

A BUCHANAN MYSTERY

'Pilot'

Written By

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FADE IN:

INT. VOLVO - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED: "Lost Summer"

Empty coffee cups and sandwich wrappers litter the interior of the car. FRED BUCHANAN, 44, disheveled with old eyes and hanging jowls, patiently sits in the driving seat. He taps a packet of Camel cigarettes and one pops out, closing his eyes he smells its length - pleasure.

His eyes snap open at the sound of a DOOR CLOSING.

A MAN, 42, handsome, confident, pleased with himself, tucks his shirt into the pants of his expensive Italian silver-grey suit, the jacket over his arm, struts to a large black Ford car, climbs in and drives off.

EXT. BUCHANAN RESIDENCE, DRIVEWAY - DAY

Getting out of his car, Fred tramps across the road, up the same driveway to the front door.

EXT. BUCHANAN RESIDENCE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Unemotionally he slides a key in the lock, he enters, silently closing the door behind him.

MOMENTS LATER

The door BANGS open. Fred, determined now, strides out of the house carrying a small black canvas bag and a couple of suits and shirts on hangers. Stony faced.

ALISON BUCHANAN, 42 but looking less than 30, dressing gown and slippers, follows.

ALISON BUCHANAN

What will it take? Stop and talk
to me will you?

Ignoring her, Fred keeps walking. She is shouting at the back of his head.

ALISON BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

Maybe that's the problem Fred, you
never talk to me.

(beat)

You're never here.

(beat)

You've never asked me *why*.

Fred does not, ever, look back.

ALISON BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

(screaming at him)

FRED!

Fred continues towards his Volvo, unflinching.

ALISON BUCHANAN (CONT'D)
 Get back here and talk to me. I'm
 sorry okay. Is that what you want
 to hear?

Fred, at his Volvo, opens the back door and deposits his belongings. He gets in the front and starts the engine, not once looking over at his shouting wife.

ALISON BUCHANAN (CONT'D)
 I hate you Fred Buchanan.
 (beat)
 I don't know why you married me in
 the first place.

Fred guns the engine and the car drives off.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Semi-darkness. Extremely neat and tidy. The door unlocks. MARGARET WILSON, 37, smart in neat business suit, walks briskly into the office and over to the large desk in the corner. She lays her handbag and the bundle of mail down before pulling the blinds open, letting daylight flood in. She walks towards a door marked 'Private'.

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

Still semi-darkness. In contrast, this office is a clutter of files and gadgets and the paraphernalia that make up a private detective's working life.

Covering one half of a wall are photographs of a much younger Fred in a police uniform being given this trophy or that award.

She walks over to the double bay window behind an oak desk, pulling open the blinds, letting sunlight flood into the room. Turning, she is surprised to see Fred, lying on the large leather Chesterfield, squinting at the sudden burst of light. His black canvas bag and the couple of suits and shirts on hangers are thrown over the other side of the Chesterfield.

Struggling to sit, Fred hangs his head in his hands.

MARGARET WILSON
 My, look at you.
 (beat)
 What happened?

FRED BUCHANAN
 Nothing.

MARGARET WILSON

You should get that sorted,
because 'nothing' for the fourth
time in a month isn't 'nothing'.

FRED BUCHANAN

What is that, comedy or something?

MARGARET WILSON

Oh, it's nothing.

And she strolls back out to her office leaving Fred to disentangle himself from the blanket whilst reaching for the packet of Camel cigarette.

MARGARET WILSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And those things will kill you,
there are laws you know?

Looking at the pack, sighs, throws it on his desk and walks over to the dressing/shower/closet.

FRED BUCHANAN

(shouting through the
open door)

London went okay by the way, in
case you're interested.

MARGARET WILSON (O.S.)

(shouting back)

I'm not.

FRED BUCHANAN

It's all on the recorder, can you
do the usual with it.

Margaret comes back into the room with the mail and dumps it on his already cluttered desk. Notices the cigarette packet as she picks up a digital recorder the size of a disposable lighter and pulling it in half, she retrieves an SD card.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The SD card is plugged into a slot of her laptop. Margaret is typing into her PC when a door opens. She looks up, pulling out the earphones and stopping the digital recording on the laptop, she forces a smile.

MARGARET WILSON

Inspector McGiff, I'm not sure
he's in.

MIKE MCGIFF, 42, is standing in front of Margaret's desk. He is wearing a silver-grey suit, very smart, very expensive. He takes out a cigarette and lights up.

MIKE MCGIFF
 (very sycophantic)
 Superintendent now darling, and
 the youngest in Police Scotland's
 Serious Crime Unit.

Margaret is not impressed - she does not like this man.

MARGARET WILSON
 Oh really, well congratulations
 and all that. I still don't think
 that he'll be in, or even back
 from London.

He sits on the edge of her desk - she does not like that
 either.

MIKE MCGIFF
 Why don't you just buzz through
 and see if he's in for his oldest
 and bestest mate eh?

She makes a face of disappointment at the plumes of smoke
 rising and presses a button on her phone.

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

Fred reaches over and presses a button on the desk phone.
 Margaret's metallic sounding voice is full of contempt.

MARGARET WILSON (O.S.)
*Superintendent McGiff is here to
 see you, are you in?*

Fred smiles at her dislike of the man.

FRED BUCHANAN
 I'm always in for my oldest friend
 Margaret you should know that.

MARGARET WILSON (O.S.)
 Yes well, oldest he may be,
 certainly not the nicest friend
 you've got.

MIKE MCGIFF (O.S.)
 Sure I'm the only friend you've
 got there Fred my old son.

Fred reaches for the bottle of Stolichnaya vodka and,
 pouring a huge glass, he sits back. The door opens and
 Mike steps through. He notices the vodka and the Camel
 cigarette packet as he sits opposite Fred.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)
 You still smoking those bloody
 Camels? They'll kill you.

Fred grunts an acknowledgement, downs nearly all the vodka. Mike takes a last pull on his cigarette and stubs it out in a very clean ashtray.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

So, London?

FRED BUCHANAN

It was fine. Found the boy easy enough, right away in fact. Took him home to mummy and daddy all safe and sound.

Fred throws an envelope at Mike. Catching it, he checks the contents - cash. Happy, he pockets the envelope.

MIKE MCGIFF

Excellent. Any trouble?

FRED BUCHANAN

None. He was sleeping rough with some other teenagers in a disused building. I just had to show him some of the sites the tourists don't see round Kings Cross.

(beat)

He cried a lot on the way home. Kids eh?

(beat)

Parents seemed pleased though.

Mike is a little perplexed for a second.

MIKE MCGIFF

When did you get back?

FRED BUCHANAN

Early hours.

Mike is looking at the books on the shelf, twiddling with the remote for the TV, examining the photographs showing Mike and Fred as police cadets together when they were younger and others of them as policemen - in fact he's looking anywhere but at Fred who is enjoying this man's uncomfortable fidgetiness.

MIKE MCGIFF

Oh right.

He wants to ask but can't. Awkward.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Right then, that's, eh, great.

FRED BUCHANAN

I think I should make that the last one for a bit. I need a change of scenery.

(MORE)

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

I might retire and grow mushrooms
in Aviemore or something.

Mike snorts his usual laugh.

MIKE MCGIFF

Mushrooms? Aviemore? All that
fresh air and stuff? What's Alison
saying about that?

Fred levels his eyes at Mike who knows he's said the
wrong thing.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

(again, awkward)

Look, eh, I've got another job if
you're interested. Money's good
too. Missing daughter this time,
and get this, you'll like this.
She's Kitty Caldwell's daughter.

Fred shrugs - he doesn't know who that is.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Kitty Caldwell? Scottish soap
star? Anyway, turns out she was
married to Art Latterman,
remember, Latterman's Hardware
Stores? That guy that went missing
two years ago? There was a big
stooshy about it at the time,
don't know if you remember,
anyway, there was a huge search
and rescue operation--

Fred turns his chair round now, looking out the bay
windows at the traffic on Lothian Road.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

--Cost a packet. Turns out that
Kitty and Art had this kid see,
she's 15 now and seems to have
gone off the rails a wee bit, and
now she's missing. Been missing
for a couple of weeks or so.

Mike looks at his watch, although he doesn't actually
read the time.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Right, so I've eh, I've got to get
going. Look, let's make this a
freeby eh? Kind of celebrating the
old promotion, made Super--

Fred cuts in, turning back round.

FRED BUCHANAN

--Superintendent, I heard, and I know that a policeman's wages won't pay for that suit you're wearing, but cheers, I appreciate the gesture.

Mike gives an awkward laugh at his friends sarcasm, he isn't sure what to do next so he reaches into his jacket pocket and takes out a pen and then some kind of business card. He writes on the back of it.

MIKE MCGIFF

Look, this is the address for Kitty just go and see her eh?

Mike puts the card with the details on the desk and hurriedly walks away.

Fred picks up a letter opener and prods the business card the address is written on, he doesn't want to touch it with his bare flesh.

INT. LATTERMAN MANSION, GYMNASIUM - DAY

This is a small but well equipped gymnasium. Along one wall there is a sliding glass door in a glass wall, looking out onto a huge paved patio, complete with wooden benches and swing type chairs. Fred, wearing his long black woolen winter coat, gazes beyond the windows at the extensive mature gardens.

KITTY CALDWELL, 60, is power walking on a treadmill. She is a handsome woman, although 60 years old she looks great in her sweat pants and t-shirt. She drains the fruit drink from a tall glass.

A very fit looking tanned BOY, 19, with a trendy haircut, stopwatch and clipboard, checking the readouts on the treadmill.

Kitty holds up her empty glass. Boy takes it, letting his fingers trail over the back of her hand, she smiles.

KITTY CALDWELL

And this time fill it up with less of the fruit juice and more of the vodka eh?

Fred looks for somewhere to sit and decides on one of the benches used for pressing weights. He's uncomfortable.

KITTY CALDWELL (CONT'D)

(looking Fred up and down)

Isn't it a little hot? I mean, they say we're in the grip of a heat wave.

(MORE)

KITTY CALDWELL (CONT'D)
 (pointing at his
 coat)
 Supposed to be the hottest summer
 in twenty years.

Fred holds up the ends of the coat before answering.

FRED BUCHANAN
 Ah well, you never know when the
 weather will change, as my old
 mother used to say. Good advice I
 thought.

KITTY CALDWELL
 Did she give you any more good
 advice?

Boy returns with her drink.

FRED BUCHANAN
 Aye she did. Never let a person
 drink alone, it's only manners.

Kitty laughs at his cheek.

KITTY CALDWELL
 What would you like? Although I
 must point out that Boy here is
 out of bounds.

FRED BUCHANAN
 And there's me thinking of giving
 up women for good.
 (thinks)
 Vodka; straight up.

He emphasis the "straight up". She nods to Boy who goes
 off to the bar.

KITTY CALDWELL
 (giggling)
 You are all they say you are.

FRED BUCHANAN
 Really? And who might 'they' be?

KITTY CALDWELL
 Oh don't get all defensive.

Kitty nods as she steps off the treadmill, picks up a
 packet of cigarettes, nodding to the patio.

EXT. LATTERMAN MANSION, GARDEN - DAY

Kitty relaxes on a recliner, Fred perches on one of the
 benches.

FRED BUCHANAN

Mrs. Latterman--

Kitty puts her hand up to stop him.

KITTY CALDWELL

--Darling, it's Kitty Caldwell.
I'd prefer the stage name.

FRED BUCHANAN

Tell me about your daughter.

Her mood changes, she almost spits the words out.

KITTY CALDWELL

That little bitch has made my life
hell since Art died.

FRED BUCHANAN

I thought he was only missing.

KITTY CALDWELL

Missing presumed dead is good
enough for the insurance people
and the police, so it's good
enough for me.

Fred takes out his recorder and sitting it between them motioning to Kitty if it's okay, she nods a 'yes'. She offers him one of her cigarettes, he refuses, reaches for his Camels from an inside pocket.

FRED BUCHANAN

I'll stick to my own brand.

(beat)

When was the last time you saw
your daughter.

KITTY CALDWELL

Summer, her name is Summer and I
saw her, it must have been--

Boy is at the patio door with a huge glass of vodka.

BOY

--It was eighteen days ago. You
last saw Summer eighteen days ago,
the day she came back from
boarding school.

She reaches up for his hand and smiles at him.

KITTY CALDWELL

Oh yes, so it was, darling Boy
thank you. Now run along while I
talk to the big man here. Go on,
off you pop.

Kitty smacks his rear as he walk away, Kitty watching every step.

KITTY CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Isn't he adorable.

FRED BUCHANAN

Aye, good enough to eat.

(getting back to
business)

What was the circumstances of her leaving?

She sips her drink for a long moment.

KITTY CALDWELL

She's fifteen, what do you mean circumstances?

FRED BUCHANAN

Did you argue, did something happen?

He motions to where Boy has just walked.

KITTY CALDWELL

What are you implying? She's fifteen for god's sake. What kind of person do you think Boy is? No, she just got up and left, said she was fed up with me, and that she hated me, you know, usual teenage things.

FRED BUCHANAN

Do you have any idea of where she might have went? Friends, family? Boarding school was mentioned.

KITTY CALDWELL

I don't know about boarding school but I'm the only family she has, when she's here all she does all day is hang around the house. I would come in from a hard days shooting and there she was, lying about the garden nearly stark naked, it's a wonder how Boy kept her hands off her.

FRED BUCHANAN

And it's taken you this long to report her missing?

KITTY CALDWELL

I've been on a shoot all month darling, they begged me to be in this movie, begged me.

(MORE)

KITTY CALDWELL (CONT'D)

I mean what was I supposed to do?
I can't be everywhere and they did
beg me.

Fred, saying nothing, raises his eyebrows.

KITTY CALDWELL (CONT'D)

I hired a nanny for the little
bitch, but that wasn't good
enough, do you know how much these
people cost?

FRED BUCHANAN

(turning off and
pocketing the
recorder)

Okay, well, I'll make some
enquiries. I'll need the name of
the boarding school and a recent
photograph.

KITTY CALDWELL

It's here in Edinburgh, I've got
their card somewhere.

She reaches for her handbag.

KITTY CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Headmaster is a man named
Burnside, Doctor Burnside,
although what he is a doctor of
heavens knows. I'll call ahead,
let him know you can ask as many
questions as you like. You can
have carte blanche.

She searches her handbag, takes out a card.

FRED BUCHANAN

For missing persons I charge five
hundred a day plus expenses
whether I get results or not. If I
find her and bring her back I get
a thousand bonus.

He puts the card with the recorder in his inside pocket.

KITTY CALDWELL

I think I'm in the wrong business.

He looks around at the opulence of the surrounding he
finds himself in.

FRED BUCHANAN

Aye, I can see that.

She pulls out a cheque book and writes something before
ripping it off and handing it to him.

KITTY CALDWELL

That should be enough for the first month, call it a retainer. If you find her and bring her back before then you keep the change. I've added on the bonus as I am sure you will find her and you will bring her back.

Fred takes the cheque and looks at it - impressed.

FRED BUCHANAN

Now I think I'm in the wrong business.

(folding the cheque)

I'll be in touch.

He stands leaving the glass of vodka untouched. She lies back down covering her eyes with her sun glasses.

KITTY CALDWELL

I want my daughter back Mr. Buchanan. Make no mistake, I think she's a spoilt brat, her father gave her anything she wanted. But she is my daughter and she will live under my roof.

Fred stops, looking round.

KITTY CALDWELL (CONT'D)

I will not have the gossip mongers of the press looking for a story in this. They were ruthless when Arthur disappeared. Ruthless. Hounding Summer and I, looking for any little tittle tattle they could find. Well not this time.

