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**INT - SCHOOL - DAY**

A blank television screen. \*

A YOUNG ALEX is in the uniform of a private girls' school, \*  
sat on her own in front of a television in a vast school \*  
room. \*

She looks up as the young PRINCESS DIANE comes into the room. \*

PRINCESS DIANA \*

*Your mother is here, Alex.* \*

ALEX \*

Mum? \*

The Young Alex and Diana turn to look at CAROLINE PRICE. \*  
Caroline is in her thirties, beautiful, smart, cool. \*

YOUNG ALEX \*

*Mum?* \*

CAROLINE \*

*Everyone else has gone home to \*  
watch the Royal Wedding with their \*  
parents. But you're staying here on \*  
your own, Alex. Do you understand?* \*

The Young Alex nods, trying to be brave but tears starting to \*  
well up in her eyes. \*

CAROLINE (CONT'D) \*

(To Princess Di) \*

*Make sure she concentrates. She's \*  
easily distracted.* \*

(To Young Alex) \*

*Goodbye, Alex.* \*

Caroline walks out the door. \*

A TV comes on showing the Royal Wedding, Princess Diana being \*  
escorted down the aisle. \*

The Young Alex wipes a tear from her face and sits on the \*  
only seat in the great hall, watching the Royal Wedding on \*  
her own as the *sonorous tones of the BBC commentator describe* \*  
*the occasion.* \*

PRINCESS DIANA \*

*What did you do, Alex, to make them \*  
hate you so?* \*

The Young Alex starts to cry. \*

\*

INT - FLAT - DAY

Alex wakes up with a start in the 1981 flat, a POLICE SIREN ripping through the street outside.

She touches her cheek, looks at the tears on her fingers. \*

ALEX \*

Nice try.

(Determined)

You want me to play the game? I can play the game. Just watch me.

CUT TO:

EXT - WASTELAND - DAY

On a twist of the River Thames, an expanse of wasteland left over from the Second World War. There is the start of some redevelopment and a YELLOW DIGGER stands sentinel.

*The sonorous BBC Commentator is still describing the Royal Wedding.*

A scruffy dog sniffs around the burnt-out cars and overgrowth. It disappears under the digger.

A beat.

Then the dog emerges, tail wagging, a stick of dynamite with a timer ticking away in its mouth.

Some equally-scruffy CHILDREN are acting out their own version of the Royal Wedding. Laughing.

BOY

Come here, boy!

The dog sits and wags its tail, looking lovingly up at the Boy.

BOY (CONT'D)

(To Dog)

What have you got there?

Suddenly the dynamite in the dog's mouth explodes, blowing the animal to smithereens.

The Children look on, astonished. The girl starts to cry.

## TITLES

INT - CITY STATION/CID - DAY

WPC Shaz is typing up a report, the station very busy.

Chris glances over at her, obviously wants to speak to her but doesn't want to be overheard.

Chris chooses his moment, walks quickly over to Shaz.

CHRIS  
You still on for it, Shaz? \*

SHAZ  
(Flirting)  
Might be. Might not be. \*

Ray catches Chris' eye, shakes his head. \*

Alex strides into the station, all fizz and energy, has decided not to let her "condition" get the better of her. She looks astonishing, wearing a power-suit with massive shoulder-pads, back-combed hair, a lot of eye-liner.

They all just stare at her.

RAY  
Bloody hell. Sheena Easton.

ALEX  
Good morning, imaginary constructs.

CHRIS  
Morning, ma'am. Changed your hair?

ALEX  
If we're all going to be ridiculous we might as well do it with some style.

RAY  
Style?

ALEX  
It actually looks busy in here, what's happening?

CHRIS  
Guv's like a dog on a hot tin roof. Special Branch all over him about the Royal Wedding.

The door to Gene's office slams open and the man himself surveys his empire of expectant, slightly-nervous faces.

GENE  
There has been an incident over at the Royal Docks.

RAY  
What sort of incident?

GENE

If anybody laughs I will attach  
jump leads to their genitalia. Is  
that understood?

CUT TO:

5

INT - CITY STATION/CID - DAY

5

Later.

Alex is sitting back and laughing her head off as Gene waits and scowls.

Chris would like to laugh too but is scared of Gene.

Ray just smokes his cigarette and shakes his head at the weird laughing woman.

GENE

When you're quite finished, DI  
Drake.

ALEX

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Only some of my friends think I don't have a sense of humour. But an exploding dog... from MY psyche... I'm obviously in some sort of denial, I don't know. But I've decided just to go with the flow, not to over-analyse everything. I reckon if I don't take it seriously it can't hurt me.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(Explaining)

The thing is, my parents died in a... oh, it doesn't matter, what's the point? Carry on.

Gene stares at Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Please.

GENE

In case any of you hadn't noticed, we are soon to witness the joyous union of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer.

Alex squeaks with delight at all this and Gene glares at her.

GENE (CONT'D)

As you can imagine, Special Branch are as nervous as a virgin in a brothel, especially since the Prince Of Wales was sent a letter-bomb last month.

ALEX

He was, too! I remember that.  
That's why I put it in the story.

GENE

(Very cross)

Do you mind?  
(Continues)  
So nervous they want to investigate  
this personally.

RAY

I hope you told them where to get  
off, guv.

GENE

I did. Which means my reputation is  
on the line. Which means there will  
be no hiccups between now and the  
twanging of the royal hymen. Is  
that understood?

RAY

Apparently, she was the only posh  
virgin they could find.

CHRIS

How do they know she's a virgin?

RAY

Dunno. Had a peek, I suppose.

GENE

(Loud)

Is that understood?

Ray and Chris stop talking.

GENE (CONT'D)

If some nutter is playing with  
dynamite on my patch I want to know  
about it. So we round up all the  
usual loonies and losers and put  
the fear of God up them. Any  
questions?

CHRIS

I wonder how you get a job like  
that?

RAY

Like what?

CHRIS

Checking posh totty to see if  
they're virgins.

Gene sees that Alex has her hand up.

GENE

What?

ALEX

Can I come, please?

CUT TO:

6

INT - SNOOKER HALL - DAY

6

A vast, dark room dotted with snooker tables but only one has its light on, brightly illuminating the green baize.

About twenty skinny, white YOUNG MEN, naked except for DM boots, surround the table, shivering with fear and cold.

Ray and Chris look on, loving it.

Gene chalks the top of his cue.

Alex shakes her head, can't believe this.

GENE

Gentlemen, you have several things in common, all of which irritate me immensely. Poor skin, donkey jackets, and membership of anarchist groups.

SCARED YOUTH

(Protest)

I'm in the Anti-Nazi League.

GENE

(Shouting)

Don't you talk to me!

(Calming)

One of you gobs of pond life tried to blow up a yellow digger. Now why was that?

ALEX

Is this really necessary?

GENE

Because in your twisted, dark little minds you think trying to stop the redevelopment of the East End is an act of revolution. Wrong.

\*

RAY

(To Chris)

Have you ever seen the Guv's break? More power than subtlety, it has to be said.

GENE

When you limp out of here you will spread the word amongst your scummy comrades that I will personally remove the intestines of anyone who even thinks about causing trouble this week.

(To Ray)

Bernie, The Bolt.

Ray and Chris haul a struggling YOUTH to the table and spread-eagle him over the green baize.

GENE (CONT'D)

(To Alex)

Alright, love?

ALEX

Just surprised and a little disappointed by my electrical impulses.

Finally, the terrified Youth is ready, Chris and Ray holding him wide open.

Gene adjusts the white ball on its spot, takes aim.

GENE

God save the Queen.

Gene smashes the white ball towards the youth's genitals.

CUT TO:

7

INT - CAR - DAY

7

Gene drives away from the snooker hall, through East End streets.

GENE

Oh, I forgot to say - we need to stamp your arse.

ALEX

(Taken aback)

I beg your pardon?

GENE

It's a tradition when a woman joins the Met. Skirt up, stamp your arse with the day's date, down the pub.

ALEX

You must be joking. My God, what is wrong with my mind?

GENE

Personally, I have no desire  
whatsoever to see your boney,  
privately-educated arse, but it's  
good for morale.

ALEX

It's not going to happen.

The radio crackles to life.

CHRIS

(On Radio)

Guv?

GENE

(Into Radio)

What?

CHRIS

(On Radio)

Bit of a developing situation on  
the Isle Of Dogs, Guv. Probably not  
significant, but you said you  
wanted to be over everything.

GENE

(Into Radio)

Everything, Chris, is significant.

Gene puts his foot down.

CUT TO:

8

EXT - PRIDE OF THE ISLE PUBLIC HOUSE - DAY

8

A pub sign creaks in the wind. The paint is cracked and peeling but we can still make out the hull of a great ship crawling with workers.

Gene and Alex get out of the Audi and walk to where a gaggle of LOCALS stand behind police tape, kept back from the pub.

Gene is very conscious of them.

We're in a street of very modest terraced houses in the East End.

Industrial cranes stretch threateningly in the sky above.

ALEX

(Enjoying herself)

It's true. One day Prince Charles  
will wish he was a tampon in  
another woman's vagina.

\*

GENE

Watch your language! It's the heir  
to throne you're talking about.

(A beat)

What happens to Di, then, if you're  
so bloody sure?

