

BLIND MURDER

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**FADE IN**

**EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - STREET - TWILIGHT**

In the fading light, what would have been a beautiful, red-bricked housing estate if anyone bothered to keep it up stands behind a flickering street light.

The council house is quickly bathed in blue as a police GENERAL DUTIES (GD) VEHICLE, of 1990s vintage, pulls to a stop out front.

The car's headlights flood the front door, hanging funny on a broken hinge, swinging slowly back to partially closed as though someone may have just burst through it.

**INT. POLICE GD CAR - TWILIGHT**

In the rear of the car is blonde, girl-next-door looking Probationary Constable STEPHANIE PARKER. She shows her nerves as she looks at the house.

In the front seat sit Constable JIM KINGSFIELD, lanky, 22, his head almost touching the roof in the driver's seat, and Constable JAKE JORDAN, 20, his solid frame filling the passenger seat.

Kingsfield looks to Parker in the rear view.

KINGSFIELD

Well, Parker, domestic disturbance for your first call. These are usually deescalated by the time we arrive.

Jordan grabs the door handle.

JORDAN

Still, we'll take lead, you be the eyes and ears. Good practice for scanning the room and noting details.

PARKER

Will do.

KINGSFIELD

And away we go.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Kingsfield and Jordan glance at each other as they approach the neglected semi-detached house. Jordan pushes the gate open. It sticks against a broken piece of the path. He lifts it slightly it and falls off the one rusty hinge holding it. The gate falls. They step in.

JORDAN

Shit!

Parker jerks, on guard --

PARKER

What is it?

JORDAN

No. Shit!

Jordan indicates the bottom of his boot. Kingsfield laughs.

JORDAN

There's piles of it. Watch your step.

PARKER

Okay, but where's the dog?

Jordan cleans his boot on the overgrown grass, swearing under his breath before he scans the concrete path leading to the front door. They note the garbage and unkempt garden.

KINGSFIELD

I'll check the rear.

Jordan motions to Parker and they move to the partially open front door. It's eerily quiet, with no signs of other residents around. Jordan then notices something on the door frame -- BLOOD.

He leans in with his flashlight -- the blood slowly runs down the frame -- FRESH.

Jordan whistles.

Kingsfield turns to see Jordan waving him over. Kingsfield approaches to see Jordan pointing at the blood. They share a serious look and Kingsfield leads the way in, Parker taking up the rear.

**INT. COUNCIL HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Kingsfield steps in, eyes scanning every detail --

KINGSFIELD  
Hello? Police! Anyone here?

No answer.

KINGSFIELD  
(louder)  
Hello?

Still no answer. Parker stays close behind Jordan.

JORDAN  
Rookie, you want to go back and wait  
in the car? First shift and all that?

PARKER  
I'm--I'm good.

Parker nods as she looks around, clearly nervous. But she holds it together. Focuses. But as she moves further into the house, she covers her nose --

PARKER  
What's that smell? Is it... a dead  
body?

JORDAN  
I haven't been lucky enough to find  
one of those myself, but this is the  
classic aroma of a dirty, filthy  
council house. Most of the time, it's  
a case of wiping your feet when you  
leave, not the other way around--

KINGSFIELD  
PSST - focus.

Kingsfield waves them ahead as they move to the next room. Parker and Jordan focus and follow --

**INT. COUNCIL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

They step into a living room to the right and stairs going up to the bedrooms on the left. No carpet on the stairs or the hallway floor. A red-bricked, square tile hallway leads onto the kitchen.

A battered old moped without a number plate leans against the under-stairs cupboard door. Oil has leaked from the moped and congealed in a thick, black, viscous pool underneath the engine.

Kingsfield stoops to the oil and checks it. Wrinkles his nose as he smells the air around him.

KINGSFIELD

Anyone home? It's the police! We're responding to a nine-nine-nine call!

Jordan notices the furniture is wrapped in plastic, an odd sight in such a disgusting place.

JORDAN

At least they protected the suite.

Jordan lifts the plastic to see a large greenish-brown stain. Parker sees it, grimaces as it's most likely from vomit or diarrhea.

The three-piece suite surrounds the table, piled up with magazines, dirty cups, plates and takeaway cartons. Kingsfield scans the room -- steps to the coffee table -- two lines of cocaine ready to be snorted.

KINGSFIELD

I guess we know where they spend their money.

JORDAN

Who knows. Might be the maid's.

Kingsfield rolls his eyes at Jordan's smirk.

Parker moves towards the kitchen, feeling more confident.

#### **INT. COUNCIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Parker enters the kitchen. As she turns in, she is startled and stares at something unseen on the floor -- just as a SMALL DOG BARKS AND CHARGES at her --

She steps to the side -- her foot lands on a tin can -- she slips, falls, lands flat on her chest, hands out in reflex -- SLAP --

Her eyes go wide as she stares into the DEAD EYES of a woman -- Parker's hands slapped into the blood pooled around her -- she SHRIEKS.

Jordan and Kingsfield RUSH into the kitchen -- the dog RUSHES past them out the front door -- they find Parker on the floor staring into the dead woman's unblinking eyes, her open mouth, twisted at an angle that looks as if she'd had a stroke.

Parker tries to scurry back -- Kingsfield hoists her and holds her arms out to prevent the blood spraying off --

KINGSFIELD

Hold still. We need to protect the crime scene--

Parker VOMITS -- Kingsfield reacts to her heave just in time to spin her to vomit into the corner.

Jordan shakes his head and moves to the body. The woman's t-shirt is torn, soaked with a large bloodstain around her abdomen. Blood and urine also coat her jeans down past her knees. A bloody kitchen knife lays in the coagulating blood.

Kingsfield steers Parker out of the kitchen --

KINGSFIELD

Go to the car and call this in. Then stay put.

She nods and hurries out. Kingsfield looks to Jordan.

JORDAN

Body's still warm. The door was slowly closing as we pulled up. Fleeing boyfriend or whatever most likel--

Then -- A THUMP ECHOES FROM UPSTAIRS.

They look at each other for a long beat. Kingsfield nods. Parker does the same. They grab their truncheons from their belts and head up the --

## **STAIRS**

Jordan and Kingsfield climb slowly, on guard. They reach the

## **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

All doors are open except one at the end of the hall. They peek in each one, silent -- just as unkempt as the rest of the house. The constables flip lights on. Nobody in sight. Just dirty mattresses on the floor, mould on the walls.

They shake their heads at the condition. The small beds. They share a look: KIDS.

They now face the closed door. Kingsfield leans into the door, ear pressed against it -- MUFFLED NOISE. Kingsfield motions to Jordan and Jordan readies himself -- Kingsfield WINGS OPEN THE DOOR -- the light from the hall spills in -- NOBODY INSIDE, the room even worse.

Jordan winces at the smell -- his eyes immediately water.

A SOFT BANG comes from the closet in the corner of the room. They creep slowly towards the closet, and both stand silent, listening again.

Jordan grips his truncheon, holds it high, nods to Kingsfield -- Kingsfield carefully lifts the latch on the closet door -- flings the door open as far as it will go revealing a TEENAGE GIRL (14) and TEENAGE BOY (12) huddled together in one corner of the recessed wardrobe.

A SMALLER BOY (8) crouched by himself in the other, clinging to a tattered shoebox.

GIRL  
Don't hurt us!

Jordan extends his hand to the girl.

JORDAN  
It's okay, we're police, you're safe now.

The girl looks to him, eyes now filled with hope, and takes Jordan's outstretched hand. All three kids sheepishly climb out of the cupboard.

KINGSFIELD  
What are you doing in there?

TEENAGE BOY  
Hiding.

KINGSFIELD  
From what?

TEENAGE BOY  
Them.

The Teenage Boy nods his chin towards the hallway.

YOUNG BOY  
We always hide when they fight.

KINGSFIELD  
Your... mom and dad?

TEENAGE GIRL  
Boyfriend.

YOUNG BOY  
I don't have a dad.

The teenagers look at the boy.

KINGSFIELD  
(to Teenage Girl)  
They fight a lot?

TEENAGE GIRL  
Every day. He wishes we were all  
dead.

YOUNG BOY  
Both 'em do.

Jordan gives the boy a raised eyebrow.

TEENAGE GIRL  
Not her.  
(with contempt)  
She wouldn't keep getting them  
gov'ment checks.

KINGSFIELD  
How old are you all?

TEENAGE GIRL  
I'm fourteen, he's twelve.

Kingsfield waits for more, motioning to the boy --

TEENAGE GIRL  
Oh, he's not our brother. Just some  
maggot she brought in for another  
payday --

The boy kicks at the girl --

JORDAN  
Hey!

Jordan grabs the boy gently and pulls him aside -- as he  
does -- the boy almost drops his box and scrambles to keep  
it tight in his arms but he manages.

KINGSFIELD  
What's in the box?

TEENAGE BOY  
You don't want to know.

JORDAN  
Oh, why is that?

TEENAGE GIRL  
You just don't.

This grabs Kingsfield's attention. He steps to the boy.

KINGSFIELD  
What have you got in the box, little man?

YOUNG BOY  
Fak-off, copper!

JORDAN  
Well now we haver to look in there, little git.

BOY  
Give 'em your box.

YOUNG BOY  
No!

Swiftly, the teenage boy grabs the box -- there's a brief tug-o'-war until the box splits open -- the boy SCREAMS -- foot stamping.

Now on the floor, the shoebox had spread its contents: a dead rat, two dead sparrows and several small jars that hold dead insects, tightly lidded with no air holes.

GIRL  
Told you, you didn't want to know.  
(beat)  
Kills anything he can get his grubby little hands on.

The young boy quickly tries to kneel on the floor to pick the objects up but the older boy grabs the back of his dirty blue t-shirt.

JORDAN  
Come on, let's get you out of here.

KINGSFIELD  
Is there a--some kind of back way out? To avoid the stairs to the kitchen?

The look on his face tells the older kids they don't want to go down those stairs. They both shake their heads at Kingsfield.

Kingsfield then scoops up the younger boy, who immediately kicks and squirms. Kingsfield keeps him tight in his grasp and holds his hand over the kid's eyes.

KINGSFIELD  
Trust me, it's gonna be better with  
your eyes closed, son.

YOUNG BOY  
I WANT MY BOX! GIMME MY Box!

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Kingsfield leads the way down the stairs with the boy, the boy SCREAMING the entire way -- Jordan step in front of the teens as they enter the hallway.

JORDAN  
You each close your eyes, too, and  
keep one hand on my shoulder. I'll  
lead the way.

GIRL  
Lead the way where?

Jordan waits for a long moment, and then --

JORDAN  
Somewhere safe.

#### **EXT. WILLOUGHBY - EARLY EVENING**

Willoughby, a picturesque village on the western border between Northamptonshire and Warwickshire. A black Audi TT drives through the village to the outskirts where it turns right down a shady lane.

#### **TITLE: 18 YEARS LATER**

#### **INT. KINGSFIELD'S CAR - EARLY EVENING**

Jim Kingsfield, now edging 40 and a Detective Inspector, his lanky frame changed in for a rugby one, wears black evening wear with a bright colored bow tie as he pulls heavily on his Havana cigar.

He peers out the Audi TT windscreen at the small end of a terrace cottage as he stubs his cigar out in the car's ashtray.

**EXT. COTTAGE THRESHOLD - MOMENTS LATER**

Kingsfield stands before the little cottage, his evening wear covered in a white SOCO suit, his collar and bow tie peeking out. The Scenes of Crime Officers (SOCOs), in their own white SOCO suits buzz around.

The entry door is laying inside on the floor, the door broken down, splinters everywhere.

From the vantage point of the open doorway, Kingsfield sees HUMAN REMAINS lying at the bottom of the stairs, discarded like a child's rag doll. He also sees the front entrance opening directly onto the main room holding a wood burner and ripped up and tossed furniture.

He hops about on one foot as he tries to get the overshoes over his black wingtips. Once steady he steps in.

**INT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Kingsfield glances round. The cottage is completely trashed.

Kingsfield's Detective Sergeant, an older, and more tired-looking Jake Jordan, comes toward him, dressed in his own SOCO suit - clearly too small for his frame. He removes his mask and pushes a shock of light brown hair under his cap.

JORDAN

(noting the tie)

Bit over-dressed for a murder scene, boss?

KINGSFIELD

I thought I'd add a bit of culture, Jordan.

(beat)

You gonna stand there looking like a spare prick at a wedding, or are you planning on telling me what's gone on here?

Jordan nods and turns to lead him through --

JORDAN

The place has been trashed.

KINGSFIELD

Tell me something I can't see myself.

JORDAN

Most likely a burglary. Local junkies hitting the home of senior in search of Oxy?

KINGSFIELD

And the victim?

JORDAN

Been here around two weeks, we think. Mid-seventies. Your Missus says the blackened putrefaction of the body makes it difficult to see any obvious signs of suspicious death. Have to wait for the post-mortem.

KINGSFIELD

Call her *Dr. Kingsfield* on scene, Jordan. Looks the same upstairs as down here?

JORDAN

Yes, boss.

(beat)

Um, upstairs is clean and tidy. Victim seems to live on her own, so may have just fallen down the stairs when she heard the commotion down here? The SOCO manager said it'll take some time for his investigators to sift through all this mess for any weapons or trace.

KINGSFIELD

Do we know who she is?

The Sergeant hands Kingsfield an identity card in an evidence bag.

JORDAN

Eleanor Smyth, retired social worker with the DHSS.

KINGSFIELD

Where was this found?

JORDAN

Kitchen drawer, among other DHSS paperwork. Seems she worked re-homing children. Even seems to have kept in touch with some based on the photos covering the fridge.

KINGSFIELD

Okay, let's see if we can find some details of next of kin. Names of the faces on the fridge. Any CCTV coverage?

JORDAN

Not here, no. But I've got someone already checking the village area.

Kingsfield nods, and they walk over to the female Forensic Pathologist, KIRSTY KINGSFIELD (38), 5'4", deep red flowing hair, green eyes.

KIRSTY

I'm afraid she's dead, Detective.

KINGSFIELD

And people wonder why you keep getting gold stars on your files. Venture a guess as to how?

KIRSTY

Neck's broken, most likely from the fall.

KINGSFIELD

And how long have you been a doctor, Doctor?

She cocks him an eyebrow.

KINGSFIELD

I didn't spend a day in medical school and I can tell her neck is broken. It's in her bloody lap.

KIRSTY

You doing some moonlighting as a stand-up comedian getting booed off stage you forgot to tell me about?

KINGSFIELD

I open for Ricky Gervais all week.  
(a beat)  
We really must stop meeting like this. Might be nice to share an actual meal at home once in a while.

KIRSTY

With a bottle of red?

