

"Episode 1 - Red Right Hand

FADE IN:

1 INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

1

Black screen. The sound of heavy, panicked breathing. Slowly fading in, we see a woman's eyes locked on something. The camera pulls out to ANNA MAYHEW - a woman in her early forties - looking deeply shocked. The camera pulls out further to reveal she is dressed in black with a bloodied knife in her right hand.

SFX: A doorbell rings.

CUT TO:

2 INT. PUB - DAY

2

It's earlier in the day, and we are thrown into a loud and overwhelming scene. The Stag and Feathers pub is full of people talking loudly, eating scotch eggs, hugging and drinking. Two women, with G&Ts in hand, are talking.

WOMAN 1

Something never quite right about her, you know.

WOMAN 2

I know. Our Julie said she was so strange at school. Hardly anyone would talk to her.

WOMAN 1

Really?

WOMAN 2

Said she once pushed a girl through a plate-glass window. Took them six hours to remove all the glass from her head. She could never wear her hair in a ponytail again.

WOMAN 1

And the police thing?

WOMAN 2

So strange considering.

WOMAN 1

And the mother?

WOMAN 2

Very odd.

Made in Highland

WOMAN 1

No one ever heard from her again.
I don't buy the Spain story at
all. Oh, she's coming over. Face
like a bloody wet weekend.

WOMAN 2

She should be happy so many
people turned up. No one had seen
him in years.

WOMAN 1

Only 20 people showed up for
Kev's...

ANNA walks by, WOMAN 1 grabs her elbow and drags her between
the women.

WOMAN 1

We're so sorry to hear about your
dad.

BOTH WOMEN look at her, nodding their heads slowly with
narrowed eyes.

ANNA

Thank you.

WOMAN 2

It's all very sad what happened,
isn't it?

ANNA

It is.

WOMAN 2

Living out his last days in such
a place. Least he was out of that
awful house he used to have.
Whatever happened to it?

ANNA

I live there.

WOMAN 2

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sure you've
made it a lovely home.

ANNA

That's ok.

WOMAN 1

So, are you courting?

The sound of three text messages received in quick succession can be heard. ANNA looks at her phone and gestures that she better check them. THE WOMEN continue idly chatting as ANNA opens the message

WOMAN 1 (O.S.)
Gerald Underwood, there. Did you
hear about what he did to his
wife?

WOMAN 2
No?

WOMAN 1
He bought his wife one of those,
what do you call it, umm, umm.
Those things that...

The sound of THE WOMEN fades out as ANNA's text messages appear on screen.

TRACEY (TEXT)
Are you coming back to work
tomorrow?

TRACEY (TEXT)
We're very short-staffed.

TRACEY (TEXT)
No pressure though.

ANNA sighs. Just as she is about to lock her phone, more messages come through with alarming speed.

TRACEY (TEXT)
But let me know.

TRACEY (TEXT)
But no pressure.

TRACEY (TEXT)
If you're struggling, look at our
employee assistance programme.
Link here.

TRACEY (TEXT)
Or sign yourself up to Yoga
Thursdays.

TRACEY (TEXT)
They'll help sort out your bonce.

AUTOMATED PHONE MESSAGE (TEXT)
Last message deleted

ANNA snaps the lock button on her phone and walks slowly backwards from the women, still engrossed in their conversation. They do not register that she is leaving.

Made in Highland

As ANNA turns to walk away, she looks around and feels the pressure of pitying eyes upon her. Pushing her head down, she walks slowly and purposefully away and walks straight into John - a handsome man in his late 20's.

JOHN

Hey, how are you doing? It's been a while.

ANNA

Urgh, not now.

She walks away, leaving him stunned.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. PUB. DAY.

3

ANNA is sitting on a step outside the back of the pub. In front of her are overfilled bins, old beer barrels and a fair bit of litter. The door swings dramatically open to JOSIE, ANNA's childhood friend.

JOSIE

There you are! Cliff has just kicked the Karaoke on and there are about eight of them arguing about who's singing 'Danny Boy'. There's going to be a fight any minute. My money is on Tony. I once saw him flip a kid over a Ford Fiesta for calling him a fat-headed prick.