ALEX

(Considers)

I'm not going to tell you that. Oh,  
and he talks to plants.

Chris comes out of the pub.

GENE

So? I talk to Chris.

CHRIS

We're in here, Guv.

CUT TO:

9

INT - PRIDE OF THE ISLE PUBLIC HOUSE - DAY

9

Gene and Alex come into the pub. The furniture is covered in  
dust sheets. A couple of UNIFORMED OFFICERS try and pull  
pints but the barrels are empty.

\*  
\*  
\*

It's an old-fashioned boozer, brown from decades of cigarette  
smoke, photographs of the docks and dockers from the recently-  
bygone past.

RAY

The family have locked themselves  
in upstairs, say they're not coming  
down.

CHRIS

Last place left, guv, the rest have  
been compuls... compuls...

(Gives up)

They didn't want to leave but they  
have to.

Gene looks around the pub, could do without this.

GENE

Any journalists?

CHRIS

Just a couple of locals so far.

RAY

This is hardly CID stuff, Guv, is  
it?

GENE

It's like a powder-keg down here,  
just waiting for a spark. Not going  
to happen, not on my patch, not  
this week. Not for Di.

Alex wonders around the place, looking at the photographs and the scruffy interior.

GENE (CONT'D)

Chris. Kick the door down and let's  
get them out.

ALEX

You said it was like a powder-keg.  
Why risk a spark?  
(To Ray)  
Who's the dominant personality up  
there?

RAY

The landlord, David Bonds. Hard as  
nails.

ALEX

Who else?

RAY

His missus, who wouldn't say boo to  
a goose. Son who looks like he  
might have spent too much time  
splashing about in the shallow end  
of the gene pool.

Alex walks confidently towards the exit.

ALEX

Look and learn, constructs.

Ray and Chris look at Gene for instruction:

GENE

Let her do her stuff for a minute.  
Then break the door down.

CUT TO:

10

EXT - PRIDE OF THE ISLE PUBLIC HOUSE - DAY

10

Alex looks up at the upper floor of the pub.

Gene glances over at the crowd of locals.

ALEX

(To House)

Mr Bonds. Mr Bonds.

LOCAL

What's happening in there?

GENE

Shut up!

ALEX

Mr Bonds.

A curtain twitches in an upstairs window.

ALEX (CONT'D)

My name's DI Alex Drake. Would it be alright if you let me and my colleague in for a minute or two? I just want to hear what you have to say, see if there's any way in which I can help you achieve the conclusion you're looking for.

Alex opens her coat, spreads her jacket to show she is clean.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Nothing to hide, Mr Bonds. Just you and me.

A beat. Nothing.

GENE

Right. Get that door down.

Then the keys for the upstairs door are thrown down into the street.

Alex smiles victoriously.

CUT TO:

11

INT - ABOVE THE PUB - DAY

11

Alex and Gene are in the modest but impeccable living room of the Bonds' flat.

David Bonds sits in "his" armchair, a thickset, powerful man.

His wife, ELAINE BONDS, is a quiet, nervous, dominated woman.

Their son, GEORGE BONDS, is in his late teens. Spotty, awkward. He's wearing a WE ARE ALL PROSTITUTES T-shirt. \*

DAVID

My Dad was the Landlord of this pub and his Dad before him.

(Indicating George)

It'll be his when the time is right.

GENE

Must have seen a few things, this place.

DAVID

Generations of skilled workers drank here. Now they've being chucked on the slag-heap by Thatcher and Heseltine. Houses knocked down to make offices, no new homes built to replace them.

ALEX

The march of history, Mr Bonds.

Elaine brings them all tea in her best china.

DAVID

Hitler couldn't drive my Dad out of this pub and I'm telling you now, Mr Hunt, no poxy Docklands Development is going to succeed where the Luftwaffe failed. We ain't going nowhere.

Alex watches as Gene puts three sugars in his tea.

ALEX

The thing is, Mr Bonds -

GENE

(To Elaine)

Where will you be watching the Royal Wedding?

DAVID

We won't be watching it anywhere. What have those inbred bastards ever done for us? It's not a celebration, it's a charade to paper over the cracks of mass unemployment and the wholesale destruction of working class communities.

GENE

Cheerful sod, aren't you?

GEORGE

Inbred bloody fascists.

DAVID

(Furious, to George)

Don't you dare swear in front of your mother!

GEORGE

(Cowed)

Sorry, Dad.

\*

DAVID

Idiot.

Alex notices how cowed George is in the company of his father.

GENE

I've no interest in spoiling your protest, Mr Bonds. If it was my pub and my home...

(Shrugs)

All I ask is you sit up here quietly until Di and Charlie have done their thing. Can we shake hands on that?

David is tempted.

ALEX

Can I just say -

GENE

Excellent Garibaldis, Mrs Bonds.  
Fine Fare?

ALEX

Please -

ELAINE

(Pleased)

Liptons.

ALEX

Shut up and listen! It's my bloody fantasy and I will be listened to!

Everyone just stares at Alex, shocked by her outburst.

GENE

You'll have to excuse my colleague.  
Education of a toff, manners of a sewer rat.

ALEX

(Calming)

I'm sorry.

(Sincere)

I just want to say that I admire your stance, I really do. But there is no point fighting a battle that cannot be won. In ten years time glass and steel will tower above us and nothing you do here will be remembered. It's pointless, futile. The only thing that will remain from this street will be the street-name. I've seen it, I know.

(Very sincere)

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

So, please, let us help you move on. There will be other battles to fight in other places. Battles you might even have a chance of winning.

Alex smiles winningly at David Bonds.

A beat.

DAVID

(To Alex)

Piss off out of my home.

\*

CUT TO:

12

INT - CITY STATION/CID - DAY

12

The energy levels are up in CID, people on phones, people checking screens.

VIVIAN "VIV" JAMES walks through CID with a note in his hand. He's black, fifties, respected. He's been a sergeant for years and has no inclination to be anything else.

CHRIS

Alright, Skip.

VIV

(Dry)

You're working, Sir. Not an April Fool, is it?

Viv knocks on Gene's door, opens it.

GENE

Skipper. What can we do for you?

Viv goes in and shuts the door behind him.

Alex pretends to be working but in reality she's looking at microfiche copies of old newspapers, image after image of her mother the radical solicitor staring out at us.

Her mother, Caroline, often stands lovingly next to her husband, TIM, an equally radical and chic Barrister.

In one magazine piece on her parents she can actually see herself as a child, in her school uniform, watching from the garden. Alone and unnoticed.

CHRIS

Do Anarchists have smaller tadgers than normal men?

RAY

It's the fear. They get sucked up into the body.

Alex touches her parents' faces with her fingers.

The door to Gene's office clatters open and he stands there scowling at them, waving a piece of paper in his hand.

GENE

I have here a piece of paper in my hand.

He bangs the piece of paper down on a desk: it is written in cut-and-pasted letters from newspapers and magazines.

CUT TO:

13

INT - CITY STATION/CID - DAY

13

The note dominates the table as they all peer at it. It reads: **Forget The Dog, next time it's Moore. London Liberation Front.** The "O"s have very distinctive, Anarchist "A"s inside them.

\*

GENE

London Liberation Front?

RAY

New one on me, boss.

CHRIS

What if it's just some spotty students messing about?

GENE

What if it isn't?

ALEX

Next time it's Moore? What does that mean?

RAY

They've just misspelled "more", it's obvious.

ALEX

I don't think so, the syntax is too good.

GENE

What?

ALEX

Look, there's the correct usage of the contracted apostrophe. If they know how to use that they know how to spell "more".

GENE  
 (Getting crosser)  
 Thank you, Miss Jean bloody Brodie.  
 So who is "Moore"?

Chris clicks his fingers. Got it. They all look at him.

CHRIS  
 Bobby Moore.

A beat.

GENE  
 Bobby Moore?

CHRIS  
 The footballer.

GENE  
 I know who he is, numb nuts! Why  
 would anyone want to blow up Bobby  
 Moore?

CHRIS  
 Don't know, boss.

RAY  
 He was in "Escape To Victory".

Chris and Ray laugh. Gene doesn't.

GENE  
 Do I have to remind you who is  
 getting married on Wednesday?

RAY  
 No, guv.

GENE  
 I will not have the aristocracy of  
 this country blown to smithereens  
 on my watch. Is that clear?  
 (To Chris)  
 I want you to trace the original  
 publication of every letter on that  
 note.

Chris nods.

Shaz is passing, looks at the note.

SHAZ  
 What about Charles Moore? He's got  
 a few enemies, I bet.

GENE  
 When I need advice from a  
 lobotomised Essex Girl I'll ask for  
 it, ok?

Shaz looks suitably humbled. Chris is about to say something protective but thinks better of it.

ALEX  
(Gentle)  
Who is Charles Moore, Shaz?

CUT TO:

14

INT - LUXURY FLATS/LIFT - DAY

14

Alex and Gene going up in the lift of a block of luxury flats.

GENE  
Charlie Moore is on the board of  
the Docklands Development Agency.  
Born in the East End, dragged  
himself up by his boot straps,  
worth a million at least.

ALEX  
(Amused)  
Really? A real, living and  
breathing Thatcherite businessman?  
How completely brilliant.

