

**NEW TRICKS SERIES E**

**Episode 8**

**MAD DOGS**

**By**

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1

INT. BAR. PUB. WIMBLEDON - DAY ONE

1

The bar is busy with AFC Wimbledon fans post match. An angry LANE and his son MARK enter amid the throng.

LANE

Crap! Absolute crap ...! They're a bloody disgrace. Three-Nil to that shower of ... rubbish! What a load of five-star total ruddy shite!

Everyone in the bar is looking at him. Mark says gently:

MARK

Dad - it was a friendly.

LANE

No such thing! Should never have lost. Not in a million years.

MARK

Against Spurs?! We're non-league. They're ten divisions above us! What d'you want to drink?

LANE

Nothing! I'm just going to eat my bloody Orange!

Mark stares, bemused as Lane bites into an orange without peeling it and sucks greedily. Suddenly someone shouts:

ANDY

Mark?! Mark Lane! Park bleeding Lane

Mark & Lane turn to see ANDY MERRILL, 37, a drunk, heavily tattooed Spurs fan, pint in hand, pushing towards them.

MARK

Oh shit ...

ANDY

Andy Merrill. From school, remember?! This your old man?

LANE

I am his father, yes.

Merrill grasps and shakes Lane's hand - hard. It hurts.

ANDY

Andy Merrill. Ex-Tilworth Comp; ex-Kings Own Light Infantry! Tottenham till I die! Tottenham till I die! Come on you ...Spurs!  
(MORE)

ANDY (cont'd)  
(as people stare)  
What you looking at?!

They all turn away - he's clearly a nutter. He tells Lane.

ANDY (cont'd)  
Sorry. Me brain's bugged ...

LANE  
That why you support Spurs?

Andy stares menacingly, then bursts out laughing. To Mark.

ANDY  
Eh, he's a lad isn't he, your  
dad?! *Oh we hate Arsenal and we  
hate Arsenal! We hate Arsenal ...!*  
(stops suddenly)  
Ever been in the army?

LANE  
Police.

MARK  
Retired.

ANDY  
Yeah?! Me too ...  
(jabs own chest)  
Army! Army, mate!! If you haven't  
got what it takes - it takes what  
you've got!

He raises his pint and downs it in one. He smiles at Lane.

ANDY (cont'd)  
Can you do that?

LANE  
(stares, beat)  
No.

ANDY  
Nor me ...

He suddenly falls backwards onto a table, smashing drinks  
in all directions and scattering those around it. Andy lies  
on the floor, spark out. Lane looks round at everyone.

LANE  
Spurs supporter.

### CREDITS SEQUENCE

2 INT. BAR. PUB. WIMBLEDON - SHORT TIME LATER. DAY ONE.

2

Andy sits on a chair, head between his legs, recovering.  
Mark & Lane sit either side of him, making sure he's all  
right. The bar has emptied somewhat.

MARK

You OK?

ANDY

Yeh - thanks. Sorry about that.  
Not supposed to drink - but you  
got to haven't you ...?

LANE

Are you on medication ...?

ANDY

Ever since Iraq.

He straightens up, emptying his pockets of pills onto the table. Lane recognises some heavy-duty anti-depressants.

MARK

You just fought in Iraq?

ANDY

No - the first lot! Ninety One.  
Mind you me head was a mess back  
then. Best mate got killed just  
before I went.

(pause, then knowingly)  
Don't you want to hear what  
happened?

Andy stares at him. Lane is intrigued. Mark rolls his eyes.

LANE

Er, yeh ... sure.

ANDY

Eric Trimble. Bloody great bloke.  
We was like brothers. Twelve  
months in we volunteered for the  
IRU ...

LANE

The what?

ANDY

IRU. Influenza Research Unit.  
Eric had been before. Two weeks  
getting a dose of the sniffs then  
extra pay and a week's leave on  
top. Mind you what he never told  
me was how boring it was! In the  
end me, Eric and the other two  
lads there bunked off for a night  
on the piss. Weren't supposed to  
but so what ...?

LANE

What happened?

ANDY

Eric never come back. Next thing ...

(beat)

They found him. Some bastard had battered the crap ...

(breaks off, upset)

Police never got anywhere. Before you know it the shit hits the Kuwaiti fan and we're all giving it left-right in the bleeding desert. No leave. No counselling. Couldn't even go to his funeral. Instead I get to stare at a load of dead Iraqis with their faces on fire. And me? I'm laughing. I'm laughing mine off ...

He stops. Damaged. He slowly turns and stares outside.

ANDY (cont'd)

Honourable discharge; few hundred quid and sixteen years with my head in a vice. I still see 'em. When I sleep. When I wake. When ...

(stops)

Just to top it all off, since this second lot I've even started seeing him again. Eric. He keeps talking to me, asking me; "*What you going to do? What you going to do for your old mate, you bastard?!*" And he was. Best mate I ever had.

Lane stares at him, long and hard, realising.

LANE

How did you know about me? Me and UCOS? Who told you?

ANDY

(stares, shrugs)

Read about it in the papers. Saw your name. You're famous.

Lane can't help but smile, tickled by the hint of fame.

