

IVY

Written by

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EXT. FOREST - MORNING

A detective stands in a forest clearing. He is deep in thought, looking at something on the ground in front of him.

This is DETECTIVE CHRISTOPHER TRENT.

Behind him we see some uniformed police, forensic staff in white hazmat suits, and some bystanders being kept behind police tape.

We hear the sound of digging as the forensic team unearth something buried in this clearing.

Trent looks almost mesmerised, his thoughts moving a million a minute behind his un-moving eyes.

A phone buzzes.

Trent retrieves his phone from his pocket and opens the message.

He reads it, then reads it again.

His brow furrows in confusion.

He takes a deep breath.

Then he turns and walks off.

We see one of the forensic team brushing dirt away from the thing they are digging up. He brushes sand away from the object...

And we see a human hand that is being excavated. The rest of the body is still covered in dirt.

A single sapling is being held in the palm of the dead hand.

A fly buzzes past.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Trent climbs into his car and closes the door.

He hits a button on his phone and after a second it begins ringing.

While it is ringing he retrieves a folder from the side compartment of the car door.

He puts the folder on his lap and opens it up.

We see photos, news clippings, police reports and statements all collected in the folder.

We catch glimpses of headlines ("ANOTHER SLAIN", "IVY MURDERS A FOURTH", "6TH VICTIM OF THE IVY KILLER"...), and some graphic images of dead bodies with references to their injuries.

Trent stops at the last image in the folder: a young girl, dead, cut badly, lying in a pool of blood, her eyes wide and glazed over.

Trent looks at the photo, a look of sadness on his face.

He traces a finger over the image.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

We see the young girl from the photo, alive and happy and smiling.

This is SHANAN.

She looks into the camera (POV).

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

We see Shanán jumping around the garden.

The sun is low in the sky, creating a halo around her head.

She looks happy.

She looks into the camera (POV), and her "Mona Lisa" smile lifts her whole face.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

We see Shanán in the kitchen, making some tea.

A figure approaches her quickly and grabs her by the throat from behind (POV).

The figure brings a knife around and cuts Shanán's throat.

The figure spins Shanana around (she looks into camera), and we watch as the colour drains from her face.

The figure lays Shanana down slowly onto her back.

Shanana's eyes begin to lose their sparkle as she gurgles blood from the opening in her throat.

We watch Shanana try and take her last breaths as her life leaves her.

Shanana finally stops breathing.

(we hear a camera shutter click and we see a forensic picture picture for a few frames)

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - THAT MOMENT

Trent snaps out of a trance as someone picks up on the other end of the line.

TRENT  
Yes, hello Sally. It's Trent. Is Carter there?

There is a moment where he is transferred.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Hello Sir...  
Yes, I'm here at the scene with Michaels...

Trent furrows his brow, confused.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
What...?  
No...  
I don't understand, we're at the scene-

A moment passes where Trent looks annoyed.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Yes, Sir...  
Yes...

Trent closes the file in front of him exasperated. He puts it back in the door compartment.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Got it.

Trent ends the call.

He sits there for a few moments, staring blankly out of the windscreen at the forensic team and onlookers.

He sees his partner near the excavation. This is MIRIAM MICHAELS.

She turns to see Trent in the car.

She shrugs.

Trent beckons her over.

Michaels walks towards the car.

She walks to Trent's side.

Trent lowers the window.

MICHAELS

What's up?

TRENT

We're off.

MICHAELS

(surprised)

Off the case?!

TRENT

No, sorry. We've got somewhere else to be.

MICHAELS

Umm... okay. Something more important than this?!

TRENT

Seems like it.

MICHAELS

More important than Ivy...?!

Trent shrugs.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Who said?

TRENT

Carter.

MICHAELS

Christ Almighty.

TRENT

Just get in the car. If it turns out to be shit we'll jump back on this one.

Michaels goes around the car to the passenger side.

MICHAELS

If some piranha don't sink their teeth into this one in the meantime.

Trent shakes his head and starts the engine.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Trent and Michaels arrive at the apartment building.

Outside the front of the building they see a few police cars and officers holding the crowd of residents and bystanders at bay.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Trent and Michaels enter the building and ascend the staircase.

At the top of the stairs they see a police officer to welcome them.

This is DOUG JOHNSON.

Johnson has a smirk on his face.

Trent sees him and smiles when he recognises him.

TRENT

Jesus H. Christ.  
Do you know who this is, Miriam?

Michaels shakes her head.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Officer Johnson and I were in training together.

(to Johnson)

What are you doing here? The last time I saw you you were scrambling up the ladder to sergeant on the other side of town.

JOHNSON

I transferred a week ago. There was a call for support in this area, and-

TRENT

(interrupting)

And you thought with something high profile like this you could chalk those rungs and move quicker...?!

JOHNSON

Nice to see you too, Chris.

TRENT

It's DCI Trent, Officer Johnson.

JOHNSON

I know. I've been watching all your press releases. And if you don't mind me saying... I think you need a new stylist before you go in front of the cameras again.

TRENT

When you're up all night chasing down bad guys it really takes a toll on your looks. I used to be pretty once.

JOHNSON

Don't kid yourself.

Trent chuckles.

He puts his hands on Johnson's face and turns it this way and that.

TRENT

And what about you...?

He notices some beard hair that has been missed when Johnson shaved.

TRENT (CONT'D)

You missed a spot.

Johnson touches the unsightly patch of hair.

JOHNSON

When you get called out in the middle of the night there's gonna be some casualties.

Trent chuckles again.

TRENT

So... what is this? I got a call from Carter this morning telling us to come here. Do you know where we were this morning? We've got a body in the forest, probably Ivy, but we were told to come here...

Johnson smiles reservedly.

JOHNSON

Come on. I'll show you.

He turns and enters the building.

Trent and Michaels give each other a look, then follow after him.

INT. FORENSIC TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Trent and Michaels put on shoe covers and gloves while Johnson briefs them.

JOHNSON

We received the call about three hours ago from a woman in the next apartment. She heard screams coming from this apartment early this morning and called it in.

TRENT

So what is it?

JOHNSON

I'm not at liberty to speculate until you've looked over the scene.

Trent and Michaels give each other a look.

MICHAELS

We get pulled off of Ivy for a domestic?

Johnson shrugs.

JOHNSON

I'm not at liberty to say until-



TRENT

Until we've looked over the scene... yes, yes, I got it. Who's in there now?

JOHNSON

One uniform and six forensics.

MICHAELS

Six forensics?

JOHNSON

There's a lot to go through. You'll see.

Trent and Michaels are ready. They stand up and look at Johnson.

Johnson nods, turns, and enters the house.

The detectives follow him.

INT. APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Trent notices the door that's been kicked in, the lock and chain hanging limply.

They walk through the house.

TRENT

Who's place is this?

JOHNSON

Mr and Mrs Lovestone. Married for a year. No children.

Michaels looks shocked.

MICHAELS

Lovestone?!

JOHNSON

Yep.

Trent looks back at Michaels.

They arrive at the bedroom door. Johnson lets the detectives through first.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

After you.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

The detectives walk into the room...

They stop dead in their tracks.

They look over the room with wide unbelieving eyes.

No one says anything for a few moments.

MICHAELS

Jesus.

FADE TO.

CREDITS.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

We see trees, sunshine beaming through the leaves.

We see blood land on a leaf.

TIMELAPSE:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

We see the sun passing over the sky, heading towards the East.

EXT. CITY - DUSK

We see the sun setting on the horizon.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

We see the stars coming out, moving in the night sky as the earth turns.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

We see city night scenes of streets and roads, cars leaving light-streaks as they meander through the city.

We see buildings towering towards the skies, lights flickering off as the night progresses.

We see alleyways and underpasses, deserted and eerie.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

We see the moon rising, big and ominous, illuminating everything in its cold glow.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A woman is driving through these streets, alone.

This is ALEXANDRIA LOVESTONE.

Streetlights illuminate her face as she passes under the lights, and then her face is back in shadow.

She is deep in thought, giving little attention to the road in front of her.

Her eyes stare blankly, her mind racing behind them.

She blinks...

CUT TO:

END OF CREDITS:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The moon casts a silver glow.

We see Alex's car parked in a clearing in the forest. The engine is still running and the headlights illuminate the clearing ahead of it.

There is no one around.

*Thud!*

Behind the car we see Alex trying to remove something heavy from the trunk.

