Responds in chinese)

Elegance leaves the table.

AMY
You speak chinese?

GILES
Of course. I studied in China.

AMY
Did you bring me here, just so you could show that off?

GILES
I didn't bring you here. You came because you wanted to.

AMY
Well, I almost didn't. Your chat up lines need a lot of work.

GILES
What chat up lines are those?

AMY
That thing you said about my toes, for one. What you said earlier on the phone and don't even get me started on "looks like you've got an appointment with Doctor Giles".

Giles smiles.

GILES
All to set you at ease. I don't think you would have come otherwise. You may have felt threatened.

AMY
Threatened?

GILES

Well, not you personally. But
your way of life, if you can call
it that.

AMY

My way of life...

Amy pauses looking at Giles through the Monkey's flames.

AMY

I don't like the way you talk..
It's the way you say things.. or
your voice maybe.. It's so...
Presumptuous.

Elegance returns to the table with two other waiters, all
hands loaded with luxurious food, the kind that looks as
if it were meant to be decorative as opposed to being
eaten. They place it around the table.

ELEGANCE

(To Giles, in chinese)

GILES

(Replies in chinese)

Elegance and the waiters turn and leave.

AMY

I shouldn't have come here.

Giles takes a small piece of food between two chopsticks
and eats it.

GILES

But you did. And it's not out
of courtesy, or because you know
my brother, or because your
friends goaded you into it. It's
because at the bottom of your
heart, you're wishing for someone
to save you.

AMY

..And you think you're that someone?

GILES

I am.

AMY

I'm already with someone.

GILES

(Laughs)

No you're not. You may stand next to him, eat with him, let him lie beside you. But you are not WITH him. Simply put, he's not your type.

AMY

...You're wrong.

GILES

Am I?

AMY

You are... You probably think you're my type, but I know what you are. The born genius, with all the arrogance that comes with it. The rich, successful doctor. Always trying to prove a point and tonight is no different. You brought me here to prove that you're superior to Chris.

GILES

Chris? Are you serious? You think I brought you here because I want to prove I'm "superior" to him? I don't think proving that would require much, I'd say it's fairly apparent. You have no idea who I am.

Amy stands up. Her and Giles are now the only people in the restaurant. The lights have been dimmed, save for above their table. The only other light in the room comes from the numerous monkey candlesticks.

AMY

I've decided I don't care. It was a mistake coming here. Goodnight Giles.

Amy turns to leave. She steps off the platform.

AMY

You know, Chris told me a story about you once..

Giles starts laughing.

GILES

Ah, I thought he might have. The same one he tells everyone, no doubt. That story says far more about Chris than it does about me.

Amy turns away, walking further towards the exit.

GILES

I know who you are Amy.

AMY

Oh please, enlighten me!

Giles stands up, placing his chopsticks neatly down by the mostly untouched food. Slowly he begins to walk towards Amy.

GILES

You're tired, you're bored. Of everyone and everything around you. They're taking you to places you don't want to go. Life'll kill ya, little lady. You ARE waiting for someone to save you. Whether you want to admit to it or not.

Amy stands staring at Giles. Around the room Elegance and the other waiters have begun to snuff out the candles. The last of which reflect in Giles' eyes like stars. He smiles.

AMY

...I'm going.

(She turns to Elegance)

Call me a taxi.

ELEGANCE

Of course.

Elegance holds a small silver tray to Amy with a fortune cookie on top. After a pause she grabs it, stuffing it into her pocket.

Amy turns and walks down the hallway, past the eyes of a thousand dancing monkeys.

EXT. THE DANCING MONKEY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Amy emerges from the restaurant. It is raining heavily and pitch black beyond the lantern lit bridge. Two moths remain beating themselves against the lanterns.

Giles comes out from the door behind her. She turns to see him and then goes to walk away across the bridge.

Giles smiles as he grabs her by the arm.

AMY

What are you..

Giles pulls her back, grabbing her with both arms he pulls her close and kisses her. She tries to push him away, but he just grips tighter, pulling her closer.

The two moths dance. They clumsily circle each other, rising higher and higher, drawing closer and closer. They rise up into the flickering light above. They collide with it. The light gives a pop and in a shower of sparks, both it and the two moths are gone.

INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lightning flashes across the sky, illuminating the dark corners of Morgan's room. It is a very neat room, with several bookshelves and varied fitness equipment. There is also a sizable wardrobe.

Morgan stands in a small en-suite bathroom, lit solely by a small light above the mirror. He is closely examining the small stubble of his potential moustache. He places one hand over the bottom half of his face and continues to stare at his reflection.

With a sigh, he begins to shave it off.

Shortly after, he emerges from the bathroom. The lightning is still flashing outside, the thunder partially obscured by the sound of the rain pouring down outside.

From the corner of his room something moves, forming out of the shadows. Morgan sees it and recognises it immediately. He turns to make a break for the door but the shadow beats him to it. Morgan moves to the centre of the room. The killer raises it's rusty hook knife above it's head, ready to strike.

MORGAN

... Understood..

With a crash of lightning and a clap of thunder, Morgan is dead. The killer retreats back into the shadows and is gone.

In a corner, slumped against the wall, lies Insomnia. Fast asleep.

EXT. THE POLAR RESOLUTION - DAWN

Greg is leaning on the side of the ship staring at the fast approaching land. He is a little more "heveled" now. Baltic, now complete with moustache, swaggers along the deck toward Greg.

Greg keeps his eyes on the land.

BALTIC

You speak any languages?

GREG

No.

BALTIC
 ..And yet I find myself
 communicating with you now.. Very
 strange.

GREG
 I speak english, that's all.

BALTIC
 Good. Then you can go ashore.
 Do you know where that is?

GREG
 No. Enjoying my ignorance aren't
 you.

BALTIC
 It is Hamburg. We go ashore for
 few days. You learn to walk
 again.. Maybe learn to talk.

GREG
 Something strange about the way
 you talk.

BALTIC
 I just ignorant foreigner. Is
 difficult for me to understand.
 (Laughs)
 Peoples expectations are a useful
 tool..
 (His english and
 accent is now perfect)
 I use them. Controlling peoples
 expectations keeps you one step
 ahead.

EXT. HAMBURG HARBOUR - DAY

Crates are unloaded and goods change hands. The Polar
 Resolution is in port. Greg strolls away from the ship.

CAPPY
 Woah! Hold up!

Greg turns to see Cappy running after him, half blinded
 by his cap.

CAPPY
 Can't let you just stroll off on
 your own like that. You're kinda
 like an investment to us.

GREG
 That so...

EXT. HAMBURG SQUARE - DAY

At the centre of the square is a small stage in the process of being set up. Suspended on a rigging behind it is some sort of pyrotechnic display.

2000

Greg and Cappy are stood staring up at it. Cappy has to lean far back to see past the rim of his hat.

GREG

How long was I in the crate?

CAPPY

Long time... We sorta forgot about you for awhile. Someone else handles all the feeding, see? Besides, you're not the only investment we have.

(Nods to display)

Only a couple of days left.

EXT. HAMBURG SQUARE - NIGHT

A loud cheer erupts in the square, merging with a drunken, German version of Auld Lang Syne. The display bursts into light, the "2" stays dark.

000

Greg stares at the zeroes, amidst a posse of particularly rowdy Germans.

With a pop, the "2" is also sending sparks falling to the ground. The crowd cheers. Pushing through the crowd, Greg leaves the square.

EXT. HAMBURG HARBOUR - NIGHT

The sounds of fireworks sound in the distance. The sky has that peculiar orange glow it has when filled with a little too much gunpowder.

Greg heads to the ship. Stood by the ship is Baltic arguing with two men. Greg steps closer, trying to listen in, however they have taken the crafty measure of speaking in German. Suddenly one of the men pulls a gun, pointing it in the still calm face of Baltic. A threat is being made, that much is certain.

Greg runs, his feet falling completely silently on the ground. He reaches the two men, still unnoticed. He pulls a knife from man no.2's jeans. before either of the men has realised what is going on, Greg has slit man no.1's throat. The other man backs away, reaching for a knife that is no longer there. He turns and flees, slipping across the wet harbour.

Baltic starts rooting through the dead man's pockets.

GREG
What did they want?

BALTIC
Money, to be simple. Always money.

From the pockets Baltic produces a wallet. Flipping it open, he eyes the contents.

BALTIC
How you like the name Ed McHenry?

GREG
Why?

BALTIC
Yours now.
(Baltic throws him
the wallet.)
Birth through death.

EXT. ST PETER'S GRAVEYARD - DAY

A large crowd is gathered for Morgan's funeral, Stood around the coffin in a far corner of the graveyard. Present are Amy, Stez, Chris, Price, Morgan's family, Shaky, several other police officers such as the crossword loving chief from New Years Day (He shall be called CROSSWORD) and the secretary. There are many other people filling out the crowd. Old friends and relatives. The coffin stands, about to be lowered into the ground. Price is stood awkwardly in front of the crowd, delivering a speech.

JOHN PRICE
...Morgan was a good man, an honest man.. Some might even say a simple man, or perhaps better put, a man who looked fo.. Who yearned for.. The simple life. He was a pillar of strength to us all.. and... what else can be said.. but, that he will be missed.

Price goes back to merge with the crowd, followed by occasional claps and an appreciative murmur of agreement.

Amy stares lifelessly at the coffin. Stez is stood next to her, a handful of tears decorating her face.

STEZ
Do you want to...
(She motions to the point where Price was speaking)
...I mean it's fine not to..

Amy turns away walking fast past the crowd. A few eyes follow her, but then respectfully let her go. Stez follows.

STEZ

Amy..

AMY

Why did I go?

STEZ

It's not your fault Aimz... I.. I was the one who told you to go... I was the one who...

AMY

I know it's not my fault.. I just don't know why I went. I guess i'm not who I thought I was.

STEZ

That's ridiculous.. Aimz.. you can't let yourself think that way...

AMY

I pushed him away. That's why he's gone... and why? Because, he was what? Too boring? not exciting enough? I pushed him away.. Look at me, i'm not even crying!

STEZ

Not everybody cries.

AMY

But I should be. When you're little it's all so simple. All you have to do is cry and someone comes running to protect you. Everyone has that first moment, when the tears fall and no one comes. Now, truth be told I don't feel a thing. That's who I am.

Stez grabs her. Back amongst the crowd the coffin has begun to be lowered. Occasional sobs, drowned out by the loud sobs of Tache.

STEZ

No! That's not who you are! I wouldn't be... half of what I am.. Not even close.. if it wasn't for you, lifting me up! You've been like a sister to me... You don't push people away.. Aimz... You make them feel stronger... That's who you are.

She hugs Amy. Amy stares blankly, after a moment her eyes flick to Chris who is awkwardly approaching. The crowd has spread out now with some making their way back to their cars.

STEZ

I'll leave you two alone.

Stez walks off to the crowd.

CHRIS

I'm so sorry Amy.

Chris hugs Amy, expertly at the same time, slipping her phone out of her pocket and into his.

CHRIS

I know this probably isn't what you want to hear right now.. But it's not paranoia.

AMY

... Right.

Amy walks past Chris and heads back to the grave, Morgan's family are still there. Chris watches her go. He walks a short distance away, before pulling her phone out of his pocket. Scrolling through the numbers he eventually finds the one he is looking for. John Stevenson. He dials.

JOHN STEVENSON

(On Phone)

Hello there radio lady.

CHRIS

Er, hi.. John Stevenson..?

Tache goes to Amy, his moustache soaked with tears. He pulls her into a tight hug.

TACHE

Amy, I would like you to know that, you will always be welcome with this family.. That.. well.. I..I ..consider you very much.. One of us.

AMY

I..

Amy is released.

TACHE

I have.. Something here, that I know Morgan.. My boy.. would have wanted you to have.

Shakily reaching into his pocket, he pulls out a ring box, which he hands to Amy.

AMY

I can't.. I..

LARGE

Nonsense... Take it! It was always meant to be yours!

TACHE

It belonged to my mother. One of the sole possessions they had when they came over to these shores.. They could have sold it.. To make life easier.. for them and their children.. but they did not.. They kept it.. The ring and the promise.. that it carries with it..

Amy slowly begins to shake her head. Tache closes her hand around the box.

TACHE

My son.. wanted you.. to have this..

Tears in his eyes, Tache walks away, too fast for Amy to possibly refuse.

Large pulls Amy toward her for a big hug, Amy's patience for hugs is wearing thin and she is quick to break it.

LARGE

You must come to dinner with us again..next week?

AMY

I will.

Large follows Tache. Amy is alone by the grave.

Further away, Chris finishes his call and hangs up. As he does he notices someone leant against a tree in the distance. He has been watching the proceedings with the look of a bird of prey, just waiting to dive. It is Giles, who is watching Amy.

Chris approaches.

CHRIS

What the hell are you doing here?

GILES

I'm here for Amy's sake, little brother.

CHRIS

For Amy's sake? You don't even know her!

GILES

I know her intimately. She was with me the night this happened.

Chris is stunned into silence and doesn't know quite what to say for a long time.

CHRIS

You stay away from her!

Chris storms off, whilst Giles just laughs, watching him leave. John Price stands nearby, he approaches Giles.

GILES

Inspector.

JOHN PRICE

Is that true, what you just said?

GILES

She was. Though she probably wouldn't tell you that. Either way, she didn't do it.

Price sighs. He looks at Amy stood alone by the grave. She stares at the coffin and the small amount of earth scattered across the top. She reaches down and grabs a handful and sends it showering onto the coffin. After a moments staring she slaps herself across the face with the same hand, leaving a slight dirty mark on her face.

JOHN PRICE

It's a terrible thing..

GILES

All the more reason for you to get back to work.

JOHN PRICE

Oh, I intend to.

Price is about to turn to leave.

JOHN PRICE

You should keep an eye on your brother. With all that's going on, there's a good chance he'll end up doing something stupid.

GILES

I'm not responsible for him. He's none of my concern.

Amy has begun to walk up the path. As she draws closer, she sees Giles. She walks faster, trying not to look at him. Giles smiles widely at her, though it is not a very comforting smile and most definitely not the sort you would expect to see at a funeral. Amy meets his gaze for a second but quickly looks away with disgust. Amy passes. Price sees this little exchange and looks at Giles strangely. Giles just smiles at him.

GILES

Run along Inspector. Those ghosts aren't going to chase themselves.

Price turns to leave, never taking his eyes of Giles.

By the main gate people are getting into their cars. Stez is stood next to her little green car. Chris approaches.

CHRIS

Amy dropped her phone.

He hands it to Stez and walks off towards his Shogun which is parked flat against the graveyard wall.

STEZ

Huh?

Price walks past to his car. Shaky awaits.

JOHN PRICE

You remember that Doctor?

SHAKY

You mean the one skulking in the trees over there.

JOHN PRICE

That's the one. I've got a bad feeling about him..

SHAKY

I'll look into it.

Amy approaches Stez.

STEZ

You ready to go?

Amy takes a look back. There is one person left in the graveyard, slumped on a bench.

AMY

Hold on a minute.

Amy walks back down the path, she takes her seat next to Insomnia. Amy looks at him. He is very much asleep. She takes the ring box out of her pocket.

She opens it to look at the ring inside.

INSOMNIA

I don't think you should have that.

Insomnia's eyes are open now.

AMY

...Neither do I.

INSOMNIA

Can I have it? I won't let Mum
or Dad know.

AMY

..Ok.

She closes the ring box and hands it to him.

INSOMNIA

I was there when it happened. I
slept through it like I sleep
through everything. I couldn't
stay awake for the funeral
either.. I had a dream.

AMY

A dream?

INSOMNIA

I was flying.. or floating, more
like. I didn't feel sleepy. I
was wide awake.. Even though I
was actually asleep. I saw
Morgan, stood in the clouds.. He
was laughing, like I've never
seen him laugh before.. It was...
Honest. you know? Like he wasn't
trying to prove anything.. Like
he just wanted to laugh.

Insomnia tilts his head back to look up at the sky.

INSOMNIA

This must all seem pretty
ridiculous from up there...

Amy pauses and looks at him.

AMY

You believe in heaven?

Insomnia does not answer. His eyes are closed.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

John Stevenson leads Chris through the overgrown forest.

CHRIS
I've got to say, it really is an honour to meet THE John Stevenson.

JOHN STEVENSON
Yeah...So.. Your from Amy's show?

CHRIS
Not exactly. I'll be honest, I stole your number off her phone.

JOHN STEVENSON
Stole it?

CHRIS
Well, I was at a funeral. It seemed wrong to ask.

JOHN STEVENSON
I see.. so.. Wait a minute.
(John stops walking)
Exactly why am I doing this?

CHRIS
I have personal reasons..
Research, let's say.

JOHN STEVENSON
I'm a busy man, you think I'll give just anyone free tours!
(John turns back)
Some people!

CHRIS
Wait..

John starts to disappear down the slope. Chris thinks, the cogs hurriedly spinning.

CHRIS
Amy card!

John turns back.

JOHN STEVENSON
What?

Chris sees slight interest in John's eyes. Chris steps and slips down the slope, stopping in front of John.

CHRIS
I can put a good word in for you. Not just yet though... Her fiancée just died.

JOHN STEVENSON
I see...

CHRIS

I mean, we're nearly there, right?

JOHN STEVENSON

It's just over this slope, you can hear the river.

John hurries up the slope, clearly regretting ever meeting Chris.

JOHN STEVENSON

Come on, you're lagging behind.

Chris follows, somewhat clumsily.

EXT. ROOT CAVE - DAY

They walk towards a very large old tree. Through the small sunbeams piercing through the trees.

JOHN STEVENSON

There it is.

Ahead of them, tucked between the old trees routes, is the Root Cave. The river has now deviated it's course and no longer hides the entrance.

Chris walks up and examines the window.

CHRIS

Did you go in?

JOHN STEVENSON

No. I did in the book... I wasn't in a very inquisitive state of mind at the time.. and.. It gives me a bad feeling, you can quote me on that.

Chris grabs the bottom of the window and pulls. It doesn't budge.

JOHN STEVENSON

You're going to go in?!

CHRIS

If I can get it open. Give me a hand.

John steps over the roots and grabs the bottom. They both pull up hard.

The window springs open causing them both to fall back. They both get back to their feet, staring into the darkness of the Root Cave.

CHRIS

I'm going in.

JOHN STEVENSON

Bad idea.

Chris crawls through the opening. Moments later the window swings shut behind him.

INT. ROOT CAVE - DAY

John's silhouette struggles to open the window. Chris after a moments consideration, crawls away into the dark.

Digging around in his pocket he pulls out a torch. He flicks it on but as he does the bulb instantly pops and the light is gone. Resigned to the darkness, Chris crawls on.

As he crawls deeper, a sound echoes around him. Chris stops, listening carefully. An eerie voice fills the darkness of the tunnels.

SCRAWNY

William.

Chris turns, seeing the ghostly form of Scrawny, grinning with his hand reaching out. Chris stumbles back.

CHRIS

Who...

Chris turns, suddenly seeing the shrunken form of ten year old Will, cowering at the wall of the cave.

SCRAWNY

Give me your hand William.

Chris looks back and forth between them. They're ignoring him. Chris looks at Will. He is no longer a cowering ten year old. He is twenty-one, standing with a gun leveled on Scrawny.

WILL

No.

The gun fires. Chris jumps back, his eyes darting to Scrawny. The shot has hit high on his chest.

Scrawny starts to laugh, louder and louder.

A huge gust of wind fills the cave. All the air is being drawn to Scrawny. His laughing mouth opens wider, so wide that it starts to tear at the edges. One side tears up, the other down.

Chris backs away quickly, stumbling onto a weak patch of ground. It gives way beneath him.

He tumbles into another dark tunnel. The laughter is gone now, along with the ghostly apparitions.

