

**LOSGADH**

Episode One

Written by

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*Ye hypocrites! Are these your pranks?  
To murder men and gie God thanks?  
Desist, for shame! - proceed no further  
God won't accept your thanks for murder!*

**Robert Burns**

**Any dialogue in *italics* indicates spoken MANDARIN, subtitled.**

**Any dialogue underlined indicates spoken GAELIC, subtitled.**

**TEASER**

Colours. An otherworldly palette of deep blues, bright pinks, and a sharp green.

The Aurora Borealis.

Pulling back, a maw of treetops swallow the cosmic display as we tilt down to...

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Serene and silent.

Suddenly, NEIL EZE bursts up into frame - kinda like this:  
<https://tinyurl.com/yc56zenz>

He's early 30's, pretty jittery, and his clothes all scream: 'IT consultant from Norfolk, lives alone'. Everything except the rope tied around his neck. That's avant-garde.

NEIL looks around, scared. Seeing something in the distance he scrambles to his feet and runs off.

Weaving through the trees NEIL is slow for someone so afraid. Probably because the rope around his neck is dragging a broken tree branch. Now, that's very avant-garde.

Behind NEIL three bobbing flashlights give chase. Their owners must be dangerous people because--

BANG!

One of them starts firing a gun - the bullets just miss NEIL and splinter a nearby tree as he rushes out to...

**EXT. SINGLE TRACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

NEIL stumbles onto the tarmac and sees two parked vehicles.

NEIL  
 Help! Oh god, please help!

As he rushes toward them we see one is a large logging vehicle, filled with felled trees, blocking the road.

The other is a white refrigeration van - the driver door ajar.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
 (reaching the vehicles)  
 Please, there's these--

But no one's there. Both vehicles have been abandoned.

Then, NEIL gets it - these vehicles belong to the chasing flashlights' owners. FUCK!

Luckily, the keys are still in the ignition, so NEIL clambers in and slams the door.

Starting the van, he puts it into reverse (*single track roads are no place for a U-turn*) and slams the accelerator.

But it stalls. Of course - new van, new biting point.

NEIL starts it up again as the three flashlights emerge from the forest - the faces of their owners obscured by their glare.

As the van speeds away backwards, the flashlights give chase but don't shoot.

In the mirror, NEIL sees a passing space and quickly J-turns.

But it's slow. And awkward. Like it would be in a large van.

The flashlights almost reach him but NEIL manages to turn the van around just in time and zoom off into the distance.

**INT. REFRIGERATED VAN - CONTINUOUS**

NEIL, adrenaline fuelled, laughs manically as he speeds away.

**EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - CONTINUOUS**

A crown of mountains jewelled with lochans frame the fast moving firth below.

As the van drives through the glen, we see the rope around NEIL's neck was caught in the door and the branch is still being dragged along.

In the distance, toward the horizon, a tiny village clings to the edge of the firth. This is AONAR.

Hidden among the giant mountains, this human settlement is illuminated by sodium street lamps and... by flame?

One of the buildings is engulfed in fire.

CUT TO:

The inferno, consuming the frame.

Through the blaze our title emerges: **LOGGADH**

*(said as it's spelt until you get to 'H'. Ignore the 'H'. Gaelic would've put an ignorable 'H' everywhere if it could. It certainly tried...)*

The fire devours the title as it rages on and we...

MATCH CUT TO:

**ACT ONE**

The charred remains of the building continue to smoulder and smoke where the flames once were, as we pull out to...

**EXT. AONAR MAIN STREET - THE NEXT MORNING**

A village stuck in the 20th century - 1989 to be exact. That's the year a new bridge cut the journey from Cairnton to Wick by 30 mins and Aonar off from the rest of the world.

The local corner shop, butchers, library and cafe all nestle closely to the burned building - previously The Lady Ross pub and hotel. FIREFIGHTERS douse it with water from a fire engine.

CUT TO:

A new wide angle of the street as we pull back into...

**INT. CONSULTING ROOM, AONAR SURGERY - CONTINUOUS**

The view to the street below and the mountains beyond is the only impressive thing in here.

Even DR. ANGIE GRAY (50's) seems to disappear into the beige walls as she stares down at the commotion.

Eventually, she turns to look at the room, taking it in.

ANGIE  
(to herself)  
It's fine.

A knock on the door precedes an old man, IAN CRABB, entering. White wiry hairs protrude from his ear lobes and nostrils.

CRABB  
Mornin' Dr Gray.

ANGIE  
Morning Ian, please take a seat.

As he does, ANGIE consults a file on her desk.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
So, the test results came back and  
it's the worst case scenario.  
(pause)  
Dementia. Early onset.

A beat, then...

CRABB bursts into tears - a tsunami of emotion.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid it'll be pretty rapid.  
They're not sure when exactly it'll  
accelerate but cognitive decline--

CRABB  
(thru tears)  
What happens now?

ANGIE  
The immediate steps are to stop  
work, start putting affairs--

CRABB interrupts with a huge, shuddering sob.

ANGIE pushes a box of tissues toward him.

CRABB  
Thank you. It's just... a lot to  
take in, y'know?

ANGIE  
(pause)  
I know.

CRABB  
Sorry, 'course you do.  
(breaking down again)  
It's just all happened so fast.

ANGIE reaches over to hold his hand and comfort him.

ANGIE  
Things will change and it's gonna  
be tough, but--

CRABB  
All the uncertainty and the waiting...  
It's been exhausting.

ANGIE  
Yeah, it has.

CRABB  
And now, strangely, I'm relieved.  
'Cos it's better just to know,  
isn't it?

ANGIE  
I guess.

Silence.

Then, another knock precedes the RECEPTIONIST poking her head  
around the door:

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry to disturb but yer nine  
o'clock is here, Dr Crabb.

CRABB

Thanks Michelle. Gimme a sec.

The RECEPTIONIST leaves.

CRABB (CONT'D)

So... what do we do now?

ANGIE

I've already told the GMC to get  
the ball rolling on my replacement.  
The locum insurance will cover you  
'til then.

CRABB

Thanks. Who else knows?

ANGIE

Round here? Only you. Not quite  
ready to be village gossip yet.

CRABB

(pause)  
Sorry for--

ANGIE

It's fine.

CRABB takes a deep breath, stands and heads for the door.

CRABB

(turning back)  
Don't worry about this place,  
Angie, we'll be fine. You just get  
home and enjoy yer...  
is retirement the right word?

ANGIE

Probably not.

CRABB

Well, whatever you want to call it,  
just enjoy it.

ANGIE nods as CRABB leaves unburdened.

Through the door, ANGIE can hear the phone ringing, patients  
arriving, life continuing - all without her.

Grabbing her handbag, she starts filling it with some personal effects to take home.

ANGIE  
(to herself)  
It's fine.

**EXT. AONAR MAIN STREET - DAY**

ANGIE trudges down the street toward the fire engine and pub.

She passes the FIREFIGHTERS, who are being directed by ROBBIE DUNN (50's), the owner of the now burned down Lady Ross. A planet for a belly, chevron moustache, and hair a little long at the back complete, his seedy look.

ROBBIE  
That's it, make it rain.  
(seeing Angie)  
Morning Dr. Gray.

ANGIE doesn't stop - trying to ignore him.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
(gesturing at the pub)  
Terrible, innit? Still, y'might get someone in yer AirBNB now.

ANGIE  
(still not stopping)  
It's a spare room for some extra cash. And if you keep burning down--

ROBBIE  
This was a terrible accident caused by a faulty gas fitting. I'd just had the wife redecorate the place.

ANGIE  
Sure, and the insurance revalued?

ROBBIE  
Just last week! My one bit of luck in all this.