3

INT. KITCHEN. LANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT. DAY ONE.

3

Esther & Mark sit watching Lane wade through piles of books, papers & magazines on the table.

ESTHER

Don't you think you should be a bit more *circumspect* ... about what he told you?

MARK

Andy Merrill made my life a misery! He's a bully, a thief ... and a liar!

ESTHER

He set fire to Mrs Hodges' cat.

MARK

He set fire to me.

LANE

Whatever he was or did ... he isn't that person now. He needs help.

ESTHER

(pointedly)

A lot of people need help, Brian.

(beat)

I don't want you becoming emotionally involved. You know what happens when you start doing things off your own back. At least tell Sandra ...

LANE

(reads from paper)

*The body of army Private Eric Trimble, aged 20, was discovered early this morning in woodland near the A4020 south of Uxbridge. Police as yet have no clue to the identity or motive of his killer.*

(looks at Esther)

I'm fine, darling. But you're right ... I'll speak to Sandra.

4

INT. UCOS OFFICE - MORNING. DAY TWO.

4

Pullman is in her office. Halford reads the paper, Standing picks his teeth, while Lane sits, fingers to his forehead, lost in meditative thought. The door opens and an angry-looking Strickland enters followed by a big man in a suit, HAMILTON. The men jump to, Halford stuffing his paper in a drawer, while Pullman quickly exits her office.

STRICKLAND

This is Mister Hamilton from ... the MoD. Please - go ahead.

HAMILTON

At 8.43 a.m. someone in this office attempted to gain access to a secure site in the Ministry of Defence *without* official authorisation. Any takers?

Baffled, Pullman looks round. Standing and Halford shrug.  
Their eyes all turn to Lane.

LANE

Er ... that must have been me.  
(everyone stares)  
I didn't realise the information  
was classified. I was just ...

STRICKLAND

(quickly cuts in)  
I'll deal with it, Inspector. I  
promise you there won't be any  
repetition of this ... incident.

Hamilton stares at Lane and goes out. Strickland explodes.

STRICKLAND (cont'd)

What the hell were you doing?!  
D'you have any idea just how  
damaging this is potentially ...

HALFORD

'Potentially damaging' ...?

STRICKLAND

(ignores Halford)  
The MoD?! Are you insane!!

Standing & Halford pull faces; *"Don't call him mad!!"*

STRICKLAND (cont'd)

What case is this anyway?

LANE

Er ... Eric Trimble. Beaten to  
death in 1991. It's on record but  
I had some difficulty locating  
the file. Trimble being a soldier  
I thought I'd try army records ...

STRICKLAND

Army?

LANE

Sir. Happened just before the  
first Gulf War ...

STRICKLAND

So it should be on file?

LANE

Somewhere, sir. Yes.



STRICKLAND

In that case, fine. Keep going.  
I'm not going to have spooks waltz  
in here, telling us what we can  
and can't do about a legitimate  
case. Let me know how you get on.

He nods at Lane and goes out. The team stare at each other  
slightly stunned. This is most un-Strickland like.

STANDING

Is he on drugs?

HALFORD

What was that about?

LANE

University sponsorship.  
(they don't follow)  
Strickland. He was sponsored  
through college. But not by the  
Met - the army. When he graduated  
he should have gone to Sandhurst.

HALFORD

Why didn't he?

LANE

I don't know.

STANDING

I do. Because he was crap. Oh God  
- Spooks?!

PULLMAN

(ignores him, to Lane)  
How d'you know all this?

LANE

I always like to know about the  
people I work with ... for.

5

INT. UCOS OFFICE - SOME TIME LATER. DAY TWO.

5

Pullman, Halford & Standing sit listening to Lane, who puts  
up SOC photos on the whiteboard. These include a nearby  
road, lay-by, phone-box, plus a map of the area, etc.

LANE

The four soldiers at the IRU -  
they were the only ones there at  
the time -  
(MORE)

LANE (cont'd)  
were last seen drinking together  
in the Rising Star pub the  
evening of January 20th, 1991.  
According to the landlord they  
all left together round about Ten  
o'clock.

Lane starts to put up photos of the 4 soldiers.

LANE (cont'd)  
Merrill, Sharratt and Glazebrook  
are then discovered back in their  
beds at 7 the next morning.  
Trimble ...

Lane then puts up Trimble's photo. He is black.

PULLMAN  
Trimble was *black*?!

HALFORD  
Nothing escapes you does it?

PULLMAN  
So, Andy Merrill told you every  
single thing he could remember?  
Apart from the fact that the best  
mate he ever had was black?  
(Lane stares - so?)  
1991? A *Black* soldier is murdered  
...? Racism? Bullying?

STANDING  
No wonder the Secret Squirrels  
got nervous.

Peeved, Lane takes an orange from his pocket and bites into  
it, sucks. Composed once more he carries on.

LANE  
Anyway, a search was organised  
and Trimble's body was discovered  
in Hopkins Wood at 3 p.m. Police  
were informed at around 3.30; and  
Merrill, Sharratt and Glazebrook  
each questioned under caution at  
5 that evening, accompanied by an  
army lawyer.

PULLMAN  
What did they say?