Chris feels his way around, trying to get a sense of the place, unable to even make out his own hands. Out of the darkness, one thing becomes visible. The pure white mask of the killer floats toward Chris. He turns to hurry away from it but there is someone else behind him.

Chief, with 1997 shaved head, points his gun at the shadow, firing a shot at it. The wind rushes through the tunnel again as the killer fades. Chris looks at the Chief.

CHRIS

Greg?

Greg does not look at him, instead he ages. His hair growing, his face becoming more gaunt. He grins widely.

WILL

What the hell are you doing here?!

Chris turns to see an older Will where the killer had been moments earlier.

GREG

We all know the answer to that one don't we.

Greg fires his gun. Will falls down. Greg fades away.

Chris stares at Will's lifeless body, the only thing he can see. Slowly, breathing heavily, he steps toward it.

Getting close he looks down at Will. Definitely dead. Chris reaches out when the body suddenly, with a deep breath, comes back to life.

PARTIE

He is alive?!

GILES

Apparently so..

The two doctors are stood above Will.

PARTIE

C'est impossible!

The visions fade away. Chris listens to his own breath in the dark. He places his hands out as he advances hurriedly through the tunnels. He hears running footsteps that are not his own. He steps back against the walls as an older and wealthier looking Will runs past him. Will trips and falls to the ground, quickly turning to see his pursuer.

A rather deranged looking Chief stands, pitchfork raised. He slams it down into Will's stomach. Smiling as Will breathes his last.

GILES

How do you do it?

Will is breathing again.

GILES

I have to know.

Will stands up, a little older. Greg faces him once again. The gun fires over and over.

A woman's laughter echoes through the cave, though Chris is unable to see the source.

Giles is above Will once again, smiling triumphantly.

GILES

I know what you are now. I can see you.

His hand reaches to Will's head, it passes inside as if breaking through the surface of water.

The cave starts to shake violently. Something drops onto Chris' shoulder. It is a very large spider. He is very quick to hit it off. It's body is bright white. Chris stumbles back across the shaking floor. Another spider drops near him, then another. He runs back.

Whit blobs emerge from the walls. Spiders are appearing everywhere, too quickly for Chris to bat them all off. He runs, distracted by the spiders he falls into a hole.

EXT. ROOT CAVE - DAY

The window bursts open and out falls Chris, coming to rest at John Stevenson's feet. Chris jumps to his feet, and slams the window shut. He tries to hit spiders off his clothing but soon notices there are none there.

CHRIS

Don't go in there.. It's a bad idea.

EXT. SEASIDE HARBOUR - DAY

A much richer and neater looking Greg is staring at a puddle as if he's seen a ghost. Floating in that puddle is a Sunday paper business supplement. There is a picture of Will on the front. Greg bends down, picking up the paper. Dirty streams of water run down his arms. The article says:

HAWK INDUSTRIES PROFITS CONTINUE TO RISE

Will looks pretty pleased and is noticeably older and chubbier than at he and Greg's last encounter.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house demonstrates Will's recent run of success better than any business supplement ever could.

Greg treads silently along the gravel path, he's getting very good at this. He reaches the walls of the old stone house. He creeps along it, peering in each window. The rooms are elegantly decorated but there is very little life within them. Only one room has a light on, it's up on the first floor. Choosing a window at the opposite end of the house, Greg breaks and enters.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE STUDY - NIGHT

Greg finds himself in a study. He moves to the door, listening for any sign that his presence might be known. Silence.

Greg jumps at the sound of a clock in the hallway. An old grandfather clock, it chimes twice.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Using these chimes as a cover, Greg glides swiftly out into the hall and up an excessively grand staircase. The chimes echo back into silence.

Greg stands still, listening. His eyes fixed on the shaft of light from a nearby door. A page turns, it's that quiet.

Greg proceeds, still partially concealed in shadow, he stands in the doorway. Will is inside, the room is probably best described as a library.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Greg stares at Will calmly reading with no sign of having ever been shot in the forehead. Barely containing his rage, Greg stamps into the room.

Will's attention is well and truly got.

With just enough time to register the fact that Greg is in front of him, Will runs and dives out of the window. Greg clearly wasn't expecting this.

There is a loud crack and thump as Will crashes into a thorn bush below the window.

Greg follows out the window, climbing as opposed to jumping.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg makes his way down the wall. His gaze doesn't leave Will for a moment. Will is limping away to a garden tool shed.

Greg drops into the bush, hurrying out, ignoring the scratches on his skin. He runs across the grass, fast closing the gap. Will has entered the shed.

INT. WILL'S TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Will runs into the tool shed and reaches for a rifle hanging on the wall. Greg has caught up and is at the tool sheds entrance. Greg reaches for his gun, nothing there, it's dropped out during pursuit.

Will raises the rifle, Greg bats it away just before a shot fires into the ceiling.

Greg frantically grabs the only weapon available to him. A garden pitchfork. He rams it hard into Will's stomach. The rifle clatters to the floor. Will slides to the ground, his breathing growing increasingly erratic. His last view is Chief's grin. The breathing stops. Will is dead once more.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS - DAY

Shaky walks down the sterile white corridors of Riversides one and only hospital. Walking with him is a french doctor with what could well be the worlds biggest side parting, it has earned him the name of PARTIE.

PARTIE

Is he under some sort of investigation?

SHAKY

The questions shall be asked by moi, comprendes?

PARTIE

Yes.. He's an unusual man. Very skilled, best i've known. He really is an incredible doctor.

SHAKY

Ooh la la! Look, I don't care how good he is. You said "unusual". Explain.

PARTIE

I don't appreciate your tone. You're being very rude.

SHAKY

Oh Desole, Desole! Look, i'm just trying to do a job here, less of the backtalk Frenchie.

PARTIE

Backtalk!? What backtalk?
Morceau de merde! I'm trying to
do a job too!

SHAKY

I know what you just said.

PARTIE

Look, you want to know how he's
unusual? People change when
they're with him. For the better,
it's inspiring, like some kind
of aura. He makes artists of all
of us. There's nothing more I
can tell you. You came looking
for dirt but you wont find it
monsieur. This is a hospital.
We take cleanliness very
seriously. So, if you could just
move along now, I'd appreciate
it. Merci.

Partie turns and walks away down the corridor.

SHAKY

Morceau de merde..

EXT. SUBURBAN CLOSE - DAY

It is late afternoon as a car driven by Shaky pulls in at
the house of Price.

Shaky and Price sit for a moment.

JOHN PRICE

So in summary.. We have nothing.

SHAKY

Nada. Just a frenchman with an
attitude problem and a "magical
doctor".

JOHN PRICE

Eight years I've been working on
this.

SHAKY

Well what can we do. It's a
goddamned ghost. It could kill
anyone, anywhere and anytime.
It's like we're trying to...Put
together a jigsaw puzzle.. of..
(Conjuring this
metaphor is clearly
using most of his brainpower)
..A blank wall... And half the
pieces are missing.

JOHN PRICE

That's the most depressing thing
you've said all day.

SHAKY

What you doing tonight?

JOHN PRICE

My daughter's school play, I
don't think you'd be interested.

SHAKY

I wasn't asking for an invitation.
I like kids.. But I couldn't eat
a whole one, ey?

Shaky gives Price a nudge.

JOHN PRICE

Right...

(Gets out of car)

I'll see you tomorrow.

Shaky reverses out of the drive and drives away. Price
goes inside.

INT. HOUSE OF PRICE - DAY

Price saunters into the living room and falls onto the
sofa. Sam is sat on the floor with Dilys knelt behind her.
Dilys is trying to bring order to Sam's hair and from the
assortment of brushes, combs and other products, it is
clear that it is a losing battle.

SAM

My head hurts. But it's for "the
greater good".

JOHN PRICE

My head hurts too. Don't know
about the greater good though...
Eight years and no end in sight.

SAM

Oooowww!

DILYS

Sorry, Massy. It will all be
worth it by the end of the night.

JOHN PRICE

The thing is, I can't even
picture an end. Am I really
going to find some guy and put
him in prison for all this? I
just don't see it.

Dilys looks over Sam's hair.

DILYS

We should have gotten a hat..

JOHN PRICE

There's something about that
Doctor though...

SAM

Oowwww!

DILYS

No good. We'll have to make the
best we can of it at school. We
have to go. You'll need to be
there in a couple of hours.

JOHN PRICE

And there's... What?

SAM

You're coming to the play!

JOHN PRICE

I hadn't forgotten, but so early?

DILYS

They're seven. We've got to go.

(To Sam)

Don't forget your dress and the
masks.

SAM

I woooooont!

Dilys gets up she goes to kiss price on the forehead. She
looks at him appraisingly.

DILYS

Why are you still wearing that
awful jacket?

Price suddenly realises he forgot his jacket switcheroo
routine. She goes ahead with her forehead kiss.

DILYS

Don't be late.

Dilys leaves. Sam starts grabbing assorted hair products
and putting them in bags.

SAM

Why doesn't mum like that jacket?

JOHN PRICE

Do you like the jacket?

SAM

No. It's funny looking.

JOHN PRICE

That's what your mother says.

Sam gets up and leaves the room. Price relaxes back, deeper into the sofa.

EXT. THE POLAR RESOLUTION - DAY

A loud metallic thump sounds as Greg's fist collides with the side of a large green crate. In his non punching hand is a paper.

ANOTHER MIRACULOUS SURVIVAL FOR WILLIAM HAWKER

Having to vent his rage somewhere, Greg tears through the articles picture of Will.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg is back to his late night eyeing of Will's house. There are a few more lights on this time and a large fence is semi constructed. Add to that the presence of several police officers and the prospect of murder looks pretty slim.

Greg eyes the grounds, hopping through a gap in the unfinished fence.

Sat on a pile of bricks, a cigarette smoldering to the filter, is a man with a permanently surprised expression.

Greg effortlessly slides in behind him and before Shaky has even spat out his cigarette in shock, Greg has taken both his gun and his radio.

SHAKY

Wha.. It's you!

GREG

Quiet.

Greg levels his newly acquired gun on its owner.

SHAKY

You.. You wouldn't shoot me.
Someone would notice.

GREG

I have a business proposition.

SHAKY

(Whispered)
Can't we discuss this somewhere
else?

Greg smiles and glances across the garden. The tool shed. Greg motions to it with the gun.

SHAKY
The pitchfork shed?!

GREG
The very same.

Very nervously, Shaky turns toward the shed.

INT. WILL'S TOOL SHED - NIGHT

At Greg's gun issued directions, Shaky takes his seat on an upturned bucket.

GREG
I need someone to keep an eye on Will, tell me what he's up to.

SHAKY
Why would I do that?! That's insane!

Greg drops a big roll of money to the floor by Shaky's feet. Shaky darts down, grabbing it up, flicking through the notes.

GREG
Incentive?

SHAKY
You realise I can just keep this? Why help you now?

GREG
You really want to be saying things like that? Right here in the pitchfork shed?
(Shaky and his bucket scrape back across the floor in retreat)
There is more where that came from. You do your job, you get paid. That simple. If anyone comes looking for me, or if you bring anyone else in on this, you die.

Greg vanishes out the door. After a second alone and silent in the shed, Shaky darts out too.

On the ground is his gun and radio. Of the Chief, there is no sign.

INT. RICKETY STAIRWAY - DAY

Scarface climbs up some dangerously decayed wooden steps. Each step sounds as if it may give way beneath her feet. She is not fazed by this, as usual she is grinning.

Echoing down the tall staircase is the sound of Metallica's To Live is to Die. All Scarface has to do is follow the sound.

The source is a nice brand new red door, which clearly doesn't belong. Scarface knocks... No response, the sound is drowned out by Metallica. Scarface punches the door repeatedly, causing a noticeable dent and grazing her knuckles. The door opens. A short man in an oversized cardigan comes to the door. His name is David Smith.

DAVID SMITH

What?!

Scarface grins widely

SCARFACE

(Shouting over the music)
I'm looking for David Smith!

DAVID SMITH

I am David Smith!

SCARFACE

You are not David Smith!

DAVID SMITH

I'm the new David Smith! Come
on in, take a seat!!

INT. RED ROOM - DAY

Scarface enters the small flat. It's is entirely decorated in red and black. David slumps into the chair behind a desk. Scarface sits opposite.

Scarface slides the photo of the chief from out of her jacket and places it in front of Dave. He grabs it and holds it close to his face.

DAVID SMITH

This guy again!

Off to the right behind the desk is a door. Dave bends over without leaving his chair and slides the photo under the door. He sits back up, evidently waiting for something to happen. The music suddenly cuts out. Without it the place is deathly silent. Silent enough to hear pen creaking against paper.

The photo glides back into the Red Room and is swept up by Dave. He looks at it for a moment before handing it to Scarface. Written on the photo, above Chief's head are the words "No Charge".

Scarface grins.

EXT. RIVERSIDE SCHOOL - EVENING

Price drives in to a full school car park. He drives around looking for a space and eventually gives up and pulls in at one at the far end of the car park. He walks fast up to the school entrance.

INT. RIVERSIDE SCHOOL - EVENING

Price turns left through the entrance into the main hall. The sound of applause flows out. As Price enters he sees that it was the headmaster introducing the play. He is on time. He scans around the hall but the seats are all full, except one. Price takes his seat, right at the back pressed up against the wall in the direct centre, facing straight up the aisle to the stage.

The lights dim. The poor quality school stage curtain is raised and a pale blue spotlight illuminates the right side of the stage.

On the right side of the stage is a small clouded window in the side of a mound of earth fashioned out of papier mache, with the occasional tuft of cut green paper for grass.

Off to the right of the stage, behind a piano, sits Dilys. She begins to play. The song is Bright Eyes.

As Dilys' playing begins, the window creaks open and slowly and carefully, out comes Sam.

Sam's hair is now immaculate and she is wearing what is a surprisingly extravagant dress for a school play. Price's attention however is most got by one thing. Sam's face is painted entirely white except for the black round her eyes and a crooked black smile over her mouth. It is the face of the killers.

Sam slowly moves across the stage.

SAM
(Singing)
Is it a kind of dream, Floating
out on the tide...

Other children have begun to arrive on the stage. The first child is a little boy wearing a messy grey wig. Still singing, Sam walks up to the boy and taps him on the forehead. Grey falls down to the ground

SAM
(Singing)
Following the river of death down
stream... Oh, is it a dream?

Behind Sam on the floor, Grey moves. Awkwardly whilst still on the ground, he produces a mask. Having put it on he stands up. It is a killer's mask.

SAM
 (Singing)
 There's a fog along the horizon,
 a strange glow in the sky...

The second child wears is a little girl with pigtails. Grey taps her on the forehead and she goes down.

SAM
 (Singing)
 And nobody seems to know where
 you go, And What does it mean?

Pigtails rises and approaches the third child who wears a sunglasses and a cap. Together they approach the forth child who wears a balaclava, they tap him too.

SAM
 (Singing)
 Oh, is it a dream?

The four masked children gather around Sam, before collapsing to the floor.

SAM
 (Singing)
 Bright eyes, burning like fire..
 Bright eyes, How can you close
 and fail?

The lights partially dim keeping only Sam lit, allowing the four floored children to sneak off stage. Price stares on, a dumbstruck look upon his face.

SAM
 (Singing)
 How can the light that burned so
 brightly suddenly burn so pale?
 Bright Eyes.

The light returns and with it comes the fifth child. He has messily gelled hair and wears glasses.

SAM
 (Singing)
 Is it a kind of shadow? Reaching
 into the night...

Sam touches his forehead and he falls and rises like the other children.

SAM
 (Singing)
 Wandering over the hills unseen...

The sixth child has a cap and a thick jacket.

SAM
 (Singing)
 Or is it a dream?

The seventh and eighth wear balaclavas and have walkie talkies.

SAM
 (Singing)
 There's a high wind in the
 trees... A cold sound in the air..

Sam slowly descends the steps at the front centre of the stage, complete with her entourage of masked children.

SAM
 (Singing)
 And nobody ever knows when you
 go.. And where do you start...

All the children line up in front of the stage.

SAM
 (Singing)
 Oh, into the dark.

They all fall down, except Sam. Once again the light dims and they hurriedly crawl out of sight.

SAM
 (Singing)
 Bright eyes, burning like fire...
 Bright eyes, how can you close
 and fail?

The ninth child wears a beanie hat. Sam taps him. Sam has begun to slowly walk up the aisle.

SAM
 (Singing)
 How can the light that burned so
 brightly, suddenly burn so pale?
 Bright Eyes.

The tenth has a clip on moustache.

SAM
 (Singing)
 Bright eyes, burning like fire...
 Bright eyes, how can you close
 and fail?

All the other children emerge from backstage and run down the steps. They are all carrying large amounts of masks. The masks are handed out to the audience as the children tap them. One by one the audience puts on their masks.

Sam continue to walk down the aisle, touching the foreheads of the nearby audience members. With an embarrassed smile she slowly walks towards Price. Price has probably never gone so long without blinking.

SAM
 (Singing)
 How can the light that burned so
 brightly, suddenly burn so pale?

From the person to his right, Price is handed a mask. He stares at the crude papier mache construction in front of him. Sam, barely suppressing a laugh stops directly in front of him.

SAM
 (Singing)
 Bright eyes.

She taps him on the forehead. Dilys' piano playing draws to a close. Price looks around. All masked eyes of the audience are on him.

Slowly he raises the mask, placing it on his face.

Sam gives an overjoyed laugh and the audience erupts into applause.

INT. PRICE'S CAR - NIGHT

Price is driving. In the passenger seat is Sam with only partially cleared up face make up.

SAM
 Did you like the play?

JOHN PRICE
 It made me think.
 (Price does indeed
 look lost in thought)
 In my day we did Snow White...

SAM
 Snow White's Booring.

JOHN PRICE
 Especially when you have to play
 dopey... So.. You want to be a
 singer when you grow up?

SAM
 No.. I want to be a fireman!

JOHN PRICE
 I see... Fireman Sam, huh?

EXT. THE POLAR RESOLUTION - DAY

Greg is leant over the side of the ship, currently docked at Seaside. He is on the phone.

SHAKY

(On phone)

Security is tight as ever.
Will's feathers are still all
ruffled from the last time. He's
not taking any chances.

GREG

You don't need to tell me that.
I'm paying you to find the chances.

SHAKY

(On phone)

Well... There is one possibility..
There's a business function of
some type coming up. A big
soiree. Think they're
celebrating his success or
something. If he's gonna drop
his guard anywhere, it'll be there.

EXT. SEASIDE HARBOUR - EVENING

Greg departs the ship, walking along the docks, lost in thought. He scowls as he sees a large Hawk Construction crate being loaded onto one of the ships.

A woman watches him walk. A tall thin woman with messy sea soaked blonde hair. Her clothes have a real hobo chic to them. This is SARA. She bounds after Greg. Sensing her approach, Greg turns.

His attention got, she grins.

SARA

(Consulting her
memory for a moment)

I wanna outrun my shadow.

GREG

That so...

Greg looks at her intently, now noticing that she is actually taller than he is. Behind her, a crate lifts a Hawk Construction crate high into the air.

SARA

Got your eye fill yet? Or do you
need to see me naked?

GREG

Pull your hair back.

Sam reaches up, pulling back her messy blonde hair into a bunch at the back.

GREG
You don't look like you've been
on the streets long.

SARA
(Grins)
You'll find that much of the
trash lying in the gutter
consists of fallen flowers.

INT. THE SAFE RETURN - NIGHT

Greg and Sara are sat at a rickety corner table in an old fisherman's pub. There is a decent number of patrons, perhaps thanks to a chubby, grey bearded man who we shall call BEARDIE. He is sat on a very small stage with a microphone, singing a very irish song. Some are pounding there fists and their feet to the beat.

