

THE E-MAIL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE MEETING ROOM - DAY

It is modern and of average size. Around a table sit HARRY (mid 30s, an imposing figure, although large rather than fat, and reasonably business-like in appearance); JED (mid 20s, slim, extremely handsome, very slickly dressed), and JENNY (about 30, attractive, an intelligent air).

HARRY

(to Jed)

So when I've finished this presentation, you get up immediately to go through the targeting strategy.

JED

(unimpressed)

I am aware of that Harry.

HARRY

Then when that's done, we move to the summing up.

JED

(sarcastically)

I'd never have guessed.

HARRY

Jed, we have to win this deal tomorrow.

JED

Relax, we'll be OK.

HARRY

Sometimes, I don't think you take this seriously.

JED

Why? Because I don't see the point in running through the same thing six times?

HARRY

Well sit tight, because we're about to go for a seventh.

JED

Are we? Well, good luck.

Jed gives a sarcastic smile, rises and leaves the room.

HARRY  
Hey, come back.  
(to Jenny)  
Unbelievable.

JENNY  
What do you expect? You've been  
lecturing him all afternoon.

HARRY  
Lecturing?

JENNY  
You're supposed to be equals here.  
You act as if you're somehow  
senior.

HARRY  
I am senior.

JENNY  
Well, you're ten years older.

HARRY  
Which means I've been in my job  
longer, and I'm about to become his  
boss.

JENNY  
You don't know that.

HARRY  
Who else could replace Peter?

JENNY  
Jed.

HARRY  
Oh, please. No one had even heard  
of him before the McArthur project.

JENNY  
But he did come out of that looking  
good.

HARRY  
Which is why I've got to make sure  
this presentation goes well.

JENNY  
Fine, but don't try to outshine  
him.

HARRY  
"Don't try"??

JENNY

Presentations are his strength.  
He's slick, smooth, relatable.

HARRY

Oh, and I'm totally rubbish.

JENNY

No, you're solid, and concentrate  
on being that. Because if you  
attempt to beat him at his thing,  
that's when you'll fall.

HARRY

I tell you if he screws up tomorrow  
...

Harry pummels one hand with his other fist several times.

JENNY

Don't do that.

HARRY

It's only a hand motion.

JENNY

It makes you feel aggressive.

HARRY

(cheekily)  
Nothing wrong with making people  
just a little scared of you.

JENNY

It'll get you into trouble one day.

Harry rises from his chair so that he is almost standing over  
Jenny.

HARRY

You do realize I have to get  
Peter's job.

Jenny also rises to look Harry in the face.

JENNY

I know you want it.

Jenny walks towards the door and exits. Harry follows.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Harry and Jenny walk along the corridor.

HARRY

Fifteen years I've been in this  
department.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Peter's been in his role thirty. I miss out now Jenny, and that's it.

JENNY

Look, I hope you get it, but there's other things in life.

HARRY

Such as?

JENNY

(sighing)

Outside interests, friends, family.

HARRY

With both parents dead, and no partner?

JENNY

OK, sorry.

HARRY

The only thing I have is my career, and you know how hard I work. Much longer hours than Jed.

JENNY

That's true.

Harry stops walking prompting Jenny to do the same.

HARRY

So if he steals this from under my nose ...

Once again, Harry pummels one hand with his other fist. Jenny SIGHS as if she has given up trying to reason with him.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The room is large. At one end Harry and Jed stand presenting with various charts on a screen behind them.

About twenty people sit listening. These include Don (mid 40s, an approachable air), Peter (mid 60s, friendly face), Graham (mid 40s, business-like, listening attentively), Lloyd (about 30, a mean spirited face) and Jenny.

HARRY

(addressing the room, but specifically Graham)

So, if your company chooses to go with us, that is what we can offer: a tailor-made package of advertising online, that includes our social media targeting programme.

JED  
 (effortlessly jumping in)  
 Devised personally by me, with your  
 specific needs in mind.

HARRY  
 (slightly rattled)  
 Well, it was a team effort. But  
 anyway, all of this is geared  
 towards raising brand awareness.

Peter smiles as he watches Harry and Jed.

JED  
 Which we believe is best done by  
 raising the profile of the company  
 as a whole.

HARRY  
 (trying to steal the  
 limelight again)  
 Exactly. And we calculate that with  
 our help you could be increasing  
 sales by twenty-five per cent in  
 six months.

Don cringes at what is becoming a battle of egos. Graham  
 seems aware of it too, but still looks attentive.

JED  
 And within a year, who knows?  
 Fifty, seventy-five per cent.

HARRY  
 A hundred per cent. More.

Everyone LAUGHS.

GRAHAM  
 (standing)  
 Well, thank you very much. I shall,  
 of course, need to speak with my  
 colleagues, but may I say how  
 impressed I am with your insights --  
 and your enthusiasm.

INT. BAR - EVENING

It is moderately crowded. About ten people, including Harry,  
 Jed, Don, Peter, Jenny and Lloyd stand around a table. Peter  
 pops a cork on a bottle of champagne, to CHEERS from  
 everyone, and starts to pour it into glasses.

PETER  
 Congratulations boys, you did it.  
 And never a moment of doubt.

DON  
(with a raised eyebrow)  
Well, almost never.

PETER  
I think this calls for a toast. For being the dream partnership on this project, Harry and Jed.

EVERYONE  
Harry and Jed.

Harry and Jed both smile, but also glance disparagingly at each other. Peter puts his hand on Harry's shoulder, and pulls him aside from the group.

PETER  
(a kindly voice)  
Harry, well done.

HARRY  
Thank you Peter.

PETER  
Let me tell you, I could not have wished for a better retirement present than this.

HARRY  
I'm glad.

PETER  
I remember when you first walked into this office -- must have been fifteen years ago now?

HARRY  
Yeah, I was twenty.

PETER  
And a bit of a rough diamond, I remember. But I saw the potential.

HARRY  
Thanks.

PETER  
It was a long journey. It never came naturally to you. But you showed determination, you persevered.

HARRY  
Yeah, lots of late nights and early starts.

PETER  
Well, they certainly paid off.

HARRY

You did a lot for me I know, and I don't think I could ever repay you.

PETER

You already have. Nothing could have delighted me more than seeing how well you did out there today.

HARRY

Thanks Peter.

PETER

Now, I'm going to make an early night of it, but you will be there tomorrow?

HARRY

Your retirement party? Wouldn't miss it for the world.

PETER

See you then. Good night.

Peter leaves, nodding "goodbyes" to others in the group. Harry is left with a huge grin on his face. Jenny approaches.

JENNY

Well, you look like the cat that got the cream.

HARRY

Peter's job. It's mine.

JENNY

He told you that?

HARRY

He told me how well I'd done today.

JENNY

Could have said the same to Jed.

HARRY

Well, thanks for the vote of confidence.

JENNY

I'm just saying don't get carried away.

HARRY

Why not? Thinking about it, it's not even a competition between us. He's twenty-five for heaven's sake.

JENNY

He's good.



HARRY

There you go again.

JENNY

I'm sorry, but is it even Peter's decision?

HARRY

If he recommends someone, they're not going to say "no".

JENNY

So when do you find out?

HARRY

(with a shrug)

Next week sometime?

Don approaches Harry and Jenny.

DON

OK, I'm going to call it a night, but well done today.

HARRY

Thanks.

Don departs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

He didn't sound that enthusiastic.

JENNY

After the way you two carried on in that presentation? "Look, I'm better than him", "No, I'm better than him". It was embarrassing.

HARRY

We got the deal.

JENNY

Yes, because what you were promising was good. But you could have lost it with that.

HARRY

Peter didn't say anything.

JENNY

What was nice, sweet Peter going to say the night before he retires?

HARRY

Are you just going to pour cold water on everything tonight?

JENNY

I'm sorry, but you have to control how you behave with Jed.

HARRY

That'll be easy. Once I'm his boss, he'll just have to do as I say.

Jenny both SIGHS and smiles as she returns to the main group. Harry suddenly finds himself coming face to face with Lloyd.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, hi Lloyd.

Lloyd speaks in a precise but stilted manner that makes him instantly feel unlikable.

LLOYD

Hello Harry.

HARRY

So, did you enjoy it today?

LLOYD

No, not really.

HARRY

Well, everyone else loved it.

LLOYD

I had problems with some of the things you said.

HARRY

Such as?

LLOYD

You claimed you could increase sales by twenty-five per cent in six months. But the research suggested the range was nineteen to twenty-three per cent.

HARRY

Close enough.

LLOYD

No. If you had said twenty-three you could have argued you were close enough to the midpoint of twenty-one. But you cited a figure two points above the upper limit.

HARRY

Lloyd, Lloyd, what exactly do you get out of being like this?

LLOYD

I just think honesty is important.

HARRY

Of course, but our business is advertising. How you promote, how you persuade, is part of the job.

LLOYD

Even if it means sacrificing the truth?

HARRY

Just remind me why you were there today? You're IT, aren't you?

LLOYD

And there's an IT representative on every project.

HARRY

But for something like this, you weren't really involved?

LLOYD

I read all the documents. I also researched what they said for myself.

HARRY

Of course you did.

LLOYD

In fact, it surprises me what you didn't say. There were precedents in the Castor project for what you were proposing here.

HARRY

(taken aback)

How do you know about that?

LLOYD

I read up on it too.

HARRY

Do you just, like, spend your whole life reading?

LLOYD

Some of your proposals for market penetration were very similar to those you had previously pursued. You could have referenced those and made your case even stronger.

HARRY

I can hardly remember what they were.

LLOYD

Yes, the project was several years ago, but you should always stay on top of these things.

HARRY

Oh, is that the time? Don't you need to be going?

LLOYD

Yes, it is getting late. I think I will be on my way.

HARRY

Well, don't let me stop you.

Lloyd nods a "goodbye" and leaves. Harry lets out a huge SIGH of relief. He now finds himself standing next to Jenny.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Is it just me, or is that guy really ... well ...

Harry mimes strangling someone with his hands.

JENNY

Don't start that again.

HARRY

But he's intolerable.

JENNY

He's a good worker.

HARRY

Trust you to take his side.

Jenny and Harry sit at a table away from the remainder of their group. Jenny now shows more sympathy and liking for Harry's manner and quirky habits, though she still attempts to rein him in a little.

JENNY

But I admit he can be a bit intense.

(lightening up)

Yeah, all right, there was one day last week when I was thinking "what would be the best way to see him quietly disappear?"

HARRY

(laughing)

It's not just me then.

JENNY  
(also laughing)  
No.

HARRY  
So what would be?

JENNY  
Sorry??  
(sighing)  
Oh, is this going to be one of those occasions when you spend the next hour hypothesizing on how you might go about doing something that you never actually will?

HARRY  
(cheekily)  
Might be.

Jenny lets out an audible SIGH.

JENNY  
You are one obsessive guy Harry Sterling.

HARRY  
And that's why you love me.

JENNY  
I just don't know what's worse: being obsessive in your career, or obsessive in your fantasies.

HARRY  
But it could be done. There are millions of unsolved murders out there.

JENNY  
All I know is if I committed one I'd get caught -- and so would you.

HARRY  
But would I? You see, I was thinking about this ...

JENNY  
(rolling her eyes)  
Oh, great.

HARRY  
And there's surely a good chance I wouldn't.

JENNY

(sarcastically)

I hope you're not going to put your theory to the test.

HARRY

(excited; not serious)

Just think about it. To get caught, three things would have to happen. First, someone's got to read the signs. That means they've got to find a piece of evidence and then interpret it correctly.

JENNY

Which is quite likely.

HARRY

Really? We talk about surveillance and stalking, but usually it's the other way around. We want attention, but don't get it.

JENNY

Sorry?