KINGSFIELD  
I was thinking more... tangled  
bedsheets and sweaty bodies.

He winks at her and moves back into the cottage's living area, where something catches his eye.

KINGSFIELD  
Anyone seen this? Under the table  
lamp.

He points a folded piece of paper out to Jordan and another SOCO nearby. The SOCO photographs it in situ then carefully removes and unfolds it. Places it in an evidence bag. Hands it to Kingsfield.

KINGSFIELD  
(reading)  
DHSS-1515/495...

JORDAN  
Some sort of reference number?

KINGSFIELD  
It's something... Anything else we  
can do here?

JORDAN  
Not really, boss. I think that SOCO  
and your Mis--Dr. Kingsfield have it  
under control.

KINGSFIELD  
How did we find out about this? We're  
not exactly central here, are we?

JORDAN  
Three nines from a concerned villager  
who works in the post office. Hadn't  
seen the victim pick up her mail in a  
while. Came up to see the broken down  
door, peeked in and found her.

KINGSFIELD  
She touch or move anything?

JORDAN  
I'll arrange for some elimination  
prints to be taken, just in case.

Kingsfield nods and walks to the broken door, itches his neck tucking in his tie as he ponders the doorframe. Looks to the tossed room. He then checks the door out.

The lock plates. Dead bolt plate--in tact. The door chain hangs undamaged.

Jordan watches him as Kingsfield lifts the felled door slightly, checks the lock mechanism on the handle -- unlocked position.

KINGSFIELD

A ruse...

He stands...

JORDAN

The door was unlocked. She may have known the perp. Or opened the door to a friendly face... Whoever was here wanted it to look like a burglary...

Kingsfield steps through the door and looks out at the street and the cozy neighborhood around it. He takes the porch steps down and turns to give a deeper look at the place, his mind on overdrive as he tries to get a read on his new case as -- THE SKY SHIFTS TO DAYLIGHT --

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**EXT. COTTAGE - DAY**

*The door of the cottage is in place. The porch clean and tidy. A man walks past the point where Kingsfield was standing, and hops up the few steps in one large leap, a spring in his step.*

*This is BINGHAM TYLER (27), clean-cut, decent suit, but with wrinkled pants... his eyes are wild. Always darting here and there.*

*He approaches the door, takes a deep breath, puts on a charismatic smile and knocks three times.*

*He waits, looking over his shoulder suspiciously, before the door opens, but only as wide as the door chain will allow. ELEANOR, the woman seen with the broken neck at the bottom of the stairs, peeks out through the door.*

ELEANOR

Yes, who is it?

BINGHAM

Hi, Mrs. Smyth. You may or may not remember me. I'm Bingham, Bingham Tyler.

*ELEANOR*

Who?

*BINGHAM*

You know, Bing! You put me and my step-brother and sister in a foster home, many years ago. I was passing through the village, another kid I met told me you lived here, and I was passing through so I thought I'd come say hello and see how you are.

*Her eyes widen in remembrance.*

*ELEANOR*

Oh. Yes, Bingham! How could I forget?

*She removes the chain and opens the door fully.*

*ELEANOR*

Come in, Bingham, have a seat.

**INT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS**

*Bingham steps in and quickly glances around the room, taking in the number of exits, location of the furniture, stairs and kitchen. He sits down facing the kitchen door.*

*ELEANOR*

Would you like a cup of tea?

*BINGHAM*

Yes, that would be very nice, thank you.

*Eleanor goes into the kitchen. Bingham watches her as she makes the tea.*

*ELEANOR*

So, Bingham, tell me what you've been up to all these years.

*BINGHAM*

Oh, this and that. I'm sure I don't need to tell you hard the life of a foster kid who ages out of the system can be.

*She pauses the tea-making. Slowly looks over. Sees him offering a placating smile. She cautiously smiles back.*

BINGHAM

*It's no secret I wasn't the best of foster kids.*

ELEANOR

*(smiling)*

*Oh... None of the kids I oversaw had an easy time of anything. A bad situation is never a child's fault.*

BINGHAM

*Right, well... I did manage to get myself in with a nice family eventually, and... they settled me down.*

BINGHAM TWO (V.O.)

*Or thought they did.*

*Bingham fires his eyes to his left to see a mirror version of himself, BINGHAM TWO, but casually dressed and with longer hair, sitting on the couch, watching Eleanor the same as Bingham. The only person who can see or hear him in Bingham.*

BINGHAM

*(to Bingham Two)*

*Shut your mouth.*

ELEANOR

*Sorry, dear, my hearing isn't what it once was. What did you say?*

BINGHAM

*I said, they settled me down.*

*She looks at him as she adds sugar cubes to the teacups.*

ELEANOR

*It appears so. That's a nice suit you're wearing. Are you doing well in your job?*

BINGHAM

*I am, yes.*

ELEANOR

*What do you do?*

BINGHAM

*I'm a surveillance expert for the police.*

*She looks impressed. This also seems to put her at ease.*

*ELEANOR*

*How exciting.*

*BINGHAM*

*Not really. Spend most of the time looking at surveillance videos in a dark room.*

*ELEANOR*

*Well, you've come a long way. The last thing I expected from you is to see you working for the police.*

*Bingham looks at Bingham Two, who nods in agreement, motioning that Eleanor's correct.*

*BINGHAM*

*Well... I don't work for the Police. The company I work for has a contract with them, providing surveillance equipment, that sort of thing.*

*BINGHAM TWO*

*Don't leave out how you've been sacked from that job and put in the nick since then as well. The juicy details are always the best.*

*BINGHAM*

*Quiet!*

*Eleanor now leans into the room concerned.*

*ELEANOR*

*Sorry?*

*BINGHAM*

*Oh, I--raised my voice. Your hearing... I was saying at least the job's quiet. And the pay is quite good.*

*BINGHAM*

*You seem to be quite mobile for your age. Do you go out a lot?*

*She looks a bit offended at the remark...*

*ELEANOR*

*Well... no...*

*(nervous)*

*But some of the neighbors, they pop in to see me. Check that I'm okay.*

*She stares at him almost making sure he understands what she's saying.*

*BINGHAM*

*Do they now... how often?*

*ELEANOR*

*(too quickly)*

*Every day!*

*She can't hold his stare and steps back to the tea. Her hand clearly shakes...*

*BINGHAM TWO*

*Better for you then... deary.*

*(beat)*

*You're taking too much time over this. If you're gonna do something, put the old bitty out of her misery.*

*BINGHAM*

*(loud)*

*This is MY moment so quit yer yappin'!*

*Eleanor jumps at his words. Knows he can't be speaking to her. Her eyes land on the butcher block on the counter.*

*Bingham stands. Follows Eleanor into the kitchen. Eleanor sense him. Reaches to the butcher block. Is about to grab a knife --*

*ELEANOR*

*Can you please reach me some biscuits? They are in the corner cupboard.*

*Bingham grabs them, walks up behind her, and puts the biscuits next to her. he smiles when he sees her grasping for the knife -- he grabs her in one swift movement -- put his left arm around the front of her shoulders and just under her chin. With his right hand, he takes hold of her head --*

*BINGHAM*

*I'll give you a second to wish you would have tried harder to give me a better home.*

*She tries to call out -- he swiftly snaps her head to the right, instantly breaking her neck. He lets go of her, and her body slumps to the floor. He stares down at her.*

BINGHAM

*Kind of poetic, you left alone with  
no family... no friends... fun isn't  
it?*

*(beat)*

*Now maybe I'll be able to live  
without your annoying voice in my  
ears all day and night.*

*Bingham Two appears next to the body. Simply looks at the  
woman and shakes his head as if it is such a waste...*

*Bingham pulls a pair of surgical gloves from a pocket as he  
picks up the frail, lightweight body of Eleanor from the  
floor. But just as she does -- HER EYES POP OPEN and she  
EXPLODES IN LAUGHTER -- Bingham jumps back --*

**INT. BINGHAM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Bingham WAKES in a cold sweat. He realizes he's in bed, the  
room dirty, shabby; a green sheet masquerading as a curtain.

Bingham looks around his 17th-floor studio. Bingham rubs his  
face and arms, red-raw with his fresh injection marks and  
bruises. He ambles over to a tables overflowing with stolen  
surveillance equipment. Covert wireless video cameras.  
Global System Mobile voice-activated bugs.

He sits in front of his bank of TV and computer screens.  
Bingham Two appears behind him.

BINGHAM TWO

Is it just *me* that's surprised you're  
a bit haunted about what you've done?

BINGHAM

I'm not haunted.

BINGHAM TWO

No... not at all. Cold sweats,  
nightmares, must have come out of  
nowhere.

Bingham Two paces a circle around the small place.

BINGHAM TWO

Maybe it's the squalor we're living  
in that's driving you batty.

BINGHAM

If it wasn't for that asshole  
Kingsfield, we wouldn't be in this  
situation, would we?

Bingham Two mimics and mocks him silently.

BINGHAM  
Speak of the devil...

Bingham checks a screen and taps some buttons -- accesses a camera hidden the living area of ELEANOR'S HOME.

BINGHAM  
Please please please...

He taps some buttons and rewinds the scene until he sees what he is hoping for --

JIM KINGSFIELD talking to KIRSTY in the living room.

BINGHAM  
And the devil appears.

BINGHAM TWO  
I'm still not happy about this entire plan you have.

BINGHAM  
Well, that's tough, then, isn't it?  
Because you're riding shotgun.

Bingham remains transfixed on the eight monitors in front of him. He grabs a control stick and adjusts the angles of the camera. He zooms in close to the Kingsfields as they smile at each other. He pauses the playback on their smiles.

BINGHAM  
Waddaya think about these two here, then?

Bingham Two leans in.

BINGHAM  
They same *I'm* psychotic, yet here are two lovebirds all happy and ready to jump each other with a *dead body* just laying there.

BINGHAM TWO  
You could be happy too, if you listened to me.

BINGHAM  
Maybe you need to get a diagnosis for your Stockholm Syndrome.

BINGHAM TWO

He didn't kidnap us. And nobody can *diagnose* me if I never get to *talk* to anyone.

BINGHAM

Yeah, well then just live vicariously through 'cause that ain't ever happening. And come on, it was *him* who got me kicked out of my only good job.

BINGHAM TWO

You mean how he just did *his* job?

Bingham squints his face in annoyance.

BINGHAM TWO

You really need to take ownership of *something* in your life. You could have just fucked that copper at *her* place. What did you think would happen when she saw all this shit?

BINGHAM

I didn't think she'd fucking rat on me.

BINGHAM TWO

Like how the other night you didn't think smacking around that prozzie so hard you dislocated her jaw was a bad idea?

BINGHAM

She deserved it.

BINGHAM TWO

Because she wouldn't take it in the backdoor?

BINGHAM

Yeah, I pays my money, I takes my choice.

BINGHAM TWO

Women are not put on this Earth to do with what you like. Just because that woman made you--

BINGHAM

ENOUGH! ENOUUUUGGGGHHHHH!

Bingham Two covers his ears from the screams.

BINGHAM

Whether you *approve* or not. This is happening. I'm in the driver's seat and we go where I steer. I'm gonna achieve my revenge on this bastard and ultimately, my acceptance back into society.

BINGHAM TWO

Well, Confucius said, "If you embark on a journey of revenge, you should dig two graves."

Bingham scoffs.

BINGHAM

Well, I got no intention of dying.

Bingham leans back in his chair, cracks open a can of high-energy drink and drops a rock of crack cocaine into it. It bubbles fiercely for a moment before he downs half the can.

Bingham zooms in closer and closer on his nemesis's smile until all that can be seen are pixels.

BINGHAM

Just wait 'til I wipe those smiles off your fucking faces. Mark my...

His eyes then dart to another screen where a SQUAD OF POLICE OFFICERS assemble around the front door of Bingham's apartment, ready with the 'Big Red Door Key' -- TOO LATE --

WHABOOM -- his door EXPLODES off its hinges as the door bursts open and within seconds the flat is full of uniformed POLICE officers, followed by a DETECTIVE.

POLICE

Stay where you are!

DETECTIVE

Bingham Tyler?

Bingham, on his knees, looking for some way out --

BINGHAM

What the hell is this? You can't just come bursting in here without a warran--

DETECTIVE

This ain't America mate, and yes, we can.

BINGHAM

Just piss off out. You have no righ--

DETECTIVE

Bingham Tyler, you are under arrest for rape and assault causing Grievous Bodily Harm. You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defense if you do not mention when questioned something that you later rely on in court. Anything you do say will be given in evidence.

BINGHAM

You fucking twat - this is all a load of bollocks!

He spits in the face of the Detective, who calmly wipes his spittle away with a handkerchief from his pocket.

DETECTIVE

You can add assault on police to that as well.

BINGHAM

Fuck you!

The police take him out.

**INT. POLICE HQ - KINGSFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Perched on the corner of Kingsfield's desk with a plastic cup of black coffee, is Jordan. The office is small, drab, blue eggshell painted. Only big enough to take two medium-sized desks that have seen better days.

JORDAN

Hunting down witnesses and taking statements. SOCO are still at the cottage.

KINGSFIELD

Anything from the media?

JORDAN

Normal shit you get from them on a quiet news day.

(beat)

What intrigues me is this cryptic note you found. As if the old gal was trying to tell us something. I checked in with--

There's a KNOCK on Kingsfield's open door. The small, portly frame of Detective Chief Superintendent COLIN MARLAND barges in without any acknowledgement from Kingsfield. Marland has a broad Yorkshire accent, full of bluster, overbearing, antagonistic, and seems to hate everybody.

MARLAND

I don't expect you two to be sitting around the office on your arses. Shouldn't you be out on enquiries?

KINGSFIELD

(annoyed)

Just collating what little information we have on the cottage murder, sir, so we make the best use of the limited time and resources we have for this investigation.

MARLAND

Don't you get narky with me 'cause we're short of manpower. 'Sides, your own wife thinks it's a fall from the stairs.

Kingsfield stops himself from responding in anger...

KINGSFIELD

Did you come here for a reason, sir?

MARLAND

Chief wants you tits at his briefing in thirty minutes, so look sharp.

Marland walks out, slamming the door behind him.

JORDAN

Tosser! Been promoted five ranks higher than his capability if you ask me.

KINGSFIELD

Six actually, if you include Cadet.

Jordan chuckles.

KINGSFIELD

What were you saying before he graced us with his presence?

JORDAN

Department for Work and Pensions found some of Smyth's archived case notes, which they just sent over.

(MORE)

JORDAN (cont'd)

She had a good reputation. Her main job was finding foster places for children, and they say she had a reputation for placing kids with the right family.