SARA
So if I do this... I get a new
life.

GREG
Absolutely. Everyone has to
offer something, we're not
running a charity. You're an
investment to us.

Beardie reaches his chorus.

BEARDIE
(Singing)
So I calls my wife and I says to
her...
(Most of the men
shout along to the
next line. Greg
is the exception.)
Hey wife you bitch!

SARA
(Along with all the
other women in the
bar, but her's is
aimed at Greg)
What do you want you fucking
asshole!

The song descends into unintelligible Irishness. Greg stares at Sara. Grinning, she lifts up a small book that contains the lyrics to Beardie's songs.

SARA
Hey, It's Irish night.

GREG
I had noticed.

Sara starts nodding her head to the beat, then she starts pounding the table.

Greg stares at Sara.

Back to the chorus.

BEARDIE
(Singing)
So I calls my wife and I says to
her..

SARA
(Also aimed at Greg)
Hey wife you bitch!

Sara bursts out laughing, too much for her to partake in the second line.

Greg stares at Sara.

INT. GREG'S CRATE - NIGHT

Greg flips a switch illuminating what looks like a luxury penthouse apartment crammed into a shipping crate with a makeshift doorway leading to a second crate. This is more or less what it is.

SARA
Woah!

Sara walks into the crate, looking around while stumbling a little drunkenly. Looking back at Greg she grins and starts a slow clap.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM CRATE - NIGHT

GREG
What are you running from?

Sara is staring at her reflection, removing her clothing piece by piece.

SARA
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.
That's the problem.

She is naked now.

Greg is nonchalantly drinking a bottle of beer whilst keeping a cautious and now slightly curious eye on Sara. he doesn't notice the single tear that falls from her left eye. It seems even she doesn't.

SARA

You know I don't normally sleep with guys two hours after I meet them but I'm making an exception.

GREG

Why the exception?

SARA

It's Irish night.

EXT. CHIEF'S FIELD - DAY

Chief Greg wades through the long grass that leads to his tent, he is carrying what looks like bag of supplies. Suddenly he drops to the ground, hiding amongst the grass.

A man dressed all in black is skulking around his tent. He checks the fire and the debris surrounding it. He has wavy deep black hair, a well trimmed beard and a deep scar on his forehead. He looks like the page for "Cool" in a children's picture book. This is the HITMAN.

Greg watches as the Hitman enters his tent. Moments later the Hitman jumps back, pulling a gun. From the tent emerges a small dog. The Hitman lowers his gun, while the dog runs off into the grass, carrying food.

Chief slowly and carefully maneuvers through the grass, the sound of his movements covered by the rustle that the grass is making with the wind.

The hitman pulls out a phone, he begins to speak into it. Greg has moved so that the tent rests between him and the hitman.

HITMAN

He was here, only this morning.

Greg silently runs up to the rear of the tent and pulls a small flick knife from his belt. Using the knife as a mirror he sees that the hitman is still distracted. A train screeches across the rails behind the field. Taking the opportunity, chief slices through the back of the tent and grabs a bag, from which he pulls a gun. Carefully slinging the bag over his shoulder he raises his gun and jumps out at the hitman. The hitman has seen him however and in less than a second has his gun raised and fired in the Chief's direction.

Chief having narrowly avoided being hit, makes a break for the grass. The hitman follows him in.

Chief moves through the grass, unable to hear the hitman's movements.

Moving slowly, listening all around him, the chief wanders on.

INT. RIVERSIDE TOWN HALL - NIGHT

An elaborate business function is in full flow. There is a finger buffet table lining the back wall and several other tables off to the side. Mostly people are roaming the floor, meeting and greeting and giving the X,Y's and Z's of how and why they are successful.

Will is a little out of his depth. He is alone by the buffet, picking at a plate piled high with food.

Sara moves across the room. She looks like a different person. Her hair is immaculate and pulled tight to the back of her head and she is wearing a perfectly fitted dress suit. She sidles in next to Will.

SARA

I do not believe we have had the pleasure.

WILL

We haven't. I'm William Hawker.

SARA

Wow.

Sara does her possibly mocking clap again.

SARA

The man of the hour, huh?

WILL

And I would hope many more to come.

SARA

You're new to this whole game aren't you?

WILL

I'm not even sure what the point of this is.

SARA

It's a pissing contest.

WILL

Excuse me?

SARA

Trying to see who can piss the furthest distance. In your case though, I'd say it's dribbling down your leg.

WILL

You're new to this whole game too aren't you?

SARA

No, but these things bore me.
What do you say we clear out of
here?

WILL

To where for what?

Sara grins.

EXT. THE POLAR RESOLUTION - NIGHT

Greg is walking along the ships deck. He stares at a crate still hanging from the crane, swaying gently in the wind. Hawk Construction, naturally.

A church bell chimes, somewhere on Seaside's slopes.

One. Greg's eyes fall from the crate. Two. Three. Greg stops. Four. Someone just darted behind a crate. Five. Greg turns, all alert now. Six. He slides a knife from his pocket. Seven. Greg moves fast across the deck stopping at the nearby crane controls. Eight. He flips a lever, causing the crate to move, hanging above the sea. Nine. After a series of button pushes and switch throws, the crate is released. Ten. Greg charges around the corner just as the crate crashes into the sea. Stood with his attention mildly diverted is the Hitman. Greg lunges at him with the knife. The Hitman dodges but only just. the knife strikes across his forehead, leaving a deep gash. Carried by his lunge's momentum, the Chief stumbles forward. He turns back to see the Hitman with his gun perfectly aimed. A shot is fired. Greg somehow evades.

He runs, escaping through a gap between two crates as more shots echo behind him.

INT. HAWK OFFICES -DAY

Chris is stood by the door, waiting while the two security guards frisk him. He walks into reception looking slightly better dressed than usual, though still below the standards of most folk.

CHRIS

Hey, is Will here?

RECIPE

In his office. Are you a proper,
full time employee now then?

CHRIS

It's looking that way.. Guess
it's down to Will though.

RECIPE

You should really call him Mr
Hawker.

CHRIS

No way. Me and Will go way back.
I almost got murdered at his house.

RECIPE

Oh.. You're one of the Hambrook
people, then?

CHRIS

Obviously, unless people have
almost been murdered at his other
houses. Other than him of course.

RECIPE

I probably shouldn't say this
but.. You know that woman with
the scar?

CHRIS

..I've seen her.

RECIPE

There was a break in at Will's
home, someone attacked her,
that's how she got it.

CHRIS

...When was this?

RECIPE

I don't know.. Like two months
ago, maybe? Don't tell Mr Hawker
I told you that.

CHRIS

I won't.

RECIPE

Course, I hear his place is like
a fortress now. Barred windows
and everything.

Chris thinks for a moment. He turns to leave.

CHRIS

I'm Chris, by the way.

RECIPE

I'm the receptionist.

Chris turns down the corridor that leads to Will's office.
Down the corridor towards him walks Scarface. Her phone
rings as she passes Chris. She walks on down the corridor
out of earshot as Chris knocks on the door of Will's office.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

CHRIS
Hi. Interrupting anything?

WILL
Not at all. Take a seat.

Chris sidles in to the plush chair across from Will.

WILL
That was a good job you did on
Hambrook house. It has just been
sold for a very large sum.

CHRIS
Glad to hear it. I tried to use
a personal approach.

Will starts to organise some papers on his desk.

WILL
I was very sorry to hear about Amy.

CHRIS
I didn't see you at the funeral.

WILL
Well, you know how it is..

CHRIS
...Not really.

Will finishes his organising.

WILL
Now. Let's talk business.

CHRIS
Can I ask something?

WILL
Go ahead.

CHRIS
That woman with the..
(Chris puts a
finger to the edge
of his mouth.)
Who is she?

WILL
She's my partner.

CHRIS
Business or...

WILL
I would have to say both.

CHRIS
Ok. Just curious. NOW let's
talk business.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Will, wearing an old fashioned but rather fetching bowler hat, steps over the threshold with Sara by his side. There is a security guard by the door.

GUARD
(From a look from Will)
I'll be outside.

He departs. Sara just spins round and round mouth agape, taking in the plush surroundings.

SARA
You live here?!

Will laughs. Sara rapidly goes from doorway to doorway taking in the view of each. She looks at Will, clapping again.

SARA
And I mean it this time. Very
impressed, little man.

Sara heads upstairs. Will follows, partly buoyed by his freshly inflated ego.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara eyes the immaculately kept interior. Everything about her expression says one thing. She wants it all.

Scanning the room she sees a photo of a woman, a girl more like. It is Denise and Will.

SARA
Who's your lady friend.

WILL
My fiancée. She died. Many
years ago now.

Sara stares at Denise, tracing the outline of her face with her fingernail.

SARA
Pretty.. Maybe it's for the best
that she's gone.

WILL
What?

SARA
 Pretty flowers wilt and fall.
 Then get trampled into the ground.
 Better to die beautiful.

Will stares at Sara for a moment, who is still lost in the photo. Will grabs it, taking it out of her sight.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg dashes across the grass, silent and deadly. If the security guard is waiting for an opportunity to demonstrate his usefulness, he's about to get it.

The man notices Greg's rapid approach but it's far too late.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A gunshot. Will and Sara look at each other. Will with panic in his eyes whilst Sara just looks like an embarrassing guest has just arrived at her party.

The crash of broken glass and the splintering of wood.

WILL
 You need to hide!

Sara smiles and shakes her head. Footsteps thump up the stairs. Greg appears at the door.

There is a brief moment where all three stand in silence. No words are exchanged, everyone knows what's going to happen.

Greg fires a shot perfectly into the centre of Will's forehead. He falls to the ground, snapping the frame of the Denis photo as he does. Will is dead.

This time however, Greg is leaving none of it down to lady luck. He steps forward, firing shot after shot into Will. The gun clicks empty.

Sara isn't all that fazed by the situation, in fact she has started laughing.

SARA
 (Laughing)
 You're insane!

Greg throws his gun aside and flips his trusty knife from his pocket in one smooth move.

He slams Sara against a chest of drawers, holding the knife up to her face.

Sara is trying hard to suppress her laughter.

Greg place the knife at the corner of her mouth.

GREG

Maybe this will stop you from smiling.

Greg cuts down at the right edge of her mouth. Sara clutches her mouth as Greg throws her to the floor.

GREG

Go back to whatever hole you crawled out of.

Greg steps back toward the door. He flips the light switch off, plunging the room into darkness.

And with that he is gone.

EXT. CHIEF'S FIELD - EVENING

Chris stands by the wreckage of Chief's tent. He now has a trainee name badge attached to his scruffily worn white shirt.

The tent is a mess and still full of a random assortment of possessions. Chris surveys the area around the tent. He goes towards a bit of the grass that has been flattened down. There is a small amount of blood staining the ground.

Suddenly something moves among the tent's wreckage. Chris turns suddenly. It is the dog again. Chris looks around for a potential owner but he is most definitely alone, the state of the dog leaves little doubt that it's a stray.

CHRIS

You're on your own..
 (Chris kneels down
 to stroke the dog)
 ..Me too.

Chris stands up. The wind whistles through the long grass.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - EVENING

Chris is sat in his shogun trying to start the ignition. He's failing. Finally the car starts.

CHRIS

Thank you!

Chris gives an encouraging thump on the dashboard and makes ready to pull out.

Suddenly there is a loud bang and black smoke plumes out the thin gaps at the edge of the bonnet. The car is going nowhere.

Accepting this, Chris gets out of the car. Reluctantly he starts the long walk across the bridge.

About halfway across he realises that he is being followed. He turns. It is the dog, running a short distance behind him. Chris smiles. Seeing that Chris has stopped, the dog stops and sits as if waiting for permission.

CHRIS
You want to come with?

Chris turns and continues walking. The dog follows, quickly closing the gap to fall in beside Chris. Chris looks down at him.

CHRIS
If you're coming with me, you're gonna need a name...

Chris glances back to the devoid river banks of the northern shore.

CHRIS
Your name is Cheef.

The setting sun glitters across the western end of the river. The bridge is empty but for one man and a dog.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM CRATE - DAWN

Greg is awoken by the sound of commotion, panicked commotion at that. He has slept in his clothes. He gets up, running to the main door and creaking it open.

EXT. THE POLAR RESOLUTION - DAWN

Greg peers across the deck. It does not take a genius to see the source of the commotion. Several police cars are at the dock, blue and red lights casting big morning shadows. A couple of people are talking to Cappy, no sign of Baltic.

Greg looks. There is no way off the boat without going past the police.

Quietly descending from his high perch, he heads to the side of the ship and drops over the side into the sea.

UNDER THE SEA

Greg lands hard, taking a moment to collect himself. He starts to swim away along the side of the ship. Below him is a dented Hawk Construction crate.

INT. BLACK ROOM - EVENING

The Hitman is sat in a basic wooden chair which, like almost everything else in this room is black. What isn't though, is the deep red blood dripping from a hole in his shoulder. Dave Smith, clearly no medical expert, is trying to patch him up.

Metallica's To Live is to Die is playing.

DAVID SMITH

I told you this bastard was
tricksy. He's got you twice now.
I mean look at you. Not a
scratch on you, no scars but the
two he's given you.

The tissue paper that Dave is using has become so sodden
that it's falling apart in his fingers.

METALLICA

When a man lies he murders some
part of the world...

DAVID SMITH

You know, I don't think there's
anything I can do, sorry. I know
the old David Smith could've. We
need a doctor..

METALLICA

These are the pale deaths which
men miscall their lives...

HITMAN

Am I doing the right thing?

DAVID SMITH

What? You mean job? Killing
people? Some would say no.. But
if not you it would be someone
else. You make it cleaner and
simpler. Less painful for all
concerned.

METALLICA

All this I cannot bear to witness
any longer...

HITMAN

I never knew.. Being shot.. It
hurts.. a lot.

METALLICA

Cannot the kingdom of salvation
take me home..

EXT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - DUSK

Chris walks across the radio station car park, Cheef still
at his heels. Chris stands under the flickering light
above the door and looks down at his new companion.

CHRIS

You're gonna have to stay out here. This is a classy place.. with carpets.. and.. You're too scruffy. I am too, but I've got connections.

(Chris starts backing through the door)

Stay.. Stay.

The dog stays and Chris enters the building.

INT. RADIO STATION CORRIDOR - DUSK

Chris wanders down the corridor. Stood by the coffee machine, filling several cups, is Stez.

STEZ

Denim, Denim! Want some coffee?

CHRIS

No.

Stez fills the final cup, there's too many for her to possibly carry.

CHRIS

I'll give you a hand.

STEZ

I'm afraid I can't let you do that Denim. Bringing the coffee is about ninety percent of what I do here.

CHRIS

Fair enough. Is she here?

STEZ

Of course. Who else would need this much coffee.

Chris continues down the corridor, entering the door to the studio.

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - NIGHT

Amy is at a desk making notes on a thick wad of paper barely supported by a clipboard. Tex is at the controls pushing knobs up and down, really not doing anything and just barely pretending he is.

CHRIS

Hey.

AMY

Oh, Hey.

(Amy clocks the
trainee badge)

Trainee, huh?

CHRIS

Oh, yeah. Have to start at the
bottom.

AMY

So what's up?

CHRIS

Nothing really.. i just..

AMY

You know, Bun'll be here soon.
I doubt she'd be pleased to see you.

CHRIS

Probably not. Ok, something is
up. Why were you with my brother?

Tex flips a switch a little too high, the feedback of the
microphone screams throughout the room. He mumbles an
apology.

AMY

He asked me to dinner, so I went.
That's it. Does it bother you?

Stez enters, awkwardly balancing coffee cups in any way
possible.

CHRIS

Yeah, it does. Not because of
why you'd think though.

AMY

Why then?

CHRIS

(Looks at Stez,
wondering if he
should continue in
front of her)

Because.. He's involved.

AMY

In what?

CHRIS

In what's been happening.. I
don't know how, I just know he is.

AMY

Ok.. And you base this on what exactly?

CHRIS

You'd think I was crazy if I told you. I'm gonna need you to trust me on this. Between us we can figure this out.

AMY

Figure it out? There always has to be a problem to solve doesn't there? Some enemy to fight. What you have to realise is...

CHRIS

I'm not being paranoid! Something is going on, you know it is! I just think you should be a little concerned!

AMY

Well i'm not. I'm not concerned. What are you suggesting we do? Get ourselves some guns and go ghost hunting?

CHRIS

Ok, fine. This thing killed Morgan, I figured you'd want to...

AMY

Get out.
(Chris looks at her,
showing no signs
of movement)
Get out!

Chris after hesitating momentarily, exits the studio, passing Stez who is still stood with coffee mountain atop her.

EXT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Chris is sat on a step by the entrance. Cheef is sat with him. A moth flutters around Cheef's nose. He snaps at it and the moth flies away, landing on the ground about a foot away. Cheef pounces, catching it under his paw. The moth struggles. Chris watches momentarily before pulling Cheef away from his victim. The slightly damaged moth flies away.

Someone walks slowly across the car park. Chris sees him as the weak light at the entrance finally illuminates his face. It is Greg.

CHRIS
(Getting up)
You're alive! I went to your
camp, it was...

GREG
I've had to relocate.

CHRIS
I saw blood on the ground.

GREG
Not mine. Figured you'd be here.

CHRIS
Well I've been looking everywhere
for you! I'd almost given up.
Somethings going on. I don't
know what, but it's something to
do with my brother. I saw it in
the cave..

GREG
Your brother?

CHRIS
I saw... What you did.. Done,
with Will too. My brother was
there every time.. He knows
something.

Chris sits down on the steps.

CHRIS
I'm glad your alright. I didn't
know what I was gonna do.

Greg reaches inside his bag and pulls out a gun. He hands
it to Chris.

GREG
There's a good chance someone
will try to kill you.

Chris takes the gun from chief.

CHRIS
What are we going to do?

GREG
I don't know yet. You say your
brother's involved somehow?

CHRIS
I think so.

GREG

Well, looks like it's gotten personal for both of us. Will and your brother... We need to find the link between the two..

CHRIS

By "we", you mean I have to find a link, right?

GREG

Hey, you're doing a good job.

CHRIS

Well, what are you doing? This whole time, what have you been doing?

Greg smiles.

GREG

I've got to go. Eyes everywhere.

Greg with a very confused look on his face, sees Cheef sat next to Chris. Cheef bares his teeth. Greg smiles, turns and walks off into the darkness.

Chris and Cheef are sat alone on the steps of the radio station, the car park is practically empty.

EXT. ROAD TO RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Chief walks slowly down the quiet road that leads down the hill to the city. It is the dead of night and the silence is only momentarily interrupted by cars driving at top speed down the empty road.

As Greg continues to walk, two voices in argument make themselves heard. It is two young homeless men. One has long curvy hair squashed down by a cap and thin glasses sat low on his nose, this is WILLARD. The other man has a thick black pony tail and is wearing a large beanie cap that half covers his eyes, this is JEFF.

JEFF

(In a northern accent)
All i'm saying is that it's wrong.

WILLARD

(In a strong accent,
which may or may
not be cockney)
Come on Jeff, we're not in a
position to...

They quieten down as they pass the Chief, talking in whispers. Chief watches them go with an ounce of curiosity.

EXT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Chris is sat by the entrance still. He still has the gun in his hand, staring at it deep in thought. Behind him there is movement.

Chris quickly hides his gun.

Tex waddles out of the entrance. He makes a acknowledging sound to Chris before heading to his car. Moments later Bun walks out of the building. Chris watches her get into Tex's car. The two drive off, their headlights illuminating two new arrivals to the car park. Jeff and Willard are here. They walk up to Chris.

WILLARD

(To Jeff)

It has to be him, he's wearing a denim jacket.

