

EXT. LONDON PANORAMA - MORNING

London, in all its panoramic glory. Magnificent in the sunshine. A forest of landmarks and landmarks-in-progress.

EXT. BUSY LONDON STREET - MORNING

People hurry this way and that. Pedestrians shake their heads at cyclists. Cyclists wave their fists at cars. Cars beep their horns at lorries.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

An apartment building on a busy street. HOLLY TIVINGTON walks out of the door. She's early 30s, fair-haired, with a timid air. Holly is dressed in a conservative plain white shirt with lace frills. She smiles at a neighbour, but they just scowl at her in return.

EXT. UNDERGROUND STATION - DAY

Holly zips down into an underground station.

INT. TUBE STATION - MORNING

An old man struggles down some steps with his suitcase. Lots of other people file past and ignore him. Holly stops and carries it down. She smiles at him and goes on her way.

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE - MORNING

Holly sits on the tube. A man with long legs manspreads next to her, squashing her into the glass.

As the train gathers forward momentum, the whole row leans to one side, allowing Holly to win some space. Victory!

But it is short-lived. As the train comes to a stop, the momentum is reversed, and Holly is squashed against the glass once more - but worse this time.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - MORNING

Holly is in the lift. She presses HOLD to wait for a rushing woman. The lift goes up. Holly walks out into the sunshine.

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE - DAY

Holly walks out of the station and over the bridge. Halfway down a man knocks her with his bag. Doesn't say sorry. She stops, rubs her shoulder. Looks at the brown Thames below.

Then, without warning, she climbs over the barrier and falls forwards face first towards the Thames. She tumbles towards the water. Sky scrapers against grey sky in the background.

Boom! She hits the brown water. Blacks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE - DAY

Holly stands on the bridge, exactly where she jumped. Looks down at the murky brown water. Looks at the man with the bag in the distance. Sighs. Carries on walking.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Holly walks down the street and enters a large, glass, office building. A copper sign says: FILBERT & JONES LLC.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - MORNING

She enters the reception area of a smart, corporate office. Glass, chrome and the occasional piece of generic corporate art. Holly hurries to the lift. The lift doors in front of her close. Everyone in the lift sees her coming, but no-one presses hold. They look at her dead in the eyes as the doors shut.

TITLE CARD: Bad Manners

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - MORNING

Holly walks through the corridor. A busy office corridor with rooms on either side. She goes to a small office, facing the atrium, not the windows. A card on the door says: HOLLY TIVINGTON, ASSISTANT SOLICITOR. She walks in.

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - MORNING

An office with two desks, facing a dingy atrium. Small, cluttered with files. It's dark, even in the morning. Holly puts her bag on her chair. The other desk has papers on it, and a table top football game, but no-one is there. The phone rings.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Holly, can you come in here?

HOLLY  
Of course Susan.

Holly leaves her office.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - MORNING

Knocks on the door of a plush corner office, facing the light with a great view of the City. Inside SUSAN DE CARLE - 40s, suit, air of authority - is putting on her expensive coat and zipping a bag. She nods at Holly.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE

Susan's corner office is much larger than Holly's. TV on the wall. Legal tomes in the background. Not sharing with anyone. Light and bright. An important person's office.

SUSAN  
Can you ensure the data room is processed and uploaded to the system. It needs to be done yesterday.

HOLLY  
The whole thing?! What happened to...

SUSAN  
Yesterday Holly.

HOLLY  
But it's Friday today. The disclosure date is Monday.

SUSAN  
Yes it is.

HOLLY  
There are thousands of...

SUSAN  
Sunil is off.

Holly reacts.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
He's had to take a personal day.

HOLLY

But he knew disclosure is next week. How could he...

SUSAN

Death in the family. Terrible tragedy so I'm told. Off till Monday.

We see picture after picture of him on a stag do: him and his mates wearing a mankini, doing shots through each others' hairy bum cracks, smoking a bong in a go-kart, the works.

HOLLY

But...

SUSAN

I don't care who does it. It needs to be done.

Holly shakes her head in disbelief.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Sorry about the weekend work. If you need to order any food or a taxi home or anything...

Holly looks hopeful.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

...you'll have to pay for it yourself. Finance are having a crack down on expenses.

Holly looks crushed.

HOLLY

Okay. But I just wanted to ask you something. I...

Susan's texting on her phone. Not even listening. Talks over her.

SUSAN

I've got to go now. Got to get to the Cotswolds by lunchtime. I'm on email but probably won't get a good signal, so don't rely on me. See you Monday.

Susan walks out, wheeling a case.

HOLLY

Okay. But can we talk about...

SUSAN  
And water my succulent Holly.

HOLLY  
Yes, Susan.

Holly looks around at the plush office. A little envious

SUSAN (O.S)  
Water my succulent!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Holly walks to the kitchen. Starts making a cup of tea. DEMI (early 30s, Afro-British, smart suit, nice looking) walks in to do the same.

DEMI  
Morning Holly. Is this your tenth  
or eleventh tea of the day?

Holly misses the opportunity for the joke.

HOLLY  
No...it's only my...first.

Awkward silence. Demi pours his tea. Holly is a bit flustered. Thinks for a second about how to break the silence.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
I like tea too!

Demi stirs his tea. Holly looks a bit embarrassed.

DEMI  
Okay, well see you then Holly.

Demi leaves. Holly face palms.

INT. CORRIDOR

Holly carries her tea back to her office. She looks at its dingy, cramped darkness, in stark contrast to Susan's. Holly sighs.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Holly leaves.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

A no-frills gym like PureGym. A man finishes on the bench press. Leaves sweat all over it. Moves on listening to his headphones without a care in the world. Holly grimaces. Wipes the sweat off. Pounds some out.

A buff man waits impatiently for the bench press. Holly finishes. He gets on after her, but doesn't adjust the weights. He lifts. But then can't get it off his chest. The gym trainers have to rush to help him.

Holly moves on.

INT. UNDERGROUND CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Holly is on the tube. The doors beep as they shut. But just as they do, a woman sticks her hands in, palms outwards. She holds the door open and boards the carriage. Holly frowns at her. She doesn't give a shit.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Holly gets back to her flat. She looks tired. She has deep, dark bags under eyes. Her skin is pale. Her hair lacklustre. And worst of all, she has a nasty rash on her arm. Holly examines the rash. Looks puzzled. Pops a pill from its packet:

ON PACKET: Sertraline

Holly walks past a sideboard with plant on it. Next to the sideboard is a framed illustrated picture of a fried egg. She holds it up to the wall. Moves it to the right of the plant. Then to the left of the plant. Then to the right again. Can't decide. Gives up. Puts the picture down.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Holly slips out of her apartment. Knocks on the flat opposite.

INT. CLAIRE'S FLAT - NIGHT

CLAIRE BRIGGS - 30s, short black hair, tattoos - is at home. In stark contrast to Holly's apartment, there is mess everywhere. She hears the knock on the door. Opens it. Sees Holly.

CLAIRE

Don't tell me, Captain Sickday has gone to Bantsderdam for the weekend and has left you holding the shit stick.

Claire lets her in.

HOLLY

Well I'm sure he'll cover me some other time...

CLAIRE

What a bellend.

HOLLY

Claire!

CLAIRE

Sorry.

HOLLY

It's a stag do. His best friend's friend...

CLAIRE

Exactly, not his friend.

HOLLY

He needed to blow off some steam.

CLAIRE

Don't make excuses for him. He's fucked you around far too often.

HOLLY

Honestly, it's fine. I'm fine.

Claire goes into the kitchen area of her studio flat.

CLAIRE

Tsk. Come on. Take off your coat. I'll make you something.

Claire hasn't got any clean glasses. She makes a G&T in a mug. Thrusts the mug of fizz into Holly's hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Here you go. G&T. Extra G.

HOLLY

Thanks Claire. You're the best.

CLAIRE  
Oh stop it. People take advantage.  
That's all I'm saying.

HOLLY  
I know. I'm fine though.

Holly scratches her rash. Claire sees.

CLAIRE  
You still got that rash?

HOLLY  
Yeah.

CLAIRE  
Have you seen a doctor?

HOLLY  
Not yet.

CLAIRE  
Hmm. Has it spread?

HOLLY  
It goes all the way up my arm now.

Holly shows Claire some of the rash.

CLAIRE  
Christ.

HOLLY  
It comes and goes.

CLAIRE  
Like me! Ha ha!

Holly laughs. Claire hands Holly a huge bowl of something smushy with a wooden spoon sticking out of it.

HOLLY  
Very elegant. But much appreciated.

She touches Claire's arm.

CLAIRE  
So what's happening now? You have  
to work the weekend so Lady  
Chuffington-Clitoris can go to the  
Cotswolds?

HOLLY  
Something like that. It's not her  
fault.

CLAIRE  
Stop making excuses for people.

HOLLY  
I know. It's just...

CLAIRE  
You've got to learn to set  
boundaries, Holly. Otherwise  
they'll just walk all over you. Did  
you ask her about that promotion at  
least?

Holly is silent.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You didn't, did you?

HOLLY  
I tried...sort of.

Claire glares at her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
It's just not my style.

CLAIRE  
Honey, you don't know the meaning  
of the word.

Holly laughs. Grips the mug of G&T.

HOLLY  
Honestly, don't worry about me. I'm  
fine.

Grips it so hard the handle breaks off.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Holly walks into the office. The Security Guard sucks his  
teeth at her as she walks past. Holly sighs and gets in the  
lift.

INT. OFFICE - DAY TO EVENING

The office is deserted. We see a TIME LAPSE of Holly going through the documents, eating takeaway, drinking tea, reading more documents. Over the course of the day, slowly but surely, the data room is emptied.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

She climbs into an Uber.

EXT. LONDON STREET - EVENING

The Uber pulls up outside her apartment building. Holly gets out. She gives the driver a cheery:

HOLLY  
Thanks very mu...

The driver drives off. Holly trudges up the steps. Enters the building. Shuts the door. Flips off the light.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Monday. A busy, buzzing office.

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Holly is working. The phone rings. It's Susan.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Holly, I won't be back until  
Wednesday.

HOLLY  
Wednesday? What about...

SUSAN (O.S.)  
The litigators called me. They've  
applied for an extension. Court  
deadline's been moved two weeks.

Holly begins to scratch at her rash.

HOLLY  
When did you find this out?

SUSAN  
Friday.

Holly looks at the pile of boxes. Can't believe it.

HOLLY  
But...I've done it all.

SUSAN  
Great. I'll bear you in mind for  
future emergencies.

Holly is dumbfounded.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Anyway, got to go. The cooks are  
waiting to serve breakfast. See you  
Wednesday. Water my succulent.

The line goes dead. Holly scratches her rash.

INT. THERAPIST'S WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Holly sits in a waiting room. A woman is playing Candy Crush on her phone. It's just pinging away and blurting out the occasional "AWESOME!" and "TASTY!". Holly looks perturbed.

SIMON WOODS (50s, slim, spectacles) enters.

SIMON  
Holly Tivington?

Holly gets up.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Simon Woods.

They leave the room. The woman's Candy Crush goes "SWEET!".

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - EVENING

Simon and his practice look the part. Low lighting. Packed bookshelf. Natty couch from Made.com. He peers at Holly through horn-rimmed spectacles.

SIMON  
So...what brings you to therapy?

HOLLY  
Dr. Mukhajeer referred me. He thinks  
it might help.

SIMON  
I see. And do you?

HOLLY  
I don't know.

SIMON

Okay. So can you tell me a little bit about how you're feeling right now? Anything at all.

HOLLY

I'm fine...you know...absolutely...hunky bloody dory.

Simon stares at her.

SIMON

How do you really feel?

HOLLY

Um...I...I don't know what to say. I feel sort of heavy, stuck. Like there's an invisible blanket on me, weighing me down.

SIMON

I see. And what do you think is causing these feelings?

HOLLY

I don't know. I try my best, you know. Try to be a good person. Do all the right things. But it's so hard. Especially when others don't. Maybe I just need to try harder?

SIMON

Hmmm.

HOLLY

And there's this rash.

Holly shows Simon the rash.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

On my arm. It keeps getting worse. It started here.

She points to a mark a couple of inches up her arm.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

And now it's here.

She rolls her sleeve. We see rash is now eight inches up her arm.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
The more I feel like this, the  
worse it gets.

Simon peers at the rash.

SIMON  
That looks nasty. You really can't  
go on like this, Holly. It's no way  
to live.

HOLLY  
I know. That's why I'm here.

SIMON  
Good. Sometimes we get these  
feelings of impotency when we WANT  
to do something, but we're held  
back. Be it by societal  
conventions, parental expectations,  
whatever. Do you understand?