As ANGIE walks away, shaking her head, a FEMALE FIREFIGHTER walks toward the pub.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
(leering at her)  
Well, not the *only* bit.

Down the street, a police car parks up and SGT. GORDON MCKAY (40's) steps out and approaches. He doesn't need to wear his uniform for you to guess he's a cop - the bald head and frown say it all.



ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
(to Gordon)  
Evening.

GORDON  
Don't start.

ROBBIE  
Too late. Startin' started about an hour ago.  
(noticing Gordon's attitude)  
You got better places to be with better things to be doin' Gordon?

GORDON  
Aye. Anywhere, doing anything is better than helping you scam-

ROBBIE  
This was a terrible accident caused by a faulty gas fitting.  
(to the female firefighter)  
Ain't that right, sweetheart?

FEMALE FIREFIGHTER  
(ignoring the 'sweetheart')  
So you keep sayin'.

ROBBIE  
And I'll keep sayin' it. Because that's what happened. And that's all the insurance company needs to know in yer report.

GORDON  
Hardly what I joined the police to be doin'.

ROBBIE  
D'you think claimin' insurance on The Lady Ross is what I signed up for?

GORDON  
(resigned)  
A terrible accident caused by a faulty gas fitting, y'say?

ROBBIE  
Aye, that's right.

GORDON heads over to interview the FIREFIGHTERS as ROBBIE looks over the destruction, his smile widening...

**EXT. VENIMOO ABBATOIR - DAY**

Establisher - A huge industrial warehouse on the banks of the firth, opposite Aonar.

If you've had venison, beef or salmon recently then it came via this place.

Parked outside are several white refrigerated vans.

**INT. ABBATOIR FLOOR, VENIMOO - DAY**

Deer carcasses, freshly shot, hang from hooks.

Burly men, dressed as dinner ladies, butcher the meat.

Piles of venison steaks, like in Tesco's, stacked high.

It's the journey from death to dinner.

Overlooking the carnage is a window to the manager's office that's accessed by...

**INT. STAIRCASE, VENIMOO - CONTINUOUS**

Lining the wall are photos of the same man, smiling smugly. Underneath each: Employee of the month - DAVID MacKENZIE.

CHEN (O.S.)  
*Where is Sybille?*

WU (O.S.)  
*She's not saying.*

CHEN (O.S.)  
*Ask her then!*

LESLEY (O.S.)  
*Is it yer first time in Scotland?*

WU (O.S.)  
*Uh... Yes.*

LESLEY (O.S.)  
*It's a beautiful time of year.*

CHEN (O.S.)  
*Has she got--*

WU  
*Lesley, is Sybille--*

But he's interrupted by the sound of someone rushing up the stairs.

LESLEY (O.S.)  
That'll be David now.

As we sweep past the final clone of over-achieving David, RUARAIKH SUTHERLAND (30's), eager to please but rarely managing it, bounds into...

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, VENIMOO - CONTINUOUS**

Wood panelled walls frame windows with a view over the firth and the abattoir floor.

LESLEY STEWART (40's), a female bullshit detector clad in a functional navy suit, sits opposite CHEN HUILIN (50's) and WU JIANLONG (20's). The former is a severe looking woman with a gaze like steel and an unbreakable calm. The latter has a mop-top haircut that would make the Fab Four proud. Both wear all black.

LESLEY  
Oh, it's you Ruaraidh.

RUARAIKH  
Sorry I'm late Lesley--

CHEN  
(to Wu)  
*Is he here with Sybille?*

WU  
(judging Ruaraidh)  
*I hope not.*

LESLEY  
Have you seen David? Or Sybille?

RUARAIKH  
Is he late too? I'll make it up at the end of the day if--

LESLEY  
No need. Cheers Ruaraidh.

RUARAIKH, disappointed, trudges back down the stairs past the many pictures of David smiling back at him.

LESLEY (CONT'D)  
(to Wu)  
Sorry about that-- Him, I mean. And for Sybille's delay. That too.

CHEN  
*What is she saying?*

WU  
*She apologised for the man.*

CHEN  
*And the delay?*

WU  
*Yes, and the delay.*

LESLEY  
 (gesturing at Wu's hair)  
 Beatles fan?

WU  
 Uh... yes.

LESLEY  
 John Lennon used to visit Durness  
 as a kid, it's just up the road.

WU  
 (eyes widening)  
 Cool.

LESLEY  
 Yeah, he came back with Yoko once  
 and crashed his car.

WU  
 Really? Wow.

LESLEY  
 Yep. Look, David's probably just  
 stuck on the Struie road with  
 Sybille. Why don't you go to the  
 cafe over the bridge and I'll find  
 you when he arrives?

WU, unsure, glances at CHEN.

CHEN  
*Let me guess, she needs more time.*

CUT TO:

A little later.

LESLEY watches from the window as CHEN and WU head over the  
 bridge toward the village cafe.

Then, taking out her phone, she dials a number that goes  
 straight to voicemail.

LESLEY  
 (into phone)  
 David, the fucking Chinese are  
 here. Where the fuck are you? And  
 where the fuck is Sybille?

**EXT. ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - DAY**

On the edge of the village, a generous family home perches just above the water line.

An idyllic picture - until it's punctured by a shrill bark.

**INT. ENTRANCE HALL, ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS**

A Shetland sheepdog shrieks (*try saying that three times while drunk*) at the door as ANGIE enters.

ANGIE

For Christ's sake, Doorbell! It's me. It's only me!

DOORBELL (the Sheltie) turns from alert to playful as he recognises ANGIE.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Yes, home early.

**INT. HALLWAY, ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS**

ANGIE and DOORBELL walk past patches of carpet less worn than the rest. As if items above them were recently moved.

A large cardboard box full of Blu-Rays sits by the door to...

**INT. LIVING ROOM, ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS**

A room half-packed in boxes.

ANGIE enters to find CRAIG GRAY (50's) taking down a painting from the wall. He's the kind of bloke who employs social distancing for his emotions.

CRAIG

Oh, hey.

ANGIE

Hey.

CRAIG

Thought you'd be at work.

ANGIE

I'm coming down with something. Probably just flu, but...

CRAIG

(gesturing at the box)  
Just picking up some last bits.

ANGIE  
Yer blu-rays are all in a box in  
the hall.

CRAIG  
Cheers. But Netflix got me covered.

ANGIE awkwardly shifts her weight as CRAIG packs up.

ANGIE  
That everything?

CRAIG  
Uhh... not quite.

He looks down at ANGIE's hand and her gold wedding ring.

ANGIE  
Oh--

CRAIG  
It's just it was my mothers and...  
Sentimental value, y'know?

ANGIE  
'Course.  
(looking at it, unsure)  
Not like she needs it though.

CRAIG  
True. But I could say the same  
'bout you.

ANGIE  
Fair enough.

ANGIE tries to pull at the ring but it doesn't budge.

CRAIG  
Maybe some soap--

ANGIE  
Didnae need soap to get it on.

She pulls harder, her face straining.

CRAIG  
Dinnae rip yer finger off.

ANGIE  
It'll... come.

CRAIG  
Look, I'll just pick it up another  
time, OK?

ANGIE  
You sure?

CRAIG

Sure.

As CRAIG makes for the door, DOORBELL enthusiastically follows him - pawing at his feet.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(to Doorbell, petting him)

Oh, I know. I miss you too!

CRAIG leaves, closing the door behind him. DOORBELL turns back to ANGIE.

ANGIE

Traitor.

ANGIE sits in an armchair, easily removes the gold wedding ring from her finger, and chucks it on the floor.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(pause, then to herself)

It's fine.

**EXT. AONAR MAIN STREET - DAY**

CHEN and WU walk past the commotion of FIREFIGHTERS and head toward the small cafe opposite the Lady Ross.

