

STREET SIREN

Written by

Tom Batt

FADE IN.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The year is 1988. The city skyline twinkles in the distance.

We pull back through an apartment window.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sitting on the window sill leant against the frame, wearing only lingerie, is a young girl smoking a cigarette as she looks out to the horizon. This is DEVLIN (22), her body may be young, but her mind is very old.

As she raises the cigarette in her shaking hand we see blood drip from her fingers. A charm bracelet wrapped around her wrist.

She places the cigarette between her lips and takes a drag. Her face is covered with blood. Her eyes are glazed over staring into space.

After exhaling the smoke into the night air, she flicks the cigarette away and slides off the window sill.

Devlin makes her way through the studio apartment to the bathroom door, passing the BODY of a young man (LATER REVEALED TO BE RICKY) lying on the bed tied by his wrists.

What is left of his face is unrecognizable, nothing but a bloody mess. Blood is everywhere, sprayed up the headboard and wall, soaking into the bedsheets.

Devlin enters the bathroom, switching on the light.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The tap runs a moment before Devlin slips her hands under to wash the blood away.

She splashes water on her face to clean every last mark of red. She looks up into the bathroom mirror and stares deeply at herself.

Her eyes have dark circles around them. There is nothing but gloom staring back at her. She pulls a black wig from her head to reveal her golden blonde hair, with pink streaks on one side.

Suddenly she comes over all nauseous and throws up in the nearby toilet.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin re-enters the bedroom wearing a pink cocktail dress, leather jacket with sleeves rolled up and black ankle boots.

She picks up a bloody hammer off the floor and wipes it down with the bedsheets.

She places it inside her handbag and pulls it onto her shoulder.

Devlin picks up a wallet off the bedside table where a dish of cocaine sits, white powder scattered across the surface.

She removes £200 in cash, then places the wallet back.

She opens the front door, the bright light cutting a silhouette of her. She shuts the door filling the room with darkness again.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

**TITLE: 3 WEEKS EARLIER**

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Devlin opens her eyes to find herself lying in a large bed in a luxurious hotel room. She looks over at a large man asleep next to her, snoring loudly.

She pulls back the covers and climbs out. She gets dressed, putting on a small cocktail dress and ankle boots, like those we saw previously.

She picks up an envelope from the bedside table and opens it to reveal a wad of notes. She flicks through them and then places the envelope in her handbag.

Devlin pulls on her leather jacket and creeps through the room to the door. She exits silently pulling the door closed gently.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Devlin enters the modest, but well-decorated studio style apartment. Tidy and clean with stylish artwork on the walls.

ROXY (26) sits at the small dining table drawing in a sketch pad. She has the face of someone who has seen it all. The charm bracelet worn by Devlin is currently jingling on Roxy's wrist.

ROXY

Hey, how was your night?

Devlin smiles.

DEVLIN

It was fine.

Devlin removes the envelope from her handbag and places it in front of Roxy. Roxy flicks through the notes impressed by the amount.

Devlin fills herself a glass of water from the kitchen tap and gulps it down.

Roxy stands and walks over to the double bed.

She reaches under and pulls out a metal tin. As she flips open the lid a bunch of notes spring up almost spilling out. She pushes them back down placing the new load on top. She squeezes the lid shut, sliding the tin back under the bed.

DEVLIN

How was your night?

Roxy makes her way back over to the table and sits back down.

ROXY

Another weirdo with a foot fetish.

Devlin scrunches her face up. Roxy laughs.

ROXY

Yep, my thoughts exactly. Still, he paid good money. Plus, I have lovely feet, so it's not that big of a deal.

Devlin grins.

DEVLIN

I'm going to take a shower.

Devlin heads over to the bathroom. Roxy continues drawing.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Music is playing. Devlin exits the bathroom, towel wrapped around her with another around her head. She holds a brush and sings into it like a microphone, along to the song.

Roxy is still sat at the table. She looks up at Devlin as she dances through the room. She approaches Roxy and leans in close, closing her eyes as she sings with passion.

Roxy bursts out laughing.

Devlin steps onto the bed, turning it into a stage. Roxy cheers and claps.

The song ends, Devlin finishing with a pose. Roxy claps.

Devlin jumps down from the bed giggling.

ROXY

You've got a stunning voice. You should consider singing professionally.

DEVLIN

Don't be silly.

ROXY

You can't be a call girl all your life. It's good to have a talent you can use. It could take you places you never dreamed of.

Devlin approaches Roxy.

DEVLIN

The only dreams I need involve you.

Devlin kisses Roxy.

ROXY

Ah, aren't you sweet? I think I might throw up.

Devlin giggles.

ROXY

So, what do you think?

Roxy gestures toward the sketch pad in front of her. Devlin raises her eyebrows impressed at the stylised image of a rose.

DEVLIN  
That's it?

ROXY  
Yeah. Do you like it?

DEVLIN  
I think it's beautiful. After all these years of talk, I can't believe you're actually going through with it.

ROXY  
Neither can I. Which is why I'm going to need you by my side to hold my hand, so hurry up and get dressed.

Roxy playfully smacks Devlin on the bottom.

DEVLIN  
Alright, I'm moving.

Devlin giggles as she heads back into the bathroom.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Devlin and Roxy are sat at the window of a bar with a glass of wine each.

DEVLIN  
Let me see it again.

Roxy leans to one side and pulls down her skirt to expose medical dressing on her hip. She peels back the dressing to reveal a tattoo of the rose she drew.

DEVLIN  
It looks so good.

ROXY  
Why don't you get one?

DEVLIN  
I don't think I could handle the pain.

ROXY  
It didn't hurt that much.

DEVLIN  
Your face said otherwise.

Roxy laughs.

ROXY

I think it would be sexy on you.  
You have this innocent girl look,  
but when guys see the tattoo  
they'll think you have a dark side.

Devlin smiles.

DEVLIN

I'll think about it.

The sound of a car horn catches their attention. Roxy looks out the window.

ROXY

I guess that's my new trick.

DEVLIN

Why doesn't he come in?

ROXY

Apparently, he's too shy to meet in public.

DEVLIN

Ah, that's sweet.

ROXY

I don't think his wife would think that.

DEVLIN

How do you know he's married?

ROXY

Think about it. He doesn't want to meet in public? In other words he doesn't want to get caught.

Devlin smirks.

Roxy grabs her handbag and gets up. Devlin follows suit.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Roxy and Devlin step outside. Devlin glances over at the driver of the car, but his face is shrouded in shadow.

ROXY

I'll see you tomorrow.

DEVLIN

Okay.

Roxy kisses Devlin on the cheek.

ROXY

Love you.

DEVLIN

Love you too. Have a good night.

ROXY

I always do.

Roxy heads over to the car, she leans in through the passenger window. Devlin watches as words are exchanged. Roxy climbs into the car, she gives Devlin a brief wave. Devlin waves back as the car drives off.

Devlin turns and heads up the street.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Devlin wakes in bed and rolls over to look at the alarm clock on the bedside table. It is 11:30am.

She rolls over to the other side to find the bed empty beside her. She reaches out and runs her hand along the duvet cover, frowning.

Devlin sits up and looks around the empty apartment.

Devlin climbs out of bed and approaches the answer machine on a sideboard by the door. No new messages. A look of worry forms on her face.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Devlin enters nervously. She stands in the lobby looking a little lost before making her way over to the front desk.

Detective Sergeant LEWIS WEYLAND (30) is rooting through a filing cabinet. He is tall, with a kind face and a well-groomed moustache.

DEVLIN

Excuse me.

Lewis looks over at Devlin. He looks around for anyone else and then approaches the desk.



LEWIS

Uh, what can I do for you?

DEVLIN

I'd like to report my friend missing. She didn't come home this morning and I haven't heard from her.

LEWIS

Um, okay. When did you last see her?

DEVLIN

Last night.

LEWIS

Okay, and you were expecting her to be home by now?

DEVLIN

Yeah.

LEWIS

Well, we don't normally file a missing persons report until it's been twenty-four hours. Chances are, she's lost track of time and will be home sometime today. Nine times out of ten that's usually the case. If I was you I'd go home and wait for her. I'm sure she'll show up.

DEVLIN

Okay.

Devlin drops her head and exits. Lewis watches her with sorrowful eyes.

LEWIS

Wait.

Devlin stops and turns.

LEWIS

What's your name?

DEVLIN

Devlin. Devlin Hunter.

LEWIS

Why don't you give me her description, Devlin?

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I'll let units in the area know and  
get back to you if I hear anything.

Devlin smiles sweetly and approaches the desk. Lewis grabs a pen and returns the smile.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

An OLD MAN (60s) walks his dog through the long grass of a field. The dog runs off ahead and begins barking. The Old Man approaches.

OLD MAN

What is it boy?

His eye catches something hidden in the distance. He moves closer for a better view. As he sees what it is, his eyes widen with horror.

OLD MAN

Jesus.

A pale, bloody hand sticks out from the ground.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Police vehicles are parked in the field, tape has been stretched around an area. FORENSIC OFFICERS collect evidence, and take photos.

A 1982 brown Ford Cortina pulls up. Lewis climbs out of the passenger side, Chief Inspector MITCHELL GRANTHAM (50) climbs out of the drivers' side. He is a very large man with a full grey beard and balding head.

The two of them approach the crime scene. Lewis looks on in disgust at the mutilated body that lay before them, exhumed from a shallow grave. He turns away.

LEWIS

Oh God.

GRANTHAM

Are you alright?

LEWIS

Yeah, just a shock.

GRANTHAM

They certainly made a bloody mess  
of her.

Lewis struggles to look at the corpse.

Grantham turns to a UNIFORM OFFICER standing by with a notepad and pen.

GRANTHAM

I.D.?

UNIFORM OFFICER

No, sir. No I.D. That's her handbag down there.

Grantham's attention is drawn to a small handbag located by the corpse. He pulls a latex glove from his pocket, putting it on. He crouches down by the bag. He opens it and begins to sort through the contents.

GRANTHAM

She's a prostitute.

LEWIS

What makes you say that?

GRANTHAM

How many women do you know carry ten condoms in their handbag?

Grantham takes out a small photograph of Roxy and Devlin embracing.

GRANTHAM

Well, at least that's someone who'll know who she is.

Grantham passes the photograph to Lewis. He stares at the photo.

LEWIS

I know that girl.

GRANTHAM

The friend?

LEWIS

She came into the station this morning. She reported her friend missing.

Grantham stands.

GRANTHAM

Congratulations, you just found her.

Grantham pats Lewis on the shoulder and heads over to a forensic officer. Lewis continues to stare at the photo of the happy couple.

Looking past the photo something on the floor catches his eye. Roxy's charm bracelet. He removes a pen from his pocket and bends down using it to pick up the bracelet. He studies it.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Devlin sits on the bed deep in thought. There is a knock at the door. Devlin jumps up and rushes over to the door.

DEVLIN

Roxy?

She whips open the door to find Lewis standing before her looking forlorn.

She stares at him confused.

LEWIS

Hi, I'm DS Lewis Weyland. (Showing his badge) You came into the station this morning to report your friend missing.

DEVLIN

Have you found her?

LEWIS

I'm sorry to say we've found a body.

DEVLIN

What?

LEWIS

We have reason to believe it may be your friend, but to confirm we'll need you to identify her.

Devlin is speechless.

INT. CORONER'S - DAY

Devlin stands beside Lewis in front of a window. A curtain is pulled back to reveal a body covered by a sheet the other side.

A CORONER approaches the body and pulls back the sheet from Roxy's face to reveal her battered and bruised face.

Devlin throws a hand up over her face in shock.

LEWIS  
Is it her?

Devlin shakes her head.

DEVLIN  
I don't know.

LEWIS  
Does she have any distinguishing  
marks? Tattoos? Birth marks?

DEVLIN  
She has a tattoo of a rose on her  
right hip.

Lewis knocks on the window.

LEWIS  
Can you show us the right hip?

The coroner walks round and pulls back the sheet from Roxy's hip to reveal a rose tattooed on her hip.

Devlin breaks down in tears and almost collapses to the floor, but Lewis catches her. He holds her close as she screams out.

The coroner covers the body.

INT. CORONER'S - DAY

Devlin is sat in a waiting room, staring into space. Her eyes are red raw from crying, tears still running down her face. She clutches a sodden tissue in her hand.

Lewis brings over a cup of water and hands it to her.

LEWIS  
Here.

Devlin takes a sip as he sits down next to her.

LEWIS  
I'd like to ask you a few  
questions, if that's okay?

Devlin nods gently.

Lewis takes out a notepad and pen.

LEWIS

You said the last time you saw her  
was last night. What time?

DEVLIN

About 10.

LEWIS

I understand she's a prostitute.  
Was she working?

DEVLIN

Call girl.

LEWIS

Excuse me?

Devlin looks at Lewis.

DEVLIN

We are call girls. Not prostitutes.

Devlin turns away realising her words.

DEVLIN

She was a call girl.

LEWIS

Is there a difference?

DEVLIN

We don't stand around on a street.

LEWIS

I see.

DEVLIN

She was picked up by a trick in his  
car.

LEWIS

A customer?

DEVLIN

Yeah.

LEWIS

Someone she's been with before?

DEVLIN

No, she said he was new.

LEWIS  
Did you see his face?

Devlin shakes her head.

DEVLIN  
It was too dark.

LEWIS  
Do you remember what type of car it  
was?

Devlin closes her eyes, shaking her head.

DEVLIN  
No.

Lewis nods. He closes his notebook.

LEWIS  
I think that's enough for now.