JOSIE awaits a reaction from ANNA. Nothing is forthcoming.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

I mean... his head is bigger than average and he is a prick, so the kid wasn't wrong...

ANNA still sits without reacting.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

It's been a nice day. Your Dad would have enjoyed it. (pauses)
Guess he's finally out of prison.
Bit earlier than planned though.

ANNA laughs slightly, tears in her eyes. She then hugs her legs and rocks gently to soothe the pain.

ANNA

This is horrible.

JOSIE

I know.

(MORE)

Made in Highland

JOSIE (CONT'D)
The smell of those egg sandwiches
in this heat? Too much.

ANNA laughs again.

ANNA
Is it wrong that I don't want to
be here?

JOSIE
Fuck no! I've met about 10 people
in the past 30 minutes who could
easily be top 10 on a Channel 5
run down of 'humanity's greatest
arseholes'. Say what you want
about your dad, but he knew some
absolutely terrible people.

ANNA
It's just too much.

JOSIE
Without the smell of egg even.

ANNA begins to tear up.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I know, I know.

JOSIE holds a protective arm around ANNA.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
This is very shit. All of this.

JOSIE kisses her head.

ANNA
If I get one more hand on the
elbow today, I am going to
scream. Someone who reckons he
was Dad's second cousin missed my
elbow and full-on honked me on
the tit.

JOSIE laughs out loud.

ANNA (CONT'D)
He didn't say a thing. He just
carried on. Even his wife didn't
register.

JOSIE
Well, they are hanging lower
these days. There's always one
perv at these things looking to
get a grief grope.

(MORE)

Made in Highland

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Everyone is so consumed with sadness they don't realise the hand on their arse or a slide-around tit pat.

ANNA

I just want to go.

JOSIE

(Encouragingly) Then go!

ANNA

I need to settle up with Cliff and say goodbye to a few people.

JOSIE

Settle up and make the goodbye an Irish one. Most people are so half-cut that they won't even notice.

ANNA

I just can't face another story from the old days. How I've grown in all the years I've been alive - of course I fucking have, I'm 42. Or another (Makes a nodding gesture, with narrowed eyes). I can't take the fucking pity face. I am going to fucking scream if one more person today does that at me. And fucking John is here.

JOSIE

Fuck them. Fuck John. You don't owe any of these people anything, apart from Cliff, who will be absolutely fleecing you for the egg sandwiches.

ANNA

I owe Dad, though.

JOSIE

(Whispers) He may never know you went home.

ANNA

I should stay.

JOSIE

Clive, send us a sign that you're ok with Anna doing one?

Protracted silence.

Made in Highland

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Well, conclusive proof there. He won't know you've left.

ANNA

Thank you for trying to commune with the spirits.

JOSIE

My pleasure. (She stands) Now, I'm going to commune with some other spirits and see how quickly this all descends into Dave singing 'Sex Bomb' again. What woman couldn't go weak at the knees for that, eh? Especially when he gyrates those arthritic hips of his (she makes the chef's kiss gesture). You coming?

ANNA

Yeah, in a minute.

JOSIE

Well, don't hang out here too long. Irene reckons her son caught 11 rats behind here last week. The storeroom of Abrakebabra is overrun by them, apparently. It also explains why I couldn't get off the toilet for four hours after I had a doner last week. Apocalyptic scenes. Not enough Toilet Duck in the world to deal with that.

ANNA

(Through tears) Urgh.

JOSIE bends down and grabs ANNA's elbow purposefully, staring into her eyes.

JOSIE

Love you.

ANNA

Love you too.

As JOSIE opens the door back into the pub, the opening lines of Danny Boy can be heard, swiftly followed by the sound of a fight breaking loose. A lone rat runs past ANNA's feet.

CUT TO:

Made in Highland

4

INT. PUB - DAY.