GORDON watches them go while ROBBIE continues to leer at the FEMALE FIREFIGHTER.

GORDON

(noticing Robbie)

How is yer wife these days?

ROBBIE

Christ alive. Why bring her up?

GORDON holds his hands up - *'alright, I'll drop it'*

GORDON

How much you make out of this whole 'faulty gas fitting' thing then?

ROBBIE

The payout'll barely cover my mortgages.

GORDON

Mortgages?

FEMALE FIREFIGHTER

(coming over, to Robbie)

Got a key for the door? Saves us barging it.

ROBBIE  
Sure do sweetheart.

ROBBIE unlocks the blackened door and beckons the FEMALE FIREFIGHTER inside:

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
If we're lucky, the booze might've survived. First round on me.

The FEMALE FIREFIGHTER, ignoring ROBBIE, enters...

**INT. BURNED DOWN PUB - CONTINUOUS**

The FEMALE FIREFIGHTER explores the murky and rotten interior. Everything from the walls to the bespoke furniture has been thoroughly charcoaled.

She approaches some scorched debris on the floor but quickly realises something...

FEMALE FIREFIGHTER  
(shouting)  
Oi, Gordon. Get in here!

GORDON enters and approaches the FEMALE FIREFIGHTER.

GORDON  
Tell me it's the gas fitting--  
(seeing the debris)  
Bloody hell!

The debris isn't debris...

It's a DEAD BODY.

The gruesome burns have made it almost indistinguishable from the rest of the mess.

GORDON and the FEMALE FIREFIGHTER glance at each other and then turn to see ROBBIE in the doorway, his smile fading...

**END OF ACT ONE.**



ACT TWOEXT. GUANGZHOU - NIGHT

Establisher - The trade capital for South China.

It looks like Blade Runner's Los Angeles on acid.

EXT. GUANGZHOU STREET - CONTINUOUS

Throngs of people navigate past shops lined with baskets full of spice, rice, and that delicious looking thing on a stick.

Through the crowd we pick out the unassuming and underprivileged figure of BO JING (20's), skinny and sincere.

BO JING  
 (muttering to himself)  
*It's a little sensitive but I need  
 some help. That's all. I'm getting  
 married and I need a little help.*

Composing himself he enters...

INT. TRADITIONAL CHINESE MEDICINE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Rust coloured boxes tower high next to jars filled with elixirs, tonics and herbs.

BO JING heads toward the counter and the SHOPKEEPER (70).

BO JING  
*Hi. I'm getting married and...*

SHOPKEEPER  
*Congratulations.*

BO JING  
*...I need-- thank you. Yeah, so I--*

SHOPKEEPER  
 (shouting to the back)  
*Ju, Get out here! We've got a  
 customer getting married.*

BO JING  
*Uh... I don't need Ju--*

SHOPKEEPER  
*Ju is my wife. She'd want to come  
 and see you.*

BO JING  
*Ok, fine. But the reason I'm here  
 is quite sensitive and--*

SHOPKEEPER  
 (shouting back again)  
*Come on Ju!*

BO JING  
*No, please I'd-- You must be Ju,  
 lovely to meet you.*

JU WANG, about four foot high and four hundred years old,  
 creeps out from the back.

JU  
 (ignoring Bo)  
*Don't yell at me.*

SHOPKEEPER  
*I had to yell Ju or you wouldn't  
 have heard me.*

JU  
*You yell at me too much.*

SHOPKEEPER  
*Here we fucking go.  
 (to Bo)  
 You know what? Here's some advice.  
 Don't get married. Call the whole  
 thing off. God knows, I should've!*

JU  
*Ha! I'm not that lucky.  
 (to Bo)  
 What do you need kid? Some Ginseng?*

BO JING  
*It's... a bit of a sensitive issue--*

SHOPKEEPER  
*Old Ju here...*

JU  
*Don't call me old.*

SHOPKEEPER  
*... has seen it all-- You are old  
 Ju. Very old. Spit it out kid.*

BO JING  
 (pause)  
*I can't...*

JU  
*...Speak? Is that it?*

BO JING  
*No, I can't get...*

He holds up his fist, clenching it hard.

JU and the SHOPKEEPER glance at each other.

SHOPKEEPER  
*You can't clench your fist?*

JU  
*You're doing it kid.*

BO JING  
*No, I can't...*

He holds out a droopy finger and slowly points to the sky...

SHOPKEEPER  
*What, never?*

BO JING  
(pause)  
*Not since...*

JU  
*I'm so sorry.*

SHOPKEEPER  
*Fiancé not a looker?*

JU  
*Shut up.*  
(to Bo jing)  
*GINSEY'S helped loads of men like you. It'll sort you out.*

SHOPKEEPER  
*Or cordyceps. Cordyceps can--*

BO JING  
*I've tried all that. None of it works. But... someone said you had--*

JU and the SHOPKEEPER stiffen.

JU  
*It's rare stuff these days.*

SHOPKEEPER  
*It's expensive stuff these days.*

BO JING  
*I'll pay whatever it takes.*

SHOPKEEPER  
*It's ¥20,000 for one bottle.*

CHINYI (PRE-LAP)  
*¥20,000?!*

INT. GAMBLING DEN, GUANGZHOU - NIGHT

The basement to a bar. Cigarette smoke clouds a small table where CHINYI YU (30's), tattooed and tough, gambles with three other PLAYERS on Mahjong.

At the edge of this illegal game stands BO JING.

BO JING  
*I'd pay you back.*

CHINYI  
*You didn't invite me to the wedding.*

PLAYER 2  
(grabbing a tile)  
*Chī!*

BO JING  
*It's a small ceremony--*

CHINYI  
*Xi got an invite.*

BO JING  
*Xi is my brother.*

CHINYI  
*But you come to Chinyi when you  
need ¥20,000?  
(grabbing a tile)  
Gàng!*

BO JING  
*I wouldn't ask if I wasn't desperate.*

CHINYI  
*Oh, thanks a lot.*

BO JING  
*No, I meant-- that came out wrong.*

PLAYER 3  
*Péng! Húle!*

PLAYER 3 reveals her winning collection of tiles.

CHINYI  
*Ah, fuck. Another game?*

PLAYER 3  
*You still owe me for my last win.*

PLAYER 2  
*And mine.*

PLAYER 4  
*And--*

CHINYI

*Yes, I get it. I'll pay you  
back tomorrow.*

The three PLAYERS swap winnings and wary glances as and begin to leave.

PLAYER 3

(to Chinyi)

*Call me sometime for a  
private lesson.*

She scrawls her number on some paper and hands it to CHINYI.

PLAYER 3 (CONT'D)

(to Bo Jing)

*Good luck with the wedding, kid.*

As she leaves, CHINYI checks her out.

BO JING

(to Chinyi)

*I just want her to be happy--*

CHINYI

(distracted by Player 3)

*No, you want to be the one to make  
her happy. Big difference.*

BO JING

*Is that a bad thing?*

CHINYI

*'Course not. But after what you  
went through she'd understand--*

BO JING

*I don't want her to understand. She  
shouldn't have to. I'm sick of...*

(pause)

*I'm sick of having been sick.*

CHINYI

*Look, Bo Jing, if I had ¥20,000...*

BO JING

*It's alright man--*

CHINYI

*... But I'm on a job later tonight.  
I could cut you in?*

BO JING

*I don't know if I can--*

CHINYI

*It's not about if you can, but if  
you want to...*

CHINYI pointedly readjusts himself.

BO JING  
*That's disgusting.*

CHINYI  
*Yep. But it's worth ¥20,000.*

**EXT. AONAR MAIN STREET - DAY**

Police tape now cordons off the burned down Lady Ross.