Holly nods.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Our inner life is often very  
different. We all have a shell that  
stops us growing. We need to learn  
to shed this shell so we can become  
the person we're supposed to be.

HOLLY  
Okay.

SIMON  
Have you heard of Cognitive  
Behavioural Therapy at all?

HOLLY  
Sort of. Not sure.

SIMON  
Well it's a particular branch of  
therapy where we look at changing  
behaviour. The theory is: change  
the way you act, change the way you  
feel.

Simon gives her a leaflet. On it is an illustration saying  
"Change the way you act, change the way you feel". A woman  
smiles with a thumbs up next to it. Holly looks at the  
leaflet.

HOLLY

Sounds good.

SIMON

I want you to try something for me. Next time you get this feeling, this rash, this powerlessness - take action. It doesn't matter what you, do something. Can you do that for me?

HOLLY

Yes, I think so.

SIMON

Good. Now you'll find as you go through this process that you may encounter some uncomfortable situations. Don't worry. It's perfectly normal. Always remember that you're doing the right thing.

HOLLY

Okay, great. I will.

SIMON

Nice to meet you Holly. Good luck. Let me know how you're getting on.

HOLLY

Thank you Simon. Will do.

Holly leaves - a small ray of hope twinkling in her smile.

INT. THE SQUARE PIG - NIGHT

Holly and Claire are standing in the pub, finishing their drinks. It's busy. A table of City Boys are getting hammered in the background.

CLAIRE

Forgot? Fuck off forgot. Probably getting licked out by a Great Dane. Horsey bitch.

Holly laughs. Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Right, drinks. Who's round is it?

HOLLY

Same again?

CLAIRE

Always.

Holly goes to the crowded bar. She waves to attract the attention of the barman, but no joy. Then one of the City Boys barges into the space next to her. He waves his hand in front of her face and successfully attracts the barman's attention.

BARMAN (TO CITY BOY)

What can I get you?

CITY BOY

Seven Mojitos please...

Holly reacts. WTF?

CITY BOY (CONT'D)

And four pints of Star.

BARMAN

I'll have to change the barrel on the Star. Do you want Stella instead?

CITY BOY

No. Star.

The barman walks away to change the barrel. The City Boy calls after him:

CITY BOY (CONT'D)

And 11 Jaegerbombs too!

Holly scratches her rash, quietly boiling with rage.

INT. THE SQUARE PIG - NIGHT (CONT.)

The bar has thinned out a bit now.

CLAIRE

Right, I'm going to meet some people at The Roadkill. You coming?

Holly looks tired.

HOLLY

Nahhh, I'm tired. Gonna go home. I'll leave you to it.

She hiccups.

CLAIRE

Fair enough. Take care Holly-bobs.  
See you in a bit.

Claire leaves. Holly puts on her coat.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Holly is waiting on a deserted platform. She's swaying, a little tipsy. We hear a loud blustery voice talking into his mobile phone. It's the City Boy.

CITY BOY

Yah. I banged her. Yah. Like a  
drum. Ha ha.

Holly walks down the platform to get away. But the City Boy follows her down.

CITY BOY (CONT'D)

Nah rubbish. But it was somewhere  
to dock the yacht if you know what  
I mean. Ha ha.

We hear a faint train in the distance.

CITY BOY (CONT'D)

Exactly! Any port in a storm.

She scratches her rash. The train is getting louder.

CITY BOY (CONT'D)

Nah, I'm at the train station. Nah,  
there's no-one here.

Holly is standing right there. She looks at him like: am I invisible?

CITY BOY (CONT'D)

Yah, like a drum. Exactly. One in  
the goop, one in the poop!

Holly is losing it. We see a MONTAGE of the bad manners she has experienced: the man hitting with his bag, the woman playing Candy Crush, the guy walking off without wiping the bench at the gym, Susan saying:

SUSAN

Water my succulent.

The Uber driver driving away, Sunil on his go-kart, the City Boy braying into his phone on the platform.

Holly's getting dizzy now. Her scratching is getting worse. It's out of control.

CITY BOY

One in the goop, one in the poop!

Holly feels something. Was it a pat? It's the City Boy. She makes a sudden, involuntary movement. At that exact moment, a freight train thunders past. The horn blasts.

All is confusion. All is noise. Then the train fades into distance and the platform is suddenly quiet. She looks around. The City Boy is no longer there. Did she? We don't know. But the City Boy is no longer there.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Holly gets in, shuts the door and bolts every lock and chain.

INT. HOLLY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

She opens a cupboard. Her finger passes from Vodka to Gin to Absinth and finally to...Yorkshire Tea. That's the stuff. She pops a teabag into a mug. Holly stands sipping her tea, staring into the distance. The clock reads midnight.

CUT TO:

She's still standing with her coat on in the kitchen, empty cup, with a troubled look on her face, when she hears Claire's door go. The clock reads 2am.

INT. CLAIRE'S FLAT - NIGHT

A knock. Claire staggers to the door.

CLAIRE

Oh my god Hols. What's the matter?

HOLLY

Something terrible's happened. On my way home.

CLAIRE

Come in.

Holly enters the flat. Claire goes in the kitchen to make two cups of tea.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What is it?

HOLLY

Well I was on the way home...at the station...I was on my way home...when there was this...this...

CLAIRE

What??

HOLLY

...this...I was on my way home...and there was this...

CLAIRE

This what?

HOLLY

...this...this...animal.

CLAIRE

An animal?

HOLLY

Yeah... A really nasty...thing.

CLAIRE

What, like a dog?

HOLLY

Yeah, right, a...dog.

CLAIRE

Oh my god. Did it bite you?

HOLLY

Not as such, no.

CLAIRE

Did it attack you?

HOLLY

Sort of. I don't know. I don't know what happened. It just kind of touched me.

CLAIRE

So then what?

HOLLY

I think I pushed it.

CLAIRE  
You pushed it?

HOLLY  
Yeah. I think so. I'm not sure.

CLAIRE  
Pushed it where?

HOLLY  
I dunno. A train came.

CLAIRE  
You pushed it onto the tracks?

HOLLY  
I think so. I don't know. I didn't  
really see. One minute it was  
there, the next it wasn't.

CLAIRE  
Right...

HOLLY  
I think it got run over.

CLAIRE  
Are you sure?

HOLLY  
No. It just wasn't there anymore. I  
don't know!

CLAIRE  
Welllllll...

Claire puffs out her cheeks.

HOLLY  
Well...what do I do?

CLAIRE  
Welllllllll...

HOLLY  
Well what?

CLAIRE  
Welllll...fuck it.

HOLLY  
What?

CLAIRE

Fuck it. Who cares? Jesus Christ,  
Hols. Is that it?

HOLLY

Well yeah, I guess.

CLAIRE

What do you mean, yeah. It was just  
a dog or something. You said  
yourself it was dangerous.

HOLLY

A dog, yeah. Well it was.

CLAIRE

Well fuck it then.

HOLLY

You think so?

CLAIRE

Look, I've done far worse on a  
drunken night out, believe me.

HOLLY

But don't you think I should tell  
the police?

CLAIRE

Do you really want the fucking  
hassle? You said yourself you don't  
even know what happened. Could've  
gone anywhere. Who gives a shit?

HOLLY

I don't know. This feels wrong. I'm  
gonna call the police.

Holly takes out her phone and starts dialing. Claire grabs  
the phone.

CLAIRE

Holly, look at me.

Holly looks at Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You're badly shaken up. You're not  
thinking straight. Do you really  
want all this hassle just for a  
dead dog that was only going to  
attack someone else anyway?

HOLLY  
I dunno. I just...

CLAIRE  
Look, you're always doing the right thing, making the world a better place. And what does it give you in return? Fuck all.

HOLLY  
It's not like that.

CLAIRE  
Yes it is. You're always thinking of other people when other people think of nothing but themselves. Its time to even the score.

Holly takes a big gulp of tea.

HOLLY  
If anyone, anywhere, has some credit in the old Karma Account, it's you. So fuck it. Get away with one for a change. Why not?

Holly takes a deep breath.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
Oh, I don't know. Maybe you're right.

CLAIRE  
I am fucking right. Clear the account, Hols. You deserve it.

Holly looks unsure.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
At least sleep on it. You'll feel better in the morning.

HOLLY  
Okay...

Claire gives Holly her phone back.

CLAIRE  
Just go to bed. Things will look different tomorrow.

HOLLY  
Okay. Thanks Claire. You always sort me out.

CLAIRE

Course I do. Now time for me to get  
me some shuteye. Big day of fuck  
all tomorrow.

Holly laughs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Any nightmares about dead dogs,  
come see me.

HOLLY

Ha ha. Will do. Night then.

Claire lies down on the sofa. Holly blows her a kiss and  
leaves.

INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Holly pulls herself out of bed. Goes to the bathroom.

INT. HOLLY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Holly checks her reflection. It seems unusually clear. Her  
eyes have regained some sparkle. The dark rings under her  
eyes have become fainter. She examines her arm. Her rash has  
receded a little. She brushes her teeth and pops a  
Sertraline.

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE - MORNING

Holly walks over Waterloo Bridge. A man almost knocks her  
with his bag, but this time she skillfully drops a shoulder  
and dodges him. Then carries on her way.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Holly checks her phone for any news. She can't find anything  
at first, but then a local news article appears.

HEADLINE: BANKER KILLED IN FATAL ACCIDENT

She scrolls through the article.

Then one line particular catches her attention.

THE POLICE ARE NOT TREATING THE DEATH AS SUSPICIOUS

Holly shuts the article down. Composes herself. Puts the phone away.

INT. OFFICE CORRDIOR - MORNING

Holly walks into her office.

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - MORNING

SUNIL - 20s, British-Indian, slovenly suit - is sitting at his desk, talking to MARK - 20s, Essex boy, perma-tan, who is sitting in Holly's seat with his feet on her desk.

SUNIL

Yo, Hols. What's up?

HOLLY

Morning Sunil. Sorry to hear about the bereavement. Is everything alright at home?

Sunil looks up and to the left.

SUNIL

(FAKING IT)

Yeah, no, it's been rough but I'm getting through it. Take each day as it comes, you know?

HOLLY

Well...if there's anything I can do.

Holly stares at him, unable to believe the front. She looks at Mark sitting in her seat.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Ahem.

Mark is on his phone. Ignores her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

AHEM.

Still ignores her. Shakes her head. Susan storms over.

SUSAN

We have a problem. My office. Now.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Holly, Mark and Sunil walk in. KATIE (20s, smartly dressed, intern) is already there.

SUSAN  
SOMEONE forgot to file the form  
with the statement of claim. And  
Mr. Wolfe is not happy about it.

Mark looks guilty.

SUNIL  
Is that serious?

SUSAN  
It could cost us the case for our  
most important client, Sunil. I'd  
say that was serious. Who was it?

Holly looks at Mark. Mark looks uncomfortable. But she  
doesn't rat him out.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Come on.

Susan taps impatiently on the table. Glares around. Everyone  
stares into their tea. Holly breaks the tension.

HOLLY  
It doesn't matter now. What are we  
going to do to fix it?

SUSAN  
Well quite. What indeed.

The room relaxes slightly.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Any bright ideas?

Cue uncomfortable silence. Everyone thinking, shuffling  
paper, clearing their throats. Katie pipes up.

KATIE  
Um...we could file it now?

SUSAN  
No no no. We can't retrospectively  
file documents. You should know  
that by now Katie. Next.

Katie looks embarrassed.

SUNIL

What if we just apologise and apply to the court for special circumstances? On grounds of human error.

SUSAN

Mr. Wolfe is not a man who looks kindly on human errors. Come on!

SUNIL

I don't know then. Who was it anyway?

People start talking over each other. Arguing.

MARK

Could be anyone!

KATIE

Why do you say that while looking at me?! It's more likely to be him.

Points at Sunil.

SUNIL

I'm not responsible.

KATIE

You can say that again.

SUNIL

That's out of order!

KATIE

True though.

Holly tries to say something in the hubbub.

HOLLY

Um...we could attach the amended document as a schedule to an existing doc. That'll update it without the need to file it again.

No-one hears Holly. Except Mark, who's sitting right next to her.

MARK

(LOUDLY)

I've got an idea. We could attach the amended document as a schedule to an existing doc.

(MORE)

MARK

That'll update it without the need  
to file it again.

The room quietens down. Susan thinks.

SUSAN

Yes, that will work. That'll work  
nicely.

Mark looks pleased with himself. Holly looks like WTF?

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Okay, nice one Mark.

Mark looks chuffed. Holly can't believe her ears. Holly goes  
for it.

HOLLY

Hang on, I was the one that...

Mark interrupts.

MARK

We're all one team here Holly. One  
team, one dream.

HOLLY

But...