HARRY

Think of small businesses, think of artists. They all put phone numbers on their websites because they're dying for people to contact them. Maybe they've all had to put up with one nuisance person, but mostly they're doing everything they can to get people to call them, and then are disappointed when they don't.

JENNY

And your point?

HARRY

Most of us struggle to get attention even when we seek it. So if I did nothing to attract it, anything could go unnoticed.

Jenny sits silently bemused.

HARRY (CONT'D)

But moving on, even if someone did stumble across a piece of evidence, there's still a long way to go. They've got to have a pretty good idea of what it signifies to research it further -- and they have to deem the chances of success to be worth the effort.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Even police forces think like that,  
let alone the man on the street.

JENNY

Isn't it time we went home?

HARRY

But let's assume someone did try to  
run with it, what then? There are  
public figures out there where it's  
kind of an open secret they've done  
underhand things.

(beat)

Because when they can muddy the  
waters, when they're the ones with  
the lawyers to stack the odds in  
their favour, and when most people  
in a position to do something about  
it don't want to, who's going to  
touch them?

JENNY

Look, what you suggest may be true  
for fraud, but not murder.

HARRY

The same principles apply, although  
I will give you this. If I killed a  
person, if there was a piece of  
evidence to show it, and if someone  
got hold of that evidence who was  
determined to prove I was guilty,  
they would find a way. It's a lot  
of "ifs", but it's still why it's  
best to catch it at stage one. Make  
sure no one ever picks up the scent  
to start with.

JENNY

(taking a deep breath)

Well, all I can say is, thank  
goodness it's the thought exercise  
that floats your boat, and not the  
practical execution.

Jenny and Harry look at each other and both CHUCKLE again.

HARRY

Another drink?

JENNY

Come on, we've got work tomorrow.

HARRY

Just one more.

JENNY

End of the night Harry. Everybody's gone.

Jenny indicates where their group was, but is no longer.

HARRY

Doesn't mean we have to.

JENNY

What's so bad about your house that you don't want to see it?

HARRY

Nothing.

JENNY

Good. I'll see you tomorrow.

Jenny rises and leaves. Harry then walks slowly to the door.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATE EVENING

The front door opens and Harry walks into the hallway. He switches lights on and peers into each adjacent room. Each feels cold and empty as it is totally devoid of people.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry enters the sparsely furnished room. He stands in its center, and looks small and lonely as he gazes around the space with a sorrowful expression.

Harry sits in a chair. He reaches into an inside pocket in his jacket, takes out a silver necklace and looks at it. He then leans over and picks up a photograph lying on a table.

CLOSE-UP on photograph. It is of a mother, father and ten-year old child (Harry with his parents). His mother wears the necklace he now holds.

Harry turns the photograph over to reveal some handwriting.

HARRY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

We love you son, and should you ever feel sad when we've left you remember "What's gone and what's past help should be past grief".

Harry tries to smile but fails.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - EVENING

It is Peter's retirement party. People including Peter, Don, Harry, Jed, Jenny and Lloyd stand around talking with drinks.



DON  
 (shouting over the noise)  
 OK everyone, your attention please.

The room quietens.

DON (CONT'D)  
 As you know, we were all for marking Peter's retirement in style. But he said he just wanted a few drinks in the place he's practically called his home for the past thirty years.

Don turns to look at Peter.

DON (CONT'D)  
 Peter, I don't think I could ever capture just what you've done for this company. And given the number of superlatives that doing so would involve, you might be embarrassed if I tried. So I am simply going to say "thank you for everything".  
 (raising his glass)  
 To Peter.

EVERYONE  
 (raising their glasses)  
 To Peter.  
 (chanting)  
 Speech, speech, speech, speech.

PETER  
 OK, just a few words. I know I've given half of my life to this organization, but there really is no life I would rather have lived. It's you who makes this company, and one of the delights of my job has been seeing people develop in their roles, and thinking that maybe I played the tiniest part in helping them on their way.

Everyone APPLAUDS, and SHOUTS of "more than that" are heard.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 So in that vein, I am going to do something that would not normally be done at this point -- but I've checked with Don and it's OK. I am going to name my successor.

There are excited GASPS. Harry looks startled and then a barely containable smile comes across his face.

PETER (CONT'D)

Of course, it wasn't officially my decision, but let's just say the powers that be accepted a certain recommendation.

(beat)

Now, what can I say about this man? He's determined, he works hard and he thinks smart.

Harry is beaming at this point.

PETER (CONT'D)

It's been an absolute pleasure to see him grow, so why not come and join me -- Jed Quantrill.

Harry's smile instantly drops from his face. Everyone else APPLAUDS as Jed walks up to join Peter.

JED

Thank you. As you know Peter, I've always looked up to you, and one thing I particularly admire is your impeccable judgement.

Everyone LAUGHS. Harry works his way back so he is standing behind the remainder of the gathered group. Then he runs through the exit behind him. Jenny sees this and follows.

INT. STAIRWELL OUTSIDE OPEN PLAN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harry rushes into the stairwell followed by Jenny.

JENNY

Are you OK?

HARRY

It was the McArthur project, I just know it was.

JENNY

Could have been a factor.

HARRY

When he totally betrayed me, and claimed it was all his own work.

JENNY

No Harry, you screwed up on that. He managed to rescue it.

HARRY

Gee, thanks.

JENNY

I'm sorry, but with you it's always someone else's fault.

HARRY

It was my only mistake in my whole time here.

JENNY

Sure, but take some responsibility for it. Don't attack those trying to help.

Harry still looks mortified, his head bowed low.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(more sympathetic)

Hey, chin up. There may still be other opportunities.

HARRY

Not as good as that one.

JENNY

But they will be there.

(being encouraging)

Come on, don't dwell on the past, learn from it.

Harry raises his head and smiles.

HARRY

Yeah, you're right. New man.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harry enters the office area. Jenny follows, but does not stay with him. The speeches have finished and people are conversing. Harry looks around and spots Jed among a group. Harry walks over to him.

HARRY

(cheery; magnanimous)

Hello Jed.

JED

Oh, hi.

HARRY

Can I have a word? In private.

Harry points towards the door he has just come through.

JED

Sure.

Harry and Jed head towards the door and exit through it.

INT. STAIRWELL OUTSIDE OPEN PLAN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harry and Jed enter the stairwell.

JED  
So what did you want to say?

HARRY  
Congratulations.

JED  
Do you need privacy to say that?

HARRY  
(excited)  
Well, there was something else.  
Something I want to show you -- now  
you've got this promotion.

JED  
What?

HARRY  
It's in my car.

JED  
OK, do you want to go and get it?

HARRY  
No, I need to show you in the car.

JED  
Oh, please.

HARRY  
Come on, it'll only take a minute.

JED  
(sighing)  
It had better. This has kind of  
turned into my party.

Harry and Jed begin to descend the stairs in the stairwell.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - ONE MINUTE LATER

The car park is below the office block where the company's offices are. Harry and Jed walk towards Harry's car. Harry opens the driver's door.

JED  
So what is it?

HARRY  
You've got to get in to see it.

JED  
You're kidding me.

Jed gets in the passenger side as Harry gets in his side, and shuts his own door.

HARRY  
Now close the door.

Jed SIGHS and does so. Harry instantly drives off.

JED  
(slightly more alarmed)  
Hey, what is this?

HARRY  
Just want to take you somewhere.

The car pulls out of the car park and into the street.

INT. / EXT. HARRY'S CAR - ONE MINUTE LATER

Harry's car hurtles through the dark streets.

JED  
I thought you said you had something to show me in your car.

HARRY  
Yeah, my car is the means to show you it.

JED  
Stop it now. Whatever it is, I'm not interested.

HARRY  
It'll only take a few minutes.

JED  
Have you had anything to drink?

HARRY  
Just a few glasses. Nothing to worry about.

An anxious Jed reaches to put his seat belt on.

EXT. ROAD BRIDGE - TEN MINUTES LATER

It is dark. The bridge is over a river, with another bridge over the same river visible nearby. Harry and Jed stand alone looking out at the view. Both are now calm. Harry's car, parked half on the bridge's pavement, is near them.

HARRY

(philosophically)

And that's why I love this place.  
One way you're staring at the city,  
the other it's just nature.  
Standing between the two, you feel  
insignificant yet kind of special.

JED

I guess.

HARRY

It's a good place on an important  
day like this just to come and  
breathe it all in.

JED

Well, thanks for showing it.

Jed walks towards Harry's car but stops when Harry says ...

HARRY

Tell me. Did you know you had the  
job before Peter announced it?

JED

No. Well, not officially.

HARRY

Aren't you going to say "thank you"  
to me for taking it so well?

JED

Taking what so well? Oh, you  
thought YOU might get it?

Jed LAUGHS. He cannot take the idea seriously.

HARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

JED

That you were never in the running.

HARRY

That can't be true.

JED

Sure, if I hadn't been around, it  
might have gone to you, but it  
wasn't some close run thing.

HARRY

Says who?

JED

Well, let's see. Peter, Don, who  
else do you want?

HARRY  
 (sharply)  
 Right, OK.

Harry jumps onto the parapet of the bridge, which is wide enough to be stood on but not entirely safe.

JED  
 What are you doing?

HARRY  
 Just putting it behind me, and enjoying the view.

JED  
 Are you sure that's all?

HARRY  
 Why, what else ... ? Oh, you thought I was going to jump.

Harry LAUGHS, and invites Jed to do so, which he does a little.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 No way, man.

JED  
 Good. Now, let's go.

HARRY  
 It's cool up here. It's kind of like ... down there, only better.

JED  
 If you say so.

HARRY  
 Come on, give it a try.  
 (beat)  
 It'll only take a second.

Jed SIGHS and climbs onto the parapet.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 So, now we're both here let's put any unpleasantness behind us.

Harry turns to Jed, looks sincere and offers his hand to shake. Jed looks at Harry, and begins to raise his own hand, but suddenly Harry grabs Jed by the collar, so tightly that he grips the whole shirt and the body it surrounds. Harry is thus able to lift Jed and hold his whole body over the river.

Jed gives a CHOKED SCREAM. After a few seconds Harry pulls him back so Jed's feet can just rest on the edge of the parapet, but Harry's hand remains firmly around Jed's throat.

JED  
(muffled)  
What the hell ...

HARRY  
No, don't struggle, because if I  
lose my grip, you fall.

JED  
What are you doing?

HARRY  
I want you to feel petrified, just  
horrible.

Harry holds Jed out again over the river for a few seconds,  
then pulls him in so that once more his feet just rest on the  
edge of the parapet. Harry keeps gripping his collar tight.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
And then I want you to think that's  
nothing compared with the way I  
feel right now.

JED  
What are you talking about?

Harry holds Jed out again.

HARRY  
To spend the last fifteen years,  
busting a gut to get where I want  
to be, only to have it stolen by  
someone who's never had to work  
hard for anything ever.

Harry pulls Jed in again so his feet can rest as before.

JED  
That's not true.

HARRY  
Feels it to me.

JED  
You're a madman.

HARRY  
All the more important you don't  
put a foot wrong.

Harry holds Jed out again, before pulling him back as before.

JED  
You're not going to get away with  
this.



HARRY  
(looking around)  
This is pretty extreme. If you told  
anyone they wouldn't believe you.

JED  
I'll tell them anyway.

HARRY  
And look like some asshole trying  
to discredit his rival for the job?

JED  
You weren't a rival.

HARRY  
Are you sure about that?

Harry holds Jed out again.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Would you maybe like to revise that  
last statement?

Harry brings Jed back in again.

JED  
All right, it was a close contest,  
I respect you a lot. Now please, I  
don't want to die.

HARRY  
(suddenly)  
OK, fine.

JED  
What?

HARRY  
I think you've learned your lesson.