CHEN and WU watch from the cafe window as GORDON places ROBBIE into the back of his police car and drives off.

**INT. AONAR CAFE - CONTINUOUS**

Some people would describe the decor as charming, meaner people would call it chintzy.

CHEN and WU sit by a rack of flyers for 'Things to do in the Highlands' - whiskey tours, walking tours and... that's it. WU grabs a few of them.

WU  
*Maybe we could do one of these before we leave? Or visit Durness? What's a few extra hours--*

CHEN  
No.

WU  
(pause)  
*If she can't find Sybille, do you think she'll pay back the million?*

CHEN  
*One way or another.*

WU  
*And if she can't?*

CHEN  
*Then we send her a message.*

WU  
*What kind of message?*

CHEN  
(pause)  
*Does she have any kids?*

WU shifts uncomfortably as a WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

What can I get for you both?

CHEN

(to Wu, matter of fact)  
*We don't have to hurt them.*

WU

(to Chen)  
*We don't have to hurt them?*  
(to the waitress)  
What teas do you have?

CHEN

*I mean, we can if you want.*

WAITRESS

Tea.

WU

(to Chen)  
*No. I don't want to.*  
(to the waitress, slower)  
Yes, what teas do you have?

CHEN

(to Wu)  
*Why are you repeating yourself?*

WAITRESS

Just 'tea'. Scottish breakfast tea.

WU

(to Chen)  
*I'm not--*

CHEN

*You just repeated the same sounds.*

WU

(to waitress)  
Sorry, she doesn't speak English.

WAITRESS

It's alright.

CHEN

*Are you talking about me now?*

WU

(to Chen)  
No.

WAITRESS

So, did you want tea?

WU

Yes, thank you. Two teas.

The WAITRESS leaves to get the tea.

CHEN  
*What did you order?*

WU  
*Tea.*

CHEN  
*What kind of tea?*

WU  
*A... local brew.*

CHEN  
*Black or white leaves?*

This could go on for a while...

**EXT. HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY**

Establisher - GORDON's police car drives over a winding tarmac trail that cuts through the wilderness.

**INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

ROBBIE sits in the back as GORDON speaks into his radio.

GORDON  
Sergeant McKay to control. Uniform  
are securing the scene. I'm  
bringing in the owner. We're gonna  
have to call Inverness for support.

RADIO (O.S.)  
Ah, fuck. Right, will do.

ROBBIE  
I wanna call my wife. I know my  
rights and I wanna call my wife!

GORDON  
(mimicking Robbie)  
'Christ alive. Why bring her up?'

ROBBIE  
Ha-ha, very funny.

Gordon chuckles.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
(pause)  
I got nothing to hide--

GORDON  
Apart from a dead body in yer pub.



ROBBIE

That weren't nothing to do wi' me.  
I'm innocent. My lawyers are gonna--

GORDON switches on the sirens, drowning out ROBBIE's protestations, and drives on, in relative peace.

**EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - CONTINUOUS**

A wide of the glen - Aonar in the distance. GORDON's flashing blue car meanders through the landscape next to the firth.

**INT. REFRIGERATED VAN - CONTINUOUS**

NEIL, calmer than we saw him before, drives along.

Squinting into the distance he makes out the blue flashing lights from GORDON's police car heading toward him.

NEIL

Fuck!

And just like that, NEIL's back to his old, panicked self.

Instinctively, he veers the van off the road onto a nearby dirt track and accelerates away.

Glancing in the mirror, he sees GORDON's police car zoom past - not following him.

NEIL quickly pulls over and turns the engine off.

Then, desperate to get his breathing back under control, he collapses across the front seats.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - DAY**

ANGIE is where we last left her - sitting in the armchair, staring into space.

Suddenly, the piercing bark of DOORBELL shatters the silence and awakens ANGIE from her stupor.

**INT. ENTRANCE HALL, ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS**

DOORBELL is barking at MHARI DUNN (40's), born, bred, and likely to be buried in Aonar. Vulnerable and girlish.

ANGIE approaches the front door and, seeing MHARI, sighs.

ANGIE

(opening the door)  
Don't mind Doorbell Mhari, his bark  
is the worst of it.

DOORBELL rushes out and becomes very playful with MHARI.

MHARI  
 (petting Doorbell)  
 Yes, you can bark. Yes you can!  
 (to Angie)  
 Y'alright Angie? I went to the  
 surgery but they said you'd gone  
 home for the day.

ANGIE  
 It's just flu. You here about--

MHARI  
 Nae worries, it's not urgent. I'm  
 sure I'll--

ANGIE, resigned, opens the door wider - inviting MHARI in.

**INT. ABBATOIR FLOOR, VENIMOO - DAY**

RUARAI DH, isolated from the group, butchers a deer carcass.

Pulling at a strange, fleshy appendage he severs it from the rest of the body.

Then, checking no one is watching, he pockets it. Gross.

From the staircase, LESLEY enters - looking pale.

RUARAI DH  
 (dashing over)  
 Any luck with David?

LESLEY  
 What? No. Nothing.

RUARAI DH  
 D'you want me to check his house?

LESLEY  
 Sure. Yeah, do that. Cheers.

RUARAI DH quickly removes his gown and dashes out.

LESLEY (CONT'D)  
 (texting on her phone)  
 Hands Ruaraidh.

RUARAI DH  
 Right. Sorry!

He dashes to a sink and washes his bloody hands.

INT. KITCHEN, ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Barely enough cutlery or crockery for one remains.

MHARI sits at the table as ANGIE makes a mug of tea.

ANGIE  
Milk?

MHARI  
Please.

ANGIE pours the milk then hands the tea to MHARI.

ANGIE  
So... you wanna show me--

MHARI  
(looking around)  
You'll get a lot of tourists  
stayin' here in the summer. It's a  
lovely house.

ANGIE  
Mhari. Show me.

MHARI  
Work's been stressful, OK. And,  
things have been tough and--

ANGIE  
Don't make excuses for him--

MHARI  
Then don't judge me for not leaving him.

ANGIE  
(pause)  
Fair enough.

MHARI  
I just wanna make sure he didnae go  
too far.

MHARI twists around and pulls up her top. ANGIE winces at the  
bruises embossing MHARI's back.

ANGIE  
This is too far, Mhari.

MHARI  
(turning around)  
He'd had too much booze and too  
little sleep, is all.

ANGIE  
Any trouble breathing?

MHARI  
Only when I lie down.

ANGIE  
Look--

MHARI  
I dinne wanna hear there are places I  
could go or people I could speak to--

ANGIE  
There are.

MHARI  
My life is here. My family, his  
family-- Go back far enough and  
we're probably related!

ANGIE  
Fine. But it's not always just  
bruises like these and STDs from  
"business trips" he's given you.  
Last summer--

MHARI  
I don't wanna talk about last summer.

ANGIE  
And I dinnae wanna see it happen  
again. I'm not goin' to be here  
forever, Mhari.

MHARI  
What d'you mean?

The house phone starts to ring.

MHARI (CONT'D)  
You can get it.

As ANGIE goes to answer it, MHARI puts her coat back on.

ANGIE  
(on phone)  
Hello?

CUT TO:

**INT. CONSULTING ROOM, AONAR SURGERY - CONTINUOUS**

CRABB, sweating and stressed, has the phone on loudspeaker:

CRABB  
Angie, it's Ian. The police are  
insisting a Doc declare a body  
dead. D'you mind?

ANGIE (O.S.)  
 Ian, can't you--

CRABB  
 I'm swamped at the surgery and the  
 thing's burnt to a crisp, Ange. My  
 nan could pronounce it dead.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, ANGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

ANGIE  
 Burnt? The Lady Ross?