JEFF

You Chris?

CHRIS

Why?

WILLARD

We have something to show you.

CHRIS

Me specifically?

JEFF

It's something you want to see.

CHRIS

Someone sent you?

WILLARD

Nobody sent us!

JEFF

We were asked and we CHOSE to!

CHRIS

Asked by who?

WILLARD

We were asked not to tell.

Chris is resigned to his ignorance.

CHRIS

Ok. Show me.

JEFF

We don't have it. You got to come with us.

Chris gets to his feet, making efforts to better hide his gun as he does.

WILLARD

This way.

CHRIS

We're walking?

JEFF

Course not! Me Jags parked round the corner.

CHRIS

Ok, so we're walking.

JEFF

Right you are! You have quite an ear for sarcasm.

CHRIS

Right...

Chris follows Jeff and Willard out of the car park. Cheef bounds after them.

EXT. ROAD TO RADIO STATION - NIGHT

The two hobos. Chris and Cheef are walking down the road.

WILLARD

So, you sleep outside the radio station?

CHRIS

What?

JEFF

We tried that a couple of times, some bastard always reports us.

CHRIS

Umm.. I'm not homeless.

JEFF

Yer dog an appearance say otherwise.

CHRIS

I'm really not.

WILLARD

We recognise our own. You are, even if you don't know it yet. The streets are calling out your name.

Chris is about to respond but stops himself. He looks down at his battered jacket and scuffed shoes.

The newest thing on him is his trainee name badge.

EXT. OLD STATION - NIGHT

Chris and his two new homeless friends arrive at an old station building with very large iron gates. There is a large clock suspended above the gateway, the time reads just before midnight. Roped to the fence is a sign for Hawk industries.

Through the gates they go. they reach the edge of the platform. Jeff and Willard are talking amongst themselves, mostly ignoring Chris.

JEFF

..And so I says to Old Charlie,
I says...

WILLARD

Someone's coming! Down!

Jeff and Willard jump over the side of the platform, pressing themselves back against the wall. Chris follows, only just avoiding the sight of a security guard who has just emerged from a small room by the gate. Cheef remains sniffing about on the platform but the guard takes no notice.

The guard goes through the gateway before swinging the iron gates shut and locking it up.

CHRIS

Great..

JEFF

They open it up in the mornin.

CHRIS

How do we leave before then?

WILLARD

Why would you want to leave?
This place has everything you need.

Jeff and Willard get to their feet.

JEFF

You got security.

Jeff motions to the large gate.

WILLARD

You got private bedrooms.

Willard points to some train carriages behind him.

JEFF

You got running water.

Jeff points to a large tap and hose, which is most likely used for filling trains.

WILLARD

And for you...

(points to Chris)

We have the answer to many questions.

Willard turns slightly, pointing to a very old and broken carriage in the corner of the station. Chris starts walking toward it, stepping over the rails with Cheef right behind him. Jeff and Willard follow slowly.

Reaching the train carriage, Chris jumps and clammers through the door. Cheef jumps trying to follow but can't make the distance.

INT. THE CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Chris is inside. He looks down the train carriage. The interior looks far worse than the outside. The seat covers are almost entirely worn through and everything looks as if it's rusted, whether it's metal or not. There are piles and piles of boxes. Chris looks back out of the doorway. His homeless friends are nowhere to be seen. A little worried about their disappearance, he nevertheless goes back inside. He walks slowly down the aisle of the carriage.

A figure jumps out from what seems like nowhere, grabbing Chris by the arms and forcing him back against one of the seats.

CHRIS

Let go of me!

Chris notices that the man holding him is a police officer. Shaky.

SHAKY

Now calm it. Someone wants a word with you.

(Shaky digs in
Chris' pockets)

You DO have a gun.

Shaky takes Chris' gun, pocketing it for himself.

CHRIS

What's going on?! Am I under arrest.

WILL

You will be. But I want to know a few things first.

Will is at the end of the carriage, he steps towards Chris.

CHRIS

Will?

WILL

Poor little Chris. Always going from one job to the next. Moneys just never easy enough is it?

CHRIS

What the hell are you talking about!?

WILL

Don't be coy. Greg Andrews sent you to kill me, didn't he!

CHRIS

Greg's dead!

WILL

(Waves the photo
in Chris' face)
You can give up that charade.

CHRIS

Ok. So he's alive.

WILL

And along he comes with such a simple plan. You'll do anything for a buck wont you!

CHRIS

I wouldn't do that! I swear I wouldn't. I'm just trying to figure this out!

Chris struggles against his captor, with no results.

WILL

That being the case, what have you figured out?

CHRIS

I think.. You need to go to the cave.

WILL

...What?

CHRIS

I think you know what I mean.

Will is speechless, Shaky is baffled. The silence this creates seems to last a lifetime.

WILL
 (Looks to Shaky)
 Could you give us a moment?

SHAKY
 Play nice.

Shaky releases Chris, who starts rubbing his shoulders. Shaky steps down the carriage and hops out the door. Will waits for his departure before speaking.

WILL
 How do you know about the cave?

CHRIS
 John Stevenson showed me.

WILL
 Really? John Stevenson?

CHRIS
 Yeah. He's a bit of an asshole in person.

WILL
 You went inside?

CHRIS
 Yeah..

WILL
 What did you see?

CHRIS
 Everything. I think something's going to happen. You need to go there.. don't ask me how I know, I don't know how I know.

WILL
 Nothing is going to happen. It's over.

(Shouts outside)
 We're done in here!

CHRIS
 Just go there Will! You know this isn't over!

Shaky starts to clamber back into the carriage. He grabs Chris, pulling him to his feet.

CHRIS
 Hey, I haven't done anything wrong!

WILL
 Well, you certainly haven't done anything else.

Shaky coughs loudly. Will digs through his pockets, pulling out a wad of cash and handing it to Shaky along with the picture of Chris and the Chief.

SHAKY

Much obliged.

Shaky drags Chris to the entrance.

CHRIS

Guess I'm fired then...

EXT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Amy and Stez walk out of the entrance.

STEZ

I'll see you tomorrow Aimz. You know if you need to talk, you can call me anytime.

AMY

I want to get drunk. You want to?

STEZ

Now?

AMY

Absolutely now.

STEZ

Um. Ok.

Amy starts walking towards Stez's car.

STEZ

Yeah!

Stez runs after Amy with rather forced enthusiasm.

INT. THE HOOPLA - NIGHT

Amy and Stez are sat at a table in a large but rather empty club. The floor is colourfully lit from below, looking a little like a flat multi-coloured lava lamp. There are a few dark patches where people have danced a little too dramatically.

There is quite a collection of glasses on Amy and Stez's table, most of which are at Amy's end.

AMY

I'm jus.. so bored..

STEZ

Of what?

AMY

Everything. You'll see in couple a years. When you.. My age. You realise life's not gonna give you anything new.. Just same things, recycled.. Life is diminishing possibility.. The future's always worse than the past..

STEZ

I'm not so sure I like Amy the pessimist. Come on!

(She gives Amy a playful knock on the chin)

You're alive! So live!

Amy smiles, the smile grows into a rather drunken giggle.

AMY

Sorry.. I've been somewhat of a bitch lately haven't I?

STEZ

Absolutely! But knowing that, you can change! Be happy! Happy thoughts! Happy thoughts! Happy thoughts make you fly!

Amy starts drunkenly giggling again, this time finding it difficult to stop. The laugh starts to snowball into the kind of laugh where not being able to breathe starts to become a problem. Stez finds herself caught up in it, happy that her hyperactive display had its effect.

A phone vibrates on the table, banging against the glasses. Stez stifles her laugh long enough to answer her phone.

STEZ

Er.. Hi mum... I'm still at work... Um, office party... I'm sorry... No I'm not.. It's important... I'm sorry, really sorry...A little... I'll be home soon... Sorry.... Bye, Love you.

Stez hangs up the phone, Amy has managed to overcome her laughter.

AMY

Apologies, excuses and lies. Shame on you Stez.

STEZ

It's her birthday... I was.. Supposed to.. Have dinner with her, not a big deal.

AMY
..Wait, why didn't you say so?

STEZ
Well you just kinda... And I mean, with what you've been going through lately..

Amy lets her head drop onto the table.

AMY
Stez, Stez, Stez.

Amy lifts her head back up, a bit of her hair having been soaked by some type of table spillage.

AMY
I'm sorry. You didn't have to.. Do anything. No excuse for the way i've been acting.

STEZ
Apologies and excuses. Tut, Tut, Tut.

AMY
I said there were NO excuses.. and I didn't lie either. My conscience is clear.

The song freestyler starts to play. Amy listens for a moment, lost in thought.

AMY
Let's dance.

STEZ
Seriously? I hate this song.

AMY
Maybe so. But it plays, and we dance.

Amy gets up, her legs wavering a little. She pulls Stez by the arm, out to the dancefloor. The other dancers barely make double figures.

From the bar two men look on.

JACK
Hey, check those two out. You thinking what i'm thinking?

DARREN
No.

JACK

Woah, that's Amy Liatt! The blonde is yours man.

DARREN

I'm saving myself for the right person. You go ahead and have fun.

JACK

You know, you've always been saying that. Who is this "right person"? Cos it better be Jesus Christ himself or i'm not gonna accept that excuse anymore.

DARREN

Why don't you just grow up.

Darren turns to leave, Jack's hand seizes him within moments.

JACK

Don't leave me in the lurch like this, buddy. You're my comic foil. My whole skit doesn't work without you.

(Darren still looks unconvincd.)

Look. I promise that next time, we'll do whatever you want to do. Just, name it.

Darren stares at the floor for a moment, the floor is where his gaze usually rests.

DARREN

I want to go on a picnic.

JACK

Um. Ok. We'll do it. But first things first!

Jack makes a brief check over his clothing. He's looking about as good as he's ever likely to in these threads.. Which is not very. A confident, cheeky smile on his face, he heads over to Amy and Stez's table and seats himself. Darren reluctantly follows, eyes always on the glowing floor.

JACK

And now we play the waiting game!

Freestyler gradually subsides. Many a nostalgic dancer leaves the floor. Amy and Stez remain in the centre.

AMY

I'm sorry for the way i've been lately.. Especially, you know.. What happened earlier.

STEZ

Then it's not me you should be
apologising to.

AMY

I suppose. We'll have fun from
now on though. If I start acting
like a bitch just.. I don't know,
slap me or something.

STEZ

Slap you?!

AMY

..Actually, maybe just a poke on
the forehead.

STEZ

You can count on me.
(She looks back at
their table)
I think those guys are waiting
for us..

AMY

I see.. This could be fun.

Darren seems to have found something fascinating on the
floor and a rather impatient Jack is drumming his fingers
on the damp table.

DARREN

Did we lose the waiting game?

Jack's cocky, annoying grin returns as he sees Amy and
Stez returning.

JACK

Hey babes! I took the liberty
of getting you a top up.

There is a fresh set of drinks on the table. Amy and Stez
are a little dumbstruck by the "Hey babes". They reclaim
their seats, nonetheless.

AMY

Thanks waiter, if we need
anything else we'll call you.

Stez pokes Amy on the forehead.

AMY

Hey, that was justified!

Amy returns the poke, harder than Stez's.

STEZ

No tap backs!

Stez pokes again, Amy swiftly counters. This is repeated several times. Jack looks a little bemused. It is unclear if Darren has even noticed.

AMY

Ow!

JACK

So anyway, I'm Jack and this here's Darren.

The poking stops.

STEZ

Steph and Amy.

Having reeled them in, Jack prepares for the finishing blow.

JACK

So, get this! The other week I was in the train station, then this guy...

STEZ

(Interrupting)

Oh my God! Isn't that Buns and Tex?

Tex and Bun are indeed stood by the bar.

AMY

(Rubbing her forehead)

Huh? Yeah, you're right. What are those two doing here? And together?! That's as weird as it is disturbing.

JACK

..And then.. Then this guy.. completely..

STEZ

Let's investigate!

Stez and Amy arise and head off towards the bar.

JACK

..Completely drunk out of his skull...

Darren starts chuckling. An angry Jack turns to face him.

JACK

Get out of here!

Amy and Stez advance on their target. Out of the corner of her eye Bun sees them and for a brief moment, her face is stricken with panic.

STEZ

Bunny and Texaco! What are you guys doing out here?

BUN

Amanda Bunsley, got that! I'm waiting for someone here, I don't know why he's here.

A rather hurt looking Tex mumbles something.

AMY

Ah, see, it looks a lot like you two are here together.

BUN

Well we're not!

Tex looks like he's about to say something, but does not. Stez, with alcohol induced courage, reaches out and pokes Bun in the centre of her forehead.

BUN

What the hell Steph!?

Amy, trying not to laugh, grabs Stez by the arm and pulls her away towards the exit.

AMY

I'm sorry AMANDA, you'll have to excuse her, she's very drunk.

Amy drags her out the door, both of them barely even trying to suppress their laughs anymore.

STEZ

Apologies, excuses and lies Amy! Shame on you!

Bun and Tex are left at the bar. Tex awkwardly places a chubby hand on Bun's shoulder.

BUN

Don't touch me!

Tex withdraws. Another figure approaches Bun from further down the bar.

JACK

Hey, Babe! So, get this...

EXT. ST PETER'S GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The graveyard is empty, as is to be expected at this time. Rather weak bulbs hang from trees along the path, lighting the way. At a bench in a dark corner of the graveyard sits a long haired man in a long black coat. Amy and Stez are by Morgan's grave.

AMY
Thanks for tonight Stez. I'm
seeing things a lot clearer now.

STEZ
It was fun. Like old times.

Amy kneels down on the ground and looks at the grave.

AMY
He really was a great guy.

STEZ
(Kneeling down next
to her)
He was.

A single pair of tears grow in Amy's eyes, eventually
tumbling down her face.

AMY
I..I'm so sorry.. I could really
use a poke on the forehead right
now.

STEZ
Not this time.

AMY
Thanks for sticking by me.

STEZ
Hey, I'm you're sidekick, right?

They are both suddenly shocked by a rocket exploding in a
field in the distance.

AMY
(Rubbing the tears
from her face)
Fireworks!? At 3 in the morning?

STEZ
(Also rubbing away
the tears)
That is so inconsiderate, I could
cry!

AMY
What's the date?

STEZ

4th.. Guess they can get away
with it...

(After a moments
watching the
distant display)
Fireworks are strange aren't
they... They make you remember
all kinds of stuff.

The two are sat down on the ground by Morgan's grave,
watching as more and more rockets explode in the night sky
and the sparks fall down like tears.

EXT. LARGE FIELD - NIGHT

Fireworks explode in the sky, the coloured embers falling
and fading into the dark. In a large field hundreds of
people are gathered. At the heart of the field is a huge
bonfire, made up of pretty much anything that will burn.
Throughout the crowd, a big hood pulled over his head,
moves Will. He is 21, the year is 1995 and the day is
November 5th.

Will makes his way to the front of the crowd. The heat
of the fire is so intense that he cannot get any closer
and has to turn his face away. A roman candle goes off
somewhere in the distance behind him. Whilst the crowd
watches the cheap fireworks display, Will's eyes are
elsewhere. Stood with a small boy and a woman of about
30, is Scrawny who is now 60.

Scrawny is pointing out fireworks to the boy, who clearly
hasn't ever seen them before. Will circles the fire to
get closer to them.

Will watches them intently as the display still works it's
way through the roman candles. Scrawny says something to
the woman and he walks away with the pace of someone who
has 60 years of steps behind him.

Will follows discreetly as Scrawny heads to some slightly
tilted portalooos at the edge of the field. A rocket goes
off in the background, illuminating the field.

Scrawny enters the portaloo. Outside Will waits as lots
of very loud fireworks go off behind him. The portaloo
door moves, Will places his right hand on the hilt of a
gun, pressed deep in his pocket. The noise of the
fireworks stops.

The door swings open, Scrawny meets Will's eyes.

WILL

You killed my parents.

Scrawny stares long and hard at Will, eventually a twisted
smile of recognition spreads across his face.

SCRAWNY

William... I expect you want to know why?

There is a earth shaking boom as a large rocket is fired. Will continues to stare at Scrawny. The rocket explodes in a flash of light.

WILL

No.

Will raises and fires his gun just as the sound of the rocket finally catches up to the light. As the last of the sparks fall, so too does Scrawny.

Will quickly scales the fence behind the portaloos and runs across the field.

Halfway across the field his run slows and he falls to his knees. He throws up on the ground. One final rocket launches and detonates in the sky with an exclamatory boom.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Back in 2005 will awakes. He sits up, rubbing his face. In bed next to him is Scarface. Even in sleep she has a confident smirk upon her face. Out the window, fireworks explode. Even at a distance they fill the room with light. Will gets out of bed and pulls the curtains shut. He lies back down, facing away from Scarface.

VOICE

Don't you want to kill them?

EXT. CLUTTERED ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Some roofs are flat, some are triangle shaped. This particular roof looks more like a junkyard. The Chief is slumped against an old printer covered in sheets of cardboard. From this vantage point he has a good view of the whole city and the late night firework display that has caught everyone's attention. The Chief closes his eyes to sleep, gun barely concealed beneath his jacket.

BOOM.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

A gun is fired, three times. The Chief falls to the ground. It is April 1997.

Will runs out of the barn as the pool of blood expands below Greg. Greg awkwardly, and with great effort, pulls himself up to follow Will. He falls back to the ground fairly promptly. There is another body beside him. A body dressed all in black but for a blood stained white mask on it's face.

Chief pulls himself across the floor, practically wading through his own blood, which is jet black beneath the barns weak yellow lights.

Slowly but surely he pulls himself out of sight of that yellow light, through the barns gate and into the night.

EXT. CLUTTERED ROOFTOP - DAWN

Greg's hand reaches up through the loosely buttoned shirt he is wearing to scratch one of three eight year old scars.

Suddenly the Chief's sleepy eyes flutter open enough to see the silhouette of someone looking at him. In less than a second, his eyes are wide open and his gun leveled.

SHAKY

Whoah!!

Shaky jumps back into a pile of boxes, knocking them over the edge of the roof.

Greg lowers his gun.

SHAKY

I don't like this!

(Waves a bit of
paper in the
Chief's face)

"Meet me on the roof"? I live
here! If people see me talking
to you!!

GREG

All the more reason to stop
shouting.

Shaky calms himself, screwing up the bit of paper and throwing it across the street. It falls just shy of the next building.

SHAKY

Did you sleep up here?

GREG

Be thankful I didn't break your
door down.

SHAKY

I am thankful. A lotta shit went
down last night while you were
sleeping. That kid got arrested.

GREG

Chris? Why?

SHAKY
Withholding information.. or
something. He had a gun too. He
was with Will Hawker in a train
carriage.

GREG
With Will.. Doing what?

SHAKY
Getting it on!
(Pauses for
laughter, there is none)
Not really. Will has a photo of
you though. The gig is up.

Greg laughs.

SHAKY
You know they're gonna catch you
sooner or later. You should cut
your losses and skip town.
You've been lucky to stay dead
this long.

GREG
I make my own luck. I'm not
going anywhere. I already knew
about the photo, it's hard not
to notice two hobos with a polaroid.

SHAKY
Two hobos? Chris said something
about two hobos.

GREG
I'm sure he did.

Greg starts to walk away across the rooftop, stepping
fluidly over the piles of junk.

GREG
Eyes and ears peeled.

SHAKY
Hey! When do I get paid?

GREG
(Stops and turns)
When all this is over, you'll get
your money.

SHAKY
Not good enough. The situations
a little unstable. I want it up
front.

GREG

Do you?

SHAKY

I know a lotta stuff.

GREG

(Laughs)

We're way past that stage. As you said, the gig is up. The truth is far more dangerous to you than it is to me.