Jed nods his head as much as he can with Harry gripping his  
collar.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
You have learned it?

JED  
Yes ... of course.

HARRY  
Yeah, I think you have. Or should I  
give you one more, just to be sure.

JED  
No. No need.

HARRY

Yeah, I think I should. You can't  
be too careful. OK, one more time.

Harry holds Jed out again. Suddenly Jed's shirt, which Harry is still gripping tight at the collar, gives way and rips totally. Jed falls into the water below with a SCREAM.

Harry stands in a state of disbelief with the ripped shirt in his hand. He then looks down to the water below.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(quite quietly)

Jed? Jed??

Harry sees Jed's body floating down the river. There is blood on the back of his head and he is clearly dead.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I only meant to scare you.

Harry breathes in and out quickly as if hyperventilating, then falls to his knees and curls up on the ground. After several seconds, he steadies himself and rises once more. He takes out his cell phone and goes to make a call.

Before making it, however, he suddenly stops. He stares at Jed's body floating further away.

HARRY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

"What's gone and what's past help  
should be past grief".

Harry looks up and down the bridge. There is no one there.

HARRY

(to himself)

Water will have washed away  
fingerprints.

He pulls a cigarette lighter out of his pocket, sets Jed's shirt alight and drops it over the bridge. Harry looks at his watch.

CLOSE-UP on watch. It reads 20.28.

HARRY (CONT'D)

OK.

Harry runs towards his car, jumps in and seconds later it speeds away.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Harry sneaks into the office from the stairwell. He passes by a large group of people.

HARRY  
 (to the group)  
 Hi there. Good to see you.

Harry spots Jenny standing on her own and goes up to her.

JENNY  
 Harry, there you are you.

HARRY  
 You been looking for me?

JENNY  
 Sort of.

HARRY  
 Why, you're not leaving yet?

Harry looks at his watch, and deliberately shows it to Jenny.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 No, you can't be. Look, it's only  
 eight forty.

JENNY  
 Are you OK?

HARRY  
 Yeah, I think you gave me some good  
 advice earlier.

JENNY  
 I'm glad.

HARRY  
 Well, got to go. Things to do.

JENNY  
 Right now?

Harry disappears into a (his) side office.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harry enters his office. He shuts the door behind him, sits  
 behind his desk and starts typing on his computer.

ON HARRY'S COMPUTER

An e-mail that Harry is creating is visible, and it is  
 addressed to Jed.

BACK TO SCENE

HARRY (V.O.)  
 Dear Jed, What can I say but  
 "congratulations"?  
 (MORE)

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

I imagine you're the youngest person ever to have such a senior role in this organization. No, I am sure you are the youngest person ever ...

(beat)

Dear Jed, Congratulations on becoming the youngest person ever to have such a senior role in this organization ...

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Harry is in front of his computer as before.

HARRY (V.O.)

Dear Jed, Obviously, I'll say "congratulations" to your face, but you seem so surrounded by other people wanting to do the same, that I don't know when I'll get the chance. Besides, I want to put it on record that I wish you well. It just feels more substantial than a quick slap on the back.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Harry is still typing his e-mail.

HARRY (V.O.)

It goes without saying you can count on my support as you settle into your new and exciting role. With my very best wishes and congratulations once more, Harry.

Harry's hand reaches for his mouse.

ON HARRY'S COMPUTER

The arrow moves up the screen to hover over the 'send' button.

BACK TO SCENE

Harry hesitates for a second, then clicks on his mouse.

ON HARRY'S COMPUTER

The e-mail is seen being sent.

BACK TO SCENE

Harry stares at the screen for one more second, then leans back and BREATHES OUT.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY (THE FOLLOWING MORNING)

Two PASSERS-BY walk along the shoreline. They spot something floating towards the bank. They run over and see it is a (Jed's) shirtless dead body. Both look sick, but then one gets his cell phone out to make a call.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY (A FEW DAYS LATER)

Harry sits behind his desk, while a male POLICE OFFICER (40s, in uniform, quite cold and business-like) sits in front of it.

POLICE OFFICER

Several people saw you and Mr  
Quantrill disappear into the  
stairwell during the party.

HARRY

Yeah, I wanted to say  
"congratulations" to him on his new  
position.

POLICE OFFICER

Why out there?

HARRY

He'd just beaten me to a job. This  
wasn't a quick "well done", I  
wanted to show there was no  
animosity.

POLICE OFFICER

And was there?

Harry is startled by the question, but quickly recovers.

HARRY

Of course not.

POLICE OFFICER

It's just your colleagues suggest  
you were very competitive.

HARRY

In everything we did we fought to  
win, but we knew how to lose with  
grace.

There is a KNOCK on Harry's door.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Come in.

The door opens and Don enters.

DON  
Hi, everything going OK?

POLICE OFFICER  
(coldly; annoyed at being interrupted)  
Yes, thank you.  
(to Harry)  
So when you'd finished in the stairwell what happened?

HARRY  
I went back into the party, kind of assuming he'd follow me in.

POLICE OFFICER  
So do you know if he did?

HARRY  
Haven't a clue.

POLICE OFFICER  
And that was the last time you ever saw him?

HARRY  
Sadly yes.

DON  
Well, thank you for coming officer. You've questioned everyone you wanted to?

POLICE OFFICER  
I think so.

DON  
Well, if there's anything else, just give me a call.

The police officer rises.

POLICE OFFICER  
And likewise, should anything occur to you, please get in touch.

DON  
Of course.

The police officer nods a "goodbye" and leaves the room.

DON (CONT'D)  
(sitting down)  
So how did it go?

HARRY  
Kind of felt stressful.

DON

How come?

HARRY

It looks like I was the last person to see Jed alive. That has to make me a suspect.

DON

If he'd suspected you, you'd have been down the police station. Not having some cosy chat in your own office.

HARRY

It didn't feel that cosy.

DON

Look, Jed's body suggested he'd fallen from a height and cracked his head open on rocks. Based on where they found it, it seems he fell from one of the two bridges on the east of the city.

Harry shudders, though not noticeably to Don.

DON (CONT'D)

So, feeling on a high with his new job, he stood on the parapet of, say, the Belmont Bridge, thinking he was king of the world, and lost his footing.

HARRY

You know that?

DON

No, because there are no cameras on that bridge, but it's the most likely explanation. Why he went there is less clear, but in the heat of a success maybe he wanted somewhere to reflect.

HARRY

That's certainly possible.

DON

But in any case, you're not a suspect.

HARRY

You're sure about that?

DON

Think about it. They worked out from Jed's body he died around nine o'clock. Well, you were here then.

HARRY

Yeah, I know I was.

DON

And so does everyone else. Someone specifically remembers you mentioning it was eight forty.

HARRY

(nonchalantly)  
Really?

DON

Well, the police have done all they can here. I doubt you'll see them again. Just try to get it out of your head.

HARRY

Easier said than done.

DON

I know, it's awful. Just twenty-five, immensely talented.

HARRY

Absolutely terrible.

DON

But no point worrying about what you can't change.

(beat)

Thanks for moving into Peter's job by the way. Not the circumstances under which you'd want it, I know, but how's it going?

HARRY

Pretty tough to be honest. Kind of doing three jobs: Peter's, Jed's and mine.

DON

Sorry, we would have asked Peter to stay on but he was already on his cruise.

HARRY

It's OK.

DON

Look, you need to de-stress. Let's go for a drink tonight.



Harry hesitates.

DON (CONT'D)  
Come on, you could do with it.

HARRY  
OK, thanks.

DON  
I've got a meeting now, but let's meet in The Tiger at six and we'll ... see where the evening takes us.

HARRY  
That would be good.

DON  
Now is there anything else I can help with?

HARRY  
One thing. It would be great to have access to Jed's e-mails and folders. You know, so I can see what he was working on.

DON  
I've had a word with IT about that. Technically, the rules are strict, but I've suggested under the circumstances they might be interpreted more liberally. Anyway, they said they'd send someone over.

HARRY  
Who?

DON  
Whoever's available.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

DON (CONT'D)  
Could be them now.

HARRY  
Come in.

The door opens and Lloyd steps into the room. Harry frowns.

DON  
(as if thinking what Harry is thinking)  
Oh, hello Lloyd. You're here to help Harry with access to stuff?

LLOYD  
Yes, I am.

DON

Well, I'll leave you two to it.  
Harry, any problems, let me know.

Don leaves the room, shutting the door behind him. Lloyd's speech is as stilted and precise as before.

LLOYD

May I sit down?

HARRY

If you want.

Lloyd sits.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So are you able to help me?

LLOYD

There are several things we need to work through.

HARRY

I would have thought, given the situation, you'd try to be as accommodating as possible.

LLOYD

It's just about ascertaining the facts. Now, it seems there are four projects you might need Jed's files on: the Purser, the Fenton, the Ives and the Gower.

HARRY

(quite startled by Lloyd's knowledge)  
How do you know all this?

LLOYD

(ignoring the question)  
So if I organized access to the related documents, would you be happy?

HARRY

I want to see everything. It's all the bits of information that pop up in places you weren't thinking of.

LLOYD

To grant access to anything we must have a very strong justification.

Harry pauses to think for a moment.

HARRY

All right, I'll settle for those.  
How quickly can I get them?

LLOYD

There was one other thing.

HARRY

What?

LLOYD

You wrote an e-mail.

HARRY

(with a shrug)  
I often write e-mails.

LLOYD

I mean to Jed.

HARRY

(sarcastically)  
Yes, I'm pretty certain I wrote a  
few to him over the years.

LLOYD

On the night he died.

HARRY

(more defensive)  
I think you'll find I didn't know  
it was that when I sent it.

LLOYD

Of course not. How could any of us  
have known?

HARRY

Exactly. So what's your point?

LLOYD

It just seems an odd e-mail to  
send.

HARRY

How do you even know I sent it?

LLOYD

I was looking to see what we might  
transfer.

HARRY

So you're allowed to see  
everything.

LLOYD

Special clearance comes with my  
job.

(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)

(beat)

But why send such a message in the middle of a party?

HARRY

You did read it?

LLOYD

Yes.

HARRY

Then you'll know I wanted to put my congratulations on record.

LLOYD

But why write "Obviously, I'll say "congratulations" to your face, but I don't know when I'll get the chance"?

HARRY

Because it was true.

LLOYD

But you'd already spoken to him in the stairwell.

HARRY

How do you know that?

LLOYD

Everybody in the office knows that. And you saw him surrounded by people at eight fifty? No one had seen him for half an hour by then.

HARRY

I don't see why you're asking all these questions.

LLOYD

There are other strange things too.

HARRY

Strange?

LLOYD

You start by saying "Dear Jed". But every other e-mail you have ever sent has just said "Jed". No "Dear".

HARRY

I wanted this one to feel a bit more formal.

LLOYD

You've written e-mails to virtual strangers without using "Dear".

HARRY

People write in different styles for different purposes.

LLOYD

And it contains no typographical errors when eighty-five per cent of your messages seem to.

HARRY

Have you been going through Jed's e-mails or mine?

LLOYD

Both. I am obliged to be thorough.

HARRY

Well, congratulations on fulfilling your obligation to perfection.

LLOYD

It just seems strange.

HARRY

So returning to getting access to Jed's other stuff, is there anyone else I can talk to?

LLOYD

They will tell you the same as me.

HARRY

That's not what I asked.

(beat)

OK, how many people in IT have access to Jed's files?

LLOYD

What are you trying to do? Get rid of this e-mail?

HARRY

I couldn't give a stuff about that e-mail. The question is why do you?

LLOYD

I merely seek the truth. Always.

HARRY

(sarcastically)

Well, if I find anything out I'll be sure to let you know. Now, I'm a busy man so if you don't mind, good day.