She takes a long drink from her glass not looking at him.

Silently, he turns and walks away.

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL, SUMMER'S ROOM - DAY

Fred is standing by a single bed, there is a small desk with a lamp, electric clock and some papers by the bed. On another wall there is a five-drawer chest with various school paraphernalia on top of it.

He walks over to the chest, opening drawers and rummages through the belongings. He looks around at the bed. He walks over, looking under he sees a shoebox. He drags it out.

In the shoebox Fred finds a few loose cigarettes; box of matches; diary that is locked; two expired tickets to a rock concert in Glasgow;

several letters addressed to Summer at the school and a little book with poems and pencil drawings.

He opens one of the letters. Three photographs fall out. They show Summer (a younger version of Kitty) with a male, about fifty with big bushy beard, Hawaiian shirt and shorts - think Ernest Hemingway. Both are smiling and happy. Picking up the diary he jimmys the lock with his penknife and begins to read.

EXT. KYLE OF LOCHALSH, ISLE OF SKYE BRIDGE - DAY

The sun is rising now, letting light flood the landscape and heating up the air - another heat wave.

Fred leans over the bonnet of the Volvo, which is parked on the rise of the Skye Bridge, holding a map open with one hand, his mobile phone at his ear.

FRED BUCHANAN

Mags. I need you to find a hotel for me in Stornoway and book me in for a couple of days. Write up the usual contract for Kitty Caldwell will you? I've left the details on your desk.

(pause)

Yeah I know I could've caught a plane but I need to get the fluff out my brain and thought the drive would do me good. What are you anyway my Mum?

He folds the map and looks over at the panoramic view of The Lochalsh peninsula with the Island of Raasay snaking around the Inner Sound in the distance.

EXT. ISLE OF SKYE, UIG FERRY PORT - DAY

It's already hot and sticky with the sun so bright. Fred, still wears his big coat, slouches on the ferry port.

The Ferry docks. Fred reaches into an inner pocket of the winter coat for a bottle of Stolichnaya, he takes a swig before replacing the top and putting it back safely in his pocket.

INT. FERRY, SEATED AREA - DAY

Fred is sitting in the observation area of the Ferry. There are CHILDREN and ADULTS nearby: it is obvious that they are on holiday - noisy and active.

Fred tries to shield them out with his high collar - doesn't work - so he pulls out his bottle of Stolichnaya. He is about to raise it to his lips when he catches the eye of ONE WOMAN in particular;

FIONA FOSTER, 35, heavy set but nicely shaped - think Rubenesque, standing an inch over six foot tall wearing a hippy/goth style black spider's web patterned dress, red Doc Martin boots over thick black tights. She has long jet black hair with a fringe. Eye makeup, lips and finger nails black as midnight. She is looking straight at him.

Looking down at the bottle, and back up, offering it to her. She deliberately and disapprovingly looks away. He shrugs and takes a long swig.

EXT. FERRY BOAT, UPPER REAR DECK - DAY

Fred is standing outside, taking in the air. He sees Fiona towards the front of the Ferry holding her head up high, catching the sea breeze on her face - eyes closed, and taking deep breaths. She slowly opens her bright blue eyes and looks at Fred; This time he smiles at her and looks away. He hears the PING of his mobile. Checking the text from Margaret:

"I've booked you into the Carbarfeidh Hotel in Stornoway and Alison - remember; your wife - has called several times... your mum... lol xxx"

EXT. CARBARFEIDH HOTEL, CAR PARK - NIGHT

It is reaching the magic hour when the sun slowly dips behind the horizon, bathing everything in an orange/blue haze. The heat, making things ripple, gives an ethereal look to the scene while the birds are having their last chatter with each other before settling down.

Fred's Volvo parked in the car park.

INT. CARBARFEIDH HOTEL, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dining room is very ornate and luxurious. Fred, the only person dining alone, has just finished eating and pushes his plate away as he takes out the packet of Camels and putting one in his mouth. One or two of the other guests disapprovingly look his way.

DINER AT TABLE (O.C.)

This is a no smoking area, some people just don't have any manners.

MAUREEN, 27, the restaurant manager, dressed in a smart jacket, skirt and blouse. Her hair is strawberry blonde and severely pulled back into a neat ponytail.

MAUREEN

(Australian)

How was the food sir?

Fred looks up at her, reads her name badge.

FRED BUCHANAN

Fine, Maureen, thank you.

She looks around at the room and leans into him as she lifts his plate. She whispers.

MAUREEN

I'm sorry, sir, but it's a no smoking restaurant.

He whispers back.

FRED BUCHANAN

I know, but it's fun to wind up the locals.

She puts a hand to her mouth as she tries to hide her smile.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

I'm done here anyway.

MAUREEN

You'll find a smoking area in the beer garden.

FRED BUCHANAN

Thanks again.

He rises, she smiles, watching as he walks away.

EXT. CARBARFEIDH HOTEL, SMOKING AREA - NIGHT

This is an area set up like a beer garden with wooden benches and seats all around with various plants in pots and ornate statues to the gods of nature.

Fred is sitting at a bench studying the map.

MAUREEN

Do you have a light?

He looks up at Maureen, now out of uniform and hair down. She is holding a cigarette at her lips. Flicking the lighter he holds the flame to her cigarette, she leans down to meet it. Fred averts his eyes from the perfectly formed cleavage which is now in front of him.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Thanks, you fancy some company?

FRED BUCHANAN

Aye, why not.

MAUREEN

(sitting and staring)
You don't seem the type.

He looks over with a wry smile.

FRED BUCHANAN
What type would that be then?

MAUREEN
Touristy.

He laughs and brushes something off his suit.

FRED BUCHANAN
I'm the private detective type.

She lowers her voice, smiling a little, leaning into him.

MAUREEN
Cool, are you undercover, some
kind of secret agent thing?

He leans into her, she leans closer, he looks around to
make sure that no one is listening, then whispers.

FRED BUCHANAN
I'm not that kind of private
detective. More, missing persons.

They giggle at this. Fred enters into his conversation
mode: forever the detective - always nosey.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)
What brings you to these islands?

MAUREEN
My parents are from here before
they immigrated to Australia. I
came here to visit my aunt and
decided to stay a while.

He looks at her for a moments contemplation before
reaching under the map.

FRED BUCHANAN
I'm looking for this guy?

She looks at the photograph of Kenneth and Summer.

MAUREEN
Yeah, that's Ken but I don't know
who the kid is. He runs an
artist's retreat, I went there
when I first came to Skye. It's a
kind of free spirit place, you
know new-age-hippy-commune sort of
thing.

FRED BUCHANAN
Right. Can you show me where?

He motions to the map. She leans over to look at the map, so close that Fred can smell her perfume and see the different shades of blonde in her hair. She points to where it is on the map.

MAUREEN

Just here, Garrabost, not that far really, but far enough to make it feel remote.

She sits back and sips her drink, inhales deeply.

A YOUNG MAN comes into the garden carrying a huge black zipper bag on his shoulder and walks over to Fred's bench. He speaks with a generic East European accent that could have come straight from central casting.

YOUNG MAN

Can I interest you in cheap cigarette?

He opens the bag to reveal several cartons of well known makes of cigarettes.

FRED BUCHANAN

Any Camels in there?

The young man searches.

YOUNG MAN

No, but have these, they are just as good. Thirty pounds.

He has produced a box of Marlboro but the spelling is slightly wrong and it says 'Mablaro'.

FRED BUCHANAN

Are all your cigarettes fakes, son?

YOUNG MAN

They are not fakes, they are from my country.

FRED BUCHANAN

Oh aye, where is that then, Granton or Leith?

Angrily the young man stuffs the cigarettes back in the bag, he knows he's going to get nowhere with this man and goes off in search of new prey.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

Thirty quid, I could get the same thing in any pub in Edinburgh for twenty. If I'd known I could have made a small fortune.

MAUREEN

I don't like these people, you don't know what's in those things. My friend bought some last month and it was full of wood shavings.

FRED BUCHANAN

Aye well, I suppose they serve a purpose.

MAUREEN

What a funny thing to say. How could flooding the market with illegal fake cigarettes possible have a purpose?

FRED BUCHANAN

Simple economics really, supply and demand.

She pulls smoke into her lungs and blows a huge plume of it back out.

MAUREEN

Like the supply of cheap alcohol that my boss insists on decanting into dearer bottles before we put them back on the optics.

FRED BUCHANAN

The way of the world, give them what they think they're getting.

They fall into silence once again. He drains his glass then motions to the bar.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, can I get you a drink?

MAUREEN

I've got some vodka in my room, the real stuff, if you fancy coming back.

Fred looks at the young girl.

FRED BUCHANAN

How old are you Maureen?

MAUREEN

I'm twenty seven, but I do prefer the more mature man.

Fred smiles, sighs, and gathers his belongings together.

FRED BUCHANAN

I do appreciate the offer, I really do, but you're cute and deserve a lot better than somebody like me.

He stands but stops before turning and leans down and kisses Maureen on the forehead. He walks away mumbling.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

I'm getting too old for this.

EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

Standing at the edge of the cliff, Fred is peering through a pair of binoculars at a cottage on the sea shore. Several people are bringing out chairs and arranging them in a semi-circle in the garden. Jutting out into the water is a wooden jetty and at the end of that sits a huge 30 foot white motor yacht.

Taking the binoculars from his eyes, he squints looking out to sea.

EXT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, REAR CAR PARK - DAY

Fred is sitting in his car parked alongside several other cars at the rear of the white cottage. He cuts the engine and exits the car, slamming the door shut.

EXT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, GARDEN - DAY

The soft rustling of waves against tiny pebbles and sand as well as soft clanging, bell like, coming from the mast of the motor yacht are all that permeates the air.

Some of the people Fred saw are now sitting in the semi-circle of chairs. They are watching Fiona Foster giving a talk about painting. She has a large pad resting on an easel beside her. Using a charcoal she has drawn various little landscapes.

FIONA FOSTER

There are times where you might wish to accent the sunlight on a particular side...

She stops and looks at Fred as he walks into the garden. The others turn round to see who has disturbed her.

KENNETH GREENMAN in his Bermuda shorts and brightly coloured Hawaiian shirt walks round the side of the cottage carrying several easels of various sizes, SUMMER LATTERMAN is walking behind him, also carrying canvases.

KENNETH GREENMAN

(seeing Fred)

Hi there, you're a little late,
this session has already started.

His American accent is in sharp contrast with Fiona's Scottish one. He deposits the easels on a bench and walks over to Fred holding his massive hand out in welcome.

FRED BUCHANAN

I'm not--

FIONA FOSTER

--I don't think he's here for the
art Ken.

Kenneth stops and runs his hand through the mane of hair. Fred offers him a business card.

FRED BUCHANAN

It's about Summer, is there
somewhere we can talk?

SUMMER LATTERMANN

Uncle Kenneth what is it?

KENNETH GREENMAN

I'm Summer's uncle, can I help?

Kenneth looks round to Summer then at the card then and back to Fred.

FRED BUCHANAN

Maybe we could go inside?

KENNETH GREENMAN

No, let's go round here.

He motions to the side of the house.

KENNETH GREENMAN (CONT'D)

Summer honey, could you set up the
canvases for Fiona.

SUMMER LATTERMANN

Sure.

They walk away while Fiona goes back to her illustrations.

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, SEA VIEW - DAY

Kenneth and Fred are sitting at a bench in the middle of a small green patch that meanders down onto a pebbled beach. Kenneth is still holding onto the business card.

KENNETH GREENMAN

How did you find us, I didn't know that my sister knew where I was let alone know that I was in the country.

Fred eyes Kenneth for a moment before fishing out the letter, diary and photographs.

FRED BUCHANAN

They were in her room at the boarding school. Your address was in the letter. Easy really. But I don't think that Kitty know's about you.

KENNETH GREENMAN

I don't suppose my sister said why Summer left?

FRED BUCHANAN

My job was to find the girl and bring her back Mr. Caldwell, that's all.

KENNETH GREENMAN

It's Greenman.

FRED BUCHANAN

Sorry?

KENNETH GREENMAN

It's Greenman, Ken Greenman, my sister and I, well, we have different mothers. Our father remarried and Caldwell is her step-father's name.

FRED BUCHANAN

Oh. I did not know that. Sorry.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Look, Summer's fine here, in two months she's sixteen and she can do what she wants. Her mother, well let's just say that she has issues with *me*. We haven't spoken in years and Kitty doesn't know that Summer and I... well to be blunt, I don't think that she'd approve is what I mean.

Fred looks at Kenneth for a second or two, makes a decision.

FRED BUCHANAN

I'm just here to take Summer back--

SUMMER LATTERMAN

--I don't want to go back, I want
to stay here with uncle Ken.

Fred turns to see Summer by the corner of the cottage.
Fiona is standing beside her, arm around her shoulder.

She walks over to Fred and grabs the letters, diary and
photographs.

SUMMER LATTERMAN (CONT'D)

You went into my private stuff?
You read my private diary?

KENNETH GREENMAN

Summer honey, the man was just
doing his job.

SUMMER LATTERMAN

My mother hates me and I hate her.
It's hell being at home. She's
never there, always off on some
filming or other or sending me to
school,

(turning to Ken)

I want to stay here with you
uncle.

She is immediately enveloped in Ken's huge arms.

KENNETH GREENMAN

It's alright honey, it's going to
be okay, there ain't nothing to be
worried about. If you have to go
back it'll only be for a short
time I promise. Couple of months,
tops.

She looks to Fred.

SUMMER LATTERMAN

Why can't you just tell her not to
worry about me that I'm perfectly
happy here. But that's her
problem, she doesn't want me to be
happy.

She turns and runs back into the cottage, crying.

FIONA FOSTER

I should tell everyone that class
is finished for this week.

He nods a 'thank you' to Fiona and turns back to Fred.

KENNETH GREENMAN

There's some things you don't
understand Mr. Buchanan.

(MORE)

KENNETH GREENMAN (CONT'D)

Kitty was building her career and Art had his business. Summer has lost out on that whole family thing.

FRED BUCHANAN

You don't have to explain anything to me Mr. Greenman.

Ken studies Fred for a second then smiles at him.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Why don't you stay a while, see what it's like up here, you'll see that this place is good for Summer.

Fred contemplates this.

FRED BUCHANAN

Look, I have a job to do. If it's not me then it could easily be the police. You said yourself she only has a couple of months, then she's sixteen and can do as she pleases, but unfortunately the law is on her mother's side.

KENNETH GREENMAN

It'll kill the kid to have to go back there, you saw how she is.

Fred looks over the sea, watching the sun as it drifts lower in the sky, the reflection on the sea leading to the sailing yacht. Ken notices Fred's stare.

KENNETH GREENMAN (CONT'D)

This is Eden my friend, Eden. Stay on a couple days, see for yourself how Summer loves it here, see how safe she is with me.

FRED BUCHANAN

Yes, maybe. What's with the boat?

KENNETH GREENMAN

The Katriana. Named in honour of my late mother. I sailed it all the way from Canada.

FRED BUCHANAN

(impressed)
She's big.

KENNETH GREENMAN

So was my mother.

Ken smiles at his own joke, Fred smiles back - polite.

KENNETH GREENMAN (CONT'D)

My plan was to sail the world, but
then I came here and fell in love
with this place.

FRED BUCHANAN

You still take her out?

KENNETH GREENMAN

Sometimes. If the need arises.

A silence as Fred looks back out to sea.