KINGSFIELD

Let's look into every name in there. See where those foster kids are at now. Any trouble with the law. Drugs. On and on. The system is flawed, so no matter how good she may have been, nobody could get it right every time.

JORDAN

On it.

DC WIN OKENEWU (English of African descent) taps on Kingsfield's office door and opens it up.

KINGSFIELD

What's up, Win?

WIN

You wouldn't believe who just landed in lock up!

KINGSFIELD

Enlighten us.

WIN

You know that weird, geeky little guy you had kicked out of PolServ a while back?

Jordan and Kingsfield share a look.

JORDAN

Bingham Tyler?

KINGSFIELD

Bloody psycho. What's he in for?

WIN

Rape, GBH. Broke her jaw. He's well known for it among the other sex workers, apparently. This one works the street right outside where he lives.

JORDAN

Little twat never did seem smart enough not to shit where he eats.

WIN

Well we added on assault on police,  
as well, so I'd say your statement  
has legs.

SERGEANT JORDAN

What did he do?

WIN

Spat in the lead's face when he  
arrested him.

Win nods and leaves. Kingsfield and Jordan share a look with  
a slight smirk and shake their heads.

JORDAN

I'm gonna have a movement, see you in  
briefing.

Kingsfield nods as Jordan heads to the door. Jordan pauses  
and looks back.

JORDAN

Boss. You good?

Jordan's eyes look to a photo frame on Kingsfield's desk.  
Kingsfield nods, motioning for him to go. Jordan does.

Kingsfield turns to the framed photo and picks it up. The  
woman in the photo, standing with him, is WPC PARKER, a good  
dozen years older than we last saw her, in uniform, shaking  
Kingsfield's hand.

He thinks for a long moment and then sets it back down.

#### **INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

Kingsfield sits on the desk at the front of the room as  
Jordan addresses the TEAM who listen attentively.

JORDAN

--now we know our victim worked for  
the DWP, also known by its previous  
name, The Department of Social  
Services. She retired some years ago  
when the local office re-located. The  
witness found her here.

(points to a screen  
showing floor plan)

Bottom of the stairs, neck broken.  
Still waiting on the post-mortem on  
whether this was due to the fall or  
the intruder themselves.

(MORE)

JORDAN (cont'd)

Crime scene anomalies tell us it was more likely the latter, as we believe the intruder was looking for specific documents or papers of some sort.

(holds up the note)

This torn paper was nowhere near any other documents she had so we don't believe it was put there by the victim. She was probably dead when she got to the bottom of the stairs. We're at a bit of a loss as to how it got there, so we think for the time being that she put it there well before the intruder got into the house.

It is blown up on the screen and showcases the reference number: **1515-498**.

KINGSFIELD

I know some of you are not allocated to this enquiry, but we need to get as much about this woman's past as we can by looking through all her work files from the Social.

Kingsfield taps a pile of archive boxes, recently delivered.

KINGSFIELD

(almost to himself)

I'm convinced the answer's in here, so we're gonna see where it leads.

(to the room)

Off you go. We have a murderer to find.

Everyone heads out grabbing boxes as they go. Jordan moves to Kingsfield who seems lost in his own thoughts, tapping his pen in his palm.

JORDAN

You look concerned, boss.

Kingsfield shrugs it off.

KINGSFIELD

Yeah, just that idiot Win's got downstairs concerns me.

Jordan knows.

JORDAN

Parker?

KINGSFIELD

It's just... we never got to the bottom of her disappearance. Just up and gone? No goodbyes? Just never sat right with me. Especially since she'd just dated that weasel until she found out the garbage he really was.

JORDAN

It's been five years, Jim. And we did more than our due diligence on the guy. He was clear. Crystal.

Kingsfield takes it in.

JORDAN

Just... don't let the history you have with this guy distract you. Last thing you need is Marland up your asshole.

Kingsfield chuckles.

KINGSFIELD

As much as I need *another* asshole.

They both laugh.

KINGSFIELD

Still... my gut tells me he didn't come back in our lives coincidentally.

(beat)

Look into Bingham. Rattle some cages, see what falls out.

(off Jordan's look)

Humour me.

JORDAN

You're the boss.

**INT. CUSTODY CENTRE - CELLS - DAY**

The CUSTODY SERGEANT (CS) leads Kingsfield down the hall to the heavy iron gates of the cell block. He unlocks them. Cells on the right. They stop at the end cell, and CS opens the ancient oak door with heavy steel keys that jangle.

Inside, Bingham sits on a wooden bed against the corner.

There's a disgusting stale smell in the cell. Kingsfield glances at the CS.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

We had a drunk in here before this guy showed up. No matter how hard we tried, we just couldn't find time to clean it up before check-in.

A brief smile passes CS's lips.

BINGHAM

Yeah, I get to sleep in all the good places. What the fuck do you want?

CUSTODY SERGEANT

(whispering)

Chap's been detoxing all night. Converses with himself. Could be unpredictable, so I'll be just up the hall.

CS winks at Kingsfield and leaves them alone.

BINGHAM

I said what the fuck do ya--

He looks over to finally see Kingsfield standing there, framed within the open door. It's hard to see if he's elated or about to explode.

KINGSFIELD

Just here to ask one question.

BINGHAM

I've got nothing to say to you, other than... I have plans.

(jerks his gaze to  
the other corner)

Shut up, will you? I'm talking to Jimmy boy, not you.

Bingham jerks his head around even more, rocks in place. His jaw clenches and relaxes non-stop.

KINGSFIELD

You listening to me, Bingham?

Bingham stands up and walks towards Kingsfield. Kingsfield towers over him, he doesn't even flinch as Bingham approaches.

BINGHAM

You listening? Copper? You... Are gonna die-ey! Die, Jimmy boy. Die. Die. DIE!

He jumps back and sits down, almost giggling to himself.

BINGHAM  
Mark my words.

KINGSFIELD  
*Mark your words?* What are you, some wannabe Bond villain from the 1950s?

Bingham tries not to let the retort affect him. He twitches his neck and looks to the corner --

BINGHAM  
(to Bingham Two)  
Don't laugh! It was not funny!

Kingsfield now pays serious attention to the corner Bingham is talking to.

KINGSFIELD  
Okay... so does part of your "plan" include Stephanie Parker?

This gets his attention. He looks to Kingsfield.

BINGHAM  
Oooo... I see. You still haven't found your Copper tart?

KINGSFIELD  
You know where she'd be?

Bingham's smile is filled with madness --

BINGHAM  
Dead, for all I care.

KINGSFIELD  
That a confession?

BINGHAM  
I haven't seen her since you fuckin' banged me up.

KINGSFIELD  
I always found it odd how she didn't turn up for your trial.

BINGHAM  
Maybe I said something to make sure she knew it would be very bad for her if she did. Maybe I didn't.

KINGSFIELD  
Said something, or did something?

Bingham looks to the corner as though listening to something.

BINGHAM  
No, the twat actually thinks I done her.  
(listening)  
Well he'll have to fuckin' prove it then, won't he.

Kingsfield walks across the cell. Stands between Bingham and his eyeline to Bingham Two.

KINGSFIELD  
I will. One way or another.

BINGHAM  
Not if I fucking kill you first!

Bingham lunges up at Kingsfield but Kingsfield lowers his head fast -- CRACK -- headbutt -- Bingham drops back on the sad excuse for a bed.

Kingsfield looks down at Bingham. When out for the count he looks so small and sad. But Kingsfield doesn't offer any remorse. He turns to look in the corner, pondering then leaves the cell.

**EXT. FULBOROUGH WOOD - DAY**

Running at a decent pace, a JOGGER leads her panting Golden Retriever TIGGER along a path within the woods. As she moves her tiny frame along -- YANK -- her arm is pulled back so hard it almost dislocates her shoulder -- she spins back to the momentum of the leash as Tigger darts into the brush.

JOGGER  
Tigger, no!

She keeps hold of the leash but there is no contest on where she's going as the dog, who now barks, pulls her deeper and deeper into the brush.

The Jogger stumbles, steps funny and finally falls to the ground. She now tries to release her hand wrist from the leash as he drags her a bit. And then finally he stops.

TIGGER  
What the hell is your deal?

She gets to her feet and takes the few steps to her dog who has stopped, but he digs at something.

She finally gets around him enough and pulls a large section of brush back to see what he's so drawn to. Her eyes widen as she sees a skeletal human foot protruding from the ground.

**EXT. FULBOROUGH WOOD - DAY**

Kingsfield makes notes in his pad as he reviews the preparations for a systematic exploration of the wood. The POLICE SEARCH ADVISOR SERGEANT directs operations during the search.

The SOCO officers set up crime scene tents and lighting, a large area of the wood has been designated a crime scene and cordoned off with a large roll of blue and white 'POLICE - DO NOT CROSS' tape.

Kingsfield scribbles more on his pad, seems distracted.

Kirsty walks up to him in a SOCO suit and gives him a little peck on the cheek.

KIRSTY

Better suit up if you're coming to the scene with me.

KINGSFIELD

Already been up there. I want to preserve as much of the scene as I can. God only knows who's been trampling through it.

KIRSTY

You looked at the remains?

KINGSFIELD

Briefly... all skeletal, I think.

KIRSTY

We'll need to take away the soil the remains are lying on, as well.

KINGSFIELD

I'll tell the senior SOCO manager.

All business, Kirsty turns to join a group of SOCOs ready to move towards the scene. She pauses and makes eye contact with Kingsfield.

KIRSTY

You look shook. You okay?

KINGSFIELD

Yeah, just... seems like a body  
that's been there for a long time.  
Possibly... around five years?

She sees the fear in his eyes. She understands and steps to him, grabs his hand.

KIRSTY

It's probably not her... but I'll see  
what I can find out.

She walks off and Kingsfield lets out a breath. Taps his pad, turns to see Jordan and DC HARTE, waving him over. He raises his hand to them and walks their way.

**INT. HOSPITAL'S OLD VICTORIAN PM ROOM - DAY**

Kirsty and Anton walk into the PM room where Kingsfield and Jordan are gowned and ready for the post mortem.

KINGSFIELD

Right then. Shall we get on with it?

KIRSTY

Patience, sweetie, patience.

Kirsty looks at the remains on the post-mortem table in the hospital's oldest post-mortem room. Kirsty moves to the side closest to her, and Anton, digital camera in hand, moves to the opposite side of the table.

The two Detectives move to the head of the table, where they watch Kirsty and Anton work. She examines each piece of the skeleton with meticulous care, ensuring that every scratch, bone striation, fracture, and what little remains of tissue and clothing are recorded.

KIRSTY

Signs of strangulation. Heavy, heavy  
strangulation to bruise the bone  
here.

JORDAN

Like they used a cord? Or heavy-duty  
rope of some kind?

KIRSTY

Possibly.

She scans down the skeleton.

KIRSTY  
Strange...

KINGSFIELD  
Strange?

KIRSTY  
The way the pelvis has broken. See,  
this break here is what's commonly  
called an open book fracture.

Kirsty demonstrates by opening the pelvis like a book.

KIRSTY  
This indicates that pressure had been  
put on one or both sides of the  
pelvis, enough to break it, which  
accounts for the breaks at the  
sacroiliac joints, here.

KINGSFIELD  
Like from substantial weight? Like a  
person, or something stronger?

KIRSTY  
I suppose a person could have done  
it.

She shows Kingsfield by pointing to the pelvis again.

KIRSTY  
But the break is fairly clean.

JORDAN  
It must have been excruciating.

KIRSTY  
Good choice of adjective. But I would  
go with *insufferable*. The pelvis is a  
cradle for many important organs,  
flooded with nerves and blood  
vessels.

Everyone waits as she moves the pelvis and checks different  
angles.

KIRSTY  
I've never seen such damage caused by  
an assault of any kind, which doesn't  
mean to say it can't happen. But it's  
challenging to break a pelvis. More  
likely to be done in a road accident.  
(MORE)

KIRSTY (cont'd)  
Hit by a car or fallen off a  
motorcycle?

JORDAN  
And the strangulation?

KIRSTY  
Could be just a normal strangulation  
committed during the murder, if ever  
strangulation could be considered  
normal?

JORDAN  
Still, you're saying it points to a  
violent struggle.

KIRSTY  
Brutally violent, and she would not  
have stood a chance. She would have  
died in extreme pain.

KINGSFIELD  
In your opinion, what type of person  
could we be looking for?

KIRSTY  
Psychopath, woman-hater, perhaps.  
There would be no conscience about  
what the killer did to do this sort  
of damage. And we'll assume it's a  
he, unless the killer is a female  
Russian shot-putter from the 1970s.

JORDAN  
We need to get an ident on this woman  
soon as we can.

KIRSTY  
I'll send some DNA for testing. Run  
dental records of any missing women  
that match the type. In the meantime,  
we'll have to wait.

Kingsfield and Jordan head to the door.

JORDAN  
Too bad the guy we marked for  
Parker's been let off leash, in case  
it is her.

KINGSFIELD  
Tyler's out? Already?

JORDAN

Lawyer had him arraigned and let out on his own recognizance.

KINGSFIELD

This system's so broken it's not even funny.

**INT. KIRSTY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Kirsty sits at her desk. Kingsfield paces the room. Jordan sits in a chair taking notes.

KINGSFIELD

What about our first victim, Eleanor Smyth? Have we confirmed it's her?

KIRSTY

Yes, we were able to pull fingerprints and they match her employment records.

KINGSFIELD

Cause of death?

KIRSTY

Broken neck, as we first thought. But... it was not done when she fell down the stairs. Break's in the wrong place. Too low. Based on her position, I would expect it to be higher.

Kingsfield looks to Jordan, then to Kirsty.

KINGSFIELD

So, we're saying that someone broke her neck, then placed her at the bottom of the stairs?

KIRSTY

You're the Detective, not me.

**INT. BINGHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Bingham returns to his flat following his arrest. Muttering to himself, he wanders in circles around his apartment as the computers reboot. As the cameras come online, he opens the live feed. Bingham just stares at the screen. The picture he sees is a hive of activity.

BINGHAM

How the fucking hell have you found her?

BINGHAM TWO

This is not good.

BINGHAM

Don't you think I know that?

BINGHAM TWO

It's only a matter of time before they come looking for you again.

BINGHAM

Don't you think I know that, as well?

BINGHAM TWO

What are you going to do then?

BINGHAM

How the hell should I know? If you'd fucking shut up for five minutes, I might be able to think straight, for once, without you banging on in my ear all day.

No response. The image of Bingham two disappears. Then reappears. Bingham picks up a drink can and throws it at his alter-ego, but it just hits the wall. He opens a new one.

BINGHAM

Did I leave anything to trace back to me?

BINGHAM TWO

Time will only tell. Remember Locard's principle, 'Every contact leaves a trace.'

