

WOULD LOVE TO MEET

written by

John Maudlin

Address  
Phone  
E-mail

EXT. HAWK END TRAIN STATION. 23:10 NIGHT

A brick built building circa pre WW2 with some modern improvements to the ticket office and additions to the interior of a small newsagents and coffee shop on platform 1 being the up line to London. Platform 2 is sparse except for a small waiting room.

The up line runs away in a straight line while the down curves away to the left as it leaves the station. The far side of platform 2 is blanketed in the shadows of trees aligning the far railing being cast from a single lamppost situated mid-platform. Although not far from the small town it serves the station is peaceful and all the amenities are closed. What little noise emanates is due to a breeze filtering through the branches of the foliage. The serving road spans the rails by way of a concrete arched bridge to the right.

There is only one Station exit and a servicing pedestrian bridge stretches between the two platforms. There is a light at either end above both stairwells and one midway across the bridge and the illumination it offers is efficient enough to see where one is walking but not bright enough to provide solace to those alighting alone and vulnerable. There is no CCTV and no lift but there are notices aluding to the proposed installation of both. Platform 1 is brighter benefitting from the added glare from lampposts on the road beyond.

Down the tracks the headlights of an approaching train from the City breach the shroud of darkness that shivers beyond the visible rails. Slowly a train enters the station and stops. The 'doors opening' signal bounces off the brickwork underneath the bridge and beyond being swallowed up by the greater silence of a rural nighttime.

CUT TO:

EXT PLATFORM 2 NIGHT

A young girl CATHY exits the train furthest from the pedestrian bridge. No-one else alights. She is in her early twenties, blonde, her hair in pig tails and is wearing a red bobble hat, an anorak, jeans and flat shoes. She has a small haversack around her shoulders.

As she walks toward the pedestrian bridge the train pulls out. The comforting hum of the accelerating engine dissipates almost immediately the train takes the outward curve. Silence moves in like an enveloping mute wind. As she walks past the waiting room she hesitates imagining something had moved from within.

She peers closely but perceives nothing nevertheless she takes a pace away from the room toward the track and pads swiftly by. As she reaches the bottom of the pedestrian staircase she grabs the railing with her right hand and looks back down the platform. Satisfied there is nothing behind her she turns to ascend.

Suddenly a hand grabs hers and another covers her mouth. A figure dressed in black, hiding behind the bridge pulls her away while she struggles unable to scream or alert a passer by. She is dragged back toward the waiting room. She kicks out and her left foot cracks the pane of glass in the door. Her assailant throws her to the floor still pinioned to her body. He wrestles her beneath him so she is facing the floor. She back kicks and catches him in the back. He moans and she wriggles around facing him.

Her eyes widen.

CATHY

No, not this...please...

His hands reach around her neck. She clutches at his grip trying to force his hands away.

ASSAILANT

You asked for this.

She struggles a reply, choking.

CATHY

I never asked for anything.

He looses his grip on her neck slightly

CATHY (CONT'D)

You don't need to do this. I promise I won't tell anybody.

ASSAILANT

I can't...I can't take the chance.

CATHY

I thought you wanted me. I thought that's what this was all about.

ASSAILANT

They'll be others.

He starts to throttle her again. His grip intensifies and she begins to black out. After a minute she stops struggling.

The assailant, in silhouette, breathing heavily from the assault, rips the haversack from underneath her body and begins rifling through it.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)

Where is it you bitch?

He tosses keys, her purse, a make-up bag and other items out of the haversack. Behind him she breathes her last words and smiles.

CATHY

It's not there...

FADE OUT.

EXT. CLEARWATER, A RURAL TRAIN STATION IN SURREY. LATE FALL.  
MONDAY MORNING TWO YEARS LATER

An old Victorian building with modern touches. It has two platforms 1 (Up line) and 2 (Down line) A modern coffee shop is installed on Platform 1. A small kiosk selling crisps/sandwiches/sweets/drinks and newspapers sits around twenty yards away further down the platform. A small waiting room occupies the space in-between. Platform 2 has a smaller waiting room sitting directly opposite but nothing else. An old pedestrian bridge with a light in the centre spans the tracks at the far end. About a 100 yards in the opposite direction a newer bridge encompassing an elevator at each end adjoins the two platforms. The ticket office is a square self-contained room with a toughened glass window and a lockable entry door to the right and side. It is manned by one railway employee. An INSPECTOR marshals the platform arrivals. He's tall slightly dour but affable and is courteous to the dozen or so passengers entering the station. Outside it's a bright morning but not too sunny, the sky adopting a shade of matted custard. The station is tree-lined on both sides. Occasionally a random gust of wind impels the trees to lean in onto the roofs of the buildings, caressing them like children being readied for school.

A girl MONICA, walks into the concourse. Her straw blonde hair is tied in two tight pigtails divided by a red woolly hat that bobs up and down on her head, replicating her jaunty gait, as she crosses toward the ticket barrier. She carries a well used back pack slung across one shoulder. A largish pink volume is visible peaking out at the top. The bag's creases are in direct contrast to Monica's clear complexion. Her pale blue eyes take in her surroundings and fellow travellers as if she were reading a favourite novel. She smiles broadly at the INSPECTOR stood at the barrier.

INSPECTOR  
A little late today

MONICA  
The train or me?

INSPECTOR  
Just you

MONICA  
Shame

INSPECTOR  
Dangerous game - sleeping on trains

MONICA  
I have a phone Inspector. It has  
an alarm.

INSPECTOR  
I never told you about the bloke  
who fell asleep one morning and  
ended up in Gatwick Airport?

MONICA  
Yes, you did

She slips through the barrier

MONICA (CONT'D)  
And it was Heathrow...

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP PLATFORM 1

Monica enters. A young girl DEBBIE and a slightly older man KARL are behind the counter. Karl serves while Debbie makes the coffees. There is a pile of free newspapers on a small table beside the counter

KARL  
Ah my Infanta!

MONICA  
Morning Karl.

KARL  
Usual

MONICA  
Could I have some coffee with the  
froth this time?

DEBBIE

Hey! He made it yesterday

MONICA

I know

DEBBIE

Cappuccino - extra shot?

MONICA

Thanks

Karl takes an empty take away cup and begins to write on it.

MONICA (CONT'D)

It's nice Karl but Monica will do

KARL

Everyone needs a nickname

MONICA

Many are given but few are asked for.

DEBBIE

It's your own fault, telling them that's what your friends called you at school.

KARL

It's a nice nickname. I like it. Original, yes?

DEBBIE

For a biped I suppose.

MONICA

You do realise I have to sit on a crowded train drinking out of that?

Karl curls a huge right hand around the writing. He has a rose tattoo at the apex of his arm and the back of his hand

KARL

Just do that if you're embarrassed

MONICA

Well, write smaller. My hands aren't the size of basketballs

KARL

Why don't you tell the world about us?

MONICA  
Perhaps, in my obituary

KARL  
Don't you keep a diary?

MONICA  
I might, if I had something  
interesting to write about?

KARL  
On Monday you could say how much I  
love you and then on Tuesday you  
could say how much more I love you.

DEBBIE  
It's hardly Samuel Peeps.

KARL  
I could buy you one. What colour  
would you like? Pink?

He grins wittingly looking toward her bag.

MONICA  
Is my latte ready yet Debbie?

Monica drops her bag on the counter, tucks the pink volume  
deeper into her bag and grabs a copy of the free daily  
newspaper from a stack beside the counter.

DEBBIE  
There you go

She hands her the drink. Monica takes it and grabs her ruck  
sack

KARL  
Don't forget to mention how  
handsome I am

MONICA  
It's only a novel Karl.

KARL  
Nobody writes pink novels.

DEBBIE  
What about Barbara Cartland?

MONICA  
Yuk. Mind you Karl if I ever start  
a diary my first impressions of you  
you will be my first entry.

KARL

I told you Kitten, I will wear you down until you can't live without me. What will you put? My beautiful brown eyes, my sleek dark hair or my warm enticing smile?

MONICA

Actually Pinocchio, it'll probably be your big bloody nose.

She exits

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE

Monica is sitting in an aisle seat drinking her coffee. The name 'Kitten' is clearly visible on the coffee cup. She looks to her right and an old man GERRY is looking at it. He has a twinkle in his eye

GERRY

I think it's cute

MONICA

Not as cute as yours

GERRY

Not as ageist as mine. Why won't you...

MONICA

Because I prefer Gerry?

GERRY

You'll be...

MONICA

...old too one day young lady. You're too old to be old Gerry. Would it be okay if I read it first?

GERRY

Of course.

MONICA

Why can't you ever remember to get your own?



GERRY

With a name like mine?  
(laughs)  
Come on wouldn't you like to know  
my real name?

MONICA

Why? Is it your birthday or  
something?

GERRY

If you like.

MONICA

Here - Happy Birthday.

She slaps the newspaper into his lap.

GERRY

Steady Monica. Don't do me an  
injury.

MONICA

You're very fresh for a stranger,  
besides, I doubt you even felt it.

GERRY

Remember you that hit on me in the  
first place. I was just sitting  
her daydreaming when this very  
attractive young lady joined me at  
Clearwater.

MONICA

Hit on you? I was just doing my  
bit for care in the community.

GERRY

More like in the community but I  
don't care - pretending I was the  
desirable object of one of those  
silly 'would love to meet'  
articles.

MONICA

I thought it was you to a tee;  
mature, bearded Colossus

GERRY

I'm 72, clean-shaven and five and  
half feet tall

MONICA

72 - that's mature isn't it?

GERRY  
And Colossus?

MONICA  
Maybe, on a high enough plinth.  
Anyway you never know - could be  
another invitation in there,  
especially for a handsome old rogue  
like you

GERRY  
I can smell the lavender now

They both giggle. He opens the paper and reads. Monica returns to her coffee.

The old man sees something in the paper. He nudges Monica

MONICA  
Have you struck lucky again?

GERRY  
I haven't but I think the blonde  
next to me has

He hands over the paper. It is open on the 'Would Love to Meet' section. He points to one of the articles:

'Would love to meet pretty pig-tailed blonde with red bobble hat and adorable smile. Gets on at Clearwater. Maybe a coffee, kitten? *Shy Guy with brown hair, glasses and briefcase*'

Monica drops the paper and both her and the old man peer curiously along the carriage. After a few seconds they both look behind. A young man behind her in a plain blue suit and tie and wearing glasses, looks quickly away but was evidently watching her intently before. Monica hands the paper back to the old man.

MONICA  
This is you isn't it?

GERRY  
If it is my descriptive powers are worse than yours. Still it's a give away. Must be your barrista, Karl isn't it?

MONICA

Not very anonymous if it is. Wait a minute, you're not trying to get me back?

GERRY

Monica I'm a retired soldier. I work part-time as a security guard whose primary, if not only, task is to raise and lower a gated entrance to a government building and doff one's cap to the passing dignitaries. Believe me the idle thoughts that dominate the majority of my working day tend toward notions of revolution rather than revenge.

MONICA

You should be in the House of Lords.

GERRY

Do you think he's watching you now?

MONICA

Brown hair and glasses?

GERRY

And briefcase?

MONICA

Everybody's got a bloody briefcase...except you.

GERRY

Could be someone at Clearwater. Maybe they get a different train.

Monica looks around again and then gets up

MONICA

Let's see if I can spot Mr Shy Guy

She gets up and walks toward the toilet cubicle at the back of the carriage, passing the young man on her way. He sees her coming and then turns his head firmly downward.

CUT TO:

INT. TOILET CUBICLE

Monica steps inside and pushes the lock. She gazes into the mirror looking at herself. She tugs on each pigtail and straightens her bob cap. The train shifts and she grabs onto the small wash basin with both hands to steady herself. She continues to do so a few seconds after the rails smooth out. The hint of a smile lingers across her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE

Monica returns to her seat.

GERRY  
Any suspects?

MONICA  
Hundreds.

GERRY  
Best stick with me. Experience counts.

MONICA  
Then you must count for a hell of a lot Gerry.

Gerry puts his hand on her arm tenderly.

GERRY  
You a little uncomfortable with this?

MONICA  
No, of course not. Ther are a dozen of these in here every day.

GERRY  
Meaning?

She lays the paper open on her lap.

MONICA  
They've all got an itch and most of them will just scratch away at it.

