



# CUFFS

## EPISODE 2

### FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

by

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**PRE-CREDIT SEQUENCE**

1 **EXT. BRIGHTON PIER - DAY 4** 1

Big blue sky. Sparkling sea. As we OPEN mid-pursuit, as our response team - Donna, Lino, Ryan and Jake - chase RED PETE (24) a SIX-FOOT-FOUR DRUG DEALING HIPSTER FREAK, as he legs it down the PIER -

Right on their shoulders, as they flash past the doughnut stalls, the fortune-tellers as ahead of them Red Pete sprints away -

Donna, in charge - looks at Lino, already puffing - SHOUTS across at Ryan and Jake -

DONNA  
DON'T LET HIM GO OFF THE END!

CUT TO:

2 **EXT/INT. AMBULANCE - DAY 4 - FLASHFOWARD** 2

Jake, bare-chested, shell-shocked, sits on a gurney in the back of the ambulance as Shelley the paramedic checks his pulse -

SHELLEY  
110. Still elevated.

- raises her eyebrows -

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
Hardly surprising...what you've been through...

JAKE  
(mumbles, embarrassed)  
No...

SHELLEY  
Y'know there can be a lot of side effects, not just physical... anxiety...agitation...

CUT TO:

3 **EXT. BRIGHTON PIER/TIN CAN ALLEY - DAY 4** 3

SHELLEY (V.O.)  
Dislocation...a sense of unreality...

- Donna and Lino as they chase after Red Pete into TIN CAN ALLEY.

QUICK CUTS: an assault on the senses: music BLARING, STALL-HOLDERS shouting, DAY TRIPPERS in deck-chairs and TEENAGE TOURISTS look up from their fish and chips as our cops close in.

But RED PETE'S not stopping, SCREAMING, a chemical fuelled, manic Pied Piper -

RED PETE  
Can't catch me! YOU CAN'T CATCH ME!

- as we -

CUT TO:

4 **INT. POLICE STATION/RESPONSE OFFICE - DAY 4 - FLASHFOWARD** 4

Donna, sits at a desk, in front of a computer, trying to write an incident report. Lino, on her shoulder, openly giggling -

DONNA  
What am I s'pposed to write?  
(then)  
Stop! Stop laughing at me...

LINO  
Sorry.

DONNA  
No you're not! You think it's  
hilarious...

Puts her head in her hands, groans -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Oh God...can't believe I did  
that...to Jake! Of all the  
people...

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. BRIGHTON PIER - DAY 4** 5

Jake - full stretch, as he and Ryan sprint down the boardwalk, the sea twinkling to the side of them, as we -

CUT TO:

6 **INT. POLICE STATION/GRAHAM'S OFFICE - DAY 4 - FLASHFOWARD** 6

Graham, stuttering, almost lost for words, as he interviews Ryan -

GRAHAM

A shambles...be...beyond  
shambolic...I'm surprised if he  
doesn't sue us...

RYAN

(cuts in)  
Boss...

GRAHAM

No. How? Please...explain to me how  
this happened?

RYAN

We were in pursuit...

7

**EXT. BRIGHTON PIER/FAIRGROUND AREA - DAY 4**

7

RYAN (V.O.)

...suspected drug dealer...

- Donna and Lino as they gain on Red Pete as he heads into  
the FUN FAIR area - sea all around - dodgems, roller-coaster -

- as Red Pete backs towards the HORROR HOTEL GHOST TRAIN to  
see Ryan sprinting into view with Jake just behind him -

As Donna manoeuvres herself in front of Red Pete, SHOUTS -

DONNA

Get down on the ground! ON THE  
GROUND NOW!

But Red Pete's not going down without a fight - as he lifts  
up his antique cane, flips it round theatrically - the sharp  
ornamental handle now a weapon -

- advances on Donna. Panic and SCREAMS from the public -

RYAN (V.O.)

The suspect resisted arrest. Donna  
was the Taser officer...

- Donna - as she reaches down to her belt, pulls out her  
TASER -

RYAN (V.O.)

Far as I'm concerned, she followed  
all correct protocols...

DONNA

I'm a TASER OFFICER, I need you to  
put that down.

RED DOTS on Pete's chest - literally in Donna's sights - but  
he's not stopping, ranting, still coming towards her,  
swinging his cane -

RED PETE  
YOU WON'T SHOOT ME!

In the background, Jake and Ryan move in, surround Red Pete as a BYSTANDER whips out his phone - another one for YouTube -

DONNA  
If you do not put that down, I'm  
authorised to shoot you. GET DOWN  
NOW! NOW!

Red Pete still coming towards her, then -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
TASER! TASER! TASER!

As - WHAM!

Donna pulls the trigger and 50,000 volts shoot out along the wire and the two metal barbs PIERCE Red Pete and he hits the deck -

- little baggies of drugs - white powder - green pills -  
spilling from his MENTAL coat of many colours - arms and legs  
still flailing, a ginger daddy-long-legs - as he starts to  
struggle to his feet again -

RYAN (V.O.)  
What happened next was entirely  
unpredictable.

- we FREEZE on Jake, adrenaline and inexperience -

CUT TO:

8 **INT. POLICE STATION/ROBERT'S OFFICE - DAY 4 - FLASHFOWARD** 8

The TAP, TAP, TAP of the qwerty keyboard as we PULL BACK to reveal Robert, behind his desk, working on a document. We catch a glimpse of the title - *POLICING AND PROMOTING A CULTURE OF LEARNING* -

A KNOCK on the door, glances up, to see Graham -

GRAHAM  
(tentative, embarrassed)  
Sorry to interrupt, Sir. Bit of an  
incident. On the pier. It's Jake -

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. BRIGHTON PIER/FAIRGROUND AREA - DAY 4** 9

- Jake - as he instinctively DIVES on top of a still  
struggling Pete just as Donna HITS the trigger again -

WHAM! Another 50,000 volts! RIPS through Jake, then through Red Pete -

Both of them fizzing with electricity - as Jake YELPS in agony - crashes to the ground, groaning, utterly incapacitated, as we -

SWITCH TO:

- Jake's dazed and confused POV - from the weathered wooden boards, looking up - as his gaze finds first Lino and Donna as they stare open-mouthed in shock -

- and then onto Ryan, stunned - glares at his rookie student in utter incredulity - WHAT THE FUCK? As we -

CUT TO:

10      **INT. POLICE STATION/STAIRS - DAY 4**      10

Robert - concern all over his face as he RUSHES down the internal staircase -

- past DETECTIVES climbing the other way, PCs heading out on foot patrol - little nods of respect as they move out of his path -

But we stay on Robert, as he climbs down, reaches the bottom, pushes through the double doors, into -

11      **EXT. POLICE STATION/UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY 4**      11

- the weird orange half-light of the car park. Stay on Robert as he hovers half-hidden in the doorway, follow his gaze -

- there's Jake getting out of the response car - looking shaky but seemingly ok -

Doesn't notice his dad yet, mortified, muttering to Ryan -

JAKE

Sorry. Shouldn't have jumped in...

As they join Lino and Donna -

LINO

No need to apologise.

(grins)

She loved it.

DONNA

Not everyday you get to shoot the boss' son.

LINO  
Trust me, you'll be the talk of the  
division.

The last thing Jake wants to hear -

LINO (CONT'D)  
A legend!

As his colleagues smirk, Jake looks up to see his Dad  
watching him from the entrance.

As they trade looks - Father to Son - concern to  
embarrassment, we -

SMASH TO BLACK -

**TITLES**

12      **EXT. SOUTH DOWNS - DAY 4**      12

Open on BIRD SONG, the RUSTLING OF LEAVES and the gentle  
undulating hills of the South Downs, the English Channel  
glinting silver in the distance -

- as we PICK UP the flashing blue lights of a POLICE CAR as  
it speeds down a lane, swings round the corner, heads down a  
rutted track towards an ISOLATED FARMHOUSE, as we -

JUMP CUT TO:

13      **INT. FARMHOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY 4**      13

CLOSE UP: the paper thin, almost painfully translucent skin  
of a very old lady, as she points upstairs -

TILLY  
I have a...a jewellery box in my  
bedroom. The other one must've gone  
up there when I was in the garden  
with the boy...looking for his  
dog...

PULL BACK to reveal we're in a cosy old-fashioned kitchen  
with TILLY (82) and Lino and Donna. In the background, a  
couple of dead rabbits hanging from a hook; as Tilly moves to  
the aga, shakily puts the kettle on -

LINO  
I'm not sure there was a dog...

TILLY  
But he had a lead...a red lead in  
his hand...I saw it...

DONNA  
Doesn't mean there was a dog.  
(then, more gently)  
Maybe he just said that to get you  
out the house whilst his friend  
went upstairs...

Looks at Lino, who moves towards Tilly - eye contact, very soft - as Donna takes out her notebook -

LINO  
Mrs Simpson, did you...

TILLY  
Tilly, dear...

LINO  
Tilly. Did you notice anything  
about the boys? Clothes? Height?

TILLY  
I don't know...I didn't really...  
Oh...they...they had a motorbike.  
No helmets...red t-shirt...with  
numbers...  
(then, with a confused  
smile)  
They seemed...nice.

Off Donna and Lino's look to one another -

JUMP CUT TO:

14 **INT. FARMHOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY 4**

14

CLOSE UP: Lino's mouth - all crumbs and gravy -

LINO  
Bene!

- deliberately camp, kisses his fingers against his lips. In the background, Donna on the phone to the station -

DONNA	LINO (CONT'D)
(into phone)	(to Tilly)
Right...okay, we'll get on with local inquiries...	Is it a hot water crust?