BINGHAM

Yes, yes, I know. I'm not stupid!. Just go away.

BINGHAM TWO

You know I can't. I need to show you what you don't want to see. You know what you do is wrong - abhorrent.

BINGHAM

You don't have to get involved. I would prefer it if you never speak to me again. Just piss off, will you!

BINGHAM TWO

You just don't like the fact that the police found the body you hid.

BINGHAM

Yeah, knowing the coppers and their forensic puppets, they are bound to find out who it is and sooner rather than later.

Bingham looks at the screen again. There is a significant police presence at the wood.

Bingham battles with his warped mind about what to do

BINGHAM

I'll just wait and see, I think. Yes, I'll do that ...

#### INT. POLICE HQ - DAY

An exhausted Harte reads documents. He yawns for a very long moment. He's just about to give up as he throws another file back into the box but it catches the pile he still needs to read.

Most of the files fall to the floor, spreading papers and other documents all over the place --

HARTE

Oh, come on!

He picks up the files. He sees a photograph sticking out of one of the folders. Picking up the photograph, he sees it features Eleanor Smyth and three children, ages ranging from five to fifteen.

The group, photographed in front of Stonehenge on a bright and sunny day, all look happy.

Eleanor was holding a flask. He turns the picture over to see if there is any notation. He stares hard for a moment, stunned by a reference number in big, bold numbers at the top right of the folder: **1515-498**.

HARTE

Bloody hell!

Harte moves purposely over to Kingsfield's office.

**INT. KINGFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Kingsfield reviews action messages when Harte bursts into his office --

HARTE

Boss, you gotta see this. Look at the back.

He hands the photo to Kingsfield.

HARTE

The back. Check the back.

He turns the picture over and --

KINGSFIELD

(reading)

Stonehenge, 1994, Me, AG, CG, BT.  
1515-498. Well, I'll be... What's in  
the rest of the file?

HARTE

Don't know. Not looked at it yet.

KINGSFIELD

Well go get it. Go through it with a  
fine-toothed comb. I think we can  
call this a breakthrough. Well done,  
Harte. Let's finish it off.

**EXT. GAFFNEY INTERNATIONAL - DAY**

A large concrete building. Boring. Grey. Industrial. Dozens of HEAVY DUTY TRUCKS move in and out of the parking lot.

**INT. GAFFNEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

A Rectangular-shaped office, door in the centre of the room. Landscape window covers the outer wall overlooking the yard. Furniture in the office is sparse, with a battered oak desk at one end and a small modern conference table at the other.

ADAM GAFFNEY late 30s, healthy-looking, decent suit, reads from his computer screen. He takes a moment to rub his eyes from screen-strain, and we notice his features are familiar.

He's the TEENAGE BOY from opening murder scene all grown up.

His email PINGS. He checks it: From someone named CYNTHIA. No body to it. Only a subject line: **We need to talk. Soon!**

GAFFNEY  
(to himself)  
Why after all these years...?

**INT. TEA ROOM - DAY**

Gaffney sits across a small table from CYNTHIA GAFFNEY, a short plump woman showing the signs of receding beauty and covered by plenty of slap -- the TEENAGE GIRL -- Gaffney's sister. She hasn't aged as well as Gaffney.

GAFFNEY  
Come on then... what's the panic?

CYNTHIA  
Have you seen the local press or TV  
over the last few days?

GAFFNEY  
I don't have time for TV. Some of us  
actually work.

CYNTHIA  
You've not heard about the murder in  
Willoughby, then?

GAFFNEY  
(uninterested)  
I've heard about it.

CYNTHIA  
Do you know who it was?

GAFFNEY  
Nobody comes to mind. Look, I have--

CYNTHIA  
Eleanor.

GAFFNEY  
*Eleanor* Eleanor?

CYNTHIA  
She was the one that got found dead.  
She'd been there weeks before they  
found her.

GAFFNEY  
And? Why did you need to meet me  
about *that*? The last time I saw  
Eleanor was when she told me where  
you were.

Annoyed, he is ready to get up and leave.

CYNTHIA  
What about *him*? Have you heard  
anything from him?

The word HIM seems to glue Gaffney to his seat.

GAFFNEY  
No, and I don't expect to. Wait--

He leans across the table --

GAFFNEY  
(quietly)  
You think it was him?

CYNTHIA  
You know what he was like as a kid,  
got his rocks off killing every  
living thing he could find like it  
was a joke. We always thought he  
killed Mom--

GAFFNEY  
Cynthia stop. Bingham was nine years  
old, and in any case, the man who did  
it is locked up for Christ sake.

CYNTHIA  
He always protested his innocence.

Gaffey takes a minute to really examine his sister. Now that  
he takes the time, he can see how jumpy she is. Her eyes...  
red. She's high. Or needs a fix. Either way, it's not ideal.

GAFFNEY  
Cyn...

CYNTHIA  
We both know that we saw Bingham with  
that carving knife in his hand. We  
both know that mum had argued with  
them all day about all the dead stuff  
he kept in that shoebox. And I know  
what he is capable of, remember?

Cynthia rolls up her sleeve to reveal a long scar across the  
top of her arm. She pulls it up a little too much and  
Gaffney gets a quick flash of needle marks on her arm. He  
looks disappointed.

CYNTHIA

He was a trainee psychopath back then. God only knows what he's like now.

She sees Gaffney staring at her needle marks. She pulls her sleeve down. Rubs her neck.

CYNTHIA

If... if they didn't force you and I apart then... things could have been so much better for us.

GAFFNEY

Whether they were right or wrong is neither here nor there. The best thing that happened was getting away from her, anyway. As shitty as the system was, we both ended up better than we would have staying with her. And that little shit. But...

She looks at him her big eyes hopeful.

GAFFNEY

There's... nothing to stop us being brother and sister now. We're blood, after all. Let me... If you want, I'd love to help you.

He lays his hand palm up across the table.

CYNTHIA

But... what if the Feds come calling?

GAFFNEY

They have no reason to.

After a moment, she looks down at his open hand and she lays hers within it.

**INT. KINGSFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Kingsfield sits behind his desk as Harte stands before him, checking notes as he talks --

HARTE

The guy on the phone said there was a comment in her report about that file. They're sending it over with the info about the picture.

KINGSFIELD  
Why wasn't it already in the file?

HARTE  
He didn't explain that - they seem to have numerous files for her for some reason.

KINGSFIELD  
And how long have you been waiting for a response?

HARTE  
Since yesterday afternoon.

KINGSFIELD  
Get yourself down to the DWP and speak with them directly. Do a bit more poking around while you're down there. I'm sure they must be able to come up with a bit more for us.

HARTE  
You trust *me* to go down to "The Smoke"?

KINGSFIELD  
I do. And find out about foster home protocols now and back then.

HARTE  
Okey doke, boss.

Deciding he's had enough for the day, he's about to put his coat on when Win comes into the office with an envelope.

WIN  
You off home then, guv?

KINGSFIELD  
Gonna try to make it home for supper with my wife before another dead body takes her from me.

WIN  
You'll want to see these first.

Win opens the envelope showing three portrait photographs and the original from Stonehenge. They are of the three children, aged up to make them look like they are in their twenties and thirties.

KINGSFIELD

These are the kids with Smyth at Stonehenge?

WIN

Yup. And who does he remind you of?

KINGSFIELD

Tyler.

Win just nods. Kingsfield compares the one aged-up with the one at Stonehenge.

KINGSFIELD

Good job, Win. Good goddamn job.

Kingsfield slaps Win on the back as he leaves, keeping the photos --

KINGSFIELD

Bingham Tyler. I got you now, you little shit.

**INT. KINGSFIELD'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Sitting at their kitchen table, Kingsfield serves up a spaghetti bolognese with garlic bread and a decent Italian red. Kirsty sits at the table with anticipation as he serves her and sits.

KINGSFIELD

So, tell me about decomposition?

Kirsty cocks her head back in surprise at the request.

KIRSTY

You want to talk about *decomposition*.  
At the dinner table?

KINGSFIELD

I love it when you talk all science-y.

KIRSTY

Don't be cheeky.

(sips her wine)

Okay, human decomposition - generally accepted to be five stages. When we die and the heart stops pumping the blood around the body, gravity takes over, and it rests in its lowest point - lividity. After several hours rigour-mortis sets in.

(MORE)

KIRSTY (cont'd)

The body temperature acclimates to its surroundings, cells begin to break down, and the digestive tract produces gasses - oh, and it smells, too. How are you doing?

He grunts that he's good as he shovels a huge forkful of pasta into his mouth.

KIRSTY

The second stage is where the body bloats up and releases its gasses. Then it begins to decay, loss of fluids, maggots appear, the smell is even worse - still okay?

Gives her a thumbs up as he chews.

KIRSTY

The advanced decay process is the end, and the ambient temperature will determine how quickly it gets to this stage. Body fluids may stain any soil and could kill vegetation in the area.

KINGSFIELD

Ah, that's why there was little greenery around our victim in the wood. The overgrown scenery would be further away from the body. Otherwise, we might have found her earlier.

KIRSTY

Possibly. It certainly accounts for the tent-like overgrowth. Anyway, the last stage is where the body becomes skeletal and dries out.

(getting animated)

But there is something called adipocere, commonly called grave wax or mortuary wax. It's the waxy substance that forms on a decaying body in wet and cold conditions. It sometimes allows the preservation of parts of the body. Research done some years ago on the skeleton of a child found parts of its brain got preserved for three hundred years. And that, sweetie, is the potted history of decomposition. Now, I'll be asking questions later, so I hope you took notes.

He raises his glass to her. She offers a slight curtsy from her chair.

KINGSFIELD

So the vic in the wood. She could've been moved, buried later, or she's been there all the time?

KIRSTY

All possible.

She watches him as he ponders.

KIRSTY

There's sadness in that stuffed face of yours.

Eye contact. He shrugs.

KINGSFIELD

I just can't imagine Stephanie's body being there all that time, and we didn't find her.

KIRSTY

You've identified her?

He shakes his head no.

KINGSFIELD

Not yet.

KIRSTY

Is it odd I find it strange that you *hope* a dead body is an old colleague of yours?

KINGSFIELD

It's this whole Bingham Tyler character. The techs aged up a photo of a foster kid of Eleanor Smyth. Looks just like Tyler. I think he was the one who killed Smyth. Knew her since he was a kid, and yet broke her damn neck with his hands. Tyler killing Parker when she's about to testify in a trial that would put him away for a long time? I don't think he'd hesitate.

(beat)

It'll let me sleep deeper at night knowing she's in the ground and not in some torture basement somewhere.

KIRSTY

I never realized she was *that* important to you. You never talk about her. Bigger story there?

She raises an eyebrow as she takes a bite. He shakes his head no but offers a smile.

KINGSFIELD

We were probationers together, with Jake Jordan and I. Saw her more as a little sister than anything.

(grows serious)

I was lead on her first call. It was a bad one and she wasn't ready. First dead body she'd ever seen. First murder. It couldn't have been any worse for her. Surprised she stayed on the force after that. But she did. Even through endless nightmares. Started drinking, became, well, *promiscuous* would probably be the best way to describe it.

KIRSTY

I hardly believe seeing a dead body would turn anyone *promiscuous*.

KINGSFIELD

No, but... she was only nineteen. Changed her from the soul. I did what I could to help keep her on track but... I could never erase what changed her course that night.

KIRSTY

The mind works in strange ways.

She lifts the wine bottle to pour herself some more as -- CLANK -- she jerks her hand and spills as Kingsfield drops his fork on the edge of his plate.

She looks at him. He stares at her like he's found gold --

KINGSFIELD

That night. The kids... the... *boy with the box*.

KIRSTY

What?

He gets up, rushes to his bag, pulls out the photos. He slaps them on the table beside her.

He lays his finger on their faces. Flips the Stonehenge photo over. The initials. TB.

KINGSFIELD

TB. Tyler. Bingham.

(beat)

I've been such an idiot. So concerned thinking that Parker is in your morgue to see what's been in front of my face ever since Harte found the photo.

KIRSTY

So, who are they then?

KINGSFIELD

Right, these two here are the children we found in that house back in '94. And this boy. This is Bingham Tyler. Smyth was the worker who placed him after the murder. Little creep has a box of dead animals he wouldn't let go back then. And I know he's good for Eleanor Smyth's murder today.

She picks up the aged-up photo of Tyler.

KIRSTY

Simply because he was one of the foster kids she placed?

KINGSFIELD

No, the reference number on the back of this photograph--

(shows her)

--is identical to the reference number found at her murder scene. You were there when we found it.

KIRSTY

Yes, I remember. But... there are three children here. Who's to say it isn't one of the others?

This gives Kingsfield pause. He thinks on it for a long beat.

KINGSFIELD

Well... leave it to my brilliant wife to throw a wrench in my more brilliant deduction.

KIRSTY

Sorry, Sherlock.

KINGSFIELD

No, you're right. I need to find these other two, talk to them. The brother and sister.

KIRSTY

Hang on, though. How does this *very specific* reference number get found in a fairly conspicuous place at Smyth's cottage? Isn't that a little too perfect?

KINGSFIELD

That's the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question, m'duck, but you bet your pretty little bottom I'm gonna find out. *God* you turn me on when you make me think harder.

Before she can say anything else he kisses her. She kisses back. He pulls her to stand. Picks her up, never breaking the kiss for a second.

**EXT. KINGSFIELD'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Just over the fence from the Kingsfield home, an inconspicuous CCTV camera sits nestled on a tree branch, pointed at Kingsfield's kitchen window.

**INT. BINGHAM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME**

Bingham sits at his table of monitors. He focuses on the CCTV feed pointed at Kingsfield's kitchen window.

He seethes as he watches Kingsfield kiss Kirsty deeply, laying her down on the table, and leaning down to keep the heat going.

He watches for a moment, then shifts his focus. Bingham takes a screen capture of the table. He sends it to another monitor, grabs his controller stick and zooms in on the photos on the table. He taps a few keys, tries to focus tighter -- it isn't perfectly clear, but it's enough to show four figures at Stonehenge, and the enlarged and aged-up photo of Bingham himself.

He smiles madly as he squeezes the controller so hard it CRACKS THE PLASTIC.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - YARD - DAY**

Kingsfield, refreshed and in a buoyant mood walks across the back yard towards the door of the police station. Jordan comes in the pedestrian entrance.

JORDAN

Well, you look like the cat that had the cream.

KINGSFIELD

You could say that.

(beat)

Win gave me a photo at the end of play yesterday. Have a guess who one of the kids in that photo is?

JORDAN

Tyler. I know. Win left a copy of all of the photos on my desk before he and Harte went off to London.