GERRY  
Instead of reaching for the dock leaf?

MONICA

Exactly

GERRY

That's a little unfair isn't it?

MONICA

On shy guy? He's hardly waving a flag is he?

GERRY

Maybe he'll just bump into you, accidentally.

Monica's eyes drift out toward the window and the countryside speeding by.

MONICA

There was a boy I used to like when I was at school. My first crush I suppose. We used to get the same bus. I got on the stop before him, and he got off the stop after me. He worked in town, for a bank. I always sat downstairs kerbside, so I could see him the longest possible time, you know, standing at the stop, getting on, paying his fare and then walking upstairs. He was older than me, maybe three, four years but for six months it seemed I lived only for those brief minutes. He was the most beautiful creature I ever saw. He never bumped into me or me to him. Never had a chance.

GERRY

Did he leave town?

MONICA

In a way. A few days later there was a headline in the local paper and below it a picture of my beloved.

GERRY

My God, was he in an accident?

MONICA

Worse.

GERRY

He died?

MONICA

No, he was sent down for stealing from his employer.

GERRY

Oh. Not the angel he appeared to be then?

MONICA

The fact that he'd been caught embezzling didn't make him any less magnificent. He could've been the worst degenerate on God's blessed Earth and I would have forgiven his sins just to see that glorious face. Instead I'd lost him forever.

GERRY

You could've waited for him.

MONICA

Oh yeah I got you. Then I bump into him outside the Scrubs? 'Hi, you don't know me but before you got caught nicking I had a right case of the hots for you' Seriously Gerry? Besides - five years inside - an Adonis he wouldn't be.

GERRY

Maybe the Scrubs has got it's own Love to Meet section.

MONICA

Now that's the one I'd really like to read.

The train pulls into Waterloo.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERLOO STATION, MORNING

Gerry and Monica exit through the platform barriers

MONICA

See you in the morning gorgeous.

GERRY

I'll be on the 16:05 if you need a chaperone. We could meet under the clock.

MONICA

At Sunset? You may be as old as  
Terence Stamp but you ain't no  
Terence Stamp. Bye.

They go off in opposite directions.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CREDIT CRUNCH RESTAURANT, NEAR BANK OF ENGLAND.  
MORNING

Smart modern interior seating around 100 but with a strange hybrid of styles. The proprietor DAVINDER, late twenties, second generation Hindu, is behind the bar - Monica enters. Davinder is medium height with a fashionable dark beard, tan skin and safe brown eyes.

DAVINDER

Warming up

MONICA

Sure is - got a little heated at  
Waterloo.

DAVINDER

Really? Seemed okay to me.

MONICA

Just got here?

DAVINDER

Nah. An hour at least and before  
you say anything I can only pay you  
from nine.

MONICA

Rush hour's become more of an  
amusement than an annoyance lately.

DAVINDER

Really? You have a strange sense of  
humor

MONICA

Dave - do you think you could,  
maybe, add some variety to your  
interjections?

Davinder is drying cups with a dishcloth. He rolls up both ends and then snaps it straight before folding and driving the thin end into a glass.

DAVINDER  
Sure. Absolutely! Certainly!

MONICA  
And your drying technique is lousy  
too

She pushes past him and into the rear. Davinder checks the glass.

DAVINDER  
Really?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING

Another waitress JOY third generation Afro-Caribbean - mid twenties. She is petite, pretty and patient. Darker skinned than Davinder.

JOY  
Morning Kitten

MONICA  
Don't you start. I wish I'd never told you and Dave about Karl. He's a numpty.

JOY  
He'd fit right in here

MONICA  
Funny name to give a restaurant you want to be successful.

JOY  
They changed it last year. Dave thought it up. He says it's ironic.

MONICA  
Anyway who made Dave boss?

JOY  
His Dad.

MONICA  
The books?



JOY

Oh no, no. His older brother - he got the brains. Dave got the sarcasm. No pressure.

MONICA

Not with us running things

JOY

Brian Cox he ain't but he's easy going. I've worked for worse, especially in this industry

She exhales deeply and picks up a bottle of detergent

MONICA

I wonder what it would be like; never having to care; not worrying about having to get up or not. No money troubles...no cliches

JOY

Cliches are okay. Don't underestimate their value. My parents are a cliché. They've been married, I dunno, twenty happy years or so; live in a nice semi in Dulwich; worked hard and saved what they could. Cliches work. I'll take a cliché any day over struggling, over loneliness.

MONICA

Are you really saying the summit of human ambition is to become A cliché?

JOY

Everything we are is a cliché. Everything or everyone we interact with is still part of a system. We're oblivious to the machinery because we're too far up its arse. I just want what everybody else does - to pay my bills, eat, a bit of 'Strictly' on a Saturday night and whatever shut eye I can grab. Even the 'Wallets' that come in here everyday trying to out bullshit each other - that's all they really want.

(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)

Only difference is what they eat,  
watch TV with and sleep on probably  
comes from Harrods

MONICA

I would object to being some kind  
of force-less element in a life  
that's been somehow templated and  
unchangeable?

JOY

The secret is to treat yourself -  
everyday. The small things - they  
count the most.

MONICA

Don't you want to do something  
meaningful?

JOY

Why?

MONICA

What was your last job?

JOY

Waitress. Same as. Same work, same  
sort of clientele.

MONICA

Not far from here then? Serving  
the poor emaciated defenders of the  
pound

JOY

That's an understatement. Most  
left less than 5% tip; the rest  
nothing because they couldn't claim  
it back on expenses.

MONICA

That's why you started...

JOY

No morals here Monica. I found out  
early enough these idiots may be in  
charge of millions of pounds in  
investments but a lot of them can't  
do simple mathematics.

MONICA

Isn't that a little scary?

JOY

No, what's really scary is that it doesn't seem to matter.

Both girls laugh

MONICA

Where you caught? Is that what made you move on?

JOY

Once or twice but I have that big-eyed 'Oh my God I'm so sorry' face off to a tee and they just let it go.

MONICA

Another element to the job. I think I underestimated the challenge of working here.

JOY

This deprecation toward serving London's finest doesn't fit it with the girl that came here desperate for a job.

MONICA

Desperate? Me?

JOY

According to Davinder in there, you were practically offering him your body, which of course he would have declined.

MONICA

He's not my type and anyway he claimed to be the desperate one.

JOY

As a boss or a boyfriend?

MONICA

He claims that everyone he hires turns out to be useless.

JOY

They were, believe me. So what makes him think you'll stop the rot? Certainly not his track record in picking staff.

MONICA

Told me I reminded him of the best waitress he ever had. Left a year ago, he said.

Joy goes silent

MONICA (CONT'D)

Sorry, open nerve?

JOY

I lost someone I really liked, that's all

MONICA

Rejected?

JOY

She died

MONICA

Oh my god. How old...

JOY

You believe in free will?

MONICA

Yes, I think I do?

JOY

I used to but not now. My mother told me there's always a choice, always another way, another path and that no-one should ever have to be alone.

MONICA

Why would you choose to be alone when you have most of your life ahead of you?

JOY

Monica, time's not a healer. It's more like a panadol. Take two forgetful weeks to soothe the pain but then something triggers a memory and the ache returns...but it don't hurt any less.

Monica puts her arm around Joy's shoulder.

JOY (CONT'D)

She used to have blonde pig tails.

Monica draws back a little

JOY (CONT'D)

Don't worry love, you're not my  
type either.

They both laugh. There's a pause and the Monica talks.

MONICA

What about the rest - Dave?

JOY

You worry about Dave's Poppa. He's  
liable to drop in unexpected and he  
likes to see 'The Crunch' in two  
unvarying states - busy and clean,  
and he demands punctuality.

MONICA

Is that why Dave gets in early and  
opens up?

JOY

He doesn't open up I do. Always  
have done. He's just got here. I'm  
surprised you don't run into him at  
Waterloo.

MONICA

That's a big station.

JOY

May feel that way at first, but you  
arrive at the same time everyday,  
see the same commuters, the same  
rail staff, the same people selling  
pastries and newspapers - it's one  
sure fire way to shrink anybody's  
world.

MONICA

Another cliché. Do you trust him?

JOY

Dave. Like I told you he's okay.  
More than likely he'll back you if  
Papa gets arsey. The chef, on the  
other hand, he's Papa's little spy  
that's why we're gonna have this  
floor fit for Wills and Kate before  
he gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CREDIT CRUNCH RESTAURANT. LATE AFTERNOON

The restaurant is around a quarter full. Monica is getting ready to go and is putting her coat on.

MONICA

Suki - you okay?

A thin sharp featured waitress, SUKI, walks toward Monica.

SUKI

I'm cool Mon. It's quiet now.  
Won't pick back up until around  
6.30.

Davinder walks behind them

DAVINDER

He's better. My dad's pissed with  
his time keeping.

SUKI

Pabs is okay. He got a little  
domesticity problem but he good  
now. I teach him Thai ways.

A customer calls for her and she goes over to him.

MONICA

Race you back to Waterloo Dave

DAVINDER

Can't - Surinder is picking me up.

MONICA

Not long now

Davinder grimaces.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Refuse then.

DAVINDER

If I did there isn't a hole I could  
dig my Dad wouldn't find me in.

MONICA

People fall out of love.

DAVINDER

They need to fall in first.

MONICA

What's your type then?

DAVINDER

Blonde...

He looks at her.

MONICA

Brunette, ginger, auburn...just not  
Surinder.

DAVINDER

She's too...

Monica covers her ears.

MONICA

Quiet.

DAVINDER

I forgot you've met her.

She puts her arm around his shoulders. He moves into her.  
She pulls away.

MONICA

Don't get sympathy mixed up with  
empathy. I may feel sorry for you  
but I like to keep my impartiality.

DAVINDER

What does that mean?

She breathes deeply.

MONICA

Did you ever read the Frog Prince?

Davinder looks blank

MONICA (CONT'D)

It's a fairy tale. Didn't Pops  
ever read you bedtime stories?

DAVINDER

Is it about money?

MONICA

It's more about appearances being  
deceptive, that sort of thing.

DAVINDER

Probably not then. If my dad can't  
see it, he don't believe in it.

MONICA

You see the spoiled princess kisses  
the frog and he becomes a handsome  
prince.

DAVINDER

So I'm a frog then?

MONICA

No, not in that way.

DAVINDER

Surinder's the frog?

MONICA

Maybe you're both frogs and one  
true kiss may transform you both.

DAVINDER

Into what?

MONICA

Ribbit. I'm off.

DAVINDER

Monica - can you do me a favour?

MONICA

I heard - Suki wants next Thursday  
night off. Overtime?

DAVINDER

Couldn't you just come in later -  
Dad doesn't agree with...

MONICA

...paying more than he can get away  
with. That leaves Joy on her own  
in the morning.

DAVINDER

We'll cope.

MONICA

I know she will.

DAVINDER

Nice lie in mid-week

MONICA

You try switching shifts



DAVINDER

Don't need to I'm here morning,  
noon and evening

MONICA

Really?

She exits. Davinder watches her intently as she heads toward Bank tube station.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK TUBE STATION, GUILDHALL. AFTERNOON

Monica files down the stairs among scores of other commuters. As she nears the gates she stops and puts her hands in her pockets.

MONICA

Shit. Oyster card.

The corridor is suddenly deserted. She hears a strange giggle and wheels around but sees nothing. She walks back toward the exit. The giggling is behind her now. She walks back a couple of steps.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Hey Kid. You don't want to play  
silly games with me.

Silence. Suddenly the kerfuffle of approaching commuters breaks echoes off the walls. She turns to go and a hand grabs her shoulder. Automatically she grabs the forefinger and twists it savagely.

DAVINDER

Ow, fuck, Monica.

MONICA

Jesus, Dave. I thought your fiance  
was picking you up?

DAVINDER

She is...you forgot this?

He pulls out her Oyster card with his other hand, wringing the sore one at the same time.

MONICA

Where'd I leave it?

DAVINDER  
 Trap 2 in the Ladies. Must've fell  
 out your pocket.

MONICA  
 Gents full was it?

DAVINDER  
 No, Suki found it. Christ, you've  
 got a hell of a defence mechanism.

MONICA  
 I have moves. A girl needs some  
 tricks.