LANE  
Next to nothing. All still in  
shock. Could hardly remember a  
thing.

(MORE)

LANE (cont'd)

Yet forensics couldn't find  
anything linking them to the body  
or the murder scene.

STANDING

So these three squaddies got away  
with saying they just couldn't  
remember anything?

LANE

They'd been drinking.

STANDING

A group of you can get totally  
bladdered - but you don't all  
have collective memory loss.

LANE

Their clothes were checked by  
forensics. Nothing. Plus they  
were quizzed for hours.

PULLMAN

What about this 'IRU'?

STANDING

Is that the *Real* IRU?

LANE

(ignores him)

Closed down in 2001 - although  
the building's still there.

STANDING

Dead man's family?

LANE

Lived in Hammersmith. Mum, dad  
and sister. Took it very bad.

HALFORD

Ever met anyone who took it well?

PULLMAN

OK, let's start with them. Jack?  
Gerry? Track down these other  
squaddies.

6

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE. HAMMERSMITH. LONDON - DAY TWO.

6

Pullman & Lane wait at the front door. It is opened by a  
black woman in her 30's, ALICIA TRIMBLE - Eric's sister.

ALICIA

Yes?

PULLMAN

Detective Superintendent Pullman.  
This is Brian Lane. UCOS. We rang  
earlier. About Eric Trimble?

ALICIA

Oh, yes. I'm Alicia - Eric's  
sister. Er ... come in.  
(MORE)

ALICIA (cont'd)

Let me just tell my mum you're here. This is still a bit of a shock to her.

7

INT. LIVING ROOM. TRIMBLE HOUSE - DAY TWO.

7

Alicia shows Lane & Pullman into a chintzy front room full of family photos, including several of an older man and a younger - Eric in a smart suit. Eric's mother, CORA TRIMBLE, late 50's, sits in an armchair, a bible on its arm. Copies of *The Watch Tower* lie on a table nearby.

PULLMAN

Thank you for seeing us, Mrs Trimble.

CORA

Alicia says you've come about Eric. You've found out something?

PULLMAN

Oh - no. We're only just beginning our re-investigation ...

CORA

You don't know anything? So why you want to drag it up now? After all this time? Eric is dead.

LANE

We want to find out who killed your son, Mrs Trimble.

CORA

Really? Now? When the Lord has finally helped me come to terms with my loss ... now you want to stir up my heart all over again.

PULLMAN

I realise how difficult this must be - especially the added pain of not knowing who was responsible for Eric's death. That's perhaps the most important reason for us doing what we do. To try and bring an end to that not knowing.

CORA

No - only God can do that.

ALICIA

Mum ...

(to Pullman)

How long? How long will it take?

PULLMAN

I don't know. Mrs Trimble, can I ask you - what was Eric like?

CORA

He was ... a lovely boy. Kind, generous ... gentle.

PULLMAN

You don't know anyone who would want to hurt him?

CORA

No one. Everyone liked him.

LANE

Do you remember the last time you saw him?

CORA

Yes. I was with Arthur - my husband. It was about a month before Eric died ...

During the above Lane has idly picked up a religious tract off the table, then a photo of the older man - Arthur, Cora's husband. At this Cora breaks off and starts to cry.

ALICIA

Mum? Mum, don't upset yourself!  
(to Pullman)  
Please - do you mind ...?

Lane puts down the photo. He & Pullman quickly start to leave, apologetic.

8

EXT. FRONT DOOR. TRIMBLE HOUSE - DAY TWO.

8

Pullman & Lane exit the house, followed by Alicia, who part-closes the door behind her.

LANE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset your mother.

ALICIA

I understand. It's just that the photo - it's our dad, Arthur. He died only four months later. The moment he heard about Eric he just broke. Wouldn't eat, drink - nothing. Mum never got over it. Dad was such a good man, you know? Big. Strong. Caring. They both were.

(MORE)

ALICIA (cont'd)

I really want to know who did  
this to Eric. Deep down, I know  
mum does too.

PULLMAN

I understand. Believe me, I do.

Alicia nods then goes back inside. The door closes.  
Pullman, subdued, stares at the door before turning to Lane.

PULLMAN (cont'd)

Let's go get the others.

9

OMITTED

9

SCENES 10 & 11 CONFLATED INTO SCENE 10

10

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NEAR UXBRIDGE - DAY

10

Pullman parks her car; she and the team get out - having gathered Halford & Standing from the station. Standing opens a map as Pullman & Halford continue a conversation.

HALFORD

They lost the father as well?

PULLMAN

Died of a broken heart.

HALFORD

Hm. Well - good news is Keith Sharratt's still in the army. Same regiment even - except he's a Sergeant-Major now - in a barracks out at Hounslow.

STANDING

Ronnie Glazebrook on the other hand left the army in 1992 and now lives in a flat near Penge.

HALFORD

Someone has to.

Standing points at woodland a mile away, then to his left.

STANDING

OK, right. According to the map the woods where the body was found is there. The Rising Star pub's over there somewhere. And the IRU is ... this.