GENE  
Personal friend of The Great  
Handbag herself. Try and behave.

ALEX  
I promise not to twang his red  
braces...

The lift doors open.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
... more than once.

\*

Gene rings the bell.

\*

The door opens. To reveal a man in his early forties, handsome, urbane, expensively but tastefully dressed. CHARLIE MOORE, his East End accent softened by upward-mobility.

He puts his hand out to the suddenly rather flustered Alex Drake.

CHARLIE  
Hi, Charlie Moore. Now what's this  
about?

CUT TO:

15

INT - LUXURY FLAT - DAY

15

Charlie Moore listens intently as Alex and Gene talk to him. He is very handsome and Alex is starting to enjoy herself even more.

GENE

We found a small amount of explosives under one of your bulldozers near Royal Docks.

ALEX

Technically, a small dog found it.  
He's an even smaller dog now.

Gene gives Alex a withering look.

ALEX (CONT'D)

It wasn't made public. And yet the warning note we've received mentioned that incident and also seems to indicate that you might be a possible future target. Do you have any enemies, Mr Moore?

Charlie smiles at this.

CHARLIE

You don't attempt to do what I'm doing without upsetting a few people, DI Drake, big ones and little ones. I get threats almost daily.

GENE

Well, I suppose if you must go around destroying communities...

CHARLIE

People will be disconcerted, I don't deny that.

ALEX

(To Gene)

Actually, although there was widespread opposition at the time and, God knows, the woman was appalling, the Left came to see Thatcherism as a necessary political evil. Unions were emasculated which led to the abolition of Clause 4 and the rise of New Labour. Now, although not everyone -

Alex realises that Gene and Charlie are staring at her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sorry. Bombs. Dogs.

GENE

Please excuse the ramblings of my  
DI.

ALEX

Don't you apologise for me.

GENE

Someone has to.

CHARLIE

No apologies necessary.

(Looking at Alex,  
sparkling)

I enjoy the cut and thrust of a  
good argument. Don't you, DI Drake?

Alex feels her heart flutter, to her immense surprise.

ALEX

Depends who's doing the cutting and  
who's doing the...

(regretting going down  
this path)

... thrusting.

Charlie just flashes her his biggest, loveliest smile.

Gene notices this spark between Alex and Charlie and he  
doesn't like it. One bit.

GENE

So. Do you want police protection  
or not, Mr Moore?

CHARLIE

It's very kind of you to offer it -

Gene jumps up, ready to go.

GENE

Yes or no?

CHARLIE

No. Thank you.

(To Alex)

I hope we meet again, DI Drake.

ALEX

Unlikely. I'm not going to be here  
long.

GENE

(Bright)

I'll be the judge of that.

CUT TO:

16

INT - LUIGIS'S - NIGHT

16

The restaurant is quiet except for the noise of Gene Hunt masticating a huge steak.

Alex pushes a roast potato around with her fork, a bit down. \*

ALEX

I wonder if these calories count.

GENE

What?

ALEX

A moment on the lips, an afterlife on the hips. That would be my luck.

The lugubrious LUIGI appears and Gene waves his fork of food at him.

GENE

(To Luigi)

I hope you gave this horse a decent funeral, Luigi.

LUIGI

(Pained)

Very funny, Mr Hunt. Good one.

ALEX

Not that it matters, none of it is real.

GENE

I am going to stamp your arse, you do know that.

ALEX

You most certainly are not!

A beat.

GENE

"Pointless and futile" you said to those people. I'm sure that made them feel much better.

ALEX

They're fighting the inevitable, what's the point?

GENE

People need to fight.

Alex sighs.

ALEX

To be honest with you, I'm slightly disappointed in my own brain activity.

Gene isn't listening, eyes up her untouched steak.

GENE

Are you going to eat that?

ALEX

No offence, but you're not even my original construct.

GENE

Waste not want not.

Gene spears her steak and puts it on his plate.

ALEX

Perhaps I need to give my prefrontal cortex a bit of a jolly up.

A WOMAN diner shimmies by and Gene gives her the once-over.

GENE

(Bored, not listening)  
Might be wise.

Alex takes up her fork and stabs herself in the back of the hand. To her surprise and shock it really hurts! \*

ALEX

Aaahhhh!

GENE

What the hell are you doing?!  
(Shouting)  
Luigi! Cloth!

ALEX

My hand slipped.

Luigi hurries over.

LUIGI

(Concerned)

Senorina Drake, Senorina Drake. You must be careful.

Gene takes the cloth, wets it in his glass of water, gently cleans her wound as Alex winces.

GENE

Perhaps you need to see a philatelist -

ALEX  
Psychologist. I am a Psychologist.

GENE  
(Pointed)  
Go upstairs and see yourself, then.

CUT TO:

17

INT - FLAT - NIGHT

17

The Nine O'Clock News is on the television as Alex wraps a bandage around her injured hand.

Kenneth Kendall. Royal Wedding. Then Robert Mugabe's famous speech:

MUGABE  
*The time for retribution is over.  
Now is the time of reconciliation,  
reconstruction and nation building.*

Alex just shakes her head.

ALEX  
Note to psyche: a little less irony  
and a little more "Dynasty",  
please.

Alex changes channels and gets a wrecking ball taking out a wall in a terraced East End street.

David Bonds talks from the upstairs window of his pub.

DAVID  
*We ain't going nowhere! This is our home, this is where we belong.  
They'll have to take me out of here in a coffin.*

ALEX  
I'm sure it could be arranged.

Alex changes channels again. Outside the Old Bailey, a very chic, strong, articulate WOMAN in her thirties is standing next to a young BLACK MAN.

Behind them is a scrum of SUPPORTERS jostling with Journalists.

CAROLINE  
*It's been a long, hard struggle for justice but today a jury found my client Not Guilty of assaulting a Police Officer.*

Alex drops to her knees in front of the television, eyes filling with tears, deeply moved.

ALEX

Mum? Mummy?

CAROLINE

*Up until today there had been no recognition from the Metropolitan Police that there had been anything wrong with the way this investigation has been carried out.*

Alex traces her mother's electronic image with her fingers.

ALEX

Mum.

CAROLINE

*Today, finally, up against the wire, confronted with their own lies and evasions, it has been admitted.*

ALEX

It's not real. I will not get upset.

Alex turns the television off.

CUT TO:

18

INT - CITY STATION/CID - DAY

18

Gene, Alex and Ray come into CID.

ALEX

(To Gene)

If you ask again I'm going to have to disembowel you.

GENE

It doesn't hurt. Over the desk, skirt up... bosh. "Property Of The Metropolitan Police".

ALEX

No.

RAY

She wants it really.

GENE

(To Ray)

What have you got on the London Liberation Front?

RAY

Not a thing. I think it's just kids pissing about.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GENE

(Grumpy)

Do you? I'll remind you of that  
when we pick bits of Viscounts out  
of the Pall Mall trees.

(To Chris)

Have you sorted that bloody note  
yet?

CHRIS

Umm. Three of the letters are from  
The Mirror. Two from a Millwall  
programme. Oh, and the curly thing  
here -

ALEX

Apostrophe.

CHRIS

Is from Woman's Weekly. I think.  
Just these weird "o"s, can't find  
them anywhere.

They look up as Custody Sergeant VIVIAN "VIV" JAMES steps  
into CID.

VIV

(To Alex)

Someone to see you, ma'am.

Charlie Moore steps into the room, eyes twinkling.

Shaz looks Charlie up and down, likes what she sees.

SHAZ

Yum.

CHARLIE

(To Alex)

There's something I'd like to show  
you.

RAY

(Under his breath)

I bet there is.

Alex looks at Gene for an answer:

GENE

You carry on, Drake, leave the hard  
work to us.

CUT TO:

19

EXT - EAST END STREET - DAY

19

A terraced street of two-up, two-down Victorian houses, already cleared of people. There is rubbish everywhere, graffiti.

A wrecking ball exposes fire-place, wallpaper etc

Charlie and Alex stand in the middle of the street.

CHARLIE

That's the house I grew up in, number 33. My Auntie lived next door but one. You could actually see your face in her front step.

ALEX

What happened to them all?

CHARLIE

Dead or living in Essex.

ALEX

(Sarcastic)

Is there a difference?

CHARLIE

(Smiles at joke)

Yes, there's a difference. They can look out of their windows and see fields instead of bricks. They can get jobs that their fathers didn't do. They have social mobility.

\*

ALEX

Caring capitalism.

CHARLIE

If you like. When I was sixteen I thought I would never leave this street. I'd do a dead end job like my Dad did, get pissed and fight on Friday nights. The East End of London? It's not Pearly Queens and leaving your door open, it's greyness, violence and squalor.

ALEX

I'd best get back to the station, Mr Moore.

CHARLIE

Yes, I'm a Thatcherite, if that's what you want to call me.

ALEX

It's really none of my business.

CHARLIE

Labour let my class down, left them to rot in streets like this. Well, not any longer. The ceiling has been shattered and I'm climbing through and bringing my people with me.

Charlie turns and smiles at Alex, breaking out of his reverie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I wanted you to know that, Alex.  
I'm not even sure why.

ALEX

I have to go.