DAVINDER  
 I'm not going back to the  
 restaurant - Surinder is waiting  
 for me.

They stand awkwardly for a moment.

MONICA  
 Hadn't you...before she calls you.

DAVINDER  
 I haven't got my phone.

MONICA  
 Surinder doesn't need one.

He laughs in an ironical manner and then reluctantly turns  
 and walks back up the stairs. Crowds file past and Monica  
 heads toward the trains.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERLOO STATION. EARLY EVENING.

Monica comes off the escalator into the concourse at Waterloo  
 station. She checks the board for her train. It's 18  
 minutes late. She sighs and heads towards the newsagents.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSAGENTS. WATERLOO STATION. EARLY EVENING.

She picks up a magazine and a bottle of water and uses the  
 self-serve machine to pay. Walking out she drops the bottle  
 and it rolls across the concourse. Monica chases after it.  
 Most of the rushing commuters manouevre their way around it.

As she catches up with it a foot suddenly appears and traps it like a footballer would trap a ball. The foot belongs to a tall, athletic African GENTLEMAN but he doesn't pick it up. Instead he allows her to.

MONICA

Thank God for that. I might have been chasing that water for another mile.

MAN

Not something you're used to I expect.

He walks on. Monica looks embarrassed. There seems to be a figure watching her from behind the ticket machines. She looks directly over but it disappears behind them.

She walks through the barrier toward her train.

CUT TO:

INT COFFEE SHOP, CLEARWATER STATION. MORNING

Debbie is serving coffee. She's serving a middle aged woman. Monica is second in line and chats to her across the counter.

MONICA

Bit rushed aren't you - where's my lover boy?

Debbie is about to pour some frothing milk into a latte and stops to answer.

DEBBIE

Getting stock. He's sniffing with man flu. Says he caught a chill walking his dog.

The woman being served sighs. Debbie takes a hint and continues. Monica, aware of the customer's irritation, carries on with her conversation.

MONICA

Life threatening I hope

Debbie winks at Monica.

DEBBIE

Norovirus

MONICA

Hey that's virulent - are you okay?

She hands the woman her coffee. She is loath to take it.

DEBBIE

I think so but my tummy...

The woman takes the latte and leaves.

MONICA

Keep it the advertisement; you may have a nice easy morning.

DEBBIE

True, but better and busy's fine with me. Once the morning crush goes it gets boring until about eleven.

Pause

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

How do you find Karl?

MONICA

Why you ask? Don't you and Karl get on?

DEBBIE

Yeah we do I suppose but...

She heats up the milk

MONICA

Oh I guess I'm not the only love of his life then?

DEBBIE

Oh I can bat that off. It's how he makes me feel generally

MONICA

You mean bossy? Overbearing?

DEBBIE

The truth? He's a little repulsive, don't you think.

MONICA

He's creepy I guess, but...

DEBBIE

Maybe it's just me. He's kinda mysterious. Arrived her not long ago.

(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Lives alone with his bloody dog.  
Never discusses any other friends  
or family.

MONICA

Oh don't tell me he's your Mr  
Right?

Debbie hesitates

DEBBIE

Yeah, about as close as Jacob Rees  
Mogg. Life's funny isn't it? Like  
maths. Some stuff adds up, some  
doesn't.

MONICA

Hey if you ever wanna talk...help  
you with x and y.

DEBBIE

Maybe...listen...Karl...Karl's  
alright really, I'm just sensitive  
still I guess.

She pours the frothy milk into the cup. Monica takes it.

MONICA

Maybe a drink sometime eh? A proper  
drink

DEBBIE

Why not? We'll share exercise  
books.

MONICA

See you tomorrow.

DEBBIE

Not so fast girlfriend; this is one  
sum that has to add up.

Monica turns back.

MONICA

Sorry Debbie - give me a minute.  
Bugger my purse is at the bottom

She starts to empty her bag - eventually she pulls out her  
purse and pays.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Thanks again Deb. Gotta go -  
train's due.

She repacks everything and is about to run toward the platform when Karl appears.

KARL

Infanta

MONICA

Time to go.

Sheb grabs the paper, waves to Karl and leaves quickly. Karl looks crestfallen. Debbie watches her and smiles then turns back to the counter. There is a pink diary on there. She looks to see where Monica is but she's gone. Karl picks it up.

KARL

What's this?

He starts to read but Debbie snatches it off him.

DEBBIE

Whatever it is or whomsoever it belongs to, you ain't reading it.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. MORNING

Monica sits down alongside Gerry with her coffee and paper. She drops the paper onto her seat while she tucks her bag into the overhead. When she sits down Gerry has the paper. She snatches it back.

MONICA

Usual order today Gerry?

GERRY

Oh so it's stuck has it?

MONICA

It suits you

GERRY

And I suppose you've got me in there under my pseudonym.

She pats her bag

MONICA

Of course Gerry, you're my first entry every night before I go to bed.

He nods, smiles and looks out the window

Monica starts to read her newspaper. As she turns the paper she arrives at the anonymous admirer section. A slip of paper is inserted there like a advertisement, its blank side facing her. She turns it over. It's a photocopy of a note compiled with cuttings from newspapers and reads:

'Hello kitten. Just a little note  
from someone who loves you. Expect  
to see me soon. *Shy Guy*'

She gasps aloud

GERRY  
You Okay?

Monica calmly hands him over the paper. Gerry reads the slip sitting inside.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
But who...?

MONICA  
I don't know.

GERRY  
You picked the paper up yourself?

MONICA  
Yes.

GERRY (GRINNING)  
Then your admirer is someone from  
Clearwater

MONICA  
Who's laughing?

GERRY  
Ah come on - somebody likes you  
that's all

There's a pause and she looks hard at Gerry

MONICA  
If this is you...

GERRY  
He calls himself Shy Guy. Am I  
shy? Maybe it's a bluff. Maybe  
he's married

MONICA

Why He?

GERRY

Isn't Guy a bit of a clue?

MONICA

Or a bit of a bluff.

Gerry's face has a look of concern.

MONICA (CONT'D)

At last some empathy

GERRY

Actually I was trying to work out how shy guy managed to slip the note in the very paper you picked up in the coffee house.

They both pause and consider.

MONICA

I'm a creature of habit. Someone watching me would know what time I get here everyday. He wasn't in the coffee shop when I got served but to make sure I got that copy he could only have just left.

GERRY

You must've seen him.

MONICA

I'm not an early person. Most things are a blur before nine.

She picks up the note.

GERRY

This is a photocopy. He could've slipped one into another half dozen or so papers just before I arrived for my coffee. I was bound to lift one.

MONICA

That would mean someone else on this carriage may have one.

She stands up Gerry and looks around.



GERRY

Don't waste your time. If they can't connect with the first letter they'll probably think it's some kind of advertisement.

MONICA

For what? Dating strategies? How to win girls and influence...

GERRY

Okay, okay. I'm just saying if I picked up my paper in the morning and found one of these in it, that's probably what I'd think.

MONICA

You never get a paper. Maybe I should ask someone?

GERRY

Your Mister Shy Guy's probably dropped a copy in half a dozen papers just before you got to the coffee shop, knowing you'd collect one of them and get the connection.

MONICA

Why bother? Why not write in again anonymously?

GERRY

I doubt they'd print the same invitation twice. Besides this isn't an invitation.

MONICA

This isn't an invitation Gerry

GERRY

Then what is it?

MONICA

It's a promise

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. WATERLOO STATION. MORNING

Monica leaves the train and heads for the subway.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERLOO TUBE STATION. MORNING

She files down the stairwell along with scores of others. She heads for the Waterloo and City line. As she passes a retail booth a man wearing a dark hooded sweatshirt exits and nearly barges into her. She stares at him. He smiles cockily at her and then walks on without apologizing. She descends toward the tube, taking her time. Walking along the corridor she looks behind and sees the hooded guy 30 feet behind her among a small number of people. She feigns tying her shoelace and waits for him to draw alongside her. As she stands she looks at him directly and catches his eye. He gives her an awry look. A noise erupts below as the next tube car arrives. She walks down to the platform and gets aboard.

CUT TO:

INT. WATERLOO AND CITY LINE UNDERGROUND STATION. MORNING

Monica sits for the 4 minute journey between Waterloo and Bank station. She has the paper open on her lap with the slip of paper facing up. She looks across into the next carriage. The hooded guy is sitting at the furthest end but looking directly her way. Defiant she stares back until he smiles at her and then looks away.

Sitting opposite her is a tall man PHIL, around 30, handsome and very well built. She moves over and sits next to him. As the carriage is not full he looks at her questionably.

MONICA

Don't worry I'm not a weirdo. Can I ask you a favor?

Phil is uncomfortable

PHIL

Sure.

MONICA

I think I have an unwanted admirer following me

PHIL

What, a stalker?

MONICA

Look at this

She shows him the note addressed to her

PHIL  
What does it mean?

MONICA  
Probably nothing but I found this  
planted in my paper this morning.  
Could you walk with me out of the  
station?

PHIL  
Do you think he's dangerous?

MONICA  
No, I doubt it. A little sad  
perhaps. What's your name?

PHIL  
Phil

Phil is becoming very nervous

PHIL (CONT'D)  
If it gets nasty...

MONICA  
It won't

CUT TO:

INT. BANK UNDERGROUND STATION. MORNING

Monica and Phil leave the carriage. The hooded guy looks  
over at them both. She links arms with the guy. The hooded  
guy looks angry and leaves quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK UNDERGROUND STATION. MORNING

Monica and Phil. The hooded guy is nowhere to be seen.

MONICA  
Thanks Phil

PHIL  
Wait

MONICA  
I have to get to work

PHIL  
Shouldn't you call the authorities?

MONICA  
I will. I'll phone them from work

Phil lingers for a second

PHIL  
Would you do me a favor now?

MONICA  
If I can

PHIL  
Could I take you to dinner? After  
all you'll probably need an escort  
after work.

MONICA  
I'm sure the police will take care  
of that

PHIL  
You're taking a lot for granted

MONICA  
Sorry I'm working late

PHIL  
Perfect. I prefer to eat late

MONICA  
Listen Phil - thanks but I...

PHIL  
A takeaway then we'll eat it on the  
train

MONICA  
What 3 mins and 42 seconds worth?  
What are you planning on - a bowl  
of rice?

PHIL  
I could take you all the way

MONICA  
Sorry?

PHIL  
No, no, I mean all the way home

MONICA  
I live in Surrey - where do you  
live?

PHIL  
Kennington - near the cricket  
ground

MONICA  
That's some detour

PHIL  
As long as you're safe

MONICA  
And you'll pick me up in the  
morning

PHIL  
If I have to

MONICA  
There's a loaded answer

PHIL  
Hey what kind of boy do you take me  
for?

(pause)

MONICA  
That's really the problem Phil

PHIL  
I don't understand

MONICA  
Of course you don't. Thanks again

She saunters off. Phil lets her go

CUT TO:

EXT. WOOD STREET POLICE STATION. LUNCHTIME

Monica, sandwich in hand, walks past and stops outside the  
station. Looking as if she is considering going in she walks  
on.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

She is reading a book with a blue hardback cover. She flicks the pages over intently running her fingers along certain passages. She's eating a plate of pasta and drinking a bottle of fruit juice. There's a TV on but she is not taking any notice of it and then suddenly the Crimewatch theme music starts up. She glances at the TV and then back at the book. The music finishes and the PRESENTER introduces the opening report.

PRESENTER

'Tonight on Crimewatch we revisit the murder of Cathy Solomon. Viewers may recall two years ago Cathy's dead body was found in a waiting room in Hawk End a semi-rural station 25 miles from the city within the Surrey commuter belt. She'd been strangled. Despite our original report generating a wealth of leads, detectives working on the case were unsuccessful in identifying Cathy's killer. We are hoping that revisiting the crime may prompt the memory of someone who may have missed the original broadcast or saw something they didn't consider important at the time'

Monica has put down the book and is following the story.

PRESENTER (CONT'D)

In Rami Shah's report we begin at the scene of the crime

CUT TO:

TV CHANNEL REPORT

A reporter is standing beside the station with the legend 'Hawk End' clearly visible behind him.