TILLY  
You know your pastry....

LINO  
My nonna...makes a rabbit pie.  
'Pasticcio di coniglio.' Almost as  
good as yours...

As Lino offers a piece for Donna, who shakes her head,  
declines -

LINO (CONT'D)  
(with a shrug to Tilly)  
Vegetarian...

DONNA  
(into phone)  
...yep...see if anyone saw  
anything...

As we follow Lino's gaze to a picture of a much younger Tilly standing next to a handsome man in front of a tractor.

TILLY  
My Bill. Farmed these fields for  
fifty years...

LINO  
Long time.

TILLY  
(proudly)  
Married for sixty.

A pause, as she checks Lino's hand for a wedding ring, then -

LINO  
On the market.

Bright smile, sad eyes. As Tilly pats his hand, consoling -  
as Donna ends her call -

DONNA  
Right...CSI'll be here within half  
an hour, so we'll just hang  
on...make sure we preserve any  
prints or DNA for them...

As Lino's radio blares into life -

CONTROL (V.O.)  
Any patrol please for an immediate  
graded call to the Joy of Ink  
Tattoo Parlour, 42A Chapel Street.  
Reports of a violent disturbance...

As Lino turns down his radio, reaches in for a second slice  
of pie, we -

HARD CUT TO:

15

**EXT. TATTOO SHOP/STREET - DAY 4**

15

- Jake and Ryan - screeching to a halt outside the TATTOO  
STUDIO in a SEEDY SIDE STREET.

- the receptionist, a tiny Japanese girl - MIKKI (19) - a  
Harajuku Girl, rainbow hair, multiple-pierced tongue leaping  
about anxiously in front of it -

As they get out the car, Ryan on the radio, Jake in his wake -

RYAN  
(into radio)  
Control, this is Kilo Two Two Zero.  
Show us State 6, over -

- Mikki runs towards them - just as a TATTOO TABLE flies out the studio door, CRASHES to the ground -

MIKKI  
Oh thank god...thank god...you're here...

RYAN  
You're okay, tell us what's going on?

MIKKI  
A customer. He's gone completely...

Gestures - *loco* - as two enormous tattooed blokes roll out of the door into the street -

MIKKI (CONT'D)  
Look at them! Crazy man!

- pointing at them - a closer look: one topless man, VINCE (45), presumably the customer ROARING at the TATTOOIST - animalistic noises, fury beyond words -

- as they grapple on the tarmac - a bear fight - beating the living shit out of each other -

- Jake looks petrified, Ryan makes himself as big as possible, strides in-between them - fearless, impressive -

RYAN  
Back away! BACK AWAY NOW!

- attempts to wrestle Vince off of the tattooist. But Vince clings on, presses the tattooist's face against the shop window - inside the wall-art, price charts - BODY PIERCING, EAR GAUGING -

RYAN (CONT'D)  
GET OFF HIM!

- looks over with frustration at his inert, terrified rookie who's still next to Mikki -

RYAN (CONT'D)  
JAKE! God's sake! COME ON...

- as Jake finally charges into the fray, and we -

CUT TO:

16-17 **OMITTED**

16-17

18 **INT. POLICE STATION/CUSTODY AREA/SEARCH ROOM - DAY 4**

18

CLOSE on a pair of blue plastic gloves as they bag up the white powder - the green pills - into separate evidence bags.

As we PULL BACK to reveal they belong to Jo, diligent and methodical as she closes the last tamper-proof seal, fills in the final bit of paperwork for the Lab, looks over -

- to see Red Pete aka PETE FOYLES standing on the Hazard Square. Eyes glazed, buzzing -

Melanie in the background, behind the Custody Desk, but we're still on Jo as she gives a small nod of satisfaction -

JO (PRE-LAP)

...and we're going to keep you here, pending further forensic analysis on the substances we found on you, okay....

JUMP CUT TO:

19 **INT. POLICE STATION/CUSTODY SUITE/CELL - DAY 4**

19

A peep hole on the cell door - Jo's POV through the small rectangle -

JO

Can't say exactly how long...

In the middle of the cell, Red Pete standing on his head, yogic style -

RED PETE

The time...

JO

Pete, listen to me...

RED PETE

...the Time and my Consciousness are One...travelling together...

JO

Pete, we're going to use your door keys to access your property....

RED PETE

...across frontiers to the flesh of the universe...

Eyes spinning, off his box. Jo's tone unimpressed -

JO

You okay with that? Rather that  
than us breaking down your door...

As Red Pete suddenly breaks pose, jumps down, moves quickly  
towards the cell door, eye to eye with Jo through the peep  
hole. Whispers, threatening, shamanic -

RED PETE

I see you. Lost. Blocked. But you  
hold the key to unlock your own  
enlightenment...and I am your trip  
guide, your psychic travel agent...

JO

(cuts in, dryly)  
Excellent. Thank you.

SLAMS the peep hole shut, bit freaked out, as we -

CUT TO:

20

**EXT. TATTOO SHOP/STREET - DAY 4**

20

- Ryan and Jake out the front of 'The Joy of Ink' - breathing  
hard, dishevelled. In the background, the tattooist and  
VINCE, bloodied and cuffed, now being searched by the van.

As Ryan looks across at Jake -

RYAN

You froze.

JAKE

I didn't.

RYAN

So why didn't you jump in?

JAKE

Tried that on the pier, didn't I?  
Nearly got fried...

Then, defensively -

JAKE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I was keeping a reactionary  
gap. A distance between me and  
the...

RYAN

...the violent offender. Yeah, I  
know the theory. Doesn't really  
work in practice, though, does it?  
(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

By the time, you've got your head out of the text-book, they've already smashed each other's faces in.

On Jake, sheepishly rubs his head - can't do right for doing wrong - as Ryan spots Mikki heading back in -

RYAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

MIKKI

Yes thank you. I have to go. Clear up the mess. I have a genital piercing at three.

On Ryan - not sure what to say to that, as Jake looks up, half smiles at his boss' discomfort -

As Ryan nods towards the suspects as they're put in the van -

RYAN

What were they fighting about anyway?

As we follow Mikki's gaze. And then we see it - on Vince's naked back - writ large on his skin, a spelling mistake -

- 'DADDY'S LITTLE AINGEL'. As Mikki shrugs - ooops. And we -

CUT TO:

21

**EXT/INT. FARMHOUSE/FRONT DOOR - DAY 4**

21

Donna and Lino as they say goodbye to Tilly on the doorstep.

DONNA

...and we'll come and sort out those security measures for you, okay? It'll be a uniformed officer but you make sure you check his ID before you let him in...

TILLY

(still shaky)  
You're very kind.

On Donna, visibly affected by Tilly's vulnerability, looks at Lino, then -

LINO

Tilly, we can see from our records, this is the third time you've been burgled...

TILLY

Yes...yes I think so...

DONNA  
You ever thought about moving  
somewhere with a little more  
support, Tilly? Sheltered  
accommodation or...

A reaction from Tilly.

TILLY  
You sound like Martha...my  
daughter. Always on about  
this...bungalow...Basingstoke...

LINO  
You're not keen?

TILLY  
(emotional)  
I've lived off this land all my  
life. You'll have to carry me out  
feet first...

DONNA  
(smiling)  
Alright Tilly.

As Tilly suddenly remembers something -

TILLY  
Oh, I nearly...

- disappears inside, re-emerges clutching a folder - hands it  
to Donna.

TILLY (CONT'D)  
There you go, Martha made it for  
me. It's a record...my jewellery.  
I'll show you what's missing...

DONNA  
That will be really useful. We'll  
make sure it gets to CID.

As she opens the folder, we CLOSE IN on the laminated,  
labelled photos -

MATCH CUT TO:

22

**INT. POLICE STATION/CID OFFICE/CORRIDOR - DAY 4**

22

- the same photos to find Carl in the CID OFFICE, behind his  
PC, searching for Tilly's jewellery. Quite a job. Jo putting  
on her jacket, looking out the window in the background -

CARL  
(wearily)  
12,843 results for a gold locket...

JO  
Needle in a haystack?

CARL  
(muttering)  
First find your haystack...

Yawns hugely - practically lays his head on the keyboard,  
then wearily -

CARL (CONT'D)  
Three times last night. Can't take  
the pace.

JO  
(amused)  
Sandy not pregnant yet?

CARL  
Not for dint of trying. She's all  
fallopian...fertility windows. But  
what about me? Gotta perform...on  
demand...a gigolo.

As we HOLD on reflective Jo - no longer really listening to  
Carl - as she looks out the window.

We follow her gaze, Robert - in full dress uniform, high  
status, busy - as he walks along the corridor past CID. As Jo  
turns back to Carl, still rattled by Red Pete, then -

JO  
Ever feel...blocked?

CARL  
Bran flakes, every time...

JO  
(self-conscious)  
No, I mean...your...y'know...your  
consciousness...

As Carl looks up from his screen, gives Jo a quizzical look -

CARL  
You alright?

JUMP CUT TO:

CLOSE ON HANDS on a mantelpiece - a collection of nautical  
themed porcelain knick-knacks - as they are lifted and  
searched -

JO

...your son's been arrested for possession with intent to supply and I have written authority to search this address for evidence...

As we PULL BACK to reveal CID OFFICERS searching the room as Jo talks to Red Pete's Mum, precious, highly strung CELINE FOYLES (50), as Jo hands her a document -

JO (CONT'D)

Any questions?