KENNETH GREENMAN (CONT'D)

Stay, I'll take you out. You never
know you might want to retire
here.

Fred looks towards Ken, searching his face.

FRED BUCHANAN

Yes, you never know.

Fred looks out to sea again.

EXT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

The moon is low on the horizon now and it casts a long
fingered reflection where the sun has just been. The
crashing of the sea against the shore, the mast of the
yacht gently clanging and the gentle murmur of the guests
inside while they laugh and tell stories, gently invade
Fred's thoughts.

LATER

Fred is still sitting at the same position his bottle of
Stolichnaya on the bench.

Fiona comes out of the cottage and wanders over towards
Fred. He looks up at her. Producing a bottle of red wine
and a glass, she offers it to him. He declines pointing
at the Stolichnaya.

FRED BUCHANAN

I prefer my own drink.

He pours from his bottle.

FIONA FOSTER

Each to their own.

FRED BUCHANAN

I thought you'd never speak to me
after the boat.

FIONA FOSTER

Ferry. It's called a ferry.

They both smile and look out to sea.

FRED BUCHANAN
How did the paying customers take
the classes being cancelled?

FIONA FOSTER
They were fine, they understand
that Ken wants to support Summer.

FRED BUCHANAN
Very noble of him.

FIONA FOSTER
He's a good man.

Fred empties his glass and stares out to sea again.

FIONA FOSTER (CONT'D)
Ken has asked you to stay a while.
You should. It'll help to relieve
all that stress and pain.

He keeps staring out to sea.

FIONA FOSTER (CONT'D)
You are a dark horse aren't you?
Don't you ever let anyone in
there?

FRED BUCHANAN
There's nothing to see.

She reaches over for the pack of Camels turning them in
her hand, smelling the packet.

FIONA FOSTER
I used to smoke them when I
travelled through the States.

FRED BUCHANAN
I got them from a friend in
Glasgow. John Knox.

She looks at him with raised eyebrows.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)
I know, Don't ask.
(beat)
Officially, he's been seconded
from the United States Department
of Justice to the Scottish Office
in Edinburgh but, I think he's
CIA.

She laughs at this.

FIONA FOSTER

Nothing like a conspiracy theory
to keep your adrenaline pumping I
always say.

(beat)

What happened?

FRED BUCHANAN

With?

FIONA FOSTER

Your work. Why did you stop being
a policeman?

He looks at her; he's impressed!

FRED BUCHANAN

I thought the pay would be better
in the private sector.

FIONA FOSTER

And is it?

FRED BUCHANAN

No, and the health plan sucks.

FIONA FOSTER

Was that how you met this friend?
Being a policeman I mean.

FRED BUCHANAN

Nah, I met him when he came over
here three, maybe four years ago,
did him a favour, he needed some
info on a drug deal on the East
Coast, I just put him in touch
with the right person.

He points at the pack of Camels.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

One of the perks of having friends
in high places.

FIONA FOSTER

Lucky you. Any other friends of
yours out there?

FRED BUCHANAN

Yes, hundreds.

(beat)

Next time you're in Edinburgh you
must drop by and I'll introduce
you.

FIONA FOSTER

Seeing as I have a flat in the New
Town, I might take you up on that.

She studies him.

FIONA FOSTER (CONT'D)

A woman. Sister maybe, girlfriend,
no, wife. Although she doesn't
think of herself as that anymore.

Fred is once again impressed by her perception.

FRED BUCHANAN

What are you some kind of witch or
something?

FIONA FOSTER

Put it this way, a couple of
hundred years ago I would've been
hung or set on fire.

(shrugs)

It's a knack I have. I can kind of
read people, you know, kind of
what they're about.

FRED BUCHANAN

Really, and you read all that from
me just now?

FIONA FOSTER

No, I got most of it from when you
were on the ferry. But you are a
troubled soul and this is
something you need to sort out,
for your own sanity.

FRED BUCHANAN

I don't know about troubled but I
am an old soul.

FIONA FOSTER

You can't be that old.

FRED BUCHANAN

I feel it.

FIONA FOSTER

Well, I'm thirty five and still
have the energy I had when I was a
teenager.

FRED BUCHANAN

I'm forty four and still wish I
had the energy I had when I was a
teenager.

She looks him over - up and down - checking him out.

FIONA FOSTER

You look pretty good for an old
man, old man.

Fred contemplates this for a second, then lifts his glass and clinks it against hers.

FRED BUCHANAN

Hello. I'm Fred Buchanan.

She giggles at this.

FIONA FOSTER

Hello. I'm Fiona Foster.

They both giggle at this.

FRED BUCHANAN

(becoming serious)

I have to take Summer back.

FIONA FOSTER

I know.

They both sip their drink and look out over the moonlit sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, KITCHEN - DAY

Fred is sitting at the large wooden kitchen table with a sulking Summer and Fiona eating hearty sandwiches and drinking mugs of steaming tea.

Kenneth enters the kitchen carrying a hand pistol - a six shooter, like you see in old westerns.

FRED BUCHANAN

That looks old.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Old enough. It's from the late eighteen hundreds. I've just bought it for my collection.

Fred frowns. Fiona looks away.

FIONA FOSTER

You boys will have your toys.

KENNETH GREENMAN

I'll have you know missy that these "toys" are bona fide antiques worth in the region of a few thousand pounds each in the right hands.

FIONA FOSTER

Yeah, whatever. They still kill people.

SUMMER LATTERMAN

I think it's awful.

KENNETH GREENMAN

It's not the guns that kill people
it's people that kill people.

FIONA FOSTER

Heard that before, and doesn't
wash with me.

FRED BUCHANAN

I take you don't approve?

FIONA FOSTER

Don't get me started on the arms
trade. There's more money made
dealing in guns than there is in
the drugs industry. But
governments are involved so it's
not illegal.

Kenneth smiles.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Fiona you old witch, you nearly
had me suckered in there.

She smiles back, then turns to Fred.

FIONA FOSTER

My dad was a gamekeeper. I was
brought up on a Highland estate,
there's nothing I don't know about
guns or the damage they can do. It
does wind him up so.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Do you want to see my collection?

FIONA FOSTER

Leave Mr. Buchanan alone, he's
trying to eat his breakfast.

Kenneth is excited.

FRED BUCHANAN

It's fine, I don't mind.

FIONA FOSTER

Well we've got some packing to do
anyway, come on Summer, let's get
your things ready for home.

Summer stands and storms out of the kitchen. Fred throw
Fiona a look of concern.

FIONA FOSTER (CONT'D)

Oh don't worry, she'll be okay,
she's just a stroppy teenager.

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, GARAGE - DAY

The garage has been turned into a gun-room with revolvers and automatic hand guns hanging in glass cases or pinned to the wall. There are also shelves of books on weaponry. A third wall has a workbench with various tools and a mini lathe. There is even a small cannon sitting in one corner, and in another corner a small green coloured gatling gun. Ken puts the gun he was carrying on to a mount on a shelf.

FRED BUCHANAN

You should open this up as a
museum.

KENNETH GREENMAN

This is a private collection son.
Worth in the region of one point
two million at the last count.

Fred is impressed.

FRED BUCHANAN

Can they all fire?

KENNETH GREENMAN

Some of them. Problem with the
ammunition though.

Fred looks at him quizzically.

KENNETH GREENMAN (CONT'D)

There used to be this thing called
the hundred year rule.

Fred looks at Ken with interest.

KENNETH GREENMAN (CONT'D)

If the gun was more than a hundred
years old you couldn't get
ammunition for it, therefore you
couldn't fire it, therefore it was
classed as an antique.

Fred is nodding, frowning, listening, interested.

KENNETH GREENMAN (CONT'D)

But, by the turn of the twentieth
century, gun manufacturing got
very sophisticated.

FRED BUCHANAN

Really?

KENNETH GREENMAN

Oh yes. The basic manufacturing hasn't changed that much since the First World War actually. Because of that they changed the hundred year rule. It would only be classed as an antique if, and only if, its ammunition stopped being manufactured.

FRED BUCHANAN

And are these all antiques?

Kenneth smiles mischievously.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Most of them. But the ones that aren't antiques can't be fired. The pin has been filed off.

Fred is walking through the room, looking at this gun or that gun and comes across one particular gun, it has sole place in a glass cabinet on a pedestal in the middle of the room, sitting next to the gun is a single bullet. Kenneth is acting like a child in a sweet shop now.

FRED BUCHANAN

And this one?

KENNETH GREENMAN

This one belonged to my great, great grand-daddy who fought in the American Civil War.

(pause)

They caught a spy in their midst, a traitor, someone who had been giving away their position and other secrets to the enemy. It fell to my ancestor to put a bullet in that man's head. But when he went into the cell the prisoner had hung himself with his belt.

FRED BUCHANAN

Gruesome.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Well, my great, great grand-daddy decided to keep the bullet for old times sakes, and here it sits. Waiting for its traitor, so to speak.

They stand for a second in silence, broken only by the door opening.

FIONA FOSTER

I've never seen you so animated
Kenneth. It's almost romantic.

She smiles and Ken laughs, slapping Fred on the shoulder.
They walk out the door and close it behind them, and

INT. LATTERMAN MANSION, ENTRANCE HALLWAY - DAY

Kitty, a drink in one hand and cigarette in the other,
opens the front door. Fred has Summer at his side.

KITTY CALDWELL

(unsteady)

Darling.

Summer brushes past her mother without looking at her.

KITTY CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Charming. Is that her bags?

Fred moves sideways to reveal Kenneth. Kitty's face
drops.

KITTY CALDWELL (CONT'D)

With is *HE* doing here? I don't
want that monster anywhere near my
daughter.

Kitty tries to slam the door shut but Ken stops it.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Kitty, listen to me. We need to
talk about Summer's future, that's
all I'm concerned about.

Kitty has already started to walk away.

INT. LATTERMAN MANSION, LOUNGE - DAY

This is a huge room with a grand piano taking up most of
the room at a bay window. Framed photographs of Arthur,
Kitty and Summer cover every inch of the top of the
piano.

As Ken and Fred walk in, Kitty turns with a cheque in her
hand and presenting it at Fred.

KITTY CALDWELL

Here is your thirty pieces of
silver. You certainly deserve it.

Fred takes the cheque and slips it in his pocket without
looking at it. She lifts her drink and swallows it.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Kitty what are you doing? Come on,
let's try and stop the drinking,
yeh?

Fred wanders over to the photographs, not wanting to intrude, where he looks at several family photographs.

KITTY CALDWELL

Oh what's this, a concerned
brother? You make me sick.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Don't do this. Please, let's try
to be sensible. We have to plan
for what's best for Summer.

KITTY CALDWELL

I certainly don't need your help
for that, the girl will do what I
tell her to do.

Fred is looking over the photographs of Arthur and his plane in various places, one with him working on the engine and smiling, holding up a spanner. Fred picks up a photograph of the plane with huge floats instead of wheel taking off in a harbour somewhere.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Summer will be sixteen soon and
then you'll have to face up to the
truth.

Kitty begins to prance around the room now.

KITTY CALDWELL

You stay away from my daughter
you... you pervert.

She tries to throw the glass at Ken but it flies past him and smashes against a wall. Ken looks over to Fred.

KENNETH GREENMAN

I told you this was a bad idea, I
should have stayed at home. This
was madness.

Kitty pulls the framed photograph from Fred's hands and replaces it carefully. She sneers at her Ken.

KITTY CALDWELL

He doesn't know does he? You
haven't told him have you?

Kenneth looks at his shoes.

KITTY CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Go on, tell him how much of a good and decent person you are.

KENNETH GREENMAN

It was years ago Kitty, come on now.

He reaches for her, she spits in his face. She looks over to Fred who is watching the scene - an outsider in silence.

KITTY CALDWELL

Ask him who the girl's father is. Go on, ask him. No, I'll tell you then shall I? It's Kenneth Greenman, the great Ken Greenman. Yes, that's right, he's that good and decent that he managed to knock up his own sister. And the girl is the product of our inebriated union, go on tell him...

She is screaming now.

SUMMER LATTERMEN

Is, is this true? Is my dad not my dad? Is uncle Kenneth really my--?

They all look round to see Summer at the doorway - face white with shock and confusion.

KITTY CALDWELL

No, wait, I didn't mean for you to find out like this darling.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Summer, honey, I meant to tell you, I was waiting till the right time.

SUMMER LATTERMEN

This isn't true? You're lying! I don't want to be here.

Tears flow down her face as she turns and runs off, slamming doors.

Kitty furiously turns on Fred.

KITTY CALDWELL

Do you see what you've done? This is all your fault Mr. Buchanan.

(beat)

Can you not just leave well enough alone, is your own life so miserable and messed up that you have to meddle in the affairs other people? Your job was to bring my daughter back to me that was all, nothing more.

She strides off after her daughter.

KENNETH GREENMAN

It wasn't meant to be like this
Mr. Buchanan. We knew each other
when we were kids.

FRED BUCHANAN

You don't have to--

KENNETH GREENMAN

--I want to, I've kept this in for
fifteen years. Kitty and I only
knew each other briefly then my
father moved back to Canada,
taking my mother and I with him.
Kitty had this movie career and I
watched and idolised her from afar
for so long. Then by chance we met
when I came back to Scotland,
fifteen years ago at some artist'
party.

(memories)

We got plenty drunk reminiscing.
And, it just happened, we were
both drunk, both to blame, but to
listen to Kitty you'd think...

FRED BUCHANAN

Mr. Greenman, it's really none of
my business.

Kenneth collapses to a sitting position on a settee,
bewildered, head in hands. Fred reaches for Ken's
shoulder to give some kind of solace, Ken grabs his hand
and looks straight at Fred, with tears flooding.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Family Mr. Buchanan, you can never
have enough of it. I'm sorry about
Kitty but will never turn my back
on Summer. Do you have any
children Mr. Buchanan?

FRED BUCHANAN

No.

KENNETH GREENMAN

A wife then, someone to watch
over? If so, look after them, make
sure you let them know how much
you love them because you never
know Mr. Buchanan, you never know
what's behind the door.

Fred slowly make his way to the door saying nothing.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Outside, the night is holding on as best it can to the darkness. Pools of yellow light create an eerie sodium start to the morning; The sun is just a thought over the horizon. Fred is sitting in his car in front of his own house. The house is cold and silent - no lights or movement from within.

Cars are parked in their respective driveways except one; an ominous black BMW X7 sitting on the kerb some way down. Fred smiles and shakes his head at this then at the dashboard of his beat up Volvo.

FRED BUCHANAN

Don't worry, I wouldn't want a pretentious thing like that even if I could afford it. You're all I need.

He exits the car and slowly walks over to the front door, carrying that heavy weight on his shoulders.

EXT. BUCHANAN RESIDENCE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Fred holds the key up to the front door but it is pulled open and

JACKIE DONALDSON appears in the doorway - this isn't a big man, he is standing five foot five inches tall, slim but a fit 60 year old: the type that has worked out every day for the last forty years. He looks very elegant in an expensive but casual suit, open neck collarless shirt. He is also completely bald.

JACKIE DONALDSON

Hello Freddie boy. I think we need to have a wee chat.

Fred's first reaction is to take a swing at Jackie but his arm is held back from behind, his fist is stuck in mid-air. He is pulled back and held by TWO THUGS, both dressed the same in black suits and white open neck shirts.

INT. BUCHANAN RESIDENCE, LOUNGE - DAY

This is a modern, stylish, understated room with a three piece suite and matching curtains, with a dining area at one end.

Fred is led into the lounge and thrown onto one of the chairs. The two thugs position themselves not far from him. Jackie saunters in behind them pulling a dining chair over and sits in front of Fred who glowers at him.