MHARI, heading for the door, stops and turns back to ANGIE.

IAN (O.S.)  
 Yea, Robbie's already in custody.

ANGIE  
 (covering the mouthpiece)  
 A body was found in the Lady Ross.  
 The police have taken Robbie in.

CRABB (O.S.)  
 Angie, you there? Can you do it?

MHARI  
 It's fine.

ANGIE's face as MHARI leaves - she's heard that before.

ANGIE  
 (pause, on phone)  
 Sure. I'll do it.

**EXT. AONAR RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**

Rows of semi-detached council houses form a quiet estate.

RUARAI DH parks up his car but doesn't get out. Instead, he starts playing a game on his phone.

Tap, tap, tap - someone knocks on his car windshield.

It's DIANE MacKENZIE (30's), she carries a baby, some shopping, and loads of attitude.

RUARAI DH  
 (winding down the window)  
 Y'alright Diane?

DIANE  
 Y'alright. You just here to play  
 some games?

RUARAI DH

No, I...  
 (glancing at the baby)  
 ... was looking for David.

DIANE

He's at work, inne?

RUARAI DH

(still staring at the baby)  
 Aye-- well, no. He dinnae come in  
 this morning.

DIANE

He was workin' the night shift.  
 (to the baby)  
 That's all Daddy does, isn't it  
 Lewis? Work, work, work.

RUARAI DH shifts in his seat.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Everything all right?

RUARAI DH

Yeah, absolutely. He's probably  
 just stuck on the Struie road--

DIANE

Right. So why are you--

RUARAI DH

I better call the boss, y'know how  
 Lesley gets. Nice seeing you though,  
 Diane. And the... little one.

RUARAI DH quickly winds up his window and makes a call as  
 DIANE, still suspicious, walks away - the baby stares back at  
 RUARAI DH over her shoulder.

RUARAI DH (CONT'D)

(on phone)  
 Hey Lesley. How are-- Uh, no. He  
 isn't at home.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, VENIMOO - CONTINUOUS**

LESLEY stares out of the window at the spectacular view.

LESLEY

(on phone)  
 And no sign of Sybille?

RUARAI DH (O.S.)

No. I could--

But LESLEY hangs up.

Looking toward the village, she sees CHEN and WU crossing the bridge and approaching the abbatoir.

LESLEY immediately dials a new three-digit number.

LESLEY

(on phone)

Hi, I need to report a missing--

(pause)

One of my employees, David MacKenzie is missing. He ain't at work or at home.

(pause)

Was last seen drivin'-- Yeah, the number plate is--

CUT TO:



The license plate attached to the refrigerated van in...

**EXT. LOCHAN MOR - DAY**

Brown, gold, and purple vegetation surround the shimmering water from which a deer drinks.

Through the windshield we see NEIL asleep on the front seats. Blissfully unaware of the shit-storm heading his way...

**END OF ACT TWO.**

**ACT THREE**

Close on black, rolling surfaces and contours - are these mountains made raw from muirburn...?

Pulling out we realise, horribly, that this is the charred remains of the DEAD BODY from the pub in...

**INT. MORGUE - DAY**

Cold and clinical.

ANGIE and a uniformed COP (20's) stare at the body.

COP  
(pause)  
Well...?

ANGIE  
No, they're not well. They're dea--

COP  
I know, I was askin'--

ANGIE  
What d'you need me to sign?

COP  
(grabbing two forms)  
This and this.

ANGIE  
You found this at The Lady Ross  
fire, right? Got a pen?

COP  
Uh, yes and yes.

The COP hands ANGIE a pen.

COP (CONT'D)  
We just heard David MacKenzie from  
the abbatoir has gone missing.  
Dental records should confirm the  
match before a forensics twat from  
Inverness comes to explain it all.

ANGIE  
(signing the document)  
Dave Mackenzie's a bloke.

COP  
Was, yeah. So?

ANGIE  
This one here is-- was, female.



ANGIE hands the COP the documents and heads for the exit.

COP  
(looking at the body)  
How can you tell?

ANGIE  
Metal around the torso. Bra wire.

COP  
Alright Sherlock.

ANGIE  
Better me than some forensics twat  
from Inverness ask if Dave ever  
wore a bra.

COP  
Shit, fair enough.  
(pause)  
Christ, how'd she end up there?

ANGIE turns back to look over the body - her face softening.  
Then, it shifts to a scowl.

ANGIE  
Ask the owner.

**EXT. CAIRNTON - DAY**

Establisher - the Royal Burgh for the county.

Like a slice of Edinburgh's new town. Posh sandstone buildings are filled with shops anticipating wealthy tourists and their tacky tastes.

At the end of the main street sits a decrepit police station for a neglected force.

ROBBIE (O.S.)  
I didnae know anything about it!

GORDON (O.S.)  
The fire or the body?

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, CAIRNTON POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

ROBBIE, handcuffed, sits opposite GORDON.

ROBBIE  
Both!

GORDON  
Come on. The Lady Ross has burned  
down four times in three years.

ROBBIE

In 2019 I bought a cheap chip  
fryer. All the others were a  
terrible accident caused by--

GORDON

A faulty gas fitting?

ROBBIE

Right.

GORDON

Ok, so why was there a burned body  
in yer pub?

ROBBIE

How the hell should I know? When I  
locked up, no body was there.

(pause)

In both senses.

GORDON

Who else has access to the property?

ROBBIE

Half the fuckin' village.

GORDON

So, what yer saying is, if you  
didn't do it...

ROBBIE

Which I didn't.

GORDON

...then someone else locked them  
in. Someone who knew about the  
"faulty gas fitting"...

ROBBIE suddenly looks very scared.

ROBBIE

(to himself)

If they knew then...

GORDON

The more you tell me about 'they',  
the more I can help you

Suddenly, the door opens and Chief Inspector FLORA MUNRO  
(50's) enters. Her bonnie face belies a ruthless streak.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Cannae you read--

(seeing who it is)

Uh... Sorry ma'am I didnae realise--

FLORA  
 Nae bother. But I'm afraid the wife  
 is here to give this one an alibi  
 for last night.

GORDON peers around to see MHARI at the front desk.

GORDON  
 For fucks sake.

CUT TO:

**INT. RECEPTION, CAIRNTON POLICE STATION - DAY**

GORDON and FLORA stare through a window to the street where  
 MHARI and ROBBIE embrace - like reunited lovers.

FLORA  
 We'll bring him back in Sergeant.  
 Just need more time.

GORDON  
 Yes ma'am.

**EXT. CAIRNTON - CONTINUOUS**

ROBBIE and MHARI continue their embrace but from this closer  
 angle it's become disturbing - MHARI winces as her husband  
 clutches her back.

MHARI  
 As soon as I heard--

ROBBIE  
 I know.  
 (pause)  
 I'm sorry about last night. Too  
 much booze--

MHARI  
 And too little sleep. It's fine.  
 D'you think it was 'them'?

ROBBIE  
 Aye, musta been.

MHARI  
 But why?

ROBBIE  
 Don't know why they're here in  
 the first place. But if they  
 found out...

MHARI  
 Need a drive to Auchdun?

ROBBIE  
Aye, cheers love.

He lets her go and heads toward the car.

**INT. RUARAI DH'S CAR - DAY**

RUARAI DH swallows hard as he approaches...

**EXT. VENIMOO ABBATOIR - CONTINUOUS**

A large logging vehicle is parked outside - the same one from the teaser. MARCUS STEWART (late 60's) waits next to it, smoking a vape. He's closer to being a battle-scarred pit bull than a pensioner.

RUARAI DH parks his car up and heads toward MARCUS.

RUARAI DH  
Hey Marcus.