KINGSFIELD

Our first real lead.

JORDAN

They're the three kids from that call in '94, yeah?

KINGSFIELD

Hard to believe.

JORDAN

A little... coincidental, don't ya think?

Kingsfield cocks an eyebrow.

KINGSFIELD

In what way?

JORDAN

In the way Tyler Bingham has been on your radar since the day you grabbed him and put him in the system.

Kingsfield thinks on this for a beat.

KINGSFIELD

(to himself)

His plan...

(MORE)

KINGSFIELD (cont'd)  
 (to Jordan)  
 Check with SOCO for any print or DNA  
 results on the note with the  
 reference number.

He smacks Jordan on the shoulder with a smirk --

KINGSFIELD  
 And they wonder why you haven't been  
 promoted above all of us.

Kingsfield then heads past him back to his car.

JORDAN  
 Wait, they say that?

He turns after Kingsfield but doesn't follow.

JORDAN  
 Where are you going?

KINGSFIELD  
 (over his shoulder)  
 To see a guy about a horse!

Jordan shakes his head. But as he watches Kingsfield jump  
 in his and Audi spin out of the lot and into the street, he  
 looks worried.

JORDAN  
 Great. Another one of his crusades.

**EXT. URBAN DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY**

Kingsfield threads his way through the traffic in his AUDI  
 TT but doesn't make much headway with the meagre blue lights  
 fitted to the front of the vehicle. He drives up the hill  
 towards the town's red-light district.

The radio squawks --

JORDAN (V.O.)  
*Mind telling me where you're off to.  
 Boss?*  
 (waits)  
*Remember we have to follow protocol.*

Kingsfield ignores him.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
*Goddammit, Jim. Well I'm sending the  
 cavalry so don't do anything stupid  
 before we get there.*

Kingsfield turns the radio off.

**EXT. BINGHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Kingsfield comes to a stop in front of the main entrance. As he gets out of his car, he glances upwards to Tyler's apartment.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Kingsfield goes to the lift. The doors ping open. He steps into the elevator and hits the button for the 17th floor and the doors close.

METALLIC VOICE (V.O.)

*Lift going up.*

Kingsfield looks around as he wrinkles his nose -- in one corner, urine and excrement stains, and in the other corner, a rotting "pavement pizza."

BANG -- the lift stops -- silence. No voice. The door doesn't open. The light shows floor 15.

Kingsfield presses the button for the seventeenth floor again. The elevator stays still, then the doors open without warning.

**INT. FIFTEENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

He steps out of the lift and finds the stairs.

**INT. SEVENTEENTH FLOOR - OUTSIDE TYLER'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Kingsfield enters the hallway, creeping slow and silent. he steps around discarded fast-food wrappings, empty beer bottles, etc.

Tyler's apartment door is slightly ajar. Kingsfield removes the straight-handled retractable baton from his belt. Holds it hidden in his right hand, ready to use.

He slowly pushes the door open -- CREEEEAK -- He winces at the sound. He takes one step inside --

BINGHAM (V.O.)

(from a speaker)

*Did you really think you were going to surprise me? Say cheese, Jimmy boy!*

Kingsfield looks up at a camera looking right at him. He gives a brief, unconvincing smile at the camera. He racks open his baton -- no point in hiding it now.

KINGSFIELD

Come on then, Bingham. Face me like a man, you little shit.

Kingsfield scans his surroundings. The small studio is a mess. Where could he be hiding? Maybe he isn't even here --

WHACK -- Bingham UNLOADS a cricket back into the side of Kingsfield's knee as he jumps out from behind the door -- Kingsfield goes down -- but swings and spins as he does -- STRIKES Bingham across the chest with his baton --

Bingham's wiry frame sprawls to the floor onto a waste bin.

Bingham quickly recovers -- picks up the bin -- throws it at Kingsfield. Kingsfield slaps the bin away -- goes for Bingham before he can get up -- knocking him into the kitchen area -- Bingham bounces off the counter and rushes him, SCREAMING LIKE A BANSHEE.

Kingsfield blocks Bingham's uncoordinated blow -- strikes a blow to Bingham's jaw -- sends him sprawling back.

Kingsfield runs at him -- BONK -- Bingham clocks Kingsfield across the head with a skillet as he spins around with force.

Kingsfield drops like a stone. Unconscious.

BINGHAM

AH! AH! SEE THAT?! NOT SO BIG NOW,  
ARE YOU, COPPER?

BINGHAM TWO

You gonna just do him, then?

Bingham looks to his imaginary double like he's an idiot.

BINGHAM

I'll do it in my time, not his.

BINGHAM TWO

But he's there, Bing, at your mercy.  
And if he came to grab you, there's  
probably others right behind him,  
yeah?

As if on cue, the sound of SIRENS approaching below fills the air.

BINGHAM  
Fuck fuck fuck!  
(looking to  
Kingsfield)  
No time, NO TIME!

Bingham, panicked, searches Kingsfield's pockets for his car keys. Finds them. Holds them up.

BINGHAM  
My time, my time, my time only...

Holding his head as he runs out of his apartment, Bingham heads for the service lift.

**INT. GROUND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

The service lift door slides open. Bingham runs towards the rear of the building.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Bingham runs out and presses the key-ring remote to identify Kingsfield's car -- the SIRENS grow loud -- BOOP BOOP -- he sees the Audi and rushes over. Gets in.

He gets into the car, starts the engine, throws the car into gear, and screeches down the street. He guns the accelerator as the car catapults wildly, nearly colliding with a woman crossing the road and causing another vehicle to move quickly out of the way to avoid a collision.

He's clear as the coppers speed up to the apartment from the other direction.

**EXT. URBAN DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY**

Bingham roars the Audi down the hill towards St. Peters Way and up the London Road, out of town.

A battered CID Peugeot passes from oncoming traffic --

**INT. BATTERED CID PEUGEOT - SAME TIME**

Jordan swings his head around from the passenger seat. Win drives with him. From the opposite side, Win accelerates the battered CID Peugeot down the London Road, turning towards Tyler's apartment, blue lights and sirens blaring. Jordan is in the passenger seat and points ahead.

JORDAN

That was the boss's car but he wasn't the one driving.

(looks ahead)

Come on, Win, step on it! We don't want a dead DCI on our hands.

(grabs the radio)

All units look out for Kingsfield's Audi TT. Repeat, Kingsfield's Audi!

Win skids the car to a stop at Bingham's apartment and Jordan jumps out, runs inside. Win tries to keep up.

**INT. BINGHAM'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Jordan sprints the stairs. Win can be heard trailing.

**INT. BINGHAM'S STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER**

Jordan finds Kingsfield coming round on the floor of the kitchen.

KINGSFIELD

Where is he?

JORDAN

Nicked your motor and fucked off.

KINGSFIELD

Bollocks.

Sitting up with his back against the wall, Kingsfield groans and grabs his bleeding head.

JORDAN

You should have waited for us.

KINGSFIELD

Yeah, well, you know me.

JORDAN

Only too well, Jim. Jesus man, he could have killed you.

KINGSFIELD

Well, he didn't, did he? And the little fucker stole my car? Now I'm *really* pissed.

Jordan chuckles as he helps Kingsfield to his feet.

JORDAN

What were you even coming here for?

KINGSFIELD

Just a conversation. Man to man.

Win, out of breath, stumbles in, sees everything is okay, bends over with his hands on his knees.

KINGSFIELD

Looks like someone needs to exercise more.

(motions around the  
shithole)

Let's have a look while we're here. Probable cause for assaulting an officer. There must be something of interest we can find.

JORDAN

You need to go to the hospital. That was a nasty clunk on the head to cause a gash like--

KINGSFIELD

I'm fine.

JORDAN

Then on your head be it.

KINGSFIELD

Very funny.

Jordan and Win look around Bingham's apartment. Win spies the surveillance equipment and sits down at the workstation. Scans over each monitor and their feeds.

WIN

Blimey. What's he want all this stuff for?

Win takes a seat and checks the main computer monitor. he taps a few keys -- locked. Password encrypted.

WIN

Not gonna get into the hard drive.

He then checks the security feeds -- most monitors have 4-6 squares of feeds on them. All running live. Jordan steps up. Picks up a black and white photo on the edge of the desk of Kingsfield and Kirsty on the porch at the Smyth crime scene.

JORDAN

Boss.

He hands it to Kingsfield. He takes it and is shocked to see Bingham was there, watching them.

JORDAN

I still don't understand why he's so obsessed.

Kingsfield speaks as he stares at the photo.

KINGSFIELD

Taking him from the only family he knew? Ensuring he was fired from PolServe. He only got that because of Parker's recommendation about his ability to use all this shit.

(motions to the workstation)

And I was there to walk him to his cell when he was convicted for all the shady shit he used it for.

Kingsfield thinks hard for a moment as he stares at the photo again.

KINGSFIELD

And... when I closed that door on him... yeah...

(looks to Jordan)

I remember now. He said... he was gonna make sure I paid for *my* crimes against *him*.

JORDAN

If we gave a single thought to the threats of all the crim's we sent down, we'd *all* need twenty-four-hour protection.

WIN

Guys!

They move to Win. He points to one of the monitors with four split views of different feeds.

WIN

Look.

Jordan leans in. Points.

JORDAN

Is this--

KINGSFIELD

My fucking windows?

Kingsfield leans in further.

KINGSFIELD

Let's get SOCO and the tech boys in to tear his hard drives apart. Why the hell wasn't this stuff removed when we raided the place?

WIN

He was arrested for rape and assault. Didn't have a full warrant for it all?

Kingsfield then shifts his focus to the feed next to his home. Jordan follows his gaze.

The Wood.

JORDAN

Is that... Fulborough Wood?

KINGSFIELD

(under his breath)

It's him...

(beat)

It's all him. And he's sitting here in his captain's chair, just laughing at us. Look.

Kingsfield points at views of the front and rear of the police station on another monitor. They gawk in disbelief.

KINGSFIELD

Let's seal this up, get SOCO in here, and get an All Ports Warning out for Bingham.

JORDAN

On it.

Jordan reaches for his radio.

KINGSFIELD

And get eyes on my wife.

**EXT. CAUSEWAY - DAY**

Bingham parks in the Holcot country park on the Pitsford Reservoir causeway. The car park is empty, other than one Land Rover parked in the corner. Bingham sees the OWNER walking his dogs.

BINGHAM

How the hell did he find the connections so fast? I wasn't ready yet.

BINGHAM TWO

Don't be daft. You wanted him to find you or you wouldn't have placed that note in Eleanor's house. Don't go playing victim now.

BINGHAM

*I am a victim!*

Bingham Two rolls his eyes.

BINGHAM TWO

Be careful, your trauma is showing.

Bingham grabs the steering wheel and violently shakes it as he SCREAMS IN FRUSTRATION --

BINGHAM

No, no, no, no! I will see him dead if it's the last thing I do.

BINGHAM TWO

It probably *will* be.

BINGHAM

I don't care. As long as he dies a painful death, I get have my revenge.

Bingham looks at the police radio on the dash, curious. He reaches to it. Turns the volume up --

DISPATCH (V.O.)

--that's an APW on a black Audi TT, license plate Charlie Hotel Two One, Eagle Yankee Romeo, driven by suspect at large Bingham Tyler. That's a black Audi TT, lic--

He snaps the volume down. Looks even more panicked. He stares ahead at the road, and his eyes spark as a heavy duty hauling truck drives by.

He then smiles as a plan washes over him...

TYLER

Time for a little... reunion.

**EXT. GAFFNEY INTERNATIONAL HAULAGE - DAY**

Driving into the yard at Gaffney Haulage, Bingham parks the Audi behind two semi-trailers. As he gets out of the car, a DRIVER approaches him.

DRIVER  
You can't leave that there, bud!

Bingham ignores him as he walks toward the main building.

DRIVER  
Hey! Hey, I'm talking to you.

BINGHAM  
Fuck off.

The driver grabs his arm, but the baton Bingham holds in his other hand SMASHES him in the neck. The driver, off-balance and caught by surprise, reaches to his neck and falls.

**INT. GAFFNEY INTERNATIONAL HAULAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Bingham hurries toward main reception and startled RECEPTIONIST.

BINGHAM  
(angry burst)  
TRUCK KEYS! I NEED SOME TRUCK KEYS!

He bangs the baton on the reception desk --

BINGHAM  
WHERE ARE YOUR FUCKING KEYS?!

RECEPTIONIST  
(frightened, pointing)  
D--d-down there.

Bingham strides toward the transport office she pointed to just as Gaffney comes out to see what all the commotion is. They met each other, eye to eye.

GAFFNEY  
Bingham?

BINGHAM  
Truck keys! Now!

GAFFNEY  
They're all out--what--

Bingham SWIFTLY PUSHES Gaffney -- spins him -- pins Gaffney's arm around his back with the baton.

BINGHAM

KEYS!

EMPLOYEES peek out from doors and windows. One MALE EMPLOYEE stands firm between him and the others.

BINGHAM

YOU! KEYS, NOW!

The Male Employee looks at Gaffney. Gaffney nods to him. The man walks to the key-box on the wall and throws a set of keys to Bingham. He catches them in his free hand.

BINGHAM

WHERE?

EMPLOYEE

White seventeen tonner against the rear west wall.

Bingham forces Gaffney's arm up further up his back before pushing him at full force towards the man and runs for the door.

**EXT. HAULAGE PARKING LOT - DAY**

Running out of the office building, he goes to the seventeen-tonne curtain-sided truck parked against the back wall. He climbs the step to the cab. Starts it. Struggles with the gears, but eventually drives out erratically.

**INT. GAFFNEY INTERNATIONAL HAULAGE - LSTER**

Jordan, his pad in hand, nods to a FEMALE EMPLOYEE as he closes his pad. He walks to the windows and looks out a the few police cars blocking the parking lot where the Audi sits.

Kingsfield, a bandage on his temple, can be seen telling a constable something before he heads inside.

**INT. GAFFNEY INTERNATIONAL HAULAGE - GAFFNEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Gaffney stands behind his desk, his right arm in a makeshift sling. Jordan stands close to the desk, Kingsfield in the corner.

JORDAN

And before today when did you last see your brother?

GAFFNEY

Bingham isn't my brother. One day we were told he's a cousin, the next, we're told he's a brother. Mother had too many men and, it would seem, too many offspring. There's supposed to be another sister somewhere, never seen hide nor hair of her. But Bingham? I was hoping I'd never see him *again*.

Kingsfield takes this in.

JORDAN

Your mother died, if I recall?

Gaffney looks at him oddly. Then to Kingsfield.

GAFFNEY

How do you know that?

JORDAN

You don't remember what happened in 1994?