Celine gestures at it, irritated -

CELINE

But Peter's not involved in...this. He's a student. Doing his Phd...

JO

In what?

CELINE

Pure and Applied Chemistry.

As Jo trades a look with a DETECTIVE who is lifting off cushions to search the sofa. As Celine continues, proudly -

CELINE (CONT'D)

He's always been so very bright. Even at primary school, they noticed him...

(then, proudly)

G&T...

On Jo, utterly confused - *gin and tonic?*

JO

Sorry?

CELINE

Gifted and talented. My husband used to call him our 'little inventor...'

JUMP CUT TO:

The CLANG and RATTLE of a metal GARAGE DOOR as its rolled up to reveal -

- a HOME-MADE LAB. A mind-blowing Willy Wonka/Walter White mash-up of industrial food mixers and microwaves, massive fridges and burners all running off a dodgy-looking 5 bar adaptor.

As we pull back to REVEAL gobsmacked Jo as she stands on the threshold, takes in Red Pete's pharmaceutical HQ - big, way bigger than she anticipated - as -

We move into a SERIES OF stylised JUMP CUTS -

- CLOSE on Jo as she puts on a bright yellow HAZMAT suit. Behind her, a couple of NS DETECTIVES doing the same but our focus is on Jo as she pulls up the ZIPPER, dons the PROTECTIVE GLOVES, tightens her GAS MASK. Sealed in, anonymous, almost alien, as she -

- steps into the GARAGE, in her other hand large polythene EVIDENCE bags -

- as she SWITCHES on the ugly fluorescent light - it FLICKERS - and we follow her gaze to an enormous psychedelic poster blu-tacked to the bare brick wall - complete with Acid Art graphics and Friedrich Nietzsche quote -

**"THE SECRET OF REAPING THE GREATEST FRUITFULNESS AND THE GREATEST ENJOYMENT FROM LIFE IS TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY."**

Something about the words reaching directly into Jo - weirds her out - as we HOLD on her, a sense of time passing - as the garage is emptied -

- on Jo still staring at the poster. As we PULL BACK to reveal the garage is now STRIPPED bare, her colleagues gone. Only Jo, alone in the gloom -

- as she reaches into her pocket, pulls out her phone, makes a call -

JO  
(into phone)  
I want to see you...tonight...

25

**INT. VICKERS' HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY 4**

25

- as we PICK UP the recipient of the call, Robert, also dealing with drugs. CLOSE in on him as he painstakingly divides Debbie's brightly coloured tablets into her 7 day pill organiser -

ROBERT  
(into phone)  
No I don't think that's possible.  
I'm not sure it's an operational imperative...

We follow his gaze to the Oncology appointment cards stuck on the fridge door. Cancer Everywhere. Then back on the phone, his tone officious, professional - a good liar -

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
We should discuss at the next SMT.

Ends the call. Turns back to Debbie - who's watching him closely, then -

DEBBIE  
You can go. If you need to...

Something loaded in her consent, as Robert continues to look at her -

ROBERT  
Well maybe I should pop back in after dinner. If you're sure?

A little nod - and we stay on Debbie as she begins to swallow pill after pill, still staring at Robert - her expression difficult to read -

As Robert turns away - uncomfortable in his wife's gaze, a flash of guilt in his face, as he continues to put the caps back on the tablets.

JUMP CUT TO:

26

**EXT/INT. CITY STREETS/ROBERT'S CAR - NIGHT 4**

26

- the city streets, as Robert drives through -

This is Brighton at night - at its seediest, most deviant, the underbelly. As Robert drives on, we SWING ROUND -

- to see a bespectacled FAT MAN in a FIESTA, KEVIN (38) - he's kerb-crawling, window down, wedding ring visible, looking at the crack-addled HOOKERS on the street corner.

As he beckons a woman over, a prostitute whom we'll come to know as PEARL (58) - we don't see her face yet - and she gets in.

*And we feel a sense of menace, a threat. What's he going to do to her?*

As they drive on, sucked into the stream of night-time traffic, we rejoin Robert -

- still behind the wheel, as he reaches across, opens his glove compartment, pulls out a blister pack of pills, pops one open.

We catch a glimpse of a diamond shaped blue pill - VIAGRA - as Robert slips it into his mouth -

JUMP CUT TO:

27 **INT. JO'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY - NIGHT 4** 27

Twenty minutes later - as Jo opens the door to Robert. Quite the transformation: hair up, face full of make-up, dressing gown on. As Robert hesitates on the threshold -

CUT TO:

27A **INT. VICKERS' HOUSE/LANDING/BATHROOM - NIGHT 4** 27A

- Jake crosses the landing, jacket on, bag over his shoulder. Pauses, he hears something - a NOISE from the bathroom. Stay on Jake as he pushes open the door to reveal Debbie on her knees, cradling the toilet, vomiting.

As she glances up, puts her hand up, shakes her head, doesn't want Jake to see her like this, a look of horror on her face -

INTERCUT WITH:

27B **INT. JO'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY - NIGHT 4** 27B

- as Jo smiles, pulls Robert into the house, kisses him forcefully. As Robert responds, viagra coursing through his veins, we move with them, down the hallway -

27C **INT. VICKERS' HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT 4** 27C

- as Jake enters the bathroom, kneels down next to his distressed mum, takes her hand -

27D **INT. JO'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT 4** 27D

- as Jo takes Robert's hand, leads him into the BEDROOM and they disappear from view, enveloped by the darkness.

JUMP CUT TO:

28 **INT. POLICE STATION/BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 5** 28

A New Day. Sun streaming in through the blinds as we open on PARADE - our response team, MISHA, plus other uniformed officers round the table ready for the day's briefing. Graham up at the front, behind his laptop -

GRAHAM

...and the doughnuts today courtesy  
of Student Constable Vickers...an  
electrifying arrest...

A chorus of CHEERS as Jake glances uncomfortably at Ryan, ducks his head in embarrassment as he passes round the doughnuts - but it's not over yet -

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
And for those of you who missed it  
live...

Clicks his mouse -

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
...a little action replay...

Up the screen, a YouTube video: shaky MOBILE PHONE FOOTAGE of  
the arrest of Red Pete on the pier -

As Lino crams in a doughnut, Donna appears in shot, TASER in  
front of her -

LINO  
Don't mess with her. She will take  
you out...

- the footage continues - as Donna TASERS Red Pete and Jake  
jumps in - is himself TASERED -

LINO (CONT'D)  
And he's DOWN!

PISS-TAKING LAUGHTER erupts in the room - as Graham points up  
at the screen -

GRAHAM  
Three hundred hits and  
(counting...)

- freezes - SHIT! Follow Graham's panicked gaze - Robert now  
in the doorway - presumably seen everything, heard everything  
-

- as the team awkwardly scrambles to their feet, chairs  
SCRAPING - Robert motions for them to sit down -

ROBERT  
Please...carry on...

Meanwhile mortified Graham frantically tries to kill the  
YouTube video but instead it FREEZES...MAXIMISES - Jake's  
anguished face filling the screen - Robert pretending to  
ignore it, as Graham turns desperately to Jo -

GRAHAM  
Jo, I think you had...something...

JO  
Boss.

Jumps eagerly to her feet. Nods at Robert -

JO (CONT'D)  
Sir...

- keen to impress, moves into position at the head of the table, clicks the mouse and finally - thankfully - the frozen image of Jake is replaced by a mug-shot of Red Pete, plus C.U. images of the white powder and familiar green pills -

JO (CONT'D)

Right guys, before you head out quick request - can you ask around whether people on the street know Pete and what he's selling. And if you do seize any bags similar to the ones he's manufacturing -

Points up to the screen -

JO (CONT'D)

Please be careful because I'd like to take fingerprints to try and connect him to the drug supply...

As she comes to a close, nods at Graham, then smiles at Robert -

- and there's something just a little too bright about Jo's lipstick, too familiar about her smile that Robert looks away uncomfortable - as his gaze alights on Jake -

His son...his lover...all a bit too close -

JUMP CUT TO:

29

**INT. POLICE STATION/CORRIDOR - DAY 5**

29

Minutes later, the meeting's over. In the background, cops dispersing back to work. As we PICK UP Jake as he finds himself next to his Dad as they move through the corridor together, Ryan just behind -

Parental concern from Robert -

ROBERT

They giving you a hard time?

JAKE

(shrugs, embarrassed)  
Bit of banter. S'fine.

Shuts it down. Then, on Robert - *this is why he really came* -

ROBERT

I hear you found Mum last night...

JAKE

Yeah, she was in a bit of a state.

ROBERT

I know.

(low voiced, apologetic)  
Work rang. She told me she was well  
enough for me to leave...

- as his gaze lands guiltily on Jo who's talking to Graham up  
ahead. Meanwhile Jake oblivious -

JAKE

She would say that, wouldn't she?  
Y'know what mum's like...brave  
face...

A beat, then -

JAKE (CONT'D)

I think we should talk to the  
doctor about getting her some  
different anti-emetics...

ROBERT

Already planned to do that...

On Robert - terse, doesn't like being told what to do - as he  
looks at his son - then warmly, manipulative -

ROBERT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Y'know it's brilliant that you're  
there for her. Means a lot to Mum.  
Both of us.

As Robert lightly touches Jake's shoulder, and Jake relaxes,  
warmed by his dad's praise.

And as Robert peels off down a side corridor, Ryan joins  
Jake, looks at him - a new understanding in his appraisal.

