



EPISODE 2

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CLOSE ON A TELEVISION - NEWS BROADCAST

A female news REPORTER (30) speaks into the camera.

REPORTER

...The metropolitan police have now confirmed that they have charged a Thirty-two-year-old man with the murder of seventeen-year-old Sasha Russell. The horrific incident, which occurred at the home of Miss Russell on Friday evening, had shocked the nation...

A Mug shot of John Caston.

REPORTER (O.S) (CONT'D)

...John Caston from the Wood Green area of the city was arrested at the scene by officers and was later charged on Saturday evening by detectives due to overwhelming circumstantial evidence...

Back on the reporter --

REPORTER (CONT'D)

...Caston denies the charge of murder, and a date for the trial has yet to be confirmed, however, metropolitan police commissioner Philip Benson issued the following comments regarding the case.

The tweet appears on screen as the reporter reads it aloud --

REPORTER (O.S) (CONT'D)

"While we're pleased to have swiftly charged a suspect in the horrific murder of young Sasha, nothing can diminish the profound shock and grief felt by the M.E.T., the local community, and the city as a whole over these past few days....

A picture of Sasha, smiling at the camera. She looks younger, wearing a school uniform, and exudes an angelic aura.

REPORTER (O.S)

...All our thoughts and prayers are now with the family in this unimaginably difficult time...

Closer on the photo of Sasha.

REPORTER (O.S)
...where this intelligent, vibrant,
fun-loving and caring young lady
had her life cruelly taken away in
the most heinous of ways.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON - ARIAL SHOT - DAY

The entire prison grounds are in view.

INT. PRISON - WING - DAY

The prison gate is unlatched as handcuffed JOHN CASTON is escorted through the wing by two male PRISON OFFICERS.

John keeps his head down, avoiding eye contact with anything.

He is led up a flight of stairs, through a locked door, and onto another WING.

The prison officers escort John along the hallway to his --
PRISON CELL.

It is unlocked and opened by one of the prison officers, he directs John into the cell like he is a hotel concierge.

John trudges through the door.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

John plants himself on the prison bed, both officers follow him in.

PRISON OFFICER#1 walks over and uncuffs John.

PRISONER OFFICER#1
You got the premier suite.

John doesn't look up.

PRISONER OFFICER#1
This is the nonce wing, but even in
'ere you're a special case. I'd
keep an eye out if I were you.
Welcome to Belmarsh. Just ring for
room service.

The prison officers leave the cell, but just as they do --

PRISONER OFFICER#2
Good luck, Caston.

The sound of the prison door slamming shut and locking.

With the coast clear, John raises his head. A condemned man.

EXT. STEVENS HOUSEHOLD - GARDEN - DAY

A moderately sized garden lies in front of a detached home of similar proportions.

Mike sits in a folding camping chair, gazing out into his garden. He casually takes drags from a cigarette, and a can of beer rests in one of the chair pockets.

The sound of footsteps approaching.

STEPH (O.S)
Y'know, they do burn and discolour
your fingers...

Mike snaps to attention, looks in the direction of his near-sizzling fingers --

MIKE
Owe, shit.

He swats the cigarette butt away as STEPH is revealed standing over him.

STEPH
You've been out here nearly two
hours? Thought you were gonna give
up on them.

MIKE
What, the cigs or the booze?

STEPH
I can't imagine a world where Mike
Stephens gives up booze.

MIKE
Cheers... you grabbing a seat?

STEPH
Can't, gotta get back to 'me
studying.

MIKE

Fair enough, I'll be out here.

He takes a swig from his beer whilst Steph descends into a delicate expression.

STEPH

So I'm meeting up with Paul later.

Mike instantly grimaces. Steph sees and feels it.

STEPH

He's having a rough ride. I like to be there for my friends. Just see him as a friend.

MIKE

I only see him as a sly fuckwit.

Steph moves her hand to her hip, stands obstinate.

STEPH

Just making sure you know.

MIKE

Thanks for checking in. But if you two do end up doing anything, 'av a shower, for fucks sake.

Steph's jaw clenches.

STEPH

Piss off...see you later.

Steph storms off towards her house.

Mike doesn't spare her a glance, instead pulling another cigarette from his packet. Chases it down with a deep swig from his beer can.

EXT. STREET UNDERPASS - DAY

Two streetwise young men lean against the steel bars at the underpass entrance.

TOM (White) and JOSH (mixed race), both around 18 years old.

Tom inhales from a vape pen, exhaling thick clouds, while Josh stares soulfully at the pavement.

Tom turns to Josh with an air of caution.

TOM
You gonna see him then, bruv?

Josh's already street-hardened face, scowls up a notch.

JOSH
Na.

TOM
It's ya bruv though, innit.

Josh glares at Tom, who gets the message loud and clear.

Josh pulls a vape pen from his pocket, takes a drag, and looks deeply into his cloud of vapor.

JOSH
Dunno what I'd do if I saw him...
would wanna stick him... what was
he doing, bruv?

Tom shakes his head, enforcing it.

JOSH
He's proper-fucked us all. He ain't
no bruv of mine. Not now.

TOM
I get ya. Sash was our sis.

JOSH
Innit.

They fist bump before each taking a tug on their pens.

JOSH
Kel's gone trippy over it all,
bruv.

TOM
You spoken to her?

JOSH
Message, bruv. Talking about the
Ouija board and shit...to do 'wit
what happened with Sash.

Tom's gaze fixates, the mention of the Ouija board stirring a trace of fear.

JOSH
It's all fucked up, bruv.

They both take a vape hit but are startled by --

VOICE (O.S)
Oi, Josh! How's your rapist brother
doin' inside!

Josh and Tom turn their heads sharply to spot a pair of
ESTATE TEENS perched on BMX bikes.

JOSH
Fuck off, ya rats!

The teens are a safe enough distance away. They return their
middle fingers plus "wanker" salutes.

ESTATE-TEEN#1
What ya gonna do about it, ya
fucking Manson!

The teens ride away, with parting gestures.

Josh glares in the direction they fled... but a foreboding
resignation creeps in.

INT. CASTON HOUSEHOLD - HALLWAY - LATER

The front door opens, and Josh enters, his expression tense.

JOSH
Mum, back... Mum?