GAFFNEY

Of course, I remember. How could I not? But what's it to you?

JORDAN

You don't remember me? Or DCI Kingsfield?

He looks back and forth between the two.

GAFFNEY

You're...

JORDAN

The cops who found you in the upstairs wardrobe.

GAFFNEY

I... I see it now. You're older.

JORDAN

So are you.

GAFFNEY  
(brief smile)  
Happens to us all.

JORDAN  
Was Bingham usually aggressive like  
today?

GAFFNEY  
As a kid, aggressive is one word. But  
never like today. But I haven't seen  
him for twenty odd years.

JORDAN  
Hm. Just chose to steal your truck  
after all these years.

GAFFNEY  
Makes no sense to me either.

Kingsfield watches Gaffney closely. Picks up on his nervous  
demeanor.

KINGSFIELD  
You didn't keep in touch?

GAFFNEY  
The family was split up when we were  
all fostered. They told us not to  
contact each other. And to be honest,  
the last thing I wanted to do was  
keep in touch with the freak.

KINGSFIELD  
Any idea where he was sent?

GAFFNEY  
Don't know. Don't care.

KINGSFIELD  
What about your sister?

GAFFNEY  
This has nothing to do with either me  
or my sister.

JORDAN  
Bingham is a suspected murderer, Mr.  
Gaffney, I'm afraid you're all  
involved now whether you like it or  
not. Has he been in touch with your  
sister?

GAFFNEY

If he had been she would've gone to the police. He tried to cut her open before mom was killed.

Kingsfield and Jordan share a look.

JORDAN

And you've heard from her recently? Maybe we should--

GAFFNEY

I saw her a couple of days ago. She sent me an email. First time I heard from her in about fifteen years.

KINGSFIELD

And why did she contact you now?

GAFFNEY

She saw the news. Thought we ought to come and talk to you about Bingham, because of Eleanor and... our mom.

KINGSFIELD

Your mom?

Gaffney takes a breath like he doesn't want to say it out loud. But...

GAFFNEY

She always thought Mom's boyfriend wasn't the one who stabbed her.

Kingsfield feels a chill run down his spine.

KINGSFIELD

You think it was Bingham. At nine years old?

JORDAN

Why didn't you say anything?

GAFFNEY

I'm not convinced he could have done that. Besides, it wouldn't change anything. It could just as easily been the asshole they pout away for it and the last thing we both need is to be dragged back in time.

Silence hangs in the air for a long moment.

GAFFNEY

Getting split up, the life we had growing up, affected me for a long time. Cynthia even more.

KINGSFIELD

Right. Well... I think we have enough here. Do let us know if he gets in touch or you see him again in any way.

GAFFNEY

I wouldn't hesitate.

They all stand up.

KINGSFIELD

Just stay local for now. We may need to speak with you again.

Gaffney nods.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Bingham parks himself in a darkened lay-by, close to the police station. He hunkers down in the driving seat, cracks open a high energy drink, drops in a rock of cocaine and waits.

**EXT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK - NIGHT**

Kingsfield gets into A POLICE ISSUE UNMARKED CAR and drives off.

After a moment, the thirteen tonner hauler pulls from the shadows and follows at a distance.

**EXT. NENE VALLEY - URBAN DUEL CARRIAGEWAY - NIGHT**

Kingsfield joins the Nene Valley Way, still some miles from his home. The dual carriageway has little or no traffic.

He briefly looks in his rear-view mirror and catches sight of a heavy-duty vehicle profile some way behind him.

He looks in the mirror again and sees the headlights high off the ground. It's getting closer. A bit too close for comfort.

Kingsfield accelerates slightly, but the truck keeps coming closer and closer.

He sees the name on the front of the truck, in reverse in the rear view: *Gaffney International Haulage Ltd.*

KINGSFIELD

You want to play then, do ya? Come on then. Let's play.

He accelerates as hard as he can but is quickly baulked by two heavy articulated lorries, one trying to overtake the other and not doing very well at it.

In the meantime, Bingham's truck has caught up with him and is behind him again, its headlights full-on, blinding Kingsfield's rear view mirror -- BAM -- the truck crashes into the back of the Golf.

Tyler tries to push it closer and closer to the lorry in front. Kingsfield stands on the brakes, but the truck keeps pushing. The small car is no match for seventeen tonnes.

The two other goods vehicles are now both in the first lane, blowing their air-horns and flashing their lights.

Kingsfield banks left then right -- pins the gas -- accelerates past them as best he can. He takes the exit and enters a winding country road.

Right at the next roundabout, entering a leafy-laned estate, Kingsfield stops in an open gateway -- waits for the truck to pass.

Opening the window, he listens for it. Hears it coming, screaming at full throttle.

KINGSFIELD

Now who's the mouse...

he looks for lights. Sees none.

But then he hears the truck slowing.

And then stop.

Kingsfield inches the car forward just enough to get a look at the truck.

As he inches enough to see the truck, he also sees Bingham, leaning out the open door, a wild smile on his face. And then -- Bingham lets out a WILD MAN'S HOWL!

Kingsfield pulls out of the gateway -- drives towards the truck -- but Bingham is already in and accelerating on his side of the road, coming at him head-on.

At the last second, Kingsfield manages to swerve out of the way, but the truck catches the rear end of the car -- spinning it out of control.

The car's engine stalls.

Kingsfield can't restart it.

The truck turns around.

The truck bares down on him.

The engine FINALLY FIRES UP in time for him to move out of the truck's way -- but the car's rear tire is bent and blown out -- the car fights through it and putters toward the dual carriageway, sparks flying.

The truck is soon behind him.

As he reaches the bridge over the river, the truck SLAMS into the back of the car.

Again!

And again!

Then, catching the offside of the car, it spins around in the bridge roadway.

THE TRUCK HITS KINGSFIELD'S CAR AT SPEED.

Bingham laughs maniacally as he aims to push the car over the bridge and into the water below.

Kingsfield is helpless to do anything about it as Tyler jams his hauler against the car.

He RAMS IT AT FULL FORCE onto the nearside barrier.

Kingsfield cracks his head on the 'A' frame, knocking him semi-conscious.

The hauler backs off and SLAMS INTO KINGSFIELD AGAIN.

The subsequent impact pushes the car through the barrier -- the broken ends of the fence rip through both sides of the car.

Kingsfield is pushed into by the crushing metal. The small space doesn't allow him to move.

Each time the truck hits, its crushing and pushing the car harder against the secondary bridge barrier, which is now beginning to buckle.

Bingham slams the hauler into the car again.

Metal PUSHES IN HARD -- Kingsfield feels his leg break and he SCREAMS OUT as agonizing pain shoots through his body -- PWOOOOSH -- the air bag explodes, BREAKING SEVERAL RIBS.

Drifting in and out of consciousness, Kingsfield reacts as another jarring smash RIPS OFF THE DRIVER DOOR --

Kingsfield is about to roll out when he sees Bingham standing at the side of the car sporting a big smile on his face.

Kingsfield then notices a petrol can in Bingham's hand.

Kingsfield squirms as Bingham douses both the car and Kingsfield, with petrol, laughing madly the entire time.

The Detective fights for breath and tries to stumble out but his broken leg holds him back.

Bingham steps back to the hauler and douses the cab with petrol as well, tossing the empty can inside.

He saunters back to Kingsfield, who is barely conscious as Bingham crouches down to meet him eye to eye.

BINGHAM

You fucking, shitty, copper! How does it feel to be helpless, eh? Like I did when you did me out of the only good job I ever had? You brought this down on yourself, Jimmy boy. I told you I was coming for you. And you laughed in my face. WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?!

Kingsfield tries to answer, but it's difficult finding his breath, leading to a coughing fit.

BINGHAM

Look at you, all broken up. *I'm* the one in fucking charge. *I'm* in fucking control. *I'm* the one who killed that old bitch who threw me away. I left you that note and pulled all the strings to get you to *this place right here*. This moment. The last one you'll ever fucking have.

Bingham kicks Kingsfield in the stomach and head.

BINGHAM

And as soon as I'm done here... I'm gonna go do some role play with your wife. All over your fucking dinner table.

Kingsfield reacts and tries to grab Bingham but Bingham easily kicks him off his legs as he retrieves a disposable lighter from his pocket.

BINGHAM

You should actually thank me for this. After all, as I heard you say one night on my little tele as you smoked a cigar on your porch with wifey, how when you died, you wanted to be cremated.

Kingsfield shakes his head slowly, unable to speak.

BINGHAM

Fortunately, I'm in the position to grant that wish. AND GOD FUCKING HELP YOU!

He throws the lit lighter into the petrol -- WHOOSH -- the car immediately bursts into a great conflagration of flame and smoke. Bingham walks away, satisfied, smiling.

Bingham watches as the fire sprints along the line of petrol leading to the truck and erupts in a fireball inside the cab.

He whistles happily as he walks into the darkness.

Back at the car, Kingsfield tries to escape the fire as it burns through his clothes.

He fights to get his jacket off, but his dislocated shoulder makes it difficult.

But he's not a man who gives up.

Through the intense pain of fire eating away his clothes melting the fabric to his flesh, he uses every last bit of strength to drag his broken, burning body to the edge of the bridge.

With final possible effort, he pulls himself, shimmies, and as he is about to succumb to his very last breath -- he falls over the edge toward the water and oblivion below.

**INT. JORDAN'S DESK - DAY**

Jordan wedges the door open with his kit bag, goes into the kitchen area next to the office, and makes himself a cup of coffee.

Sitting down at his desk and firing up his computer, Jordan unclips his airwave radio from his jacket and sets it on the desk. His radio bursts into life with an incoming personal call. He answers it --

WIN (V.O.)  
(from radio)  
Jordan?

JORDAN  
(into radio)  
What's up, Win?

WIN (V.O.)  
Just a heads up, Sarg, this bump on  
the A45 has gone pear-shaped.

JORDAN  
In what way?

WIN (V.O.)  
The lorry and car that were on fire?  
Finally burned out. And from what we  
can tell the truck is the one our  
suspect stole, and the car... it's  
the vehicle Detective Kingsfield was  
issued.

Jordan is in shock.

WIN (V.O.)  
Better get down here.

Jordan's beelining to the door before he can say another word.

**EXT. HIGHWAY COLLISION SCENE - DAY**

Jordan exits his vehicle and bursts through the crowd and under the cordon tape to the burned out vehicles. Win moves to him.

WIN  
We, uh... haven't been able to  
contact Detective Kingsfield. Radio,  
his house...

JORDAN

Can... can we assume he got out?

WIN

FCI says they think so. A witness said they saw something on fire fall into the river. He stopped and looked didn't see anything in the water. And there are burn marks here.

Win leads Jordan along the path Kingsfield dragged himself. Jordan notes the marking left behind. Jordan looks to the water below.

WIN

Underwater Search Unit is already on its way from EMO to search the river.

JORDAN

You get every available body down here, on duty or off, to drag these river banks. And get the cadaver dogs and dog unit down here as well.

WIN

It's fairly fast-flowing, though, Sarg. He could be taken well down the river by now, if he survived the f--

JORDAN

NOW!

WIN

Yes, sir.

Jordan looks at the waters desperately.

**INT. POLICE HQ - INCIDENT ROOM - DAY**

DCS Marland marches into the Incident Room, where all his TEAM has gathered. As the DCS stands at the front of the incident room, the raucous chatter stops.

MARLAND

I've called this briefing to pass on to you some very grave news. I have just come from a meeting with the Chief Constable and the Head of Traffic, Superintendent Burnett.

(MORE)

MARLAND (cont'd)

It saddens me to inform you that Detective Inspector Jim Kingsfield was involved in a collision this morning, at around 0530 while on his way home. We have been in contact with Dr Kingsfield.

Gasps and murmurs around the room. Marland raises his hand to silence the room.

MARLAND

Unfortunately, we believe that DI Kingsfield was ejected from the vehicle while it was on fire and fell into the river below. At this time, we've only recovered the charred remains of his warrant card. The USU arrived about thirty minutes ago and have commenced a search. The NPAS helicopter and drone unit are also on scene, searching the surrounding area with thermal imaging.

Silence.

MARLAND

Fortunately, the perpetrator of this collision is known to us, and we are treating this incident as one cold-blooded murder. Finding this son of a bitch is our force's number one priority. DS Jordan will be the Family Liaison Officer for this tragic event.

Jordan solemnly nods from the corner.

BURNETT

We need to pool all our intelligence on this man to see if we can smoke him out. Chief wants a fast result. So do I, as I'm sure we all do, but I don't want any mavericks going after Bingham Tyler, or any shortcuts. We've just lost one of our own. We don't want to lose another one. Make him proud.

He nods to everyone and they get up and head out. Jordan walks up to Marland.

MARLAND

Kingsfield spoke on your behalf more than a few times to be looked at for DCI. I'm counting on you to knuckle down and find this bastard before he does any more damage.

He starts to leave. Pauses.

MARLAND

I always rode his ass because that's how we got the best out of him. But behind that there was always respect. And he knew it.

Marland doesn't wait for any sort of reaction or understanding. He just walks out. Jordan then offers a small smile.

JORDAN

Oh, how he would have loved to have heard that.

(serious)

Right. Come on, Jimbo, let's catch ourselves a killer, yeah?

**EXT. KINGSFIELD'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Bingham, shivering, ducked in an alley between garbage bins, watches the Kingsfield home. He mumbles and whispers to himself, swearing and mimicking.

Bingham's eyes spark to life when he sees a car pull up into the drive. After a moment Kirsty slips out and waves to the female driver. She shakes her head, reaches her hand out in thanks then closes the door and heads into the house.

The driver waits for a few moments, then reluctantly drives away.

Bingham then hurries out of the alley, skirts the trees and bushes along the sidewalk and scurries up to the front door.

He shakes off his shivers and knocks on the door.

KIRSTY (O.S.)

Rachel, I said you've done enough--

She opens the door --

BINGHAM

Special delivery!

He kicks the door at her and she stumbles back. He steps in. Looks down at her with dark pleasure in his eyes. Sweeps the door closed with his foot.

Kirsty rolls, scurries, gets to her feet and runs into the kitchen to grab her phone -- dials 999 -- he rushes when he sees the phone in her hand --

He comes up behind her Kingsfield's baton in his hand -- CRACK -- he brings it down heavily on her shoulder, causing her to lose balance.

She falls onto her knees and drops the phone. HE GRABS HER HAIR AND DRAGS HER INTO THE LIVING AREA. She SCREAMS, trying to get him to relinquish his grip.

BINGHAM

The more you struggle, the worse it gets, bitch!

He throws her onto the sofa and hits her around the face several times as she SCREAMS. With ONE FINAL PUNCH IN THE FACE, Kirsty drops, semi-conscious, onto the sofa.