He faces a series of low buildings being demolished, fenced off with *DANGER - KEEP OUT/DEMOLITION IN PROGRESS* signs. Bulldozers & wrecking balls do their stuff. Standing pulls a face as he realises what is going on.



STANDING (cont'd)  
They're knocking it down.

The team turn and stare. As they watch, Lane spots an Earth Mover skimming topsoil from around the wrecked buildings.

HALFORD  
Nice work if you can get it.

LANE  
What's he doing that for?

STANDING  
Removing the rubble to get at the topsoil. They skim it off and flog it. Worth a lot of money.

HALFORD  
So why's he wearing a protective suit?

The team realise everyone on site is similarly attired - many in masks too. Intrigued, Pullman takes a photo on her mobile phone. Instantly a FOREMAN in protective suit hurries to confront her from inside the fence.

FOREMAN  
Oi! What you doing?!

PULLMAN  
Admiring the speed and efficiency with which you carry out your work.

FOREMAN  
Good. Now bugger off.

Pullman pauses, irked, then takes out her warrant card and shows it to him. The Foreman stares at it momentarily, then looks back at Pullman before smiling thinly.

FOREMAN (cont'd)  
Bugger off ... ma'am.

Standing reacts but Halford restrains him. Pullman knows better. She puts her warrant card & phone away.

PULLMAN  
Come - let us go gentlemen.

She saunters away. The others follow, albeit reluctantly.

12 EXT. PULLMAN'S CAR. COUNTRY ROAD. NEAR UXBRIDGE - DAY TWO. 12  
Pullman and the others arrive back at the car.

STANDING

Well he had a face you'd never  
get tired of kicking.

LANE

What you could see of it.

HALFORD

(seeing Pullman frown)  
What is it?

PULLMAN

Brian checks on a dead black  
soldier; next thing, we get a  
visit from MI5. We go to the last  
place he was at before he died -  
suddenly it's being demolished.

LANE

By very rude men in space suits.

PULLMAN

One of whom calls me ma'am.

HALFORD

He's a Spook.

STANDING

He's a something.

PULLMAN

What do you think?

HALFORD

Well I don't know why you'd go to  
such trouble cleaning up after  
just the flu.

PULLMAN

Hm. Let's go look at the scene of  
crime.

13 I/E. PULLMAN'S CAR. LAY-BY. WOOD NEAR UXBRIDGE - DAY TWO. 13

Pullman parks her car in the lay-by situated beside the  
wood where Eric's body was found. Lane sifts through the  
SOC photos that show the road, lay-by & wood in 1991.

PULLMAN

Hopkins Wood.

STANDING

I'll stay in the car.

PULLMAN

You still afraid of trees?

STANDING

You still afraid of the cooker?

PULLMAN

(frowns)

Me and Jack 'll do it. You two go  
find The Rising Star pub.

(to Lane )

Don't let him drink.

STANDING

How we going to get there?

PULLMAN

What - don't tell me you've got a  
phobia about walking now as well?

As Standing pulls a face, Lane hands back the SOC photos to  
Pullman, who gets out the car with Halford.

14

EXT. HOPKINS WOOD - DAY TWO.

14

Pullman & Halford walk through the wood, trying to locate  
the murder scene from SOC photos in Pullman's hand.

PULLMAN

It's here somewhere.

HALFORD

Seventeen years is a lot of wood.

PULLMAN

Here! Look. See the tree?

(Halford pulls a face)

That one.

Halford nods. Pullman looks at the SOC photos.

PULLMAN (cont'd)

Fully clothed, battered about the  
head ... but no sign of any  
resistance? Taken by surprise -  
or by someone he knew?

HALFORD

Or both.

PULLMAN

(seeing Halford frown)

What is it?

HALFORD

Forensics show Trimble died here.  
But the photos show no damage to  
the surrounding vegetation ...

PULLMAN  
Single attacker?

HALFORD  
Well it definitely isn't three.

Pullman takes this in. He's right.

15 EXT. THE RISING STAR PUB. NEAR UXBRIDGE - DAY TWO. 15

Lane & Standing, footsore, arrive outside the pub - an inhospitable-looking Harvester-type inn with a banner reading '*Felspar's - The Inheritance of Taste*'. Standing swaps looks with Lane - "*Oh no!*"

16 INT. LOUNGE BAR. THE RISING STAR PUB - DAY TWO. 16

Lane & Standing enter the bar. It is dull, depressingly old-fashioned and almost empty. Standing stares, appalled.

STANDING  
God, what a dump!

One or two heads turn, disinterestedly, as the UCOS men head to the bar. It is manned by a morose and unlikely-looking young Barman in a T-shirt with the logo, *Felspar Inns - Where It's Always Happy Hour!*

STANDING (cont'd)  
Hi. Anybody around who remembers this place in 1991?

The Barman stares - are they kidding? Standing sighs.

17 INT. LOUNGE BAR. THE RISING STAR PUB - DAY TWO. 17

Standing & Lane sit at a table, morose. Standing has a beer before him, almost full. Pullman & Halford enter.

HALFORD  
Any joy?

STANDING  
In this place? !

LANE  
Apparently it's not changed that much. Just 'different landlord.