4

Whilst the wake continues, ANNA is at the bar speaking to the owner, CLIFF, a man in his 70s who looks like a lost member of Status Quo. Throughout their conversation, he is single-handedly serving a number of customers.

ANNA

Thanks for today.

CLIFF

No problem at all. It was nice to see him off well today. £6.20, please mate. We had some great times, me and your dad over the years. There was a time that your dad... No, no salt and vinegar; I've only got Scampi Fries. Yeah, that's £4.50 mate, ta. Your dad put on some random band, and they... No, mate, I need to go and change the barrel. We've got others on tap for the same price.

ANNA

I appreciate it.

CLIFF

And we've done a roaring trade today. I've tripled a normal week's takings and it's only Wednesday. £20.85, please love.

ANNA

Great to know.

CLIFF

If I could get a wake a week, I'd be sorted. Get more staff and get out to the timeshare more often.

ANNA

Well, maybe you should get into the local murder scene. Make a killing in two ways.

CLIFF is so consumed with taking orders that he barely registers what she's said.

CLIFF

Yeah, yeah. I could. That's £13.80, please darlin'.

His attention suddenly lasers in.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

So, are we OK to call it £300 for the food today? And £50 for the decorations.

Made in Highland

ANNA
Decorations?

CLIFF points to an A2 piece of paper which has been taped to the wall with parcel tape. 'RIP Clive' has been written in marker pen and a small, greying photo has been taped to it using gnarled bits of parcel tape. Beneath it is a stack of pink napkins and the kind of paper plates you'd find at a children's party.

ANNA
So £350?

CLIFF
(He winces) And another £25 for petrol and stuff.

ANNA
And stuff?

CLIFF
Yeah, paper plates, napkins and that.

ANNA
So £375?

CLIFF
Yeah, about that.

ANNA
I don't get paid until next week, so I'll have to give it to you then.

CLIFF
(Sharp intake of breath) Well, I could actually do with it now. The pub game isn't what it used to be. £24.90, please mate.

ANNA
That's the best I can do.

CLIFF
Well, as your dad was a mate. One of my best, actually, that's ok. (Delivered in a way that's hard to tell if he's joking) But any later, and I'll be charging interest.

ANNA nods, faintly smiles, turns away from the bar and says under her breath -

ANNA
What a prick.

She turns back to the bar as he plants a drink in front of her with one hand and the card terminal in the other.

CLIFF

That will be £5.10 when you're ready.

ANNA

I didn't...

ANNA shakes her head, silently takes a card from her pocket and pays for a drink she did not order nor want. She walks away with the drink in hand. She is tapped on the shoulder by OMAR - a man in his 20s.

OMAR

Is it Anna? You won't know me but your dad helped me out a few times. I was in the nick with him. He even did this for me.

OMAR shows her a crude stick and poke tattoo on his forearm of a squirrel with a comically large human penis and testicles. Mid-gulp of her drink, ANNA does her best not to spit the liquid in her mouth out.

OMAR

Holds a lot of sentimental value for me.

ANNA

Very artistic.

OMAR

I love it.
Look, if you ever need anything, you can call me.

OMAR pushes a piece of paper into her hand.

ANNA

(Dismissively, looking around the room) Thanks.

OMAR

I mean it. He was good to me.
Really looked out for me.

Her eye catches JOSIE, who is pointing at the sandwiches on a table and makes a wretching face.

OMAR (CONT'D)

He really would do anything for anyone, wouldn't he?

ANNA's attention is snapped back to him.

ANNA

Yeah, he would.

Made in Highland

She searches his face, trying to find out what he knows.

OMAR

So, if you need anything, just
call me. OK?

ANNA

OK.

He walks off and she gulps down the rest of her drink.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. PUB - DAY

5

ANNA leaves the pub. Outside OMAR is leaning on the outside wall, smoking. The door opens again and CARVER, a man in his 60s with a menacing air, follows her. OMAR takes a large drag of his cigarette, throws the butt to the ground and follows after both of them.