Josh walks down his modest hall and into the --

LOUNGE

Josh's mum, ROSA, (mid-40s), a comely black woman with a
Jamaican accent is slumped on the sofa. Her dejection
transparent, her eyes staring into nothingness.

JOSH
Mum?

She lethargically looks up at her son.

ROSA
Son. What time is we now?

JOSH
You alright mum? Shall we do
dinner?

She's slow to answer.

ROSA
Yeah, we'll set dinner soon.

She averts her gaze from Josh, who looks down at her, troubled.

JOSH
Mum, we need to keep solid.

ROSA
... I'll feel a whole lot better
when they let 'me boy come home.

Josh stands sombre.

JOSH
He killed Sash, mum.

Rosa doesn't respond, lost in quiet contemplation.

With a resigned sigh, Josh places a gentle hand on her shoulder before leaving the room.

INT. STYLES CAR - ON THE MOVE - DAY

REVEREND STYLES's eyes are glued to his destination as his car creeps to a stop.

POV: The Russell house looms close through the windscreen.

The engine is switched off, the hand brake is yanked.

Styles hesitates in his seat, then gazes through the driver-side window.

POV: The house looms ominously, even in broad daylight.

EXT. OUTSIDE RUSSELL HOUSE - LATER

A finger presses the front door buzzer, it buzzes.

Styles, wearing a black clergy shirt and trousers waits on the porch.

The door soon opens, revealing a weary MR RUSSELL.

MR RUSSELL
Reverend.

REVEREND STYLES
Trevor. Is this an okay time?

MR RUSSELL
As good as any.

INT. RUSSELL'S LOUNGE - LATER

The reverend is seated on a couch, speaks sensitively.

REVEREND STYLES

...I'm conscious that it's only
been five days. I feel we should
give it a few weeks. Make sure it's
right for you?

Mr Russell sits opposite in his armchair.

MR RUSSELL

We don't want to delay this. We
need to put her to rest before we
can... do anything.

REVEREND STYLES

I appreciate that.
(pauses for thought)
Forgive me Trevor, but you
understand the coroner may not be
able to release Sasha for some
weeks?

Mr Russell returns a reluctant nod. Beat.

REVEREND STYLES

How's Susan doin--

MR RUSSELL

Shit.
(checks himself)
She wasn't ready to come back here
yet. She's with her mum. Just me
and Toby holding the fort.

Styles nods before carefully considering his next question.

REVEREND STYLES

Would you like me to bless the
house today?

INT. SASHA'S ROOM - LATER

Styles stands in the doorway, gripping a large gold cross,
attentively surveying the room --

Her bed, desk, mirror, cupboard, and window -- the scars of
the crime long gone, everything neat and pristine.

Styles delicately steps into the room, taking a closer look
at the many photos that line her desk.

Among them are images of a happy Sasha with friends and family. Each one strikes a chord with him.

He turns from the desk and addresses the room as though it was a person.

He holds the cross up, and softly delivers a blessing --

REVEREND STYLES

Holy Father, may the son of peace
bring peace to this house. May the
spirit of peace bring peace to this
house.

He stops. Something, something we didn't see or hear, unsettles him in this pin-drop silence.

He pulls out a tiny bottle from his pocket and starts sporadically sprinkling the room with water.

REVEREND STYLES

Holy Father, may all evils be cast
out of this place, at this moment,
in the name of Jesus Christ, in the
name of the holy--

THE SOUND OF SOMETHING CRASHING TO THE CARPET FLOOR.

Styles snaps his head toward a framed photo lying face-down on the carpet beneath the windowsill.

He walks over to it. Picks it up off the floor.

It's a photo of Sasha and Kelly in a happy embrace. The frame's acrylic glass is cracked over the two girl's faces - It's difficult to believe the fall from the windowsill would have caused this damage.

Then a light breeze from the open fanlight window, its timing and tone, seemingly eerie.

Styles stares in that direction, his unease in the room escalating.

He places the photo back on the windowsill and steps towards the door, casting one last apprehensive glance at the room.

He leaves the room, closing the door behind him with a sense of finality.

A moment in the empty room. That creepy breeze drifts once again from the top window.

INT. SCOTT MICHAELS FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Below the ensemble of satanic artwork, racially charged placards, and memorabilia of hate, SCOTT MICHAELS sits on his worn couch, cutting lines of white powder on his equally worn coffee table.

He discards the drink coaster that he was using and takes a ravenous look down at his fix.

Takes a deep snort... it hits home.

SCOTT

Fuck, mate.

He rests back, basks in the release...

A phone message alert.

Scott looks over at his phone that rests amongst the clutter on the table. Picks it up.

PHONE: A message from Lisa M, *"Need to speak to you. Please. Wherever you wanna meet?"*

Scott looks up and lets off a snigger.

EXT. PUB - DAY

Scott marches towards the entrance doors with a swagger, a wicked smirk slapped on his face.

INT. PUB - LATER

LISA sits at a secluded table with an untouched glass of Coke, looking up with palpable unease at the incoming --

Scott. He slams his pint of lager on the table, takes his seat opposite.

The pub is almost empty.

SCOTT

So, what can I do you for, Lisa?

She glares. In no mood for his shit.

SCOTT

I told you, he wants you back in.

Lisa carefully considers her response, though she's tempted to smash Scott's face in right now

LISA
What will it take? What does he
want from me?

SCOTT
Dunno, why don't you ask him
yourself?

That sends a chill down her spine, and Scott revels in it,
taking a mouthful of his pint.

LISA
Listen... get me out of this.

SCOTT
Afraid we made a pact, sweetheart.

She slams her fist down on the table.

LISA
Fuck sake Scott! You forgotten what
we're dealing with here... Dunno
why you're smiling, this don't end
well for either of us... you stupid
prick.

SCOTT
Watch yourself, Lisa. I ain't the
one who bull-shitted him off. He
don't like that. He feels you owe
him.

Lisa struggles, battling a mix of fear and violent intent
towards Scott.

She grabs a bag from underneath the table and shoves it in
his direction.

LISA
Take it.

Scott looks into the bag, likes what he sees.

LISA
Do something. Get him off me.
Please.

Scott tucks the bag underneath his jacket, then downs a large
gulp of his lager, slamming the glass on the table before
rising to his feet

SCOTT
Keep that coming... might be a way
outta this for ya.