He pockets the notebook. He reaches into another pocket and takes out an evidence bag containing the charm bracelet. He removes the bracelet and admires the many charms.

LEWIS  
We've already checked this for  
prints. I thought maybe you'd want  
it.

He passes it over to her. She studies it, playing with each charm. She slides it over her wrist.

DEVLIN  
Thank you.

LEWIS  
Are you going to be okay tonight?

DEVLIN  
I'll be fine.

LEWIS  
We'll find who did this. I promise.

Devlin continues to stare at the bracelet.

INT. VIDEO RENTAL STORE - DAY

Devlin enters the store and approaches the desk where REESE (27) sits watching a film on a small monitor beneath the desk top. He looks up surprised to see her. He presses pause on the T.V. remote.

REESE

Devlin Hunter, as I live a breathe.  
I haven't seen you in a while.

DEVLIN

Are you still selling?

REESE

Am I still selling? Is Brooke  
Shields the sexiest girl on the  
planet?

Devlin frowns at him, not amused.

REESE

Yeah, I'm still selling. What do  
you want?

DEVLIN

The usual.

REESE

Coming up.

Reese is about to head into the backroom when he stops and turns.

REESE

Do you need any utensils?

Devlin nods.

Reese disappears into the backroom briefly before returning with a small bag of white powder and a brown paper bag. He places both bags on the counter.

REESE

Same price as before.

Devlin takes a wad of notes and counts through them. She passes over some to Reese and he counts it.

REESE

It's always nice to have a customer  
return. Enjoy.



Devlin grabs the bags dumping them in her handbag. She turns and exits the store. Reese gets back to his film.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A flaming lighter burns the underside of a spoon. The liquid in the spoon bubbles away.

A needle point dips into the liquid and draw it up into the chamber.

A belt is pulled tight around Devlin's arm. She taps the veins to make them rise.

She sticks the needle into the vein and pumps the contents into her arm.

Devlin is sat on the bed. She puts the syringe on the bedside table and releases the belt from the grip of her teeth. She drops her head back and closes her eyes. She plays with the charm bracelet.

\*FLASHBACK\*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Devlin is a few years younger. She looks rough, her eyes dark with bags beneath them. She sits on a bench scratching her arm. As a cold wind rushes by she pulls her denim jacket tighter around her.

Roxy approaches her and smiles.

ROXY

Hi there.

Devlin looks over at Roxy, frightened. She leans back. Roxy raises her arms as if to pose no threat.

ROXY

It's okay. I'm not going to hurt you. What's your name?

DEVLIN

Devlin.

ROXY

Devlin. Interesting name. You look like you could do with a warm place to stay, Devlin. I've got more than enough room.

Roxy holds out her hand offering a soft smile.

ROXY

I'm Roxy.

Devlin is reluctant as she stares at Roxy's hand. After a few moments of thought she slowly extends her arm and takes Roxy's hand.

Devlin stands. Roxy throws a comforting arm around her and they walk off into the night.

\*END FLASHBACK\*

INT. WHITBREAD HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement walls are covered with VHS tapes on shelves.

DEREK WHITBREAD (30s), a suave gentleman wearing a polo shirt and beige chino's, sits on a leather sofa in the centre of the room, with a glass of whiskey in hand.

A projector displays a film on the wall in front of him.

The doorbell rings. Derek places the glass on the coffee table in front of him and gets up.

INT. WHITBREAD HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Derek approaches the door, there is a loud knock.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr Whitbread, it's the police. Open the door.

Derek stops in his tracks and panics. He backs away from the door as the knocking increases. He heads into a study.

INT. WHITBREAD HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

Derek takes a key and unlocks a desk drawer, yanking it open. He pulls out a gun as the sound of the front door being broken open makes him jump.

Police officers led by two plain clothes DETECTIVES rush into the house. The two detectives step into the study.

Derek raises the gun pointing it at them. They halt and raise their hands.

DETECTIVE

Put the gun down, Mr Whitbread.

Derek shakes his head. He puts the gun to his temple and pulls the trigger. Blood splatters across the room. He collapses to the ground.

DETECTIVE

Someone call an ambulance. The rest of you search the house.

Officers enter the study and begin searching through bookshelves, drawers, cupboards.

INT. WHITBREAD HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

A couple of officers make their way down the stairs and into the basement. They begin searching through the VHS tapes on the wall.

One of the officers stares at the film playing on the screen. He throws a hand over his mouth in shock.

OFFICER

Jesus Christ.

He presses stop on the VHS player and ejects the tape. A red 'X' on the label.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - DAY

Lewis sits at his desk going through evidence documents. He rubs his forehead in a stressed manner.

Grantham enters carrying a plastic evidence bag containing the 'Red X' VHS tape. He places it down on Lewis' desk.

Lewis picks it up.

LEWIS

What's this?

GRANTHAM

The home of a suspected paedophile was raided last night. Shot himself. Most likely from guilt or shame, whatever the fuck you want to call it. Coward's way out if you ask me. Anyway, that tape was found in his possession.

LEWIS

So?

GRANTHAM

You might want to take a look at  
what's on it.

Lewis frowns confusion at Grantham then turns back toward the tape.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Devlin lies in bed, the covers pulled tight over her. She looks rough, the combination of crying and drugs.

A knock at the door makes her jump. A second knock causes her to raise her head from the pillow.

DEVLIN

Who is it?

LEWIS (O.S.)

It's Lewis.

DEVLIN

Go away!

Devlin drops her head back down.

LEWIS (O.S.)

Please open the door, Devlin. I  
need to speak to you. It's  
important.

Devlin huffs. She pulls back the covers and slowly drags herself off the bed.

She reaches the door and pulls it ajar, the security chain preventing it from opening any further. Devlin peers through the gap.

DEVLIN

What?

LEWIS

Are you going to open the door and  
let me in?

Devlin exhales in frustration. She takes off the chain and opens the door fully. She steps aside allowing Lewis to enter.

DEVLIN

So?

LEWIS

How are you doing? Are you sleeping?

DEVLIN

I'm fine. What do you want?

LEWIS

We have a lead. A video tape has been found of Roxy's murder.

DEVLIN

What? You know who did it?

LEWIS

No, not exactly. The killer is wearing a mask. I don't like to ask this of you, but would you be willing to watch it, to see if there's anything about this man you recognise?

Devlin shakes her head.

DEVLIN

I don't think so.

LEWIS

You don't have to watch the whole thing, but right now, it could be our only shot of finding her killer.

Devlin is speechless.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - DAY

Devlin sits in front of a television set. She breathes heavy with nerves. Her shaking fingers playing with the charm bracelet. Lewis turns off the lights plunging them into darkness.

He presses play on the T.V. remote. The glow of the screen lights up Devlin's face.

She stares at the screen impatiently.

The tape begins, grainy footage of a small room with a bed. A topless MASKED MAN guides a drugged up Roxy into shot. She has been stripped down to her underwear.

He sits her down on the bed. As he turns his back toward camera he reveals part of a tattoo peering out from the top of his trousers. They look like tips of wings.

The tape jump cuts. The masked man pushes Roxy, she sways back and forth, no longer in control of her body. He slaps her a couple of times across the face.

The slaps get harder. Devlin screws up her face in disgust.

He punches her in the face, her nose breaks as blood spurts. Devlin throws her hand over her mouth in shock as Roxy falls back onto the bed.

An arm reaches into shot holding a knife. There are pen markings on the arm reading 'S1 - T3, S2 - T1, S3 - T2'. The masked man takes the knife and heads toward Roxy.

Devlin turns away.

DEVLIN

Turn it off.

Lewis presses stop on the remote. Devlin is distressed. Lewis turns on the lights and approaches her. He crouches down in front of her.

LEWIS

Was there anything you recognised?  
The way he moved, mannerisms, the  
tattoo on his back? What about the  
markings on the arm?

DEVLIN

I don't know. Nothing was familiar.  
I want to go home now.

LEWIS

Please, Devlin think. If there is  
anything, you need to tell me.

Devlin looks Lewis in the eye.

DEVLIN

I don't know.

Devlin jumps up from her seat and rushes out the room. Lewis hangs his head shamefully.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Devlin exits through the main doors and runs around to the side of the building.

She leans up against the wall and tries to catch her breath. She can't hold it back any longer and bursts out crying.

As she calms, anger begins to set in across her face.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rain falls. Devlin stands alone by a fresh grave, dressed in black. Her sad eyes stare into space.

She grabs the charm bracelet around her wrist tightly and closes her eyes.

DEVLIN

I remember what you told me.

She opens her eyes.

DEVLIN

If I ever get the chance, I promise  
I will.

INT. VIDEO RENTAL STORE - NIGHT

Devlin approaches the front door to find it locked. She peers in through the glass windows and knocks.

Reese appears from the back room. As soon as he notices her, he heads straight for the door. He unlocks it.

REESE

We're closed.

DEVLIN

I need some more.

Reese pauses briefly and then nods.

REESE

Okay.

He steps aside to allow Devlin to enter. He closes the door behind her. He glances outside to make sure no one is watching.

INT. VIDEO RENTAL STORE, BACKROOM - NIGHT

The room contains a television set on a counter hooked up to several VHS recorders. A film is playing on the screen as the machines record. Reese enters followed by Devlin.

REESE

I'm surprised to see you back so soon. I guess you've got lost time to catch up on.

Devlin glances at the tech as Reese searches through a drawer. He catches Devlin looking.

REESE

Don't touch that. I'm making bootleg copies. A little money on the side.

Reese grins.

Devlin watches the pornographic film for a moment. She is about to look away when a familiar face appears on screen. A masked man steps into shot. The same mask.

Devlin's eyes lock onto him. As the masked man turns his back toward camera the same hint of a tattoo peaks out from his trousers.

DEVLIN

Who is that?

Reese glances at the screen.

REESE

I have no idea. The VHS cover is just by you.

Devlin looks down at a plastic case. She picks it up. The title of the film is 'Fetish Funhouse' no other details are given. She flips over to the other side to find the name 'Hardwood Films'.

Reese finds what he's looking for and turns to her.

REESE

You want to buy a copy?

Devlin puts the case down and rushes for the door.

REESE

Hey!

Devlin stops and looks back. He waggles a small bag of powder in front of her.

Devlin reaches into her purse and takes out a wad of cash. She slams it in Reese's hand and snatches the bag of powder. She heads out the door.



## INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin sits on the floor in front of a dresser. The bottom drawer pulled out. She rummages through clothes.

She pulls out a T-shirt and sniffs it closing her eyes. She puts it back and continues searching.

She finds a black wig and pulls it out. She holds it up and brushes it with her fingers.

## EXT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Devlin stands outside a small warehouse like building staring up at it. She is wearing the black wig.

She looks down at a page from a telephone book she holds in her hands. On the page are details for 'Hardwood Films' along with an address.

She looks back up at the building and walks toward the main doors.

## INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

The warehouse is decked out like a cheap film studio with a bedroom set in the middle of the room surrounded by lights. To one side is a small office with glass walls. The other side a dressing room and editing room/storage room.

As Devlin steps inside several people walk about busy. Devlin looks around at the potential suspects.

MIKE (34) the sound guy is testing sound equipment. He is tall and slim sporting a mullet. He turns to Devlin and catches her eye. He grins and winks. She looks away.

JORDAN (26) the cameraman is wiping the lens of a camcorder. He is slightly rotund with a ponytail and thin wiry glasses. A ball-point pen cradled on his ear.

RICKY ROMERO (29) is sat on the floor in a dressing gown doing crunches. He is a good looking man with chiselled features and toned body. Slicked back dark hair and clean shaven.

Two girls CHANTELLE (23) and STEPHANIE (25) exit the dressing room wearing dressing gowns. They are deep in conversation. Both tall and blonde they are stereotypical models, smooth skin, slim bodies and big breasts.

JOSIE (23) approaches Devlin smiling. She is small and sweet looking, wearing a dress. A 'girl next door' look with soft blonde hair and young features. She speaks with an American accent.

JOSIE

Hey. Are you okay? You look a little lost.

DEVLIN

I'd like to apply for a job.

JOSIE

Oh, okay. You'd need to speak to Patrick. I think he's in his office. I'll go check for you.

Josie heads over to the glass walled office and knocks on the door. Inside the room a man stands on the phone with his back to us. He raises a hand and beckons her in. Josie glances over at Devlin and smiles. She opens the door and enters.

Devlin continues staring at everyone. A moment later Josie steps out of the office and beckons Devlin over.

INT. FILM STUDIO, PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Devlin sits opposite PATRICK (30) at his desk. He is a good looking man with a groomed beard and combed back black hair. He takes out a ball point pen and clicks it.

PATRICK

So, first things first. What's your name?

DEVLIN

Devlin.

PATRICK

Devlin.

Patrick makes a note.

PATRICK

Do you have a surname, Devlin?

Devlin pauses briefly.

DEVLIN

Hunter.

PATRICK

Devlin Hunter. I like that. Have you done any films before?

DEVLIN

No.

Patrick looks up at Devlin surprised.

PATRICK

Oh, I was going to say you seem familiar. I thought maybe I'd seen you in something. You must just have one of those faces. Anyway, what are your limits?

DEVLIN

What do you mean?

PATRICK

Is there anything you're not willing to do on camera? Oral, anal etc.

DEVLIN

I'll do anything.

Patrick's eyebrows raise.

PATRICK

Fantastic. Okay, if you could just stand up and remove your clothes so I can take a look at your body.

Devlin hesitates.

PATRICK

I need to see you naked. It's kind of important. I have to make sure you don't have any horrible scars or defects. If you don't want to, there's the door.

Devlin slowly stands.

