

GUILT

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Stephen McPherson  
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TEASER

**LONDON, ENGLAND. EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

Establishing shots. Edgy, cool, gritty. This isn't Agatha Christie's London. We land on a trendy night club in Soho.

INT. DIAVOLO - CONTINUOUS

A hedonistic scene rages. Sexy bodies. Music. Lights. Drugs.

In the middle of the mayhem, we focus on GRACE ATWOOD - 20, an American girl who left her inhibitions stateside. Grace's dancing with MOLLY QUINN - 22, her stunning Irish flatmate.

Up in a sound booth, we find the maestro of this frenzy, ROZ - early 20s, an up and coming DJ with a hard-edged style. With the pulse of Roz's beats, we get QUICK CUTS of...

A man with an earpiece. A phoenix tattoo. A rose pendant dangling in cleavage. These images and more form a mosaic of clues we'll unravel all season. The rhythm carries us to...

INT. GIRLS' FLAT - LATER

An after hours party. More drugs. Pretty girls laugh. Two guys fight. Grace grinds on LUC - 20s, French bad boy. But our eyes are drawn to...

Molly. Singing along with the music. Young, beautiful, alive.

Time passes. We spy glimpses of sex. Hot. Rough. Kinky. It's hard to see exactly who - or how many people - are involved.

But suddenly, the crowd is gone. The MUSIC CRESCENDOS as our images become bloody. Violent. We can't quite make it out, but something awful is happening...

EXT. GIRLS' APARTMENT BUILDING/ROOFTOP - EARLY MORNING

The MUSIC CUTS OUT as we PUSH IN on eyes. They're closed. In sleep? Or something more permanent? We stay tight until...

BLINK.

The eyes POP open. It takes us a moment to recognize Grace. She's on a rooftop, wearing nothing but skimpy panties. She rolls over to Luc and kisses him awake.

GRACE

Last night was wild.

LUC

Mmm. And so were you.

INT. GIRLS' APARTMENT BUILDING/STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

As Grace and Luc head down from the roof, they meet Roz, the DJ, just getting home from work.

GRACE

Molly and I invited some people  
back from the club last night. So  
it might be a little trashed.

INT. GIRLS' FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Even in the dim light, we can see the place is trashed.

ROZ

You and Molly are cleaning this up.

It's not that Roz is a neat freak. She's just a bitch.

GRACE

*I know.*

(knocking on Molly's door)

Molly, get up. We're in trouble.

No response. Grace enters Molly's room and prods her duvet.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Come on, wake up.

Still nothing. Roz watches as Grace yanks back the duvet. As it flies up, we get a bad feeling about what's underneath. But it's just a giant pillow.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I think somebody got lucky.

ROZ

Then I guess you get to do all the  
fun bits yourself.

Grace makes a face behind Roz's back as she and Luc enter the living room, cleaning as they go. Luc flips the lights. We're CLOSE ON Grace as she SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY.

REVERSE POV to see BLOOD. Everywhere. And drenched in it...Molly's naked, lifeless, butchered body.

OLIVIA (PRE-LAP)

What kind of monster would do this?

**BOSTON, MASS.** INT. OLIVIA'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Across the Atlantic we find prosecutor OLIVIA ATWOOD, 30, beautiful, mixed race, driven.

Her eyes are on fire as she practices a closing argument...in a bathtub. For inspiration she focuses on a wall plastered with disturbing photos of a BATTERED WOMAN.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And how can we get justice?

Olivia's gaze suddenly falls to her arm - it's marbled with a deep scar from her shoulder all the way down to her hand.

The fire in Olivia's eyes dulls to a haunting pain and we watch as she slowly sinks beneath the water, as if trying to drown out the memories surrounding that scar.

Suddenly, CHAD - Olivia's rock - enters with a RINGING PHONE.

CHAD

Babe.

Olivia surfaces - all traces of her secret pain washed away.

CHAD (CONT'D)

It's your sister.

Olivia takes the phone, stares a beat, then rejects the call.

OLIVIA

Sorry she woke you.

CHAD

You're not gonna answer?

OLIVIA

Grace's probably just wasted and broke and wants me to figure out how to get her home from some club *half-way across the world*. She can handle her own crap for once.

CHAD

Look at you, going all tough love.

Chad sits on the edge of the tub and takes Olivia's hand - only now do we notice the big, diamond ring on her finger.

OLIVIA

Yeah, well, I've got my closing argument tomorrow. I can't afford to get caught up in Grace's drama.

Chad glances up at the gruesome photos plastered on the wall.

CHAD

You know, most brides make vision boards of their wedding day. Yours makes me scared to go to the bathroom.

OLIVIA

Lucky you?

CHAD

(kissing Olivia)  
Definitely, lucky me.

As Chad heads out, he sees Olivia eyeing that phone guiltily.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Stay strong. Grace's fine.

OLIVIA

I know. I know.

Olivia refocuses on her photos, and starts her closing again.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

What kind of monster would do this?

*FLASH! CLOSE ON crimson arterial spray on a white wall - it almost looks like modern art. This grisly shot takes us to...*

**LONDON, ENGLAND. EXT. GIRLS' APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER**

Police vehicles surrounding a building. D.S. BRUNO (30s, a cocky detective on the rise) and his partner, D.I. PIKE (50s, just months from retirement) duck the crime scene tape.

A ruddy-faced CONSTABLE approaches. He begins his briefing, addressing Pike, who appears to be the more senior officer.

CONSTABLE

Bloody awful scene. Victim is a 22 year-old female. Molly Quinn.

PIKE

I know I exude authority, but Bruno's the prat who took the call five minutes before end of shift. This is his show.

BRUNO

Authority? Sorry, mate - you just look old.

*FLASH! CLOSE ON a silver skirt - soaked black with blood - riding high on a thigh.*

INT. GIRLS' FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Bruno and Pike's jocularly disappears as the Constable leads them into the savage crime scene.

*FLASH! CLOSE ON the sharp blade of a knife - caked in dried blood - resting next to five brightly polished toes.*

A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER captures these graphic images while CRIME SCENE TECHS step silently, carefully around the body, as if trying not to disturb the dead.

Bruno moves closer, compelled to take it in. Take Molly in. Her beautiful face is a stark contrast to her butchered body.

CONSTABLE

Victim was discovered around 5:50  
this morning, by her flatmates and  
one of their boyfriends...

He motions to Grace, Luc and Roz sitting in the next room.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

The bloke's a foreigner. *French.*  
(re: Grace)  
And that one's American. The only  
local's the one with all the holes  
in her face.

Bruno takes in the witnesses. They all look traumatized, but Grace is especially distraught. The party is definitely over.

Pike glances out the window - news vans are already on the scene, REPORTERS cluster below. And the media blitz begins...

PIKE

They're gonna be on this one like  
stink on shit.

Bruno follows Pike's gaze out the window. Fuck. This was one helluva case to catch.

Just then, a CRIME SCENE TECH approaches.

TECH

Detective Sergeant, we found bloody  
footprints that track from the  
victim to the roof. They're a match  
to the American girl.

Bruno looks back at Grace, surprised. Could this beautiful, fragile, young woman be a savage murderer?

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

**BOSTON, MASS.** INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Unaware of the nightmare unfolding for her little sister, Olivia is in court. She's got her game face on as a JUDGE addresses the JURY FOREMAN.

JUDGE

Have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

We have, Your Honor. On the charges of rape and aggravated assault, we find the defendant guilty.

The RAPE VICTIM embraces Olivia, who catches the DEFENDANT'S eye over her shoulder - *I got you, fucker.*

As the Victim leaves with her family, Olivia's boss, the DISTRICT ATTORNEY, approaches.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Gotta admit, I didn't think this was a winner. I probably would've pled it out. *Like I told you to.*

OLIVIA

Am I in trouble, sir?

Olivia knows she's not.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Oh, I've got my eye on you now. That's for sure.

The DA exits. Olivia smiles to herself, reveling in her success. But her BUZZING PHONE snaps her out of it. She picks up, her face quickly showing concern.