CUT TO:

6 INT. DAY. PUB

6

Back inside the pub, CLIFF has taken to the stage and is singing 'I Touch Myself' by Diviynls.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ANNA'S HOUSE - DAY

7

CARVER stands outside. He takes a napkin from his jacket and opens it. The napkin, the same pink colour as those from the wake, has scrawled on it: an address, 'St Marks', the number '2', 'Simon police?' and 'Elevate'. He looks up at the house, pushes the napkin into his chest pocket so it almost resembles a pocket square and approaches the door.

CUT TO:

8 INT. ANNA'S HOUSE. DAY

8

ANNA is laying on the sofa, eyes closed. This is the first time that we see her house and it is immediately clear that although she may live there, it isn't hers. The walls covered brown 70s/80s wallpaper, but mostly covered by old DIY gig posters for bands with names like 'Death of Conformity', 'Proletariat Masses', 'Deathmask Suicide' and 'Agent Orangeyougladididntpunchyouintheface'. Bookshelves are stacked with small-batch books, zines and records. Everything looks like it is from another time.

Made in Highland

SFX: DOORBELL RINGING.

CUT TO:

9 INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - DAY

9

ANNA opens the door to find CARVER sporting a big smile.

CARVER
Hello, Anna!

ANNA
Hell...

Before she can finish, he pushes his way in through the door, talking as he walks.

CARVER
I wanted to have a chat in private. Didn't realise so many people would turn up for old Clive.

ANNA shuts the door behind her and looks concerned.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Fuck me, this old place hasn't changed, has it? Still looks like it did 35 years ago.

ANNA
Who are you?

CARVER
I wanted to have a chat. Bit too loud at the pub. My ears don't do too well with a lot of noise any more. Just can't hear what people are saying.

ANNA
Look, I've got things to do, so it's not a great time.

CARVER
(Sarcastically) I can see you have your hands full with tidying this, so I won't take too long.

He sits on the sofa, immediately gestures that it's an uncomfortable experience, stands up and starts pacing around the room.

CARVER
Your dad used to help me out a bit back in the day.

Made in Highland

ANNA

He helped a lot of people.

CARVER

He did. He was a good boy was Clive.

He almost looks lost in his own thoughts for a second before he looks over to the kitchen, nodding his head in its direction.

CARVER

I'm parched, could I trouble you for a tea?

ANNA nods and moves towards the kitchen. He continues to walk around looking at the contents of the living room as she fills the kettle and switches it on.

CARVER

He used to love all this old shit. Never could understand it myself. Always sounded like a bloody racket to me. Never quite got why he was so committed to the lifestyle, which is so 'fuck the man'. He really did live like a peasant. (Shaking his head) He could of had a much better life than he had. Did you know, he hated the monarchy so much, he'd wince if you handed him some money? The Queen's mush really offended him. Must have annoyed him that he stayed under Her Majesty's pleasure for so long.

CARVER picks up a 7-inch record off a pile and blows dust from it. He shakes his head.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Bootlicker Bondage? No wonder why Jules didn't hang around. Why would you live here like this if you didn't have to? (He pauses and looks at Anna) No offence.

ANNA

I only have oat milk.

CARVER

One of those principled woke vegans?

ANNA

Yes.

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He looks her up and down.

CARVER

Hmmm. You are your father's daughter, aren't you? Actually, I'll have a coffee. Black.

ANNA

Why are you here?

CARVER

I have it on good authority that you are a woman of many talents.

She shakes her head slowly in disagreement.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Don't play that. As a kid, you spent loads of time with him. You learnt from the best, apparently.

ANNA

It was all a long time ago.

CARVER

I bet it's all up there somewhere (pointing to his head). Where did all his stuff go?

ANNA

What stuff?

CARVER

Don't play coy with me. You know exactly what stuff.

ANNA

I don't know.

CARVER

Look, you can make this easy or hard on yourself. I want his stuff and I want you to come and work for me.

ANNA

His lock-up was cleared before he was arrested. I don't know where it all went. It was probably stolen.

CARVER

I don't quite believe that.

ANNA

You can believe what you want.

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CARVER
You're such an interesting little thing, aren't you?

