

BOAT STORY

EP 1

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TWO BROTHERS
• P I C T U R E S •

BBC SCRIPT – 13 OCTOBER 2023

IN: 10:00:00 EXT. COAST - DAY

We pan back from the sea looking at an off sea wind farm, back across the sand and past a beached boat to the promenade where we find Janet Campbell.

NARRATOR

This is the story about a boat, a boat that washed up on the beach and changed a lot of lives. Like for a woman called Janet.

JANET

It's Janet...

NARRATOR

And Samuel.

Samuel Wells walks past the boat.

SAMUEL

My name is Samuel.

JANET

Hi... Samuel...

IN: 10:00:18 INT. POLICE STATION. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Arthur Lake on the phone.

NARRATOR

And him...

ARTHUR

What do you think you are doing, you?

IN: 10:00:21 EXT. SAND DUNES - DAY

Pat Tooh on the phone.

NARRATOR

And her...

PAT

Pat Tooh with an h...

IN: 10:00:24 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

On Ben Tooh.

NARRATOR

And him.

BEN

Ben. You don't know me...

IN: 10:00:27 INT. AIRCRAFT HANGAR - NIGHT

On The Tailor.

NARRATOR

And this one.

THE TAILOR

Le Tailleur.

IN: 10:00:28 Translation: The Tailor.

IN: 10:00:29 INT. SELF STORAGE - DAY

On Guy, holding a gun.

NARRATOR

And also this guy...

Silence.

NARRATOR

He's not much of a talker...

IN: 10:00:35 On screen caption:

SOME PROLOGUES USE EPILOGUES

IN: 10:00:42 EXT. FIELD - DAY

A young boy walks towards us, looks down at the ground and then runs away screaming.

BOY 1

AAAAAAAAAAAAA...

We get an aerial shot of him running across the field to the edge where his two friends are waiting.

NARRATOR

Now some stories start a long, long time ago.

They walk back across the field.

The three of them now looking down staring at something.

NARRATOR

Some stories start in a deep dark wood. Some stories start in a galaxy far far away. But this story starts here... Under a damn pylon with a severed head off all things. Shall we begin.

Lying in the grass a severed head.

A man we know as SAMUEL.

IN: 10:01:29

On screen caption:

WE BEGIN

The sound of a scooter humming.

IN: 10:01:33

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CLOSE IN on a rabbit's foot, hanging from the keyring attached to the key in the ignition. PAN UP to her hand and then her face - this is JANET CAMPBELL. We stay on her, music playing.

NARRATOR

Let's go back in time to the small town of Applebury. No the kind of place that people die to go too... More the kind where people go to die... it starts one morning, a Thursday I think... Under smoke stacks on a lonely country road... A woman with blue in her hair driving towards a Thursday...

Then, from above we see her driving down a rural road with a factory in the distance.

We PRE-LAP the hypnotic sound of slamming machinery-

IN: 10:02:02

INT. FACTORY. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

NARRATOR

Unlike any other Thursday she'd experienced...

HIGH ANGLE on an imposing, busy, noisy factory.

A steel-press hard at work. The machine slams shut over and over.

On Janet - we see she's sorting the steel-cuttings into the crate, discarding the defective ones. Over all this we hear the sound of whistling. The same tune, over and over. Finally -

JANET

Profanity 10:02:35

Keith, d'you mind? It's like one of the Seven Dwarves had a fuckin' brain injury.

On KEITH, the perpetrator. He keeps working, shrugging.

KEITH

I'm five foot seven. Perfectly good height for a man. Anyhow, I don't claim to be musical. That's my brother. He does...

A man in his 60s, NIGEL (been there way too long), walks past looking officious.

NIGEL

Less chat, c'mon, we got quotas here.

He walks on, towards the end of the row of machines, near his office as he phone rings.

NIGEL

Hello?

Janet sees the machine is now whirring, emitting a weird high-pitched whine. Something's wrong. Janet frowns, looks at it, then calls out -

JANET

NIGEL!

She waves over to Nigel. Indicates the machine. Shouting to be heard over the noise in the rest of the factory -

JANET

Shut it down, there's a jam! Hang on...

Nigel puts his thumb up and goes over to a unit in the corner. Flicks a switch and the high-pitched whine from the machine stops. It's been shut down. Janet puts her thumb up to Nigel, who half nods, not really registering it because he's answering his phone.

Janet puts her hand into the machine, trying to unblock whatever's happened - spots some metal, stuck in the base of it. She pulls. It's agonising, watching her hand in this huge industrial machine, hearing the thump of the other machines in other areas of the factory.

Over by Nigel, he's engrossed in his phone-call -

NIGEL

Yeah? Well then you should tell Maggie to...

As Janet reaches in trying to fix the problem.

JANET

You'll have to get someone from maintenance here... It's stuck, I can't get it to work...

But he's not really listening, he's in a mood, caught up in his phone call, and assumes she's sorted the issue -

And Nigel starts the machine back up.

NIGEL

Okay, clear!

But before she can finish, the machine CLAMPS DOWN on her hand.

JANET

AAAARRRGGGHHH!

Nigel spots this and, wide-eyed, SLAMS a red button on the wall.

An alarm sounds as we go close in on the machine and see blood running down...

Slowly Janet pulls her hand from the machine and holds it up as she looks at it.

NARRATOR

Worst Thursday ever...

IN: 10:04:01

TITLE CARD:

BOAT STORY

IN: 10:04:09

EXT/INT. SEA/FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

A small fishing boat makes its way across the choppy moonlit sea.

A FRENCH MAN in his 30s sits, one hand on the wheel and his feet up. There's some lush, old French orchestral music playing and the man is humming along cheerfully.

A marine police boat pulls alongside.

The man is illuminated by from flashlights from the police boat.

VOICE (V.O.)

This is the Applebury Marine Police Unit. Please switch off your engine so we can board your vessel.

On the French Man's face, letting out a sigh. He reaches into a nearby compartment, pulling out a knife and placing it carefully in his pocket before going out on deck.

FRENCH MAN

Bonsoir...

IN: 10:05:08

Translation/Subtitles: Good evening.

MARK

Do you mind tying that round for us?

It's raining hard as a policeman in uniform - MARK FINCH - throws a ring and rope, the French Man grabs the rope and ties the two boats together as Mark climbs aboard.

MARK

Bit nasty out, eh?

The FRENCH MAN is all smiles.

FRENCH MAN

I've seen worse...

MARK

Mind if I take a look around?

FRENCH MAN

May I ask why?

MARK

Take a quick look around. Then I'll get out of your minge.

Mark walks across the deck. Reaches a large object covered in tarp - As Mark pulls the tarp off to reveal several plastic crates the rope tying his police boat to the fishing boat pulse free.

MARK

Mackerel.

POV - nothing but fish packed in ice. The French Man smiles.

FRENCH MAN

Du maquereau, oui.

IN: 10:05:49

Translation: Mackerel, yeah.

MARK

Yep. Whole lot of mackerel.

FRENCH MAN

It was a good haul.

Mark stares at the fish. Then reaches inside, puts his hand around the rim of the crate and pulls - lifting up what looks like another plastic container within the box. And underneath, piled up - a number of rectangular shaped packages, wrapped tightly in plastic. They're filled with white powder.

MARK

And... not mackerel.

He turns to look at the French Man, who now has the knife out of his pocket. They stare at each other. Wondering who's going to make the first move. Mark fixes him with an unnerving look.

MARK

Come on then.

He slides into a martial arts stance. The French Man just looks at him, confused. Then charges at the unarmed officer, knife at the ready - and Mark confidently blocks and parries as the French Man swipes wildly at him. Mark grabs his hand, then his arm and twists it - head butts the French Man then pulls another lightning-quick move, sending the knife flying out of the French Man's hand. There's a beat as the French Man looks at him, confused by the fact that this guy's turned into a Northern Jackie Chan.

Another quick move and the French man is now sprawled across the deck.

The French Man sees he's standing on an old fishing net. He grabs and pulls it, and the net pulls Mark to the floor. Seizing his advantage, the French Man grabs a fishing crate and starts to pummel Mark.

Mark is first to his feet, disoriented, but still in the fight. The French Man stays on the floor - and we see why -

He's landed right by the knife. Mark hasn't seen it, and he steps towards the French Man - Who stands and thrusts the knife at Mark, slashing him across the leg. The two men tussle, messily, grappling with one another, and then another wave hits, but both men avoid falling this time, they're clinging onto each other for balance -

Mark manages to pry the knife out of the French Man's hands then stabs him, five times, hard in the chest...

The French Man's mouth moves noiselessly, and we'll never know what his last words were because moments later he falls to the floor, dead.

Mark stands, breathing out heavily. A MASSIVE wave comes - and it throws him off balance. He falls and SLAMS his head against the metal rim of the boat with a horrific thud. Killing him instantly.

AERIAL SHOT - we see both bodies lying on the floor of the boat, their heads beside each other, bodies top to tail. Staring, lifeless, up at the night sky. It's almost romantic.