OLIVIA

Mom, slow down. Is Grace OK?

**LONDON, ENGLAND.** EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Back in England, the investigation into Molly's grisly death has moved to New Scotland Yard, home of London's Metropolitan Police Service. Where we find...

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace. In the box with Bruno and Pike. She's only 20, far from home, and just found her friend slaughtered. This girl's a mess.

BRUNO

What were you and Luc doing up on the roof last night?

Grace looks scared - doesn't want to say.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

We're not here to hassle you, Grace. If you were doing drugs or something, you're not going to get in trouble for that. We just need all the facts so we can find out what happened to Molly.

Grace takes a deep breath, here goes.

GRACE

We did some X. Maybe a little coke. And then we...fooled around.

BRUNO

How long were you up there?

GRACE

A few hours? It was just getting light when we came down and...

Grace chokes back a sob at the memory of finding Molly.

PIKE

So once you went up to the roof, you didn't come down until morning?

GRACE

No.

Bruno and Pike share a look - do they have her in a lie?

BRUNO

And this morning, after you found Molly, what did you do?

A look crosses Grace's face, as if she's remembered something.

GRACE

I think I went to the bathroom.

PIKE

After you found your roommate?

GRACE

No. Last night. I'm not sure, but I think I might've come down to pee.

BRUNO

What time?

GRACE

I don't know. I was really out of it. But I sort of remember walking through the flat, in the dark, everyone was gone...

(terrifying realization)

Oh my God. Do you think he was there? In the flat with me?

Grace completely breaks down now. This raw emotion would be damn hard to fake.

**BOSTON, MASS.** INT. LAHUE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A shocked Olivia now sits with her distraught mother, JULIANNE LAHUE (50s, with her porcelain skin she looks much more like Grace than Olivia). A long bout with cancer has leached the vitality from this former beauty.

JULIANNE

I can't stop thinking...what if it had been Grace?

OLIVIA

I can't believe I didn't answer her call last night.

Julianne takes her daughter's hand.

JULIANNE

You couldn't have known, Olivia. But I need to get Grace home. Can you help me book my flight?

OLIVIA

Your *flight*? Mom, you just finished chemo, you can't get on a plane.

JULIANNE

I don't want Grace making that trip alone. I'll speak to my doctor...

OLIVIA

Mom, stop. I'll go. I'm going.

JULIANNE

No, honey. I know how busy you are at work.

Doesn't matter, there's no way Olivia's letting her sick mom make that trip. Then she remembers...

OLIVIA

What about James? Isn't he already  
in Europe?

JULIANNE

Brussels. But this deal, he could  
lose the company if it doesn't go  
through.

Olivia bites her tongue - James always has an excuse, but  
now's not the time.

OLIVIA

Don't worry, Mom, I'll work it out.  
I'll bring Grace home.

**LONDON.** INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GWENDOLYN HALL - 30s, attractive but with an icy reserve -  
watches Grace's interrogation on a bank of monitors.

As Bruno moves to comfort a very distraught Grace, handing  
her a tissue, annoyance flickers across Gwendolyn's face.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bruno sits back down across from Grace.

BRUNO

Let's just focus on the easy stuff,  
OK?

Grace tries to stem the flood of tears, nodding OK.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea where Molly's  
cell phone might be?

GRACE

You didn't find it in the flat?  
(off his head shake)  
I don't know. Maybe Molly left it  
at the club? She was always losing  
stuff.

PIKE

Oh, yeah? Like what?

GRACE

Little things. Her perfume, this  
ratty, old T-shirt she slept in.

BRUNO

So Molly was careless? Forgetful?

GRACE

I guess. At first she thought Roz and I were messing with her.

BRUNO

At first?

GRACE

Yeah, but then she started to get freaked out. Worried that someone was breaking in and taking her stuff. She said sometimes she felt like someone was watching her. Like she had a stalker or something.

Bruno and Pike exchange looks. This is something.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/HOMICIDE BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bruno and Pike return to their desks to find Gwendolyn waiting.

GWENDOLYN

You should've pushed harder on the footprints.

Bruno resents this.

BRUNO

You were watching?

PIKE

The Crown Prosecutor must've heard the primary is an amateur and sent Gwenny here to make sure you don't muck it up.

Gwendolyn's eyes narrow at "Gwenny." Her tone is cool.

GWENDOLYN

This case is going to have everyone's eyes on it. Where are we?

BRUNO

We can put at least 23 people in that flat last night. Still need to run them down. Of the 3 who found her, the DJ's alibi checks out. She was at the club until 5:00. The other two swear they were on the roof all night. Except for when Grace came down to pee.

GWENDOLYN

You bought that story? That she didn't realize she was walking through *blood*?

BRUNO

If you were that blinkered? Sure. Otherwise she's a stone cold sociopath. But then she'd have been more clever about cleaning up.

Gwendolyn's look tells us she's not so sure. Bruno's annoyed.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

You want me to hold her? Do you really think we have enough?

Gwendolyn reluctantly shakes her head.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

(to Pike)

You wanna start running down the people from the party, or do you want the autopsy?

PIKE

Butcher's all yours.

GWENDOLYN

I'll meet you at the morgue.

BRUNO

You're coming?

GWENDOLYN

We need to get this right.

Bruno bristles. As soon as Gwendolyn's out of ear shot...

PIKE

Here's a question for you. Did Madam Prosecutor object every time you asked her to polish your knob?

That explains a lot. But Bruno's dark look tells us he doesn't appreciate the joke.

BRUNO

We'd better get on notifying Molly's family before the press does it for us.

PIKE

You mean *you'd* better get on it.  
You're the primary, remember?

Bruno looks grim.

**ANTRIM, NORTHERN IRELAND.** EXT. SEASIDE ROAD - LATER

A motorcycle flies through the Irish countryside, past the choppy, gray sea.

EXT. COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The motorcycle pulls up to a modest cottage and the rider removes his helmet, revealing PATRICK QUINN - 30s, rugged, with a Northern Irishman's chip on his shoulder.

A grief-stricken woman, his mother, BRIDGET, 50s, rushes out and falls into his arms. This family will never be the same.

INT. COTTAGE/MOLLY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Bridget hugs a pillow on a young girl's bed. Patrick enters.

BRIDGET

I never should've let her go to  
London.

Patrick can't bear to see his ma's grief. He takes her hand.

PATRICK

Who could ever stop our Molly from  
doing what she pleased?

Just then, a man steps into the doorway. JOE QUINN, 60s, rough, but with an unmistakable air of authority.

JOE

I heard about Molly. I'm so sorry.

Bridget's anguish turns to visceral loathing.

BRIDGET

How dare you! You think I want to  
see you? Today of all days?

**BOSTON, MASS.** INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Olivia hastily shoves clothes in a massive suitcase. As she ransacks a drawer, she stops on a picture tucked inside.

CLOSE ON a family photo - Olivia at 15, Grace at 5, a younger Julianne, and a white MAN.

He's clearly not Olivia's biological father, but their affectionate pose tells us he loves her as much as Grace. And she adores him, too.

Olivia considers the photo a beat, then adds it to her bag.

CHAD (O.S.)

You sure you're only going for a couple days?

Olivia turns to find Chad, eyeing her giant bag.

OLIVIA

I better be. If I'm not, the DA will start reassigning my cases.

CHAD

We've got that pre-marital counselling session with Reverend Moore on Sunday. Do you want me to push it?

OLIVIA

No, I'll be back. I promise. I'm just gonna zip over, get Grace, and bring her home.

**LONDON, ENGLAND.** INT. LUC'S LOFT - LATER

Crimson droplets spray through the air.

PULL OUT to find Luc in his seedy artist's flop, splattering a giant canvas with red paint. He's amped up on something and his "process" is a bit disturbing after Molly's murder.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (PRE-LAP)

Cause of death was exsanguination due to a slit carotid artery.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Harsh morgue lights illuminate Molly's body. A MEDICAL EXAMINER presents his findings to Bruno and Gwendolyn.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

But I count 32 post-mortem stab wounds, consistent with the knife found at the scene. The wounds are concentrated in the abdomen, but there were a handful to the chest, legs, and upper arms.