Greg disappears down the stairway.

Shaky kicks the screen of an abandoned television.

INT. SHAKY'S FLAT - DAWN

Shaky lies peacefully in bed. The alarm clock on the rather unstable side table shows 6am.

There is a knock at the door.

Shaky no awakey.

The knock returns, an angry "I know you're in there" kind of knock. Shaky's eyes creak open. He turns over, once again ignoring the knock.

A moments silence.

A loud bang and a crack. Shaky sits up suddenly. Greg is standing at the doorway to Shaky's bedroom.

GREG

Get up.

Greg moves out of the doorway into a small living / kitchen area.

SHAKY

What the hell are you doing here?!
Are you insane!?

Shaky quickly gets out of bed, jumping into a pair of jeans as he heads to the door.

He peers down the corridor in passing and sees his front door split apart. It's remnants hanging uselessly from it's hinges.

SHAKY

You kicked my door down?! Why
the hell didn't you just knock!?

GREG

How is that possible!

Greg throws a newspaper onto the table. The headline says only A MIRACLE, but the giant picture of Will leaves little doubt.

SHAKY

Oh, you saw that.

GREG

I need you to get something for me.

SHAKY

(Rubbing his eyes)

Coffee?

GREG

One of the masks. I think it's safe to say you know the ones I mean.

SHAKY

No way! No, I can't get them!

Greg gets up and steps towards the entrance.

GREG

You'll find a way.

SHAKY

What do you need it for?

GREG

New plans.

SHAKY

Hey, this was never a part of our deal!

GREG

I have altered the deal. Pray I don't alter it further.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - DAY

A fully clothed Amy gradually regains consciousness, sprawled out on her sofa. The place is a lot messier than it used to be. She sits up, sitting for a moment in the empty silence. Half asleep, she staggers out of the room.

INT. AMY'S CAR - DAY

Coffee mug in one hand and steering wheel in the other, Amy drifts down the hill into Riverside.

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Amy wanders into the hospital reception. Hesitantly she approaches the receptionist.

AMY
Hi, is Giles here?

RECIPE
Which one?

AMY
Giles Jacobs...

RECIPE
Hold on I'll check.

Recipe picks up the phone, dialing a number.

RECIPE
Hey, GJ there?.. ok..
(Looks at Amy)
Who are you?

AMY
(Looking like she's
having second thoughts.)
Amy Liatt..

RECIPE
Oh my God, the DJ?!

AMY
Yeah...

RECIPE
That's so cool!
(Back into phone)
It's Amy.. Ok.

She puts the phone down.

RECIPE
So how do you get to be a DJ?
Cos people are always saying I
should be on the radio.

AMY
Is he coming?

RECIPE
Think so. You got to meet John
Stevenson didn't you? What's he
like?

AMY
(Turning to the door)
Just tell him I was here..

Amy starts walking out the door when a young student
doctor with a large head runs toward her. We'll call him
JUMBO.

JUMBO
Hey! You Amy?

AMY
Yeah.

JUMBO
Giles said to give you this.

Jumbo hands her a card, before hurrying back inside.

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - DAY

Price is walking down the corridor, weaving in and out of the people coming in and out of offices.

CROSSWORD
Price!

Price takes a couple of back steps, having overshot Crossword's office.

JOHN PRICE
Sir?

CROSSWORD
A moment?

INT. POLICE STATION CROSSWORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Price steps into the office. Crossword is a man in his mid 40s. He is mostly bald and what hair remains is closely shaved off. Crossword barely looks up from his paper as Price enters the room.

CROSSWORD
Think we've got our man?

JOHN PRICE
Not at all. We're not even close.

CROSSWORD
Don't assume anything. This boy's smarter than he looks.

JOHN PRICE
He really isn't.

Silence. Crossword is still engaged with his paper. Price looks back to the door, wondering if he should leave. Crossword eventually notices that Price is still in the room.

CROSSWORD
We're finished here, Price.

JOHN PRICE
Sir.

Price quite gratefully leaves the room.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Chris is sat in his usual chair, Price takes the seat opposite.

JOHN PRICE
Chris, Chris, Chris...

Price leans across, pressing the record button on the tape recorder.

CHRIS
You don't actually think it's
been me all this time do you?

JOHN PRICE
Of course not. Unfortunately for
you however, you're the one step
of progress in eight years of
back steps. You and this photo.

Price pulls the photo of Chris and the Chief from a file on the table.

CHRIS
You don't seem all that surprised
about him being alive and
everything.

JOHN PRICE
I always suspected as much. The
lack of a body was my first clue.

Price reaches over, pressing stop on the tape.

JOHN PRICE
I want to know what you know
Chris. I know you're up to
something.

CHRIS
You wouldn't believe me. Nobody
believes me.

The interview room door creaks open, Shaky peers around.

SHAKY
(To Chris)
Your brother's here.

Price looks at Chris, who looks a little surprised and also a little worried.

JOHN PRICE
Send him in.

Shaky leaves.

CHRIS
Do you need to be here for this?

JOHN PRICE
I don't have to be.

CHRIS
Can you not be?

JOHN PRICE
I can. But afterwards I want answers.

Shaky returns with Giles right behind.

JOHN PRICE
I'll let you two talk.

Price gets up, walking past Giles as he exits. Giles gives him a rather fake friendly smile.

Giles takes the seat across from Chris.

GILES
Quite a mess you've gotten yourself into, And now you need me to pick up the pieces.

CHRIS
That's not why I called you. I know you're up to something Giles.

GILES
Up to something? I'm up to many things, you'll have to be more specific.

CHRIS
The shadows! I know it has something to do with you!

GILES
(Laughs)
Ok. Assuming that to be the case.. How would you knowing change anything?

CHRIS
I could stop you.

GILES
No you couldn't. Something is going to happen tonight, feel free to try.

CHRIS

What!?

Giles bursts out laughing.

GILES

You'll believe anything You're
told wont you? It's quite sad
really.

Giles stands up, Chris is staring at him, trying to find
the truth that lies within.

GILES

This is what you're going to do.
You're going to leave, go far
away. Got that?

CHRIS

Got it..

Giles turns to the door.

GILES

There is nothing for you here.

Giles leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - DAY

Giles steps out into the corridor where Price is waiting.
He looks deeply at Price.

JOHN PRICE

I told you that you should keep
an eye on him.

GILES

Boys will be boys. Let him go,
I'll see to everything.

JOHN PRICE

Ok.

Giles grins and walks away down the corridor.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Price slides back in.

JOHN PRICE

Well, you're free to go.

CHRIS

What?

Price rubs his head. Chris gets up and quickly heads to
the door.

CHRIS
Hurts doesn't it?

JOHN PRICE
Yeah.. What?

CHRIS
If you want answers, Giles is
where you should start.

JOHN PRICE
Giles?

Chris is already out the door and fast disappearing down
the corridor.

Shaky is stood a little distance down the corridor by a
coffee machine that spits out already cold coffees. Shaky
winces as he downs a cup. Price approaches.

SHAKY
You let him go.

JOHN PRICE
I did.

SHAKY
Why?

JOHN PRICE
I have no idea..

SHAKY
Shall I fetch him back?

JOHN PRICE
No. Let him go...

Price rubs his head.

SHAKY
You ok? Want some iced coffee?

JOHN PRICE
No to both. I'm going home. I
want you to look into Giles.

SHAKY
Again?

JOHN PRICE
Look deeper.

Price leaves, still rubbing his head in confusion.

EXT. CHRIS' HOVEL - DAY

Chris is stood outside his suitably shabby house. If Chris was a house, he would look like this. There is an eviction notice on the door. Chris grabs it, giving it a halfhearted read through.

CHRIS

The streets are calling out my name..

Chris picks up half a brick which is lying in a clump of grass. He breaks the window and clambers through.

INT. CHRIS' HOVEL - DAY

Chris throws a large rucksack into the centre of the living room floor. "Living room" perhaps gives the wrong impression, no one is going to be doing any real living in this room.

Chris steps in and out of doors, grabbing essential possessions and clothing. He is clearly not planning on returning.

Satisfied with the half full bag, he comes to a stop. He looks to a shelf on which there is a few books and magazines. In the centre of the shelf is a framed photograph. Chris walks over to it.

The photo shows three teenagers. Chris, Amy and Johnny are grinning at the camera, all of them looking a little worn out but with a look of accomplishment, as if they've just climbed a mountain.

INT. SCHOOL MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Someone is playing, quite well, a cheap casio keyboard. The player is JOHNNY, aged 16. He looks a lot like he referred to the aforementioned children's book of cool and did his best to copy, with moderate success. The year is 1994.

Johnny's synth song reaches it's end with a dramatic finger slide across all the keys followed by a gentle head butt to the centre of the board. Johnny sits back upright, adjusting his sunglasses.

JOHNNY

Sweet, sweet music.

CHRIS

...And what would I be doing?

JOHNNY

Don't fret man, I already thought.

Johnny reaches to a table to his left, picking up a maraca and tambourine. He stands up and starts doing a little jig, alternating between hitting the tambourine with the maraca and with his head. His jig finished he pulls a "ta-da" pose.

CHRIS

No.

JOHNNY

What do you mean no? Man..

CHRIS

I'm not doing that.

JOHNNY

Come on man, why not? It's great!
When's the last time you saw
someone up on stage with maracas?

CHRIS

I've never seen that..

JOHNNY

You've never seen that! Exactly!
Neither has anyone else! That's
what we're doing here man, we're
showin people what they've been
waiting to see!

CHRIS

Well.. That's not the problem..
I don't have the best sense of
rhythm is the problem.

JOHNNY

Show me man.

Johnny passes Chris the maraca and tambourine. Chris takes a deep breath. He starts doing his best imitation of Johnny's little jig, however he gets a little confused halfway through and ends up hitting himself in the forehead with the maraca. The maraca cracks open spilling the beads inside onto the floor.

CHRIS

Ow...

Johnny stares at Chris in disbelief.

JOHNNY

This could be the end of Team
Rock-It.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Chris and Johnny are walking down the school corridors, past the poor class displays that have likely hung there for years and the coloured paper cut in wavy lines that follows the walls wherever they go. In addition to these lines are shabby bits of tinsel and cut out paper snowflakes.

CHRIS

Face it, we can't do this with just the two of us.

JOHNNY

S'all Tim's doing, man. Moving to Australia.. What's Australia got that we don't?

CHRIS

Kangaroos? I don't think that's why he moved away though.. Whatever, this can't work with just us.

JOHNNY

You are absolutely right.

CHRIS

We throwing towels then?

JOHNNY

Hell no! What we need is to find a third member!

CHRIS

What?

JOHNNY

Hell yes, man! We need someone who's got it all! A singer, someone with some decent moves, with an image you know what I mean man?

CHRIS

Me?

JOHNNY

Precisely man, of course I was talking about you. But what we need is you times two.

CHRIS

Ok.. Who do we know though?

JOHNNY

...Er...

CHRIS

We don't really know anyone do we?

JOHNNY

...How much does a flight from
Australia cost?

Both are stood silent, as if trying to calculate an impossible sum in their heads. In their silence they hear a song. It is a song we have heard being sung before, many years in the future. Chris and Johnny look at each other then both of them move in the direction of the sound.

They head further and further down the corridor, following wavy paper lines and flickering fairy lights.

The song is coming from a door near the end, luckily for Chris and Johnny, the door is windowed. They peer through, shifting awkwardly to get into a position in which they can both look through the narrow glass.

Inside the room is 16 year old Amy. She is singing to the accompaniment of a piano being played by a young Dilys Price, in her early 20s. Chris' and Johnny's eyes are locked on Amy.

JOHNNY

She's got the singing.

CHRIS

She's got the image.

JOHNNY

But the moves.. Where are the moves?

CHRIS

I don't think this is the right
song for moves. Do you know who
she is?

JOHNNY

I've seen her.. Think her names
Lily or Lita or something..

Amy ends her song. She and Dilys start talking, some kind of review of Amy's performance. Chris and Johnny are unable to hear what's being said.

The review comes to an end, Dilys heads towards the door. Chris and Johnny quickly duck back to lean against the wall, doing their best to look nonchalant.

The door opens and out comes Dilys.

DILYS

What are you boys spying for?

JOHNNY
Sorry Ms Walker.

CHRIS
(Correcting)
Mrs Price.

JOHNNY
Yes.

Dilys smiles and walks away down the corridor.

Chris and Johnny turn their attention back to the small room, from which Amy is about to emerge. Johnny quickly jumps in the way, grabbing both sides of the door frame to block Amy's escape.

JOHNNY
Yo!

AMY
Er...Hi. Can I get past?

JOHNNY
I'm afraid not, lil lady. You are now a key feature in most of my plans.

AMY
Ok.. Divulge.

JOHNNY
(Gesturing to Chris and himself)
We!

CHRIS
Hi.

JOHNNY
Want you!
(Points at Amy)
To join our band!

AMY
Join your band? Who are you guys?

CHRIS
I'm Chris.

JOHNNY
Johnny Costas! And you are Laura.

AMY
No.

JOHNNY
Lita?

AMY

No.

JOHNNY

A something... Alicia?

AMY

No. Shall I tell you?

JOHNNY

No way, we can guess it. Use your psychic powers on her, man.

CHRIS

I don't have psychic powers.

JOHNNY

Really? Doesn't run in the family then?

CHRIS

Ran out.

AMY

Look, I'm Amy. Can I go now?

JOHNNY

Not until you join the band!

CHRIS

Trust me, it's easier to just agree.

AMY

(After a moments thought)
I'd be singing?

JOHNNY

Most definitely. A singing and a moving.

Johnny demonstrates a few moves, Amy can't help but smile.

AMY

Would we be doing the Christmas show?

JOHNNY

Yes.

(Puts his arm
around Amy's shoulder)
Picture it. You, centre stage,
the spotlight! Tinsel on the
microphone. Those little
coloured bits of paper...

AMY

What are we singing?

JOHNNY

Er..

CHRIS

Something with Maracas.

AMY

Umm. Ok, I'll do it. I guess.

JOHNNY

Yes! First though, you have to promise us one thing.

AMY

What's that?

CHRIS

Never go to Australia.

INT. CHRIS' FAMILY HOUSE - EVENING

Chris, Johnny and Amy have made quite a mess of what was already a fairly messy living room. The room is partially christmas decorated and is now full of a mish mash of cheap music equipment.

JOHNNY

L'right, now we've repaired the maracas, let's take it from the top.

CHRIS

Sorry. They're flimsy though, I barely even touched it this time.

JOHNNY

Bygones, bygones. Take it Amy!

AMY

Absolutely.

Amy, microphone in hand, is about to launch into song. Someone watching her intently from the doorway stops her. It is 22 year old Giles.

GILES

Don't let me stop you.

CHRIS

Umm.. This is my brother.

AMY

(Blushing slightly)
I'm Amy.

GILES

(Grinning)
Charmed.

Giles picks up an electric guitar, which has no real reason to be amongst the equipment as none of the three is using or is able to use it.

AMY
Do you play?

GILES
Used to.

Giles performs a few experimental strums, moments later he has launched into an expertly played solo. Johnny and Amy are in awe, Chris just looks annoyed.

Giles finishes giving the guitar a fancy spin before placing it back on the rack.

AMY
You should keep playing, you're amazing!

GILES
(Grinning)
For every delusional that never quits, there's a genius who walks away.

To add unnecessary illustration to his point, Giles walks out of the room.

A moments silence.

JOHNNY
Let's take it from the top!

CHRIS
I don't feel like it...

Chris walks out of the room, taking a different exit to Giles. Johnny sighs.

AMY
Is he ok?

JOHNNY
T'aint much brotherly love I'm afraid to say.

AMY
I see... From the top?

JOHNNY
No. This time let's go from the bottom.

EXT. RIVERSIDE SCHOOL - DAY

Chris, Johnny and Amy are sat on a dangerously high wall overlooking a playground, their legs hanging over the side. Johnny lets himself fall back to lie on the grass.

JOHNNY

We need a name.. A new name..
Team Rock-It sucked.

AMY

(Laughing)
You were called Team Rock-It?!

CHRIS

My suggestion. I was joking though.

AMY

(Falls back, lying
next to Johnny)
Oh my god, that's just embarrassing!

JOHNNY

Worked at the time.

AMY

I don't think there's any time
when that would have worked.

JOHNNY

Come on people!
(kicks his legs
back against the wall)
Names!

AMY

Do we really need one? I mean,
it's just for the christmas show,
right?

JOHNNY

Maybe, maybe not. Who knows what
could happen.

CHRIS

We don't want to end up as the
delusionals though.. That could
be our name.

JOHNNY

We are not calling ourselves "The
delusionals".

AMY

You're really serious about his
band thing, then?

JOHNNY

Ha! Who's to say? Just do what you want to do, man. Who knows what the future could hold.

Chris, realising he's the only one still sat up, falls back down to their level.

CHRIS

The Future Holders... No, that sucks.

All three are silent, staring up at the clouds.

JOHNNY

Wonder where we'll be ten years from now, man.

AMY

Jesus Christ, I don't wanna look that far ahead.

JOHNNY

Jesus Christ...
(Johnny sits up in sudden realisation)
JESUS CHRIST!

Amy and Chris both sit up suddenly in shock.

CHRIS

Jesus Christ what?!

JOHNNY

JC, man! Same initials!

AMY

Please don't tell me you think you're Jesus.

JOHNNY

No! The name man, the name! We'll just use our initials for something. So, like, I'm Jesus Christ...

CHRIS

CJ... Hmmm..

AMY

AL.

INT. RIVERSIDE SCHOOL - NIGHT

A lone spotlight illuminates centre stage of the school hall. There is a microphone, it has tinsel wrapped around the pole. Three figures walk across the unlit part of the stage.

One heads to the keyboard, one heads to the far end of the stage and pulls a microphone from the second tinselless stand. The last walks to the centre of the spotlight, tonight there is no doubt, this girl has the image. It is Amy.

AMY

Ummm..

Amy looks at the rest of the stage, still shrouded in shadow. At the back of the hall a weak cry of "sorry" is heard before blue and red spotlights fill the rest of the stage. Johnny is stood with the keyboard hanging from a strap round his neck. Chris is stood awkwardly to the side of the stage with microphone no.2. Amy smiles at both of them before turning her attention back to the audience.

AMY

Hi, I'm Amy Liatt and we are
"Jesus Christ Can't Judge All
Losers"

Amy turns and gives an "I can't believe that's really our name" look to Johnny who has Jesus Christ written on his shirt. Johnny shrugs. Chris turns his back on the audience, awaiting his cue from Johnny. Johnny grins before raising one finger high into the air, then bringing it down to hit a key.

Cheap casio beats fill the room.

Chris sighs, now just waiting for the moment. Johnny signs, 1, 2, 3.

CHRIS

(Singing)

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah..

Chris turns to face the audience, as he does so he plasters forced enthusiasm onto his face. A couple of audience members are laughing.

CHRIS

(Singing)

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah,
Yeah! Oh, Yeah!

AMY

(Singing)

You gave me something, like
loving, and took me in so soon.
You took my feelings, from
nothing, came back at noon. Just
meet me, I'm ready, to show
myself to you.

At this moment Amy is proving that she has the moves too.

AMY
 (Singing)
 So if I lose my patience, you
 must try to understand..

CHRIS
 (Singing)
 ...Try to understand..

AMY
 (Singing)
 If I lose my patience, Oh yeah!
 Cause you make me feel!

CHRIS
 (Singing, over and over)
 Yeah, Yeah, Yeah...

Johnny starts to move to the front of the stage, doing his jig, while simultaneously playing the keyboard that swings back and forth with his steps. He's actually pretty good.