IN: 10:08:02

ON SCREEN CAPTION:

JANET AND
THE 22 STONE F*CKHEAD

IN: 10:08:07

EXT. JANET'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

A wide with lights on in the caravan. We see a figure (JANET) through the large window of the caravan enter the lounge area.

IN: 10:08:24

INT. JANET'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

JANET rubs some ointment on the now-mostly-healed remains of her hand, her fingers and most of her thumb are gone. Janet pulls a piece of cloth over it and grabs her prosthetic hand.

IN: 10:09:18

EXT. FAIRGROUND - NIGHT

JANET comes to the fairground rifle range. Shelves of tin cans and bottles, lined up in front of her, that she stares at intensely.

She drops some coins on the counter.

JANET

There...

STALLHOLDER

Evening...

She takes the rifle and props it up on her new prosthetic hand. She balances the gun, trying to ignore a passing look that goes on too long from the stall owner.

She looks at the sign which reads:

TOP PRIZE!

SUPER MARKSMAN

10 TARGETS
TO WIN

And the big cuddly frog sitting next to it.

She takes aim, lining up the sights.

She shoots.

We see some of the cans fly off. Some of them miss.

She shoots again.

More shots. Some hit. Some miss. She stands. Looks at the remaining cans. The STALLHOLDER shakes his head, starts putting the cans she knocked off back on the shelf.

Janet pulls out another coin. Placing it on the side.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Hit. Miss. Miss.

We speed up now - the shots getting faster and faster as her frustration grows. She puts down more money. Keeps missing...

Until we crescendo to a standstill.

STALLHOLDER

You could just buy it, you know love?

She looks at him.

JANET

You can buy them?

STALLHOLDER

I didn't win it at a fair that only exists for people who can sell 'em on at fairs.

Janet gives him a flat look.

STALLHOLDER

See, how it works is, I buy the stuffed animals, and then in this stall, people come and they play and they win...

JANET

No, I... I get that. I was just... doesn't matter. I'm out of money anyway. That were my budget for the week.

(beat)

But it's not your problem. Thanks, thanks anyway.

As she turns to walk away the stallholder takes pity on her -

STALLHOLDER

Tell you what, Annie Oakley. You've practically bought it already, amount you've slapped down...

He takes the massive frog and hands it to her.

STALLHOLDER

Here you go, pet.

JANET

You sure?

He nods. She can't believe it. The stallholder glances again at the prosthetic hand at the end of Janet's arm. Janet hides it in her pocket, embarrassed.

STALLHOLDER

Profanity 10:10:56 Piece of advice. Don't let him shit on the floor and definitely don't kiss him or he turns into a twenty two stone fuckhead.

JANET

(smiling)

Ta...

JANET - is making her way through the fair holding the massive frog. She's looking for something, craning her neck, trying to find something in the crowds. Then sees a boy - glasses, brown duffel coat and eccentric. This is ALAN JEFFRIES. He's got a notebook and is sketching a scene from the fair.

Janet just looks at him a moment, a big smile on her face and love in her eyes - lights flashing around her.

JANET

(as the frog)

ALAN...

Then he looks up, noticing her and sees her holding the frog.

JANET

(as the frog)

ALAN... Ribbet, ribbet...

ALAN

No way!

JANET

Hiyah, love.

ALAN

You have finally won the beast.

JANET

Only took eight years.

ALAN

(matter-of-fact)

The approximate lifespan of the West European hedgehog.

JANET

Profanity 10:12:09

Just don't kiss him or he turns into a twenty two stone fuckhead...

ALAN

Ah...

JANET

(realising)

Sorry.

ALAN

(Looking at the frog)

How'd you do it?

JANET

(Russian accent)

I am Russian spy. You know this...

ALAN

Ah right....

JANET

(Russian accent)

My hand it becomes rocket launcher, so I shoot the cans in local fair. Job done as they say... Shush, don't tell anybody.

ALAN

You silly woman...

Alan smiles.

ALAN

New hand looks good.

JANET

No it doesn't. But thanks anyway.

He looks at her, concerned.

ALAN

You alright?

JANET

Yeah. I'll be fine, they'll see me right...

But she notices Alan's face has fallen. Something he's seen.

PETER (O.S.)

Janet, Janet, dearie me...

She turns to see PETER approaching. Shaking his head patronisingly.

PETER

Bit of a coincidence seeing you here isn't it?

JANET

No, I was with a friend actually... So...

PETER

Where is she then?

JANET

She's erm...

(looking round)

Oh yes, she's over there - she's on one of the... she's on the slide... No, oh no, she's not. Maybe she is... Hot-dogs. Candy floss or something like that... She loves candy floss...

(small voice mumbling)

PETER

You can't keep doing this. I don't want to get into restraining orders, but...

She bites her lip and nods. Knowing better than to argue. Behind the kids, a younger woman appears - SUZIE. She puts her arms around Alan, glaring at Janet. Peter leans in - a warning.

PETER

This is not your life now. Maybe you'd be happier if you let Jesus into your world. Like I did.

(to Suzie)

Let's go.

He smiles nauseatingly at Suzie who grins.

SUZIE

We're praying for you Jenny.

JANET

It's Janet, you know it's Janet...

But they're not listening, they're already walking away. Janet watches them, and PETER dumps the frog into a nearby bin.

NARRATOR

Profanity 10:13:26

She knew full well it was Janet. She was just fucking with her.

Janet takes a deep breath, trying not to let the sadness overwhelm her.

She goes over and picks it up.

JANET

Sorry...

Then a voice from beside her. We see a fortune teller's stall. A woman stands with a bunch of leaflets.

KATIA turns to her.

KATIA

Would you like your fortune read, darling?

JANET

I think it's best I don't.

NARRATOR

They say fortune favours the brave.

IN: 10:13:52

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

JANET sits at a bus-stop, the giant frog beside her. A bus pulls up as she takes out her handbag, pulling out a pen. Pulling off the lid with her teeth, she writes on the back of some notepaper from her bag. The bus pulls into frame and waits there a beat, we see Janet walk down the bus and then the bus drives off...

NARRATOR

But sometimes even the bravest souls get left behind.

Revealing just the frog left there, a sign now on its lap that reads 'LOOK AFTER ME!'

NARRATOR

That's the thing about life see... Some frogs never do get kissed. Some fairy tales never get there ending.

IN: 10:14:50

ON SCREEN CAPTION:

OH, I DO LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE

IN: 10:14:55

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Establisher.

NARRATOR

But sometimes they find another way.

JANET walks along the beach with RAMBO the dog.

JANET

Come here. Come here. Let go. Drop it.

She sees the solitary fishing boat, clocking for a moment how unusual it is just lying there.

She throws the ball for Rambo to chase.

JANET

Good boy. Come here. Come here... Jump, that's nice, come here... Good boy.

Then, after a moment, the sound of barking punctures the peace. Samuel's white Pomeranian BETTE appears in frame, yapping and playing with Rambo. Then we see SAMUEL walking along the beach towards Janet.

Samuel stops by her, and they look at the dogs playing. She puts her prosthetic hand in her pocket. Then her other one.

SAMUEL

Morning.

He double takes - recognising her from the square.

JANET

Morning.

(beat)

Don't normally see anyone else at this time.

SAMUEL

I don't sleep well.

JANET

Me neither.

Samuel looks at the dogs. Watches as Rambo chases after the ball.

SAMUEL

Wow... Quick, yours.

JANET

(nods)

Ah, no, he's not mine. Neighbour lets me take him out.

An amicable silence passes, as both look out at the sea.

JANET

You're not from round here no.

SAMUEL

What gave it away?

JANET

Ah, y'know... Everything.

SAMUEL

Yeah. Just moved up from London. We're 'one of those'.

JANET

Tired of the rat race, was it?

SAMUEL
Yeah. Something like that.

IN: 10:16:33 **ON SCREEN CAPTION:**
GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR TOM

IN: 10:16:38 **INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY**

SAMUEL searching the house.

SAMUEL
TOM WHERE ARE YOU? TOM?

He turns to see his daughter ANYA in the doorway. She signs to him.

ANYA
(signing)
You should use his full name.

SAMUEL
(off her look)
Okay... MAJOR TOM. MAJOR TOM!

And he walks off. Stopping as Anya holds up a packet of cat treats.

IN: 10:16:58 **EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY**

Outside a large semi-detached house in a nice neighbourhood. A 'SOLD' sign outside and a large moving van. MR STANLEY - sits in his car, checking his watch, frustrated. SAMUEL emerges, passing his own car, where, CAMILLA and ANYA wait. Samuel leans down to the car window. Still holding the packet of cat treats.

SAMUEL
I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, we, ah, we seem to have misplaced our cat...

He hands a business card to Mr Stanley.

SAMUEL
When Major Tom returns, would you please give us a call, thank you...

MR STANLEY
(confused)
You're leaving me your cat?

He hands the keys over. And the cat treats. With a weird solemnity.

SAMUEL
Thank you...

Then gets into his car and drives off.

IN: 10:17:19 INT/EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The cat at the window watches as SAMUEL drives away.

IN: 10:17:26 INT/EXT. SAMUEL'S CAR/ROAD - DAY

SAMUEL with CAMILLA in the passenger seat and ANYA in the back. Leaving the sunny south. The light suddenly changes. It's grey, raining and dark and SAMUEL and CAMILLA's smiles drop. They're up north.