SUSAN

Exactly Mark. Well said. Remember  
that Holly. Now get back to it  
people.

They all file out. Mark smiles politely and lets Holly go  
first. Holly scratches her rash.

EXT. LONDON BUS STOP - NIGHT

It's raining. A bus pulls up. Holly gets on.

INT. UPPER DECK LONDON BUS - NIGHT

Holly sits alone on the upper deck. A youth walks on and sits  
in front of her, wearing some white in-ear headphones. The  
headphones are banging out a tinny Grime number with a  
monotonous beat.

LYRICS

Jack dem fools. Juke dem fools.  
Shank dem fools.

Holly sits there. The youth turns up the volume.

## LYRICS (CONT'D)

Jack dem fools. Juke dem fools.  
Shank dem fools.

Holly scratches her rash. She can hardly hear herself think. She looks at the CBT leaflet Simon gave her: change the way you act, change the way you feel. Holly politely taps the youth on the shoulder.

He turns round and takes an earbud out.

## HOLLY

Excuse me. I'm so sorry, but do you  
mind turning that down a little  
bit?

The youth replies.

## YOOF

I'm alright, thanks.

He pops the earbud back in and just faces forward again.

## LYRICS

Jack dem fools. Juke dem fools.  
Shank dem fools.

Holly taps him on the shoulder again.

## HOLLY

I'm sorry. I've had a rough week.  
Could you please turn it down?

## YOOF

No I'm alright, thanks.

## HOLLY

Please.

The youth shrugs.

## YOOF

Gotta live my life innit.

Then he puts the headphones back in and turns back around. Holly breaks. She makes a grab for the cables. Suddenly and violently, he elbows her in the side of the head. Bang.

Holly recoils. But the adrenalin has kicked in now. She makes another grab for the cables. This time she catches his arm as he elbows her. Then bends it behind him. She's stronger than him. The youth looks surprised.

He pulls a knife. Fuck. Holly manages to grab the hand with the knife. Smacks it against the window. It drops to the floor. He tries to get it back. Holly takes the white headphone cables. Winds them around the yoof's neck. Pulls back to stop him reaching the knife.

YOOF (CONT'D)

Fuck you...!

Holly uses the seat to lever herself. The youth's finger tips are touching the blade handle on the floor. She has no choice but to pull as hard as she can on the wires. It's a yank for survival.

All the capillaries in his eyeballs burst at once.

The youth stops struggling. Goes limp. Dead.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Holly gets in. Locks and bolts every lock on the door.

INT. HOLLY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Holly opens a cupboard. Her finger goes straight to the Yorkshire Tea. She pops a teabag into a mug. Then decides it's not enough and pops in another. Now there are two Yorkshire Tea teabags. Bloody nuclear tea. She pops the radio on. An upbeat Magic FM style track is playing.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

She stands in the kitchen. Stares into the distance, drinking her tea. Her body posture changes. She stands up straight. Sticks out her chest. She even does a little, unconscious wiggle to the music. Smiles the faintest of smiles. Something unfamiliar inside her awakens. Is it...joy?

INT. LONDON BUS - MORNING

D.I. MITCH BAKER (40s, broad, tattoos, neat beard) and SERGEANT KAMALDEEP NAHAL (20s, female, smart, studious) arrive at the murder scene. Baker looks at the corpse. Cricks his jaw. It's hard to watch - and hear.

BAKER

What the blue balls happened here?

NAHAL  
IC1 male. 20s. Cause of death  
appears to be strangulation.

Baker points at the camera.

BAKER  
Camera?

NAHAL  
Inoperable.

BAKER  
God bless London Transport.

Baker looks around.

BAKER (CONT'D)  
What about the driver?

NAHAL  
He's been contacted. Claims not to  
have seen anything.

BAKER  
Makes sense.

NAHAL  
Why is that Sir?

BAKER  
He's scared. And the victim?

NAHAL  
The victim's name is Jamie Scott of  
72 Windbourne House, Peckham. And I  
believe he is left handed.

BAKER  
How do you know that?

NAHAL  
His watch. It's on the right hand  
Sir.

BAKER  
Sharp work Sergeant. Tattoos?

NAHAL  
There's this across his back.

He pulls up the dead Yoof's shirt.

NAHAL (CONT'D)

It says, or at least I think it  
says: WE RUN TING. TING NO RUN WE.

BAKER

Not an English graduate then.

Baker strokes his beard again.

NAHAL

What are you thinking?

BAKER

This is a gang punishment. Some low  
rent man dem bullshit.

Nahal looks pensive.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Let's get the gang unit involved.  
They'll know more about him than we  
do.

She's unsure.

BAKER (CONT'D)

What is it Sergeant?

NAHAL

I dunno Sir.

BAKER

What don't you know?

NAHAL

I just don't know. It  
seems...unusual for a gang  
punishment.

Nahal examines the murder weapon: the headphone cables.

BAKER

Listen to me. This isn't a class at  
Hendon. This is real life. London  
town. And in London town, you find  
someone with gang tats murdered on  
the top deck of a bus in South  
London, 99 times out of 99, it's  
gang thing. Clear?

NAHAL

Clear. Sorry Sir.

Baker looks at a bunch of kids trying to take photos from outside the bus.

BAKER

Round up the local shitmunchers.  
Anyone with tracksuit bottoms and a  
low pube count. Somebody somewhere  
knows something.

He cricks his jaw again. Then hocks up a massive globule of phlegm and spits it into his empty coffee cup. Baker just gives the cup to Nahal and walks off. She grimaces.

INT. HOLLY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Holly looks in the mirror. Her skin looks clear. Her eyes a bright blue. She examines her arm. To her amazement, the rash has almost gone.

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE - MORNING

Holly walks to work - but she is different today. Much more confidence in her stride. The sun is shining. The sky is blue. The glass building glistening in the sunshine. Holly's back is straight. A definite swagger. A man approaches with a bag, but this time he senses her confidence and gets out of the way.

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Holly arrives at her desk. Mark is sitting there, showing something disgusting to Sunil on his phone. Mark is sitting on her chair again.

SUNIL

Jeeeesus. That's disgusting. I  
didn't know you could do that to a  
snake.

Holly coughs. Sunil and Mark ignores.

MARK

Sick isn't it?

Holly coughs again.

MARK (CONT'D)

I've got another one that's worse.  
Look

Holly picks up a huge file on her desk and slams it down with an almighty THUD. Mark jumps. Gets up.

MARK (TO SUNIL) (CONT'D)  
I'll show you later.

SUNIL  
(FLUSTERED)  
Yes bruv. Later.

Holly sits down in her seat, gets on with her work and smiles to herself.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MORNING

Baker and Nahal are talking to some youths on the street. The bus is in the background. He speaks to one in particular.

BAKER  
Fancy yourself a photographer? A regular David Bailey.

YOUTH  
Who?

BAKER  
Never mind. Give me your phone.

The youth doesn't want to. Baker steps forward with menace. He holds his hand out. Baker has his shirt sleeves rolled up. Nahal looks at his tattoos. One is a Leeds United club crest. There's also a Yorkshire Rose.

BAKER (CONT'D)  
Give.

The youth hands it over. Baker looks through the photos. Then he places the phone on the floor and crushes it under his steel capped heel. He grinds the glass into the concrete, staring at the youth.

YOUTH  
What you doing fam? What?!!!

BAKER  
Just in case you thought of sending this anywhere.

YOUTH  
What the fuck man? You could've just deleted it.

Baker picks up the crushed phone. Hands it to the kid.

BAKER

I know.

The kid looks at smashed phone, deflated. Baker cricks his jaw. Nahal looks at Baker, a touch of disapproval.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Holly walks into the kitchen. Katie is making a cup of tea.

KATIE

Oh hi, Holly!

HOLLY

Hi Katie.

They go about making their tea.

KATIE

Have you done something different with your foundation?

HOLLY

No...

KATIE

You look different that's all. Fresh. I like it.

HOLLY

Oh...er...thanks.

KATIE

And I just wanted to say that I've never seen anyone as dedicated as you are. You're an inspiration. There, I said it. You inspire me.

HOLLY

I don't know what to say. Thank you Kay.

KATIE

Don't mention it. I hope you make partner one day. I'd love to work for you.

HOLLY

Thanks Kay. That means a lot.

KATIE

No problem. Have a nice day.

Katie exits. Holly feels good about herself, stirring her tea. Holly walks back to her office with her tea. She walks past Demi's office, who's in there working. She stops. Thinks for a second. Then doubles back. Knocks then walks in.

INT. DEMI'S OFFICE - DAY

Demi looks up.

DEMI

Oh hey, Hols. What's that? Your seventeenth cup of the day?

Holly laughs.

HOLLY

Sixteenth. Looks like I've got some catching up to do.

Points at Demi's mug. He laughs.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Don't know if you're up for this, so I'm just gonna come out and say it: fancy swapping these teas for something stronger after work?

Demi looks taken aback.

DEMI

Are you asking me out Holly?

HOLLY

Might be.

DEMI

Well that is highly inappropriate for a work environment...

Holly looks embarrassed.

HOLLY

Oh god, I'm sorry...

DEMI

...and yes I'd love to.

Holly looks pleased.

HOLLY

Really?!

DEMI

Yes.

HOLLY

I'll see you at 6 then. We'll go to Corneys.

DEMI

Okay.

HOLLY

Great! Try not drink the office out of tea in the meantime.

Demi laughs.

DEMI

Bye Holly.

HOLLY

Bye.

Holly leaves, unable to hide her smile. She practically skips back to her office.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - EVENING

Holly puts the finishing touches to her makeup in a hand held mirror. She shuts down her computer and grabs her coat.

INT. DEMI'S OFFICE - EVENING

Holly knocks on the door. Demi sprays on some aftershave.

DEMI

Shall we?

HOLLY

Let's.

He puts on his extremely well-fitted coat. Looks every inch the City gent.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - EVENING

Holly and Demi leave together. Katie sees them leave, and smiles.

INT. CORNEYS - NIGHT

A modern, glass-fronted bar. Smart tables, chrome taps, frosted glasses. Demi sips a small beer. Holly a glass of white wine. Demi is struggling to open a bag of nuts.

DEMI  
I can never get these damn things open.

HOLLY  
Give it to me.

Holly takes it off him. She opens the packet first time. Demi looks embarrassed.

DEMI  
Well I loosened it for you.

Holly laughs. Demi raises his glass.

DEMI (CONT'D)  
Cheers.

Holly clinks her glass against his.

HOLLY  
Cheers.

DEMI  
So, tell me about you. Who is the real Holly?

Holly smiles.

HOLLY  
Well, I've been working on that....

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Holly and Demi walk side-by-side down an old cobbled Shoreditch street, lit by ornate Victorian lamps.

DEMI  
Did you have a good night then?

HOLLY  
No, not really.

DEMI  
Oh come on!

HOLLY  
Yes alright. I had an okay time.

DEMI  
Tolerable.

HOLLY  
Let's not go too far.

Demi laughs.

DEMI  
Well I've had a great time.

HOLLY  
Adequate?

DEMI  
Well...more than that I'd say.

They stop by Old Street tube station. Turn to face each other. Demi keeps one arm around her. Then the other one. The two kiss outside the tube station. After a time, Holly breaks free.

HOLLY  
Well, best be off. Early start tomorrow. Can't let Susan catch us being hungover.

DEMI  
No indeed.

HOLLY  
You coming down?

She gestures at the subway.

DEMI  
No, I think I'll walk.

HOLLY  
Okay. Well, night then.

DEMI  
Night.

They kiss once more, then Holly slips away into the underground.

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND PLATFORM - NIGHT

Holly stands on the platform, grinning to herself. The train thunders through the tunnel. Eventually the train comes to a stop and she gets on.

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE - DAY

The tube is packed, but Holly manages to find the last seat. She sits down for a rest. Meanwhile, a heavily pregnant woman gets on. She's wearing the badge. Holds her bump. It's obvious she's pregnant.

The commuters just stare down at their phones. Holly looks at a man sitting in the first seat by the glass partition. He's wearing fashionably rolled up Levi 501s, a red Carhartt coat, paedo-chique glasses and a beanie - a proper East London HIPSTER.

Above the HIPSTER'S seat, we see the sign: PRIORITY SEAT FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE DISABLED, PREGNANT OR LESS ABLE TO STAND.

Holly watches the HIPSTER. He looks up. We see him clearly see the pregnant lady. Then he looks back down at his phone. Holly shakes her head.

She stands up. Gestures to the pregnant lady to take her seat.

HOLLY

Excuse me. Would you...

PREGNANT LADY

Oh thanks very much. You're very kind. Thank you.

The pregnant lady sits down. Holly looks at the HIPSTER. He doesn't look up. Just crosses his leg and carries on scrolling.