She gets a better grip, twisting her hand around the handle of a big black bag.

She lifts it again, clearing it of the lip of the trunk, but the bag is too heavy...

It tumbles out of the trunk and onto the floor.

Alex stands there, her breathing heavy.

She leans over and grabs one end of the bag.

She lifts it with a jerk, and the zip opens.

A head rolls out of the bag!

Alex falls backwards, her back hitting the bumper of the car.

She stares at the head lying on the ground 2 feet away from her.

The head stares at her with its glazed eyes.

Alex can feel bile rising in her throat and she covers her mouth, trying to swallow it back.

She continues to stare at the face, unable to look away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Alex flinches, the memory of the look on the man's face replaying in her mind.

She swallows hard, trying to push the memory away.

Her lip quivers a bit, but she sniffs back any tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETROL STATION - NIGHT

Alex fills her car up with petrol in an otherwise empty petrol station.

Her mind is far away, staring blankly at nothing in the darkness.

The noise of the petrol pump is loud, clicking every few seconds.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

We hear the sound of metal on earth.

Alex is digging a hole, straining with the effort. The only sounds we hear are the chirp of crickets, the sound of the spade hitting the earth, and Alex's heavy breathing.

Alex stops to catch her breath. She leans on the handle of the spade, her head down.

Then she hears a noise to her right...

The breath catches in her throat.

She turns to look, listening intently.

She scans the area...

Then she sees movement coming from the big black bag.

There is a sound like something scraping along the fabric.

She stands up slowly, staring at the bag.

She brings the spade up to her shoulder, holding it like a bat.

She approaches the bag, slowly, her steps light on the ground.

She stands over the bag, watching it, ready for anything.

She touches the toe of her shoe to the bag...

Nothing.

Then a swath of light crosses her face!

She turns to see a car approaching the clearing she parked in.

She ducks down.

Lights from the car cut through the foliage and the engine sound becomes louder.

Alex stares for a few moments, unsure of what to do.

She panics.

She throws the spade onto the bag, grabs the straps and pulls the bag back towards the car.

Alex is straining from the effort, her breathing is heavy, erratic.

She arrives at the back of the car, the boot still open.

Alex attempts to lift the bag to put it back in the boot when the other car enters the clearing...

Alex freezes; a deer in headlights.

She drops the bag and watches the other car through a gap.

Her breathing is quick but shallow, her hands shake.

The other car stops in front of Alex's car with a squeak of brakes.

It sits there, idling.

Alex doesn't move. Her breath is caught in her throat.

She lowers her head, defeated, ready to come out with her hands up.

She whispers pleas, gripping the edge of the trunk, her knuckles white...

The other car clicks into reverse gear.

It pulls backward, swings wide, then slowly creeps away.

Alex looks through the gap to see the other car's taillights.

She stays there for a few moments, watching the other car leave.

When she can no longer see the red lights she peeks her head around the side of her car to look...

She leans back against her car and lets out a long breathe.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

No one says anything for a few moments.

Trent and Michaels stand at the foot of the bed, staring wide-eyed.

Johnson stands in the doorway of the room.

On the other side of the room we see a Forensic Photographer taking pictures of the scene.

We see a female body on the bed, facedown, one arm dangling over the side.

There is blood everywhere; on the walls, on the floor, on the bedside table, and a big pool underneath the body.

MICHAELS  
(dry and cracked)  
Ivy...?

JOHNSON  
You tell me, Detective.

No one speaks for a few moments.

Then Trent clears his throat.

He walks over to the side of the bed, then crouches down.

He looks closely at the marks on the body.

Down her back we see a backwards 'S' shaped rash.

There are slashes all over her body.

Trent has a confused look on his face as he takes in all the details.

TRENT  
Well... this is new.

JOHNSON  
How so?

TRENT  
This is way more violent than anything we've seen from Ivy before. Also way more blood than usual.

JOHNSON  
But based on this brief analysis can you ascertain whether it's Ivy? Not a copycat?

Trent huffs.

He thinks for a few moments.

Something doesn't feel right.

TRENT  
It's so unlike him, but...  
No doubt. The way the body is laid out, the symbol in the flesh.  
There's a lot that isn't known to the public, so...  
I guess...  
Probably.

MICHAELS

Two victims in one night?

Trent looks at Michaels and gives a small shrug.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Adapting? Changing patterns? It is the anniversary of the first murder-

TRENT

The first Ivy murder that we know of.

Everyone is silent for a few moments.

JOHNSON

What was the other one this morning? You sure that one was Ivy?

MICHAELS

We received the call first thing this morning. Some kids saw a suspicious car in the forest last night. Police went to the scene and found a mound of freshly disturbed earth with a hand poking out of it. Very macabre. In the "grave" there was the desiccated corpse of a man who was cut up into pieces. The body was identified as Mr Samuel Lovestone.

Everyone is silent for a few moments, the air heavy with confusion.

TRENT

There's something kind of... sexual about these two. It's never been about rape, or dominance, or sexuality of any kind. That's what's baffled me about Ivy the most. Looking at the way the bodies are displayed, the ivy motif... profiling would suggest pseudo-sexual behaviour, but it's never about penetration, or lust. It's completely asexual. And we still don't understand the motivations for picking victims. But with these two... there's something "crime of passion" about these two.



We see Johnson, who is still standing in the doorway, tap his finger rhythmically against the doorframe.

MICHAELS

Increased activity is not unheard of with serial murderers, especially the longer they are active. These two were probably just really unlucky. Or Mrs Lovestone witnessed her husband being killed and suffered the price of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Or the other way around. We won't know until TOD is established.

JOHNSON

Okay. Valid.  
But... let me show you something else.

Johnson turns and leaves the room.

Trent and Michaels share a look.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Alex stands next to the "grave" she has dug.

She plants the spade into the ground, then leans against it for a moment, steadying herself.

ALEX

I'm sorry, Sam.

She looks at the "grave" for a few moments not saying anything.

Then her brow furrows, and she exhales sharply from her nose, almost a laugh.

She sniffs back a tear.

Alex puts the spade into the pile of dirt to her left and picks up a pile of earth.

She pauses for a moment, looking at the body in the hole, then throws the dirt into the hole.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Alex lets out a breath.

Tired now, her eyes blink slowly.

In the near distance there is a bus stop. She half-notices a person standing there, waiting.

The closer she gets to the bus stop her eyes are drawn to the figure standing there.

When she is near enough she looks to see the figure watching her as she approaches, his head turning to follow her gaze.

There is something familiar about this person.

As she passes him we see it is the same person who's severed head fell out of the black bag!

Then she has passed the bus stop and the figure who is standing there.

Alex looks in the rearview mirror to see that there is no-one standing at the bus stop.

She turns her attention back to the road, ruffled.

She glances back... still no-one there.

She shakes her head, and takes a breath.

She continues driving.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - STUDY - DAY

Johnson opens a drawer.

Trent and Michaels look into the drawer; inside is a collection of photos, locket of hair, trinkets, a digital camera, and a finger in a jar.

Trent and Michaels look even more confused now.

MICHAELS

I don't understand. What is this?  
Ivy sets up a shrine dedicated to  
his previous victims at this  
victim's house...?

Trent has been squinting...

Now his eyes open wide.

TRENT

No. This wasn't left here. This has  
been here a while.

Trent looks around the room, looks at the decor, he begins to  
amalgamate the clues he has missed.

TRENT (CONT'D)

This... is Ivy's house. Mr  
Lovestone... is Ivy.

(to Johnson)

Was this locked?

Johnson shakes his head.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Then it would be fair to assume  
that Mrs Lovestone may be involved,  
or at the very least aware, of Mr  
Lovestone's extra-curricular  
activities.

MICHAELS

So, Ivy might actually be two  
people?! A husband and wife killing  
team. Our very own Fred and  
Rosemary West.

TRENT

But is Mrs Lovestone also a  
murderer, or just along for the  
ride?

Johnson and Michaels fall silent, thinking.

Trent picks up the camera.

He turns it on and begins flicking through the gallery of  
pictures.

We see a few pictures of Sam and Alex, the happy couple on a  
day at the beach.

Then we see some really dark and grainy pictures.

Trent squints, trying to work out what they're meant to be.

MICHAELS

That makes no sense. If Sam is Ivy  
-- or the two of them are -- then  
they couldn't have killed each  
other.