She begins peeling away clothing. Patrick watches intently until she stands before him fully undressed. She looks anywhere except directly at him.

PATRICK

Very nice. Okay, you can put your clothes back on.

Devlin hastily pulls her dress back on to cover herself.

PATRICK

I'll be honest. I'm looking for a new girl. One of mine just quit. We're halfway through shooting a new film and I have an idea for a scene I think you'd be perfect for. Pay is £500 per scene. Because you're untested, we'll start you on a probationary period. I'm afraid in the first instance you'll only get paid if we decide to use the scene. That may seem unfair, but every studio in the country works that way. Does that sound okay?

Devlin nods.

PATRICK

Good. We're short on time, so I'd like to get the scene shot tomorrow if that works for you?

Devlin nods.

PATRICK

Excellent.

Patrick takes out a contract and places it the other side of the desk in front of Devlin.

PATRICK

I just need you to sign and we're all done.

Devlin takes the pen and scribbles a signature.

The door bursts open making her jump. Ricky storms into the room, frustrated.

RICKY

Patrick, are we going to shoot today or what?

PATRICK

I'll be right out. Oh, Ricky I'd like you to meet Devlin Rose. She'll be shooting a scene with you tomorrow.

Ricky looks down at Devlin. He is taken aback. Devlin stares at him nervously. He grins.

RICKY

Well, hello there.

Ricky takes Devlin's hand and kisses it.

RICKY  
I look forward to it.

Devlin forces a smile.

Patrick stands.

PATRICK  
Get yourself ready, Ricky. I'm on  
my way now.

RICKY  
I was born ready.

Ricky winks at Devlin and then exits the office. Patrick takes back the contract and extends a hand to Devlin. She reluctantly takes it and shakes.

PATRICK  
We'll see you tomorrow.

Devlin stands and exits the office.

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Devlin walks through the set watching everyone. Ricky steps onto the bedroom set and removes his robe to reveal a small pair of underwear.

He turns around to reveal a tattoo of two wings.

Devlin stops in her tracks and stares at him. She studies the tattoo.

An image of the masked man's tattoo flashes through her mind. They match.

INT. FILM STUDIO, BATHROOM - DAY

Devlin rushes into the room and approaches the sink. She starts to hyperventilate. She looks at her reflection in the mirror and closes her eyes. She holds the bracelet on her wrist and manages to calm herself. She opens her eyes.

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Devlin exits the toilet and looks over at Ricky as he climbs onto the bed where Stephanie and Chantelle are lying in just their underwear.

Devlin glances down at a toolbox near her. A hammer protrudes from it. With everyone preoccupied, looking away, she quickly snatches the hammer and slips it in her handbag.

She turns and heads for the door.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ricky sits in a VIP booth Stephanie and Chantelle flanking him either side.

On a table in front of them lines of cocaine are arranged. Ricky snorts a line, then lifts his head, eyes wide. He cleans the end of his nose. He stares at the dance floor watching the people dance as Stephanie and Chantelle snort lines.

From the crowd of dancers comes Devlin. She is gyrating slowly to the music. She glances over at Ricky, catching his eye.

Her moves become more seductive as she runs her fingers up and down her body. Ricky is now firmly fixed on her.

He gestures with his fingers for Devlin to come over. She smiles and makes her way toward his booth.

Ricky speaks to Stephanie and Chantelle, whilst his focus remains on Devlin.

RICKY

You two, get out of here.

CHANTELLE

What?

RICKY

I said scram. Go.

CHANTELLE

Why?

Ricky grabs Chantelle by the throat and pushes his face close to hers.

RICKY

Because I'm sick of looking at you.  
Now do as you're told and fuck off!

Ricky releases his grip, pushing her back.

Chantelle jumps up from her seat on the verge of tears and rushes into a crowd of people. Stephanie follows her.

Devlin is allowed into the VIP booth. She sits down next to Ricky.

RICKY  
You're Patrick's new girl. Devlin,  
was it?

DEVLIN  
That's right.

RICKY  
Patrick has struck gold with you.

Devlin acts coy. She glances down at the cocaine. Ricky catches her looking and gestures toward it.

RICKY  
Be my guest.

Devlin hesitates before lowering her head a snorting a line. She feels the rush, a shocked look upon her face.

RICKY  
Good?

Devlin nods.

RICKY  
You're a very beautiful woman.

DEVLIN  
Stop it, you're embarrassing me.

Ricky grins.

DEVLIN  
You know I think you're really hot.  
I'm looking forward to our scene  
together tomorrow.

RICKY  
So am I.

DEVLIN  
In fact, I was wondering if we  
could rehearse.

Ricky is taken aback by her forwardness.

RICKY  
You don't mess around, do you?

Devlin shakes her head.

RICKY

Well then, why don't we head back to my place and we can try a few things?

DEVLIN

I'd love to.

Devlin gives a devilish grin.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin enters with Ricky. She looks around at the lavish studio apartment, placing her bag on the sofa. Artwork on the walls of nude women, posters of adult films Ricky has starred in. Modern furniture neatly lined up.

RICKY

Can I get you a drink?

DEVLIN

Please.

Ricky enters the kitchen.

Devlin looks around the room, Ricky pours two glasses of wine and carries them over to her.

DEVLIN

This is such a nice place. You must be pretty rich.

He hands her a glass.

RICKY

I do alright for myself. Cheers.

They clink glasses and both take a sip.

RICKY

Take a seat.

They sit on the white leather couch placing their wine glasses on the glass coffee table. Ricky throws an arm over the back of the sofa.

DEVLIN

How long have you been making films?

RICKY

Come on, let's not talk shop. This is strictly pleasure.



Ricky looks into Devlin's eyes.

RICKY  
You have such beautiful eyes.

DEVLIN  
You don't need to flatter me. We  
both know what's about to happen.

She leans in, he follows suit and they kiss passionately.  
Ricky cups her breast. She pushes his hand away.

DEVLIN  
Not here. Go and make yourself  
comfortable in the bedroom. I have  
a surprise for you.

RICKY  
I like surprises.

DEVLIN  
Then you'll love this one.  
Bathroom?

Ricky points.

RICKY  
Through there.

Devlin stands collecting her bag before heading to the  
bathroom. Ricky watches her disappear then strolls over to  
the bed.

He sits down on the edge. On the bedside table is a dish  
filled with cocaine and a mirror next to it with four lines  
ready to go.

Ricky snorts both lines. He cleans his nose and starts  
removing his clothes.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Devlin slips off her leather jacket and dress. She wears  
lingerie underneath with stockings and suspenders. She looks  
at herself in the mirror and takes a deep breath.

She grabs her bag and exits.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin approaches the bed with her handbag. She finds Ricky  
lying on the bed in his underwear.

DEVLIN  
What do you think?

Ricky grins at the half dressed body teasing him.

RICKY  
Very nice.

She pulls off a couple of ties from a suit hanging on a wardrobe door, holding them up.

DEVLIN  
How about a little bondage?

Ricky gets excited.

RICKY  
Now you're talking.

Devlin approaches the bed dumping her bag down by the side. She spots the cocaine lines.

She bends down ensuring her bottom sticks high up in the air. As she snorts two lines of the cocaine Ricky's eyes are transfixed on her rear.

She feels the rush of the drug. Ricky sits up and reaches out to touch her bottom, but she slaps his hand away.

DEVLIN  
All in good time.

She pushes Ricky back down on the bed and climbs onto him, straddling his body. She binds his wrists to the bed with the ties. She begins kissing him, before looking deep into his eyes.

DEVLIN  
Close your eyes.

Ricky does as he's told as Devlin makes her way down his chest with kisses.

RICKY  
You're good.

DEVLIN  
It gets better.

She reaches down the side of the bed into her bag and pulls out the hammer.

RICKY  
How could it get better?

DEVLIN  
With you dead.

She raises the hammer above her head.

RICKY  
What?

Ricky can't help but peek, resulting in his eyes widening rapidly as he sees the hammer.

RICKY  
No!

Devlin brings the hammer down smashing into Ricky's face. She proceeds to do this several times, blood squirting at her face and up the wall.

Devlin stops, exhausted and stares at the mess. Her hands are shaking. She releases her grip, dropping the hammer on the floor. She climbs off Ricky and grabs a packet of cigarettes from her bag.

She lights one with shaking hands and heads over to the window.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin enters still shaking. She dumps her bag on the floor and pulls the wig from her head. She rushes over to the bed. She opens the bedside draw and takes out a metal tin.

She places the tin on the table and flips it open to reveal her heroin kit. Spoon, lighter, syringes and a small bag of heroin.

She grabs a belt and sits down on the dining chair. She straps up her arm pulling the belt tight with her teeth and then injects herself with one of the syringes.

She releases the belt and relaxes in the chair.

\*FLASHBACK\*

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the darkness Devlin is panting. Thrusting can be heard in the bed. A bedside lamp switches on. Roxy, lying next to a fidgeting Devlin, looks over to see what's going on.

Roxy jumps out of bed and rushes into the bathroom. The sound of a tap running. Roxy returns with a damp flannel.

She walks round to Devlin's side of the bed and places the flannel on her forehead.

Roxy strokes her hair to try and calm her.

Devlin wakes and sits up.

DEVLIN

I can't take it anymore. I need a fix.

ROXY

No, you don't.

Devlin tries to climb out of bed. Roxy embraces her, holding her tight.

ROXY

You don't need that poison. You will get through this.

Devlin starts crying. Roxy rocks her gently like a child.

ROXY

Ssh. It's okay.

Devlin calms. She relaxes into Roxy's cuddle.

ROXY

Ssh.

Devlin closes her eyes.

\*END FLASHBACK\*

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Devlin wakes and rolls over to face the large space next to her. She reaches out to the empty space, the charm bracelet jingles on her wrist.

She stares at it. Then notices something. She sits up and stares closer. An empty link where a charm is missing. She looks around the bed, but finds nothing.

She jumps out of bed and starts searching around the apartment, but finds no missing charm anywhere. She suddenly has a sinking feeling.

EXT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Devlin walks down the street past a lavish apartment block. Police officers are standing guard outside. A squad car parked on the road nearby.

She stops and looks up at the apartment window.

She turns and continues walking.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Devlin steps outside from the nightclub, a stressed look upon her face. She rubs her forehead, on the verge of panicking.

She starts walking.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Lewis is leant over his desk, asleep.

Grantham enters carrying two mugs of coffee, a file tucked under his arm. He places one of the mugs down on the desk near Lewis' head. He wakes with a startle and looks up. He has tired eyes and his hair is a mess.

GRANTHAM  
Have you been home?

LEWIS  
No.

GRANTHAM  
You look like shit.

Lewis looks at the mug.

LEWIS  
A cup of coffee and I'll be fine.

GRANTHAM  
This might help perk you up.

Grantham drops the file on Lewis' desk. Lewis flips it open.

GRANTHAM  
In case your eyes are too tired to read. A gentleman was found murdered in his home this morning. Ricky Romero, a notorious porn star.

LEWIS

Why are you telling me this?

GRANTHAM

Take a look at the pictures of the body.

Lewis flicks through shots of the crime scene. He screws his face up in disgust. He shakes his head still oblivious until he reaches a photo of Ricky's tattoo. He stops and looks closer.

GRANTHAM

Seem familiar?

LEWIS

He's the masked man?

GRANTHAM

Exactly. He killed Roxanne Campbell. Turns out Romero has a record as well. Several instances of actual bodily harm against women.

LEWIS

Shit.

GRANTHAM

We know he didn't do it alone though. More than likely he did it with people he would have trusted. He is, or was a regular star for Hardwood Films. Might be worth talking to someone there.

Lewis continues to stare at the tattoo. He puts down the file.

LEWIS

There's something else I stumbled upon last night.

Lewis turns on the television in the corner of the room and sets up the tape. He plays it from the beginning.

GRANTHAM

How many times have you watched that?

LEWIS

Too many times. Take a look at this.

Grantham steps closer. Lewis pauses the tape. He points at the screen. In the corner of the room a blurry shadow of a figure sways slightly in the background.

LEWIS

In the background I noticed a person's shadow moving.

GRANTHAM

Well, that's just the cameraman's shadow, right?

Lewis shakes his head.

LEWIS

No, watch.

He presses play. The shadow moves away disappearing.

LEWIS

The shadow leaves before the cameraman passes the knife. So it can't be their shadow. There was a third person in that room.

Grantham nods, frowning with interest at the screen.

GRANTHAM

Let's get to that film studio then.

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Devlin enters the studio. Stephanie and Chantelle are sat on the bed set crying, comforting each other.

Devlin starts scouring the floor in the hope of finding the charm. She is having no luck. Josie approaches her smiling.

JOSIE

Hey.

Devlin smiles back.

DEVLIN

Hi.

Josie holds out her hand.

JOSIE

Is this yours?

Sitting in the palm of her hand, the missing charm. Devlin's eyes light up.

DEVLIN

Yes.

Devlin takes the charm and studies it.

DEVLIN

Yes, it is. Thank you so much.

JOSIE

You're welcome. I found it on the floor yesterday, I noticed you had a charm bracelet and so kept it safe for when I saw you next.

DEVLIN

I can't thank you enough.

JOSIE

I'm Josie by the way.

DEVLIN

Devlin.

JOSIE

Did you hear what happened to Ricky? Someone murdered him. Can you believe that? If you ask me, I think it was one of the girls.

DEVLIN

Why?

JOSIE

He always treated us like shit.

Josie glances over at Stephanie and Chantelle who are still in tears.

JOSIE

Well, most of the time.

