

Safeguard

by

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EXT. MAINLAND / ISLE OF MUIR FERRY - DAY

The remote Isle of Muir drowns far off and alone in the dark blue sea, smothered by the grey Scottish sky.

A ferry thunders towards the island through the choppy sea. FRASER CAMPBELL (28), the weight of the world on his young shoulders, leans over the railing, watching the island grow bigger through piercing, troubled eyes.

SAMUEL HUNTLEY (36), a tall, trim, black Londoner, approaches the railing. He takes in the open view, breathes in the alien, salty sea air.

SAMUEL

You don't get this sort of view in London. Down there you're boxed in by skyscrapers and traffic jams. But here, just miles and miles of freedom.

FRASER

Not if it's your home its not.

Fraser grins at his own pessimism.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Fraser Campbell.

SAMUEL

Samuel. Huntley.

They shake hands.

FRASER

You're a bit late for tourist season Samuel. Not that it makes much of a difference, shite weather all year round.

SAMUEL

Oh I'm not a tourist, I'm just getting away for a while. I've rented out a cabin from a Mr. John McKenzie?

FRASER

Oh aye, Old John's place. Really? Used to break in there all the time when I was a bairn.

Samuel is slightly shocked, unsure if Fraser is joking.

As the ferry nears the island's jetty, Fraser spots P.C. TOM CULLEN (43), a chubby, jolly looking man in a police uniform, leaning against a police Land Rover.

FRASER (CONT'D)

P.C. Cullen. Must be waiting on someone getting off the ferry. You done something I should know about?

Samuel looks worried. Fraser breaks a smile.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Don't worry. He's here for me.

SAMUEL
Why? What have you done?

FRASER
I was born.

Fraser smiles, stares back at Tom apprehensively.

FLASHBACK. EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - DAY (25 YEARS AGO)

YOUNG FRASER (3) watches an old landrover roaming towards the Campbell farmhouse with anticipation. His parents ISOBEL (19) and GRANT CAMPBELL (22) argue above him.

GRANT
Don't know why we're taking him in.

ISOBEL
He's your brother, that's why.

GRANT
Half-brother. The half that ran out on us.

Isobel covers Fraser's delicate ears with her hands.

ISOBEL
Grant, he saw both his parents murdered. At least you've still got your Dad. Is it that big a deal?

GRANT
Just does'nae feel right.

ISOBEL
You used to be friends with Tom. I remember him visiting the island.

GRANT
Do you now?

The muddied Land Rover arrives. ANDREW CAMPBELL (51), a stern, hardened farmer, exits the driver's side, collects a suitcase from the boot. YOUNG TOM (18), sullen, podgy, steps out of the passenger side.

ANDREW CAMPBELL
Grant, take your brother's case upstairs.

Grant takes the case from Andrew and disappears inside.

ANDREW CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Fraser, do you remember your Uncle Thomas?

Fraser shakes his head, afraid of the newcomer.

ANDREW CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
He's going to be staying with us for a
little while.

Andrew notices Tom staring at Isobel.

ANDREW CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
You remember Isobel, don't you Thomas?

ISOBEL
Of course he does, he was at the
wedding. I remember you scoffing all
the cake.

Isobel smiles. Tom manages a quick grin, but quickly
reverts back to his dour, depressed expression.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)
Anyway, come on inside we'll get you
some broth.

They file inside. Andrew scoops his grandson up in his
arms. Fraser laughing joyfully.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. FERRY JETTY - DAY

Tom greets Fraser off the ferry with a big hug.

TOM
And don't think I'm calling you 'sir'
just cause they stuck another pin on
your collar. I'm no spending my last
weeks prattling about after you.

FRASER
It's the police, Tom, no the army.

Tom notices Samuel hovering nearby.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Sorry. Tom, this is Sam Huntley. He's
renting out Old John's cabin. Said
we'd give him a lift like.

Samuel shifts uncomfortably under Tom's gaze. Tom
forces a polite smile.

TOM
Aye, no problemo. Hop on in.

They enter the car - Tom driving, Fraser riding
shotgun, and Samuel in the back, like a criminal.

INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - DAY

Tom drives off into the heart of the island.

TOM
So what they teach you this time?

FRASER
Just the usual. Leadership skills,
some profiling, forensics. Nothing
that would interest an old fart like
you.

TOM
Respect your elders, you. So what is
it you do Mr. Huntley?

SAMUEL
I'm a doctor.

TOM
Not much work for you here. Anytime we
get ill we go see the vet!

SAMUEL
He needn't worry, I'm not after his
job.

TOM
She. Vet's a she.

SAMUEL
My mistake. Fraser mentioned you're
retiring shortly?

FRASER
Aye, and he's no even fifty.

SAMUEL
What do you plan on doing? Travel?
Escape the Scottish weather maybe?

TOM
No, my days will be divided evenly
between my bed and my bar stool.

The Land Rover passes through the small hamlet of
Glenhaven. Samuel spies a post office store.

SAMUEL
Would you mind if we stopped, so I can
collect a few supplies?

TOM
Not at all. Man has to eat.

Tom slows down, parks outside the post office store.

INT. POST OFFICE STORE - DAY

Samuel frustratingly picks a few essentials from the sparse selection on offer in the tiny store.

GREGOR BOYLE (48), stocky, greying hair, fills one of the shelves, spying on Samuel as he does. Gregor's wife SHEILA BOYLE (47), homely, plump, greying, not trying to hide it, stands by the till counter at the door.

Tom buys some cigarettes from Sheila. Nearby Fraser is fixated on a small selection of celebration cards.

TOM

Alright Sheila. Twenty cigarettes.
Looks like it's going to piss it down.

SHEILA

Aye. Glen was in earlier, said there's a big storm moving in. He might have to take his boat to the mainland.

Samuel approaches Sheila with his goods. Sheila counts the items, adding up the total with a pen and paper.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Nine eighty nine please.

Samuel hands out his chip-and-pin card.

SHEILA

Cash only. We don't have the machine.

SAMUEL

Oh, I'm afraid I've only got this.
Excuse me, Fraser?

Fraser remains in his fixed daydream.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Sergeant Campbell?

Tom spots his nephew staring at the celebration cards and hastily intervenes with Samuel's problem.

TOM

Here.

Tom slams a £20 note down on the counter. Sheila takes it, counts out the change, tries to hand it to Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)

Give it to him. He'll need it.

Tom marches out of the store. Sheila hesitantly hands Samuel the money. Samuel takes it graciously.

Fraser remains staring at the cards; one in particular, emblazoned with an angel delivering a baby, with the message - CONGRATULATIONS, IT'S A GIRL.

EXT. POST OFFICE STORE - DAY

Tom and Samuel enter the Land Rover as Fraser exits the store. He spies three schoolchildren walking toward him - siblings DUNCAN (15) and CLAIRE BOYLE (13). The third is LAURA CAMPBELL (13), Fraser's younger sister, blonde, innocent, downcast, dressed in a red coat.

Laura spots Fraser and deliberately slow her pace.

CLAIRe BOYLE
See you tomorrow Laura.

Laura nods as the siblings enter their parents' shop, leaving her alone with her eldest brother.

FRASER
How's it going sis?

LAURA
Fine.

Laura drifts past Fraser, past the Land Rover.

FRASER
Laura? You no wanting a lift?

Laura gazes between her brother and the long road home.

INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - DAY

Laura slouches ignorantly in the back of the Land Rover. Fraser gazes at her in the rear view mirror. He turns his attentions back to the road as it winds through a small forest.

Laura glances at Samuel. Samuel smiles politely at her, but then gazes down at Laura's bare legs. Laura covers them with her skirt. Samuel snaps his vision away.

Tom takes a blind turn onto a hidden track. It leads to a picturesque wooden cabin amongst the trees. Tom brings the vehicle to a stop outside the cabin.

SAMUEL
Well, thank you for the lift.

Samuel exits the Land Rover with his bags. Fraser rolls down the window.

FRASER
Sam. If you want fresh milk and eggs, my Dad's farm is about a mile up the road. And the pub's across the post office if you need anything stronger.

Samuel nods.

SAMUEL
Thanks. Fraser, Tom. Bye Laura.

Samuel climbs the steps to the front door, and disappears inside.

Tom drives the car back to the road. Fraser notices Tom's hands gripping the steering wheel tightly.

The Land Rover emerges from the small clump of forest. Tom turns onto another dirt path. They drive by an unremarkable wooden fence. Fraser gazes out at the fence, in need of repair.

The Land Rover heads for the farmhouse in the distance.

INT. CAMPBELL FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

ISOBEL CAMPBELL (44) cooks dinner for her six-strong family. Fraser and Laura enter through the back door.

ISOBEL
Welcome back son! How was it? Did you get through it okay? Were they feeding you alright? You look a little thin?

FRASER
Mum, I'm fine, just a wee bit tired.

Laura walks straight through the kitchen and storms upstairs. Her door SLAMS shut.

FRASER (CONT'D)
What's up with her? She was quiet all the way here.

ISOBEL
Aye, she's getting to that age.

FRASER
What age?

ISOBEL
That age.

Tom steps in behind Fraser, previously unseen.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)
Hello Tom.

TOM
Issie. Any more of that soup going?

ISOBEL
Aye. Sit yourselves down, both of you.

Fraser peers through to the living room. SCOTT CAMPBELL (14), small, mousy, plays a violent 1st person computer game, shooting people with shotguns and burning them alive with molotov cocktails.

FRASER
How's it going Scott?

Scott does not answer, focused fully on the game.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Aye, missed you too brother. Whole family's forgot I exist. Where's Dad?

ISOBEL
In the barn with Elise. Daisy's not doing so well. Tell him soup's ready.

Fraser exits, leaving Tom and Isobel alone.

FLASHBACK. EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - BARN - DAY (25 YEARS AGO)

Young Fraser (4), exits the farmhouse and approaches the barn. He hears SHOUTING, and quietly steps over to the barn wall. He peers through the slits in the wood.

Inside he spies Grant (23) and Tom (19) fighting in the hay. Grant is bigger, faster, and winning.

GRANT
Why did you come here? Eh? She fucked off and left us to be with your dad.

TOM
Grant please, I had nowhere else.

Grant lands on top of Tom, laying punches.

GRANT
Why didn't you protect her? Why?

TOM
I was too scared. They had knives.
Please Grant.

Grant stops fighting. He stands, towering over Tom.

GRANT
Well, at least you managed to finger the bastards.

TOM
No I didn't. The two guys I picked out... they aren't... I just said it was them... I needed someone to pay.

Tom breaks down, consumed by guilt. Grant, ashamed of himself, comforts Tom.

GRANT
You did good, little brother.

TOM
No I didn't. I'm going to though,
going to put things right. I'm going
to join the police.

Fraser palms the outside of the barn with small hands.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. CAMPBELL FARMHOUSE - LAURA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Laura palms the glass of her window as she spies on Fraser entering the barn. A Land Rover with a veterinary symbol is parked outside.

INT. CAMPBELL FARM - BARN - DAY

Fraser enters, unseen by either Grant (46) or ELISE HENDERSON (49), a slender woman with fine, grey hair. They both have their backs to Fraser, knelt down by a border collie, DAISY (16). She lies heavy, in old age and pain. A couple of her puppies play nearby.

ELISE
I'm sorry Grant, but there's nothing
more I can do. She's just getting old.

Elise places a caring hand on Grant's. They share a moment. Grant suddenly notices Fraser behind them. They both rise up abruptly, their hands falling apart.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Fraser. How are you? How's Gillian?

FRASER
She's fine. We're both fine.

ELISE
Good. Well, I best be off. If you want
help with her Grant...

GRANT
No, she's mine. I'll do it myself.

Elise nods, slips past Fraser and out of the barn.

Grant steps over to a rough tool cabinet, and pulls out a shotgun. He slots in two shotgun shells.

Fraser kneels down to pet his dog.

FRASER
Hey girl. It's okay.

He strokes Daisy, while the puppies run around them.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM. NORTH FIELD. DAY

Daisy slowly paws behind Fraser and Grant as they wander toward the fence they repaired many years ago.

SOUNDS OF HAMMERING.

FLASHBACK. EXT. CAMPBELL FARM. NORTH FIELD. DAY

Fraser (14) and Grant (33) repair a wooden fence, driving iron nails into planks. DAISIE (3), runs around the fields, barking occasionally at the sheep.

A dirt road runs along the other side of the fence. The police Land Rover chugs along it, stops next to them. Tom (29) rolls down his window.

TOM

Alright boys. Hard at work I see.

GRANT

Unlike some people.

TOM

Aye, it's quiet when there's no tourists buggering about. Issie in the house? I've got her casserole dish.

GRANT

Should be. Scott and Craig have got the chicken pox.

TOM

Dunno how you do it Grant. Four boys. Could you not have stopped with him?

Fraser grins at his Uncle's joke.

GRANT

Naw, I'll need a small army to work this farm. This one's useless.

Tom laughs. He drives onwards to the farmhouse.

Grant restarts his hammering. Fraser stands still, eyeing the distant police Land Rover.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Fraser? You run out of nails lad?

FRASER

No, it's no that. Dad, I've been thinking. I want to be a policeman.

GRANT

And be a layabout like your Uncle?

Grants shrugs it off and starts hammering again.

FRASER
I'm serious.

Grant deliberately places his hammer down.

GRANT
Son, you're only fourteen. Well talk about it when you're older.

FRASER
I'm almost the same age mum was when you got her pregnant with me.

Grant's fist suddenly cracks Fraser square in the face. Fraser stumbles to the ground. He lies there, nursing his cheek, as Grant looms over him, hammer in hand.

GRANT
And my Dad gave me a beating for it.

FRASER
So because you took a beating I've got to be a farmer or a fisherman? Is that it?

GRANT
You want to be a policeman like your Uncle? Are you ready to work in the city son? Face murderers and rapists, see dead bodies on a daily basis? Cause let me tell you this, its a world far removed from this one.

FRASER
Well I won't know until I try.

Fraser marches away. Grant stares after him.

GRANT
Fuck.

Grant kicks the fence. A loose plank falls off.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM. NORTH FIELD. DAY

Daisy yelps as she walks. Fraser winces at the sound.

GRANT
She's not fine, is she?

FRASER
What?

GRANT
Gillian.

Fraser remains quiet, growing uncomfortable.

GRANT (CONT'D)
She snapped at Laura during one of her
classes. Came home crying.

FRASER
I don't know what to do Dad.

GRANT
I don't know either, but you'd best
talk to her about it, instead of
running off to do "training".

FRASER
I'm just trying to better myself. If I
do these training courses I get a
better paid job, maybe detective.

GRANT
Detective? So you're moving away
again? You think you're ready for the
city life yet? You weren't before.

FRASER
Gillian wants to.

GRANT
And what do you want?

Before Fraser can answer, BARKING interrupts them. One
of the collie pups, SAMSON, has escaped the barn, and
runs towards his lame mother.

Fraser grabs Samson, scoops him up. Fraser and Grant
share a look. Grant indicates for Fraser to leave.

Fraser tucks Samson into his coat and trudges back
towards the barn. Samson squirms to get free.

FRASER
Ssshhh. Easy boy. Easy.

GUNSHOT! Fraser keeps walking, holding Samson tight,
protecting him as if he were his own child, the gunshot
conjuring up an uncomfortable memory.

INT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Fraser, Tom, Grant, Scott and Laura are sat at the
table, eating Isobel's homemade carrot soup.

Isobel's soup grows cold as she presides over the main
course still bubbling on the stove. There are another
two empty places set out.

GRANT
Issie, sit down for five minutes and
eat.