CLOSE ON Gwendolyn, her eyes fixed unflinchingly upon Molly.

INT. LUC'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Grace, her eyes also fixed on something. PULL OUT to see she's staring at the red splatters across Luc's canvas.

GRACE

I can't stop seeing her like that.

LUC

You want something to help you sleep?

Luc nods to a table strewn with pills. Grace shakes her head. She watches Luc's frantic painting.

GRACE

Can you just not do that right now?

LUC

I'm sorry, Em. Come here.

Luc embraces Grace, kissing her. At first gentle, but he grows more passionate. Rough. His hands smear red paint on her. Then Luc pins Grace to the floor and takes her right there.

GWENDOLYN (PRE-LAP)

Was she raped?

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Gwendolyn's question brings us back to the autopsy.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Can't say for sure. And there's no trace of semen. If she was raped, your killer took precautions.

BRUNO

(disappointed)

So no DNA?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Well, *someone* left some DNA in your victim.

Bruno and Gwendolyn stare at him quizzically.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)

Molly Quinn was pregnant.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. THE THAMES - NEXT DAY

The sun shines high above the Thames as collegiate crew teams row across the sparkling water.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Grace sits low in her seat, at the back of the auditorium, as a charismatic lecturer, PROFESSOR LINLEY, wraps up class.

PROF. LINLEY

As many of you are probably aware, our University has been struck a tragic blow. Molly Quinn was a bright, spirited young woman, and her loss will be felt deeply in this community.

As a hush falls over the class, Grace feels her classmates sneaking glances at her. She looks down, her eyes brimming with tears. Finally, Prof. Linley clears his throat.

PROF. LINLEY (CONT'D)

That's all for today. I'll see you on Thursday.

The students rise and Grace is out of her seat in a shot. But Prof. Linley intercepts her before she's out the door.

PROF. LINLEY (CONT'D)

Grace, I'm so sorry. What can I do?

He lays a hand on Grace's shoulder. It's almost intimate, the way he touches her. But she shrugs him off.

GRACE

I'm fine.

As she slips away, we can't tell if Grace's just upset about Molly, or if she dislikes this man for some reason.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

As Grace starts across campus, a GROUP OF STUDENTS intercepts her to express their condolences. But some of them seem like they just want a ringside seat to the latest campus drama.

BRASH GIRL

Is it true that you found her?

Grace can't face all this. She brushes past the BRASH GIRL and almost bumps into a pretty Indian girl, MEERA.

MEERA

Grace? I'm sorry to bother you at a time like this, but I'm a reporter for the University paper. We're doing a piece on Molly. We really want to capture who she was. Would you mind answering a few questions?

GRACE

I'm sorry, but I really...can't.

After Grace takes off, that Brash Girl snarks...

BRASH GIRL

You want to know who Molly was?  
I've got a story for you.

Meera looks intrigued.

INT. LUC'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Luc's on edge, checking his usual stash for drugs, but coming up empty. As he tosses the place, something catches his eye.

CLOSE ON Grace's diamond earrings.

**SOMEWHERE OVER THE ATLANTIC.** INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

Olivia's in the air, on her laptop. She searches "Molly Quinn murder," but her Internet's not working. She hits the keyboard - frustrated to be so out of touch.

Olivia gets up and approaches a FLIGHT ATTENDANT at the back of the plane.

OLIVIA

Excuse me. I just bought the in-flight wi-fi, but I can't connect to the Internet.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yeah. That happens a lot.

OLIVIA

Well, is there anything I can do?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(shrugging)

Wait. Sometimes it starts working again.

With that, the Flight Attendant heads back up the aisle, leaving Olivia more frustrated than before.

A CLINKING SOUND causes Olivia to turn. A MALE PASSENGER is helping himself to mini liquor bottles from the Attendant's cart. He spots Olivia watching him and holds one out to her.

PASSENGER  
For while you wait.

Olivia takes the bottle with a small smile.

OLIVIA  
The way the airlines gouge you for everything these days, seems only fair.

But she puts the bottle back on the cart.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
But this \$7 bottle isn't worth a Federal offense. We're talking jail time, a steep fine, and a spot on the no-fly list.  
(nodding at his stash)  
I'm just saying, you might wanna reconsider.

This is a woman who doesn't cheat. Ever. As she heads back to her seat, the guy quickly returns all the bottles.

**ANTRIM, NORTHERN IRELAND. INT. IRISH PUB - MOMENTS LATER**

Patrick enters a dark pub and finds Joe in a back booth. He stands and embraces Patrick tightly.

JOE  
Sorry I upset your ma. I shouldn't have come to the house.

PATRICK  
Ma's just... Da hung the moon, you know. She needs someone to blame. And now Molly?

JOE  
Losing a child - it doesn't come worse.

An emotional silence falls over them. Joe pours Patrick a whiskey, then raises his own in a toast.

JOE (CONT'D)  
To Molly, my darling niece. May we take comfort in knowing you're back in your Da's loving arms.

Both men drain their whiskeys. Patrick studies his glass.

PATRICK  
She was just a girl.

Joe leans in close to Patrick, his face a fury.

JOE  
Anything you need, *anything*, I'll  
take care of it.

When Joe says "anything," he means it. Patrick nods, stands to go, but Joe pulls him into a last embrace.

After Patrick leaves, the BARTENDER removes his empty glass and we catch a glimpse of a phoenix tattoo on his hand.

BARTENDER  
Are we still on?

Joe nods as he watches Patrick pass by the window.

**LONDON, ENGLAND.** EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - LATER

It's growing dark. Grace emerges from a tube station. Alone.

We fall in behind her, trailing her, as she starts across the Tower Bridge. Grace senses something and glances over her shoulder. Spooked. But no one's there.

INT. LUC'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Luc packs a pipe with something we're pretty sure he purchased with Grace's earrings. He hears her returning and stashes the pipe. Grace bursts in, completely freaked.

GRACE  
Oh my God, Luc. Someone was  
following me.

LUC  
You saw someone?

GRACE  
No, but I'm telling you. I could  
feel it. Somebody was there.  
*Watching me.*

LUC  
(disturbed)  
We should get out of here.

GRACE  
What?

LUC

Leave this whole nightmare for  
awhile. Go to Paris. We can crash  
with my friends.

GRACE

My sister's coming. I can't just  
take off.

LUC

Text her. Tell her to meet us  
there. She'll understand. Come on,  
Grace, let's just go.

There's an urgency to Luc's plea that leaves us wondering.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Bruno and Pike question Roz. She's cooperating, but her guard  
is up. Roz doesn't trust cops.

ROZ

I told you yesterday, I was at the  
club 'til closing. I only know who  
was at the party because of what  
Grace told me.

BRUNO

We're just making sure nothing  
falls through the cracks.

PIKE

Do you know if any of the blokes at  
the party had a special  
relationship with Molly?

ROZ

Is that code for "was she screwing  
any of them?"

BRUNO

We can start there. Sure.

ROZ

I dunno. But Molly was finally out  
from under her crazy Irish Catholic  
family. She had a "special  
relationship" with a lot of people.

Just then, Gwendolyn knocks on the window and signals Bruno.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/HOMICIDE BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Annoyed at the interruption, Bruno approaches Gwendolyn.

GWENDOLYN

I served the warrant at that club where Molly partied last night. You've gotta see this.

BRUNO

Damn it, Gwendolyn. Pike and I were about to hit them up.

GWENDOLYN

Just put your dick away and watch.

Gwendolyn cues up security footage of Diavalo's VIP room on a laptop. ANGLE ON Molly, doing a provocative lap dance for a man. From this angle, he could be anyone. But finally, he glances to the side and we realize it's...Luc.

BRUNO

*Hello.*

GWENDOLYN

Do you think Grace knew she and Molly were sharing toys?

