

A Perfect Place to Die

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and

All the very kind people in Glasgow who helped me write this screenplay

1. EXT. HELENSBURGH/SCOTLAND DAY 1.

Helensburgh and up to the Rhu Marina on the banks of Gare Loch. A glorious day.

CONTINUOUS

2. EXT. RHU MARINA/SCOTLAND DAY 2.

A marina of expensive looking sailing yachts, motor boats, tenders and fishing boats.

We focus on: a gleaming white Sunseeker Portofino 48, motor cruiser. It's sleek and stylish. The 'M.C. BARNACARRY'. A half million pounds worth of lifestyle.

On the rear deck, the perfect couple.

NEIL MCALLISTER has it all: athletic good looks, tall, tanned, white trousers and a nautical style blazer. A thirty year old ad executive who could easily pass as a tennis pro.

DANIELLA RAVANO: the look of Loren, lively, animated, very slightly drunk and oozing sex from every curve of her little black dress. A twenty five year old beauty.

CONTINUOUS

3. EXT. ON-BOARD THE M.C. BARNACARRY/REAR DECK DAY 3.

Sunset, soft jazz-Blue Note- flows out on to the rear-deck.

Champagne in an ice bucket, crystal flutes on a silver tray.

They are dancing close, her head is on his shoulder.

NEIL

I have something for you Dani

Mystified, just. Innocent, maybe.

DANIELLA

For me?

He retires briefly to the galley, leaving Daniella moving gently in time to the music of Ella. He calls out:

NEIL

Well it is your birthday.

He returns with a small leather jewellery case embossed: 'TIFFANY'

DANIELLA

Not until tomor-

She stops when she sees the brand name. It amuses him.

NEIL

Open it anyway.

Neil slugs some champagne, refills their glasses, clumsily spilling some onto the silver tray. An air of careless arrogance.

He watches her carefully as she unclasps the case.

She's stunned at what she sees: a diamond Tiffany necklace.

NEIL

(cont)

Alessandra Vicedomini has one, but it will look much prettier on you.

She's speechless, because its beauty and value are obvious.

He takes the necklace, stands behind her and clips it on. Her hand instinctively goes to the nape of her neck to feel it against her skin. She closes her eyes, stretches her neck back to him.

He wraps his arms around her from behind, luxuriating in the warmth and touch of her body. She turns around, he admires her.

NEIL

(cont)

There, I told you. Much prettier. Look in the mirror.

She goes down into the galley. As soon as her back is turned, he takes out a small glass phial, sniffs the white powder. He tips more onto his finger and massages his gums repeatedly. He screws the cap back on. For a moment – he staggers and drops it, it rolls away.

NEIL

Damn!

For a moment he looks overwhelmed.

Neil slugs more champagne, lights a cigarette savouring the euphoria to the max.

She returns to the rear deck, fondling the necklace. It looks exquisite on her and she knows it.

DANIELLA

What can I say Neil? I'd prefer a ring.

NEIL

But you already have one.

She holds her left hand out and wiggles her fingers .

DANIELLA

Yes, but not yours.

He smiles he's starting to fly.

NEIL

Come on, let's cruise.

Neil pours and drinks more champagne, unties the mooring.

Daniella kicks off her shoes, shows a brief moment of concern.

He's on a roll

DANIELLA

Are you okay to . . . we could always stay here.

He laughs dismissively, returns to the wheel.

NEIL

Can you see a red flag?

He fires up the powerful engines, throaty, audible and impressive.

NEIL

(cont)

We're underway. Hold on.

The cruiser pulls sharply, too sharply, away from the mooring, knocking the ice bucket and champagne bottle onto the deck.

One of the champagne flutes smashes.

Iced water and diluted champagne swirl and froth on the hull.

DANIELLA

Careful!

He turns, flashes a mischievous smile. It's all a game for him.

NEIL

Careful is for losers. (A beat). Don't worry. There's more in the fridge.

DANIELLA

That's not what I meant.

But he doesn't hear her. Now he's absorbed in his own world. The playboy, the sailor. He's out to impress her. He grabs a nautical chart, flicks on the G.P.S.

NEIL

Let's go.

Daniella makes her way over to him, steps on a shard of glass, shrieks.

Again, he doesn't hear her, as he opens the throttle, enjoying the buzz.

BEHIND: Daniella sits, blood oozing from a nasty deep cut on the bottom of her foot. She calls out again.

Thirty-five knots now, he's still oblivious to her injury. The sea crashes noisily against the fiberglass hull. The power trim and tilt are lifting the prow out of the water as it gathers more speed.

SUDDENLY he turns, sees the blood. She's crying, holding her foot.

NEIL

(cont)

Dani?

He's straining to hear her, turns around more as the cruiser powers on. For a few moments his eyes are off the Loch completely.

AHEAD, we see the sea is very choppy. Then something – a chunk of driftwood comes into view. It looks like the shape of a body . . . bobbing up and down . . . now you see it . . .

Daniella is pleading with him to slow down. More tears. He turns back, sees the object, he swerves violently to avoid it.

The cruiser goes wildly out of control. Just for a few seconds. But it's enough.

A glimpse and we see her go over the side. Instant. He cuts the power, turns, sees she's missing.

He turns the cruiser 'about'. The wake from the throbbing propellers has turned the sea into a foaming turbulent wash.

Neil, now desperate, panics, calls her name hopelessly.

He circles back cautiously, slowly, to where he thinks she must have gone overboard.

He grabs a pair of binoculars clipped onto the superstructure, scans the seascape.

OUR POV: through the lens – nothing but an angry sea.

He switches on the Raymarine 240DSC on-board radio, tunes, flicks to transmit, grabs the mike.

NEIL

Harbourmaster? Mayday. Mayday.

A hiss of static.

The cruiser bobs around. Neil rushes to the rear deck, searches the sea once more. He's, screaming out her name. To no avail.

She's gone.

The harbour master responds.