CUT TO:

30

**INT. B&B/BEDROOM - DAY 5**

30

PINK NAKED FLESH. We don't see the whole body, don't need to -  
from the wrists tied to the head-board with his stripy tie,  
to the glasses on the bed-side table, to the wedding ring  
embedded in the pudgy finger -

- we recognise him; it's Kevin the Kerb-crawler. 100% dead.

As we PULL BACK to reveal Felix and Carl in the BEDROOM of  
the very low-rent, OAK LEA B&B.

As Carl stares down at the body, Felix looks around, working  
the scene in his mind - the filthy lino floor, the flimsy  
cheap bed, the cracked window - banal and sordid - as -

CARL  
...landlord reckoned he came in  
'bout midnight...

FELIX  
On his own?

CARL  
With a "lady".

Glances between Felix and Carl - *prostitute?* As Carl goes through the dead man's suit - off-the-peg M&S, nothing fancy -

CARL (CONT'D)  
He paid in cash. She left by herself about two hours later.

- checks the pockets, looks up at Felix, shakes his head -

CARL (CONT'D)  
No car keys, wallet. Nothing.

FELIX  
Put the call in to the MPLO, see if anyone's reported him missing...

JUMP CUT TO:

31 **INT. B&B/RECEPTION - DAY 5**

31

Minutes later. TIGHT on Carl, on the phone, not yet ringing the Missing Persons Liaison Officer, instead under pressure from his wife -

CARL  
(into phone)  
Sand...I told you I can't guarantee  
I'll be back...I'll get home soon  
as I can...

As we pull out to reveal he's in the scuzzy reception area.

CARL (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
...can't make any promises. You  
know that...some Fatty's died in  
the saddle and I'm stuck with the  
boss.

A tension as Carl exhales - clearly not relishing the day ahead -

CARL (CONT'D)  
Y'know what Felix is like. Hardly  
"Mr Family Man"...

HARD CUT TO:

32

**INT. B&B/BEDROOM - DAY 5**

32

CARL (V.O.)

He's weird.

CLOSE ON another finger - the DEAD MAN'S index digit - flaccid and pink like a thick raw sausage as it's put into a little BLACK BOX - a small digital noise as it takes a reading, as we -

PULL BACK to reveal Felix, focused and methodical as he takes dead Kevin's fingerprints, working quickly before the undertakers arrive.

And again we sense it, that slightly *off quality* about Felix - a man who's indifferent to the proximity of Death, happy in the shadows, as we -

CUT TO:

33

**INT. POLICE STATION/CUSTODY INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 5**

33

Jo, in the middle of interviewing Red Pete - a sense that she's still slightly wary of him -

JO

...so can you explain to me why we found drug manufacturing equipment in your mother's garage?

RED PETE

No...comment.

A pause, as she looks at him. No longer tripping but a real arrogance about Red Pete now as he sits opposite her, superior smile, languid arms stretching into the air, his mousy female DUTY SOLICITOR to his left.

Then Jo slides an evidence bag of his drugs across the table -

JO

Are these yours?

RED PETE

No comment.

JO

What are they?

RED PETE

No comment.

JO

Can you tell me how much you charge for them? Who you're selling them to?

RED PETE

No comment.

JO

Okay, interview terminated at  
fifteen hundred hours.

Stops the tape recorder -

RED PETE

Already?

- smiles playfully at his solicitor.

RED PETE (CONT'D)

Intense.

JO

(breezy)

Don't worry. We'll be interviewing  
you again when we've got the  
results back from the lab.

As she locks eyes with Red Pete - holds his arrogant gaze -  
as he grins at her, seemingly unfazed. Then, a whisper - we  
have to lean in to hear him -

RED PETE

I haven't done anything wrong.

CUT TO:

34

**EXT/INT. ROYAL CRESCENT/MADEIRA DRIVE/RESPONSE CAR 1 - DAY 5** 34

An expensive vista, the impressive frontage of the Royal  
Crescent, as Ryan looks across at quiet Jake, then -

RYAN

Your Mum's sick?

JAKE

Yep.

(a beat, then)

Cancer.

RYAN

What kind?

JAKE

Lung.

Another beat, then, without looking at Jake -

RYAN

Prognosis?

JAKE  
Too early to tell.

A slight thickening in Jake's voice, doesn't go unnoticed by Ryan. Then -

RYAN  
How's she coping?

JAKE  
Mainly by being furious.  
(with a smile)  
Already sworn at the Macmillan woman!

RYAN  
(amused)  
Difficult patient then?

JAKE  
Nah. Not really. She just...she likes being in control...

Shrugs, then -

JAKE (CONT'D)  
My old man might be the boss at work, but at home she wears the...

Interrupts himself - nods through the windscreen -

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Ryan...

- just as a dude in a wetsuit on a Vespa, JASPAR (22) VEERS right in front of them. A slack-jawed stoner surfer - sun-bleached hair, no helmet - riding like a twat -

As Ryan face darkens -

RYAN  
(to himself)  
No. No way. Not having that.

- reaches up, puts on the Blue and Twos -

JUMP CUT TO:

35

**EXT. MADEIRA DRIVE - DAY 5**

35

Seconds later, Jaspar and his Vespa now parked up at the kerb. As Jake and Ryan approach - Ryan nods at Jake - *his job - another test* -

As Ryan takes to the radio in the background, Jake turns to Jaspar -

RYAN  
(into radio)  
Hello Control, this is Kilo  
Two Two Zero for a vehicle  
PNC check. Royal Crescent,  
Madeira Drive, code two, it's  
a vespa scooter index Whiskey  
November Six Three Oscar Zulu  
Whiskey, over.

JAKE  
Know why we pulled you over?

JASPAR  
Slow day?

JAKE  
You were riding without a helmet.

JASPAR  
Hey, do I know you?

JAKE  
Don't think so.

JASPAR  
I do...I recognise you...

On Jake, doesn't like where this is going. Glances anxiously at Ryan, who's watching the exchange intently.

JASPAR (CONT'D)  
You...used to surf...Shoreham.  
You and me, Bro? Remember? We  
shared a few line-ups...

JAKE  
(awkwardly)  
Yeah...maybe...

JASPAR  
...caught a break or two back in  
the day...yeah? Few dawn patrols...

On Jake, another embarrassed glance at Ryan - mortified at this glimpse into his past -

JAKE  
You can't drive on a public highway  
without a helmet...

JASPAR  
Look, sorry 'bout that, Bro. Just  
forgot it, yeah? Still  
acclimatising.

RYAN  
(barely concealed disdain)  
Acclimatising?

JASPAR

Culture shock, y'know? Just got  
back from 6 months Siargao Island.  
Basic. But it's paradise.

Then to Jake - surfer to surfer -

JASPAR (CONT'D)

Killer reefs.

As Control comes back on Ryan's radio -

CONTROL (V.O.)

Kilo Two Two Zero, vehicle is  
confirmed as a vespa scooter, no  
reports lost or stolen...

Ryan nods at Jake - *wrap this up* -

JAKE

I'm going have to give you a  
Traffic Offence Report...

JASPAR

You're giving me a ticket?

JAKE

The central ticket office will  
write to you offering you a fine, a  
course or a court date...

- as Jake hands Jasper the ticket - Jasper looks at it, then  
back up at Jake. Then, the final indignity -

JAKE (CONT'D)

...and you'll have to push your  
bike home.

On Jasper, a pathetic sight as he begins to push his Vespa  
down the road, turns back, shakes his head at Jake -

JASPAR

Man, you've changed.

JUMP CUT TO:

- the time code on the screen reads: 0005 - as we ZOOM in on  
a GRAINY BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE of a fat man entering a lobby -  
as Carl mutters to himself, we BLEED it over -

CARL (V.O.)

Who are you, Mr Pixellated? Not on  
the fingerprint database...no one's  
reported you missing...

PULL BACK to reveal we're in a scuzzy lobby - what passes as the B&B RECEPTION as Felix moves a toggle, nods up at the CCTV - as it ZOOMS in on the very thin woman who follows the fat man in -

FELIX

What about her? Recognise her?

A considered pause, then -

CARL

Yep. Goes by the name of Pearl.

As Felix studies the woman's very short dress, gaunt frame, then -

CARL (CONT'D)

Don't think I need to tell you what she does for a living.

As Felix and Carl move off down the narrow stairs -

UNDERTAKER

Make way please, gents -

- look up to see the UNDERTAKERS awkwardly manhandling Kevin out. We stay on the cops as they press themselves against the wall to let it through - the massive body bag scraping past them - creepy -

CARL

They're gonna need a big fridge.

No response from Felix. On Carl, allergic to the silence -

CARL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Still, that's what they say, don't they? Average size of a coffin has doubled...

As Felix raises his eyes at Carl's gently domed girth - Carl's unsure how to respond - *is Felix joking?* As his phone BEEPS, rescues him -

CARL (CONT'D)

'Scuse me, boss.

Then, checks the message -

CARL (CONT'D)

Oh...

Then, pleased -

CARL (CONT'D)  
The old lady's jewellery's turned  
up online.

JUMP CUT TO:

37 **EXT. B&B - DAY 5**

37

CARL  
(into phone)  
Donna, Carl...

As Carl and Felix get into their car, in the background,  
Kevin is slid into the PRIVATE AMBULANCE -

CARL (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Got an address for your distraction  
burglars. Ashwell's Yard...

CUT TO:

38 **EXT/INT. ASHWELL'S YARD/RESPONSE CAR 2 - DAY 5**

38

CARL (V.O.)  
Tread carefully...that place can go  
off -

As we BLEED Carl's V.O over images of Donna and Lino in their  
response car as they pull into ASHWELL'S YARD. A scruffy,  
muddy, pot-holed bit of scrub-land underneath ugly concrete  
fly-overs.