ISOBEL

Right, right, just making sure I don't overcook the tatties. And where the hell are those two boys?

The back door opens. MURRAY (18) and CRAIG (17), Fraser's two brothers, swagger inside. They are tall, fit, but unkept with straggly hair. Murray carries three rabbits strung together. Craig holds a rifle.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

Speak of the devils. What have you got there?

MURRAY

Tomorrow's dinner. Need to skin them. Could make you a wee purse Laura.

Murray mockingly poses with a dead rabbit like a purse.

LAURA

That's disgusting.

ISOBEL

Sit down, stop winding yer sister up.

Murray and Craig sit down at the table.

MURRAY

Alright Fraser, how was the city?

FRASER

Busy. You not out on the boats?

MURRAY

Naw, Glen's being a bit funny. Might need to go to the mainland if he doesn't sort something out soon.

CRAIG

Aye, well you can always help out on the farm, isn't that right Dad?

GRANT

Aye.

Isobel serves the late comers their soup.

CRAIG

You in all, Fraser, instead of showing tourists some bloody rocks.

Grant laughs. Isobel slaps the back of Craig's head.

ISOBEL

Language. Your brother does a good job. Pushed himself.

FRASER

Mum, it's fine. Sit down and eat.

Isobel puts the soup pan down, sits at the table.

ISOBEL

Well, I'm just saying. Plus you'll be doing twice as much work now that Tom's retiring.

CRAIG

Twice as many donuts to eat then.

Isobel tries to slap Craig again, but he anticipates and ducks. Tom, sat across from Craig, kicks him.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. Just a joke, Uncle Tom. No need to play footsie.

ISOBEL

Enough you. I was thinking we could go out for a drink later? Celebrate Tom's retirement? Grant?

Craig mocks Laura with the rabbit. Laura sticks her tongue out at him.

GRANT

Sure, why not.

MURRAY

We're watching the football.

Craig continues to use the rabbit as a morbid puppet. Laura grows more annoyed.

ISOBEL

What about you Fraser? Maybe get Gillian out of the house?

FRASER

Sure.

Laura slams down her cutlery and escapes upstairs. Isobel rises to attend to Laura, but Grant pushes out his chair.

GRANT

I'll get her. You finish your soup.

Isobel sits back down, glances over the table at Tom. Murray and Craig share a similar glance of concern.

Fraser watches Grant slowly stomp up the stairs. Fraser continues eating with the rest of his family.

INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - DAY

Isobel waves Fraser and Tom off as they drive away. Tom waves back. Fraser, driving, concentrates on the road.

TOM
Aye, yer mum cooks a good stew.

Fraser is quiet. He seems absent, distant.

TOM (CONT'D)
You alright?

FRASER
Aye, just... stuff. Tom, why is it you never had kids?

TOM
Never met the right woman.

Tom laughs at his own private joke.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The Land Rover pulls up outside. Tom steps out.

TOM
Cheers wee man. See you at the pub.

Tom closes the door and enters the police station.
Fraser drives on towards his own home.

INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - DAY

Windscreen wipers squeak back and forth, clearing the drizzle to reveal a quaint little cottage just ahead.

Fraser parks the Land Rover. He turns off the engine, then just sits and stares at the cottage.

Drizzle falls on the windscreen, blurring his home.

INT. FRASER'S COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Fraser steps inside, out of the rain. He finds Gillian (27), naturally pretty but troubled, gaunt, perched on the sofa, nursing a glass of wine.

GILLIAN
You're dinner's in the oven.

FRASER
Mum cooked me something. They want to meet us for drinks later.

GILLIAN
Great, another night of drinks in The Cellar Door.

FRASER
Gill, don't start. I'm just home.

GILLIAN

Oh, so this is your home? Then how come the first place you go when get back is your mothers?

FRASER

I had to see my Dad about something. He says you snapped at Laura.

GILLIAN

I didn't snap... I just... she was disrupting the class.

TOM

He said...

Gillian rises sharply.

GILLIAN

Look, you weren't there Fraser. You never are.

FRASER

What's that meant to mean?

GILLIAN

Nothing. Just get changed, we'll go to the pub.

Fraser stares at her, wondering what has happened to them. He solemnly makes his way to the bedroom.

INT. FRASER'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY

Fraser shuts the door, begins to undress.

In the corner sits a baby cot, unfinished in its construction. Unused. Fraser stares at it longingly. He hears Gillian scraping his uneaten dinner into the bin.

INT. THE CELLAR DOOR - NIGHT

The pub is lively, the air filled with Scottish folk music, punctuated by loud chatter and laughter. Fraser smiles politely as Grant, Isobel and Tom laugh and joke. They are sat in a private corner in the back.

Gillian waits to be served at the bar. BARRY McCLANE (36), friendly barman, serves home brew to GLEN DOIGHERTY (48), hardened, gentle fishing boat captain.

Fraser notices Gillian talking to Glen while Barry makes Gillian's order. Fraser watches their lips with hidden jealously, trying to read their words.

GRANT

I'm just saying, all Scott does is play those bloody computer games all day. No motivation.

FRASER
Just a different generation Dad.

GRANT
If different means lazy then aye.

Tom strikes up a cigarette.

FRASER
Thought you'd quit?

TOM
One of the few pleasures left my boy.

FRASER
Aye, well you're not meant to smoke in
pubs anymore.

Tom blows smoke in Fraser's face. Grant laughs.

TOM
Arrest me then, sergeant.

Gillian returns with the drinks on a tray.

GILLIAN
Here we are.

Gillian sits down next to Fraser. They exchange a
curious glance. Gillian smiles, overly polite.

Samuel enters through the main door. A rustic quiet
blankets the bar. All eyes watch the dark stranger as
he steps over to the bar.

SAMUEL
Brandy please.

Barry hesitates, then begins to pour a brandy.

Samuel, aware of the attention, chances a glance round.
He spots Fraser and Tom. Samuel smiles and steps over.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Having a nice evening officers?

FRASER
Not too bad. How's the cabin suit you?

SAMUEL
Cosy. Very cold, though.

Gillian coughs.

FRASER
Sorry, Samuel, this is Gillian, my
wife, and my parents, Grant and
Isobel.

SAMUEL

Pleased to meet you. Do you mind if I join you?

GRANT

Sorry. We're having a private, family drink.

FRASER

Dad...

SAMUEL

No, that's fine. Enjoy your evening.

Samuel turns and walks back to the bar.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Nice to see the Scots haven't lost their manners.

Grant erects himself, game for a fight.

GRANT

What did you just say?

Isobel tries to hold him back, but he shrugs her off.

SAMUEL

I didn't say anything.

Samuel retreats to the bar, but Grant follows him. Samuel picks up his glass of brandy, moves to an empty table.

Grant trips Samuel up from behind. Samuel crashes to the floor. The glass smashes under his hand.

GRANT

Sorry about that. No manners.

Samuel rises, clutching his bleeding hand.

SAMUEL

You bloody prat.

GRANT

What did you just call me?

SAMUEL

You heard, you rustic prick.

Grant's fist swings for Samuel, strikes him in the face. Fraser, Tom and Glen hold Grant back.

Samuel staggers to the door, smearing his blood over the various surfaces he touches - chair, curtain, door.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

You're going to regret that. And you, call yourselves policemen?

FRASER
Just leave for God's sakes.

Samuel takes Fraser's advice and vacates, but not before a final word.

SAMUEL
You'll regret this.

The door slams shut. The bar guests remain agog. Grant shrugs off Fraser, Tom and Glen.

GRANT
Let me go. I need to piss.

Grant heads for the toilet. Everything returns to normal. Barry wheels out an old mop and bucket.

FRASER
Barry, don't give him any more.

BARRY
Easier said than done, Fraser. He won't be happy.

FRASER
He never is. A bit of excitement for you, eh Glen?

GLEN
I get enough at sea mate.

FRASER
Murray was saying you've not been out in a while. That you're thinking of moving to the mainland?

GLEN
Aye, eh, no, just boat repairs.
Anyways, think I need to empty my bladder in all.

Glen heads for the toilet. Fraser turns to catch Gillian spying on them, looking anxious.

EXT. THE CELLAR DOOR - NIGHT

Tom, Fraser, Grant, Isobel and Gillian leave the pub.

TOM
G'night.

ISOBEL
Night Tom. Mind how you go.

GRANT
He's only over the fuckin' road.

Tom staggers across the road to the police station, while the rest lumber into the police Land Rover.

INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Fraser drives, Gillian rides shotgun. Isobel and Grant sit in the back.

GRANT

Black bastard. Who does he think he is? Coming to my island.

FRASER

So it's your island now?

GRANT

Aye it is. And what are you? His best fucking friend?

FRASER

I'm not going to pick a fight with him just cause he's not from this island.

GRANT

My mother... You're uncle's parents were killed by some black bastard just like that. Just as bad as one another.

ISOBEL

Grant, leave it be.

Fraser drives in silence, biting his tongue.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The police Land Rover pulls up by the farmhouse. Grant staggers out, aided by Isobel. She waves Fraser and Gillian away.

Fraser watches as his father drunkenly tries to seduce his mother against the farmhouse wall. Isobel manages to lead Grant inside.

INT. POLICE LAND ROVER. NIGHT.

Fraser dives home fast and furious. Gillian stares out at the dark sea. An awkward silence rests between them. In the distance a storm approaches, forks of lightning strike the surface of the rough sea.

FRASER

Saw you talking to Glen earlier.

GILLIAN

He was just asking how we were.

FRASER

How we were or how we are?

GILLIAN

Fraser, can we do this tomorrow?

FRASER

You're not going to be here tomorrow.
Are you?

Gillian lets her defences drop.

GILLIAN

No. Glen's taking his boat to the mainland. I'm going with him. I'm going back to Edinburgh.

FRASER

Gill, we can...

GILLIAN

No, Fraser! We can't! I hate this fucking place, I hate this fucking island with it's shitty weather and no mobile phone! It's like living in the Stone Age, and everyone knowing everyone's fucking business! And your high and mighty father preaching to us as if he's God.

FRASER

He's a little drunk, that's all.

GILLIAN

Drunk? He's never been off this bloody rock his entire life! He's just a scared sorry excuse for a man, and you're going to be just like him.

Fraser grips the wheel tighter. They drive in silence.

A figure appears at the side of the road. It is Samuel, out for a walk. Fraser considers stopping to apologise.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

You should stop and apologise to him.

Fraser speeds up rather than stop, to spite Gillian. She turns away from him, gazing out into the dark forest. It begins to rain, thudding the windscreen.

INT. FRASER'S COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fraser lies awake on the sofa, not even dawn. The rain continues to pelt the windows, harder now. He tosses and turns, trying to sleep.

There is a loud KNOCKING on the door. Fraser trudges over to the door as the KNOCKING continues.

Fraser opens it to a distressed Tom, soaked through.

FRASER

Tom? What is it?

TOM
It's Laura. She's missing. Her bed's
no been slept in either.

FRASER
Why didn't you call?

Fraser picks up the phone. There is no tone.

TOM
Phones are down 'cause the storm.

Gillian opens the bedroom door, stares at them both.

FRASER
I'll be there in a minute. Here.

Fraser hands Tom the keys to the Land Rover. Tom runs through the rain to the vehicle.

Fraser notices Gillian in the bedroom doorway.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Laura's missing. I'm going to help
look for her. Will you be here when I
get back?

Gillian remains silent.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Fine. Hope you and Glen have a
wonderful life together.

GILLIAN
Fraser... She'll be fine, probably
just ran off.

Fraser shrugs Gillian off, and throws on his uniform.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - DAY

The dawning sun peaks over the horizon, casting the black clouds in blood red.

Tom and Fraser arrive at the farm. Rain has turned the ground to mud. In the distance Murray and Craig search the fields. Grant emerges from the barn with Scott.

FRASER
Dad? Have you found her?

GRANT
No, she's... I don't know where she
is! Her bed's not been slept in.

FRASER
Well she can't have gone far. Where's
Mum?

GRANT
Inside, tearing her hair out.

FRASER
Right. You check the fields and woods with the boys. Tom and I will drive round the island.

Fraser and Tom get back into the car. They drive off.

INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - DAY

Tom drives, while Fraser gazes out the window. The road runs parallel to a sandy pebble beach, that disappears into a dark and vicious sea.

TOM
It's probably nothing. She's probably just ran away.

FRASER
In the middle of the night?

TOM
Well she was acting up a wee bit yesterday. And she's a girl. Never really figured them out.

Fraser spies something on the beach. A red coat. A flash of blonde hair.

FRASER
Tom, stop the car.

TOM
What?

FRASER
Stop the car!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The car skids to a halt. Fraser leaps out before it's finished moving. He dashes carelessly down to the beach, tripping and sliding on the rocks. He clatters along, then suddenly stops dead in his tracks.

Laura lies lifeless in front of him. Blood stains her skirt, matts her hair.

Fraser stands still, frozen, in shock.

FLASHCUT: Celebration card, emblazoned with an angel delivering a baby - CONGRATULATIONS, IT'S A GIRL.

BACK TO:

Tom wheezes down next to Fraser.

TOM
In the name of God!

Tom moves to pick her up. Fraser's arm blocks him.

TOM (CONT'D)
Fraser?

FRASER
Tom, go get the camera.

TOM
You can't just leave her there!

FRASER
We need to preserve the crime scene.

TOM
Fuck the crime scene! That's your sister lying there. Look at her. Look at her!

FRASER
I am looking! She's dead! But right now, the rain is washing away any evidence there might be! So go get the fucking camera!

Fraser and Tom stare one another down, as the rain slaps their cold faces.

TOM
Yes, sir.

Tom heads back to the Land Rover. Fraser takes off his jacket, and covers Laura's body, as the waves crash against the rocky shore.

Fraser's emotions ride up to the surface, but he buries them, refusing to cry. Tom returns with the camera.

FRASER
Thanks. Now I need you to drive to Elise Henderson's house. Ask her how we'd preserve a body on the island.

TOM
No, first we need to tell Grant and Isobel.

FRASER
I don't want them seeing her like this.

TOM
Shouldn't we call the mainland?

FRASER
Even if we could reach them, I doubt they'll be able to get here in this weather. But try anyways.

Tom nods, jogs back to the Land Rover. The Land Rover speeds away. Fraser removes his jacket from Laura's body, and begins to photograph the scene.

He fails to notice spatters of blood further along the beach, quickly washed away by the rage of rain.

INT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Heavy KNOCKS on the door. Elise wraps her dressing gown around her as she shuffles from the bedroom through the living room to the front door. She swings it open to reveal Tom, breathless.

ELISE

Tom? Do you have any idea what time it is?

TOM

Yes, I do. Elise, if I had to preserve a human body, where would I put it?

ELISE

A body?!

TOM

Elise, please. On the island, where could we preserve it?

ELISE

Well, a deep freezer would do temporarily. Whose body? Tom? Who's dead?

Tom runs out of the house.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Fraser and Tom ease Laura's body into the coffin-like freezer in the back of the police station.

They stare down at the child, frozen, innocence lost.

TOM

Now what?

Fraser gazes at him apprehensively.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - NORTH FIELD - DAY

From the field Grant spies the small Land Rover trundle toward the farmhouse.

Isobel runs out to meet them. Fraser and Tom slowly emerge from the vehicle, postponing bad news.

Tom removes his hat. Isobel SCREAMS, falls into Tom's arms.

Fraser looks down, then around. He spies his father, alone in the field, still, like a dark scarecrow.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Isobel and Grant gaze down at Laura's morbidly pale face. Isobel weeps, while Grant comforts her.