MARCUS  
Where you been?

RUARAI DH  
Just checkin' on Dave MacKenzie.

MARCUS  
Checkin' on him?

RUARAI DH  
To see if he was at home. Which he wasn't, obviously.

MARCUS  
But we know where he is...

RUARAI DH  
(gestures at Venimoo)  
Aye, but yer daughter didnae. And I gotta seem like I dinne either. Playin' dumb, y'see?

MARCUS  
You sure yer just playin'?

RUARAI DH  
(wounded)  
Yes.

MARCUS takes a drag from his vape and then suddenly launches himself at RUARAI DH, twisting his arm.

RUARAI DH (CONT'D)  
Aghh-- Stop it!

MARCUS

Now, listen here you little shit.  
Yer gonna clean up last night's  
mess, right?

RUARAI DH

Why me?

MARCUS

Cos' yer the prick who planned it,  
and it didnae go to plan, did it?

RUARAI DH

That wasn't my fault, I--

MARCUS

(twisting harder)  
Yer the one to fix it, y'hear?

RUARAI DH

Yes!

MARCUS

(releasing Ruaraidh's arm)  
Good! Now, off you fuck.

RUARAI DH

But I gotta--

MARCUS

Do what I say.

RUARAI DH, out of options, heads to his car and drives off.

From the VENIMOO abbatoir, through the Manager's office  
window, we can see CHEN witnessed the whole encounter.

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, VENIMOO - CONTINUOUS**

Behind CHEN, LESLEY and WU are in deep discussion:

WU

Where is Sybille, Lesley?

LESLEY

I don't have it.

WU

Then where is our money?

LESLEY

I don't have that either.

CHEN

*What is she saying?*

WU shakes his head. CHEN begins to slowly approach LESLEY.

LESLEY  
 (panicking)  
 I will, OK? I'll find Sybille--  
 Just give me some time, I--

CHEN  
 (inches from Lesley)  
 You... pay.

LESLEY  
 Please, just give me a chance. I'll  
 do anything, I'll--

CHEN  
 No. You pay.  
 (off Lesley's confusion)  
*Tell her she pays.*

WU  
 She says you pay.

LESLEY  
 Pay what? I can't pay you back, I  
 don't have the money, I--

CHEN  
 (to Wu)  
*She pays for us to stay.*

WU  
*What?*

CHEN  
*Just tell her.*

WU  
 She says you have to pay for us  
 to stay.

LESLEY  
 Uh... sure. 'Course I'll pay. You  
 wanna stay in Aonar?

CHEN nods.

WU  
 Is there a hotel?

LESLEY  
 Not anymore. But...

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - DAY

The now familiar howl of DOORBELL greets LESLEY, CHEN and WU as ANGIE opens the door.

WU instantly treats DOORBELL to head scratches while CHEN keeps her distance.

WU  
*Who's a good boy?*

LESLEY  
(to Angie)  
Thanks for this.

ANGIE  
Nae bother.  
(to Chen and Wu)  
Hi, I'm Angie. That's Doorbell.

WU  
Doorbell? Of course. I'm Wu and this is Chen.

Chen nods as her greeting.

ANGIE  
It's only the one spare room, I'm afraid. You'll have to share.

WU  
That's fine.  
(to Chen)  
*We have to share our room.*

CHEN  
*With the dog?*

WU  
*No, with each other.*

CHEN  
*Eugh.*  
(to Lesley)  
You pay.

LESLEY  
Yes, I'll pay. Through the app's OK, right Angie?

ANGIE  
Sure, take your time.

CHEN  
(to Lesley)  
Find Sybille. Or you pay--

WU  
*Don't talk about it in front of--*

CHEN  
*Look at her, this Angie woman won't  
 be a problem.*

Recognising her name among the mandarin:

ANGIE  
 (to Lesley)  
Everything OK?

LESLEY  
Uh... fine. I just need some time.

ANGIE  
If you need help, just ask.

LESLEY nods as WU and CHEN glance at each other.

CHEN  
*What are they saying?*

WU  
*No idea.*

ANGIE  
 (to Chen and Wu)  
*Yeah, you're not the only one who  
 can play that game. Come on, I'll  
 give you the tour. Shoes off  
 indoors, please.*

**EXT. GUANGZHOU - NIGHT**

Establisher - close to the port and the sea beyond...

**INT. CHINYI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Parked in an abandoned alley bordering the port.

BO JING and CHINYI are getting changed into some stolen police uniforms.

BO JING  
*Chinyi, I don't want to hurt anyone--*

CHINYI  
*Relax, you won't. It's a fence job.  
 I distract the driver, you grab what  
 you can, then we're out of there.*

BO JING  
 (RE the uniforms)  
*Where did you get this stuff?*



CHINYI  
*My mum works at the laundromat  
 twice a week.  
 (sniffing his shirt)  
 Should've specified washed ones.*

They finish putting on the uniform and step out onto...

**EXT. GUANGZHOU PORT - CONTINUOUS**

Mounds of shipping containers tower behind wire fencing.

BO JING and CHINYI stand on a road leading to the dock.  
 A lorry, pulling a shipping container, rounds a corner and  
 approaches the pair.

BO JING  
*Thanks by the way. For this.*

CHINYI  
 (waving the lorry down)  
*Just save me some Baiju.*

The lorry stops and CHINYI and BO JING approach the cab. The  
 DRIVER (20s) winds down the window.

DRIVER  
*Is there a problem, officer?*

BO JING  
*Let's hope not. Papers please.*

DRIVER  
 (handing over a document)  
*This is the third time I've been  
 pulled over.*

CHINYI  
*We're just doing our job, sir.*

BO JING takes his time to read the document before handing it  
 over to CHINYI - it's well rehearsed.

CHINYI (CONT'D)  
*Step out of the cab please, sir.*

DRIVER  
*Oh, come on! It's just been  
 renewed, I--*

CHINYI  
*Out of the cab, now!*

The DRIVER is dragged by CHINYI to the front of the cab.

CHINYI (CONT'D)  
*Hands on the vehicle.*  
 (to Bo Jing)  
*Check he's not hauling contraband.*

BO JING  
*Yes sir.*

DRIVER  
*Please, I can't be late. Not again.*

CHINYI  
*Shut up.*

BO JING heads toward the rear of the lorry but, at the end of the road, he sees a REAL POLICEMAN on a motorcycle speed toward them.

BO JING  
*SHIT!*

CHINYI  
*Oh fuck.*

DRIVER  
 (turning around)  
*What?*

CHINYI  
*Nothing, face forward!*  
 (to Bo Jing)  
*Relax, it'll be fine.*

The REAL POLICEMAN parks up, dismounts and approaches them.

DRIVER  
 (pause)  
*You're not real police, are you?*

CHINYI  
*I said shut up.*  
 (to the Real Policeman)  
*Morning sir.*

REAL POLICEMAN  
*Morning.*  
 (gesturing to the Driver)  
*His documentation legitimate?*

CHINYI  
*Checking it now sir.*

DRIVER  
*Sir, these two--*

CHINYI  
*I told you to shut up!*

REAL POLICEMAN  
*Is everything alright here?*

BO JING and CHINYI freeze.

DRIVER  
*No sir, I--*

REAL POLICEMAN  
*I wasn't talking to you.*  
(to Chinyi)  
*First vehicle inspection?*

CHINYI  
*Uh... how can you tell?*

REAL POLICEMAN  
(RE the Driver)  
*He needed telling twice. Be firmer.*  
*They'll learn not to speak back.*

DRIVER  
*But sir... they're not real police.*

The REAL POLICEMAN stares at BO JING and CHINYI.

