

LOVE KILLS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE SHANNON'S HOUSE-EARLY MORNING

The sun rises. CHRIS TEMPLETON (32) in silhouette watches a house across the street.

The house belongs to SHANNON MCCULLOCH(37).

EXT. OUTSIDE SHANNON'S HOUSE-EARLY MORNING

Chris stands across the road.

INT. SHANNON LIVING ROOM-EARLY MORNING

Shannon wearing in her underwear and a Morton shirt lies on the sofa with earphones in. The TV plays in the background. A half filled notepad and a two pens lie on the floor.

EXT. SHANNON HOUSE-EARLY MORNING

Chris saunters across the street. He stands at the gate.

Observing Shannon through her window.

INT. SHANNON LIVING ROOM-EARLY MORNING

Shannon's hand reaches down to pick the pen up. She glances over to the window.

SHANNON
(Muttering)
Whit the fuck?

Shannon tries to comprehend what she's seeing and then...

Chris takes a step forward. Shannon jumps to her feet startled.

She hesitates then...

Makes a beeline for the door.

INT. SHANNON'S HALLWAY-EARLY MORNING

Shannon looks through the keyhole. There is nobody there.

She throws open the door...

Looking up and down the street. Nothing except the birds chirping away.

EXT. SHANNON BACK GARDEN-EARLY MORNING

Chris glides through the back garden. He takes a deep breath composing himself for the task at hand.

He checks his Robertet pocket. Producing the handle of a switchblade. He opens the door and enters silently.

INT. SHANNON KITCHEN-EARLY MORNING

The house is dark except a light in the living room. Chris glides through the kitchen.

Shannon slams the door shut and walks into the living room. She clocks Chris right away.

INT.SHANNON'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN-EARLY MORNING

Shannon marches into the kitchen. She's right in Chris's face. Abnormally calm given the circumstances.

SHANNON
Whit the fuck are yi dain?

Chris says nothing. He pulls a chair from the kitchen table.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Did yi no hear me?

Chris clicks his switchblade open.

CHRIS
Sit doon Shan.

Shannon stares at the blade. She reaches her hand out to grab it.

Chris pulls away. He wags his finger in Shannon's face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Condescending)
It...It...Don't touch ma blade.

Chris motions for her to sit down.

She does.

Chris places the switchblade on the table.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yi no gonnae make me some
breakfast?

Chris motions to the cooker.

Shannon rolls her eyes. Shakes her head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
We're gonnae have a wee chat.

SHANNON
Naw we're no.

CHRIS
How no?

SHANNON
Cuz Ah don't want tae.

CHRIS
Then whit dae yi want?

SHANNON
Fir yi tae get tae fuck.

CHRIS
(Snorting)
How?

SHANNON
Cuz Megan says yi-

CHRIS
(Cutting her off)
Never yi mind whit Megan says.

SHANNON
(continuing)
Cuz Megan says yi hid-

Chris's eyes bulge with rage.

He slaps the table.

CHRIS
(Raising his voice)
Megan disnae matter. Dae yi no
understaun that?. Are yi stupid?

Shannon's mouth quivers.

CHRIS.

Ah'm sorry. Yi made me lose ma temper.

A single tear rolls down Shannon's cheek.

CHRIS

Ah'm jist saying. Megan's s a lying cow.

Chris trembles. Bitter.

CHRIS.

Bit yi did.

SHANNON

Whit did yi expect?

CHRIS.

Ah expected yi tae stand by me.

SHANNON

(Matter of factly)

Yi killed six people.

Chris clicks his tongue.

CHRIS.

Yi were ma burd. Yi were ma burd.
Yi should have believed me.

Chris lifts the locked blade.

Shannon's eyes quickly dart around the kitchen and back to Chris.

SHANNON

Maybe yer right.

Chris relaxes.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Mind the ring?

Shannon motions to her handbag.

CHRIS

Aye.

Chris turns his head to the counter.

SHANNON

Can yi grab that fir me?

CHRIS
Yi better no be bamming me up.

SHANNON
Ah'm no.

Chris gets up. Makes a beeline for the kitchen counter.
He keeps one eye on Shannon as he grabs the handbag.
Chris places the handbag on the table.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
The ring's in there.

Chris rifles through the handbag. He finds the ring. Pulling it out. He studies it.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Looks good doesn't it?

Chris nods. Flashing a half smile.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Ah miss yi Chris.

Chris snorts.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Ah mean it.

Shannon places her hand on top of Chris's.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Ah swear.

Shannon presents her ring finger to Chris. He hesitates, Then...

Slides the ring onto her finger. She holds it up for him.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Ah'm sorry Ah didnae believe yi.

Chris smiles. Not expecting that.

CHRIS
It's okay. Ah forgive yi.

SHANNON
It's so nice int it?

Chris nods.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Come closer...babe. Take a better
look.

Chris leans forward. As he does...

Shannon jabs him hard with the ring. Blood spurts out of his nose.

Chris clutches his nose. Shannon dashes towards the back door.

Bolting out of the house.

EXT.BACK GARDEN-EARLY MORNING

Shannon bursts through the back garden gate.

EXT.FRONT GARDEN-EARLY MORNING

Shannon bolts to the gate. Her hands fumble with the gate. Chris runs up to her and grabs at her hand.

Shannon turns and slaps him hard across the mouth.

He doesn't flinch.

Chris wags his finger in her face. She swats it away.

SHANNON
Ah'll scream.

CHRIS
No yi willnae.

SHANNON
Yi no-

CHRIS
(Cutting her off)
Ah'm telling yi. Yi willnae.

Shannon tries to fiddle with the gate. The sound of steel alerts Chris.

His face distorts.

Raging.

An AULD WOMAN (70) observes a few feet away.

SHANNON

Chris. Please. Ma wee niece is
coming doon later oan.

CHRIS

Don't lie tae me.

SHANNON

Ah'm no.

Chris wipes blood dripping from his nose.

CHRIS

She'll be glad ta see her uncle
Chris then won't she?

Chris clicks open the blade. The Auld Woman clocks it.

AULD WOMAN

Hawl yi. Put that doon.

Chris aims the blade towards the Auld Woman.

CHRIS

Shut the fuck up.

AULD WOMAN

Put that doon or Ah'll phone the
Polis.

As Chris and the Auld Woman argue. Shannon makes a beeline to
vault the gate.

Chris catches her just in time and pulls her into him.

CHRIS

(Whispering in her ear)
Dae whit yer telt or Ah'll fucking
kill yi. Get back in the hoose.

Chris threatens the Auld Woman with the blade.

SHANNON

(To the Auld Woman)
Phone the Polis.

Chris silences Shannon with his hand to her mouth. He holds
the blade against her back.

CHRIS

(Whispering)
Move.

Chris grabs Shannon by the scruff of the neck. Dragging her back to the house.

The Auld Woman calls the police.

INT.SHANNON'S HALLWAY-MORNING

As Chris locks the door. Shannon makes a run for it up the stairs.

INT.SHANNON'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-MORNING

Chris swears under his breath.

Shannon goes into her bedroom and shuts the door.

INT.GREENOCK PUB-NIGHT

Shannon sits alone at a booth scrolling through her phone. Consisting largely of messages from her boss criticising her work and her pals asking if she's okay.

There are not many other punters in the pub.

Chris sits at the counter with a glass of whisky in hand. His eyes dart to Shannon's table.

He takes a swig of his whisky and decides to make a move. He swaggers over to Shannon's table.

CHRIS
(Pointing to the empty
seat)
Is anybody sitting there?

SHANNON
(Not looking up)
Naw.

CHRIS
Can Ah sit there?

Shannon shrugs her shoulders. She doesn't look up at him.

Chris takes a seat opposite Shannon.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Ah'm Chris.

Chris offers to shake her hand. She patches him. Not looking up from her phone.

SHANNON
 (Not looking up)
 Ah no who yi are Chris.

Chris recognises her.

CHRIS
 Aw fuck aye.

Chris snaps his fingers.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Yer Paula's wean.

SHANNON
 (Not looking up)
 Ah'm no ah wean.

CHRIS
 So tell me. Whit's Ah nice lassie
 like yerself dain in ah place like
 this?

SHANNON
 (Serious)
 Ah'm Ah no allowed tae go the pub
 then naw?

Chris is taken aback by her response.

CHRIS
 (Stammering)
 Naw...ah mean-

Shannon finally looks up at him.

She chuckles.

SHANNON
 Ah'm just kidding yi oan mate.

Chris goes from worried to smiling.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
 Ah'm here when ma pals are busy wi'
 their burds or their weans or jist
 cannae be arsed hanging oot wi' me.
 Whit about yerself?

CHRIS
 Yer pals leave yi by yerself ah
 lot?

Shannon shrugs her shoulders.

SHANNON

Eh it is whit it is. They're big lassies they've got responsibilities.

CHRIS

And yi don't?

SHANNON

No really. Ah look after ma Maw, make sure she's awright, get her tea and that. When she's in anyways. Bit other than that naw Ah'm just maself mainly. Yi didnae answer ma question.

CHRIS

Whit?

SHANNON

Ma question.

CHRIS

Aye whit wis it?

SHANNON

Dae yi come here often?

CHRIS

Aye sometimes. Ma Granda God rest his soul used tae take me here when Ah wis ah weann.

SHANNON

Yer Granda gee yi whisky anaw then?

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

Naw that wis me and ma pals. Used tae steal ma Da's alky stash and drink it the park. Most ah it wis whisky.

Shannon's starting to warm up to Chris.

SHANNON

Must have been pretty tough tae get that down yer throat at that age.

CHRIS

Comes wi' the territory.

They share a laugh.

SHANNON

This is true. Aye me and ma pals
were the same. No whisky that it's
like drinking fire.

Chris shakes his empty glass.

CHRIS

Speaking ah which. Need another, yi
want wan?

Shannon shakes her head.

SHANNON

Ah wis gonnae go hame after this
tae be honest.

Chris looks disappointed.

CHRIS

Aw really?

SHANNON

Aye, sorry just ma Maw will get
worried if Ah'm no hame.

CHRIS

Nae worries. Ah get it. Don't want
yer Maw fretting noo dae we?

SHANNON

Naw Ah don't.

Shannon finishes her rum and coke, stands up and puts her
phone in her pocket.

Chris gets out of his seat.

CHRIS

Dae yi want me tae walk yi home?

SHANNON

Yer no getting intae ma knickers or
anything.