BINGHAM TWO

What did I say about hurting women?

Bingham Two does not look happy at what he's watching.

BINGHAM

But you know how much I love it.

BINGHAM TWO

You really need to get a handle on these Mommy issues--

BINGHAM

Piss off.

**EXT. KINGSFIELD'S RESIDENCE - SAME TIME**

Jordan pulls up to the house in an unmarked police car.

He gets out and walks up to the door. He rings the doorbell. Waits for a response. None comes.

While waiting, he looks around. Notices the CCTV camera on the tree branch. Scowls. He rings the bell again.

**INT. KINGSFIELD'S RESIDENCE - SAME TIME**

Bingham reacts to the doorbell as he tries to bind Kirsty's feet with a cable her hands already together.

As he's distracted, AN UNEXPECTED UPPER-CUT from Kirsty's bound hands catches Bingham's chin -- smashes his teeth into his tongue --he strikes her again.

BINGHAM TWO

Not so knocked out as you thought,  
Bing.

BINGHAM

Shut up. I'm busy.

There's a LOUD KNOCK on the door.

BINGHAM TWO

Want me to get that?

JORDAN (O.S.)

Kirsty? Kirsty, you okay? It's Jake.  
Hello?

THE FRONT DOOR --

The handle moves slowly as Jordan tries it and he pushes the door open quietly. He listens. Hears struggle...

He takes a few steps back, grabs his radio and quietly --

JORDAN

(quietly into radio)

Officer in need of assistance. 304  
Palm Drive. Suspect armed. Possible  
hostage. Send everything.

He lowers the volume on his radio and cautiously enters, removes his pepper spray from his jacket and flicks the top. Holds it, hidden in his hand.

He peers around the foyer wall to see Bingham quickly pulling Kirsty up and clamping his hand over her mouth.

She kicks out and MOANS, trying to make as much noise as she can as he drags her over to the kitchen area. He grabs a knife from the counter and holds the knife to Kirsty's throat. Jordan stops in his tracks.

They lock eyes.

JORDAN

What the hell are you doing?

BINGHAM  
Finishing what I started.

JORDAN  
She has nothing to do with anything  
in your life.

BINGHAM  
SHE'S HAPPY!!!

Unhinged, Bingham drops his open in a silent scream and pushes the knife further against her flesh.

Jordan sees the utter fear in Kirsty's eyes. He looks back at Bingham, making sure he is looking only at Jordan.

JORDAN  
That's doesn't mean you have to do  
anything to her. She didn't hurt you.  
I did. I was the one who took you  
from your home. Put you in the  
system. Let her go and you and I can  
figure it out, yeah?

Kirsty darts her eyes to indicate her mobile phone lying on the floor, just out of sight of Bingham. Jordan catches it.

BINGHAM  
No! I'll slit her throat here and  
now.

JORDAN  
Come on, you're not stupid, Tyler,  
you know I can't let that happen.

BINGHAM  
Well, you *are* stupid if you don't  
believe it's happening.

He forces the knife harder against Kirsty's throat, making it bleed. She winces and cries. Jordan tries to take a couple of steps closer.

JORDAN  
(calmly)  
I spoke to someone who knew you  
yesterday.

BINGHAM  
I don't know anyone!

JORDAN  
Adam Gaffney. Your brother.

BINGHAM

I don't have a fucking brother. I'm an orphan.

JORDAN

That's not what he said. He said he and Cynthia were trying to reach out to you. Always had been.

Bingham lowers the knife a little, the words affecting him. Kirsty wriggles a little bit as Tyler loosens his grip while talking to Jordan. But as soon as she does, he tightens his grip again.

BINGHAM

I know what you're trying to do.

JORDAN

What am I trying to do?

BINGHAM TWO

Yes, Bing, what is he trying to do.

Bingham looks to Jordan's left, where he sees Bingham Two standing there --

BINGHAM

Shut up!

Jordan looks to see nobody there, then back to Bingham whose madness is rising.

JORDAN

You do anything else and I can't help you. If you stop now, Bingham, we can work something out.

BINGHAM

You do talk a load of bollocks--

BINGHAM TWO

Maybe it's time to listen to him.

Bingham points the knife at Bingham Two --

BINGHAM

I said SHUT UP!

Before Jordan or Kirsty can react to his movement the knife is back at her throat --

JORDAN

Kingsfield told me about your vendetta, Tyler. Your plan.

(MORE)

JORDAN (cont'd)  
But you got him. He's dead. You won.  
So move away from Kirsty, and I'll  
let you go.

BINGHAM  
No you won't.

Jordan holds his hands up, his finger off the trigger of his pepper spray.

JORDAN  
I will.

He sets the pepper spray on a side table.

JORDAN  
Letting you walk away, with her still  
in this house, is the better option  
for me here. So let her go and walk  
away.

Bingham thinks on it for a moment then looks to Bingham Two. Bingham Two lays his hand out palm up and moves them like he's weighing the scales of the options.

BINGHAM  
No! You're a liar like the rest of  
'em. Back then... you wouldn't give  
me my box. I can't trust you. Can't  
trust anyone--

Kirsty bites hard into Bingham's hand -- he loosens his hold on her -- but JABS THE KNIFE AN INCH INTO HER THROAT -- she slides out from under his grip as Jordan grabs his spray -- raises it -- UNLOADS IT AT BINGHAM --

The full force of the spray MISSES Bingham's eyes by mere fractions --

But it still hits his face and jerks him back -- he raises his hands to his eyes -- loses grip on the knife --

Jordan RUSHES HIM -- both crash to the apartment floor.

Although Bingham is no match for Jordan, the fight is brutal and determined. Bingham tries in desperation to find the knife he dropped.

Kirsty crawls along the floor, bleeding slightly from the wound on her neck.

What is she reaching for?

Jordan and Bingham manage to get to their knees -- Jordan head-butts Bingham -- he falls backwards but delivers a double-handed punch to Jordan's jaw -- Jordan falls, his bell rung.

His hand lands near the knife.

He picks it up -- reaches his arm back as Bingham is about to slam both fists into his back -- SLICE -- he slices a gash across Bingham's stomach --

Bingham's fists come down on Jordan's temple -- Jordan slumps to the side.

Bingham checks his stomach, looks up -- just as Kirsty, the pepper spray canister now in hand her other hand clutching the wound on her neck -- UNLOADS ANOTHER BATCH --

IT HITS HIM SQUARE IN THE FACE --

He screams in reaction, stumbles back, reaches for the wall, finds it, stumbles, heads to the door, and is gone.

Jordan crawls on his hands and knees towards Kirsty and pulls her into a safe embrace as her cries erupt.

JORDAN

He's gone. You're okay. You're--

KIRSTY

No! He can't get away. We need to stop him.

JORDAN

I called backup, they--

She pushes him off -- gets to her feet.

KIRSTY

No. Right now. Or the man who killed my husband will be gone forever.

He gets to his feet and she is already out the door. He looks to the knife on the ground and picks it up.

**EXT. KINGSFIELD RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Jordan rushes out --

JORDAN

Kirsty!

He finds her tracking blood drops and splatters along the driveway across the sidewalk and down an alley. She starts to run along the trail and Jordan has no choice but to run along with her.

JORDAN

Goddammit.

He pulls his radio to his mouth as he follows her.

**EXT. EDWARDIAN STREET - FACTORIES & HOUSES - NIGHT**

Bingham, running, stops to catch his breath in a dark alley. he works hard to slow his breath reaching down to his blood-coated shirt and pants. He lifts his shirt, checks out the gash.

ELEANOR (O.S.)

Well look what you went and did.

He looks up to see Eleanor in front of him with a scolding look on her face -- the same clothes on she was found dead in, her neck slightly crooked -- he stumbles, reaching out to his side and falls to the ground as he tries to scurry away from her --

BINGHAM

Why the hell are you back?!

ELEANOR

You're a bad man, Bingham.  
Ungrateful. And after *all I did for you*.

BINGHAM TWO

She's right.

Bingham Two suddenly appears at her side --

BINGHAM

FUCK YOU BOTH! She did nothing for us--nothing--she put us away with people I hated.

ELEANOR

I didn't put you away, Bing. I did all I could to put you with people who would help you.

BINGHAM

Well, they didn't, did they? They didn't--they didn't--they didn't!

ELEANOR

And who's fault was that, really?

His face grown in contempt as she judges him. Looks to his mirror image for help. All he gets is silence.

ELEANOR

So now is the time to stop this. Let people actually help you instead of lashing out at them--

BINGHAM

No! Nobody ever helps me! Nobody wants me! NOBODY CARES--

He winces, grabs at his gut --

BINGHAM

Fuck... I... I need to go to the hospital.

ELEANOR

Yes. A hospital is the best thing, I think.

(turns to Bingham Two)

Don't you? Get some real help?

BINGHAM

No... no help...

(looks to them)

That's where they will be taking *her*.

Bingham works hard to get to his feet.

BINGHAM

And you... both of you... you're not invited. I... I just need... to catch... my... breath.

Bingham looks around to see if anyone's watching before he slips through a gap in the fencing and into an abandoned, derelict SHOE FACTORY.

Moments after he slips inside, Jordan and Kirsty arrive at the head of the alley, following the blood-trail he left behind.

Jordan steps in front of her, using himself as a shield as they approach the larger blood mark against the wall.

Jordan looks around, sees the gap in the fencing, and the building beyond. Kirsty sees it as well.

JORDAN  
I'm going in.

KIRSTY  
I'm coming with you.

JORDAN  
No, Kirsty, you stay here. You've had enough action for one day.

KIRSTY  
And you haven't?

JORDAN  
Glutton for punishment, I suppose.

They share a look of eye contact for a long moment. Neither one is backing down.

Jordan then pulls his radio to his mouth --

JORDAN  
(into radio)  
Suspect is in the abandoned shoe factory of Lewvan Road. Office entering premises.

MARLAND (V.O.)  
(from radio)  
Detective Sergeant Jordan. Stand down and wait for backup. We're ten minutes out.

Kirsty shakes her head as though it's too long to wait.

JORDAN  
(into radio)  
That's too long, sir. You'll find us inside.

MARLAND (V.O.)  
(from radio)  
Jordan!

Jordan turns the radio off and slips it on his belt. To Kirsty --

JORDAN  
Still want to carry on?

KIRSTY  
I take it you don't have much experience trying to change a woman's mind?

Jordan can't help but smirk.

KIRSTY

Jim... Jim always said you were the one man he'd trust to have his back, no matter the situation. Shall we?

Jordan pulls back the fencing and she slips through. He follows.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The door opens onto a large empty warehouse, at least a hundred metres long. The roof is not really there anymore, light from the bright full moon filtering in here and there to give them enough to find their way around.

Fine dust covers everywhere and everything after years of neglect. Pieces of machinery are scattered around, along with some leather pelts and other warehouse detritus, left behind when the factory closed.

Graffiti on the walls. Evidence of people sleeping rough.

To Jordan's left, a set of steps going down to a basement area. He gestures silently to Kirsty to come to him. He pulls a small pen flashlight from his inner coat pocket and clicks it on. They descend, Jordan in the lead, knife in his hand.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Brick walls on both sides enclose the concrete stairs down to the basement. Peeling green gloss paint that hangs from the walls and scatters like confetti dances in the small beam of Jordan's flashlight.

They reach the bottom of the stairs, and Jordan looks around the corner into the basement. Jordan indicates for Kirsty to stay close as they move down the basement to the left -- it's a quarter of the size of the factory floor above.

Jordan stops cold at movement in a dark corner -- it startles them both -- a RAT runs out of the shadows and up the stairs. They move on.

In the centre of the basement stands a pile of wooden crates with hessian sacking over them. Jordan indicates he'll search the boxes and heads toward them --

**BEHIND THE BOXES --**

Bingham hides crouched, the beam of the flashlight casting shadows around him as Jordan approaches the boxes. Eleanor squats next to him --

ELEANOR  
Time's up, Son.

Bingham tries to keep still --

BINGHAM  
(whispering)  
I'm not your *son*--and shut up or they'll hear.

ELEANOR  
Only you can hear me. And it's time you actually listen--

BINGHAM  
(whispering)  
But you *make* me talk! *Force* me to answer you. Just like him.

ELEANOR  
Do I?

The small light moves inexorably closer. Bingham winces as he gets to his feet, waits for the right moment -- LEAPS OUT of his hiding place and heads straight for Jordan -- but SLAMS PAST HIM and runs for the exit.

Jordan launches himself into his finest rugby tackle -- brings Bingham down from behind.

Bingham tries to get up, but Jordan is too quick for him and manages to get him pinned down with his knees in the centre of Bingham's back -- the knife to Bingham's ribs --

Bingham lets loose a back kick towards Jordan, which catches him off guard -- THE KNIFE FALLS.

Bingham manages to struggle free, then scrambles forward and tries to feel for anything on the floor to use -- he snatches a long broken chunk of 2x4 -- rolls over -- takes a swipe at Jordan as he comes toward him.

Bingham's strike catches Jordan's knee -- bringing him down -- Bingham's energy is used up and he drops the wood and falls to his knees.

Kirsty scrambles to the piece of wood -- grabs it -- strikes him across the face and shoulder with all the strength she can muster -- but it isn't enough --

Bingham WHIPS AROUND WITH FISTS CLENCHED -- sends Kirsty flying -- but it gives Jordan time to recover and sucker punch Bingham across the face -- it sends Bingham crashing into some metal drums, dazed. Broken. He holds his stomach, the blood flowing freely.

Bingham puts his bloody hands up in surrender. Jordan stands before him fists clenched.

BINGHAM

Okay, okay. Time out, for Christ's sake.

JORDAN

You gonna stay down, or do I have to make sure?

BINGHAM

Yeah, yeah...

Jordan pulls out handcuffs and quickly snaps them on Bingham, his hands together in front of him. Jordan pulls out his radio --

JORDAN

(into radio)

Suspect in custody--

Kirsty is suddenly on top of Bingham slapping and punching him all around his face and head --

KIRSTY

BASTARD BASTARD BASTARD!

Jordan pulls her off --

KIRSTY

WHY DID YOU KILL MY HUSBAND?! TELL ME! WHY?!

He spits blood from his mouth and offers the most insane smile she's ever seen.

BINGHAM

Because I could?

Jordan pulls a crumbling Kirsty into him, her adrenaline fading.

JORDAN

(to Bingham)

Piece of shit. Don't you have an ounce of compassion?

Kirsty pushes Jordan off and steps away.

BINGHAM

According to doctors? Nope. But just wait until the court finds out you beat your suspect after he was already restrained. Police brutality anyone?

Bingham chuckles to himself about this.

