

BLACK OPS

Episode Two
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4th July 2022

YELLOW Shooting Script

BBC STUDIOS PRODUCTIONS
COMEDY

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1 FLASHBACK: INT. POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY 1

DOM is by her locker, putting on some lip balm in a compact mirror. She lowers the mirror to see KAY - standing cheerfully in front of her. He offers a small plastic packet.

KAY

Wet wipe?

Dom ignoring him turns away and busies herself in the locker. Kay is trying to scrub away a stain on his shirt with a wet wipe.

KAY (CONT'D)

I think all things considered,
we've had a good day.

DOM

Yeah? Which part? When you randomly
started rapping to a bunch of Year
11's about staying off *Da* streets?

KAY

They were on the streets Dominique.

DOM

They were waiting at a bus stop!

KAY

At a bus stop on *Da* streets!

Silence as Dom simply stares at him. An oblivious Kay holds out the packet again.

KAY (CONT'D)

Wet wipe?

DOM

(in spite of herself)
Yeah, go on.

She takes a wipe.

KAY

(indicating his shirt)
This is gonna need something
stronger.

Kay heads off in the direction of the toilets - and another PCSO, PRICEY approaches, holding a print-out.

PRICE

Next week's rota - hot off the
press.

DOM

Gimme!

She takes it from him, over-

PRICE
Hello to you too, Dom.
(quietly)
My sumptuous Almond Joy.

DOM
(studying the rota)
No!
(then)
Why do they always put me with Kay?

PRICE
Partner with me if you like.

DOM
I'll pass thanks, Pricey.

PRICE
Wouldn't say that if you'd seen me
on Call of Duty last night.
Absolutely beasted some lads from
Tampa.

DOM
(still looking at the
rota)
It's racist!

PRICE
Not any more - they've banned those
players.

DOM
No, I mean - always putting me with
Kay. Blatantly just because we're
both black.

PRICE
Whooooa. Won't comment on that. I
always thought you guys were mates.

DOM
No. I don't wanna work with him -
he's a joke.

Reveal - unbeknownst to Dom, Kay is standing in earshot - on
his way back from the toilets. His face falls as she goes on-

DOM (CONT'D)
And if anything kicked off he'd be
about as much use as a chocolate
tea pot.

Heartbroken, Kay turns and walks off, over-

PRICE

Isn't that a bit racist?

DOM

Er, no!

PRICE

Well, I wouldn't sweat it - you're PCSOs. The most exciting it's going to get is stopping cyclists mounting a pavement. Am I right?

CUT TO:

1A OMITTED

1A

2 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT 2

Dom and Kay mid-scream where we left them at the end of EPISODE ONE - Walthamstow Marshes. Clinton's lifeless body stares directly up at them, his phone still ringing.

TITLES: BLACK OPS

CUT TO:

3 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT 3

KAY

Okay! Okay! This is just a dream.
I'm still asleep in my box room off
the kitchen at Elder Bunmi's. She's
probably frying palm oil again and
that gives me nightmares. I'm not
here. You're not here. It's just a -

Dom slaps Kay.

KAY (CONT'D)

Ow! Okay, I'm awake.

She slaps him again.

KAY (CONT'D)

I said I get it, Dom!

DOM

My bad.

Kay pulls out his brown paper bag and hyperventilates into it as Dom kneels down by Clinton's body, examining it.

DOM (CONT'D)

Mmm-hmm. Mmm-hmm.

KAY

What is it?

DOM

Mmm-hmm. He's definitely dead.

Kay goes back to hyperventilating. Dom paces.

KAY

What are we gonna do Dom? ...Dom?!

DOM
I'm thinking!... The gang obviously
killed Clinton... That means they
must know who we are!

Kay sings, sotto.

KAY
*In the corners of my mind I just
can't seem to find a reason to
believe...*

DOM	KAY (CONT'D)
They've probably been onto us this whole time. That's how they got him. How they knew where we lived-	<i>That I could break free... Cause you see I have been down for so long...</i>

DOM (CONT'D)	KAY (CONT'D)
Are you singing "Shackles"?	<i>Feel like the hope is gone But as I lift my hands, I understand. That I should praise you through my circumstance...</i>

DOM (CONT'D)	KAY (CONT'D)
Kay?	<i>Take the shackles off my feet so I can dance... I just want to praise -</i>

Dom slaps Kay.

KAY (CONT'D)
Ow!

DOM
My bad...Okay. Let's just get a
grip here. Alright? If they knew
about us we'd be in that bag too.

They both look to the staring dead eyes of Clinton. Dom
quickly zips up the bag.

KAY
I've never seen a dead body before.

DOM
And you think I have?! I live in De
Beauvoir, Kay. Not Compton!

KAY
And I live in a room that doubles
up as storage for my church elder's
tea cosy collection! I'm not about
this life!

Kay pulls out his phone and dials.

DOM
W...w...what are you doing?