LLOYD  
 (rising)  
 Good day, Harry. I am sure we shall  
 speak again soon.

HARRY  
 Oh, great.

Lloyd leaves, shutting the door behind him. Harry puts his  
 head on the desk in despair.

INT. THE TIGER BAR - EARLY EVENING

It is a tasteful and sophisticated bar. Harry sits at the bar  
 alone in his smart work suit and with a nearly empty drink.  
 He looks at his watch.

CLOSE-UP on Harry's watch. It reads "18.20".

Harry gets out his cell phone and makes a call.

DON (V.O.)  
 Hello, this is Don Webster. I'm  
 afraid I can't take your call right  
 now, but ...

Harry ends the call and SIGHS, his despondence showing on his  
 face.

An extremely ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (mid-20s), chicly dressed,  
 walks up to the bar. The closest BARMAN approaches her.

BARMAN  
 What can I get you madam?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
 White wine please.

The barman goes to get it. The attractive woman turns to  
 Harry and sees he is looking distressed.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Are you OK?

HARRY  
 (hardly listening)  
 Sorry?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
 Are you all right?

HARRY  
 Yeah, fine.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
 (kindly)  
 You don't look it.

HARRY

I'm just waiting for someone.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Well, until she comes do you want to ... share a few words?

HARRY

It's a he ... yeah, thanks.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

No problem. I'm Clarissa by the way.

HARRY

Hi. Harry.

The barman places the white wine down in front of the attractive woman.

BARMAN

(to Harry)

Can I get you anything sir?

HARRY

Um, just another ...

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN / CLARISSA

Yeah, he'll have a Harvey Wallbanger with an extra twist.

Harry looks slightly startled.

CLARISSA

Come on, we've got to cheer you up.

Clarissa smiles at Harry, and he feels inspired to smile back.

INT. THE TIGER BAR - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Harry and Clarissa sit at a table. There is a bottle of wine as well as shots in front of them. Both are poised over a shot ready to drink.

CLARISSA

OK, one, two, three.

Both knock back their shots. Both collapse LAUGHING afterwards.

HARRY

I've got to hand it to you. You know how to make a guy lighten up.

CLARISSA

Looks like you needed it.

HARRY  
What's the time?

CLARISSA  
About eleven.

Harry picks up his cell phone and looks at it.

HARRY  
I've no idea what happened to this person I was meeting. Another drink?

CLARISSA  
Why not?  
(beat)  
Tell you what. My hotel room's around the corner, and there's a fair bit in the fridge. Why don't we head there?

HARRY  
Sure.  
(beat)  
This is just for a drink?

CLARISSA  
Of course.  
(beat)  
Well, we can see when we get there.

Clarissa and Harry look at each other and smile. Both get up and walk towards the door. Harry stumbles implying he is more drunk than he thought. Clarissa raises an eyebrow at this and GIGGLES.

INT. CLARISSA'S HOTEL BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

It is large with a double bed. Harry and Clarissa sit at a table with champagne. Clarissa pours Harry, who is drunk but not explicitly showing he is, another glass as they converse.

CLARISSA  
I live in the city anyway, but I'm staying here for this fashion show.

HARRY  
See, I knew you were a model.

CLARISSA  
Thanks, but I'm the events management side.

HARRY  
So what were you doing in the bar tonight?



CLARISSA

Just popped in for a drink after work. Didn't fancy spending an evening here on my own.

Clarissa puts a hand on Harry's shoulder.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

And when I saw you looking so miserable I had to say something.

HARRY

Thanks. Plenty of people wouldn't have.

CLARISSA

That's just me. You do what you can to help.

HARRY

I thought everyone in the fashion industry was totally ruthless.

CLARISSA

(laughing)

Not everyone. I'm pretty low down the food chain, but it's hard to get anywhere without support. You see I was orphaned in my teens.

HARRY

(as if he has found his kindred spirit)

Me too.

CLARISSA

It's tough, isn't it? And the worst thing is being told to be strong by the people who would most obviously crumble if it happened to them.

HARRY

That's exactly it.

CLARISSA

Don't they realize nothing helps you carry on more than just a little empathy?

Clarissa gazes into Harry's face as a tear wells up in his eye.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

So I know you are one amazing person to have gone through all that and come out the other side.

HARRY  
You're very kind.

Harry suddenly bursts into tears.

CLARISSA  
Hey, what's up?

HARRY  
Nothing.

CLARISSA  
Doesn't sound like it.

Clarissa pours more champagne into Harry's glass, and puts her arm around him.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
You can tell me.

Harry looks at Clarissa, wanting to trust her.

HARRY  
The thing is I can't.

CLARISSA  
It doesn't matter what you say, I  
won't tell a soul.  
(softly)  
Come on, you can tell me. You can  
tell me anything.

Harry gazes into Clarissa's eyes and any remaining resistance disappears.

HARRY  
Well, recently a work colleague and  
I were in competition for a  
promotion. He got it and yeah I was  
pretty upset. Anyway, after we both  
found out I took him to this  
bridge.

Suddenly Harry's face seems to snap out of his drunken stupor as he realizes it is not wise to divulge that he killed Jed.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I shouldn't be burdening you  
with all this.

CLARISSA  
No, no you just let it all out.

Harry hesitates.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
So, come on, what happened?

Harry remains silent.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

You can't just leave it there. I'm going to be imagining all sorts of things now.

HARRY

(more cautiously now)

Well, the reason I took him to this bridge was to try to be gentlemanly about it. Make sure that in a nice spot, and in a calm and collected way, I said "congratulations".

CLARISSA

Of course. You're a nice guy.

HARRY

I'm not sure many people would agree.

CLARISSA

Who cares about them? Well, go on.

HARRY

The trouble is he was on a high and he climbed on the parapet and started running around, shouting he was "king of the world".

FLASHBACK - THE ROAD BRIDGE

It is not a true flashback as the scene reveals what Harry now describes, rather than what really happened.

Jed runs up and down the parapet, looking happy and SHOUTING. In his excitement he tears off his shirt. Harry is on the pavement below reaching his arm out to Jed, and desperately trying to persuade him to come down.

HARRY (V.O.)

He was like dancing out of control. I begged him to come down but he wouldn't listen. And then suddenly he slipped and went over the edge.

As Jed slips and falls in the river, Harry rushes to look over the side. He stares with his mouth wide open.

BACK TO SCENE

CLARISSA

That's terrible.

HARRY

And rocks, it seems, killed him outright.

CLARISSA

Well, I can see why you're upset,  
but it wasn't your fault.

HARRY

Trouble is the police might think  
it was.

CLARISSA

Why wouldn't they believe what  
you've told them?

HARRY

Because I haven't.

CLARISSA

Sorry??

HARRY

People saw us together in this  
stairwell, and, in my panic, I said  
we then went our separate ways. So  
if the police learn now we were  
both on the bridge they might think  
the worst.

CLARISSA

I'm sure if you just told them the  
truth.

HARRY

Look, he's dead. I wish he weren't,  
but nothing's going to change that.  
So what's the point in risking  
getting into trouble if it's not  
going to bring him back?

CLARISSA

OK, that I do understand. So what  
have the police done?

HARRY

Informally questioned me.

CLARISSA

Is that all? So what's the problem?

HARRY

Straight after the event I headed  
back to the office, and wrote this  
guy an e-mail.

CLARISSA

Why?

HARRY

So if they suspected me I could show I was in the office by the computer it came from.

CLARISSA

And?

HARRY

Under pressure, the style I wrote it in was ... untypical for me.

CLARISSA

Well, who's going to be going through a dead man's e-mails?

HARRY

Someone already has.

CLARISSA

Oh.

HARRY

And he's raised it with me that it looks suspicious.

CLARISSA

Only with you?

HARRY

(considered response)

I'm not aware of anyone else who's seen it.

CLARISSA

And if they did, would they spot anything odd?

HARRY

Who knows?

(beat)

The irony is I wrote this e-mail to protect myself. Now, it could expose me.

CLARISSA

OK, I'm going to be honest. When I invited you here, I had more than just a drink in mind.

Clarissa nods towards the double bed.

HARRY

Oh.

CLARISSA

But I've changed my mind. I think you should leave right now.

HARRY  
(hurt; not aggressive)  
Frightened to be with me?

Clarissa rises from her chair.

CLARISSA  
No, but by law I am obliged to tell  
the police what you've told me.

HARRY  
But you said ...

CLARISSA  
Of course, I'm not going to.

HARRY  
Oh, thanks.

CLARISSA  
But it means we have to cut off all  
ties. I'm taking a risk too, but  
it's minimal if there's no evidence  
we met. So we don't swap numbers, I  
don't take your business card and  
we never meet again.

HARRY  
Sounds a bit drastic.

CLARISSA  
We're ensuring it never occurs to  
anyone we had contact in the first  
place.

HARRY  
I'm sorry to ask, but how do I know  
you won't go to the police anyway?

CLARISSA  
Well, I'd have to do so tomorrow,  
because any later and I'd be in  
trouble for withholding  
information.

HARRY  
So?

CLARISSA  
If no one's knocking on your door  
in the next twenty-four hours,  
you'll know I haven't.

Clarissa sits down once more.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

But more to the point, if I was planning to go to the police, why would I help you?

HARRY

(sensing Clarissa's sincerity)

Go on.

CLARISSA

OK, a lot of companies have policies that when someone dies you wipe all their e-mails, everything.

HARRY

Really?

CLARISSA

I've no idea, but it sounds plausible: showing respect by not knowing about anything they shouldn't have been doing in work time.

HARRY

So if I argued this would ensure nothing embarrassing came to light?

CLARISSA

Exactly.

HARRY

I'll try that.

CLARISSA

(standing once more)

Good, now leave, and if you get a taxi pay in cash. Right.

HARRY

(also standing)

Right.

CLARISSA

Obviously, I won't see you to the door.

HARRY

Of course.

Harry walks to the door, but suddenly stops and turns.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You've been so very kind. I just wanted to say "thank you".

CLARISSA

That's OK.

HARRY

Can I give you this?

Harry reaches into his inside jacket pocket and pulls out the silver necklace.

CLARISSA

It's beautiful.

HARRY

It was my mother's.

CLARISSA

But I can't take it.

HARRY

Why not? No one but me has seen it in twenty years, and a quick rinse will mean no DNA.

CLARISSA

You can't lose it to someone you'll never see again.

HARRY

I know it sounds weird, but I've felt a connection to you tonight that I've never felt before. I'd like to seal it with this.

CLARISSA

That's so sweet, but really ...

HARRY

(gently)

It would mean more to me knowing it was round your neck than in my pocket.

Harry holds out the necklace. Clarissa hesitates, and then takes it.

CLARISSA

Well, thank you. No, really, thank you.

Clarissa leans over and kisses Harry.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Now, good luck.

Harry gazes at Clarissa for one more second, then opens the door, peers around it and exits.



Clarissa stands alone, staring at the necklace in her hand with a pensive expression.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Harry moves swiftly along the corridor as he looks around to check no one is about. He takes out his cell phone.

ON HARRY'S PHONE

A text reads "Hi Harry, So sorry about tonight, got caught up with some things. See you at work, Don."

BACK TO SCENE

Harry shrugs before hurrying on his way.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim (50s, Head of Information Technology, in a formal suit but with a friendly face) sits behind his desk while Harry sits in front of it.

JIM

So you want me to wipe all Jed's files and e-mails off the face of the earth?

HARRY

Well, I've been looking at other companies' policies, and a lot do it when someone dies. They believe the risk of losing anything important is outweighed by the risk of finding something of embarrassment to the deceased.

JIM

I'm aware of them, but we need to consider this from all angles.

(beat)

So, do you feel there are things you need that Jed's files might help with?

HARRY

No, I'm OK.