Tom and Fraser hover by the door, removed. Fraser watches his family grieve, wants to be part of that, but cannot allow himself the luxury.

TOM

I did a door-to-door. Everyone was in bed, all got alibis save GRAHAM COOPER, but seeing as he's ninety five...

FRASER

Who else did you speak to?

TOM

Everyone, save your brothers, and your new friend from the ferry.

FRASER

Fuck.

Fraser spots Tom's cigarettes and lighter lying on the counter. He swipes them up and swiftly heads outside.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

After two failed attempts, Fraser manages to light a cigarette in the rain.

GILLIAN

Fraser?

Fraser turns to find Gillian getting out of Glen's car. Glen waits in the vehicle.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

We're going now. Glen has to get the boat to the mainland before the storm gets worse. I just wanted to see how Laura was? Did you find her?

Fraser struggles to speak the words.

FRASER

She's dead.

Gillian shakes her head, unable to say anything. Fraser nods, shaking with emotion and fear. She cuddles him. Fraser allows himself to cuddle her back. Over her shoulder he sees Glen. Fraser pushes Gillian away.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Glen's waiting.

GILLIAN
I can stay.

FRASER
Just go.

Fraser finishes the cigarette, drops it to the ground, stubs it out with his shoe. He stares at it pensively.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Gill, I might need you to do something. Can you wait an hour?

Gillian nods, clearly shaken by the turns of events.

Fraser re-enters the police station. Gillian, shell-shocked, hazily makes her way back to the car.

GLEN
Everything alright?

GILLIAN
No. We can't go. Not just yet.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Tom comforts Grant and Isobel. Fraser returns inside.

FRASER
Dad. We're going to find who did this.

GRANT
We already know who fucking did this!
Your friend from the pub. Midnight.

Fraser glares at Tom, who stares guiltily at the floor.

FRASER
We don't know that. We need proof.

GRANT
He threatened me! He threatened our family. Your family.

FRASER
We need to follow a line of inquiry.
This needs to be done right.

Tom looks up from his feet, asserting himself.

GRANT
Oh, I'll do it all right.

FRASER
No listen. We can't get a boat or helicopter out here, but Glen reckons he can get to the mainland.
(MORE)

FRASER (CONT'D)
I'm going to take some samples, send
them over for testing.

Grant grabs Fraser by the scruff of his collar.

GRANT
You sister is dead and you're talking
about tests!

ISOBEL
Shut up! The lot of you just shut up!
Grant, let Fraser deal with this his
way. Just get me home. Please.

Grant takes his wife out of the station, with a last
glance at Fraser - this is far from over.

Fraser gazes at the cold, pale body of his dead sister,
wrapped in her bloody dress.

INT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elise sits in shock upon hearing the news from Tom and
Fraser, who remain standing.

ELISE
Dead? But how? Who?

FRASER
We don't know yet. Elise. Please. I
need you to do some tests.

ELISE
Tests? What sort of tests?

FRASER
I need you to check if my sister was
raped, see if there's any semen.

ELISE
Fraser, I can't...

FRASER
Please, Elise. I need this.

ELISE
No, I mean I really can't. I'm a vet
Fraser, not a doctor. I fix the odd
sniffle and sprained wrist, but
this... I'm sorry.

EXT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Fraser and Tom walk back to the station.

TOM
Now what?

Fraser walks with determination.

FRASER

Like I said. We need this to get done.

Tom realises what Fraser means, grabs him.

TOM

I will not let you do this. It's not your fault. Just let it go. Once the storm's over we can get some detectives over here, let them do it.

FRASER

I'm not passing this onto some halfwit from Glasgow. I've been trained to do this. The sooner its done the better.

Fraser shrugs Tom off and re-enters the police station. Tom follows, despite grave reservations.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Laura's dead body now lies atop the freezer.

Fraser sits on a stool at the bottom of the freezer, examining his sister's vagina with latex-gloved hands. An office lamp serves as his light. Beside him lie some cotton swabs, sample containers, sealable envelopes.

Tom stands at the opposite end, examining Laura's head wound.

TOM

Look's like a blunt instrument. Hammer maybe. Or a brick.

Fraser struggles with the examination. He stops to breathe. Fraser strives on, probing his sister's corpse. Tom watches with stolen glances, all the while growing more concerned.

Suddenly Fraser stops. He drops his instruments, runs to the bin and throws up.

TOM (CONT'D)

Right, that's it. Enough is enough.

FRASER

No. She's been... it's positive.
There's semen.

Tom pours Fraser a glass of water.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Fraser washes out his mouth, spits it out. He returns to the stool, and begins to extract samples from his sister's body.

LATER:

Fraser places two small containers down on the counter - one contains the semen sample, the other Laura's blood.

Tom eyes the containers, then the freezer, now Laura's temporary coffin. Blood still smears the top of it.

TOM
Fraser, where did all the blood come from? The killer?

FRASER
No, Laura. I thought that when he...
he had broken her hymen, but now I
think she was starting to menstruate.

Tom gives him a blank look.

FRASER (CONT'D)
She had the painters in.

TOM
Right, I get it! I might be wrong, but
don't you need another DNA sample.
From the suspect? And even then, how
are we meant to do what science it is
they do with them here?

FRASER
I'll worry about that. I want you to
go to Samuel's cabin. Sit with him. Do
not let anyone in or out.

TOM
Fair enough.

FRASER
Tom. Especially my Dad.

Tom nods, heads out the door. Fraser stares out the window, eyeing The Cellar Door.

INT. CELLAR DOOR - DAY

Barry watches Fraser as the young policeman examines the area around the door.

BARRY
What you looking for? I cleaned all
that up last night.

Fraser retraces Samuel's steps after he cut his hand.

Fraser finds a large blood smear soaked into the cushioned back of a booth.

FRASER
You got a knife Barry?

Barry fetches Fraser a knife. Fraser begins cutting into the seat.

BARRY
Fraser, that's my chair.

Fraser has cut out a square of material. He places the piece of cloth in a small container with some water, replaces the lid and shakes. Blood begins to weave out of the cloth into the water.

BARRY (CONT'D)
What is it?

FRASER
Evidence.

Fraser hands the knife back to Barry.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Fraser labels each container, then wraps the three sample containers in bubble wrap, and places them in a small bag. He fills the bag with newspaper for padding.

Murray bursts in through the door.

MURRAY
Dad said you might need a hand.

Fraser grabs the bag.

FRASER
Guard these with your life.

Fraser leaves, followed by Murray.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Tom paces along the main road. He comes to the sharp right turn that leads to the cabin, almost hidden at this distance by trees.

Grant's Land Rover suddenly pulls up alongside him. Grant rolls down the window.

TOM
Jesus, Grant, you scared the shit out of me. Fraser won't be happy with you leaving the house.

GRANT
Well it's like my son said. You need proof.

Grant thrusts a pair of Laura's underwear into Tom's hand.

TOM
Grant, I can't...

GRANT

Yes you can. And you fucking better.
Wouldn't be the first time.

Grant rolls up his window, leaving Tom to gaze at his own reflection.

Tom watches Grant's Land Rover speed away. He feels Laura's underwear in his hand. Tom shoves them deep into his pocket, then continues towards the cabin.

EXT. JETTY - DAY

Glen prepares his small fishing boat, THE BONNIE LASS, for departure to the mainland. Gillian, wearing waterproofs, watches for Fraser.

GLEN

Gillian, we have to go.

Gillian spies Fraser and Murray running down to the boat through the rain. They both arrive out of breath.

FRASER

I need you to get Murray to Glasgow.
He's got some samples that need tested.

GILLIAN

Samples?

FRASER

Aye. Blood and semen.

Murray nods, steps onto the boat.

GILLIAN

You didn't trust me to do it?

FRASER

Murray's family. He wanted to help.

Glen steps off the boat, joins them on the jetty.

GLEN

If we're going to go, we need to go now.

The sea looks choppy. Visibility is very poor, everything hidden behind curtains of rain.

FRASER

Are you sure you should be heading out in this?

GLEN

We'll be fine.

Fraser steps over to Murray, tying his life jacket.

FRASER

I need to know as soon as those test results come back.

MURRAY

What if the phones are still down?

FRASER

Then keep trying until you get through to me. And only me, Murray.

Murray nods.

GLEN

I'm no policeman Fraser, but what makes you so sure its this guy Samuel?

FRASER

You were in the bar. You saw what happened. Or were you too busy staring at my wife?

GLEN

I'm just saying, maybe he's not the only one with motivation.

Fraser suddenly socks Glen in the face with his fist. Glen falls back onto the jetty.

FRASER

Just because you're sleeping with a cop's wife doesn't make you one.

Gillian runs to Glen's side, helps him up.

GILLIAN

If only you'd shown that much passion in our marriage.

Fraser gives them a look of disgust, then walks away. Gillian runs after him.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Is that what you're going to do Fraser? Is that your version of justice? Or your father's?

Fraser turns and meets her glare.

FRASER

Don't come back.

Glen takes Gillian's arm, guides her onto the boat.

Fraser jogs back to his Land Rover through the rain.

INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - DAY

Fraser enters the vehicle, cold and wet.

On the sea he can barely make out The Bonnie Lass moving off, hidden by the rain.

Tears well up in his eyes. Fraser begins to hit the steering wheel, again and again until his anger is matched only by his pain.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Craig spies on the cabin. He hides as Fraser approaches in the Land Rover. Fraser exits the Land Rover and makes his way up the cabin steps.

Craig runs to the road where he has parked his quad bike. He speeds off toward the Campbell farm.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Tom opens the door to Fraser. Samuel sits on the sofa, a cup of tea steaming in front of him. Samuel rises up.

SAMUEL

Fraser, I am truly sorry to hear about your sister.

FRASER

You told him?

Tom looks down, slightly ashamed he has messed up.

SAMUEL

If I can be of any assistance... that is why you came to see me?

FRASER

Not exactly. Sit down Mr. Huntley.

Samuel sits, now heedful of Fraser's tone.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Last night you made a threat against my father and by extension, my family.

SAMUEL

Now hang on! He provoked me. You both saw it.

FRASER

I also saw you walking along the road later on, well after you had left.

SAMUEL

I got lost. It was dark.

FRASER

I would like your permission for P.C. Cullen to search your cabin.

SAMUEL
And if I refuse?

FRASER
We wait until I can get a warrant,
which may be some time because of the
storm. Until then, nobody will be
going anywhere.

Samuel takes out his mobile phone.

SAMUEL
I want to speak to my lawyer.

FRASER
That won't help you. There's no phone
mast on the island. And the hard lines
are down due to the weather.

Samuel replaces the phone in his pocket.

SAMUEL
So, I have to trust that you will do
your job correctly this time?

TOM
Just what are you implying?

SAMUEL
I'm implying nothing. I'm blatantly
stating that you weren't exactly quick
to uphold the law last night.

FRASER
With all due respect, this is a little
bit different. A young girl is dead.

SAMUEL
I didn't realise you could pick which
laws you choose to follow. Fine. Go
ahead. I have nothing to hide.

FRASER
Thank you. Tom.

Samuel sits back down. Tom dons a pair of gloves and
goes upstairs. Fraser begins to question Samuel.

FRASER (CONT'D)
What time did you get back to the
cabin last night?

SAMUEL
Sometime around midnight, just after.

FRASER
Were you alone for the evening?

SAMUEL
It's not exactly a friendly place.

Samuel takes out some cigarettes and lights one.

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - DAY

Tom hunts around the bedroom. It is sparse of personal effects. Some of Samuel's clothes are unpacked, a few medical journals and papers lie on the bedside table. The window is a slide door, leading to a balcony.

As Tom's search proves fruitless he grows frustrated. With no other alternative, Tom reluctantly removes Laura's underwear from his pocket. He feels them, looks at them, struggling with his choice.

Tom stares at Laura's underwear in his hand. He pulls back the pillow, but then stops. He has caught sight of something. Just beyond his focus lies a small toiletries bag stuffed under the bed, as if hidden.

Tom places the underwear on the bed and pulls out the toiletries bag. He fingers through various prescription bottles, until he finds one he recognises.

INSERT BOTTLE LABEL - Rohypnol.

Tom takes it in his fist and charges out of the room.

He has dropped the underwear on the floor by the bed.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Fraser wanders around, circling Samuel. He notes the empty bookcase, save one, the Holy Bible.

FRASER

Nice of old John to leave you a book.

SAMUEL

It's my own copy.

FRASER

Popular choice. In prison. Redemption and all that.

SAMUEL

It's popular the whole world over.

TOM

These are quite popular too.

Tom surges down the stairs. He thrusts the prescription bottle into Samuel's face.

TOM (CONT'D)

Among date rapists.

SAMUEL

Those are prescription medication for a sleeping disorder.

TOM
I should put you to sleep permanently.

Tom shows Fraser the bottle. Fraser turns to Samuel, removing his handcuffs from his side.

FRASER
Put your hands out in front of you.

SAMUEL
But I didn't do this. I'm innocent!

Fraser suddenly grabs Samuel by the neck and shoves him into the wall.

FRASER
Samuel Huntley, I'm arresting you for the murder of Laura Campbell.

He cuffs Samuel's hands in front of him.

SAMUEL
But I didn't...

Fraser grabs the back of Samuel's head. Fraser twists him around and cracks Samuel's face against the wall.

FRASER
Shut up. Let's go.

Fraser hauls Samuel up and towards the door.

EXT. CABIN - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Fraser leads Samuel out of the cabin, followed by Tom.

Two cars pull up into the driveway, followed by two quad bikes ridden by Craig and Scott. One of the cars is Grant's battered Land Rover, with Grant and Isobel inside. The second car is Gregor Boyle's. Inside are Gregor, son Duncan, and wife Sheila.

The locals exit the cars. A lynch mob, led by Grant, ripe for vengeance. Fraser stops when he sees that Grant has his rifle in his hand.

GRANT
Did he do it? Did you kill my daughter you black fuck?

FRASER
Dad, you shouldn't be here. He'll get what's coming to him.

GRANT
Damn right he will.

Grant aims his gun at Samuel. Fraser stands in front of the barrel, staring along it at his father.

FRASER

I can't let you do that, Dad.

GRANT

I wasn't asking your permission. Get out the way son. Now.

TOM

Just let him do it Fraser.

FRASER

Shut up Tom! Everybody just take a breather. Now, I'm going to take Mr. Huntley back into the cabin, and then all of you are going to go back to your homes. This is a police matter.

Grant lowers his gun.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Tom, take Mr. Huntley back inside.

TOM

But the...

FRASER

Just do it!

GRANT

Tom. You know what you should do. You've known Laura since the day she was born man.

Tom is torn between his brother and his nephew.

TOM

Move it.

Tom turns, and marches Samuel back to the cabin. They climb the steps to the front door.

Suddenly, Grant snaps up his rifle, aims hastily, and fires!

FRASER

No!

The shot misses Samuel and strikes Tom instead. Tom collapses on Samuel, falling through the doorway.

Fraser snatches the gun from Grant. He aims it at Grant, then the others.

Craig and Isobel both brandishing guns, aim at Fraser. Gregor holds a shotgun, his son Duncan a large hammer. Fraser, outnumbered, backs off toward the cabin.

GRANT

You won't shoot any of us.

Fraser fires a shot into the air.

Those in the crowd duck or hide. Grant does not flinch.

FRASER
Don't try me.

Fraser carefully backs up the steps into the cabin.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Fraser reaches the cabin, slams the door shut.

Samuel has dragged Tom indoors. Fraser bends over Tom. Samuel scurries away quickly, back against the wall.