AMY
 (Singing)
 Cause you make me feel wild! You
 touch my inner smile!

Amy smiles at Johnny who is now dancing stylishly around her. The audience seems to enjoy Chris' repetitive "Yeah" chanting and have joined in, essentially making Chris completely redundant. He's only mouthing it now, same results.

AMY
 (Singing)
 You got me in the mood! So come
 on and make your rule! And free
 me! You make my wishes, As much
 as, Your kisses make me blue!
 You've found my river, Now will
 you, Escape away too? But baby,
 I'm ready, I'm falling into you!

Amy sees that Chris is getting a little left out of the performance, she signals for him to come towards her.

AMY
 (Singing)
 So if I lose my patience, You
 must try to understand.

CHRIS
 (Singing, now stood
 beneath the
 spotlight with Amy)
 ...Try to understand...

AMY
 (Singing)
 If I lose my patience, Oh Yeah!

Amy grabs Chris by the hand and they start a little dance. Johnny is still stepping about the stage slamming on the board, the spotlights glaring off his sunglasses and causing the glittered letters of Jesus Christ to sparkle.

AMY
 (Singing)
 Cause you make me feel!

CHRIS
 (Singing, not just
 mouthing this time)
 Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!

AMY
 (Singing)
 Cause you make me feel wild! You
 touch my inner smile! You got
 me in the mood! So come on and
 make your rule! And free me!
 Free me!

Chris and Amy stop dancing, he heads to a guitar propped up at the back of the stage.

AMY
 (Singing)
 Free me! Whoa, Whoah, Whoah,
 Whoah, Whoah, Whoah, Whoah Yeah!!

Chris picking up the guitar, launches into a mini solo. It is clear he doesn't really know how to play, but has practiced this combination of hand movements over and over.

His solo comes to an end, he imitates Giles' guitar spin before slamming it back onto the stand.

AMY
 (Singing)
 Cause you make me feel!

Chris runs to Johnny, standing close enough for them to both sing into the microphone. They both do the "Yeahs" this time. No matter how loud they sing though, they can't hope to match the audiences enthusiasm.

Amy sings louder and louder, completely lost in the music. She's not singing to the audience though, her eyes are fixed, staring into the spotlight.

AMY
 (Singing)
 Cause you make me feel wild! You
 touch my inner smile! You got
 me in the mood! So come on and
 make your rule! And touch my
 inner smile! Come get my inner
 smile! Smile! Smile! Yeah!!

BANG

Right on cue, thousands of pieces of coloured card and
 glitter fall from the ceiling. The music has stopped.
 Chris, Amy and Johnny stand beneath the spotlight.

They bow to the applause.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY

2005 Amy wanders the path along the river front, staring
 at the card from Giles.

On it is a picture of a bridge, above it is a big number
 7. She puts it into her pocket.

Up ahead she sees someone she knows sat on a bench.
 Insomnia is asleep. Amy sits down next to him.

EXT. PARK - DAY

John Price strolls through a small park, crammed into an
 area of land that obviously no-one really knew what to do
 with. Lil Sam is with him.

SAM
 Mum's gonna teach me to play the
 bassoon!

JOHN PRICE
 I didn't even know she could play
 the bassoon.

SAM
 She can play anything that makes
 beautiful noises.

JOHN PRICE
 Really.. That includes the bassoon?

SAM
 Look! A wishing well!

There is indeed an old well, though what qualifies it as
 a "wishing" well is not exactly clear. Sam bounds over
 to it, Price follows. Sam holds out her hands in a "Give
 me" gesture.

SAM
Money. Money. Money.

Price digs in the enormous pockets of his leather jacket. Eventually finding a coin, he hands it to Sam.

SAM
A penny!?

JOHN PRICE
Wells are thankful for whatever they get.

Resigned, Sam drops the penny down the well. The both lower their ear, waiting for the splash. After a strangely long pause it comes.

JOHN PRICE
What did you wish for?

SAM
Not saying. You make a wish now.

Price laughs, once again digging into his pockets. This time it's 20p.

SAM
Hey, that's not fair!

JOHN PRICE
(Smiling, he let's the coin fall)
I wish I were a rock star!

SAM
If you say it out loud it wont come true!

JOHN PRICE
And i'm sure that's the only reason in this case.

Splash, louder this time. The extra monetary value made a difference. Moments later Price's phone rings. He answers.

JOHN PRICE
Price.. Ok... I'll be there in a minute.
(Hangs up)
Time to go.

He takes Sam's hand and together they walk away. A frog sits on the edge of the well. It hops down into the grass and jumps away into the bushes.

INT. POLICE STATION CROSSWORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Price ambles into the office with the look of a man condemned, clearly expecting a few cross words.

CROSSWORD

Ah, just the man I wanted to see.

Crossword keeps his eyes on his paper. Price takes his seat opposite, trying and failing to make eye contact.

CROSSWORD

Number 7 down... The last word, I wondered if you could help me. First letter "I", then blank, followed by "comp", I've done rather well there I think. Another blank, "ten", blank, blank... Any thoughts?

(Crossword looks at Price with surprisingly frightening eyes)

Ah! Of course! It's all so clear to me now! INCOMPETENCE!

JOHN PRICE

Ummm...

CROSSWORD

Now, I've been informed that you let our one suspect in this case go free. A disturbing rumour, wouldn't you say?

JOHN PRICE

I can explain!

CROSSWORD

Very well, explain.

Price opens his mouth to speak in the desperate hope that a perfect explanation will spill out.

JOHN PRICE

...I can't.

CROSSWORD

Your behaviour has been increasingly disappointing of late. I find myself regretting transferring you from internal affairs. As such, I'm suspending you. Hopefully this will give you the opportunity to sort out your own "internal affairs".

JOHN PRICE

You're suspending me?! Sir, no-one knows this case like I do. I am close to an answer, I know it.

CROSSWORD

I wont hear any more of your excuses. We're finished here Price.

Crossword's eyes and all of his attention, fall back to the paper. Price hesitate for a moment, looking for the perfect argument. Finding none, he leaves the office.

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - DAY

Shaky has his usual position by the coffee machine. Price paces down the corridor towards him.

JOHN PRICE

Problem.

SHAKY

Bad?

JOHN PRICE

Very.

SHAKY

Solution?

JOHN PRICE

None at present.

SHAKY

Damn.

JOHN PRICE

Damn.

INT. HAVEN BAR - DAY

Price sits slumped at the bar, rotating a pint glass, his battered leather jacket slung over his shoulders. He is the only one in the bar, except for Barmy the barmaid who is pretending to clean glasses.

BARMY

You feeling down?

JOHN PRICE

Number 7 down.

BARMY

Wassat?

JOHN PRICE

I just got suspended.

BARMY
You still get paid though, right?

Price lets out a small laugh.

BARMY
Sorry, just ignore me, I'm
completely barmy!

JOHN PRICE
Now I have to tell the Mrs. How
to tell her... She tends not to
listen...

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Price and Dilys are walking down the platform, she pulling a trolley bag. They are both younger, in their early 20s. She is a very neatly dressed hippy, he is wearing a new, but oversized, brown leather jacket.

A train is pulling into the platform.

JOHN PRICE
It's going to be a long time til
we see eachother again..

DILYS
..But it's Vivaldi versus Mozart.
So you know someones going to end
up hurt.

JOHN PRICE
What?

DILYS
This is my train I think. I
suppose it's going to be a while
until we see eachother again.

Dilys steps up into the carriage, sliding her luggage in behind her. She leans over and they kiss. A goodbye kiss.

JOHN PRICE
...Unless we got...

The whistle blows and a white gloved hand slams the train door between Price and Dilys.

JOHN PRICE
You know I'm going to run
alongside the train and make a
complete idiot of myself and
there's nothing you can say to
stop me.

DILYS
(With a pained smile)

Bye.

Dilys turns away into the carriage, the train's engine builds up. Price rapidly checks his pockets. He produces a sheet of paper and a pen. He leans the paper against the side of the train, ignoring the protesting whistles as he scrawls something in large letters. Finished he runs alongside the moving train looking for Dilys. She sees him, their eyes meet. Price is right by her window now but he's running out of platform. He snatches a coffee cup from the hand of an unsuspecting businessman and throws its contents over Dilys' window. He then slams his note onto the coffee-soaked window causing it to stick moments before he collides with the barrier at the edge of the platform.

The train pulls away from the station. Price gets to his feet, a little winded. Angry businessman approaches, brandishing a mangled coffee cup.

BUSINESSMAN
You're going to replace this.

Price nods.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Dilys stares in disbelief at the note fluttering at her window.

MARRY ME? think about it...

The note flutters a moment longer before being caught by the wind and wrenched away. Dilys reaches above her seat and pulls the emergency stop lever, with £250 penalty for improper use.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

JOHN PRICE
A double tall what?

The train screeches loudly, barely still in sight. A door swings open, Dilys leaps onto the gravel. Price turns away from the businessman as he respouts his coffee order. Dilys steps awkwardly across the gravel. She bends down to pick up a soaked and crumpled piece of paper. Price hops the barrier, penalty for which is also £250.

Price and Dilys run towards each other, both stumbling around on the gravel. They reach each other, only a metre between them now. Dilys holds up Price's note, smiling, she tears off "think about it" and throws it over her shoulder.

INT. HAVEN BAR - DAY

BARMY

That's cute. You did that?

JOHN PRICE

Yeah...

(Price holds up a
piece of paper)

What do you think?

I'VE BEEN SUSPENDED possibly fired

BARMY

Ach! No!

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY

Amy and Insomnia are asleep on a park bench, looking across the river to the blank northern hills.

Chris, with big sack on his back, is looking at them as if trying to solve a puzzle. He reaches to Amy to wake her but stops.

Carefully and quietly, he removes his bag and flips the top open. He pulls out the framed photo of himself, Johnny and Amy and places it on the armrest beside Amy.

Chris gets to his feet, slinging the bag over his shoulder he turns and walks away, towards the bridge.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY

Chris is standing at the Riverside end of the bridge, staring to the opposite end. There is no traffic, Chris hears loud mumbling coming from under the bridge. Chris goes to the edge, leaning over to see. The shadow of a person is pacing back and forth. Chris leans a little further, his bag slides over his head and the weight pulls him over too.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY

Chris lands on his bag with a crunch. Staring at him is an old man in very shabby clothing. His hair and beard are grey with occasional ginger patches and cover almost all the visible skin on his face. This is OLD CHARLIE.

Chris turns himself back upright.

CHRIS

Ow...

OLD CHARLIE

Going on a journey, boy?

CHRIS

Maybe...

Charlie stares mournfully across the river.

OLD CHARLIE

I've lost my bottle.

CHRIS

I gathered.

Chris follows Charlie's gaze to see a clear glass bottle bobbing up and down just off the river bank.

CHRIS

You didn't lose it, you just can't reach it.

OLD CHARLIE

Either way, there's one less bottle standing on the wall. Before you talk to me, I should warn you. I am rather strange.

CHRIS

Umm.. Ok. How strange?

OLD CHARLIE

Enough to require that introduction. leaving home?

CHRIS

I suppose..

OLD CHARLIE

Flying the coop?

CHRIS

Yeah..

OLD CHARLIE

Slinging the hook?

Chris has picked up a stick, which he is now using to fish the bottle in.

CHRIS

Probably.

OLD CHARLIE

Running away?

CHRIS

No.

OLD CHARLIE

Nothing wrong with running away.

CHRIS

It's cowardly.

OLD CHARLIE

Some might say so.. But I say it takes a certain degree of courage to run away from so much.

Chris finally manages to hook the bottle, pulling it from the water. Old Charlie immediately grabs it from him.

OLD CHARLIE

Ah ha ha!

With the hands of a pro, he swiftly unscrews the lid and gives it a sniff.

OLD CHARLIE

(Wincing)
Terrible stuff..
(He tilts the bottle, pouring it to the ground.)
Why do people insist on poisoning themselves?

Chris places his hand beneath the cascade and samples the little pool in his palm.

CHRIS

...It's water.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - EVENING

Amy's eyes open as if someone has tied small weights to her eyelashes. The evening sun has filled the world with orange. Insomnia is now slumped against Amy's arm, his eyes are open but he is quick to close them when Amy looks.

She taps him awake, he rouses somewhat unconvincingly.

INSOMNIA

(Sitting back up)
What time is it?

AMY

6.30. I can't believe we were both asleep here and no-one woke us up.

INSOMNIA

You'd be surprised at where you can get away with sleeping. Trust me.

Amy notices the photo sitting perfectly on the arm rest. She picks it up, staring into the memories it contains. She glances around but there is no-one.

INSOMNIA

That you?

AMY

It was.

INSOMNIA

You told Morgan to shave his
moustache didn't you.

AMY

...Yeah.

INSOMNIA

I don't hold it against you.

Amy looks toward the bridge.

AMY

I've got to go. There's someone
I'm supposed to meet.

Amy stands up, Insomnia does likewise.

INSOMNIA

Ok.

AMY

Well.. Take care.

Amy turns to leave.

INSOMNIA

Ummm...

(Amy turns back)

Sorry, I kissed you while you
were sleeping.

Amy is about to respond but Insomnia has already sped away.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - EVENING

Amy stands on the always empty bridge, the photo is still
in her hand. She stares across to the other side. There
are voices under the bridge. Amy walks to the edge and
leans over.

Chris is there, he seems to be telling a story to someone.

Amy leans back, a little confused by Chris' presence. She
looks at the photo in her hand. She places it on the wall
of the bridge, stepping back to look at it silhouetted
against the almost fallen sun.

An expensive car stops in the road behind her, the
passenger door popping open. With one last look to the
abandoned photo, Amy steps in.

INT. EXPENSIVE CAR - EVENING

Amy slides into the plush leather passenger seat, clicking the door closed. Giles grins at her.

AMY
For some reason I pictured you
driving a convertible.

GILES
(Laughs)
Let's go.

Giles drives straight ahead across the bridge.

AMY
We're going across the river?

GILES
We're not going far.

EXT. WOODED LAYBY - EVENING

Giles' car pulls into a dark and dusty layby beneath a thick canopy of trees at the base of a hill. Giles steps out the door and immediately follows a path leading up the hill. Amy has to take several large strides to catch up.

GILES
Follow me.

He continues up the path, moving as if he's walked it a thousand times before. Amy struggles to follow, tripping over rocks and having her face repeatedly caught in vines.

EXT. FOREST PATH - EVENING

The path levels out, the top of the hill has been reached. The sun is falling fast. Amy looks around, not seeing Giles.

A hand grabs her arm.

GILES
This way.

Giles heads down a deep and dark path still with Amy's arm in hand. Amy looks at her arm swinging in front of her.

AMY
Where are we going?

GILES
That question will answer itself
soon enough.

EXT. SCARLET'S FALL - EVENING

Giles and Amy emerge from the woods to stand on a flat hilltop.

GILES

This is it.

Giles walks to the edge of the hill, finally letting go of Amy's arm, it hangs in the air for a moment from habit.

Amy stands next to Giles. The edge of the hill slopes down suddenly and steeply. There is a perfect view of all of Riverside.

AMY

Nice view. This is what we're here for?

GILES

Nothing impresses you, does it? Just watch.

Amy stares impatiently out over the city. The sun is creeping lower and lower behind the hills, soon to be gone entirely.

Then it happens. The sun disappears and for a moment the shadows of the hills completely cover Riverside. It's as if there is no city at all. The effect lasts for a few seconds before street lights flicker on.

GILES

A whole city gone in the blink of an eye. Did anyone miss it I wonder..

AMY

It's just shadows..

GILES

What would you do if you were a god?

AMY

Nothing.

GILES

You wouldn't do anything.

AMY

No. I'd just let things flow. People are always trying to control everything. I hate that.

GILES

Duly noted. Do you know what Deus ex machina is?

AMY

Yes.

GILES

God from the machine. In ancient Greek plays, God would descend onto the stage and solve everybody's problems.

AMY

I know. Why are we up here Giles?

GILES

You came looking for me today. You're looking for someone to save you.

AMY

Yeah...

GILES

I'll be waiting here for you.

Giles turns away from Riverside and disappears into the forest.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DUSK

Greg stands on the bridge, staring across to the opposite side. He hears singing below the bridge. Leaning over the side he sees an orange fiery glow.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - DUSK

Chris and Old Charlie are still under the bridge but they are now basking in the glow of a classic hobo barrel fire.

OLD CHARLIE

(Singing)

For auld lang syne, my dear, for
auld lang syne. We'll take a cup
of kindness yet, for auld lang syne!

CHRIS

Why do you keep singing that?
It's not new years.

OLD CHARLIE

Doesn't need to be boyo. I say,
treat every day like the start
of a new year, forget all that's
past, stick to your resolutions..
World would be a finer place if
more people listened to me.

CHRIS

Presentation might be the problem...

OLD CHARLIE
What you saying there?

Greg steps out from behind the wall of the bridge.

CHRIS
Hey.

OLD CHARLIE
A new disciple!

CHRIS
I'm not your disciple..

Greg kicks the bag Chris is currently sitting on.

GREG
What's this about?

CHRIS
Thinking about taking a trip...
Also, I've been evicted.

GREG
Come on, I've got a dangerous
plan I want your help with.

CHRIS
How dangerous?

GREG
Enough.

OLD CHARLIE
(Getting to his feet)
Well gentlemen, it looks like
it's going to be a cold night,
so I'm going to get myself
arrested for indecent exposure.

Charlie starts walking down the river path, removing
pieces of clothing as he goes.

CHRIS
I'm worried that might be me from
the future.

GREG
Come on, let's go.

CHRIS
To where, for what?

GREG
We're going to use our
connections. Heard you have a
friend in radio.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DUSK

A naked Old Charlie is leant down on the bridge. A car drives past it's headlights really bringing out the ginger in Charlie's beard. The driver shouts something as he drives past, but it's lost to the wind. Old Charlie picks up a photo from a shattered frame.

EXT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Giles' flash "Doctor's" car pulls into the radio station car park. Amy steps out, she turns to look at Giles.

AMY
I don't get you.

GILES
Whether you get me or not, you
still have me.

Giles grins, the door swings shut and the doctor's car and the doctor therein, speed off into the night.

Amy turns and walks into the radio stations entrance, disappearing from site. From behind a large bin at the edge of the car park emerge Chris and Greg. Both currently look a little like they belong in the bin.

GREG
Let's go.

CHRIS
This is crazy, you know.

INT. RADIO STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Greg and Chris proceed down the corridor, nearing the door to Amy's studio. Seeing Chris stop at it, Greg moves to reach out for the handle.

CHRIS
Wait, I think I should go in
first. Pave the way.

GREG
Ok, you go.

Greg steps away from the door, Chris presses the handle down and enters.

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - NIGHT

Chris enters. Amy is at a desk, her back facing the door. Stez sees Chris enter.

STEZ
Hey!

Amy, sensing that "Hey!" would never be given to Bun or Tex, spins her chair around. Chris smiles at her.

CHRIS

Hey.

Amy stares in silence momentarily, trying to think of a word other than...

AMY

Hey.

Stez pokes Amy in the forehead. Amy smiles, a little forced.

AMY

(Getting up and
heading to Chris)
Last time, I was...

CHRIS

It's ok. Don't worry about it.

AMY

You doing ok?

CHRIS

I'm doing ok.

AMY

So...

CHRIS

Who's your guest tonight?

AMY

What?

STEZ

Oh, we've got a great one tonight!
It's the guy who invented blue tack!

AMY

No, it's A guy who CLAIMS he
invented blue tack.

CHRIS

Cancel him. I've got someone
just as good, if not better.

AMY

I doubt that..

Chris pushes the door open and strikes a "May I present" pose. Chief steps through the door, prompting both Amy and Stez to simultaneously drop their coffee.