LISA
You get double that if you get me
out.

Scott turns and moves towards the exit.

LISA
I mean it, Scott... this ends.

He returns a smirk and careens through those doors.

EXT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

Scott marches away from the pub but the smirk has gone,
possibly some of Lisa's words bearing a forbidding reality.

END OF ACT 1

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

KELLY sits at a desk immersed in her computer screen.

COMPUTER MONITOR: *'Ouija board - safe or dangerous?'*

Her eyes linger on the words.

COMPUTER MONITOR: page scrolls down to --

'An expert in the Ouija board phenomenon, parapsychologist, Dr. Henry Challis.'

The link is clicked --

'DR HENRY CHALLIS - 30 years of experience in the paranormal phenomenon.'

A picture of the Fifty-something, bespectacled Dr Challis, beneath that the text --

'Hello, my name is Henry Challis and I am a doctor of science and parapsychology at the London Metropolitan University. As part of my introduction, I would just like to answer a common question. As a doctor in parapsychology - do I believe in the paranormal? Answer: No, not yet. But I'm not ruling it out.'

The page scrolls down to a link titled --

DEMONOLOGY.

Kelly is unnerved by the very word.

She clicks the link...

A picture of a DEMON, front and centre. It's animated but still fiendish and menacing, staring right back.

Kelly's eyes widen. A nemesis.

Closer and closer on the demon. Its face, sinister grin, ominous eyes, now fill the screen...

The front door rings. Kelly snaps back to reality.

INT. FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens. Josh stands on her porch, his soulful gaze reflecting everything that has come to pass.

A silent and compassionate moment between the two... before Kelly falls into the arms of her visitor and weeps.

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Josh sits in Kelly's desk seat, waiting.

Kelly emerges into the room through her bedroom door, tissue to hand, eyes drying off.

JOSH
You betterz?

Kelly slumps onto her bed and shrugs a "yes".

A moment.

JOSH
-- You spoke with the coppers?

Kelly shakes her head.

JOSH
You spoke to anyone?

Kelly shakes her head... then ponders.

KELLY
I was on the phone with her...when
it happened.

JOSH
Serious? Do the pigs know?

Kelly shakes her head, knowing that they should.

JOSH
Kels?... you gotta speak to 'em,
innit.

Beat.

KELLY
It wasn't your brother.

Josh stares sceptically.

KELLY
You know what I'm talking about.

JOSH
That night, all that shit, it ain't
real Kels. My bruv is real. Ya
think I want it to be him?...
c'mon, babes.

KELLY

You telling me that night, that night, has no relevance to any of this. There was something in that night, Josh... and Sash is dead now.

JOSH

Yeah, because my brother killed her... and that's fucking it.

They exchange a conflicted look.

KELLY

Since when was your brother capable of doin' that?

Josh gives thought to it but remains unpersuaded. A moment.

KELLY

You still have the board?

Josh nods and can't hide his unease in that.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

A bottle of wine is poured into a pristine glass.

STEPH, glammed up with a bright smile, is seated at a table, peering at her dinner guest, who is in mid-conservation.

PAUL (O.S)

Fun. When I met her she was fun. Liked to do things. Seemingly liked me, but unfortunately, she matured.

STEPH

Can see how that would be a problem.

Reveal, PAUL, late 30s, ruggedly handsome and with a cheeky charm about him.

PAUL

Spot on. But maturity doesn't mean you have to turn into a flipping cyborg. Her personality just evaporated.

STEPH

Are we being a tad melodramatic?

PAUL

It was just all career, Steph. All she cared about. "What shall we do this weekend love?"

(personates his ex)

"Oh no, can't, gotta work, my career is way more important. Love spending time with my career, so much more interesting than you, why you even here?? Who are you??"

Steph laughs along.

PAUL

So my predicament's funny, is it?

STEPH

The exaggerations are.

She takes a sip of her wine.

STEPH

Shame, I thought you looked good together.

PAUL

Looks can be deceiving...

STEPH

But now you're free, go find that woman who will attempt to enjoy life with you. That's an order, Paul.

Paul jovially nods and then gazes at Steph - there's a hint of lust in his eyes.

Steph senses it, it's a familiar but awkward feeling to her.

PAUL

Your marriage still a bit of a chore?

The invasive question prompts a swing of her wine.

STEPH

It's... he's been dealing with difficult things at work. Brings him down. But that's what I signed up for... a wife of a detective... a good detective.

Paul looks on intently, possibly trying to read into things.

STEPH
We're solid though.

PAUL
... I'm glad.

Paul gulps down his glass of wine.

PAUL
Well, he's a lucky man. A woman
who's willing to sit here and
listen to the tales of Paul
Fulkeiner's woeful adventures is a
Saint in my book.

He reaches for the wine bottle, fills Steph's glass, then his
own... he raises his glass.

PAUL
To Saint Steph. Thank you for being
a solid friend.

Steph obliges the toast, clink.

PAUL
Now, I gotta real funny story for
you. However, if you can keep a
straight face, then the bills on
me, but that ain't gonna happen.
Deal?

STEPH
Deal.

INT. ROYAL OAK PUB - NIGHT

Shot Glass slams onto a pub counter.

Standing a couple of drinks past steady, Mike, wearing his
off-duty gear, absorbs his alcoholic kick.

MIKE
Same again, Steve.

STEVE (50), behind the bar, casts Mike a skeptical glance
before pouring a double measure of gin into a shot glass.

Slides it across the bar to Mike. The pub is sparsely
populated.

Mike stares down his shot. Then Knocks it back. He recoils.

MIKE
It does a job, alright.

He staggers slightly, then looks across to Steve.

MIKE
Where we at?

Steve checks the bar tab.

STEVE
Thirty-seven fifty.

MIKE
Two more of those bad boys.

Steve stares at him.

MIKE
C'mon, this gaff needs the money.

Steve returns a wry smile.

STEVE
How about we settle on one more
double and lemonade?

MIKE
You're the boss.

Steve procures the drinks whilst Mike stands at the bar and broods over things.

Steve returns with the double and lemonade. Mike grabs it without a glance, takes a big, angry gulp, followed by a shameful burp.

Steve just watches him, like he is babysitting.