Neil runs back to the radio, grabs the mike.

NEIL

(cont)

Passenger overboard. M.C BARNACARRY.

We focus on the leather jewellery case floating in the sea water on deck. Poignant.

DISSOLVE TO:

4. EXT. CLYDE ESTUARY/RHU MARINA DAY

4.

The sun has almost set as the lifeboat heads in towards the slipway at Rhu marina.

A blanket covers Daniella's body which is lying on an emergency trolley.

Neil is totally distraught, gazing at the solitary, still figure.

BEHIND: The 'M.C. BARNACARRY' is being brought ashore by a lifeboat man. The scene is both solemn and quiet.

Ashore on the hardstanding, a group of police officers, C.I.D. and the Police Casualty Surgeon Dr. IAIN REID, await with the vehicles.

The lifeboat is winched onto the slipway and the official group then board the Lifeboat.

The C.I.D Officer, D.I. ANDREW BOYCE, steps onboard as Neil is helped off by two of the officers.

Andrew Boyce, known universally as "Boycie", is the antithesis to Neil. A taciturn detective, prone to bouts of pomposity. Habitually dour and cynical, but with a dry wit and a quizzical, lugubrious face. Fifty and nobody's fool.

BOYCIE

We'll need a statement Mr. - ?

Neil can barely get the words out. He is visually shocked.

NEIL

Neil McAllister. (A beat) She- she- fell.

BOYCIE

A bit more detail would be helpful Mr. McAllister. Give some ID to Sergeant Bell here and wait over in the Harbourmaster's office.

DR. IAIN REID (impatiently)

Let's get on then.

Dr. Reid, a distinguished looking gentleman in his late fifties is wearing black evening dress. His elegant appearance looks slightly incongruous, as he snaps on a pair of latex surgeons gloves.

He removes the blanket and starts to examine Daniella's pale body. Her dark hair is a tangled mass, the Tiffany necklace still intact, the black dress twisted out of shape and drenched

BOYCIE

Sorry to disturb your evening Iain.

Dr. Reid takes photographs and speaks into a pocket dictaphone.

He continues his examination almost nonchalantly, rolling the body over with well practiced hands.

DR. IAIN REID

Fortunately, I don't like Chopin recitals and I can't abide his ruddy Nocturnes. Life's depressing enough . Is it not?

BOYCIE

Life extinct?

Dr. Reid consults his watch, carefully stretching out the arm of his DJ, holding a digital thermometer.

DR. IAIN REID

No more than an hour. Around eightish I would say we'll know more later.

BOYCIE

Anything look . . . suspicious?

DR. IAIN REID

Nothing obvious. Nasty cut on the left foot.

SIMULTANEOUSLY BEHIND: Sgt. Bell is looking through Neil's wallet while talking to a colleague , P.C. STEWART. Neil, hunched over is being led towards reception by another officer.

P.C. STEWART

Mr. McAllister doesn't look too clever.

SGT. BELL

Neither will his wife be.

Puzzled, P.C. Stewart looks over at the proffered wallet.

OUR POV: A photograph, Neil, a woman, two girls. Obviously a family snap.

P.C. STEWART

She could be his niece.

SGT. BELL

Aye, she could be. And I could be Sir Alex Ferguson

IN FRONT: Dr. Reid replaces the blanket over Daniella's body. We see him take out a SUDDEN DEATH FORM.

DR. IAIN REID

Well I'd say she obviously drowned. Lungs full of the Loch. No bruises. No obvious signs of a struggle, she's still wearing a necklace. I'll make a formal report. Post mortem, of course.

They look up as a private ambulance arrives and stops at the head of the slipway.

BOYCIE

Any thoughts?

DR. IAIN REID

You wouldn't push a beautiful woman with a diamond necklace into the loch and then call the Harbourmaster. Would you?

BOYCIE

Maybe, maybe not.

DR. IAIN REID

Good. Then I'll be off.

BOYCIE

Back to the Nocturnes?

DR. IAIN REID

To bed I think, Boycie. Seeing a dead girl who was once obviously lovely, is hardly a tonic. Good evening.

Dr. Reid turns to walk away, then he turns back again.

DR. IAIN REID

(cont)

Oh, copy me in on the McAllister statement.

The group of officers follow Dr. Reid as he disembarks from the lifeboat and walks towards his car. We focus a moment at the shrouded figure on the trolley. The two ambulance men slowly descend the slipway down towards the lifeboat as the sun finally sets.

5. INT. HARBOURMASTER'S OFFICE NIGHT

5.

Sgt. Bell and PC Stewart are stood together looking at a nautical wall chart of the Clyde estuary.

Boycie sits behind the Harbormaster's desk in front of a very weary and shocked Neil.

NEIL

My wife will have to know, I suppose?

The question seems to startle Boycie and the other officers.

BOYCIE

I doubt you will be able to hide it from her, Sir.

Neil nods, vague and contrite; his arrogance has dissolved to humility now.

BOYCIE

(cont)

And the press love a story.

NEIL

A story?

BOYCIE

We'll need to contact her next of kin.

Neil stares blankly ahead, as if not comprehending. Boycie raises his voice.

BOYCIE

(cont)

Miss Ravano's parents.

NEIL

They – they are both dead.

BOYCIE

There must be some relatives. Uncles? Aunts?

NEIL

No. None. My brother is her next of kin.

The office falls silent. The officer's communicate with unspoken eye contact. Neil looks up, his eyes moist.

NEIL

(cont)

They are . . . they were. . . engaged.

BOYCIE

I see. (A beat) His name?

NEIL

Patrick McAllister.

BOYCIE

And where is he now?

NEIL

At work. He plays guitar in a folk club.

BOYCIE

And does he know about hmm...

NEIL

No.

BOYCIE

Ahh, a tangled web . . .

NEIL

No. Not at all. We just talked. Innocent.

BOYCIE

Oh, really? You just talked.

NEIL

Yes.