SHAH

On the morning of the 21st July 2013 Cathy Solomon's body was found just over there at the end of platform 2

CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM 2

A desolate looking piece of concrete tapering away to become enveloped in wasteland and litter

SHAH (V.O.)  
Cathy had been strangled.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATION

SHAH  
Police put the time of death at around 23:00 hours. Cathy had been working late in a restaurant, 'The Banker'...

Footage is shown of the restaurant's name.

SHAH (CONT'D)  
...and caught the last train home from London here to Hawk End where she had a small flat just 15 minutes walk from the station. She from London Waterloo to Hawk End. We are showing you the reconstruction from July two years ago in the hope that it may just jog someone's memory.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S FLAT

Monica continues to become more engrossed in the report.

SHAH (V.O.)  
Cathy worked late the night she was murdered. She always walked the half mile or so to Bank Tube station. She caught a the tube from Bank to Waterloo and then her overland train to Hawk End.

A still photograph of Hawk End Station with Agreave in front with another detective, bearded close by.

She entered the underground around twenty-five past nine. Several witnesses recall seeing her.

(MORE)

SHAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 She had striking blonde hair and  
 used to wear it in pigtails.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT

Monica gulps her drink

SHAH (V.O.) CONT'D  
 They all said that she was alone  
 and did not stop to meet or speak  
 to anyone. At Waterloo her  
 connecting train left at 22.18.  
 She waited in Waterloo concourse  
 until she caught her train and as  
 you can see on this CCTV...

CUT TO:

EXT. CCTV WATERLOO STATION 21:20

A girl is seen strolling toward the barriers at platform 13.  
 The clip is repeated across the voice over:

SHAH (V.O.) CONT'D  
 ...footage, Cathy walking to her  
 train which unfortunately, for her,  
 she caught. The train arrived at  
 22:54, on time, at Hawk End

CUT TO:

TV REPORT HAWK END STATION (LOCAL CCTV COVERAGE)

SHAH (V.O.)  
 Cathy was the only person to leave  
 the train at the station. It's  
 believed her carriage stopped at  
 the far end of platform 2.  
 Unfortunately the local CCTV  
 coverage is poor in that area and  
 as the overhead light had been  
 broken by vandals. Police are  
 convinced the shadow that can be  
 seen advancing down the platform is  
 Cathy's.

(MORE)



SHAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After a few moments another shadow seems to appear behind her and then suddenly both disappear.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT

Monica is teary-eyed.

CUT TO:

TV REPORT HAWK END STATION

SHAH

Police believe that the second shadow was Cathy's murderer and that he was lying in wait for her. Therefore they are treating this as premeditated murder.

CUT TO:

INT TV CRIMEWATCH SET

PRESENTER

I have with me tonight Inspector Agreave who headed the investigation and is responsible for re-opening the case. Inspector what can you tell me about Cathy?

AGREAVE

This is really the problem. Cathy was, to all intents, an only child who had lost both her parents in a car accident a year prior to her murder. She continued to live in her parents house after their deaths, commuting into the city where she worked as a waitress.

PRESENTER

What did her colleagues make of her?

AGREAVE

It seems Cathy was a loner and although one or two of her work friends suspected she may have had a love interest, no names were forthcoming.

PRESENTER

Were there any places she used to go regularly?

AGREAVE

We have checked in restaurants and bars around the City where she worked and also in Hawk End where she lived but it seems she rarely socialized.

PRESENTER

It does seem the enquiry has come to a dead-end.

Agreave rolls his eyes

CUT TO:

INT MONICA'S APARTMENT

MONICA

Moron

CUT TO:

INT. TV CRIMEWATCH SET

AGREAVE

Yes I'll admit the investigation has stalled.

PRESENTER

Then why re-open it?

AGREAVE

A month after Cathy's body was found her house was burgled.

(MORE)

AGREAVE (CONT'D)

At the time we thought it was an opportunist thief.

PRESENTER

But you've changed your mind?

AGREAVE

A week ago a man was walking his dog in some woodland near Hawk End. The dog started to dig near the base of a tree and unearthed what turned out to be a burnt black bin bag. He considered it strange as there were items of jewelry inside. Who burns rings and necklaces? Why not try and sell them? He reported it to his local police station. Very quickly these were identified as the stolen items from the Solomon household.

PRESENTER

What is the significance of the find?

AGREAVE

That we can't tell at this time.

PRESENTER

What about the items - were there any traces of DNA?

AGREAVE

There was but despite extensive attempts to match with our database we've had no luck other than that of Cathy and her late parents.

PRESENTER

How then do you hope this will this help you trace her killer?

AGREAVE

Often or not bringing an old case back to the public's attention produces new lines of inquiry. It may be that a potential witness never saw the original program or may have seen something they didn't consider significant until now.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Monica looks visibly angry

MONICA  
Bullshit

CUT TO:

INT. TV CRIMEWATCH SET

A picture of Cathy Solomon is on screen.

AGREAVE (V.O.)  
I would ask members of the public to take a good look at this photograph. Do you remember seeing this girl at all on the evening of the 20th July 2013? Did any passengers leaving trains at Hawk End station see anyone acting suspiciously? It doesn't matter how insignificant, a name, a time, anything that may have a bearing on this horrendous murder of a young girl.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Monica turns off the TV and picks up the blue book. It has Diary written across it. She pats it.

FADE:

INT. COFFEE SHOP PLATFORM 1. MORNING

Monica runs into coffee shop. Karl sees her and starts to make her drink. Debbie serves her.

DEBBIE  
Usual?

MONICA  
Late - I'll grab one at Waterloo

DEBBIE  
Can't remember ever seeing you anything but to the minute.  
(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

By the way you didn't leave something yesterday did you?

MONICA

I don't think...

DEBBIE

I found this not long after I served you

Debbie fishes out a book with a pink cover from underneath the counter with the word Diary on it. Karl looks at it strangely.

MONICA

Well...I could have sworn...too much junk in the bag that's my problem.

DEBBIE

It happens all the time, and believe me a diary is harmless enough compared to some of the stuff I find. Oh and I didn't read...

MONICA

Weird...it's normally the first thing I put in there

DEBBIE

I remember - didn't you have to dig in to get your purse out?

MONICA

How did you know it was mine?

DEBBIE

Gussed. You disappeared...it appeared.

Karl brings over her coffee but is distracted by the book.

MONICA

Have you read it?

KARL

No, Isn't it private?

MONICA

Can't let you know what I write about you can I?

Karl's face betrays concern.

KARL  
I'm not...?

MONICA  
First name I write, every night.  
My lovely shy guy Karl.

Karl's face drops and then flushes.

KARL  
Can you cover Debbie, I need...?

He goes off toward the toilets

MONICA  
I thought he'd be flattered.

DEBBIE  
Wouldn't let him near it. That's  
the first he's seen of it. He's  
pissed off that's all.

MONICA  
Well if I were going to lose it I  
couldn't have entrusted it to  
anyone else Debbie. I don't know  
how you put up with him.

DEBBIE  
I've never got used to him, ever  
since he first came here two years  
ago. Can you imagine him devouring  
all those little secrets that you  
keep to yourself?

MONICA  
And demolish my mystique? What  
would that do to that romantic  
ideal he's invented over me?

DEBBIE  
He'd find another.

MONICA  
Romeo, Romeo, nowhere is my Romeo.

Exits

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN TO CITY. MORNING

Monica gets on and looks for Gerry but he's not there. She sits down

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERLOO STATION. MORNING

Monica enters the tube station. At the bottom of the steps she can see the hooded guy to her left at the ticket machines. She hurries by.

CUT TO:

INT. WATERLOO AND CITY LINE UNDERGROUND. MORNING

Monica gets on the tube. She has her back to the train doors and stares into the tunnel beyond. She fishes into her bag for something and drops a compact on to the floor. She bends down to pick it up and bumps into the hooded guy standing behind her. She smiles weakly at him. She can see a huge grin emanating from beneath the hood. She turns her back on him again. The train arrives at Bank and the train empties. Commuters going the other way pile on.

Monica hovers back at the rear and waits for the crowd to clear and then starts toward the exit. Behind her she hears footsteps getting quicker and closer. She waits at a blind corner until she sees her follower appear and chucks her coffee at it and flees for the exit. Behind her she can hear a man screaming and swearing.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD STREET POLICE STATION. EVENING

Monica is sitting in a chair at a table opposite a uniformed POLICEMAN, also sitting. The policeman is looking at the 'Would Love to Meet' section from Monday's paper and the slip found in yesterday's.

POLICEMAN

I can see why you are, perhaps, a little jumpy. Why not come to us yesterday?

MONICA

I did. I was outside but all of a sudden I felt silly. You've spoken to Gerry.

POLICEMAN  
He wasn't very happy

MONICA  
That's not my fault. I only see  
him on the train

POLICEMAN  
Yes well my colleague wasn't very,  
shall we say, tactful

MONICA  
I thought that was a MET requisite.  
Poor old sod. Fancy accosting us  
both in Waterloo station.

POLICEMAN  
Well what you did last night was  
hardly clever.

MONICA  
I was protecting myself, or at  
least I thought I was.

POLICEMAN  
I've spoken to him. His name is  
Ned. He's a cleaner in an office  
near Guildhall.

MONICA  
Why did he follow me?

POLICEMAN  
He didn't. The first time he  
remembers seeing you was on  
Waterloo concourse. He claims you  
gave him the eye. Five minutes  
later near Waterloo and City  
platform you slowed up to look his  
way.

MONICA  
I bumped into him that's all. I  
wasn't leading him on.

POLICEMAN  
I can't arrest anyone for  
misinterpreting a look. Ned  
thought you were trying to pick him  
up.

MONICA  
On the fucking tube? In the  
morning?



POLICEMAN

Then he says you changed. Almost as if you were trying to make him jealous. You chatted up another man and left the underground with him.

MONICA

Because I thought he was following me. I thought he was shy guy.

POLICEMAN

He doesn't see it that way and to be honest I empathize with him

MONICA

I went into the underground first. How come he ends up following me?

POLICEMAN

He stopped to renew his Oyster card. He does that every Wednesday. A couple of odd looks doesn't merit throwing coffee all over a bloke.

MONICA

Does he know about this?

POLICEMAN

No. We've led him to believe you're a little high strung. He knows nothing else.

MONICA

And there's a reason

POLICEMAN

We cross checked the incident with local forces. Something registered. I had a phone call.

MONICA

Who from?

POLICEMAN

The Met. They're sending someone down.

MONICA

I don't understand

POLICEMAN  
Neither do I. But I need to send  
Ned back to work. I'm going to  
bring him in now

The policeman exits and comes back moments later with the  
hooded guy NED.

NED  
Hello

MONICA  
Hello. I'm really sorry about the  
sweater. You see I have...

POLICEMAN  
It's okay. Ned's fine with all  
that and you are going to reimburse  
him for the cost of a sweater yes?

MONICA  
Of course - is £30 okay?

NED  
£40 and I'll drop the GBH charge

He grins at her.

MONICA  
Deal.

She gets out her purse and pays him.

NED  
Cheers. Would you like my number?  
Just in case you feel like chucking  
coffee over someone again.

The Policeman takes him by the arm

POLICEMAN  
Go to work Ned.

He exits still grinning. Another uniformed officer sticks  
his head inside the room and whispers something to the  
Policeman.

MONICA  
Can I go home now?

POLICEMAN  
Yes.

MONICA

The Met man?

POLICEMAN

He's been detained. He said he will make contact with you at your place of work.

MONICA

Does he have to? I'm in enough trouble being pulled out mid shift.

POLICEMAN

Are you sure you're able to get home on your own? I guess the day's been a little traumatic for you.

MONICA

OK. I'll take a lift. Drop me at Bank.

POLICEMAN

Ah, we can't actually do that. Holidays, staff resource and all.

MONICA

What were you offering, tube fare?

POLICEMAN

Have no authority for that sorry.

MONICA

I'll walk.

She exits.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CREDIT CRUNCH RESTAURANT. EARLY EVENING

Diners are leaving - only a couple of tables are occupied. Davinder is behind the bar cleaning glasses. Joy exits the kitchen.

JOY

That's me Dave. Everything's clean except what you can see in front of you.

DAVINDER

Okay Joy. See you tomorrow night. Monica. I need you to lock up.

MONICA

Come on Dave.