CHARLIE

One more thing. Have dinner with me.

Alex is taken aback by this offer. Then laughs.

ALEX

I'm sorry. It's a lovely offer but no thank you.

CHARLIE

Can I ask why?

ALEX

Because, Charlie, you're a distraction. My mind is playing tricks on me. Pleasant tricks, but... no, thank you.

CUT TO:

20

INT - CHARLIE'S PORSCHE - DAY

20

Charlie drives Alex back to the station.

CHARLIE

Ok, I'm going to come straight to the point. Are there any men in your life?

ALEX

No. I've given up on men.

\*

CHARLIE

Kids?

ALEX

One little girl. Not so little. Molly. She's not with me at the moment.

CHARLIE

Where is she?

ALEX

I very much hope she's with her Godfather, Evan. When I make some sense of this madness I'll find her.

CHARLIE

You're an enigma wrapped in a riddle, Alex.

ALEX

You don't know the half.

CHARLIE

(Serious)

22

Then show me.

22 \*

Charlie has brought the Porsche to a halt outside the police station. \*

\*

\*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Can I walk you in? \*

\*

ALEX

No, thank you.

Alex is about to get out of the car. She suddenly turns back.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Yes, I will have dinner with you.  
If the offer's still on.

CHARLIE

(Pleased)

The offer's still on. I'll call you.

\*

A beat.

ALEX

Can you hear something ticking? \*

\*

\*

Then it is panic stations as they both scramble about in the glove compartment, under the seats, back seat etc. \*

\*

\*

ALEX (CONT'D)

It's under your seat!

CHARLIE

I don't think so! It's under yours!

ALEX

Get out!

They are about to leave the car when an old-fashioned alarm clock jangles loudly in the enclosed space.

Alex shuts her eyes tight, waiting for the explosion.

SMASH CUT:

25 **EXT - STREET/CAR BOMB - DAY**

25

A FORD ESCORT BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.

SMASH CUT:

26 **INT - BLACK ROOM - DAY**

26

The painted CLOWN again. Peaked hat. Doleful stare.

SMASH CUT:

**From a child's POV, looking up - her lovely, beautiful, strong-willed mother, Caroline, as she strides along.**

YOUNG ALEX

Mum.

Caroline turns and looks down at the unseen Young Alex.

CAROLINE

What is it, darling?

YOUNG ALEX

I love you.

Caroline smiles down at her little daughter, baffled, amused.

CAROLINE

You're a funny little thing, aren't you?

Caroline is about to say something else when someone obviously shouts out to her and she looks away from Alex, her face breaking into a huge smile for whoever it is she's seen:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Hello!

SMASH CUT:

27 **INT - CHARLIE'S PORSCHE - DAY**

27

CHARLIE

Hello. Hello. Alex. It's alright.

Alex opens her eyes to see Charlie looking at her. He is holding dynamite wrapped together with tape, the alarm-clock strapped to it.

A beat.

Then Alex and Charlie start to laugh the hysterical laugh of people who feel lucky to be alive. Then Alex's laughter slips into tears, into real howling anguish.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Alex, Alex, it's alright. We're alive.

But Alex is beyond comfort. Just howls.

CUT TO:

**EXT - CITY STATION - DAY**

Gene, Ray and Chris are coming out of the station when they see Charlie and Alex in their embrace.

CHRIS  
Look at that. He doesn't waste any time, does he?

Gene is not impressed by what he is seeing.

RAY  
What a tart. For the first time since she got here, I quite like her.

CHRIS  
She's getting out.

RAY  
If we get down low we might be able to see her knickers. Pretend to do your laces up.

GENE  
(Annoyed)  
That is a senior Officer you are talking about.

RAY  
Boss.

A beat. Then Gene gets down and Ray and Chris join him.

CHRIS  
Damn.

RAY  
What?

CHRIS  
I'm wearing slip-ons.

The very upset Alex gets out of the Porsche to see the three men trying to look up her skirt.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ALEX  
You think this is funny? This is  
not funny. This is funny.

Alex throws the dynamite at Gene, Ray and Chris who hit the deck, covering their heads with their arms.

28

INT - CITY STATION/CID - DAY

28

Gene unfolds a note that was wrapped around the mock bomb.

Charlie, Chris and Ray look on.

Alex is sat on a chair, shivering, in shock. Shaz tries to make her drink some water.

GENE  
(To Charlie)  
They were just letting you know  
they could get to you, any place,  
any time.

SHAZ  
(To Alex)  
Are you alright, Ma'am?

Alex nods but she's in pieces.

RAY  
What does it say?

GENE  
(Reading)  
*On Wedding Day you die.*

CHRIS  
Bastards.

SHAZ  
Should we get Special Branch  
involved?

GENE  
(Volcanic)  
No we do not get Special Branch  
involved! My patch, my crime, my  
result!

Charlie looks over at Alex, sees how distraught she is.

CHARLIE  
I've changed my mind.

GENE  
Are you still here?

CHARLIE  
 I'd like police protection.  
 (Obviously lying)  
 I'm at risk, I'm frightened, I need protection.

SHAZ  
 (Hopeful)  
 I could do it.

CHARLIE  
 I believe DI Drake was assigned to the task.

ALEX  
 (Weak)  
 No, no. I'm needed here...

CHARLIE  
 You offered me protection, Mr Hunt,  
 I'm accepting that offer.

ALEX  
 (To Gene)  
 No.

Gene considers.

GENE  
 (To Alex)  
 Look at the state of you. You're no good to us here.

CUT TO:

29

INT - LUIGI'S - NIGHT

29

Alex is sitting opposite Charlie Moore, down that she's been side-tracked off the case and still trembling from her experience with the dynamite as she picks up a bottle of wine.

CHARLIE  
 You're still trembling.

ALEX  
 We nearly died, I'm allowed to tremble. If you can die in this world. Who's to say?

Alex quickly swallows down a glass of red, pours another.

CHARLIE  
 That's all it is?

ALEX  
 Isn't that enough.

\*  
 \*

CHARLIE

For most people. Not for you, I  
wouldn't have thought.

Charlie continues to look at her, feels there is more to this.

ALEX

(Honest)

My parents died in a car bomb.  
It's... something of an Achilles'  
heel.

\*

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

ALEX

It was a long time ago.

\*

Charlie reaches out and takes her hand.

CHARLIE

I'm so sorry, Alex.

Alex likes his kindness, likes the feel of his warm hand.

ALEX

This is all... insane. Why am I  
here? To do something about it? To  
stop it? I can't stop it, it's  
already happened.

Charlie sees that Alex is in a bad way.

CHARLIE

Why don't you go up and get some  
sleep? You're still in shock.

ALEX

I don't want to be alone. Please.

(Brave)

And besides, we're on a date.  
Sleeping's the last thing on my  
mind.

CHARLIE

I'll do anything you want, Alex.  
Anything.

Alex is increasingly intrigued by this man.

ALEX

Weren't you frightened today in the  
car? You could have died.

CHARLIE

Didn't I tell you? I'm immortal.

ALEX  
 (Smiling)  
 Yeah? Me, too.

Alex raises her glass to him, drinks more.

CHARLIE  
 So what do you want to do tonight?

ALEX  
 I want you to see if you can  
 surprise me. I want to see if  
 that's possible.

Charlie thinks for a moment. Then smiles.

CUT TO:

30

INT - BLITZ CLUB - NIGHT

30

It's the Blitz Club in its early days when the New Romantic movement was new and wild and vibrant.

Alex just stands next to Charlie on a balcony and swigs from a bottle of cold Pils, can't believe what she's seeing: the dancers, the lights, the clothes. *She's drunk, she's traumatised, and the whole sequence has a woozy, disturbing quality.*

SPANDAU BALLET are on the tiny stage posing away to "To Cut A Long Story Short".

It's loud and awesome and Alex's smile shows her crazy pleasure.

ALEX  
 This is amazing.

Charlie speaks into her ear, loud above the music:

CHARLIE  
 Do you dance?

ALEX  
 No, no.

Charlie starts leading the alarmed Alex towards the dance floor.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 I said no! I don't dance.

CHARLIE  
 (Lying)  
 Sorry, can't hear you.

Charlie drags Alex on to the dance floor.

At first she's self-conscious but everyone around her is oblivious, just feeling the music, and she lets herself go. Starts really enjoying herself with Charlie.

Alex bumps into someone and she turns to apologise, only to realise she's bumped into Chris!

Shaz looks amazing: a New Romantic of the extreme early kind, a real Blitz kid. Outrageous hair and make-up, wild clothes, the whole bit.

Poor Chris. Shaz has done her best/worst with hair-spray and a back-comb and heavy eye-liner and lipstick. He looks almost as ridiculous as he looks unhappy.

Alex bursts into hysterical laughter.

ALEX

What happened to you?

Chris indicates where Shaz is seriously getting down. Shaz waves at Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(Shouting above music)

Did you find any leads?

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

Nothing. The guv is not a happy bunny. Don't say anything at work, ma'am?

ALEX

What?

CHRIS

I'd never hear the end of it.

ALEX

(Naughty)

Sorry, can't hear you.

Alex dances back to Charlie, who winks at her, dances closer.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'll get another drink.

Alex goes to the bar, waves a banknote.