JIM

It's just I understood you were keen to get hold of them.

HARRY

I found a lot from other sources.

JIM

And do you think there might be things that could cause embarrassment, from either a personal or professional viewpoint?

HARRY

I have my suspicions, which is why I don't want to know any more.

JIM

Naturally. Well, I think we can see our way to deleting everything.

HARRY

Oh. Just like that?

JIM

The truth is Don was here this morning arguing the same.

HARRY

Why didn't you say?

JIM

I wanted to hear your thoughts independently. But if he's keen from a managerial viewpoint, and you'd lose nothing you need, fine.

HARRY

When will this happen?

JIM

This afternoon.

HARRY

So if at nine o'clock tomorrow I wanted to access anything of Jed's, it would be impossible?

JIM

Are you having second thoughts?

HARRY

Not at all. Just nice to know it will be done swiftly and efficiently.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY (THE FOLLOWING MORNING)

Harry sits in front of his computer.

ON HARRY'S COMPUTER

The arrow moves across the screen and over files entitled "Quantrill, Jed".

A box flashes up reading "Error: The files you are attempting to access cannot be found".

BACK TO SCENE

Harry smiles, and then looks towards the door.

HARRY  
(to himself)  
And if the police haven't come by  
now they never will.

Harry BREATHES OUT in relief. He starts typing on his keyboard, happy he can just get on with his work. Suddenly there is a knock on the door.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Come in.

Jenny enters.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Hi Jenny, what can I do for you?

JENNY  
I wanted to show you something.

HARRY  
What?

JENNY  
You'll have to come with me.

Harry, without fuss, rises and both exit the office.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jenny and Harry step into the open plan part of the office, and walk over to Jenny's desk. Jenny points to her computer.

ON JENNY'S COMPUTER

An e-mail reads "Dear Jed, Obviously, I'll say "congratulations" to your face, but you seem so surrounded by other people wanting to do the same, that I don't know when I'll get the chance ... " In other words, it is the e-mail that Harry sent Jed.

BACK TO SCENE

HARRY  
(slowly)  
And this just arrived in your  
inbox?

JENNY  
9.01 this morning.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Harry slams Lloyd hard against the wall and holds him there.  
No one else is around.

HARRY  
Just what the hell are you playing  
at?

LLOYD  
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

HARRY  
Oh, you wouldn't, would you?

LLOYD  
You do not want to give the  
impression of being someone who  
lashes out.

Harry backs off.

HARRY  
(trying to be nice)  
Yeah, OK. So tell me, what is your  
precise aim?

LLOYD  
In what?

HARRY  
Well, one minute everything of  
Jed's is deleted, the next  
someone's received an e-mail that I  
sent him.

Lloyd remains silent.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Oh come on, you're not telling me  
it wasn't you.

LLOYD  
Not at all. That e-mail went to two  
people today. Tomorrow those e-  
mails will each forward to another  
address.

HARRY  
So they'll be four out there.

LLOYD  
And the next day they will forward  
again to make eight. Then sixteen,  
then thirty-two ...

HARRY  
Yeah, I get it. But why?

LLOYD

I would like you to come clean on why you sent that e-mail.

HARRY

There's nothing to come clean on.

LLOYD

Well, as the days go by more people will read it.

HARRY

Which isn't fair. I didn't do anything, but the more people see it the more someone might think I did.

LLOYD

Only because it was such a strange e-mail for you to write.

HARRY

All right, how much for this to stop?

LLOYD

Sorry?

HARRY

Five hundred pounds?

LLOYD

Oh, please.

HARRY

A thousand?

LLOYD

Why are you insulting me?

HARRY

(with a deep breath)  
All right, five thousand.

LLOYD

Do you honestly think I would sacrifice the truth for five thousand pounds?

Lloyd begins to walk away.

HARRY

Yeah, well don't think I'm just going to keep upping the offer.

Lloyd turns around.

LLOYD

Take my advice, Harry. Have a long, hard think about everything.

(beat)

And while you're at it, take another look at the Ives projections. The ones I saw were a total mess.

Lloyd departs leaving Harry standing silently.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Harry and Jenny eat at a table during a lunch break.

HARRY

Three days now, so eight people will have received it.

JENNY

And how many have mentioned they've got it?

HARRY

To me? Just you.

JENNY

So it's not exactly shaking the world.

HARRY

But what are they saying behind my back?

JENNY

Maybe nothing. People get hundreds of e-mails. Who's going to dwell on something not relevant to them?

HARRY

An e-mail to a dead man? You don't think that'll make them sit up?

JENNY

The surprise is it appearing in their inbox at all. There's nothing actually in it of interest.

HARRY

Lloyd thought it was interesting.

JENNY

Well, not everyone's like Lloyd.

(beat)

You are sure it's him behind this forwarding device?

HARRY  
Yeah, he told me.

JENNY  
What, just like that?

HARRY  
Well, I, er ... kind of pinned him  
up against the wall.

Jenny SIGHS audibly.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
It was only for a second. I  
realized soon enough.

JENNY  
Unless you realize you shouldn't do  
it before you do, it's not soon  
enough.

HARRY  
He'd have told me anyway.

JENNY  
So he wanted you to know it was  
him. Why?

HARRY  
He's blackmailing me.

JENNY  
Really? Seems strange to try with  
something that shows nothing.

HARRY  
Which is why he's doing it like  
this. He thinks the more people see  
it, the more likely someone will  
kick up a fuss. And then,  
irrespective of the fact I've done  
nothing wrong, life will get tough.

JENNY  
Well, as you said, you're innocent  
so there's nothing to worry about.

HARRY  
Easier said than done.

JENNY  
If I were you I'd forget it, and  
focus on the day job. You must have  
plenty to occupy you there.

HARRY  
You can say that again.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY (THE FOLLOWING MORNING)

Harry walks through the open plan office, looking around as he does so. He sees a small group around a computer talking, and tenses when someone gestures in his general direction.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY (HALF AN HOUR LATER)

Harry frantically types away at his computer. He glances at a paper on his desk, SIGHS and types even more frenetically. The telephone RINGS. Harry frowns and answers it.

HARRY  
Hello. Hello?

Harry puts the receiver down, and stares at the computer once more as if everything is getting too much.

There is a knock on the door.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(exasperated)  
Come in.

The door opens and Don enters.

DON  
Hello Harry.

HARRY  
Hi Don, what's the score?

Don sits down.

DON  
Just wanted to see how you were doing.

HARRY  
Fine.

DON  
Really? Because I wouldn't think any less of you if you said you were struggling.

HARRY  
Thanks, but it's all OK.

DON  
That's good, because at the moment this department is so depleted if anything happened to you we'd be sunk.

HARRY  
But things will change soon.



DON  
I'm afraid that for various reasons, there's going to be delays in recruiting anyone.

HARRY  
Oh.

DON  
Which is all the more reason I can't afford anything to happen to you.

HARRY  
I understand, but ...

Harry BREATHES OUT and looks as if he might even collapse.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(weakly)  
... well, the truth is I can't keep this up much longer.

DON  
Hey, it's OK, but what specifically is the problem?

HARRY  
(stress really showing)  
Everything. It's all so ... I don't know, you just wonder what the point of any of it is anymore.

DON  
OK, let's calm down, and we'll see how we can ease your workload.

HARRY  
Go on.

DON  
On the Gower project don't bother doing the risk assessment.

HARRY  
But that's mandatory.

DON  
No one ever asks to see if you've done one unless something goes wrong. So we just make sure nothing does and we're sorted.

HARRY  
(awkwardly)  
OK.

DON

And the Purser project, don't bother validating the budgetary figures.

HARRY

Sorry??

DON

Again, nobody checks you've done it, and usually when we validate figures we end up with less favorable ones.

HARRY

That's not really the point.

DON

But what is the point in doing more work to get a worse outcome?

(beat)

Don't look so startled. Cutting corners is part of our business. Don't tell me you've never done it.

HARRY

Did Peter do things like this?

DON

Don't know.

HARRY

Are you sure?

DON

Well, if do we have to take "certain steps" to survive, it's best I don't know about them.

HARRY

So why are you telling me these?

DON

Just making a few suggestions. You can work the rest out for yourself.

Don opens the door and exits. After he does so VICKY (30s; smartly dressed) pops her head around the open door.

VICKY

Hi Harry.

HARRY

Hi Vicky, what can I do for you?

VICKY

Well, it's a funny one really, but today I received this in my inbox.

Vicky hands Harry a piece of paper, which he takes.

CLOSE-UP on paper. It is a printout of the e-mail Harry sent to Jed.

VICKY (CONT'D)

I don't know why I got it and I don't really care, but I thought I should let you know.

HARRY

It's just some technical glitch IT are fixing. But thanks.

VICKY

No problem. Just decided it was better to tell you than ... not tell you.

HARRY

Of course.

VICKY

OK, see you.

Vicky leaves the office.

HARRY

(to himself)

So day four, sixteen e-mails and only two people who have paid any attention.

(beat)

Or rather two who've told me. Heaven knows what the others have done.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A gloomy Harry and Jenny walk along the busy street.

JENNY

Come on, it'll all blow over.

HARRY

It's not just that. It's the whole job.

JENNY

I can understand it's stressful at the moment.

HARRY

It's more than that. Don's encouraging me to cut corners.

JENNY

(suggesting she's not entirely surprised)

Oh.

HARRY

Is that all?

JENNY

Well, it's kind of how the company survives.

HARRY

How do you know?

JENNY

I don't really, I'm too junior. But if you've had any shady practices divulged to you it shows you've hit the big time.

HARRY

Was Peter involved in these kind of things?

JENNY

He was just the naive old school who saw every regulation as health and safety gone mad.

HARRY

Meaning?

JENNY

He broke a lot of rules without seeing he was doing anything wrong, and the company just let him.

(beat)

Look, this is only what I've worked out, reading between the lines.

HARRY

So how come I've been blind to it all?

JENNY

You were generally thorough, but when necessary you skirted round the edges. That worked for them, so they never interfered.

HARRY

I know I'm no saint, but some of the things Don's suggesting shock even me.

(beat)

Why didn't you tell me this before I took the job?

JENNY

The way you were going on about it, I didn't dare.

Harry's cell phone RINGS. He answers it.

HARRY

Harry Sterling.

CLARISSA (V.O.)

Hello stranger.

HARRY

Sorry, who is this?

(beat)

Clarissa?

Harry suddenly stops in the street where he is, and silently indicates to Jenny to continue walking, which she does.

CLARISSA (V.O.)

So I take it no one official's been troubling you?

HARRY

Not a soul. Thank you.

CLARISSA (V.O.)

No problem. Now, I was wondering if you wanted to meet up.

HARRY

But you said ...

CLARISSA (V.O.)

It's OK. We're out of the danger zone now.

HARRY

You think so?

CLARISSA (V.O.)

Well, do you want to meet or not?

HARRY

(smiling)

Yes. Very much so.

INT. THE TIGER BAR - EVENING

Harry and Clarissa sit at a table with drinks.

HARRY

So how did you get my number?

CLARISSA

There's always a way.

HARRY

But you were adamant we should have no contact.

CLARISSA

At times of threat you give a simple message. Doesn't mean you can't revise it later.

Harry momentarily stares at Clarissa's neck, and notices she is wearing a beaded necklace that is not the one he gave her.

HARRY

(resuming the conversation  
after being distracted)

So why do you think the danger's over?

CLARISSA

Why do you think it isn't?

HARRY

(quietly)

That e-mail I was telling you about. It's kind of doing the rounds.

CLARISSA

You did persuade them to wipe everything? Come on, a sweet talker like you?

Harry momentarily smiles at the compliment.

HARRY

Well, I thought everything was gone, then this e-mail popped up in two people's inboxes and it's kept on doubling.