INT. RADIO STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A rather angry, therefore normal looking Bun stomps down the corridor. The stocky frame of Tex lumbering behind her. Bun reaches the studio door, currently guarded by Stez.

STEZ
(Does a curtsy)
Miss Bunsley.

BUN
Out of the way Steph. Where's Amy?

STEZ
Well that's what I wanted to tell you, see? I was waiting for you. She's in the storage room.

BUN
What on earth are you talking about?

STEZ
With a man.

BUN
What?!

STEZ
I know, right? I didn't think you'd approve.

BUN
Come on.

Bun stomps even harder down the corridor, before long arriving at the storage room. She bangs the door open. She has only a second to observe the totally Amyless room before she is shoved into it by Stez, the door slamming fast behind. Tex leans forward slightly but decides not to intervene.

BUN
What the hell Steph!
(The door is kicked repeatedly and violently)
Open this door right now!

Stez can't help but laugh. Tex looks at her awkwardly, not really sure of what to do. Stez looks at him.

STEZ
(Whispered to Tex)
Get by the door.

Tex moves in front of the door. Stez gets her hand ready on the door handle. She flings the door open and sends Tex flying into Bun. The door slams shut once again.

STEZ
There! A playmate!

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - NIGHT

Stez re-enters the studio.

STEZ
(Saluting)
Threat contained.

Amy and Greg are microphoned up, ready for the show.
Chris is at Tex's controls.

AMY
Not a moment too soon, ten
seconds guys.

Everyone looks at each other apprehensively, silent while
the time dries up.

AMY
Ok, this is it...

Amy presses a button that cues an interesting array of
annoying radio noises. The show has begun.

AMY
Good evening Riverside! It's
just gone 8 o' clock and you are
listening to Phantom radio when
you should be by the river front
watching the fireworks. For
those of you still listening, we
have a very special guest tonight.

INT. PRICE'S CAR - NIGHT

Price is driving his car whilst taking a big gulp of
coffee, Amy's show playing on the radio.

AMY
(On radio)
His name is Greg Andrews.

Price sprays his mouthful across the dashboard in true
Leon fashion.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE STUDY - NIGHT

Will is sat, staring intently at his flash radio.

AMY
(On radio)
His name is Greg Andrews,

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - NIGHT

AMY

For those not in the know, allow me to fill you in. Greg Andrews was a police officer who arranged the murder of his own partner, was an accomplice in the murder of my best friend and has...

GREG

What the hell are you doing?

AMY

I don't know what you were hoping was going to happen here...

CHRIS

Amy.

AMY

...Maybe you thought you'd get the opportunity to spin your twisted version of events, the same one that has apparently won Chris over. You probably thought I was another resource, another person you could use, but not this time...

STEZ

Ummm... Should we stop?

AMY

I could tell from the second you walked in here, there's more to recognise in someone than just their face. Things a mask won't hide.

CHRIS

What?

AMY

He's the one who attacked me. What about Morgan?! Was that you too?

Everyone is staring at Greg. Amy with intense rage, Chris with pained shock and Stez with confusion.

Greg smiles.

GREG

Well, Amy I suppose I underestimated you. I didn't kill Morgan, though I know who did.

CHRIS

You... It's true?... the whole time? It's all been you?! All a lie!?

greg stands.

GREG

Nothing can be over until it has begun. Sometimes in order to bring about an ending, we have to force a beginning.

CHRIS

Don't give me that crap!

Chris leaps from his chair, grabbing Greg and slamming him hard against the wall.

CHRIS

You used me! Just like everyone uses me!

Stez leans into the microphone.

STEZ

We'll be right back.

She presses a button, Yesterday Once More fills the studio.

Greg kicks Chris in the shin, as Chris' grip slackens, Greg knees him in the stomach. Chris falls to the ground.

THE CARPENTERS

When I was young i'd listen to the radio, waiting for my favourite songs..

GREG

Don't be an idiot Chris.

CHRIS

I... I looked up to you!

Greg pulls his gun, pointing it at Chris.

THE CARPENTERS

When they played i'd sing along, it made me smile..

GREG

You're looking up now.

Amy had been about to attack with a microphone stand, Greg motions her away with his gun.

GREG

I didn't want things to go like this. To be honest Chris, I like you. You remind me of myself in a lot of ways.

THE CARPENTERS

Those were such happy times and not so long ago, how I wondered where they'd gone...

Greg backs towards the door.

AMY

One question. Who killed Morgan?

GREG

(Smiling)

Maybe you should ask his replacement.

Greg slides out the door. For a long time everyone is silent, Chris still winded on the floor.

THE CARPENTERS

But they're back again, just like a long lost friend. All the songs I loved so well...

AMY

Cover for me Stez.

Amy heads out the door.

STEZ

Aimz! Wait!

THE CARPENTERS

Every sha-la-la-la, every wo-wo-wo still shines...

Stez looks at Chris on the floor, he is now there more because he doesn't want to get up than any actual need.

STEZ

Are you ok?

INT. RADIO STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Amy moves fast down the passage, passing the storage room door with Bun still yelling obscenities from within.

THE CARPENTERS

Every shing-a-ling-aling, that they're starting to sings, so fine...

EXT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Amy dashes out into the car park, no sign of Chief.

THE CARPENTERS

When they get to the part, where
he's breaking her heart, it can
really make me cry. Just like
before...

Amy runs to her car, sat for some time in the corner of
the car park.

THE CARPENTERS

It's yesterday once more.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - NIGHT

The whole park and the waterfront is crowded with people,
clustered around the large fires that have been set up.
Roman candles erupt from the northern shore.

Greg paces through the crowd, scanning the faces by each
fire. He sees the one he's looking for. A troubled
looking John Price is with Dilys and Sam. Greg and
Price's eyes meet from opposite ends of the fire. Greg
grins, Price splits off from family and works his way over.

GREG

You don't seem all that surprised.

JOHN PRICE

I have the radio on when I drive.

GREG

That so...

JOHN PRICE

You have a good radio voice.

GREG

I've been told.

JOHN PRICE

You handing yourself in?

GREG

I don't think so.

JOHN PRICE

Worth a shot. Why are you here?

GREG

I thought I would warn you.
You're going to have a busy night.
You should get your family
somewhere safe.

JOHN PRICE
What's going to happen?

GREG
I'm not entirely sure. I've been
trying to find out.
(Greg nods to Dilys
and Sam)
You going to introduce me?

JOHN PRICE
I don't think that's a good idea.

GREG
i think it is.

Greg starts walking to Dilys and Sam. Price follows.
A firework explodes in the sky.

JOHN PRICE
I'd like to introduce you to Greg
Andrews. the man I've been
hunting for the last eight years.

DILYS
It's nice to meet you. My
husband has said a lot about you.

GREG
A pleasure.

JOHN PRICE
Ummm.. Yeah.

DILYS
(Prods Sam)
Massy, say hello.

SAM
Hi.
(She waves hi with
a sparkler)
I'm Sam.

GREG
Hi Sam.

SAM
When you look at fireworks from
the side are they round or flat?

GREG
(Laughing)
Round.

Price gapes in disbelief at the scene before him.

SAM

Mum, he says they're round.

DILYS

But he isn't a teacher, therefore
I'm right. they are flat.

JOHN PRICE

Then we're all agreed, fireworks
are flat.

Price drags Greg away from family.

JOHN PRICE

I'm guessing you are armed right
now and any attempt to stop you
would result in death.

GREG

You know me too well.

JOHN PRICE

So before you leave, I'd like to
know one thing. Why the warning?

GREG

(After a moments thought)
Because you're a good man Price.
I think you're the me I should
have been.

Greg turns away, fast disappearing into the crowd.

GREG

Til we meet again.

Price heads back to family, glancing at rockets as he goes.

JOHN PRICE

Well, I have to go to work.

SAM

is it because of that man?

JOHN PRICE

Everything's because of that man.
I've had a thought, why don't you
and mum drive up the hills and
watch the fireworks from there?

Dilys doesn't answer, she's still staring at the fireworks.

SAM

Mum?

JOHN PRICE

Listen to me for once, for God's
sake.

Dilys looks at Price, she knows the situation is serious.

DILYS
I'm listening.

JOHN PRICE
Take Sam, drive up the hills..
Bring some blankets, stay there
all night if you have to.

DILYS
Ok.

JOHN PRICE
I love you.

Price kisses Dilys.

DILYS
I love you too.

SAM
Dad, take a sparkler.

JOHN PRICE
Thank you.

Price lights his sparkler on Sam's moments before it goes out.

SAM
Hey, you took all the sparkles!

JOHN PRICE
I did. And I'm keeping them.

Price turns away, waving goodbye with the sparkler as he too disappears into the crowd. He flips the phone from his pocket, dials a number and holds it to his ear.

JOHN PRICE
Hey, it's me.

SHAKY
(On phone)
Lethal weapon! What's up?

JOHN PRICE
Meet me at the station.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scarface is stood in front of a mirror, staring at her reflection. She is very elegantly dressed. She traces the scarred line at the edge of her mouth, tears in her eyes.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE STUDY - NIGHT

Will is slumped at his desk, deep in thought.

VOICE

Don't you want to kill them?

EXT. GILES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy's car rolls up outside a grey stone house, standing behind a large outer wall. Amy gets out of her car and steps through the archway into the front garden. There is the sound of gently trickling water. The whole garden is a large stone pool with stepping stones leading to the front door. Amy hops across them. Reaching the door, she tries the handle. The door opens. Inside she steps.

INT. GILES' HOUSE - NIGHT

The interior is immaculate and perfectly decorated. Colour scheme does not stray far from either black or white. Light shines from only one room at the end of the hall. Amy walks towards it.

INT. GILES' HOUSE MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

The room almost looks like a small concert venue. The walls are covered in music equipment, bookshelves and hundreds of records.

Giles is stood in front of a tall mirror at the far end of the room, staring at his reflection. Amy's attention is immediately drawn to the killer mask hanging on the wall.

GILES

Ignore that.

Amy looks away, as if she never saw it to begin with.

GILES

To what do I owe this pleasant visit?

Giles turns to face her, grinning.

AMY

What's going on Giles? I want to know.

GILES

That question will..

AMY

Answer itself soon enough, I know. Fine, forget the future. I'd like to know about the past.

GILES

What would you like to know?

AMY

I want to know what happened to Morgan.

GILES

To Morgan?

(Giles grins)

He struggled through life, went by the book, always reaching for the top. Tried to "Find a nice girl and settle down". Only the nice girl got bored, maybe she wasn't so nice after all. She wants danger, excitement, adventure. Morgan offers none of these things. Morgan gets thrown aside, Morgan dies. That is what happened to Morgan.

Giles picks up a guitar, all wired up. He starts flipping switches.

AMY

You're wrong. And that hasn't answered my question.

Giles grins, he starts to play the guitar. Those amps are turned to at least 11.

He is playing "Layla" and perfectly too.

GILES

(Singing)

What'll you do when you get
lonely and nobody's waiting by
your side? You've been running
and hiding much too long, you
know it's just your foolish pride.

Giles starts advancing across the room, slowly toward Amy.

GILES

(Singing)

Layla, you got me on my knees!
Layla, I'm begging darling please!
Layla, darling won't you ease my
worried mind? I tried to give
you consolation, when your old
man had let you down. Like a
fool, I fell in love with you,
turned my whole world upside down.

Giles is getting closer. Amy is fixed in her spot by the doorway, watching Giles' bizarre and inappropriate display.

GILES

(Singing)

Amy, you got me on my knees! Amy,
I'm begging darling please! Amy,
darling won't you ease my worried
mind? Let's make the best of the
situation, before I finally go
insane. Please don't say we'll
never find a way and tell me all
my love's in vain!

Giles is now stood right in front of Amy, staring deeply into her eyes.

GILES

(Singing)

Amy, you got me on my knees! Amy,
I'm begging darling please! Amy,
darling won't you ease my worried
mind!

Giles smashes the guitar against the wall. Amy covers her ears from the deafening electrical scream that fills the room. After a few more smashes, Giles let's the wreckage fall to the floor. Amy stares at Giles as if he's a particularly puzzling and dangerous piece of art, like Picasso painted on the side of a lion.

The lights flicker and go out. Pitch black now.

GILES

(Whispered)

I'll be waiting for you..

INT. WILL'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will has moved his contemplation to the bedroom. The lights flicker out.

All light is gone from the Hawker household.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

The lights die out across the city. Every single one of them.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - NIGHT

Now surrounded by only the light of the fires and a few fireworks in the sky, everyone looks around in varying states of confusion.

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - NIGHT

The lights go out and the radio is silenced.

Chris is slumped sulking in the corner. Stez is DJing.

STEZ

Crap, it's a power cut.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will is stood at the window. the loss of power has increased firework activity dramatically. He turns as a torch flips on behind him.

Scarface is standing in the doorway, shining the light under her face.

SCARFACE

Dark.

EXT. ROAD TO RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Chris and Stez are walking down the steep slopes that lead to central Riverside. They have a pretty good view of the whole vanished city, except for Chris who is mostly staring at his feet.

STEZ

The whole town.. It's like it's disappeared.

(Looks at Chris)

You ok?

CHRIS

I already told you, No.

EXT. GILES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy skips swiftly across the stepping stones and under the stone archway. No sign of Giles. She sees the city downhill in all it's firework lit glory. She dashes to her car.

EXT. RIVERSIDE STREETS - NIGHT

Stez and Chris continue down the streets. The people of Riverside have taken the power cut as permission to have a crazy city-wide firework party. Stez ducks as a rocket explodes on the side of a building.

CHRIS

I'm such an idiot.

STEZ

Yeah, you didn't even duck. Did you see how close that was?

CHRIS

I'm always getting manipulated.

STEZ

You're just trusting, that's not a bad thing. You're one of those good people that bad things happen to. I'm the same.. Kind of.

They walk on, past a young man drunkenly hurling a catherine wheel, bouncing it down the street, lighting Chris and Stez's future path.

CHRIS

Where are we going?

STEZ

Umm. I was following you.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A single tear rolls down Scarface's cheek, curving over her lip. She hides it by taking the light away. Slowly, like a dog nervously returning to it's master, she walks to Will.

SCARFACE

Things are about to happen that you're not going to understand. But I've taken measures to keep you safe, little man.

WILL

What are you talking about?

She smiles as she places something in his hand, wrapping his fingers round it. Will realises what he is holding a moment too late. Scarface presses Will's finger over the trigger. The flash fills the room. Scarface, still smiling, falls to the floor, blood staining her white dress around her heart.

Will is too stunned to move, the gun falls from his hand. Will is about to leave the room when he sees that someone is blocking the door. The Hitman is looking from Scarface's lifeless body to Will, trying to join the dots. Will is again lost for words.

Something is happening to Scarface's body that soon has both Will and the Hitman's attention. The body and the floor around the body is getting darker. Like a dark liquid spreading, the face remains clear and is actually getting whiter. It rises, turning to face Will and the Hitman. The shadow, the killer, it stares at them with it's deep dark eyes before fading away. Sara lies dead on the ground, back to normal.

After a long pause, Will makes a break for the door. The Hitman instantly comes back to his senses, drawing his gun and leveling it on Will. Will stops.

WILL

I have to go!

HITMAN

You can see this room as a prison
or a fortress. Either way, you
don't leave it.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg walks the path towards Will's house. The killer is coming up the path. Nothing but it's mask clearly visible in the dark. Greg stares at it as it draws nearer. He draws his gun. It fades away.

EXT. RIVERSIDE STREETS - NIGHT

Chris and Stez are still ambling along, passing below dead street lamps. the lights of the river side fires shine in the distance.

A scream echoes from around the corner. Chris and Stez glance at eachother. They run to investigate.

Around the corner, a body lies in the road. The killer stands above the body. As before the body darkens, giving birth to another shadow. Chris grabs Stez's arm, finally snapped back into action.

CHRIS

Come on let's go!

They run fast. They stare straight ahead, running for the far away fires. More killers appear around them, watching them as they run past. They fade through walls, white masks floating in the darkness.

They pass many other people, also running. Some are lighting fireworks and hurling them toward the shadows. Chris and Stez run at the same pace, neither one leading or following.

EXT. SCARLET'S FALL - NIGHT

Giles is sat at the edge of the hill in deep meditation.

EXT. RIVERSIDE STREETS - NIGHT

Amy drives, swerving in and out of the way of other cars, avoiding people and rockets and driving straight into killers. They pass straight through.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Price dashes up to the entrance, glancing over his shoulder at the chaos developing behind him. he runs in.

INT. POLICE OFFICES - NIGHT

As he enters, a loud gunshot sounds. The station is very empty. Price proceeds cautiously. He rounds a corner.

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Slumped against the wall outside Crossword's office, is Shaky. He is shaking.

SHAKY

I thought... I thought he was..

Price glances in the office. Crossword lies dead, slumped over his crossword.

INT. POLICE OFFICES - NIGHT

The door of the station swings open, Price emerges from around the corner to see Chris and Stez enter.

CHRIS

I'm not being paranoid, right?

JOHN PRICE

If you are, we all are.

Stez picks up a phone.

STEZ

The phones dead.

She drops the phone. A killer floats through the wall. Everyone backs away. Three loud gunshots sound. The killer fades as the gun clicks empty.

Shaky stands, looking a little crazed, his gun leveled on what is now just air.

SHAKY

Piece of shit! Shit! SHIT!!!

Everyone is staring at Shaky, just as unsettled by him as they are the disappearing ghost men.

JOHN PRICE

We can't stay here. Chris...
(Throws Chris some keys)
Keys to the weapon cupboard.

Chris hurries off. Stez looks around nervously, eventually choosing to follow Chris. Price and Shaky are left alone.

JOHN PRICE

It's been you all along, hasn't it. Up until now at least.

Price stares at him like an angry father. Shaky, amongst his shaking, gives what could be discerned as a nod.

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chris and Stez are feeling their way down the dark corridor.

STEZ

I... I'm really scared. I'm sorry.

CHRIS

It's ok. Where are you?

STEZ

Here.

There is the faint sound of singing.

CHRIS

Shh.. You hear that?

They both listen, following the sound down the corridor. Soon enough, Chris recognises it.

OLD CHARLIE (OS)

(Singing)

...And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp, and surely I'll be mine...

Chris and Stez reach the door that is the source.

OLD CHARLIE (OS)

..And we'll take a cup o kindness yet, for Auld lang syne!

Fumbling around with the keys, Chris manages to open the door.

INT. POLICE STATION OVERNIGHT CELL - NIGHT

Old Charlie is sat in the cell, wearing some kind of police issued clothing.

OLD CHARLIE

They got you too, did they?

CHRIS

Maybe I shouldn't have opened the door...

INT. WILL'S HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

With a pickaxe borrowed from Will's shed, Greg smashes through the front door. He squeezes through the gap. The inside is deathly quiet.

Greg carefully and almost silently treads across the hallway towards the staircase.

A gunshot ricochets across the floor. Greg ducks back, pressing close to the wall. No sign of where it came from. He stays in that spot for the longest time.

He dashes to the other end of the hall, he sees the flash of another gunshot from the landing of the first floor. Greg narrowly escapes behind a pillar. Several more gunshots follow, hitting the floor around the pillar, letting Greg know that he's not going anywhere. Stalemate.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Amy's car brakes suddenly outside the police station. She grabs her jacket from the back seat, slinging it over her shoulder as she exits.

A building down the road is on fire. Amy looks around. There are several killers, all of which seem to be ignoring her. She runs into the station.

INT. POLICE OFFICES - NIGHT

She is greeted by a bizarre council of Chris, Price, Stez, Shaky and Old Charlie.

All but Shaky and Charlie are armed.

OLD CHARLIE

Mr Price, my personal effects if you please!