The train pulls into the next station. Holly gets up and waits by the door. The doors open and she gets off.

INT. TUBE STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

Holly walks down the platform. A man pushes past her. It's the HIPSTER, walking in a bit of a hurry. Holly follows him.

INT. TUBE STATION ESCALATORS - NIGHT

Holly stands a few places behind the HIPSTER on the escalators. The digital ad screens are full of ads saying: BE YOUR BEST SELF and POWER TO YOU. At the top, the HIPSTER gets off. Holly follows.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Holly walks behind the HIPSTER. He then takes a short cut through a dark wooded area.

EXT. WOODY PATH - NIGHT

The path is flanked by wire fencing and a warehouse on one side. And some London shrubland on the other. Holly trots to catch up with the hipster.

HOLLY

Excuse me! Excuse me!

The HIPSTER turns round, looking a little surprised.

HIPSTER

Can I help you?

Holly catches up.

HOLLY

I just wanted to know something.

The HIPSTER looks like he's about to receive a compliment.

HIPSTER

Yes...?

HOLLY

I just wanted to know why you didn't stand up for that pregnant lady.

HIPSTER

What pregnant lady?

HOLLY

The one on the tube.

HIPSTER

I don't know what you're talking about.

HOLLY

Yes you do. The lady. You should've stood up. But you didn't.

HISPSTER

I didn't see her. Sorry.

HOLLY

Yes you did. I saw you see her.

HIPSTER

Look, whatever. I've got to go now.

The HIPSTER turns to go. Holly isn't satisfied. She grabs his shoulder.

HOLLY

I just want to know. Why didn't you stand up? Just put one foot in front of the other and stand. What's so hard about that?

The HIPSTER spins round.

HIPSTER

What's it got to do with you anyway? It's none of your business.

HOLLY

It is my business! It's everybody's business!

The HIPSTER pushes her.

HIPSTER

Look, just get lost. Go on. Fuck off.

He tries to move away again. Holly grabs him again.

HOLLY

It's not right. Why couldn't you just do the decent thing. Why??

HIPSTER

Because I didn't want to. I was tired and I couldn't be arsed. Happy now?

HOLLY

No. Not quite. Apologise.

HISPSTER

What?

HOLLY  
Say you're sorry.

HIPSTER  
You're off your head.

HOLLY  
Just apologise! It's the least you  
can do!

He turns around again.

HIPSTER  
Okay, I'll apologise. I'm sorry you  
woke up and chose to wear those  
clothes. I'm sorry you have to look  
in the mirror every day and see  
such a basic bitch. I'm sorry you  
just...are. There. Happy? Can I go  
now?

The HISPTER walks away again. Sticks his middle finger up  
behind him. He walks quickly down the path.

HISPTER  
Fucking unbelievable.

Then - WHACK! - he's hit over the head with something hard.  
His paedo-chique glasses fly off. He falls to the floor,  
blood squirting from his temple. Holly stands over him,  
holding a rock.

But, to Holly's surprise, he gets back up. Blood spurting  
from his head, he lunges at her. She lets out a SQUEAK of  
surprise. Doesn't know what to do. Hits him again. He falls  
to his knees, still trying to grab her. So she hits him  
again. And again.

In a silhouette against the wire mesh fencing with the bright  
lights of the warehouse behind, we see Holly as she straddles  
the HIPSTER, bringing down blow after blow on him with a  
rock.

She finishes, breathless. Looks at the rock. Throws it away  
in disgust. Then she walks off quickly down the path. But...

...REVEAL a figure standing in the darkness, watching. In the  
gloom all we can see is a man with big curly hair pulling on  
the orange glow of a cigarette. He puffs a plume of white  
smoke into the air.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Holly gets in. She pops the radio on. Another happy song, like "Lifted" by The Lighthouse Family. Then she washes her face and hands in the sink.

She takes off her blood-soaked white top with the lace-frills and trousers. She takes them outside.

EXT. SHARED GARDEN - NIGHT

Holly takes the clothes to the block's shared garden, pops them on the BBQ, squirts firelighter onto them. And woosh! - they go up in flames.

Holly stands in the garden, burning her old clothes on the BBQ while listening to the Lighthouse Family.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Holly walks to her bedroom. Sees the framed picture still sitting there by the sideboard. Doubles back. Takes a nail and hammer from the sideboard drawer. Holds the picture up to the right of the plant. Then - BANG! - nails it straight in. Done. Holly goes to her bedroom. Shuts the door.

INT. WOODY PATH FLAT - NIGHT

Baker and Nahal stare at the body - head bashed in. There are police all around. The area has been cordoned off.

NAHAL

Found by a dog walker an hour ago.

BAKER

It's always a dog walker. If you don't want to find a body, don't get a dog.

NAHAL

Nothing taken, still has his wallet on him. No evidence of sexual assault.

Baker stares at the body. Nahal points at the a rock covered with blood, lying in the bushes.

NAHAL (CONT'D)

Looks like the murder weapon.

BAKER

Hmmm. What are you thinking  
Sergeant?

NAHAL

I don't think this was an accident.

Baker stares at her. Angry, piercing eyes.

NAHAL (CONT'D)

What...what I mean is they made  
sure they finished him off. Must've  
been struck a fair few times.

BAKER

Correct. Anything else?

NAHAL

Um...

BAKER

Glad you asked. I'm thinking they  
made no attempt to cover their  
crimes. The body hasn't been moved  
and the murder weapon is a few feet  
away, which tells me they acted in  
the heat of the moment, then legged  
it. Do you know what that tells me?

NAHAL

That...um...they...

Baker talks over her.

BAKER

Shush. It tells me that people like  
this make mistakes.

Baker looks at the surrounding area. There is nothing really  
there, just shrubland and rubbish.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Collect every piece of rubbish in  
this area. Footprints.  
Fingerprints. Anything you can  
find.

NAHAL

Yes, okay.

BAKER

Oh and Nahal?

NAHAL  
Yes?

                  BAKER  
Put a Sir on that.

                  NAHAL  
Yes Sir.

EXT. THE CITY - MORNING

A bright sunlit morning. Blue skies.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - MORNING

Holly strides through the busy office.

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - MORNING

She puts her coat and bag down. Then walks out again.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Susan is busy typing. Holly knocks on her door.

                  SUSAN  
Come in.

Holly walks in.

                  SUSAN (CONT'D)  
What is it?

                  HOLLY  
I just came to talk to you about...

                  SUSAN  
I'm busy.

                  HOLLY  
You don't know what it is yet.

                  SUSAN  
Whatever it is, it can wait.

                  HOLLY  
No. It can't.

Susan looks up.

SUSAN  
How can I help you Holly?

HOLLY  
I feel like I work a lot of weekends, and take a lot of the strain here, so I want a salary and position that reflects my contribution to the firm.

Susan stops what she's doing.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
I want the promotion that's been promised me.

SUSAN  
Nothing has been promised you...

HOLLY  
Well I want it promised me.

Susan stares at her.

SUSAN  
I'll talk to the partners.

HOLLY  
It's a simple yes or no.

SUSAN  
I can't give you that kind of answer Holly.

HOLLY  
Yes or no? Or you can find someone else for your "emergencies".

Susan stares at Holly. Holly doesn't blink.

SUSAN  
Yes.

Holly smiles.

HOLLY  
And I want an office with a window.

SUSAN  
That can be arranged.

HOLLY  
Thank you Susan! I'll let you get on.

Holly leaves, smiling to herself. Susan watches her walk out. Quietly impressed.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

It's bright and spacious, huge glass windows looking out into the blue skies with the City behind. Holly unpacks a cardboard box. Some books, a toy woodpecker, a mug with some pens in it. She arranges it all just so, and then sits on her executive chair. Finally, she takes out a muffin. Looks at the card that came with it.

ON CARD: A muffin for my mistress. Dx

Holly smiles, takes a bite of the muffin and soaks in the beautiful view. She's happy.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

Holly leaves the office. She holds the door open for the person behind her. It happens to be Mark. Holly is cheerful now.

HOLLY

Hi Mark!

MARK

(GRUNTS)

Mark is texting on his phone. Ignoring her.

HOLLY

I'm alright, thanks for asking! How are you?

He's distracted.

MARK

Yeah, good.

Holly laughs.

HOLLY

You got anything planned tonight?

Still texting.

MARK

Um, dunno. You?

HOLLY  
Might go out for dinner.

MARK  
That sounds good. I love a...

At that, Holly pushes him in front of a truck. There is something casual, almost nonchalant about it. We follow Mark's body as it bounces and scrapes down the road.

We look back, but Holly has gone.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Holly is at home. She pops the radio on. Another happy track like "Happy" by Pharrell. She swaggers into the bathroom.

INT. HOLLY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

She checks her rash. It's completely disappeared. She searches her arm for any sign. Nothing. It's gone. Then she dances back into her room to the music.

Holly gets changed, dancing all the way. She puts on some new clothes: a black T-shirt with a bunny skull on it. She does her hair. It's different, tussled, full of life.

She dances to the music. Really feeling it. Lost in her own world. Having an amazing time. In one move, she spins around in a pirouette and kicks her box of Sertraline into the bin.

Then Holly picks up her phone and sends a text.

TEXT MESSAGE  
(TO DEMI)  
Hey Mr. Adequate. Been thinking about you.

TEXT MESSAGE  
(FROM DEMI) (CONT'D)  
Me too.  
Thinking about you, not me.

Holly laughs.

TEXT MESSAGE  
(TO DEMI) (CONT'D)  
You wanna come over?

She waits for a reply.

TEXT MESSAGE  
(FROM DEMI)

Now?

TEXT MESSAGE  
(TO DEMI) (CONT'D)

Yup.

TEXT MESSAGE  
(FROM DEMI) (CONT'D)

Ok.

Holly does her makeup.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

A knock on the door. Holly opens. It's Demi. She pulls him inside, kisses him and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

Demi leaves. They kiss by the door. The TV is on in the background.

DEMI  
See you then.

HOLLY  
Bye.

Holly shuts the door. She blushes. Is it love?

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - MORNING

Something grabs Holly's attention. A news report comes on the TV.

NEWS REPORT  
Police are still hunting the killer  
of 18 year old Jamie Scott,  
murdered on a bus in South London  
three days ago.

We see a picture of the bus youth. The one Holly killed. Holly stares at it. Baker is sitting next to Jamie's mother, crying her eyes out.

BAKER

Someone out there knows who did this. If you have any information at all, step forward. And to the culprit, let me be clear: we WILL find you and we WILL catch you.

A LOUD KNOCK at the door. Holly jumps. She turns off the TV. Almost doesn't answer the door. But then opens it a touch.

It's Claire.

CLAIRE

You still up for brunch? I could eat a rotting donkey.

Holly breathes a sigh of relief. Opens the door fully.

HOLLY

Oh...yeah. Sorry, forgot. Demi came over last night.

CLAIRE

Well well well. Holly the harl...

HOLLY

That's enough! Thank you!

Claire laughs.

CLAIRE

Good for you.

Holly grabs her coat and leaves.

INT. THE LAUGHING HEART - DAY

A gastropub. Classy but casual. Mismatched furniture, a wine list but with beer on it etc.

CLAIRE

What's with the new look?

HOLLY

What do you mean?

She points at the T-shirt.

CLAIRE

Don't get me wrong, I like it. You look...good.

HOLLY

Oh you know, thought I'd go for a change. Take your advice. Turn over a new leaf.

CLAIRE

Well it suits you.

HOLLY

Thanks!

Holly looks happy.

CLAIRE

Tell you what, this choritso is banging. I love a bit of choritso. You want some?

HOLLY

Go on then.

Claire gives her a bit of her food.

CLAIRE

How's yours?

Holly points at her plate.

HOLLY

It's good. You want to try?

But Claire is already helping herself. As she does so, Holly looks around. Sees something in the corner of her eye. A woman being rude to a waiter.

WOMAN

Can I get the bill now. Or at some point today. Thanks.

Holly stares. Then looks back to Claire.

CLAIRE

So tell me what's happening at work then. That Mark still being a dick?

HOLLY

Not anymore, no.

A beat.

CLAIRE

That's good. How's Susan these days?

HOLLY

She's alright. You know, I got that promotion.

CLAIRE

Oh my god! No way! You finally asked for it.

HOLLY

I did.

CLAIRE

Bloody hell. Promotion and a shag. You're on fire Hols.

HOLLY

Thanks!

CLAIRE

What are you going to spend the extra money on? Me?!

Holly looks to the table on the other side. Another woman is typing on her phone. She has click type on and it's clicking away. Holly stares again. Doesn't even hear Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Holly?

Holly is too distracted to respond.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hols?