ANNA
I want you to leave.

CARVER
Your ex is an interesting one, too. Especially as your dad was, well, your dad.

ANNA
I, I...

CARVER
Does he know?

ANNA
What?

CARVER
What you did.

ANNA
You need to go.

CARVER
Not until we have concluded our business. Now, I don't believe anything you're telling me.

ANNA
As I said, I don't know where it all went. It was emptied, he went to prison and then the lock-up was sold. That's all I know.

CARVER
Let's say for a minute you are telling the truth.

ANNA
I am.

CARVER hushes her with his hand

CARVER
Let's say you're telling the truth here. Even if you don't have the stuff, you know how it all works.

ANNA
He never showed me anything.

CARVER
Come on, now.

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ANNA
You need to...

CARVER
I don't need to do anything. (He
pauses) You been *cooking up* much
in here lately?

ANNA's face drops.

CARVER (CONT'D)
(Knowingly) Ahhh, there it is!

There is a long pause whilst they look at each other. The
kettle boils furiously. After the crescendo of boiling water
subsides, he smiles menacingly.

CARVER (CONT'D)
You see, I know a lot about you.
All your little secrets. Where
that family of yours is... Some
really interesting stuff.
(pauses) And some stuff you
really wouldn't want anyone else
knowing.

ANNA leans back on the kitchen worktop and looks at her
watch.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Waiting for someone to come in
and save you? Now, all I want is
the stuff and you to show me how
it works.

ANNA
I don't know where it is.

CARVER
Come on now, we know he was only
doing 10 years and he would have
come out and picked it all up
again. He was very committed to
his work, your dad. I liked him.
But now he's gone, I want his
kit.

ANNA
I don't know where it is.

CARVER
Anna, you don't want me to start
losing my patience with you.

ANNA
I don't know where it is. And if
I knew, I would have fucking
burnt it all to the ground years
ago.

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He steps forward towards her.

CARVER

Now, we know that isn't true,
don't we?
But show others how to do that
kind of thing, don't you, eh?

ANNA

You need to leave.

CARVER

Ok, ok.

Just as she thinks he is retreating, he lunges forward and grabs her quickly by the throat. He forces her head towards his and whispers something inaudible into her ear. She looks back at him in terror. Still holding her by the throat, he pushes her back slightly into the worktop and starts gripping his hands more tightly.

CARVER

Now, are we going to play nicely?

She struggles trying to remove his hands by pulling against his arms but his grip remains. As her face reddens under the pressure, her right arm falls back and knocks against something. Without her gaze moving from him, his face suddenly changes to a look of surprise. He stumbles back and in his chest is a large kitchen knife. He falls to the floor, blood seeps from the wound in his chest.

CARVER

You're so fucked. You're so
fucked. You're so...

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

10 INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - DAY

10

ANNA is standing in the kitchen, bloodied knife in her hands.

SFX: Doorbell rings.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, OMAR appears.

OMAR

What happened here then? That's a
sandwich gone wrong if ever I saw
one!

He looks her up and down and walks around into the kitchen.

OMAR

Oh, wow!

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He stares down at the body, smiles, looks at her and then looks down at the body again.

ANNA
(Confused) What?

OMAR
I saw him at the pub. He was watching you. I wanted to check he wasn't bothering you but it looks like you've dealt with the situation. Not particularly well like, but you've dealt with it.

ANNA
I, I.. He threatened me.

OMAR
Yeah, that's the sort of stuff he does. Or did apparently.

ANNA
I didn't mean to.

OMAR
Your dad mentioned you had a temper on you but....

ANNA
He said he knew...

OMAR
Do you know who he is?

ANNA
No.

OMAR
He's an absolute fucking nutter. A psycho.

ANNA
I...

OMAR
Look, people will come looking for him. I can get rid of him, but they probably know he was here.

ANNA is lost in her thoughts.

OMAR
Hey, look. Are you listening? Oi!

ANNA looks at him.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Do you want me to get rid of him?
Or I can just call the police for
you? With option two, you'd
definitely be heading to prison
and look how well that went for
Clive.