KAY
Calling for back up.

Dom smacks the phone out of his hand.

DOM
Back up? They fired us, remember?!

KAY
We can talk to them and tell them -

DOM
Tell them what?

KAY
The truth! We'll start from the beginning... Tell them about the mission and Clinton and *everything* -

CUT TO:

4 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

4

An interrogation room with a two way mirror. Dom and Kay in pyjamas, sat opposite two DETECTIVES.

DETECTIVE 1
(looking through notes)
So let's go over this once more.
You were authorised by -

KAY
Detective Inspector Clinton Blair -

DETECTIVE 1
To infiltrate the notorious
Brightmarsh Estate Gang.

KAY
That's right. But first he told us
to get fired from our jobs as
Community Support.

DETECTIVE 1
By stealing a squad car.

DETECTIVE 2
(reading notes)
And "flashing your bum bum" at
pensioners.

Kay nods his head.

DETECTIVE 2 (CONT'D)
You then stole drugs from a secure
police lockup, sold said drugs on
the open market for the gang...

KAY
We made a decent profit too, look -

Shows his chains. Dom rolls her eyes.

DETECTIVE 1
And finally tonight, you were
driven to Walthamstow Marshes by a
gang member named Kevin -

KAY
Tevin -

DETECTIVE 1
Tevin... Who produced a dead body
from his trunk which turned out to
be that of Detective Clinton Blair.

KAY
Yes.
(Off their stares.)
Oh, I know what you're thinking.
Why is there no record of this?
Well, that's the brilliant part -
It was an *undercover* mission. Off
the books. Top secret. Nobody
knows.

Kay sits back, smiling. Dom puts her head in her hands.

DETECTIVE 2
That's everything?

KAY
Oh - and Clinton promised us
medals.

Detective 1 throws his pad on the table.

DETECTIVE 1
That is some story, right Reg?

DETECTIVE 2
Indeed it is, Dave.

KAY
See Dom? I told you they'd get it.

The detectives grimace. Dom already has her hands out ready
to be arrested.

KAY (CONT'D)
What?

UNIFORMED OFFICERS enter and start to haul Kay off.

KAY (CONT'D)
Wait. No. I swear, we were just
doing our civic duty! We demand our
medals! Help! Jesus is Lord!

CUT TO:

5 OMITTED 5

6 OMITTED 6

7 OMITTED 7

7A INT. POLICE STATION - BEHIND TWO-WAY MIRROR - NIGHT 7A

From the other side of the two-way mirror, Dom and Kay have been watching *themselves* -

KAY
Yeah. That's not gonna work.

DOM
We have to leave.

KAY
The marshes?

DOM
No. The country...
(beat)
We'll dump the body. Get our
passports and head to Heathrow...
I've got this contact in Havana -

KAY
Havana?!

DOM
Yeah, this guy called Thiago - sold
him some Jordans on Depop once.
We'll rendezvous there and -

Dom's phone starts buzzing.

They both look to the vibrating phone, it's - TEVIN.

KAY
You'll probably want to get that...

CUT TO:

8 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT 8

On the marshes - Dom's phone vibrating in real time. It's still TEVIN. She cautiously answers.

DOM
Hey, Tevin... How's it going?!

9

INT. A HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

9

Tevin talks on an earpiece as he carefully walks through a nondescript house, searching for someone. Danger in his eyes.

TEVIN

You can't run. I'm gonna find you

DOM

Whaaaa? Run? We wouldn't dream of running...

(to Kay panicked)

Shit!

(to Tevin, calm)

Who told you we were running?

TEVIN

I wasn't talking to you Dom.

DOM

Oh, Thank God! Not that we care. Cos we aren't running. Obvs!

TEVIN

Is it done?

Tevin opens the door to a bedroom, expecting to see someone. It's empty. He walks in slowly.

DOM

Thing is, Tev... Er, Kay and I are having a pretty heated discussion about best practice on this one.

Tevin checks under a bed. Nothing.

TEVIN

Best practice?

DOM

It's been a while since we've "duplied an opp" and we wanted to ensure we did it to a high standard-

A sneeze from the wardrobe behind Tevin. He rises and turns towards it.

DOM (CONT'D)

Tevin?

TEVIN

I know you're in there. Wanna give yourself up or wait till I get you?

DOM

Do you mean, me? Or...?

He advances slowly to the wardrobe.

TEVIN
You'll know when I mean you, Dom.
Just get it done. When I call back
I'm expecting results.

DOM
What happens if we... Can't do it?

Tevin violently yanks open the wardrobe.

TEVIN
Gotcha!

Inside a LITTLE GIRL screams, trying to run but he grabs her.

In the Marshes, the line simply goes dead.

DOM
Hello? Tevin? Holy shit!

KAY
What?

DOM
Well, the guy can multi-task.
He's literally killing somebody
else whilst threatening us!