BRUNO

Grace? This looks worse for Luc. Maybe he's the one who knocked Molly up. And maybe he's dumb enough to think we wouldn't figure out she was pregnant if he butchered her stomach.

GWENDOLYN

Or maybe Grace lost it when she found out Molly was carrying her boyfriend's baby. So she decided to get rid of it, and Molly, too.

BRUNO

Molly was stabbed 32 times. You think that was the work of a jealous girl?

GWENDOLYN

Don't underestimate jealous girls.

BRUNO

(thinks a beat)  
Let's bring them both back in.

INT. LUC'S BUILDING/HALLWAY - LATER

Bruno and Gwendolyn KNOCK on Luc's door, but get no answer. Bruno's cell RINGS. He glances at the number, frowns.

BRUNO  
Gimme a sec.

Bruno steps away, down the hall, speaking in a low voice.  
Gwendolyn wishes she didn't care, but she does.

BRUNO (CONT'D)  
Why aren't you using the  
burner?...Just, get another one.  
(beat)  
Are you OK?

ANGLE ON A SCRUFFY DUDE passing Gwendolyn. She stops him.

GWENDOLYN  
Do you know the guy who lives here?

SCRUFFY DUDE  
The French dude? He left a bit ago.  
With some girl.

GWENDOLYN  
He say where he was going?

The Scruffy Dude shrugs, keeps walking. But then...

SCRUFFY DUDE  
He had a suitcase with him.

Shit. Gwendolyn knew it. She stalks toward Bruno as he wraps  
up his call.

GWENDOLYN  
They're running.

EXT. LUC'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Olivia exits a London cab and looks around uncertainly at  
Luc's shitty neighborhood. The CABBIE unloads her suitcase.

OLIVIA  
Are you sure this is it?

CABBIE  
Just down that alley.

Olivia picks her way through the dimly lit alley, checking  
door numbers against a note in her hand.

A RUSTLING startles her. She turns to find a drugged-out man,  
slumped against a wall, a glass pipe dangling from his hand.  
Her little sister's staying here? *Jesus.*

INT. LUC'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Finally inside Luc's shithole of a building, Olivia nears his door - it's open. She's about to knock when she realizes the loft is being searched by a team of police.

Bruno spots Olivia gaping in the doorway. He can't help but notice that she's beautiful. But he's got a job to do...

BRUNO  
Sorry, miss. Move along.

OLIVIA  
What's going on here? Where's...

Bruno smirks, leans against the door frame.

BRUNO  
What rag are you working for, lady?

OLIVIA  
I'm not a reporter. I'm supposed to meet my sister here. Grace Atwood.

BRUNO  
(smirking)  
Nice try. Have you even seen a picture of Grace?

Olivia sighs - this isn't the first time this has happened.

OLIVIA  
We have different dads.

Bruno's processing this when Olivia spots the giant red smear on the floor. She fights her panic.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Oh, God. Please tell me Grace's OK.

Gwendolyn, who's overheard the conversation, approaches.

GWENDOLYN  
Right now, we don't know where Grace is.

Olivia looks sick. Bruno sees her eyes fixed on that red stain and he takes pity on her.

BRUNO  
That's just paint. We don't have any reason to think your sister's been hurt.

(MORE)

BRUNO (CONT'D)  
 We'd just like to ask her and her  
 boyfriend a few questions.

Olivia's prosecutor alarm bells go off, all business now.

OLIVIA  
 There's a full CSU team here. This  
 isn't just a few questions. Do you  
 have a warrant to search this unit?  
 I'd like to see your warrant.

GWENDOLYN  
 Unless you live here, we don't have  
 to show you anything.

OLIVIA  
 Look, I don't know this Luc guy.  
 But I can assure you Grace had  
 nothing to do with Molly's death.

But just as Olivia's vouching for her sister...

INT. ST. PANCRAS INTERNATIONAL STATION - CONTINUOUS

A TEAM OF CONSTABLES descends on busy St. Pancras station.  
 They race through the soaring structure, looking for...

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Grace and Luc, who are cuddled up on a train, eager for it to  
 take them away. The train WHISTLES, about to depart.

But suddenly, Constables enter their car and surround them.

INT. LUC'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Bruno's phone buzzes with a text. Gwendolyn's goes off at the  
 same time. Olivia waits anxiously as they both read them.

BRUNO  
 We found your sister.

Gwendolyn looks smug.

GWENDOLYN  
 If she's so innocent, tell me this -  
 why was she trying to flee the  
 country?

Olivia looks shell-shocked. She thought she was coming to fly  
 her sister home, not defend her on a murder charge.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/WAITING AREA - LATER

Olivia paces the inhospitable New Scotland Yard waiting area, on the phone with her step-father.

OLIVIA

Grace was caught trying to leave the country. She's in custody. They won't let me see her, only her lawyer. We need local counsel. A colleague recommended...

INTERCUT WITH:

**BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.** INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

JAMES LAHUE - 50s, an American businessman who's used to getting his way - steps away from a business dinner.

JAMES

I've got a guy, Olivia.

OLIVIA

A guy? James, we need the best. We're in a foreign country.

JAMES

Do you think I'd hire less than the best to defend my daughter?

OLIVIA

Step-daughter.

JAMES

(not biting)  
Grace will be in great hands with Stan Gutterie.

**LONDON, ENGLAND.** INT. STAN'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

We wind through an impeccably appointed flat, out to the terrace where we find STAN GUTTERIE - 30s, American, a man who not only enjoys conflict, he revels in it. He's crouched down, holding a drink in one hand, a walnut in the other.

STAN

You know you want it.

REVERSE ANGLE to see he's talking to...a squirrel. Stan gently lays down the nut. The squirrel scampers a few feet. Stops. Eyes on that nut. This is actually pretty cute.

The squirrel scampers a little closer. But then...LOUD MOANS waft from the upstairs flat. The squirrel darts away. Stan scowls and downs his drink.

INT. STAN'S BUILDING/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Stan POUNDS on a door. Finally, a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN opens it. Stan starts unbuttoning his shirt.

STAN

OK. Let's do this.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Excuse me?

STAN

As loud as you two are, I figured it was an invitation to join in. If it's not, keep it down. You're scaring the wildlife.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I have a right to have sex in my own home. As loud as I want.

STAN

Huh. Why don't I give your hubby a call and see what he thinks about your right to loud sex?

The woman blanches - how did he know it's not her husband?

STAN (CONT'D)

Lady, I don't hear so much as a whimper from this place 3 weeks out of the month. But when your husband makes his monthly trip to Tokyo, you get your sushi on. So keep it down, or I'm giving Japan a call.

As Stan stalks away, his PHONE RINGS.

STAN (CONT'D)

Gutterie...I'm on it.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In the harsh light of interrogation, Luc looks keyed up. Gwendolyn hangs back, lets Bruno do his thing. He throws down a stack of photos of Luc's violent paintings.

BRUNO

Do you like blood, Luc? I'm no art expert, but these look like they were painted by someone who loves blood. Maybe you got tired of the fake stuff. Maybe you wanted to see the real thing.

LUC

It's just art.

BRUNO

How well did you know Molly?

Luc shrugs, noncommittal.

LUC

She was Grace's roommate.

BRUNO

You never hung out with Molly before you hooked up with Grace?

LUC

Might've seen her around the club a few times.

BRUNO

Looked to me like you knew her pretty well, the way she was grinding on you the night she died.

Luc's surprised that Bruno knows this, but plays it cool.

LUC

Haven't been out in a while, have you? That's just what girls do. We were just having a bit of fun.

BRUNO

And you wanted more fun, didn't you? So after Grace passed out, you snuck down from the roof to see Molly. Probably wasn't the first time you tip-toed outta Grace's bed into Molly's. But maybe this time, Molly said no and things got out of hand.

LUC

No, they didn't. Because *I never left the roof.*

This is his story and he's sticking with it.

INT. DIAVOLO - LATER

Diavolo is dead - too early for club goers. Roz heads for her DJ stand, but NIGEL, a slick man, intercepts her.

NIGEL

Didn't expect to see you tonight.