STANDING  
Maybe we've got it all wrong. Maybe Eric walked in, took one look at the place and committed suicide.

PULLMAN

Thought I told you not to drink?

STANDING

Don't worry, I'm not. It's crap.

He gets up to leave. Lane rises but doesn't follow.

LANE

Just going to the loo.

STANDING

Rather you than me, mate.

Standing, Halford & Pullman leave.

18

EXT. THE RISING STAR PUB. NEAR UXBRIDGE - DAY TWO.

18

Pullman, Halford & Standing wait beside her car.

HALFORD

What now then?

PULLMAN

These four soldiers knew each other. I want to find out just how well they got on.

Lane exits the pub, perky.

STANDING

What's up with you?

LANE

Just thinking. The Rising Star's here; Eric's body is found in Hopkins Wood a mile that way. But the IRU is nearly two miles in the opposite direction. 'Wood's not exactly what you'd call *en route* is it?

(the others react)

There are two other pubs nearer the IRU than this one ... so why'd they come to here to drink?

PULLMAN

They weren't supposed to be out. They knew if people came looking for them, they'd probably check out the pub's nearest the IRU.

(fair comment)

Let's go talk to the army.

She gets into her car. The men follow.

19 INT. LOUNGE BAR. THE RISING STAR PUB - DAY TWO. 19

The Barman collects empty glasses. He picks up Standing's beer-glass from the table. The glass is strangely empty.

20 EXT. GATEHOUSE. ARMY BARRACKS. HOUNSLOW - DAY TWO. 20

Pullman drives the boys in her car, arriving at the Kings Own Infantry barracks, guarded by MP's. She shows her ID, the barrier is raised and she drives through. Inside the barracks soldiers drill across a parade ground.

21 INT. KILMARTIN'S OFFICE. ARMY BARRACKS - DAY TWO. 21

Pullman & Halford are shown into a rather splendid wooden office by an Adjutant. The walls and table-tops are covered with photos, trophies and mementos of the regiment. Colonel KILMARTIN, Regimental CO, gets up to meet them from behind a desk, bearing a photo of his wife and children.

KILMARTIN

Colonel Bob Kilmartin. Welcome.  
Please, make yourself at home.

They all sit soft on armchairs and a sofa.

PULLMAN

Detective Superintendent Pullman.  
This is Jack Halford.

KILMARTIN

I understand your colleagues are off tracking down Sergeant Major Sharratt? That'll be interesting for them! Now then; Eric Trimble.

PULLMAN

You remember the case?

KILMARTIN

Very well, I'm afraid. I was their CO. Only a junior officer, but I knew all four men and it's all still pretty fresh as you can imagine.

PULLMAN

What was Eric Trimble like?

KILMARTIN

As a soldier? Truth be told he was a pain in the arse. *Difficult* is the euphemism we normally use.

HALFORD

In what way?

KILMARTIN

Well, for a start, he'd been absent without leave on three separate occasions.

PULLMAN

Why?

KILMARTIN

Why? Because like a lot of immature people he didn't seem to realise that the army isn't a holiday camp. Putting it at it's most basic - he got homesick.

HALFORD

You don't sound very sympathetic.

KILMARTIN

I'm telling you what he was like. That he was murdered is a tragedy - but they're two very separate things. We despatched him to the IRU to try and put him out of harm's way for a while. Stop him getting into trouble.

HALFORD

Not a very successful plan then?

PULLMAN

"Despatched"? I thought soldiers volunteered for the IRU?

KILMARTIN

(realises his faux pas)

Er ... sometimes. Not always.

22

EXT. ASSAULT COURSE. ARMY BARRACKS - DAY TWO.

22

Standing & Lane trek across a field to where a group of recruits slog their way around an assault course. Beside a high wall with a ditch of mud on one side is Sergeant Major KEITH SHARRATT, 37; big, neat, tough, sinewy and profane - shouting at his charges as they pass him.

SHARRATT

Monkton, you useless testicle! If you don't get over this wall in the next three seconds I am going to stick a flare up your arse and fire you over it ...!

STANDING  
Sergeant-Major Sharratt?

SHARRATT  
Speaking.

Realising who they are, Sharratt shakes hands.

SHARRATT (cont'd)  
Ah yes - Eric Trimble. Pleased to meet you, gentlemen.  
(shouts at soldier)  
Kipling! You may make exceedingly good cakes, but you make a truly God-awful bloody soldier!

LANE  
Very nice turn of phrase.

SHARRATT  
Thank you. I try to be original.  
(shouts at soldier)  
Miller?! *Miller!!* My granny can jump higher than that - and she's dead! Get moving you superannuated ponce!

LANE  
Eric Trimble?  
(Sharratt stares, beat)  
Can you tell us about the night he died? What you remember?

SHARRATT  
We, er ... we all went for a drink.

STANDING  
To The Rising Star.

SHARRATT  
Yeh. We had a few beers ...

LANE  
D'you remember leaving there?  
With Eric. You, Andy and Ronnie?

SHARRATT  
I remember we ... we had a few beers.

Sharratt breaks off, struggling to remember.



STANDING

How d'you get on with him - Eric?

SHARRATT

OK. Why?