MIKE
Remember that woman that used to
come down here with me?

STEVE
We referring to your wife, Steph?

MIKE
That's right.

STEVE
You sure you wanna do this? You
tend to regret it.

MIKE
... Valid point, Steve. Bollocks,
might as well just go outside and
gripe to myself then.

Mike snatches the remainder of his drink from off the bar,
heads for the exit.

Steve watches him, shakes his head and then goes about his
business.

EXT. PUB BEER GARDEN - LATER

Mike stands in the dimly lit smoking section, taking drags
from his cig, lemonade and gin in his other hand.

He's all alone and it's eerily silent.

He stands there, lost in thought, smoking, occasionally
glancing up at the security camera on the wall.

The occasional sip from his glass punctuates the silence.

A nearby wall light casts eerie shadows as it illuminates the
smoke that billows around him.

Then --

From seemingly nowhere - the sound of a MATCH STRIKING.

Startled, Mike looks instantly in that direction.

On a table, in a dark corner, the lit match reveals --

The silhouette of a FIGURE sitting down, lighting a pipe.

He wears a Fedora-type hat and, despite the darkness, seems
to be staring directly at Mike.

The light goes out, but the figure just sits there, puffing
and staring unnaturally.

MIKE
... You alright mate?

The man says nothing.

MIKE
Didn't see you there.

No response.

MIKE
(under breath)
Sorry to bother you.

Mike stubs his cigarette out on the floor and turns for the pub's back entrance...

THE FIGURE
Et adducere omnibus vobis...
Ad infernum.

Mike stops abruptly. That voice was so unnatural. He spins back in the direction of the seated figure.

MIKE
What was that?

The figure stands up, still masked by the dark. He is tall and appears to be wearing a trench coat. He stands dead still, staring silently in Mike's direction...

...before very slowly turning around and walking around the corner in a somewhat unnatural fashion.

Mike is routed to the spot. Uneasy, curious and drunk.

He then follows the path of the figure.

MIKE
Excuse me mate, what did ya say?

Makes his way around that corner.

MIKE
Hello?

Nobody there.

This little section is cordoned off by walls and is also badly lit.

Mike looks into the empty space, confused - there was nowhere for him to go.

He takes a deep breath, takes a considered look at his drink.

INT. ROYAL OAK PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Mike approaches Steve at the bar.

MIKE
Y'know the tall guy that was
outside?

STEVE

Who?

MIKE

The guy who was sitting in the beer garden, d'ya know him?

STEVE

Didn't think anybody was out there.

Mike thinks it over.

MIKE

That camera work outside?

STEVE

Yeah, of course.

MIKE

Can you pull me up the tapes tomorrow?

INT. PRISON CANTEEN - DAY

Sounds of chatter and clinking of cutlery fill the air in this large open space crowded with tables and inmates.

THE SERVING COUNTER

John Caston stands in line with other inmates, his head down as he tries to blend in with the crowd, waiting patiently for his turn to receive his plate of food.

Further down the queue, two sturdy inmates have eyes on him.

They exchange whispered words, their intent clear in their threatening demeanour.

LATER

John approaches the COUNTER.

Serving is a rugged thirty-something SCRAGGY INMATE. He looks at John with a menacing smile.

SCRAGGY INMATE

Oh, hello mate, you're John, right?

John keeps his head down and says nothing.

SCRAGGY INMATE

Yeah, John who's been on the news.
John Caston. John who killed that
pretty girl.

A PRISON OFFICER has eyes on the interaction.

PRISON OFFICER

Serve the food, Bowers.

SCRAGGY INMATE

What will we have mate? How about a
couple of sausages?

He dumps the sausages onto John's plate. John stays silent
and doesn't look up.

Other inmates watch from the queue.

SCRAGGY INMATE

And some chips. There you go, mate.

He dumps the chips on John's plate.

SCRAGGY INMATE

We don't like it in 'ere when
lifers don't look up and say thank
you.

John looks up, meets his stare.

SCRAGGY INMATE

Don't look so nervous mate, we
welcome the likes of you in 'ere.

JOHN

(softly)
... You don't know shit.

SCRAGGY INMATE

What mate?

John takes a chip off his plate and eats it defiantly.

PRISON OFFICER

That's enough, Bowers.
(to John)
You, move on.

SCRAGGY INMATE

See you around, John...

INT. PRISON WING - LATER

John walks down the aisle among an orderly line of inmates, the weight of his predicament heavy on his shoulders.

INT. PRISON CELL - MOMENT LATER

A PRISON OFFICER slams the door shut and locks it as John slumps himself onto his prison bed.

He clasps his hands over his face... wants to weep but no tears come.

He removes his hands and stares fiercely towards his wall.

JOHN

(soft)

Who are you to do this to me?

He glances around his cell, looking out for, wary of... a seemingly invisible presence.

JOHN

Just finish me off, bruv.

The surrounding prison walls do not answer back.

JOHN

Finish me... you fucker.

John huddles up on his bed. Sits motionless.

END OF ACT 2

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - DAY

Two soluble paracetamols are dropped into a plastic cup of water.

Mike downs the cup, his face queasy to the taste.

He sits in front of a COMPUTER MONITOR in a small surveillance sub-room.

His full attention diverts to the MONITOR --

Security footage shows the exterior of the ROYAL OAKWOOD PUB, capturing where Mike stood the night before. Two men chat and smoke. The time reads: 19:22.

Mike's eyes are focused as he hits the fast-forward button --

The monitor fast-forwards through time, showing an empty space with occasional smokers. Then, the footage pauses. Mike's eyes narrow -- he's in the frame: 22:59.

He stalls for a moment... resumes the footage.

On the monitor, "footage" Mike stands smoking. The shot fast-forwards, then resumes as he turns to face the mystery figure -- just out of frame.

MIKE

Shit.

Mike watches himself exchange words with the off-screen figure until he follows him around the corner, vanishing from view.

Mike takes a mental note of the time: 23:03.

He then hits eject. Pulls out the tape and enters a new one into the player.

The monitor displays footage of the pub's rear exterior, including the secluded section where the figure went. The time reads 17:30 -- daylight, the area empty.

The tape fast-forwards to 23:03. "Footage" Mike enters the frame, searching for the figure.

The footage rewinds slowly. Mike watches intently, but no one enters the space -- as if the figure vanished into thin air.