IN: 10:17:36 EXT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. FRONT GARDEN - DAY

The new house is on a hill, with an idyllic view.

Samuel stands holding a bottle of champagne as he looks out over the view.

IN: 10:17:45 EXT. BEACH - DAY

Back with SAMUEL and JANET on the beach, looking at the sunrise.

SAMUEL

And I'm here for the sea air of course, good for the soul they say...

JANET

Profanity 10:17:50

Well your new home has officially been recognised as the countries hairiest arsehole... Makes Peterborough look like Portugal...

SAMUEL

I think it is people that make places...

JANET

Profanity 10:18:04

Then we are really fucked...
(realising)
Sorry...

Blood runs down the hull of the boat and polls on the sand, Samuel's dog some across and sniffs it.

The sound of Samuel's dog barking. He turns -

JANET

What the hell...

Samuel looks down to see, as his dog gets closer, that she's no longer white. She's caked in bright red blood.

SAMUEL

Bette, come here, what is it? What is it girl? What is...

Janet follows Samuel as he heads for the boat.

He reaches the boat he recoils in horror as he sees the dead bodies.

SAMUEL

Blasphemy 10:18:53 Jesus Christ!

Janet comes over - and is shocked as she takes in the sight.

SAMUEL

Blasphemy 10:18:56 Oh God!

She puts her hand over her mouth, then after a moment she takes out her phone - her fingers shaking as she tries to turn it on and realises it's dead.

JANET

Call the police.

Samuel looks at her, half-listening.

JANET

Profanity 10:19:22 My phone's out. Fucking... C'mon...

SAMUEL

Right.

Samuel sees the packages, with the cocaine spilling out. He steps forward to take a closer look. Fuck. He looks back at Janet.

SAMUEL

You got to look at this.

JANET

What?

Janet walks over and looks down.

JANET

Profanity 10:19:45 Fucking hell.

SAMUEL

Yeah.

When she can look away from the gruesome sight, Janet sees that Samuel isn't making that call.

JANET

What you waiting for, there's two dead people here...

Samuel can't bring himself to dial. He looks back up and as he talks it's almost to himself -

SAMUEL

Street values got to run into tens of millions...

Janet looks at him, bewildered.

JANET

So what?

Samuel steps back. Turning it over in his mind.

SAMUEL

Let's just... let's just erm... let's just give this a minute.
Let's just think...

JANET

Profanity 10:20:08 There's nowt to think about, Jesus, gimme your fucking phone...

Samuel fixes Janet with a look as his thoughts begin to crystallise -

SAMUEL

Just erm... Sometimes... sometimes the world - the world throws you a bone. But you don't always see it. You don't always recognise it but...

(beat)

This. What's happening right now. This is the world throwing us a bone.

Janet swallows hard. Finally understanding. She shakes her head slowly.

JANET

Profanity 10:20:25 You want to fucking take it!?

SAMUEL

I don't know.

JANET

Are you mad?

SAMUEL

(suddenly)

My name's Samuel. What's your name?

JANET

(wrongfooted)

What?

SAMUEL

(cutting in)

Profanity 10:20:37 Look, this situation is fucked up enough as it is without us being total strangers. My name is Samuel, what is yours, please?

JANET

It's Janet.

SAMUEL

Okay. Janet. Okay. Hi Janet...

JANET

(confused)

Hi Samuel?

Samuel smiles awkwardly - and Janet does too. The absurdity of the whole thing striking them both.

SAMUEL

Profanity 10:20:59

Erm... Listen, listen Janet erm, back in London I was a lawyer. And I, think I might... this is fucking insane, it's insane I know but... I think I know someone who'd give us a lot of money for this.

A long silence.

JANET

Profanity 10:21:08

I just came here to walk the bloody dog...

SAMUEL

So did I! But then the world...

JANET

Profanity 10:21:15

Threw us a bone. Yeah. Only it's not a bone. It's a load of cocaine the size of a fucking Nissan.

SAMUEL

I have gambled away my entire life savings. I sold my house... Which is why we moved here. Camilla, my wife has no idea. I don't know what your story is...

JANET

No. You don't.

SAMUEL

Right. But you are telling me you can't use a few million quid.

Janet looks over at the drugs. Swallows hard.

JANET

It is not that simple.

We're on Janet, staring at the drugs, as we hear Samuel continue to talk. But she's tuning him out - the wheels are turning for her as she allows herself to actually consider it -

SAMUEL

Profanity 10:21:43

But it could be.

(beat)

Sometimes you know, the best thing to do is look out for yourself. Cause God knows life kicks you in the bollocks often

enough, and when you get a chance you just have to take it, grab it with both hands, because there is nothing worse than living with regret. Looking back and thinking you wish you'd made a different choice...

JANET

(suddenly)

Where would we keep it?

Samuel looks at her and smiles slowly.

HARD CUT TO:

IN: 10:22:01

EXT. BEACH/CAR PARK - DAY

SAMUEL and JANET are carrying the drugs off the boat and taking them towards the car. She's struggling to hold as much without her hand. They keep going back and forth, loading as much as they can carry, until the boot is full.

When it's done, Samuel pulls an old blanket over the crates so they're covered. Then he slams the boot shut.

JANET

We should go...

Getting their breathe back, Samuel looks over at his Pomeranian BETTE, who is of course still covered in blood.

SAMUEL

Profanity 10:22:43

Shit.

JANET

What?

SAMUEL

I got to... clean my dog.

Samuel, arms outstretched so as not to get blood on him runs towards the sea carrying the dog.

We hear the sound of a mobile phone ringing. We PUSH in slowly - onto the deck, to the body of the police officer, Mark. There, close to his body, is the ringing phone. Unheard by either Janet or Samuel, who are both too far away by now. On the screen we see the face of a handsome guy in his mid-30s.

IN: 10:23:15

INT. POLICE STATION. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

We're in a locker room. But right now we wouldn't know it was in a police station. It could be anywhere. CU on the face of the same man in real life. He has a nervous energy to him and he looks tense as he leaves a message on his phone. This is ARTHUR LAKE.

ARTHUR

We missed our date last night. But I'd already paid my deposit so I had a whole beef wellington to myself. And I ate it all. The whole soddin' wellington, so are you gonna give me a call back, or what?

The attempt to be breezy sounds hollow, though, even to him.

ARTHUR

Just a text or anything, just to let me know that you are alright. Just call me, alright love...

We see inside his locker and we see he's playing with a ring box. Inside the box, we see is a gold engagement ring.

With a sigh, Arthur ends the call and pulls on his police jacket.

NARRATOR

Turns out the policeman's boyfriend was also a policeman... And while he was calling his dead lover...

IN: 10:23:55

EXT. BEACH - DAY

NARRATOR

Samuel was washing his Pomeranian in the sea.

Samuel washes his dog in the sea. He looks back to the dunes and sees a woman out walking. He pulls up his hood and walks out of the sea.

We go to the woman on the dunes as she collects the rubbish.

She looks down the beach and sees Samuel walking back up the sand with the dog.

IN: 10:24:29

EXT/INT. CAR - DAY

Janet sits in the car waiting. Drumming her fingers and looking in the mirror.

JANET

Come on... Come on... Come on...

Eventually Samuel arrives, puts the dog in the back and climbs into the front.

JANET

Profanity 10:24:42

Where the fuck were you? What took you so long...?

SAMUEL

There was a woman. On the beach. She saw me.

JANET

Blasphemy 10:24:52

What? Christ...

SAMUEL

Well she didn't see my face.

JANET

Profanity 10:24:55

Come on, just fucking drive...

He starts the car and we cut back to the beach where the woman looks onto the deck of the boat and sees the two bodies. She takes out her phone and dials.

OPERATOR

999, what's your emergency?

PAT

Yes, there is a Code 4 down at Applebury beach. A boat on the shore. No need for sirens, just the meat wagon...

OPERATOR

Your name please...

PAT

Pat Tooh, with an H...

OPERATOR

Right... Are you able to wait there while we send an ambulance?

PAT

I used to be a paramedic love, trust me, they are extremely dead.

OPERATOR

They are on the way...

PAT

Ah, lovely...

IN: 10:25:40

ON SCREEN CAPTION:

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

IN: 10:25:44

INT. FRENCH TAILOR'S SHOP - DAY

ECU of measuring as we hear THE TAILOR.

THE TAILOR

(French; subtitled)

Tout d'abord le rouler en boule. Le tordre dans tous les sens. Le chiffonner. Le traiter comme s'il avait appartenu à l'homme qui a fait l'amour avec votre femme. Ce n'est qu'après tout cela qu'on peut savoir si le costume est de bonne qualité.

IN: 10:25:44 **Translation/Subtitles: First ball it up. Twist it. Crease it. Treat it as if it belonged to the man that fornicated with your wife. Only then will you know if the suit is of good quality.**

Nervous laugh from the CLIENT. The Tailor crosses to write a measurement in a ledger then turns to face the camera and we see him for the first time. He's precise and controlled in his movements and speech, and immaculately turned out at all times.