LANE

Because someone didn't,  
obviously. You weren't close  
friends with him then?

SHARRATT

Nobody was.

LANE

Remember that do you? 'Cause you  
didn't remember much at the time.

Sharratt suddenly changes like a flicked switch. His face  
darkens and he becomes increasingly aggressive.

SHARRATT

Listen, I don't remember anything  
after the pub, OK? But other bits  
of stuff have come back ... yeh.

LANE

Stuff like you weren't his mate?

Sharratt's mood worsens. He eyeballs Lane menacingly.

SHARRATT

What you trying to say?

LANE

No one's saying anything. But  
after 17 years it's about time  
they did ...

Standing stares at Lane, surprised by his confronting of  
Sharratt. Sharratt moves towards them, threateningly, but  
at that moment a recruit tumbles over the wall, landing  
full force in the mud, plastering Lane & Standing. They  
stand caked. Sharratt's face twists into a grim smile.

SHARRATT

Bit too close, lads.

23

INT. KILMARTIN'S OFFICE. BARRACKS. HOUNSLOW - DAY TWO.

23

Pullman & Halford are still ensconced with Kilmartin.

PULLMAN

How did his colleagues get on  
with Eric?

KILMARTIN

Some did. Some didn't.

HALFORD

What about the three who were  
with him at the IRU?

KILMARTIN

Fine. It wasn't an issue.

PULLMAN

Was he ... was he ever bullied? He  
was young - in your own words he  
was *immature*. And he was black.

KILMARTIN

No. No he was not bullied. That  
would not have been tolerated.

HALFORD

Really? Not even in 1991?

KILMARTIN

Never. Not in this regiment.

Have they touched a chord? Pullman decides to change tack.

PULLMAN

So how often did soldiers go to  
the IRU?

KILMARTIN

It varied.

PULLMAN

Eric Trimble had been before.

KILMARTIN

Yes. Although like most of the men  
he seemed to have come back  
unscathed. Er ... by the flu I mean.

HALFORD

And this ongoing arrangement -  
between yourselves and the IRU?  
How did that work exactly?

KILMARTIN

(stares, beat, smiles)

I'm sorry - while I'm happy to  
help in any way I can, I'm afraid  
any questions you have about the  
Research Unit will have to be  
addressed to the appropriate  
department.

(checks watch, gets up)

(MORE)

KILMARTIN (cont'd)

Ah - I'm out of time. Apologies  
but we'll have to leave it there.

24 EXT. CAR PARK. ARMY BARRACKS. HOUNSLOW - DAY TWO.

24

Pullman & Halford head towards her car.

PULLMAN

He seems more worried about the  
reputation of his regiment than  
ex-members of it.

HALFORD

*"Appropriate department"*? Flu  
research, my arse. I want to find  
out more about this IRU place.

They stop on seeing a muddied Standing & Lane plod towards  
them. They have to restrain themselves from laughing.

PULLMAN

I said go to the assault course -  
not through it.

STANDING

Ha-bloody-ha!

25 I/E. PULLMAN'S CAR. CAR PARK. ARMY BARRACKS. - DAY TWO.

25

Pullman & Halford sit in the front; Standing & Lane in the  
back on still trying to remove mud from clothes and faces.

PULLMAN

Sharratt said *no one* was Eric's  
friend? That's not how Andy  
Merrill remembers it.

STANDING

No. Didn't like it when we pushed  
him, either. He suddenly got very  
heavy - nasty even.

PULLMAN

Right. OK, well I'll drop you at  
Ronnie Glazebrook's - you see  
what he remembers! Jack and I  
will try and dig up info on the  
IRU.

26 EXT. STREET. COUNCIL MAISONETTES. PENGE - DAY TWO.

26

Pullman's car drops Standing & Lane in a street of  
maisonettes and then drives off. The two men walk on until  
they arrive at the address - it has a garden full of junk.

They stare at stripped-down motor-bikes, washing machines,  
toys, etc.

STANDING  
No place like home.

They wend their way to the front door and ring the bell. A mechanical voice issues out of an entry-phone intercom.

GLAZEBROOK (INTERCOM)  
Speak and make yourselves known.

LANE  
Er ... Brian Lane and Gerry  
Standing. Unsolved Crime and Open  
Case Squad. Here to see Ronnie  
Glazebrook.

GLAZEBROOK (INTERCOM)  
And what is the purpose of your  
visit?

LANE  
Eric Trimble.

Silence. Then a series of loud clicks and bangs as the door automatically unlocks from within. It swings open.

27 INT. HALLWAY. GLAZEBROOK'S FLAT - DAY TWO.

27

Lane & Standing enter only to find themselves plunged into a gloomy, bizarre world. The hall is packed with more junk, piled high against the walls so only a narrow path remains.

LANE  
Compulsive hoarder.

STANDING  
You don't say?!

Walking further they disturb a huge cloud of dust. Standing sneezes. From deep within we hear Glazebrook's voice again:

GLAZEBROOK (O.S.)  
Are you infected? Are you  
carrying disease?

STANDING  
Eh? Oh, er ... no. It's the dust.

GLAZEBROOK (O.S.)  
Careful. That dust is me.