A sense of unease about this place and as Donna and Lino get  
out, we follow her gaze -

- as she takes in the scene - the piles of rubble and broken  
bricks, the curtains twitching in a STATIC CARAVAN window.

- then, a movement from over the other side of the yard, a  
couple of brothers, SEAN ASHWELL (17) in a distinctive red t-  
shirt, and PATRICK ASHWELL (11) as they look up from their  
football game. ALARM - as they clock Donna and Lino -

PATRICK  
GAVERS!

- they begin to run - as Donna shouts at Lino -

DONNA  
That's them!

In the background, the younger one, Patrick, running towards the Static Caravan and in, but we hold on Sean as he legs it - Donna and Lino in pursuit, as we -

JUMP CUT TO:

39

**EXT. ASHWELL'S YARD/UNDER FLYOVERS - DAY 5**

39

Seconds later. TIGHT on Donna still chasing Sean across the yard, over a stile, down a track under the flyovers -

Sean's got all the speed of youth but Donna's fast, fit, just about keeping up with him -

QUICKS CUTS: as she sprints down the rutted muddy tracks, JUMPS over the wooden fences - on the radio as she runs -

DONNA  
(into radio)  
Kilo Two Three Zero priority  
call...I have a male making off on  
foot at Ashwell's Yard...suspect is  
Sean Ashwell...wanted for  
burglary...any units to assist?

As we cut back, join Lino who's clearly struggling, breathing hard, as he drops off the pace -

- on Lino's POV now as he looks up ahead, tries in vain to speed up -

- as Sean reaches the perimeter fence at the end of the track, begins to climb - Donna right behind him, as she SHOUTS -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
ON THE GROUND! ON THE GROUND NOW!

- grabs his foot, tries to pull him down, the effort on her face, a good grip, nearly got him - then BANG! Sean BOOTS her hard in the face and she falls back -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
AAAAHHH!

- full fetal as she writhes in agony on the floor, clutching her eye -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Ah...ah...

As panting Lino finally catches up, lactic acid flowing, lungs bursting -

LINO  
(breathless)  
You...alright?

As Lino follows Donna's gaze through the wire fence to see Sean sprinting away -

LINO (CONT'D)  
(panting, into radio)  
Suspect...is a loss over the  
perimeter fence towards the  
A283...my colleague has been booted  
in the face...she is...conscious  
and breathing...

- as Donna stares at him, quiet accusation -

DONNA  
Where the hell were you?

JUMP CUT TO:

40

**EXT. ASHWELL'S YARD/STATIC CARAVAN - DAY 5**

40

Minutes later. On Donna, warrant in hand as she KNOCKS on the STATIC CARAVAN door - the one Patrick disappeared into - Lino just behind.

Guilt in Lino's eyes as he watches the bruise on Donna's face blooming into a shiner -

DONNA  
Police with a warrant! Open the  
door now...

No answer, just another twitch of the curtain. As Donna KNOCKS again, in pain, not happy -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
I have a warrant to search your  
premises, if you do not open your  
door. I will kick it in.

A beat, then HESTER ASHWELL (40) - Sean and Patrick's Mum, reluctantly opens the door, SNARLS -

HESTER  
What do you want? You can't come in  
(here) -

- as Donna PUSHES past Hester, straight in -

41

**INT. STATIC CARAVAN - DAY 5 - CONTINUOUS**

41

- to the static caravan, Lino following just behind her.

Inside the caravan, surprisingly cosy. On the table, Tilly's jewellery already bagged up next to a pile of Jiffy bags ready for dispatch.

As Hester follows Donna's gaze, protests -

HESTER  
I haven't done anything! GET OFF  
IT! That's my jewellery...

DONNA  
Is it?

In the background, Lino already pulling on gloves to collect up evidence - as Donna points to the locket around Hester's neck -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
This your locket?

HESTER  
What you doing? GET AWAY FROM ME!

As Donna opens the locket, we CLOSE on the little pictures of Tilly and Bill -

DONNA  
This you? Is this your husband?

On Donna, fighting her emotion, her disgust for this woman's crime - as she pulls her cuffs off her belt - reaches for Hester's wrists - and SLAM!

CUT TO:

42

**EXT. BRIGHTON STREET - DAY 5**

42

Carl and Felix as they jump out of their car, in a SEEDY SIDE STREET. Just up ahead - local prostitute PEARL -

- who clocks them and staggers away. From a distance, quite glam in a low-rent kind of way, fish-net crop top, leather mini-skirt - but as we CLOSE in we see she's a raggedy bag of bones, could even be sixty, difficult to tell from her crack-addled frame -

- as Carl and Felix close in on her - Carl shouts -

CARL  
Pearl! PEARL!

- she reaches the stairs, turns, to see them running towards her, panic on her face, as we -

JUMP CUT TO:

Seconds later, as she stares at Felix and Carl, shakes her head vehemently -

PEARL

Don't know why you're asking me? I don't know what you're talking about...

FELIX

Oak Lea Bed and Breakfast?

CARL

Client dying on the job?

PEARL

What client?

As Felix's phone rings, he checks the number, face instantly darkens, drops back -

Stay on Carl and Pearl as they keep walking -

CARL

Fat bloke...looked like he liked pies...pies and prostitutes...

Felix in the back of the shot, on the phone, visibly stressed - as Carl tries again -

CARL (CONT'D)

Come on, Pearl, don't make this hard for yourself. We know you were there...

PEARL

(bit screechy)

I wasn't there! I told you, it wasn't me...

CARL

No? So who's this then?

As he reaches into his pocket, pulls out a CCTV screen-shot showing Pearl passing through the B&B reception. As Pearl peers at it -

PEARL

Could be anyone. My hair's not like that. She looks a right state...

As Carl rolls his eyes impatiently, Felix ends the call, rejoins them, rigid with tension - Carl clocks his mood -

CARL

Everything ok, boss?

Felix doesn't respond - clearly not. Then turns on Pearl - impatient, hard-ass, straight to the point -

FELIX

If you don't cooperate, I'll be sending patrol cars up and down your street every five minutes, understand?

On Pearl, no choice - about to spill, as we -

JUMP CUT TO:

43

**INT. PEARL'S BEDSIT - DAY 5**

43

On Pearl as she reaches into a broken MDF wardrobe, pulls out a briefcase - KEVIN'S BRIEFCASE - hands it to Felix -

PEARL

I only took the cash I was owed...  
that's all...just what I was  
owed...

As we PULL OUT to REVEAL we're in Pearl's tiny bed-sit with Carl and Felix. And we're lucky we can't smell it: peeling wood-chip, grotty lino - every available surface covered in dirty underwear, full ashtrays and empty condom packets. Desperate.

As Felix opens the case, pulls out the wallet, immediately on the phone, checking details against the stolen credit cards - hands the rest of the wallet to Carl who starts going through it -

FELIX

(into phone)  
D.I Kane. Can you put a name though  
PNC and the local system for me,  
please? K.C. Malone...

Pearl turns to Carl -

PEARL

Do you know who he was?

CARL

That's what we're trying to find  
out.

(gestures to the wallet,  
then)

Wasn't one of your regulars then?

As we CLOSE on Pearl as she shakes her head - suddenly shaky - back in the trauma - quietly -

PEARL

We were in the middle of  
it...y'know..and he just went a  
funny colour, made this weird  
noise...

As she sinks down on her bed -

PEARL (CONT'D)  
It was...awful...

- looks up at Carl in distress. A long beat, as Carl points at a photo of a thirty-something WOMAN blu-tacked to the wall - a distraction -

CARL  
She's pretty.

PEARL  
(nods, then)  
My daughter.

On Carl, bit surprised -

CARL  
Oh, I didn't know...

PEARL  
(little smile)  
She's had one of her own now. Lexi.

CARL  
Nice name. So where do they live?

As Pearl shrugs - *no idea*. Tears well in her eyes. Doesn't reply. A life-time of pain. Then -

PEARL  
I don't want to get in trouble.  
Please. I just want my  
script...please...I need my  
methadone...

As Felix finishes his call, turns to Carl -

FELIX  
Kevin Malone. Shoreham-by-Sea.  
Verbal warning last year for kerb  
crawling...

As Carl produces a SCHOOL ID card from Kevin's wallet - shows it to Felix -

CARL  
Deputy Head.

- and a dog-eared photo of Kevin, his wife and his twin boys (7) - cheesy studio portrait, smiling at the camera -

CARL (CONT'D)  
(flat, sad)  
Married. Two kids.

CUT TO:

44 **INT. POLICE STATION/RESPONSE CORRIDOR BY VENDING MACHINE - DAY 5** 44

Donna stands by the vending machine with a cold can pressed to her eye, Lino hovering guiltily next to her. A beat, then -

LINO  
I'm sorry....

DONNA  
S'alright.

- looks at him, then -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
My choice. My risk. I shouldn't have run ahead...

LINO  
(shrugs)  
Just trying to catch the bad guy.

On Lino - still feels like shit.

LINO (CONT'D)  
Just so you know, I'm going to get back into shape. Go to the gym...double my training...

DONNA  
I know you will...

As Donna removes the can, looks at her miserable partner, nods -

CUT TO:

45 **INT. POLICE STATION/CID OFFICE - DAY 5** 45

CLOSE on Jo at her computer, as she checks her emails. We see a flash of a HEADER - SOUTH SUSSEX FORENSICS LABORATORY. As Jo reads it, her shoulders slump -

JO (PRE-LAP)  
We have the results back from the lab and they have come back negative for controlled substances...