BO JING  
*Uhh... D'you want me to call this*  
*in sir?*

REAL POLICEMAN  
*No need. We've got enough real*  
*policemen here. Let's check what*  
*he's hauling.*

**INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER, GUANGZHOU - NIGHT**

From darkness, the door opens as BO JING and the REAL POLICEMAN peer inside.

Boxes and boxes of laptops - piled up like expensive bricks.

REAL POLICEMAN  
*Shame. Looks legitimate.*

BO JING  
*Yeah...*

REAL POLICEMAN  
*Good instincts though, he's hauling*  
*nice gear. Maybe next time.*  
(putting his helmet on)  
*I'll leave you and your partner to*  
*deal with the paperwork, OK?*

BO JING  
*Thanks sir.*

The REAL POLICEMAN leaves as BO JING, grinning, grabs a box of the technological treasure.

Then, as he slams the shipping container door we...

CUT TO:

**INT. TRADITIONAL CHINESE MEDICINE SHOP - NIGHT**

Later, that same box placed in front of the SHOPKEEPER.

BO JING

*Good?*

SHOPKEEPER

*Good.*

*(turning to the back)*

*Ju! Bring out the good stuff!*

JU emerges with a large wine bottle wrapped in cloth.

JU

*Don't shout at--*

SHOPKEEPER

*Yes, yes. Just give it to the kid.*

JU

*(handing the bottle over)*

*She'll feel like the luckiest woman in the world.*

BO JING

*Thank you! I appreciate it.*

**EXT. GUANGZHOU STREET - DAWN**

Deserted. The morning sun just visible through the smog.

BO JING hides the bottle in his jacket pocket and takes out his phone to dial a number but it goes straight to voicemail.

BO JING

*(on phone)*

*Thought I'd give you a call. I'm missing you and I can't--*

Turning a corner he heads into...

**EXT. GUANGZHOU ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

BO JING freezes as his brain tries to process what he sees:

A MASKED MAN, holding a silenced pistol, towers over a DEAD BODY sprawled on the pavement.

BANG!

Blood pours through Bo Jing's phone from his brain as he staggers a little, before crashing down.

The MASKED MAN, with his witness killed, sprints away.

The final ebbs of life leave BO JING.

Tracking across his body we see the fabric of his trousers begin to stretch - Angel's lust.

Ironic.

Tragic.

Fucking dark.

**END OF ACT THREE.**

ACT FOUREXT. LOCH AUCHDUN - NIGHT

Establisher - an isolated body of water, high in the hills. The shimmering colours of the Aurora Borealis are reflected in the quiet waves.

On the edge of the loch bank, hidden amongst some trees, sits a small fishing hut. A light inside indicates life within.

INT. FISHING HUT - CONTINUOUS

The walls are covered by maps of the local area. Random patches of land are highlighted in different colours - almost like fluorescent tartan.

ROBBIE, covered in the red haze from an electric heater, sits on the floor drinking from a bottle of cheap whiskey. He stares at something on the floor.

An old mobile phone.

Steeling himself with a gulp of booze, ROBBIE grabs the phone and turns it on.

ON SCREEN: The same number repeated again and again on received calls. They go back years.

ROBBIE, sipping from the bottle, presses 'call back'.

Terrified, he waits until...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(English accent)  
I told you never to call.

ROBBIE  
I know, I'm sorry but--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
We call you. That's how this works.

ROBBIE  
Yes, but there's a problem--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
The hippies?

ROBBIE  
No, worse. It's the police. They're onto me.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Onto you? Onto you how?

ROBBIE takes a large swig of Dutch courage.

ROBBIE

I-- my pub burned down and the police found a body inside. They're investigating me--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

A body?

ROBBIE

It wasn't me who put it there.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

The body wasn't you?

ROBBIE

No, it wasn't. And--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Then the fire was you?

Silence - Robbie just incriminated himself and he knows it.

ROBBIE

I... if it's about the money. I'll give it all back. Plus interest.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Good.

ROBBIE

But you don't have to drop dead bodies on me. If the police start sniffing around then I'll tell them about this place and this phone and--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Are you threatening us?

ROBBIE

No, I--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

We don't dump dead bodies. We don't dump dead bodies because we don't need to.

ROBBIE

(glancing at the map)  
Then what do you do?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(pause)  
We're coming up.

ROBBIE

Wha--

But the line goes dead.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

FUCK!

He chucks the phone across the hut and pours the rest of the rusty fluid down his throat.

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Close to the clearing from the teaser.

Panning past some trees we come across a DEAD BODY.

We recognise it as DAVID MacKENZIE (the man from the photos in Venimoo). Blood and brain is spattered on the ground from the back of his head.

Uncannily, he still wears the same smile from the photos.

From the distance, RUARAI DH trudges toward the murdered man.

RUARAI DH

(looking down at David)

Still got that smug grin?

He goes to close DAVID's eyes and rearrange his face so it's not smiling anymore.

RUARAI DH (CONT'D)

There. Much better.

Grabbing David's legs, RUARAI DH begins to pull him away.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

ANGIE is in the armchair just sitting and staring into space.

The night outside has turned the window into a mirror. ANGIE glances at her reflection - but something has changed.

She looks older. More empty. Alone. A glimpse into her future?

ANGIE blinks - and it's gone.

Shaken, she stands up and heads into...

**INT. HALLWAY, ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

ANGIE walks right into the box of Blu-rays.

ANGIE

Shit.



Creaking floorboards betray CHEN, at the far end of the hallway, heading to the toilet.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Night.

CHEN just walks away.

As DOORBELL comes to sniff the Blu-ray box, ANGIE glances down at the selection - all male directors, a few rapists to boot. Depressing.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(grabbing the Bluray box)

Fuck this. Walkies?

DOORBELL doesn't need asking twice.

**EXT. LOGGING FACILITY - NIGHT**

A horizontal forest - stacks of debranched logs piled high. They all frame a portacabin - the onsite office.

LESLEY, her car parked, heads into...

**INT. PORTACABIN - CONTINUOUS**

A functional workspace with few human touches - even the resident human, MARCUS, barely qualifies.

As LESLEY enters:

MARCUS

Say what you've come to say and fuck off.

LESLEY

Dad, I know--

MARCUS

You know fuck all.

LESLEY

Please, I know-- After what I said I have no right to come to you for help--

MARCUS

(looking up at her)

What?

LESLEY

I'm in trouble, Dad. A van I was deliverin' to the Chinese mafia was stolen by one of my staff.

MARCUS  
Stolen? Ruaraidh?

LESLEY  
Ruaraidh? No, Ruaraidh's an idiot.  
It was Dave MacKenzie. He's gone  
missing and he knew how much that  
van was worth. He must'a ran off  
with it.

MARCUS  
(calculating)  
'Course... Dave MacKenzie screwed  
you over. And you need my help to  
find him and that van.

LESLEY  
(pause)  
Dad, I'm sorry--

MARCUS  
Don't lie to me. Yer not sorry, yer  
in trouble. That's why yer here.

LESLEY  
Please Dad, I know we've... If  
I don't find get this van back  
then I'm dead.  
(pause)  
Mum wouldn't want to see us like  
this. She'd want you to help me.

Marcus shifts uncomfortably - to keep up the pretence:

MARCUS  
The fuck is in that van that's  
worth so much to the Chinese?

**EXT. LOCHAN MOR - NIGHT**

NEIL is outside, stretching - the fashionable rope and branch  
lie discarded on the ground.

He heads to the back of the van and opens the door.

Inside are stacks and stacks of polystyrene cooler boxes.  
Each is labelled with Chinese characters.

NEIL  
(opening one)  
The fuck...?

NEIL reaches to grab whatever's inside...

INT. MORGUE, GUANZHOU - DAY

FLASH!