THE TAILOR
(French; subtitled)
Vous avez de belles épaules.

IN: 10:26:09 **Translation/Subtitles: You have good shoulders.**

CLIENT
(French; subtitled)
Je, euh, je fais de la musculation.

IN: 10:26:13 **Translation/Subtitles: I, uh, I work out.**

He holds out the Client's arm, measuring it.

THE TAILOR
(French; subtitled)
Beaucoup de gens entrent ici. Des grands, des gros, des petits, des minces, des bossus, des gens avec les jambes arquées... C'est mon travail de les rendre tous beaux. Ça me rend heureux de voir leurs défauts et de les corriger.

IN: 10:26:23 **Translation/Subtitles: Many people come in here. Those that are tall, short, fat, thin, the hunchbacks and the bow-legged... It is my job to make them all look good. To see their flaws and correct them.**

CLIENT
(French; subtitled)
Et... Quels sont mes défauts?

IN: 10:26:39 **Translation/Subtitles: So... what are my flaws?**

The Tailor looks at him in the mirror. Sizing him up.

THE TAILOR
(French; subtitled)
Vous n'en avez pas.

IN: 10:26:44 **Translation/Subtitles: You have no flaws.**

CLIENT
(French; subtitled)
Vous ne me le diriez pas, de toute façon, si?

IN: 10:26:47 **Translation/Subtitles: You wouldn't tell me though, would you?**

The Tailor smiles. Not giving anything away.

THE TAILOR
(French; subtitled)
Votre costume sera prêt dans six jours.

IN: 10:26:52 **Translation/Subtitles: Your suit will be ready in six days.**

He claps the man on the shoulder, who nods.

CLIENT
(French; subtitled)
Merci, oui bein sur...

IN: 10:26:56 **Translation/Subtitles: Thank you. See you soon.**

Then makes his way out of the store. The Tailor looks at the door to the back room. He lets out a sigh and walks towards it.

IN: 10:27:18 **INT. FRENCH TAILOR'S SHOP. BACK ROOM - DAY**

THE TAILOR enters a back room. Filled with old bits of material, books and general stuff. He goes to a sink and starts washing his hands. In the reflection in the mirror we see a French man, GEORGES, in his 40s with a bunch of fabric stuffed into his mouth. He's trying to make a noise but it's muffled.

THE TAILOR
(French; subtitled)
Toutes mes excuses. J'ai dû servir un homme qui avait le
torse de la taille d'un lapin.

IN: 10:27:50 **Translation/Subtitles: I apologise. I had to attend to a man with a torso the size of a rabbit.**

He turns, drying his hands. Then looks at Georges.

THE TAILOR
(French; subtitled)
Ce monsieur... Il aime parler. Comme toi. Mais toi - tu en as
trop dit, n'est-ce pas, Georges?

IN: 10:28:00 **Translation/Subtitles: This gentleman... He liked to talk. Much like yourself. But you - you said too much, didn't you, Georges?**

Georges desperately tries to make more noise. He can't.

THE TAILOR
(French; subtitled)
Tu aimerais bien continuer à parler un peu plus avec moi,
bien sûr. Pour t'échapper en loucedé, mine de rien de ce
bordel, là. En sautillant à petits pas. Un foxtrot de la langue

IN: 10:28:12 **Translation/Subtitles: You want to talk to me now? To dance out of this mess like nothing happened. Skipping away with quiet steps. A foxtrot of the tongue.**

He steps towards Georges, taking a metal device from the table behind him. What looks like a kind of a pair of tongs. He pulls Georges' head back, pulls out the material in his mouth. As soon as he does, Georges blurts out loudly -

GEORGES

(French; unsubtitled)

Non, non, sil vous plait...

IN: 10:28:29

Translation: No, please...

THE TAILOR

(French; subtitled)

Tais-toi.

(beat)

Et tu ferais bien de t'habituer au silence...Si tu ignorais qui j'étais. Tu le sais, maintenant.

IN: 10:28:33

Translation/Subtitles: **Shut up. And get used to being silent. If you did not know who I am. You do now.**

He strokes Georges' hair, scraping it back. Then grabs it, and pulls on it. With the other hand, he pulls open Georges' mouth, cramming the device into it. He moves it around, Georges writhing but struggling to get away. Like he's digging around for something. And then he gets it - and he pulls on the tongs. We see it emerge from Georges' mouth, in a kind of vice - his tongue. The Tailor stares at it.

His phone rings. There's a pause. The Tailor sighs, and we PAN OVER to his face as he picks it up. Into the phone, he speaks ENGLISH as he puts the phone under his chin and pulls out a razor blade.

THE TAILOR

(into the phone)

Yes... What is it?

(to Georges)

Ssssh... Ssssh...

(into the phone)

Hold on... Hold on...

Georges screams as The Tailor cuts out his tongue.

He stuffs another piece of cloth into Georges mouth before returning to the phone call.

THE TAILOR

Say that again. You are talking about my shipment...?

He steps away, so he can hear better. We follow him, only seeing a fleeting glimpse of the giant bib-shaped stain of blood on Georges in the background as he moves away.

THE TAILOR

This is a joke?

(beat)

Tell me it is a joke...

A pause. He takes a deep breath. Trying to control himself. Something he's become very good at. Then, intense -

THE TAILOR

(French; subtitled)

Profanity 10:29:52

Comment un putain de bateau peut-il disparaître comme ça?

IN: 10:29:52

Translation/Subtitles: How could a fucking boat this size go missing just like that?

IN: 10:29:57

EXT/INT. CAR/ROAD - DAY

SAMUEL driving along with JANET in the passenger seat. The reality of what they've done still painfully fresh. A long period of silence as she looks at him. Trying to figure out who this guy is. Then, something occurs to her -

NARRATOR

This is how. When two strangers see an opportunity to make a buttload of dineros...

JANET

Where are we even going?

SAMUEL

I think we should drop the dogs off first. Then I passed a storage unit on my way in.

JANET

Storage... Right.

(beat)

You got all the answers, don't you Mr. Storage Face?

Samuel shrugs. Janet looks at her phone. She holds it up.

JANET

Sorry, you got a charger... Cos my phones...

SAMUEL

My wife's, it's in there...

He opens the glove box and passes Janet a cable. She plugs her phone in. Samuel looks at her, paranoid.

JANET

That'll do it... I don't understand what just happened. Feel like my heart's beating outside my chest.

SAMUEL

Maybe that's because it is.

Janet looks at him. Wound up and wired.

Samuel reaches a red light and brings the car to a stop.

Samuel glances in the rear-view mirror and suddenly he's looking even more tense.

SAMUEL

Profanity 10:30:54

Shit.

Janet follows his gaze. A police car is behind them.

SAMUEL

Okay, okay just... just stay calm.

JANET

I am.

SAMUEL

I'm talking to myself.

JANET

Oh.

A silence. The lights still red.

SAMUEL

Come on come on come on...

JANET

Keep calm, remember?

He nods. She looks back at the police car, and as she does she spots something that makes her blood run cold.

JANET

Oh no...

SAMUEL

What?

Samuel follows her gaze and glances in the rear-view mirror again and this time he sees the cover has slipped and some of the drugs are visible in the back.

JANET

What do I do...

SAMUEL

Don't do anything, just wait and...

And, just as he says it, the light turns amber...

SAMUEL

Okay, I'll get out of the way, nice and slow...

He indicates the first left but as he turns, Janet's eyes widen in horror.

JANET

Profanity 10:31:39

What the fuck are you doing?

SAMUEL

What do you mean what am I doing?

JANET

It's a one way street!?

SAMUEL

What!?

He looks up. He is indeed very slowly and carefully turning down a one way street. He looks in his rear view mirror. The police car up ahead has spotted him and has stopped. Its reverse lights come on. The blip of a siren, then -

SAMUEL

Profanity 10:31:42

Oh shit.

JANET

What is wrong with you!?

SAMUEL

I wasn't thinking...

JANET

Then start. Pull over!

SAMUEL

What if I just... hit the pedal and we don't look back?

JANET

Profanity 10:31:51

We're not Thelma and Louise you daft bastard, we're in Applebury, stop the fucking car.

Samuel reluctantly pulls over and turns off the engine. A tense silence. Janet closes her eyes.

JANET

Stay calm...

SAMUEL

Yes, yes, I know...

JANET

I'm talking to myself, now.

Another pause as they wait, anxious.

The police car pulls up behind Samuel's car and PC BEN TOOHS gets out of his car and walks towards the car. The OTHER PC stays in the car. Ben knocks on the car window and Samuel lowers it.

SAMUEL

Hi officer, so look, I'm new here and I erm was meant to take a different turning and I ended up going down this one-way street...

BEN

(cutting in)

You know you were going down a one way street.

SAMUEL

(patiently)

Yes. And I'm so sorry... I...

BEN

(cutting in)

You can't do that.

SAMUEL

No, I know...

BEN

(cutting in)

What if a car was coming towards you? Or a bicycle?

SAMUEL

Neither would be good...

BEN

A van...

SAMUEL

Absolutely...

BEN

A mobility scooter.