JORDAN

Not sure you'll make it to court with that hole in your gut. So how about you answer some questions while we wait for the ambulance?

BINGHAM

How about fuck you and the cunt behind you?

ELEANOR

Watch your mouth young man.

BINGHAM TWO

What did I say about how you talk to ladies?

Bingham looks left then right, seeing them on either side. He swings his head back and forth to them as --

BINGHAM

I've had enough'a both of you! Get outta my head, OUTTA MY HEAD! Maybe if I die I'll finally get some peace!

His eyes go wide when Kirsty is suddenly in front of him with the KNIFE at his throat --

KIRSTY

Maybe I will, too.

Her face seethes with anger. Her hand shakes. Jordan takes a step closer, nervous at what she might do if he moves too fast.

KIRSTY

So answer my question.

BINGHAM

Okay, okay, I'll tell you, I'll tell you!

Bingham Two leans in so his nose is touching Bingham's cheek.

BINGHAM TWO

Well done, Bing, but I think I'm gonna take lead on this, as we know all you can do is spew lies.

BINGHAM

No!

KIRSTY

No?

She pushes the knife closer, like he did to her --

BINGHAM

No, I won't let you take control! You can't! This is my life! You don't exist!

This gives Kirsty pause... she looks as though seeing how insane he is gives her second thoughts about this moment.

KIRSTY

What...?

ELEANOR

Uh oh. You let the cat out of the baggie, Bingham.

BINGHAM

You're not real! I know because I already killed you!

Kirsty backs off as he starts to jerk and pitch as though trying to get invisible things off of him --

JORDAN

Don't even try the *insanity* angle. You're going away for a long time in a cold, dark cell, not some cushy mental--

BINGHAM

NO! I'm gonna talk, I'm gonna talk, not YOU, you can't make me, neither of you can!

It's clear Bingham isn't talking to Jordan and Kirsty. They share a look. Jordan looks back to Bingham --

JORDAN

Who are you talking to?

BINGHAM

The social worker! Eleanor Smyth! She split us up, but she... she's here with me, in here--

(bangs his fists on his forehead)

--and her voice is like nails on a fucking chalk board.

He points to his head.

BINGHAM

She won't let go, and either will he. I never get any peace. I just want... I want peace. I want to know what that word even means...

Bingham cries with his chin dropped. He sobs like a little boy. Eleanor reaches to him and runs her hand through his hair. It's like everything else disappears for him in that moment... he looks Eleanor in the eye.

BINGHAM

I didn't want to go into foster care. But you gave me to them... you didn't want me. I loved you. You treated me kind... and then you sent *them* to other homes. And then you left *me* all alone...

ELEANOR

I was only trying to help you.

BINGHAM

But you said we couldn't contact each other. I had nobody to help me...

ELEANOR

But you ran away. Hid. I couldn't find you. I couldn't help you, because I didn't know.

BINGHAM

I found them. Where you put them. Good homes. Nice places. With grass. And laughter. But me... you gave me to people found my new box and locked me in the basement for months. Like an animal.

(beat)

I blamed you for the way my life had turned out.

His sadness turns to anger as he comes out of his state and stares daggers at Kirsty --

BINGHAM

And your husband was the one who took me from that house, threw me in a car, and told the other copper to put me somewhere I couldn't hurt anyone.

(beat)

I was a little boy... And for the rest of my life he kept popping up, ruining things for me, like a fucking plague.

JORDAN

You killed Smyth. To put Kingsfield where you wanted him.

Bingham flashes a glare at Jordan.

BINGHAM

A means to an end... I wanted--no, I *needed* to get his attention. I wanted revenge. I wanted justice for me, for how my life turned out.

KIRSTY

There were other ways you could have got his attention. You left that woman to rot in her own home, I know. I saw her.

His look grows dark again as he looks at Kirsty.

BINGHAM

I know you did. And I watched you there. Both of you. Happy. Flirting. Like death and destruction couldn't even crack the shell into the happy life you had.

KIRSTY

So, you wanted to kill him--*us*, just because we were happy?

Bingham shrugs.

BINGHAM

What can I say? I'm suffer from *psychopathy*. The doctors virtually admitted it to me when I was a teenager.

Jordan and Kirsty observe a change taking place in Bingham. Bingham drops his head down onto his chest and slumps further against the wall.

She looks at the amount of blood he has lost.

KIRSTY

Is he... dead?

She jumps back a bit as his head snaps up --

BINGHAM TWO

Hi, Kirsty, I'm much less... shall we say *volatile* than Bingham. But I only have moments. He's powerful. All I'm able to do is try to persuade.

KIRSTY

Does it ever work?

BINGHAM

Would we be here if it did?

KIRSTY

Does he regret anything he has done?

BINGHAM TWO

I don't believe he does, no. He is without morals. No redeeming features, except for me, of course.

Bingham Two winces from the pain in his gut. Looks to it. Seems saddened by the sight.

BINGHAM TWO

Eleanor, she's always been in his head. Used to let her help him through his troubles... she even tried just now. But you... you should really just let us die here. It's for... for...

Kirsty rises to her feet. Stares at him with Jordan as Bingham's head drops onto his chest again -- then lifts with a manic smile on his face. Real Bingham is back.

BINGHAM

You... your face... did the asshole talk for me?

She doesn't have to. Both their faces say it all. Bingham coughs --

BINGHAM  
 Your husband. He--  
     (coughing)  
 The last thing he said--  
     (voice fading)  
 Was for... you...

His voice is so quiet he can barely be heard. Kirsty's eyes well up. She needs to hear it. She gets closer --

JORDAN  
 Wait--

It's too late -- Bingham jolts himself from the wall -- knocks her back into Jordan -- he stumbles back -- Bingham rolls -- gets to his feet -- runs the best he can to the stairs --

Jordan gets to his feet and follows but Bingham is already up the steps. Kirsty follows, anger coursing --

**EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bingham is up the stairs and as he BURSTS THROUGH THE DOORS -- BAM -- he barrels into Win, Harte behind him and they go down like bowling pins.

Bingham sees their Volvo -- doors open -- he beelines to it -- jumps in -- turns the key -- uses the cuffs to drop the gear into drive and SKIDS OUT DOWN THE ALLEY just as --

Jordan and Kirsty come running out of the factory.

Jordan sees the cops as they get to their feet, then the vehicle spinning out into the street.

JORDAN  
 Leave the keys in again, Win?

WIN  
 Not a word.

JORDAN  
 Call it in. Roadblocks, the whole thing!

Jordan runs to the car. He jumps into the drivers only to find Kirsty slamming the door as she's in the passenger seat --

JORDAN  
 He's gonna try to lose us in town.  
 This is gonna get nasty.

KIRSTY  
I'll take the nasty at this stage.

**EXT. STREETS - NIGHT**

Jordan picks up Bingham as he thrashes the Volvo down the Ardington Road and turns right on Billing Road, towards the town centre, only just missing a bus on the main road.

Bingham jumps a couple of red lights, causing some KIDS on a pedestrian crossing to starburst out of the way.

Taking a right turn into York Road, nearly losing control of the stolen patrol car, Bingham puts the lights and siren on to try to get other vehicles out of the way.

He comes up fast behind a slower moving car at Campbell Square traffic lights, attempts to overtake the car on the inside.

He smashes into the rear nearside wing, misjudging the distance, spinning the vehicle out of the way and into some oncoming vehicles.

He carries on down to Regents Square.

Police cars block his way to the right and left. He drives straight for the police car.

Seeing him heading his way, the OFFICER manages to move the car almost out of the way, but not quite -- the front of Bingham's car slams into the Skoda, pushing it out of the way and into a parked car.

**INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**

Bingham accelerates away, laughing out loud.

BINGHAM  
Outwitted them again!

Eleanor appears on the passenger seat.

ELEANOR  
No, Bing, just got lucky.

BINGHAM  
I think not. My mind is superior.  
Tactical. Tactics, that's what it's  
all about.

**INT. PATROL CAR - SAME TIME**

Jordan chases Bingham past the wreck of the police car. Bingham keeps going at high speed through the town and out towards the motorway.

BURNETT

If he gets to the motorway, we'll lose him for sure.

**INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**

Bingham sees Jordan coming up behind him.

**EXT. COUNTRY LANE - MOMENTS LATER**

Bingham turns down a winding country lane on the outskirts of town. He still keeps his foot hard down on the accelerator.

**INT. PATROL CAR - SAME TIME**

Kirsty stares at Bingham getting even further away.

KIRSTY

We don't seem to be gaining on him.

JORDAN

I know.

He pins the pedal to the floor but it doesn't make them go any faster.

JORDAN

As long as we can stay close... I'm getting other units into position to intercept him. If he takes the next left towards Fenton Bridge, we'll have him.

KIRSTY

Why?

JORDAN

Mainline railway crossing, gates are more down than up.

Kirsty watches the taillights.

KIRSTY  
 (under her breath)  
 Left, left, left. Towards Fenton's  
 Bridge.

As the road opens towards the Fenton Bridge railway  
 crossing -- Bingham takes a fast left --

**INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**

Bingham sees the bridge ahead of him and accelerates.

BINGHAM  
 I can do this. I can get away from  
 them.

ELEANOR  
 Bing... it's time... you must slow  
 down, accept your fate.

He chews on her words for a moment...

BINGHAM  
 Fate hates me.

**INT. PATROL CAR - SAME TIME**

Jordan checks the radar unit --

JORDAN  
 He's accelerating. Speed one, zero,  
 five.

KIRSTY  
 (pointing)  
 Look, the gates are closing!

JORDAN  
 He's still increasing.

**INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**

Bingham sees the gates close and the lights flash indicating  
 a train is coming to cross. He pins the pedal as hard as he  
 can --

ELEANOR  
 What are you doing, Bing?

**INT. PATROL CAR - SAME TIME**

KIRSTY  
He's trying to beat it!

JORDAN  
He bloody well is!

**INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**

Bingham flies toward the gate. The train can be seen approaching. It's close. Too close.

Doubt fills Bingham's eyes.

He then sees Elanor's hand reach across and lay atop his, on the steering wheel.

As though everything is in slow motion, her looks from her hand to her face, and sees a face filled with love for him.

She places a hand on his cheek.

He closes his eyes.

Tears fall.

As --

**EXT. FELTON BRIDGE - SAME TIME**

THE CAR EXPLODES with the front of the London to Birmingham express comes into contact with the vehicle, smashing it into thousands of pieces.

The train comes to a grinding halt half a mile down the track. A convoy of police cars arrive at the scene seconds later.

Jordan and Kirsty come to a stop as they look at all the scattered metal and oil. She looks to Jordan, tears on her face. All he can do is nod his head.

**EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

A packed memorial service is held for Jim Kingsfield. Full police honors are accorded to the service.

MEMBERS OF THE POLICE FORCE and other police forces turn out in full.

DC Win stands next to Jordan at the entrance to Northampton's civic church, All Saints. The sun has decided to shine.

Jim's fellow detectives fall in line behind the family as they walk into the church, all looking conspicuously uncomfortable in a uniform.

An officer with a cushion, bearing a police cap and Kingsfield's medals, reverently carries into the church.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

During the service, Kirsty does not raise her head. The bruises on her face barely showing under her makeup. She weeps constantly throughout. Both sets of PARENTS and Jordan support her.

**EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

After the service groups of officers mingle, talking casually amongst themselves. Marland approaches Jordan and Kirsty.

MARLAND

At least we got the man who did this.

KIRSTY

Swiftest justice there is... at least he won't be able to destroy anyone else's lives.

MARLAND

From what Jordan's report states, you seem to have the same gung-ho attitude as Jim. It's good to know it will carry on.

KIRSTY

(wiping away a tear)  
I learned from the best.

She offers a short smile.

MARLAND

What will you do now, doctor?

KIRSTY

I don't know... Put my house in order. I have an old girlfriend who lives in Spain.

(MORE)

KIRSTY (cont'd)  
Perhaps I'll go and stay with her for a while. The sun will do me good.

MARLAND  
Well, we certainly don't want to lose you, that's for certain. We hope you come back to us at some point.

With a nod to both of them, he turns and walks away.

JORDAN  
After you take stock, whatever you need to do, if you need somebody to talk to, night or day, just call me. Okay?

KIRSTY  
I might even take you up on it.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Dr Kingsfield?

They both turn to see a WOMAN in a dark pencil skirted suit and veiled hat approaching.

KIRSTY  
Please, no reporters, not today.

WOMAN  
Oh, no. I'm not... I'm here to offer my condolences. I knew your husband.

KIRSTY  
Oh, thank you. How did you know Jim?

WOMAN  
I used to work with him.

She lifts her veil of her hat.

Jordan recognizes her. Kirsty does as well.

KIRSTY  
Stephanie Parker?

Jordan looks at Kirsty, just as shocked.

JORDAN  
You're alive--what are you doing here? How--where did you go?

PARKER  
New Zealand. Christchurch to be exact, until the earthquake.

JORDAN  
 Couldn't have got much further away  
 if you tried.

Her face grows serious.

PARKER  
 I had to. To protect Jim. And you.  
 (reaches to Kirsty's  
 hand)  
 When he heard I was going to testify,  
 he threatened to find me, get three  
 three of us together, and burn us all  
 alive...

This hurts Kirsty. She raises her hand to her mouth.

PARKER  
 I'm so sorry. I thought if I was  
 gone, he would burrow into some hole  
 never to be seen again. When I heard  
 about Jim... I jumped on the next  
 plane back.

A heavy silence between them all.

JORDAN  
 What are you going to do now?  
 Officially, you're still a police  
 officer, are you not?

PARKER  
 I don't know. Honestly--

KIRSTY  
 Wait.

Kirsty takes a step toward Parker.

JORDAN  
 If you're Stephanie Parker, then who  
 is in my morgue?

Parker shares a long look with Kirsty, then to Jordan, and  
 back to Kirsty.

PARKER  
 I don't know. But if Jim is anything  
 like what I remember, even death  
 wouldn't stop him from finding out.  
 So how about we all find out.  
 Together.

Kirsty looks back to Jim's grave, then to Jordan.

JORDAN  
Keep Calm and Carry On?

After a moment of running the idea through her head --

KIRSTY  
Where do we start?

**ACROSS THE CEMETERY --**

A man dressed in black leans against a tree, almost as though it's holding him up, his back to us.

His breath has a bit of a whistle-wheeze to it. He seems to be watching the trio as they turn and begin their way down a path.

After a moment, of what seems like hesitation, he reaches down and picks up the cane leaning against the tree.

His hand...

It's covered in burn scars...

He takes a step forward, ready to follow the trio, a significant limp in his step as he goes.

**FADE OUT**