Lane & Standing swap looks. Oh no, not another one. They walk on only to clatter into a host of empty beer cans - *masses* of cans. They pulls faces. Silence.

LANE  
Er, where are you, Ronnie?

GLAZEBROOK

X Zero Five. Roger. Over.

The boys move towards the voice. Reaching a doorway to the right they go through into near-darkness. Suddenly, lights flood the two men inside what was once a large living room. The boys stop, dazzled, then stare in disbelief.

STANDING

My God ...!

The room is lit by arc lights, revealing it to be packed with walls of newspaper, piled high to form a maze, trench-like in appearance. Bits of bike, lamps and curtain-rails and yet more flattened beer cans are also packed into the paper walls to add stability. Standing & Lane have never seen anything like it. Suddenly a three foot flap-door opens in one of the walls and out issues RONNIE GLAZEBROOK - an extraordinary sight. 5 foot 9, all in black albeit grubby clothes; T-shirt, trousers, boots, gloves - his hair a mass of matted, tangled dreadlocks. His face is bearded, hollow-cheeked; eyes red-rimmed as if he hadn't slept for a week. He's nervous, edgy, removed - speaking in a broken, clipped staccato - twitchy and emotionally disabled.

GLAZEBROOK

We have contact.

(suddenly eager)

What's the news?! From the Front!

STANDING

Front of what?

GLAZEBROOK

Do the Arabs have control? Do they? Do they? Do the camel-jockeys still hold the desert?

Before the boys can reply Ronnie starts to ululate in the manner of triumphant Arab women - a terrible, alien sound. Lane & Standing look on, dumbfounded as Glazebrook suddenly stops and hurries to one side, out of sight behind one of the trench walls. Then, slowly, his head rises above it.

GLAZEBROOK (cont'd)

Come in Big Boy, Come in Big Boy.  
Clarify your position. Over.

LANE

We're here about Eric Trimble. Do you remember him, Ronnie? He died.

GLAZEBROOK

Remember? 'Course I remember.  
Eric. Eric Trimble. My mate.  
Black as pitch.

Without warning he launches into a perfect Blowers impression from Test Match Special.

GLAZE BROOK (cont'd)  
*And here comes Botham down the pitch - on a charge! Good Lord he's put it straight into the member's stand!*

He snaps straight out of it just as quickly. Lane and Standing stare. Beat.

LANE  
Eric was *your* mate? And Andy Merrill's, right?

GLAZE BROOK  
(stares, pulls face)  
Andy?! Hah! Handy Andy?! Liar, liar - pants on fire ...!!

Suddenly, terrified, Glazebrook screams out a warning:

GLAZE BROOK (cont'd)  
*INCOMING!!!*

Ronnie throws himself out of sight behind the paper wall. Standing & Lane instinctively crouch as though expecting a mortar shell to land. Bent double they look at each other.

STANDING  
This is a bloody nightmare. He's barking ...!

Before Lane can respond Glazebrook pops up into view again.

GLAZE BROOK  
What did you want to know?

LANE  
You were with him - Eric. At the Influenza Research Unit ...

GLAZE BROOK  
Flu?! Flu!! Who told you that?!

Ronnie bursts into uproarious and rather scary laughter.

LANE  
Why - what was it then?

GLAZE BROOK  
(stops laughing, blank)  
For bad boys. Naughty-naughty.  
(a lift attendant)  
Going down ...!

Glazebrook slowly sinks down out of view once more.

STANDING

Brian?! Brian! This is no good.  
We can't do this ... it's hopeless.



LANE  
(agrees, shouts out)  
Ronnie? Ronnie ... we'll be back.  
OK?

Standing pulls a disturbed Lane away. As they leave the arc lights switch off automatically - unnervingly.

28

INT. UCOS OFFICE - DAY TWO.

28

Pullman & the boys sit discussing events. Throughout the scene Lane is rather vague and distant, unable to completely engage. Only Halford notices, however.

PULLMAN  
Beer cans?

STANDING  
Hundreds. He's an alcoholic.  
(Lane says nothing)  
When we said *Flu* he just laughed himself silly. Mind you, probably does that getting out of bed in the morning - mad as a box of frogs. And when we asked what the IRU was, he said "*for bad boys*". Sounds more like they got sent there for punishment not R and R.

HALFORD  
That's not what Kilmartin said.

PULLMAN  
We searched the internet for the IRU. Next to nothing. Checked with the BMA and the Medical Research Council. They don't know much about the place either.

LANE  
Andy Merrill said they volunteered ... got extra pay.

HALFORD  
He also said he was Eric's pal.

STANDING  
So did Ronnie. But that'd be like being friends with a biscuit-tin.

HALFORD  
So Sharratt can suddenly turn aggressive; Glazebrook is a dipsomaniac and Merrill may have been economic with the truth?

LANE

Mark said that at school Merrill was a liar. And booze seems to send him loopy as well.

PULLMAN

I'm not sure we can believe any of them. Being drunk seems to be a recurring theme in this case.

HALFORD

Unlike the Flu Unit - that just disappears completely.