SAMUEL

Right...

BEN

A kid on a skateboard. Or those shoes with wheels on...
Imagine how that could have ended up?

SAMUEL

Terrible.

BEN

Be dead...

Awkward silence. Ben looks at Janet who is looking back with a fixed, awkward grin.

JANET

Hiyah!

BEN

You alright...

SAMUEL

I really am very sorry.

Ben sighs and looks back at the other PC.

SAMUEL

And I'm sorry to be wasting police time... It's such an important job you guys do, and...

He's aware of the cops' keen stare at them both. Of how it looks.

SAMUEL

My friend and I were just out walking our dogs together.

Janet smiles unconvincingly.

JANET

Dog-buddies!

SAMUEL

Yes. Uh... dog-friends, and we were talking and... you know... The turning...

Ben's eyes move to the back of the car.

BEN

Tell me something sir - in the back of your car there...

Shit. Tension. *What has he seen?*

BEN

Is that a whippet?

Relieved, Samuel nods.

SAMUEL

Yes, yes.

JANET

Yeah, he's called Rambo...

SAMUEL

Rambo...

BEN

My Mummy used to have a whippet... Beautiful creatures aren't they... Odd little bodies though, you can feel their ribs...

JANET

Oh right, yeah that's true.

Then his radio crackles. A call coming in. The other PC picks up and replies - something inaudible. Seeing this, and sensing something more important has come up -

POLICE OFFICER

Ben, come on...

BEN

Look alright, no harm done alright but please be more careful next time...

Samuel nods. Janet smiles, grateful.

SAMUEL

Yes. Will do.

JANET

Yeah of course.

BEN

See you later.

JANET

Thanks. Thank you so much.

SAMUEL

Thank you!

They both sigh a huge sigh of relief. For a long time neither move. Then -

SAMUEL

"Dog-buddies"?

JANET

I panicked...

Samuel starts the car and drives off.

IN: 10:34:17

EXT. APPLEBURY SELF STORAGE - DAY

Samuel's car pulls up outside a storage facility, Applebury Self Storage.

IN: 10:34:30

INT. APPLEBURY SELF STORAGE. RECEPTION - DAY

SAMUEL and JANET enter the drab reception area. The man on duty - HAROLD - has his phone mounted on a tripod and facing him.

HAROLD

... and that's just ten of the great uses for safety pins.
Harold's Life Hacks! Hit the subscribe button below.

He looks at Samuel and Janet like they're intruding.

SAMUEL

Hey... We... need storage.

Janet spots something - coded padlocks, she slams two on the desk.

JANET

And these...

IN: 10:34:47

INT. APPLEBURY SELF STORAGE - DAY

Samuel pushes a trolley down the corridor. The contents covered with a blanket.

We're inside the storage unit, in pitch black, as the shutter is pulled up to REVEAL - SAMUEL and JANET.

Janet closes the shutter as Samuel unloads the trolley.

Contents piled up, they cover them with the blanket and head back into the corridor.

JANET

Right we have got a padlock each. So it needs both of us if we want to get into it.

SAMUEL

Don't you trust me?

JANET

Said you were a lawyer, didn't you?

Janet struggles to enter the code for her padlock. As she does she feels his eyes on her hand.

JANET

You can just ask me you know...?

SAMUEL

Ask you what?

JANET

Profanity 10:36:00

My hand. You keep staring at it like it's a pair of tits.

SAMUEL

No I don't!

JANET

You do...

(beat)

It were a work accident. Hand versus industrial metal pressing machine. Guess who lost?

SAMUEL

Good lawyer could get you six figures.

JANET

Blasphemy 10:36:13

Oh my God... I never thought of that!
(shaking her head)

No erm... My manager he err gave me some whiskey after it happened.

IN: 10:36:20 FLASHCUT: INT. FACTORY. SIDE ROOM - DAY

JANET sat in a chair by the window that looks into the factory floor. A tourniquet is tied tight around her hand, soaked in blood. She's staring at a ceiling light, dazed. In a state of shock. In the background we see NIGEL rummaging for something.

NIGEL

Don't tell the bods upstairs you saw this but it'll just take the edge off it...

Brings out a bottle of whisky.

Janet drinks deep, straight from the bottle.

JANET (V.O.)

Profanity 10:36:27 I downed the lot. On account of the extreme fucking agony I were experiencing.

BACK TO PRESENT

JANET

He later claimed I were drinking on the job. So no pay out for me.

They walk away after putting both locks on the shutter.

SAMUEL

(beat)

You can ask me anything you know?

JANET

I'm alright actually.

Samuel's phone rings, he looks at the Caller ID -

SAMUEL

Sorry, got to take this...

He picks up.

SAMUEL

Hello, Samuel speaking.

(beat)

You're joking?

(beat)

Okay... No, thanks. That's great. I erm.

(beat; looks at Janet)

Can I call you back? It's not a good time. Thank you...

He hangs up.

JANET

Who were that?

SAMUEL

It's my cat. Major Tom.

JANET

You what?

SAMUEL

My cat's not calling me. Obviously. It's er my estate agent. When we moved out of the house in London, the cat went AWOL but it seems... he's back.

JANET

(confused)

You moved house and left your cat behind?

He looks at her and nods. Deadly serious. Janet looks at him. Bemused and overwhelmed by everything that's happened.

JANET

Profanity 10:37:18

What the fuck am I doing?

SAMUEL

(beat)

What now?

JANET

I don't know. What are you supposed to do after something like this?

IN: 10:37:33

EXT/INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

We follow a uniformed officer - COLIN NEWTON - into the station, holding two cups of coffee.

COLIN enters and approaches reception, manned by a DESK SERGEANT. Leaning on the desk is a female officer, SARAH CRITCHLEY and a male civilian support worker, MICK HALCROW, browses paperwork in earshot.

COLIN

Thought you could use this. Soy, right?

SARAH

Oh Colin, you're the best!

COLIN

It's alright, I was passing anyway.

He smiles at her. She smiles back. An awkward silence - like Colin's wanting to say something but can't quite bring himself to - so he just nods abruptly. Mick watches.

SARAH

I'd better be getting on.

COLIN

Yeah.

She walks off. Colin silently curses himself. Mick grins.

MICK

Why don't you just ask her out?

COLIN

I've, uh, actually written her a note...

He holds up a folded bit of yellow paper.

MICK

Great - just what every grown woman wants. Follow it up by pulling her pigtails and telling her she smells and you're golden...

Colin rolls his eyes and walks on through a waiting area - where we find ARTHUR is sitting.

NARRATOR

Love might have been in the air for Colin, but for Arthur Lake... It was quite the opposite. As he sat there lost in a haze of pain and sadness. The last thing he needed to hear was the words...

We stay on him. He's sitting bolt upright, eyes red from crying. Oblivious to his surroundings. The ambient noise of the station fades to nothing until we are just sitting with Arthur in his silence. Then, quietly at first -

BEN (O.C.)

You alright buddy.

(louder)

Buddy? Buddy?

Arthur looks up to see BEN standing over him.

ARTHUR

Who are you?

BEN

Ben. You don't know me.

(beat)

Or my name. Clearly. I just wanted to say how sorry I was about what happened to your life-partner. I'm really am sorry, buddy. It is alright if I call you buddy isn't it?

(beat)

He seemed nice. I am not that way inclined you know. But if I were I would be interested. He probably wouldn't be interested in me anyway would he?
(beat; awkward)
I wonder who would? Ian maybe... Do you know Ian?

TONY HODGSON appears. Inspector of the station. He looks at Ben and indicates for him to leave.

TONY
Arthur? Come on!

IN: 10:39:29

INT. POLICE STATION. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

TONY leads ARTHUR through the main area past the OFFICERS at their desks. A walk and talk.

TONY
How you doing?

ARTHUR
As you would expect...

TONY
I know you'd rather be anywhere but here right now, only... something's come up.

ARTHUR
How d'you mean?

TONY
Mark took a unit boat out on the water, but the case number he assigned it to... it doesn't exist.

ARTHUR
Sorry, I don't... Erm... What are you asking me?

TONY
He takes a police vessel out into the ocean - at night - on his own. Next thing we know we find him on that fishing boat with an as yet unidentified body...

Stopping, loudly -

Profanity 10:40:04

ARTHUR
Are you saying he was on the take? Cause if you are sir, that's some fucking bollocks.

TONY
Not here, lad. In to my office...

ARTHUR
I'm fine where I am, thanks.

TONY

We're just trying to piece things together, that's all...

ARTHUR

(shouting)

Profanity 10:40:10

I fucking loved him! So don't you dare stand there and make out like him being killed was somehow his fault!

TONY

Mark was a good officer. The whole Force has suffered a loss today...

ARTHUR

Profanity 10:40:23

Nice eulogy. You going to bury his reputation alongside his fucking corpse?

Arthur storms off.

IN: 10:40:28

EXT/INT. POLICE STATION/GUY'S VAN - DAY

ARTHUR emerges from the station and walks off. We stay on an empty frame for a while. Then, moments later a white van pulls in the car park.

GUY

Nice and easy. Good boy.

DENNIS

I'm not doing Rock Paper Scissors.