JOHN PRICE

Your personal effects? Here.
(Hands him a sheet
of paper)
I don't know why yo...

CHRIS

Amy!

STEZ

Aimz!
(Runs up to hug her)
You're ok!

AMY

I'm ok.
(To Chris)
I knew you'd come here.

CHRIS

That predictable...

AMY

I think you're right about Giles.
We need to go.

CHRIS

To Giles..

Chris looks away. He says nothing. Amy gives up waiting, she steps forward and pulls the gun from Chris' hand.

AMY

I'm going to finish this.

She turns and exits.

STEZ

Aimz, wait!

Stez rushes out after her. Chris is still thinking. Old Charlie approaches.

OLD CHARLIE

You know, there are some things
you should run TO, instead of from.

Old Charlie hands him the piece of paper. It is the photo. Chris looks at it, not questioning how he came by it. Chris follows out the door, grabbing a new gun as he leaves.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Amy is heading fast to her car. Stez just catches up, grabbing the back of her jacket, something falls from her pocket.

STEZ

Aimz. Don't go.

AMY

Stay with Price Stez. You'll be
safe.

Chris arrives, slowly approaching Amy's car.

STEZ

I.. I want to go with you.

AMY

You can't.

Stez pokes Amy on the forehead. Amy smiles, Stez smiles back weakly.

Chris gets into the passenger seat of Amy's car, Amy turns away from Stez, jumping into the driver's seat. The car speeds away. It is only now that Stez sees the numerous killers in the street.

Price and Charlie come running out of the station, they reach Stez. Something crunches under Price's foot, he lifts his foot away. It was a fortune cookie. Price kneels down, looking at the message.

YOUR COURAGE WILL INSPIRE OTHERS AND SOMEDAY MAKE YOU A
LEADER

STEZ

What are we going to do?

Price looks up. Killer's float in and out of buildings, some of which are on fire. Carnage essentially. Price stands up, glancing around. No sign of Shaky.

JOHN PRICE

Follow me.

OLD CHARLIE

To the ends of the earth!

They run.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Shaky is in the interview room, staring at his reflection in the one way glass, torch in hand. He places a killer mask over his face and looks at his reflection again.

A killer floats through the wall.

SHAKY

I guess you can tell the difference.

The killer lifts a hook shaped knife above its head.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - NIGHT

The river front is a mess, a lot of people are using sticks from the fires as torches. A large panicked crowd has gathered, getting further hemmed in by the killer. People hurl rockets at them, they fade for a moment but soon return.

Price, Stez and Old Charlie arrive on the scene.

JOHN PRICE

You work in radio, don't you?

STEZ

Ummm... Not really the time for small talk.

JOHN PRICE

This isn't small. We need to get everyones attention.

Price nods to an abandoned stage area, formerly used by a live band. It is hooked up to a generator.

Price grabs the microphone, holding it out for Stez.

STEZ

Why me?

JOHN PRICE

Because people don't listen to me. We don't have much time.

STEZ

They don't listen to me either.

OLD CHARLIE

Everyone listens to me.

Old Charlie grabs the microphone.

OLD CHARLIE

Ooo.

(People are turning
their heads.)

Ooo.

Curiosity has won out over fear. People are looking. Price grabs the microphone.

JOHN PRICE

My name is John Price. And you are going to listen to me now.

EXT. WOODED LAYBY - NIGHT

Amy's car has barely spun, braking hard off the road, when Chris and Amy leap from it. They run up the path, stumbling in the night, ducking branches. Chris struggles to keep up with Amy.

EXT. RIVERSIDE STREETS - NIGHT

Jack and Darren are running down pitch black streets.

DARREN

What the hell!

Masks float through the darkness, following after Jack and Darren.

JACK

This reminds me of something..

DARREN

The incident we don't speak of?

JACK

Yeah.. That would be it. Let's just keep running, buddy!

They round a bend, passing the Hoopla. Up ahead, still a short run, is the bridge.

In the middle of the street is John Stevenson.

JACK

John Stevenson! He'll know what to do.

John has a humongous box of fireworks under his arm, he is awkwardly lighting them with the same arm then hurling them in any and every direction.

JOHN STEVENSON

Get back! This IS FOR MY FRIEND!!

John's deadly shower of explosives fills the street. Jack and Darren have stopped, having realised that John almost certainly doesn't "know what to do".

A stray rocket flies in their direction, hitting Darren in the stomach and exploding soon afterwards. Darren falls to the ground.

JACK

Darren! You ok buddy!?

John has run out of fireworks. He sees Darren on the ground and Jack knelt at his side. Hesitating for a moment, he runs off down the road, toward the bridge.

JACK

Speak to me man!

DARREN

Go on without me.. I'll only be a burden.

JACK

No way buddy! We still haven't gone on that picnic!

DARREN

It's you Jack...

JACK

What's me?

DARREN

You're the right person.

For perhaps the first time in his life, Jack is silenced.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

A large crowd is funneling onto the bridge, looking toward the calm and tranquil northern shore. Willard runs to join them, looking around frantically.

WILLARD

Jeff!

JEFF
I'm comin, I'm comin.

Jeff emerges from a throng of runners, he is holding Cheef.

WILLARD
Forget the dog, Jeff!

JEFF
No. Can't leave dog.

WILLARD
Well, hurry it up!

Jeff and Willard reach the back of the crowd, slowed to a crawl with everyone attempting to push themselves forward.

Insomnia runs up to Jeff and Willard.

INSOMNIA
Hey!

JEFF
Can't sell you sleepin pills now,
boy.

INSOMNIA
I know. I think I need to be
awake for this.

WILLARD
Where is everyone going?!

INSOMNIA
I think we're following that guy..

At the other end of the bridge, with Stez and Old Charlie assistance, Price leads the crowd.

EXT. NORTHERN ROADS - NIGHT

Dilys and Sam are sat on the bonnet of the car on the northern hills. They have a clear view of the city.

SAM
Is Dad going to be ok?

DILYS
He'll be fine. He's a brave man.

SAM
Why don't you ever listen to him?

DILYS

I always listen. He used to hide things, I'd try to find out what was on his mind and he'd never tell me. He says so much more when he thinks no one is listening. It's like listening to someone play an instrument when they think they're alone. They're not trying to prove anything. It's beautiful.

SAM

Huh?

DILYS

(Smiles)

Play your harmonica, Massy.

Sam takes a small plastic harmonica from her pocket and begins to play.

DILYS

(Starts messing
with Sam's hair.)

Your hairs a mess.

EXT. FOREST PATH - NIGHT

Chris and Amy speed along the top of the hill, ignoring the branches that scratch their arms and faces.

They emerge from the woods.

EXT. SCARLET'S FALL - NIGHT

GILES

That's far enough.

Chris and Amy come to a sudden stop, both are quick to draw their guns on the meditative figure of Giles.

GILES

Lower your weapons.

Both unquestioningly do so. Giles stands up, his red shirt billowing in the wind.

GILES

My two favourite people.

Somewhere in the dying city, a rocket explodes. Chris and Amy are both breathing heavily from their run.

AMY

It ends here Giles.

GILES

(Laughs)

Yes it does. The final act.
Deus ex machina.

AMY

(Laughs)

What, you think you're a god?

GILES

Of course not. But I'm playing
the part in this story. It's all
about control. See, people do
whatever I tell them. I can do
whatever I want, change things
in any way I want. For example,
you two came here to kill me,
which I'm very hurt by
incidentally. Let's change that,
have you point those guns
elsewhere. At, say, eachother.

Chris and Amy turn, pointing their guns at eachother, both
trying to fight it.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Greg is still hiding behind his pillar and looking very
pissed off about it. He moves as if to jump from his
hiding place but a gunshot changes his mind. He waits in
silence, listening.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will is by the barred window of his bedroom, no way out.
He looks at the Hitman by the door of his room, two guns
aimed over the banisters. He is completely motionless.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Greg jumps out from the right side of the pillar, firing
a shot into nothingness. He quickly jumps back behind the
pillar and dives out from the other side.

There is a click, one of the Hitman's guns is empty.

Greg runs and jumps into the open doorway of the dining room.

The Hitman casts his empty gun aside.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Greg looks around his new position. There is another door
that leads to the adjoining room. Greg peers around the
corner. the door to the next room comes out underneath
the first floor balcony where the Hitman is hiding.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Greg jumps out into the hallway, firing a shot. The Hitman fires in return, Greg sees his position.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Greg runs back through the dining room, silently and swiftly opening the door to the kitchen. He runs straight through to the door to the hallway.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Standing just outside the door beneath the balcony, Greg takes a step forward.

He points his gun directly up and fires.

The Hitman jumps back in pain as the bullet hits his foot. Greg runs back into the hallway aiming his gun at the distracted Hitman.

He and the Hitman fire one last shot simultaneously. Greg hits the Hitman in the head and he falls back dead. Greg is hit in the shoulder causing him to drop his gun.

Seizing the opportunity, Will sprints across the balcony to a door at the other end. Greg only just sees him and starts stumbling up the steps after him.

At the top of the stairs Greg sees Will disappear out a bedroom window. Greg turns to go back down the stairs but pauses as he sees Sara lying dead on the floor of Will's bedroom. Greg stares at her.

A car starts, grabbing Greg's attention. He runs back down the stairs, crashing through what little remains of the front door.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg sees a Will driven car speed past him and down the drive. Greg sets after it sprinting. He reaches the end of the drive, Will's car growing more and more distant. Greg runs across the road to where a battered blue car is parked. He jumps in and sets off in seconds, Will still just in sight.

EXT. SCARLET'S FALL - NIGHT

Giles stares at Riverside, specks of chaotic light dancing in the dark.

GILES

I wish I could explain things for you..

(He turns to face them, grinning)
But I'd need a guitar.

CHRIS

If you're going to kill us, just kill us!

GILES

(Holding up his empty hands)
How would I kill you? You should be worrying about each other. There's a part of each of you that wants to pull that trigger.

AMY

What are you talking about?

GILES

Come on.. Always been a bit of an embarrassment hasn't he Amy? You've always felt obliged to look out for him and time and time again he's let you down. It would be easier without him wouldn't it? You've tried, sure. You've pushed him away, shown him that cold shoulder of yours. But he just would not go. He's the on final link to a past you've always longed to leave behind. It's so easy, just point and shoot. And Chris, my poor little brother. It's tough isn't it? Seeing your friends turn on you. It's tough being pushed away. You were never good enough for her. She'd be with anyone, even me, instead of you. That hurts doesn't it. It's easy to heal, just point and shoot.

AMY

You really don't understand people, do you Giles?

GILES

Enlighten.

AMY

People do whatever you want,
you've never had anyone disagree
with you. How could you ever
understand anyone? You've never
given them a choice.

GILES

I've given you a choice. You can
live, or you can die.

AMY

That's my choice?

GILES

That's always the choice.

Amy smiles. As if an invisible rope binding her arm had snapped, Amy's gun moves to Giles. Two shots are fired. One from Amy's gun and one from Chris'

Giles looks down at the hole in his shirt. Right by his heart.

GILES

Baby did a bad, bad thing...

Giles stumbles back, falling over the edge of the slope down Scarlet's fall. He disappears into the dark, like he never even existed.

Amy falls too, a deep red patch spreading across her chest.

CHRIS

Amy!

Casting his gun aside, Chris dashes forwards to catch Amy before she hits the ground.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The crowd has reached the northern shore. A fire has been set, blocking their side of the bridge.

STEZ

Something's happening..

The killers are clutching their heads. There are hundreds of them on the bridge now.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROADS - NIGHT

Greg drives extremely fast down a small country road, staying close to the two red lights at the rear of Will's car. The road rises and falls and twists and turns. It is taking all Greg's attention to keep his car on the road, let alone knock Will's off it.

He clips the back of Will's car. however this only helps Will make a swifter turn, widening the gap.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Price is stood with a large rocket in his hand.

JOHN PRICE
This is our last rocket.

Stez lights it. Price looks up at the sky, waiting for the fuse to near its end. He throws it into the sky just as it sparks to life. It flies, screeching higher and higher.

EXT. NORTHERN ROADS - NIGHT

Sam jumps from the bonnet, running out into the road to see the last firework explode. It's red sparks fill the sky, like daylight for a moment. Sam turns to face her mother.

SAM
Round!

Suddenly two cars speed around the corner.

DILYS
Massy!!

INT. WILL'S CAR - NIGHT

Will turns the corner, glancing repeatedly into his rear view mirror. Greg is close, close enough for Will to make out his expression. He almost seems to be enjoying the chase.

Suddenly rounding another bend, Will sees Sam in the centre of the road. Will swerves, veering dangerously onto the edge of the hill.

INT. GREG'S CAR - NIGHT

As Will swerves out of the way, Greg sees Sam.

She tries to run to Dilys but it is too late for her of Greg to change anything.

Greg hits Sam. She tumble over the car as Greg slams the brakes. He comes to a stop several yards down the road.

Greg is stunned. He looks into the mirror, seeing Dilys running to Sam's small crumpled form. She holds her. Greg stares, he recognises them. He looks out the windscreen, Two red lights shrink along the hill.

Seeing them trail away, Greg steps on the accelerator and begins to drive.

He advances a few yards before again slamming the brakes. He stares back in the mirror.

Dilys is on her knees in the middle of the road, clutching Sam to her chest, bathed in the red lights of the Chief's car. He looks out the windscreen to the two red eyes as they round a corner, disappearing from site.

Greg steps on the accelerator slowly. The car creeps forward and in moments Sam and Dilys fade away. The further Greg drives, the faster he drives. There is no anger in his eyes now.

There is nothing.

EXT. OLD GATE - NIGHT

Greg pulls around a corner. Will's car is stopped by a rusty gate. Greg brings his car in next to it. Will is not inside.

The Chief gets out of his car, leaving his gun and slowly, like a man who's just woken up, he walks to the gate.

There is a path of flattened grass leading across the field. Greg pushes the rusty gate, which creaks open.

Greg follows the trodden path.

EXT. ROOT CAVE - NIGHT

Will is sat on a tree stump staring at the giant, ancient tree. The water flows around it. Even in the dark, the window is clearly visible.

Will turns suddenly, hearing footsteps behind him. The Chief approaches. Will is about to run but hesitates. This is a different man before him.

GREG

I'm not going to kill you.

Will nods, he turns to face the window.

WILL

I have to go.

GREG

I know.

They both walk to the window, grabbing it's molded wooden frame, their fingers digging in. They pull back. The window snaps open, a gust of wind rushes into the cave.

GREG

What happens when you go in?

WILL

I'm not sure. I think I'll disappear. And all this will be over.

GREG

You'll disappear... It should be me. There's no way to debate it. My life has been a negative influence on this world.

WILL

Now that you know, you can change.

GREG

I'm not so sure..

Will climbs into the cave.

WILL

Goodbye Greg Andrews. I'm sorry.

The window slams itself shut. Greg is left standing alone.

GREG

I'm sorry too.

INT. ROOT CAVE - NIGHT

Will crawls through the narrow tunnels of the cave. It is a lot harder for him to move than it was twenty years ago.

He finds the tunnel leading down and pulls his way through it. He comes into the central chamber he fell into last time. The chamber in which he first heard that voice.

VOICE

Don't you want to kill them?

Will sees the source of the voice.

Huddled against the wall of the cave is Will the ten year old. He stares at old Will. Lil Will is covered in cuts and bruises, the most notable of which are two cuts on either side of his mouth. He repeats the question.

VOICE

(A child's voice,
holding back tears.)

Don't you want to kill them?

Old Will crawls forward. Reaching out to his younger self, he holds him.

WILL

No.

EXT. ROOT CAVE - NIGHT

Greg is sat on what was previously Will's tree stump. There is a loud creaking noise. Greg turns to see the window break open.

A huge gust of wind erupt from the cave, leaves clatter across the forest floor. The earth above the cave sinks down, the huge oak tree sinking with it.

The cave is gone. The tree now stands at an angle in a large dip. The river flows into the crater, eventually it will fill.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The wind rushes across the bridge. The crowd of survivors ducks as the wind flies above them, making short work of their barrier fire. It sweeps across the bridge.

One by one the shadows disappear, their masks getting caught in the wind, most landing in the river.

The river rocks violently with the wind, crashing onto the southern bank.

Slowly, the wind dies away.

The sky now has the deep blue hue only seen just before dawn.

Of the crowd, Price is first to stand. The rest follow his lead.

EXT. SCARLET'S FALL - DAWN

Chris is on his knees, Amy lying across his lap.

CHRIS
I think it's over.

AMY
Seems that way.

CHRIS
I'll go for help.

AMY
No, it's too late.

CHRIS
It's not too late! It's never
too late!

Chris tries to get up but Amy grabs him, albeit very weakly.

AMY
Please. It's ok. This was my
choice.

Amy's breathing is a little erratic.

CHRIS
I'm sorry.. I'm so sorry.

AMY
You didn't do anything..

CHRIS
I never did anything.. It should
have been me..

AMY
I didn't.. I didn't mean that..
I pushed you away.. I meant to...
I should be sorry.

CHRIS
Why did you do it!

AMY
Can you sing something..

CHRIS
Sing.. What?!

AMY
Please.. I want you to... And...
I know you always wanted to..

Chris laughs painfully through his tears.

CHRIS
I can't, I don't know any...

Chris recalls a song that he does know. He takes a breath.
He is about to start but hesitates. He looks at Amy. She
nods.

CHRIS
I don't know all the words.. but..

Tears streaming down his face, he sings.

CHRIS
(Singing)
...Should auld acquaintance be
forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be
forgot, and auld lang syne...

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAWN

The crowd is walking back along the bridge to Riverside.

Masks are being trampled underfoot.

Jack has Darren slumped over his back as he walks.

CHRIS (OS)
 (Singing)
 ..For auld lang syne, my dear,
 for auld lang syne. We'll take
 a cup of kindness yet, for auld
 lang syne...

EXT. FIELD - DAWN

Chief walks through the field, stumbling one step at a time.

CHRIS (OS)
 (Singing)
 ...And surely you'll be..
 something, something.. And
 surely I'll be mine. And we'll
 take a cup of kindness yet for
 auld lang syne...

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - DAWN

Large and Tache run to Insomnia, walking beside Jeff and Willard. Tache pulls him into a tight inescapable hug. he is free for a second at most before Large does the same.

CHRIS (OS)
 (Singing)
 ..For auld lang syne my dear, for
 auld lang syne! We'll take a cup
 of kindness yet, for auld lang
 syne...

INT. RADIO STATION CUPBOARD - DAWN

Bun and Tex are asleep in eachothers arms, no longer any concern for what people are thinking.

CHRIS (OS)
 (Singing)
 ...La la la la la la la la.. And
 la la la la la!

INT. PRICE'S CAR - DAWN

Dilys, with eyes that look as if they have always cried, drives along the road. On the back seat is Sam, held in the folds of Price's brown leather jacket.

CHRIS (OS)
 ..We'll take a cup of kindness
 yet.. For auld lang syne..

EXT. SCARLET'S FALL - DAWN

CHRIS

(Singing)

For auld lang syne my dear, for
auld lang syne.. We'll take a cup
of kindness yet, for auld lang
syne..

Chris stops singing.

Amy laughs weakly.

AMY

You should be on the radio...

CHRIS

Amy, please don't go... I don't...
I don't know what I'm supposed
to do.

Amy takes a few hurried breaths. She lifts her arm and gives Chris a playful knock on the chin.

AMY

...Live...

The exertion was too great, Amy's arm falls back down. She is on her last breaths now.

Her head falls to the side, looking out over the city.

The power switches back on. Like a wave, the lights flicker on across the city. Shining somewhat uselessly against the approaching sunlight.

AMY

Hey... The lights are on...

FADE OUT.