DAVINDER

You do that and I won't dock you for the hours you lost today. What was that all about anyway?

MONICA

A misunderstanding, that's all.

DAVINDER

Police don't pick people up over misunderstandings do they?

MONICA

Really?

DAVINDER

I hope that's the truth. Pop don't like trouble.

Monica goes into the back room. Davinder talks to a party on one of the tables. Moments later he looks out at the restaurant and goes into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.

Monica is removing her apron and straightening her blouse. Davinder stands behind her unnoticed. She senses him and swings around

MONICA

Dave! You may be the bloody heir apparent around here but you might knock occasionally.

DAVINDER

Sorry Kitten but it's a kitchen, not a bedroom.

MONICA

You weren't looking at me with kitchen eyes Dave, and don't...

DAVINDER

Sorry...

MONICA

Just don't. How is your fiancee?

DAVINDER

Oh she's still rich; drives a fast car.

MONICA

Nice to see you appreciate her finer gifts. Does she have a name?

DAVINDER

Porsche, I think

MONICA

The driver, Dave?

DAVINDER

Ayesha. She won't ride in my Fiat ...too slow

MONICA

Plenty of miles to the gallon though

Monica slings her apron his way

DAVINDER

My problem - I've always been low mileage

MONICA

It may be your salvation. I'm off

DAVINDER

Hold on Monica, could you do me one more favor...please?

Davinder blocks her way. Monica looks askew

MONICA

Hey Dave, I'm not that kinda car

DAVINDER

No, no...could you lock up for me?

MONICA

Ow come on Dave I've got two trains to catch.

DAVINDER

I'll pay you overtime

She considers

MONICA

Two hours...and you give table 4 a huge hint before you leave. Tell them dessert's off. They've been here half the night and barely touched their mains.

DAVINDER

They must be in love; lucky bastards

MONICA

She picking you up?

DAVINDER

Eh?

MONICA

Samantha Vettel

DAVINDER

Oh...sure. She's probably outside, creeping up on me

MONICA

In a Porsche? She's good. No wonder she scares you.

DAVINDER

Here - spare keys. I'll get them tomorrow

He grabs his coat from a hook behind the kitchen door and goes out.

CUT TO:

INT. CREDIT CRUNCH RESTAURANT. EVENING.

Monica comes out of the kitchen. The last diners are beginning to pack up and she clears away their plates. One leaves cash and exits with his partner the other asks for the card machine. As she takes his payment she is surprised to see Davinder still waiting outside the restaurant. He looks back at her strangely. She takes payment and the last two diners leave.

MONICA

Goodnight

She looks back outside. Davinder has gone.

## MONICA (CONT'D)

A Porsche my arse, unless they've made a tiptoe version.

CUT TO:

## EXT. THE CREDIT CRUNCH RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Monica is shutting up the restaurant. Being mid-week the streets around the City are relatively quiet. She walks toward Bank Tube Station along Threadneedle St. To her left a shadow emerges from behind one of the columns of the Royal Exchange. She crosses Cornhill and down the steps of the underground.

CUT TO:

## INT. BANK TUBE STATION. EVENING

Monica begins the long walk toward the Waterloo and City line. The corridor ahead is deserted. She pads quickly along it, her steps barely audible due to her flat shoes. Halfway along there is an elbow and the corridor bends to the left. Keeping to the left she reaches a point where the view ahead and behind are concealed. Suddenly she stops hearing breathing emanating from somewhere. Unable to tell which direction it has come from she moves backward to the far side of the elbow where she can see both sides. She looks back toward Bank concourse. A figure is standing behind her at the far end of the platform end of the corridor. Seeing nothing behind her Monica looks ahead. She sees nothing there either. She begins walking quickly again toward the platforms.

CUT TO:

## EXT. PLATFORM 7/8 WATERLOO AND CITY LINE, BANK TUBE STATION

Platform 7 is deserted when she reaches it. The display shows a train due in 3 minutes. She leans back against the wall. She hears a noise at the far end of the platform and looks over. A figure enters from the adjoining Platform 8 and stands still looking straight ahead as if reading the advertisements on the opposite wall. He wears a black top and jeans. His face is not visible. Slowly he turns his head toward her and remains motionless. Monica looks away and over her shoulder through to platform 8. It looks empty. She looks back along the platform but the figure has disappeared.

Monica looks at the display. It shows the next train 1 minute away. She hears a light tapping as she has heard the day before in Waterloo station. The tapping grows louder. She edges back through the alcove, her left side against the wall, until she reaches the curved edge on platform 8. The tapping gets louder and nearer. Monica lifts her bag above her head and propels herself into the open. She sees no-one. Suddenly there's a rumble behind her and she swings round. The next train has arrived. The end-carriage opens and a couple of people get off. Monica looks down the platform. There are no other passengers. She is about to get on. An arm grabs her. She swings around and throws her bag at her assailant and knocks him down. A blue book flies out of the handbag.

The assailant is a tall dark haired man, HINDUTE.

HINDUTE

Monica?

MONICA

Who the fuck are you?

HINDUTE

I'm a police officer. I'm supposed to be protecting you. I meant to meet you at Wood Street but I got delayed.

He starts to pick himself up

MONICA

So you decided to frighten the bejesus out of me? Isn't that contrary to the brief?

HINDUTE

I just saw you locking up. I followed you down here.

MONICA

Some bloody minder I get. Floored by a handbag

HINDUTE

What's in there - an iron bar?

MONICA

Just Make Up

HINDUTE

Must be a year's supply?



MONICA

Cheeky bugger.

HINDUTE

Alright, calm down, you don't look like you need it.

MONICA

Creep. Anyway there's an art in applying it. Oh and that...

She points to the blue diary. Hindute picks it up and examines it closely. She rips it out of his hands

HINDUTE

Hey, I wasn't prying.

MONICA

Nothing in there relevant to bodyguards.

HINDUTE

Another diarist. You write everything down? Everyday? No incidents, strange looks? Someone walking into you by accident?

Monica looks incredulous

MONICA

I go to work by train and tube. You think I'm building a library?

HINDUTE

No-one that seems to be more than a little interested in you.

MONICA

Why?

HINDUTE

Desire's a strong pull. He may feel the need to brush against you, touch you. So? Nothing you'd call inappropriate?

MONICA

Read my lips...I travel by train and tube. Everything's inappropriate.

Behind them the train heads back toward Waterloo. As the train pulls out she sees a hooded figure inside one of the carriages.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Who is that?

HINDUTE

Where?

Hindute swings around but the train moves off and enters the tunnel.

HINDUTE (CONT'D)

Is it him?

MONICA

How could I know? I hope I never meet Shy Guy.

HINDUTE

Unfortunately for you, I do. Shall we go for a drink?

CUT TO:

INT. THE GREEN MAN PUB. EARLY EVENING

Smallish pub with a dark wooden interior. The bar is against the far wall and extends 3/4 length of the pub. At the near side when the bar curves in toward the wall there is a fruit machine. At the far end there are toilets. On the bar wall are lines and lines of every conceivable alcoholic spirit. The pumps offer a variety of lagers, bitters and ciders. It is packed and they can't find seats. The queue for the bar is two deep. Hindute spots a small round table being vacated and sits her down and goes to the bar.

HINDUTE

Monica, I'm Detective Hindute. My boss asked me to have a chat with you. Would you like a drink?

MONICA

No. Do you usually conduct interviews in a pub detective? Don't the police have a social club inspector High...?

HINDUTE

It's pronounced Hendewt. I believe it originates from Holland. Are sure I can't get you like a drink?

MONICA

Isn't this a little informal for a discrete conversation?

HINDUTE

Perfect. None of these punters are interested in anything unconnected with money.

She remains impassive and watches him intently

MONICA

Don't you have a badge?

He shows it her surreptitiously.

HINDUTE

To be honest my boss Agreave would rather keep you away from the station for the time being. One visit to the station, you tell us a story, we ignore you. Two visits in the same day...well

MONICA

So you believe me?

HINDUTE

If he is stalking you it may be better to let him think he's safe

MONICA

Do you consider his preoccupation with me as a profession of some sort?

HINDUTE

Sorry...I don't see...

MONICA

From what I have learned from media and TV, stalkers don't tend toward office hours. He could be watching us now.

HINDUTE

The difference is I'm not in uniform. For all your admirer knows I'm simply a date.

MONICA

Isn't that likely to make him jealous?

HINDUTE

Possibly...probably, but that could work in our favor.

MONICA

Not in mine.

HINDUTE

I doubt he'll want to hurt you.  
He'd be more inclined to come after  
me

MONICA

Is that a guarantee?

HINDUTE

We can't take chances.

MONICA

No - leave that to me? I'll take  
that drink now.

He waits

MONICA (CONT'D)

A G&T

He turns and looks at the crowd in front.

HINDUTE

I may be a while

MONICA

I'll keep a lookout

Hindute pushes his way slowly through the crowd. Monica looks across the bar. She catches several side glances from some of the guys but nothing more than the cursory 'hello, you're attractive, what about me?' stares. Suddenly a face appears out of the Milieu. She thinks she recognizes it and stands up out of the seat for a better view but the face has gone. She lowers herself back down again just as Hindute returns and sees her concern

HINDUTE

See anything?

MONICA

Maybe.

Hindute's demeanor becomes serious

HINDUTE

I thought you lived in Surrey.

MONICA

I do.

HINDUTE

You have to be truthful with me.

MONICA

I was wrong...why?

HINDUTE

Agreeave wants me to look after you.

MONICA

I haven't had a babysitter since I was four. Can I have my drink?

HINDUTE

Sure, sorry.

He hands it her the gin and mixer. She pours a little tonic in and takes a long swallow leaning back and showing Hindute her throat.

MONICA

I don't care what Agreeave wants.

Hindute says nothing. He sips at his drink and looks out into the darkening exterior through the window behind Monica

MONICA (CONT'D)

Okay what's the pay off? I'm a waitress. I know men well enough to spot something coming.

HINDUTE

From the statement you gave at Wood Street it seems there are some similarities to a case we're currently involved in.

MONICA

A serial stalker? Isn't this a little too melodramatic for some poor sad sod?

HINDUTE

Actually it was a murder case?

Monica rocks back and knocks his drink off the table. It crashes on the floor. Those nearest look around. At the other end of the bar the obligatory cheering goes up. Hindute bends down to clear up but the barman is already there with a mop

BARMAN

Leave it, leave it

Barman mops up

HINDUTE  
Sorry about that.

Barman walks away

BARMAN (UNDER HIS BREATH)  
Bloody coppers.

MONICA  
Was there anything medicinal in  
that?

HINDUTE  
Not yet. Have you heard of Cathy  
Solomon?

MONICA  
Is this the case on Crimewatch?

HINDUTE  
You saw it? Around a year ago a  
young girl was strangled one night  
at her local railway station.

MONICA  
And you...

HINDUTE  
Possibly...we don't know. The case  
is still open.

MONICA  
Listen, I may have given off the  
wrong signals to some poor dickhead  
with the hots for me, but I don't  
feel my life is in danger.

HINDUTE  
I understand that but they are some  
worrying parallels between what  
happened to Cathy and what you told  
the officer in Wood Street

MONICA  
What, that we both lived in Surrey?

Hindute's eyes twitch as if registering a private thought.

HINDUTE  
I wouldn't be here on such a flimsy  
premise.

(pause)

(MORE)

HINDUTE (CONT'D)

You work at the Credit Crunch restaurant, correct?

MONICA

You know I do. You phoned me there.

HINDUTE

How long?

MONICA

Three months, maybe longer. So what's the link then - Surrey, waitresses, pig tails? What's driving him?

HINDUTE

Could be one single thing or a combination. Either way now we've got a realistic chance of clearing up the case.

MONICA

As long as I stick my bloody tush out.

HINDUTE

I'll be with you 24/7

MONICA

You don't sleep then?

HINDUTE

I'll take you home every night and pick you up in the morning. You should be safe inside your flat and at the Credit Crunch.

MONICA

Not much of a social life.

HINDUTE

That can be taken care of. We'll be discrete. You know a minute ago you seemed unconcerned. At least you can understand now why we are being careful.

MONICA

So how did it go with Cathy then?

HINDUTE

She claimed she was being stalked.

MONICA  
You never saw him?

HINDUTE  
No, but I believed her.