JASON

Why?

DENNIS

Cos it's stupid and we've got pubes now, that's why.

We see three MEN - GUY, DENNIS and JASON - squeezed into the front seats. They all have thick Cockney accents. Dennis and Jason are mid-conversation - Their boss Guy turns to them.

GUY

Well how about Foot Cockroach Nuclear Bomb?

DENNIS

Profanity 10:41:05

What the fuck is that?

GUY

Well it's basically Rock Paper Scissors.

DENNIS

Profanity 10:41:09

Oh for fuck sake... No I am not doing it...

GUY

Alright Ron answer me this.... How many times did you fail your driving test?

DENNIS

Twice.

JASON

(sadly)

Profanity 10:41:22

Three times. Fucked up the three point turn.

GUY

Well there you go. You are driving this time. Oh and do me a little favour, have a little think about what we're going to eat later. This place I drew the map on looks lovely...

He reaches for the dashboard and picks up a flyer for a Chinese restaurant. The Shang Emperor.

GUY

20% voucher off 'n all eh. You know it makes sense.

(beat)

Right, let's do it...

GUY and DENNIS, pull on balaclavas.

IN: 10:41:49

ON SCREEN CAPTION:

THE NOTE

IN: 10:41:52

EXT/INT. POLICE STATION/GUY'S VAN - DAY

The rear doors of the van are opened and Guy and Dennis pick up some guns then turn and head into the station.

IN: 10:42:07

INT. POLICE STATION. RECEPTION - DAY

The MASKED MEN (GUY and DENNIS) open the door. The reception area is empty. Apart from the DESK SERGEANT on reception. He's standing there, eating a packet of crisps while doing a Sudoku. The two Masked Men stand there for a moment, looking at him. Guy cocks his gun which makes the desk sergeant look up-

BANG - Guy shoots him directly in the chest and the impact sends him FLYING BACK against the wall behind him. Making a bloody dent in before slumping down to the ground.

There are two doors either side of the reception desk. Through the one on the right, another OFFICER comes in, wondering what the hell that noise was - Dennis sprays him with bullets. He looks at Guy, who's looking at the map, then nods for Dennis to go through the other door while he goes through the one on the left.

As Dennis goes off we hear officers shouting - then the sound of his weapon firing off shots. Bodies hitting the ground.

But we're with Guy, glancing often at the map in his hand. We follow him through the door -

IN: 10:42:51 INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR/OFFICE - DAY

GUY walks down a corridor with a glass divide - where you can see into the open plan office beyond. Some of the windows are frosted so you can't see anything.

Guy looks to his left, where we glimpse Dennis engaged in a full scale massacre. It's far away but we can see a load of policemen being gunned down. It's a passing glance, though, as when Guy turns back to the hallway we stay with him, casually walking and glancing at the map as he goes...

Suddenly a BLOODIED OFFICER crashed through the glass door in front of Guy and collapses onto the ground, dead. Guy doesn't break stride and steps over him, glancing at the map in his hand. A POLICEMAN makes a run for it and Guy casually blasts him away.

IN: 10:43:45 INT. POLICE STATION. LOCKER ROOM/TOILET - DAY

GUY makes his way through the locker room, still looking for something on the map.

Sat on the toilet is TONY. Sweating and looking terrified.

He lifts up his LEGS QUIETLY so they can't be seen.

GUY walks on and out.

IN: 10:44:11 INT. POLICE STATION. SECOND FLOOR/STAIRWELL - DAY

We're with COLIN, the young officer we met earlier. He's looking through a window, he can see GUY making his way up the stairs. Towards him. Guy glances up - Colin ducks back - did he see him???

We follow Colin, stumbling and trying to decide where to go. He takes a left, down a corridor. Then ducks into a side office.

IN: 10:44:40 INT. POLICE STATION. SECURITY OFFICE/SIDE OFFICE - DAY

We've moved back into the office opposite them (separated by glass). A bank of CCTV monitors, on which we can see some of the devastation. But on the main one in front of us we can see the office opposite, and we see COLIN rush over to a desk and crouch down behind it next to SARAH.

We stay on this, and then we see (real life) GUY appear in front of us. He stops outside the door.

IN: 10:44:42 INT. POLICE STATION. SIDE OFFICE - DAY

COLIN and SARAH beside each other hidden behind the desk. He pulls the yellow folded note out of his pocket and hands it to her. She frowns. Colin smiles, encouraging. Whispers -

COLIN

Get down... Get down... Read it when this is done, would you?

She nods and puts her finger to her lips.

We can see, behind them, Guy enters the room. A quiet and horrific tension as he makes his way towards the desk. Colin takes a deep breath. He's seen something on the wall opposite - a fire axe behind glass. He's going for it. One - two -

And Colin breaks into a run, fast as he can, sprinting for dear life but it's too slow -

BANG.

He falls to the floor, dead. Sarah screams.

GUY

Stand up.

Sarah stands, shocked, clutching the unfolded note. Tears in her eyes.

GUY

Where's the evidence locker?

She doesn't speak.

GUY

Profanity 10:46:02 It should fuckin' be here, now where is it?

He shows her the crude map on the restaurant flyer. Sarah looks at it, trying to take it in.

SARAH

It's... I think it's the wrong way round...

Guy looks down at the map. His expression changes - oh! So that's it!.

GUY

Ah... Cheers.

And he shoots her. The camera is sprayed with blood, covering the view on the monitor. Then Guy grabs Colin's ID card as he passes his body.

IN: 10:46:41 INT. POLICE STATION. HALLWAY/STAIRWELL - DAY

GUY walks back down the stairs.

IN: 10:46:49 INT. POLICE STATION. OFFICE - DAY

From a low angle we're behind GUY - flinging open double doors then entering the main office area - where we reveal a sea of about 25 bodies. Guy walks casually through the hellish scene.

GUY

Profanity 10:46:56 Wrong fucking floor! Basement...

IN: 10:47:00 INT. POLICE STATION. OTHER STAIRWELL/BASEMENT - DAY

Guy takes an ID card he took from Colin, and holds it up by the door, which beeps and unlocks. Then heads inside.

IN: 10:47:10 INT. POLICE STATION. EVIDENCE LOCKUP - DAY

Split screen to show them both searching for something. Checking boxes and labels.

After some searching he finds a plastic bag with the knife in it - the same one we saw the French Man from the opening holding. He checks the list beside it. Then he shakes his head. Nothing. Fuck.

GUY

Profanity 10:47:30 No. No. No. It's not here. It's fucking not here!

The sound of sirens in the distance. Time to go.

IN: 10:47:35 EXT. BACK OF POLICE STATION - DAY

GUY and DENNIS KICK OPEN the doors and emerge into the sunlight, round the back of the station, where JASON is waiting for them in the van across the street. As they head for the van, Guy rips off the 20% voucher from the flyer. We see both the flyer and voucher are speckled with blood. Then he throws the flyer away.

IN: 10:48:00 ON SCREEN CAPTION:

DEMUTH'S SUNGLASSES

IN: 10:48:06 EXT. BEER GARDEN - DAY

JANET AND SAMUEL sit in a pub beer garden by a canal. Thinking. SAMUEL has a glass of red wine, JANET a pint. Janet's phone beeps, she pulls it out and looks at the screen. Stares at it a moment, then winces. Puts the phone away. Samuel looks concerned -

JANET

It's just a friend.

Samuel takes out his phone. Seeing it, Janet snorts -

JANET

Ooh... Get a two for one with a fax machine there, did you?

SAMUEL

No... It's so I don't have a twenty-four-hour casino in my pocket.

JANET

Sorry...

He looks at her thoughtfully. Janet frowns.

JANET

Why you looking at me like that?

SAMUEL

Because I am wondering why your agreed to do something like this.

JANET

Cause you're so persuasive.

SAMUEL

Profanity 10:49:10

Let me tell you something. You know my secrets. All of them. Fucking hell. You're the only person in the world who does.

(beat)

I reckon this is a safe space.

A silence. She sighs. Then, deciding to go for it -

JANET

Okay. It wasn't my friend who texted earlier...

(beat; sincere)

It was my ex Peter. Cos I accidentally-on-purpose, very on-purpose bumped into our boy the other day and... he mentioned a restraining order again.

SAMUEL

A restraining order, but that your son isn't it...?

JANET

He's not, actually.

(beat)

I mean, he is.

Then, off his look -

JANET

Profanity 10:49:43

He was just a baby when I met his Dad. His Mum had bugged off and then suddenly there I was. Not a bloody clue what I was doing.

(beat)

I bloody loved it. Every minute.

She falls silent but Samuel doesn't speak. He lets her talk.

JANET

Profanity 10:49:55

Anyway. Peter, he met a younger model who was hard for Jesus so that were that. So now I can't see him any more. So from being a mum to being... numb, I suppose. Like I never fucking existed.

SAMUEL

Profanity 10:50:11

That's shit, sorry.

JANET

Profanity 10:50:15

Oh fucking hell...

Janet looks at Samuel, thoughtful.

JANET

Can I show you something?

SAMUEL

Sure.