BOYCIE

He'll need to formally identify the body, if that is the case.

Neil squeezes his eyes tightly shut, tears roll.

NEIL

It is the case.

Boycie glances across at Bell and Stewart, as if sensing the implications.
Neil betrays no sign of his earlier heightened frivolity.

BOYCIE

Do you have his number?

NEIL

Yes of course.

BOYCIE

Good if you can write it down for me, my officers will drive
you back into the city.

Neil opens his wet eyes, looks up resigned, stands and nods.

The officers both step forward .

BOYCIE

(cont)

Oh Mr. McAllister . . .

Neil turns his expression blank , waits

BOYCIE

(cont)

You don't own the boat?

NEIL

No.

Boycie waits, expecting more, needing more.

BOYCIE

Then . . . ?

NEIL

Tom Van Aelst, a business associate.

Boycie, perplexed for a moment.

BOYCIE

And does he know you are using his motor cruiser . . . for such maritime pleasures?

But Neil comes back quickly, too quickly.

NEIL

No, Tom died last month.

Boycie nods, he's rapidly making notes.

BOYCIE

So this is the property of what, a deceased estate?

NEIL

Yes, Yes, I suppose it is.

BOYCIE

And you had no permission to use the boat?

NEIL

No, but Tom wouldn't have minded. We worked together.
We were friends.

BOYCIE

I see. So who is the owner now?

NEIL

I – I'm not sure.

BOYCIE

You're not sure? Right. Then we'll have to find out won't
we.

Boycie stands up.

BOYCIE

(cont)

Take Mr. McAllister back. I'll speak to the Harbourmaster
in detail tomorrow. Oh and Mr. McAllister . . .

To Neil, his face, close

BOYCIE

(cont)

Your friends seem to be dying with inconsiderate regularity.
(A beat) Don't leave town.

6. INT.ACOUSTIC THEATRE/GLASGOW CITY CENTRE NIGHT

6.

Neil walks through a dark crowded music theatre. The atmosphere is eccentric, new age, loud folk music played by a live band. It sounds like Pentangle. Retro. Vibrant.

At the side of the stage is Patrick McAllister

PATRICK MCALLISTER, is a younger shadow of his brother Neil. A twenty eight year old fair haired man, more bohemian in dress and appearance. He is holding a twelve string acoustic guitar and watches the band. Neil approaches him. Patrick looks wildly around the club obviously trying to spot Daniella. The two brothers meet.

NEIL

I'm so sorry Patrick. There has been a terrible , terrible accident (A beat). I am afraid Daniella is dead.

WE PULL BACK FROM THE SCENE: Patrick slumps against Neil, suddenly we can see he is a broken man. Neil embraces him.

Now the focus is upon them and not the band. The theatre falls silent as the band grinds to an awkward faltering halt, the crowd stare at the two men.

7. INT. GLASGOW CITY CENTRE MORTUARY NIGHT

7.

Silence.

Patrick stands solemnly his head bowed.

Boycie takes his arm as they walk towards a trolley covered with a green drape. A mortuary assistant joins them, waits, his head bowed slightly.

Boycie nods and the assistant gently pulls back the drape to reveal Daniella's pale face.

Patrick closes his eyes, his legs crumble he is about to drop. Boycie catches him and the assistant deftly moves over to assist.

Together, they lead Patrick to an outer office.

CONTINUOUS

8. INT. GLASGOW CITY CENTRE MORTUARY/OUTER OFFICE NIGHT

8.

The assistant withdraws. Patrick sits, too numbed to cry.

PATRICK

It's Daniella alright.

BOYCIE

You said your brother told you what happened.

PATRICK

Yes, that she drowned.

Boycie waits until Patrick makes a tearful attempt at composing himself.

BOYCIE

Mr. McAllister . Can I ask why you are Miss Ravano's next of kin?

PATRICK

Her parents died in a coach crash, just outside Milan. Since we were about to marry it seemed . . .

BOYCIE

No brothers or sisters? Relations?

PATRICK

No. She was an only child. There is no one.

BOYCIE

I see. You know your brother was driving the boat?

PATRICK

Yes, an accident. He – he swerved to avoid something.

BOYCIE

That's what he told us, yes.

We can see that Patrick is trying to work things out in his mind - its puzzlement and disbelief .

PATRICK

Is there any doubt?

BOYCIE

Not at the moment, No. We are treating it as a fatal accident. There'll be a post mortem. I am really very sorry Mr. McAllister (A beat). You'll be wanting these.

Boycie gives Patrick a small clutch bag which he opens to reveal her engagement ring, the Tiffany necklace and some odds and ends of make up.

Patrick pulls out the necklace, clearly not recognizing it.

9. EXT. THE MCALLISTER FAMILY HOME / FRONT DOORWAY DAY**9.**

Patrick, his face ashen, pushes the front door bell – one long monotonous persistent ring. Finally, the front door opens and Neil stands silently. Patrick produces the necklace, like a magician, out of nowhere.

PATRICK

You gave her this didn't you?

Neil is speechless. Patrick violently grabs hold of his white silk shirt, buttons ping.

PATRICK

(cont)

DIDN'T YOU?

NEIL

No.

PATRICK

Then where did it come from?

NEIL

How should I know?

PATRICK

I've never seen it before.

NEIL

Maybe it's a family heirloom. She was talking about Italy. Or maybe she bought it? I just don't know. (A beat) Look I'm really sorry Patrick. Really. What can I say?

PATRICK

You're sorry?

NEIL

Yes.

PATRICK

Why were you with her? I don't understand why you were with her? Just tell me the truth

NEIL

Okay. She was lonely. She wanted to talk, that's all. About her home. Her parents. She was feeling nostalgic.

PATRICK

Lonely? Why didn't she tell me?

NEIL

I really don't know Patrick. I guess we will never know.

PATRICK

No.

NEIL

Look, I'm sorry, I'm so, so sorry. It was an accident pure and simple. She fell over. It was dark. A tragic accident.