MONICA  
Hang on do you mean...you were  
protecting her?

He hangs his head

HINDUTE  
Didn't do much of a job.

MONICA  
You seem more concerned with how  
badly you did rather than the life  
that was lost.

Hindute gets up to go.

HINDUTE  
You're right. This whole thing,  
perhaps it's just a coincidence.  
I'll tell Agreeave.

Monica stops him and her demeanor eases. There's a pause.

MONICA  
It must be difficult chasing  
shadows. How often were you with  
her?

HINDUTE  
Practically everyday.

MONICA  
Then you were close?

HINDUTE  
What are you insinuating - some  
kind of reverse Stockhold syndrome?

Monica gives him a questionable look

MONICA  
I don't really know what I mean or  
what I'm supposed to think about  
all this. Why are you convinced  
it's the same man?



HINDUTE

Cathy's stalker had a nickname for her.

MONICA

So. Everyone has a nickname - the bloody column is full of nicknames.

HINDUTE

Gattino.

MONICA

What's a gattino?

HINDUTE

Kitten.

Monica gulps

MONICA

Shit.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE. NIGHT.

Monica is walking along the bridge toward the south bank. Half way along with St Paul's behind her a mist descends. She can hear footsteps behind her and a voice whispering 'Kitten'. She turns and sees a black shape looming out of the fog.

CUT TO:

EXT. 19:45 TRAIN TO CLEARWATER FROM WATERLOO. NIGHT

...and wakes. She nervously looks around her but the spattering of passengers look disinterested. The train is approaching Clearwater.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARWATER STATION. PLATFORM 2 NIGHT

Monica exits the train alone. The train pulls away as she makes her way to the pedestrian bridge. A noise comes from her right. She jumps. There are shadows in the waiting room. She peers in cautiously and a woman's head looms into view.

WOMAN

Get lost Bitch

Monica sees a naked man on the floor. She mumbles an apology and walk on. She crosses the bridge. Her footsteps reverberate and bounce between the buildings and spaces around the station like rolling thunder. Three quarters of the way across the bridge she stops. Silence.

She descends toward platform 1 and holding onto the railing glances behind her. She can see no-one. She turns slowly around. An owl flies past her face and she gasps. After a moment she regains her self-control. She leaves the station and heads down the dark narrow street leading toward Clearwater town.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The feeling of being followed will not leave her. She continues to glance back repeatedly. There is a row of small terrace houses on her left with small garden fronts - on her right a small park bordered with a large privet hedge around eight feet tall. She moves away from the houses to the park side feeling secure against the wall of privet hedge. As she approaches the park entrance the illumination of the town lights is a welcome refuge. Suddenly there is a rustle like someone brushing against the hedge. She wheels around. The street is empty behind her. She walks on and hears the rustling again but closer. She realizes that who or whatever is doing this is the other side of the hedge.

MONICA (WHISPERING)

Karl?

A voice whispers 'I'm here for you kitten'

MONICA (CONT'D)

Are you following me?

Another whisper: 'Be careful' She backs away into the road.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You going to be watching me?

She puts her hands inside her pockets feeling for something and then walks quickly toward town. Behind her a dark figure steps out of the park with a dog in tow.

FADE:

EXT. CLEARWATER STATION. MORNING

Monica arrives and passes through the ticket barrier. To her left she can see Hindute leaning against the wall. She ignores him and walks toward the coffee shop. It is unusually quiet. He watches her go in. Debbie is behind the counter.

MONICA  
Usual please Debbie

DEBBIE  
Coming up. Karl

Karl is unusually circumspect. He turns around to face Monica. Hindute, from his vantage point, looks at him curiously.

MONICA  
Sleep well Karl

KARL  
Sorry?

DEBBIE  
One's sweet dreams are another's nightmares

MONICA  
Early to bed...etc

KARL  
I sleep fine thank you. I expect you do the same.

MONICA  
Got home late. Couldn't sleep

KARL  
You should be careful.

Debbie's eye is attracted toward the platform.

DEBBIE  
He's new. Looks like he's taken a shine to you, girlfriend.

Monica and Karl look around. Hindute moves slowly away.

MONICA  
Who?

DEBBIE  
Oh, he was there a minute ago.

Karl looks concerned.

MONICA

Oh Karl are you a little green eyed  
this morning?

DEBBIE

He's a good looker, whoever he is.

Karl hands Monica her coffee.

MONICA

No moniker for Monica today  
loverboy?

KARL

Just tired.

MONICA

Up late? You look like your cock's  
been cut off.

Debbie looks shocked and Karl turns around starts another  
order. Debbie whispers to Monica.

DEBBIE

Jeez Monica, that was a bit hard. I  
don't think he's slept in a week.

MONICA

Sometimes sleep isn't all it's  
cracked up to be.

She walks off. Debbie looks bewildered. She exits and then  
is suddenly gripped by the arm by Karl who has come around  
the back of the coffee shop.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Hey what's the game?

KARL

Be careful.

MONICA

Your concern's a little late isn't  
it, I've been commuting for weeks.

KARL

You've never had another admirer  
before.

Karl lets her go and creeps away.

MONICA

This pussy cat don't like to prowl,  
how about you?

CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM 1. MORNING

The train comes in. Hindute joins the crowd of people getting on beside Monica.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. MORNING

Hindute tries to keep his head. The train leaves. Monica sees Gerry but he is ignoring her. As people file into seats she is left with Hindute between carriages. She whispers to him.

MONICA

Undercover? The bloody Pope would  
be harder to spot. Debbie clocked  
you straight away.

HINDUTE

Debbie?

MONICA

Coffee shop.

Hindute looks concerned.

HINDUTE

Apologies. Just her?

MONICA

Karl? Don't worry he only has eyes  
for me.

HINDUTE

How...?

MONICA

Is he Shy Guy? You tell me.

HINDUTE

He's in the best position to ensure  
you got that second note. Who  
else?

She hesitates.

MONICA

Karl's a fantasist, not a murderer.

HINDUTE

I can't take another chance like that.

She finds a seat. Hindute stays in the corridor looking at her. She gives him a hard stare and he looks away. She closes her eyes and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CREDIT CRUNCH RESTAURANT. LATE MORNING

Restaurant phone rings. Joy picks it up.

JOY

Hello...who...

She walks toward the staff room at the rear of the restaurant and leans in. Monica is in there alone.

JOY (CONT'D)

Phone for you.

MONICA

Who is it?

JOY

Just asked for you honey. Nice deep husky voice.

Joy shrugs her shoulders. Monica goes to the landline and picks up the receiver.

MONICA

Hello, who's this?

There is no answer.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Who is it?

Davinder enters the restaurant from outside. He sees Monica on the phone and gives her a stern look.

DAVINDER

I told you Monica; no personal calls?

She growls back at him.

MONICA  
Personal...oh yeah..it's very  
fucking personal.

She shouts in exasperation.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Hello...hello...stop playing  
fucking games. Show yourself you  
fucking coward.

The diners look around at her. Davinder looks concerned and goes back toward her.

DAVINDER  
Hey Monica; customers.

She ignores him.

MONICA  
You certainly are a shy guy. Here.  
You want to talk to him?

She gives him the phone and storms into the back room. He puts the receiver to his ear.

DAVINDER  
Who is this? Who?

He shrugs his shoulders.

DAVINDER (CONT'D)  
I'm putting the phone down...what?

He replaces the phone and dials another number. He listens and then replaces the receiver and walks into the back room.

DAVINDER (CONT'D)  
What was that all about?

MONICA  
Bit difficult to tell; he was the  
silent type.

DAVINDER  
Secretive anyway. He withheld his  
number. Is there a problem here?

She sits down and puts her head in her hands

MONICA  
I don't know.

He bends down toward her.

DAVINDER  
I have a shoulder going.

Monica straightens up immediately.

MONICA  
Better not. What would happen if  
Papa or Miss Porsche were to walk  
in?

DAVINDER  
Part of the job. Health and well-  
being of the staff.

She looks at him sternly.

MONICA  
Rights for waitresses and all that?  
We have stepped into the twentieth  
century. Come on Dave, let's get  
to the bottom line, it's money.  
Papa won't want to pay me to stay  
at home will he?

DAVINDER  
My father...he's a good guy  
but...he walked into this city  
thirty years ago with nothing. He  
had problems. Prejudice, within  
and without; dishonesty; unreliable  
people, but he built this  
restaurant and others...

MONICA  
He may be Richard Branson but I'm  
no slacker just because of one  
dodgy phone call, even if I didn't  
ask for it?

DAVINDER  
So you do have a problem?

MONICA  
No, I have a stalker. He's got the  
fucking problem.

Davinder's face blanches.

DAVINDER  
You sure?

MONICA  
You look surprised.



DAVINDER  
No...I...really wasn't expecting  
that.

MONICA  
Am I that unattractive?

DAVINDER  
I wouldn't know.

MONICA  
Thank god for the stalker then.  
Makes it all worthwhile.

Davinder goes to walk back into the restaurant.

DAVINDER  
I just thought I could help. How  
do you know it was a he?

MONICA  
I just assumed.

DAVINDER  
I couldn't really tell.

Monica stands up.

MONICA  
He spoke?

DAVINDER  
It was barely a whisper.

MONICA  
Dave, what did he say?

DAVINDER  
I'm not sure. It sounded like  
kitten.

MONICA  
Can you give me the afternoon off?

DAVINDER  
Monica I don't know what's going on  
but...

MONICA  
Cover me and I promise you I'll do  
this Friday night.

DAVINDER

I don't know...Pops doesn't like me  
to establish precedents.

MONICA

Dave stop talking crap. No-one  
wants to do Friday night including  
you. Joy might come in early  
today.

He takes his phone out of his pocket. Looks at it. Monica  
notices he closes a window on it and he calls Joy.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. AFTERNOON

Monica is standing on the east side. Hindute is next to her.

HINDUTE

He's never phoned before?

MONICA

Ask Dave.

HINDUTE

I spoke to him. He's going to  
check with the rest of his people.  
Home?

MONICA

No landline.

HINDUTE

Mobile?

MONICA

How's he going to get that?

HINDUTE

Obsessive types can be quite  
resourceful.

MONICA

I'm sure. Look if he had my mobile  
wouldn't that indicate the stalker  
is someone I already know?

HINDUTE

Possibly.

MONICA

But I don't know anybody. I'm not exactly the social type. I work, rest and diarize. I'm a fucking boring Mars Bar.

HINDUTE

Agreave has asked for a trace.

MONICA

I thought he withheld his number.

HINDUTE

We can still ask for one - it takes a little time but it's a breakthrough.

Monica looks concerned

HINDUTE (CONT'D)

He never phoned Cathy. Not once.

Hindute turns away and stares at the tower walls. His face betrays confusion.

MONICA

No more clues then detective?

HINDUTE

I don't understand.

MONICA

You have my sympathies.

He turns and faces her

HINDUTE

Some things follow, some things are different. There's no pattern here.

MONICA

You playing Cracker? You looking to profile him? Is he a serial killer? What haven't you told me?

He grabs her arms.

HINDUTE

The anonymous letters in the paper, they match, and she claimed that shy guy followed her but the incidents were confined to her train in and out of London and where she lived.

MONICA

She never saw him?

HINDUTE

Not once. I believe she knew who it was. Agreeave was unconvinced.

MONICA

So you lied in the Crimewatch report? You didn't mess up with the protective cover you pulled it.

HINDUTE

Agreeave did. It's not that he didn't believe her, he just thought shy guy posed no real threat to her.

MONICA

I'm sure her relatives were comforted by that.

HINDUTE

Cathy was, to all extents, an orphan. Both her parents and grandparents were dead. She had no siblings and neither did her father and mother.

MONICA

Poor sod. Everyone deserted her.

She looks savagely at Hindute.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Even you and you knew her best. Wasn't there anything you could do to persuade Agreeave?

HINDUTE

Nothing was happening. He needed to...redirect the resource.

MONICA

Corporate claptrap. She dies and you talk gobbledygook. Why did you bother in the first place?

HINDUTE

I admit it was a token. She was scared, particularly when she suspected it was someone close to her. I was to display myself: pick her up in the morning, take her to work, take her home. Two weeks maximum. I still had my day job.

MONICA

Oh so you volunteered then?

HINDUTE

Overtime.