MIKE

(under breath)

What is this shit?

HANNAH (O.S)
There you are.

Mike spins around to see Hannah peering over his shoulder.

HANNAH
Sorry. What you got there?

MIKE
The Royal's beer garden.

HANNAH
And?

MIKE
And... nothing.

HANNAH
Okey-dokey.

MIKE
What you after?

HANNAH
Got two names for the Arlington
Assaults. The source is good.

MIKE
Excellent.

HANNAH
And Sullivan is looking for you and
El.

Mike's face retracts that "excellent".

INT. DCS OFFICE - DAY

Mike and Ellie stand before their senior officer.

DCS SULLIVAN
So, the court date is confirmed now
for November 13th. I don't see many
hurdles preventing the conviction.
However given Caston's change in
plea, they'll of course now be
building the core of their case
around his psychological
assessments.

MIKE
Diminished responsibility?

Sullivan nods.

MIKE

Funny, I thought he was placing entire responsibility on some "Ouija board thing".

DCS SULLIVAN

Thankfully his solicitors won't be entertaining that. But they will be sticking to the account where Caston remembers nothing.

MIKE

Well, we got it all on tape if the C.P.S. wanna have some fun.

DCS SULLIVAN

Nobody wants any supernatural tosh relating to this case, Mike. Not Caston's team, not the chief and least of all, Sasha Russell's parents.

MIKE

I fully appreciate that, but that was his statement... don't think we should ever ignore a man's statement.

Sullivan gives him a confused look, as does Ellie.

MIKE

But I understand why we wanna keep it under wraps.

DCS SULLIVAN

Yes. And that's why I've brought you in here - that information must not leave this station. Not before he's sentenced.

MIKE

You did say.

DCS SULLIVAN

I'm saying it again. Keep your guys in line, we can't have the press getting a sniff of it.

MIKE

Ma'am.

DCS SULLIVAN
And if you do hear of any
developments with this case, please
let me know, the chief is all over
it.

MIKE
Of course.

DCS SULLIVAN
Ellie?

ELLIE
He will, Ma'am.

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Mike marches ahead of Ellie. He feels her eyes on him.

MIKE
What?

ELLIE
Do you like to wind Sullivan up on
purpose?

MIKE
Where possible... but what are you
referring to specifically?

ELLIE
Caston's statement. That was a bit
weird.

MIKE
Caston's statement is weird.

ELLIE
But why you acting weird?

Mike stops to face Ellie.

MIKE
Bollocks. Where you lunching?

ELLIE
Uh... gonna pick up a few bits from
the pharmacy, why?

MIKE
Was that via the Woodmans?

Mike ploughs through the corridor doors as Ellie rolls her
eyes and follows.

INT. WOODMAN'S PUB - DAY

In the bustling lunchtime pub, Ellie stands at the bar, in the process of being served by a BARTENDER.

ELLIE
Glass of Rose` and a lemonade. No
ice, no lemon.

BARTENDER
Rose' - small, medium or large?

ELLIE
Sm-edium.

MOMENTS LATER

Seated at a table, Mike's mind is preoccupied, not even registering Ellie as she approaches.

ELLIE
Prescription of lemonade.

MIKE
Cheers.

He takes a mouthful.

ELLIE
Fair few last night?

He nods whilst Ellie takes her seat.

ELLIE
Out with Steph?

Mike's face stiffens.

ELLIE
I see.

MIKE
Have I told you about this sewer
rat named Paul?

ELLIE
You've mentioned him.

MIKE
The "won't go away" ex, who
desperately wants back in her
knickers.

ELLIE

You've mentioned him.

MIKE

Went out with him last night.

(a send-up of Steph)

"Oh it's only as friends, he's
having a really tough time"

(back to himself)

She knows he's bang into her, yet
still keeps seeing him. She also
knows I hate that, and still keeps
seeing him.

Ellie takes a mouthful from her glass.

ELLIE

That's rough. But I'm sure Steph
wouldn't do anything. Sometimes
exes keep good friends. My advice
would be to trust your wife, Mike -
and yes, I know you didn't ask for
my advice.

MIKE

You're definitely correct on one
count.

Ellie returns a cynical smile.

MIKE

Ok, switching convo, how's
Hawking's love life then?

ELLIE

Wow. Don't think you've ever asked
that... we're doing good.

Mike gives her a prolonged dubious stare.

ELLIE

Fine...Danny's in no rush to
commit. Won't propose for love nor
money, regardless of how many hints
I drop... better?

MIKE

Yep.

ELLIE

But... he really could be the one,
though.

MIKE

And you've had a lot of twos...

Ellie gets to her feet with her hand on her hip.

MIKE

Sorry.

She sits back down, with a warning stare... takes a mouthful of her rose whilst Mike trails off into pressing thought.

MIKE

Y'know, there is something else that's bugged me out.

Mike hesitates to go on.

ELLIE

Which is?

MIKE

I'm a little weird'd out, cos...
last night at the Royal
Oak...having a fag outside...and
um...

ELLIE

And um...?

MIKE

This creepy fella...real creepy,
said something...something weird to
me.

Ellie stares, unsure.

MIKE

Some foreign, scary shit.

ELLIE

Some foreign scary shit? He spoke
foreign to you?

MIKE

Yeah, but... it wasn't right, trust
me... and then he vanished.

ELLIE

He vanished??

MIKE

Look, he went around-- don't
matter, all I'm saying, it felt...
it didn't feel right...

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
It almost felt like it had summit
to do with...

Ellie's dubious gaze goes up a notch.

MIKE
Don't worry about it.

ELLIE
Something to do with?

MIKE
Look, it spooked me out, that's it,
question answered.

ELLIE
Okay... well, thanks for sharing
that.

MIKE
You always seem to forget that I
score your yearly performance.

ELLIE
Trust me, I don't.

INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - LOFT - DAY

Pitch black... then a sliver of light, the sound of a hatch
opening. Josh's head pops out, his torch beam cutting through
the darkness.

JOSH
It's over there.

He stretches his arm to grab something, but it's just out of
reach.

JOSH
Shit, man.

KELLY (O.S)
Whadabout the top step?

JOSH
Yeah, 'obvs.