Devlin looks over at them. Chantelle looks up at Devlin and stares daggers at her through tear filled eyes. Devlin looks away.

A voice calls out.

PATRICK

Devlin.

Devlin looks over to see Patrick walking toward her. Josie walks off. He reaches out his hands and places them on Devlin's shoulders.



PATRICK

Thank you for coming in today, but I don't know if you heard the terrible news. Ricky was killed, last night. Suffice to say we won't be filming your scene today. However, I want to assure the scene will be shot. I just need to make a few calls and find another actor. I'll be in touch.

The phone in Patrick's office starts ringing.

PATRICK

Excuse me.

Patrick heads back toward his office. Devlin heads for the doors.

She bumps into Jordan.

JORDAN

Hey, watch where you're going.

DEVLIN

I'm sorry.

As Devlin looks up she notices markings written on Jordan's arm 'S-3, T-2'. She recognises them.

An image of the arm in the video passing a knife to the masked man flashes through her mind.

As Jordan continues walking, Devlin tracks him with her eyes. He enters the editing room pulling the sleeves down covering the markings.

Devlin takes a deep breath. She clutches the charm bracelet.

INT. FILM STUDIO, EDITING ROOM - DAY

Jordan is sorting tapes on a shelf.

Devlin stands at the doorway leaning against the frame. She smiles.

DEVLIN

Hi.

Jordan turns to her.

JORDAN

What do you want?

Devlin approaches him.

DEVLIN  
I just wanted to talk.

JORDAN  
About what?

DEVLIN  
I'm Devlin. What's your name?

JORDAN  
Jordan.

Devlin is now standing in front of Jordan, looking him up and down. Jordan stands frozen, nervously shy. He tries not to look at Devlin.

DEVLIN  
I like that name. It's a strong name. I bet you're really strong.

Devlin runs her hand up Jordan's arm and caresses his muscles.

DEVLIN  
Mmm, very nice.

Jordan steps back, but the shelving behind him prevents him. The items on the shelf rattle as he bangs into it.

DEVLIN  
So, you're the cameraman?

JORDAN  
Yeah.

DEVLIN  
I bet you see some interesting things through that lens.

JORDAN  
Sometimes.

DEVLIN  
I'd like to hear about them.

JORDAN  
I have to get back to work.

DEVLIN  
Oh, but I thought we could spend some time together.

JORDAN

Patrick doesn't like us socialising with the talent. He got very angry last time.

DEVLIN

He doesn't have to know. What he doesn't know, can't upset him, right? If you're frightened of getting caught here, why don't we meet somewhere else. I could come by your place tonight?

JORDAN

I can't tonight. I'll be here working late. Besides, if he finds out, I'll be in big trouble.

DEVLIN

Oh, come on.

Jordan pushes past Devlin.

JORDAN

I have to go before Patrick catches us.

Devlin almost stumbles over. She watches Jordan walk away, disappointed.

She is about to exit the editing room when she sees Lewis and Grantham enter the studio.

Lewis glances over toward her. She turns away, hiding her face. Lewis frowns and starts walking toward her.

GRANTHAM (O.S.)

Lewis.

Lewis turns to Grantham and continues following him.

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Devlin peers out of the editing room to see Lewis and Grantham enter Patrick's office.

She heads for the doors and leaves. Chantelle sees her leave and follows her.

EXT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Devlin exits the building and makes her way down the street. Chantelle bursts through the main doors and spots her.

CHANTELLE  
Hey, you. New girl.

Devlin stops and turns around.

Chantelle approaches her.

CHANTELLE  
I saw you last night, leaving the club with Ricky.

DEVLIN  
So?

CHANTELLE  
So, I think you killed him.

DEVLIN  
I don't know what you're talking about.

CHANTELLE  
I don't know why Patrick hired you, you're a terrible actress.

Devlin shakes her head.

DEVLIN  
You're crazy.

Devlin turns to walk away, but Chantelle grabs her arm and pulls her back. She stares deep into Devlin's eyes.

CHANTELLE  
I don't know who you are, or what you're doing, but I know you killed Ricky and when I find evidence you did, I'm going straight to the police.

Devlin pulls her arm from Chantelle's grip.

DEVLIN  
Leave me alone.

Devlin walks off.

CHANTELLE  
Watch your back, new girl.

Chantelle watches Devlin walk away before heading back inside.

INT. FILM STUDIO, PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Patrick leans back in his chair as Lewis and Grantham stare at him.

PATRICK

Well, detectives, like I told your colleagues when they arrived this morning. I am shocked to hear of Ricky's death, but I can't say I'm all too surprised.

GRANTHAM

How come?

PATRICK

Ricky knew how to upset people. Over the years he's made a lot of enemies. Women he screwed over, husbands whose wives he made unfaithful. The list is endless.

LEWIS

I understand, but I'm afraid we're not here to investigate the death of Mr Romero. Our colleagues will be dealing with that case.

PATRICK

I see. Then why are you here?

LEWIS

We're investigating the death of Roxanne Campbell.

PATRICK

Who?

Lewis removes a mug-shot photograph of Roxy from his inside pocket and passes it over to Patrick.

LEWIS

Do you recognise her? A call-girl. Found brutally murdered a few weeks ago.

Patrick looks at the photo and shakes his head.

PATRICK

I've never seen this girl before.

Patrick passes the photograph back. Grantham reaches into a nearby briefcase and takes out the 'Red X' tape in an evidence bag.

He places it on the desk in front of Patrick.

GRANTHAM

How about this tape? Seem familiar?

Patrick picks up the tape and studies it. He shakes his head.

PATRICK

Nope. What exactly are you getting at here?

LEWIS

That tape depicts the murder of Roxanne Campbell by a masked man. We believe Mr Romero is that man.

PATRICK

You can't be serious. Ricky, murdering a girl on this tape?

Lewis nods.

PATRICK

But if the man in the tape is masked, why do you think it's Ricky?

LEWIS

Part of a tattoo can be seen on the man's lower back. It matches the tattoo Mr Romero had, in the same place.

Patrick leans back speechless.

GRANTHAM

Did Mr Romero always work for you?

Patrick leans forward.

PATRICK

If you're implying I made this tape, you're out of your mind. Ricky was never exclusive to my films. He was freelance, he worked wherever the money was. He could have made this with anyone.

GRANTHAM  
Anyone you can think of in particular?

PATRICK  
Not that would make something like that.

GRANTHAM  
So you yourself have never considered the snuff genre?

PATRICK  
I'm not even going to dignify that with an answer. In fact, I find the accusation offensive. I'm a creator of entertainment. That's not entertainment.

LEWIS  
It must have been to someone.

Grantham stands.

GRANTHAM  
Thank you for your help, Mr Levesque.

Lewis stands. Patrick follows suit.

PATRICK  
You're welcome.

LEWIS  
Do you mind if we have a look around?

PATRICK  
As a matter of fact I do.

LEWIS  
Why's that?

PATRICK  
This is a porn studio. We have sensitive material here and I have my rights. You come back with a search warrant, you can look wherever you like.

LEWIS  
That kind of answer makes us suspicious.

PATRICK

I don't care, I've got nothing to hide. Come back with a warrant.

LEWIS

We'll do that.

The two detectives turn and make their way toward the door.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Devlin is sat at the dining table making up a fresh syringe of heroin.

A knock at the door forces her to freeze.

DEVLIN

Who is it?

LEWIS (O.S.)

It's Lewis.

Devlin puts the drug paraphernalia back in the metal tin and takes it over to the bedside table where she stores it back in the drawer.

She answers the door. Lewis enters smiling.

LEWIS

Hey. How are you doing?

DEVLIN

I'm coping.

LEWIS

Good. Look, I know it's late coming, but I wanted to apologise for encouraging you to watch the tape. I should never have asked you to. It wasn't right to put you through that.

Devlin sits down on the bed.

DEVLIN

It's okay. I know you were just doing what you thought you had to. Can I get you a drink?

LEWIS

No, I can't stay. I just wanted to stop by and give you an update on the investigation.



DEVLIN  
Have you found something?

LEWIS  
Are you familiar with the name  
Ricky Romero?

DEVLIN  
No.

LEWIS  
Roxy never mentioned him at all?

DEVLIN  
Never, why?

LEWIS  
He was found murdered this morning.  
We believe he was the masked man in  
the tape.

Lewis reaches into his pocket and takes out a picture of  
Ricky from a film promotional. He hands it to Devlin.

LEWIS  
Do you recognise him?

Devlin stares at the man in the photo. She shakes her head  
and gives it back to Lewis.

DEVLIN  
No. Who is he?

LEWIS  
An adult film actor. I thought if  
Roxy knew him, it might explain why  
her.

DEVLIN  
Who killed him?

LEWIS  
No idea. Although apparently the  
list of potential suspects is as  
long as my arm. Of course, we know  
he wasn't alone in the act of  
Roxy's murder so we're still  
looking for others who were  
involved. It's entirely possible,  
he couldn't be trusted to keep  
quiet and his coconspirators  
decided to silence him. That's just  
my theory right now though. Anyway,  
I better be going.

Lewis heads for the door. He stops and turns.

LEWIS

I worry about you alone in this apartment.

Devlin smiles with appreciation.

DEVLIN

I appreciate your concern, but I'm fine.

Lewis smiles.

LEWIS

You say that, but you look like you haven't eaten a proper meal in days.

Devlin shrugs her shoulders.

DEVLIN

I'm not much of a cook.

LEWIS

I know I'm going beyond my duties as an officer here, but how would you like to come to mine this evening and I cook you something?

Devlin is taken aback.

DEVLIN

Oh.

LEWIS

Sorry. I shouldn't have-

DEVLIN

It's okay. I'd love to.

Lewis smiles.

LEWIS

Great. I'll come by and pick you up on my way home, about 7?

Devlin smiles.

DEVLIN

7 is good.

Lewis smiles back.

LEWIS

Well, I'll see you later then.

Lewis opens the door and leaves closing it behind him. Devlin smiles to herself.

INT. LEWIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lewis' apartment is minimalist, not much on the walls. Only necessary furniture; tables, chairs etc. Boxes of unpacked items are stacked around.

Devlin sits at a small dining table with candlelight. Lewis enters from a kitchen carrying two plates of food. He places one down in front of Devlin.

Devlin looks down at the well-presented meal.

DEVLIN

It looks delicious.

LEWIS

I hope you like it. It's my own recipe.

Lewis places the other plate down and sits opposite. Lewis starts eating.

Devlin stares at the food, reluctant to eat. Lewis stops and stares at her.

LEWIS

Is something wrong?

She looks up at him.

DEVLIN

No.

LEWIS

I'm sorry. I didn't even ask to see what you liked to eat. I can make you something else.

DEVLIN

No, it's fine. This is perfect.

Devlin smiles. She picks up a fork and gets the smallest amount of food on the end of it. She forces it in her mouth and chews slowly. She smiles again.

Lewis smiles back and continues eating.

INT. LEWIS' APARTMENT - LATER

Devlin and Lewis are sat on the sofa with a glass of wine each. Lewis picks up a wine bottle from the coffee table and tops up Devlin's glass.

DEVLIN

Thank you.

He tops up his own glass, before placing the bottle back.

DEVLIN

So, do you always victims of crimes  
back to your place?

LEWIS

It's the only way to meet people.

Lewis smiles. Devlin doesn't find it funny.

LEWIS

Sorry, police humour. Of course I  
don't.

DEVLIN

What makes me so special?

LEWIS

You remind me of someone I used to  
know.

DEVLIN

Who?

LEWIS

Just an old friend. I have a soft  
heart. I find it easy to care. I  
was worried about you, I just  
wanted to make sure you were okay.  
I know it can't be easy going  
through what you are.

DEVLIN

Well, I find ways to cope, but I  
appreciate your kindness. I don't  
think I've ever been treated like  
this by a man before.

LEWIS

Not even when you're working?

DEVLIN

Oh, of course when I'm working, but  
it's never genuine. Not like this.

LEWIS

Don't you ever think about giving it up? It's not exactly the safest job.

DEVLIN

If you think I came here for a lecture, you're mistaken. I don't need someone telling me how to live my life.

LEWIS

I'm sorry, I don't mean to judge. It's just, how do you get into something like that?

DEVLIN

You just fall into it. I didn't have the best of childhoods. No father and a mother who drank. I ran away from home when I was 16, spent a couple of years on the street homeless and then I met Roxy. She saved my life. She taught me everything I know. At this point, I wouldn't know what else to do, besides the money is too good to turn down. Roxy used to say "it's a mans world and this is our way of levelling the playing field."

Devlin is lost in thought for a moment, her sad eyes holding back tears. Lewis notices her emotions rising.

LEWIS

She must have really meant something to you.

DEVLIN

More than you can imagine. Life's not the same without her.

Lewis stares at Devlin. He leans in to kiss her, but she backs away.

DEVLIN

What are you doing?

Lewis stops embarrassed.

LEWIS

I'm sorry. I just thought-

DEVLIN

Well, you thought wrong.

Devlin puts down the wine glass on the coffee table and gets up. She heads for the door. Lewis puts his glass down and chases after her.

LEWIS

Devlin, please.

Devlin grabs her jacket and puts it on. Lewis grabs her arm.

LEWIS

Devlin.

Devlin pulls her arm from Lewis' grip.

DEVLIN

Don't touch me.

LEWIS

I didn't mean to-

DEVLIN

You know, I actually thought you were different, but you're just like every other guy. You're only after one thing.

LEWIS

That's not true.

DEVLIN

Just leave me alone.

Devlin opens the door and exits slamming it behind her. Lewis frustrated with himself places a hand on the door and bangs his head up against it.