10 INT. A HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

10

Inside the house Tevin has caught the little girl and slings her over his shoulder.

TEVIN
Told you I'd find you!

LITTLE GIRL
(squeals with delight)
Let's play again!

TEVIN
Rules are... I won, so bedtime!

LITTLE GIRL
Okay... Night daddy!

TEVIN
Night, egg head.

He kisses her forehead and she bounces out of the bedroom. Alone he removes a gun from behind his back and calmly places it in a drawer beside his bed. Tevin sits on the bed. Quiet. Terrifying.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT 11

Dom and Kay talk as they drag Clinton's body off the side of the road.

DOM
We can't go to the police. We can't leave the country. They got Clinton. Next it'll be you, me, dad-

KAY
Your step-mum...

DOM
Meh...
(and then)
It all feels like one big test.
(whispering)
They could be watching us right now.

KAY
(looking around loudly)
Well I don't know about you but that Brightmarsh lot are just about the best gang I ever worked for!
(whispering)
So how do we pass the test?

DOM
We dig.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - MONTAGE - NIGHT 12

Music. Dom and Kay look down at the body bag and at each other. They commence digging. Expending more energy, sweating as they swap shovelling duty. Then more and more digging. Kay is exhausted.

KAY
Are we almost done?

Music stops. Close on the ground. Barely a dent has been made.

DOM
Shit!

Kay inspects the soil.

KAY
Must be waterlogged. Marsh land often gets this way and then it's like digging through sludge.

DOM
How do you know this?

KAY
I was a Brown Owl in Girl Guides.

DOM
Why wouldn't you tell me that
before we started digging?

KAY
Was a difficult time. Scouts
rejected my suggestions for change -

DOM
No! About the soil!

KAY
Slipped my mind I guess.

DOM
So what do we do?

KAY
Dig, but harder?

And with that they continue their digging. As they do -

KAY (CONT'D)
(thinking)
Isn't "*Be Blessed and Highly
favoured*" a much more encouraging
scouts motto than *Be Prepared*?

DOM
Nope!

KAY
Or... "*The world is in His hands,
so whatever is in yours is pretty
awesome too*"...

DOM
Nope!

KAY
I've got it! "*Preparedness is
parallel to...*

DOM
Another word and I'm throwing you
in -

KAY
(sheepish)
...*Piety*".

CUT TO:

13

EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT

13

Dom and Kay look down. Finally, there is now a ditch deep enough to place Clinton's body in.

DOM

That's that then... Guess all that's left to do is just... You know... Sorta push him in?

KAY

What, in the ditch?

DOM

No, Kay. Back into the welcoming vagina of his mother!

KAY

Isn't this all happening a bit too fast? Maybe we should say a prayer first? For God to forgive us for our trespasses?

DOM

Fuck that. God's got other shit to worry about.

Dom heaves Clinton's corpse into the ditch. Something sharp catches her hand as she does so.

DOM (CONT'D)

Ouch! The zip cut me!

KAY

That's why you shoulda prayed.

Dom glares at him.

KAY (CONT'D)

Wet wipe?

DOM

Why?... Just... Why?

KAY

A Guide is a friend and sister to all. Your hands need protecting. I'm the sister who'll protect them.

Dom reaches for the wet wipe but stops as she remembers -

CUT TO:

14

OMITTED

14 *

15 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT

15

DOM

Someone was *protecting* him. Someone else knows about this op!

She jumps in the ditch and unzips the body bag, her hand searching Clinton's body.

KAY

What are you doing?!

DOM

Getting Clinton's phone.

KAY

You can't steal from the dead!

DOM

We need to find out who Clinton was talking to before they got to him. Because that person could get us out of this mess *tonight...* Ah ha! Found it!

(Dom tugs at something)

Hang on. I think it's stuck.

KAY

Stuck?

DOM

WOAH! Not a phone. Absolutely not a phone!!

Dom's hands immediately leave Clinton's body. They both look at each other and -

DOM/KAY

Eurghhhh!

DOM

Damn! Also. Kudos to you sir.

CUT TO:

16 INT. JEEP - WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT 16

Close on a plastic Hula girl, cheekily dancing on a dashboard to an 80s Power Ballad.

Wide shot of a jeep approaching from the distance.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT 17

A little later. Inside the ditch. Dom holds Clinton's phone in hand staring at the screen which has the image of a thumbprint and reads: *Place your finger*. Kay stands above ground shining a light on her with his own phone's torch.

KAY
It's Touch ID. Needs a fingerprint!

DOM
Yes. Thank you Kay(!) Just hold the light straight.

KAY
I am.

DOM
On his fingers Kay, not like, in my eyes!

KAY
You could say please.
You catch more bees with honey.

DOM
And where is this honey, you speak of, Kay? Cos I'd really like to smear it over your gonads and let the bees go to town. Light. Here!

Kay steadies the light and Dom places Clinton's index finger on the ID button. The phone opens up. Close on - a Met Police screen saver.