FRED BUCHANAN

What do you want Jackie, and where's my wife?

JACKIE DONALDSON

Your wife! Last I heard she was slipping someone else the handy wipes.

Again Fred glowers.

JACKIE DONALDSON (CONT'D)

Relax, when we got here the cupboard was bare. What kind of man do you think I am?

Fred sneers and looks Jackie up and down.

FRED BUCHANAN

I know exactly what kind you are. So what do you want?

JACKIE DONALDSON

Awe, now that's not nice, we haven't seen each other in what, three years or so, and you presume that I want something.

FRED BUCHANAN

Cut the crap Jackie, this isn't some reunion you've organised, just tell me what you want.

Jackie smiles mischievously and pulls on Fred's cheek with his thumb and forefinger.

JACKIE DONALDSON

You hear that? This boy's got balls, if I had ten more like him I'd be running Edinburgh. Hell, I'd be running Scotland on my own.

Jackie lets go of Fred's cheek leaving finger marks.

JACKIE DONALDSON (CONT'D)

What were you doing at Kitty Latterman's place?

FRED BUCHANAN

Caldwell.

JACKIE DONALDSON

What?

FRED BUCHANAN

She likes to be called Kitty Caldwell, it's a stage thing.

Jackie slaps Fred across his face with the back of the hand.

JACKIE DONALDSON
See, now that wasn't nice, son.

Fred spits out blood.

FRED BUCHANAN
I'm not your son.

Jackie turns to his two thugs.

JACKIE DONALDSON
What did I tell you? Balls, you should watch this, you'll learn something.
(turning back to
Fred)
Let's try again. Why were you up at Kitty's?

FRED BUCHANAN
I'm a big fan. I was getting an autograph for my scrap book.

Jackie raises his hand again, but this time Fred is ready for it and lifts his face towards Jackie, the hand stays raised. Jackie bursts out laughing.

JACKIE DONALDSON
Just tell me why you were up there Freddie. Has she got you looking into Latterman's disappearance?

FRED BUCHANAN
Never mentioned it.

Jackie looks at Fred with a sneer, tilting his head sideways, he smiles and points his finger at him and nods his head - knowingly.

JACKIE DONALDSON
She has, hasn't she.

It was a statement not a question. Fred looks towards the thugs again.

JACKIE DONALDSON (CONT'D)
The official word is that he's gone. Dead. He had some terrible accident and now he's dead. Daft bastard went out flying when it wasn't flying weather.

Fred sits silent and still, looking at the floor but taking everything in.

JACKIE DONALDSON (CONT'D)

Personally, I don't buy it, I think he's on some sun-kissed-island, pissed as a fart, and getting laid twice a day. But hey, who am I eh? Take her money and piss about for a few days, do, I don't know, what you normally do. But when you come back, tell her that there was an accident. There is no conspiracy, no one had him killed.

FRED BUCHANAN

I don't know what you're talking about Jackie, I truly don't.

JACKIE DONALDSON

Oh I get it, I do. Client confidentiality. I see. Right, you know nothing and you're not hired by Kitty to find out what happened to her missing husband.

FRED BUCHANAN

Right on the nose.

JACKIE DONALDSON

Whatever she told you about me and her Latterman is bollocks. We had a business arrangement that's it. Make her see sense will you, then maybe she'll stop calling me in the middle of the night accusing me of all kinds of shite or I'll have to sort her out permanently. Know what I mean?

FRED BUCHANAN

I don't get it Jackie, what's Kitty to you? How's she got under your skin?

Jackie very quickly reaches forward and grabs Fred's shirt front with one hand, pulling Fred nearly up off his seat. He is almost spitting the words out all over Fred.

JACKIE DONALDSON

You've forgotten what happened the last time we crossed swords haven't you. Well this time you don't have a warrant card to protect you. Not that it did any good the last time. Let's just say I'm a friend of the family eh?

(MORE)

JACKIE DONALDSON (CONT'D)

Tell the bitch that you found her husband dead and eaten by the fishes, then she can bury the prick and get on with her life.

Jackie pushes Fred back onto the chair, snaps his fingers, one of his thugs immediately hands him a business card and a pen. Jackie writes something on the back and stuffs the business card in Fred inside coat pocket.

JACKIE DONALDSON (CONT'D)

This is my personal mobile number. When you find Latterman, you let me know where the he is first, and I'll pay you double what the bitch is paying you. Easy, you find him and you let me know first.

(beat)

After you've done that, you can go on an extended holiday, or disappear into a bottle of vodka like you usually do, I don't care. Just lose yourself.

Jackie brushes himself down, smoothing his suit.

EXT. LATTERMANS MANSION, DRIVEWAY - DAY

Dawn - the sun is arching its way over the tiled roof of the Latterman Mansion as Fred's car enters the driveway. Yellow tape, acting as a temporary barrier, stops his progress. There are police cars everywhere. A uniform POLICEMAN makes his way over.

POLICEMAN

Sorry, I'm afraid this is out of bounds for civilians.

Fred shows the uniform something inside his wallet.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry sir. If you park your car up to the right.

He pulls the yellow barrier away and Fred drives past.

INT. LATTERMANS MANSION, REAR GARDEN - DAY

There are several SOCOs in white overalls working the patio and surrounding garden.

Fred saunters round the side of the building. Mike is giving instructions to CAIRNS & ROBERTS, two plain clothes detectives. Mike sees Fred, dismisses the two men and quickly strides angrily over to Fred, grabbing his elbow Mike marching him back round the corner of the house, away from the rest of the police officers.

MIKE MCGIFF

What are you doing here. How did you get past uniform?

Fred flashes him his wallet, which has his old warrant card still in place.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

I should run you in right now for impersonating a policeman.

He pats Mike on the cheek.

FRED BUCHANAN

Awe, but Mikey, you've been doing that for years. Just looking to talk to my client, you know, missing daughter and all that.

MIKE MCGIFF

Forget it. Kitty Caldwell gave her last performance last night. The maid found her this morning.

FRED BUCHANAN

I didn't know people still had maids. Circumstances?

Mike looks round, making sure no one is watching.

MIKE MCGIFF

Cocaine overdose. Maybe suicide? You tell me?

FRED BUCHANAN

Now if you told me that her liver jumped out and went to rehab on its own, that I'd believe. But suicide?

MIKE MCGIFF

Believe this Freddie old son, get as far from this as you can. Your paw prints are everywhere.

FRED BUCHANAN

Sure they are, I was out here last night. Lost Summer and all that, remember?

MIKE MCGIFF

Last night. Christ, I can't help you with this, it's a high profile case.

FRED BUCHANAN

I thought you said suicide?

MIKE MCGIFF

Suspected suicide. SOCOs think suspicious circumstances and you were probably the last person to see her alive.

FRED BUCHANAN

Not the last person. Anyone else in the house?

MIKE MCGIFF

No, not that we found. What do you know?

FRED BUCHANAN

I left Summer and Kitty's brother in there with her.

MIKE MCGIFF

Well, they weren't there when she was found this morning.

FRED BUCHANAN

Kenneth Greenman, the brother, booked into the George, maybe he took Summer with him when he left.

MIKE MCGIFF

Why would that be?

FRED BUCHANAN

Sparks were just beginning to fly as I left. Turns out that Ken is Summer's father. He got his sister pregnant.

MIKE MCGIFF

A real soap drama eh? Who would have thought it? You've done your job, so let the big boys take over now Freddie. Maybe it's time to go on that holiday, Eh?

FRED BUCHANAN

Funny, I keep getting that advice.

Mike throws him a 'what?' look.

Fred gives a shrug and looks over to the house.

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

The sun is already bright, throwing light into the room - another scorcher.

Fred is sitting at his desk, a unlit Camel cigarette sticking out the corner of his mouth.

He is looking at the business card he got from Jackie. He turns it over in the fingers. It reads:

'BLACK & BLUE NIGHTCLUB'

Written on the back is Jackie's mobile number.

FRED BUCHANAN

What are you afraid of Jackie old son?

We hear a key SLIDE into the lock in the outer office door. He picks up a box marked Herbal Cigarettes and begins to transfer herbal cigarettes into the Camel packet.

Margaret opens the inner office door and stares at Fred for a long moment.

MARGARET WILSON

I thought you were in Harris or Lewis or some other exotic location.

She busies herself with various filing and other jobs around the office.

MARGARET WILSON (CONT'D)

Well, I'm glad you're back. Hinkle and Garret want you to interview witnesses for their big fraud case. I also got a call from Mrs. Brady, remember her? Well she wants you to forget about the case, just to forget about it she said. I take it she is either happy with her husband seeing other women or she's killed him.

Fred stands, grabs the Stolichnaya bottle, and strides over to his wash/closet.

FRED BUCHANAN

I need you to check something out.

She stops and looks round at Fred. He is filling the vodka bottle with water from the tap.

MARGARET WILSON

Ooo, a case. What would you like me to do, oh master?

FRED BUCHANAN

(ignoring the sarcasm)

Can you get onto that friend of yours down at the local council office.

MARGARET WILSON

You mean Annie? Friend? Fred, she was my chief bridesmaid.

FRED BUCHANAN

Yes, yes, whatever, and find out who Arthur Latterman sold his company to, and for how much?

She has her note book and pen out and taking notes.

MARGARET WILSON

Should get that from the department of commerce, next?

FRED BUCHANAN

I want to know who gets the insurance once Arthur is pronounced legally dead, the wife or the daughter? That might be motive.

MARGARET WILSON

Motive for what?

The vodka bottle now full, he walks back to his desk and holds up Jackie's business card.

MARGARET WILSON (CONT'D)

Awe Fred, you've got to stop being obsessed with that man.

FRED BUCHANAN

The world is a cynical place full of cynical people Mags and no one is more cynical than me. Oh and I keep getting told to stay away from the case, and you know I don't respond well to bullies and threats.

He throws the business card down on his desk next to the herbal cigaret box.

MARGARET WILSON

(mumbles to herself)

I haven't had a pay rise in two years but you don't seem to pay any attention to my bullying and threats.

(forcing herself)

Anyway, what case? Finding Summer Latterman?

FRED BUCHANAN

Big Jay was running scared of Kitty Caldwell, seems to think that her husband is still alive.

MARGARET WILSON

Ah that case, and what does the grieving wife say about it?

FRED BUCHANAN

She was found dead this morning and it was supposed to look like an overdose. I don't think so, she was an alcoholic not a drug addict.

MARGARET WILSON

And Jackie?

FRED BUCHANAN

Oh, he's involved somehow.

(thinking)

And find out where Latterman kept his plane when he wasn't flying it all over Scotland.

She finishes writing and sticks the pencil in her hair.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

While you do that, I'm going to find out why a hard-man like Jackie Donaldson was so afraid of little old Kitty Caldwell.

He lifts the small digital recorder and pulls out the SD card and hands it to Margaret and inserts a new one in to the recorder.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

The '*Lost Summer*' case is all in there, transcribe it for the usual records Mags.

Fred pulls his coat on, slides the Camel packet and vodka bottle into the pockets.

MARGARET WILSON

I wish you'd buy bottled water, get some electrolytes into you.

FRED BUCHANAN

You can't beat good old fashioned Scottish tap water, best in the world.

MARGARET WILSON

Well, I'm glad to see you're sticking with the herbal cigarettes. At least they won't kill you.

As he passes his desk he reaches for Jackie Donaldson's business card, turning it in his fingers, and

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK & BLUE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The business card, still being turned over and over in Fred's fingers but now he is lounging across the street from the '**BLACK & BLUE NIGHTCLUB**', he is far enough away from the club to watch but not be seen. Right outside the club, on double yellow lines, is parked a black BMW X7. His mobile phone rings.

MARGARET WILSON (V.O.)

I've got the address for the airport Latterman used.

FRED BUCHANAN

Can you text it to me Mags?

MARGARET WILSON (V.O.)

I got some info on Greenman. His dad married a Canadian billionaire's only daughter.

He sees Jackie exit the nightclub with two thin scantily dressed WOMEN on each arm. A MAN scurries out of the club behind him. Jackie turns and begins to shout and point his fingers at the man who shrinks back.

MARGARET WILSON (V.O.)

Her father was some big shot in the flat steel industry, whatever that is. Anyway, turns out that Greenman's father took over the company from dad-in-law and ran the business until both he and Kenneth's mother tragically died in a motoring accident. Kenneth was twenty something when he became sole heir to the business and fortune.

FRED BUCHANAN

When did he come to Scotland?

Jackie is now waving his arms about, ignoring the looks he is getting from passers by.

MARGARET WILSON (V.O.)

2005, 2006, after he sold the business. He set up a foundation for struggling artists. The last half a dozen tax returns he's filed have been for the artist's retreat he runs on Harris.

(MORE)

MARGARET WILSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But, it's not making money, and
he's running out of his
inheritance.

FRED BUCHANAN

Interesting? You did good.

Jackie points to the man and then towards the night club
putting a full stop on the conversation.

MARGARET WILSON (V.O.)

It's handy when your hubby works
for the department of social
security.

FRED BUCHANAN

I think your hubby just made it
back onto my Christmas list. Speak
soon.

He presses the off button as the driver/thug opens the
rear door of the black BMW X7, Jackie and the two girls
jump in.

EXT. PINK FOX MASSAGE PARLOUR - DAY

Fred is watching from his Volvo down the street from the
BMW X7 parked outside the PINK FOX MASSAGE PARLOUR.

Jackie and the two girls walk towards the entrance to the
massage parlour, Jackie slapping one of the girls on her
bum making her giggle as they go through the front door.
Jackie waits a minute then is met by THREE OTHER MEN,
just as smartly dressed and about the same age, they look
all business-like, but gangster-like too.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

The alley is in perpetual twilight. It is just wide
enough for delivery trucks to pass through with space
each side to spare. He is counting the rear entrances,
checking them off by pointing to them with his finger.

There are TWO YOUNG CHEFS outside one of the exits
smoking cigarettes. Fred takes one of his Camel
cigarettes out the packet.

FRED BUCHANAN

You got a light, mate?

MITCH

Aye, sure, here pal.

He holds out a red plastic lighter towards Fred, who
takes it from him and plays with it.

FRED BUCHANAN

Warm day for it.

CONNER

Roasting, you should be in the kitchen, sweltering.

MITCH

Aye, the extractor fan s'no' working. My arse is red raw with all that sweat running down my back. It's no funny, man.

Turning to his friend who has begun to laugh.

CONNER

I told you to use flour, fair dries up your crack.

MITCH

I'd have a loaf baking down there at the end of the shift, man.

They both laugh heartily at this, Fred joins in.

FRED BUCHANAN

I was looking for the massage parlour, is it that one.

Pointing to one of the doors.

MITCH

No man, it's over there.

FRED BUCHANAN

Oh aye, been for a visit, eh?

They laugh again, all three now best of friends.

CONNER

Mitch is never out of there.

MITCH

No man, you're the perv, eh.

CONNER

Aye, lots of young lassies in there mate.

FRED BUCHANAN

Young eh?

CONNER

They bring them illegal immigrants in from Poland and that.

The two chefs are enjoying the gossip.

MITCH

I heard that they ship them in big tankers over to the Orkneys then they come down here as tourists over in the ferry.

CONNER

Aye, they can't speak a word of English and they keep their passport and everything till they pay back the passage in the knocking shops eh.

Fred is agreeing with them when the very door he's watching begins to open. A middle aged man with a long greying pony tail - no hair on top - emerges with two full black bin bags and walks towards a row of green wheely bins.

MITCH

Alright there Ed?