CUT TO:

46 **INT. POLICE STATION/CUSTODY SUITE - DAY 5** 46

Red Pete, as he stands in front of the desk - Jo behind, next to CUSTODY SERGEANT MELANIE PYKE -

- a long queue behind Red Pete, loads of SCALLIES waiting to be booked in -

JO

You're going to be charged with Affray but released without charge for the drugs. At this time, we intend to take no further action against you relating to these offences. You are now free to go.

As she hands Red Pete back his property - his coat - the evidence bags containing his drugs, he looks at her, his tone, light, mocking -

RED PETE

Tried to tell you. I did nothing wrong.

Smiles as he signs for his property. But she just stares back at him -

JO

I don't agree...then what do I know?

Shrugs -

JO (CONT'D)

I'm not...gifted or talented. Don't understand what chemicals you use...what compounds you copy...how you keep it all legal. But I know one thing...

A beat, then -

JO (CONT'D)

Legislation moves on...laws change...I will catch up with you...

As Red Pete just smiles again, pulls on his mental coat of many colours, picks up his property, heads out the door, crossing with Carl and Felix as they escort Pearl in -

Felix still carrying the tension from the earlier phone call - Pearl needing a fix now, rattling like a bag of spanners -

PEARL

I need to see the doctor...I need something...

CARL

Pearl, sit there, be quiet.

Points to a chair, then looks up at the queue, reacts -

CARL (CONT'D)

Timed this well.

FELIX

Right, book her in, then you can head to Shoreham, do the death knock...

A reaction from Carl -

CARL

Boss, I need to clock off on time tonight. I did mention it...

FELIX

(cuts in, irritated)

You need to inform the family of the victim's death...

CARL

But I can't...

A beat - then awkwardly -

CARL (CONT'D)

...it's Madison...my youngest's birthday. I promised I'd be home on time for once...

FELIX

(unmoved)

I'll see you in the morning.

Growing incredulity from Carl as Felix turns away -

CARL

You're not coming with me?

- stares at Felix, tries desperately to get through to him -

CARL (CONT'D)

Look Boss, obviously something's come up with you...not my business...but tonight, I really need to get back to my family...please.

FELIX

Just do your job DC Hawkins.

Off Carl - staring at Felix as he walks out of custody - a flash of emotion - *what a dick...*

CUT TO:

47

**EXT/INT. ROADSIDE CAFE/ROUNDAABOUT/RESPONSE CAR 1 - DAY 5**

47

- as Ryan joins Jake who's flicking through a freebie leaflet on the counter - passes him a cup of tea -

JAKE

Thanks.

A beat, as they sip their tea -

RYAN

Corey used to do all that. Surfing. Now he just chucks himself off tall buildings.

JAKE

Parkour.

RYAN

Don't care what it's called. It's bloody stupid.

In the background, the radio blares into life -

RYAN (CONT'D)

His mother would be turning in her grave.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Any patrol please for an immediate graded call to 24a Pulton Drive. The landlady has reported a suspected suicide...

- as Ryan chucks his tea in the bin. HOLD on Jake - *what the fuck!*

JUMP CUT TO:

48

**INT. SKINNY MAN'S ROOM - DAY 5**

48

Generic carpet, cheap rental furniture, Japanese weapons - samurai swords, nunchuks - line the wall above the dated TV - as we PICK UP Jake and the leisure suited, perma-tanned LANDLADY (53) -

LANDLADY

...just let myself in and there he was...

JAKE

You're the landlady?

LANDLADY

(nods)

Live in. Got four lodgers this house. Twenty two years, not a problem...

In the background, through the open door of the bathroom, we can make out Ryan as he kneels over the victim, a SKINNY MAN (33) -

Blue gloves on, Ryan's doing his ABC checks - looking in the man's mouth, listening for breathing, checking his pulse - a sense it's cursory, going through the motions -

As the landlady continues over -

LANDLADY (CONT'D)  
...but this one...always in  
arrears. Hasn't paid the rent in  
months. I was here to give him  
notice to quit...

As Ryan emerges, pulling off his gloves, shakes his head at Jake - *he's gone* - then -

RYAN  
Go and stand by the door. Don't let  
anyone in.

As Jake moves off towards the bathroom, Ryan is straight on the radio -

RYAN (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
Control, this is Kilo Two Two Zero,  
the male is deceased. Evidence of  
suicide. Can you inform the duty DI  
please and I'll need CSI for this  
location...

JUMP CUT TO:

49

**INT. SKINNY MAN'S ROOM/BATHROOM - DAY 5**

49

On Jake's POV of the suicide scene. The lino floor covered with dozens of opened blister packs of pills, an empty vodka bottle rolling on its side, the tiled walls, covered with day-glow post-it suicide notes - literally hundreds of them.

We catch glimpses of the desperate scrawls in biro - *I'm sorry...I can't take anymore...*

And on the floor - on his back, on the turquoise bath mat, the skinny man - his wrists' slit, eyes closed, dead as the proverbial -

A long beat - silence, stillness, just Jake and the body, then -

SKINNY MAN  
Ah-tishoo!

As Jake looks down in astonishment. *Dead Men Don't Sneeze.*

JAKE

Ryan?

Then, louder - bit panicky -

JAKE (CONT'D)

RYAN?

As the Corpse's eyes PING open - looks up - straight at Jake -

JUMP CUT TO:

50

INT. POLICE STATION/GRAHAM'S OFFICE - DAY 5

50

An hour later. Open CLOSE on Graham - almost too weary to be cross -

GRAHAM

Y'know everyone out there already  
thinks we're useless...incompetant  
...uncaring. Let's not make it easy  
for them...

PULL BACK to REVEAL Ryan and Jake standing in front of his desk. A cloud of embarrassment hanging over them -

RYAN

Boss, it was a...confusing  
situation.

JAKE

The suicide victim...

GRAHAM

...that wasn't...

JAKE

He thought his landlady was going  
to chuck him out. He was trying to  
make her feel sorry for him...

GRAHAM

Great plan.

RYAN

Except she called an ambulance and  
then he didn't know when to stop  
pretending...

GRAHAM

Probably just before they nailed  
down the coffin lid.

As Graham sighs, weight of the world -

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Right...well as you can imagine, I've just had a very embarrassing conversation with CSI to explain why they weren't needed and sent my apologies to the FME. Obviously they're all very impressed with our police work...

As Ryan spread his hands - *mea culpa* -

RYAN

Boss...I couldn't find a pulse...

As Graham stands up looks at Ryan in despair - walks out -  
Ryan looks over at Jake -

RYAN (CONT'D)

Are you smiling?

JAKE

No.

He is. Enjoying this tremendously. But Ryan's unrelenting -

RYAN

Take this is as a learning opportunity. Don't take anything for granted. Check everything twice.

Pauses, the words sticking in his mouth, then -

RYAN (CONT'D)

Everyone can make mistakes.

JAKE

Even you?

RYAN

Don't push it.

But there's a little smile on the corner of Ryan's mouth - even he can't deny the ludicrousness of the situation. And we sense an equilibrium.

CUT TO:

51

**EXT. FELIX'S DAD'S HOUSE - DAY 5**

51

A suburban street, run-down Victorian terrace house. We've been here before. But this time, we're PUSHING inside -

52

**INT. FELIX'S DAD'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY/NIGHT 5**

52

- to find the interior of the house like a museum piece, a time-warp: piles of academic papers, ancient magazines, typewriters thick with dust and mouse droppings -

- as the camera finds Felix at the end of a HOSPITAL BED. We follow his gaze. Inside the bed, Felix's dad LESLIE (76). Leslie's face twisted with effects of a recent stroke but still a powerful presence.

In the background, a NS COMMUNITY NURSE packing up her gear but we CLOSE on Felix as he moves towards Leslie, then quietly -

FELIX

You can't keep doing this, Dad.

As Leslie looks at the wall, doesn't want to hear.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I have to work. You have to let them look after you.

As the Nurse lets herself out. A beat, then stronger -

FELIX (CONT'D)

Are you listening, Dad?

As Leslie suddenly grabs Felix's arm, the old man's nails digging violently into his son's flesh, spitting guttural, incoherent, angry -

LESLIE

No...no...NO!

As Felix flinches in pain, moves back, Leslie fixes his gaze on his son - and we hold on this exchange - as the shadows lengthen and the sun goes down - and we move into -

- NIGHT.

Pull out on Leslie's gaze, Felix now at the end of his Dad's bed. The cuff of his sleeve rolled up exposing the little red crescents from his dad's finger-nails on his arm, the skin broken and sore.

They stare at each other as Leslie very slowly, painfully reaches for his drink. Painstaking to watch - cup shaking, liquid spilling - dribbling down the old man's chin -

- we're begging Felix to help his Dad - hold the cup, wipe his face - but he doesn't. He just watches him struggle. Something disturbing in Felix's eyes - pain, inadequacy - *he can't...can't do this - care, intimacy -*

And we HOLD on these strange, damaged men as we -

CUT TO:

53

INT. CARL'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT 5

53

Hours later. CLOSE on a pair of men's feet as they step over the birthday balloons, kick through the sparkly guts of a pinata -

As we PULL BACK to reveal they belong to Carl as he makes his way through his house. All the kids gone home ages ago, just the party debris left -

Matches his mood. He looks weary, done in - as we follow him into -

54

INT. CARL'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT 5

54

- the DINING ROOM - as Sandy drinks a large glass of water, takes a couple of tablets - the bottle marked 'FOLIC ACID' - looks up at him - about to launch into a bollocking until she registers his face - stops short -

CARL

I'm sorry...I had to go to  
Shoreham. Ruin a family's  
evening...break their heart...