MONICA

Not only were you a pisspoor guardian angel, you weren't much of an investment.

HINDUTE

If it's any consolation, Agreave hasn't stopped beating himself over it.

MONICA

So I'm his absolution?

HINDUTE

Do you think we're plumbers or bricklayers? Sometimes you fuck up and you can't just rebuild a wall.

MONICA

So what have you learned Hindute, that's going to make the difference this time and keep me safe?

His face betrays a confusion of thoughts.

HINDUTE

Stalkers are strange beasts. They don't normally serialise affections.

Pause

HINDUTE (CONT'D)

Like Cathy, shy guy sent in a letter to the Would Love to Meet section. We have the kitten connection too and according to Cathy shy guy followed her at least twice. Once on her commuter train home and once on her way from the station.

MONICA

So she saw him?

HINDUTE

Cathy swore that on her way home one night from the station she was followed and she heard a voice whisper gattino.

MONICA

And the train?

HINDUTE

Cathy was reading and had left her book on her seat and went to the loo. When she came back there was a note sticking out of it. It had gattino written on it.

MONICA

Okay so that fits with me.

Hindute looks surprised.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Look I forgot...the phone call has sort of unnerved me a little. Last night I was followed from my station too.

HINDUTE

Positive?

MONICA

He called me kitten.

HINDUTE

Nothing else.

MONICA

Just kitten.

Hindute looks across toward Tower Bridge.

MONICA (CONT'D)

So this guy becomes obsessed with Cathy and writes her notes, follows her - but how do you know he killed her?

HINDUTE

Who else? She had no enemies. No family. There is no other motive.

MONICA

So he kills her, moves away and finds another. Scared he'll give himself away. I thought these creatures were obsessional not rational.

He turns toward her and places both his hands on her shoulders.

HINDUTE

Your employer...Dave. Do you trust him?

MONICA

Come on Hindute, how the fuck could Dave be on both ends of the phone?

(Pause)

HINDUTE

You should know this. The Credit Crunch changed its name around 18 months ago. It used to be called The Banker. Cathy Solomon worked there.

MONICA

Okay, I admit it, I'm scared.

She moves into him and he embraces her completely but she pulls away slightly.

HINDUTE

I'm sorry I thought...

She traces her right forefinger across his shirt just above the belt line. He reacts, part pleasure, part bewilderment.

MONICA

Look that may explain Dave's reaction. But it doesn't make him Kaiser Soze.

HINDUTE

You said yourself he wasn't in the restaurant when the phone call came in. He could've made the call on his cell outside and then put in his pocket. He may have been talking to himself.

MONICA

Well your trace will find that out.

HINDUTE

If he's used his own phone.

She takes his hand almost like a mother would leading her son to bed.

MONICA

Are you getting desperate for suspects?

He pulls her in toward him. They both look at each other. He looks away first and breaks the hand hold.

HINDUTE

I'll take you back to work

MONICA

I don't want to go back to work.  
I want to forget this for a while.

She strokes him again across the stomach.

HINDUTE

It's hardly professional.

MONICA

Who are we going to tell, my fucking stalker?

CUT TO:

INT. A HOTEL ROOM. EVENING

Hindute and Monica are lying in bed. They have just made love. A half-finished bottle of wine and two glasses sits on the table beside the bed. She rises and looks directly at him.

MONICA

How many?



HINDUTE

Strange question. I guess the earth didn't move then. If you insist, several. You?

MONICA

I'm a little more choosy.

HINDUTE

Really? I'm flattered.

MONICA

In that case, I'm not.

She gets out of bed and goes into the bathroom. She is naked. Behind her he props himself up.

HINDUTE

Seriously you're one of...

MONICA

The better ones?

HINDUTE

No...look...you've put me in the middle of a conversation I didn't expect after...

MONICA

What do you normally discuss afterwards?

HINDUTE

Hey, you seduced me I believe. I don't do this on a regular basis.

MONICA

I'm special am I?

HINDUTE

You're beautiful.

MONICA

You're not my type.

HINDUTE

Strange way to prove it

MONICA

Sex? You brush your teeth don't you?

He shuffles around the bed

HINDUTE  
Yeah, sure. I hardly kidnapped you.  
If anything you seemed to want  
this.

She comes back out and picks up the wine bottle and one of  
the glasses.

MONICA  
Want or need? And you?

HINDUTE  
Funny when I'm with you it feels  
like you're the detective.

MONICA  
You haven't proved anything to the  
contrary so far.

HINDUTE  
Did you enjoy it?

MONICA  
Is it important that I did?

HINDUTE  
I don't know, it's just...I never  
slept with someone who...well for  
want of a better phrase...came like  
you.

Monica laughs out loud.

MONICA  
I bet you've been lying there for  
the last thirty minutes thinking  
about that haven't you?

HINDUTE  
Just seemed a little strange, like  
an enema.

MONICA  
Can't argue with an experienced  
prick. Should I have screamed then?  
Would that tick a box for you?

Hindute laughs out loud at the insult. Monica looks  
impassively at him. He stops laughing almost as quickly as  
he started.

HINDUTE  
I once dated a girl who was really  
quiet. I used to ask her...

MONICA  
You didn't Hindute, really?  
Actually, of course you would.

Hindute sits up on the bed.

HINDUTE  
Why can't you call me James?

MONICA  
You like watching your lovers come  
do you?

Flops back onto the pillow.

HINDUTE  
Can't we change the subject?

MONICA  
What would you like to know?

HINDUTE  
I'm curious.

MONICA  
Okay curious what do you want to  
know?

He grins.

HINDUTE  
This stalker...his behaviors. If  
it's a re-run of Cathy...

MONICA  
Isn't that what you want a pattern?

HINDUTE  
Yes. Catch him and nail him for  
her murder.

MONICA  
But you can't be sure they're the  
same. You were the one who told me  
stalkers are usually obsessed with  
one person.

HINDUTE  
Cathy's dead. Maybe he didn't mean  
to kill her. Maybe it was all an  
accident, he tried to quieten her  
and went too far, but she's gone  
and he has no objective, no purpose  
in life so he finds a substitute.

(MORE)

HINDUTE (CONT'D)

He has to resurrect her, recreate her. You turn up, blonde pig-tails...something stirs...

MONICA

What are the odds? He just happens to flee Hawk End to Clearwater, my town?

HINDUTE

It might have been any town, any girl with pig-tails. I don't know. I'm not a fucking psychologist. There are always reasons behind every bit of human behavior. Even random stuff has a rationale.

MONICA

Do you believe he'll hurt me?

She goes back into the bathroom and shuts the door but continues the conversation.

HINDUTE

Maybe, not intentionally.

MONICA

And I can trust you to stop him?

He hesitates.

HINDUTE

It wasn't my fault? There was never any indication he would've done anything to her.

MONICA

Right up to the point where he throttled her life away.

HINDUTE

That's unfair. I offered to help her in my own time, with or without Agreave's blessing.

MONICA

So where were you? That night.

HINDUTE

She refused my help.

He takes another drink. She walks back into the bedroom. She has put on her underwear. She looks at her watch.

MONICA

Wasn't she working late? Didn't that make her more vulnerable? Where were you Hindute, when he choked the life out of Cathy?

HINDUTE

I was home...I told you she didn't want me.

MONICA

She was upset. No-one believed her.

HINDUTE

But we have a chance now.

MONICA

What if Agreeave thinks I'm fantacizing? Will you desert me?

She looks at her watch again.

HINDUTE

I take it we're done then?

MONICA

Haven't we work to do?

HINDUTE

Expensive.

MONICA

The watch...no, if anything sentimental.

HINDUTE

Funny, I took my watch off; you kept yours on.

MONICA

Nothing strange in that.

HINDUTE

Except you haven't stopped checking it all night.

She starts to get the rest of her clothes on.

MONICA

I have a train to catch. You have a woman to protect.

HINDUTE

Well isn't that just the way this thing is supposed to work?

MONICA

I wouldn't know. I'll leave that to the experts.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. EARLY EVENING.

They exit the lift. Monica makes a show of linking arms with Hindute. A cloaked female figure is watching them leave from a secreted position.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CLEARWATER STATION CONCOURSE. EVENING.

Monica exits the platform area followed by Hindute ten feet behind. His phone rings. He looks curiously at the phone, stops and answers. Monica carries on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Monica is about 100 yards from the station. Her phone rings.

MONICA

Go back to London, I'm okay. See you in the morning.

Behind her a dark figure is silhouetted against the lights from the station. Monica walks on smiling.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

She is watching a re-run of the Crimewatch programme. There is a still photograph on screen. She freezes the TV player. Agreave is in the foreground. The bearded detective beside him is clearly Hindute. She picks up the pink diary and holds it close to her chest.

MONICA  
My hero.

CUT TO.

INT. CLEARWATER STATION COFFEE SHOP. MIDDAY

Monica enters. Karl is notably absent. Debbie serves her.

DEBBIE  
Another late shift today?

MONICA  
Yep. Have I upset him?

DEBBIE  
No phone call or nothing.  
Hasn't he made a move yet?

MONICA  
Assuming I want that kind of 'move'  
Have you seen him?

DEBBIE  
Not this morning.

MONICA  
All my men keep deserting me.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
No moniker for Monica today  
loverboy?

KARL  
Just tired.

MONICA  
Up late? You look like your cock's  
been cut off.

Debbie looks shocked and Karl turns around starts another order. Debbie whispers to Monica.

DEBBIE  
Jeez Monica, that was a bit hard. I  
don't think he's slept in a week.

MONICA  
Sometimes sleep isn't all it's  
cracked up to be.

She walks off. Debbie looks bewildered.

CUT TO:

INT. CREDIT CRUNCH RESTAURANT. EVENING.

Joy and Monica are clearing the last few tables before closing.

JOY  
You okay Monica?

MONICA  
Fine, why?

JOY  
Listen I'm going straight out tonight. Want some company to Waterloo?

MONICA  
Dave say anything?

JOY  
We all loved Cathy.

MONICA  
But no-one told me.

JOY  
Orders.

MONICA  
Dave?

JOY  
Pop.

MONICA  
Threaten to sack anybody that told did he?

JOY  
The murder hit him financially.

MONICA  
I'm amazed during these macabre times they didn't pack in here like sardines.

JOY  
Oh they did at first but that sort of tailed off.



MONICA

After the cameras left. Poor Cathy. Serving dicks like these every day and all she ever meant to them was a plate of pasta or a macchiato. I still find it hard to believe not one of you warned me.

Joy breathes heavily.

JOY

Okay Dave asked me to make sure you got to your train safe.

MONICA

Why, because my minder hasn't turned up today?

JOY

I told you. Dave called him.

MONICA

I'd like to think he more concerned for me than Daddy having to change the restaurant's name again?

JOY

Your policeman will meet you at Waterloo.

MONICA

I expect he will.

She starts to put away the cutlery.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I wouldn't worry about it Joy. I'll take the bus tonight.

JOY

So will I then?

MONICA

Perhaps I should've gone to you when I first acquired my stalker.

JOY

We all loved Cathy. Even Dave. To be honest I thought he fancied her.

MONICA

And you?

JOY  
We were close but...

MONICA  
It didn't work out.

JOY  
She was seeing someone else.

MONICA  
Who?

JOY  
I don't know but...

Joy becomes frustrated

JOY (CONT'D)  
To me you're either one thing or  
another. How do you...?

Monica embraces her.

MONICA  
Sometimes you do what you have to  
do whether you enjoy it or not.

JOY  
Look at me and you're the one with  
the real problem.

MONICA  
It's not a problem. Come on, let's  
get out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP. WATERLOO STATION. NIGHT

Joy and Monica get off the bus.

JOY  
Do you see him?

MONICA  
He'll be on the concourse. Can't  
miss an undercover copper, they  
stick out like sore thumbs.

JOY  
I don't know, Dave asked me to make  
sure you...

MONICA

Dave's not in charge here. I am.  
Go out and enjoy yourself.

JOY

See you in the morning.

MONICA

Maybe.

Joy walks away bewildered. Monica enters the concourse.

CUT TO:

INT. WATERLOO STATION CONCOURSE. NIGHT.

She heads straight for her platform.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

Monica stares out of the window. She is looking at her reflection as if she doesn't recognize the person in front of her. She feels inside her bag and pulls out the pink diary and starts to read.