FRASER
Tom? Tom?

Fraser rips Tom's shirt to better see the shoulder wound. It is not a pretty sight, blood trickling out of the fleshy bullethole.

TOM
I can't believe he fucking shot me.

Fraser stares at Samuel, angry and scared.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Grant turns to his troop of villagers.

GRANT
Craig, go watch the back. Scott, drive down to the village, get Elise up here. Now!

Craig drives his quad bike round the back, while Scott speeds off on his toward the village.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Gregor, you and your family feel free to go home. I didn't mean to drag you into this.

None of the Boyle clan budge.

GREGOR
If he did this, then he has to pay.

Grant nods, appreciative of the support.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Fraser kneels by Tom's wounded body. Samuel cowers against the wall, still handcuffed.

FRASER
What do we do?

SAMUEL
Why are you asking me?

Fraser stands, still holding the gun.

FRASER
You're a doctor! Hippocratic oath and all that shite?

SAMUEL
I have my hands cuffed like a criminal! What do you honestly expect me to do?

FRASER
I saved you so I can prove that you killed my sister in a court of law! Now you can either get up and save him, or I'll throw you back out there.

SAMUEL
No. Not until you promise to protect me.

FRASER
This isn't negotiable.

Fraser makes the gun in his hands more prominent.

SAMUEL
I'm the only doctor on this island. I think it is.

Fraser steps over to a fearful Samuel, looming above him. He pulls out a set of keys and uncuffs him.

FRASER
You save him, I owe you one. That's how it works.

Samuel steps over to Tom, studies his wound.

SAMUEL
We need him elevated. Help me lift him onto the couch.

Fraser and Samuel lift a heavy Tom onto the couch. Tom grits his teeth, moaning in pain.

TOM
That bastard. I can't believe he...
I'm not going to...

Tom falls unconscious. Fraser grabs Tom's head.

FRASER
Tom? Tom! Is he dead?

SAMUEL
No, the pain knocked him out.

Samuel rips off his own shirt and cleans the bloody mess around Tom's wound. Samuel pulls out a small torch and shines it over the injury.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Fraser, I want you to know, I didn't kill you sister.

FRASER
Just focus on this will you.

Samuel continues to examines the wound.

EXT. CABIN - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Grant and the others are restless. They peer at the cabin, looking for movement.

GRANT
Fraser, is Tom okay? Just give us the murderer then we'll get Tom some help.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Samuel clicks off the torch, grim.

SAMUEL
The bullet's still lodged inside. It's shattered the bone. I need to remove it before I can close the wound.

FRASER
Can you do that here?

SAMUEL
Maybe. I'll need some supplies.
Alcohol. Towels. Hot water. A knife.

Fraser runs into the kitchen.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
A sharp one! And tweezers!

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - DAY

Fraser hunts through the drawers. There is very little cutlery, very basic, and not sharp. The cupboards are bare, save the few supplies Samuel bought the previous day. He finds a dusty bottle of whisky, snatches it.

Fraser runs the hot water into a large pan. He looks out the window by the sink. Down below, Craig stands guard, gun in hand.

The two brothers lock stares.

The hot water spills over the pan.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

From the kitchen Fraser brings through the pan of hot water, a cloth, the whisky, and a large, blunt knife.

FRASER

No tweezers.

Samuel looks at the knife, almost humoured if the situation were not so grave.

SAMUEL

Try upstairs in my toiletries bag.

Fraser runs upstairs. Samuel takes the cloth, douses it in whisky, and begins to clean the wound.

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - DAY

Fraser clutches some towels in his hand. He throws them on the bed, while searching for something else.

FRASER

Tweezers. Tweezers. Come on.

Fraser stops in his tracks. He stares at the floor.

A pair of Laura's underwear lies next to the bed.

Fraser's fists clench, his knuckles white hot.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Grant paces anxiously by his Land Rover. Scott thunders along the track on his quad.

SCOTT

She's just coming.

GRANT

Good. Go join Craig round the back.

Scott drives the quad bike around the back of the cabin, where Craig is on guard.

Elise's Land Rover emerges, drives up the track. She spots the lynch mob and the weapons they brandish.

ELISE

Grant. What's going on?

Before Grant can answer, Tom screams out in agony.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Tom screams in agony, now fully conscious as Samuel tries to clean the wound while applying pressure, dosing warm water over it.

Fraser descends the stairs.

SAMUEL
Did you find anything?

Fraser spots the rifle on the ground. He picks it up.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Fraser?

Samuel turns round. He sees Fraser, with the rifle in one hand, and Laura's underwear in the other.

Tom, half-dead, also sees what Fraser has found.

GRANT (O.S.)
Fraser. Elise is here.

Fraser points the rifle at Samuel. Samuel rises slowly, arms outstretched as a sign of calm.

SAMUEL
Fraser...

FRASER
You said you didn't do it. You looked me in the eye and said you didn't do it!

SAMUEL
I was telling the truth.

FRASER
Then what the fuck are these doing in your room?!

Fraser holds the underwear up, shaking it angrily.

SAMUEL
I have no idea. Fraser, please, I...

Samuel eyes Tom suspiciously, frantic.

GRANT (O.S.)
Fraser? What's going on in there?

TOM
Fraser...

FRASER
I trusted you. You're a doctor for God's sakes!

TOM
Fraser, listen to me...

FRASER
He killed Laura, Tom! He killed my
baby sister!

TOM
Fraser.. please... this isn't right.

FRASER
Right? He took her underwear like a
trophy, like some dirty pedophile
bastard! Well? Say something then?

SAMUEL
Fraser, please. I am innocent, as God
as my witness.

FRASER
I don't think you get to meet God
after what you've done.

Fraser reaffirms his aim on Samuel.

SAMUEL
If you kill me, neither will you.

FRASER
I'll see you in Hell then.

TOM
Fraser... it was me!

Fraser gazes down at Tom. Tom stares up, dying, honest.

TOM (CONT'D)
I planted them there.

FRASER
You're just saying that.

TOM
Have I ever lied to you, boy?

Fraser weighs it up in his mind, lowers his gun. Samuel
breathes a cool sigh of relief.

TOM (CONT'D)
I didn't... I wasn't going to. Your
Dad gave them to me, and they fell out
of my hands when I found the rohypnol.

Fraser gazes down in disdain at Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)
He's still guilty.

FRASER
He's the only chance you have of
seeing another sunrise.

Fraser takes a moment to gain calm and perspective.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Sorry Samuel, I couldn't find any tweezers.

Samuel laughs.

SAMUEL
You think that I'm going to save his life? He just tried to frame me for murder. You were going to be my executioner!

FRASER
And you'll be his if you don't save his life. I'm sorry, okay, I lost my head. But you're a doctor. You save people's lives.

SAMUEL
Yet everyone on this island thinks that I'm a cold blooded child killer.

Fraser places the gun down, raising his hands peacefully in the air.

FRASER
If you are innocent, a DNA test will prove it. Until we can get that done, please just help me save my uncle.

Tom gazes up at Samuel, pale, bleeding.

SAMUEL
I can't. Not with what I have. I need proper tools.

Fraser does not know what to do.

GRANT (O.S.)
Fraser. Talk to me!

Fraser has an idea. He steps over to the window.

FRASER
Grant!

Fraser spies Grant stepping out from behind the car.

GRANT
Aye?

FRASER
Is Elise there?

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Elise stands close to Grant.

GRANT
She is. Will I send her in?

ELISE
What do you think I can do? I'm a vet
Grant. I haven't dealt with a bullet
wound in over ten years.

FRASER (O.S.)
No, she's not coming in here. But we
need a surgical kit.

ELISE
I'll run back and get it.

Elise turns to leave, but Grant grabs her wrist tight.

GRANT
Only if you come out to get them, son.

FRASER (O.S.)
Fine!

Grant lets go of Elise. She gets into her Land Rover
and drives back to the village.

EXT. THE BONNIE LASS - UPPER DECK - DAY

The small ship is tossed to and fro by mighty waves,
lashing the captain with whips of heavy rain.

Glen tries his best to stay at the wheel, but the
elements fiercely fight against him.

Glen peers down the ladders into the lower deck.

GLEN
How's it coming down there?

INT. THE BONNIE LASS - LOWER DECK - DAY

The lower deck is flooded with a foot of water. Gillian
and Murray are busy working the pump, trying to keep
the engine dry.

MURRAY
Not good!

The waterproof bag containing the samples rests on a
nearby sideboard.

Another jolt makes the boat lurch. The sample bag falls
into the water, floating on top. Gillian sees it.

GILLIAN
Murray! The samples!

Murray chases after the bag, but trips, falling into
the water. He picks himself up.

The boat lurches to one side. The bag floats back toward Gillian. She catches it, and shoves it into the inside pocket of her waterproof jacket.

Murray wades back to the pump.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Shouldn't we have reached the mainland
by now?

MURRAY

Probably going round in circles.

Suddenly there is a great jolt that catapults them both forward. Gillian and Murray crash into the side.

Gillian and Murray realise they have stopped swaying. The boat creaks to rest. They have beached.

EXT. THE BONNIE LASS - UPPER DECK - DAY

Gillian and Murray climb up onto the deck. The ship has crashed onto a beach.

MURRAY

Glen? Glen?

Gillian wanders to the side. She peers over and sees Glen's body lying in the surf.

GILLIAN

Glen!

Murray joins her, sees Glen's body. He quickly uses the anchor rope to abseil down to the beach. Gillian follows him.

Murray bends over Glen's body, checks his pulse.

MURRAY

We need to get him to a hospital.

Quick thinking, Gillian runs up the sandy dunes and staggers onto a road. A car approaches. Gillian jumps out onto the road, waving her arms to stop the car.

INT. HOSPITAL - A&E CORRIDOR - DAY

Glen lies unconscious on a gurney, wheeled along by DOCTOR KILSCYTHE (43), tall, glasses, dependable face, and NURSE BETTY (28), pretty, polite. Gillian and Murray anxiously follow.

Doctor Kilscythe wheels Glen into an Emergency Operating Room. Nurse Betty stops Gillian and Murray.

NURSE BETTY

Please, you have to stay out here.

Nurse Betty slips into the Emergency Operating Room. Gillian and Murray stare through the swing door window.

INT. HOSPITAL - POST-OP HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Gillian peers into a recovery room. Inside Glen lies unconscious, wrapped in bandages. Doctor Kilscythe examines him.

Murray hovers uncomfortably behind Gillian.

MURRAY

Gill, I'm sorry about Glen, but I promised Fraser I'd get those samples to Glasgow.

GILLIAN

Its a long journey in this weather.

Gillian reaches into her jacket to take out the sample bag. Doctor Kilscythe exits the room, interrupts before Gillian can hand the bag to Murray.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Will he be alright doctor?

DOCTOR KILSCYTHE

He's suffered a broken arm, two broken ribs and a mild concussion. I've given him a sedative so he can rest. Now, what in God's name were you thinking sailing in a storm like this?

GILLIAN

It will take too long to explain, but we've been sent here by a police officer on the Isle of Muir to have these samples tested.

DOCTOR KILSCYTHE

Well, the nearest forensic crime lab is Glasgow.

GILLIAN

Look, we need these results as soon as possible. It's part of a murder investigation. It could be a matter of life and death. Can't you do something here?

Doctor Kilscythe looks Gillian over, judging her.

INT. HOSPITAL - FORENSIC LAB - DAY

Doctor Kilscythe leads Gillian and Murray into the deserted lab.

DOCTOR KILSCYTHE

As a university hospital we have a limited number of teaching devices. They aren't as sophisticated as what the police have now, but they will tell us whether your samples are a match or not with a ninety-six percent certainty.

Doctor Kilscythe takes the sample bag, and begins to prepare the samples for testing.

Gillian and Murray hover beside him, distracting him.

DOCTOR KILSCYTHE(CONT'D)

This may take a while. You might want to grab a hot drink.

Doctor Kilscythe continues to prepare the samples.

GILLIAN

I'm going to check on Glen.

Murray nods. Gillian leaves him. Murray seems slightly agitated as he watches Kilscythe prepare the samples.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Fraser peers through the window, gun in hand. Samuel takes care of a groggy Tom. Fraser comes to Tom's side.

FRASER

Just hang in there Tom.

SAMUEL

I didn't thank you for saving my life.

FRASER

Don't. When this is over you're still under arrest.

SAMUEL

What will it take for me to convince you that I am innocent?

FRASER

Honestly? Another suspect.

SAMUEL

I get the impression you've not always been a policeman on this island.

FRASER

I grew up here, done my training in Glasgow, spent a few years there on the streets, then came back here.

SAMUEL

Why did you come back? Not enjoy the rush of the city?

FLASHCUT. EXT. GLASGOW ALLEY - NIGHT (FIVE YEARS AGO)

Fraser lies shot and wounded in a dark Glasgow alley, struggling to breathe as the rain pours down on him.

FLASHCUT. INT. GLASGOW HOSPITAL - NIGHT (FIVE YEARS AGO)

Fraser lying in hospital hooked up to various machines. Someone is squeezing Fraser's hand tight.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Fraser's hand squeezes Tom's.

FRASER

Not really.

Fraser stands up, returns to spying out of the window.

SAMUEL

I don't know if I could handle not living in a city. I'd miss the rush.

FRASER

Then why come all the way up here? It's the furthest place you could get from London without leaving the country.

SAMUEL

I have no idea. Sometimes you have to leave somewhere just to go back.

Fraser spies Elise returning in her Land Rover.

FRASER

She's back.

Fraser steps over to the door.

SAMUEL

You're taking the gun?

Fraser looks back at Samuel apologetically, then steps outside, with the gun.

EXT. CABIN - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Fraser steps cautiously down the steps, gun trained on the barricade. He steps halfway toward them and stops.

Elise steps out to meet him, but Grant blocks her with his arm. He takes the surgical case from her, and walks out to meet his son.

Grant meets Fraser halfway between the cabin and the barricade of cars. He hands the surgical case over. Fraser tries to take it, but Grant keeps a firm grip.

GRANT
What are you doing, son?

FRASER
My job, Dad.

GRANT
This isn't about your job son. I know you're a good cop. But that man killed your sister. He raped her and then he dumped her body on that beach, right where you found her.

FRASER
You don't know that.

GRANT
Are you going to point the finger at someone else? One of your neighbours? One of your own? Open your eyes, son.

Fraser peers behind Grant, at the various locals hovering by the barricade of cars.

FRASER
If he's so guilty, why did you ask Tom to plant these on him?

Fraser reaches into his pocket and pulls out Laura's underwear, throwing them to the ground.

Grant lets go of the surgical case. Fraser takes it, steps backwards towards the cabin

GRANT
Don't do this Fraser. I had to. I'm trying to protect our family. I had no choice.

FRASER
You've always got a choice.

Fraser retreats to the cabin, gun aimed at Grant.

Grant picks up Laura's underwear, now dirtied, covered in mud. He hides them inside his jacket pocket.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Fraser hands Samuel the surgical kit. Fraser sits by Tom, feeling his forehead.

FRASER
What else do you need?

Samuel picks out certain items - scalpel, tweezers, swabs, bandages.

SAMUEL
I'll need a raised surface.

FRASER
There's a table in the kitchen.

SAMUEL
Kitchen's too dark. I'll need to do it in here.

FRASER
Then we'll drag the table through.

Samuel enters the kitchen. Fraser gets up to follow, but Tom grabs him, holds him back.

TOM
Well this is another fine mess you got me into.

FRASER
You're not going to die. Samuel's going to fix you up.