Throws it away but we can see the effect. As Carl takes in the remains of the birthday tea on the table -

CARL (CONT'D)

How was it?

SANDY

Mental. Screaming. Cake. Vomit.  
They loved it.

CARL

Maddie?

SANDY

In bed. Put her in the bath and she  
was nearly half asleep already.

Smiles, then -

SANDY (CONT'D)

She had a lovely time.

CARL

And I missed it.

- as Sandy reaches up, takes his hand, smiles -

SANDY

I'll make it up to you...

Hold on the warmth, the tenderness - then a shift as Sandy stands up -

SANDY (CONT'D)

You gonna have a shower?

As Carl nods -

SANDY (CONT'D)

Don't take too long though. I've taken my basal temperature. Ready when you are.

Resolutely unsexy. As Sandy exits into the hallway, we HOLD on exhausted Carl - a very reluctant stallion.

CUT TO:

55

**EXT. BRIGHTON PIER - NIGHT 5**

55

MISHA (V.O.)

Hello Control this is Charlie Sierra 704, can I have assistance to Marine Parade. I have a male and a group of intoxicated females which is getting out of hand -

- as we bleed NEIGHBOURHOOD PC MISHA BAIG'S request over the BRIGHT LIGHTS and BUZZ of Brighton Pier. A view that never gets old - the reflections twinkling on the water, the moonlight gleaming in the inky sky -

- and amongst the hoards of TOURISTS, CLUBBERS, DRINKERS spilling out of beach front boozers - we PICK OUT Misha - small and outnumbered and right in the middle of a altercation -

- on one side a HUMAN STATUE street performer - dressed as a GREEK GOD, well buff and sprayed completely gold -

- and on the other side a cocktail-fuelled HEN PARTY who are determined to look up his toga -

HEN

Come on gorgeous, want to see your Elgin marbles...

- CACKLES, tries to grab him, lift up his skirt -

HUMAN STATUE

(squaring up)

That is assault! Touch me again, I will perform a citizens' arrest...

MISHA  
(losing patience)  
I told you. Step away from each  
other. NOW!

- a FLASH of BLUE LIGHTS as Misha looks up, relieved as Lino and Donna park up, come over -

- and the Hens starts to melt away into the background. A reaction from Misha -

MISHA (CONT'D)  
Great. And there they go...

LINO  
(taking the piss)  
Nice to see you have such  
authority...

As Donna joins them -

DONNA  
What's going on?

MISHA  
He's Hercules...

As the human statue resumes his pose -

MISHA (CONT'D)  
They're drunk.

Points at the departing Hens, as the lead HEN SCREAMS jokingly at Lino -

HEN  
NICE HELMET!

- Donna and Lino's radios simultaneously erupt -

CONTROL (V.O.)  
Any unit for an immediate graded  
call to Burr Farm, Chisenhale Lane  
for intruders on the premises...

As Lino and Donna instantly trade looks...*they recognise that address...shit...shit...*

As Control continues -

CONTROL (V.O.)  
...elderly female caller reports  
intruders inside her house, the  
caller is the victim of a  
distraction burglarly yesterday.

Growing distress on Lino and Donna's faces...*Tilly...she's being burgled again...they've come back to finish the job...*

As they start to RUN towards their car - Control's increasingly desperate calls echo through the night air -

CONTROL (V.O.)  
Any available units, please?  
Repeat. This is an immediate graded  
call. Any available units?

As Lino and Donna jump in their response car, speed off, we SWING ROUND -

- to see a familiar figure going about his business on the pier. Red Pete as he approaches a teenage girl, PHOEBE (16) long blonde hair, looks like an art student.

We can't hear the exchange but we instantly know what this is - as Phoebe looks around, reaches into her army surplus bag pulls out her purse, as Red Pete removes something from one of his many pockets -

- we catch a glimpse of it - a bag of distinctive green pills, as -

TILLY (V.O.)  
They're here...they're back...

CUT TO:

56

**INT. FARMHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5**

56

CLOSE ON: a familiar hand, ancient, paper-thin skin. It's Tilly on the phone to the 999 operator. We don't see her whole face, we don't need to -

All the drama - the distress - in the voices -

TILLY  
(absolutely petrified)  
Please...please send someone....

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
My name's Karen, can I call you  
Tilly?

TILLY  
Yes...yes...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Okay Tilly. Police are on the way  
to you. In the meantime, I need to  
ask you some questions. Where are  
you in the house? Can you get to  
somewhere safe, like a bathroom  
where you can lock the door?

TILLY

I can't...I can't...they're in the house...

As the camera moves over the horse brasses, the photo of Bill in front of the tractor, we -

57      **EXT/INT. CITY STREETS/RESPONSE CAR 2 - NIGHT 5**      57

- PICK UP Donna and Lino as they race across the city streets.

VISUALS ONLY - Lino on the radio, Donna driving - in the acid glare of the street lights, we see her eyes set with tension -

*- miles away, the wrong side of town, desperate to get there, to reach Tilly - save her -*

58      **INT. FARMHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5 - CONTINUOUS**      58

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

When you said 'they're in the house'...how many did you mean, Tilly?

A terrified intake of breath from Tilly -

TILLY

No...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Tilly? Stay on the line. Tell me exactly what's happening?

So CLOSE on Tilly - difficult to see what's going on, a glimpse of her crocheted cardigan, a flash of METAL, as -

59      **EXT/INT. SOUTH DOWNS/RESPONSE CAR 2 - NIGHT 5 - CONTINUOUS**      59

Donna and Lino hit the South Downs - no street lights now, just empty, dark rural roads -

- but closer, closer to Tilly - a real sense of urgency - as Donna puts her foot to the floor -

60      **INT. FARMHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5 - CONTINUOUS**      60

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Tilly, tell me what's happening?

As Tilly drops the phone - it disconnects - we hear the DIAL TONE -

As BANG! A SHOT rings out - ear-splitting, RIPS through the air - then another - BANG!

As we REVEAL a massive HOLE in the door -

- and Tilly, in her chair, her SHOTGUN on her lap. As the smoke and splinters fill the air around her, her shocked gaze turns to the floor -

JUMP CUT TO:

61

**EXT/INT. FARMHOUSE/RESPONSE CAR 2 - NIGHT 5**

61

CONTROL (V.O.)  
All units attending Burr Farm, we  
have lost contact with the  
caller...

As Donna and Lino trade looks, pull into the farm yard, park up, get out -

- race towards the front door of the farmhouse - already open  
- and in - as we -

JUMP CUT TO:

62

**INT. FARMHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5**

62

Seconds later. Lino and Donna arrive. We follow Donna's gaze -

- a massive HOLE in the door through to the KITCHEN, as they push the splintered door open - look down - almost too shocking to process -

- we don't see the body, we don't need to. Just the edge of Patrick's trainer and an ever-widening pool of scarlet BLOOD as it soaks into a sheepskin rug -

- as Lino kneels down on the floor - tries to get a response -

LINO  
Can you hear me? You hear me, mate?  
Look at me...

- Donna grabs some blue gloves out of her pocket, puts them on, turns to Tilly - who still sits in her chair, almost catatonic, shot gun still in her hands -

DONNA  
(gently)  
Tilly...give me the gun...please.  
Tilly? Give it to me...

As Tilly slowly...shakily hands the gun to Donna, Lino grabs an antimacassar off of one of Tilly's chairs, presses it into Patrick's chest to try and stem the bleeding -

LINO

S'alright, mate...it's alright...

- looks up desperately at Donna as she makes the gun safe -  
shakes his head - *a long, long way from alright*, as we -

CUT TO:

63

**EXT/INT. SOUTH DOWNS/RESPONSE CAR 1 - NIGHT 5**

63

DONNA (V.O.)

Control, I have recovered a shot  
gun from the caller, it looks like  
this weapon has been used to shoot  
a male in the house. I have the  
female householder detained  
safely...

- as Jake and Ryan react - shocked looks - as they speed down  
the quiet, dark road. Jake staring out the window - suddenly  
spots what's he's looking for - a little gleam of BLUE LIGHT  
flashing from between the trees -

JAKE

That's it...next right...right...

Then into radio -

JAKE (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Control, this is Kilo Two Two Zero.  
Show us State 6, over -

As they turn down the lane towards the farmyard, a figure  
JUMPS out in front of the car - Jake SHOUTS at Ryan -

JAKE (CONT'D)

STOP!

- as Ryan SLAMS on the brakes. Through the windscreen, Sean  
in the middle of the road - petrified -

As Ryan and Jake get out of the car - he starts babbling -  
frightened for his life -

SEAN

Please...please...help...my  
brother...please...

RYAN

It's alright, we're here.

(to Jake)

You go! I'll stay with him.

Gestures to distraught Sean - then sharply back to Jake -

RYAN (CONT'D)  
JAKE! GO! NOW!

As Jake races off into the darkness -

JUMP CUT TO:

64

**INT. FARMHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5**

64

Minutes later. CLOSE on blood soaked cloths - scarlet red. Lino's clearly grabbed everything he can to stem the bleeding - tea towels, Patrick's shirt -

In the background, Donna stands in front of Tilly, tries to block her view, as Lino gets advice from the ambulance service -

LINO  
(into radio)  
...my colleague's still applying  
pressure...