EDWARD

Aye fine Mitch, fine.

He deposits the bags in the bins and walks over to them, taking out a packet of cigarettes. Mitch nods at Fred.

MITCH

I was just telling my mate here about your wee lassies.

EDWARD

Aye beautiful man, but out of bounds for you, though.

CONNER

How's that then?

EDWARD

Too good for the likes of you bunch of wasters.

They all laugh.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

This lot are just in from Latvia or Lithuania or some other "ania" It's hard to keep up with the buggers. Sexy though, man.

Fred has heard enough.

FRED BUCHANAN

Right cheers for the light.

MITCH

Aye no bother mate.

CONNER

Keep your pecker clean.

They laugh again, Fred is waving and laughing till he reaches the corner and disappears.

EDWARD

Who's your new pal?

MITCH

Some twat looking for the front door to your shop.

EDWARD

He'll no find it round here. Arse.

MITCH

Aye, arse, man.

They giggle again, lighting up more cigarettes.

EXT. PINK FOX MASSAGE PARLOUR - DAY

Fred is sitting in his car when he sees Jackie coming out of the entrance to the massage parlour. The three other men come out and head down the street. The driver opens the rear door to the BMW X7 and Jackie climbs in. The driver jumps in, pulling out into traffic.

EXT. VEHICLE DISMANTLING YARD, ENTRANCE GATE - DAY

The BMW X7 and three other expensive motors are parked inside the huge steel gates beside a square office structure. Fred is walking past the gate, there is no one in sight so he slips through the gate.

EXT. VEHICLE DISMANTLING YARD, PORTABLE OFFICES - DAY

From behind a pile of scrap cars Fred can see through the window into the offices. Jackie is casually talking with the three men from the massage parlour. The meeting has finished. The three men are filing out the office with Jackie behind them as they walk towards their cars.

JACKIE DONALDSON

--With this deal we are all going to be considerably richer. We have moved into a new era for our businesses in Scotland. Our new, mutual businesses.

The three men turn and begin to shake hands with Jackie. Fred pulls out his phone, aims it at Jackie and the others and clicks a few photographs, when

WORKMAN

Hey you!

Fred looks round to see a huge WORKMAN in dirty overalls heading his way with an angry black oily dog on a chain.

Fred begins to run, he snatches a look back to see the dog running after him, the worker still holding the chain to the dog, the last thing he sees before running through the gate is Jackie's red face shouting some sort of abuse.

EXT. VEHICLE DISMANTLING YARD, SIDE ROAD - DAY

Fred reaches the safety of his car, he looks back, no one has left the yard after him. The mobile vibrates in his hand telling him he has a text. He looks at the screen:

"Airfield is HUDSON'S HAWKS, Turnhouse Airport, M x."

EXT. HUDSON'S HAWKS AIRFIELD, ENTRANCE - DAY

The large metal lettering that reads "HUDSON'S HAWKS" is atop a metal mesh gate.

Fred is saying something to a security guard, showing him his wallet. The guard nods and points towards a block of office. He then points to a car parking area.

Fred nods and jumps back into his car, drives through the, now open, gate towards the parking area.

INT. HUDSON'S HAWKS AIRFIELD, OFFICES - DAY

The walls of the small reception area are covered in photographs of people jumping out of flying planes or standing bedside planes in the hanger looking all proud. JOHN HUDSON, 30, in a flying suit, is sitting behind the desk looking at the contents of the Fred's leather wallet, he hands it back. Fred takes it and stuffs it in his coat pocket.

JOHN HUDSON

Arthur Latterman, now there's a name from the past. I thought you lot had him down as missing-in-action. Closed the case. Wasn't it two summers back.

FRED BUCHANAN

We're re-opening the case. Could tell me a little about him, what kind of pilot he was? How often did he go out? Did he register a flight path?

JOHN HUDSON

Always. You have to, against the law not to.

Hudson strides to the rear of the office where there is computer terminals. Fred follows, taking out his digital recorder and motioning to Hudson who nods his approval, he sits it between them.

FRED BUCHANAN

Would you say he was reckless?

JOHN HUDSON

In what way?

FRED BUCHANAN

Did he take chances with Flying?

JOHN HUDSON

I wouldn't have said so. He was careful when it came to his flying. Took great pride in it.

FRED BUCHANAN

How often did he go out?

JOHN HUDSON

Depends. Sometimes he would be out a couple of times a week, you know, then I wouldn't see him for weeks.

FRED BUCHANAN

What about the time of his disappearance?

JOHN HUDSON

Man, that was a lost summer, I was so busy I had Art booked to help me teach for a couple of months.

FRED BUCHANAN

When he went out, did he submit a flight path?

JOHN HUDSON

Of course. As I say, you have to.

FRED BUCHANAN

Any chance of seeing the last one?

Hudson taps on the keyboard of the computer and shows Fred the screen.

JOHN HUDSON

Sure, but he went to the same place every time. Stornoway.

FRED BUCHANAN

Did he now. Can you print that out for me? What was the range of his plane.

Hudson presses the print key. He points Fred to the wall at some photographs.

JOHN HUDSON

He had a very sweet Explorer 750T.
Carries sixteen people
comfortably, that's him up there.

Fred walks over to the photographs and sees Arthur standing beside his plane which has some sort of large floats instead of wheels.

JOHN HUDSON (CONT'D)

His plan was to start a
sightseeing business, that's why
he was so interested in the
Western isles. American and
Japanese tourists.

He is looking at the screen of his computer.

JOHN HUDSON (CONT'D)

Eh, right the range of that baby
is nine hundred nautical miles.

He lifts the paper from the printer tray and hands it to Fred.

FRED BUCHANAN

That's quite a distance.

JOHN HUDSON

Round trip, he'd have to turn back
after four hundred and fifty. On a
full tank.

FRED BUCHANAN

A full tank, yes, of course. One
last thing? Have you ever seen any
of these men?

He turns off the digital recorder and pulls out his phone and showing Hudson photo of Jackie and the other.

JOHN HUDSON

Yeah, that one.

Pointing at Jackie.

JOHN HUDSON (CONT'D)

One arrogant bastard. He was
around a few times. I got the
impression that Art didn't like
him. Saw them fighting once, real
punch-fest, I called out to stop
it. He had Art up against the
plane by the throat.

(MORE)

JOHN HUDSON (CONT'D)

Typical wee thug the type that has
a chip on his shoulder for being a
foot shorter than the rest of us.

FRED BUCHANAN

And you're sure it's this man?

JOHN HUDSON

Of course, couldn't forget that
baldy wee bastard.

Fred smiles at this.

INT. BLACK & BLUE NIGHTCLUB, MAIN HALL - NIGHT

This is a nightclub with three bars with over twenty bar
staff. The music is a loud constant THUMPING. The club is
busy with young people drinking, dancing and talking
loudly with one another. Fred is walking amongst them, a
drink in one hand, his eyes darting everywhere.

The man that was being shouted at by Jackie earlier over
by the bar, this is JIM. Fred follows the man as he talks
to various members of staff including a couple of large
SECURITY STAFF, pointing to the black radio he has in his
hand. One of the Security Staff nods to him.

Jim walks over to a door, Fred surreptitiously follows.

INT. BLACK AND BLUE NIGHTCLUB, BACK AREA - NIGHT

Fred is walking through a long dark corridor. There are
muffled voices ahead. He walks towards an open door. He
can hear a little more of conversation.

JIM (O.S.)

I want the spirits changed and
ready for the optics tomorrow
Billy so get a move on and try and
get it right eh? Vodka in the
vodka bottle, whisky in the whisky
bottles and so on and so forth? I
want this room cleared for the
consignment tomorrow night so get
a move on, okay?

Footsteps are now moving towards the door, Fred steps
into a dark corner behind a pillar as the Jim opens the
door and walks off down the corridor and out of sight.

Fred sneaks over to the open door and sees BILLY, 20, a
spotty lank of a man, decanting one bottle of vodka with
foreign writing into a 'Smirnoff' bottle. There are other
bottles of spirit on the bench that Billy is working on
but with either the names in another language or spelt
differently. Lined up are empty bottles ready to be
filled.

INT. BLACK & BLUE NIGHTCLUB, BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Fred is sitting at a large desk trying this drawer or that drawer, all locked. He pulls out a set of keys from his pocket and selects one, he tries it in the lock, nothing. He selects another one and this time it unlocks the drawer. He opens it and stares at the contents: A large packet of white powder.

INT. BLACK & BLUE NIGHTCLUB, SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

He is looking at a wall of monitors that are showing various areas of the club. On the desk is a sophisticated control panel with different coloured buttons and a central joy stick. Various locations are written on tape above the buttons. Fred presses a button. On the big center monitor ghostly black and white images fill the screen: A security man is handing a YOUTH something.

Fred grips the joy stick and the image enlarges, he zooms in further to the hands of the security man on the screen: A small white package is being handed over to the youth, who in turn hands over folded money.

INT. BLACK & BLUE NIGHTCLUB, MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Fred is back walking amongst the young customers. He is watching the STAFF behind the bar, they are pouring drinks from the spirit optics. The customers are drinking with gusto, more alcohol is being consumed.

He looks around at the young people - dancing - drinking - chatting - laughing - having fun. The music seems to get louder and louder.

EXT. LATTERMANS MANSION - NIGHT

Moonlit Shadows dance through the silhouette of trees surrounding the house. One shadow in particular jumps from behind one tree to another.

EXT. LATTERMANS MANSION, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

The house is in darkness. A hooded figure is sneaking up past the patio and up to the sliding glass doors. He stops, survey the scene, listening for any sound then moves over the slabbed patio, when the lights flash on.

The hooded figure freezes as the patio doors open and, Fred pokes his head out. The hooded figure looks like it is about to flee.

FRED BUCHANAN

Hello Boy, and don't make me move
my lazy arse and run after you.

Boy pulls the hood down.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

I think we've got a couple of things to chat about eh?

INT. LATTERMANS MANSION, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Fred has an unlit Camel cigarette sticking out of his mouth. He pushes Boy into the lounge and onto a chair. Boy looks pale and very scared.

BOY

I'm not stealing. I just went out to find something to eat. I don't know where else to go. I'm not stealing.

FRED BUCHANAN

No, but you are scared of something. Did you see what happened to Kitty?

Boy looks away.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

You did didn't you? Were you here? Did you see who it was?

BOY

She didn't tell I was here, she could've done, but she didn't. I was upstairs in the bedroom.

He breaks down, the damn breaks and tears cascade down his cheeks as he holds his head in his hands.

Indifferent, Fred, holds the Camel under his nose and sniffs, walks over to a bar in the corner of the room, he pours a brandy. He walks over to Boy, nudges him in the arm with the glass, Boy looks up.

FRED BUCHANAN

Come on son, drink this.

Boy gulps the drink and coughs.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

That's it, better out than in.

Boy recovers a little.

BOY

I only saw the motor from the upstairs window.

FRED BUCHANAN

Okay. Did you see the make?

BOY

No, it was black.

FRED BUCHANAN

Dark, you mean it was dark?

Fred motions to the outside.

BOY

No, I mean the car was black.

FRED BUCHANAN

Was it now. Can you remember the make or model?

BOY

No I'm not good with cars.

FRED BUCHANAN

Could it have been a BMW? A black BMW X7 maybe?

BOY

Might have been, I don't know.

FRED BUCHANAN

Think son. Could it have been a BMW? This is important.

BOY

I'm not good with cars, I just saw that it was big and black.

FRED BUCHANAN

(agreeing)

Okay good, now start from the beginning.

Boy is telling this through sobs, with tears and huge globules of snot hanging from his nose.

BOY

When I arrived last night, Summer was here, with her uncle, but they were arguing with Kitty, and he wasn't her uncle but her dad. I was confused. Kitty was so upset, Summer telling her mother that she hated her, that she's glad that Ken is her dad and then they are leaving, but Summer runs at me, throwing her arms out at me. Trying to hit me. Kitty steps in and tells Summer to get out.

FRED BUCHANAN

And they leave?

BOY

Yes. Kitty is still mad. She drinks far too much. I try to stop her but she pushes me away. She's drunk now, telling me to go too. But I can't go. She's been good to me, so I go upstairs to the bedroom hoping that she'll just either calm down or fall asleep.

FRED BUCHANAN

But something else happens?

BOY

I see the lights of the car first, then the car, big and black. One man. He comes in.

FRED BUCHANAN

Does he ring the bell? Knock on the door? Did he have a key, let himself in?

BOY

No, I don't know, I just hear them arguing.

FRED BUCHANAN

Did you hear what they argued about?

BOY

No, just voices. Then it goes quiet. Nothing until the car leaves.

FRED BUCHANAN

Did you hear a name? Jackie Donaldson?

BOY

I can't remember. I come down and see her...

He breaks down again, sobbing.

BOY (CONT'D)

It's not the first time I've seen the car either.

FRED BUCHANAN

You mean at the house?

BOY

Yes, she would get a phone call and then I'd be sent upstairs and the black car would arrive.

FRED BUCHANAN

The BMW? An X7?

BOY

Yes, the car would arrive and I'd be sent upstairs.

FRED BUCHANAN

And the name, Jackie Donaldson, have you ever hear that name?

BOY

I... I don't know, maybe.

FRED BUCHANAN

One last question. Did Kitty ever do cocaine?

Boy is shocked that Fred even asked the question.

BOY

No, she hated the stuff. She was always going on about it, said if she ever caught me--

Boy hangs his head in his hands and sobs. Fred sighs, he's seen all this before.

FRED BUCHANAN

Where are you staying, here?

Boy motions to the house.

BOY

I've got no where else to go.

FRED BUCHANAN

Okay, you think of anything else, or need anything give me a call.

Fred hands him one of his cards.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

This is a huge master bedroom. A massive bed dominates the middle of the room: Jackie Donaldson is asleep. Fred reaches over and switches on one of the bedside lamps.

Jackie jumps awake. Fred is holding a pistol to his face.

FRED BUCHANAN

Hello Jackie boy. I think we need to have a wee chat.

JACKIE DONALDSON

(gaining composure)

Come on, you're not a shooter, put that down, we can chat.

FRED BUCHANAN

Oh we're going to chat.

Jackie looks over at the door.

JACKIE DONALDSON

How did you get in here?

FRED BUCHANAN

What? You think all they teach at private detective school is how to be nosey?

JACKIE DONALDSON

I had two good men out there.

FRED BUCHANAN

Relax, they'll wake up with a headache, very naughty of you to let them play with guns though.

(beat)

I want to know why you did it.

JACKIE DONALDSON

Did what?

FRED BUCHANAN

Kill Kitty.

JACKIE DONALDSON

I don't know what you're talking about. I never killed Kitty, I heard you were in the frame for that one Freddie son.

FRED BUCHANAN

In the frame.

JACKIE DONALDSON

You are not making a lot of sense here son.

Fred swipes the gun across Jackie's face.

FRED BUCHANAN

I told you, I'm not your son.

Jackie spits blood on the bed.

JACKIE DONALDSON

I'll make you pay for that.

He waves the pistol in Jackie's face.

FRED BUCHANAN

Eh, I'm the one with the gun.

JACKIE DONALDSON
Look, I'm telling you, right, I
don't know nothing about Kitty.

FRED BUCHANAN
What about you and Latterman?

JACKIE DONALDSON
We did some business.

FRED BUCHANAN
I heard that. I also hear your
trying to go straight

JACKIE DONALDSON
That's right, what's it to you?

FRED BUCHANAN
Donaldson's business, you ripped
him off, what was it? Gambling
debt?