TOM
You listen to me. If I die, you hand him over, save yourself, end this stupidity. Let Grant deal with it.

SAMUEL (O.S.)
Fraser, I need a hand with this.

FRASER
Give me a second.

TOM
Fraser, please, listen.

FRASER
No, you listen to me. Do you know why I became a policeman? Why I wanted it so badly instead of being farmer or a fisherman? Cause when I was little, I overheard you telling my Dad how you fingered the wrong man for your parent's murder.

The memory comes back to haunt Tom.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Do you remember what you said? Why you wanted to be a policeman?

TOM
That I'd make sure the next time I got it right.

FRASER

Well take a good hard look, Tom.
You're not dying, cause you haven't
got it right yet. You understand?

Tom nods, almost crying. Fraser escapes to the kitchen.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - DAY

Fraser enters the kitchen. He leans over the sink,
taking deep breaths.

Samuel stands by one end of the table.

SAMUEL

Fraser?

FRASER

Aye god damn it just give me a second.

Fraser wipes a few tears from his eyes. He gazes out
the window. Through it he sees Craig and Scott.

Fraser runs the tap. He splashes water over his face.

SAMUEL

He might not have that much time left.

FRASER

Aye. Sorry.

Fraser steps over and helps Samuel lift up the table.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECOVERY WARD - DAY

Glen lies in a hospital bed, unconscious. Gillian sits
by his side, lost in thought.

Murray appears with two coffees.

MURRAY

Thought you could use this.

GILLIAN

Thanks. Any word?

Gillian lets the coffee cool in her hands.

MURRAY

None. Doc's still doing his tests.

Two plain clothed detectives, D.C. IAN RANKIN, (38)
gruff Glaswegian and D.C DENISE MINA (28), petite,
plain, step past Nurse Betty.

D.C. RANKIN

Mrs. Campbell? I'm D.C. Rankin, this
is D.C. Mina.

(MORE)

D.C. RANKIN (CONT'D)

We've spoken to Doctor Kilscythe, and he explained what has happened on Muir Island.

GILLIAN

About Laura? And Huntley?

D.C. RANKIN

Yes. I find it odd that your husband sent you with DNA samples. Why not come himself? Or PC Cullen?

GILLIAN

Well, they were busy investigating. He sent us... he wanted it done quickly.

D.C. MINA

Where did he ask you to take them specifically?

GILLIAN

Glasgow, but it would have taken too long... and the weather.

D.C. RANKIN

Until this storm clears up Mrs. Campbell, time really isn't a factor. There's a reason he wanted it done that way. They could be catalogued and used as evidence. As it stands just now, they are contaminated and inadmissible as evidence.

GILLIAN

But they'll still tell us if he's guilty or not.

D.C. RANKIN

Yes, but we won't be able to use them in court. Given the severity of the storm, and the loss of communications to anyone on the island, there is little we can do until it clears.

GILLIAN

Wait? That's it?

D.C. RANKIN

Pretty much. I've asked Doctor Kilscythe to pass on his findings should we be unable to acquire another sample, but like I said, they won't stand up in court. When the storm clears we'll take a team over to the island. Hopefully we'll manage to collect our own evidence. Until then, I would appreciate it if you would not interfere any further. Good day.

The detectives leave. Gillian slams her fist against a wall. She begins to cry. Murray puts down his coffee and places his brotherly arms around her. She grabs him, cries on his shoulder.

GILLIAN

Sorry. You must hate me. God, your whole family must hate me.

MURRAY

Our family's not exactly civil Gill. But we understand. No one hates you.

GILLIAN

Not even your mum?

MURRAY

Are you kidding? Five children and only one girl? I think she was quite happy when Fraser gave her another daughter.

Murray realises he has said something he perhaps shouldn't.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

GILLIAN

No, don't be stupid. Let's go see if the doctor has got those results back.

MURRAY

But the detective said...

GILLIAN

Screw the detective.

Murray nods. They leave Glen's bedside.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Darkness falls over the small lynch mob.

They manoeuvre and park their vehicles to face the cabin. They switch on their headlights, bathing the building in an eerie, artificial light.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Tom lies face down on the table directly under the room's light. Fraser and Samuel hover above him. Samuel prepares his instruments, sterilizing them. Fraser glances over the sharp blades and pointed instruments.

FRASER

Can't you give him something to sleep?

SAMUEL

No. He's lost a lot of blood. I need him awake. If I put him under, he might never come back.

Fraser disappears into the kitchen. He emerges carrying a wooden spoon. Fraser rips off a piece of his shirt, wraps it round the spoon. He douses the material in whisky, and then places it in Tom's mouth. Tom bites down on the stick wrapped in cloth.

Samuel takes a scalpel in his hand, assesses the wound.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I need to cut away part of the tissue
to reach the bullet. You need to hold
him down.

Fraser holds Tom firmly down on the table.

Samuel makes his first incision. Tom cries out through his gag. He writhes and fights on the table, but Fraser holds him firm.

Samuel cuts again. Tom drops the gag from his mouth. It clatters and unravels on the floor.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

A blood curling SCREAM echoes out from the cabin.

Everyone stops dead, taking in the awful sound. Grant sees his various neighbours sharing looks of doubt.

EXT. CABIN - BACK AREA - NIGHT

Craig and Scott guard the rear of the cabin, elevated on stilts. The screaming subsides.

SCOTT
Was that Uncle Tom?

CRAIG
Stay here and keep watch.

Craig leaves Scott on his own.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Rain pelts down now. All the people wear heavy jackets, their faces hidden by hoods, like figures of death.

Only Grant's face is unhooded, allowing the cold rain to strike his face.

Craig circles around the cabin and approaches Grant.

CRAIG
We can't just sit here all day, Dad.

GRANT
Whose watching the back?

CRAIG
Scott.

Grant strikes Craig in the face. Craig falls.

GRANT
Don't you dare leave your him alone.
We're going to wait here until Fraser
sees some bloody sense. I wish Murray
was here.

Craig nods, scampers back toward the rear of the cabin.
Elise, who witnessed the exchange, joins Grant.

ELISE
Grant. It's getting cold. We can't
stay here all night.

Grant remains silent, stares at the building. Isobel
sees Grant and Elise talking. She walks towards them.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I'm going to go home.

GRANT
Fine.

ELISE
I'm not coming back.

ISOBEL
Elise...?

ELISE
No Isobel, this has gone far enough.

ISOBEL
But that man killed our daughter.

ELISE
And your oldest son is protecting him.
It doesn't make any sense.

Grant stares at her, fearful of what she might say.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I... It's getting cold. I have to go.

GRANT
Elise, I'm sorry, but we need to keep
your car, for light. I'll drive you
back.

Elise nods. Grant and Elise enter Grant's Land Rover.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Isobel, don't let anyone in. And if
that bastard comes out, make sure you
shoot him. No one else.

Isobel nods. She watches as Grant drives Elise away, slightly suspicious.

EXT. CABIN - BACK AREA - NIGHT

Scott shelters under a tree. Craig runs back, joining him. They shiver in the harsh rain.

Craig eyes the building in dim light. He turns on his torch. The torch beam maps a route of a pipe that could be climbed up all the way to the bedroom balcony.

Craig stares down at Scott, solemn faced, shivering.

CRAIG

Listen, stay here and keep watch. I'm going to sort this out for good.

Craig hands the torch over to Scott. Craig runs out to the cabin, and begins to climb the drain pipe.

INT. HOSPITAL - FORENSIC LAB - NIGHT

The rain and wind still howl in the darkness outside.

Doctor Kilscythe sits by the whirring lab machines, reading a newspaper.

Gillian paces behind him. Murray sits with a coffee steaming in his hands.

DOCTOR KILSCYTHE

You'll wear a hole in my lab, Mrs. Campbell.

Gillian stops pacing, sits down. Doctor Kilscythe continues reading his newspaper. Something in its pages makes him sit up straight.

DOCTOR KILSCYTHE (CONT'D)

You said the blood sample came from a Samuel Huntley? Is he a doctor?

GILLIAN

Yes. He arrived yesterday. Why?

Doctor Kilscythe flips round his newspaper.

He points to a large article, and inset, a picture of Samuel.

INSERT HEADLINE - PEDOPHILE PEDIATRICIAN SUSPENDED.

INSERT SUB-HEADER - Shamed doctor suspended while hospital investigates claims of abuse in twelve cases.

Murray hovers over Gillian as they read it.

MURRAY

This proves it! He did it! We don't
need the tests.

The ancient computer system begins to CHUG and BUZZ.

DOCTOR KILSCYTHE

Well it certainly doesn't look good,
but the tests will prove conclusively.

An old printer begins to rattle away, printing off the results. Gillian looks at it impatiently.

DOCTOR KILSCYTHE(CONT'D)

It'll take a few more minutes. It's a
bit antiquated.

Gillian nods, returns to her seat. Murray watches the printer with agitation.

INT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Elise and Grant step into her house, out of the rain.

ELISE

Thank you.

GRANT

You sure I can't persuade you to come back? Might need you.

ELISE

No. I'm sorry Grant, but this is wrong. I know you're hurting.

Grant steps toward her, his mighty hands at his side.

GRANT

What happened to Laura was wrong. I'm just trying to protect my family.

ELISE

But Fraser... he's your son?

GRANT

Fraser lives in a world where there are no evil men. And we both know that's not true.

Grant is face to face with her now. He takes one of his hands, and places it around her neck.

Elise trembles, eyeing Grant with fearful adulation.

Elise kisses Grant. He kisses back, passionately. They have done this before. They are lovers.

Grant picks her up in his strong arms, pins her against the wall. Elise hurriedly undoes Grant's belt.

Grant rips down her trousers. They begin to fuck like wild animals against the wall.

EXT. CABIN - BACK AREA - NIGHT

Craig hangs halfway up the drainage pipe attached to the cabin, gun slung round his shoulder. Rain batters his face. The wind tries to blow him down. His hands grip the slippery pipe. He climbs slowly.

Scott watches Craig's progress from the ground.

Craig reaches the kitchen window, and peers in. Through the open kitchen door he can see Samuel cutting Tom in the living room.

Fraser walks into Craig's vision. Craig hides away from the window. He waits until Fraser exits the kitchen, then continues his strenuous climb up the pipe.

He finally reaches a level height with the bedroom balcony. Craig stretches out his hand, but it is out of reach. He tries again, but his fingertips are just shy of the balcony railing.

Craig, lashed by the wind, takes some brave breaths, then launches himself off the pipe. He catches the balcony, but the metal is wet and slippery. His right hand slips off, leaving him dangling with the left.

With difficulty, he manages to finally pull himself up and over the railing.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Samuel carefully removes the bullet from Tom's wound using the tweezers.

Samuel drops it into the pan with a metallic CLANG.

FRASER

Thank you.

Samuel cleans the wound with some of the whisky. He begins to sew it back up.

SAMUEL

This is only temporary you understand.
He still needs to get to a hospital,
heal the arm, stop any infection.

Unseen by any of them, Craig silently creeps down the stairs, his gun firmly locked on Samuel.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Grant drives back to the barricade. Shelia and Duncan sit in their car, warming themselves. Isobel and Gregor stand outside in the rain. Grant joins them.

GRANT
Anything?

Isobel shakes her head.

GREGOR
What if Tom's dead, Grant?

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Craig, gun in hand, tip-toes down the stairs. Fraser and Samuel have their backs to him, focused on Tom.

Craig reaches the bottom step. It CREAKS.

Fraser turns and sees Craig, but is too late.

FRASER
No!

Craig shoots. The shot rips through Samuel's arm. Samuel crashes to the ground. The whisky bottle falls beside him with a THUD.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Grant, Isobel and Gregor hear the GUNSHOT!

GRANT
Craig!

Grant grabs his gun, heads for the rear of the cabin.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Fraser grabs his gun, points it at his brother. Craig trains his aim on Fraser.

Samuel writhes on the ground, clutching his arm. The whisky bottle lies beside him.

FRASER
Put the gun down Craig.

CRAIG
I can't do that.

FRASER
I'm not asking. I'm a police officer.
Put it down.

CRAIG
Fuck you! You're meant to be part of
our family. You're meant to help us.

FRASER
I'm trying to. If you kill this man,
you will go to jail.

CRAIG
I don't care. You're no brother of
mine.

EXT. CABIN - BACK AREA - NIGHT

Grant finds Scott evading the rain under a tree.

GRANT
Where's Craig?

Scott points up the open balcony window.

GRANT (CONT'D)
That stupid son of a... C'mon.

Grant grabs Scott and drags him back to the barricade.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Craig and Fraser are still locked in a stand off,
circling slowly. Craig reaffirms the grip on his gun.

Samuel, lying almost behind Craig, quietly picks up the
whisky bottle. Fraser sees this, and lowers his gun.

FRASER
Please Craig, we can still end this
without anyone having to die.

CRAIG
You don't understand. He has to die.

FRASER
Why? Why are you all so determined to
kill this man? Why can't you let him
stand trial? There's enough evidence.

Fraser sees Craig faltering.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Unless you know he's innocent?

Craig's face betrays him. There is truth in Fraser's
words. Craig makes his gun more prominent, struggling
not to fire.

CRAIG
Shut up! You don't know anything!

FRASER
Craig, if you're going to kill him,
you better kill me too.

Craig grips the gun tightly, answering the threat.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Do it.

Craig struggles with the decision to pull the trigger and shoot his own brother.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Samuel, do it!

Samuel has risen up behind Craig. Before Craig can turn around, Samuel smashes the whisky bottle over his head.

Craig falls to the floor, unconscious.

Samuel staggers back, blood trickling down his arm.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

SAMUEL
It went straight through. I'll be fine. What are you going to do with him?

GRANT (O.S.)
Craig? Fraser? What's going on?

Fraser looks at Samuel, then at Craig, who lies still at their feet, and at Tom on the operating table, at all the blood.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Grant stands at the bottom of the stairs leading up to the cabin door.

Fraser opens the door, points a gun at his father.

FRASER
Back away.

Grant does so. With his other hand, Fraser drags Craig's unconscious body down the steps, stained in Tom's blood. It appears as if Craig has bled to death.

Isobel spies Craig's bloodied body from the barricade.

ISOBEL
Craig!

She runs and joins her husband.

Fraser drops Craig's body in the mud.

FRASER
Are you proud of yourself Dad? Are you? Pitting one son against the other? Is that it?

Isobel drops to her knees and cuddles Craig's body.

ISOBEL
Craig? Oh my poor boy!

GRANT
I told him not to go in.

FRASER
But you knew he would.

GRANT
He went in there to avenge his sister,
instead of protecting the bastard that
raped and killed her!

FRASER
We don't know that, and the longer you
spend out here trying to kill him, the
more I think someone out here has
something to hide.

GRANT
You're the only one hiding Fraser.

ISOBEL
How could you kill him Fraser? He's
your brother? Your younger brother.

FRASER
He tried to kill me I defended myself.
Now I'm going back inside. I want you
all to leave. Leave now, and we won't
have any more accidents.

GRANT
We're not...

ISOBEL
Grant, let's get him home. Fraser's
right. Let's just go.

Craig begins to cough, moving his limbs. Isobel is
aghast. She bends down to her son.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)
Craig? He's alive! Craig!

Grant grins at Fraser.

GRANT
Nice try.

FRASER
I could never shoot my brother.

Isobel rises up to meet Fraser. She slaps him, spits on
his face.

ISOBEL
Do you know what you just put me
through? You're not my son. Do you
hear me? You are not my son! And that
monster in there is going to pay,
whether you're standing in front of
him or not!

She helps Craig up. They hobble back to the barricade.