Neil hugs Patrick as he fights the tears.

At that moment an SUV pulls onto the drive .

Neil's wife JENNY, gets out, walks over, looks hesitantly at the two brothers . Puzzled she takes out her mobile phone to check the time. OUR POV: 07:30 am.

She is late twenties, blond, attractive, gym toned and feisty.

Patrick pockets the Tiffany necklace.

JENNY

I'm so sorry Patrick.

She hugs and comforts him. Finally he turns to leave.

PATRICK

I have to go. I need some space.

Patrick walks briskly away leaving Neil and Jenny alone. Quietly she says:

JENNY

Was there anything improper between you and Daniella?

NEIL

No. Absolutely not.

10. EXT. HARBOURMASTER'S OFFICE, RHU MARINA DAY

10.

We pan across the various yachts and cruisers and dissolve into the office on the marina.

CONTINUOUS

11. INT. HARBOURMASTER'S OFFICE, RHU MARINA DAY

11.

We focus upon a desk, scattered with pilotage notes, charts, tide tables and mooring details.

IAN ANDERSON, the very business like Harbourmaster comes into rejoin BOYCIE he clutches hold of copied documents.

BOYCIE

Thanks for this Ian. You saved me a lot of leg work.

ANDERSON

Aye, no bother. So, copies of the Bill of Sale. That's legal entitlement. Plus registration with the Marine Craft Agency.

Boycie takes the documents – one by one – and studies them carefully.

ANDERSON

(cont)

The marine shares are in 64 64ths and were owned by Mr. Tom Van Aelst. He is succeeded by his daughter Trudi, based in Utrecht. Her phone number is on the registration document in case of emergency. Feel free to call her from here.

Boycie smiles for the first time he nods at Anderson.

BOYCIE

Thanks, I will, in case there are questions.

Anderson tactfully leaves the office as Boycie makes his call.

BOYCIE

(cont)

Am I speaking with Trudi Van Aelst please?

SPLIT SCREEN. CLOSE; we can see Trudi is extremely attractive. Classic, Mediterranean, olive skin. But there is something in her voice, no trace of an accent. It's husky, breathy a little sensuous and intimate.

TRUDI

Who wants to know?

Boycie announces himself clearly and formally.

BOYCIE

My name is Detective Inspector Andrew Boyce of Strathclyde Police in Scotland.

TRUDI

Is this a joke? Dirk?

BOYCIE

No it is not, (a beat), I am calling regarding your late fathers motor cruiser, the M.C. BARNACARRY.

OUR POV: Boycie is holding a copy of the bill of sale document, and the title name Tom Van Aelst.

TRUDI

What? The Sunseeker?

BOYCIE

The motor cruiser moored at Rhu Marina.

TRUDI

But I understood the Sunseeker was at Flevo Marina, Lelystad.

BOYCIE

Well it's here just now. Somebody must have moved it.
The point is a fatal accident has occurred. A young woman has
drowned.

TRUDI

I –I don't believe this. How did you get my number?

BOYCIE

The harbourmaster here at Rhu. It's on the registration
document. Plus an email address at BEK Pharmaceuticals in
Rotterdam.

TRUDI

I see.

BOYCIE

I need to ask you two questions.

TRUDI

Okay.

BOYCIE

Does the name Daniella Ravano mean anything to you?

TRUDI

No.

BOYCIE

Neil McAllister?

There is a hint of a hesitation; something, just something in her voice and facial expression.

TRUDI

Yes. He was a business associate of my late father. He handled
global marketing for BEK pharmaceuticals. Why?

BOYCIE

He was with Miss Ravano when she died.

Trudi sounds and looks absolutely outraged.

TRUDI
WHAT? ON MY FATHER'S BOAT?

BOYCIE
Yes.

TRUDI
Then he must have taken it. (A beat). Tell the
harbourmaster I'll come over just as soon as I can. And
thank you Detective Inspector Boyce.

BOYCIE
Is that taken? Or borrowed?

TRUDI
Taken. And that's not all he took . . .

The line goes dead.

12. INT. GLASGOW CITY CENTRE MORTUARY DAY

12.

The post mortem. A pair of white doors open, revealing bright fluorescent light. The scene is stark and deathly clinical. Two men are sat at a metal table, their backs to us.

Enter DR. ANNE-MARIE FRASER . She could be a model, but she isn't, she is a Pathologist. Late thirties, blonde and probably full of fun. When she is not dissecting bodies that is. She snaps off her latex gloves, removes her face mask and eye protection and drops them all into a pedal bin.

DR. FRASER
Well now, two distinguished gentleman callers. To what do I
owe this honor?

Now we see their faces they play along flirting like old friends.

BOYCIE
I happen to be in the area.

DR. IAIN REID

And I do work here.

DR. FRASER

Sometimes Iain. Only sometimes. And what's your real excuse Boycie?

BOYCIE

I am in love with you, of course.

She smiles, ignores the quip and retrieves a file from a worktop.

OUR POV: Autopsy Report.

DR. FRASER

The real reason. Daniella Ravano.

Dr. Fraser joins them at their metal table, slaps down the report and sits. Suddenly she is all business like.

She eyeballs Dr. Reid first.

DR. FRASER

(cont)

Firstly, I agree with your initial onsite opinion Iain. No question. The photos were useful thankyou.

Boycie is extremely sceptical.

BOYCIE

Yes, but was she pushed? Forced over?

DR. FRASER

I would say definitely not. The condition of the body is entirely consistent with immersion in water. Lung distention. All her blood and fluid tests were normal. She wasn't poisoned. She didn't take drugs. Her method of contraception was a diaphragm. . .

Boycie dares to ask the question and is clearly uncomfortable.

BOYCIE

So, any evidence of sexual activity?

DR. FRASER

I would say she had intercourse within a few hours of her death.
It's hard to be specific.

BOYCIE

Forced?