(MORE)

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

One maybe, but then who killed the other one?

Logically, Mrs Lovestone could've killed Mr Lovestone, buried him in the forest, then came back here... and killed herself?

JOHNSON

Legitimate assessment that she could've killed her husband, if his TOD is before Mrs Lovestone's, then that's certainly plausible. But we've found no murder weapon anywhere near her body, and a lot of her wounds are not self-inflicted.

MICHAELS

There must be a third party then.

JOHNSON

There's no evidence that anyone else was in this apartment. The door was locked -- extensively -- from the inside, all the windows were closed and locked, and we've found nothing to suggest otherwise at this time.

MICHAELS

These dots don't match up in a straight line.

JOHNSON

I'm just giving you the facts. You guys have to make sense of them.

A silence ensues, each person confused.

MICHAELS

I need some air. Is there an exit at the back?

Johnson leads Michaels out of the room.

Trent continues to scroll through the camera.

He stops at a picture of what looks like a person screaming, but the image is dark and grainy.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex arrives home, out of breath and her hands shaky.

She enters through the front door quickly, closing it behind her.

She fumbles with the numerous locks on the door; she clicks each one routinely into place.

After she is sure she has locked the door she turns and steps into the apartment.

She enters the living-room...

Out of the corner of her eye she sees a silhouetted figure against the curtains.

Alex, startled, reaches out to find the light-switch.

She clicks it on... and sees nothing there.

After a moment for her heart to settle down, she goes to the window and looks out through the gap in the curtains.

She sees only the empty street below.

She tries to shake off the anxiety.

She closes the gap in the curtains and steps away from it.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Alex is standing at the kitchen sink. The tap is running.

We hear clinking coming from whatever it is she is cleaning.

She lifts up the object she is currently cleaning...

It's a big knife.

It blinks in the light as she inspects it.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

Alex is in the shower.

She has her face in the water stream, wringing her hands through her hair.

She lifts her hair to the side, and we see a backwards 'S' tattoo on her back.

She relaxes under the stream.

She takes a breath and dips her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Alex puts all the equipment in the boot of her car and shuts it.

She steps around the car and enters the driver's side.

She sits there in the stillness, just looking at nothing in particular.

After a few moments we see a hand creeping around the headrest.

It rests for a split-second on Alex's shoulder.

Alex turns to look, but there's nothing there.

When she turns to face the front again her eyes dart up to look in the rearview mirror...

She sees a shadowed grinning figure in the backseat.

She turns suddenly, a small scream escaping her lips, and looks into the backseat, but doesn't see anyone there.

Her breathing has increased and she has a look of fear on her face.

She moans.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT

Alex is sitting in front of the TV.

She is not long out of the shower, her hair still slightly wet.

On the TV we see a news report about Ivy.

A "younger" Detective Trent is giving an interview which was recorded at the first Ivy murder.

TRENT (TV)

We have a dedicated task-force who's sole purpose is the apprehension of the murderer the media are calling "Ivy". These acts of violence must not continue. The person responsible for these heinous crimes must be held accountable. A whole country afraid to leave their homes, a police department spread very thin... We are following every validated lead. Our task-force is made up of the best men, and women, for the job. Nevertheless, please... we urge you to be studious, and assist us wherever possible. This killer will be stopped.

We see the newsreader appear on-screen.

NEWSREADER

Those were the words of Detective Inspector Christopher Trent almost a year ago when these brutal murders began. Tomorrow will be the anniversary of the first Ivy murder.

On the screen we see a picture appear of a young girl, pretty, and smiling.

NEWSREADER (CONT'D)

Shanan Taylor was killed in her home three days before her 21st birthday.

Then Alex hears something behind her, like someone whispering her name.

She turns sharply...

There is no one there.

She turns back to look at the TV, then brings her legs up to her chest and hugs her knees.

NEWSREADER (CONT'D)

DCI Trent and his task-force assigned to the case urge anyone with any information to come forth.

(MORE)

## NEWSREADER (CONT'D)

We advise the public to stay  
indoors past the curfew until such  
time as the killer is in custody...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Alex is lying on one side of a big double bed.

She has the sheet pulled up to her neck.

Her eyes are open, darting this way and that in the dark room.

Then a light from outside peeks through the curtains, making a slice across the room.

Alex watches it cross the room...

Where it illuminates a figure standing in the doorway.

Alex flinches and pulls the sheet over her face.

She whispers under her breathe.

Then she hears heavy breathing, and soft footfalls on the carpet outside the duvet.

Alex keeps her eyes shut tight, whispering more profusely under her breathe.

The heavy breathing becomes louder and it stops just inches from Alex's face.

FIGURE

Hello, Alex...

Alex opens her eyes suddenly, looks at the figure in front of her...

...and screams.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - THAT MOMENT

We hear the screams resonating from Alex's apartment.

They draw out for a few moments.

Some lights from other apartments turn on.



The screaming stops.

FADE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Michaels exits the building through a fire-escape door.

She stands there for a moment, taking in deep breaths.

Then she notices a young girl sitting with her head down and her back to the wall down the alleyway. She has black nails and a wrist-full of bracelets.

This is GRACE.

Michaels slowly approaches her.

MICHAELS

Hello.

The young girl looks up, unstartled.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

My name is DCI Michaels. What's your name?

GRACE

Grace.

MICHAELS

Hello, Grace. Are you okay?

Grace looks away from Michaels for a moment, her eyes heavy and distant.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Trent is standing over the bed.

His eyes trace all over Alex's corpse, making a note of all the cuts, the blood, the curves of her body...

He moves her hair aside and sees the Ivy tattoo on the back of Alex's neck.

He looks at her with a mix of awe, pity, recognition, love, lust, anger, shame...

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK ENTRANCE - THAT MOMENT

Michaels is sitting with Grace, listening to her story.

GRACE

They were nice. Nice to me anyway.  
They know what things are like for  
me, my mum is hardly around,  
council flat...

They'd always stop to say hi when  
they saw me. Sometimes they'd give  
me money for food or whatever. Not  
a lot, but whatever they could  
spare.

They were so in love, her and Sam.  
I'd see them together, they would  
hold hands...

They were just so beautiful  
together.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Trent walks over to the other side of the bed.

He crouches down, his knees popping.

For a split second we see the face of Shanan...

Before it turns back into the face of Alex.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK ENTRANCE - THAT MOMENT

Michaels looks at Grace with a maternal look on her face.

MICHAELS

Did you ever hear them argue?

GRACE

Everybody argues. But they were so  
perfect together. Sam would do  
anything for Alex, you could see it  
in the way he looked at her.

There is a moment of silence.

MICHAELS

Did you ever see anyone else with them? Did they ever have regular visitors?

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

We see Trent removing his glove (slowmo).

Powder dances in a streak of light.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK ENTRANCE - THAT MOMENT

Grace thinks for a moment.

Then she shakes her head.

GRACE

I never saw anyone else. They kept to themselves mostly.

MICHAELS

Did you ever see them go out late at night?

Grace half-shrugs.

GRACE

Sometimes, I guess.

MICHAELS

Did you see them go out last night?

Grace doesn't say anything for a moment.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

We see Alex walking through the garage to her car.

She is dragging a big black bag, struggling with the weight.

She arrives at the car and opens the boot.

She lifts the bag and places it in.

She closes the boot.

Then she turns to see Grace standing nearby, watching her.

Alex leans down and places her finger to her own lips.

ALEX

Shhhhh....

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

We see a closeup of Alex's face, her eyes glassy, staring into the distance.

Trent has his finger pressed to Alex's cold blue lips.

Trent puts his finger to his lips, like he's tasting her kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK ENTRANCE - THAT MOMENT

We see Michaels sitting with Grace from a distance (POV).

Grace says nothing for a moment.

Then she shakes her head.

GRACE

No. I didn't see her yesterday.

MICHAELS

And Mr Lovestone? Sam?

Grace looks down.

GRACE

No, I didn't see him either.

Michaels looks at Grace for a moment, knowing that that was a lie.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Trent is standing at the kitchen sink. He is looking down at something.

Trent runs his bare finger along the blade of a knife.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

Michaels walks past the bathroom.

She sticks her head in and sees a couple of forensic scientists taking samples.

The bath lights up like an abattoir with the luminol.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT

We see a collection of knives laid out on the kitchen counter.

Trent has a strange look in his eyes.

Michaels enters the room behind Trent.