CHRIS

Naw don't worry Ah don't want
anything like that.

SHANNON

That's whit they aw say until they
dae.

CHRIS
Touche...Yer Maw oan the other
hand.

Shannon throws him a dirty look.

SHANNON
Ah'd rather yi no tae be honest.

CHRIS
Fair enough Ah'm going that way
anyway. I live ah couple ah blocks
doon fae yu, Jist figured Ah could
walk yi hame, cuz Ah'm going that
way anyways just thought it wis ah
nice thing tae dae.

EXT.GREENOCK STREET-NIGHT

Shannon and Chris walk down the street to Shannon's house.

CHRIS
So how's yer Maw?

SHANNON
Good she's doon at the shops maist
days so got the hoose tae maself a
lot.

CHRIS
Ah'm liking yer Maw mair and mair.

SHANNON
Here, whit dae yi dae for ah
living?

CHRIS
On the buroo. Bit Ah dae ah bit
work for ma sister oan the side.
Don't tell anybody but.

Shannon laughs.

SHANNON
Awright. It'll be oor wee secret.

CHRIS
Whit aboot you?

SHANNON
Same. Ah'm a journalist.

CHRIS
Aw that's cool Ah'd love tae read
wan ah yer pieces.

SHANNON
Cheers. You'd be the only one.

Chris looks confused.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Och sorry, my boss hates whit ah
write.

Chris dramtically gasps.

CHRIS
A news man disnae no good writing?
Whit an arsehole.

They stop at Shannon's gate.

SHANNON
Thanks fir walking me hame.

CHRIS
Nae worries. Yi sure yi don't want
me to come in keep you and yer Maw
company?

Shannon bursts out laughing.

SHANNON
Goodbye Chris. See yi aroun.

CHRIS
Can Ah have yer number?

Shannon thinks it over.

SHANNON
Aye sure gees yer phone.

Chris hands his phone over. She punches in her number handing
it back to Chris.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
There yi go.

CHRIS
Cheers.

They wave goodbye to each other. Shannon goes into her house
and shuts the door.

Chris strolls back up the street. He eyes up a house a few doors down.

INT.CHRIS'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Chris walks into the living room.

His sister MEGAN (26) sits on the sofa watching TV. He sits beside her.

She turns to him smiling.

MEGAN

Awright Pedro? How wis the pub?

CHRIS

Aye it wis good. Met this lassie.

MEGAN

Aw aye? Whit did yous get up tae?

CHRIS

Mothing really.

MEGAN

Watch yerself.

CHRIS

Ah will.

MEGAN

Promise?

CHRIS

Ah promise.

MEGAN

Ah'm just trying tae look oot for ye.

Chris lays his head on the sofa.

CHRIS

Cheers Megs.

EXT.LANGBANK PARK-DAY

Shannon sits on a bench beside the lake. Reading a paperback novel.

As she's reading, Chris appears with a big smile on his face.

CHRIS
Fancy saying you here.

Shannon pulls her book down.

SHANNON
Happening?

CHRIS
No much. been thinking about yi.

SHANNON
Aw really?

CHRIS
Aye Ah had such ah great time wi'
yi yesterday.

Chris looks down at her book.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Whit yi reading?

SHANNON
The Yellow Wallpaper.

CHRIS
Never heard Ah it.

SHANNON
Ye should read it, it's good.

Chris sits down beside her.

CHRIS
Yer writing will be better Ah bet.

SHANNON
Yi want tae gee it ah read?.

CHRIS
Aye. Course.

SHANNON
Whit brings yi roun here?.

CHRIS
It's ah nice day oot. Ah love this
lake. Its ma favourite lake in the
world so it is. Ah'll be doon here
and take a swim in there...Ah feel
so much better afterwards. Yi like
swimming?

SHANNON

Fuck no.

Chris chuckles.

CHRIS

Whit about Yerself? Whit brings yi here?

SHANNON

Bit like yerself. Nice day oot thought it wid inspire ma writing.

CHRIS

And did it?

Shannon shakes her head.

SHANNON

Naw couldnae think ah anything. Too fucking sunny tae read ma book as well.

Chris laughs.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Here did Ah tell yi about ma boss at the weekend?

CHRIS

Only that he was an arsehole.

SHANNON

Oh he's that awright.

CHRIS

Whit else?

SHANNON

He says to me he wants a and Ah quote "A pure juicy story?"

Chris snorts.

CHRIS

Fuck does that mean?

Shannon shrugs.

SHANNON

Fuck nos. There's been a murder. Celebrities shagging. Something like that Ah guess.

CHRIS
Keep the faith. You'll dae it.

Shannon smiles. Chris moves his hand towards Shannon's hair. He strokes it. She flinches at first. Then relaxes. Letting him caress her hair.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yi have beautiful hair. Did anybody
ever tell yi that before?

Shannon shakes her head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Whit were yi dain at the pub?
Really dain?

SHANNON
Oan the pull.

CHRIS
Dae that every weekend?

SHANNON
When Ah need tae scratch that inch.
Yi no whit Ah mean?

Chris bites his lip.

CHRIS
Ah no whit yi mean.... How did it
go?

SHANNON
How dae yi think? Got stood up.

Chris puts his hand on Shannon's leg.

CHRIS
Ah guy stood yi up? Daft bastard.

Chris runs his hand up Shannon's leg.

SHANNON
Ah thought the same.

Shannon takes Chris's hand and moves it lower down her leg.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Yi got anything planned fir the
day?

Chris shakes his head.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Well better find something tae dae
then eh?

INT.SHANNON'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Shannon pushes Chris against the wall. Pinning his arms above his head. Shannon forces her tongue into Chris's mouth. She breaks it off. A smirk on her face.

SHANNON
Show me whit yi want tae dae tae
me.

Chris takes her to the floor. Straddling her.

He kisses Shannon's neck. His hands explore her body.

Shannon bites on his earlobe. Clawing into his back.

He slowly removes her panties. Dropping them to the floor.

Shannon runs her fingers through Chris's hair. She directs Chris towards her crotch. Chris's tongue obliges.

Moaning in pleasure...

Shannon orgasms.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
(Through gritted teeth)
Please. Right there.

At her command. Chris enters her. Shannon holds him tightly against her body. Keeping him there.

The sex. It's raw, sweaty, slippery and passionate. When it's over neither party can move.

INT.SHANNON'S LIVING ROOM-A FEW MINTUES LATER.

Post sex. Chris puts his Robertet back on. Shannon lies on the sofa.

SHANNON
Where did yi learn tae eat pussy
like that?.

CHRIS
Ma pal when I was wee. Telt me
that's whit lassies liked. So
thought Ah better learn.

Shannon snorts.

SHANNON
She wis right.

CHRIS
Whit about yi?

Shannon shrugs.

SHANNON
Best way tae pass the time.

Chris gives her a look as if to say. "Fair enough"

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Where yi going?

CHRIS
Get juice.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yi wanting anything?

SHANNON
Get me some crisps.

Chris walks over to her and plants a kiss on her lips.

CHRIS
Will dae.

EXT.GREENOCK STREET-DAY

Chris strolls down the street towards the shop.

On his way he stops and stares at a house at the end of the block for a beat...

EXT.GREENOCK STREET-TEN MINUTES LATER

Chris returns drinking a can of juice. He comes across the same house he was staring at and stops.

He walks towards the gate.

INT.SHANNON'S LIVING ROOM-CONCURRENTLY

Shannon has scribbled into her notepad:

"Ideas for juicy story"

"There's been a murder"

"Celebrities shagging"

Shannon throws the pen away in frustration.

EXT.OUTSIDE HOUSE-DAY

Chris quietly pushes the gate open and powerwalks towards the front door.

He twists the knob on the door. The door is locked.

He takes a pin out of his hair. Using it to pick the lock.

He strolls into the house as if it were his own

INT.SHANNON'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Chris walks back into the living room. Shannon is on the sofa watching TV. She smiles when she sees him.

SHANNON

Whit took yi so long?

CHRIS

Ah went on ah wee errand.

SHANNON

Errand?

CHRIS

Aye.

SHANNON

Whit kinda errand?

Chris fishes into his Robertet pocket and takes something out. He puts his hands behind his back.

CHRIS

If yi guess the right hand yi can have it.

She points to his right hand.

He takes out his right hand revealing a diamond ring.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yer present ma lady.

Shannon loos over the moon.

Chris slips it on her finger.

Lucky for him it fits.

She jumps up and hugs him tight.

SHANNON

Thank you so much babe, yi didn't
have tae.

CHRIS

Aye bit Ah wanted tae.

Chris flashes a smile. Shannon takas him by the hand.

SHANNON

C'mere.

Shannon leads him to her bedroom.

INT.CAFE-DAY

Shannon sits at a table drinking coffee with her pals BETH
(24) and ABBIE (26).

She talks up Chris to them like he's the best thing since
sliced bread.

SHANNON

He listens tae me. Makes me laughs.
He just does something tae be nae
guy has ever done before. Ah've
never felt this way about ah guy
before.

ABBIE

Daw that's so cute.

BETH

When's the wedding?

The girls laugh.

ABBIE

Beth! simmer doon it's too early
for that...Tell him to put ah baby
in you.

More laughter. Beth's tone changes.

BETH

Just be careful eh?

SHANNON

Ah am.

BETH

Ah no yi are hen. Some guys arenae bit.

BETH (CONT'D)

They can want tae rush in tae things when ye don't want tae yi no? And Ah don't want that happening tae yi.

INT.SHANNON'S BATHROOM-DAY

Shannon applies makeup. There is a loud knock on the door.

SHANNON

Yi don't have tae knock babe.

The knocking continues. Shannon stops doing her makeup and goes to answer the door.

INT.SHANNON'S HALLWAY-DAY

Shannon opens the door. Chris isn't there.

It's RICKY (24) Shannon's ex boyfriend. She rolls her eyes when she sees him.

SHANNON

Whit dae yi want Ricky?

RICKY

Ah just wanted tae talk. That's aw. Ah thought if we talked things oot like adu-

SHANNON

(Cutting him off)

It's over Ricky. It's been over fir ah long time. Yi need tae accept that. Ah'm seeing someone new.

Ricky's eyes blaze with fury. He's not happy at this new development.

RICKY

Yi whit?

SHANNON

Are yi deaf? Ah'm seeing ah guy.

Ricky scoffs in disbelief.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Grow up Ricky. It's over, get that
through yer thick skull.