DR. FRASER

No.

BOYCIE

And that cut on her left foot?

DR. FRASER

Yes, caused by a sharp object - glass or maybe a nail, exposed
screw head, splinter of wood more of a rip than a cut.

BOYCIE

But, accidental?

DR. FRASER

Yes. Nothing vascular or arterial severed. So she wasn't
injured deliberately, if that's what you mean.

BOYCIE

Sure?

DR. FRASER

There is no bruising anywhere, which might imply a struggle
or fight. X-rays – at your request Boycie – revealed no
broken bones or fractures. The physical evidence confirms an
accident; plain and simple.

Boycie glances at Dr. Reid who is clearly satisfied with Doctor Fraser's conclusion. Then he turns back to Dr. Fraser.

BOYCIE

I think McAllister did it.

She looks at Reid startled.

DR. FRASER

Oh, why?

BOYCIE

He had the means, and the opportunity.

She's emphatic.

DR. FRASER

But no motive surely.

BOYCIE

We don't know of one. Because she can't tell us and he certainly won't.

She's very emphatic now almost angry.

DR. FRASER

IF THERE IS ONE! But I'm just a humble scientist. I rely on evidence.

BOYCIE

There will be. Somewhere. (A beat). I still think he did it.

Dr. Fraser looks at Reid again as if to garner support. But he remains stoic.

DR. FRASER

You don't like him do you?

BOYCIE

It's not a question of like.

DR. FRASER

Yes it is. You resent him, because he's young, obviously virile, probably attractive and rich.

Boycie cuts in, more than a hint of anger.

BOYCIE

And – screwing – his brothers’ fiancée, for Gods sake!

DR. FRASER

Consensual. Doesn’t make him a killer.

Boycie is huffy, indignant and persistent. Because she is absolutely right.

BOYCIE

Have you no morals?

DR. FRASER

Ha! I do believe you’re jealous Boycie! A chink in your macho armour!

BOYCIE

Rubbish. McAllister’s a shit.

DR. FRASER

Oh! I don’t doubt he’s a shit. In fact I’m sure he’s a shit. But a killer? The burden of proof Boycie. What do you think Ian?

DR. IAIN REID

I’m enjoying this morality ping pong.

Boycie won’t give in.

BOYCIE

His brother’s fiancée!

DR. FRASER

Yes and it’s been going on since the bible! You asked me for an autopsy. You’ve got one and I stand by it 100%.

After a moment Reid finally intervenes with a senior judgmental finality.

DR. IAIN REID

I think it says more about her than him. Two brothers. One woman. My God. Let’s leave it Boycie. Without eye witnesses or CCTV evidence the bastards will bury you in court.

Eventually Boycie nods in defeat; outscienced by the persuasive and formidable Dr. Fraser.

DR. FRASER

So, no further action. I'll send the P.M. to the Fiscal and we will release Miss Ravano's body to the undertaker.

BOYCIE

Anne-Marie I'd like DNA on the evidence of intercourse .

Boycie sounds embarrassed and self conscious, she's the opposite.

DR. FRASER

You mean the semen? Sampled?

BOYCIE

Yes. That's the evidence I need.

DR. FRASER

May I ask why?

BOYCIE

Let's just say as a precaution.

Dr. Fraser gives him a wonderful smile and glances at Dr. Reid.

DR. FRASER

You're the boss.

They stand, their business done.

Boycie and Reid leave the mortuary, the pair of white doors close.

13. INT. THE MCALLISTER FAMILY HOME /LOUNGE DAY

13.

Jenny and Neil are alone in their lounge.

JENNY

Why were you with Daniella?

NEIL

She just wanted a chat.

JENNY

A chat? Were you screwing her Neil?

NEIL

No, of course not.

JENNY

What did she want to talk about?

NEIL

Patrick, their relationship. Her parent's death. About leaving Italy to travel. She felt isolated. I just tried to help her Jen, that's all.

JENNY

And now she's dead.

NEIL

Yes and I am so very sorry. It was a terrible accident. I shouldn't have taken her. I wish I hadn't.

JENNY

So do I, (a beat). You know what? I've asked you time and time again to take the girls and I out on that boat. You're always too busy.

NEIL

You're right I'm sorry.-

JENNY

But Daniella wants a chat and suddenly you can find the time.

Neil moves in closer to deliver the perfect lie, with all sincerity.

NEIL

She wasn't happy Jen. She wanted out with Patrick. She wanted to move on. She was lonely.

JENNY

Lonely?

NEIL

I just wish I had said no to her Jen. I only wanted to help her. God she would still be alive if I hadn't. Just imagine how I feel?

There are tears in Neil's eyes, he has to be telling the truth doesn't he? We see Jenny nod gently, but has she bought his story or not?

14. EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL UTRECHT/HOLLAND DAY

14.

We see the canals and parkland and focus on the hospital.

15. INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL UTRECHT/HOLLAND DAY

15.

Department of Psychiatry: PROF. PETER KROOSWIJK

DR. TRUDI VAN AELST is straight out of the Nigella Lawson guide for attractive female doctors: mid thirties, long dark hair tied back, white coat, designer glasses. A bookish beauty.

She sits in the professors' office, her legs crossed, patiently waiting.

HER POV: Framed certificates and accolades in psychiatry and associate professorships with universities in South Africa and the UK.

Professor Peter Krooswijk, a man in his early forties enters the office like a whirlwind . Indiana Jones meets dusty academia. He holds a bundle of exam papers and a leather brief case which he throws down on to an armchair. She stands courteously; he dismisses her gesture in his heavy South African accent , all smiles and jollity. She sits obediently.

KROOSWIJK

Trudi! Sorry to keep you I had to bloody invigilate.

She smooths down her open white coat. In doing so, a hint of very ample cleavage is revealed. She smiles at his – pretending not to notice routine – and he laughs at himself.

KROOSWIJK

(cont)

So, how are you? Haven't really seen you since, well, the news of your father.