She thinks deeply.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Tick tock, tick tock.

ANNA

Get rid of him.

OMAR

Ok. Let me make a call. This
doesn't come for free, you know?

ANNA

What?

OMAR

I'm helping you as a goodwill
gesture because of Clive. I don't
work for you.

ANNA

But.. What?

OMAR

I have to clear it with my boss.
If I get caught in this, he gets
caught in this too.

ANNA

(Panicked whispering) Fuck, fuck.
Who is your boss?

OMAR

That's none of your concern yet.
It will be though. Let me talk to
them.

Overcome with the enormity of it all, ANNA lays on the floor.
OMAR walks to the corner of the room and makes a call. He
looks back at her. The high-pitched sound can be heard that
segues into a ringing phone. It stops. The chirp of a text
comes in. OMAR picks up a phone, drops it to the floor and
kicks it towards ANNA. Shocked out of her funk, she picks up
her phone and opens the message.

SIMON (TEXT)

Have to work tonight. Bringing
kids around in 20.

ANNA

(Holding phone to chest). Fuck.

FADE TO:

11

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

11

The body of CARVER is still slumped across the kitchen floor.

OMAR

I'm getting a van here in 30 mins. Have you got sheets or blankets? Anna?

ANNA

Umm, yeah. I, I...

OMAR

Where are they?

ANNA

Upstairs airing cabinet.

OMAR

And have you got something I can change into? I'm not getting blood over my best suit.

ANNA

Ummm, yeah, there's some stuff at the bottom of the airing cupboard

He runs upstairs. She continues to stare down at the body of CARVER in disbelief. OMAR re-enters the room, already having taken his shirt off and begins to remove his trousers

OMAR

Right. C'mon then.

ANNA

What?

OMAR

Man can not remove a body alone. (Wearing only his underwear, he flexed his muscles) Even though he is a big strong boy.

ANNA

OK.

OMAR

I want you to get your biggest bin and wheel it to the back door. Ok? I'll wrap him up. (Shouting after her) Don't drag it - carry it.

Anna exits the back door and brings a large recycling bin to the doorway.

OMAR

Is it empty?

(MORE)

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OMAR (CONT'D)

It's got to be empty to get him in. Get rid of anything with an address.

She furiously begins to throw the recycling across the floor of the house. Standing beside CARVER, he shakes his head, looks down and gives a 'what is she like?' gesture down at the body.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Now help me drag him.

She looks horrified.

OMAR (CONT'D)

You pierce the old bastard and now you're suddenly squeamish? Come on.

They grab a leg each and start to pull him across the floor.

OMAR

What day is your bin day?

ANNA

Um, Friday.

OMAR

I'll need a rug or an old bit of carpet.

ANNA

Carpet?

OMAR

If your neighbours hear a bin rumbling, they may think it's bin day so will look out the window to check. Have you got old neighbours who stay at home all day?

ANNA

Yeah.

OMAR

They'll be out of their recliners and at that window in seconds. Nothing strikes fear like the threat of a missed bin collection. Or getting them out after 5 pm. Carpet under the wheels deadens the sound. Your neighbours will think it's a lorry passing in the distance.

Made in Highland

ANNA
OK, I'll find something.

They continue to drag CARVER by the legs, across the floor picking up discarded lego and through the recycling. OMAR tips the bin so the lip of it sits on the doorstep

OMAR
Right, head first.

They turn the body on the floor 180 degrees and try to push it into the bin with great difficulty.

OMAR
Good job he's not Andre the Giant, innit?

After struggling for some time to get as much of the body in as possible, OMAR pushes the bin upright and lets gravity do the rest. The stalks of CARVER's legs can be seen. OMAR picks up a discarded cereal box and plants it on one of the protruding feet, looking pleased with himself.

OMAR
(In a Tony the Tiger voice)
Grrreat!

SFX: The doorbell rings.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Now, I'm going stay here and be very quiet.

She nods.

OMAR (CONT)
And you have to act as normal as you can.

She nods again.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Cover your neck too.