MICHAELS

You alright, Boss?

Trent doesn't flinch, but pulls his finger casually back from the blade.

He doesn't say anything for a few moments.

Then he breathes out of his nose in almost a laugh.

TRENT

I think...  
I dunno.

MICHAELS

Yeah, pretty fucked up.

TRENT

After all this time, chasing this  
fucker...  
I thought when I finally caught  
Ivy... it would be... better. Some  
sort of closure, you know?

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

It just leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

MICHAELS

You're too close to this case.

Trent shakes his head.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

You've been in this cage for the last year, unable to find the exit.

TRENT

(angry)

There is no exit! Ivy has taken everything from me. I'm going to be trapped here forever.

MICHAELS

Don't be so hasty. Something might come from the forensic team that changes everything.

TRENT

What do you mean?

MICHAELS

I don't know that this is entirely over. There's something more to this.

TRENT

Do you know something I don't?

MICHAELS

I spoke to one of the neighbours, a young girl. She knows more than she's letting on.

TRENT

Okay. We'll bring her in.

MICHAELS

I don't think that's a good idea. She didn't have a guardian with her when I spoke to her, and even if she did I don't think she'd give us anything. These Lovestones were... particularly liked.

Trent notices the implication.

TRENT

What are you thinking?

Michaels is quiet for a moment.

MICHAELS

I don't think this is over.

Trent nods his head.

TRENT

I think you're right.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

POV:

We watch as a woman enters the coffee shop.

It's a very much alive Alexandria Lovestone, slightly younger but not by much. She is dressed all in black and is wearing big dark sunglasses.

She scans the room briefly, notices the person she is meeting, and makes her way to them (approaching camera).

She sits across from the man watching her (we haven't seen him yet).

ALEX

Sorry I'm late...  
Or are you early?

Before the man can reply Alex shakes her head and waves her hand.

Alex looks slightly nervous as she tries to get comfortable.

She places her bag down next to her.

There is a moment of awkward silence between them as Alex figures out what to do with her hands.

Alex smiles uncomfortably for a moment, then her demeanour becomes serious.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I just want to say that it's a  
pleasure to actually meet you-  
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Sorry, that's stupid of me to say.  
What I meant was, I've been  
following you closely over the last  
year-  
Not in a bad way, just... I admire  
what you do.

Alex looks down and shakes her head.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Christ. I don't really know what  
I'm saying.  
I'm just going to start all over.

We see the hand of the person sitting across from Alex tap rhythmically against the table.

Alex removes her dark sunglasses to reveal that she has a bruise around her left eye.

The man stops tapping his finger instantaneously.

She avoids eye contact with the person sitting across from her.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Thank you for getting in touch with  
me. This is all very surreal.

Her eyes flicker in the direction of the man sitting across from her to gauge his reaction.

Then Alex remembers the bruise on her face.

She turns her face away to hide it.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I don't mean to be a fan-girl. I  
never expected to meet you... and  
here you are-  
Can I ask a question?  
I know the sort of thing you do --  
how you pick your... victims -- and  
I know it's not how you work...  
but...

Alex becomes quiet, waiting for some acknowledgement.

She turns her face away again.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
No. Nevermind.  
Can I buy you a coffee?



Alex looks at him expectantly for a few moments.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GARAGE - DAY

Trent is looking in the cabin of Alex's car.

He is talking on the phone.

TRENT

Yeah...

No, we're still on the scene...

Okay...

Yeah...

That doesn't really change anything, but hopefully it can be useful...

Thanks.

Trent disconnects the call.

He huffs.

MICHAELS

What "doesn't change anything"?

Trent looks over at Michaels who is looking in the boot.

TRENT

That was the coroner. Nothing we don't already know, but he found trace amounts of pentobarbital in Mr Lovestone's remains.

MICHAELS

Pentobarbital?! That's new. We've never found any drugs in any of the previous victims.

TRENT

I know.

MICHAELS

Well that's definitely a sign that this could be a copycat.

TRENT

There's too much here to get my head around. Everything points to this being Ivy, right down to the details.

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

But then there's so many differences that it's undeniably not Ivy.

MICHAELS

I know what you mean. I find this to be sloppy. Almost like this is all planted evidence. Have you ever seen so much evidence just laid out like this?

TRENT

No.

We hear a knocking...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

We see a closed door with the number 87 on it.

After a few moments we hear footsteps coming from the other side, then the door opens from the inside.

We see Grace on the other side of the door.

She looks up at the person who knocked on her door. Her expression of indifference doesn't falter.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GARAGE - DAY

Trent and Michaels are deep in thought.

MICHAELS

And coming from a serial murderer like Ivy... did you ever think it would be this easy? A year of absolutely nothing, not even a fucking hair, and then we get everything handed to us...? On the anniversary no less...

TRENT

Definitely not right.

MICHAELS

Did you find anything in the front?

TRENT  
Nothing out of the ordinary.  
You?

MICHAELS  
You'll want to take a look at this.

Trent walks over to the back of the car.

He looks into the boot to see a black bag with leaves stuck to it, a dirty spade, and some dark stains on the carpet of the boot.

Trent looks at each thing for a few moments.

TRENT  
Fucksake.

He huffs.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Okay. Let's play this out with what  
we know.  
Sam dies first-

MICHAELS  
Dismembered in the bath upstairs.

Trent nods at Michaels.

TRENT  
Driven out to the forest in this  
car, buried. Then Alexandria gets  
back here... and that's where it  
all falls apart.

Michaels' eyes light up.

MICHAELS  
These two are a set up.

Trent jumps on the assumption.

TRENT  
There's someone else.

Michaels nods excitedly.

MICHAELS  
This is all to put us off the  
scent.

TRENT

But why now? Is this a way to end the streak, then disappear...?

MICHAELS

Maybe. Or he's just playing with us.

TRENT

This isn't right. Each murder has been meticulous, calculated, and there was nothing playful about any of them. These two must have pissed Ivy off real bad.

MICHAELS

That would explain the mess upstairs.

Trent thinks for a moment.

TRENT

Who was the kid you spoke to?

CUT TO:

EXT. CARPARK - DAY

We hear someone whistling a faint tune.

We see someone fidgeting at the back of a car in the empty carpark behind the apartment building.

We see a hand dangling out of a car boot.

The nails are black and there are bracelets on the wrist!

A hand wearing a bloodied glove reaches up and begins to close the boot.

The person who has put Grace in the boot notices the hand dangling out...

He stops whistling.

With the toe of his shoe, he kicks the hand into the boot.

Then he closes the boot properly.

The person then walks away.

We see a bloody handprint on the boot shaped like Ivy's signature backwards "S".

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR

Trent and Michaels are being led down the apartment corridor by the landlord.

LANDLORD  
(with an accent)  
I never hear from them, until rent  
is due, then I hear less from them.

The landlord approaches the door they are looking for...

But before he can put the key in the lock he notices that the door is slightly ajar, and there's a smear of blood at the base of the doorframe.

Oh...  
LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Trent notices the blood.

He puts his hand on the landlord's chest and moves him back.

He looks at Michaels and points at the blood.

Michaels retrieves her phone and speaks quietly into it.

MICHAELS  
(whispering)  
Possible 187. Requesting backup.  
8th floor.

She cancels the call then pulls out her baton and flicks it open.

Trent steadies himself outside the door.

He reaches his hand out slowly...

He pushes the door open carefully, quietly...

He looks at Michaels and nods.

TRENT  
Police! We're coming in!

Michaels enters swiftly.

She flanks left as she enters.

Trent follows close behind, flanking right.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

They scan the scene as they go, their eyes darting all over the place.

Trent stops at the doorway of the next room.

Michaels stands on the other side of the doorway.

Michaels nods.

Trent enters swiftly.

He walks along one side of the room.

Michaels enters and walks along the other side.

They meet in the middle of the room.

They look down at the centre of the room.

They stare at something on the floor...

We see a pool of blood!

Michaels pulls her phone out and dials.

MICHAELS

We need forensics up here! 87!

Trent leans down and puts his hand out.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

(to Trent)

What are you doing?

Trent puts his finger in the blood, then pulls it up slowly.

We see the blood is still wet, but beginning to coagulate.

TRENT

It's fresh.

Trent looks up at Michaels.

TRENT (CONT'D)

He's still in the building.

Michaels' eyes become wide.

She reaches for her phone again.