IN: 10:50:27

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

We are behind them both, looking up at a large painting hanging on a white wall.

SAMUEL

Wow... This is yours?

She nods. Takes a swig.

JANET

Last painting I sold.

SAMUEL

It's beautiful.

JANET

Yeah. Least I kept the hand I paint with.

SAMUEL

No, no, I mean it. You have real talent.

(beat)

Shades of Demuth...

Janet looks confused.

SAMUEL

Charles Demuth.

JANET

(No idea)

Okay.

We then CUT FURTHER BACK - to reveal they're in a SHOPPING CENTRE. Shops all around them and full of life.

TANNOY

Attention all shoppers... Tinley Shopping Centre will close today at 4pm due to an incident...

JANET

Yep. Years of effort and maybe if you're lucky maybe you get a spot in the Tinley Centre.

SAMUEL

Why did you bring me here?

She nods at the painting.

JANET

Sometimes I come here and I pretend like I'm in some art gallery and it's like... I'm in some alternate reality where I'm not the unluckiest person in the world.

SAMUEL

So why did...

JANET

Profanity 10:51:33

You asked me why I agreed to do this right. Because everything I thought I had, my future, my fucking fingers, my boy... It's all nothing. And I'm, I'm done with nothing. And you need to know that.

A beat as he looks at her.

JANET

Profanity 10:51:44

Do not fuck me over on this.
(beat)
Do not fuck me over on this please.

Before he can respond, Janet's phone goes. She picks up -

JANET

You okay, love?

INTERCUT WITH

IN: 10:51:57

INT. PETER'S HOUSE. STAIRS - DAY

ALAN sits on the phone on the stairs. Watching as Peter and Suzie go to the car.

ALAN

(hushed)
He hasn't told you anything has he?

JANET

Who? Oh your Dad? No, no, apart from where I can stick it. Why?

ALAN

It's just... feels like there's something's going on. Like afoot, you might even say, with dad and Suzie, they keep going quiet whenever I come into a room like...

He sees something - Peter, hurrying back to the house. He's forgotten something.

ALAN
I got to go. He's coming back.

IN: 10:52:18 INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

JANET
Alan, Alan...

But he's hung up.

Profanity 10:52:20 JANET
Fuck sake...

SAMUEL looks at JANET, curious. But doesn't ask.

JANET
Well we should err probably call it a night. Before your cat
takes out a second mortgage.

SAMUEL
Yes. Yes. Yes. My family will be wondering where I've got to.

He stands.

SAMUEL
So erm, alright. Well erm, yeah. I'll, I'll be in touch.

Passes her the wine bottle. Leaving her to clear the rubbish away.

JANET
Right, leave it to the one with one hand.

He starts to walk off. Then walks right back again.

SAMUEL
Actually I can't just go and pretend this has been a normal
day, I'm going to go and drink some more. So despite what
you said... you are welcome to come and join me.

IN: 10:53:03 INT. KAROKE BOOTH - NIGHT

Samuel and Janet up on stage.

**IN: 10:53:03 Song Subtitles: BOOM BOOM BOOM NOW LET ME HEAR YOU SAY WAY-OOH, WAY-OOH ME SAY
BOOM BOOM BOOM NOW EVERYBODY SAY WAY-OOH WAY- ME SAY BOOM BOOM BOOM NOW LET
ME HEAR YOU SAY WAY-OH WAY-OOH ME SAY BOOM BOOM BOOM NOW LET ME HEAR YOU SAY
WAY-OH.**

NARRATOR
Let's leave Janet and Samuel doing karaoke...

IN: 10:53:15 EXT. HUMBER BRIDGE - NIGHT

ARTHUR is in the shadow of the bridge. He's interrupted by his phone ringing. He looks at the number, not recognising it - a foreign number. He ignores it. Then it goes again. This time he answers.

NARRATOR

And go find Arthur running. Away from grief... Towards a whole new set of problems...

ARTHUR

Profanity 10:53:30 Look whatever you're selling, piss off alright...

THE TAILOR

I am not selling anything, Mr. Lake. Are you?

Arthur frowns, wrongfooted. Suddenly wary.

ARTHUR

Who is this?

THE TAILOR

Le Tailleur.

INTERCUT WITH:

IN: 10:53:38 INT/EXT. AIRCRAFT HANGAR - NIGHT

THE TAILOR stands outside a private plane, phone to his ear.

THE TAILOR

"The Tailor" like you would say but... like most things, it sounds better in French.

(beat)

We have not met. But you have something of mine, I think.

ARTHUR

I don't know what you're talking about.

THE TAILOR

The boat was found. And two bodies. My associate. Your partner. But the boat's cargo is gone. My people checked the police evidence room. I have done my work, you see.

(beat)

You were working together. To steal from me.

ARTHUR

Profanity 10:54:05 Mate, I don't know who the fuck you are or what the fuck you are talking about, alright...

THE TAILOR

Don't. Please. Another shipment of mine was taken six weeks ago. Two men. In police uniform. Now, one, I can shrug it off. Bad luck. The cost of doing business, but two?

ARTHUR

Profanity 10:54:22

Get fucked...

THE TAILOR

I believe appearance is very important. No matter what your business. Perception is no mere superficial concern, it is everything. And the perception of my organisation, to lose two shipments... you see my problem...

ARTHUR

Seems to me you got another problem, pal - you gotta find me first.

He hangs up, angry. Scared. We hold on his expression for a moment, and he looks very different to us now. We go back to The Tailor as he thinks for a moment, then heads into the plane.

THE TAILOR (V.O.)

He claimed not to know anything.

IN: 10:55:02

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

THE TAILOR sits as he makes another call.

THE TAILOR

So... I have a journey to make.
(smiling)

No, no, I'm looking forward to it. It's good to get out of the house once in a while.

IN: 10:55:10

EXT. THE SHANG EMPEROR - NIGHT

GUY, DENNIS and JASON all approach the Shang Emperor, ready to get some food. But when they reach the door there's a sign on the door - 'CLOSED'. They look disappointed, turn and walk away.

NARRATOR

The thing about stories is they can take you anywhere. To well paid mass murderers in search of twenty percent discounts.

IN: 10:55:21

EXT. STREET/BUS STOP - NIGHT

PAT walks down a road at night. Then she stops when she sees something. We see what it is - it's the frog, which Janet left, the sign still on it. She picks it up and takes it with her, walking on down the street.

NARRATOR

To the places that we thought were gone. And maybe lost forever. Fairytales about frogs being kissed that needed and ending...

IN: 10:55:33 INT. PETER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ALAN practices a battered old tuba. Then winces when he sees something's up with it the mouthpiece is broken. It's a useless old thing. He places it in its case and we see a picture of him at seven years old with JANET hugging him. They're both smiling. He shuts the case.

NARRATOR

To the boy playing an instrument and thinking about the mother he wishes could be his mother.

IN: 10:55:45 EXT/INT. BLACK CAB/ROAD - NIGHT

A LONDON CABBIE is driving. The music plays. Major Tom sitting in a cage on the back seat.

IN: 10:56:02 INT. KARAOKE BOOTH - NIGHT

JANET and SAMUEL sit in the booth.

THE TAILOR (V.O.)

I will find it, the money... And hang them from the sky...

IN: 10:56:12 INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Back with THE TAILOR as he finishes his call.

THE TAILOR

When I am done... There will be nothing left.
(French; subtitled)
Vous avez ma parole.

IN: 10:56:18 Translation/Subtitles: You have my word.

NARRATOR

Yes, stories can take us anywhere. Sometimes even back to the beginning. Or the end. Depending on how you look at it.

THE TAILOR

(French; subtitled)
On y va.

IN: 10:56:29 Translation/Subtitles: Let's go...

IN: 10:56:32 ON SCREEN CAPTION:

SOME EPILOGUES USE PROLOGUES

IN: 10:56:39

EXT. FIELD - DAY

We're back in the field where the episode opened. We can see the three young CHILDREN standing in a circle. Bent forward, looking at the severed head.

BOY 1

I'll give you a fiver to touch it.

They all look back down below at Samuel's severed head.

BOY 2

Reckon we should tell someone?

He trails off as they hear something from behind.

SAMUEL

OI!

They turn to see a hooded FIGURE approaching. Head bowed, we can't see who it is. The boys run off. We stay on the hooded figure, getting closer and closer, until they reach the severed head and kneel down in front of it. Gloved hands reach out to pick the head up...

And as we reverse, we see that holding the severed head of Samuel - Is SAMUEL himself. He looks very different - unkempt stubble, and an exhausted expression in his eyes. He looks at his own head and starts to laugh with manic relief. A man who has been pushed to the very edge... and perhaps fallen.