Spandau Ballet are going off-stage now and we hear the voice of an MC.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

CLOWN

(OOV)

That was Spandau Ballet! And before Mr Steve Strange I'd just like to say, Alex... ALEX...

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Alex turns to see the Clown behind the microphone, looking at \*  
her. \*

CLOWN (CONT'D)  
(Serious)  
Hurry up, Alex. We're waiting for  
you.

BARMAID  
What can I get you?

Alex looks to the barmaid, momentarily distracted. When she looks back she sees The Clown making his way through the crowd away from her.

She's had enough of this bloody Clown, pushes her way through people, his hat leading the way through the sweaty crowd.

CUT TO:

31

INT - BLITZ CLUB/TOILETS - NIGHT

31

Alex follows the Clown downstairs towards the toilets, pushing through the crowd to get to him.

ALEX  
Let me through! Police Officer!

Alex pushes into the Ladies, following the route the Clown took.

There are GIRLS spraying their hair and it makes Alex wince.

She pushes open a cubicle door to reveal one Girl having a pee.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

Then Alex kicks open another cubicle door to reveal the Clown biting into a swooning girl's exposed throat.

Alex drags the Clown out as the girl screams.

The Clown is on his back and Alex is on top of him.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
What do you want?

The Clown's hat gets knocked off to reveal a pretty, terrified YOUNG WOMAN.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Please don't hurt me.

ALEX  
(Feels dreadful)  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Alex looks around her at the puzzled faces, as she kneels above a scared girl on the floor of a toilet. What is happening to her?

CUT TO:

\*

33

INT - BLITZ CLUB - NIGHT

33

It's late and the dance floor is nearly empty, just a few couples dancing to "The sweetest Girl".

Alex is dancing closely with Charlie, feeling protected in his strong arms. She's drunk.

CHARLIE

A lot of people have clown phobias,  
don't worry about it.

Chris and Shaz are about to go.

CHRIS

We're off, Ma'am.  
(Genuine)  
Mum's the word.

SHAZ

Oh, come on, straight boy.

Shaz drags Chris towards the exit.

ALEX

Thank you for a wonderful night. Or maybe it was a micro second. Or fourth months. Thank you for a wonderful micro second or four months.

CHARLIE

Alex?

ALEX

Yes, Charlie.

CHARLIE

You talk too much.

And he kisses her. Hard and strong on her lips, taking her breath away. At first she is stiff but then gives into the kiss, tongue hungrily finding his, hands moving up his back. It's been a long, long time and then.... she sees a flyer pasted to a wall, advertising that "The Pop Group" are playing at The Rainbow. The lettering has the very distinctive anarchist "O"s.

\*

CUT TO:

34

EXT - STREET/CAR BOMB - DAY

34

THE FORD ESCORT BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.

SMASH CUT:

35

INT - BLACK ROOM - DAY

35

The painted CLOWN again. Peaked hat. Doleful stare.

CLOWN  
 We're waiting.

SMASH CUT:

36

INT - PRIDE OF THE ISLE PUBLIC HOUSE/UPSTAIRS - DAY

36 \*

CLOSE on the T-Shirt: The Pop Group's "We Are All  
 Prostitutes" and DISTINCTIVE LETTERING.

\*

SMASH CUT:

CAROLINE  
*Make sure she concentrates. She's  
 easily distracted.*

SMASH CUT:

37

INT - BLITZ CLUB - NIGHT - NIGHT

37

Alex feels her legs going, as if she's on a boat during a  
 swell. The club see-saws like a ship at sea and she grabs  
 hold of a table.\*  
 \*  
 \*

CHARLIE  
 Are you alright?

ALEX  
 We're moving! Can't you feel it?

\*  
 \*

CHARLIE  
 You've had a bit to drink, why  
 don't we -

\*  
 \*  
 \*

ALEX  
 I think I know who's attacking you,  
 Charlie.

\*

The room stops swaying. Returns to normal.

\*

CHARLIE  
 (Exasperated)  
 Alex -

Alex is already running across the dance floor towards the exit.

CUT TO:

38

INT - CITY STATION/CID/GENE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

38

An excited Alex has outlined her theory to Gene.

ALEX

It makes perfect sense. He hero worships his father, looks up to him, sees him humiliated by having to sell his pub, his home, his identity. Charlie Moore is the developer -

GENE

You've changed your tune, Bolly. Last time I saw you, you were snivelling around doing a pretty passable impression of a Useless Bimbo.

ALEX

I got distracted. I'm not distracted any more. Let's bring him in before he kills.

GENE

Don't buy it.

ALEX

I know I'm right, I know his profile. You saw how he reacted when we leant on his father.

GENE

Where does he buy dynamite? How does he learn how to use it?

ALEX

I don't know yet, but I know I'm right.

\*

GENE

You think our future king wants to be a tampon, so your views don't count.

ALEX

Please.

GENE

No.

ALEX  
 (Deep breath)  
 I'll let you stamp my bum.

A beat.

GENE  
 I'll get my coat.

CUT TO:

39

**INT - PRIDE OF THE ISLE PUBLIC HOUSE/UPSTAIRS - NIGHT**

39

Gene and Alex crash through the door into the flat above the pub.

Alex immediately goes to the pile of Pop Group flyers, quickly finds one that has had it's "O's" removed.

She holds it up to Gene, who nods.

Now David Bonds comes sleepily into the room in his pyjamas, holding a baseball bat.

DAVID  
 What's going on?

GENE  
 Your son, Mr Bonds. We want to speak to him.

Elaine also comes out of the bedroom, tying her dressing-gown.

ELAINE  
 What's happening?

DAVID  
 Get out of my house!

ALEX  
 Let's all keep very calm.

George comes bursting out of his bedroom, tries to make a run for it, but Gene thumps him in the stomach, doubling the boy up in pain.

GENE  
 Innocent men don't run, son.

David moves towards Gene, angry.

GENE (CONT'D)  
 Don't make me hurt him, Bonds.

Gene puts his foot on George's head and David hangs back.

DAVID  
You bastard.

ELAINE  
(Upset, to David)  
Stop it!

Elaine goes to comfort her son, whose nose is bleeding.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
(To Alex)  
Why are you doing this?

ALEX  
George Bonds, we are arresting you on suspicion of the attempted murder of Charles Moore. You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention, when questioned -

GENE  
That's not how it goes.

DAVID  
He might hate Charles Moore, we all do. But he's not capable of murder, look at him.

George looks up at his father, humiliated.

David flexes his baseball bat.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
If you want me, Hunt, you come and get me like a man. You don't hide behind a boy.

ALEX  
Put that down, Mr Moore. Please.

David turns to Alex.

DAVID  
I don't like you.

ELAINE  
David!

Too late. Gene brings a vase smashing down on David's head.

CUT TO:

Gene manhandles a bleeding David down the stairs and through the pub, followed by Alex with George and Elaine.

Ray and Chris hurry into the pub.

CHRIS  
Everything alright?

Ray doesn't like the sight of Alex and Gene working in harmony.

RAY  
You didn't say you were going to do this.

GENE  
When you become my mother, Raymomdo, I promise I'll tell you.

ALEX  
(To Chris)  
Turn this place upside down.

CHRIS  
What am I looking for?

ALEX  
Dynamite.

DAVID  
Dynamite? There's no dynamite in my house, you stupid cow!

David tries to wriggle free and it takes all of Gene and Chris' strength to wrestle him to the floor and push his face into the carpet.

GEORGE  
(Shocked)  
Leave him alone! Dad!

Ray takes a soda syphon from the bar and spurts it over the humiliated David's face.

GENE  
(To Alex)  
Get them to the station. I want this done and dusted.

CUT TO:

Ray and other UNIFORMED OFFICERS push the Bonds family into a waiting van.

RAY  
(To Chris)  
Are you wearing make-up?

\*  
\*  
\*

CHRIS  
(Hurriedly)  
No.

\*  
\*  
\*

Alex looks over at where an increasingly large, increasingly angry crowd of locals look on.

DAVID  
I'll have you, bitch! Don't think I won't.

Ray wrenches David's arm and he yells out in pain.

Stones and bottles start to shower down on the Police Officers.

CUT TO:

42

**INT - PRIDE OF THE ISLE PUBLIC HOUSE - DAWN**

42

Upstairs we can hear the sound of police officers searching the flat.

Gene wanders around the empty boozer, the sort of place he loves. Sits up at the deserted bar, looks around.

He hears voices. Ghost voices.

We hear Ray, Chris. Phyllis. Annie. And Sam Tyler. All laughing.

Gene shakes his head free of the memories, annoyed with himself.

He idly looks at photographs of grinning SQUADDIES behind the bar, obviously taken in North Africa during WW2.

CUT TO:

43

**INT - CITY STATION/CORRIDOR - DAY**

43

Gene and Alex are having a "discussion" in the corridor.

ALEX  
Let David go.

GENE  
No, he'll only stir up trouble.

ALEX  
If we get the father out of the way  
we can isolate the son.

GENE  
Pretty confident, Bolly, aren't  
you? What if you're wrong and the  
bomber is still out there?

ALEX  
 (Confident)  
 I'm not. He's not.

A beat.

GENE  
 Right, let the old man go. I'm  
 going to squeeze his son's zits  
 until I hit his nervous system.