Shannon tries to shut the door.

Ricky blocks it.

She tries to force the issue.

Ricky keeps his boot on the door.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Get away fae the door or Ah'm
phoning the polis.

Ricky shakes his head.

RICKY
Naw yi willnae.

Ricky throws the door open. Shannon is knocked backwards from
the force.,,

Ricky grabs her by the throat and pins her to the wall. She
looks utterly terrified...

She wants to scream or fight back but nothing comes out.

Ricky lets go.

Shannon drops to the floor gasping for breath.

On her knees...

She spits in Ricky's general direction. He stands there
emotionless.

SHANNON
(In between breaths)
If you try anything like that again
Ah'll break intae yer hoose and
kill yi in yer sleep.

Ricky storms off. Shannon composes herself.

INT.CHRIS'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Chris and Megan are on the sofa watching the football.

CHRIS

Told yi Rangers wid ship ah few
goals the day didn't Ah?

MEGAN

Aye well there's ma free bet
fucked.

CHRIS

That's how those bookies get yi. Ah
free bet that's shite bit it gets
yi hooked.

MEGAN

Ah'm no ah gambling addict.

CHRIS

Aye that's whit Granda used tae
say. As he waited at the bookie's
door at five in the morning.

They share a laugh.

MEGAN

How's things wi' yer wee burd
going?

Thunderous chapping is heard at the door.

Megan looks through the window.

It's Shannon.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Speak ah the Devil.

Megan goes and opens the door for Shannon.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hey Shannon how ar-

Shannon brushes past her and runs into Chris's arms. She hugs
him as tight as she can, squeezing his ribs.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Yi okay?

CHRIS

Whit's wrong baby?

Shannon has a breakdown in Chris's arms. Sobbing on his shirt
sleeve. Chris holds her in his arms, running his fingers
through her hair.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
It's awright. It's awright. Ah've
got yi babe.

Chris sits her down on the sofa. He clocks the bruising on
her neck and throat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Softly)
Whit happened?

SHANNON
(Through tears)
He attacked me.

CHRIS
Who did?

Silence.

MEGAN
Who did this tae yi hen?

SHANNON
Ricky.

Chris and Megan glance at each other confused.

CHRIS
Who's Ricky?

Shannon doesn't answer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Who is he babe?

SHANNON
Don't do anything bad. Please baby.
Ah don't want tae start anything.

CHRIS
Ah won't tae anything yi don't want
me tae. Ah promise.

EXT.GREENOCK STREET-EVENING

Chris marches down a couple of blocks of streets.

Night is falling.

EXT.OUTSIDE SHANNON'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Ricky sits on the doorstep.

CHRIS
Hawl you.

Ricky doesn't look up at him.

RICKY
(Not looking up)
Whit?

CHRIS
Where's Ricky?

Ricky looks up at him. He doesn't put two and two together.

RICKY
Yer looking at him. How?

Chris stands over him.

CHRIS
Yi no Shannon?

Ricky scoffs.

RICKY
Aye, wee cow got herself a new
burd.

CHRIS
That right aye?

Ricky stands up.

RICKY
Cannae believe it.

CHRIS
Lassies eh? Cannae live with them.
Cannae live without them.

Ricky extends his hand for Chris to shake.

RICKY
Damn right pal.

Chris shakes it.

CHRIS
Ah'm no yer pal.

Chris crushes Ricky's hand, He lets out a yelp of pain.

Chris pulls Ricky towards him and headbutts him.

Ricky goes down. Blood spurting from his nose...

He boots into Ricky's ribs as he lies on the ground.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Leave Shannon alane. And if yi
don't. Ah'll come back and dae ah
lot worse tae yi.

Chris walks back home leaving Ricky a bloody mess on the ground.

INT.CHRIS'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Shannon sits on the sofa waiting for Chris to come back.

He comes back into the living room. Shannon hugs him tight.

SHANNON
Ah wis so worried aboot yi? Where
did you go?

CHRIS
Ah want tae see that Ricky cunt.
Told him what was what. Tae leave
yi alone.

Shannon breaks off the hug. Not best pleased.

SHANNON
Chris? Whit the fuck? Ah told yi no
tae dae that.

CHRIS
Yer upset wi' me?

SHANNON
No.

CHRIS
Yi sound upset.

SHANNON
Ah'm not. Ah said ah'm not. If ah
wis ah wid tell yi.

CHRIS
Yi sound upset bit.

SHANNON

Ah'm no upset... Ah'm fucking raging.

CHRIS

How?

SHANNON

Ah telt yi no tae dae something. Yi promised me yi widnae dae it. Yi went behind ma back and did it anyway. Cuz fuck Shannon aye?

CHRIS

That prick hurt yi. Yi wanted me tae let him get away with that?

SHANNON

Ah wanted yi tae listen tae me. How could yi no dae that?

Chris realises he's fucked up.

Shannon sits on the sofa.

CHRIS

Okay. Ah'm sorry. Ah just went red and lost ma heed. Ah'm sorry babe.

Chris joins her on the sofa and takes Shannon's hand.

He squeezes it.

She squeezes his hand back.

They kiss.

INT.BLUE ASTRA-(MOVING-NIGHT

A young couple KIRSTY MCCORMICK (19) and JOHN MULLEN (20) drive up the Greenock Cut to the Reservoir through darkness save for the motor headlights. They stop at the base of the Cut. John turns the engine off. He looks very anxious.

INT.BLUE ASTRA-(PARKED-NIGHT

KIRTY

Whit's wrang?

JOHN

Nothing.

Kirsty can tell he's hiding something.

KIRSTY

Ah'll get oot the motor John if you
don't tell me.

John lowers his head.

JOHN

Ah'm feart of the dark.

Kirsty bursts out laughing until she sees he's serious. The
laugher dies.

KIRSTY

It's sound. Ah still sleep wi' the
teddy ma Maw bought me when I was
wee.

Kirsty sighs and pulls John in close.

JOHN

How's scholl going?

Kirsty kisses his cheek and caresses it.

KIRSTY

(Softly)
Good.

JOHN

(Softly)
It's pure nice.

Kirsty nods in agreement.

KIRSTY

Are yi worried about yer Da?

JOHN

Always,

John lets out a sad chuckle.

Kirsty grabs him by his cheeks.

KIRSTY

Nae man nor lasie is taking you fae
me. So Ah'll have none of yer
nonsense.

The couple kiss.

Shannon's voiceover is the only thing heard from this point on in the scene.

EXT.GREENOCK CUT-NIGHT

SHANNON

(VO from her letter)

Ah bet yous wid like tae no whit
happened tae that couple up in the
Cut? Young love eh? Ah went out on
a wee drive...

Another motor pulls up its headlights almost blinding the couple. Kirsty mouths "*what the fuck*"

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I had with me my two best friends.
A 32 snub nosed revolver that I
bought in Northern Ireland from a
man called Peter Burns and a
switchblade.

THE KILLER (his face is obscured at all times) manually lowers his window down. He leans his head out of the window.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(VO)

I rolled the window down. I didn't
step out of the motor for obvious
reasons.

The Killer fires his revolver 4 times. Hitting John through in the chest and neck. The bullets exit him hitting Kirsty in the right shoulder and rib.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(VO)

The bullets sang to me as they
whistled out of the gun. It hit the
man in the chest and neck. The
woman was hit in the right shoulder
and rib. The sound of entry was so
satisfying. I am telling you all
this because you will never find
me. Catch me now because tomorrow
I'll be gone. If you do not print
this on the front page of the
Greenock Telegraph in a week I will
kill again. I'm a man of my word. I
look forward to reading your next
article. Signed God's Lonely Man.

As Shannon reads from her letter. The Killer rolls up his window. He drives off leaving the couple bleeding and moaning in pain.

INT-GREENOCK TELEGRAPH BUILDING-DAY

The morning's paper has been printed. The letter is front page. Shannon feigns shock upon reading it at her desk. She looks around. All her co workers are reading it like it's a new hit novel.

Her boss ROBERT KIRKMAN (67) marches up to her desk. Shannon looks up at him. Expecting to get a lecture. He puts out his hand. Shannon shakes his hand. Robert embraces her.

ROBERT

This is your best work. Ah knew you had potential that's why Ah wis so hard oan you. You proved how right Ah wis.

Shannon breaks off the hug.

SHANNON

Cheers?

ROBERT

Ah need you tae set up an interview wi' the victims families?

Shannon looks confused.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Aye give them time to grief Ah suppose. Keep up the good work hen. Ah'm proud ah yi

Robert walks back to his office.

Shannon quickly grabs the Telegraph freshly printed and fiddles through it until she finds:

Crime scene photography of: John's blue Astra. She scrolls down the writing. The murders match one to one what she has written. The byline reads "written by: Michelle Dargo"

Shannon stands up.

SHANNON

(Shouting)

Does anybody know where Michelle is?

Silence.

Shannon packs her desk up, grabs her Robertet and heads out.

INT.HOUSE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/BEDROOM PAISLEY-MORNING

Chris walks up the stairs and easily opens the door.

He looks around not even acknowledging Shannon standing there. He picks up a Bible.

SHANNON

It's ma Maws.

Chris scoffs.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Yi jist cannae get yer heid aroun
something oot there haivng mair
control than yi?

CHRIS

(Reading)

"I heard the voice of the fourth
beast say, Come and see. And I
looked, and behold a pale horse:
and his name that sat on him was
Death, and Hell followed with him.
And power was given unto them... to
kill with sword, and with hunger,
and with death, and with the beasts
of the earth"

Shannon tries to leave. Chris blocks her path.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Where dae yi think yer gaun?

SHANNON

Doonstairs.

CHRIS

Naw yer no.

SHANNON

Whit? Fucking move.

Chris doesn't move. Shannon spits in his face.

He grabs her neck. He bends Shannon over the bed.

A chap is heard at the door.

Chris waves the locked blade around.

CHRIS
Stay here. Make a sound and Ah'll
slit yer throat? Dae yi understaun?

Chris clicks the blade open.

INT.SHANNON'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-MORNING

Chris places a chair at the bedroom door to barricade Shannon in and storms downstairs.

INT.SHANNON'S HALLWAY-MORNING

CHRIS
(Under his breath)
Whit the fuck dae yi want?

He opens the door: it's a BEAT COP (19), Chris composes himself.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Awright mate how can Ah help yi?

BEAT COP
Hey pal sorry tae bother yi got ah
report ae ah domestic.