DOM (CONT'D)
Ah ha! I did it!

Dom attempts to get in further but another Finger Print ID prompt appears.

DOM (CONT'D)
Crap.

KAY
What?

DOM
It's gonna need his fingerprint for everything.

KAY
Can't you just change the password?

DOM
Yes. Was just about to, thank you.
(under her breath)
My God, you're annoying.

Close on - CHANGE PASSWORD SETTINGS. Met Police Error Message
- UNAUTHORIZED

KAY
Did you do it...? Dom...? What's
happening?

Close on Dom, realising what must happen.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT

18

Above ground DOM and KAY shake their fists, doing Rock-Paper-Scissors.

KAY
We can't cut it off, Dom.

They shake their fists - *both throw paper.*

DOM
We need it.

They shake their fists - *both throw scissors.*

KAY
We can't cut it off, Dom.

They shake their fists one more time. Kay throws paper, Dom throws scissors. She wins.

DOM
It's you.

She reveals the kitchen knife she had earlier. Hands it to Kay. He won't take it.

KAY
I can't.

DOM
What do you mean "I can't"?

KAY
I can't do it.

DOM
You lost! Cut his finger off, Kay!

KAY

Don't yell at me Dom! Burying dead bodies, digging up dead bodies, now we're cutting off ligaments? Are we butchers?!

DOM

I didn't wake up this morning planning to dig a ditch, but I dug it. I did what needed to be done to stay alive and if that means cutting his finger off, then fuck it! What are you willing to do?

We see the frightened child in Kay. He takes the knife and lowers himself clumsily into the ditch. He straddles Clinton's body and lifts the finger with one hand and the knife with another. He looks up to the sky.

KAY

Hey, Lord. Now would be the time to say "I'm only kidding". You know, like you did with Isaac?

Kay listens for God's voice, instead he hears Foxes shagging.

KAY (CONT'D)

Uh... Not sure what that means!

DOM

It means God is sick of your shit. Hurry up!

Kay's shaking hand tries again but he soon drops the knife and cowers in the ditch.

KAY

I can't! I'm sorry Dom.

Dom sighs and jumps into join him.

DOM

You know what?! Move...

Dom aggressively pushes Kay out the way and walks back to Clinton. She places Clinton's hand between her legs, raises the kitchen knife and begins sawing at his finger, wincing with each incision. We can hear the knife tear through flesh and gristle. Dom is determined. Kay turns his head.

The finger won't budge. She applies more pressure. Then resorts to hacking at it. Again and again. Spatterings of Clinton's blood land on Dom's face. This is gruesome. The bloodied finger finally comes loose. Dom shows it proudly to Kay.

DOM (CONT'D)

See? Doing what needs to be-

She quickly turns her face and retches, leaving a pile of vomit on top of the burial site. Kay comforts her.

KAY
Hey... At least it wasn't Face ID.

CUT TO:

19 INT. JEEP - WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT 19

From inside the same jeep we see a distant Dom and Kay and we approach them as their dialogue continues.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES / CLINTON'S BURIAL SITE - NIGHT 20

Kay places the last bit of soil over the grave. Dom removes a sim from Clinton's phone, tosses it far.

DOM
I'm gone.

KAY
What do you mean?

She starts to walk off. Kay grabs the spades and follows-

DOM
I knew the second I saw you that
you were a joke! A chocolate tea
pot!

KAY
I was scared, Dom. We need to-

DOM
We? There's no we. You let *me* cut
that finger off on my own. So now
you can fend for yourself. I'm
better off solo. Goodbye, Kay. And
FUCK YOU!

Dom flips him off with Clinton's detached finger and starts to leave but the SOUND OF AN ENGINE stops them in their tracks. A swirling amber light illuminates the marsh. Horror for Dom and Kay, trying to make out the vehicle coming in their direction. The engine stops. A car door opens. Close on - boots walking.

Dom and Kay frozen in place, breathing heavily.

We pan up from the boots to reveal a female MARSH RANGER creeping in their direction. She switches a flashlight on. Dom and Kay shuffle closer to form a cordon around the burial site.

MARSH RANGER
Everything ok there?

DOM

Yes. We went for a walk... Got lost.

Close on - Kay holds the spades behind his back.

The Ranger looks them up and down in their pyjamas-skeptical.

MARSH RANGER

Bit late for a walk, no?

The Ranger comes closer. They stiffen.

MARSH RANGER (CONT'D)

We've had a few reports of anti-social behaviour in the area. Poaching, fly-tipping. Some dogging

Kay looks to Dom. Then to the Ranger.

KAY

Well it looks like we've been rumbled. We went on a hike and then - what can I say? We found ourselves dogging. I can't say I'm proud of it but we are doggers and that's just what we do. We dog.

The Marsh Ranger notices the spades Kay is holding.

MARSH RANGER

What are the spades for?