ALEX  
 Let me talk to him.

\*

GENE  
 Why should I?

ALEX  
 Because he's a frightened, confused  
 kid. I'm an expert.

GENE  
 I'll have him stuffed and mounted  
 and sent to Special Branch.

ALEX  
 He needs a brief. I want this case  
 to stick.

GENE  
 Viv has got a list of pet  
 solicitors behind the desk, use one  
 of them.

CUT TO:

44

INT - CITY STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

44

Now Gene and Alex sit across from a remarkably calm George.

ALEX  
 (Reading)  
 We are all prostitutes  
 Everyone has their price  
 And you too will learn to live the  
 lie  
 Aggression  
 Competition  
 Ambition  
 Consumer Fascism  
 Capitalism is the most barbaric of  
 all religions.

GENE  
 I think Roger Whitaker covered  
 that.

ALEX

Is that what you believe, George?

GEORGE

I just like the music.

Gene presses play on the cassette recorder and The Pop Group's discordant "We Are All Prostitutes" hisses out.

Gene winces, turns it off.

GENE

Now we know you're a liar.

ALEX

All the letters in the warning note can be traced to publications found in your home.

GEORGE

So?

GENE

Cigarette?

GEORGE

The Working Classes are enslaved by the Tobacco Industry.

GENE

Where's my snooker cue?

ALEX

I think you were planning to murder Charles Moore, George.

GEORGE

Prove it.

GENE

The correct answer to that question is "no, I didn't".

GEORGE

Piss off.

GENE

George, I think I'm going to give you a bit of a slap.

George looks genuinely terrified as Gene takes his jacket off.

ALEX

Come on, George, let's not do this his way, don't give him the satisfaction.

GEORGE  
Is this all you've got? Can I go  
home, please?

CUT TO:

45

INT - CITY STATION/CORRIDOR - DAY

45

Gene and Alex walk down the corridor.

GENE  
I'm not sure about this. Terrified  
kid like that should be singing  
like a canary.

ALEX  
It's classic behaviour. He's closed  
down his emotional system, you  
won't get to him by threatening  
him.

GENE  
What if he's got associates?

ALEX  
He won't have. He's a loner, I'm  
sure of it.

GENE  
Not good enough. Break him, find  
out if there are any more  
explosives out there.

They stop, about to enter the more crowded CID area.

\*

GENE (CONT'D)  
Right, I hope you've got your best  
knickers on.

ALEX  
Why?

GENE  
A deal is a deal.

Gene opens the door and they walk into CID. EVERYONE turns to  
look expectantly at Alex - Ray; Chris; Shaz; Viv and all the  
rest of CID.

RAY  
All inked up and ready to go.

Ray holds up the office stamp with a leering grin.

ALEX  
(To Gene)  
Please tell me you're not serious?

GENE

Just lie back and think of  
Cheltenham, all be over in a jiffy.

SHAZ

They did it to me, Ma'am, too.  
Pathetic but doesn't hurt.

Alex cannot believe she is in this predicament.

ALEX

Oh for Christ's sake. It's not  
real, no-one will ever know except  
me and my therapist.

Alex bends over the desk and hoiks her skirt up.

GENE

Raymondo.

Ray hands Gene the inked-up stamp.

It's a very fine bum and Gene gets an eyeful.

GENE (CONT'D)

Detective Inspector Drake, we'd  
like to formally welcome you to the  
Metropolitan Police.

ALEX

Get on with it.  
(Looking at Chris)  
I've had dinner with Germaine  
Greer.

Gene raises his arm, about to do the evil deed.

CHRIS

(Has seen something  
alarming)

Sir!

GENE

A little busy, Christopher.

ALEX

Will you please just stamp my arse!

Chris is looking wide-eyed over at the door.

Gene turns.

Caroline Price is standing there! She looks lovely, steely  
and ready for a scrap.

Alex's legs nearly buckle beneath her as she stands, pulling  
her skirt down.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 (Amazed)  
 Mum?

CAROLINE  
 What did you say?

ALEX  
 Nothing. I mean.

GENE  
 To what do we owe this unpleasant  
 visit?

CAROLINE  
 Someone phoned my chambers. I'm  
 representing George Bonds.

Some groans from the Officers.

Gene just turns and glares at Alex.

GENE  
 Our cup runneth over.

Alex puts her own hand out, wants recognition.

ALEX  
 It's amazing to meet you,  
 Caroline... Mrs Price... I've  
 been... I've admired you...

GENE  
 Oh, God.

Caroline turns and looks at Alex with cold eyes.

CAROLINE  
 Are you trying to be funny?

ALEX  
 No.

CAROLINE  
 We'll see who's laughing when I'm  
 finished here.  
 (To Gene)  
 I want to see my client.

Out on Alex, stunned by this development.

CUT TO:

Gene and Alex are having a heated, whispered argument outside  
 the Interview Room.

ALEX

Yes!

GENE

No! You do not walk into an interview room with that woman unless you have a confession written in the suspect's own blood.

ALEX

We know it's him!

GENE

We think we know. I can't believe I'm about to say this, but... we need evidence.

ALEX

The cut-out letters; Charlie Moore as class enemy number one; the pub being taken from them -

GENE

All circumstantial. She'll have our heads on spikes above the Old Bailey.

ALEX

I'm going in there with her!

GENE

No!

Chris tentatively arrives in the corridor, a distinctive plastic bag in his hand.

CHRIS

Guv.

GENE

What?

CHRIS

We took the floorboards up in the pub, found this.

Gene peers into the plastic bag. He smiles.

ALEX

What is it?

GENE

You really think you can take Caroline Price on?

Alex nods.

GENE (CONT'D)

You might need this.

Gene takes out a stick of dynamite.

CUT TO:

47

**INT - CITY STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

47

Gene sits in rare silence, fascinated, as Alex and Caroline do battle over George Bonds.

ALEX

(To George)

Where did the dynamite come from,  
George?

GEORGE

I don't know.

ALEX

If we're going to help each other  
out here you need to be honest with  
me.

CAROLINE

Did you not hear him? He said he  
doesn't know.

GENE

Love fifteen.

ALEX

(Trying to be reasonable)

Please, let's not play this game.

CAROLINE

This is not a game, Detective  
Inspector Drake.

ALEX

Alex. My name is "Alex".

CAROLINE

(Pointed)

Detective Inspector Drake. Charge  
him or release him, it's quite  
simple.

GENE

Love thirty.

CAROLINE

Your evidence is circumstantial at  
best, at worst it's malicious. Just  
because his family were making a  
stand that inconvenienced you -

ALEX

(Getting cross)

You think dynamite is  
circumstantial?

CAROLINE

I do when it is so fortunately  
discovered by members of the  
Metropolitan Police.

ALEX

I'm trying to help your client, can  
we please stop playing these stupid  
games?

CAROLINE

Do you know what I think?

ALEX

No, tell me.

CAROLINE

I think you've been put under  
pressure by your superior officers  
to pin this crime on some innocent,  
weak member of society -

GENE

(Dan Maskell Voice)

Oh, I say!

ALEX

Don't be preposterous -

CAROLINE

So that you can tell them all will  
be well for the Royal wedding.

ALEX

(Getting louder)

So we'd let an innocent man get  
sent down and leave a potential  
killer left free to walk the  
streets?

GENE

(Dan Maskell Voice)

Attacking forehand lob my Miss  
Bolly.

CAROLINE

(To Alex, mock shock)

No, the police immoral? Tell me  
it's not so.

GENE

(Dan Maskell)

The Piranha smashes down the line!

ALEX  
 (losing it, to Gene)  
 Shut up!

CAROLINE  
 I don't know if you're  
 spectacularly naive, DI Drake, or  
 spectacularly stupid. Given your  
 place of employment, I have to  
 suspect the latter.

ALEX  
 And you're a rude bitch. Perhaps  
 you will get him off -

GENE  
 Oh, I don't think so.

ALEX  
 And perhaps he'll repay you by  
 blowing you to kingdom come!

Caroline smiles, knows she has got the better of Alex.

CAROLINE  
 What a very strange thing to say.  
 Perhaps we should reconvene this  
 interview when you're a little less  
 excited.

An upset Alex gets up.

ALEX  
 Thank you for your support.

CAROLINE  
 Charge him or release him.

ALEX  
 (Angry)  
 Consider him charged!

CAROLINE  
 I'll look forward to seeing you in  
 court.

GENE  
 (Cheery)  
 Shall we all do some profiling? \*

CUT TO:

ALEX

I'll buy a Jane Fonda video. Some pink leg-warmers. No worries.

Suddenly she is aware of Caroline standing there. Is very conscious her mouth is smeared with cake.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(Swallowing)

I thought you'd gone.

CAROLINE

I was waiting for you.

ALEX

(Flattered)

Really?

CAROLINE

You look like you could do with a drink.

ALEX

(Really pleased)

I'd like that.

CUT TO:

49

INT - LUIGI'S - DAY

49

Caroline and Alex sip at their drinks.

CAROLINE

I'm sorry if I was a bit hard on you. I have a duty to my client and I was trying to discomfort you.

ALEX

You succeeded.