The Beat Cop doesn't recognise him.

CHRIS
A domestic aye?

BEAT COP
That's right.

CHRIS
An Auld Wummin phoned yous?

BEAT COP
Not allowed tae tell yi that mate.

CHRIS
Ah'll take that as an aye then.

The Beat Cop's look tells him he's right.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Whit did the auld wummin say aboot
this "domestic?"

BEAT COP
She says yi were acting
aggressively-

CHRIS
(Scoffing)
Aggressive? Fuck no. She's winding
yi up mate.

BEAT COP
Ah jist hid tae come roun and make
sure.

CHRIS
Aye. Aye Ah understaun' that. Nse
bother.

Chris sizes the Cop up. His hand in his blade pocket.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Dae yi want some tea?

BEAT COP
Naw honest-

CHRIS
Naw honestly it's fine. Least Ah
can dae fir whit that...cretin did.
Making yi come here fir fuck aw.

The two share a laugh.

Chris steps aside. Letting The Beat Cop come into the
hallway.

Chris makes a beeline for the kitchen.

BEAT COP
Who were yi having a domestic wi'?

He stops dead in his tracks. Turning his head to the Cop.

CHRIS
Ma burd.

BEAT COP
Where is she?

CHRIS
At work.

BEAT COP
Where does she work?

CHRIS

A cafe.

BEAT COP

Up here?

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

Glesga.

The Cop winces. Chris throws him a look as if to say "I know"

BEAT COP

Whereabouts in Glesga?

CHRIS

Sauchiehall Street.

BEAT COP

Yi no Ah have tae go and speak tae her.

CHRIS

Aye Ah no. Ah'm no daft.

BEAT COP

Didnae say yi were.

Banging upstairs can be heard.

BEAT COP (CONT'D)

Whit is that?

CHRIS

That's jist ma bitch.

The Cop looks at him. Confused.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Ma dug. Ah keep her up in the room.
She's a biter.

Chris smirks. The Cop listens to the banging.

BEAT COP

How's she no barking?

Chris wasn't expecting that question.

CHRIS

Sorry?

BEAT COP
Yer dug. How's she banging oan the
door and not barking?

Chris's rattled. He scrambles quickly for an answer.

CHRIS
Cuz she's a good lassie. Unlike her
Mammy.

Chris's hand up and down the blade handle in his pocket.

BEAT COP
Dae yi mind if Ah go upstairs and
see she's awright?

Chris motions for him to go up the stairs.

CHRIS
Ladies first.

The Cop has a chuckle. He makes a beeline for the bedroom.

INT.SHANNON'S STAIRS/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-MORNING

Chris follows him up the stairs.

CHRIS
Ah'm telling yi mate. This isnae
really necessary.

The Cop patches him.

The banging gets progressively louder.

As he tries to move the chair...

Chris clicks his blade open...

Stabbing the Cop repeatedly in the back. The Cop stumbles
back groaning in pain.

Chris watches him tumble down the stairs. Landing in a heap
at the bottom.

Chris chaps on the door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yi awright?

Shannon doesn't answer him. Chris scoffs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Ah'll be back. Fucking stay in
there,

Chris marches downstairs.

INT.SHANNON'S HALLWAY-MORNING

He pulls the Cop's limp body along the floor. The cop softly
moans.

Coughing up blood.

INT.SHANNON'S BEDROOM-A FEW HOURS LATER

Shannon is the process of coming up with some kind of escape
plan.

She hunts through her drawers.

She finds sleeping tablets and a straight razor. She hides
them in her knickers.

INT.SHANNON'S HALLWAY-AFTERNOON

Chris returns. He marches upstairs.

He takes the chair away and opens the door. Shannon calmly
walks out the bedroom.

SHANNON
Whit did yi dae tae him?

CHRIS
Don't be nosy.

He pushes her towards the stairs she slowly walks down them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Faster.

SHANNON
Awright.

He marches her into the kitchen.

INT.SHANNON'S KITCHEN-DAY

SHANNON
Dae yi want ah drink?

CHRIS
Aye fuck it why no?.

Chris sits down on a chair in the kitchen letting his guard down.

She pours him a shot of whisky crushing a pill into it. She stirs it with her pinkie.

Handing him the drink. She pours herself one.

SHANNON
Cheers.

Chris toasts and downs it.

CHRIS
That's good fucking whisky.

SHANNON
Why did yi dae it?

CHRIS
Dae whit?

SHANNON
Is it ah sexual thing? Are yi ah perv? Is it the fear yi like?

CHRIS
Why did Ah dae whit?

SHANNON
Why did yi kill Michelle Dargo?

Chris clicks his tongue.

CHRIS
Ah didnae. How many fucking times dae Ah need tae keep telling yi that before yi get it through yer thick heid?

SHANNON
(Scoffing)
Yer ah lying bastard Chris.

Chris goes to respond the words don't come. He chokes and splutters.

Chris falls off the chair and backs himself against the wall.

He throws up the whisky. Shannon jumps up and slashes at him.

She cuts his shirt. Chris pushes her down.
Sprawled on the floor.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
(Catching her breath)
Is that the best you've got?

She spits blood in his direction.

Chris walks over to the whisky and pours it over her. He holds a lighter over her.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Dare yi.

Shannon calls his bluff...

He lights her shirt on fire.

Shannon rips it off in the nick of time to avoid the scolding ash.

Chris forcefully pries the razor from Shannon's hand and holds it to her neck.

INT.SHANNON'S HALLWAY-MORNING

Letters are shoved through Shannon's letterbox. From the living room. Shannon's Maw shouts:

SHANNON'S MAW
(OS)
Shan! post.

Shannon bolts downstairs in record time. She fiddles through them. Takeaway menus, political campaigns. Only one is addressed to her. A handwritten letter. She smiles initially believing this is from Chris.

SHANNON'S MAW (CONT'D)
(OS)
Did you get anything?

SHANNON
(Lying)
Naw.

SHANNON'S MAW
(OS)
Maybe next time.

Shannon chuckles.

SHANNON'S MAW (CONT'D)

(OS)

Yi wanting cereal?

SHANNON

Ah'll get something latr.

Shannon thunders upstairs.

INT. SHANNON'S BEDROOM-MORNING

Shannon tears open the letter. Her face turns chalk white with fear when she reads it.

SHANNON

(VO)

Dear Darling. Whoever said imitation is the sincerest form of flattery never read your miserable attempt to satirise me and co-opt my infamy for your own craven moral greed. I know who you are. If you do not cease and desist butchering my good name. You will suffer the same consequences as that couple in the Cut or Michelle Dargo. Fuck off. Signed God's Lonely Man.

INT. SHANNON'S BEDROOM-DAY

Shannon tries to process what she has just read. She rips the letter up and puts in her bin.

Her phone rings startling her. It's Chris.

SHANNON

(Stuttering)

Uh...hey.

CHRIS

Hey how are yi?

Shannon tries to keep her composure.

SHANNON

Eh...Aye Ah'm awright...Jist tired.

CHRIS

Dae yi want me tae come over?

SHANNON
No the night babe. Ah jist want ah
day by maself.

Silence.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Sorry.

CHRIS
It's sound honest. Ah get it. Ah'll
text yi later oan.

SHANNON
Cheers babe.

CHRIS
Love yi.

Silence.

SHANNON
Yi tae.

Shannon hastily hangs up. She rings Michelle. It goes to
voicemail.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Hey babes it's Shannon can you
please call me when you get this?
Cheers.

EXT.POLLOCK PARK-DAY

In broad daylight. The sun is shining. MICHELLE DARGO (29)
lays on the grass enjoying the sun. She hears the ringing of
her phone and whips it out. It's Shannon.

MICHELLE
Hey Shan doll whit's wrang?

SHANNON
(VO)
Are yi okay? Everything okay? Where
are yi?

Michelle is taken aback by Shannon's worry.

MICHELLE
Ah'm sound. Jist enjoying the sun.

Shannon breaths a sigh of relief.

SHANNON
Thank fuck.

MICHELLE
How?

SHANNON
Ah jist got a-

Michelle is too focused on a man walking towards her to hear the rest fo what Shannon is saying.

MICHELLE
That's lovely hen. Here Ah've got
tae go.

It's Chris.

SHANNON
Michelle where are yi?

MICHELLE
Ah'll get back tae yi.

SHANNON
No wait.

Michelle hangs up. Chris is looking down on her now. Michelle doesn't know him.

MICHELLE
Awright mate. Nice day eh?

Michelle sees Chris has a switchblade.

Michelle tries to get up.

CHRIS
Don't move. Ah want yer ID and yer
bank card.

MICHELLE
Yer no gonnae be able to use it. Yi
don't look like a lassie.

Michelle awkwardly laughs.

CHRIS
Make a sound and Ah'll cut yi,
understood?

Michelle nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Ah'm gonnae tie yi up now okay?
Then Ah'm taking yer card, getting
the money oot and fucking off to
London.

MICHELLE
Whit dae yi need to get tae London
for? Yi done something bad? One of
yer fanily members sick?

Chris says nothing as he ties hogties Michelle.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
That's quite tight.

Silence from Chris. After he's finished. Chris grabs her
purse.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Please let me go. Ah won't tell
anybody. Ah don't even no who you
are.

CHRIS
Ah no. Bit Ah no you.

Michelle's confused by that. Still she tried to placate him.

MICHELLE
Whitever it is Ah can help you.

Chris takes a deep breath.

CHRIS
Ah don't like being slandered in
the media Miss Dargo.

Before Michelle can answer. Chris raises the blade above his
head and brings it down upon her. Jesus Christ we're actually
going to have to watch this.

Michelle tries to wriggle free for her life.

The knife goes in and out ten times. Blood turns the Pollok
grass from green to red. The screams can be heard from
Glasgow to London. It happens so fast it takes a moment to
register the brutality of what's happened.

EXT. POLLOCK PARK-NIGHT

The screaming is silenced by night. The more eerie silence as
Michelle's dead body lies sprawled on the grass.

INT.CHRIS'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Megan watches the news report of Michelle's murder. She has a uneasy feeling. She's hiding something about her brother. She heads towards the stairs.

INT.UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-DAY

Megan runs upstairs.

MEGAN

Chris?

No answer.

Megan champs on the door. No answer. She opens it.

INT.CHRIS'S BEDROOM-DAY

The bedroom resembles a teenager's more than a grown man's.