TRUDI

It's actually about my father that I wanted to see you. I have to attend to some personal family business in Scotland. Glasgow, to be precise.

KROOSWIJK

I see so?

TRUDI

I need to take some time off.

KROOSWIJK

How long?

TRUDI

Six weeks, maybe more.

KROOSWIJK

Shouldn't be a problem.

TRUDI

On full pay?

KROOSWIJK

I'll see what I can do. Can I email you some student preparation work?

TRUDI

Of course.

She turns and leaves the office, leaving a slip stream of perfume .

16. EXT. A SCOTTISH COUNTRY CHURCHYARD DAY

16.

Rain, gloom.

A very small group of mourners stand beside an open grave as the vicar delivers his final solemn prayers and words.

Boycie, P.C. Stewart, Sgt. Bell and Ian Anderson the harbormaster are present.

Neil and Jenny stand very still amongst the mourners. Patrick and a very well dressed lady in a business suit. . She's early forties, professional looking and wearing a lanyard, with an Id card around her neck. OUR POV: LISA MCGOWAN - Victim Support Liaison Officer.

We pull away from the funeral. (As the service concludes)

We see Neil attempt to console his brother. Patrick, weeping, opens his hands towards Neil, revealing the engagement ring and the diamond necklace.

PATRICK

This is all I have left of the woman I loved.

SUDDENLY, he launches himself at Neil.

PATRICK

(cont)

You have no right to be here.

Patrick strikes Neil with a lightening right hook to his left jaw. We hear it break. Neil drops spitting blood.

P.C. Stewart and Sgt. Bell start to advance. VERY SUBTLEY, Just for a few seconds Boycie holds them back. It's almost as if he wants more to happen.

Neil rolls around clutching his face. Then the police advance.

Jenny drops to her knees to comfort Neil

Patrick starts to crawl towards the grave. Clutching the jewellery, sobbing.

No one dares to try and stop him.

Lisa intervenes. She's quick professional, no nonsense.

She kneels down beside him, oblivious to the mud on her clothes.

LISA

Patrick. (A beat). This isn't helping.

Patrick, his eyes bubbling with tears, looks up at the mourners. Lisa's words connect with him. The other mourners are acutely embarrassed. They don't know how to deal with such an outrageous outburst. Neil rolls around Jenny holds a clod of bloody tissues to his face.

Lisa puts her arm around Patrick, whispers very softly.

LISA

(cont)

She wouldn't want this.

PATRICK

No she wouldn't. I'm sorry.

Boycie pads over to Neil, now sitting up with Jenny in the drizzle he looks down.

BOYCIE

We could press charges, if you insisted.

Neil looks up at the smug Boycie; there is evident mutual hatred in their eyes. Neil holds out the stained clod of tissues.

NEIL

No.

BOYCIE

Good.

Then Boycie wanders over to Patrick and Lisa, plants his hand on his shoulder. Patrick looks up warily.

BOYCIE

(cont)

Time to leave I would think.

We pan around to Neil and Jenny. The other mourners are leaving; Patrick, Lisa, Boycie and the other officers.

Neil's looking pretty sorry for himself and can hardly speak.

NEIL

God. He hates me..

Jenny touches his arm, it's all too much.

JENNY

Don't talk. You need a doctor.

17. INT GLASGOW ROYAL INFIRMARY/CASUALTY DEPARTMENT NIGHT.

Neil and Jenny are sitting in the waiting area of the busy casualty department. He's clutching an ice pack to the side of his face. They are speaking in hushed tones.

JENNY

Why was Patrick so angry with you?

NEIL

She was obsessed with me Jen. She kept calling me – at work – my mobile – I couldn't get rid of her. God this is so difficult.

JENNY

I see.

NEIL

I couldn't tell Patrick – How could I?

Jenny fixes him a cold stare, lowers her voice even more.

JENNY

Tell me you didn't push her.

NEIL

NO. I tried to placate her. A fat lot of good it did. Ouch!

He touches his face, as a nurse comes over to them.

NURSE

Mr. McAllister? X-ray. About five minutes.

He nods painfully and attempts a smile as she turns away.

JENNY

What about that necklace at the funeral?

NEIL

Yes. I wondered about that too.

Jenny looks at him and then squeezes his hand.

She's bought the lie too.

18. EXT. THE A814/GARE LOCH ROAD DAY 18.

Aerial shot. We follow an unmarked police car along the coastal Loch road, another glorious day outside Helensburgh.

CONTINUOUS

19. INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR DAY 19.

The car is driven by a CAROL DEACON. In the back are Patrick and Boycie. They sit in silence Boycie admiring the view. Patrick, his head bowed, clasping and unclasping his hands.

PATRICK

This is important, thank you.

Boycie nods, they exchange a glance which says it all.

20. EXT. RHU MARINA SCOTLAND DAY 20.

A white Renault Clio with Dutch plates swings into the car park next to the harbourmaster's office.

Dr. Trudi Van Aelst gets out, stretches takes some deep breaths, admiring the view. She scans the marine crafts until her eyes settle on the gleaming white Sunseeker Portofino 48: M.C.BARNACARRY.

The harbourmaster's office door swings open and Ian Anderson steps out. He sees the car registers the Dutch plates, the turned figure, glances at his watch.

ANDERSON

Dr. Van Aelst! You're early!

She turns.

TRUDI

I took a different ferry because . . .

They shake hands. We can see that Anderson is quite clearly blown away by Trudi. In spite of her undeniable beauty, there is something inexplicable about her.

TRUDI

(cont)

. . . British roads are not the best.

ANDERSON

Would you like some coffee?

TRUDI

No. I'd like some advice, Mr. Anderson.

Trudi walks towards the stern of the cruiser, touches the side, almost caresses it.

TRUDI

So, she fell off here did she? Or was she pushed?

Anderson stumbles, looks awkward, off guard and off territory.