ANNA takes off a scarf around her hair and ties it around her neck. As she reaches for door handle, she notices blood on her arm and grabs a jacket from a coat rack.

Standing there are her children, HANNA (10) and HENRY (7), named after her heroes, and her ex, SIMON, a tall, sturdy man in his 40's. HENRY grabs ANNA tightly by the waist.

SIMON
Going somewhere?

ANNA
No.

Made in Highland

SIMON

Why have you got your coat on in this weather?

ANNA

Please, I'm not in the mood.

SIMON

Well, some things never change, eh?

ANNA

Please don't make this day any worse. I've dealt with enough arseholes today.

HENRY lets go of ANNA.

HENRY

I want a drink.

Quickly, ANNA grabs him by the hood of his top to stop him from entering the crime scene in the kitchen.

ANNA

Go upstairs. Henry...

HENRY

But I want a drink.

ANNA

Bedtime. I'll grab you one in a bit. Up now!

SIMON

Who are you hiding back there?

ANNA

Hanna, go up there too. Make sure he brushes his teeth.

HANNA looks at her mother with contempt and storms up the stairs in anger. SIMON is still standing at the door.

ANNA

I thought you were working tonight?

SIMON

How did it go today?

ANNA

Sad, solemn, not many people there and everyone wearing black. Like one of your band's old gigs.

SIMON

I was just trying...

Made in Highland

ANNA
Like you give a fuck.

SIMON
I liked the old man, I really did.

ANNA
Of course.

SIMON
I did. (He pauses) And now I guess you're gonna have to work out what will happen with this place?

ANNA
I can't really be doing with your emotional fuckery today.

SIMON
Look, I just...If you don't have a stable home...

ANNA
I'm not in the mood for this today. Please go.

SIMON
I can see I've touched a nerve.

ANNA
Surely you there's a five pack of doughnuts and a can of Monster calling your name so you're fired up for a night of arresting people driving two miles over the speed limit?

From behind ANNA, a voice can be heard,

OMAR (O.S.)
Is there a problem?

In the hallway behind ANNA, OMAR appears. He is wearing the black t-shirt and boxers he was wearing to move CARVER's body

SIMON
Is that my t-shirt?

ANNA
Bye.

She slams the door quickly.

OMAR
Who was that?

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ANNA

My ex.

OMAR

He looks familiar?

ANNA

He's police.

OMAR looks surprised.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Let me just go and deal with
kids. I'll be back.

OMAR

Right you are, Terminator.

CUT TO:

12 INT. HANNA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

12

At odds with the rest of the house, HANNA's room is a bright, tidy, clean room with a huge number of books arranged in height order. Laying on her bed, HANNA is facing away from ANNAa.

ANNA

Are you not speaking to me?
Hanna, you can't do this forever.
You won't understand this right
now but funerals are horrible. I
just don't want you to have to
deal with that sort of thing just
yet.

HANNA

But I wanted to say goodbye.

ANNA

You barely knew him.

HANNA

He was my grandad.

ANNA

I know, but it's complicated.

HANNA

Why?

ANNA

It just is.

HANNA

No, it's not. You're a liar.

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ANNA
I'm not a liar.

HANNA
You are!

ANNA
What have I lied about?

HANNA
You told dad there wasn't someone here and there is.

ANNA
That's a plumber looking at the sink.

HANNA
I saw him when I was walking up the stairs. Why didn't he have any trousers on? Plumbers have trousers on when they work.

ANNA
Well, not always... He didn't want to get his clothes dirty.

HANNA
Yes, they do! Why do you always do that? Why do you try and make a joke of stuff? Not everything is funny. You're just like Josie and you are so annoying. I hate you. Dad hates you. Henry is too stupid to hate you but he will hate you one day.

ANNA
Hanna, please.

HANNA
You just don't care, do you?

ANNA
I do.

HANNA
I hate living here.

ANNA
Ok, enough of this. I'm the adult, this is my house. You're the child. I don't have to answer to you.

HANNA
This isn't your house!

ANNA
For fuck's sake.