INT. LEWIS' APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lewis pours himself a glass of whiskey. He takes a swig distraught at what just happened.

INT. LEWIS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lewis enters the bedroom and places the glass of whiskey on the bedside table.

He opens the wardrobe and takes out a shoebox from the bottom. He sits down on the bed and opens the box to reveal bits of paper and documents.

He rummages through them. He finds a newspaper clipping with a headline that reads 'Prostitute found murdered' a picture of an attractive woman is next to the headline.

Lewis stares at the picture. He strokes the picture of the woman with his thumb.

He reaches out and picks up the glass of whiskey. He downs the rest of it as he continues to stare at the image. A tear runs down his face. He wipes it away with the back of his hand.

EXT. FILM STUDIO - NIGHT

Devlin lurks in the shadows opposite the building, smoking a cigarette. A solitary light can be seen from one of the windows.

INT. FILM STUDIO, EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan and Mike are lounging in office chairs. Mike lights a joint and inhales. He holds the smoke in his lungs before exhaling. He passes it over to Jordan.

MIKE

A friend brought this over from  
America. Some of the best gear I've  
ever had.

Jordan takes a hit, smiling as the smoke dissipates.

MIKE

Good, huh?

Jordan nods with approval as he passes the joint back.

MIKE

You want to buy some?

JORDAN

Definitely.

Mike places the joint between his lips and reaches into his pocket. He takes out a small bag of cannabis, then passes it to Jordan. Jordan passes back cash.

Mike counts it and pockets it. He removes the joint from his lips and exhales the smoke. He leans back in his chair.

MIKE

So, who do you think murdered  
Ricky?

JORDAN  
I don't know.

MIKE  
I think I do.

Jordan sits forward, curiously.

JORDAN  
Who?

MIKE  
Patrick.

JORDAN  
What? Why?

MIKE  
Got sick of his bullshit. Couldn't  
take it anymore and so decided to  
bash his brains in.

Jordan stares at Mike in shock. Mike realises Jordan isn't  
catching on and laughs.

MIKE  
I'm just kidding.

Jordan relaxes with relief.

MIKE  
Patrick may be a huge asshole, but  
I can't see him killing someone. It  
was probably a jealous husband of  
some whore Ricky was fucking. That  
sounds more plausible. Either way,  
I can't say I'll miss the bastard.

Mike takes another drag and exhales.

MIKE  
What's the time?

JORDAN  
Eleven-thirty.

MIKE  
Right, let's get the fuck out of  
here.

Mike stands.

JORDAN  
I can't.



MIKE

Why not?

JORDAN

Patrick wanted me to finish editing this scene before tomorrow.

MIKE

Come on, it's eleven-thirty. You've done enough work for today. Besides after a hit of this shit (holding up the joint) your mind isn't going to be able to focus for a while anyway.

Jordan stands. He picks up a ball-point pen from the desk and cradles it in his ear.

JORDAN

You know what, you're right. Are you up for going to the den?

MIKE

Can't tonight, the missus is expecting me.

They grab their jackets and exit the room. Jordan switches off the light.

EXT. FILM STUDIO - NIGHT

Devlin watches as Jordan and Mike exit. Jordan locks the door behind them.

They make their way down the street. Devlin flicks away her cigarette and follows them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As Jordan and Mike reach a junction in the road, Devlin watches from afar as they say their goodbyes and head in opposite directions. Devlin follows Jordan.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Devlin watches Jordan head down a dark alleyway. She hides behind a wall. Jordan approaches an old worn door and knocks three times.

The door opens and a large DOORMAN appears. Jordan says something to the Doorman and he's allowed to enter. The doorman closes the door.

Devlin takes a deep breath and heads over to the door. She is about to knock when the door bursts open. She ducks to the side as the door swings round hiding her.

The Doorman exits with another MAN tightly in his grip. They struggle out the door.

DOORMAN

Get the hell out of here, you sick  
son of a bitch.

The Doorman pushes the man to the ground. Devlin slips inside before the door shuts again.

DOORMAN

And don't come back, or you won't  
ever walk again.

The Doorman turns around and re-enters slamming the door behind him.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Devlin makes her way down a set of stairs. She passes through an archway into a large open room.

The room is filled with between 15-20 MEN. Around the edge are tables covered in VHS tapes and amateur photographs. Behind each table a salesman showing off his products.

Various tables have a T.V/VCR combo playing a film.

Devlin spots Jordan in the distance standing by a table looking through VHS tapes.

Devlin makes her way around the room. She scans the tables. The first table she comes across has a crude sign made from cardboard. It reads "Banned" written in red ink.

She looks through the various films on offer.

She moves along to the next table. A sign reads "Hardcore" with subcategories dividing the VHS tapes. They read "Straight", "Gay", "Lesbian".

Devlin comes across a sign reading "Kids". She looks up at the seedy looking SELLER (50s) who smiles and winks at her.

SELLER

See something you like, little girl?

Devlin turns away in disgust, making her way to another table. She finds pirated copies of popular films with crudely printed covers. She glances up at Jordan again. He finishes looking over the tapes and moves away.

Devlin makes her way toward him. He disappears round a corner.

As Devlin rounds the corner she sees a GAUNT MAN opening a curtain for Jordan to pass through. As the Gaunt Man lets the curtain swing back, Devlin steps round and approaches.

Through the gap in the curtain she just catches Jordan enter a door to the side at the far end of a corridor.

She attempts to pass through the curtain, but the Gaunt Man steps in her way.

GAUNT MAN

You want to watch, you have to pay.  
100 quid.

Devlin reaches into her purse and pulls out a few notes. She slams them into the man's hand and pushes past him, through the curtain. He watches her, grinning as he counts the money.

GAUNT MAN

Enjoy the show.

INT. PRIVATE BOOTH - NIGHT

The booth is roughly 1 metre by 2 metres. A stoned Jordan sits in a swivel office chair. In front of him a box of tissues and a bottle of lotion. He stares through a glass window covered the other side by a curtain.

The curtain slides open automatically.

The other side of the window a small room with a bed. A YOUNG GIRL (15) sits on the bed, drugged and beaten. She looks around confused.

We can see from her side of the window she can only see her reflection, not the perverse man ogling her.

Jordan gets comfortable.

There is a knock on the door.

JORDAN  
It's occupied.

Another knock. He shouts over his shoulder.

JORDAN  
There's someone in here.

Another knock.

JORDAN  
For fuck sake.

Jordan swivels round in the seat and gets up. He unlocks the door and opens it.

Devlin stands before him smiling, holding something behind her back.

JORDAN  
You. What are you doing here? How did you get in?

She places a finger on his lips.

DEVLIN  
Sssh.

She pushes him back onto the chair. She shuts the door and locks it. She moves closer toward him. He cracks a hint of a smile.

JORDAN  
You shouldn't be here. We're not allowed to socialise with the talent.

DEVLIN  
Don't worry. Nobody will ever know.

Jordan grins. His eyes looking drowsy.

JORDAN  
I feel like I'm in heaven.

DEVLIN  
Not yet.

She raises the hammer. Jordan's eyes widen. She swings the hammer down, but he's too quick and he grabs her arm and then her throat, holding her back. The look of fear in his eyes. He stands, towering over her.

JORDAN  
What are you doing?

DEVLIN  
You killed my friend.

He pushes her against the door and slams her hand against it so she drops the hammer. He stares at her vengeful face.

JORDAN  
What?

Devlin grabs the pen from Jordan's ear and stabs him in the neck. He releases his grip on her and stumbles back falling to his knees. He clutches his throat.

JORDAN  
Are you fucking crazy?

She picks up the hammer as he pulls the pen from his neck. He stares at the blood gushing from him. He looks up at her. He struggles to speak.

JORDAN  
You fucking bitch. I don't know what you're talking about.

DEVLIN  
I know you were there. You filmed it.

JORDAN  
Fuck you.

Devlin kicks him hard in the stomach. He screams in pain.

JORDAN  
Aah, you fucking whore.

DEVLIN  
Don't lie to me.

Jordan looks up at her.

JORDAN  
You killed Ricky, didn't you?

DEVLIN  
He murdered Roxy and you helped him.

Devlin kicks him in the stomach again.

DEVLIN  
Why did you kill her?

JORDAN  
It was Patrick's idea. If anyone  
deserves to die, it's him. I just  
pointed the camera.

Devlin takes in this information.

DEVLIN  
Why her? Why did you choose her?

JORDAN  
What kind of fucking question is  
that? It's not like we chose her on  
purpose. She was just another  
whore.

Devlin shakes her head.

DEVLIN  
No, she was my friend.

She raises the hammer. Jordan raises a hand to protect  
himself.

JORDAN  
No, please.

She smashes it down on his face and continues to beat away.  
Blood splatters across the small room.

Devlin catches her breath as Jordan lay on the blood soaked  
floor. She looks up through the glass window.

A MASKED MAN stands by the young girl and starts groping her.  
Devlin stares in horror.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Devlin steps out of the booth. She looks down the corridor  
the way she came at the curtain entrance, the only thing  
between her and the Gaunt Man.

She turns and looks the other way. A door at the end with a  
sign reading 'PRIVATE'

Devlin approaches the door and pulls open a bolt lock. She  
enters.

She makes her way through low light and finds a switch box on  
the wall with a sign reading 'CURTAIN CONTROLS'.

Next to the switch "OPEN" and "CLOSED" either side, currently in the "OPEN" position.

Devlin switches it to "CLOSED". The curtains of the viewing rooms close. She makes her way round a corner to find herself in the room with the Young Girl and Masked Man.

She sneaks up behind the man and swings the hammer hard into his back. He screams in agony dropping to his knees. She brings the hammer round smacking him in the side of the head. He collapses unconscious.

Devlin grabs a blanket from the bed and wraps it around the Young Girl. She helps her to her feet and guides her out the room.

They reach the 'PRIVATE' door. Devlin peers out and looks down the corridor. Various MEN have exited their private booths, complaining about the show ending too soon. They are making their way toward the Gaunt Man.

Devlin turns to the Young Girl.

DEVLIN

Is there another way out of here?

YOUNG GIRL

Up there.

She gestures toward a set of stairs to the side. Devlin guides her toward them.

INT. ADULT SHOP - NIGHT

Men stand around quietly browsing the merchandise on offer. A door in the corner of the room opens slowly. Devlin peers out, still holding the Young Girl.

Happy the coast is clear, they step out and make their way through the shop. They reach the front door and exit.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Devlin sits the Young Girl down on a wall outside the main entrance of the hospital.

DEVLIN

It's okay. You're safe now. They'll look after you.

Devlin turns to walk away. The Young Girl grabs her wrist. Devlin look down at her.

YOUNG GIRL

Thank you.

She smiles. Devlin returns the smile and then walks away.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Gaunt Man stands by the door of Jordan's private booth. He bangs loudly.

GAUNT MAN

Come on, shows over, mate. Don't make me come in there and find you still tugging away, otherwise I'm going to cut your dick off.

There is no answer. The Gaunt Man opens the door to discover Jordan sprawled on the floor, his face a mess. Blood everywhere.

GAUNT MAN

Fuck me. Paul, get over here.

The Doorman comes over and peers inside the room.

DOORMAN

Jesus. What the fuck happened?

GAUNT MAN

Fucked if I know. Dump his body somewhere far from here. The last thing we need is the police sniffing around.

The Doorman steps inside the room and picks up Jordan's body.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin bursts into her apartment, slamming the door shut behind her. She stumbles over to the bedside table collapsing to the floor. She pulls the wig from her head.

She pulls open the drawer and reaches in to take out the metal tin. She takes out a belt and wraps it around her arm. She takes a syringe and injects herself. She lets the drug take effect as she lays her head back.

\*FLASHBACK\*



INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roxy sits on the bed waiting impatiently. The bathroom door opens and Devlin exits wearing a pink cocktail dress. She walks in front of Roxy like a catwalk model and then does a twirl.

DEVLIN  
What do you think?

ROXY  
You look gorgeous. Men will be tripping over themselves.

Devlin acts coy.

DEVLIN  
Don't be silly.

ROXY  
They will. You've got a great figure and a sweet face.

DEVLIN  
I don't think I can do this.

Roxy stands, approaching Devlin. She places reassuring hands on Devlin's shoulders.

ROXY  
Of course you can. You've got what it takes. Believe me, I didn't think I could do it, but then I found I had the knack. After a while I started to enjoy it, plus the money didn't hurt.

Devlin smiles.

Roxy places a finger on her lips and stares thoughtfully at Devlin.

DEVLIN  
What? What is it?

ROXY  
We just need something that will make you stand out. Something different.

Roxy has an idea, clicking her fingers. She heads over to the dresser and pulls open the top draw. She pulls out a box of pink hair dye. She holds it up as though she's in a commercial.

ROXY

Yes?

DEVLIN

Pink? I don't know.

ROXY

Not all of it. Just a few streaks.

Devlin grins.

DEVLIN

Okay.

The two of them head into the bathroom.

\*END FLASHBACK\*

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Devlin wakes in bed. The morning sun burning through the window.

Devlin slides out of the bed wearing a long T-shirt down to her thighs. She walks over to the kitchen sink and takes a glass from the drying rack. She fills it with tap water.

She leans up against the counter as she gulps down the liquid. She looks across the room at her handbag on the floor. The handle of the hammer protruding out.

She puts down the glass and walks over to the handbag. She takes out the hammer and studies it. She then caresses the bracelet on her wrist.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom has an expensive classical design with film posters on the walls.

Patrick is asleep in bed next to a woman. She wakes and looks over at him. She quietly slips out of the bed.