ANDERSON

I understood it was an accident.

TRUDI

So you were here that night?

ANDERSON

Yes, I answered the mayday.

TRUDI

Poor girl.

ANDERSON

Indeed.

Anderson glances along the marina, obviously recognises Boycie's unmarked police vehicle approaching the harbourmaster's office. He becomes anxious, can't hide it.

ANDERSON

Are you sure won't have a coffee? It's freshly percolated.

Trudi immediately picks up on Anderson's concern and follows his gaze.

TRUDI

In a moment, maybe. I've had a very long drive in a very small car.

ANDERSON

Of course.

Trudi smacks the hull with her hand.

TRUDI

So what's it worth then? I want to sell it.

ANDERSON

That's a sensible question.

TRUDI

Let's hope it has a sensible answer.

21. EXT RHU MARINA/SLIPWAY AREA DAY

21.

The unmarked police vehicle pulls up a hundred feet or so away from them. Patrick, Boycie and Carol get out. She, heading for the café with her handbag. Patrick and Boycie head towards the cruiser.

22. EXT. RHU MARINA, SCOTLAND DAY

22.

As they approach, Trudi cannot take her eyes off Patrick, it's almost as if she knows him.

ANDERSON

Great timing. That's Patrick McAllister, the fiancé of the girl who –

TRUDI

Yes.

Patrick and Boycie approach them.

ANDERSON

This is Dr. Van Aelst.

They shake hands.

BOYCIE

D.I. Andrew Boyce, Strathclyde police. We spoke on the phone. And this is Mr. Patrick McAllister.

CLOSE: Trudi's reaction to seeing Patrick even closer is visually startling and is not missed by the vigilant Boycie.

TRUDI

Yes. I'm so sorry.

PATRICK

Thank you.

TRUDI

Come on let's walk by the water and take some air, and if you would like to talk . . .

She goes over to Patrick and takes his arm, he smiles weakly.

TRUDI

(cont)

If you two have no objection.

Boycie and Anderson exchange glances, shrug.

ANDERSON

Perhaps I can tempt you to a coffee?

Boycie nods agreeably as Trudi and Patrick head off together. As they turn we can hear her say:

TRUDI

I am a very good listener Patrick. But you know, what you probably need most of all is a holiday. A change of scene. And I might know just the place . . .

BOYCIE

That was interesting.

ANDERSON

What was?

BOYCIE

Dr. Van Aelst's reaction to Patrick McAllister. Like she had seen a ghost.

They turn and walk towards the harbourmaster's office.

BOYCIE

(cont)

Come on then, coffee. Then I need to talk to you about a new rotor arm for my MGB. I've had so many problems with the electrics.

23. INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR

DAY

23.

THREE MONTHS LATER

OUR POV: Through binocular lens – Rhu Marina dry dock area.

FOCUS ON: The M.C. Barnacarry mounted up on a wooden cradle. Dr. Trudi Van Aelst is on the rear deck sporting a can of varnish and a paint brush. Casual clothes, understated chic.

The binoculars are placed onto the passenger seat. In the rear view mirror, we see Boycie grin as he guns the engine.

CONTINUOUS

24. EXT. RHU MARINA/DRY DOCK AREA

DAY

24.

Boycie pulls up alongside the elevated boat. Trudi glances down as he gets out of the car. A cheery wave, that gorgeous smile.

TRUDI

D.I. Boyce! What an unexpected surprise! Business?

BOYCE

No, I was just passing. Well, coming to see Ian actually.

Boycie inclines his head towards the harbourmaster's office.

TRUDI

Care to step on board?

BOYCE

Why not?

At that moment, the harbourmaster's office door opens and Ian Anderson walks over to Boycie. He hands him a small black bakelite device with a brass hook: a rotor arm.

BOYCE

(cont)

Ah, my rotor arm! Good man. Was it easy to track down?

Anderson is brisk and business like.

ANDERSON

Aye, easy enough, eventually.

Anderson acknowledges Trudi, turns and returns to his office.

Boycie climbs the ladder up to the M.C. Barnacarry.

CONTINUOUS

25. EXT. ON-BOARD THE M.C. BARNACARRY/REAR DECK

DAY

25.

The familiar setting where Neil had romanced Daniella.

She puts down her varnish and brush; they shake hands.

TRUDI

What's that?

BOYCIE

I restore old cars, as a hobby.

The rotor arm suddenly flicks out of his grasp and drops down.

BOYCIE

(cont)

Oh dammit!

It rolls across the deck and comes to rest under the rear bench seat. He gets down on his hands and knees, fumbling around in the dark. He's mumbling and cursing.

Trudi finds it amusing, can't hide it.

TRUDI

Are you okay down there?

BOYCIE

Without this there's no spark.

Boycie stretches under the seat. Inch by Inch.

OUR POV: the rotor arm and something else. A curious object. There are also fragments of the broken champagne flute.

CLOSER: The small glass phial Neil had used to snort his hit of cocaine on that fateful night with Daniella.

BOYCIE

(cont)

What's this?

He takes out a pen and slides the two items out from the shadows, he's careful, cautious, obviously wary of Trudi. Trudi sidles over, mystified.

TRUDI

Found it?

Boycie sits up, takes out a forensic polybag from his jacket pocket and flicks the phial into the open mouth of the bag. He seals it and pockets it as discreetly as he can.

He stands, now holding the rotor arm, displays it proudly.

BOYCIE

They used to remove these from the distributor during the war to immobilise the car. Ian sources specialist car parts for me. Like this one!

TRUDI

I see.

TRUDI stands with her hands on her hips: Jeans, black tee-shirt.

BOYCIE

You've been away.

It's a statement not a question, because she looks tanned and relaxed.

TRUDI

We do have some sun in Holland you know.

Boycie gestures at the bench seat with his hand.

BOYCIE

May I?

Trudi smiles gorgeously, nods.

TRUDI

Of course. (a beat). So you restore old cars? Sounds intriguing.