CAROLINE

The last thing I wanted to do was embarrass a fellow female in a male profession. You know you're the only female DI in the Division?

ALEX

I know. Lucky me.

A beat. Alex is just loving this, hanging out with her glamorous mother.

ALEX (CONT'D)

It's been a dream of mine to meet you.

CAROLINE

That's a kind thing to say. Not what I usually hear from DIs.

ALEX

All my life.

Alex is getting emotional.

ALEX (CONT'D)

About the stamping thing -

CAROLINE

There must be a lot of pressure on a woman to become like a man in your position. Either join the club or get isolated and abused.

ALEX

People like you fought the fight so people like me wouldn't have to.

CAROLINE

You could do a lot of good in your position, DI Drake. A lot.

Alex is very touched by these words.

ALEX

I always hoped you'd be proud.

CAROLINE

The Metropolitan Police presents a very united front to people like me. Hatred, I think is the word.

ALEX

(Being reasonable)

They're an institution and you attack them -

CAROLINE

Only because I expect fairness and justice. Doesn't seem too much to ask from our police service.

ALEX

Surely, both sides can work together? We want the same thing.

Caroline smiles at this.

CAROLINE

I doubt that. Would you really like to help me, DI Drake?

ALEX

Alex, please. I'd love to.

CAROLINE

I have a daughter called Alex.

ALEX

I know. You see -

CAROLINE

What would help me is for us to become friends.

ALEX

(Pleased)

Yes.

CAROLINE

We could talk sometimes. And you could tell me about things that go on at work.

The penny starts to drop for Alex.

ALEX

(Suspicious)

What sort of things?

CAROLINE

Things that should be in the public domain, not in a dark police cell.

ALEX

You want me to spy on my colleagues?

CAROLINE

I want you to do what you know is right.

ALEX

(Appalled)

No, never. Not even in death, not even to please you.

Alex gets up, upset.

CAROLINE

Do you know the one thing worse than women being excluded from power, DI Drake?

ALEX

Can we please meet again? I think we've just got off to a bad -

CAROLINE

It's women fighting to get the keys to the kingdom and then behaving like men.

ALEX

Just get to know me. I might even  
be able to save your life.

CAROLINE

I don't want to get to know you.  
The only thing my daughter shares  
with you is her name. I'd be  
ashamed if she grew up to be like  
you.

Caroline gets up, leaves money, walks coolly away.

Leaving a devastated Alex behind.

CUT TO:

50

INT - LUXURY FLAT/LIFT - DAY

50

Going up.

Alex is alone in the lift, going up to Charlie's floor,  
looking at herself in the mirror:

ALEX

Obviously, I wouldn't do this in  
real life. I don't shag Thatcherite  
businessmen, no matter how cute. I  
am merely going to piss off that  
part of the Id that spewed up my  
mother. And nobody will know.

(A beat)

But me.

CUT TO:

51

INT - LUXURY FLAT/FRONT DOOR - DAY

51

Alex nervously approaches Charlie's flat. Even from here she  
can hear music is loud in his flat: **Heaven 17's "We don't  
Need That Fascist Grove Thang".**

Alex tries the bell. Nothing. Tries again. Nothing.

Then she looks guiltily down the corridor before finding her  
nail file. Alex deftly picks the lock.

CUT TO:

52

INT - LUXURY FLAT - DAY

52

Alex lets herself into the flat where Heaven 17 is deafening.

ALEX

Charlie?

Alex sees a door ajar, a light on. She gently pushes it open:

Charlie is lying naked on the bed, a fit young woman bouncing happily astride him. \*

Charlie catches Alex's eyes. He doesn't stop what he's doing.

Alex lurches away.

CUT TO:

53

**INT - LUIGIS'S - DAY**

53

Alex sways into the busy Luigi's, a bit pissed, dishevelled.

Gene Hunt is sat at his table, police files in front of him.

GENE

DI Bolly Knickers. You appear to be drunk in control of a handbag in the middle of the day.

ALEX

Piss off, you lardy fascist.

Gene raises an eyebrow at this.

GENE

We'll make a copper of you yet. Luigi! Another bottle of Pinot Grigio and -

ALEX

I don't want anything to drink, I'm going upstairs.

GENE

- and a bottle of your best over-priced fizzy water.

LUIGI

Yes, Mr Hunt.

GENE

(To Alex)

Sit.

CUT TO:

54

**INT - LUIGIS'S - DAY**

54

Later.

Alex has passed from drunk to maudlin.

Gene has just got drunk and caught her up.

ALEX

(Maudlin)

Even in my own bloody fantasy my  
mother is ashamed of me.

GENE

Would you like to take some advice  
from your Uncle Gene?

ALEX

Not really.

GENE

We're not like other people.

ALEX

You're right, we're not. Why aren't  
we?

GENE

When the rest of humanity finds  
themselves in the dung heap, misery  
lapping at their throats,  
threatening to drown them; the rat  
of despair gnawing at their  
genitals -

ALEX

Alright, alright, I get the  
picture. Give me some wine.

GENE

No.

ALEX

Yes.

GENE

No. But you and me, Bolly, are  
Police Officers. We can drive fast  
cars and shout at people. We can do  
something. We can make a  
difference.

Alex looks up at Gene, likes his words.

ALEX

Keep on fighting, don't get  
distracted.

GENE

Exactly.

Alex smacks the table with her fist.

GENE (CONT'D)

Steady, Bolls. That formica was  
hewn from the hills above Florence.

ALEX

Thank you.

GENE

For what?

ALEX

"I was lost but now I am found."

GENE

Kenny Rogers?

ALEX

Book Of Luke, Chapter fifteen.

A brief smile between the two of them.

Luigi sidles up.

LUIGI

Can I offer you desert, Senor Hunt?

GENE

(Weary)

How many times, Luigi?

(Correcting)

Dessert. Desert is somewhere  
Montgomery gave your Nazi mates a  
good hiding.

A WAITER brings a flaming dessert to a nearby table and the light of the flames plays on Gene's face. A penny drops.

GENE (CONT'D)

(Energised)

Work to do, Bolly.

ALEX

Work to do, sir.

CUT TO:

55

INT - CITY STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

55

A much fresher, sharper Alex is interviewing George.

ALEX

George, I'm going to put every card  
I have on the table. You attempted  
to blow up a bulldozer belonging to  
Charlie Moore.

GEORGE

(Angry)

I didn't!

ALEX

Then you tried to intimidate Mr  
Moore with the fake car bomb.

GEORGE

No!

ALEX

Then you threatened his life.

GEORGE

I want to see my lawyer.

Alex puts up her hand, wants to finish.

ALEX

(Calm)

I know it, you know it. You were  
angry about Charles Moore hurting  
your family - your Dad - and you  
struck out. A jury will understand  
that. Your wonderful lawyer will  
make sure they do.

Alex looks at the unhappy boy opposite her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I know what it's like to adore a  
parent, George. A powerful,  
dominating, exciting parent. Who  
maybe doesn't always give you the  
attention you think you're due.

GEORGE

You don't know anything about me.

ALEX

You remember when I said it was  
futile to fight? I was wrong and  
you were right. It's never futile  
to fight.

GEORGE

What are you talking about?

ALEX

I'm fighting for my life, George.  
I'm fighting to see my little girl  
again.

GEORGE

You're barking. I want my lawyer!

\*

ALEX

(Calm)

I know you did it. Just tell me  
everything and you'll feel so much  
better, I promise you.

The door clatters open and David is standing there, his arm wrenched painfully behind his back by Gene.

GEORGE

Dad?

GENE

I'm sorry, DI Drake, didn't know  
you were interviewing in here.

ALEX

What have you brought him in for?

GENE

Didn't I tell you? He's our bomber.

DAVID

You are insane, Hunt. I know  
nothing about it!

GEORGE

I did it!

They all look at George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I wanted my Dad to be proud of me.  
I did it.

DAVID

No, George.

ALEX

(Smug, to Gene)  
I hate to say I told you so...

The boy starts to cry. Terrible, wracking tears and he curls  
his body into foetal position.

GEORGE

I did it, I did it.

Alex is at his side, arms around him, feels deeply for him.  
But also feels it is a job well done.

ALEX

Did anyone help you?

GEORGE

Just me. Only me. I'm sorry, I'm  
sorry.

DAVID

Don't say another word, son,  
Caroline is on her way.

ALEX

(To Gene)  
You knew this was going to happen.

GENE  
 We had a blockage.  
 (Indicating David)  
 Mr Bonds was our enema.

\*  
 \*

CUT TO:

56

INT - CITY STATION/CID - DAY

56

Chairs have been arranged so that they are all pointing at the television, which is showing the early stages of the Royal Wedding.

Gene, Ray, Chris, Shaz, Viv are all there.

Gene is looking at his watch, glancing at wedding, glancing at the door.

SHAZ  
 Isn't she lovely! That's Emanuel.

CHRIS  
 (Fawning)  
 Yeah, yeah. Lovely dress.

SHAZ  
 Don't pretend you've got a soft side.

VIV  
 D'you think he'll make a good King?

CHRIS  
 It worries me he's Welsh.  
 (Hurriedly)  
 No offence, Viv. I'm not a racialist.

VIV  
 He's not Welsh.

CHRIS  
 He is. Prince Of Wales.