White light from a camera envelops the naked and dead body of BO JING as it lies on a cold slab.

Looking over him, a POLICE OFFICER and a creepy-looking guy who must be the PATHOLOGIST.

The OFFICER shakes the photo from the camera to develop it.

PATHOLOGIST

*Poor fucker.*

OFFICER

*He was due to be married.*

PATHOLOGIST

*Terrible.*

OFFICER

*(gesturing to the door)*

*Have you seen his wife? Or, his 'would-be wife'.*

PATHOLOGIST

*She was gonna be his wife? I thought it was his mother!*

The OFFICER puts the developed photo into a brown folder and heads to the door.

OFFICER

*She's not his anything now.*

As the OFFICER leaves the PATHOLOGIST looks over BO JING.

PATHOLOGIST

*(shaking his head)*

*Poor fucker.*

He goes to a nearby box filled with BO JING's personal items - clothes, wallet, the bottle of wine. All in evidence bags.

Grabbing the bag with the bottle of wine, he examines it.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

*No wonder you needed this.*

Within the bottle, a weird-worm-thing floats in the fluid - like one of those experiments gone wrong in sci-fi films.

CROSS-FADE TO:

NEIL's hand holding the weird-worm-thing in...

**INT. REFRIGERATED VAN - NIGHT**

NEIL shakes the appendage, watching it flop around.

Then, looking down at the styrofoam box, he reads the words emblazoned on the inside of the lid: DEER PENIS.

NEIL

Eugh.

He drops the penis in disgust and looks at his hand as if it's been coated in Covid-19.

**INT. POLICE HOLDING ROOM, GUANGZHOU - DAY**

The POLICE OFFICER enters the room, brown folder in hand.

She talks to a woman sitting at a table, BO JING's fiancé.

OFFICER

*Hi, my names Biyu. I'm so sorry for what's happened. Can I get you anything? A drink or...*

Silence.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

(pressing on)

*Uh... in this folder is a photo. We'd like you to identify if the person is you're fiancé, OK? Please take as long as you need.*

The OFFICER slides the folder over to the woman, BO JING's would-be wife, and we see that it's CHEN HUILIN.

She's a little younger and a lot more innocent than we've seen her before now.

MATCH CUT TO:

CHEN's face - older, colder. She's staring at something in...

**INT. SPARE BEDROOM, ANGIE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

Two single beds squeezed into a tight space.

CHEN is casually cleaning some guns - a lethal arsenal.

WU lies on his bed listening to music.\*

WU

*Why'd you give Lesley a chance?*

\*Money is no object at script stage so let's say it's 'In my life' by The Beatles

CHEN

*If we killed her now we'd have to  
find Sybille on our own.*

WU

*So, you're using her?*

CHEN

*For now.*

**EXT. DUMP, NEAR AONAR - NIGHT**

A stunning view of the Highlands that clashes with a trench of human consumption.

ANGIE stands at the edge of the pit with the box of blu-rays. Behind her, DOORBELL explores the smellscape.

She looks over the immortal peaks then, dropping her gaze, looks down at the mountain of man-made shit.

She tips the box over the edge and watches the Blu-rays clatter into the rest of the rubbish.

**INT. ANGIE'S CAR - NIGHT**

ANGIE drives along with DOORBELL in the front seat.

Then, slowing the car, she sees something in the middle of...

**EXT. SINGLE TRACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

ROBBIE, impossibly drunk, is staggering home through the darkness in the middle of the road.

He turns back to look at the exposing glare from the headlights of ANGIE's car.

ROBBIE

Come on then! Go round!

**INT. ANGIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

DOORBELL snarls at ROBBIE.

ANGIE

There's no room to go round, you  
drunk twat.

Frustrated, ANGIE looks around at the enveloping darkness - they're completely alone.

Then, she puts the car into gear and hovers her foot over the accelerator and stares at the serial wife beater.

For a moment, she imagines how easy it would be...

But, the thought passes as Robbie drunkenly staggers back and falls onto the elevated bank that borders the road.

ANGIE slowly drives up toward him.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
(winding down her window)  
Robbie...?

ROBBIE  
I'm fucked.

ANGIE  
Yeah, I can see.

ROBBIE  
No, I mean--  
(beginning to laugh)  
Yeah, no. Yer right but I'm fucked  
the other way too!

A beat - ANGIE wonders whether she should just leave him.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
You a taxi now, Doc?

ANGIE  
(pause)  
Maybe I should've been.

ROBBIE  
Ahhh, I'd just redecorate the  
inside of yer car. Fresh air's the  
only thing keeping it down.

ROBBIE returns to a semi-slumber as ANGIE looks around - they're still completely alone.

ANGIE  
(stepping out of the car)  
A colleague once told me that taxi  
drivers save more lives than  
doctors every year.

ROBBIE  
Mmmmm.

ANGIE  
(heaving him up)  
Something about how getting people  
home does more than getting them  
out of hospital.

ROBBIE  
Get off me--

ANGIE  
You gotta stay awake, Robbie.

ROBBIE  
I said get off me!

Drunkenly, he lashes out and strikes ANGIE.

A beat, ROBBIE is barely aware of what he's done, but ANGIE recognises the behaviour.

ANGIE  
Too much booze and too little  
sleep, Robbie?

She stands up and heads back to the car.

ROBBIE, suddenly enraged:

ROBBIE  
The fuck you say? Don't think--

But suddenly and finally, ROBBIE vomits.

The booze escapes his stomach and erupts in a horrible bile-y mix all over his face.

But it's not just disgusting - it's deadly.

Some of the sick is now trapped in ROBBIE's windpipe.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
Urghhh--

In his inebriation, he's unable to right himself and now he's properly panicking.

Recognising the danger ROBBIE's in, ANGIE instinctively rushes toward him.

ANGIE  
Robbie--

But, she stops herself.

Looking around, she remembers that no one else is here.

ANGIE watches as ROBBIE's body writhes and convulses.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
(pause)  
I'm dying, y'know?

ROBBIE  
 (thru the vomit)  
 Urrgghhh--

ANGIE  
 Dementia. Early-onset. Won't  
 remember my own name soon. It's  
 made me think about things:  
 my life, the difference I made...  
 And y'know what?

The moment for intervention, the chance to save ROBBIE's  
 life, is quickly fading.

ANGIE leans down so she's right next to the dying man.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
 Me being here made no difference  
 at all.

Extending a hand to ROBBIE, she rests it on his arm.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
 It's fine.

ROBBIE's eyes bulge as he realises, dreadfully, what she's  
 doing - or rather - what she's not doing.

Coldly, ANGIE watches as ROBBIE, unable to breathe, finally  
 asphyxiates to death.

A silent beat.

ANGIE, surprisingly calm, goes to her car when she realises  
 something has already gone wrong...

In his death shudder ROBBIE's leg fell between the wheelbase  
 of her car. ANGIE knows that she doesn't have the space on a  
 single track road to go around his corpse - she's gonna have  
 to move him.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
 Fuck...

She goes around the bank, grabs ROBBIE's limp arms, and tries  
 to drag him out of the way.

But he's bloody heavy.

She pulls even harder and ever so slowly he starts to shift.

Suddenly, DOORBELL lets out his distinctive bark.



And that's because, down the road, RUARAI DH emerges from the forest dragging his own dead body.

Fuck indeed.

ANGIE and RUARAI DH both see each other and freeze.

Both equally implicated, what are they gonna do...?

A beat, then:

ANGIE starts dragging again - *'we never saw each other'*.

RUARAI DH, realising their new pact, does the same - *'agreed'*.

As they both drag their bodies we pan back up to the sky, to the Aurora Borealis and its many colours...

**END OF EPISODE ONE.**