He brushes a few specks of dust from his trousers, sits, looking at the space beside him. A quiet invitation.

BOYCIE

It's the detail that intrigues me.

Boycie glances around the rear deck, at the discarded varnish and brush.

BOYCIE

(cont)

And you? Busy?

Trudi picks up, sits down, sighs audibly.

TRUDI

I'm trying to sell it.

BOYCIE

No interest?

TRUDI

Oh there's interest alright.

BOYCIE

Do I hear a 'but' coming?

TRUDI

When they find out – discover – that someone died – well, you know.

BOYCIE

But Daniella drowned, out in the Loch.

Something in Trudi's eyes, a crack in the veneer, anger, shouts.

TRUDI

SHE FELL FROM THIS BOAT (a beat). I'm sorry. It's all the same. The association. It's bad luck, like a fatal car crash.

BOYCIE

And a lick of varnish will change that?

She softens now, almost embarrassed.

TRUDI

No, probably not. (a beat). Mr. Boyce. That glass phial you found. I know exactly what it is.

Boycie casually.

BOYCIE

Oh?

TRUDI

I'm a psychiatrist. I've counseled patients in drug rehab and I've been to some pretty scary places.

BOYCIE

I'm sure you have.

He glances at his watch, stands, it's time to leave.

TRUDI

But who's is it?

BOYCIE

Good question.

Boycie starts to descend the ladder, Trudi watches him.

TRUDI

Is your investigation still live?

Boycie looks up at her with a final smile, holding the rotor arm.

BOYCIE

It is now.

26. INT. BOYCIE'S GARAGE WORKSHOP/GLASGOW

NIGHT

26.

An immaculately well organized workshop. Tools hang up above a workbench with symmetrical obsessive precision.

Boycie has his head under the bonnet of an MGB V8, early seventies, British racing green, wire wheels and chrome bumpers.

He's wearing a one-piece worksuit, tinkering with the engine.

The car gleams. He gets in, it starts up first time. His smile says it all – satisfaction.

On the work bench is the forensic polybag.

A sharp rap on the door breaks the silence – and his quiet reverie – and then it opens.

Dr. Anne-Marie Fraser, lets herself in.

Her blonde hair is tied in a pony tail – she's wearing leggings and long stripey jumper, quite stunning.

Boycie turns off the engine the moment he sees her.

DR. FRASER

So this is how you spend your Saturdays.

BOYCIE

Most of them.

He kisses her not quite on the lips, but near enough. She touches them, a little taken aback.

DR FRASER

What was that for?

BOYCIE

For coming over. Saturday night.

DR. FRASER

Your message whetted my appetite.

Boycie a wolfish grin, as he turns.

BOYCIE

Let's hope I can satisfy it.

Boycie goes over to the work bench, picks up the polybag.

She joins him and it's back to business, as she takes it.

DR FRASER

What do you need then Boycie?

BOYCIE

Usual. DNA. Prints. Blood group - oh – and – and

She laughs with an expression that says ‘not much then’.

BOYCIE

(cont)

And the exact identity and nature of the powder residue.

DR FRASER

Hah! Background?

BOYCIE

I’d rather not say

DR. FRASER

And I’d rather you did!

There is a very special moment between them, an unspoken moment.

Because she knows he’ll tell her and so does he.

DR FRASER

(cont)

And exactly where and how did you come by it.

She ruffles the collar of his worksuit affectionately, playfully.

DR. FRASER

(cont)

You look like a quick fit fitter!

BOYCIE

Thanks! And I was going to offer you a glass of wine, but . .

.

DR FRASER

You have wine in your workshop?

BOYCIE

I have everything in my workshop.

A cupboard, a hidden refrigerator, tumbler, glasses, packs of nuts. He pours two glasses, chilled white, she joins him, they chink.

BOYCIE

(cont)

The M.C. Barnacarry at Rhu.

DR. FRASER

Oh. Neil McAllister?

BOYCIE

See, I wouldn't have found it, nor even looked, had I not dropped something. It was fate. I was supposed to find it.

DR. FRASER

And McAllister? You think this was his?

BOYCIE

Yes. And you took, erm, a semen sample, from Daniella at the autopsy didn't you? For DNA. What if they match?

She's a little shocked.

DR. FRASER

I need a top up. (a beat). This is dangerous Boycie. But what does it prove if they do match?

Boycie re-loads both of their glasses, on a bit of a roll.

BOYCIE

McAllister. Motive. We were always missing a motive for her murder.

DR. FRASER

Whoah- now! We established Miss Ravano's death was an accident . . .

BOYCIE

No! You and Iain Reid established it. Not me.

She looks at him unsure, but there is something in her eyes.

BOYCIE

(cont)

When I first contacted Trudi, I learned that her father Tom was very senior at BEK Pharmaceuticals in Rotterdam. McAllister worked closely with him.

Dr. FRASER

So?

BOYCIE

BEK manufactures derivatives of cocaine hydrochloride. They source raw material from South America.

DR. FRASER

I still don't see . . .

He recharges their glasses, his enthusiasm abounding.

BOYCIE

If the residue in this little phial is 100% pharmaceutical, then it must have come from BEK. What if there was more, huh? Stolen and what if Daniella found out?

Anne-Marie sinks some more wine, in her element now – lively debate.

DR. FRASER

Ha! Speculation! (a beat) What could she have done?

BOYCE

Been a nuisance.

DR. FRASER

How?

BOYCIE

Blackmailed him. It's a connection. This powder is a connection and it may represent a motive.

DR. FRASER

You're incorrigible. Really!

ANGLE ON: Boycie. He's a cunning, wily old fox and it shows in his eyes.

BOYCIE

Maybe. (Abeat) But something is in the air and it involves this phial. Will you help me?

She finishes her wine, kisses her index finger and puts it on his bottom lip. It is an intimate, mischievous gesture.

DR. FRASER

What do you think?