She puts on a dress and grabs a pair of high heeled shoes.

She approaches a desk and takes a pen. She writes a note on a scrap piece of paper.

She walks over to Patrick and places the piece on paper on the bedside table. She kisses Patrick on the cheek.

She exits the bedroom. The sound of the front door opening and closing is heard.

Patrick opens his eyes. He climbs out of bed wearing only underwear. He picks up the note and reads it.

"I had a great night. Call me, Love June" followed by a phone number.

He smirks, scrunches up the note in his hand and throws it in the bin.

He walks over to a mirrored wardrobe and slides open the door to reveal a camcorder on a tripod hidden behind it.

He ejects the tape and looks at it. He takes a pen and scribbles 'June' on the label.

He opens the top drawer of the dresser to reveal several other tapes lined up in unison. Each one has a woman's name written on the label. He adds the new tape to the collection and closes the drawer.

INT. POLICE STATION, CANTEEN - DAY

Lewis sits at a table by himself. A plate of food in front of him. He stares into space depressed, pushing the food around the plate with a fork.

Grantham comes over and sits down opposite.

GRANTHAM

What are you moping for?

Lewis puts the fork down and pushes the plate away.

LEWIS

Nothing.

GRANTHAM

Well, put your personal problems to one side for a minute and listen. We've got our search warrant for the film studio.

LEWIS

That came through quick.

GRANTHAM

It was fast-tracked.

LEWIS

Why?

GRANTHAM

A body was found the early hours of this morning, identified as Jordan Waits.

Lewis shakes his head in an uncaring manner.

LEWIS

Who?

GRANTHAM

An employee of Hardwood Films. The cameraman.

Lewis perks up, now listening properly.

GRANTHAM

There were markings on his arm matching those of the arm seen in the tape.

LEWIS

He filmed it?

GRANTHAM

This is too much of a coincidence. These two murders are connected and they must be connected to the dead girl. Someone is picking off those responsible.

Lewis thinks.

GRANTHAM

I think it's your friend.

Lewis is surprised by this suggestion.

LEWIS

Devlin?

Grantham nods.

GRANTHAM

She has a motive.

Lewis shakes his head in disbelief.

LEWIS

I don't believe she's the killer. She has no idea who these men are or the connection. It's not possible.

GRANTHAM

CCTV footage from a nightclub Romero was at the night of his death came through this morning. He left with a young girl.

LEWIS

That could have been anyone.

GRANTHAM

Granted, but it does look like her. Whoever the girl is, they want to speak to her. They don't know about Devlin yet, but I'm going to advise they bring her in for questioning.

LEWIS

Wait. This is nuts. You're not...you don't know her like I do. She's not capable of something like this.

GRANTHAM

Nobody is, until their pushed. And to be fair, she was pushed pretty hard.

LEWIS

Let me speak to her. Before you say anything and they barge in throwing their weight around, let me talk to her.

Grantham nods.

GRANTHAM

Normally I wouldn't even consider a request like that, but as it's you, I'll keep quiet. But you talk to her now. I don't want to be sitting on this for too long.

LEWIS

Thank you.

Lewis jumps up from his seat. Just as he's about to rush off, Grantham grabs his wrist.

GRANTHAM

Don't get too close, Lewis. It didn't end well last time.

Lewis nods.

Grantham releases his grip. Lewis exits out the door.

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

People are standing around waiting. Stephanie and Chantelle are sat together reading magazines.

Mike is sat rolling a joint on his knee.

Patrick paces up and down constantly checking his watch.

The new actor JOHN BIGGS (28) sits leant back in his chair, yawning. He wears a black shirt and black trousers.

Devlin sits with Josie, wearing a dress. Josie is talking to her, but Devlin is not listening. She cannot take her eyes off of Patrick. He walks over.

PATRICK

Okay, I don't know where he is, but we're wasting time sitting around. I'm going to shoot the scene myself. Devlin.

Patrick beckons Devlin over.

As Devlin stands, Josie stops talking. Devlin makes her way over to Patrick.

PATRICK

Okay, you know the scene, right?

Devlin nods.

PATRICK

Don't be nervous. Just enjoy it. Okay?

Patrick rubs Devlin's shoulder gently. She looks down at his hand, holding back a look of disgust.

PATRICK

Okay everyone, let's shoot this thing.

Patrick claps his hands. Devlin heads over to the bed and sits down. She waits nervously.

Mike puts his joint away and starts setting up his sound equipment, placing headphones over his ears.

John stands and makes his way over to the set. He stands by a fake doorway.

Patrick approaches a camcorder and switches it on. He lifts the bulky machine onto his shoulder and points it at Devlin. She looks up and stares into the lens.

Stephanie and Chantelle watch.

PATRICK  
Okay, rolling. Action.

John enters through the fake doorway. He walks over to the bed and sits down next to Devlin.

JOHN  
You're so beautiful. I can't believe you're my daughter's friend.

John places a hand on Devlin's leg, rubbing it gently. He waits, but Devlin freezes up.

Patrick waits, then puts the camera down.

PATRICK  
Cut. Devlin, your line is "I can't believe you're my friends dad". Let's go again, from your line John.

Patrick lifts the camera on his shoulder again.

PATRICK  
Rolling. Action.

DEVLIN  
Wait.

Patrick puts the camera down.

PATRICK  
What is it?

DEVLIN  
I can't do this.

PATRICK  
Oh Jesus. Okay, everyone take a break.

Mike puts down his equipment. John slinks off set. Patrick puts the camera down on the table and walks over to Devlin. He sits next to her.

PATRICK  
What's the matter?

DEVLIN

I just can't do this.

PATRICK

Look, Devlin. I know this is your first time and you're nervous, but we need to shoot this scene. I'm behind schedule already and I can't afford to waste more time like this.

Devlin stares off into the distance. Patrick places a reassuring arm around her shoulder.

PATRICK

If I don't finish this shoot today, I'm going to lose a lot of money that I've already invested. My distributors are waiting on this film and they won't wait forever. Please don't force me to use more persuasive methods. You wouldn't be the first.

Patrick grabs Devlin's wrist squeezing it tightly. Devlin winces in pain as she looks up at Patrick. She stares deep into his evil eyes.

PATRICK

Do you understand?

Devlin nods.

PATRICK

Good.

Patrick stands and claps his hands.

PATRICK

Okay, everyone. Let's get back to it. Devlin is ready. Pick it up from your line, John.

Patrick picks up the camera, loading it onto his shoulder. John sits down next to Devlin.

PATRICK

Rolling. Action.

JOHN

You're so beautiful. I can't believe you're my daughter's friend.



Devlin stares at Patrick as he points the lens directly at her. She looks down at the floor.

DEVLIN

I can't believe you're my friend's dad.

John starts kissing Devlin's neck. He runs a hand along her body. She closes her eyes to block it out.

Patrick moves around trying to catch the best shot.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT, CORRIDOR - DAY

Lewis arrives at the front door. He knocks and waits, but no answer. He knocks again.

LEWIS

Devlin, if you're in there, open the door.

A voice calls out from down the corridor.

CARETAKER (O.S.)

She's not in.

Lewis turns to see a CARETAKER (50s) in overalls, up a step ladder, changing a light bulb.

CARETAKER

She went out this morning.

LEWIS

Do you have a key for the front door?

CARETAKER

I do. Do you expect me to just let you in?

Lewis takes out his badge and flashes it.

LEWIS

Yeah, I do.

CARETAKER

Oh, fair enough.

The caretaker makes his way down the ladder.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door unlocks and swings open.

CARETAKER  
There you go.

LEWIS  
Thanks.

CARETAKER  
Do you need anything else?

LEWIS  
No, it's fine. Thank you.

Lewis closes the door behind him. He looks around the apartment. He takes a deep breath.

Lewis searches around. He opens drawers, cupboards. He checks under the bed.

He opens the bedside drawer and finds the metal tin. He takes it out and flips open the lid. He shakes his head as he stares at the drug paraphernalia. He puts the tin down on the bedside table and continues searching.

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Patrick is still filming. Moving around the bed. He stops.

PATRICK  
Cut.

He lowers the camera.

PATRICK  
That's a wrap. Good stuff.

John climbs out of the bed and puts on a dressing gown. Devlin remains in the bed. She pulls the covers over her naked body, looking traumatised.

Josie approaches with a dressing gown.

JOSIE  
Hey. Here you go.

Devlin slides out from under the covers. Josie wraps the dressing gown around her.

JOSIE  
You did good.

Devlin forces a smile. She walks off and heads into the dressing room. Josie has a look of concern on her face.

INT. FILM STUDIO, DRESSING ROOM - DAY

The dressing room is a mess with clothes scattered around the place. A dressing table runs along the length of the room with mirrors on the wall. Make up and beauty products clutter the surface.

Devlin grabs her handbag and heads for the toilet. Chantelle appears in Devlin's way. She pushes Devlin up against the wall.

CHANTELLE

Still trying to wash the blood from your hands?

DEVLIN

Get out of my way.

Chantelle traps Devlin and leans in close.

CHANTELLE

Where's Jordan? Did you kill him as well?

DEVLIN

Leave me alone.

CHANTELLE

Don't you think it's a bit of a coincidence that as soon as you start working her, one person winds up dead and another goes missing?

DEVLIN

I don't know what you're talking about.

CHANTELLE

No? Maybe there's some evidence in your handbag that could prove otherwise.

Chantelle tries to grab Devlin's handbag, but she clutches on tightly. As they struggle the handbag slips from both of their grips and tumbles to the floor.

Devlin loses her temper. She grabs Chantelle by the throat and pushes her back slamming her against a pillar in the centre of the room.

Chantelle's eyes widen with horror as she struggles to breath. Devlin stares deep into her eyes.

DEVLIN

If you really think I'm a murderer,  
maybe it would be best you didn't  
piss me off. You wouldn't want to  
be my next victim, would you?

A tear runs down Chantelle's cheek.

Josie enters the room and sees what's going on. Devlin releases her grip on Chantelle's throat. She gasps for air.

JOSIE

Is everything okay?

Chantelle runs out of the room crying.

JOSIE

Devlin? Are you okay?

DEVLIN

I'm fine.

Devlin picks up her handbag and enters the toilet.

INT. FILM STUDIO, BATHROOM - DAY

Devlin sits down on the toilet. She takes out a syringe from her handbag placing it on the nearby sink. She rolls up the dressing gown sleeve and takes out a belt from her handbag. She wraps it around her arm and injects the syringe's contents.

She releases the belt dropping the syringe on the floor. She leans back against the toilet cistern.

\*FLASHBACK\*

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roxy is sat on the bed reading a magazine. The door bursts open and Devlin enters battered and bruised. Her lip is cut, nose bleeding. Her dress is torn and hair frazzled.

Roxy throws the magazine to the side and jumps off the bed, concerned. She rushes over to Devlin.

ROXY

Oh my God. What happened?

Roxy closes the door and guides Devlin over to the bed.

DEVLIN

It was horrible. I couldn't get away.

Roxy sits Devlin down on the bed and sits next to her. She strokes her hair to neaten it.

DEVLIN

I told him no, but he wouldn't stop. He was on top of me. I couldn't move.

ROXY

I'm so sorry. If I'd have known he was like that I never would have let you go.

DEVLIN

All I could think was. I want Roxy, where's Roxy?

Devlin bursts into tears. Roxy hugs her, rocking her gently.

ROXY

It's okay. I'm here now. I'm not going to let anything else happen to you.

Roxy looks into Devlin's tear filled eyes.

ROXY

I hope you can forgive me. I love you so much. I never want to see you get hurt.

Roxy kisses Devlin on the forehead. They stare into each other's eyes.

Devlin leans in and kisses Roxy on the lips. Roxy is stunned by this. Roxy kisses Devlin back.

They kiss passionately as they fall onto the bed together.

\*END FLASHBACK\*

INT. FILM STUDIO, PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Patrick enters his office. A television in the corner of the room is playing. He sits down at his desk and sorts through some paperwork.

He glances up at the television screen to see a picture of Jordan.

Patrick pauses. He hastily grabs the remote and turns up the volume. He watches intently as footage of an alleyway with police securing the area is shown. A reporter starts to speak.

REPORTER

The body of Jordan Waits was discovered at around 7am this morning by a local resident. Beaten to death by a blunt object, it is believed he was murdered at another location and his body was dumped in the alleyway. Police suspect the murder is connected to the that of adult film actor Ricky Romero. Both Romero and Waits worked at Hardwood Films.

Footage of outside the film studio is shown.

REPORTER

CCTV footage of Romero leaving a nightclub on the night of his death with a young woman has been released by police. They are asking anyone who recognises the young woman to come forward.

The CCTV footage of Ricky and Devlin walking through the nightclub is shown. Patrick stands to get a closer look. He looks up out of his office and stares at Devlin as she exits the dressing room. He frowns with recognition.

An image flashes through his mind. He is sitting in his car waiting for Roxy. He stares out the window and watches Roxy say goodbye to Devlin.

Back in his office, he continues to stare at Devlin. She is walking toward the main doors. Patrick rushes out of his office.

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Patrick catches up with Devlin.

PATRICK

Devlin.

Devlin stops and turns.

PATRICK

I'm sorry I may have come across as pushy earlier today, but as you can probably understand business is pressure. I don't handle pressure well. You did a great job today. I think the scene is going to turn out perfect. I see a bright future for you in this industry.

Devlin stares at him.

PATRICK

Listen, I was wondering if maybe you'd like to come by mine tonight for dinner. As an apology and a little celebration of your performance?

Devlin forces a smile.