Josh cautiously balances himself onto the top step of the
ladder (which is out of shot).

Reaches forward and grabs what he was after. It's very dark
but looks to be a folded board of some kind.

He passes the board down through the hatch.

JOSH
Grab it then.

KELLY (O.S.)
I ain't touching it.

JOSH
Whatever, girl.

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kelly and Josh stand, fixated on something, in Josh's small, hip-hop-furnished room.

In front of them, the OUIJA BOARD lies face-up on the table, its sinister presence unmistakable.

JOSH
So what, you wanna burn it?

Kelly stares down at the board, evoking unsettling memories.

KELLY
No...not yet.

JOSH
Need to destroy it, innit?

Kelly broods it over.

KELLY
It was your mum's?

JOSH
Yeah.

KELLY
Do you know why she's got it? Where she got it from?

JOSH
Was her uncle's... from Trinidad.

KELLY
Trinidad?

JOSH
He checked out years back, but was a total wack job, they said - proper into his voodoo and shit.

Kelly eyes the board like it's straight outta hell... looks up at Josh

KELLY
I think the board is real.

JOSH
Babes, it's a piece of junk.

KELLY
We got through to something, you know it.

Josh hangs on her sentence, little credence kicking in.

JOSH
C'mon babes, if I ain't fucked up enough 'bout all this.

Beat.

KELLY
There's this bloke. He's like an expert in Ouija boards and demons and stuf--

JOSH
Demons - are you dizzy??

KELLY
I found him online. Wanna see him. Think he can help. He's just in the city.

JOSH
Do what you need to do, innit.

KELLY
Need you to come.

JOSH
... Can't be doin' that.

She stares at him.

KELLY
Well put it this way, if your bruv did this shit, then you owe me. If he didn't... then you really need to come.

He thinks about it... signals a reluctant "ok".

JOSH
Whatcha doin' to me, girl?

She gives him a rare smile.

JOSH
C'mon, make us a tea, innit.

Josh exits his room. Kelly takes one last look at the board... before heading out the door.

In Josh's empty bedroom

Close on to the OUJIA BOARD.

Lingering on each ominous detail --

YES/NO... Letters... Numbers... Symbols...

A fiendishly grinning skeleton's face in the far corner...

END OF ACT 3

EXT. CHURCH GROUNDS - DAY

In the quaint church gardens, stands the VIRGIN MARY, arms spread in her iconic pose.

She has been vandalised. Gruesomely defaced with red spray. Her eyes now weeping a stream of blood. Just below her waist, the FIVE POINTED STAR, has been crudely drawn.

Reverend Styles stands facing this unholy mutilation, cast down by the disfigurement and hate directed at his beloved faith.

The sound of incoming footsteps...

Styles turns in that direction and his face sinks.

Scott Michaels and a skinhead companion, GAZ, are incoming, both carrying a smug hostility.

They stop close to Styles and admire the damage, Scott removes his cigarette from his mouth.

SCOTT
(gesturing to the statue)
That's alright, that. Whaddya you think Gaz?

GAZ
It's mint, mate.

SCOTT
Whaddya you think, priest?

Styles looks away... takes fleeing steps towards the church entrance.

SCOTT
Off to call the piggies, priest?

The Reverend stops, turns around to face Scott.

REVEREND STYLES
Why?

SCOTT
Why what?

REVEREND STYLES
(gesture to the statue)
This.

GAZ
Dunno what ya mean, mate.

REVEREND STYLES
It doesn't have to be like this.

SCOTT
Like what? You accusing us of something?

The Reverend takes a moment.

REVEREND STYLES
Look. I know you guys haven't had it easy. Life doesn't deal out fairly--

Scott and Gaz snigger.

REVEREND STYLES
It doesn't have to be this way. Maybe we can help you.
(gestures to church)
Maybe he can help you.

SCOTT
Fucking hell Gaz, the holy prick is gonna make everything better.

REVEREND STYLES
This can be cleaned. This can all be repented. Is this kinda thing ever gonna get you to where you want to be?

Scott, for a tiny moment, resonates with the reverend's words... but not for long.

SCOTT
What the fuck do you know about anything, hiding behind those faggot robes, in your little paedo-hub. You're the ones with the issues mate. C'mon, let's leave him to fondle Miss Mary here in private.

Gas flicks his cigarette toward Styles, then leaves with Scott, stepping over plants and graves in the church gardens.

REVEREND STYLES
Scott?

Scott stops.

REVEREND STYLES
Were you ordered to do this?

They exchange a look, some kind of "knowing" between the two.

SCOTT
You'll know soon, priest.

And the two ruffians leave, Scott kicks a remembrance flower, the petals scatter.

Styles dips his head, concerned for him... them.. for all.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - ON THE MOVE - DAY

Mike drives, Ellie sitting beside him. Both lost in thought, they gaze silently at the open road.

EXT. RUSSELL HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Mike and Ellie approach the door, Mike hits the buzzer.

ELLIE
Shall I take this one?

MIKE
Was banking on it.

The door opens to reveal MRS RUSSELL.

ELLIE
(warm)
Mrs Russell.

Mrs Russell forces through a smile.

INT. PRISON WING - DAY

Inmates go about their business on the busy wing.

INT. PRISON VISITOR ROOM - DAY

John Caston, slumped in his seat, listens with a weary resignation to his SOLICITOR who sits across the table.

SOLICITOR
John, I need to make you aware that the DNA samples from your teeth and nails have had a positive match against the injuries on the body of Sasha Russell.

John stares for a moment, his expression impassive.

JOHN
So you're here to tell me, "I'm
fucked"?

SOLICITOR
I'm here to tell you where we
are... and where we can go.

INT. RUSSELL HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

On their sofa, MR and Mrs Russell listen with fraught
attention to --

ELLIE (O.S.)
...with both the circumstantial and
now forensic evidence, the case
against John Caston is concrete. We
believe a conviction is all but
certain.

Ellie, seated on a facing sofa with Mike nearby, chooses her
words carefully, sensing the gravity of the moment --

ELLIE
Mr Caston is currently pleading
diminished responsibility...which
the crown prosecution service will
not be accepting...and will be
pursuing a sentence for first-
degree murder.

MIKE
We just want to let you know
exactly where things stand.

Mrs and Mr Russell's thoughts visibly churn as they digest
the news.