Fraser backs up the staircase, his gun trained on Grant. His father merely stands and grins.

Fraser slams the door of the cabin behind him.

Grant rejoins Isobel and Craig, still groggy. Craig looks at his father, ashamed. Grant stares at his son with furious eyes.

CRAIG
I'm sorry Dad, I just...

GRANT
Issie, take him to Elise, make sure he's alright. Hopefully it knocked some sense into him.

Isobel helps Craig into the Land Rover. She drives out of the forest, towards Elise's house.

Grant hands Isobel's gun to Gregor.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Scott. Go watch the back. If any of them come out, shoot them.

SCOTT
What about...?

GRANT
Any of them!

Scott scurries off.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Time for playing games is over.

INT. HOSPITAL - FORENSIC LAB - NIGHT

The last of the DNA results prints out. Doctor Kilscythe rips it off and scans the results.

GILLIAN
Well?

Doctor Kilscythe finger the three sets of results, comparing figures.

DOCTOR KILSCYTHE
I'm afraid that the blood and semen samples you provided are a non-match.

GILLIAN
That can't be right. That means someone from the island raped her.

Murray meets Gillian's stare.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
It's someone we know.

MURRAY
But what about the newspaper?

Doctor Kilscythe fingers the results again.

DOCTOR KILSCYTHE
That's odd. The girl's DNA matches...
the semen sample. But that...

Murray grabs a glass beaker, cracks Doctor Kilscythe over the head with it. The beaker shatters on impact. Doctor Kilscythe slumps to the floor, unconscious.

Murray has cut his hand with the beaker. Gillian stares at the blood dripping from the cuts on his hand.

GILLIAN
It was you!

Murray stands, ready to strike.

MURRAY
I can't let this happen Gillian. It will ruin us.

Murray stands threateningly, ready to pounce on a fearful Gillian.

Gillian runs for the door, but Murray catches her, drags her down to the floor. Gillian fights, clawing away at his face with her nails.

Gillian crawls away from Murray. She reaches the door. Murray grabs her hair, yanks her back into the room.

Gillian falls to the floor, cracking her head. For a moment she is helpless. She regains her senses, but Murray is upon her.

Murray drops himself on Gillian, his hands trying to wrap themselves around her neck. Gillian fights valiantly, kicking, punching, all in vain.

Murray chokes the life out of her. Gillian's screams are strangled. Murray's eyes, alive with rage, plead for forgiveness.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

A boot suddenly kicks Murray square in the face, sending him crashing back into the computer equipment.

Murray gazes up to see Glen's towering figure, his arm and head in bandages.

Dazed, Murray picks himself up. He stares at a confused Glen, at the unconscious body of Dr. Kilscythe, and then Gillian, gazing back at him with fearful eyes.

GLEN
What the hell are you doing boy?

Murray turns his attention to a nearby window.

MURRAY
Tell my Dad I'm sorry.

GLEN
No. Murray!

Murray jumps through the glass into the night air.

EXT. HOSPITAL - FORENSIC LAB - NIGHT

Murray crashes through the window. He falls with the rain, the broken glass orbiting him like stars.

Murray's body thuds into the ground. He dies instantly. The glass smashes all around him.

INT. HOSPITAL - FORENSIC LAB - NIGHT

Glen comes to Gillian's aid.

GLEN
You okay?

GILLIAN
Fine.

GLEN
Good. Now, do you mind telling me what in the name of Christ is going on?

GILLIAN
I need to get back to the island.

On the floor Doctor Kilscythe begins to move and moan.

INT. HOSPITAL - A&E - NIGHT

Doctor Kilscythe lies on a bed. Nurse Betty attends to his head wound.

Gillian and Glen stand nearby in the A&E corridor.

GLEN
It's suicide, Gill. We barely made it here. And that was a proper boat.

GILLIAN
Fraser's going to make a big mistake, and I need to stop him.

GLEN

I still can't believe it. What if the tests are wrong?

GILLIAN

Then I'll be making a fool of myself in front of the Campbell family. Wouldn't be the first time.

Gillian smiles, but Glen is stone-faced.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Glen, I love you, but Fraser's my husband. I owe him this at least.

GLEN

Then I'll come with you.

Gillian stares at Glen's bandages marking his injuries.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Was worth a try.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, and then leaves him in the hospital. Glen stares after her with worry.

As soon as Gillian disappears, Glen approaches Nurse Betty.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Is there any police around here?

EXT. MAINLAND BAY- MARINA - NIGHT

Gillian jogs down to a marina. Further up from the shore, a number of canoes are strapped up. Gillian tries to unhook them, but they are bound tight.

She spies a large storage hut nearby.

INT. MAINLAND BAY - MARINA STORAGE HUT - NIGHT

Darkness. THUD. Another THUD.

The door breaks inwards, revealing Gillian.

She turns on a lonely bare light bulb. The hut is littered with canoeing equipment.

Gillian hastily hunts for a knife. She finds a Stanley knife in a drawer. She takes it, along with a spray-sheet, a life-jacket and a kayak paddle.

EXT. MAINLAND BAY - MARINA - NIGHT

Gillian cuts through the ropes that strap the canoes together. They clatter down like dominoes.

Gillian hauls the top one down to the water's edge.

Blue lights flash behind her. A police car.

She runs toward the water now, against the wind and horizontal rain, toward the mighty waves.

D.C. Rankin and D.C. Mina run down to the water, trying to catch her. Glen is behind them.

D.C. RANKIN
Mrs. Campbell. Stop. Mrs. Campbell!

Gillian launches the canoe into the water, wading in after it. She gracefully enters the canoe, tucks the spray-sheet on, and begins to paddle.

By the time the police and Glen reach the shore, she is a tiny outline in the large, dark mass of water.

GLEN
I love you too.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The wind and rain pummel the window.

Tom lies on the sofa, resting.

Samuel sits on the floor, bandaging his wound. He has tied a strip of his shirt tight above the wound.

Fraser gazes at him, unsure what to believe anymore.

Suddenly, bullets start ripping through the cabin.

Fraser drops to the floor. He kicks the kitchen table over for cover, shielding himself and Tom, the gun in his hands.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Grant and Gregor shoot up the cabin in the rain.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Fraser is frozen. He can't use the gun.

Samuel crawls back, takes the gun from him. Fraser resists at first, but eventually lets Samuel take it.

Samuel waits for a pause in the shots outside, then begins to return fire.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Grant and Gregor seek cover behind some trees.

GRANT

Fine, Fraser, you want to play with fire.

Grant and Gregor retreat to the barricade.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Shelia, go wake up Barry. Get all the bottles of alcohol you can. Anything flammable. From your shop too.

Shelia remains undecidedly still.

GREGOR

Do what he says woman.

Shelia nods, drives away, leaving Grant, Gregor and Duncan to hide behind Elise's Land Rover.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Samuel blocks the cabin door with a heavy cabinet.

Samuel staggers over to Fraser and a semi-conscious Tom. Samuel slumps down, drained of energy, and prays.

SAMUEL

Dear God, forgive these men, for they know not what they do. Lead them from the darkness that has a hold of them, into your divine light.

Samuel opens his eyes. He finds Fraser studying him with a pessimistic gaze.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

You don't believe in God?

FRASER

No.

SAMUEL

May I ask why?

FRASER

When I was still a rookie in Glasgow, I was chasing these two kids. We'd caught them breaking and entering.

FLASHBACK. EXT. GLASGOW EAST END - RUNDOWN HOUSING ESTATE - NIGHT (FIVE YEARS AGO)

Fraser (23) runs through the narrow streets of council flats, lined with old, battered cars. He is pursuing two Asian youths - MANJEET (15) and SANJAY (16).

The two Asians come to a split path. Sanjay runs right, while Manjeet speeds to the left. Fraser pauses, then pursues Manjeet.

Fraser gains on Manjeet. Manjeet nervously runs, glancing back every two seconds.

Manjeet runs down a narrow alley. Fraser is close on his heels.

EXT. GLASGOW EAST END - ALLEY - NIGHT

Fraser dashes into the alley. It is a dead end. Manjeet is trapped. He desperately tries to climb the wall but it is beyond his reach.

Manjeet turns, sees Fraser, freezes like a trapped animal. Fraser pulls out his baton.

FRASER (V.O.)
I got one cornered, but I never heard
the other one.

Fraser sees Manjeet's eyes shift, staring behind him.

GUNSHOT! Fraser falls to his knees. Behind him, Sanjay stands with a smoking gun.

Manjeet runs by Fraser, leaving Fraser for dead.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Fraser is strapped onto the ambulance gurney. A PARAMEDIC struggles to save him, while the DRIVER careers through Glasgow at breakneck pace, the siren SCREAMING at the other vehicles.

FRASER (V.O.)
And then I died.

Fraser flatlines.

CUT TO:

UTTER BLACKNESS.

FRASER (V.O.)
And there wasn't any tunnel with a
bright light at the end. It was just
nothingness. It was death.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The Paramedic removes the shock pads from Fraser's chest. He has a weak rhythm on the EKG.

PARAMEDIC
Come on pal, stay with me.

The Paramedic continues to patch Fraser up.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Fraser lies in bed, oxygen mask over his face, attached to a heart monitor that shows a steady rhythm.

His eyes flutter open, dazzled by the sunlight.

Tom sits by his bedside. He notices Fraser awakening.

TOM
Fraser?

Fraser tries to speak, but it's too painful.

TOM (CONT'D)
You're in hospital. You were shot.
It's okay. Doctors say you'll be fine.
And we got the wee bastards. God, this
is all my fault.

Fraser removes the O2 mask.

FRASER
What?

TOM
I should have never have let you come here. Grant was right. Look, Fraser, I'm going to get you transferred to Glenhaven.

FRASER
They don't need two police...

TOM
I'll make it happen. But, if something happened to you... Please.

Fraser nods. Tom squeezes his hand. Fraser rests his head back into the pillow.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Fraser sits holding Tom's hand.

FRASER
So no, I don't believe in God.

SAMUEL
Do you still believe I killed your sister?

FRASER
Right now, I'm more concerned with how we're going to get out of this alive.

Fraser rises up, paces around.

FRASER (CONT'D)
We're just stuck in this fucking hole, waiting for our friends and neighbours to kill us.

Fraser takes his pent up anger out on a wall.

Tom groans, waking up.

TOM
Aye, well, could be worse.

Fraser comes to Tom's side.

TOM (CONT'D)
Could be stuck in here with an Englishman.

Tom looks at Samuel. Tom laughs. Samuel laughs. Soon Fraser is infected by the laughter.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin glows in the headlights, enveloped in darkness.

The laughter echoes out past the howling wind and hammering rain. It reaches Grant's strained ears behind the barricade. He grimaces at the personal insult.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT.

Tom's laughter causes him pain. He tries to sit up but it is too painful. Fraser eases him back down.

FRASER

Easy. See, you're going to be fine.
Samuel patched you up good as new.

Tom looks at Samuel, nods. Samuel returns the gesture.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Get to enjoy your retirement. Youngest
policeman to retire ever.

TOM

Aye, no though any choice of my own.

FRASER

What?

Tom realises he has spoken his thoughts aloud.

TOM

Nothing. How are we getting out of
here?

FRASER

Someone forced you to retire? Who?
Why? I mean...

Tom stares at Fraser.

FRASER (CONT'D)

That's how you got me this job. That's
how you got me back to the island.

Tom glances away guiltily.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Five years. They gave you five years.

TOM

I was just trying to protect you.

FRASER

Protect me! Jesus.

Fraser stands up, paces away, in disbelief.

TOM

Look, I needed you here. To watch over
you.

FRASER

I didn't need you watching over me!

TOM

Well maybe I needed you watching over
me! Imagine if you hadn't been here
today. I couldn't have stood up to him
Fraser. I couldn't. I'm useless.

Tom fights back tears from the mounting pressure of the confession and the pain of his wounds. Fraser puts a caring arm round Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)
I've never been a good policeman.

FRASER
Maybe not. But you made me one.

They share a reassuring smile.

EXT. CANOE - NIGHT

Gillian paddles on, breathless, soaked to the bone.

The waves batter against her. Lightning forks through the sky, revealing how dangerous and rough the waters are. She paddles on, determined.

Another strike of lightning reveals a large wave heading for her. The wave strikes. She capsizes.

Underwater, she struggles against the current to turn the canoe back over.

Her hands scramble for the spray-sheet. She tugs at the cord, but it does not budge.

For a moment, she feels the icy chill of death.

FLASHBACK. INT. HOSPITAL - A&E OPERATING ROOM - DAY
(SIX MONTHS AGO)

Gillian lies screaming on the hospital bed. She is six months pregnant. Fraser is by her side, holds her hand.

Her womb is bleeding out onto the bed. She is having a miscarriage. Doctors and nurses try to calm her down while delivering the premature baby.

The tiny baby finally emerges, bloody, still and quiet.

The doctor shakes his head apologetically at Fraser and Gillian. She cries out, hugging Fraser tightly, grief-stricken, almost beyond consolation. Fraser is strong for her now. Holding her tight.

FRASER
It's going to be okay. It's going to be okay. We'll get through this.

Gillian cries as Fraser rocks her to and fro.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. CANOE - NIGHT

Gillian, inspired by this memory, regains her fight.

Her hands scramble again for the spray-sheet. She finds the chord, and wrestles it off, freeing her from the canoe.

Gillian swims to the surface, gasping for air. She grabs hold of the canoe and climbs inside.

Gillian now realises that she has lost the kayak paddle. Frustrated, she pounds her fists on the canoe.

Another strike of lightning reveals the outline of the Isle of Muir, a mile away. Hope.

Gillian climbs out of the canoe, back into the icy waters. She begins a gruelling swim for the island.

INT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elise picks glass out of Craig's skull with a pair of tweezers. She deposits the fragments in a tumbler.

Isobel wanders around, agitated. Her eyes focus on the wall where Elise and Grant recently had sex, almost aware of the infidelity. Elise notices Gillian's gaze.

ELISE

Isobel, can you get him some aspirin?
In the kitchen.

Isobel nods. She disappears into the kitchen, and soon returns with painkillers and a glass of water.

Craig takes the pills, washes them down with the water.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Isobel, I know Laura was your daughter, but do you really want to lose another child?

Isobel does not answer, though clearly shaken by this whole debacle. A hint of regret marks her face.

There is a loud KNOCK on the door. Elise opens it. Gillian, pale, soaked, slumps into her arms.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Jesus. Isobel. Help me!

Isobel helps Elise lift Gillian inside. They lie her down on the floor. Gillian is pale, shaking.

ISOBEL

Gillian? God she's soaked through. She must have swam here.

Elise takes her temperature.

ELISE

She's hypothermic. We need to get her out of these clothes. Craig, go get your Dad.

Craig runs out into the rain. Isobel and Elise begin to strip Gillian out of her wet clothes.

INT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Elise forces a naked Gillian into the shower, then turns it on hot. It burns Gillian. She struggles under the water. Elise holds her in the shower.

INT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gillian lies wrapped up warm in Elise's bed, still slightly shivery. Gillian wakes, to find Grant hovering over her.

GILLIAN

Grant. Where's Fraser?

GRANT

He's fine Gill. He was questioning Huntley. He's on his way. What happened? Where's Murray? And Glen?

GILLIAN

We... we got to shore. Glen was injured, so we took him to hospital... Grant, I'm sorry. Murray's dead. There was a doctor and he was checking the samples and he said... he said that someone related to Laura had raped her. Then Murray attacked him. Oh God Grant, I think Murray did it.

GRANT

How did he die?