CLARISSA

Do you know how?

HARRY

This bloke in IT set it all up.

CLARISSA

If it was decided to delete everything, he's gone against that.

HARRY

But what can I do? I can't go to IT or my boss because they'll want to know why I'm worried.

CLARISSA

You can say you're innocent, but concerned this e-mail will make people talk.

HARRY

And what if me saying that inspires them to take a closer look at it?

CLARISSA

If it carries on getting out there, someone will anyway.

HARRY

Looks like I'm stuck between a rock and a hard place.

CLARISSA

Looks like you've got to get to the guy who's behind it.

HARRY

How? I've already offered him five thousand pounds to stop.

CLARISSA

And he's said it's money he's after?

HARRY

Well, no.

CLARISSA

Then don't assume. Why don't you play nice with him, find out what his agenda is? You might be surprised what you find.

HARRY

Play nice with that slimy asshole?

CLARISSA

Sounds like your best chance.

HARRY

I guess you're right.

CLARISSA

Come on, I can see beneath that  
bullish exterior, there's a sweet,  
thoughtful guy trying to get out.

HARRY

(thoughtfully)  
No one's ever said that to me  
before.

CLARISSA

Yeah, well I see the things other  
people don't.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Harry walks through the office, again glancing around as he  
does so, fearing that anyone talking is talking about him.

Harry approaches Lloyd who is working at his desk.

HARRY

Can I have a word please?

LLOYD

The last word you had with me ...

Lloyd mimes Harry pinning him against the wall.

HARRY

Don't worry, I'll behave.

LLOYD

All right, what do you have to say?

HARRY

Not here. In private.

LLOYD

I don't trust you in private.

HARRY

All right, the park over the road,  
one o'clock?

LLOYD

I'll be there.

EXT. PARK - DAY (ONE HOUR LATER)

It is large and uncrowded. Harry sits on a bench by the  
entrance. He looks at his watch.

CLOSE-UP on Harry's watch. It says "13.15".

Lloyd enters the park and approaches Harry.



HARRY  
You're late.

LLOYD  
I had work to finish. Many people were depending on it. Do you think you are more important than them?

HARRY  
(controlling himself)  
Of course not.

Lloyd sits down next to Harry.

LLOYD  
So what do you want to talk about?

HARRY  
You know what.  
(beat)  
Look, if enough people see that e-mail one of them's going to start getting suspicious.

LLOYD  
What if they do?

HARRY  
The police might get involved again. And what if they don't believe my story?

LLOYD  
Why wouldn't they? Could it be because you always seem so aggressive?

HARRY  
(suddenly shouting)  
I am not aggressive.

LLOYD  
Really?

HARRY  
(calming down quickly)  
OK, let's get this straight. As things stand, you have said nothing to the police about this e-mail?

LLOYD  
No.

HARRY  
Or Don?

LLOYD  
No.

HARRY  
Anyone at all in the office?

LLOYD  
Not a soul.

HARRY  
So it is in my power to set things  
right?

LLOYD  
It always has been.

HARRY  
So what do you want?

LLOYD  
You to tell me why you sent that e-  
mail.

HARRY  
And why should I tell you?

LLOYD  
So there is something you're  
hiding.

Harry scowls.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
All right, it doesn't have to be  
me. As long as the truth comes out.

HARRY  
What is this truth you talk about?

LLOYD  
I think you know Harry.

HARRY  
(resorting to old ways)  
OK, ten thousand pounds and the e-  
mails stop. Final offer.

LLOYD  
Sorry?

HARRY  
Well, having gone on this  
fascinating diversion, it's still  
obvious you're turning the screw to  
get something.

LLOYD  
And you think I want to take ten  
thousand pounds of your money? Why  
would you even offer me that sum?

HARRY

Call it a good will gesture.

LLOYD

You have no good will towards me.

HARRY

Well, this little conversation didn't go to plan. So what happens now? The e-mails keep doubling until everyone in the office has received one?

LLOYD

Why just in the office?

HARRY

Sorry?

LLOYD

I said they would double every day; nothing about them remaining internal.

Harry's jaw drops. Lloyd gazes outwards from the bench.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

By the way, I see you haven't validated the budgetary figures for the Purser project. I'd get onto that if I were you.

Harry's jaw drops even more.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - FOYER - DAY (FIVE MINUTES LATER)

Returning from the park, Harry walks into the office block's foyer. He sees Don approaching from the other direction.

DON

Ah, Harry, glad I've seen you.

HARRY

What's up?

DON

You know next Monday is Jed's memorial service?

HARRY

Of course, I'll be there.

DON

Well, it's a bit more than that.

HARRY

What do you mean?

DON

I've been liaising with his wife,  
and she's very keen for you to lead  
one of the tributes.

HARRY

Why?

DON

She says work was a key facet of  
his life, and who better to talk  
about it than his closest  
colleague?

HARRY

Do I have the option to say "no"?

DON

Not without hurting a grieving  
family.

HARRY

But any sugar coated words I give  
will just sound false. Everyone  
knows we didn't interact like that.

DON

You're in advertising. You'll find  
a way.

Don gives Harry a friendly slap on the arm.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The large church is packed with people attending Jed's  
memorial service including Don, Jenny, Lloyd, Jim and Vicky.  
The service is in progress and Harry stands at the front  
addressing the congregation.

HARRY

People may have looked at Jed and  
me, and thought we spent half of  
our lives at each others' throats.  
But if there was any rivalry  
between us it was because we  
recognized each others' talents. I  
for one knew that Jed set the  
standard to which I myself should  
aspire.

Harry looks around the church. He sees JED'S WIFE  
(attractive, mid 20s) sitting tearfully in the front pew on  
the end. Her CHILDREN (boy and girl, around four and two) are  
next to her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So behind the facades, we both felt a great warmth. And when I think of Jed now I feel sorrow that such a fantastic guy should have been taken from us, but also joy at the many memories he's left me with.

The congregation APPLAUDS spontaneously as Jed's wife wipes a tear from her eye.

INT. LARGE HALL - DAY (AN HOUR LATER)

Jed's wake is being held in the hall. People, including Don, Jenny, Lloyd, Jim and Vicky, are standing around conversing with food and drink. Harry stands on his own looking awkward. Suddenly Jed's wife approaches, with her two children.

JED'S WIFE

Mr Sterling.

HARRY

Please, call me Harry.

JED'S WIFE

OK Harry, I just wanted to say how much your words meant to me. Losing my husband is the worst thing that could have happened to me, but to hear how much he was loved.

HARRY

I'm glad I could be of some comfort.

JED'S WIFE

I'm so happy your boss suggested you speak.

HARRY

(vaguely)  
Oh, well ...

JED'S WIFE

It was obvious really to ask his closest colleague, but it just hadn't occurred to me.

HARRY

(quietly)  
Hadn't occurred to you.

JED'S WIFE

I guess all the shock meant I wasn't thinking.

HARRY

Well, Don's always full of good ideas.

JED'S WIFE

Oh, yes, he's a lovely man.

Suddenly Jed's wife bursts into tears. Harry looks both uncomfortable and moved.

JED'S WIFE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

HARRY

There's nothing to apologize for.

JED'S WIFE

It's just he was the best husband, the best father, anyone could wish for and, well, we miss him so much.

HARRY

That's only natural.

JED'S WIFE

And not knowing what happened makes it worse. Did he really lose his footing or was it a suicide?

HARRY

Oh no, not suicide. Not Jed.

JED'S WIFE

I know it seems unlikely -- he was doing so well -- but was he unhappy and couldn't tell me?

Harry stares into Jed's wife's eyes.

HARRY

I know for certain he loved his life, and that he loved you very much.

JED'S WIFE

You are a good man.

(beat)

But if you heard anything at all about that night, you would tell me?

HARRY

Everything I know I've told the police.

JED'S WIFE

But if you suddenly remembered something ... anything ...

(MORE)

JED'S WIFE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm not a vengeful person, but if someone else was involved, I would want them to come forward: to show some responsibility towards the children who'll grow up without a father. That's not too much to ask?

HARRY

No, of course not.

JED'S WIFE

Oh Harry, Jed was so lucky to have a friend like you.

INT. CAFE - EARLY EVENING

Harry and Clarissa sit at a table with coffees. Clarissa wears the beaded necklace.

CLARISSA

So the service went well?

HARRY

I don't feel like anyone's looking at me and thinking ... well, you know what ... anymore.

CLARISSA

Do you think they ever were?

HARRY

(shrugging)

They're not now. That's all that matters.

CLARISSA

Good attitude. Look, I know your colleague's death was awful, but maybe now you can start to put the whole thing behind you?

HARRY

Yeah.

(plucking up courage to ask)

OK, I may be about to make a total fool of myself, but would you like to go away for a weekend?

CLARISSA

Absolutely.

HARRY

(half laughing)

Oh, wow, I didn't think it would be as easy as that.

CLARISSA  
No, I'd really love to see you  
more.

HARRY  
Obviously, I'd book separate rooms  
...

CLARISSA  
(cheekily)  
If you have to.

HARRY  
So when would be good?

CLARISSA  
Let's see ...

Clarissa looks at the calendar on her cell phone.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
It can't be this weekend, the next  
one's also tied up ... and the two  
after that ...

HARRY  
Well, let's fix a date before you  
get any more booked up.

CLARISSA  
I can't be committing to anything  
further ahead right now.

HARRY  
Oh.

CLARISSA  
But we'll do it at ... some point.

HARRY  
Yeah, sure.

CLARISSA  
Anyway, got to go. Work's pretty  
full on at the moment.

Clarissa rises from her chair.

HARRY  
So when are we going to see each  
other again?

CLARISSA  
Er, I don't know -- give me a call  
sometime. See you.



Clarissa gives Harry a peck on the cheek, and swiftly leaves. Harry is left looking perturbed that Clarissa could sound so enthusiastic and then be so dismissive.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Harry walks into the office. He sees groups of people crowded around computers talking, and as he passes them they look and whisper. This time clearly they are not just doing so in his imagination. Harry heads towards his office.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harry enters his office, leaving the door ajar. He sits down in front of his computer and sees the e-mail he sent to Jed on it. Jenny enters.

JENNY

You know then.

HARRY

Know what?

JENNY

Everyone in the office has it now.

HARRY

Well, it was only a matter of time.

There is a KNOCK on the ajar door, and Harry sees it is Vicky.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, hi Vicky.

VICKY

Hope you don't mind me popping by.

HARRY

Course not.

JENNY

I was just leaving.

Vicky nods her acknowledgement to Jenny who leaves, closing the door behind her.

VICKY

(sitting down)

So what's the score here?

HARRY

What do you mean?

VICKY

Oh, come on, you must know  
everyone's got this e-mail now.

Harry half nods, half shrugs.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Well, you said it was a glitch IT  
was fixing. They can't have done a  
very good job if a week later  
everybody's got it.

HARRY

(vaguely)  
I guess.

VICKY

And thinking about it, I wouldn't  
call it a glitch at all.

HARRY

Why not?

VICKY

It's just that when something gets  
sent out it is either from the  
sender -- obviously -- or the  
recipient forwarding it on. Well,  
it couldn't have been from the  
recipient ...

HARRY

Of course not.

VICKY

And clearly it wasn't from you --  
which means it has to be from  
someone else. Now that doesn't  
suggest a technical glitch, but a  
person acting deliberately. So what  
point were they trying to make?

HARRY

None. Because a congratulatory e-  
mail suggests nothing.

VICKY

It puts the spotlight back on Jed's  
death.

HARRY

(sarcastic; trying to make  
light of it)  
So me sending that e-mail proves I  
did him over.

VICKY

I don't believe that for a second.  
Not after your speech at his  
memorial service.

HARRY

You mean before that you did  
suspect me?