ROZ

I was going crazy just sitting around. Thinking about Molly.

NIGEL

We need to get on replacing her, you know.

ROZ

I see you're really broken up.

NIGEL

This is no time to lose your cool, Roz.

His line is flip, but Roz doesn't miss the implied threat.

After Nigel exits, Roz surreptitiously reaches beneath her sound board, pulls something out and slips it in her bag.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/WAITING AREA - LATER

Molly's brother, Patrick, is now in London. And he's about to pummel the FRONT DESK CONSTABLE at New Scotland Yard.

PATRICK

I'm not waiting until tomorrow. I want to see my sister. Now.

CONSTABLE

Sir, I was told...

PATRICK

I don't give a damn what you were told. Molly's alone on a cold slab back there, and I need to see her. Tonight.

ANGLE ON Olivia, watching this scene. The Irish accent, the raw grief - it finally hits her that this is Molly's brother. As scared as she is for Grace, she's painfully aware that she's the lucky one. Her sister is still alive.

CONSTABLE

OK. I'll see what I can do. Please take a seat...

(MORE)

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)  
 (off Patrick's glare)  
 Just for a minute, while I check.

Patrick sits, on the edge, ready to fight another round if he has to. Olivia watches him a moment. Finally, she feels compelled to say something.

OLIVIA  
 I'm so sorry about your sister.  
 (beat)  
 I lost someone I loved. A long time ago.

Olivia falters, we get the sense she doesn't talk about this much.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 It doesn't help. Seeing them.  
 After. It doesn't make you feel better.

Patrick slowly looks at Olivia, his eyes on fire.

PATRICK  
 I don't want to feel better.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ROBERT - 20s, a posh, handsome gentleman - dons an elegant suit. But he's transfixed by a news report about Molly. As her face fills the TV, a cuff link falls from his hand.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)  
 Are you ready, Robert?

He turns to find CHARLOTTE - 20s, a classic beauty, but with a hint of steel underneath - watching him. She picks up the cuff link and puts it on him.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
 Your mum might have me beheaded if we're late to our own engagement party.

He chuckles, but Charlotte sees he's distracted by the news.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
 That poor girl. Isn't it awful?

ROBERT  
 Terrible. But we shouldn't let it spoil your big night. Our big night.

He kisses Charlotte. But when she turns to leave, emotion clouds his face. Molly's death means something to him.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Bruno and Gwendolyn have been grilling Grace for a while. She's flustered, scared.

GWENDOLYN

We've all had flatmates - there's always something to fight about.

GRACE

I told you. Just stupid stuff. Whose turn it is to do the dishes. Nothing important. Nothing worth...

Grace trails off - can't even say it.

GWENDOLYN

What about boys?

GRACE

Boys?

GWENDOLYN

You ever like the same one? I had this friend, we were like sisters. But then we met Billy Howgill, and we both wanted him.

Just then, the door slams open. It's Stan. He smirks at Gwendolyn.

STAN

So you killed her?

Gwendolyn glares at Stan. These two have history. And it's not good.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT./EXT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Olivia pounds angrily on a hotel door until Stan answers.

OLIVIA  
Stan Gutterie?

STAN  
Ah, you must be the half-sister.

Olivia bristles at the distinction.

OLIVIA  
Didn't they tell you I was at the station? *Waiting?*

STAN  
Like I'd risk Grace saying something stupid to you in front of the cops.

OLIVIA  
Where is Grace?

STAN  
Oh, she's zonked. I gave her some pretty strong sedatives.

OLIVIA  
You're her *lawyer*, not her doctor.

STAN  
I'm whatever she needs me to be to keep her ass out of jail.

OLIVIA  
OK. No. This isn't gonna work. You know what I did while I was waiting around for you? I found out why you're not practicing law in the U.S. anymore.

STAN  
So?

OLIVIA  
So, I don't want someone who would do this, representing my sister.

Olivia thrusts her iPad in Stan's face.

CLOSE ON a video of Stan, completely wasted, in a fancy restaurant, taking a piss on another man's dinner.

STAN  
(chuckling)  
It was a white truffle risotto.

OLIVIA  
Are you proud of that?

STAN  
Well, I'm not not proud.

Olivia can't believe this ass, but Stan has her number.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Don't pretend this is why you're all worked up. You're pissed your step-dad didn't ask your advice before he hired a lawyer. You went to Harvard Law School. You're smarter than him, damn it!

Olivia's shocked - Stan's not just out of line, he's right.

STAN (CONT'D)  
And it's true - Mensa isn't beating down James's door. But he's got one thing you don't - the killer instinct. Which is why he hired me. You? You're a good little prosecutor. You put bad guys away and it makes you feel really good about yourself. But what if it turns out that your sister's the bad guy? Are you gonna have the stones to do what it takes to get her off? To break the rules?

OLIVIA  
You don't have to break the rules when you have the truth on your side. My sister didn't do this.

STAN  
Let me fill you in on some of the *truths* that are already flying in this shitstorm. Do you know what your sister's alibi is? That she was banging some French douchebag when her friend was being murdered. That she was so coked up she doesn't remember *walking through Molly's blood* to take a leak.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

That's why she needs me. Someone willing to sell his soul to get her off. Now if you want to add any value to this brouhaha, make sure your idiot sister keeps her pie hole shut, while I go spin her fleeing the country BS into gold.

Olivia's reeling. Things are so much worse than she feared.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Gwendolyn stands at a discrete distance as Patrick takes in his sister's lifeless body.

PATRICK

I should've been there to protect you. I should've...

(anguish turning to rage)

I'm going to find the bastard who did this to you, Molly. And when I do, I'm going to bring his head home to Ireland on a stake.

INT. MORGUE/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gwendolyn and Patrick walk in silence. Finally...

GWENDOLYN

I know you want someone to pay for what happened to your sister. But doing something that gets you thrown in jail won't help Molly. You have to trust the system.

PATRICK

To get justice for a Northern Irish girl? No offense, lady, but my people have been getting bent over by your system for centuries.

GWENDOLYN

Maybe you don't trust the system. But I promise, you can trust me.

This isn't just a line. Gwendolyn wants justice for Molly almost as much as Patrick.

INT. DIAVOLO - LATER

The club is packed. Roz works the DJ booth, but her eyes scan the crowd, from one beautiful girl to the next. She finally stops on a SEXY REDHEAD. Roz stares intently until the girl turns, now dancing just for Roz. Yes. This is the one.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - NEXT DAY

Prof. Linley - the man who spoke to Grace after class - is writing on the board when Meera, that student reporter walks in. We might notice she's showing a tad more cleavage than before.

MEERA

Excuse me, Professor Linley?

He looks up, pleased to see such an attractive student.

PROF. LINLEY

Yes?

MEERA

My name's Meera Patel. I'm with the Uni Paper. I'd like to talk to you about two of your students, Molly Quinn and Grace Atwood.

Professor Linley no longer looks so pleased.

EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - LATER

Outside New Scotland Yard, Stan speaks to a mob of PRESS.

STAN

Grace Atwood is a young girl, far from home, who woke up to find her best friend savagely murdered. Yes, Grace got on a train to Paris last night. But not because she's guilty of this heinous crime, because she feared for her life. Can you imagine the horror of discovering your friend disemboweled in your living room? Grace was terrified that she'd be next. And she was right to be scared, because what the Keystone Cops in there don't want anyone to know is that there are 14 unsolved murders in London. 14 female victims who were stabbed to death. Just like Molly.

A murmur goes up among the reporters, but Stan's on a roll.

STAN (CONT'D)

Jack the Ripper didn't spill that much blood. The police need to stop wasting time harassing an innocent, terrified, young girl.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

And get busy finding the sadistic  
butcher who's slaughtering the  
women of this great city.

The media is whipped into a frenzy. Just like Stan intended.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD/DCI'S OFFICE - LATER

CLOSE ON a TV showing Stan's press conference. PULL OUT to  
find Bruno, Pike and their boss, DCI THOMPSON, watching.  
Thompson - a hardened vet - angrily switches it off.