Still too distracted.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I think I'm going to get a tattoo of Simon Cowell.

HOLLY

Uh-huh.

CLAIRE

Earth to Holly! What are you looking at?

Claire looks in Holly's eye line. Doesn't see anything.

HOLLY

That woman.

CLAIRE

What about her?

HOLLY  
She has click type on.

CLAIRE  
So?

HOLLY  
So it's very annoying.

CLAIRE  
Who cares?

HOLLY  
I care.

CLAIRE  
Okay, anyway. We should celebrate.

Holly is distracted again. This time by a man talking loudly on the phone.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Holly!

HOLLY  
Huh?

CLAIRE  
Look, if you'd rather do this another time, we can.

HOLLY  
No, no. It's alright.

But Holly keeps staring at the man. Then the click-type woman. Then the rude woman. Holly can't concentrate. Claire can see.

CLAIRE  
Whatever.

Claire looks annoyed. She downs her drink and signals to the waiter for another.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Holly walks into the office. The lift doors are shutting. She shouts:

HOLLY  
Hold the lift!

They open the doors for her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
Hi. Thanks. Happy Monday.

She presses the button. The lift doors shut.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - MORNING

There is a general hubbub. The place is alive with gossip. Holly walks into her new office.

INT. HOLLY'S NEW OFFICE - MORNING

Holly sits in her spacious new office and enjoys the view. Logs onto her computer.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Susan comes out of her office into the corridor.

SUSAN  
Listen up, everyone. Gather round.

The office all gather, including Holly, Sunil, Demi and Katie.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Now I'm sure you've all heard the news about Mark. It's a terrible shame. I just wanted everyone to know that counseling is available to those who need it. If you have any questions at all, please direct them to our official Wellness at Work ambassador, which I believe is Holly.

Holly smiles an uncomfortable smile.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
In the meantime, I thought we could all do with some cheering up. So I have very good news.

General hubbub rises.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you've all noticed Holly has a new office. That's because we've decided to promote Holly Tivington to partner!

Everyone cheers. Demi claps especially loudly.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Isn't that wonderful?

Everyone cheers again.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Now, where's Holly? There she is.  
I'm sure you'll all agree, Holly  
has worked tirelessly to ensure the  
best possible outcome for our  
clients. So if we can all give her  
a round of applause, it would be  
very well deserved.

Everyone starts clapping and hollering. Demi shouts:

DEMI  
Speech! Speech!

The others join in. Holly looks chuffed. She starts nervously, but grows in confidence. Handles the crowd well.

HOLLY  
Um, gosh, thanks Susan. Thanks all.  
I don't know what to say. I guess  
you can all call me boss now.

They laugh.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
And like Susan says, if you want to  
talk to me about Mark, you're all  
welcome.

Approving hubbub. Demi gives her the thumbs up.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
I'm sure we'll all remember him,  
um, fondly. He was certainly, er, a  
character. It was terrible tragedy,  
but I really hope his death leads  
to some good in this world!

More cheering. Not as much as you'd expect. Sunil leans in to Holly.

SUNIL  
Uh...Holly. Mark's not dead.

Holly looks shell shocked.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

BAKER and NAHAL are in the station. Baker is looking up at a big board. Jamie Scott's picture is up. Nahal pins up a picture of the HIPSTER.

NAHAL

So DNA suggests both Jamie Scott and Dan Cranfield were killed by the same person. As unbelievable as that sounds.

She then also pins a picture of the CITY BOY.

NAHAL (CONT'D)

And DNA found at the scene also links this apparent suicide a few days ago.

BAKER

What have a gang member, an advertising wanker and a City trader got in common?

NAHAL

They're all a bit annoying.

Baker glares at her.

BAKER

Go and make a me a tea. Milk, two sugars.

Baker continues to glare at her. Nahal sighs and gets up. Baker turns his attention to the board.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Who the hell is doing this?

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

At that moment, PROFESSOR VISCO (50s, male, Italian university professor, big curly hair (greying), tweed jacket, battered leather satchel, plaid tie) takes a final drag of a cigarette and enters the police station.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

People go back to their desks. Holly walks with Sunil and Katie.

SUNIL

Broke every bone in his body  
apparently. It's a miracle he  
survived.

HOLLY

Where is he? Has he said anything?

SUNIL

Said anything about what?

HOLLY

Just, what happened.

SUNIL

No, he's in a coma.

Holly looks relieved.

SUNIL (CONT'D)

They doubt he'll ever wake up.

HOLLY

Oh thank god.

SUNIL

What?

HOLLY

Oh...um...thank god he won't be in  
pain. If he were awake, he'd be in  
agony.

SUNIL

Ah, yeah. Probably. But you'd get  
bare morphine so it'd be sweet.

HOLLY

Indeed. Where did you say he was?

SUNIL

St. George's. But strictly no  
visitors.

HOLLY

Okay. We should get him a card...

Holly grabs her coat.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Just popping out for a coffee.

SUNIL

I'll have a...

But Holly has already gone.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

BAKER and NAHAL interview PROFESSOR VISCO. The police artist is struggling to draw anything to his description.

BAKER

So what did this woman look like?

The professor shrugs.

VISCO

Just...ordinary. You know. Nothing special.

BAKER

You need to give us more than that.

VISCO

I only caught a...how you say...gimps...glimpse?

NAHAL

Glimpse.

VISCO

I only caught a glimpse. A shard of memory in the corner of my imagination.

NAHAL

Yes, thanks for the poetry Wordsworth.

VISCO

No. I despise the classics.

Baker glares at him.

BAKER

Can you tell us anything else about her?

VISCO

She had no face.

BAKER (TO NAHAL)

Christ, I'm starting to see why she did it.

VISCO

I mean, it was dark. I didn't see much. Just a little bit.

NAHAL

But it was definitely a woman?

VISCO

Yes. Definitely.

BAKER

Okay. Thank you. We can work with that.

NAHAL

You may go now, Mr. Visco.

PAULO stands up to leave.

VISCO

She is golem of Gomorrah. She will claim more!! More!!!

BAKER

Yes thank you. Please avail yourself of our free counseling service. Goodbye.

BAKER shuts the door behind him.

NAHAL

Well, we have a description...

They look at the E-fit. It's vague, but there is a hint of Holly in it.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Holly walks past a pile of EVENING STANDARDS. The Bus Youth's face is on the front with headline: POLICE HUNT GANGLAND KILLERS. Holly reads it: FUNERAL TO BE HELD TODAY. Walks into the underground station.

EXT. ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Holly walks into the hospital.

INT. WARD E - DAY

Holly looks for Mark. She passes Room 5...6...7. Inside, Mark is lying in plaster. Holly composes herself. Takes a breath. Knocks. Goes in.

INT. ROOM 7, WARD E - DAY

Mark is head-to-toe in plaster. He's hooked up to all manner of instruments, just lying there, unconscious. Holly looks outside the door. No-one coming.

She walks over to him. Looks around again. Thinks for a second. Unsure. Then steels her resolve.

She takes a pillow from behind his head. Holds it up to Mark's face, the fabric just touching his nose.

Then she sees a photo of Mark with his parents. Him with his girlfriend next to it. Stares at the photographs for a beat.

Can't do it. Pulls the pillow away. Puts it gently behind his head. Slips quietly out of the room.

EXT. ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Holly leaves the hospital. Hops on a bus.

INT. BUS LOWER DECK - DAY

An old lady gets on after Holly. No-one on the bus stands up. Holly watches them all stare at their phones. One woman looks up. Sees the old lady. Then looks down at her phone again. Holly watches this. At the next stop, the woman gets off. Holly gets off too.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Holly follows the woman down the street. She's wearing a long coat. Stops at a busy road. There are cars, trucks, buses hurtling past at a terrific speed. The woman teeters on the edge of the pavement.

Holly stops just behind her. She puts her hand flat against her back, one inch away from touching her. A really heavy lorry is zooming towards their position.

Just as she's about to push, Holly sees her reflection in the long window of a passing bus.

From the front, she's wearing a nurse's uniform. Blue scrubs with the pocket watch and hospital emblem on the left breast. A long beat where we see the uniform. The bus passes.

Holly lowers her hand.

The truck zooms past. The woman crosses the road, blissfully unaware how close she came to death. Holly walks off in the other direction.

INT. CREMATORIUM - DAY

The funeral service is taking place. A few rows filled at the front. Jamie's mother sits with other family members. She's crying her eyes out. The coffin is on the plinth, ready to pass into the furnace. An organ plays a solemn tune. The vicar delivers his sermon.

VICAR

The Lord moves in mysterious ways.

The back doors open. A figure stands in the doorway - it's Holly. She walks in and sits at the back, rows away from the family.

VICAR (CONT'D)

Ours is not to reason why...

The family turn around and stare at Holly. She avoids eye contact with them.

VICAR (CONT'D)

Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust.

The organ plays. The coffin starts to move. Jamie's mother cries loudly. The coffin goes into the furnace. Holly watches as the flames engulf the coffin. Jamie's mother wails. Holly sees the pain in her. An usher hands Holly the collection dish. She fills it with cash. Everything she has. Notes, coins and all.

INT. CLAIRE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Claire is at home, cooking. A knock on the door. She opens it to Holly. The atmosphere is a little frosty after the other night.

CLAIRE

Oh, it's you. Hi.

HOLLY

Can I come in?

CLAIRE

Sure.

Takes a look at her. Something seems off.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You look...weird.

HOLLY

No, I'm good. Great. Never been better.

CLAIRE

Okay. You want a goats cheese muffin?

HOLLY

Um...no thanks.

Out of nowhere.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Don't you hate it when people play their music on the bus?

CLAIRE

What?

HOLLY

On public transport. Don't you hate it when people play their music really loud?

CLAIRE

Er, yeah. I guess. Why?

HOLLY

I mean, it's bad isn't it? Like, really bad.

CLAIRE

Well it's not the best Hols, but I guess there are worse things.

HOLLY

Like what? You know, like why don't they just turn it down. How hard can that be? Just turn it down.

CLAIRE

Well some people have a reason. Maybe their earphones are broken. Maybe they've had a bad day.

HOLLY

Still doesn't excuse it though,  
does it?

CLAIRE

I guess not. But it doesn't matter  
though, does it? Not really.

HOLLY

It does matter! If everyone thought  
it didn't matter, no-one would do  
anything. We'd all just do whatever  
we want and to hell with anyone  
else.

CLAIRE

Okay, well I can see you have  
strong opinions on this...

HOLLY

It just really annoys me. I'm not  
the only one, am I? Surely I'm not  
the only one?

CLAIRE

I think you need to chill out Hols.  
What's got into you recently?

HOLLY

What do you mean by that?!

CLAIRE

Don't get defensive. I mean you've  
been very off recently, that's all.  
Not your usual self.

HOLLY

No I haven't!

CLAIRE

Don't get me wrong, I like your new  
look.

Claire points at Holly's new leather jacket that supplements  
her bunny skull T-shirt.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I can see you're trying to build  
confidence, and that's great. But  
you got to learn to live and let  
live, Hols. Otherwise you'll go  
mad.

HOLLY

That's what this is about, isn't it? You're jealous.

CLAIRE

What?

HOLLY

You're jealous that I'm looking good, feeling great.

CLAIRE

What are you talking about?

HOLLY

I'm no longer little nodding Holly. Someone to hold your drink while you go outside and wank off the lads.

CLAIRE

It's not like that!

HOLLY

Yes it is!

CLAIRE

Well if you must know Hols: you've become a bit of a Nazi.

HOLLY

What are you on about?

CLAIRE

The other night. You couldn't concentrate with all that stuff around you. That phone thing. And now this. You're a manners Mussolini.

HOLLY

Oh well let me tell you a few home truths, while we're at it: your food is...disgusting. It's grim and no-one wants to eat it.

As soon as the words are out, Holly regrets it. Claire is hurt.

CLAIRE

I think you should leave.

HOLLY

I didn't mean that.

CLAIRE

Get out.

Holly heads for the door.

HOLLY

Claire, I didn't...

CLAIRE

Good. Bye.

Claire slams the door on Holly.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Baker and Nahal are working late. Nahal is buried under piles of files. She looks stressed. Baker is staring into the middle distance.

NAHAL

There's nothing.

BAKER

What do you mean "nothing"?

NAHAL

I mean nothing to connect them.

Baker shakes his head.

BAKER

There's always something.

NAHAL

It's true.

Baker is incredulous.

BAKER

We've missed it.

NAHAL

But...

BAKER

What's on your mind Sergeant? Out with it.

NAHAL

It's just a theory...but what if these are random attacks?

BAKER  
Random attacks?

Baker scoffs.

NAHAL  
I'm serious. You said yourself  
these things are out of the  
ordinary.