KAY

Dogging - as we all know - gets a bit messy. We were trying a new technique and just wanted to be thorough, with our dogging clean up.

The Ranger is appalled.

MARSH RANGER

If you leave now - I won't report you. But if I catch you here or in any of Waltham Forest's conservation areas again - you will find yourself in court.

DOM

You won't catch us dead here -

KAY

Or... Anyone!

The Ranger enters her car. They wave her off as her vehicle crawls up the path. Once she's gone, Dom turns to Kay.

DOM
You have no idea what dogging is do
you?

KAY
Not a one.

CUT TO:

21 INT. 24HR CAFE - EARLY HOURS

21

An empty, run down cafe - save for a WAITRESS and a few odd types. Dom and Kay sit nearby in a booth with a few empty cups. Dom is looking through Clinton's phone.

KAY
Thanks for all the hot chocolates.
Cash was in my other onesie.
(then)
Would you mind if I also got a
biscotti? I'm good for it.

Dom ignores this, consumed by the phone and still annoyed with him.

DOM
There's nothing here. It's just
boring, normal stuff. He's probably
got another secret phone or
something. *Shit!* I hacked off his
finger for nothing.

She puts the phone down angrily - and Kay picks it up.

KAY
Have faith, we'll find something.

DOM
(hushed shouting)
Faith? Are you dense? We're in this
mess because he had "faith" in me,
a finger hacking PCSO pretending
she's the real police and you
who...Well joins a gang for a
medal, you onesie wearing bell-end!
(ALT)
Faith?! Are you dense? We're in
this mess because Clinton had
"faith" in us! Now I've got his
finger in my pocket.

Kay is hurt but doesn't take the bait. Focuses on the phone.

DOM (CONT'D)
Why are you even still here? I told
you, there is no we, so just piss -

Suddenly, a familiar voice gets her attention-

PRICE (O.S.)
Two cups of the strong stuff,
Sheils. And a can of Adrenal, for
my sins.

*

Reveal - PCSO Price (in uniform) at the counter. He spots Dom and wanders over.

DOM
(realising)
Oh crap.

PRICE
Well, well, well. Back once again
with the renegade masters. What are
you two doing here?
(clocks how filthy they
are)
And... why are you covered in shit?

Price pulls a leaf from Dom's hair. Dom improvises...

DOM
We have been... at... a...
festival. You heard of *Leaf Life*?

PRICE
No -

Pricey starts pouring *Relentless* energy drink into his coffee as Dom continues-

DOM
Well it's new - Eco Jazz Soul
Fusion stuff. Anyway you know those
tree hugger types, "Ooh let's save
the planet" but their Porta Loos
are *horrendous*. Hence we're here,
using the facilities.

Price looks at Dom, unsure, not quite buying it. Then-

KAY
And then we got a Biscotti.

PRICE
They're banging, right?
(then)
Well, whatever tickles your pickle -
some of us have gotta keep the
streets safe. Stay out of trouble.
(to Dom)
And text me. If you want.

Price heads off on his way. Dom breathes a sigh of relief.

KAY

I've found something... Maps.

He turns the phone to her.

DOM

Yeah - phones have maps, Kay.

He clicks on the Maps app and...

Close up - Kay taps 'Home' in the app. Directions to Clinton's home appear.

DOM (CONT'D)

His address!

KAY

Maybe there's something there
that'll lead us to whoever Clinton
was working with.

Dom smiles at him - genuinely quite impressed.

CUT TO:

22 OMITTED 22

23 EXT. CENTURION DRIVE - EARLY HOURS 23

Dom and Kay approach the address on the phone - CENTURION DRIVE, Clinton's home. They spot Clinton's car parked on the driveway of the last in a row of private houses.

KAY

(hushed)

That's Clinton's car. This is it.

(then)

How do we get in?

DOM

Well you were a Girl Guide, didn't
you learn to pick locks and shit?

KAY

I was a *Brown Owl*. And funnily
enough there wasn't a breaking and
entering badge.

Dom is already heading down the side of Clinton's house to check out the back - Kay follows her. He spots something.

KAY (CONT'D)

Dom, Dom!

He points - and we see that a 1st floor window on the back of the house is slightly open.

*

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED 24

24A EXT. CLINTON'S BACK GARDEN - EARLY HOURS - CONTINUOUS 24A

Dom and Kay look up at the open window.

DOM
How do we get up there?

KAY
Shimmy up a drainpipe?

DOM
It's not a Daffy Duck cartoon, Kay.

Dom looks around the garden - she spots something at the back.

Dom's POV - a garden shed.

JUMP CUT TO:

Dom kicks the flimsy padlock off the shed door. They check to see no neighbours have been woken - then head inside the shed.

DOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yes! Perfect. Help me with these.

We hear clattering.

KAY (O.S.)
We should water his tomato plants-

DOM (O.S.)
Come on!

They emerge from the shed carrying a pair of extendable ladders.