IN: 10:57:14

END CREDITS

CARD 1

Written and Directed by
HARRY WILLIAMS & JACK WILLIAMS

CARD 2

Producer
MATTHEW BIRD

CARD 3

Executive Producers
HARRY WILLIAMS
JACK WILLIAMS
CHRIS AIRD
SARAH HAMMOND
DANIEL WALKER

CARD 4

DAISY HAGGARD

CARD 5

PATERSON JOSEPH

CARD 6

CRAIG FAIRBRASS

MICHELE AUSTIN

CARD 7

JONAS ARMSTRONG

ETHAN LAWRENCE

CARD 8

WITH

JOANNA SCANLAN

CARD 9

AND

TCHÉKY KARYO

CARD 10

Cast in order of appearance

| | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| NARRATOR | ÓLAFUR DARRI ÓLAFSSON |
| BOY 1 | JUDE COWARD NICOLL |
| BOY 2 | DAYA SINGH ATHWAL |
| BOY 3 | MAXWELL WHITELOCK |
| KEITH | NIGEL COLLINS |
| NIGEL | JOHN HENSHAW |
| FRENCH MAN | ROM BLANCO |
| MARK FINCH | KYLE ABDULLAH |
| STALLHOLDER | SIMON MEACOCK |
| ALAN JEFFRIES | OLIVER SHERIDAN |
| PETER JEFFRIES | CRAIG KELLY |

CARD 11

SUZIE JEFFRIES
ANYA WELLS
KATIA
MR STANLEY
THE TAILOR'S CLIENT
HAROLD
PC COLIN NEWTON
PC SARAH CRITCHLEY
PC MICK HALCROW
SUPERINTENDENT HODGSON
JASON
DENNIS

DANIELLE WARWICK
CHERIE GORDON
KATE DICKIE
MATT JAMIE
JOSEPH AKUBEZE
DANNY KIRrane
BENEDICT SHAW
BECKY BOWE
KENTON THOMAS
NIGEL BETTS
JORDAN FORD SILVER
RICK S CARR

CARD 12

Director of Photography
ÁRNI FILIPPUSSON - IKS

Production Designer
SCOTT BIRD - APDG

Music by
DOMINIK SCHERRER

Editor
CHARLENE SHORT

Casting Director
GARY DAVY - CDG

CARD 13

Co Producer
NADIA JAYNES

Associate Producer
MATT JENNINGS

Executive Producer for the BBC
TOMMY BULFIN

Executive Producer for the BBC
NAWFAL FAIZULLAH

Commissioning Executive for the
BBC
KATHERINE BOND

CARD 14

Makeup & Hair Designer
NIC COLLINS

Costume Designer
JOHN KRAUSA

Production Accountant
MEHWISH BUTT

Location Manager
DAVID SEATON

Sound Recordist
JONATHAN WYATT - AMPS

CARD 15

Second Assistant Director
Third Assistant Director
Floor Runner

ScreenSkills Runner

Script Supervisor

Production Manager

TONY LUCAS
OLIVER BRATTAN
MARIA GABRILATSOU
HENRIETTA LOCKWOOD
TARA NICHOLSON

JEMIMA THOMAS

LOUISE ADAMSON

Production Coordinator
Assistant Production Coordinator
Production Secretary
Production Runner

ELLE CROW
DAN SHEPPERSON
KAYLEIGH PLATT
RORY ELLIS

Payroll Accountant
1st Assistant Accountant
ScreenSkills Petty Cash Assistant

AATEKA BUTT
FRASER MACLEOD
FAYE SORSBY

Catering
Facilities

STAGE 3 CATERING
EMPIRE FACILITIES

CARD 16

Camera Operator /Steadicam
1st Assistant A Camera
1st Assistant B Camera
2nd Assistant A Camera
2nd Assistant B Camera
Camera Trainee A Cam
Camera Trainee B Cam
DIT
Camera Truck Loader

WILL LYTE
TOM FINCH - GBCT
ELIOT STONE
RICHARD HEWITSON
SARAH HIBBERT
THOMAS FOSTER
JOSH CRAIG
ROB MADCUTTA
ERMAL NEMISHI

Key Grip
B Camera Grip
Assistant Grip
Standby Carpenter

ADAM CHEETHAM
ED GLENDENNING
JAMIE LUCAS
MICHAEL SMITH

Camera Equipment
Lighting Equipment
Drone

NO DRAMA
P K E LIGHTING LIMITED
T-STOP AERIALS

CARD 17

Gaffer
Best Boy
Genny Op

ANDY BELL
STEWART HOLT
PETER BURGOYNE

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Electricians | GRAHAM ATWELL |
| Sound Maintenance | JASON ELLIOT |
| Sound Assistant | BEN COLLINSON |
| Sound Trainee | SIMON PICKEN |
| | VICTOR ODERINDE |
| Assistant Location Manager | JOE STANTON |
| Unit Manager | ERIC GARSIDE |
| Location Assistant | BENJAMIN FLETCHER |
| Unit Medic | PAUL SCOTT |
| Health and Safety Advisor | NICK HAYES |
| Covid-19 Supervisor | STEPHEN TEMPLETON - MSYL DIP |
| Covid-19 Coordinator | GRAEME BROWN |
| Unit Trucks and Vehicles | CARS4CAST |
| Action Vehicles | PRODUCTION AUTOS |
| Marine Services | MARINE FILM SERVICES |
| Animal Wrangler | URBAN PAWS |

CARD 18

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| Supervising Art Director | PAUL COWELL |
| Art Director | ANDREW HOLDEN-STOKES |
| Set Decorator | KAYE KENT |
| | SUE PARKER |
| Assistant Set Decorator / Buyer | GAVIN DICKSON |
| Assistant Art Director | RACHAEL SMITH |
| Art Department Secretary | ZAK PENNICK |
| Standby Art Director | ASHLEY PHOCOUC |
| Petty Cash Buyer | NICOLA DUNCAN |
| ScreenSkills Graphic Designer | SAMUEL PEDERSON |
| Art Department Assistant | ANNA CHESTER |
| Prop Master | JASON BOND |
| Storeman | GARETH PROCTER |
| Dressing Props | TONY ROONEY |
| | JAY PALES |
| | FYN SMITH |
| Standby Props | DAVID MILLS |
| | DOMINIC BYLES |

Prop Trainee
Construction

GUY SPANDLER
GET SETSY LIMITED
W.R FILM CONSTRUCTION SERVICES

CARD 19

Costume Supervisor
Costume Standby

LIZZIE TAIT
SAM CASSIDY
SARAH HIRST
GEMMA RAYNER

Costume Trainee

Makeup & Hair Artist

ABBIE BINGHAM
KATIE LA CRUZ
ALESHA LEDEATTE-WILLIAMS

Additional Casting Director
Casting Associate
Casting Assistant

NICCI TOPPING
ALEX HOWES
DYLAN STAFFORD

Neg Checker
Programme Advisor

SARAH HUGHES
PETER MARSH
JOSEPHINE BRIDGES
JAKE SHEPHERD
ALEXIA BLOHM-PAIN
NATALIE GRADY
NOËLLE KERUZORÉ

Researcher
BSL Interpreter
Dialect Coach

CARD 20

Stunt Coordinator

EUNICE HUTHART
ADAM HORTON
ANDY WAREHAM
LLOYD BASS
ADAM BRADSHAW

Assistant Stunt Coordinator

Stunt Performers

ADAM BOWMAN

NICK ROETEN

CRAIG CANNING
DAVID COLLOM
NICHOLAS DAINES
DANIEL DOW
GEORGE HARRIS
KIERRON QUEST
MARVIN BERREMBOU

Stunt Rigger

Armourer

SFX

MATT DA SILVA
ANNA STEPHENSON
GEORGE SURRY
WILL WILLOUGHBY
ANNABEL WOOD
LEWIS YOUNG
MIKE WILSON
LUCY ALLEN
DANIEL RAWLINS
PETER ROBINSON
MATTHEW SHELLEY
JASON PAYNE
ROWLEY SFX

CARD 21

Post Producer
Post Production Coordinator
Post Production Paperwork
Re-recording Mixer
Assistant Re-recording Mixer
Sound Effects Editor
Foley Editor
Dialogue Editor
Facility Sound Producer
Facility Picture Producer
1st Assistant Editor

2nd Assistant Editor
Music Supervisor
Online Editor
DI Editor
Colourist

Visual Effects
On Set VFX Supervisor
Post Graphic Designer

PORTIA NAPIER
RISTO KALIJUVEE
MANDY MILLER
JAMES RIDGWAY
GIBRAN FARRAH
LEE CRICHLLOW
BLAIR SLATER
JUSSI HONKA
SAM STUBBING
MARTHA LAKE
ASHER THORNTON
MONIKA RADWANSKA
PRINCE RAHEEM MAY
RUPERT HOLLIER
ALEX HOWELLS
AMY BENNETT/RACHAEL HUTCHINGS
AIDAN FARRELL

VINE FX
SAM HIGHFIELD
FRANCIS SCOTT

CARD 22

Two Brothers Pictures

Head of Production
Chief Operating Officer
Story Producer
Script Editor
In House Production Coordinator
Script Assistant
Production Assistant

Legal & Business Affairs

Insurance Broker

Publicity
Stills Photographer

EMMA PIKE
MICHAEL LATIF
CATRIONA RENTON
SAM STOCKBRIDGE
INDIANA SKY
MILLIE BLOOM
CHRISTINE QUILL

JAMES JACKSON
PENNIE CROCKER
QUARTZ INSURANCE

PREMIER COMMUNICATIONS
MATT SQUIRE