MIKE
Look, considering the nature of
this crime, I highly doubt any
judge or jury will take that plea
seriously.

MR RUSSELL
... So the bastard wants to check
himself into a hospital?

INT. PRISON VISITOR ROOM - DAY

SOLICITOR

What is going to be absolutely crucial is the story... the story must never change.

JOHN

Why would my story change?

SOLICITOR

It happens. Stress on the memory. Sometimes the accused, alters an aspect, believing the story will be more credible. We can't do it.

JOHN

I'm not altering anything.

SOLICITOR

Good. This will help us.

They share a look, unlikely that it's on the same page.

INT. RUSSELL HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

MRS RUSSELL

How am I coping? Not well, officers. I can't focus on anything - a film, the telly, a book. That constant pain in my mind won't let up. I just want to escape, just an hour here or there... but it won't let me.

Mike and Ellie sitting across, sympathise and possibly regret asking the question in the first place.

MRS RUSSELL

I get a bit of respite with the sedatives, drifting off... but then come the nightmares.

Her voice falters, tears forming.

MRS RUSSELL

Or worse, the other ones. Where Sasha's still alive.

INT. PRISON VISITOR ROOM - DAY

JOHN

The trial's over a month away.
Dunno if I'm gonna make a month in
'ere.

SOLICITOR

You've been directly threatened?

JOHN

You never get directly threatened -
not by the ones that will actually
shiv ya. They keep flashing her
pretty mug up on the news - makes
me bullseye of the week. I'm
fucked, bruv.

SOLICITOR

We don't have a lot of latitude
whilst you're on remand. Make sure
you report any threatening
behaviour to the CO. We can appeal
if it's on paper.

JOHN

Okay, I'll make sure I do that
after they've stuck a six-inch into
my neck.

INT. RUSSELL HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

MR RUSSELL

Things might get better...if and
when we can start to grieve for our
daughter... I don't think that
happens until that bastard is
locked up.

MRS RUSSELL

Need to lay her to rest... then
maybe... maybe, I'll stop seeing
the vision of my girl lying in her
room with her face bitten.

Mike dips his head.

MRS RUSSELL

... Bitten.

Mr Russell comforts his wife.

MIKE

I'm not for a second comparing my grief to yours as her parents - but that vision haunts me too. I still see it.... I take this case very personally, Mrs Russell.

Amid her depair, Mrs Russell offers a tentative nod.

MR RUSSELL

Do either of you two know why this bastard was walking the streets in the first place?

Mike and Ellie sit pensively, deliberating their response with care.

INT. PRISON VISITOR ROOM - DAY

John glares across the table at his counterpart.

JOHN

Look, I don't care what you think of me or what you reckon I did. I know I never hurt that girl. No recollection at all, bruv. If you can get me outta here, slap whatever label you want on me - crazy loon... Just get me out me, blud.

SOLICITOR

... Excellent.

INT. RUSSELL HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Mike and Ellie are on their feet nearer the door whilst Mr and Mrs Russell remain desolate on their main sofa.

ELLIE

We'll be sure to let you know of any developments and of course, if either of you have any questions do not hesitate.

Ellie hands a card down to Mr Russell who takes it with reluctance.

Mike reaches for the doorknob but stops just shy of opening it, turning back to the Russells.

MIKE
Has Sasha's mobile phone shown up?

MR RUSSELL
Sorry??

Ellie gives Mike a look.

MIKE
Was wondering if you'd come cross
her phone?

MR RUSSELL
What's her phone got to do with
anything? Didn't know it was
missing.

Mike doesn't answer, Sasha's mobile phone now taking centre
stage in his mind.

ELLIE
Mike, I'm pretty sure we got it.

MIKE
... Right. No problem. We'll be in
touch.

Mike opens the lounge door and leaves.

ELLIE
Sorry about that, we'll be sure to
let you know of any further
developments.

Mr and Mrs Russell say nothing as Ellie makes her quick exit.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - ON THE MOVE - DAY

Mike's at the wheel brooding, Ellie shotgun.

MIKE
So you reckon we have her phone,
then, as I didn't see it logged?

ELLIE
Not sure we do.

MIKE
Right. So you were telling fibs in
there?

ELLIE

Why do you suddenly care about this phone?

MIKE

Beacause it's missing. Why's it missing?

ELLIE

With all due respect, sir, her phone has no bearing on the case — you even had Mr Russell saying it.

MIKE

I don't like when things disappear, Els. There's always a reason behind things disappearing.

ELLIE

Uniform or S.O.C.O. Probably misplaced it or it's still lying somewhere at the Russell's house. It will show up one way or another — and will still bear no relevance to the case against John Caston.

Mike glares at the road ahead.

ELLIE

Is it still this guy at the pub that's weirding you out?

MIKE

Hawkings... radio would be a good shout right now.

She just obliges, presses the button. Cue music.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Mike's Mondeo cruises past the Reverends church.

EXT. CHURCH GROUNDS - DAY

Reverend Styles scrubs hard with a cloth, attacking the crude graffiti on the statue of Mary.

He stops to dip the cloth in the bucket of hot water, then resumes scrubbing. His efforts seem futile.

Styles halts. Looks defeated. And aggravated.

INT. VICARAGE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A finger plugs 9-9-9 into a landline telephone. Styles sits on his couch with the receiver to ear...

REVEREND STYLES
Police, please.

He waits, but his expression is tentative... he puts the receiver down.

Stands idly... his eyes divert to something in the room --

A BIBLE. Lying on the mantelpiece.

He walks over, picks it up, and begins flipping through the pages, searching for a specific one.

He finds it, his eyes focus on: ROMANS 12:21

"Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good"

Close on Styles - finding solace and zeal in the words.

END OF ACT 4

INT. SCOTT MICHAELS FLAT - NIGHT

Spoon, substance boiling in its centre. Flame underneath...

MOMENTS LATER

A SYRINGE sucks up the substance.

MOMENTS LATER

A hand-held syringe moves towards a tattooed forearm. The syringe injects into the forearm. The thumb presses down.

Scott crashes back into his worn-out sofa. His Eyes absorbing the relief of the hit.

SCOTT
Fucking aye...

LATER

Scott sits upright on the sofa peering into his laptop.