JUMP CUT TO:

They carefully place the ladders against the wall, under the open window.

KAY

Hold it steady, I'm going up.

Dom nods and holds the ladders. Kay starts climbing.

About three quarters of the way up he stops.

DOM

What's up?

KAY

I can't do it.

DOM

What?

KAY

I can't do it - it's too high.

DOM

Right, come back down.

KAY

I can't. I can't move.

(then)

I'm scared of heights.

Dom struggles to contain her exasperation.

DOM

If you're scared of heights why did you volunteer to go up the ladder?!

KAY

Because I don't wanna be a chocolate tea pot!

This melts Dom's heart - she realises this is her fault.

DOM

Listen... You're a Brown Owl, Kay.
You can do this.

(off Kay's fear)

Take the shackles off my feet so I can dance... I just want to praise ya. I just want to praise ya.

KAY

(tentatively joins in)

You broke the chains now I can lift my hands...

Kay tentatively begins to climb the ladder.

DOM

And I'm gonna praise ya... That's it Kay. I'm gonna praise ya...

Kay begins to climb through the open window.

DOM (CONT'D)
*Take the shackles off my feet so I
can dance...*

Kay falls in through the window - with a bump and the sound of something breaking inside. Then silence.

DOM (CONT'D)
Kay?... Kay, you alright?...

Kay suddenly appears at the window, triumphant.

KAY
(too loud)
*Cos I'm gonna praise ya! Whatcha
gonna do? I'm gonna praise ya!*

DOM
Sshhhh.

CUT TO:

25 INT. CLINTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EARLY HOURS - CONTINUOUS 25

Kay lets Dom in through the sliding patio door. She looks around the place as she comes in.

DOM
Wow.

KAY
Yeah.

DOM
Clinton was doing alright for
himself.

Dom starts exploring the room.

KAY
What are we looking for here?

DOM
A laptop? A burner phone? An
address book? A post-it note on the
fridge with a phone number on it -
anything that might lead us to who
he was working with.

Dom picks out one of the books she sees from Clinton's shelf.

DOM (CONT'D)
"Fingerprinting: A Study of
Criminal Identification"... Clinton
was really about it.

*
*

Dom notices Kay moving impatiently on the spot.

DOM (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?

KAY
Too many hot chocolates.

DOM
You're not about to piss in a dead
man's flat, are you?

He pushes past Dom and heads upstairs to the bathroom.

DOM (CONT'D)
(to herself)
So disrespectful.

She clocks a coffee machine.

DOM (CONT'D)
Ooh Nespresso!

She stuffs her pockets full of Nespresso pods.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CLINTON'S HOME - BATHROOM - EARLY HOURS 26

Kay is finishing up using the toilet, zipping up his flies.

DOM (O.S.)
(from downstairs)
Make sure you clean up after
yourself!

As Kay flushes, his eye catches something on the side of the
toilet cistern. The wooden housing for the cistern has a lid
on it - slightly open.

BACK TO:

27 INT. CLINTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EARLY HOURS 27

Dom opens the fridge. There is one can of light beer. She
shrugs and reaches for it.

CUT TO:

28 INT. CLINTON'S HOME - BATHROOM - EARLY HOURS 28

Kay is by the toilet seat, extending his arm through the lifted cistern panel.

Close on - Kay's arm exploring the space by the cistern.

Close on - Kay's expression: he's found something in there.

BACK TO:

29 INT. CLINTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EARLY HOURS 29

Downing the can of beer Dom still searches through Clinton's items - rifling through pages of books, peering in drawers etc.

She freezes as she hears a car pull up outside the house - the headlights briefly spilling into the house. A few moments later, a silhouette wipes across the front door window.

Dom immediately ducks. Did they see her? She urgently starts to crawl-run through the space, hiding behind the kitchen island.

CUT TO:

30 OMITTED 30

31 OMITTED 31

32 INT. CLINTON'S HOME - BATHROOM - EARLY HOURS 32

Close up - Kay pulls out a dossier from the cistern housing: a document wallet with a tie on the front, bulging with papers.

He opens it and has a quick look at the contents - copies of police statements, transcripts of interviews, long-lens photographs of gang members - including Tevin and Breeze.

KAY
(calls out to her)
Dom?... Dom?...

Kay jumps as he suddenly realises Dom is stood in the doorway.

KAY (CONT'D)
(excited)
I've found someth-

Dom puts a finger to her lips.

DOM
(very quietly)
There's somebody at the door.

DZZZZZ! A drilling sound from downstairs causes Dom and Kay to jump.

CUT TO:

32A EXT. CLINTON'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EARLY HOURS 32A

Close up - a gloved hand holding a drill, drilling the Yale lock.

BACK TO:

33 OMITTED 33

34 INT. CLINTON'S HOME - BATHROOM - EARLY HOURS - CONT FROM 34
PREVIOUS

Panic sets in as they look for places to hide. Dom clocks the cupboard under the sink.