MICHAELS

We need this building secured! No  
one in or out!

Trent stands up quickly and leaves the room.

Michaels receives a call on her phone just out of Trent's  
earshot.

When Trent gets to the door leading to the corridor he hears  
Michaels shout after him.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Chris!

Trent turns to look at Michaels.

Michaels closes the gap between them.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

They've got something downstairs.

Trent turns and heads out of the apartment faster.

Michaels follows close behind him.

After a moment we see the landlord peek his head around the  
corner with a look of worry on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARPARK - LATER

Johnson meets Trent and Michaels as they exit the building.

He keeps pace with them as they approach the car that has  
blood on the boot.

JOHNSON

An officer saw this and called it  
in. We've got the area cordoned  
off.

They pass under police tape.

TRENT

What is it?

JOHNSON

We haven't looked yet, we were  
waiting for you.

TRENT

Clear the area as much as you can.  
I don't want any surprises. And  
isolate the building. I don't want  
anyone going in or out without  
clearance.

JOHNSON

What's going on?

MICHAELS

We think he's still here.

JOHNSON

Who?

MICHAELS

Ivy.

Johnson stops.

He stands there for a moment.

JOHNSON

What?!

MICHAELS

He's still here. There's a fresh  
scene upstairs.

Johnson continues walking to catch up to them.

He retrieves his phone and dials.

JOHNSON

We need to secure the building. I  
want 2 uniforms stationed at each  
entrance and exit. No public in or  
out...  
No, now!

Johnson ends the call.

Trent retrieves some gloves from his coat pocket and puts  
them on.

TRENT

Has anyone touched anything?

JOHNSON

No.

Trent looks around at Johnson, Michaels, and the two uniforms  
standing around him.



He nods at the uniform holding a lock breaker.

The uniformed cop pushes the breaker to the boot lock.

The boot pops open.

The uniform steps aside.

Trent takes a moment, his mind racing, staring at the "S" shaped blood smear.

He reaches out his hand and lifts the boot lid.

The lid reaches the point where the hydraulics slow down its ascent and it continues rising slowly.

Everyone looks in...

FADE TO:

INT. TRENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trent enters his house, exhausted.

His wife, MARIA, is sitting on the bottom step, waiting for him.

She rises when he enters, but stays in place.

Trent looks at her.

Neither of them say anything.

Trent tries to say something, but can't find the words.

Maria begins to tear up.

MARIA

I know.

Trent bows his head.

Maria goes to him and places her hands on his cheeks.

She lifts his head.

Trent tries to resist.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

She lifts his head and places her arms around his neck.

Trent cries.

They don't say anything for a few moments.

TRENT

I don't understand how anyone could do this.

MARIA

I know. It's all they've been talking about all day.

TRENT

She was so young.

Maria doesn't say anything for a few moments.

She has a slightly confused on her face now.

MARIA

I know this is hard, but it's part of your job. I don't remember you being this affected before...

TRENT

This one's different.  
I don't know if I can do this.

Maria pulls away from Trent to look at him.

She looks into his eyes.

MARIA

You can. You will. It's just another case-

TRENT

It's not another case. This is something else.

Trent's eyes stray away from Maria's.

She notices his evasion.

Maria takes a moment to process things.

MARIA

Who was she?

Trent looks more sullen for a moment.

TRENT

Shanan Taylor.

Trent can't look at Maria.

MARIA

But who was she... to you?

Trent locks eyes with Maria. He shifts focus from one eye to the other, reading her implication.

Trent begins to say something, but holds his tongue.

Maria begins to cry.

She puts her hand to her mouth.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Oh my god...

She steps back.

She looks at him menacingly, disgustedly.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

She begins to pace in one spot.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Chris. What the fuck?!

She steps towards Trent.

There's a fire in her eyes.

She slaps him.

MARIA (CONT'D)

What in the fuck!

Really?!

Are you being serious right now?!

TRENT

I'm sorry.

MARIA

You're sorry?!

No one says anything for a moment.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Get out.

TRENT

Can we talk about this-

MARIA  
Get out! Before I do something  
we'll both regret.

Trent sighs resignedly.

CUT TO:

INT. TRENT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Trent slams the door of his car.

He sits heavily in his seat.

He sits there in the quiet for a long few moments.

Then he breaks down and cries, blubbering loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

We see the inside of a front door in the dark.

A light turns on.

A woman steps towards the door tying up her nightgown. We see it's Miriam Michaels.

The door opens and we see a red-eyed Trent standing in the doorway.

MICHAELS  
Chris! What are you doing here? Did  
you find something?

TRENT  
Maria kicked me out.

MICHAELS  
What? Why?!

TRENT  
I don't know.

Michaels registers the lie but keeps her tongue.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
I don't know where else to go. I'm  
sorry.

MICHAELS

Don't be sorry.  
Come in.

Michaels ushers Trent in.

TRENT

I don't want to impose.

MICHAELS

It's okay. Impose away.

TRENT

Is your boyfriend here?

MICHAELS

Not tonight. Come in.

Trent walks into the house.

Michaels closes the door behind him.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Maybe we can use this time to work  
on the case...

She looks at him with sympathetic eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S OFFICE - DAY

We see Maria exiting her office.

Trent runs up to her.

Maria sees him and immediately dismisses him.

MARIA

No!

TRENT

Please. I just want to talk-

MARIA

We have nothing to talk about.

Trent grabs her arm.

TRENT

Please! Stop! We have to talk about  
this-

MARIA

No! You have to talk about this. I had no say in this. And now everyone has to suffer because... because you couldn't keep your personal and business lives separate-

TRENT

That's not fair-

MARIA

That's not fair...?! You have a personal relationship with someone who ends up murdered, and that's not mixing business and pleasure...?! Should I be worried? Do I need to look over my shoulder?! Am I next?!

Trent looks confused.

TRENT

My god... I never thought of that.

MARIA

You never thought of that?! What the fuck does that mean? You think I'm next...?! This isn't over...?!

TRENT

I don't know.

MARIA

You don't know?!

TRENT

It's day 4 and we have no leads yet-

MARIA

Wow. Great.  
So what you're telling me is that not only have you broken my heart and trust in you, I'm now possibly next to die...?!  
Is this some sort of revenge thing for someone you've arrested in the past?

Trent thinks for a moment.

TRENT

I don't know.

MARIA

You're not a very good detective if I'm the one laying out all these options.

TRENT

I have a lot on my mind at the moment.

MARIA

That's not my problem. You did this. You need to make this right. You owe me that.

TRENT

I know.  
I just... I don't want you to say anything, just until we catch this guy-

MARIA

You don't want me to say anything? You want me to keep your -- affair -- a secret?

TRENT

If this is aimed at me... I don't want to be taken off the case.

MARIA

Typical Chris. Work comes first.

TRENT

It's not like that-

Maria waves her hand dismissively.

Then she turns and walks away.

MARIA

I won't say anything. Just sort it out.

After a few steps she turns her head left and right, looking around her, paranoid.

Trent watches her for a moment, then he turns and walks the other way.

He retrieves his phone.

He dials and puts it to his ear.

TRENT

I think I have a new avenue we need  
to look into.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Trent is knelt down, looking at something on the ground.

He has a week of hair growth on his face, and he looks like  
he hasn't had a good night's sleep in a while.

He is deep in thought.

Michaels appears next to him with two cups of coffee.

She hands one to Trent.

They look at the thing in front of them for a few moments.

MICHAELS

A male this time.

Trent nods.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Definitely Ivy?

Trent nods again.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

So this is victim 3 in 4 months.  
Any idea who this one is yet?

Trent hands her a wallet in a plastic bag.

She looks at it for a moment.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Edward Donaldson. Some sort of Tax  
Clerk...?

Trent nods again.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

What do you think the connection  
is?

TRENT

None that I can see. Same as the  
previous one.



MICHAELS  
We'll find something.

Trent bows his head.

TRENT  
(whispering)  
I doubt it.

We see the body of the dead man. His throat is slit, and there is a pool of blood beneath him.

We see the Ivy "S" symbol etched into the palm of his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - LATER

Trent is standing with Michaels outside the police-line in the park.

They watch as the forensic team struggle to find any clues worthwhile.

MICHAELS  
What's up with you... other than the obvious?

TRENT  
Nothing.