Megan goes over to Chris's drawer and retrieves his work schedule. Chris was working near Pollock Park the day of the murder. Megan flicks the schedule back to the day of the first murder. Putting two and two together. She recoils in horror.

Megan puts the schedule back in the drawer and bolts out the room slamming the door shut.

INT.MEGAN'S BEDROOM-DAY

Megan fishes out a leather bound scrapbook from deep underneath her bed.. She opens it to reveal detailed case files previous unsolved murders and a psychological profile of her brother.

INT.TENEMENT CLOSE-DAY

Abbie and Beth sit on the stairwell sharing a cigarette. Beth is midway through an anecdote about her neighbour.

BETH

And yi mind Kirsty?

ABBIE

Vaguely.

BETH

She kicked her man oot right?

ABBIE
Yi asking me or yi telling me?

BETH
Dae yi fucking no her?

ABBIE
Naw. Ah don't.

BETH
Then obviously Ah'm telling yi.

Abbie takes a drag of the cigarette.

BETH (CONT'D)
Like Ah wis saying. She's shouting
and bawling "See you ya cheating
bastard"

ABBIE
He wis cheating?

BETH
(Sarcastic)
Naw she jist says that fir ah bam
up.

Abbie rolls her eyes at her pal's sarcasm.

BETH (CONT'D)
So Ah goes tae rubberneck and find
oot whit's happenin'

ABBIE
Right.

BETH
An Ah swear oan wee Katie's
life...Gordon was banging oan the
door...naked.

Abbie splutters in disbelief.

ABBIE
Fuck off.

BETH
Pottering about in the scud. Bare
arse and aw.

ABBIE
(Through laughter)
Fir fuck's sake.

BETH
Thank fuck Katie wis in her room.

ABBIE
Whit did yi dae?

Beth shrugs.

BETH
Whit can yi dae in that situation?
Watched.

Abbie motions to the cigarette.

ABBIE
(Through laughter)
Want a draw?

Beth shakes her head.

BETH
Naw yer sound.

Shannon bursts into the close.

ABBIE
Awright chick?

Shannon doesn't answer. She paces up and down the close.
Riddled with anxiety.

BETH
Whit's...whit's wrang?

Abbie motions for Shannon to join them on the stairwell.

Shannon keeps pacing up and down.

ABBIE
Here. Take this.

Abbie hands Beth the cigarette.

She makes her way down to Shannon.

Abbie tries to comfort Shannon. Rubbing her shoulders.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
Whit's happened?

Shannon lowers her head. Her body language says more than words could.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
 Yi can tell me anything babes. Yi
 no that...Is it Chris?

Shannon glances at Abbie.

Abbie sighs.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
 Awright. Whit's he done? Who do Ah
 need tae murder?

SHANNON
 It's nothing. It's jist...

ABBIE
 Yous hid ah fight? He been getting
 wide?

Shannon shakes her head.

SHANNON
 Ah've jist...Ah've got things Ah
 need tae say.

ABBIE
 Need tae say tae him?

SHANNON
 (Under her breath)
 Aye,

Abbie's not exactly a psychologist but she's trying.

ABBIE
 It needs to get done then. It's a
 pain in the arse. But yi have tae
 dae whit you've got tae dae. That
 boy loves yi. He'll listen tae yi.
 Bit yi need tae dae yi. If yi let
 it sit in yer heid. It'll eat yi
 alive. Dae yi no whit Ah mean?

SHANNON
 Aye.

Abbie takes her by the hand.

ABBIE
 You'll be awright hen. Mon.

Abbie leads Shannon upstairs. This has not helped.

EXT.PORT GLASGOW CAFE-DAY

Shannon anxiously waits outside the café. She checks her phone constantly.

She begins to walk down the street.

MEGAN

Shann?

Shannon spins around and waves at Megan.

SHANNON

Hey.

Shannon walks back towards the cafe.

INT.PORT GLASGOW CAFE-DAY

Shannon and Megan sit across from each other. Megan tucks into a cheeseburger. Shannon fidgets with her empty glass.

MEGAN

Yi wanting that refilled?

Megan points to the glass. Shannon shakes her head.

SHANNON

Ah wis wanting tae talk tae yi
about Chris.

Megan swallows.

MEGAN

Ah no. So wis Ah. And the serial
killer that's been cutting about.

Shannon winces at that.

SHANNON

Don't call him that.

Megan sighs.

MEGAN

Oh hen.

SHANNON

Don't be condescending.

Megan puts her hands up in apology.

MEGAN

Ah'm jist saying. Ah no whit he's like. Yi don't have tae say anything. He's always had a weird thing wi' lassies. Disnae no whit the word "naw" means.

Megan takes another bite of her cheeseburger.

SHANNON

He's not done anything wrang tae me.

MEGAN

He killed at least three people.

SHANNON

How can yi possibly say that aboot ur own brother?

MEGAN

Yi don't believe me?

SHANNON

Naw. Ah don't.

MEGAN

He's been ma brother his whole life. Ah love him mair than anything. Bit...

Megan sighs deeply.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Ah knew Ah soon as Ah heard the news it was him. Ah tried tae get him tae stop bit he widnae listen.

SHANNON

Ah...

Shannon tries to get out of the booth. Megan grabs her hand. Stopping her.

MEGAN

Sit doon.

Shannon snatches her hand away. Reluctantly. She sits back down.

Megan fishes through her bag. She brings out the scrapbook and drops it on the table.

MEGAN.

Here.

Shannon opens the scrapbook. Graphic photos of dead bodies greet her. She recoils in horror.

MEGAN

Sorry. Shoul da warned yi,

SHANNON

That's bogging.

MEGAN

That's whit ma brother did. In ma
ain hoose wi' his ain Maw and Da
sleeping in their beds.

Shannon is disturbed by this. Megan can see it. She reaches over and rubs her shoulder.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Have ah read through that. He needs
help. Throwing him away in a grotty
prison cell willnae help him. Yi no
whit Ah mean?

Shannon picks the scrapbook up from the table.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Ah've got somebody fir yi tae see.

INT.PORT GLASGOW PUB-DAY

PAUL MULLEN 47) stands at the bar watching the Rangers game.

Shannon taps his shoulder.

SHANNON

Mr Scott?

Paul patches her.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Paul?

Shannon taps Paul in the shoulder. Now he turns around. Not happy.

PAUL

Whit is it? Christ. Ah'm trying tae
watch the game.

SHANNON
Ah wanted tae talk aboot yer son.

PAUL
Whit aboot? He's deid.

SHANNON
Who do yi think did it?

PAUL
Ah no who did it. That bastard
Templeton.

Paul scoffs. Disgusted.

Shannon realises she's had it. She makes a beeline for the door.

SHANNON
(To Paul)
Thanks fir yer time.

Paul's too busy watching the game to answer.

EXT.PORT GLASGOW PUB-DAY

A motor pulls up outside the pub as Shannon leaves. The motor loudly honks its horn.

Stopping Shannon in her tracks. The motor's window is rolled down.

ROBERT KIRKMAN (67) smiles at Shannon.

ROBERT
C'mere.

Shannon hesitates. Then...

She walks to the passenger seat and opens the door.

INT.ROBERT'S MOTOR (PARKED)-DAY

Robert doesn't look happy.

ROBERT
Whit are yi playing at?

Shannon shrugs. No reply.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Are yi awright?

SHANNON

Ah widnae have gotten intae yer
motor if Ah didnae.

Robert gestures as if to say "fair point"

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Did yi really believe that letter?

ROBERT

Fuck no.

Robert lets out a hearty laughs.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It wisnae written well enough to be
a killer's letter.

SHANNON

Don't be wide.

Robert hesitates before answering.

ROBERT

Truth is Shannon. Ah love Chris
don't get me wrang Ah've known him
and his family since his Da wis a
wee boy bit....

His voice trails off.

SHANNON

Bit?

Robert leans forward in his seat.

ROBERT

He hid this burd a few years back.

Shannon clocks that.

SHANNON

He says tae me naebody hid ever
loved him.

ROBERT

(Matter of factly)
Aye he does that.

Shannon lowers her head.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Anyway so he wis wi' this burd and
they were sound yada yada...and
then his Da comes tae me. He says
Rab gonnae make this go away.

SHANNON
Make whit go away?

Robert leans over and whispers in Shannon's ear. We don't hear what he says...

Shannon's horrified reaction is worth a thousand words.
Robert leans over and opens the glove compartment.

He takes a card and hands it to Shannon.

ROBERT
That's the number for ah wummin's
shelter up in Johnstone. Ah'm pals
wi' the lassie that runs it she's
lovely. Tell her Rab sent yi if
ne...

SHANNON
(Cutting him off)
Cheers. Ah don't need it.

ROBERT
Suit yerself. Given whit's
happenin' yi can have a week aff
then Ah want yi back intae work.

An awkward silence fills the motor.

SHANNON
Can yi take me hame?

INT. SHANNON'S BEDROOM-DAY

Shannon and Chris make out on Shannon's bed. The roles are reversed from their previous encounter.

Chris moves his hand lower and lower down her thigh. He plants his hand on her inner thigh.

Shannon pushes it away. Chris's finger glide towards her crotch.

Shannon breaks off the kissing.

SHANNON
Ah says stop.

CHRIS
Whit's wrang?

SHANNON
Nothing.

CHRIS
Aye there is. Ah can tell.

Shannon squirms. Anxious of upsetting Chris.

SHANNON
It's nothing honestly.

Chris sees through it.

CHRIS
Whit happened?...Wis it that Ricky cunt?

SHANNON
Naw.

CHRIS
Is it yer pals?

SHANNON
(Defiant)
No.

CHRIS
Then whit is it then?.

Shannon composes herself. She takes a deep breath.

SHANNON
Ah talked tae Megan.

CHRIS
Whit aboot?

SHANNON
Aboot you. Aboot why yous moved here. Aboot why you-

CHRIS
(Cutting her off)
You've got it aw confused babe.

SHANNON
How the fuck can Ah be confused?

Chris tries to figure out what to say next.

After a tense silence...

Chris clicks his fingers. He falls on his knees at Shannon's feet. He looks up at her. Taking her hand in his.

CHRIS

Och babe this is sw ah big
misunderstanding.

Shannon is dubious.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

A couple ah lassies were killed
near where Ah wis dain ma taxi
runs. When the Polis arrested me.
They filled Megan's scared wee heid
wi' aw this lies about me. Ah swear
doon oan ma Maw.

SHANNON

Why did the Polis arrest yi then?