DCI THOMPSON

How did Gutterie get those stats?

BRUNO

They're crap, sir. None of those  
cases are remotely connected.

DCI THOMPSON

I don't want excuses! I want this  
case solved before we become a  
bloody laughing stock. Hell, I'm  
still dealing with the fallout from  
your kidnapping.

PIKE

Hey, we got the girl back, we got  
the guy...

DCI THOMPSON

Well, you didn't get him to cough  
that ransom back up, did you? We  
can't afford another public fiasco  
We need to make an arrest before  
this city goes into a full blown  
Jack the Ripper panic.

BRUNO

Who do you want us to arrest? Luc?  
The labs haven't come back on his  
DNA yet - we don't even know if  
he's the father of Molly's baby. Or  
did you want me to bring in Grace?  
'Cuz once Gutterie finds out about  
the pregnancy, he's gonna have  
every bloke Molly ever snogged in  
line behind Jack the Ripper as an  
alternative suspect. Talk about a  
fiasco.

The DCI rolls his eyes, but Bruno has made his point.

INT. HOTEL SUITE/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Olivia looks stressed as she Skypes with Chad on her laptop.

OLIVIA

If only I'd answered Grace's call, she never would've gotten on that train and we wouldn't be in this mess.

CHAD (ON COMPUTER)

You can't beat yourself up, Liv.

OLIVIA

God knows how long it'll take them to release her passport. I'm dreading telling the DA I need more time off. And, I'm so sorry, but you should probably go ahead and reschedule Reverend Moore.

CHAD (ON COMPUTER)

Don't worry about that, honey. Do you want me to fly over?

OLIVIA

That's so sweet of you. But no, we can't both risk our jobs over this.

Just then, Grace peeks out of the bedroom.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Oh, she's finally up. I'd better go. I love you.

Olivia closes her laptop as Grace runs into her arms.

GRACE

Thank God you're here, Livvy.  
I can't believe all this. First Molly...  
(fighting tears)  
And now the police are acting like I killed her.

OLIVIA

We'll get this straightened out. But Em, what were you thinking, trying to leave the country?

GRACE

I know. I was a dumbass for letting Luc talk me into getting on that train. I was just freaked out.

OLIVIA  
How well do you really know Luc?

GRACE  
(defensive)  
I know he didn't hurt Molly. We were together.

OLIVIA  
Your lawyer said you blacked out. Are you sure Luc didn't sneak away?

GRACE  
Luc didn't do this!

Olivia nods. She'll leave it there for now.

OLIVIA  
OK. Have you eaten?

GRACE  
I'm not hungry. I just want my stuff. But the police won't let me back in my flat. I just want to sleep in my own pajamas, Olivia.

OLIVIA  
Then I'm getting you your pajamas.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Robert sits on a bed, talking to someone off-screen.

ROBERT  
I had the most God awful dinner tonight. Squab. Do you know what that is? Pigeon. I think some down-on-its-luck manor was hosting a swanky guest once upon a time, and couldn't afford a decent cut of meat. So they caught a few pigeons, roasted them, and called them squab. And the guest, thinking he ought to know what it was, didn't ask. Well, for better or worse, I know what squab is.  
(beat)  
But you're not here to listen to what I had for dinner, are you?

He turns and we now see there's a NAKED WOMAN lying behind him. Oh yeah, and she's blindfolded and tied to the bed.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

No. That's not why you're here at all, is it?

SCRAPE. Robert pulls a table closer - it's covered in erotic tools. His hand hovers over them - what will it be tonight?

INT. RANGE ROVER - LATER

Robert sits in the back of a Range Rover, staring out the window, subdued.

ROBERT

I don't want to see that one again.

His driver, PHILLIP, glances at him in the rear view mirror.

PHILLIP

Anything specific that wasn't to your liking, sir?

ROBERT

She wasn't Molly.

EXT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

The Range Rover pulls up to a gate. Phillip nods to the GUARD, who opens the gate, speaking into a com-unit.

GUARD

Prince Robert is entering the Palace.

We PULL BACK to see...BUCKINGHAM PALACE. Whoa. What does the Prince of England have to do with Molly?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. GIRLS' FLAT - NEXT DAY

The bright morning sunlight makes the grisly crime scene that much more jarring. Bruno and Pike are back at it - looking for Molly's phone and anything else they may have missed.

Bruno studies Molly's room from the doorway. Something's off. He scrolls through crime scene photos.

CLOSE ON a photo of Molly's bed. A stuffed monkey leans against her pillow. We look at the bed - it's not there.

PIKE

(entering)

No sign of Molly's phone in the living room.

BRUNO

It's not in here either. But do you remember if we bagged a stuffed monkey from Molly's room?

PIKE

(scanning inventory)

Don't see it on here. But who gives a rat's arse about a monkey?

BRUNO

Whoever nicked it, that's who.

(showing him the photo)

Maybe Molly did have a stalker and he broke back in for one last memento.

PIKE

To a sealed crime scene?

Bruno examines the flat's windows. Pike follows, dubious.

PIKE (CONT'D)

More likely some crime scene tech took the monkey, hoping to make some dough on a splashy case.

But Bruno's single-minded. He notices a tiny terrace off the kitchen. He steps out onto it and examines the window.

CLOSE ON a number of prints. On the outside of the window.

BRUNO

I've got prints out here. Someone opened this window from outside.

PIKE

How? You think they climbed up 6 stories to get in?

BRUNO

No. I think they climbed down.

Bruno glances up at the roof - it's not that far above him. He starts looking for footholds.

PIKE

Don't be daft!

But Bruno's already climbing.

EXT. GIRLS' APARTMENT BUILDING/ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

From the rooftop, Bruno can see that Molly's building is one of 12 that abut each other in a horseshoe shape. Pike's eyeing him from the terrace below.

BRUNO

I think I can jump to the next building over.

PIKE

Now you're just showing off.

But Bruno JUMPS across the chasm. He makes it easily.

BRUNO

Anyone but a fat old man could make that jump. Our thief - or killer - could have come from any of these buildings.

INT. HOTEL SUITE/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There's a KNOCK at the door. Grace cautiously looks through the peephole, then swings the door open wide.

GRACE

Luc! Thank God! Are you OK?

Luc shrugs off her hug, more agitated than we've seen him.

LUC

Why did you get released before me?

GRACE

I don't know. My lawyer got me out.

LUC

Since when do you have a lawyer?

GRACE

My step-dad hired him. They were awful to me, Luc. The cops.

LUC

You? They held me for two days! What did you tell them?

GRACE

That we were together on the roof all night. What else would I tell them, baby?

She moves to kiss him, but Luc pushes her away.

LUC

They took my passport. You must've told them something.

GRACE

They took my passport, too. But I'm sure my lawyer can help both of us.

LUC

That's not how it works, Grace. They're looking for someone to pin this on. You've got a fancy lawyer to protect you. I'm just the dumbass you're screwing. But I'm the one who's going to hang.

With that, Luc storms away. Grace looks kicked in the gut.

INT. GIRLS' FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Olivia stands in the doorway of Grace's old flat. Careful not to step over the threshold. Careful to avoid looking at the dark crimson stains splashed across the living room.

That ruddy-faced CONSTABLE approaches, holding some clothes.

CONSTABLE

I think this is everything, Ma'am.

OLIVIA

Thank you so much. Wait, her coat?

She nods at a coat hanging on a hook. The Constable checks a list, then grabs the coat and checks the pockets. But Olivia's eyes are fixed on a GREEN CASHMERE SCARF left hanging behind it. Before she can stop herself, she grabs it.

CONSTABLE

Ma'am!

Olivia checks the scarf's label: Astor & Black. This unnerves her for some reason, but she plays it cool.

OLIVIA

Oh, I'm so sorry. This is Grace's, too. Is it OK if I take it?

CONSTABLE

It's not on my list. The Detective Sergeant said...

BRUNO (O.S.)

Maybe we can make an exception.

Bruno enters and takes the scarf from Olivia. She doesn't want to let it go. But after examining it, he hands it back.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Did you get everything you need?