HANNA
That's your answer to
everything.

ANNA
(Angrily snapping) Yep!

She lets out a heavy breath.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I just...

Shaking her head in frustration, she walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

13 INT. HENRY'S ROOM - EVENING

13

ANNA walks into HENRY'S room. He's wearing a Santa hat and shorts. ANNA has not brought him the drink promised earlier.

ANNA
Did you have a good day?

HENRY
Dad said I could have a hamster.

ANNA
Did he?

HENRY
Can I have a snake too?

ANNA
Why do you want a snake?

HENRY
I'll feed the hamster to the
snake so it can grow big and
strong and I can take it to
school to eat my teacher.

ANNA
Ummmm.

HENRY
I'll look after it.

ANNA
Like the fish?

HENRY
I just wanted to see if I could
shoot them like bullets from my
Nerf.

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ANNA

I know. You are a very curious boy. Just don't turn out to be a serial killer.

He gets into bed. She sits down and kisses him on the head.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Okay, we'll have a think on the snake. Stay in your bed tonight, ok?

HENRY

I'm going to name the snake, Derek.

ANNA

Oh, ok.

HENRY sits back up in bed and cups ANNA's face in his small hands.

HENRY

Are you sad? You look sad.

ANNA

I'm just a bit tired.

HENRY

Maybe tomorrow you can look prettier?

ANNA

Yeah maybe.

HENRY

That would be nice for everyone.

ANNA

It would.

HENRY

But it would be nice when I have to look at you.

ANNA nods in agreement.

ANNA

Night. Stay in bed. No getting up and no coming into my room, ok?

HENRY

I'm going to dream of Derek tonight.

As ANNA walks out of the room, she looks back at HENRY.

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HENRY (CONT'D)
I won't let him eat you. I
promise.

ANNA
Thanks, I appreciate that.

14 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

14

ANNA enters the kitchen to find OMAR looking for cleaning items under the sink.

OMAR
I've loaded him up. It would be
worth giving the bin a wash.

ANNA
What will you...?

OMAR
It's probably for the best that
you don't know.

OMAR
Now, I've started having a clean
but you need to bleach
everything. Your kitchen is a
shithole. It's hard to know what
the most dangerous thing in it
is. You or the bacteria.

ANNA nods in agreement

OMAR (CONT'D)
And you'll get a call tomorrow.
He doesn't like it when people
don't pick up so make sure you
pick up in a couple of rings. His
number ends in 451 - make sure
you pick up. Ok?

ANNA
Yeah.

OMAR opens up the front door, but before he steps over the threshold he turns.

OMAR
Oh, and don't worry about paying
for today. It's sorted. Cliff's a
prick. Sleep tight, Anna. I'll be
seeing you.

The door shuts. ANNA rests back on the door and closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

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15 **EXT. OUTDOOR LOCATION - NIGHT**

15

OMAR opens the van door and opens up the sheet covering CARVER. He looks down at the body and shakes his head in amusement.

OMAR
Someone's finally taken you down,
you old fucker. And a woman too!

He shakes his head in disbelief.

OMAR (CONT'D)
If the knife didn't kill you, the
thought of a woman getting one
over on you would have.
Beautiful.

OMAR roots through CARVER's pockets and removes his ancient Nokia 3310 and wallet. In the top pocket of CARVER's suit jacket, the corner of the napkin which held details about ANNA and her family can be seen.

OMAR
Night, Dad! Nice knowing you.
Your poof son is going to very
much enjoy putting you in the
ground.

With the napkin remaining undisturbed in CARVER's pocket, OMAR throws the sheet dramatically back over his body.

FADE TO:

16 **EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT**

16

MUSIC - Violet by Hole fades in.

As the sun begins to rise, ANNA lays in a small, shallow paddling pool, smoking in her underwear, revealing several American traditional-style tattoos across her body. In front of her, a small fire is burning the clothes she had been wearing and her recycling bin lays on its side. Behind her, a neighbour looks from his window, concerned at the sight he is surveying.

FADE TO BLACK

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