Chris sits back down beside Shannon.

CHRIS

Cuz Ah wis a daft wee boy and got
convicted once. For fucking
stealing no less. They never
fucking let me live that doon.
Ah'll tell yi that much.

Chris chaps on his knee.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's whit Ah wid hear every other
weekend at dawn in my hoose fae
when Ah wis sixteen. "Hawl Chris"
The Polis wid come and lift me fir
anything.

Chris's face contorts into bitterness.

Shannon glances at the ring Chris "bought" her. She puts two
and two together.

SHANNON

Did yi steal this?

Chris is offended by this suggestion.

CHRIS

Whit?

SHANNON
Did yi steal this ring?

CHRIS
No.

SHANNON
Where did yi get the money fir it
then?

CHRIS
Saved up ma fare money.

Shannon can see right through him.

SHANNON
Yer lying Chris.

CHRIS
Ah swear doon Ah'm no.

SHANNON
Did yi kill that wee couple in the
Cut?

Chris jumps up in a rage. He wags his finger in her face.

CHRIS
How fucking dare yi accuse me ah
dain that.

SHANNON
(Standing her ground)
Did yi bit?

CHRIS
Course no!

Chris takes his finger away. He breathes in. Trying to
compose himself.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Ah swear doon. Ah didnae dae it.
Ah...never...did...it.

Shannon takes this in. She considers it.

SHANNON
(Noncommittal)
Ah believe yi.

Chris is relieved. He hugs her tight. Shannon forces a smile.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
(Trying to convince
herself)
Ah love you Chris.

EXT. GREENOCK STREET-NIGHT

In the cold Greenock chill. Shannon and her pals walk down the street.

ABBIE
How did things go wi' Chris?

SHANNON
It went okay.

BETH
Jist okay?

SHANNON
He wis annoyed at me fir asking.

ABBIE
Arsehole.

SHANNON
He's no a-

BETH
Yi don't think that's being an
arsehole? Behaving like that?

SHANNON
Naw. Ah mean Ah'm no sure tae be
honest. Bit-

ABBIE
Yi need shot ah him.

Shannon is hesitant.

SHANNON
Ah don't-

BETH
Ah'll text him if you want. "Here
Chris get tae fuck"

Beth reaches her hand into Shannon's bag.

She jumps back. Beth stumbles onto the main road.

Shannon and Abbie pull her back in. They howl with laughter.

Abbie and Beth put their arm around Shannon and lead her down the street.

ABBIE
See? Yi don't need that prick. Got
us.

Abbie plants her head on Shannon's shoulder.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
Yi can get any man yi want hen.

Shannon forces a half smile.

INT.CHRIS'S LIVING ROOM-MINUTES LATER

Chris smashes his phone off the wall. Enraged.
He storms towards the door.

INT.CHRIS'S HALLWAY-NIGHT

Megan stands at the top of the stairs in a house coat.

MEGAN
Chris? Where yi aff tae?

CHRIS
(Calmly)
Gaun tae see Shan.

MEGAN
Aw awright have fun. Tell her Ah
wis asking for her.

Chris patches her. He slams the door behind him as he leaves.

EXT.GREENOCK STREET-NIGHT

Chris marches through several blocks of streets in a rage
filled trance.

EXT.OUTSIDE SHANNON'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Chris walks up to Shannon's door and stops. He takes a deep
breath trying to calm himself down.

Chris furiously chaps on the door.

The door is flung open...

Shannon's Maw PAULA (59) stands in her jammies smoking a cigarette. She is not happy to see Chris.

CHRIS
Awright Paula?...Is Shannon hame?

Paula look Chris up and down. Visibly embarrassed by him.

PAULA
Whit are yi dain here?

CHRIS
Tae see Shannon.

Silence. Paula shakes her head in disgust.

PAULA
Don't ever come tae ma hoose in
this state again.

Chris wasn't expecting that.

CHRIS
Ah'm sorry?

PAULA
Aye yi should be.

Chris snorts. Not believing this.

CHRIS
Excuse me?

Paula clocks Chris's switchblade. He flicks it open exposing the blade.

PAULA
Stay away fae Shannon.

Chris raises the switchblade.

CHRIS
Tell Shannon Ah wis asking fir her.

Chris walks backwards away from the house. Paula stares at the raised switchblade.

Almost mesmerized by it.

EXT.OUTSIDE SHANNON-S HOUSE-EVENING

Ricky strolls up to Shannon's house.

He's well dressed holding flowers and a box of chocolates. He fixes his hair and chaps on the door.

INT.SHANNON'S KITCHEN-EVENING

Shannon looks up at the sound of chapping. Chris clicks open his switchblade.

He puts it in Shannon's mouth.

CHRIS

Shut up.

Silence. Ricky chaps again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Whit possessed yi tae get back wi'
this cunt?

Shannon keeps her eyes on the floor. Not even looking at him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't move.

Chris pats Shannon on the head. He moves towards the door. Ricky opens the letterbox.

RICKY

Shan?

He sees Chris walking towards the door.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Shan? Ah'm coming.

SHANNON

Don't.

Ricky doesn't listen. He opens the door.

Chris hides behind it. Ricky doesn't see it.

RICKY

Babe?

Ricky runs to Shannon. He hugs her as she lies on the ground.

SHANNON

(Straining)

He's...

Shannon can't get the words out. Ricky puts his ear to her mouth.

RICKY
Whit is it baby?

Shannon points to the door...

Just in time to hear it slammed shut by Chris. Ricky jumps to his feet.

Ready to play the part of the heroic cowboy.

Chris smirks at Ricky. Flashing the switchblade.

Ricky lunges at Chris.

Chris quick as a flash...

plunges the switchblade into Ricky's chest.

Chris pins him against the wall...

Chris stabs him over and over again.

Shannon screams in horror.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY/STAIRS-EVENING

Shannon desperately tries to compose herself...

She runs past Chris and tries to open the door. It's locked.

Chris grabs her and pulls her away from the door. She makes a run up the stairs.

Chris grabs her leg stopping her. She boots him hard in the face.

He lets go.

Chris spills his switchblade on the step. Shannon grabs it and runs up the stairs.

She switches the lights off. Darkness fills the hallway. Chris marches upstairs.

INT.SHANNON'S HOUSE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-EVENING

CHRIS
Yi no how many hooss Ah've walked
through in pitch black? Piece ah
piss.

Shannon hides behind the bathroom door.

As soon as Chris gets up the stairs...

She strikes.

Viciously kicking and punching Chris as hard as she can...

Shannon slashes at Chris. Slicing into his left cheek.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Ah ya fucking cow!

Chris grabs a hold of Shannon's hair...

He caresses her face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Tell me yi love me.

Shannon puts her finger in Chris's mouth. He sucks on it.

Releasing his grip on her.

Shannon grabs Chris's hands and runs them down her back and places them on her arse.

SHANNON
Ah love yi. Ah've always...

Shannon's voice trails off...

CHRIS
(Confused)
Always whit?

Suddenly...

Shannon grabs Chris and with all her strength... Shoves him into the bathroom.

INT.SHANNON'S BATHROOM-NIGHT

Chris catches himself. Holding onto the sink.

He makes a run for the door..

Shannon slams the bathroom door...

Chris's fingers are jammed in the door. He yelps in pain.

INT.SHANNON'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-NIGHT

Shannon shuts the door. She barricades the door with her body.

INT.BATHROOM-NIGHT

Inside the bathroom Chris puts his ear to the door in order to hear Shannon breathing.

CHRIS
Yi scared?

SHANNON
Naw.

CHRIS
Yi sound it.

SHANNON
Ah'm no..

CHRIS
(Changing tact)
If yi let me oot ah'll leave Ah
promise baby just let me oot.

Shannon ignores his plea.

Chris lets out a guttural primal scream...

Slumping to the ground unconscious.

SHANNON
Chris?

A tense silence...

Shannon breathes a huge sigh of relief. Shannon gingerly gets up.

Caked in blood. She opens the bathroom door.

Chris lies face down on the floor in a pool of blood.

Shannon kicks him to see he's dead. No movement.

She's relieved. When she gets one foot out the bathroom door.

She feels a hand grabbing onto her leg. She kicks out at Chris.

Only connecting slightly with his face...

it's enough for him to let go. Shannon stumbles downstairs.

INT.HALLWAY/KITCHEN-NIGHT

Shannon runs through the hallway into the kitchen.

She closes the door and uses a chair to barricade herself in the kitchen.

INT.UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-NIGHT

Chris grabs the switchblade from the step.

He shakes the cobwebs off and calmly walks down the stairs into the kitchen.

INT.SHANNON'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Shannon empties the cutlery drawer.

She grabs the biggest kitchen knife she can find.

Shannon runs the blade over her finger. Drawing blood.

CHRIS

(Off)

Yi awright?

SHANNON

Get fucked.

CHRIS

(Off)

Ah love yi Shannon.

SHANNON

Yer ah fucking liar.

Chris boots the door so hard it almost falls off its hinges. The chair falls over.

Chris makes a beeline towards her.

CHRIS

Ah love yi. Ah want yi tae-

Chris is about to serenade Shannon with a speech.

She's having none of it...

Lunging towards him with a knife in her hand. He backs off.

As he does...

INT. SHANNON'S HALLWAY-NIGHT

Shannon follows him out to the hallway.

CHRIS
Shan? Ah'm asking fir mercy.

SHANNON
Like Kirsty and John did? Like
Michelle did?

Chris clicks his tongue.

CHRIS
How many fucking times! Ah
didnae...

As his voice trails off...

Chris lunges at Shannon with the blade...

the speed of which puts her off guard. The blade digs into
her shoulder.

Out of instinct she boots him full force in the balls. He
lets out a high pitched yelp.

Stumbles into the living room writhing in pain.

She pulls the switchblade out of her shoulder quickly...

A brief scream of pain. Blood gushes out of the wound.

She lays against the wall. Bloody and exhausted.

INT. PUB-NIGHT

The lassies sit in a booth drinking. Shannon's told them
about the allegations.

ABBIE
How are yi feeling babe?

SHANNON
Meh. Okay Ah suppose.

BETH
How did he take it?

SHANNON

No well.

BETH

Surprise surprise.

ABBIE

Ah'm sorry babe.

SHANNON

It's awright. Just shite.

ABBIE

Yi meet a nice guy...then yi find
out he has a hard oan fir breaking
intae cunt's hooses.