RAY  
 Nobody does this better than us.  
 Nobody.

Then Princess Diana stumbles over Charles' middle names.

CHRIS  
 Oops.

They all turn as Gene manhandles David into CID, with Alex gently leading the beaten George.

GENE  
 Have they tied the Royal knot yet?

RAY

Almost there, Guv.

GENE

(To George)

Spotty, useless, anarcho twat NIL,  
Royal Family and Gene Hunt ONE.

ALEX

Easy on him, Guv.

Caroline comes into CID now, with a weary-looking Elaine.

GENE

(To Caroline)

The jungle drums were beating in  
Hampstead, I see.

ELAINE

George? What's happening?

ALEX

(Bright, to Caroline)

Hello.

CAROLINE

I want this officer removed from  
the case, she's not competent.

ALEX

Is that right? At least I'm not  
trying to score cheap points off  
coppers when my daughter is stuck  
at school for the Royal wedding. On  
her own.

CAROLINE

How dare you speak to me like that!

ALEX

All my life I've felt guilty about  
that but not any more. She's your  
daughter, bloody love her!

GENE

Ladies, ladies. Let's attend to the  
matter in hand before we get to the  
mud wrestling.

ALEX

Shut up!

CAROLINE

Shut up!

Gene takes out the distinctive plastic bag.

He looks at it, then looks at David and George's blank faces.

GENE  
 (After thought)  
 Oh, Mrs Bonds. Catch.

Gene throws the bag hard at Elaine and David instinctively leaps to protect her.

DAVID  
 Get down!

Nobody else moves. Nothing happens.

ALEX  
 (To Gene)  
 What are you doing?

Gene picks up the plastic bag, takes out a stick of dynamite.

GENE  
 That could have been nasty. \*

David makes a break for it but Gene jumps on him, followed by Ray and Viv, pushing his face into the rough carpet.

Gene kneels down and whispers in David's ear.

GENE (CONT'D)  
 You're nicked.

GEORGE  
 You leave him alone!

ALEX  
 (Baffled)  
 I don't understand.

GENE  
 Look and learn, Bolly.

CHRIS  
 Can you keep the noise down over  
 there?

CUT TO:

Alex is very disconcerted. She takes Gene's proffered bottle of Scotch without even thinking about it.

ALEX  
 I was absolutely convinced. Classic  
 father worship, hero envy.  
 Inadequate, impotent, angry,  
 bright, bitter, attention-seeker. I  
 would have put money on him being  
 the bomber.

GENE

Nah, not in a million years. It takes balls to do what Bonds did. The son's a spotty girl's blouse, never had it in him.

ALEX

I suppose.

GENE

My gut told me it was the Dad. Sapper in the Army in North Africa, blowing up sunburnt Germans, knew his way around explosives, bitter old bastard.

Alex sighs.

GENE (CONT'D)

Never mind. Your boyfriend's invited us to a party.

CUT TO:

58

EXT - EAST END STREET - EVENING

58

Bunting flaps in the breeze.

The inhabitants of the street have a last communal event, a Royal Wedding party. Lots of plastic hats and red, blue and white.

The remaining Bonds are together - Elaine; George - and take hand-shakes and thanks from neighbours. They have lost their battle but gained some kudos.

At the "top" table Charlie Moore sits with his girlfriend, the fawning Fiona.

There are other suits there, people taking photographs. Obviously a staged event.

Chris and Ray come out of the empty pub.

RAY

Searched everywhere, Guv. Clean as a whistle.

Alex watches Charlie laughing with Fiona. She becomes aware that Gene is at her side.

GENE

That's the trouble with being posh. There's always someone posher.

Charlie stands up and the tables are hushed.

CHARLIE

I just want to say a few words. I know we haven't always seen eye to eye on the development of this area.

People glance over at George and Elaine.

ALEX

(Suspicious)

What are they doing here?

GENE

Getting on with their lives.

CHARLIE

But I wanted to say one thing: you and I are the same, we have the same blood in our veins and we always will. We look after each other. I give you my word that every man and woman here this evening will be given a cash sum to start a new life in a new place.

GENE

(To Alex)

He's a smooth operator, I'll give him that.

Charlie raises his glass.

CHARLIE

The future is bright, my friends. I give you the Royal Couple. God Save The Queen.

Everybody stands and raises their glasses.

Alex looks over at George, who looks a bit odd in a plastic hat. He catches her eyes and smiles warmly at her, raising his glass. This pleases Alex.

CUT TO:

59

EXT - EAST END STREET - EVENING

59

The party is in full swing, everybody up and dancing, doing a conga.

Gene, Ray and Chris are all in the conga.

Gene puts his hands too near the giggling Fiona's breasts and she moves them down.

Alex watches all this, outside of things.

Charlie comes up with two glasses of champagne.

CHARLIE

I kept the good stuff back.

ALEX

Pretty speech.

CHARLIE

I meant every word. Listen, if you ever got bored of having to work with an oaf like that -

Charlie indicates Gene doing the conga.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

There's a job waiting for you. I could use a woman like you.

ALEX

I think you already have.

Alex doesn't want to talk to him any more and moves away.

She looks over at the dancing congo. Only to see that Gene is suddenly serious, looking over at where George is sitting on his own, wearing a large coat.

Gene's eyes catch Alex's: a thick coat on a Summer's evening. Odd. And a cigarette in his mouth.

And then the terrible penny drops for Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)

He doesn't smoke.

She watches as George gets up and starts walking towards Charlie.

Gene has come to the same terrible conclusion. He moves among the people, quietly telling them to get under tables etc.

George is obviously asking Charlie for a light and the older man hands over a lighter.

Alex and Gene work silently, like a pincer of well-trained sheepdogs, trying to get people to safety.

RAY

What are they up to?

Alex and Gene start running now, desperate to stop the mayhem.

ALEX

No, George! No!

GENE

Everybody down! Get down!

George knows he has been rumbled.

\*

GEORGE

You're coming with me, Mr Moore..

\*  
\*  
\*

Charlie looks puzzled.

\*  
\*

George can't get the lighter to work in the breeze.

\*

Alex smashes Charlie to the ground, drags him to safety.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(Smiling)

Ah, well. We Are All Prostitutes.

\*

ALEX

No, George!

George opens his coat to reveal the sticks of dynamite taped to the lining.

GEORGE

(To Alex)

You were right. Everybody must  
fight.

\*

ELAINE

George?

The explosion blows George to smithereens.

Alex covers Charlie from the blast like the good copper she is.

Elaine is screaming. Mayhem.

CUT TO:

60

EXT - LONDON SKYLINE/1981 - NIGHT

60

The old London skyline, illuminated by a hundred firework parties.

CUT TO:

61

INT - FLAT - NIGHT

61

Alex is writing a huge calender over one white wall, very energised, talking into a Dictaphone.

\*

The highlights of the Royal Wedding on television.

ALEX

Everything is significant, Molly, I just don't know why yet. But the more I experience, the more clues I will get and the sooner I'll get back to you.

\*  
\*  
\*

The last day she underlines and writes: **Mum and Dad die.**

ALEX (CONT'D)

Maybe I can save them. Is that why  
I'm here? Will that be my release?  
(Determined)  
I won't leave you on your own,  
Molly. I promise.

\*  
\*  
\*

The noise of a car horn outside. Insistent.

Alex goes to the window and looks out:

All of CID are there - Ray; Chris; Viv; Shaz, everyone - in a line, their buttocks mooning up at her.

Gene stands and looks up at her.

GENE

One little thing, DI Drake. Just  
had a word with Special Branch.  
What we witnessed today... we  
didn't. It never happened.

ALEX

(Dreamy)  
It never happened.

And with that Gene drops his trousers and moons with the rest of them.

Alex lets the curtains drop.

\*

A knock at the door.

\*

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Please, please, no more.

\*

She opens the door and is astonished to see her mother standing there:

\*

\*

CAROLINE

How are you?

\*

\*

ALEX

I'm fine. Actually, that's a lie.  
I'm a mess.

\*

\*

CAROLINE

I'm not surprised, it must have  
been a horrible experience. I just  
wanted you to know I had no idea  
that he was capable of that. To  
kill himself like that...

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

ALEX

Passion and belief in a cause. He  
won't be the last.

\*

\*

(MORE)

\*

ALEX (CONT'D)  
(Really keen)  
Will you come in?

\*  
\*

CAROLINE  
I'm sorry, I can't. I'm going to  
pick up my daughter from school.

\*  
\*  
\*

ALEX  
(Touched)  
That's good.

\*  
\*  
\*

CAROLINE  
I'll see you again, DI Drake.

\*  
\*

ALEX  
Alex.

\*  
\*

CAROLINE  
Alex.

\*  
\*

Caroline leaves and Alex closes the door behind it. Leans  
back against the closed door. Exhilerated. Confused.  
Exhausted.

\*  
\*  
\*

We push into the television, looking at the Lords and Ladies  
in St Pauls. That's odd. The Clown is standing amongst the  
ermine-clad figures, his back to us.

Then he turns and looks straight out at us. His white face  
cracks into a smile.

And he winks.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS ROLL to **Fun Boy Three's "The Lunatics Have Taken  
Over The Asylum"**.

**THE END**