VICKY

I'm just saying a few people are  
speculating you had something to do  
with his death, and this e-mail was  
sent as a cover.

HARRY

Well, why are none of them saying  
it to me?

VICKY

You know what people are like. Talk  
behind your back, not to your face.

HARRY

But why are they even thinking it's  
a cover?

VICKY

The style and stuff. I must admit I  
thought it was odd that it started  
with "Dear" when no e-mail you've  
ever sent me has.

Harry swallows hard and shakes, but does his best to hide it.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Well, anyway, I guess I ought to  
get back to work.

Vicky rises and leaves the room, shutting the door behind  
her.

HARRY

OK, time to get out.

Harry picks up his telephone and dials a number.

INT. GERALDINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GERALDINE (40s, in a trouser suit and with a business-like  
air) sits behind her desk. Her telephone RINGS and she  
answers.

GERALDINE

Hello, Geraldine Crome.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

HARRY  
Geraldine, how's it going?

GERALDINE  
Sorry, who is this?

HARRY  
Harry. Harry Sterling.

GERALDINE  
Oh, hi Harry. What can I do for you?

HARRY  
Well, you know you've always said I should come and work for you.

GERALDINE  
And you've always said why work for me when you're already in with the biggest.

HARRY  
OK, maybe I was a bit brash, but I've been thinking and size isn't everything. There's a lot to be said for company ethos; where I could make the biggest difference.

GERALDINE  
If you say so.

HARRY  
Sorry Geraldine, the way you've always spoken, I thought you'd bite my hand off.

GERALDINE  
How about you come in for a chat?

HARRY  
Sure.

GERALDINE  
Tomorrow after work? That way if it doesn't work out Don will never know you were thinking of leaving.

HARRY  
That's very considerate.

GERALDINE  
You're welcome. See you then.

HARRY  
See you.

Harry puts the receiver down and contemplates Geraldine's less than enthusiastic reaction.

INT. GERALDINE'S OFFICE - DAY (THE FOLLOWING DAY)

Geraldine sits behind her desk and Harry in front of it.

GERALDINE

I guess I could offer you a position in the tertiary team with the standard starting salary.

HARRY

Come on Geraldine, you've always wanted me to head a team.

GERALDINE

There's no vacancies.

HARRY

But why offer me something right at the bottom?

(beat)

Look, if you don't want me, can you please just say so?

Geraldine hesitates.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I see, you don't.

GERALDINE

It's not I don't want you ...

HARRY

But?

GERALDINE

I don't think I should say.

HARRY

If you're refusing me a job you've always promised me, I have the right to know why.

GERALDINE

I received this e-mail.

Harry throws his head back before recovering.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

It was from you to Jed Quantrill, and I worked out it was sent the night he died.

HARRY

So?

GERALDINE

Well, why would it come to me, and why now?

HARRY

This e-mail's been doing the rounds which, yes, is strange. But that's no reason not to give me a job.

GERALDINE

It's just some people here think it implies something deeper.

HARRY

You've been showing it to them?

GERALDINE

(shaking her head)

Several of them received it too.

HARRY

And you've all been talking about it?

GERALDINE

That's the way things go.

HARRY

But why should a congratulatory e-mail to someone who then happened to die have any effect on you employing me?

GERALDINE

Because people are whispering -- and that makes me nervous.

HARRY

Then why offer me anything at all?

GERALDINE

The truth is I didn't want to. But I thought if I bury you deep enough in the company, maybe this will blow over and then ...

HARRY

Tell you what, don't bother.

GERALDINE

Oh, Harry, I didn't mean it like that ...

HARRY

No, you've made your feelings quite clear. My apologies if I've put you in any kind of difficult situation.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Harry strides up to Lloyd's desk, where he sits working.

HARRY  
My office now.

LLOYD  
I don't understand.

HARRY  
Oh, I think you do.

Lloyd looks into Harry's face, and sees desperation rather than aggression in his eyes.

LLOYD  
All right, I will come.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - ONE MINUTE LATER

Harry sits behind his desk and Lloyd in front of it.

HARRY  
OK, fifty thousand pounds.

LLOYD  
Sorry?

HARRY  
Whatever your aim is, you won't say "no" to that much in return for these e-mails stopping.

LLOYD  
People have already seen them.

HARRY  
If the e-mails cease maybe they won't take any more notice.

LLOYD  
But I want them to.

HARRY  
Just why??

LLOYD  
You wrote an e-mail whose tone and content was suspicious. That to me suggests you had something to do with Jed's death.

HARRY  
It proves nothing of the sort.

LLOYD

You're right it proves nothing. So how about getting further evidence? Well, doors I thought would be open to me turned out to be closed.

HARRY

What do you mean?

LLOYD

I mean I had to employ other tactics. I had to make enough people aware of the strangeness that one of them, with better access to information than me, pursued the case.

HARRY

So why ensure it only went to a few at a time?

LLOYD

I was hoping the threat of someone pursuing it would inspire you to own up.

HARRY

How can I own up if I didn't do anything?

LLOYD

Look, I want you to confess because then they'll go easier on you.

HARRY

How very thoughtful.

LLOYD

I want you to be held to account for anything you did, but not to suffer more than you have to.

HARRY

Why are you so determined to see me suffer at all?

LLOYD

Because I seek the truth. If you had anything to do with Jed's death you owe it to him to come forward.

HARRY

Well, I am categorically telling you I had nothing to do with Jed falling from the Leighton Bridge. So what do you do now?



LLOYD  
(suddenly)  
I go straight to the police.

HARRY  
(startled)  
But you said ...

LLOYD  
Everyone has been saying he fell  
from the Belmont Bridge.

HARRY  
Everyone?

LLOYD  
That's what people got from Don. I  
have not heard a single person  
mention the Leighton.

HARRY  
It could have been either.

Lloyd simply stares at Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Well, if me mentioning a different  
bridge is the smoking gun you're  
going to take to the police, good  
luck.

LLOYD  
Unlike the Belmont, the Leighton  
has a camera on it.

HARRY  
(startled, but trying to  
hide it)  
Does it?

LLOYD  
And it covers the whole span.

HARRY  
You are one fount of knowledge on  
things nobody cares about.

LLOYD  
I think the police will. I will go  
to them at midday tomorrow, and  
suggest they check the footage. I  
cannot leave it any later, but even  
that will allow you to confess  
anything you wish first.

HARRY  
 (staying cool)  
 Well, I won't be going to the police because I have nothing to confess, so you're going to look pretty stupid when you tell them to examine footage that shows nothing.

LLOYD  
 (rising from his chair)  
 If it proves Jed was on his own, then we'll know. I'd say that was worth doing.

Lloyd leaves the office. Harry grasps the edge of the table as he grits his teeth and starts shaking visibly.

MONTAGE - HARRY DISTRAUGHT

-- Harry emerges from his office into the open plan office, and walks as swiftly as he can to get out of the place.

-- Harry wanders down the street gazing anxiously at everyone who passes, as if he suspects they are all looking at him.

-- Harry sits on a bench shaking with anxiety.

-- Harry tosses and turns in bed in the dead of night.

HARRY  
 Nothing else for it. Just nothing else for it.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Harry enters with a sense of purpose. He walks past Lloyd's desk to see Lloyd is not there, and his desk is clear. Harry continues on to Don's office and knocks on the door.

DON (O.S.)  
 Come in.

Harry opens the door.

INT. DON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Don sits behind his desk. Harry enters and shuts the door.

DON  
 Ah, Harry.

HARRY  
 Have you got a few minutes?

DON

Sure.

Harry remains silent.

DON (CONT'D)

Well, what is it?

HARRY

It's rather delicate.

DON

In that case we should continue this conversation elsewhere.

HARRY

(looking around to check  
no one else is present)

Why?

DON

Just out of the heat of the office. How about you head to the park, and I'll see you there in ten?

HARRY

Definitely? It is kind of urgent.

DON

Of course, and don't worry Harry. Whatever it is, we can fix it.

Harry gulps as he thinks what he actually has to tell Don.

EXT. PARK - DAY (TEN MINUTES LATER)

Harry paces at the entrance to the park. Don enters the park.

DON

Now, before we go further, should you be telling me anything at all?

HARRY

I have no choice.

DON

Harry, I would urge you to consider whether to say a single word more.

HARRY

You don't even know what I have to say.

DON

Whenever I hear the word "delicate" I wonder if I'm better off not knowing.

Harry is silent for a second. Then he takes a deep breath.

HARRY  
I killed Jed.

Don remains silent for many seconds before he speaks.

DON  
Tell me something I don't know.

Don turns away and begins to walk along a path.

HARRY  
Sorry??

Harry chases after Don for a few strides until the two are walking next to each other.

DON  
Well, it was pretty obvious.

HARRY  
Then why weren't the police all over me?

DON  
OK, not that obvious, but when Jed's found dead, and no one knows what happened after he saw you in a stairwell, it was a fair bet you knew more than you were letting on.

HARRY  
Why didn't you say anything?

DON  
What good would that do? Nothing was going to bring Jed back. So I was faced with the choice of keeping you so the department could survive, or seeing it collapse as the only person left with any knowledge went to jail.

HARRY  
Weren't you taking a risk?

DON  
Of course, but one I could manage. Who do you think suggested the police come to the office, and interview everyone in one go?

HARRY  
I don't understand.

DON

If they'd asked you down the station I'm pretty certain the interrogation would have been more thorough. But by sounding cooperative, and nonchalantly suggesting they might get everything in one visit, I could control what came out.

HARRY

How?

DON

I could walk in on your interview before they started asking any really awkward questions ...

FLASHBACK - HARRY'S OFFICE

Harry sits with the police officer.

The door opens and Don enters.

DON (CONT'D)

Hi, everything going OK?

POLICE OFFICER

(coldly; annoyed at being interrupted)

Yes, thank you.

BACK TO SCENE

DON

... but just late enough to persuade them they'd got all you had to give. And I invented the narrative that Jed lost his footing on the parapet, and subtly fed it to the police.

HARRY

And they went for it?

DON

It's all in how you suggest things. I led them to believe he fell from the Belmont Bridge because I knew there were no cameras there.

HARRY

Wouldn't they have checked the Leighton footage anyway?

DON

You'd have thought so, but if you lead them enough it's amazing what you can get away with. The police pointed out Jed's car had been at home the whole time, but believed me when I said he liked to ride a bus out to places.

HARRY

But if you suspected me, why were you happy to employ a killer?

DON

I did take steps to check it was an accident. You know, so I could be sure you weren't inclined to bunk off any more of my staff.

HARRY

What did you do?

DON

Hired someone who goes by the name of Clarissa.

HARRY

Oh, what?

FLASHBACK - CLARISSA'S HOTEL BEDROOM

Clarissa and Harry are seated at the table.

CLARISSA

It doesn't matter what you say, I won't tell a soul.

(softly)

Come on, you can tell me. You can tell me anything.

BACK TO SCENE

DON

No offence, but did you honestly think such an attractive 25-year old would be cracking onto you?

Harry shakes his head in disbelief.

HARRY

Of course, she was all over me until she had what she wanted and then ...

DON

It was on my orders that she plied you with alcohol, and got you to divulge everything. Or nearly everything.

HARRY

Yep, even when being seduced while drunk, something kicked in and I didn't actually say I'd killed him.

DON

But her job is to read between the lines. And she came out thinking you'd done more than you said, but that it was an accident and you were genuinely sorry.

HARRY

And that's why when I asked IT to wipe Jed's files, they said you'd already suggested it.

DON

(nodding)

She'd just reported back.

Harry looks despondent.

DON (CONT'D)

Why so gloomy? You're in the clear.

HARRY

I really thought Clarissa liked me.

DON

It's her job to give that impression.