Abbie playfully elbows Shannon in the ribs. Her gallows
humour not having the desired effect.

BETH

And murdering lassies.

Shannon flashes Beth a dirty look.

SHANNON

Yi don't no if he did that or no.

Beth rolls her eyes.

BETH

Why are yi defending him?

ABBIE

Yer better aff no even risking it.
Get so far tae fuck. If his own
sister thinks he did it.

SHANNON

She thinks he's lovely. My fucking
boss thinks he's lovely.

ABBIE

If that miserable prick likes him
he must be guilty...Yi can dae
better hen. Might be cliché bit its
the truth.

BETH

So much better. Ah great looking
lassie like yerself.

Shannon sadly chuckles.

ABBIE

Ah no yer hurting. Bit it'll get better. Honestly. You'll find somewan so much better.

Abbie caresses Shannon's hand.

SHANNON

Aye hopefully.

BETH

Yi can dae so much better than him.

SHANNON

(quietly bitter)
So yi keep saying.

Shannon takes a sip of her drink.

She looks up and she clocks a PUNTER (32) drowning his sorrows at the bar.

He looks like Chris.

Shannon stares at him intensely.

He's focused on his drink.

ABBIE

Yi okay babe?

Shannon says nothing.

She's suddenly incredibly anxious.

She gets up from her seat and makes a beeline for the bar. Shannon taps the guy on the shoulder.

SHANNON

Chris?

The Guy turns around...

It's not Chris.

Shannon struggles to hide her embarrassment.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Ah'm sorry Ah thought yi were... someone else.

Shannon quickly leaves the pub.

Abbie and Beth follow her.

EXT.GREENOCK STREET-MINUTES LATER

Chris strolls up the street in a fury waving the switchblade around carelessly.

Chris sees BECKY(25) walking alone on the other side of the street. He walks onto the road. Caressing the switchblade.

CHRIS

Hey hen? How's yer night gaun?

Becky doesn't look at him. She powerwalks away from him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hawl!

She turns around at the raising of his voice. Her eyes are drawn to the switchblade.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't scream.

She doesn't.

EXT.STREET-NIGHT

Shannon marches up the street. Abbie and Beth struggle to keep up.

ABBIE

Where yi gaun hen?

Shannon patches them.

Beth rolls her eyes. Trying to keep up.

BETH

Why are yi gaun back tae this cunt?

SHANNON

Not noo Beth.

Shannon turns the corner. Abbie and Beth follow.

EXT.STREET-NIGHT

Shannon catches Chris in the act.

Switchblade held against Becky's neck.

SHANNON
(In disbelief)
Whit the fuck?

Chris spins around to face Shannon...

He tries to hide the blade in his jacket. It's too late.

Becky bolts down the street as far away from Chris as possible.

Shannon squares up to Chris.

Showing no visible fear with her pals behind her.

Chris's eyes dart to Abbie and Beth.

CHRIS
Whit did yi bring them here fir?

Chris points at her pals.

BETH
So yi don't stab her ya beast.

Shannon puts her hand on Beth's shoulder.

SHANNON
It's awright babe.

Beth scowls at Chris. He tries to take Shannon's hand.

She bats it away.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Don't fucking touch me.

Chris puts his hands up in apology.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Yer sister wis right aboot yi.

Chris shakes his head.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Yi were gaun tae ki-

CHRIS
(Under his breath)
Ah wisnae gonnae-

SHANNON
(Cutting him off)
Yi were gonnae kill Becky if we
hidnae ae shown up weren't yi?

CHRIS
Naw.

Shannon takes this in.

SHANNON
(Quietly)
Aw. Awright.

Shannon takes a breath.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
(Shouting at the top of
her lungs)
Then why did yi have ah blade tae
her fucking neck?

Chris jolts. He wasn't expecting that.

He hesitates.

Then he moves his hand towards her cheek.

Shannon flinches.

CHRIS
(Sincerely)
Ah love yi so much Shan.

Shannon pulls away from Chris.

She takes her ring off. Holding it in front of Chris's face.

Shannon throws the ring at him. Hitting Chris in the face.
The ring falls to the ground. Rolling across the asphalt.

SHANNON
Who did yi murder tae get that
ring?

Silence.

Chris scoffs and turns his back from the lassies.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Pack yer bags get the oot ma hoose
and never speak tae me again. If yi
don't Ah'll fucking destroy you.

CHRIS
(With his back turned)
Whit wi' yer letters?

Chris storms away from Shannon.

Abbie and Beth put their arm around Shannon.

She stares at the ring and picks it up.

INT.CHRIS'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Chris bursts through the door. Megan is in the living room on her phone.

MEGAN
Whit's wrang Chris? Yi no staying
at Shannon's?

Chris marches upstairs into his room.

INT.CHRIS'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Chris lashes out. Punching the wall repeatedly until his knuckles bleed.

MEGAN
Chris?

Chris turns to face Megan.

She stares intensely at Chris's bloody knuckles.

She lets out a mournful sigh.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Aw Chris. Whit have yi done?

Megan sits on the bed beside him.

Chris struggles to maintain eye contact with her.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Yi promised me. Yi promised me yi
didnae-

Chris cuts her off with a look.

CHRIS
Don'T yi start an aw.

Chris rises to his feet.

MEGAN
Shannon knows...

Megan's voice trembles....

Then trails off.

Chris moves over to the window. The moonlight shines upon his face.

He breathes in the cold night air.

He fishes through his jacket...

Pulling the switchblade out. The switchblade clicks open.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
It's no yer fault. Ah've always
says that. It's no yer fault. Ah no
that. its yer heid. Making yi like
that. Ah no yer a good boy. And
Ah'll always love yi.

In one fell swoop...

Chris lunges at Megan...

He pins her down to the bed straddling her.

Chris raises the blade to strike...

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Ah love yi.

EXT.SAUCHIEHALL STREET- DAY

SHannon and Paul walk down Sauchiehall Street together.

SHANNON
Ah'm sorry aboot whit happened. Ah
didnae want tae believe it wis him.

Paul scoffs.

PAUL
Were yi blin?.

Shannon is hurt by that.

A Tall Guy wearing sunglasses waylays them. Blocking their path.

SHANNON
whit the fuck are yi wanting?

The Tall Guy takes his glasses off...

It's Chris.

CHRIS
Ah jist want tae talk tae yi.

Chris tries to grab her arm. She slaps his hand away.

PAUL
Yi wee murdering bastard!

Paul takes a step towards him. Shannon holds Paul back.

SHANNON
Yi try and touch me again and see
whit happens.

Chris smirks. He puts his hands up.

CHRIS
Ah'm sorry. Ah jist want tae talk
tae yi.

Paul looks at Shannon with concern.

PAUL
(To Shannon)
Don't-

CHRIS
(Cutting him off)
Ah wisnae fucking talking tae yi ya
jakey bastard.

Shannon steps in front of Paul. Protecting him from Chris.

SHANNON
So talk.

CHRIS
Is there somewhere quieter we can
go?

shannon laughs.

PAUL
Whit? So yi can dae tae her whit yi
did tae ma wee boy and his burd.

Chris shoves his hand into his jacket. Clicking the switchblade open.

CHRIS
(Screaming in Paul's
face)
Ah didnae dae anything tae yer
fucking son.

Shannon shoves him hard.

SHANNON
Fucking leave him.

Chris takes his switchblade out.

PAUL
Ma heid...it's burling.

Paul clutches his chest and falls to the ground.

SHANNON
Paul? Paul!

Shannon kneels down...

She realises Paul is having a heart attack.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Paul? It's Shannon. Listen tae ma
voice. Listen tae me.

Chris kneels down...

Shannon hits him across the face. His cheek turns bright red.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Stay the fuck away fae him.

Chris goes up and looks around.

People are pretending not to notice...

Not wanting to get involved. Chris quickly pockets his switchblade.

Composes himself. Hiding his rage.

CHRIS
(To nobody in particular)
Phone an ambulance.

Shannon shoos him away. Chris shuffles away from the scene of the crime.

Shannon continues to give Paul CPR. Desperately trying to save him.

SHANNON
Paul? Stay wi' me mate. Please.
Listen tae me.

EXT.GREENOCK STREET-EVENING

Sometime later. Shannon and Ricky walk out of a chippy holding two sausage suppers.

They walk and talk down the street back to Shannon's.

SHANNON
They says tae me "Shan gonnae get that article tae us the morra" Aye doll. Let me drive up tae Inverness and have it done fir yi in three hoors.

Shannon scoffs.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Go chase yerself.

Ricky laughs in between eating chips.

RICKY
(Mouthful of chips)
Ah love yi Shannon babe bit Ah don't hink yer pure superhuman. Fucking chancers trying tae get yi tae at the last second.

SHANNON
Ah wis thinking aboot dain it tae.
Ah ne-

RICKY
(Cutting her off)
Don't dae that.

MEGAN
How no?

RICKY
If yi atart letting them treat yi like a doormat. Anytime they need some cunt tae work daft hoors. They'll come fir yi. If they say jump. Say go take a fuck tae yerself.

Shannon says nothing.

She's stopped at the traffic lights staring someone down.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Shan?

Ricky looks over at the opposite side of the road.

There's a guy standing still with earphones in and sunglasses on.

It's Chris. She lets out the world's biggest sigh of frustration.

Shannon makes a beeline for him.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Shan?

She's not listening.

She marches towards Chris.

He sees her and walks round the corner.

When she gets there...

he's gone.

SHANNON

(Under her breath)

Bastard!

Ricky catches up to her.

RICKY

Yi awright?

SHANNON

Will be aye, When he's gone.

RICKY

Yi sure it wis him?

SHANNON

Aye ah'm fucking sure.

RICKY

Phone the polis oan him.

SHANNON

And say whit? "this random guy wis
listening tae auld music so Ah
chased him doon the street" really
looks good oan me. Mon let's get
hame ah'm fucking starving.

They walk off down the road. As they do...

Chris reappears watching them.

INT. PAISLEY OFFICE-DAY

Megan walks into Robert Kirkman's office.

Kirkman smiles when he sees her.

ROBERT

Hi sweetheart how can Ah help yi?

Megan sits down opposite him.

MEGAN

It's aboot Chris.

ROBERT

Whit aboot him?

MEGAN

He's got a burd. Well hid wan.

ROBERT

Aye Ah no. She works for me.

This is news to Megan. Judging by her reaction.

MEGAN

How?