The monitor displays pictures of the violated Virgin Mary statue.

Scott beholds it like a great artist would his final masterpiece.

On the monitor, the photos are uploaded to an internet site named "THE 666 GATEWAY"

The upload takes a moment. Scott watches eagerly.

The photos load and each has a space for comments underneath.

Scott keys one in under one of the more graphic pics of Mary.

CLEANSER OFFILTH (TEXT)
Tampons ran out in Bethlehem :-)

He smirks, before hitting the "make public" button.

INT. STEVENS HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mike boils noodles in his kitchen, fully immersed. The sound of someone entering through the front door.

Mike's face stiffens as Steph enters the kitchen, looking at him with apprehension.

STEPH
Evening.

Mike doesn't acknowledge her, keeping his eyes fixed on his noodles.

She reacts by plonking her shopping bags down on the kitchen table - empties the contents of those bags into the kitchen cupboards. Both brood in the awkward silence.

MIKE

Fix the roof, did they?

She stops the packing. Looks at him. Makes a judgement.

STEPH

Ish.

MIKE

Good.

Steph loads the fridge. Mike stares at his pot, no longer stirring, lost in thought.

He turns around to face his wife.

MIKE

Ok, I'm sorry.

Steph stops packing and gazes meaningfully at her husband.

STEPH

(alluding)

For what?

MIKE

Being... difficult?

STEPH

Being a prick?

MIKE

Yeah. I stand by that Paul's a prick.

(Off Steph's stare)

Sorry. The only reason I act like that... is because... I, um...

Steph's encouraging eyes urge him to finish.

MIKE

Still into you so much...
you know, love and all that.

It strikes a chord.

STEPH

... Right.

An affectionate energy flows as she glances at his noodles.

STEPH

You wanna eat them tonight?

MIKE

Um...

STEPH

I could eat out?

MIKE

Uh...sure.

STEPH

Slip off these jeans, pretty dress?

MIKE

Yeah. Pretty dress. I'll suit up.

Mike switches the gas hub off while Steph goes to pack her last grocery bag.

Mike walks over.

MIKE

I can do that hun if you wanna get changed?

STEPH

Sure. Thanks. Thanks for owning up.

Mike gives her a quick peck on the cheek before she strolls out through the door.

MIKE

(under breath)
Get in.

INT. SCOTT MICHAELS FLAT - NIGHT

Smoke rings rise... wafting into a haze.

Scott, slouched on his couch, has a paper-made cig on the go.

He places it down into his overflowing Ashtray, leans forward into his laptop.

On the monitor are several derogatory satanic photos, mainly depicting vandalism --

A holy monument, defaced with "Fuck off", "666" and the pentagram.

A church wall bears the words "HAIL SATAN FOREVER" alongside a pentagram.

A stained glass window of Christ with skilfully graffitied red horns, tail and pitchfork.

Back on Scott, who grins wickedly.

He types a comment into the comments section.

CLEANSEROFFILTH (SCREEN TEXT)
'Like your work. Don't let up!'

Scott takes another long drag of his roll-up, then clicks the page-down button on his laptop.

On the monitor, the page scrolls down to: Scott's Virgin Mary effort.

There are several posted comments --

VVSNIPER (SCREEN TEXT)
'Fucking class'

KKK666 (SCREEN TEXT)
'Nice. Next time, stick her a dildo!'

HENNISATAN (SCREEN TEXT)
'This is some of the best work yet. You're now setting the standard'

Scott wears a smug smile. Keys a response in.

CLEANSEROFFILTH (SCREEN TEXT)
'Thanks, Henni, glad you like it. More of that to come, mate'

Scott leans back into his couch, another toke of his roll-up.

Relaxed, he admires his vast cloud of smoke...

The MESSENGER ALERT sound.

Scott whips his head in the direction of his laptop.

Leans towards his laptop, hits a button.

LAPTOP MONITOR --

ABACUS (SCREEN TEXT)
'hello friend'

Scott is instantly unnerved.

Anxious, he begins typing --

SCOTT MICHAELS (SCREEN TEXT)
*'Hello. I heard a court date for
 November for...'*

Scott takes a moment to pick his words.

SCOTT MICHAELS (SCREEN TEXT)
'that girl's murder'

He hits send, an uncomfortable wait. Then two messages --

ABACUS (SCREEN TEXT)
'I know.'

ABACUS (SCREEN TEXT)
'I will be in attendance'

Scott focuses on the second message.

SCOTT
 (under breath)
 Fucking hell.

Scott's hands then hover over the letters on his keyboard. He has information to disclose... but is anxious to do so.

SCOTT MICHAELS (SCREEN TEXT)
'Lisa isn't able to help us'

A wait...

ABACUS (SCREEN TEXT)
'I know'

Then...

ABACUS (SCREEN TEXT)
'Punish her for me'

Scott's eyes lock on to the words. He breaths heavy.

Cautiously types a response.

SCOTT MICHAELS (SCREEN TEXT)
*'I thought you would want to do
 that?'*

Hesitates before clicking send. A short intense wait ensues...

ABACUS (SCREEN TEXT)
'PUNISH HER FOR ME'

Scott's eyes shudder without moving.

He slowly moves the mouse cursor over to the message response box. Enters his two-letter response with great hesitancy --

SCOTT MICHAELS (SCREEN TEXT)
'OK'

Scott immediately switches the computer off, straight from the power button.

He sinks back into the cushions of his sofa, realising he's in way too deep.

His eyes catch his ashtray, overflowing with twenty cigarette butts and ash.

An angry surge takes hold. He swipes the ashtray off the table, scattering its contents across the floor, then lashes out with a fierce kick at the table.

SCOTT
Fuck!

He takes a few deep breaths, steadying himself.

Slowly, his eyes drift upward to the wall --

Swastikas. Pentagrams. A page 3 model with her boobs out, but just above her...

A PICTURE OF A DEMON

Cartoonish, but wicked nonetheless, its snarling visage staring directly back at him.

Scott's gaze fixates on the demon image, his unease reaching a fever pitch as he stares deeply and intently into its eyes.

The demon's eyes are blood-red, resembling those of a Balrog, with a malign intent lurking behind its pupils. It exudes an aura of undeniable malevolence.

A FORMIDABLE ADVERSARY.

END OF EPISODE 2