CUT TO:

EXT PLATFORM 2 CLEARWATER STATION. NIGHT.

Monica gets off the train. She is alone. She swings her bag across her shoulders and starts to walk toward the stairwell. The train pulls away. The platform is darker than usual and she looks up toward the foot bridge and can see the light has been smashed. She pops both hands inside her pockets and shudders.

As she walks past the waiting room a shadow jumps out on her and grabs her from behind. She struggles but he pulls her inside the waiting room and then releases her. She looks at her assailant.

MONICA

Dave; what the fuck are you doing here?

DAVINDER

It's okay I'm not your stalker.

MONICA

Eleven o'clock at night, forty miles from where you live, jumping out of a railway waiting room. Okay Dave, I believe you.

DAVINDER

I'm serious; you're in danger.

MONICA

But not from you?

DAVINDER

No, but I've worked it out, it's...

A shadow comes up from behind Dave and knocks him out cold. It's Hindute. He smiles at her. She smiles back. He is wearing dark clothes and black gloves.

MONICA

Got it right this time.

HINDUTE

I think so.

MONICA

Who'd have guessed? What's poppa gonna say?

HINDUTE

Come on Monica. Stop fucking around. Where is it?

MONICA

I mailed it.

HINDUTE

Who too? There's no-one left. All along something was bothering me but until last night I couldn't quite figure it out.

MONICA

That's your job isn't it detective?

HINDUTE

Not anymore. She went to her father. That's what you wanted wasn't it? Screw me, then humiliate me. My career down the drain. 15 bloody years. She'll make sure I never see the kids.

MONICA

It was only sex. I didn't feel a thing.

HINDUTE

I doubt that, but you made a mistake. You should have got rid of it. There maybe a way out of this and Dave there is going to help me.

MONICA

So this what you're after.

She pulls out the pink diary.

HINDUTE

What have you done, ripped out the contents?

She flicks through the pages.

MONICA

No, it's all there.

He darts looks around the station.

HINDUTE

Agreave?

MONICA

Who needs the cavalry?

HINDUTE

Do you blame yourself then for leaving her? Is this your way of eradicating the guilt?

MONICA

Congratulations detective. You finally worked it all out.

HINDUTE

You bitch.

He grabs Monica by the throat and starts to throttle her. She closes her eyes and doesn't struggle.

HINDUTE (CONT'D)

Dave is going to go down for Cathy and for you. I'm the hero, I caught him but too late to prevent your murder and his. Her father won't be able to kill my career.

(MORE)

HINDUTE (CONT'D)

He'll make her forgive me. I'll  
get promotion, keep the kids.

His face becomes an ecstasy of frenzy and then just as suddenly becalms itself. A body hits the waiting room floor. Beside the door Dave starts to come around. A gloved hand grabs his hair and thumps his head against the concrete and knocks him unconscious again.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CLEARWATER STATION. MORNING.

Agreave pulls up in a police car. The station has a crowd around it but is closed off to the general public. Agreave is allowed entry. Inside the concourse Dave is sitting against a bench in handcuffs. Another DETECTIVE is standing over him. Agreave looks at Dave.

DAVINDER

They think I'm a killer Inspector.  
But I didn't do it, I was trying to  
protect her.

AGREAVE

Take him to the station. Where's  
the body?

Two uniformed police officers take him away.

DETECTIVE

Platform 2 waiting room.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATION FOOTBRIDGE. MORNING

They both make their way across the footbridge and continue their conversation.

DETECTIVE

A young woman found two bodies.  
One deceased and the other  
unconscious. She alerted the  
station staff and...

Agreave notice the smashed bridge light.

AGREAVE

Did he try to run?

DETECTIVE  
 Never had a chance. He was just coming around and two burly guys pinned him to the deck prior to our arrival.

AGREAVE  
 Say anything?

DETECTIVE  
 Usual 'I'm innocent' stuff.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM 2. MORNING.

A body lies inside the waiting room covered by a blanket. An officer stands over it.

AGREAVE  
 Let's get this over with.

The detective prompts the officer who pulls back the blanket to reveal Hindute's body with a sharp serrated knife wedged into his chest.

AGREAVE (CONT'D)  
 What a fucking mess.

Agreave leans down to inspect the body.

AGREAVE (CONT'D)  
 Ideas?

DETECTIVE  
 Lots but nothing that makes any sense.

AGREAVE  
 The girl?

DETECTIVE  
 Checked out of her flat yesterday.

AGREAVE  
 APB?

DETECTIVE  
 Usual.

AGREAVE  
 Any clues in the flat?

DETECTIVE

To be honest. It's like no-one ever lived there.

Agreave spots something.

AGREAVE

What's that bulge?

DETECTIVE

Where?

AGREAVE

Inside his jacket.

The detective pulls on gloves, leans down and pulls out a pink diary. Agreave puts on his own set and takes it from him. He starts to read.

DETECTIVE

Any clues in there?

AGREAVE

Plenty but not to Hindute's murder.

DETECTIVE

God, what a mess.

AGREAVE

Mess? I wish it was that simple. This is Cathy Solomon's diary.

FADE OUT.

INT. ROOM, WOOD ST POLICE STATION. MORNING

Agreave is standing against a long table. The detective from Hindute's murder crime scene is sitting down.

AGREAVE

What did Hindute's widow say?

DETECTIVE

Between the bouts of anger and tears, not a lot. It seems she received a call to tell her her husband was sleeping with a 'hooker' at the Charles Hotel near St Pauls. The number was withheld but the voice was a low whisper. Could have been male or female. She saw them leave. What does the diary tell us?



AGREAVE

The only thing I can be sure of now is that Hindute had an affair with Cathy Solomon but she found out he was married and threatened to tell his wife. As his father-in-law was the Chief Superintendant not only would his marriage be over but his career too. Cathy rejected Hindute's protection because she feared he would do her harm. Hindute told me she didn't believe her stalker would do her harm. He knew I was under pressure to resource another case and agreed for me to reassign him. It never entered my mind that he would be a suspect. I expect if we question his wife we'd probably find he returned home late that night? I suppose she has an alibi for his murder?

DETECTIVE

Seriously?

Agreave shakes his head tragi-comically.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Well if you were serious, that avenue of investigation is closed. She left Hindute after confronting him about the hotel liaison and went back to Daddy, She was with him all night.

AGREAVE

You didn't tell her about Cathy's diary and that her husband is more than likely her killer?

DETECTIVE

No. I thought...are we sure?

AGREAVE

I think if his wife can't establish his whereabouts that night we have only one practical conclusion.

DETECTIVE

Hindute was the stalker as well as murthering Cathy?

AGREAVE

No. I don't think so.

DETECTIVE

Was there a stalker then?

AGREAVE

I don't doubt that but he was simply the unhappy impetus that brought Hindute and Cathy together.

DETECTIVE

Davinder?

AGREAVE

Possibly. Looks like the knife was from his kitchen and it would have to be someone who knew both Monica and Cathy.

DETECTIVE

But didn't we check him out on the original investigation?

AGREAVE

There was never any proof either way.

DETECTIVE

He claims he was trying to protect Monica. He didn't want what happened to Cathy to happen to her.

AGREAVE

So he rode in like Sir Launcelot and got knocked off his steed.

DETECTIVE

He was stupid. He should have called us.

AGREAVE

Hindute was us.

(Pause)

AGREAVE (CONT'D)

We were waiting for the stalker to show his hand but he never did. He was always a shadow. He was just using this creepy power to make Cathy uncomfortable. I doubt he was man enough to take it further.

(MORE)

AGREAVE (CONT'D)

When she was murdered I was distraught. If you ask me my money's on Karl. We know he worked at Hawk End and moved soon after Cathy's murder. He nicknamed Monica 'Kitten'. Have we found him yet?

DETECTIVE

No but we will. Do we arrest him?

AGREAVE

For what?

DETECTIVE

For killing Hindute.

AGREAVE

For crying out loud what do you think platform 2 at Clearwater Station is? A kind of stalkers convention? No, he hasn't physically harmed anyone, unlike our late colleague. No, we need questions answered and in a hurry. Fuck knows what my boss is going to do to me.

DETECTIVE

But if Hindute murdered Cathy you were right.

AGREAVE

The only sliver of light in this fucking tar pool.

DETECTIVE

And Monica?

AGREAVE

Cathy sent her the diary, of that I'm sure. What relationship she had with Cathy is unclear but we're checking that out now, but she killed Hindute, I'm sure of it.

DETECTIVE

But why didn't Monica just hand in the diary? Hindute would have been in jail by now serving life?

Agreave pauses and looks directly at the detective.

AGREAVE  
Because it wasn't enough.

FADE TO:

INT. AGREAVE'S ROOM. WOOD ST POLICE STATION. AFTERNOON.

Agreave is sitting down reading the diary. A knock comes on his door. The detective enters.

DETECTIVE  
Got a trace on that call to the Credit Crunch. Turns out to be Monica's mobile. Why would she ring herself?

AGREAVE  
I don't know. We'll probably find the call to Hindute's wife came from her phone too.

DETECTIVE  
Any luck on Monica's real name?

AGREAVE  
We had a team asking around Cathy's old neighborhood where she lived with her late parents. Ten years ago they fostered a teenager, Maya. Despite the patience shown by them, there was always stress between them and Maya. She'd had an abusive childhood and couldn't cope with their kindness and so they started to over compensate by becoming more disciplined with her which just provoked her more and she eventually left. The parents removed any traces of her, pictures etc. The one person who she confided with and loved more than anyone was Cathy. No-one knows where she went except Cathy. I was right. This was an execution.

DETECTIVE  
How will we find her?

AGREAVE  
What name do you think she'll be using now? Do we even bother?

The detective turns to go.

## DETECTIVE

Oh I forgot. A letter for you.

Agreave looks surprised. The detective hands it over and exits. Agreave opens it up. It says:

'His soul swooned slowly as he  
heard the snow falling faintly  
through the universe and faintly  
falling, like the descent of their  
last end, upon all the living and  
the dead' M

Agreave picks up the phone.

## AGREAVE

I want a car ready immediately

CUT TO:

EXT. A CEMETERY. LATE AFTERNOON.

The clouds are low in the sky and threatening rain. Agreave's car pulls up at the entrance to the cemetery and he walks in. As he does so the rain begins to fall. He pulls up his collar and begins to manoeuvre his way around the walkways looking at the names of the headstone and accidentally bumps into a young dark-haired woman wearing dark glasses and carrying an umbrella. He apologizes and walks on. Eventually he spots his objective - Cathy Solomon's headstone. He looks down. Leaning against it is a blue book wrapped in polythene. He picks it up and unwraps it. It is Monica's diary. He begins to read.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Monica receives Cathy's diary.

She reads about her working at The Banker, her fling with Joy and the fact that Dave is attracted to her.

She reads about the stalker. She suspects a man called Karl who works in the coffee shop at her station who calls her Gattino.

She reads about her approaching the police, falling in love with Hindute, finding out he's married and then fearing for her life.

Monica watching the first news reports of Cathy's death.

Hindute breaking into Cathy's flat looking for the diary and hiding the goods he stole to deflect motive for burglary.

Monica tracking down Karl's move away from Hawk End to Clearwater.

Monica answering the advertisement for the vacancy at the Credit Crunch.

Monica engaging with Gerry and instigating the daily habit of reading the Would Love to Meet section.

Monica writing in to the section as Shy Guy using Karl's association with Kitten.

Monica placing the written note into the free paper.

Monica watching Ned and coercing the coffee throwing incident.

Monica phoning the Credit Crunch land line from the back room and contriving the stalker's call.

Dave picking up the phone and Monica retreat back to the room and whispering into the phone.

Monica seducing Hindute and then phoning his wife from the bathroom to alert her.

Monica picking up a serrated knife from the Credit Crunch and arm herself before going home.

Monica and Hindute wrestling inside the waiting room as she thrusts the knife into his chest and knocks out Dave again.

Monica walking away from the station.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHY SOLOMON'S HEADSTONE. LATE AFTERNOON

Agreave breathes deeply.

AGREAVE

Well done lass, well done indeed.

Behind him the woman with the umbrella is looking at him. A huge smile stretches across her face. She turns around and walks away.

END