HARRY

But if this is true, why did she contact me again?

DON

Because I'd just spoken to you, and I feared you were so stressed you might decide to declare all. She had to keep you happy enough to make you realize what you'd be losing.

HARRY

So if you know, does that mean everyone in the office does?

DON

Hard to say. You know this e-mail that's been going around.

HARRY

Oh, yeah.

DON

At first, it was easy to quash any ideas people might have of your involvement.

HARRY

How?

(beat)

No, don't tell me.

Don raises an eyebrow on hearing this.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I was talking to Jed's wife after the memorial service. It was you who suggested I speak at it.

DON

Best way to dispel any rumors. No one's going to expect the killer to put his head above the parapet.

HARRY

You put me in that position knowing what you knew?

DON

Just call me a genius.

Harry looks angry.

DON (CONT'D)

But now EVERYONE's seen that e-mail -- and not just in this office.

HARRY

And?

DON

Well, at a guess, twenty per cent never read it, another thirty took no notice when they did. It consciously registered with a further thirty per cent but they didn't think it signified anything, while the final twenty immediately jumped to the conclusion that you'd killed him.

HARRY

Great. Twenty per cent of a lot of people is still a lot of people.



DON

Sure. By the time they've talked to others, it feels like the whole world, but it's still only whispers. No one's done anything.

HARRY

They might.

DON

I think it will have blown over in a few days.

HARRY

I very much doubt that.

DON

Well, there won't be any more e-mails. I've got IT to put a stop to whatever program Lloyd was using.

HARRY

Oh, you know it was him.

DON

Of course. I wish I'd done it earlier, but I didn't want to draw attention to the matter.

HARRY

But Lloyd's about to go to the police.

DON

No, he isn't. He was dismissed last night.

HARRY

What for?

DON

Fraud and embezzlement.

HARRY

(startled)

He committed those?

DON

Of course not, but we had to say something.

HARRY

Why not misappropriating e-mail resources? At least he was guilty of that.

DON

Because then someone might have asked why.

HARRY

But this is a man's future.

DON

And you really care about that?

Harry hesitates for a second.

HARRY

Well, yeah, I think I do.

DON

Enough to risk spending half your life in jail?

Harry remains silent.

DON (CONT'D)

Exactly. It's not as if you even liked him.

HARRY

That's hardly the point. And anyway he'll still go to the police.

DON

Not after what we've put on his file. If he did we'd just show it was sour grapes.

HARRY

But if he suggests they check out certain footage, surely they will.

DON

Thanks to me, everyone has it in their heads Jed fell from the Belmont Bridge. Inspecting the Leighton camera still requires effort, which the police won't be putting in on the word of someone quite so discredited.

HARRY

It feels as if the whole system's set up so I don't get caught.

DON

And you're complaining?

HARRY

But this is Lloyd's future. If you've put things on his file, he'll never work again.

DON

Come on, he was a pain in the neck. Always slowing us down, having to do everything by the book.

HARRY

You know something. I started out thinking he was trying to blackmail me, but I realize he only wanted the truth.

DON

Oh, I'm sure.

HARRY

And this company has done everything to turn its back on it.

DON

What else could I do? He'd been making a nuisance of himself for weeks.

HARRY

How?

DON

Well, I discovered he was trying to obtain footage of the car park that night to see if your car left at any point. Thank goodness security told me before doing anything.

HARRY

So you'd seen it and knew it had?

DON

No, I never looked. Thanks to me it never occurred to the police to ask, and it doesn't pay to know more than you have to.

(beat)

Which is why I was desperate for you not to tell me anything.

HARRY

Oh.

DON

But we're out here, no one's recording us and if anyone asks we were discussing a few sensitive details about the Fenton project.

HARRY

Is this really about protecting me, or your corrupt organization?

Don stops walking, prompting Harry to do the same, and stares into Harry's face.

DON

We're no better or worse than anyone else Harry. That's business. It's how everyone does it.

HARRY

Oh, sure.

DON

Don't be so sanctimonious. If you'd really wanted to pay for your crime, you'd have gone to the police. But you didn't, you came to me. You wanted me to protect you, and congratulations I have.

Harry gazes at the ground.

DON (CONT'D)

Come on, it wasn't a sense of justice that drove you to confess, it was the fear of getting caught. Well, I've ensured you won't, so be happy and get on with your job.

HARRY

And that's that?

DON

That's the only way it can be.

Don walks on leaving Harry standing alone.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The street is where Harry lives. Harry emerges from his front door and is locking it when Clarissa, wearing her beaded necklace, runs up.

CLARISSA

Harry.

HARRY

(dismissive)

What are you doing here?

CLARISSA

You weren't returning my calls.

Harry gives a glance that says "do you blame me?", and turns away to walk down the street. Clarissa, however, follows so they end up walking together at a brisk pace.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Don told me he'd told you.

HARRY

Did he give you my address as well?

CLARRISA

(nodding)

Really Harry, it isn't how you think.

HARRY

You lied to me.

CLARISSA

I know. It's kind of my job.

HARRY

So it's your job to tempt and mislead.

CLARISSA

I was helping you.

HARRY

How?

CLARISSA

I was ascertaining it was an accident, so that Don would keep quiet and you wouldn't go to jail.

HARRY

I guess. And I guess I was stupid to think someone as beautiful as you would ever go for me.

CLARISSA

Don't say that. I like you. More than like.

HARRY

Oh, sure. I'm even laughing at my naivety. You entice me to your bedroom, then suddenly you've got what you want and it's ...

CLARISSA

OK, that's true, but then I couldn't get you out of my head. Why do you think I contacted you again?

HARRY

Because Don asked you to?

CLARISSA

I'd have done it anyway.

HARRY

So how come the idea of going away repulsed you?

CLARISSA

It didn't. I'd love to do that.

HARRY

So much so that you managed to find an excuse for every weekend.

CLARISSA

They weren't excuses. It's just the nature of my job.

HARRY

Which you lied to me about.

CLARISSA

No, I do work in the fashion industry, but I'm pretty low down. I have to do this private work just to make ends meet.

HARRY

There's really nothing else you could do?

CLARISSA

Not that pays as well when you've no one to support you.

HARRY

(softening)

So you really were orphaned in your teens?

CLARISSA

No.

Clarissa comes to a halt leading Harry to do the same.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

I was nine.

HARRY

Oh.

CLARISSA

And most of my assignments don't seem as serious as this.

HARRY

(sorrowful; not  
accusatory)

You mean they don't involve covering up a killing.

CLARISSA

Exactly. I've gone out on a limb for you, and you know why? Because I know it was an accident so there would be no point in punishing you.

Clarissa gazes into Harry's face.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

And because I love you.

HARRY

(melancholic; not aggressive)

Though not enough to wear my necklace.

Clarissa pulls the silver necklace out from under her top. Harry's eyes nearly pop out of his head.

CLARISSA

Just figured this was about you and me, not the world.

HARRY

(thoughtful)

So I reach the worst point in my life, and finally somebody loves me.

CLARISSA

(smiling)

Kind of looks like it.

Harry pauses, then starts walking again as does Clarissa.

HARRY

Did you hear about the employee who distributed this e-mail?

CLARISSA

Don told me. After he'd sacked him. I had absolutely nothing to do with that, I swear.

HARRY

It's still wrong. I commit a crime and he's the one who pays.

CLARISSA

It's an unjust world, but what can you do?

HARRY

Something, surely.

CLARISSA  
Short of turning yourself in,  
there's nothing you can.

Harry suddenly stops walking.

HARRY  
But what if I did?

Clarissa, who also stops, LAUGHS.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
No, seriously.

CLARISSA  
Don's glad to see the back of  
Lloyd. He won't be reinstating him,  
whatever you do.

(beat)  
Come on, you said yourself if  
there's nothing you can do to  
change what's happened, there's no  
point becoming a martyr.

HARRY  
That's true.

CLARISSA  
Besides, I don't ever want to risk  
losing you.

HARRY  
Sweet and thoughtful. That's how  
you described me.

CLARISSA  
And you said I was the only one.  
Well, turns out I was right.

HARRY  
I would love to be the man you see  
me as.

CLARISSA  
And I'm sure you can be.

HARRY  
Yes, but not in the way you'd like.

CLARISSA  
What do you mean?



HARRY

Look, I would love to take you by the hand and walk into the sunset and all that, but being a good person means showing some responsibility. There's people in this world I owe that to.

CLARISSA

If you feel anything for me, don't you owe me something?

HARRY

I would give you everything I have, but I can't be the person you think so highly of if I'm living a lie.

CLARISSA

I still don't understand.

HARRY

You say you love me.

CLARISSA

Yes.

HARRY

But what if I went away for, I don't know, ten or twelve years? Would you wait?

CLARISSA

Sorry??

HARRY

No, you wouldn't, and I couldn't expect you to. So go and live your life, forget about me.

CLARISSA

I don't want to forget.

HARRY

Then promise me this. Suppose I walked back into your life a decade from now, and you happened to be single, remember how you felt about me today.

CLARISSA

Seems a strange promise.

HARRY

But you will make it? Just in case I'm away.

CLARISSA

All right.

HARRY  
Thanks. Simply knowing that makes  
me feel I can ... see whatever  
transpires through.

Harry smiles at Clarissa, who looks confused but also  
sympathetic towards him.

INT. DON'S OFFICE - DAY

Don sits behind his desk. His telephone RINGS and he answers  
it.

DON  
Hello, Don Webster.

EXT. BRICK WALL OF A BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Harry stands in front of the brick wall on his cell phone.

HARRY  
Hello Don.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DON  
Harry, is that you? Where are you?

HARRY  
(conveying contentment)  
Outside the police station.

DON  
What are you doing there?

HARRY  
Just turning myself in.

DON  
What? No. No Harry, you're not.

HARRY  
Yes, I am.

DON  
Stay exactly where you are. I'll  
pick you up and we'll talk.

HARRY  
No, my mind is made up.

DON  
Are you mad?

HARRY

Not really. Jed's death was an accident so with a good lawyer, and behaving myself inside, I could be out in ten years.

DON

You could never prove it was an accident.

HARRY

The footage from the Leighton Bridge will. They'll have to look at it now.

DON

But why go to prison at all?

HARRY

Sometimes you've just got to do the right thing.

DON

Look, I don't want to have this conversation on the phone.

HARRY

No need to have it at all.

DON

No, no, don't hang up. What you're doing, it has no point. I won't be taking Lloyd back.

HARRY

You see that's where you're wrong. If you reinstate him immediately and wipe his file clean, then when I confess I'll leave you out of it.  
(beat)

But if you don't -- and I will check in forty-eight hours -- I'll tell them you knew all along.

DON

Very generous, but without you your department will collapse and innocent employees will suffer.

HARRY

Sorry, I wasn't clear. Lloyd won't be getting his old job back. He'll be taking mine.

DON

At least now I know you're joking. What on earth does he know about it?

HARRY

Hearing him talk these past few weeks, more than enough.

DON

But ...

HARRY

And now I see just how rotten this organization is, it'll be good to have someone senior who won't tolerate a comma out of place.

DON

How about Lloyd gets his old job back, you return to yours and we say no more?

HARRY

And let the corruption continue? Besides, I owe it to Jed's family to tell the truth.

(beat)

Well, I think that's all that needs to be said. See you ... at some point.

DON

No, Harry, stop.

Harry ends the call.

DON (CONT'D)

Harry? Harry??

Harry looks up at the brick building, which has a "Police Station" sign above its door. He walks over to Clarissa who stands nearby, her silver necklace visible, and they hug. As they separate again, tears run down their cheeks, but they nod at each other as if they accept what needs to be done.

Harry gazes at the "Police Station" sign, gives a faint smile, then walks to the front door and enters the building.

FADE OUT.

THE END