As Jake looks up from treating Patrick -

LINO (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
...no...still no response...

JAKE  
CPR...?

LINO  
On what?

- gestures hopelessly - clearly a massive hole in Patrick where his chest used to be - then -

LINO (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
No, no signs of life...

RYAN (V.O.)  
(cuts in)  
It's okay, Jake.

As blood-splattered Jake looks up as Ryan moves into the doorway - a beat, then gently -

RYAN  
Stop. Just stop.

CUT TO:

65

**INT. A&E CORRIDOR - NIGHT 5**

65

The QUIET SQUEAK of Jo's trainers on a linoleum floor.

As we ADJUST to reveal Jo, as she strides purposefully through A&E, and we -

JUMP CUT TO:

66

**INT. HOSPITAL ANTE-ROOM - NIGHT 5**

66

JO

And did she give a description of whoever sold her the pills?

PULL BACK to reveal JO and MISHA as they look through the window into an ante-room.

PHOEBE in bed, pale and shaky, hooked up to an IV, a sick bowl on the covers. Shitting herself with worry as she looks at her straight-laced PARENTS by her bedside.

MISHA

Tall, wiry...swinging some kind of walking stick, cane thing...

A little reaction in Jo's eyes - *delighted* - as Misha pulls out a little baggie of familiar green pills -

JUMP CUT TO:

67

**INT. RED PETE'S GARAGE - NIGHT 5**

67

Red Pete in the middle of his garage. His equipment has been returned from the police, now back in place and he's ready to cook. Thai fisherman's trousers on, bare-chested, head-phones on -

And we hear what he hears - some HARD-CORE PSYCHEDELIC TRANCE, the bass pounding through his bones - as he dances around the space - mixing up powders - switching on microwaves -

- something primal about him, a medicine man lost in the drugs...the music - we should envy him - his lack of inhibition, his freedom -

- as he turns his eyes to see the Garage door open - Jo watching from the threshold. As she moves towards him - he lifts the headphones off his head -

RED PETE

"Return'd so soon?"

- and she smiles just a little -

JO

I am arresting you on suspicion of maliciously administering poison so as to endanger life or inflict grievous bodily harm. You do not have to say anything but it may harm your defence if you fail to mention when questioned, something you later rely on in court. Anything you do say will be taken down in evidence.

As we BLEED and MERGE with -

68

**EXT. FARMHOUSE/YARD - NIGHT 5**

68

- Donna also reading a caution. CLOSE on her eyes, we can see her distress - the reflections of the flashing BLUE LIGHTS of the emergency vehicles which fill the farmyard - as she turns to Tilly -

DONNA

I am arresting you on suspicion of murder. You do not have to say anything but it may harm your defence if you fail to mention when questioned, something you later rely on in court. Anything you do say will be taken down in evidence.

- escorts the old lady across the yard, past the other OFFICERS, the CSI - Lino just behind.

As they reach their car, we CLOSE on Tilly's face - ancient and fragile - illuminated in the stroboscopic blur of blue lights -

As Donna gently puts her in the back of the car -

DONNA (CONT'D)

(to Tilly)

Careful.

Closes the door, just as PATRICK'S BODY is carried out of the house by the CORONERS OFFICIALS, placed in the back of the Private Ambulance. Sean stood watching in between Ryan and Jake, knees buckling -

- as Donna looks across the car roof to Lino - both absolutely devastated at the turn of events -

JUMP CUT TO:

69 **INT. POLICE STATION/CUSTODY SUITE/SEARCH ROOM - NIGHT 5** 69

Half an hour later. PICK UP Tilly in a series of QUICK CUTS as she's processed by Donna. In the background, Ryan and Melanie at the Custody Desk, but we're tight on Tilly's face - as the SHOUTS and BANGS from the Custody Suite bleed over -

- as Tilly takes off her crochet cardigan and is dressed in a blue forensic suit -

- as her prints are taken on the life-scan machine -

- as she opens her mouth and a DNA swab is taken -

- as her fingers are swabbed for residue -

- as her rheumy eyes BLINK as her photograph is taken -

69A **INT. POLICE STATION/CELL CORRIDOR/CELL - NIGHT 5** 69A

- as finally, she sits on the bed in the cell. A single blanket on her lap, a cup of tea by her side. Out of context - out of her own home - she looks even smaller, older - face blank with shock, as -

70 **INT. POLICE STATION/SOFT INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 5** 70

- Jake watches Hester as she weeps at the table. Raw maternal grief. Looks up as Ryan enters with Sean -

- as Hester stands up, moves over, clings to Sean, buries her face in her remaining son's chest, as -

71 **OMITTED** 71

72 **INT. POLICE STATION/SHOWER - NIGHT 5** 72

- we CLOSE on the plug hole in the shower, as the rusty water spirals down -

PULL BACK to reveal Jake cleaning off the blood - as it drips down onto the white tiles - washes away -

JUMP CUT TO:

73 **INT. POLICE STATION/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 5** 73

Jake, fresh from the shower wrapped in a towel, as he opens his locker, his phone RINGS. Close in as he answers it, his voice still shaky, emotional -

JAKE  
(into phone)  
Hey Mum...

INTERCUT WITH:

73A **INT. VICKERS' HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5**

73A

Debbie propped up on the sofa, a tray of supper in front of her, her mobile tucked under her chin -

DEBBIE  
(into phone)  
Don't 'hey me'. What have you said  
to your father? Been fussing round  
me like Florence Nightingale...

In the background, Robert smiles at her, straightens the curtains.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Jake?

JAKE  
(into phone)  
I don't know....

DEBBIE  
(into phone)  
What d'you mean 'you don't know'?

Then, intuition -

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Jake? You alright? What's going on?

JAKE  
(into phone)  
Nothing, Mum. It's...all...good.

Looks down at his kit, covered in blood - doesn't tell her -

74 **INT. POLICE STATION/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 5**

74

Minutes later. As Jake, walks down the corridor, coat on, on his way home, almost bumps into Simon as he exits an interview room -

As Simon looks him up and down -

SIMON  
Bit damp?

JAKE  
Just washing off the blood.

SIMON

I heard. You alright?

Looks at Jake - genuine concern - as Jake nods. A beat, then, a change of tone -

SIMON (CONT'D)

Still I know something that'll cheer you up. Saw you online. Getting tasered.

JAKE

I like to entertain.

SIMON

Oh you did. Particularly enjoyed the way your eyes rolled back in your head...

As Jake rubs his wet hair, tries to front it out. As Simon leans in, whispers playfully -

SIMON (CONT'D)

If you want to sue the police...you've got my number...

Sparks flying between these two, and as Simon walks away, we -

CUT TO:

75

**INT. POLICE STATION/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 5**

75

- Donna and Lino, side by side, as they get changed out of their blues, into their civvies - can sense their fatigue as they strip off their clothes, tie their shoes -

- but something more coming off of them - a shared hopelessness - the pain of impotence - as Donna looks across at Lino -

DONNA

The third time she's been burgled...

LINO

I know.

DONNA

Third time. And what did we offer her?

LINO

A little chain across her front door...

Lino fighting the tears, as they both sigh, then stand up, swing their bags over their shoulders, head out, and we stay on them -

76 **INT. POLICE STATION/CORRIDORS - NIGHT 5 - CONTINUOUS** 76

- as they move through the station together, on their way out

- almost tunnel vision - round the edges of the frame the station going about its night-time business -

- PRISONERS being escorted into custody, COPS laughing by the vending machine -

But we're not really looking. On Donna - on Lino - their faces - the strain and shock of the day - as they head out -

77 **OMITTED** 77

78 **INT. DONNA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT 5** 78

Twenty minutes later. As Donna lets herself in -

- the house shut up for the night. Quiet, still, as she hangs up her coat, moves off -

78A **INT. POLICE STATION/GYM - NIGHT 5** 78A

- sweat pours down Ryan's body as he contracts the chest press. Pensive concentration etched across his face as he attempts to forget the day's events -

79 **OMITTED** 79

80 **INT. LINO'S HOUSE/KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5** 80

- as a fridge door OPENS with a pair of slightly chunky legs below it. PULL BACK to reveal exhausted Lino, in his KITCHEN, hair still damp from the shower, in his boxers and Italian football shirt -

- as he pulls out a foil-covered pyrex dish. We see the post-it note on top - *200 degrees, 20 mins, love Ma x.*

He pulls pack the foil - home-made lasagne - greedily digs in with a fork, cramming it in his mouth. Not just simple hunger now, a stress response, unable to resist, as -

81

**INT. BAR - NIGHT 5**

81

- Jake, in his civvies, looking young, hot as he moves across the BAR, sits down, gazes across to the guy on the next stool - Simon.

As they trade looks, then move towards each other and KISS, full of sex and promise, as -

82

**EXT. DONNA'S GARDEN - NIGHT 5**

82

- as we PICK UP Donna in the garden, as she lights up a spliff - we hear the quiet GLIDE of a glass sliding door, followed by footsteps -

It's Donna's partner, ALICE (33) - she pads across the garden in her pyjamas - joins Donna.

We CLOSE in as Alice strokes back Donna's hair, tenderly touches the bruise around her eye, kisses her - as Donna passes her the spliff. Alice takes a drag, passes it back -

- and as Donna smokes, she begins to relax, leans in, puts her head on Alice's shoulder - loved, supported -

- and we see the relief in Donna's face as the smoke curls up into the night air and the stress and pain of a terrible day begins to ebb away.

**END OF EPISODE**