OLIVIA

Yes. Thank you. I heard you approved this.

BRUNO

I heard you raised quite a stink.

OLIVIA

Sorry. She's my little sister.

EXT. GIRLS' APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

As Olivia walks away from Grace's flat, she looks down at that scarf in her hands. She's crossed some sort of line in taking it, and she's not sure how she feels about that.

INT. HOTEL SUITE/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Olivia lets herself into the suite. Grace's watching news footage of Molly with the sound off. She's been crying.

OLIVIA

We've got PJS!

GRACE

Thank you, Livvy.

Olivia watches carefully as Grace goes through the bag of stuff, waiting for her to get to that green scarf. Grace's visibly sobered by it.

OLIVIA

What's wrong?

GRACE

This isn't mine. It's Molly's.

Whatever Olivia suspects, she doesn't share it with Grace.

OLIVIA

I'm sorry. I thought it was yours.

GRACE

It's OK. I'm gonna go change.

As soon as Grace's in the other room, Olivia goes out onto the terrace and closes the door. She makes a call, furious.

OLIVIA

What was Grace's dead roommate doing with the scarf I gave you last Christmas?

INTERCUT WITH:

**BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.** EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Her step-dad, James, walks toward a private jet, on his cell.

JAMES

What are you talking about, Olivia?

OLIVIA

I bought it at Astor & Black. What's an Irish girl doing with a scarf from a Boston men's shop?

JAMES

I don't like what you're insinuating.

OLIVIA

I'm not gonna do that thing where we pretend you don't cheat on my mom like it's your full-time job. Not this time. And you need to understand something. If I find out that you had anything to do with Molly's death, I won't hesitate for one second to turn you in.

James's eyes grow hard, but his tone is honeyed.

JAMES

I know we've had our differences, Olivia, but do you really believe that I had anything to do with that poor girl's death?

Olivia doesn't respond, so James pushes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You know I've been in Brussels all week.

OLIVIA

No. I know you *said* you've been in Brussels all week.

Olivia hangs up, her suspicions far from alleviated.

EXT. STAN'S FLAT/TERRACE - MOMENTS LATER

Stan's watching that squirrel inching toward a trail of nuts laid out from his rhododendrons to his chair.

STAN

That's right. Come and get it. Yum.

Stan's phone BUZZES and he grabs it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

James is now on that private jet.

JAMES

We have an Olivia problem.

STAN

Really? I find her so delightful.

JAMES

She's sniffing around. We need to contain this before she figures out anything truly damaging. Tell me you've found Molly's damn phone.

STAN

My guy's on it.

JAMES

That's not good enough, Gutterie. I'm paying you a fortune to fix this. So why isn't it fixed? I'm coming to London.

STAN

So you can crap the bed again? I don't think so. Just stay put.

Stan hangs up and sees he's scared the squirrel away. Damn.

INT. KALEY'S FLAT - LATER

Inside a modest studio apartment, we find Roz in bed with that redhead from the club, KALEY. They're naked and spent.

KALEY

You can stay as long as you like.

Kaley runs her finger down Roz's cheek, enamored. This poor girl has no idea that she's being baited like a fish.

ROZ

I might be able to do something for you, too.

Roz kisses her neck and Kaley giggles, thinking Roz is about to reciprocate something downtown. Roz laughs.

ROZ (CONT'D)

I meant a favor. There's this job I know about. It pays stupid money. If you're into that.

Kaley definitely looks intrigued, but just then she spots a PUPPY chewing on a leather purse.

KALEY

Winston! No!

She grabs the puppy and pulls it off the purse, spilling the contents. A look of alarm flashes across Roz's face.

KALEY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry!

ROZ

It's fine.

Roz blocks Kaley's view as she scoops the contents back in the purse. Her face is frantic until she spots...

A phone. With MOLLY bedazzled in jewels on the cover.

Relieved, Roz zips it securely back in the purse.

EXT. THE THAMES - LATER

Olivia paces alongside the Thames as she makes a call.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHAD'S LAW FIRM/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chad is working when his phone buzzes. He quickly picks up.

CHAD  
Hey, baby. How's it going?

OLIVIA  
Are you still tight with that guy  
from the State Department?

CHAD  
Becker? Yeah, why?

OLIVIA  
I need to know if UK Customs has a  
record of James being in London on  
the day Molly was killed.

CHAD  
Your step-dad?! You think he...

OLIVIA  
I don't know. I just want to rule  
it out. So can you ask Becker?

CHAD  
I'll see what I can do. But Olivia,  
what's your plan here? Stay in  
London and solve this case  
yourself?

OLIVIA  
(frustrated)  
I don't have a plan. I just know  
that I can't abandon my sister over  
here, all alone. My mom is in no  
shape to come over right now. And  
the closest thing Grace's got to a  
father is a jackass who might be  
mixed up in this whole nightmare!

Olivia fights back tears. Chad proceeds gently, he knows  
what's behind all this emotion.

CHAD  
Honey, you have to stop punishing  
yourself. It's not your fault  
Grace's dad is dead.

OLIVIA  
Isn't it?

Olivia worries the raised scar peeking out of her sleeve - a  
talisman of her guilt.

INT. THE SOURCE/EDITOR'S OFFICE - THAT EVENING

Meera tries to look confident as SLOANE JACKDALE - the most ruthless tabloid editor in London - reads her copy.

SLOANE

You were right not to waste this story on a Uni paper. The public is going to eat this up.

MEERA

You want to run it?

SLOANE

And I want you to keep running with it. It's brilliant. You're their peer - I couldn't buy that kind of access. Just remember - Grace is the real story now. Nothing sells papers like a pretty, young American who slaughtered an innocent Irish girl in a drug addled, sex crazed fugue.

EXT. LONDON CITYSCAPE - EARLY MORNING

TIME LAPSE as the sun rises behind the London Eye.

At a newsstand, a stack of papers hits the curb. It's *The Source*. The entire front page is plastered with pictures of Grace, Molly and Prof. Linley.

The headline screams: Lust, Violence...Murder?

INT./EXT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Grace walks through the hotel lobby and outside where...

FLASH! FLASH! A MOB of reporters and cameramen rush her.

REPORTER 1

Grace, were you sleeping with your professor?

REPORTER 2

Did you slash his wife's tires?

REPORTER 3

*Did you kill Molly?*

As they ask that all-important question, we FREEZE-FRAME on Grace's panicked face. Did she?

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Olivia wades through paparazzi hell to find Grace in the center of it. She grabs her and tries to fight their way out, but the MOB crushes in on them.

Suddenly, a strong arm holds back the tide. Bruno. He grabs both girls and bulldozes through. Not stopping until...

INT. HOTEL SUITE/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They return to their suite and slam the door behind them.

GRACE

Why did they do that?

Bruno flips on the TV. Grace's face fills the screen.

REPORTER (ON TV)

It wouldn't be the first time that American Grace Atwood lashed out at a rival for Professor Linley's affections.

Now it's grainy footage of Grace puncturing a car tire.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

CCTV footage captured Miss Atwood slashing the tires of his wife's car. Just hours later, Mrs. Linley's car spun out of control and she was gravely injured.

Bruno abruptly switches off the TV.

BRUNO

I want to help you, Grace. But every time I turn around, I'm blind-sided. I need some answers.

GRACE

I didn't try to kill his wife! He was an ass, and I was trying...

OLIVIA

Grace! Shut up. You can't talk to the police without Stan. Ever. Go to your room. Don't even look at your phone. Got it?

Grace exits - pissed. The door closes, Olivia turns to Bruno.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Thank you for helping us out there,  
but you know she can't talk to you  
without an attorney present.

BRUNO

You're an attorney.  
(off Olivia's surprise)  
I did my research.

OLIVIA

Then you probably know I'm not  
licenced to practice in the UK. So  
no Stan, no Grace.

Olivia tucks her hair back, revealing a cut.

BRUNO

You're bleeding.

OLIVIA

I think I got clipped by a camera.

BRUNO

Sit down.