MICHAELS  
It's not nothing. You've not been yourself, and I know you're going through a breakup, but I need you here, with me, focused. We need your head in the game, not sitting on the sidelines watching the world go by. This is turning into a serial, and if we're gonna catch him, I need you to put that shit away, at least while you're at work.

TRENT  
You're right. Everything around me is crumbling, Mir, and I don't know how to claw it all back.

MICHAELS  
You don't have to. Everything that has come before is past. This is present.

(MORE)

MICHAELS

I don't know what's up with you and Maria -- and I don't want to know -- but you need to set that aside for when you're in the right head-space. Otherwise I feel like I'm on my own here.

TRENT

I'm sorry.

MICHAELS

Don't be sorry. Just find this guy.

They watch the scene for a few moments.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

It's a shame that lead didn't pan out.

TRENT

Yeah.

MICHAELS

I still don't understand why you think these murders are aimed at you...

TRENT

It's complicated.

MICHAELS

Well, un-complicate it for me.

Trent looks at Michaels for a long few moments.

TRENT

I was under the impression that the murder of Shanan Taylor was a personal attack.

MICHAELS

Why would it be a personal attack? Did you know her?

Trent looks away for a moment, then bows his head in a subtle nod.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Don't tell me... I don't want to know. Have you been withholding information?

(MORE)

MICHAELS (CONT'D)  
Fucksake, Chris. That's  
obstruction!

TRENT  
I know, I know.

MICHAELS  
Do you know...?!

TRENT  
If it came out that I knew her,  
then I'd have been taken off the  
case.

MICHAELS  
At the very least.  
Not to mention you'd probably be  
held as a suspect... or worse.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. SHANAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Trent enters the kitchen.

He hides his emotions as he looks at something on the kitchen  
floor.

Dead Shanana.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Trent looks sad and angry.

TRENT  
I don't have to explain it to you,  
Mir. I did what I did. As it turns  
out it didn't amount to anything.  
There's no connection, none that I  
can see. All 3 victims have nothing  
in common.

MICHAELS  
Firstly, I can't believe you kept  
this from me. We're partners.  
However bad the news, we need to be  
on the same page.

(MORE)

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Secondly, I can't believe you were so stupid.

TRENT

I had a lapse in judgement-

MICHAELS

Don't give me that excuse. You should've known better.

TRENT

She wasn't a victim at the time. There was no conflict when... at that time.

MICHAELS

So what evidence did you cover up?

Trent looks away.

TRENT

Some. Not much. We were very careful.

Michaels doesn't say anything for a few moments.

MICHAELS

That's why Maria kicked you out.

Trent looks at Michaels.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

So she knew...?

TRENT

Not at the time. I told her after.

MICHAELS

Christ almighty.  
From now on, no secrets. If something comes out of this, I need to know. You can lie all you want to everyone else, but don't lie to me.

TRENT

Okay.

MICHAELS

You're so lucky these aren't connected to you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARPARK - DAY

Trent, Michaels, Johnson and a uniformed officer all look into the boot of the car.

We see the body of Grace, her eyes stare up at them glassy and lifeless.

There is blood everywhere, staining her clothes and seeping into the carpet of the boot.

For an instant we see the face of Shanah looking back at us...

Trent has a look of shock as he tries to swallow back bile.

Then we see that it's just Grace again.

MICHAELS

This is Grace.

JOHNSON

Who's Grace?

MICHAELS

An eyewitness. There's blood in her apartment.

Trent immediately turns around and heads back to the building.

Michaels follows behind.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Wait! We need a plan of action-

TRENT

We need to secure this building. We need forensics in that apartment, and in that car. Today is the day this fucker made a mistake, I can feel it. This is impulsive behaviour, and impulsiveness leads to sloppy mistakes.

He's here, and I want him smoked out. We need to exert pressure right now, otherwise we'll lose him forever.

I want every officer that's here right now on the same channel. Anyone coming in or going out is accounted for, that goes for everyone wearing a badge too.

Michaels stops Trent by grabbing his arm.

He turns to look at her.

Michaels looks at Trent with a brief look of surprise.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Everyone's a suspect, Mir.

Michaels looks at Trent for a long few moments, reading the thoughts behind his eyes.

They notice Johnson approaching.

Trent's eyes dart quickly, looking around (left, right, up...).

TRENT (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Everyone.

Then she acknowledges and nods slightly.

Johnson catches up to them.

JOHNSON  
So what's the plan?

Michaels turns to Johnson.

MICHAELS  
Everyone needs to be on channel 7.  
No exceptions.  
I need forensics on the 6th floor  
and in this carpark. We need these  
locations covered asap!  
This is time sensitive, so all  
hands on deck.  
And I need the names of everyone  
who's been here since this morning.

JOHNSON  
There will be a log of everyone-

TRENT  
I want the names now, and  
everyone's whereabouts accounted  
for.

JOHNSON  
My guys are solid.

MICHAELS

That doesn't matter. We want everyone vigilant, and we want to know who we're talking to.

JOHNSON

Okay.

Johnson turns and talks into his radio, relaying all the information to his team.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

This is Johnson. All units at Residents Heights change to channel 7. All units change to channel 7...

Trent looks at Johnson as he talks into his radio...

He notices a scratch on his neck and blood on his collar!

Trent's eyes become subtly wider.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

We see Trent holding Johnson's face and turning his head this way and that...

We don't see any marks on his neck!

CUT TO:

EXT. CARPARK - THAT MOMENT

Trent takes Michaels aside while Johnson continues relaying the plan on his radio.

TRENT

(whispering)

I need you to do something for me.

Michaels nods.

TRENT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Do you have someone on the force you can trust?

MICHAELS  
(whispering)  
I have a guy.

TRENT  
(whispering)  
I need you to track someone's  
whereabouts during each murder.

MICHAELS  
(whispering)  
All 9?

Trent nods.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Who?

Trent tips his head in the direction of Johnson.  
Michaels' eyes dart in Johnson's direction subtly.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)  
On it, Boss.

Michaels leaves.

Johnson finishes the radio call.

JOHNSON  
What now?

TRENT  
Come on. We're going over the scene  
upstairs.

Trent walks.

Johnson watches him for a moment.

Johnson rubs his neck.

And then he follows.

CUT TO:

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT - LATER

We see Johnson standing over the blood pool on the floor.

Trent stands over him, watching him.



TRENT  
What do you see?

Johnson takes a moment and looks over the scene.

JOHNSON  
I don't see anything.

Trent points towards the doorway.

TRENT  
You see those singular drops...?  
They lead towards the door...?

Johnson nods but doesn't look at Trent.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
She was still alive when she was  
moved. The killer wanted to move  
her as quickly as possible so  
didn't wait until she was dead.

JOHNSON  
Is that unusual?

TRENT  
Not unusual in itself, but unusual  
for Ivy.

JOHNSON  
And you're sure this is Ivy?

TRENT  
Most definitely.

Johnson nods again.

JOHNSON  
So what's his plan?

TRENT  
It's hard to say.  
What do you think?

JOHNSON  
It's not my place to speculate-

TRENT  
But in your professional opinion...

JOHNSON  
I guess... he's toying with you?

TRENT

Maybe.  
I think it's more than that.

JOHNSON

How so?

TRENT

I think his ego is so big that he  
was threatened by Mrs Lovestone  
doing a better job.

Johnson's eyes flicker.

Trent notices.

JOHNSON

You think she did a better job?

TRENT

It didn't have the finesse of Ivy,  
but it was close. It really had us  
going for a while.

JOHNSON

I guess there's only one Ivy, then.

TRENT

It would appear so.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE BATHROOM - DAY

We see a man in a police uniform enter the bathroom with a  
laptop.

This is CHARLIE.

He opens one of the stalls, enters, and sits on the closed  
lid of the toilet.

CHARLIE

I know it's not unethical, Miriam.  
I just don't understand why you  
need this information...

He waits for a second and listens to the reply.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

No red-flags, gotcha.

He opens the laptop and begins going through records.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
So I'm cross-referencing the dates  
of each murder with Officer  
Johnson's time-sheet.  
Did you want this as a spreadsheet?  
I can label each column...  
Okay, yeah, sure. I'll just tell  
you as I go.

Charlie clicks through some pages, types a few words, clicks  
through more pages.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Okay. First murder... Shanan  
Taylor... Officer Johnson was off  
the day of.

Charlie clicks some more.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Second murder... Johnson was off  
the night of.

Charlie clicks some more.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Third murder... he was off the  
night of, but in the day of.