BAKER  
I said this town is getting crazier  
and crazier. And it is. But we are  
a long way from whatever is you're  
suggesting. What are you  
suggesting?

NAHAL  
All I'm saying is what if these are  
random, unconnected attacks, the  
motive for which is currently  
unknown? If we could build a  
profile...

BAKER  
Listen to me. You can waste your  
own time on that guff, Sergeant.  
Not mine. Not the crown's. And  
certainly not the victim's. You  
hear me?

NAHAL  
Yes Sir.

BAKER  
Quicker than a "profile", we'll  
have another look at that rubbish  
from the woods. It's time we got  
our fingers dirty.

NAHAL  
All of it?

BAKER  
Every last cumsack.

Nahal grimaces at the language.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Holly gets in, a bit upset. Sits at her kitchen table. She  
starts texting on her phone.

TEXT MESSAGE

(TO DEMI)

Hey hey! How are you?

No response. She waits a while, makes a cup of tea. Can't resist texting again.

TEXT MESSAGE

(TO DEMI) (CONT'D)

Fancy a drink??

No response. Holly looks a bit concerned. Clearly anxious now. She can't help herself. Texts again.

TEXT MESSAGE

(TO DEMI) (CONT'D)

Hello???

No response. Holly grabs her coat and leaves. The picture on the wall falls down with a bump.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Holly goes for a walk. The city streets at night. From a residential area through to the bars and pubs of Shoreditch. Lost in thought.

INT. CLAIRE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Claire is cooking. She's banging pots around, clearly upset. She samples one of her creations. Doesn't taste too bad. Throws it in the bin anyway.

EXT. SHOREDITCH STREET - NIGHT

Holly walks past a bar. Glances inside on her way past. Stops. Stares in the window. She can't believe what she's seeing.

Inside DEMI is having a drink with another woman. They are chatting away with a bottle of wine. Close.

Holly can't believe her eyes. She gawks, mouth open. Her surprise turns to anger as she runs quickly away in the other direction.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Holly gets in. Paces quickly to the kitchen. Opens the cupboard. Takes the Yorkshire Tea out. Makes herself a cup. Breathes.

She sits at her kitchen table. Scrolls through her contacts list until she reaches the name DEMI. She sees the contacts photo of them together, looking cute and happy.

She hesitates. A tear rolls down her face. She musters her resolution.

Holly clicks DELETE.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - MORNING

Holly walks down the corridor. Not in a brilliant mood.

She looks into Demi's office. He's there, talking on his hands free. As she looks in, he shuts the door on her. Holly shakes her head. Walks into her office.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Baker and Nahal are looking at table. On it an assortment of rubbish is meticulously laid out. There are crisp packets, cigarette butts, a used condom, an old magazine, beer cans and other assorted junk. Baker scans along the line. Nothing.

Wait...He doubles back. Picks something up. Looks at it. It's a pen. There is branding on it. Holds it up to the light.

ON PEN: FILBERT & JONES LLC

Baker strokes his beard.

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Holly is busy working, writing with the same sort of office pen that Baker found. Sunil comes in and hands Holly a giant get well soon card.

SUNIL

For Mark. Can you sign?

Holly looks at it. The words "GET WELL SOON" are emblazoned on it in huge letters on the front.

HOLLY

Of course.

Susan interrupts.

SUSAN

Holly, can you write in the card  
for me. I'm busy.

Holly grabs her pen.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Please can you say: Thank you Mark  
for being a model employee. I wish  
all our staff were like you - as a  
professional and as a person.  
Yours, Susan.

Holly splutters a cough of incredulity.

SUSAN (TO EVERYONE) (CONT'D)

In fact, I would go as far as to  
say any time anyone does anything  
in this place, I want them to ask  
one question.

HOLLY

What's that?

SUSAN

What would Mark do?

Holly looks incredulous.

SUNIL

What would Mark do, Holly?

Katie joins in.

KATIE

What would Mark do?

Holly looks annoyed.

SUSAN (TO HOLLY)

Holly, can I have a word?

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Baker is driving. He's silent. Intense. Stretches his arm  
over the steering wheel. Nahal notices another tattoo: a  
skull with a dagger through it.

NAHAL

I didn't think we were allowed  
tattoos.

BAKER

They changed the rules. You just  
can't have your hands done.

NAHAL

So you got these recently?

Baker ignores the question. Nahal looks concerned.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Susan walks to her side of the desk. Holly sits down.

SUSAN

So...how are you enjoying your new  
office?

HOLLY

It's great! I love it!

SUSAN

Good. Unfortunately you're going to  
need to leave it.

HOLLY

What?!

SUSAN

We need it back.

HOLLY

What do you mean you need it back?  
Why?

SUSAN

As you know, partnership rules  
dictate that we can't make more  
than one partner per year.

HOLLY

Yes, so?

SUSAN

So...unfortunately we've decided to  
make someone else partner.

Holly looks distraught. She starts to scratch again. It's  
back.

HOLLY

You've made...

SUSAN

It means you'll have to wait another year. And give the room back.

HOLLY

Who?

Susan hesitates.

SUSAN

Look, it's been a difficult time for everyone. The partners are all very concerned.

HOLLY

Who?

Susan shuffles some paper.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Who?!

Susan looks her in the eye.

SUSAN

Mark.

HOLLY

Mark?! But he's in hospital. In a coma.

SUSAN

He's not dead Holly. We expect him back in work within a few months. We'll be holding his office for him until then.

HOLLY

You can't be serious?

SUSAN

Look, it was always 50/50 between you and him. And the partners and I were impressed with his workaround on the Wolfe case. It shows the kind of quick thinking this firm desperately needs. We're all about agile solutions here Holly. You should remember that.

HOLLY

His solution?! It was my solution!

Susan stares at her.

SUSAN

No-one likes a sore loser Holly.  
It's very unbecoming. My advice?  
Take it on the chin.

HOLLY

But...

SUSAN

Teamwork makes the dream work.  
Remember that Holly.

Holly is dumbstruck.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Please shut the door on your way  
out. There's a good girl.

Holly stumbles out in a daze.

INT. OFFICE TOILET - DAY

Holly bursts into the bathroom. Stares in the mirror. The dark rings have returned under her eyes. Her hair looks limp, she scrunches it, but to no avail. Her eyes have lost their sparkle. And worst of all, her rash has made a re-appearance. She follows it with her finger up her arm. Scratches.

Then Holly bursts into a cubicle. Takes off her belt. Stands on the toilet. Ties one end of her belt to a bar in the ceiling. Wraps the other around her neck.

And jumps.

Blacks out.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE TOILET - DAY

Holly is still staring into the mirror, in exactly the same position she was in before. She takes a huge breath. Then she splashes water onto her face. Wipes up with a paper towel. A calendar appointment comes up on her phone:

Therapy - in 15 minutes

Holly leaves.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Holly walks down the corridor.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY

Baker and Nahal walk into reception and show their badges to the receptionist. He lets them through the barriers.

INT. OFFICE LIFT - DAY

Holly gets in the lift. Presses the down button.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY

Baker and Nahal wait for the lift.

INT. OFFICE LIFT - DAY

Holly travels down in the lift. PING! The doors open, revealing Holly. Just as Baker and Nahal get in the lift next to it. They miss each other by seconds.

EXT. EMBANKMENT BENCH - EVENING

Holly sits on a bench at twilight. The sky is black and moody. She looks out at the City. Tears in her eyes. She looks at her phone. It's on the police website. The header says: METROPOLITAN POLICE. Underneath it says: REPORT A CRIME? CALL THIS NUMBER >

Holly clicks the link. The phone's operating system says:

CALL NOW or DON'T CALL

Holly thinks for a second. Her thumb hovers over the CALL NOW.

She changes her mind. Clicks DON'T CALL.

Then walks off down the Embankment.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Holly sits in the therapist's chair. SIMON peers at her through his horn-rimmed spectacles.

SIMON

So...how have you been?

HOLLY

I don't know. Not so good now I guess.

SIMON

I'm sorry to hear that. What's been the problem?

HOLLY

I feel like I'm slipping back. Like, I'm not sure if I'm doing the right thing anymore. I just feel so...guilty.

SIMON

It's normal to feel guilty when you're going through this process. It's a perfectly natural emotion.

HOLLY

I guess...

SIMON

In CBT we teach people to acknowledge the feeling - and move on. Can you do that?

HOLLY

Yeah, I think I can. Acknowledge...and move on. Okay. Yeah, that feels good.

SIMON

Good. If you can move past your guilt, you can make real personal progress.

HOLLY

Great!

SIMON

What else has been happening?

HOLLY

Well there is...but screw him. He's a dick. Not worth my energy.

SIMON

That's the spirit. You're learning, Holly.

HOLLY

I did have an argument with my best friend though. I regret that.

SIMON

An argument? Tell me about it.

HOLLY

She, um, she says I've changed recently.

SIMON

That's good, isn't it?

HOLLY

Yes, well that's true. Sort of. I think.

SIMON

Look, Holly. Let me let you into a secret here.

He takes his glasses off.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Whenever I advise a patient that they need to change, it's always made more difficult by a family member or friend who doesn't want them to.

HOLLY

Really?

SIMON

Yes. The truth is: they want you to stay the same. The status quo works for them. But it doesn't work for you. Otherwise you wouldn't be here.

HOLLY

I understand. It's just been really hard.

Simon leans in. He's serious now.

SIMON

Listen to me Holly. If she's really your friend, she'll accept you for who you really are. The new you. You've done so well! You should be proud of yourself!

Holly looks a bit uncomfortable.

SIMON (CONT'D)

The important thing is that you commit to change. Keep going. If you do, these feelings will just melt away. Believe me.

HOLLY

Okay, no, you're right. I'm sorry. I've come this far. There's no going back now.

SIMON

That's right. Double down if anything. Pull out all the stops. Really go for it. And to hell with everyone else.

HOLLY

Yeah! You're right! Thanks Simon.

SIMON

You're very welcome.

Simon leans back. Smiles a self-satisfied smile. Holly looks rejuvenated.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

She walks down the street. The sun is out now. Blue skies again. The clouds in the distance. Holly takes her phone off "Airplane mode". Almost immediately, a text pops up.

TEXT MESSAGE

(FROM "SUSAN")

Yaaaay! Mark is awake![PARTY EMOJI]  
[HAPPY EMOJI]

Holly does a full 180 degree turn and walks quickly in the other direction.

EXT. FANCY DRESS SHOP - DAY

Holly walks into a fancy dress shop.

INT. FANCY DRESS SHOP - DAY

Holly buys something, but we don't see what it is. She pays the shopkeeper.

HOLLY

Thank you.

Leaves the store.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Baker and Nahal are in Susan's office. Susan shuts the door.

SUSAN

How can I help you, officers?

Nahal shows her the branded office pen.

BAKER

Is this your company's pen?

Susan looks at it.

SUSAN

Yes it is.

BAKER

Do you know who it's likely to belong to?

SUSAN

No, sorry. It could be anyone's: staff, clients. We all use these all the time.

BAKER

Okay, no problem.

SUSAN

It's one of the new ones though.

NAHAL

Sorry?

SUSAN

We had a re-brand a few months ago. This is one of the new pens. So it's not been around for long.

BAKER

I see. That's helpful, thank you.

Baker shows her the E-fit.

BAKER (CONT'D)

You don't recognise this person, do you?

Susan stares at it.

SUSAN  
It kinda looks like...Holly.

Baker and Nahal react.

BAKER  
Holly?

SUSAN  
Yeah...Or Katie.

NAHAL  
Who's Katie?

SUSAN  
Could be either. Or me.

It does kinda look like Susan.

NAHAL  
We know it's vague.

SUSAN  
Sorry, could be anyone. Why?  
What've they done?

NAHAL  
They've...

Baker jabs a palm up to Nahal.

BAKER (TO NAHAL)  
Shush.

Nahal looks embarrassed.

BAKER (CONT'D)  
It doesn't matter. Could you give  
us the photographs of those women  
you mentioned.

SUSAN  
Yes, of course. We have their  
records on file. You know, when you  
first came in I thought you were  
here about Mark!

Baker stares at her.

BAKER  
Who's Mark?

INT. ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL - DAY

We follow a female doctor through the doors and down the hall.

REVEAL: It's Holly.

She's wearing a doctor's white coat and a face mask. The disguise she bought at the fancy dress shop.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Holly walks straight through the busy reception. She knows exactly where she's going.

EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Baker and Nahal struggle through the London traffic.

NAHAL

Could just be a co-incidence?

Baker glares at her. Nahal puts the siren on.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Holly walks down the corridor.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Baker and Nahal are making progress now. Their sirens clearing the thick traffic.