ROBERT

Ah'll gee three guess and the first
two don't count.

That's a satisfactory answer for Megan.

MEGAN

Whit did yi say tae her?

ROBERT

Jist telt her Ah hid a place she
can go if she needs tae get away.

MEGAN
She didn't take yi up oan that
offer?

ROBERT
(Coldly)
They never dae.

MEGAN
Don't be an arsehole.

ROBERT
Sorry. Ah run a newspaper. People
trust me.

MEGAN
That makes yi an arsehole?

ROBERT
Yi no it.

Robert produces a bottle of Bells Whisky and a glass from his
drawer.

He pours himself a drink. He raises the bottle to Megan.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Want a dram?

Megan thinks this over for a beat.

MEGAN
Aye.

ROBERT
Good lassie.

Robert pours them both a dram. He hands Megan hers.

MEGAN
Cheers.

Robert toasts.

ROBERT
Tae Shannon no tae get murdered.

Megan smiles at Robert's gallows humour.

MEGAN
Tae Shannon no tae get murdered.

They drink their whisky. Putting the glasses down.

ROBERT
 Awright yi want tae go dae ah check
 oan her? Make sure she's sound?
 That's whit yer getting at?

Megan nods.

MEGAN
 Aye.

ROBERT
 Yi no yi don't have to get involved
 like this.

Megan looks at him as if to say "are you being serious?"

MEGAN
 He's ma brother. Ah've no got much
 choice in the matter. Ah love him.
 Ah want him tae get better.

ROBERT
 Fair dos.

MEGAN
 He is gonnae be raging when he sees
 yi by the way.

Robert takes this in. He nods. "I Know"

EXT. PAISLEY OFFICE-DAY

Megan and Robert powerwalk towards Robert's motor.

MEGAN
 Phone the polis. Get them tae
 Shannon's hoose. Just in case.

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT
 Naw. Cannae dae that.

MEGAN
 How no?

Robert stops dead in his tracks. Megan does the same.

ROBERT
 Cuz if the Polis show up. That wide
 cunt will chat them up and they'll
 fuck off. Failing that he'll kill
 them if he has tae.

They get in the motor and drive off.

INT. CAR (PARKED)-NIGHT

The streetlights outside are the only thing keeping Megan from complete darkness.

She shivers waiting for Robert to return.

Moments later...

Robert returns holding a brown paper bag.

MEGAN

Got it?

ROBERT

Aye.

MEGAN

Good. Dae yi know how to use it?

Robert laughs.

ROBERT

Dae Ah fuck!

Robert hides his fear behind the laughter.

MEGAN

Dae yi want me tae show yi?

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT

Naw yer awright. Ah'll manage.

Silence.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Besides...

Robert can't articulate his thought.

MEGAN

Besides?

A thoughtful pause from Robert.

ROBERT

Besides. Ah don't intend tae use it.

Megan takes this in.

MEGAN
Dae yi think he killed that lassie?

ROBERT
You've asked me that wan before.

MEGAN
Well gee me an answer then.

He takes a moment to consider his answer.

ROBERT
Wee Michelle? The weans up in the
Cut? 100% Ah no fir a fact he did
that.

Megan takes this in.

MEGAN
Whit aboot before. The lassies
under the flairboards.

ROBERT
Ah don't know....is ma honest
answer. Ah wis never sure oan that
wan.

MEGAN
Yi printed in yer paper that he wis
guilty. Splashed him oan it when
you werenae sure? Why wid yi dae
that?

ROBERT
Whit dae yi mean by that?

MEGAN
Yer a jounralist. Yer meant tae
tell the truth.

Robert scoffs.

ROBERT
Ah did. Ah beleved he was guilty
enough that warrented printing it.
Fir the safety ah his fellow
citizens. Fir the lassies oan the
street.

Its Megan's turn to scoff.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Ah gave him plenty ah warning. Yi
no how it goes. If it bleeds it
leads. Don't come crying tae me.

Robert's tone turns bitter.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Ah loved that wee boy.

MEGAN
Are yi feart ah him?

Robert nods.

ROBERT
You?

Megan doesn't answer. Robert starts the motor and reverses.

INT. SHANNON'S HOUSE HALLWAY-NIGHT

The house is a proverbial bloodbath.

The switchblade lies beside Shannon. Chris stirs for a moment.

He groggily gets up to his feet. Chris limps towards Shannon in the living room.

Shannon covers up in the fetal position. Chris stands at Shannon's feet.

CHRIS
Shannon?

Chris picks up his switchblade.

EXT. SHANNON'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Robert's motor pulls up. Robert and Megan sprint to Shannon's door.

INT. SHANNON'S HALLWAY-NIGHT

Chris clicks the blade open and raises his arm to strike...

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT

Robert empties the brown paper bag. A revolver falls into his hand.

He aims it in Chris's direction. His hands shaking.

	MEGAN	ROBERT
Chris!		Put the blade doon.

Chris turns round. He smirks seeing Megan.

CHRIS
Happenin' stranger.

Megan says nothing. Disgusted.

Chris clocks the revolver. Scowling.

Unfazed at having the gun pointed at him. Chris makes a "come hither" motion to Robert.

Robert does so. Revolver aimed at Chris's head.

Chris grabs him by his cheeks and kicks him the balls.

Robert doubles over. He drops the revolver.

Chris grabs him in a chokehold holding the blade to his throat.

He tries to kick out and resist but Chris grips tighter.

Robert quickly stops fighting.

ROBERT
(Straining for breath)
Chris!

SHANNON
Babe...Please let him go.

Chris stares intensely at Shannon. He rummages through Robert's coat.

He takes out a pair of steel handcuffs. Chris waves them in Robert's eyeline.

CHRIS
Ya wee dirty. Whit were yous
planning oan dain wi' these?

Chris glances at Shannon and Megan. They refuse to meet his gaze.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
No got an answer fir me?

Chris mouths "okay".

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Whit aboot you?

Robert says nothing.

Chris smacks him across the face with the handcuffs. Robert groans in pain.

The edge of the cuff cuts above his left eye. Leaving a gash.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Whit were yi planning oan dain Rab?

Chris strikes Robert twice above the eye with jabs.

Robert's gash opens up wide from the punches. He moans loudly in pain.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Whit were yi-

SHANNON
(Cutting him off)
He cannae answer yi if yer
battering him can he?

Chris stares at Shannon. She meets his gaze.

CHRIS
Yer right babe.

Chris motions to the kitchen with his blade.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
C'mere.

Chris forces Robert at knifepoint into the kitchen.

INT.SHANNON'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Chris shoves Robert to the ground.

He turns him on his back. Straddling him.

He grabs Robert's arm cuffing him to the leg of the chair.
Chris holds the blade to his throat.

CHRIS
Yer no so chatty noo are yi?

ROBERT
(Straining)
Chris...please mate-

The blade is pushed into Robert's throat.

CHRIS
Yer no ma fucking mate.

ROBERT
Ah wis-

CHRIS
Ah telt yi tae make her go away.
None ah this wid hid tae happen if
yi did whit Ah asked yi tae.

INT.SHANNON'S HALLWAY-NIGHT

Megan elbows Shannon. They exchange glances. Megan takes a step towards the door...

Her footstep creeks alerting Chris.

INT.SHANNON'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Chris turns his head to the hallway.

CHRIS
Shan?

INT.SHANNON'S HALLWAY/KITCHEN-NIGHT

Shannon stares at Chris through the door. Megan makes a beeline for the door.

CHRIS
Please. Don't l-

Shannon shakes her head...

he sticks her middle finger up at him.

Megan pulls Shannon towards the door. She resists. Staring daggers through Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Under his breath)
Okay.

Chris blows Shannon a kiss. He waltzes over to Robert.
Standing over him. Robert whimpers in pain.
Helpless at his mercy.

MEGAN
No! Don't!

Chris slits Robert's throat. Blood sprays like a fountain
onto him.

SHANNON
(OS)
Hawl.

Chris spins around...

The report of a revolver is heard.

The bullet strikes Chris in the stomach. Chris lets out a
loud guttural moan of pain. He stumbles out the back door.

EXT.BACK GARDEN-NIGHT

Chris goes down whimpering and moaning in agony.

His body sprawled out on the grass.

Shannon marches outside. Revolver in hand.

She runs up to Chris. Violently booting into him as he lays
dying in agony.

SHANNON
Bastard! Bastard! Bastard!

She is dragged away by Megan.

Once the adrenaline has worn off...

Shannon sits on the step. She fights back tears. Megan takes
the revolver out of her hand. Gives it a once over with a
baby wipe. She places it in the next door neighbour's bin.

Megan sits beside Shannon putting her arm around her. Police
sirens can be heard approaching in the distance.

EXT.CEMETERY-DAY

Chris Templeton aka God's Lonely Man is laid to rest. As his body is lowered to the ground. Heartbroken mounters throw earth upon his body in respect. You'd think a King had died the way he is being mourned. Shannon and Megan exchange knowing looks but say nothing. As this happens we hear the PRIEST giving Chris's eulogy.

PRIEST

God has chosen Chris, an fine young man, an outstanding member of a greater Inverclyde community to come to his Kingdom earlier than any of us would like. Though we mourn his passing we remember the good times...

EXT.CEMETERY-A WHILE LATER

Shannon sits on a bench mournfully holding a newspaper. Megan comes and sits beside her.

MEGAN

Awright?

Shannon softly smiles.

SHANNON

Ah will be.

MEGAN

Whit yi reading?.

Shannon shows her: the headline reads in all capitals "OBITUARY OF CHRIS TEMPLETON BY SHANNON MCCULLOCH"

Megan looks at the mourners who have not yet left the cemetery.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Ah'm sorry Ah couldnae tell yi whit he did. He wis ma brother. Yer an amazing lassie. He loved yi and rightly so.

SHANNON

Ah no. Ah loved him tae. They aw no don't they?

There is a silence that fills the air.

MEGAN

Out of sight out of mind.

Megan hugs Shannon, gets up from the bench and walks to Chris's tombstone.

Shannon reads from her written obituary as we see:

Home film footage of: Chris at Ibrox with a Rangers scarf.

Home film footage of: Chris drunk on the sofa.

Home film footage of: Chris and Shannon in happier times.

Home film footage of: Chris playing guitar.

Home film footage of: Chris at Christmas with Megan and Shannon.

SHANNON

(VO)

A hard working taxi driver loving
boyfriend, brother and son. Gone
too soon. Dearly missed.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.