Olivia sits as Bruno grabs a towel from the loo. He gently  
dabs at the blood, considers his words.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

So, Stan Gutterie. He's not cheap.  
You hire him and people start  
wondering what you've got to hide.

OLIVIA

Our step-dad's an ass, he hired an  
ass, that's all it means.

BRUNO

Our step-dad? So your mom's on  
husband what? Number three?  
(off her offended look)  
Sorry, I'm no stranger to jackass  
step-dads. My last one was a real  
prize fighter when it came to women  
half his size.

Bruno's candor prompts Olivia to open up more than normal.

OLIVIA

My mom never married my deadbeat  
dad. Grace's dad though, he was  
wonderful. But he...died. So James  
is what we're stuck with.

Bruno lets it drop, can sense Olivia's pain. He gives her cut one last dab.

BRUNO

I think you'll be OK.

Their eyes meet and - for a moment - we feel something crackling between these two. But then...

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Olivia, if Grace has an explanation, she should talk to me now.

OLIVIA

She's not talking without Stan.

And, like that, we're reminded that these two are on very different sides. Olivia takes the towel and shows Bruno the door.

After he's gone, she sighs. That's inconvenient.

INT. PUB - LATER

It's early, but the ale is flowing and the footballer crowd is rowdy over some game Stan couldn't give two shits about. He catches the eye of a man who's not the least bit happy to see him - that ruddy faced Constable who works with Bruno.

INT. PUB/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stan's at the urinal doing his thing when the Constable enters. He blocks the door so no one can enter behind him.

CONSTABLE

I just did you a favor.

STAN

Technically, it's not a favor when you're getting paid. But I'm happy to stop paying you and simply rely on your keen sense of self-preservation to inspire your cooperation.

The Constable hates that Stan has something on him.

CONSTABLE

What do you want this time?

STAN

I knew we could be civil.

INT. HOTEL SUITE/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Olivia enters the bedroom to confront her sister. She's always known Grace was wild, but suddenly it's like she doesn't know her at all.

OLIVIA  
Is it true?

GRACE  
Oh, so now you want me to talk?

OLIVIA  
Don't be a smartass. Did you sleep with your professor? Did you hurt his wife?

GRACE  
No! I mean...yes, but not the way they're making it sound. I had a thing with Geoffrey...Prof. Linley.

OLIVIA  
A thing?

GRACE  
We had sex, Liv. A few times.

OLIVIA  
What's gotten in to you over here, Grace? Sleeping with married men? Doing cocaine? What else am I going to find out about you?

GRACE  
Screw you! I'm 20 years old. I'm supposed to have fun. And I didn't know he was married. When I found out, I was pissed. That's why I slashed his tires.

OLIVIA  
What were you thinking?! That woman was seriously injured.

GRACE  
I never wanted anyone to get hurt. I didn't think he'd even be able to drive the car, I swear.

OLIVIA  
What about Molly? Was she sleeping with this professor, too? Did you threaten to *kill* her?

GRACE

I saw him perverting on her and I warned her to stay away from him. I was trying to *protect* Molly.

Olivia can't believe it's come to this, but she has to ask.

OLIVIA

I'm only going to ask you this once, Grace. Did you kill Molly?

Grace meets Olivia's piercing gaze. Holds it steady.

GRACE

No.

But suddenly Grace's bravado dissolves and she tears up.

GRACE (CONT'D)

But it's my fault Molly's dead.

Olivia's taken aback.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It was my idea to invite all those people back to our place. I didn't know half of them. And I left Molly down there, alone. All I cared about was Luc. And he doesn't care about me at all. I'm just some girl he's *screwing*.

Grace completely breaks down now. Olivia finally reaches out and tries to soothe her scared, screwed-up little sister.

OLIVIA

Shh, Grace. It's going to be OK.

But despite her words, we can see that Olivia's terrified for her sister.

INT. LOUNGE - LATER

Kaley looks stunning in a sexy dress. Roz smiles - pleased with her work.

KALEY

Do I look OK?

ROZ

There's only one thing missing.

Roz places an ornate mask on Kaley. She stays in close, touching a rose pendant that hangs in Kaley's cleavage.

ROZ (CONT'D)

Now you're perfect. Are you ready?

Kaley nods nervously. Roz dons her own mask, opens a door...

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - CONTINUOUS

And they enter a party straight out of EYES WIDE SHUT. The guests are dressed lavishly - or not at all - but they all wear masks. Naked girls swim in a giant aquarium. Aerial artists perform an erotic show above the guests' heads.

Roz makes eye contact with Nigel. He gives her a signal and Roz steers Kaley to a MASKED MAN and sends them off.

A FAT MAN approaches Roz.

FAT MAN

Where's your Irish friend?

ROZ

She...won't be coming back.

What strange, sordid world had Molly gotten herself into?

INT. STAN'S FLAT - LATER

Stan enters his flat, pours himself a stiff one, and heads for his terrace. He makes a clicking noise, calling that squirrel, but stops when he sees...

Its corpse, right outside his door. Stan squats, studying it. Even though Stan is a son of a bitch, we're sad for him.

But Stan isn't. He smiles.

He grabs the tongs from his grill. He's carrying the squirrel to the trash when there's a knock at the door. It's Olivia.

OLIVIA

Where the hell have you been?

Stan waves that dead squirrel around hospitably.

STAN

Please, come in. Help yourself to whatever. Just don't eat the nuts.

He nods to a bowl. Clearly the squirrel's downfall.

OLIVIA

O-K. Well, while you've been killing squirrels, the press has been eating Grace alive.

STAN

Oh, Olivia. You see somebody taking a big dump in your Chardonnay, and I see somebody handing me a 20 year old single malt.

OLIVIA

Are you ever not a complete ass?

STAN

I'm just suggesting you look for silver linings - The Source just handed us an alternative suspect.

OLIVIA

You think Linley killed Molly?

STAN

Who knows. But I'm sure I can make it look like he did. I dug into him today and guess what - Grace isn't the only star of CCTV. I've got footage of Linley leaving his house at 1:16 the night Molly was killed and not returning until after 5:00. Where was he all night, while his poor wife lay in traction?

OLIVIA

How'd you get this footage?

STAN

I have my sources.

OLIVIA

I'm sure. Look Stan, you were right the other day. I can't stand James. And I don't trust him. And since he's paying your outrageous fee, I don't trust you either. So I'm staying in London until this case is over. And I'm going to make sure that at least one of us is actually defending Grace.

Stan dumps that squirrel in the trash - tongs and all.

STAN

So you're going to put your life on hold. Abandon your fiance and your hot shot career. To slug it out in a foreign legal system alongside a colleague you don't trust.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

For a sister whose behavior you so obviously disapprove of?

OLIVIA

Grace's innocent. And I'm going to prove it.

STAN

You still think your sister is innocent? That's touching. But if you really want to help Grace, you need to stop caring whether she's innocent, and start caring about who else looks guilty. Luckily, in a case this dirty, there's plenty of guilt to go around. We just have to sniff it out. Coax it out. But don't worry, we will. Even if they didn't slit that girl's throat, there's more than one person out there with Molly's blood on their hands.

As Stan speaks we see QUICK CUTS of our potential suspects:

- Luc - a rubber tie taut across his arm, needle in hand.
- James nurses a Scotch on a terrace with the twinkling lights of a foreign city spread before him.
- Prince Robert emerges from a steamy shower - raw, red claw marks mar his chest.
- Roz stands on the outskirts of that erotic party. Watching.
- Prof. Linley fights his way through a mob of press outside his house. He finally slams the door on them, only to find...Patrick. Waiting inside for him.
- A PAKISTANI TEENAGER stares out his bedroom window at Molly's flat across the street. As he watches, he holds her stuffed monkey to his nose and inhales deeply.
- Grace, in her bra and underwear, paints her toenails and laughs as she watches an episode of South Park.

We GO CLOSE on her face, until we're TIGHT ON HER EYES. Beautiful. Enigmatic. Are these the eyes of a killer?

END OF PILOT

\*