INT. WARD E - DAY

Holly looks for Mark. She passes Room 5...6...7. Inside, Mark is lying in plaster. Holly composes herself. Takes a breath. Knocks. Goes in.

INT. ROOM 7, WARD E - DAY

Mark is covered by a screen. She takes her disguise off, then opens the screen. Mark is awake, but still head-to-toe in plaster.

MARK

Doctor. Is that you?

HOLLY

Hi Mark.

MARK

Holly! What are you doing here?

HOLLY

I just...er...came to see how you were...

MARK

Oh.

She is wary. She doesn't know how he's going to react.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thanks Hols.

He seems fine. Or is he?

HOLLY

Are they looking after you?

MARK

Yeah, got everything I need.

HOLLY

Cool. Just a quick one: what do you remember...about what happened?

MARK

I was gonna ask you the same thing, Hols.

HOLLY

I think you had an accident, Mark.

Mark looks at himself.

MARK

You don't say! But what do you remember?

HOLLY

I dunno. What do you remember?

MARK

Not much. Before it happened, we were talking.

HOLLY

Yes. We were.

MARK

And the funny thing is: I could've sworn I felt a push.

HOLLY

Really?

MARK

Yeah, I think so. I felt something.

Holly looks around.

MARK (CONT'D)

You didn't notice anyone behind us, did you? Someone dodgy?

Holly relaxes a little.

HOLLY

Now you come to mention it. Maybe there was someone.

MARK

I thought so. There are all sorts of nutters out there. Glad you came to see me though. Thanks Hols! Always said you were a good 'un.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Baker and Nahal walk through the hospital doors.

INT. ROOM 7, WARD E - DAY

Holly walks around the room. She looks at all the cards.

HOLLY

Look at all the cards...

MARK

Oh yeah. They've poured in since the accident. I'm an absolute legend now! Saved the day. Did Susan tell you? I've been promoted! I'm gonna be your boss.

Holly scratches her rash.

HOLLY

I know. Yes.

MARK

She called me, you know. Like I said, everyone thinks I'm a legend now.

HOLLY

Not everyone, Mark.

MARK

Yeah they do.

HOLLY

Have you forgotten that I saved your bacon when we almost lost Mr. Wolfe?

MARK

I saved my bacon.

HOLLY

Stop taking the credit for my idea.

MARK

I'm not.

HOLLY

Well everyone is giving you credit.

MARK

It was my idea!

HOLLY

No, it wasn't.

MARK

Yes it was. You were there.

HOLLY

I said it. Then you said it.

MARK

Exactly. So it's mine.

HOLLY

Come on Mark. Credit where it's due.

MARK

And it's due with me!

Holly scratches her rash.

HOLLY  
You still stole my idea and took  
the credit.

Mark coughs.

MARK  
I don't remember the exact details  
Holly.

Mark coughs some more.

MARK (CONT'D)  
I'm tired now. I need to rest.  
Thanks for stopping by, Hols. Tell  
Sunil to come next time.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Baker and Nahal reach the sign that points to Ward E. They're  
walking at a brisk pace.

INT. ROOM 7, WARD E - DAY

Holly looks around. Spots a cleaning trolley.

MARK  
One more thing. Can you get me a  
cup of tea on your way out? Thanks  
Hols. Better get used to that!

She picks up a bottle of bleach. Walks over to the drip.

MARK (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

She opens the drip.

HOLLY  
Just making you more comfortable.

She pours bleach into the drip.

MARK  
Stop fucking around, Hols. This  
isn't funny.

HOLLY  
I know. It isn't.

MARK  
You've never been much of a joker.

HOLLY  
I'm not joking.

MARK  
Ha ha ha. You've had your fun. Now  
fuck o...

Mark has an epiphany.

MARK (CONT'D)  
...Ooooooh shit!! It was you!!!

Holly holds the drip in her hand. But Mark is holding the emergency button in his hand.

MARK (CONT'D)  
You pushed me!!!

He frantically pushes the button.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Baker and Nahal hear the alarm. Start running.

INT. ROOM 7, WARD E - DAY

Holly is holding the drip.

HOLLY  
Why didn't you do the decent thing?  
Just let me have the credit for my  
own idea. What's so hard about  
that?

People are running. Fast footsteps in the corridor.

MARK  
Fucksake Hols. You tried to kill  
me! That's mental. You should've  
just let it go.

HOLLY  
Let it go?!

MARK  
Yeah. Take one for the team.

HOLLY  
For you more like.

MARK

Whatever. Look, just leave me alone and we'll say no more about it. I promise.

HOLLY

How can I now?

MARK

You know me, Hols. Honest as the day is long. I'll tell everyone it was your idea, I promise.

Holly looks unsure. He seems genuine. Or is he? It's hard to tell.

MARK (CONT'D)

Come on, Hols. Be a good girl. Just let it slide...

Holly rallies her determination.

HOLLY

I don't do that anymore.

Holly squeezes the bleach-filled drip. Mark goes into convulsions. His vision goes blurry. He starts foaming at the mouth. Mark's beeper flatlines. Holly covers Mark's face with a sheet.

Holly turns around...

REVEAL KATIE standing in the doorway holding the huge Get Well Soon card.

KATIE

(SCREAMS)

HOLLY

It's okay, Katie. He stole my idea.

Katie drops the Get Well Soon card. Stands there, mouth open.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Baker and Nahal reach the corridor. They see Katie in the doorway and run down.

BAKER

Stop! Police!

Katie looks at them. They look at Katie.

BAKER (CONT'D)

It's her!

At the same time, lots of doctors and nurses pile into the room to take care of Mark. The doctors are wearing the same whites as Holly. Katie stands out in her suit.

INT. ROOM 7, WARD E - DAY

Holly puts her mask on. Starts attending to Mark like a doctor. The other doctors arrive and start work too.

DOCTOR 1

Vitals?

HOLLY

Er...yes.

DOCTOR 2 (TO HOLLY)

I need 30 milligrams of  
Epinephrine. Now please.

Holly pretends to get the drugs. More doctors and nurses file into the room.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Baker tackles a terrified Katie to the ground. Cuffs her and kneels on her back. Katie screams. Nahal runs into the room.

INT. ROOM 7, WARD E - DAY

Nahal enters. Holly blends in with all the doctors and nurses. She looks just like them. You can't tell one from the others.

DOCTOR 1

Vitals are flatlining.

DOCTOR 2

Pulse is gone.

DOCTOR 1

Defibrillator. Quick.

More doctors and nurses pile into the room. They seem to be multiplying by the second.

DOCTOR 3

Clear the thorax.

DOCTOR 4

Clear.

A doctor stands with the defibrillator paddles. Another tries to clear Mark's throat. Another fills a needle. More attend to the various items of machinery. In the confusion, Holly slips out.

DOCTOR 3

Good to go.

DOCTOR 1

Where's that god damn Epinephrine?!

The doctor looks around for Holly, but she's nowhere to be seen. Mark beeper continues to flatline.

DOCTOR 2

He's gone...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Doctors and nurses are running this way and that. Holly walks away while Baker pins down Katie.

Baker looks for Katie's purse. Finds it. Takes out her card.

BAKER

Katie Watkins. I'm arresting you on suspicion of murder. You do not have to say anything...

KATIE

It was Holly!

BAKER

But it may harm your defence...

Baker pushes her arm up behind his back.

KATIE

Owww!!

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY

Holly walks quickly out of the building.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Holly walks out of the hospital grounds. And slips away into a crowd.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Baker continues reading rights to Katie.

KATIE  
It was Holly! Holly did it!

BAKER  
...if you later rely on it...

Baker hauls Katie to her feet.

BAKER (CONT'D)  
...in court.

He's rough. More rough than he needs to be. Katie squeals.

KATIE  
Ow! It was Holly!

BAKER (TO KATIE)  
Shut up.

Nahal comes out of the room into the corridor.

BAKER (TO NAHAL) (CONT'D)  
Let's get her to the station.

They haul her away.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Holly ditches the medical gear in a bin. Walks down the street. Super confident stride. She's back. Slips into a tube station.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Katie in the back. Baker and Nahal in the front.

KATIE  
How many times have I got to tell you: it was Holly! She was there!

NAHAL  
So you keep saying. I went in that room. There was no-one there but doctors.

INT. TUBE STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

The platform is packed. The train approaches. Holly moves towards the door. But as she does so, a small bull-like WOMAN pushes in front of her. Stands right between Holly and the door. Stares ahead, chewing gum. Doesn't care. The doors open and the woman gets on first.

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE - NIGHT

The woman takes the last seat available. Holly has to stand. Looks annoyed.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING

Katie sits there, looking scared. Baker and Nahal are ganging up on her. Baker cricks his jaw.

BAKER  
Time to stop lying.

KATIE  
I'm not lying!

BAKER  
I'm about to get very, very  
annoyed.

He cracks his fingers. Katie gulps. Baker switches off the recorder. Turns to Nahal.

BAKER (CONT'D)  
Get out. Leave me to it.

Nahal looks at Baker, concerned.

NAHAL  
Sir?

BAKER  
Get out.

Katie looks terrified. Nahal is unsure what to do. Equally scared for Katie. Just in time, a policeman pops his head round the door.

POLICEMAN  
Sir, can I have a word?

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE - NIGHT

The train comes to a stop. The woman gets off. Katie gets off after her.

INT. TUBE STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

The woman barges down the platform. Holly just behind her. It's busy. People bustling to get ahead. We hear another train coming. Just as Holly passes to turn down a pedestrian tunnel, she bumps the woman hard onto the tracks. The last thing the woman sees is the bright lights of the train coming towards her.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Baker talks to the policeman outside.

BAKER

None of the fingerprints match?  
What about the fast track  
forensics?

The officer shakes his head.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Baker walks back in. Hands Katie a coffee. His demeanor has changed. Friendlier. Even a bit of a smile.

BAKER

Tell us about this Holly...

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE - EVENING

Holly walks confidently into the City.

EXT. HOLLY'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Holly walks into her office. Super confident stride. Upbeat music again.

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE RECEPTION - NIGHT

Holly smiles at the Security Guard on the way in. He doesn't suck his teeth at her. Instead, he smiles back.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Holly gets in the lift.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is deserted. Susan is working late in her office. Holly knocks on the door.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The TV on the wall is still constantly showing the news.

SUSAN

Holly. What are you doing here?

Holly enters without knocking.

HOLLY

I want what's rightly mine.

SUSAN

We've been through this, Holly. We can't give it to you because we've given it to Mark.

HOLLY

He won't be needing it anymore.

SUSAN

What do you mean?

HOLLY

He's dead.

SUSAN

Dead?!

HOLLY

Yes, terrible tragedy. Just happened. Now, about the partnership I deserve.

SUSAN

Sorry Holly. It's off the table.

HOLLY

No, it isn't.

SUSAN

Yes. It. Is.

The news channel suddenly shows a huge picture of Holly. Unmistakably her. As big as the screen.

NEWS REPORT

The police are looking for Holly Tivington in connection with multiple murders and a kidnapping. Anyone with any information about her identity should get in touch immediately.

Susan looks at the picture. Holly looks at Susan. Susan looks at Holly. Disbelief written on her face.

NEWS REPORT (CONT'D)

The public are advised not to approach her. She is considered extremely dangerous.

Holly picks up a sharp-looking ornament on Susan's desk. She feel its sharp point.

SUSAN

Well I'm sure we can negotiate...

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

We see blood spatter against the glass walls of Susan's office.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Holly sits in Susan's office, looking out onto the City with Susan on the floor, dead. Holly spins around in her executive chair. Holly straightens out the objects on her desk. Looks well pleased with herself - she made it!

INT. OFFICE TOILET - NIGHT

Holly does her makeup. She's wearing her new clothes: the black T-shirt with the bunny skull and some ripped jeans. She checks out her arm. The rash has gone. Nowhere to be seen,

She puts her hair up. Her eyes are sparkling. She looks great. Holly pouts into the mirror. Then blows herself a kiss.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Holly leaves out the back of the building, by the bins.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Baker and Nahal are speeding along. Nahal gets a call.

NAHAL  
You sure? Okay.

EXT. LONDON BUS STOP - NIGHT

A bus pulls up. Holly barges in front of everyone to get on it first. People give her dirty looks. She doesn't care. Smiles happily.

INT. LONDON BUS LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Holly beeps her Oyster. Then she stands in the middle of the bus. Her phone rings. It's Claire. Holly answers.

CLAIRE  
What the hell is going on? Why is  
your picture all over the news?!

HOLLY  
I'll explain everything. I'm coming  
over. We'll say goodbye.

CLAIRE  
What the hell Holly!

Holly is talking loudly on the bus. A woman tuts at her.

HOLLY  
Just stay there!

CLAIRE  
Okay.