Charlie listens to Michaels for a moment.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
It's only 2 hours across the City,  
so yeah, I guess that's feasible.

Charlie clicks some more.

Then the door to the bathroom opens.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Hold on...

We hear someone sighing as they approach the urinal.

They unbuckle their trousers and begin urinating.

Charlie listens intently, his breath caught in his throat.

After a few moments the man finishes urinating.

He buckles up his trousers.

Then he exits the bathroom.

Charlie exhales loudly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Fucker didn't even wash his hands.

He turns back to his laptop.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Fourth and fifth... yep, he was  
off. In fact... he called in sick  
the day of the fifth murder.

Charlie listens to Michaels for a moment.

Then he clicks some more.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
He was... on duty last night, but  
off duty by midnight.

Charlie listens for a few long moments.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hang on. I'll have to check records  
on a different server.

Charlie clicks away, types a moment, then clicks some more.

He traces his finger on the laptop screen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I got it...

He put the request in...

Charlie counts on his fingers.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
...exactly a week ago.

Charlie listens for a moment.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah. It takes a week to process.

Charlie hears a click.

He holds the phone away from his ear.

Then puts it back to his ear.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hello...? Miriam...?

CUT TO:

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Trent is standing in the doorway that leads to one of the bedrooms.

In the background Johnson is talking to one of the forensics.

Michaels enters Grace's apartment, making sure to look as casual as possible.

She walks straight towards Trent.

Johnson looks up to see Michaels walking across the room.

There is a brief flicker of Michaels' eyes darting in his direction.

Johnson looks panicked, but keeps his calm.

TRENT  
(whispering)  
What did you find out?

MICHAELS  
(whispering)  
He was off when the murders took place.

TRENT  
(whispering)  
Circumstantial.

MICHAELS  
(whispering)  
But... he put the request in to work Ivy a week ago.

TRENT  
(whispering)  
A week?

MICHAELS  
(whispering)  
Exactly a week. Like he knew today was going to be the day.

TRENT  
(whispering)  
Interesting. I think that's enough  
to pursue this avenue.

They turn to look and they see Johnson standing with his back  
resting on a cabinet, his arms crossed.

Trent takes the lead and approaches Johnson.

JOHNSON  
What did you find out?

TRENT  
There's an inconsistency I'd like  
to clarify with you.

Behind Trent we see Michaels silently flick her baton open.

JOHNSON  
And what's that?

TRENT  
Why did you request to work this  
case?

JOHNSON  
I wanted to help. And if things go  
well there's a promotion in it for  
me.

TRENT  
But you put a request in a week  
ago.

JOHNSON  
And...?

TRENT  
Exactly a week ago. Like you knew  
this was going to happen today.

JOHNSON  
Just a coincidence, Chris. I'm just  
lucky like that.

TRENT  
That's DCI Trent. And luck has to  
run out sometime.

Johnson looks at Trent and Michaels for a few moments.

They all try and stare each other down.

There is a power struggle between Trent and Johnson.

Then Michaels slowly steps around Trent, and Johnson sees her baton is out.

A bead of sweat drips down Johnson's face.

Then there is a scream from behind Trent and Michaels!

Trent and Michaels turn suddenly.

They see a woman enter the apartment, her face white, her eyes wide.

WOMAN

Wha... what are you doing in my house?!

In the confusion, Johnson pushes past Trent and Michaels!

He grabs the woman, spins her around, and holds a knife to her throat!

The woman lets out a gargled scream.

TRENT

Johnson!

MICHAELS

Let her go!

WOMAN

Who are you...?

Johnson smiles broadly.

Then he swipes the knife across the woman's throat!

Blood gushes out!

Trent and Michaels rush to her.

Johnson throws the woman to the ground, turns, and runs out the door.

Trent kneels down next to the woman.

She looks up at Trent, her eyes wide, blood gushing out the wound.

Michaels kneels down on the other side of the woman.

She puts her hand to the wound, putting pressure on it.

MICHAELS  
(to Trent)  
Go! I got this!

Trent stands up and pulls his phone out.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

We see Alex sitting at the table.

She looks sheepish as she builds the courage to ask a question.

She opens her mouth to speak, but doesn't say anything. It looks as though she is mouthing out the syllables.

Then she looks up at the person sitting opposite her.

ALEX  
I want you to kill my husband.

The camera turns to reveal the person sitting across from her...

We see Johnson sitting across from Alex!

He has a smug smile on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alex is on the phone, pacing around her living-room.

ALEX  
You'll have to tell me what to do.  
I can't do this.

JOHNSON  
(phone)  
Stay calm. You can do this.

ALEX  
I can't, I can't! This is too much.  
This isn't what I signed up for!



JOHNSON

(phone)

You came to me! It wasn't ever going to be easy. But at the end of it you'll thank me.

ALEX

Why can't you just do it?

JOHNSON

(phone)

It wouldn't be worth it if it was easy. I'll talk you through all the steps.

Alex starts to hyperventilate.

ALEX

This is all too much. What if I make a mistake?  
What if I don't follow through?  
What if he doesn't die...?

JOHNSON

(phone)

Alex! Stop! Listen to my voice! This is easy. The easiest thing in the world. Some people don't deserve to continue their lives on the paths they'd chosen. Don't forget that. We're not accountable for bad decisions that other's make. It's a fact of life. Only the strong survive. Ivy is a survivor. We grow and spread, choking out the weak.

Alex takes regulated big breaths.

Then she nods her head.

ALEX

Okay. Okay. I'm calm now-

Then there is the sound of a key in the lock of the front door!

ALEX (CONT'D)

I have to go. He's here!

She cancels the call.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

We see flashes of Sam Lovestone holding his stomach as blood stains his shirt.

He has a look of shock on his face as he realises he's going to die.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GARAGE - NIGHT

We see Johnson standing in the shadows of the garage.

He watches as Alex puts the black bag in her boot.

He sees Grace there, watching Alex.

He sees Alex put her finger to her lips.

Johnson looks annoyed.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see Alex lying in bed.

A light passes around the bedroom from outside the window and we see Johnson standing in the corner of the room.

Alex sees him, shrieks, and pulls the covers over her face.

We hear her whispering a prayer as Johnson approaches the bed.

Johnson reaches his hand out slowly.

JOHNSON  
Hello, Alex.

Then he rips the sheet off of Alex.

Alex screams.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

We see Trent making his way down a corridor, his baton raised behind his head.

He is stalking slowly, taking each step carefully.  
His breathing is hoarse, almost hyperventilating.  
When he reaches the end of corridor, he pauses.  
He sticks his head around the corner, then retracts back.  
He doesn't see anything.  
Then behind him an old man comes out of his door to look.  
It scares Trent.

                          OLD MAN  
                  What's going on?

                          TRENT  
                  Get back inside!

The old man looks frightened and goes back inside.  
Trent turns around...  
And Johnson is standing inches away from him!

                          JOHNSON  
                  Hello, Chris.

Johnson brings the knife out and stabs Trent in the arm  
that's holding the baton.  
Trent screams, then drops the baton.  
Johnson runs off.  
Trent falls to his knees, holding his arm.  
He breathes through his nose, blinking his eyes rapidly.  
He looks at the knife still buried in his flesh.  
With his other hand he grabs the handle of the knife and  
readies himself to pull it...  
He closes his eyes and grits his teeth.  
He begins pulling the knife out.  
He makes a grunting noise emanating from the back of his  
throat as he does.  
It comes out with a lot of resistance.

He crouches there for a moment longer, making sure not to pass out.

Then he slowly stands up.

He hears laughter coming from far away.

Trent regains his composure, then hobbles along the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Trent stumbles through the stairwell doorway, clutching his bleeding arm, using the wall to balance himself.

His breathing is hoarse.

He hears a door opening further down, then rushed footsteps pounding each stair.

After a moment he sees two officers running up the stairs.

They see Trent and hurry towards him.

OFFICER 1

Are you okay?

OFFICER 2

What happenend?

TRENT

Just go. He's in here somewhere.  
But stay together.

OFFICER 1

Do you want us to call-

TRENT

No, I'm fine. Don't use your  
walkies, he'll be listening in.  
Just don't let him get away!

OFFICER 2

Which way did he go?

TRENT

I don't know. Probably up if you  
didn't see him from the ground  
floor.

The two officers continue upwards.

Trent takes a breather for a moment.