JACKIE DONALDSON
That prick owes me. He ran up a
couple of hundred grand at my
casino. What was I supposed to do?
Let an asshole like Latterman
take the piss? I'd have them
lining up to bend me over. I had
to teach him a lesson.

FRED BUCHANAN
You had to teach him a lesson. By
stealing his company?

JACKIE DONALDSON
It was a legitimate business
transaction.

FRED BUCHANAN
I'm surprised you know those
words. So what happened? Was he
trying to get a bit of the action?

JACKIE DONALDSON
What action?

FRED BUCHANAN
Come on, I know he was smuggling
for you. What was it? Illegal
kiddie immigrants for your
brothels? Cocaine?

JACKIE DONALDSON
(laughs)
You really haven't got a clue have
you, Buchanan?

(MORE)

JACKIE DONALDSON (CONT'D)

You were a shite policeman now
you're a shite private dick.

FRED BUCHANAN

I saw your boys, Jackie, pushing
cocaine in your club, pushing it
onto kids. Kids.

JACKIE DONALDSON

I'm pushing no cocaine in my
clubs, it's not down to me if that
prick manager of mine is doing a
bit of private enterprise is it?

FRED BUCHANAN

You talk so much shite Jackie you
need toilet paper to wipe your
mouth.

JACKIE DONALDSON

Piss off.

FRED BUCHANAN

How did you do it? Rig it so that
his plane had a fuel leak, or a
bomb?

JACKIE DONALDSON

Who's talking shite now? I think
you need that toilet paper
yourself.

FRED BUCHANAN

You knew where he kept his plane,
you were there a few times, could
have been easy to sneak in there
at night, sabotage the plane.

JACKIE DONALDSON

Don't talk stupid. What would I do
that for? I told you, he owed me
money, he was an investment. Why
would I kill him?

FRED BUCHANAN

You said it yourself, to teach him
a lesson.

JACKIE DONALDSON

Crap.

FRED BUCHANAN

Then there's you and Kitty.

Jackie is highly amused.

JACKIE DONALDSON

Me and Kitty?

FRED BUCHANAN

How long had you been screwing her? Did Arthur find out, maybe that's why you had him killed.

Jackie turns away trying to ignore him. Fred jams the gun up under Jackie's ear.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

You listen to me you piece of shit, I could pull this trigger and walk out of here, no one knows I'm here, no one will come and save you. You made a mistake killing Kitty.

Jackie is defiantly silent. Arrogant.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

You're big mistake was using cocaine. You see she was an alcoholic not a drug user. That was your first mistake. Your second mistake was leaving a witness.

JACKIE DONALDSON

What witness? What are you on about? Witness to what?

FRED BUCHANAN

You were there, that night, you were seen arriving in your big BMW X7.

JACKIE DONALDSON

Loads of people own black cars, you prick.

(pushing into the gun)

Pull the trigger if you're going to, otherwise stop wasting my time.

(beat)

You don't have the bottle.

Fred smiles, sweat is running down his nose, he reaches up to wipe it off with his gun hand.

The muzzle of the gun at his eye level, he looks at the barrel, points it back down towards Jackie's head.

FRED BUCHANAN

Do you think?

BANG, and

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Fred is walking along the driveway towards his Volvo. He weighs the gun in his hand then takes it apart and throws the various bits far into the night. Smiling, he takes out a Camel cigarette, runs it under his nose, sniffs as he struts to his car.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jackie is sitting on the edge of his bed amongst a sea of red, he is holding his ear with blood pouring out through his fingers and down his body. He is screaming into a phone held to his other ear.

JACKIE DONALDSON

You listen to me you numpty. That prick Buchanan was here. *He was in my house.* He shot my ear off. Are you listening? I want him stopped, are you listening?

(beat)

Good because he mentioned a witness at Kitty's.

(beat)

I don't know, some kid. Says that he saw a big black car, Buchanan thinks it was mine. You better get rid of that prick before he adds two and two and gets ten.

(beat)

You said that last time and look what happened? Get rid of Fred Buchanan.

(beat)

I don't give a toss what you think, you work for me, I pay your wages you prick.

He cuts the call looking around at the mess.

INT. BUCHANAN RESIDENCE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

The lounge is in darkness. The front door OPENS. The door to the lounge opens and Alison Buchanan dumps two small suitcases on the floor and switches the lights on. She walks towards the dining room area.

FRED BUCHANAN

Hello Alison.

Jumping, she turns. Fred is sitting on the sofa.

ALISON BUCHANAN

You scared me then.

She walks over to the bar in the dining room area and pours herself a drink.

She turns and holds up a Stolichnaya bottle at Fred, he ignores her.

FRED BUCHANAN

So what brings you here?

ALISON BUCHANAN

I live here, what brings you here?

She walks over to the other sofa and plonks herself down.

ALISON BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

Fred I never meant to... I mean, I still care about you.

FRED BUCHANAN

Bullshit. You care about yourself.

ALISON BUCHANAN

That's not fair, I tried, I really tried.

FRED BUCHANAN

And when would this have been?

ALISON BUCHANAN

Don't give me that crap, you were on the take and you got found out, so don't blame somebody else.

FRED BUCHANAN

I was set up.

ALISON BUCHANAN

That's all I ever heard from you Freddie. Jackie Donaldson did this, Donaldson has to pay.

Fred is about to say something but changes his mind and sits back down in the chair.

FRED BUCHANAN

Look, I didn't come here to argue.

ALISON BUCHANAN

Why did you come here Freddie?

FRED BUCHANAN

I'm not sure. I, I wanted--

He slumps into the chair even more, his chin in his chest, not knowing what to say. Tears welling up.

Alison get's up of the settee, puts her cigarette out and walks over to him. She pulls his head into her bosom and cradles him there.

ALISON BUCHANAN

I know. I know.

They stay like this for a brief second before Fred speaks.

FRED BUCHANAN

How long have you been screwing him?

She stops moving and stands.

ALISON BUCHANAN

You utter shit.

FRED BUCHANAN

Yeah, and then some. So, how long?

ALISON BUCHANAN

What was I supposed to do?

FRED BUCHANAN

(shouting)

HOW LONG?

His shouting makes Alison jump.

ALISON BUCHANAN

Since--

He stands now, shaking his head, getting rid of the cobwebs in his brain, walking over to the window.

FRED BUCHANAN

I should've known. You've never been near me since. Was he a god in bed?

ALISON BUCHANAN

Don't be disgusting, it doesn't suit you. What was I supposed to do, you went into yourself Freddie, I couldn't get anything from you.

FRED BUCHANAN

A bit of support wouldn't have gone amiss.

ALISON BUCHANAN

Support. Support? Freddie, where were you when I miscarried? Oh let me think, that's right, you were out on the streets trying to put Jackie Donaldson behind bars. Isn't that what you always say? Well I hope you rot in hell you miserable selfish bastard.

FRED BUCHANAN
You and a lot of other people.

ALISON BUCHANAN
I needed you then and you were
never there for me. Maybe that's
why I looked elsewhere for it.

Fred looks like he has been hit with a big stick. He
retaliates the only way he can, by walking away.

ALISON BUCHANAN (CONT'D)
It's over, he's screwing someone
else.

(beat)
Freddie? Do you ever think we
could start over?

Fred pauses at the open door.

FRED BUCHANAN
I don't think we ever started in
the first place. Goodbye Alison.

BANG - the door is shut.

INT. FRED'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

Stripped to the waste, Fred is standing in front of the
mirror on the wall above the sink, toweling his hair. He
looks into the mirror for the longest of seconds. Just
staring at his own reflection, eye to eye.

Margaret strolls into his inner office holding up her
notebook and reading from it as she walks.

MARGARET WILSON
You are not going to believe who
owns Latterman's Hardware Stores?

He finishes up and pulls on his shirt.

FRED BUCHANAN
Jackie Donaldson?

MARGARET WILSON
How did you know?

FRED BUCHANAN
Just a lucky guess.

MARGARET WILSON
He bought it for a song too.

FRED BUCHANAN
Anything on the insurance?

She checks a notebook.

MARGARET WILSON

That's the strangest thing. I called an old boyfriend of mine and he did some checking, seems like Kitty had herself insured for a few million pounds but Arthur didn't have any.

FRED BUCHANAN

What about the kid, Summer?

MARGARET WILSON

Same thing. In the event of her death her policy would pay out several million pounds.

FRED BUCHANAN

And who would be the beneficiary?

MARGARET WILSON

In both cases it goes to each other, in the unlikely event that both die it would go to Arthur Latterman.

Fred is buttoning up his shirt.

FRED BUCHANAN

What if he couldn't collect?

MARGARET WILSON

Depends on who is named in the will I suppose.

FRED BUCHANAN

Maybe a friend of the family.

She looks at him quizzically.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

Never mind, Just thinking out loud. Where do you get this kind of information from?

MARGARET WILSON

Don't ask and I'll not have to kill you. So, this is an insurance scam?

FRED BUCHANAN

Could be, just not sure Mags.

She walks back out to the outer office, closing the door behind her.

Fred continues to dress himself, pulling on his shirt as he hears the deep rumbling of men's voices in the outer office.

Margaret's muffled voice protesting something, the door bursts open, Cairns & Roberts saunter in. Margaret shrugs behind them, Cairns slams the door shut on her.

CAIRNS

The great Fred Buchanan, it says
Buchanan Associates on your door,
what's that then?

Fred looks up at the man with indifference.

FRED BUCHANAN

What happened Cairns, did you lose
your place in the dinner queue
again and there no chips and
cheese left for your lunch?

Cairns turns to Roberts.

CAIRNS

See that Roberts, that's the quick
witted thinking that got this
prick kicked off the force.

Cairns looks around the office at Fred's 'toys'.

CAIRNS (CONT'D)

This private detective thing must
pay? I might have a bash at it
myself. Can't be that hard; you're
doing it.

FRED BUCHANAN

Nah, it wouldn't suit you Cairns,
you have to do all that detective
stuff, you know, like as in
properly.

CAIRNS

Aye, very funny, tell you what
though, why don't we take you down
to the station and we charge you
for harassment and shooting off
Jackie Donaldson's ear.

Cairns looks at Roberts again.

CAIRNS (CONT'D)

I think they call that assault
with a deadly weapon or attempted
murder or something like that, but
what do I know, not having all
these gadgets to help me, you
know, be a detective?

ROBERTS

That makes you the prime suspect
in the Kitty Caldwell murder.

FRED BUCHANAN

It's a murder now?

ROBERTS

Aye, the coroner found bruising on her wrists.

CAIRNS

What did you do, tie her to the chair before shooting her up?

Fred sneers at Cairns, who is picking up various photo's and other things and looking at them.

FRED BUCHANAN

Is that the best you can do?

Fred looks at Roberts.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

See what I mean, rubbish at the detecting stuff.

He stands, walks over to Cairns and takes a digital camcorder off him.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

Best not to touch anything Cairns I don't think you'd understand the technology.

CAIRNS

Always the big man eh?

FRED BUCHANAN

Funny, that's what your wife said last night.

Cairns, falling for the bait, takes a swing at Fred who sees it coming and leans back and hits Cairns square on the nose with his open palm. This pushes Cairns onto the floor, in a sitting position, blood erupting from his nose and down his shirt.

Roberts steps in, Fred takes a step back, hands up.

CAIRNS

You've stepped over the line this time Buchanan, that's assaulting a police officer.

Fred looks over to Roberts and nods in Cairns direction.

FRED BUCHANAN

Police officer! That's debatable.

Roberts leads Fred out of the office as Cairns struggles to stand, holding his nose.

INT. POLICE STATION, VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Through the window/mirror Fred lounges at a table. The only other person in the room is a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN, to attention, at the door.

Mike, Roberts and Cairns (sporting a white plaster on his nose) are standing this side of the window/mirror.

CAIRNS
(he has difficulty
speaking)
He doesn't look that tough.

Mike smiles at Cairns.

MIKE MCGIFF
Tell me what you see?

CAIRNS
A waster in a dirty suit.

ROBERTS
A right scruffy twat, a drunk who
smokes to much.

MIKE MCGIFF
That's what he wants everyone to
think. By the way, you're looking
at someone with three degrees and
was top of our year at the
academy. He was destined for great
things until he got a hard-on for
Jacky Donaldson.

ROBERTS
Still looks like a scruffy twat.

MIKE MCGIFF
I wouldn't underestimate that
scruffy twat if I were you.
(beat)
Okay, I want you to go in, give
him a hard time. When I come in,
oppose me. I'm letting him go but
you don't want to, got it?

CAIRNS
Yes guv'.

They look through the window at the Fred, and

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY

Fred pulls out a cigarette and sticks it in his mouth.
The Uniformed Police Officer coughs.

POLICEMAN

I'm sorry sir, but there's no smoking in here.

FRED BUCHANAN

What are you going to do arrest me? Or throw me out?

The Police Officer shrugs and resumes his pose.

The door opens and Cairns and Roberts march in and sit down. Roberts switches the recorders on.

ROBERTS

Interview with--

Cairns interrupts - he has difficulty speaking.

CAIRNS

--Never mind all that shite. You listen to me *Buchanan and Associates*, you are in serious shit here.

(beat)

And we have a no smoking policy in here.

He raises his hand to back slap Fred's cigarette out of his mouth but is stopped short as Fred grabs his hand, in mid strike, stopping it dead with a solid grip. Fred keeps eye contact with Cairns as he takes the Camel out of his mouth and scrunches it up, loose tobacco littering desk. He loosens his grip on Cairns' fist.

ROBERTS

(all business)

You deposited a lot of money in your bank the other day.

Cairns reaches into a folder and holds up the cheque that Fred got from Kitty.

CAIRNS

And guess what? It was from Kitty Caldwell, you *remember*; the woman you murdered.

Fred smiles and shakes his head.

FRED BUCHANAN

That detective stuff just isn't your thing is it? If you did your job, you'd see that Ms. Caldwell was a client and that was a payment for services.

Cairns stumbles a bit and hesitates at this.

CAIRNS

Really, what job? What services?

FRED BUCHANAN

Sorry, privileged information and you aren't that privileged.

Cairns gets angry now, but holds his nose as he shouts.

CAIRNS

You listen to me, we're investigating a murder here, so you better get your act together, sonny, or your going to be doing porridge for a long stretch.

Fred smiles.

FRED BUCHANAN

You get that out of the little book of *police intimidation*?

CAIRNS

Have you got any witnesses to say that you were under the employment of Kitty Caldwell? Cause I think you're full of shite.

The door opens and Mike walks in.

MIKE MCGIFF

I must be full of shite as well then because I can confirm everything that Fred is saying.

CAIRNS

(jumping up)

Guv. I don't remember inviting you to this interview.

MIKE MCGIFF

I don't need an invite, sonny. And what are you doing pulling Fred in? He's one of the good guys not a suspect.

Cairns points to the bandage on his nose.

CAIRNS

He broke my nose, he should be charged with assaulting a police officer.

MIKE MCGIFF

Don't be stupid Cairns, if we booked everyone who took a swing at you we'd have no room for the real criminals.

(MORE)

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Now get out of here before I have
a go at you myself.

Cairns and Roberts are not happy as they leave the room,
Mike motions to the uniformed policeman to go too, sits
on the chair opposite Fred, nods at the door.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Couple of pricks, eh? What's going
on Fred? You're sitting with an
assault with a deadly weapon and
prime suspect in a murder case.

FRED BUCHANAN

You know me Mikey I like to keep a
high profile.

MIKE MCGIFF

Well, we checked out the brother
and the daughter. They went back
to their hotel like you said. The
receptionist said they had room
service and didn't leave all night
probably still there.