DEVLIN

I'd love to.

Patrick smiles back.

PATRICK

Excellent.

He takes a business card from his wallet and a pen from his pocket. He writes down an address on the card and passes it to her.

PATRICK

Come by 8 o'clock?

DEVLIN

I'll be there.

Devlin turns and leaves. Patrick watches her leave, staring daggers.

Suddenly the main doors burst open and police officers enter led by Grantham.

Devlin, shocked to see them, slips to one side hiding as the uniformed men fill the room.

Patrick approaches them.

PATRICK

What the hell is going on?

Grantham takes a piece of paper from his pocket and passes it to Patrick.

GRANTHAM

We have our search warrant, Mr  
Levesque.

Patrick reads the letter.

PATRICK

Do you have to do this now? We're  
in the middle of shooting.

GRANTHAM

I don't know if you're aware Mr  
Levesque, but another employee of  
yours was found dead this morning.

PATRICK

As a matter of fact, I just saw it  
on the news.

GRANTHAM

Then you'll understand that this is  
a pressing matter.

PATRICK

What happened to him?

GRANTHAM

Quite frankly, his death is no  
concern of mine. Although it has  
come to light that he, like Mr  
Romero, was involved in the death  
of Roxanne Campbell. As you can  
imagine, employees of yourself  
being involved in murder, makes  
this place very suspicious and we  
suspect a third person of being  
involved. Therefore we'd like to do  
a thorough search and interview all  
of your employees.

PATRICK

This is ridiculous.

GRANTHAM

(To the officers)  
Get searching. Look everywhere.  
Leave no stone unturned.

Grantham smiles at Patrick.



GRANTHAM

Do you mind if we use your office  
to conduct interviews?

Patrick is about to answer, but Grantham interrupts.

GRANTHAM

Excellent. I want all employees to  
gather in the centre of the room.  
Nobody leaves.

Officers guide everyone to the bedroom set in the centre of  
the room. Devlin is still hiding watching on. As an officer  
passes her, she ducks down to avoid being spotted.

GRANTHAM

I'll call you in one by one. I  
think we'll start with you, Mr  
Levesque.

Grantham smiles at Patrick.

GRANTHAM

After you.

Grantham gestures Patrick to start walking. Patrick irritated  
by the interruption begrudgingly makes his way over to his  
office and enters, followed by Grantham.

With officers standing guard at the main doors, Devlin  
manages to sneak past other officers and makes her way toward  
the rear of the building.

INT. FILM STUDIO, PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Patrick sits on a sofa.

Grantham has pulled up a chair, sitting in front of Patrick.  
He leans forward.

GRANTHAM

Were you aware of Jordan Waits  
past?

PATRICK

As a matter of fact I was.

GRANTHAM

Two accusations of sexual abuse.  
Was it really a smart idea to  
employ a man like that here?

PATRICK

They were just accusations, he was never convicted. He was a good cameraman, that's all that mattered.

GRANTHAM

But not the safety of the many women who work here?

PATRICK

I didn't mean that.

GRANTHAM

Then what did you mean?

PATRICK

Jordan had issues, mentally. He wasn't quite all there. He showed talent and I gave him a chance. I believe the expression is, innocent until proven guilty. And it was never proven.

GRANTHAM

Not then, but I think we can safely say Jordan's true nature has now been exposed. And quite frankly that asks a lot of questions of yourself.

PATRICK

I know what you're getting at. You still suspect I had some kind of involvement in the death of this girl?

GRANTHAM

Maybe.

Grantham grins.

GRANTHAM

This is the part where you ask for a lawyer.

Patrick smiles back.

PATRICK

Why would I need a lawyer? I've got nothing to hide and your men aren't going to find any incriminating evidence to the contrary. You're wasting your time.

Grantham's smile is wiped away. Not the answer he hoped.

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Devlin is still sneaking, hiding behind a crate whilst an officer is busy searching in front of her. The officer steps away.

Devlin takes her chance, the rear exit just up ahead.

She makes a run for it, but Chantelle steps in her way.

CHANTELLE

And where do you think you're going?

Devlin tries to push past Chantelle.

CHANTELLE

We were told not to leave. Do you have something to hide?

DEVLIN

Please, Chantelle. Just let me go.

CHANTELLE

I'm not letting you go anywhere. In fact, I think we should go talk to that detective.

Chantelle grabs Devlin's arm. Devlin pulls away.

DEVLIN

Just back off.

Devlin pushes Chantelle. She trips over a cable stumbling backwards. She clatters into equipment knocking it over. As she hits the floor she bangs her head, knocking her unconscious. The sound of the equipment hitting the floor alerts an officer.

He spots Devlin standing over Chantelle's body.

OFFICER

Hey.

Devlin bursts through the rear exit as the officer chases after her.

EXT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Devlin exits onto an alleyway. A couple of officers standing guard hear the door open and turn. They spot Devlin. Devlin turns and runs. They chase after her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Devlin makes her way onto the main high street. She runs through crowds of people as the two officers are in pursuit. She cuts into a market place where the crowds are thicker.

She manages to slip in and disappear. She pulls the wig from her head. The two officers stop in their tracks and look around, but they can't seem to find her.

They make their way slowly into the crowd looking in all directions. Devlin slips out of the side of the crowd and heads down an alley. The two officers stand in the middle of the crowd, defeated.

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Officers are helping Chantelle to her feet. She is dazed and confused. Grantham and Patrick approach.

GRANTHAM

What's going on?

OFFICER

One of the girls left.

GRANTHAM

Who?

OFFICER

Dark hair, small.

Grantham turns to Patrick.

GRANTHAM

Name?

PATRICK

That sounds like Devlin.

Grantham furrows his brow.

GRANTHAM

Devlin?

PATRICK  
Yeah, new girl. Just started  
working here.

Grantham looks away, deep in thought.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin enters to find Lewis sitting at the dining table, the metal tin in front of him. She stares at him confused. She closes the door.

DEVLIN  
Lewis? What are you doing here?

Devlin notices the metal tin. She rushes over and snatches it.

DEVLIN  
Why are you going through my stuff?

LEWIS  
That's not good for you.

DEVLIN  
Is that why you're here? To check  
up on me? Or were you hoping to try  
and get into my pants again.

LEWIS  
Do you know someone by the name of  
Jordan Waits?

Devlin shakes her head. She makes her way over to the bedside table and puts the tin away. She sits on the edge and looks down at the charm bracelet, playing with it.

LEWIS  
He was found dead this morning. He  
worked at the same film studio as  
Ricky Romero.

DEVLIN  
So?

LEWIS  
So, the two murders are obviously  
connected. They were both involved  
with Roxy's death.

Devlin feigns shock.

DEVLIN

Oh my God.

LEWIS

Don't play dumb, Devlin. Just tell me, did you kill them?

Devlin shakes her head.

DEVLIN

No. I couldn't do something like that.

LEWIS

Romero was seen leaving a nightclub with a young woman the night of his death. She looked an awful lot like you. Apart from the hair colour. Plus, you have a motive. So, I'll ask you again, did you kill them?

Devlin stares at him, then shakes her head.

Lewis brings his hand up from under the table to reveal a blood stained hammer, held in his grip between a piece of tissue. He places it down on the table surface.

LEWIS

So, how do you explain this?

Devlin hangs her head and closes her eyes. Lewis shakes his head in disbelief.

LEWIS

What were you thinking, Devlin? This is no way to get justice.

DEVLIN

I was thinking, they killed my friend.

LEWIS

You should have come to me as soon as you found out.

DEVLIN

Why? So you could arrest them and send them to prison and then one day they'll be free again? No. Roxy doesn't have the luxury of getting her life back, so why should they? You saw what they did to her.

LEWIS  
How did you find them?

DEVLIN  
The masked man in the film. I saw  
him in another by Hardwood Films.  
So, I got a job there.

LEWIS  
What kind of job?

DEVLIN  
What do you think?

Lewis shakes his head.

LEWIS  
Jesus, Devlin.

Something dawns on him.

LEWIS  
I thought I saw you there that day.  
I don't believe this.

DEVLIN  
I'm sorry, but I had to do it. For  
Roxy.

LEWIS  
Well, now you have to turn yourself  
in.

DEVLIN  
No, I can't. Not until I've killed  
Patrick.

LEWIS  
Patrick Levesque?

Devlin nods.

LEWIS  
He was involved?

DEVLIN  
Apparently, it was his idea.

LEWIS  
Why?

Devlin shakes her head.

DEVLIN

I don't know, but I'm going to find out.

Lewis stands up and walks around the table.

LEWIS

No, you're not. We'll deal with him. But, if you're not going to turn yourself in. I have to arrest you.

Devlin stands and approaches him.

DEVLIN

Whose side are you on?

LEWIS

I'm on your side.

DEVLIN

Then prove it.

Devlin moves in close and kisses Lewis. He kisses her back, but then stops pushing her away.

LEWIS

No, Devlin. This is not the way to do it. What you've done is wrong. I can't let that go.

Lewis reaches into his pocket and takes out a pair of handcuffs.

Devlin hangs her head shamefully.

DEVLIN

Can I at least take a shower first?

LEWIS

It's going to take a lot more than a shower to clean the blood from your hands.

Devlin stares daggers at Lewis.

LEWIS

Go ahead. I'll be out here waiting. Don't take too long.

Devlin enters the bathroom shutting the door behind her.

Lewis sits down at the dining table staring at the hammer. He rubs his forehead in frustration.



INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Lewis is still sat waiting. The sound of the shower running in the bathroom. Lewis looks at his watch.

He gets up and approaches the door. He listens and then knocks.

LEWIS

Devlin? What's going on in there?  
You've been in there a while now.

He waits, but there is no reply. He knocks again.

LEWIS

Devlin? Devlin? Don't make me come  
in there.

Still no response. Lewis tries the door handle, but it's locked. He barges the door with his shoulder. After a couple more rams, the door breaks open. Lewis stumbles into the room.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom is full of steam. Lewis tries to see through the thick fog. There is no sign of Devlin. He reaches the other end of the room to find the window wide open.

LEWIS

Shit.

Lewis feels a heavy object hit him on the back of the head, knocking him down.

Devlin stands behind him. She drops the bathroom scales and looks down sorrowful at Lewis' limp body.

DEVLIN

I'm sorry.

Devlin reaches into his pocket and takes out the handcuffs. She cuffs Lewis' wrist to the radiator pipe.

Devlin turns off the shower.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin exits the bathroom and grabs the hammer off the table. She places it in her handbag and heads out the door.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Patrick is setting up a new VHS player. His apartment is filled with film memorabilia. Film posters on the walls. A large shelf filled with VHS tapes surround a large screen television.

A knock at the door. He gets up and answers it.

Devlin leans against the door frame.

DEVLIN

Hey.

PATRICK

Hello.

Patrick smiles and steps aside.

PATRICK

Come in.

Devlin enters looking around the flat.

PATRICK

I must say, I'm surprised to see you. I thought after today's incident you wouldn't come. You made a hasty exit, when the police specifically asked you not to. You're a bad girl.

DEVLIN

I'm not a fan of the police.

PATRICK

Had a few run ins with them in the past, have you?

DEVLIN

Something like that.

PATRICK

I like a girl with a dark side. Would you care for a glass of wine?

DEVLIN

Please.

PATRICK

Take a seat.

Patrick enters the kitchen and opens a bottle of wine. Devlin sits down on the sofa.

PATRICK

I'm so glad you decided to come. I was very impressed by your performance today.

DEVLIN

So you said.

PATRICK

I see great things for you in the future. I thought maybe we could discuss some ideas this evening. I'm dying to hear your thoughts.

DEVLIN

I'd kill to hear yours.

Patrick smiles as he pours.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lewis comes round. The back of his head bleeding. He touches it and looks at the blood on his hand. He looks around the bathroom, as he moves he feels his arm pull. He looks down at his cuffed wrist.

LEWIS

Devlin. Devlin.

Lewis pulls at the cuffs, but they are secure around the radiator pipe.

He gets to his feet and grabs the radiator. He starts yanking at it. It begins to loosen from the wall.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Patrick enters the living room and hands a glass of wine to Devlin. She takes it. Patrick sits down next to her.

Patrick holds up his glass to toast.

PATRICK

To exciting futures.

Devlin clinks her glass with his. They each take a sip.

PATRICK

I was just about to review one of my latest films. Would you care to take a look? I'd like to get your opinion.

DEVLIN

Sure.

Devlin takes a large gulp of the wine before placing the glass down on the coffee table. Patrick walks over to the television set and picks up a tape.

PATRICK

I think you'll like it. It's something I'm very proud of.

He places the tape in the machine and presses play.

Devlin watches the screen. Roxy sitting upon the bed. It's the snuff film. Devlin shifts her attention to Patrick who stares at her.

PATRICK

She was one of the best actresses I've ever seen. Her performance was so real.

DEVLIN

You bastard.

She pulls the hammer from her bag and jumps up from her seat. She barely makes it halfway toward Patrick before she starts to feel light headed.

PATRICK

Are you okay?

She tries to focus, but her eyes feel heavy.

PATRICK

Here, let me take that from you.

Patrick takes the hammer from her limp hand and places it down on the coffee table. Devlin sways, holding her head trying to focus her vision.

PATRICK

You don't look too well.

As Devlin collapses, Patrick catches her in his arms. Her dark wig falls from her head.

PATRICK

That's it. Just relax.

He picks her up.

PATRICK

It will all be over soon.

\*FLASHBACK\*

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Devlin waits outside in the cold at the rear of the hotel. She pulls the jacket around tightly, wrapping her arms around herself to keep warm.