Then after the footfalls of the officers dissipate he hears a noise coming from below.

He pushes himself away from the wall and leans his face over the railing...

He sees some movement!

Trent regains his strength and begins descending the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Trent arrives at the bottom of the stairs that lead to the garage.

As he arrives towards the bottom the door bursts open and 3 forensic scientists run into the stairwell.

TRENT

Is he in there?

FORENSIC 1

He's covered in blood!

Trent watches them run up the stairs.

Then he turns to look at the garage door.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Trent enters quietly through the garage door.

Everything is unnervingly quiet.

There are a number of cars in the garage, which leaves a lot of hiding places.

Trent takes a few steps into the garage.

The door slowly closes behind him.

It makes a loud bang as it does.

The echo fades after a few moments, and Trent is left in the silence again.

He listens for a few moments.

TRENT

Doug?

Trent listens but hears nothing for a few moments.

Then...

JOHNSON

(from somewhere  
indistinct)

How it's come to this, Chris.

Trent looks around trying to work out where the voice is coming from.

TRENT

If you come with me now I'll forget  
all about you stabbing me.

Johnson laughs.

JOHNSON

There's that classic Trent wit. But  
I don't think stabbing you is the  
worst thing I've done to you...

Trent moves further into the room.

TRENT

Why Shanan?

JOHNSON

There it is! Ding ding! We have a  
winner! Come down and collect your  
prize!

TRENT

I need to know.

Trent moves towards a car where he suspects Johnson is hiding.

JOHNSON

I honestly didn't know she was your  
squeeze, Chris. It wouldn't have  
stopped me if I had known, but just  
know that it wasn't personal.

TRENT

Tell me!

JOHNSON

It's nothing special, really. She was a stuck-up bitch who didn't know her place. Why the fuck would someone be working in a field whereby helping people was her prime objective... and then disregard that helpful nature?! It's like becoming a marine biologist that hates everything to do with the ocean.

Trent looks around the side of the car...

But doesn't see anyone.

TRENT

She was innocent.

JOHNSON

(angry)

No one is innocent! You know that as well as I do!

Trent shuffles towards another car.

TRENT

And Grace?

There is a pause.

JOHNSON

That was unfortunate.

TRENT

What did she know?

JOHNSON

I don't know. But I couldn't take the chance.

TRENT

If you left it, it might not have come to this. You were sloppy. Your ego got the better of you.

JOHNSON

Don't blame this on me.

TRENT

This is all your fault!! Who else is to blame for all this?!

JOHNSON

Oh. I see your point.

Johnson chuckles.

Trent steps out in front of another car...

But there's no one there.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Everyone has their choices. You must know that, being an officer of the law. Some choices lead to consequences. These fools don't realise the people they hurt end up suffering for their stupidity or ignorance. I try to make it right.

Trent hears a shuffle coming from his right.

TRENT

You're not above the law.

Trent moves towards Alex's car which has police tape around it.

JOHNSON

No. But in this broken city someone has to look out for the better good. If that means a few must suffer to spare the many, then they shouldn't be so callous with how they treat others.

Trent moves closer to Alex's car, his eyes wide, preparing for an attack.

TRENT

Why didn't you tell that to the media? If people knew the reason behind your killings then they would be better.

JOHNSON

It doesn't work like that. People have free-will. Or something like that. They should be better for themselves, not out of fear. And anyway, everyone should know better. There's a very old book that has a list of things you shouldn't do, and no one pays attention to that anymore.



TRENT  
Times have changed.

JOHNSON  
They have, Old Friend.  
And besides, you're no Saint  
yourself. The path you were on you  
would've found yourself at the  
other end of my knife.

Johnson cackles.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
De Facto... you already have!  
Albeit not life-threatening...

Trent steps around the car...

No one there.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
...Yet.

Trent turns around, and Johnson is right behind him.

Johnson has a maniacal look on his face.

He pushes Trent.

Trent loses his footing and goes sprawling onto the ground.

He lands heavily and awkwardly, hurting his injured arm more.

His baton falls to the ground and bounces out of arm's reach.

Johnson towers over him.

He laughs.

Trent scoots himself backwards.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
How the mighty have fallen.

TRENT  
You won't get away with this.

JOHNSON  
Oh, I doubt I'll make it past all  
those officers. And I'm under no  
illusion I'll even be taken alive.  
But right now, you and I are all  
alone here.

(MORE)

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I might have minutes, I might have  
tens of minutes. So let's get  
started, shall we.

Johnson takes a step forward.

TRENT

You forgot one thing?

JOHNSON

What's that?

TRENT

You left me a present on our last  
altercation.

Johnson looks confused.

JOHNSON

I did?

Trent pulls the knife that was in his arm out of the sleeve  
of the injured arm.

TRENT

This!

Trent launches the knife at Johnson!

The knife lodges in his abdomen, just under the ribcage.

Johnson's eyes are wide.

He looks down at the knife, then back up at Trent.

JOHNSON

You can't do this.

TRENT

Like you said, I am no Saint.

Johnson tries to take a breath, but then coughs.

Blood trickles out of his mouth.

Johnson looks at Trent disbelievingly.

He puts his hands on the handle of the knife and tries to  
pull it out.

He grits his teeth and grunts.

He wobbles a bit from the shock, then he falls to his knees  
in front of Trent.

He makes a louder noise as he tries to pull the knife out again.

Trent watches in morbid fascination.

Johnson pulls harder on the knife and Trent can see it coming out of his flesh.

Trent crawls backwards some more.

Johnson finally pulls the knife out of himself, then looks up at Trent with determination in his eyes.

Johnson props himself up with his hand, and begins crawling towards Trent with the knife in his other hand.

JOHNSON

You can't kill us. There are more like me, and more will come.

TRENT

There won't be any more. This ends here.

JOHNSON

That's where you're wrong. This will go beyond, and this will continue as long as there is shit in this world.

Johnson is closer, but not close enough.

He swipes the knife at Trent, but it is wildly out of reach.

Johnson's breathing slows, and blood spills out of his mouth in big globs.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

This isn't over.

TRENT

It's over, Doug.

Johnson bows his head.

He falls to the ground.

Trent relaxes a bit.

A few moments pass.

He spins around and approaches Johnson.

When he's almost a meter away...

Johnson growls and lunges at Trent!

Instinct kicks in and Trent avoids the swipe of the knife.

Then he grabs Johnson's hand and pushes the knife back at Johnson.

The knife locks into Johnson's chest.

Trent's face is inches away from Johnson's.

They stare each other down.

Johnson's eyes begin to waver, and a big pool of blood drips from his mouth.

After a moment Johnson's heart stops, and he falls sideways onto the ground.

Trent watches him for a few moments, his own breathing slowing back to a normal rate.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Trent has a sling over his arm.

He is sitting half inside his car, his eyes are distant.

Michaels approaches him.

MICHAELS  
How's the arm?

TRENT  
It'll heal.

MICHAELS  
That's good.

TRENT  
How's Grace's mum?

MICHAELS  
I think she'll live. Paramedics  
arrived and carted her off swiftly.

There is a moment of silence between them.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

What now?

TRENT

What do you mean?

MICHAELS

Now that it's over... what now?

TRENT

Lots of paperwork!

Michaels laughs.

MICHAELS

(hinting)

Maybe a book...

Trent looks up at her.

Then he looks down and nods slightly.

TRENT

Maybe.

MICHAELS

Did he confess, or give you a reason for all the shit he did?

TRENT

Barely. But probably enough to join the dots now.

MICHAELS

That will help with the victim's families.

TRENT

Some sort of closure, I guess.

MICHAELS

And you...?

TRENT

Some.

Michaels puts her hand on Trent's shoulder.

MICHAELS

I am sorry.

TRENT

Thanks.

There is a pause.

MICHAELS  
Do you need anything else here?

TRENT  
No, I don't think so. I'll get the reports from everyone and begin the paperwork tomorrow.

MICHAELS  
Maybe give it a week.

TRENT  
Yeah.

MICHAELS  
You hungry?

Trent looks at Michaels with wide eyes.

TRENT  
Famished!

MICHAELS  
Come on. I'll treat you.

Michaels goes to the driver's side of the car.

Trent swings his legs into the car, then closes the door.

Michaels gets in and starts the car.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)  
Where to?

TRENT  
The usual?

Michaels nods.

Then they drive off.

FADE TO BLACK.