Holly hangs up. She pulls a face at the tutting woman.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Still racing through the city. Sirens blaring. Nahal is on the phone. She writes in her notebook.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Holly gets off the bus.

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE - EVENING

Holly strolls over the bridge. Happy as anything. A man with a backpack knocks into her. Doesn't say sorry. Just walks off. Holly spins around, grabs his belt at the back and his collar, and throws him over the bridge.

BACKPACK MAN  
Arrrrrrgghhhh!!!

We see his silhouette tumble to the water with the lights of the City behind him. Sploosh! He lands in the murky brown water. People stand and stare, but no-one does anything.

INT. TUBE STATION - NIGHT

Holly ducks down into Waterloo station. She travels down digital screens on the escalator. They all feature her picture. The words above read: WANTED. INFO LEADING TO CAPTURE. Holly hides her face in her scarf.

An old man struggles down some steps with a suitcase. Holly skips past. She doesn't help now.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Baker and Nahal pull up on a London street. We don't see exactly where it is. They get out of the car.

INT. TUBE STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

Holly waits for the train. She sees her face on the cross-track screen. She laughs to herself for a beat. Then the train thunders into the platform.

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Holly is on the tube. She catches the eye of a handsome guy, who smiles at her. Holly smiles back. Then ducks her face into her scarf.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Holly walks out of a tube station. More cautious now. Doesn't want to be seen.

EXT. HOLLY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Holly zips into her building.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Holly gets home. She packs a few things into a bag. Walks past the fallen picture. Takes the hammer and nails from the drawer and nails it firmly to the wall, this time top and bottom.

INT. CLAIRE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Claire is cooking. A knock at the door. She opens. Holly walks in. The TV is on.

HOLLY

I don't have long before the police get here. Can I come in?

Claire opens the door.

CLAIRE

Just tell me these things they're saying, tell me they're not true.

HOLLY

I can't.

CLAIRE

You mean they are true??!!

HOLLY

Yup.

CLAIRE

No. I don't believe it. Sorry.

Claire is wobbly on her feet. Supports herself on the counter.

HOLLY

You know a while ago I told you about that dog?

CLAIRE

The one you knocked onto the tracks?

HOLLY

Yes, well...it wan't a dog.

CLAIRE

You mean?? Ohhh Christ.

HOLLY

I never meant to. It just sort of happened.

CLAIRE

Just sort of happened?! It's not a snog behind the bike sheds.

HOLLY

Look, Claire...

CLAIRE

It doesn't matter. We can sort it out. We can just go to the police.

HOLLY

We can't go to the police.

CLAIRE

We need to set things straight.

HOLLY

I can't.

CLAIRE

Why not?

HOLLY

Well, it's become a bit of a thing.

CLAIRE

You mean they're all true? No...

HOLLY

Um, yeah, kind of.

CLAIRE

Kind of?! How many times?!

HOLLY

I'm not sure anymore. 5 or 6 maybe.

Claire steadies herself on the table.

CLAIRE

Oh Jesus God. Why Hols? Why??

HOLLY

I dunno. It's just whenever I'm around certain things...it set me off. So I took action. I did something about it.

CLAIRE

Jesus. So you...

HOLLY

When I was growing up Claire, I was always told to be considerate of other people. To put the needs of others before my own. And that's exactly what I did. And the world took and took and took. And the anger built and built and built. Until one day I couldn't take it anymore. Now I'm letting my anger out. I'm re-drawing my boundaries. I'm no longer "hiding my power". And you know what? I don't feel bad about it. In fact, I feel tippity top.

CLAIRE

This is so fucked up.

HOLLY

Sorry Claire. I know you don't want me to change. But I had no choice. It was change or die.

CLAIRE

No Holly. You should learn tolerance, learn to see the good in people. That's what counts.

HOLLY

I've been doing that my whole life and all it got me was a crumpled spine and a stress rash.

Claire starts to cry.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry Hols. I should've been there for you. And I wasn't.

HOLLY

Don't cry, don't be sorry. This is the way I'm supposed to be. This is me.

Claire is in floods of tears now.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry Hols.

At that moment, BAKER and NAHAL step out of the bedroom. They've got the whole thing recorded to a digital device.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry babes.

HOLLY  
No!!!

Holly tries to run, but it's too late. Baker grabs Holly. Wrestles her to the floor. Nahal puts the cuffs on Holly, her hands cuffed behind her back.

CLAIRE  
I saw your photo on the news. I couldn't believe the things they were saying. I called the number.

BAKER  
Holly Tivington. I'm arresting you on suspicion of murder. You do not have to say anything...

HOLLY (TO CLAIRE)  
What've you done?!

BAKER  
...but it may harm your defence if you do not mention anything which you later rely on in court.

CLAIRE  
I'm so sorry. I knew something was off about you recently. It's wrong Hols. It's so wrong.

BAKER (TO CLAIRE)  
She live next door?

Claire sighs.

CLAIRE  
Yes.

Nahal searches Holly. Finds her keys.

BAKER (TO NAHAL)  
Go check.

Nahal goes next door. Baker sits on Holly, securing her.

BAKER (TO HOLLY) (CONT'D)  
Don't move.

Claire starts crying again.

BAKER (TO CLAIRE) (CONT'D)  
Well done lass. You did really well.

CLAIRE  
I don't know. Did I do the right thing?

BAKER  
You did. Trust me.

Claire sighs.

CLAIRE  
I'm sorry, Hols.

Claire looks at Holly, her best friend, on the ground, struggling under the weight of Baker's knee. This doesn't look like reasonable force.

HOLLY  
Ow!!

Baker grinds his knee into Holly's back. Claire winces.

BAKER (TO HOLLY)  
If you hate bad manners, you're going to LOVE prison!

We hear bones and cartilage clicking and crunching.

HOLLY  
You're hurting me!!! Please! Get off! It hurts!!

At that moment - CLONK! - Baker is hit on the head with something heavy.

REVEAL Claire standing over Baker with the heavy marble chopping board. Holly grabs the keys from the unconscious Baker and undoes her cuffs. Claire looks at Baker's body lying on the floor. Blood coming from his head. Starts hyperventilating.

CLAIRE  
Don't worry about me....Just go...

Claire crouches on the floor. Panic rushing through her veins. Deep breaths. Holly blows Claire a kiss. And runs.

Only to be body-checked by NAHAL, standing in the doorway. They both go flying.

Holly tries to get up, but Nahal grabs her. They wrestle on the floor. Claire is still hyperventilating, paralysed. It doesn't matter, because it looks like Holly is going to win with her superior strength, but Nahal is nimble. She gains the advantage. She flips herself on top. Nahal is sitting on Holly. Almost gets the cuffs on again. When...

...Demi arrives, holding a bunch of flowers.

DEMI  
Get off her!

He grabs Nahal and throws her off. Nahal hits her head against a table. She's groggy, but not out of it.

DEMI (CONT'D)  
Are you alright? Who the hell is that?

HOLLY  
Demi? I thought you'd ghosted me...

DEMI  
What? I've been busy, that's all.

HOLLY  
I saw you. I saw you with that woman. In the bar.

DEMI  
Ah.

Holly maneuvers Demi so he's on the edge of the stairs.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Holly has Demi by the stairs.

HOLLY  
I saw you.

DEMI  
That's my ex.

HOLLY  
I knew it!

She moves her hand near his chest.

DEMI  
Listen. She phoned me. I had to meet her. It's a long story.  
(MORE)

DEMI (CONT'D)

I didn't want to meet you until I'd sorted it out. That's why I didn't call.

HOLLY

Didn't look like that to me.

DEMI

You have to believe me. She wanted to get back together. But I told her I'd met someone else. I told her I'd met you.

Holly hesitates. She doesn't know what to do.

DEMI (CONT'D)

It's true, Holly. I don't love her. I love you.

She moves her hand towards him. We feel the threat.

HOLLY

Do you really love me?!

Demi stares into her eyes. He looks sincere.

DEMI

Yes.

Holly scans his face. A decision. She pushes her hand to his chest...then pulls him towards her and they kiss.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Nahal has come round. She brushes herself off.

NAHAL

Stop! Police!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Demi sees Nahal. She charges at them.

DEMI

What the...

Nahal WHACKS Demi with her truncheon. Demi goes down.

DEMI (CONT'D)

Ow! Fuck!

Holly looks back at Claire.

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Claire mouths.

CLAIRE

Go.

Then blows a kiss.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Holly runs down the stairs. Nahal gives chase.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Nahal chases Holly down the stairs.

EXT. HOLLY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Holly runs out into street. Quickly followed by Nahal.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Holly tanks it down the street. But Nahal is fast. Gaining ground.

EXT. UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

Holly zips down into an underground station. Nahal follows closely behind.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION BARRIERS - NIGHT

The station is rammed. Rush hour. Holly tailgates someone through the barriers.

INT. UNDERGROUND ESCALATOR - NIGHT

Holly is confronted with a packed escalator. Two abreast. Nobody moving. Holly looks behind.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION BARRIERS - NIGHT

Nahal beeps through the barriers. She's close.

INT. UNDERGROUND ESCALATOR - NIGHT

Holly looks ahead. Takes a deep breath. What has she learned? She uses her new-found assertiveness to barge her way through the packed escalator. She elbows a woman, shoves a guy, shoulder-barges a man in a suit. Like the red sea, the rush-hour throng parts. The figure of Holly, cutting through the crowd like a blade through butter.

Nahal tries to do the same. But she hasn't learned the same skills.

NAHAL

Excuse me...sorry...police...coming  
through....sorry...excuse  
me...police...

The mass of people close in on her. It seems to double, triple, drowning her in a sea of flesh and fabric. She loses ground.

INT. PLATFORM - NIGHT

Holly spills onto the platform. A train is there. The doors beep. Ready to close. They seem to be shutting just as she gets there. It's over.

INT. UNDERGROUND ESCALATOR - NIGHT

With great difficulty, Nahal gets to the end of the escalator.

NAHAL

Excuse me...sorry...police...excuse  
me...police...

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE - NIGHT

But - just as train doors shut - a pair of hands jam inside, palms out. They pull the doors open, revealing Holly.

INT. PLATFORM - NIGHT

Holly jumps into the carriage.

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE - NIGHT

A woman frowns at Holly for delaying the train. People tut. But it was worth it. Holly is on board. She doesn't give a shit.

INT. PLATFORM - NIGHT

Nahal reaches the train. The door is still open. She looks at Holly. Holly stares back. Nahal puts one foot on the train. Holly scans around. It's busy. Nowhere to run. They look each other in the eye. A moment of connection. A moment of empathy. The doors beep.

...Nahal takes her foot away. Steps back. Smiles at Holly as the doors close.

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE - NIGHT

The train starts moving. Holly stares at Nahal through the window. Smiles.

INT. PLATFORM - NIGHT

Nahal watches Holly disappear into the tunnel. She lifts her radio. Clicks it.

NAHAL

Suspect got away. I've lost her.

Nahal watches Holly's train disappear into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A place very unlike London. Remote wilderness. Beautiful sunshine. Crystal blue skies. A train makes its way through clifftops and heather.

NEWS REPORT (O.S.)

It's been weeks since the disappearance of murder suspect Holly Tivington.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

A figure sits on the train, watching the news on her phone.

INT. NEWS REPORT - DAY

The report shows a picture of Holly. Nice, sweet. How she used to look.

NEWS ANCHOR

We are advised that she may have changed her appearance since this photograph was taken.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

REVEAL Holly with her new look. Hair died jet black, massive sunglasses, T-shirt with the bunny skull on it, ripped jeans, Doctor Martens. No rash in sight. Every inch the badass.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

The suspect is considered dangerous. Please do not approach her under any circumstances.

Holly is now manspreading like a boss while watching TV on her phone. A man on the phone and a girl cower either side of her. They look uncomfortable. She looks supremely confident.

INT. NEWS REPORT - DAY

We see a picture of SIMON WOODS, Holly's therapist, being interviewed in a TV studio.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

Next up, we talk to Holly's therapist, Simon Woods, who knew there was something very wrong with her from the beginning.

INT. CLAIRE'S FLAT - DAY

Claire is cooking something disgusting. A photo message arrives on Claire's phone. A picture of blue skies above a foamy sea.

Claire smiles.

INT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

A beautiful cliff top on a sunny day. The new Holly sits on a grassy knoll looking out to sea. Puts her phone away. Stares at the glorious sunset with miles of open sea beyond.

REVEAL Demi is with Holly. They're sitting on the bank together. Behind them their idyllic house on an island by the sea. A little dog scampers around them. Holly rests her head on Demi's shoulder.

The waves laps gently. Holly smiles a little smile to herself.

Finally happy.

FADE OUT.