GILLIAN

Glen had him cornered. He said to tell you he was sorry, then... he jumped.

Gillian breaks down. Grant has a solemn look his face, unmoved.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

But you were right. About Huntley. In my jacket.

Grant finds her waterproof jacket. In a bag, he finds a newspaper. Grant drops the bag, not noticing the folded sheet of paper inside - the test results.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Inside. Page seven.

Grant, curious, flicks through the newspaper, until he finds what she means, the picture of Samuel, and the accompanying article. Grant sneers as he reads.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
He's in hiding.

Grant kisses Gillian on the forehead.

GRANT
You've done good Gill. Now rest. I'll go fetch Fraser.

Gillian nods, closes her eyes.

Grant tucks her in. His large, hardened hands pat her pillow. Suddenly Grant snatches it from under her head. He smothers her face with it.

Gillian's arms flail, slapping him, scratching his mighty arms, but she is weak. Grant keeps the pillow pressed hard against her face.

Soon, she stops fighting. Grant removes the pillow. Gillian lies dead, asphyxiated.

Grant replaces the pillow behind her head. He leaves the room, clutching the newspaper.

The test results lie unread in the bag on the floor.

INT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elise tends to Craig. Isobel stands, nervous, watching the bedroom door.

Grant steps out of the bedroom. He pulls down his sleeves to cover Gillian's scratch marks.

GRANT
She's dead.

ELISE
Oh my God.

GRANT
There's more. Murray's dead too. He...
he was thrown overboard.

Isobel comforts Craig, both taking the news hard.

ISOBEL
Why did he have to go? Why did you send him to help Fraser?

Grant thrusts the newspaper into her hands.

GRANT
That's why!

Isobel and Elise read the article.

GRANT (CONT'D)
We need to show this to Fraser. You
fit son?

Craig, wipes away his tears, nods. He stands, in pain, his arms red raw, but he sucks up the pain.

Elise watches the Campbell family leave, then looks toward her bedroom, now a tomb.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Tom rests on the sofa. Samuel sits on the floor. Fraser peers out of the front window. He can only see Gregor and Duncan outside at the barricade.

FRASER
(shouting)
Why are you doing this Gregor? Didn't have you pegged as a racist.

GREGOR
I don't care what colour he is Fraser.
I've got a little girl at home the same age as Laura.

FRASER
It's wrong Gregor.

Before Gregor can answer, Sheila's returns. Fraser watches as Shelia drives up with Barry riding shotgun.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Barry's here now too. Can't see Grant though.

Fraser stares around but cannot see his father. Fraser turns his attentions inside the cabin, to Samuel.

FRASER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

SAMUEL
What for?

FRASER
For not believing you.

Tom props himself up on the sofa, despite the pain.

TOM
But if it wasn't him, who was it?

Fraser looks at Tom, judging him.

FRASER
Craig seemed very determined to kill Samuel.

TOM
He's not a killer, he's just a young
boy trying to impress his father.

They are interrupted by a car engine. Fraser spies Grant, Isobel and Craig in the Land Rover. They exit the vehicle. Grant and Isobel pace toward the cabin.

GRANT
Fraser! I'm coming in. I'm not armed.

Grant and Isobel ascend the steps of the cabin.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Grant cautiously enters. Fraser has his gun trained on him. Samuel stares at him with vile hatred. Grant raises his hands in the air, holding the newspaper. Isobel enters behind him.

Grant glances at Tom, who shifts, drifting in and out of consciousness.

GRANT
How are you holding up Tom?

TOM
Fine, no thanks to you.

FRASER
Have you come to your senses yet?

Grant glares at Samuel. Samuel glares back.

GRANT
Nothing wrong with my senses. Here.

Grant hands Fraser the newspaper, then leers at Samuel.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Page seven.

Fraser flicks through the paper, then reads the article.

TOM
Fraser, what is it? Fraser.

Fraser lowers his gun.

FRASER
He's been lying to us, Tom. This whole time, it's all been one big lie.

Tom snatches the paper, and reads it himself.

SAMUEL
What is it? What does it say?

TOM
You tell me. It's all about you!

Tom hurls the paper at him. Samuel reads the article.

GRANT

Why did you come here? On the run?
Afraid of going to jail? But you just
couldn't keep your hands off my
daughter, could you, you filthy
bastard.

SAMUEL

This is the media. Propaganda. It's
twisted.

FRASER

Is it true?!

SAMUEL

Only that I'm under investigation. And
yes, I came here to get away, from the
stress of it all. From the media! The
police know exactly where I am should
they need to reach me.

TOM

That's a mainland paper. Where did you
get it from?

GRANT

Fraser, I've got some bad news.
Gillian's dead. So is Murray.

Fraser stands frozen in shock. He looks at his mother,
who nods quietly behind her husband.

GRANT (CONT'D)

They died to prove that he killed
Laura. The tests were positive.

FRASER

How do you...?

GRANT

She told me, before she died.

Grant places a comforting arm around his son.

FRASER

Dad, I'm so sorry.

GRANT

It's okay son. Listen to me. Gillian
died to get this information to you.
She must have known how much this
would mean to you.

Grant heads to leave the cabin.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You know what she would have wanted,
son.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
Imagine if you're daughter had lived.
Would you want him looking after her,
his hands all over her?

Grant stares at Tom and Fraser. His work is done. The false seeds are sewn.

GRANT (CONT'D)
We'll let you go about your business.

Grant and Isobel leave the cabin. Fraser lets the information seep into his brain.

SAMUEL
Fraser, this is lies. He's lying to you, manipulating you. You're doing exactly what he wants.

Fraser raises his gun, pointed at Samuel.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about your wife. But I am innocent. Killing me will not make this right. It will only make you a murderer.

The gun trembles in Fraser's hands.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Grant and Isobel rejoin the lynch mob by the cars.

Gregor, Sheila, Duncan and Barry stand by Gregor's car, filled with lighter fluid and alcohol.

BARRY MCCLANE
Grant, what the hell is going on? Why do you need all this stuff?

Grant smiles.

GRANT
It's okay Barry, I don't think we will. Justice is about to be served.

INT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elise pulls the sheets over Gillian's pale face. Then she notices Gillian's hands. There is blood and skin under her fingernails.

FLASHCUT. INT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Grant steps out of the bedroom.

He pulls down his sleeves to cover Gillian's scratch marks.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. ELISE HENDERSON'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elise steps back in horror. Something crunches under her feet.

She has stood on the plastic bag containing the test results. Elise picks up the crumpled bag, and takes the paper sheet out. She is shocked at their implications. She stands with the results, wondering what to do.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Fraser holds his gun aimed at Samuel. Tom holds himself up.

FRASER

I just want to know why? What drives a grown man to abuse a little girl?

SAMUEL

I didn't do this.

TOM

Shut it. You sound like a broken record. There's proof now.

SAMUEL

If this was a court case, would you rest your entire argument on a tabloid article?

TOM

What are you waiting for Fraser? Kill him and be done with it.

SAMUEL

I saved your life.

TOM

I'd rather be dead.

SAMUEL

Fraser, you promised me if I saved his life, you would protect me. You gave your word as a police officer.

Fraser stares down the barrel of the gun, at Samuel's pleading face. His hands tremble.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

You don't want to do this Fraser. I can see it in your eyes. You're a good man.

TOM

Fraser, hurry up and do it.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Grant watches the cabin, praying his son will kill Samuel, waiting for the sound of a gunshot.

GRANT
(whispering to himself.)
Come on. Do it.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Fraser's finger tenses on the trigger.

SAMUEL
Please.

FRASER
I'm sorry.

Fraser pulls the trigger.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

A GUNSHOT rings out from the illuminated cabin into the darkness of the world.

Grant smiles, relieved.

At the main road, Elise hears the gunshot. She runs towards the cabin at full pace.

Grant's brief victory is interrupted by Elise's voice.

ELISE
Fraser! Fraser!

Elise runs by them, the test paper in her hand.

GRANT
Elise! What are you doing?

Elise stops to look at him with abhorrent disdain. From her expression Grant realises that she knows the truth, that he killed Gillian. Elise runs to the cabin.

ELISE
Fraser! Fraser!

Grant quickly snatches up a gun, aims, but it is too late. She is out of his crosshair.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Fraser stands, holding the smoking gun.

Elise bursts into the cabin, out of breath, clutching the test results in her hand. She sees Samuel, kneeling before Fraser, still alive. There is a bullet hole in the wood behind him. Samuel looks up at Fraser. Both their eyes are filled with tears.

ELISE
Oh, thank God.

Tom slumps onto the sofa, defeated. Samuel rises up, overcome by a mix of fear and joy.

FRASER
I'm sorry.

Samuel nods at him, still slightly shaken.

ELISE
Fraser. Gillian's... she's dead.

FRASER
I know. Grant told us.

Elise shakes her head, regaining her breath.

ELISE
No. You don't understand. I think Grant murdered her. Because of this.

Fraser takes the sheet of DNA results from her hand.

FRASER
What? I don't understand?

Samuel offers to look at them. Fraser hands them over.

SAMUEL
These are DNA results. Two blood samples, male and female, and semen.

FRASER
The male blood's yours. The other two are from Laura.

SAMUEL
But this doesn't make sense. The female blood and semen samples have similar DNA.

TOM
Meaning?

FRASER
Meaning whoever raped Laura was somehow related to her.

TOM
I don't believe it.

SAMUEL

Science doesn't lie. It's not an exact match. It would have to be an uncle, or possibly a brother.

FRASER

Or a father?

SAMUEL

No, it doesn't share enough markers for it to be a parent.

Tom has trouble digesting this new information. Samuel stares at him.

TOM

What? It wasn't me? I was home. Tell him Fraser.

Fraser takes the gun and heads for the door.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fraser. Where are you going?

FRASER

He killed Gillian to protect one of them. I'm going to find out which one.

Samuel grabs Fraser's arm, stops him.

SAMUEL

You can't do this.

FRASER

He killed my wife! I'll do whatever the hell I want!

SAMUEL

If you do you're no better than him. We need to find out who killed your sister.

FRASER

How?! We're stuck in this fucking cabin, with our friends and neighbours outside wanting to kill us!

Fraser kicks the coffee table at the wall. It shatters into pieces. Fraser fumes, marches to the door. He pulls it open.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Dawn fast approaches, lining the grey skies in a brilliant blood red.

Grant and the others become attentive when they see the door open. Fraser hovers defiantly in the doorway.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Fraser holds the door, frozen, at a crossroads.

SAMUEL

There has to be some proof. Something that tells us who it is. You said Laura bled out. It could have stained their clothes. Please Fraser, if you go out there now, all of this has been for nothing.

Fraser looks outside. He wants to go out there and kill Grant, kill them all for being so blind and stupid.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Grant sees Fraser in the doorway, glaring right at him, at the darkness of his sins. Grant seems afraid of this version of his son, of the anger and rage in his eyes.

GRANT

Barry. I might need your help after all.

Barry steps up behind Grant.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Fraser stares outside, at his father, at the man who killed his wife. But he knows Samuel is right.

Fraser closes the door. He punches it again and again, until he cannot punch it anymore.

Fraser rests against the door, crying.

TOM

Fraser?

FRASER

Yeah. Fine. First we need to work out how to get out of here. When we do, Elise, you and Samuel take Tom to the police station. Don't let anyone in...

SAMUEL

I'm coming with you.

FRASER

You're hurt. I need to do this on my own. Look, I promised I'd protect you. You'll be safer at the police station.

SAMUEL

After what I've been through today, I need some answers.

FRASER
Fine. We still need to...

A home-made molotov cocktail flies through the broken window and smashes on the floor. Instantly an ocean of flames spreads over the wooden cabin.

Fraser covers Tom. Samuel and Elise retreat to the kitchen.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Isobel lights another molotov for Grant, who hurtles them into the cabin. Barry approaches Grant.

BARRY MCCLANE
Grant, I can't let you do this.

Grant punches Barry, who crumples to the ground.

GRANT
Leave. Now.

Barry, scared, scurries away. At the barricade, Barry stops by Gregor.

BARRY MCCLANE
This is insane. Can't you see that?

Gregor looks sympathetically at Barry, who runs back to the village.

Gregor stares at the burning building, at Grant and Craig, now wondering if he has made the wrong choice. He turns to see Sheila and Duncan in the car. Sheila questions her husband with emotional eyes.

Gregor slips into the car, and drives off. Grant scowls as he sees the Boyle family disappear.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Samuel and Elise drag Tom into the kitchen.

Fraser grabs an extinguisher and fights the fire in the main room. He is forced to retreat into the kitchen by the licking, snarling flames.

Another molotov flies in the kitchen window. Samuel pulls Elise away from the flames, huddled against Tom.

Fraser peers outside. He spies Craig and Scott, preparing another one.

SAMUEL
We're trapped!

Fraser runs back into the main room with the extinguisher.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Fraser struggles against the flames. One of the support beams falls from above. Fraser dives out of the way.

The support beam cracks through the floor. Samuel picks Fraser up. The support beam has punctured the floor, revealing a tiny crawl space under the cabin.

Fraser rips up floorboards. There is enough space to maneuver.

FRASER

C'mon!

Fraser helps people down - Samuel, Tom, and then Elise.

As Fraser helps Elise down the hole, a burning piece of ceiling crashes onto the hole.

INT. CABIN - CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT

Elise shields herself from the fire.

ELISE

Fraser? Fraser?!

There is no reply. Elise cannot return because of the heat. She crawls on.

Samuel crawls to the edge of the building, where wooden slats block their way out.

The cabin burns above, the heat searing their skin.

Samuel swings round and kicks the wooden slats until they give way.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Samuel crawls out the side of the cabin, near the tree line. The high flames hide him from Grant's view.

Samuel helps Tom out, then Elise.

SAMUEL

Where's Fraser?

ELISE

He didn't... I couldn't see.

TOM

You need to go back for him.

A gun is cocked. Samuel turns slowly round to find young Scott holding a gun in his face. Tom slowly rises up, gentle movements so not to scare the boy.

TOM (CONT'D)
Scott. Easy now.

Scott grasps the gun tighter. His mouth opens, about to scream out.

A fire extinguisher hits Scott on the head. Fraser stands behind his brother, covered in black ash, gripping the fire extinguisher.

Fraser looks apologetically at Scott's body, unconscious on the leafy forest floor.

Samuel picks up his Scott's gun.

Fraser looks around, and sees two quad bikes parked at the rear of the cabin.

SECONDS LATER:

Craig backs off from the intense heat. Over the crackle of the fire, he hears the quad bike engines.

CRAIG
Scott? Scott?

Craig spies Fraser and Samuel speeding away on the quad bikes, through the forest toward the Campbell Farm.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Grant and Isobel watch the cabin burn. Craig runs around from the rear.

CRAIG
Dad! Dad! They escaped. They're heading for the farm.

GRANT
Where's your brother? Where's Scott?

CRAIG
I don't know. I can't find him.

Grant's face tenses with incensed anger. He strides towards his Land Rover, followed by Isobel and Craig.

They drive off, towards their farm, as the sun pierces the horizon.

Tom and Elise emerge from their hiding place in the forest. They carry Scott between them. They bundle themselves into Elise's Land Rover. Elise drives them towards the village.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - NORTH FIELD - DAY

Fraser and Samuel ride out of the tree line. They approach the wooden fence that Fraser and Grant built years ago. Fraser speeds up.

The quad bike smashes through it. Samuel follows him through the gap. They speed toward the farmhouse.

INT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Fraser and Samuel sneak into the kitchen, and through the house. Samson, the puppy, terrified, scampers away.