KAY
Not sure you'll fit-

DOM
Seriously?! You're choosing this
moment to body shame?!

CUT TO:

34A INT. CLINTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (EARLY HOURS) - 34A
CONTINUOUS

Close up - the door lock casing on the inside drops to the floor (and the drilling stops).

The door begins to open.

Angle on - at the top of the stairs, Dom peeks round a corner to get a look at what's happening.

Dom's POV - SUPERINTENDENT EDWARDS walking into Clinton's house, holding a cordless drill.

Dom quickly ducks back out of sight. We see her face - shocked.

35 INT. CLINTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EARLY HOURS - CONTINUOUS 35

We follow Edwards as she begins to look around the living room, seemingly looking for something - opening cupboards, looking under furniture.

CUT TO:

35A INT. TEVIN'S FLAT - EARLY HOURS 35A

Tevin sits shirtless on the bed, holding his phone, a finger hovering over Dom's number. He calls it -

CUT TO:

36 INT. CLINTON'S HOME - BATHROOM - EARLY HOURS 36

Dom (clutching the dossier) and Kay are stood in the bath, with the shower curtain drawn to hide them, trying not to breathe.

Suddenly we hear a buzzing - Dom's phone.

Panicked, she fumbles to get it out of her pocket with her free hand - and, in her panic, drops it.

Kay swiftly catches it just before it hits the bath.

He quickly declines the call (from Tevin), silencing the phone.

Dom and Kay look at one another, hearts in their mouths - that was close.

CUT TO:

36A INT. TEVIN'S FLAT - EARLY HOURS 36A

Tevin's declined call has gone through to voicemail - he cancels the call. Instead he throws on a shirt and grabs his gun from the drawer.

CUT TO:

36B INT. CLINTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM / STAIRS - EARLY HOURS 36B

Edwards spots the beer can on the kitchen counter.

Close up - condensation on the can. Edwards runs her finger up it - then looks at the little damp patch on the end of her gloved finger.

She thinks for a moment - has someone been here?

She looks over at the patio doors.

Edwards' POV - the ladders through the patio doors, leaning against the wall.

JUMP CUT TO:

Edwards climbs the stairs.

CUT TO:

37 OMITTED 37

38 OMITTED 38

39 OMITTED 39

40 OMITTED 40

41 INT. CLINTON'S HOME - BATHROOM - EARLY HOURS 41

Edwards pushes open the bathroom door and walks in. She immediately sees...

Edwards' POV - the wooden cistern housing - with the lid off.

Edwards goes over and reaches into the cistern housing, feeling around inside.

After a few seconds she pulls something out - a small, torn corner of the document wallet.

She looks at it for a moment, thinking. This is what she was looking for... and it's gone.

She turns around and notices the closed shower curtain. It strikes her as a little odd.

Angle on - Dom and Kay cowering behind it.

Edwards slowly walks towards the bath, reaching out for the shower curtain when-

CONCERNED NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)
(from downstairs)
Hello?... Hello?... Mr Blair, are
you ok?...

Edwards turns and heads downstairs.

Behind the curtain - Dom and Kay breathe out.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. CLINTON'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - EARLY HOURS - CONTINUOUS 42

Edwards finds Clinton's CONCERNED NEIGHBOUR stood just outside the (open) front door.

EDWARDS
(with a smile)
Nothing to be concerned about.

CONCERNED NEIGHBOUR
Who are you?

Edwards flashes her police badge.

EDWARDS
I'm a colleague of Clinton's.

CONCERNED NEIGHBOUR
Is he ok?

EDWARDS
Everything's in hand. Terribly
sorry for the disturbance. You can
return to your home.
(slightly firmer)
You can return to your home.

A little unsure, the concerned neighbour wanders off - and Edwards shuts the door.

CUT TO:

42A INT. CLINTON'S HOME - BATHROOM - EARLY HOURS 42A

Edwards strides back into the bathroom and whips the shower curtain open - empty. Dom and Kay are gone.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. CENTURION DRIVE - EARLY HOURS 43

Dom (clutching the dossier) and Kay hurry down Centurion Drive, getting away from Clinton's house as fast as they can.

KAY
That was nuts, Dom! Who was that?!

DOM
Superintendent Edwards.

KAY

What?!

DOM

Yeah!

They round a corner, allowing them to slow the pace a little.

CUT TO: *

44 EXT. DERELICT BUILDING ALCOVE - DAY 44 *

Dom and Kay are sat looking through the dossier contents. *

KAY *

What's a superintendent doing
breaking into Clinton's house at
5AM?!