Fred sits and looks at Mike - defiant.

Mike looks anxious.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Talk to me Fred. What's this about
some sort of witness?

FRED BUCHANAN

Witness?

MIKE MCGIFF

Come on Freddie son, don't mess me
about, eh!

FRED BUCHANAN

I spoke to Kitty's trainer, he's
just a kid, but I think he saw
something. I think he saw Jackie
Donaldson at Kitty's.

Mike shakes his head in disbelief.

MIKE MCGIFF

I thought you were going to retire
and grow mushrooms. Look, do
yourself a favour, take that
holiday, I'll keep Cairns off your
back, just drop it.

Fred stands lifting his packet of Camel cigarettes.

FRED BUCHANAN

You know, I keep hearing that same bit of advice, but, you know me, the more I get told to let go the more I keep hold of it.

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

Margaret enters the office and walks over to his desk reading from a sheet of paper.

MARGARET WILSON

Okay, I've got you booked on the ten thirty flight which gets you into Stornoway just before noon. Which is when you pick up the hire car. The ticket is open ended as you requested.

Fred is rummaging about in the drawers of his desk.

MARGARET WILSON (CONT'D)

You have an appointment to see the Airport Security Manager, a Becky Marshall. I've included the details.

He is busying himself with his drawers as she folds the paper and slips it into his coat pocket.

MARGARET WILSON (CONT'D)

I've tried to contact Greenman but he doesn't seem to be home.

FRED BUCHANAN

That's fine, I'll contact him once I get there.

MARGARET WILSON

Have you spoken to Alison lately?

Fred looks up at her.

MARGARET WILSON (CONT'D)

She is your wife, Fred.

FRED BUCHANAN

She's not been that for a few years now Mags. Not since we lost--

Struggling with words, the memory. Margaret walks over to him, puts his head against her chest- mothers him.

MARGARET WILSON

We were all thinking of you then. Always in our prayers. We'll always be your family Fred, you know that.

He pulls away from her, she leans down and kisses his head. He wipes the wetness from his eyes and sighs deeply.

FRED BUCHANAN

Time to move on now Mags, my life with Ali is over.

He is now pulling things out the drawers and piling it on his already cluttered desk.

MARGARET WILSON

What is it that you're looking for Fred?

FRED BUCHANAN

Latterman's flight plan I got from Hudson's Hawks.

She reaches up to the bookshelf and pulls out a file.

MARGARET WILSON

This one?

She takes out the printed page and hands it to him.

FRED BUCHANAN

I love you Margaret. I'm so glad you have a filing system.

MARGARET WILSON

You love me *because* I have a filing system.

FRED BUCHANAN

I love you *because* you're my big sister, and *because* you have a filing system.

MARGARET WILSON

You have to deal with the Alison thing, you know that don't you.

Fred gives Margaret a "yeah, right" look on his way out the door.

EXT. MULTI STORY CAR PARKING AREA - DAY

Fred is walking towards his parked car when two things happen simultaneously:

1. He hears someone SHOUTING his name, female, faint, in the distance, he hears it, stops and listens, and
2. A small van races towards his back.

He turns just in time to jump out of the way, too late, however, to see the TWO MEN who have run up to him.

He drops the bag and takes a swing at the first of the men who takes it on the chin, he reels back but the other man swings a large wooden axe handle at the back of Fred's legs: he goes down.

THUG

You were told.

They kick, punch and beat him with the axe handle then bundle him into the back of the small van that has reversed up to them. The doors are banged shut.

INT. REAR OF A VAN - DAY

Fred is covered in blood, one eye is shut and puffy. There isn't much room in the back of the van. He can barely move his arm, he feels his head and pulling his hand away painfully as he sees dark sticky liquid - blood. He looks around to see that the inside of the back of the van has been boxed in, no windows and no handle on the rear doors.

The van is moving fast, turning this way and that, then just as suddenly it screeches to a halt.

He can hear muffled talking and two doors opening and then banging shut.

Fred looks about in the near darkness for something to use as a tool to open the lock but sees nothing. He hears more muffled talking and then silence. A few seconds pass and he sniffs the air. He spots in the corner plumes of smoke rising.

The smoke in the corner suddenly bursts into flames bathing the scene in an eerie flickering orange yellow light.

Fred pushes at the rear doors with his shoulders - nothing - they are solid. The flames are getting bigger now, and Fred is finding it hard to breath.

His eyes are streaming tears down his face and he is coughing with every breath. He is now lying flat, his mouth near the back doors searching for whatever air is around.

The fire is reaching its height now. Orange flames tickle his back, scorching his jacket. The hair on the back of his head crackles and burns, when

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

The rear doors on the small van fly open, flames erupts outwards, hands reach in and pull Fred out and onto the ground rolling him over and over away from the now burning van when it erupts in flames.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

The van has burnt out now, it is a blackened skeleton of its former self. On the roadside a few yards from the van sits Fiona crossed legged with Fred lying on her lap. He is extremely burnt and unconscious. Fiona is crying.

A car appears out of the gloom and stops, the headlights illuminating the scene. A pair of feet walk over to Fiona and Fred.

Kenneth Greenman kneels down and touches Fiona's shoulder, making her snap out of a daze. She looks over to him and then down at Fred.

INT. NEW TOWN FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Fred is lying on the bed, his one good eye opens.

Fiona, is looking down at him: framed in the circle of light, which gives her an Angelic look.

He tries to sit up and speak, only a rough croaking whisper is all he can manage. Fiona puts her hands on his shoulders.

FIONA FOSTER

Don't try to get up, rest, sleep.
It's okay, you're safe, we're in
my flat. Rest now we can talk
later.

Fred lays back down again and slowly closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

INT. NEW TOWN FLAT, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Fiona and Kenneth are watching the evening news.

Kitty Caldwell's photograph has appeared on screen.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

--At the home of aging star of
screen and television Kitty
Caldwell and just days after the
sudden death of Kitty herself.
This seems to be linked to a
gangland drug's war. The killing
is said to be brutal--

Now a photograph of Boy appears on screen.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

--His name has not been released to the public yet but insiders say that he was Kitty Caldwell's personal trainer and companion. A spokesman for Police Scotland has not ruled out a connection to the killing of gangland mafioso-style-godfather of crime, Jackie Donaldson, whose body was discovered this morning at his home in the outskirts of Edinburgh. The authorities are looking for Ex-policeman Fred Buchanan in connection with all three killings.

A photograph of Fred flashes on screen.

The screen goes dead. Kenneth is holding the remote.

KENNETH GREENMAN

We can't stay here Fiona,
Edinburgh isn't safe for him. We
need to leave your flat, honey.

Fiona looks over to the bedroom door.

EXT. ROAD HEADING NORTH - NIGHT

A dark road over a moonlit moor. Headlights illuminate the scene. A Land Rover comes into view, passes and disappearing with red lights blaring.

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Fred is lying on the rear bench of the Land Rover, sitting on the opposite bench to him is Fiona, she is holding on to him with one hand and onto the hand grip on the side of the vehicle with the other.

In the driving seat is Kenneth, eyes wide and alert as he scans the darkness for twists and turns on the road.

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fred opens his eye and looks round the darkened room. He is looking better. His lip has stopped bleeding and his eye is not as bruised although still closed. He slowly pushes himself up onto his elbows and winces. In the darkness he can make out someone slumped on the armchair next to the bed. He painfully reaches over to the bedside lamp and clicks the switch.

The light shows Fiona asleep on the chair. She opens her eyes slowly.

FIONA FOSTER

You should be resting.

His voice is a short rasping whisper.

FRED BUCHANAN

You should be wiping that drool
off the corner of your mouth.

She immediately wipes the side of her face.

FIONA FOSTER

Stop it, it's not nice to remind a
girl that she drools.

FRED BUCHANAN

Very becoming.

He is standing now, Fiona is supporting his weight.

FIONA FOSTER

If you were feeling better I'd
thump you. Maybe I'll just let you
fall old man.

They stagger round the room, he has his arm round her
shoulder, she has her arm and hands round his middle.

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Fred is supported by Fiona as they come in through the
door. Kenneth is sitting reading all the newspapers. He
jumps up to help with Fred.

KENNETH GREENMAN

How are you feeling this evening?

FRED BUCHANAN

Still a little sore. But I don't
understand. Why am I here?

Ken shows him the front page of the paper he was reading.
There is a huge photo of Fred with the words 'vicious
killer wanted' as a headline. Fred reads the article.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

I didn't kill Donaldson or Kitty
or her trainer for that matter.

FIONA FOSTER

Which is why we thought we'd
better get you out of Edinburgh.

He staggers back. Fiona and Ken steady him.

FIONA FOSTER (CONT'D)

You should be in bed, you're still
a little bit shook up.

KENNETH GREENMAN

You have this little lady here to thank for you being here, I mean you were nearly toast back there.

Fiona gives him a stern look.

FIONA FOSTER

I don't know about the little. Come on, let's get you back to bed.

FRED BUCHANAN

Summer?

FIONA FOSTER

We thought it best to send her back to the boarding school. Be with her friends. She needs time to process things.

Fred agrees with a nod. Fiona is helping him sloely through the door.

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fred is lying on the bed. He is wide awake. Covers off. His chest is bare - skin glistening with sweat. He hears a CREAK - the door is slowly opening.

He looks up and over to the door and sees Fiona.

FRED BUCHANAN

Hello you.

FIONA FOSTER

You're still awake then.

She comes in to the room and closes the door, in the moonlight Fred sees that she is dressed in a big t-shirt. One that covers her from her neck down to below her knees with a huge bear's face on the front of it. She sits on the edge of the bed.

FIONA FOSTER (CONT'D)

I was thinking.

FRED BUCHANAN

What were you thinking?

FIONA FOSTER

That you're here, I'm here.

He looks around.

FRED BUCHANAN

Yes, so we are.

FIONA FOSTER

Do I have to spell it out to you,
I mean you are supposed to be the
detective.

FRED BUCHANAN

Fiona, I'm still married.

FIONA FOSTER

I don't think that you've been
married for a long time.

He smiles and shakes his head at her.

FRED BUCHANAN

I don't know how you do that.

She giggles.

FIONA FOSTER

It's a knack.

She moves closer.

FRED BUCHANAN

I'm still trying to get my head
round that situation.

FIONA FOSTER

Which is why I thought that
perhaps you could use a cuddle.

He thinks.

FRED BUCHANAN

A cuddle. Maybe a cuddle, yes.

FIONA FOSTER

Just a cuddle, no funny business,
you're a married man after all.

She smiles as she edges a little closer and he moves over
to make room for her. She lies down beside him, side by
side on their backs looking at the ceiling, barely
touching each other.

FIONA FOSTER (CONT'D)

Is this what constitutes a cuddle
when you hit middle age then?

He smiles, she smiles, he turns and she turns, they face
each other and awkwardly reach at the same time, not sure
where to put their hands, she reaches over his shoulders
and moves in closer, he puts his hands on her hips. She
snuggles into his chest.

FRED BUCHANAN

Sexy night wear by the way.

She smacks his arm.

FIONA FOSTER
Careful old man you might never
see the bear again.

He smiles in the darkness.

FIONA FOSTER (CONT'D)
Where were you going when, you
know, you got hit?

FRED BUCHANAN
I was on my way up here to find
out about Arthur Latterman.

FIONA FOSTER
Why?

FRED BUCHANAN
His flight plan said he came to
Stornoway airport. Sometimes twice
a week. I was heading there to
speak with a Becky Marshall who
works there.

FIONA FOSTER
And you think that this Becky has
the answers?

FRED BUCHANAN
I was hoping she might make the
connection with Latterman and
Donaldson, but the problem is that
my main suspect for Kitty's death
of is now dead himself.

FIONA FOSTER
Well, I'm coming with you then.

FRED BUCHANAN
I don't know--

FIONA FOSTER
--I'm not letting you out of my
sight, look what happened the last
time.

EXT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, REAR GARDEN - DAY

The sun is coming up from the horizon creating a magnificent blue sky. Fiona and Ken are sitting at the bench, Fred comes out with his coat on and holding on to his side, his wounds are healing nicely. He sits beside Fiona and Ken, holding the letter that Margaret put into his jacket pocket with the travel arrangements.

KENNETH GREENMAN

What do you hope to gain from this meeting Fred?

FRED BUCHANAN

I think that Donaldson was blackmailing Latterman into smuggling in drugs or worst; women to work in his brothels.

KENNETH GREENMAN

Blackmailing him with what?

They sit in silence. Fred looks out towards Ken's yacht.

FRED BUCHANAN

Okay, maybe it is a revenge thing. Donaldson had taken so much from him. It's the only thing I can think of.

Kenneth is shaking his head.

KENNETH GREENMAN

You really think that they were using here to smuggle in women?

FRED BUCHANAN

That or drugs. He had to get them into the country somehow. There's money to be made in modern slavery.

FIONA FOSTER

And you think that Donaldson killed Kitty?

FRED BUCHANAN

He was seen at the house that night, well his car was seen, it's unmistakable, a big black car, a big black BMW X7.

(beat)

I know that Jackie was scared of something. He was convinced that Kitty had hired me to find Arthur, and that made her dangerous.

KENNETH GREENMAN

There are lots of big black cars out there Fred. Are you sure it was his car?

He stands looking at his watch.

FIONA FOSTER

I've just thought of something.

(beat)

(MORE)

FIONA FOSTER (CONT'D)

With Arthur out of the picture,
who's been shipping in Donaldson's
girls and drugs?

Fred looks over at Ken.

FRED BUCHANAN

That's something I'm working on.

FIONA FOSTER

And, now that Jackie Donaldson is
dead, who is taken over?

They all look at each other.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Someone has put a key in the lock and is opening the door
- Margaret enters, putting her coat on the coat rack and
walking over to her desk with the pile of envelopes.

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

It's dark in here. We can hear Margaret SHUFFLING about
and see her reflection through the frosted glass in the
door as she passes. The door opens and she comes in,
walking over to the blinds she opens them and turns to
see Mike McGiff sitting on the Chesterfield.

MIKE MCGIFF

Hello Margaret.

She recovers fast - aloof as always.

MARGARET WILSON

What are you doing in here? How
did you get in?

MIKE MCGIFF

Where is your brother, Margaret?

MARGARET WILSON

I'm sure I don't know. Off on
holiday, wasn't that the advice
you gave him?

MIKE MCGIFF

Where is he?

Margaret begins to walk towards the door. Mike jumps out
of the settee and grabs her by her hair pulling her back
and putting his lips up against her ear.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Where is *he*?

She has the look of fear and panic in her eyes.

INT. STORNOWAY AIRPORT, OFFICE - DAY

This is a bright office overlooking the airfield. Through the large window we can see planes of all sizes either parked up, coming to land or taking off. Fred and Fiona are sitting at one end of the office.

BECKY MARSHALL, 55, stout, capable, walks towards them holding Hudson's printout.

BECKY MARSHALL

I can tell you now Mr. Buchanan that we have never had this plane come in here. Two years ago you say?

She is comparing reports with the printout on a clipboard.

FRED BUCHANAN

Yes, two summers ago. He filed the flight path.

Fred stares out the window.

BECKY MARSHALL

I've looked through our records, if an unauthorised plane flew up here, we'd have seen in on radar.

Pallets are being loaded into a small cargo plane with large floats instead of wheels.

FRED BUCHANAN

Can I ask you what those are for?

BECKY MARSHALL

That's the cargo plane taking supplies to the outer isles.

FRED BUCHANAN

And the floats?

BECKY MARSHALL

There isn't a landing strip so they land in the harbour.