Roxy exits the rear door of the hotel carrying a baseball bat. She has specks of blood on her face and clothes, blood on the end of the bat.

Devlin stares at her in shock.

DEVLIN

You said you were just going to scare him.

Roxy grabs Devlin's shoulders and stares deep into her eyes.

ROXY

Scaring will never be enough. If anyone hurts you, I'll hurt them. I expect you to do the same for me.

Roxy grabs Devlin's arm and guides her away from the hotel. The two of them walk off into the night.

\*END FLASHBACK\*

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lewis rips the radiator from the wall, the pipe snapping. He slips the cuffs from it and rushes out the room.

EXT. FILM STUDIO - NIGHT

Patrick's car is pulled up outside the studio. He opens the rear door. He reaches in and takes out Devlin. He carries her over to the front doors.

INT. FILM STUDIO - NIGHT

Just as Patrick enters through the front doors, Devlin's arm swings. The same charm that she lost before falls off the bracelet and hits the ground unnoticed.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lewis exits the elevator and sprints down the corridor to Patrick's front door. He bangs loudly.

LEWIS

Mr Levesque. Please, open up. Mr  
Levesque.

A neighbour opens their door and peers out.

LEWIS

Mr Levesque.

NEIGHBOUR

What's with all the noise?

Lewis turns to the neighbour. He pulls out his badge and shows it.

LEWIS

Is Mr Levesque in?

NEIGHBOUR

Is he answering?

LEWIS

No.

NEIGHBOUR

Then I'd assume he isn't.

LEWIS

Do you know where he could be?

NEIGHBOUR

Sometimes he works late.

Lewis has a thought and then sprints back toward the elevator.

INT. FILM STUDIO - NIGHT

Devlin wakes to find herself tied to the bed on set and gagged. Patrick sits on the bed next to her, a devilish smile upon his face. He admires Devlin's hammer in his hands. She tries to break free, but it's no use.

PATRICK

You think you're so clever, but I  
know who you are now. I recognise  
you from when I picked up your  
friend.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'll give you credit, up until this point you've been very resourceful, infiltrating my studio.

Patrick stands. He chucks the hammer away. Patrick looks deep into Devlin's eyes.

PATRICK

I'm sure you're wondering why we did what we did to your friend. The main reason is money. I had to prevent my business from going bankrupt and when desperate times call for desperate measures you turn to those who are willing to help, no matter how dark or the cost. He wanted to see real death on camera and he was willing to pay for it. So I was willing to do.

Patrick stares off into the distance.

PATRICK

But when it came to choosing who? I thought of my brother who'd been paralysed by a fucking whore who beat the shit out of him with a baseball bat.

Patrick meets Devlin's eyes again.

PATRICK

It was like killing two birds with one stone. Well, killing one bird at least.

Devlin pulls at her binds, but it's no use. Patrick walks around the bed.

PATRICK

And now you've killed people important to me and I can't let you get away with that. But, I won't let a good opportunity go to waste.

Patrick approaches the camcorder on a stand and adjusts the angle.

PATRICK

You're going to be the star of my next film. Sequels always make more money.

He grins, then moves back over to Devlin.

PATRICK  
Unfortunately you won't be able to  
see the final edit.

Patrick picks up a syringe from the bedside table and admires it.

PATRICK  
Due to an unforeseen overdose.

He puts down the syringe and picks up a small bag of heroin.

PATRICK  
By the way, thank you for providing  
me with the appropriate means. The  
police reports will be very  
convincing.

He puts the small bag back down on the bedside table. He walks over to a table and picks up the famed mask from his previous snuff film.

PATRICK  
But first things first. We wouldn't  
want to be identified, would we?

He places the mask over his face and turns toward Devlin. He moves toward her, but banging at the front door distracts him. He removes the mask and looks toward the noise. He turns back toward Devlin.

PATRICK  
Don't go anywhere.

Patrick puts the mask down and picks up a cable flex. He exits the room. Devlin struggles to break free.

INT. FILM STUDIO, ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

Patrick approaches the main door and sees Lewis through the glass windows. He hides the flex behind his back.

LEWIS  
Mr Levesque.

Patrick unlocks and opens the door.

LEWIS  
Can I come in?

PATRICK  
I'm busy.



LEWIS  
Please, I'll only be a minute.  
Unless you have something to hide?

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK  
Fine, come in.

Lewis enters.

LEWIS  
I have reason to believe your life  
is in danger tonight. I think it  
best you come with me to the  
station until the suspect is in  
custody.

PATRICK  
Thank you for your concern  
detective. I can take care of  
myself. I don't require your  
assistance.

LEWIS  
I understand that, but for peace of  
mind.

PATRICK  
No, I'm fine. Now if you wouldn't  
mind leaving, I have things to do.

LEWIS  
But Mr Levesque.

PATRICK  
If you do not leave I will be  
forced to call your superior and  
file charges for police harassment.  
I do not need your help, detective.  
Now go.

LEWIS  
Fine, but if at any point you feel  
your life is in danger, do not  
hesitate to call.

Lewis holds out his business card.

PATRICK  
I know the number to call. Good  
evening, detective.

Lewis turns to head for the door, but his eye is caught by something on the floor. He bends down to pick up the charm. He recognises it, staring at it, confused.

Suddenly a cable flex wraps around his neck throttling him. Patrick pulls tight. Lewis manages to pull on the flex, to release his wind pipe.

He elbows Patrick in the side causing him to release the flex. Lewis turns and punches him in the face knocking Patrick to the ground.

Lewis bursts through into the main room.

INT. FILM STUDIO - NIGHT

Lewis looks around.

LEWIS

Devlin?

He spots Devlin tied to the bed struggling.

Lewis rushes over and pulls her gag off. He unties one hand. She calls out to warn him.

DEVLIN

Lewis.

Lewis turns to see Patrick coming at him with a box cutter. Lewis is able to prevent the blade from slicing him. As they struggle, Lewis is pushed up against a fake wall.

Lewis twists Patrick's arm and he drops the box cutter. Patrick head butts Lewis and he releases his grip on Patrick's wrists. Patrick wraps his hands around Lewis' throat.

Lewis tries to free his throat, but he begins to weaken.

Suddenly Devlin appears behind Patrick and stabs him in the neck with the needle, pumping it's contents into him.

He releases Lewis and turns to smack Devlin across the face. She tumbles to the floor.

He towers over her about to finish her off, but his body begins to jerk. Devlin watches in horror as Patrick falls to the floor in a seizure. He froths at the mouth, until he suddenly becomes still.

Devlin looks at Lewis scared. She wraps her arms around him.

DEVLIN

I'm sorry.

LEWIS

It's okay. I'm fine. Just go. I'll deal with it.

Devlin gets up and is about to head for the main doors, but hesitates. She runs to the editing room.

LEWIS

Devlin, where are you going?

INT. FILM STUDIO, EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

Devlin sorts through VHS tapes, checking the label of each. Lewis enters confused.

LEWIS

What are you doing?

Devlin ignores him, focusing on the tapes. She finds the one labelled 'Scene 3: Devlin & John'.

LEWIS

What is that?

DEVLIN

Something I need to destroy.

LEWIS

Devlin, if that's evidence.

DEVLIN

It's not. You don't need to see it.

Lewis gives an understanding nod.

LEWIS

Okay. Just get out of here.

DEVLIN

Thank you.

Devlin cracks a brief smile before leaving.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Devlin pulls the tape from the cassette case. She stuffs it into an old empty paint can sitting on top of an industrial bin.

She lights a match and drops it into the can. It sets the tape alight. Devlin stares into the flames.

INT. FILM STUDIO - NIGHT

Lewis sits on the bed dabbing his cut head with a cloth. He looks at the charm in his hand. OFFICERS walk around the room collecting evidence. Grantham approaches him. Lewis pockets the charm.

GRANTHAM

What happened?

Lewis looks at the blood stained cloth then places it back on his head.

LEWIS

He was murdered.

GRANTHAM

I can see that. What were you doing here?

LEWIS

I had a feeling his life was in danger.

GRANTHAM

Why?

LEWIS

He was involved in the murder of Roxanne Campbell.

GRANTHAM

How do you know that?

LEWIS

Somebody told me.

GRANTHAM

Who?

LEWIS

An anonymous source.

GRANTHAM

Anonymous. So you came straight here?

LEWIS

I went to his home first, but he wasn't there, a neighbour suggested I come here. I found the door ajar. When I entered I was knocked unconscious by someone. I came round and found his body.

GRANTHAM

What a coincidence. You come by to check on him right after he gets murdered.

Lewis looks Grantham in the eye.

LEWIS

Yeah.

Grantham looks around at the increasing number of officers walking about.

GRANTHAM

Let's have a chat in private.

Lewis follows Grantham into the editing room.

INT. FILM STUDIO, EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

Grantham closes the door.

GRANTHAM

So do you want to tell me the truth or do you want to stick to your bullshit story?

LEWIS

I told you the truth.

GRANTHAM

It was Devlin, wasn't it?

LEWIS

I don't know. I didn't see. I was knock-

GRANTHAM

Knocked unconscious, I know. Did you know she'd been working here?

LEWIS

So?

GRANTHAM

So? I must say, I was expecting more of a surprised reaction. Am I to assume you already knew that?

LEWIS

I don't know what you want from me.

Grantham huffs.

GRANTHAM

Okay. You know I once knew a Detective, one of the best, he could see things no one else could. He had a brother who was knocking off betting shops, left, right and centre. This Detective knew, but he kept it quiet. Anyway, his brother was eventually arrested and it soon came out this Detective knew all along. It cost him his job and his life. Lewis, you're a good policeman. You always make the right choice, but if you're covering for her, this isn't going to end well. You need to give her up, for your sake if not for hers.

Lewis stares at Grantham. He closes his eyes and reluctantly nods.

GRANTHAM

You're doing the right thing. I'll go tell them to pay her a visit. I suggest you go to the hospital and get your head checked out.

Grantham exits the room. Lewis stands deep in thought. He glances at a phone on the desk.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin is rushing around, pulling clothes from drawers and stuffing them in a bag. She reaches under the bed and takes out the metal tin. She opens it to reveal a stack of cash. She closes the tin and shoves it in the bag.

The phone rings. Devlin ignores it. It clicks on to the answer machine. Lewis' voice comes through.

LEWIS (THROUGH ANSWER MACHINE)

Devlin, it's Lewis. If you're there pick up.

Devlin turns to the phone. She grabs the receiver.

DEVLIN

Lewis?

INT. FILM STUDIO, EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

Lewis is stood huddled in the corner of the room holding the phone close to his face trying to shield the sound of his voice.

LEWIS

Devlin. You need to get out of there now. They're coming to arrest you.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin hears the sirens coming toward her building. She heads over to the window and looks out. Two police cars making their way down the road.

LEWIS (THROUGH PHONE)

Meet me at the park in twenty minutes. Go now.

Devlin hangs up. She closes the bag and carries it to the door.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT, ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

Devlin can see the officers through the frosted glass of the front door. They are pushing buzzers to be let in. She makes her way to the other end of the corridor and exits out the back.

EXT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Devlin lugs her bag through a back garden and exits through a back gate. She heads up the road.

INT. DEVLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

OFFICERS burst into the room and look around. With clothes scattered around, they realise she's already left. One of the officers grabs his radio about to speak into it.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Devlin waits nervously in the night. Lewis approaches her.

LEWIS

Hey.

Devlin drops the bag and wraps her arms around Lewis. She releases him. Lewis holds out his hand. The missing charm resting in his palm.

LEWIS

You dropped this.

Devlin takes it. She looks at it closely and smiles.

DEVLIN

Thank you. Why are you doing this?  
I thought you couldn't forgive me.

LEWIS

You've suffered enough and I don't  
want to be the reason for anymore.  
You know how I told you I once knew  
someone a lot like you.

Devlin nods.

LEWIS

When she needed my help I wasn't  
there for her. I guess in some ways  
I'm making amends for that. It  
won't be long before they have  
police at every airport and train  
station, so you need to leave now  
if you want to get away. I'm afraid  
it's going to have to be a short  
goodbye.

DEVLIN

I'll never forget this.

LEWIS

I don't think I ever could.

She hugs Lewis tightly. He embraces her, then pushes her away.

LEWIS

There's a taxi waiting at the park  
entrance, ready to take you where  
ever you want. Go, before it's too  
late. I'll try and buy you some  
more time.



Devlin smiles. She picks up her bag, turns and walks away. She stops to take one last look at Lewis and then runs off into the night.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Devlin walks along the platform. Up ahead are two police officers talking. She looks away and quickens her pace as she passes them.

Safe in the knowledge she's clear, she relaxes. Until...

POLICE OFFICER  
Excuse me, Miss.

Devlin stops in her tracks. She turns around to see a police officer walking toward her. Her breathing increases.

He smiles and extends an arm. He holds out a train ticket.

POLICE OFFICER  
I think you'll need this.

Devlin smiles nervously.

DEVLIN  
Thank you.

She takes the ticket and shoves it in her pocket. She turns and continues walking to the waiting train.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Devlin sits on the train next to the window. Her bag safely stored above her in the rack. The train starts moving. She relaxes and sits back in her seat closing her eyes.

\*FLASHBACK\*

EXT. PARK - DAY

Devlin and Roxy sit on a bench snuggling. They have a bag of chips in front of them. Devlin looks up at Roxy and smiles. Roxy looks back at her.

ROXY  
What?

DEVLIN  
Nothing. I'm just happy.

Roxy smiles and kisses Devlin. They snuggle closer.

\*END FLASHBACK\*

FADE OUT.