(an idea hits) *

Maybe *she's* who Clinton was working
with? *

Dom thinks about that a second, shakes her head. *

DOM *

Nah. She knew he wasn't going to be
there - she must've known he was
dead. Who breaks into a dead man's
house? *

Kay looks at Dom. *

DOM (CONT'D) *

Apart from us. *

Dom looks at the dossier - waves it at Kay. *

DOM (CONT'D) *

I think Edwards was looking for
this. It's all stuff on the
Brightmarsh Gang... *

(looks at a photograph of
a drug deal) *

Must be enough here to put the lot
of them away. *

KAY

Why's it stashed in his bathroom
then? Instead of in his office?

(then)

So he could read it on the loo?

DOM

Maybe he thought it wasn't safe at the station. Maybe Edwards doesn't want it to come to light.

(then)

I don't think Clinton was investigating the gang, Kay... I think he was investigating the pigs.

Silence.

KAY

That seems a little disrespectful given our profession.

DOM

Okay fine... Police then. Whatever! This is some Line of Duty shit.

Kay stands up to leave.

*

KAY

I've got to get back.

*

DOM.

Right. Er... Kay?

KAY

Yeah?

DOM

(with great difficulty)

I just wanted, erm, to say - you know.

KAY

What?

*

DOM

You *know*!

(off Kay's confused face)

I. Am...

(coughing)

Sorry if I called you. A pot...of chocolate. You're...you know, whatever...fine...More than fine...alright...I guess.

KAY

*

Apology accepted. Jesus came to forgive us all so the least I can d-

DOM

Okay, piss off now, don't ruin it!

They share a smile - and Kay walks away.

*

CUT TO:

45

EXT. DE BEAUVOIR STREET - EARLY HOURS - A BIT LATER

45

Dom is walking home. As she gets close to the house she hears a familiar voice.

TEVIN (O.S.)

You ignoring me?

Her heart explodes at the sight of Tevin, appearing from the shadows. She hugs the dossier under her nightgown.

DOM

Tev! Uh, Top of the eve-

TEVIN

Shuttup. Is it done?

Dom spots the barrel of Tevin's gun in his waist band.

DOM

It's done.

TEVIN

Good. Be on the block tomorrow.

DOM

Tevin. You...can't keep coming to my home unannounced. I have a life here... I just mean-

TEVIN

(moving closer)

I know what you mean. Hey, you did what needed to be done tonight and I respect that. So let me be clear. You aint got no life now that don't have me in it. You get me?

DOM

(it dawns on her)

I get you... We passed the test.

TEVIN

Plus you know where all the bodies are buried, so that makes us yoked ...for life.

Dom walks away towards her door, calmly, coolly.

TEVIN (CONT'D)

And Dom... When I call. You answer.

DOM
(hard)
Sure. Sure thing.

Dom shuts her door quietly and her mask falls. She puts the chain on the door and tries to catch her breath as she pushes down the rising terror coming to the surface.

CUT TO:

46 INT. DOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY HOURS 46

Dom rummages through a well stocked fridge. Juice, Milk, Leftovers, Butter. Julie's voice calls in the distance.

JULIE (O.S.)
Dom, is that you...?

Dom's eyes land on a pickle jar. Then -

CUT TO:

47 INT. DOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY HOURS 47

JULIE enters the kitchen in a house robe. Dom is not there. She shakes her head at the mess left by her on the countertop.

CUT TO:

48 INT. DOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DOM'S BEDROOM - EARLY HOURS 48

Clinton's finger bobs in a pickle jar by Dom's bedside, whilst Dom stuffs the dossier under her bed, next to the dope stash, moving the packs of drugs to one side. She puts everything back in its place and sits on the floor, at the foot of her bed.

She begins to text Kay...

CUT TO:

49 INT. ELDER BUNMI'S HOUSE - KAY'S BEDROOM - EARLY HOURS - 49
CONTINUOUS

Kay knelt at his bedside, praying. He receives Dom's text. DOM: "MEET ME ON BRIGHTMARSH, FIRST THING". He texts back - "SURE". He gets back to his prayer.

KAY
...And we know that all things work
together for Good...

CUT TO:

50

EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES RUNNING PATH - MORNING

50

The sun has risen on the marshes. We track a pair of JOGGERS, dashing along the footpath at pace.

KAY (V.O.)
*For those who love you and are
called according to your purpose...*

We see the MARSH RANGER, a platoon of high-vis clad SCHOOL KIDS in tow - holding clipboards - on a familiar patch of land...

MARSH RANGER
Now... It's 10 points for a
Caterpillar... 8 Points for a
Slug...

We see the school kids digging the soil. A KID who has strayed a little distance from the rest of the group calls out-

KID 1
Miss... Miss...

MARSH RANGER
What is it Amari?

KID 1
How many points for a grave?

The Marsh Ranger laughs and shakes her head, thinking - kids and their imaginations! She walks over and the other kids follow, intrigued.

MARSH RANGER
Ah, now that's almost certainly
badgers. You see at this time of
year...

She reaches an area of grave-sized disturbed earth and her face falls.

KAY (V.O.)
So in the end. All will be well.

END OF EPISODE