Fred is thinking.

FRED BUCHANAN

Can they land in the open sea?

BECKY MARSHALL

If it's calm enough yes, but it's not advisable.

FRED BUCHANAN

But it is possible?

Becky nods. Fred looks back out towards the cargo ship.

FIONA FOSTER
What's on your mind Fred?

FRED BUCHANAN
I'm not sure, something, just out
of reach.

Becky, at her desk now, checks her computer then Hudson's printout. The printer springs to life.

BECKY MARSHALL
This flight plan puts the plane
here in August.

Lifting a sheet from the printer she goes over to a huge map on the wall and points to a small mark just off the coast.

FRED BUCHANAN
What's that?

BECKY MARSHALL
That is a sandbank. It appears at
extremely low tides.

FRED BUCHANAN
Okay.

BECKY MARSHALL
And two years ago--
(showing the printed
page)
--In August, we had the lowest
tides in a decade. And *that* would
have been exposed. Mr. Latterman
might not have known about that
particular hazard.

Back at her computer she punches buttons. Reports flash up on screen.

BECKY MARSHALL (CONT'D)
I remember a report handed in by
an old fisherman. He was out night-
fishing and said he saw a flying
saucer. Little green men and
everything. He was a notorious
drunk so no-one paid any attention
to him.

Fred is looking at the large map on the wall, tracing a route with his finger.

FRED BUCHANAN
Think about it. If someone was
trying to not be seen by radar--

BECKY MARSHALL

--It would be flying very close to
the surface of the sea.

Fred is punching the sandbank with his finger.

FRED BUCHANAN

It wasn't a UFO, he saw Arthur's
plane hit the sandbank.

INT. BRIDGE OF LARGE FISHING BOAT - DAY

Fred, Becky and Fiona are standing on the bridge of a huge modern fishing boat. The captain is maneuvering the ship into position, they can see the green echo sounder searching for anything below them that would signal something big.

CAPTAIN

Could be something, could be
nothing. But we'll send someone
down to take a look anyway.

They can see something that is showing a huge white shape.

EXT. DECK OF LARGE FISHING BOAT - DAY

Fred and Fiona are on the deck of the ship as a crane hanging over the side with its long steel rope snaking its way back up from the depths. TWO DIVERS are swimming beside it, looking up and giving the thumbs up sign.

Fred looks down at the two divers, he sees the white of the plane's nose emerging from the water. Fiona moves to his side now, slipping an arm through his.

Now the fuselage is emerging from the sea minus both wings and tail.

The plane is now fully out of the water and being slowly brought aboard. Through the broken windscreen they can see that both seats are empty.

FIONA FOSTER

He's not in the plane. Maybe
you're right, that he faked his
death.

FRED BUCHANAN

Could be. Or could be that he just
washed out to sea.

Fiona puts a hand in his hand. Fred locks eyes with Fiona, both look worried.

The plane is lying on the main deck now. Fred, Fiona and the captain walk to the pilot's door.

Fred moves to the rear cargo door and pulls on the lever handle. It flies open and he is soaked by the sea water gushing out. With it comes cartons of cigarettes, some of which have bursts and the tobacco is mixing with the water and there are bottles of alcohol; everything from vodka to gin to whisky all over the deck of the ship or still in the cargo hold of the plane. Fred looks in the hold, in utter shock.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

Is this it? All those deaths for this?

Fiona lifts one of the bottles of alcohol and reads it, she shows Fred, it read: Shwirnoff.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

I need to make a call.

INT. COAST GUARD INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

Fiona is sitting in the corner of the room with a grey blanket round her shoulders. Fred is sitting at a desk on the other side of the room.

JOHN KNOX, 50, capable, strong, intense, enters carrying a thick file. They all look up at him. John pulls a chair over to them and sits.

FRED BUCHANAN

You've known all about this haven't you?

John looks away.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

This ongoing investigation? This is it. Tell me John.

(beat)

Tell me.

JOHN KNOX

We've been onto Donaldson for the last five years. We just couldn't pin anything on him, he covered his tracks real good.

FRED BUCHANAN

You knew latterman was involved?

JOHN KNOX

Yes. I'm sorry Fred, but it was an ongoing--

FRED BUCHANAN

--Investigation, yeh, yeh.

JOHN KNOX

What you don't know was that
Latterman was working with us.

Fred looks over at Fiona.

FRED BUCHANAN

Working *with* you?

JOHN KNOX

He came to us just after Donaldson
swindled him out of his company.

FRED BUCHANAN

But surely this is chicken feed to
Donaldson with his deals.

JOHN KNOX

Not so. What we estimate is a
street value of sixty million a
year. Pounds. With most of it
coming into the UK through
Scotland.

The penny drops and Fred rolls his eyes.

JOHN KNOX (CONT'D)

His deal was to supply the rest of
Scotland's gangsters with cheap
cigarettes and alcohol.

Fiona pipes up.

FIONA FOSTER

So the government loses taxes on
this, is it worth dying for?

JOHN KNOX

These things are killers ma'am, we
had some of the cigarettes and
booze analyzed. They're made with
hemp, sawdust and believe it or
not leaves from the banana tree,
anything but tobacco. The booze is
cut with antifreeze and
professional strength isopropanol
alcohol used in industrial
cleaning fluids.

FRED BUCHANAN

And Latterman, do you think he
knew what he was smuggling?

JOHN KNOX

Could be, but the question is,
who's bringing it in now?

(beat)

(MORE)

JOHN KNOX (CONT'D)

We think that Donaldson had a partner on the inside.

FRED BUCHANAN

Partner.

JOHN KNOX

Sure, you don't think Donaldson has the balls to organize this? He's the muscle, no, there is someone behind him.

FRED BUCHANAN

John, wait, I've got Jackie's business card here.

He is now taking things out of his pocket, bits of paper and cigarette packets and stuff.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

He wrote his personal mobile on the back, you'll be able to trace some of the numbers he called.

He pulls out the business card and hands it to John who reads it.

JOHN KNOX

There's no number on here, just an address.

Fred reaches into his pocket, retrieving another business card. He holds the card out to see the number that Jackie had written on it. He looks at the front of both. They are identical: '**BLACK & BLUE NIGHTCLUB**'. He turns them both round to see the written messages on the back of both cards: one is Jackie Donaldson's phone number, the other one is Kitty Caldwell's address.

Fred looks up at John as he presses a number on his phone.

FRED BUCHANAN

Mags, it's me... Alison? What are you doing there?

EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

Fred is looking through binoculars down onto Ken's cottage. Fiona is standing beside him.

Through the binoculars he can see that the house is quiet, he moves them to the wooden jetty and the yacht, there are boxes piled up on the jetty next to the yacht. In the car park is Mike's black Ford.

FRED BUCHANAN

He's here.

He stands for a second, contemplating.

FRED BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

I want you to stay here Fiona.

FIONA FOSTER

This is as much my fight as it is yours now, Fred.

FRED BUCHANAN

Mike's dangerous Fi'. Please, just wait by the car. Call John if you want, but I need to settle this my way.

He moves towards the steps leading down to the cottage. Fiona is already on her phone.

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, HALLWAY - DAY

Fred is sneaking into the cottage. There is a deafening silence throughout.

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, GUN ROOM - DAY

Fred slowly closes the door to the gun room, looks around. He finds an automatic pistol with a magazine clip. He checks that there are bullets in the magazine clip and gently clips it in place. He silently pulls a bullet into the firing chamber, it clicks into position. As he is leaving he passes by the single revolver in the glass case. He stops and looks back at it.

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, LOUNGE - DAY

The door creaks open - Fred sneaks in - automatic gun at the ready.

He sees Kenneth lying in the middle of the floor eyes closed. His arms are bound behind his back with gaffer tape. He has gaffer tape round his mouth. There is blood running down his face, there is a bullet wound in his arm and blood has soaked through his shirt and over the tape. A pool of blood has begun to form around him.

Fred takes three steps into the room towards Kenneth but stops. Something makes him turn and lift his gun - too late - BANG - the bullet hits him in the left shoulder spinning him round and pushing him back.

Mike walks over to him and kicks him in the face. He then kicks the gun out of Fred's hand and across the room. Fred's nose is broken and blood has erupted across his face. Mike squats down beside him and pushes the barrel of his gun into the wound on his arm making Fred wince.

MIKE MCGIFF

That doesn't look good Freddie,
son. That should be seen to.

Fred gurgles through blood and broken teeth.

FRED BUCHANAN

Margaret?

MIKE MCGIFF

Is fine. I slapped her about a
bit, nothing too heavy. But she
just wouldn't tell me where you
were. Such loyalty from a sister.
Shame you didn't get the same from
your wife.

Fred spits in his face. Mike wipes the bloody spittle off
stands then swings his leg to kick Fred in the stomach.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

So here we are.

(beat)

I told you to go didn't I? I tried
to warn you off. I even sent you
two of my boys to scare you, aye,
the van, that was me.

(beat)

But the great Fred Buchanan just
has to solve the case, doesn't he?
Well you messed up this time, son.

Fred spits more blood. Mike is pacing the room now,
waving the gun about.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Where are the questions Fred? You
must have some questions, all the
good private detectives have
questions at this point.

Fred gets to a sitting position with his back to the
settee, he reaches over and checks Kenneth's pulse on his
neck, satisfied he straitens up.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

I wouldn't bother with that scum.
He was going to run out on me.
Just as well I turned up when I
did. He was making off with the
last shipment's profits.

Mike uses the gun like an extra finger to point at Fred.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

I do hope you worked it out that
our good old boy Ken here was part
of the company.

FRED BUCHANAN

You needed someone to pick the stuff up when Latterman dumped it in the sea.

MIKE MCGIFF

Very good. This mug here was perfect, he needed the money and he had the yacht already, all private and everything.

Fred leans back and checks his own wound.

FRED BUCHANAN

Why send me to Kitty? You knew what would happen, that I'd find out, dig up your little scam.

MIKE MCGIFF

Ah you see, this is why you were the best. See what I did there? I said that you were the best.

Mike thinks for a second, drops the gun, starts pacing.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

You were once the golden boy of the force Freddie. But you lost it, didn't give a shit. I, on the other hand, have built up a career in the force and I turn out to be a criminal mastermind--

He is now waving his arms about, waving the gun around the room, pointing to this and that - showing off.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

--You were running errands for me while I was diddling your wife and smuggling cigarettes and alcohol into the country and neither you nor my fellow police officers knew *anything* about it. I am a genius am I not?

(pausing for effect)

And you know the best bit? Being able to blame all this on you. You just wouldn't let it go, but the evidence all leads back to you, son. I mean, you were the last to see Kitty alive, and her stupid Boy and then there's Big Jay.

Mike smiles at Fred, nodding his head.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

You handed me that one on a plate. Shooting his ear off.

(MORE)

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

(beat)

Opportunities don't come often
like that do they?

Fred shifts, trying to pull his legs up.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

When did you work it out that it
was me Freddie?

FRED BUCHANAN

You're a fool Mikey. You're
nothing without Donaldson.

MIKE MCGIFF

You think he was in charge? That
stupid wee bastard didn't have the
brains to run a bath, never mind
an operation the scale we were
looking at.

FRED BUCHANAN

You were screwing Kitty. Is that
why you killed her?

Mike looks very pleased.

MIKE MCGIFF

You see. This is the Freddie I
know. You were destined for great
things. We all knew it. At the
academy. Do you know what we
called you? Back then? The Chief.
It was poetry watching you. All
the guys wanted to be you.

(beat)

I was screwing Kitty but she was
doing my head in. She was going to
tell all. So I had to kill her.
But you got it right even then;
she was no drug addict, I should
have thought that one through.

FRED BUCHANAN

Did you have to kill the Boy?

MIKE MCGIFF

That was your fault. If you hadn't
gone back there I wouldn't have
known about him. He was a squealer
you know that? Cried his wee eyes
out. I suppose I should thank you
really, another loose end tied up
nice and neat.

FRED BUCHANAN

What did I do to you Mike?

Mike stops pacing and raises the gun.

MIKE MCGIFF

(anger slowly rising)

Let's see. You were getting too close to my operation. You were just about to find out that I was Jackie's source of information. Because I hated you for being so damn good at everything, you even got the girl. Alison should have been mine but you were just to much of a pretty boy weren't you?

He steps up to Fred again, kneels down and punches him square in the face, spraying blood across the floor.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

There, not so pretty now are you?

Mike looks at his knuckles, they are bloody, he wipes the blood off on Fred's jacket.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Anyway, got to get going, you know, loose ends, Freddie old son. I do hope you appreciate the subtlety of how I set you up with this, again.

He stops and looks at Fred and mockingly puts his hand to his mouth.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

That's right, you thought it was Big Jay that got you kicked off the force?

Fred's eyes widen, understand.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Yes, come on, think. You got it now? It was me that set you up Freddie son. *Me.*

(letting it sink in)

It was so easy to plant that evidence, easy because you had such a hard on for Big Jay that you didn't read the signs.

Fred's eyes are burning through Mike now.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

I'd love to say that this isn't personal, just business, but it's not, it's very personal.

Mike hears a CREAK behind him and turns, gun pointing but it's too late - a Doc Martin kicks out at the gun, it flies out of his hand and across the room.

Fiona lifts her other booted foot towards Mike's crotch but, ready for that, he blocks it and aims a punch at her throat. She moves back and rips her blacked nails down his face leaving red scratch marks across his cheek.

He slaps her, grabbing her hair, throwing her across the room. She turns, and at the same time, swings her arm out and hits him hard across the face with the back of her hand. The force is hard enough to push him back, she rushes towards him and jumps on top of him, making him fall to the floor, she is slapping him and punching him one after the other while she is sitting astride him.

He swings a punch to her side and she crumples to the floor. He stands and kicks her in the stomach.

It all happens so fast that Fred has only pulled himself up to a sitting position when it is all over.

Mike reaches over and lifts Fred's discarded automatic pistol then reaches over and pulling Fiona by the hair, he drags her in front of Fred. He pulls her hair up so that Fred can see her face. Mike puts the gun to her temple.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

(panting)

You just can't look after your women, can you?

CLICK. The hammer to the pistol does not make contact with the bullet in the chamber. CLICK. Mike tries again. CLICK. Again, nothing.

Mike lets go of Fiona's hair and throws the gun away then he walks over to the other side of the room.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

Antiques. Never mind, eh?

Reaching behind a chair he produces a double barrel shotgun and points it at Fiona.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)

(looking round at Fred)

You see, I have the last laugh Freddie, I get to kill this bitch then go after the daughter, loose ends and all that.

Mike is giggling hysterically now.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)
After killing these two you turned
the shotgun on yourself.

He stops, searching Fred's face.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)
Now, I know what you're thinking.

Fred spits more blood as an answer.

MIKE MCGIFF (CONT'D)
How do I explain--
(looking round)
--All this? That's the best bit. I
followed you up here, but was too
late. I'm first on the scene, I'm
in charge, I get to create the
scenario. Brilliance.

Mike is enthralled with his own plan. Pleased with
himself and his infallibility until he stops dead at the
sound of his own metallic voice.

MIKE MCGIFF (V.O.)
*You see, I have the last laugh
Freddie, I get to kill this bitch
then go after the daughter, loose
ends and all that.*

Mike slowly turns.

Fred is holding up a small digital recorder in one hand,
in the other is the antique Smith and Western revolver
that was in the glass case. Fred spits through blood and
broken teeth.

FRED BUCHANAN
If you're going to kill a man.
Kill him. Don't have a
conversation with him.

Fred pulls the trigger and the SHOT rings out.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.