INT. CAMPBELL FARM - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Fraser searches Grant and Isobel's room, while Samuel checks Murray's.

Fraser finds nothing, and strides into Craig's room, frantically searching the cupboards and drawers.

FRASER

Samuel.

Samuel stops what he is doing, and joins Fraser in Craig's room.

Fraser stands, holding a pair of bloody jeans, that have been purposefully hidden in a plastic bag. Fraser nods at him. Samuel smiles, finally proven innocent.

INT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Samuel and Fraser make their way back into the kitchen. Samuel opens the door.

FRASER

Samuel, I just want to say...

A GUNSHOT rings out. Samuel falls back into the kitchen, shot in the abdomen. He clutches his wound, but the blood begins to run thick and fast.

Fraser retreats. Grant, Isobel and Craig burst through the kitchen door, all brandishing guns.

Fraser aims his gun at Grant. Grant has his trained on Fraser, as do Isobel and Craig.

Samuel jerks around in a mess of blood on the floor.

Grant and Fraser eye one another over their weapons.

ISOBEL

Fraser. What have you done with Scott?

FRASER

He's safe.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Elise and Tom enter the police station, awkwardly dragging Scott. They dump the boy on a chair.

Tom locks the door, draws the curtains, then sits down on the floor, still sore, exhausted. He reaches at his wound, and withdraws a blood stained hand.

Elise picks up the phone. She gets a tone, dials 999.

ELISE

Hello, I need an ambulance and police on the Isle of Muir. There's been an accident. At the police station.

Elise suddenly sees that Scott is not where they left him. She hears sobbing from the back.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Please, come quickly.

Elise hangs up. She follows the sound to the back area, where the freezer is. Scott sits on it, hugging his sister's body, ice-cold.

INT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Fraser holds up the bloody jeans for all to see.

FRASER

You want to explain this Craig?

GRANT

He doesn't need to explain anything to you. You've been protecting that piece of shite.

FRASER

Because he's innocent. The semen sample matched Laura's DNA. It was one of her own family that raped her! And you knew that. That's why you killed Gillian.

ISOBEL

What?

GRANT

He's lying. He's just trying to confuse you.

FRASER

Craig. The game's over. We found those jeans in your room. Give yourself up, and this will be a lot more painless.

CRAIG
It wasn't me. It wasn't!

FRASER
Then who? Who are you covering for?

GRANT
Craig, not another word.

Fraser's words have reached Isobel. She lowers her gun, and turns to Craig.

ISOBEL
Craig?

CRAIG
It was Scott.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Elise sits down with Scott. The boy hugs her, crying.

SCOTT
It was me.

ELISE
What was you darling?

SCOTT
I killed her. I killed Laura.

Elise's hands freeze on the boy's head. She slowly pulls him away, to look him in the eye.

ELISE
Tell me everything.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Grant turns his gun on Craig.

GRANT
You shut your mouth right now boy!

Craig drops his gun, slides down the wall, cracking under the truth. Isobel drops her gun in disbelief.

ISOBEL
You knew?

FRASER
Of course he did. Maybe not at first, but he found out. So he fingered the most likely suspect, even tried to get Tom to frame him.

GRANT
Wouldn't be the first time he's fingered an innocent man.

FRASER
It'll be the last.

Isobel runs to the sink, vomits. Grant trains his gun on Fraser.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Elise bundles Scott into her Vet Land Rover. She starts the engine, and races off at high speed.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Fraser refocuses his glare on Grant.

FRASER
Why did you kill her, Dad? Why did you kill my wife? Was it worth it, to protect the family name?

EXT. ELISE'S LAND ROVER - DAY

Elise speeds towards the Campbell farm.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Grant grins at Fraser.

GRANT
I did what I had to. Unlike you, son. You've been running away your whole life. You don't have the balls to shoot me. Poor old Tom had to rescue you from the city cause some paki got the better of you. You couldn't even keep a hold of your wife.

FRASER
You don't mention her again.

Fraser grips his gun tighter with the intention of using it.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - DAY

Elise's Land Rover skids to a halt. She leaps out, tries to drag Scott with her. He struggles, but she is strong, fuelled by betrayal and rage.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Grant holds his hands up, his gun in one hand.

GRANT
Come on then, shoot me!

Elise appears with Scott at the kitchen door. She grabs Grant's gun, disarms him, points it at him.

Isobel looks up from the sink.

Grant eyes Elise and Scott. Grant and Elise share a mutual look of deceit and betrayal.

FRASER
Elise, I told you to stay at the station.

ELISE
I had to let you hear this. Scott said he killed Laura.

GRANT
Elise, get out of here. Now.

ELISE
Shut up you filthy... You disgust me. Tell them Scott. It's okay.

ISOBEL
Scott?

Scott runs to his mother.

SCOTT
I'm sorry mum. I'm sorry. He made me be quiet. He made me.

Isobel hugs her son. She glares at Grant.

FRASER
Scott, tell us what happened? What happened to Laura? Was it an accident?

SCOTT
I saw her... she was running away across the field. I chased after her, but she just kept on running, until we got to the beach.

FLASHCUT - EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Laura runs along the beach. Scott catches up to her. Scott grabs her, spins her round. Laura is a state, heavy tears marking her face.

Scott peers down at her dress. It is stained in blood.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

SCOTT

She said she had to get it clean. She wouldn't stop crying, but she wouldn't stop trying to wash the blood away.

FLASHCUT - EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Laura kneels down on the silty sand at the water's edge, and lets the waves wash into her. She rubs away at the blood. Scott stands behind her, stupefied.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

SCOTT

I asked her what was wrong, why was she bleeding, but she kept on saying it was all his fault, that he was touching her... hurting her...

FRASER

Who Scott?

SCOTT

Dad.

Fraser eyes his father, in disbelief.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I said she was lying, but then she started screaming, and she ran away again, along the beach. I ran after her, saying we could talk, go tell you Fraser. She'd wanted to tell you.

MONTAGE - LAURA FLASHBACK'S

-- Outside the post office store, Laura gazes between her brother and the long road home.

-- Fraser eyes Laura in the r/v mirror of the Police Land Rover.

-- Laura watches Fraser through her bedroom window, palming the glass.

-- Fraser watches Grant slowly stomp up the stairs, heading for Laura's room.

BACK TO:

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Fraser resists the temptation to throw up.

FRASER

How did she die Scott?

SCOTT

I was an accident I swear! I just, I caught up with her...

FLASHCUT - EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Scott grabs a hold of Laura, running away. Laura tries to wrestle herself away, in a panic.

Laura strikes out at Scott. He falls. Laura runs away, tears welting up in her eyes.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

SCOTT

But then she hit me, and I fell. I got back up and chased her, but I was angry and scared and I didn't know what to do... and it just happened.

FLASHCUT - EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Scott chases Laura across a particularly rocky patch of beach.

Laura runs faster. Scott catches her again. He grabs her. Laura fights him off. She misplaces her foot, slips, and falls.

Her skull cracks on a rock as she falls. Laura dies instantly. Scott drops beside the body, cradles his sister, but she is dead.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

SCOTT

I tried to carry her home, but she was heavy, and then I seen you coming back from the pub, and I... I froze.

FLASHCUT - EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Scott carries Laura's body across the sandy beach, his clothes bloody from his efforts.

On the road, Fraser's Police Land Rover passes by, carrying Fraser, Gillian, Grant and Isobel.

Fear grips Scott. He gazes down at his dead sister.

Scott takes off, sprinting back to the farm, leaving Laura lying alone on the beach.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Fraser almost drops his gun. Samuel continues to bleed out as Scott continues his confession.

SCOTT

While you were all off searching, I told him, I told Dad what happened. He told me I wasn't to tell anyone, if I did it would be the last words I ever said. Then he said we would blame it all on the black man.

Isobel holds her son tight as he breaks down in tears. Isobel looks at Grant, trying to see the man she knew, the man she loved and married, but he is a monster now.

Isobel takes Scott and runs outside. Elise glares at Grant one last time, before she retreats outside with his gun.

Fraser points his gun at Grant. Craig lies on the floor, an emotional mess.

CRAIG

You told me it was Scott. You told me we were protecting him.

FRASER

Craig. Leave. Now.

Craig scrambles outside, unable to deal with all this.

Fraser stares at a defenseless Grant along the barrel of his gun. Samuel, bleeding on the floor, watches.

FRASER (CONT'D)

You weren't protecting anyone but yourself. How could you do that to your daughter? To my sister? How could you do that? How!? Answer me!

GRANT

Everyone's got secrets son. Go ask Elise, she'll tell you how good I am in the sack. You could have asked Gillian as well, if she was alive...

Fraser swings the end of his gun into Grant's face. It cracks his cheek, but he remains standing, almost smiling with pride as he wiped blood from his lip.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You just might be your father's son after all.

FRASER

It couldn't be you. The DNA results proved it wasn't you. It couldn't be her father, unless... You're not Laura's real father.

Grant's face betrays the truth.

GRANT

Yes I am!

FRASER

You were abusing her because she wasn't yours. And if she wasn't, that she meant that you'd been betrayed.

GRANT

Shut up. She's mine!

FRASER

Grant Campbell, I'm arresting you for the murder of Gillian Campbell, Laura Campbell and the attempted murder of Police Constable Tom Cullen.

Grant begins to laugh.

GRANT

You're going to arrest me? You're just a glorified tour guide. You couldn't handle being a real policeman.

FRASER

Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

GRANT

If you were any sort of man you would shoot me right now.

Fraser pushes the barrel into his father's face.

FRASER

You have the right to a solicitor. If you cannot afford one, one will be appointed for you.

GRANT

Come on then, stop whining and just do it. You always whined. Oh, but Gillian, she moaned.

Fraser cracks the front of the gun against his father's face. Grant falls backwards, his face smeared with blood from a broken nose.

FRASER

Do you understand these rights as I've read them to you?

Grant picks himself up, rises to meet Fraser.

GRANT

I understand. You either shoot me now, or I'm walking out of here.

FRASER

Dad. Don't do this.

GRANT

You're not going to arrest me son, and you're not going to shoot me either.

Fraser tightens his grip on the gun. His trigger finger itches, but does not pull the trigger. He tries to force himself to do it, but he cannot.

Grant looks him deep in the eyes, smiles.

Fraser lowers the gun.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Good. Now kill him, then we'll...

Fraser fires. The bullet pierces Grant's leg. Grant falls down like a sack of potatoes, clutching his leg in agony, SCREAMING.

FRASER

Guess you were wrong. You won't be walking out of here.

GRANT

I'll fucking kill you, you ungrateful little shit.

Fraser ignores Grant and kneels down by Samuel. He is pale in a pool of blood, but still alive.

Fraser peels away Samuel's T-shirt. There is a nasty wound in his abdomen, bleeding endlessly, messily. Fraser applies pressure to the wound.

SAMUEL

I'm going to die.

FRASER

No you're not. You're innocent. I
didn't get you this far just for you
to die on me.

Samuel grits his teeth through the pain.

SAMUEL

No one's innocent.

FRASER

Just hold on. We'll get help. You can
survive for days with this sort of
wound.

Samuel takes Fraser's bloody hand, grips it tight.

SAMUEL

I need you to hear my confession.

FRASER

You're not going to die, and I'm not a
priest, so shut up.

SAMUEL

I did it.

FRASER

No you didn't. Scott told us what
happened.

SAMUEL

No, not your sister. My patient. She
was gorgeous, an angel, just turned
fifteen, it had been a long shift and
I...

Fraser lets go of Samuel's hand, not believing that
after all this, the man is in fact guilty.

Grant has sat himself up against the wall. On hearing
Samuel's confession, he begins to laugh through the
pain of his own bullet wound.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Do you think God will forgive me?

FRASER

I don't believe in God.

Fraser watches, doing nothing, as Samuel takes his last
gasps of life, overshadowed by Grant's incessant
laughter, mocking his son.

Fraser stares down at Samuel's dead eyes. Fraser takes
his gun, and aims it at his father. Grant stops
laughing.

A low chopping sound distracts Fraser's attentions. A
helicopter passes overhead.

Fraser still has the gun trained on Grant.

EXT. CAMPBELL FARM - DAY

Two policemen carry a body bag out of the farmhouse.

They are followed by another two, leading Grant out in handcuffs, towards an air ambulance.

Craig, Isobel and Scott huddle together by the farmhouse.

Fraser stands apart from them. D.C. Mina questions him as he watches his father is sat next to Samuel's body.

Grant smiles at Fraser. Fraser grimaces back. Grant waves at Isobel. She looks away in disgust.

Fraser glances across at his family. Isobel cuddles Craig and Scott - a family shattered. He also spies Elise, sitting alone in her Land Rover, crying.

D.C. Mina moves on to question Isobel. Fraser approaches Elise's Land Rover. He chaps on the window. She rolls it down, wipes her tears away.

ELISE

Sorry, it's just so...

FRASER

Fucked.

Elise nods.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Elise, were you and Grant having an affair?

Elise looks shocked at Fraser. The answer is written on her face. Her eyes plead for silence.

ELISE

Fraser, I'm... sorry about Gillian.

Fraser nods. He trundles down the track away from the crime scene. On his way he meets Samson, yelping at the helicopter. Fraser picks the puppy up, and trundles on.

MONTAGE - EMPTY ISLAND

-- Police investigation tape surrounds the Campbell farm.

-- The post office store displays a sign - CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

-- The Cellar Door is empty.

-- The few boats at the jetty lie, deserted. One of them is the Bonnie Lass.

EXT. MAINLAND HOSPITAL - DAY

Samson sits attentively outside, tied to a lamppost. Two nurses pet him before they start their shift.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECOVERY WARD - NIGHT

Tom lies in bed, asleep. Fraser sits beside the bed, wide awake, staring at his hands. Tom wakes up.

FRASER

Why didn't you tell me?

TOM

Tell you what?

FRASER

That you were Laura's father?

They sit in an awkward silence.

TOM

Everyone's got secrets Fraser.

Fraser hears his father's words echoed in his uncle's mouth. Tom begins to cry.

TOM (CONT'D)

I didn't know for sure. Me and your mum... we had a thing for a while. We never dared think it. I guess Grant did. That utter bastard.

FRASER

I really wish you were my Dad too.

TOM

Aye, well if wishes were horses...

Fraser takes a moment to compose himself.

FRASER

I've handed in my resignation. You don't need to retire any more.

TOM

You can't do that. The island... Fraser, they're going to need you. I need you.

FRASER

No you don't. They need you.

Fraser stands up.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Take care of mum for me.

TOM
Fraser...

Fraser leaves Tom alone in the depressing room.

EXT. EDINBURGH CEMETARY - DAY

Grey skies hang above the rows of gravestones.

Fraser's hand lays a single red rose at the foot of a gravestone.

Fraser stands by Gillian's stone, fresh and new.

INSERT GRAVESTONE -

GILLIAN SHARP CAMPBELL

1973 - 2006

FAITHFUL WIFE AND MOTHER

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. (Revelation 2:10)

BACK TO:

Fraser admires the epitaph through tear-glazed eyes. He begins to cry, letting all the emotion from the ordeal finally emerge.

FRASER
I'm sorry Gill. I'm so sorry.

Fraser allows it all the grief to pour out, until there is nothing left.

He composes himself. Samson sits obediently by his feet, watching him with cute, understanding eyes. Fraser smiles at the dog.

Fraser turns and walks away. Samson remains seated by the grave.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Samson. C'mon.

Samson whines, then follows his new master.

They walk off together, towards the spires of Edinburgh that catch the odd rays of sunshine.

END CREDITS.