PULLMAN

(muses on this)

Hm. Maybe. OK, starting tomorrow let's track down the ex-landlord of The Rising Star. See what he says about the night of the murder. Someone's got to have a decent memory of the bloody thing.

She gets up and leaves. Lane joins her. Standing starts to leave but realises Halford remains behind, thoughtful.

STANDING

Fancy a drink?

Halford shakes his head and starts to leave.

STANDING (cont'd)

Where you going?

HALFORD

To ask Strickland a favour.

STANDING

This I've got to see.

29

INT. STRICKLAND'S OFFICE. POLICE STATION - DAY TWO.

29

Strickland sits behind his desk listening to Halford on the other side with Standing.

HALFORD

Of course there is a possibility Trimble's death may be entirely unconnected to a strange research establishment about which no one knows anything. But either way I'm loath to try and gather more information when such action may endanger the integrity of the department ... sir.

STRICKLAND  
You want me to do it.

HALFORD  
It's political, sir. And I'm not  
a political animal.

STRICKLAND  
Is there a racial element?

HALFORD  
We don't know. But if that's the  
excuse you need, sir, go for it.

STRICKLAND  
Leave it with me.

HALFORD  
Thank you, sir. Much appreciated.

The UCOS men leave. En route Standing hisses to Halford:

STANDING  
I tell you - whatever happened to  
stop him being an officer must  
have *really* pissed him off.

30 OMITTED 30

31 INT. DINING ROOM. LANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT. DAY TWO. 31

Lane sits at his PC on the table furiously searching the  
net. We pull out to reveal Esther watching him, anxious,  
having lifted his overcoat from off a chair.

ESTHER  
Brian? Brian, it's very late.

LANE  
Justice never sleeps.

ESTHER  
Well it better had or I'm going  
to unplug it.

LANE  
Don't!  
(instantly contrite)  
I'm sorry.

ESTHER  
(looks at PC screen)  
*Gulf war Syndrome?*

LANE

Don't worry - I haven't got it.

Esther smiles slightly. That's more like him. Beat.

LANE (cont'd)

All these ex-soldiers memories are  
up the creek. How come? Plus the  
dead soldier kept going AWOL. Why?

He looks at Esther as if she might have the answer. She  
seems to ponder the questions before saying:

ESTHER

Kiss me.

LANE

What?!

ESTHER

I want you to kiss me.

LANE

Now?

ESTHER

Does there have to be a set time  
for you to show your undying  
affection?

She puckers up. Irritated, Lane gets up and kisses her. He  
tries to pull away but she hangs on. Lane reacts, wide-  
eyed. Finally she lets go. She licks her lips. He realises.

LANE

I'm not drinking.

She folds up his coat, slightly guilty. Doing so she feels  
something in a pocket. She reaches in and takes out the now  
crumpled Jehovah's Witness tract. She reacts.

LANE (cont'd)

What's the matter - you worried  
I'm developing religious mania?

ESTHER

No. And even if you did, I can't  
quite see you becoming a Jehovah's  
Witness. Where d'you get it?

LANE

Dead boy's parents' house.

ESTHER

So how come he was a soldier?  
Jehovah's Witnesses can't serve  
in the armed forces.

LANE

Esther, it's not illegal. You can even be a Catholic Prime Minister now ... unless your name's Blair.

ESTHER

Don't be silly. I mean Jehovah's Witnesses *don't allow* themselves to join up. They object conscientiously. You knew that.

She stares at Lane. He stares back, shocked. Yes he did.

32

INT. UCOS OFFICE - MORNING. DAY THREE.

32

Strickland sits in the office alone pretending to work away at one of the desks, talking expansively to himself.

STRICKLAND

Clearly there are avenues of investigation I am able to pursue which, quite understandably, remain off-limits to yourselves. As a result of which I've managed to discover information which I think may surprise you ...

HALFORD

That's what I thought ... sir.

Strickland whirls round. Pullman & Halford are in the doorway. Strickland tries to cover his embarrassment.

STRICKLAND

The IRU's former director is a Doctor Helena Mathieson. Virologist apparently - School of Tropical Medicine. She's expecting your call.

He gets up and leaves. Pullman looks at Halford.

PULLMAN

You asked Strickland to do this?

HALFORD

I knew you'd say no.

PULLMAN

It worries me you think that.

HALFORD

What worries me is that he's talking to himself.

33 EXT. TERRACED HOUSE. HAMMERSMITH - DAY THREE. 33

Lane waits outside. The door is opened by Alicia.

ALICIA

Oh, hello. My mother's not here -  
she's at the doctor's. She  
suffers with her nerves.

LANE

I know the feeling. Can I come in?

34 INT. LIVING ROOM. TRIMBLE HOUSE - DAY THREE. 34

Alicia leads Lane into the room. Bible, Watch Towers, etc.,  
are on the table. Lane looks more closely at the room and  
sees clearer evidence of the sect.

LANE

The soldiers with Eric that night  
- did he ever talk about them? I  
mean, were they friends of Eric?

ALICIA

I don't remember.

LANE

Well did he have any friends in  
the army?  
(she doesn't know)  
They say Eric went absent without  
leave. Several times. Because he  
was homesick.

ALICIA

Homesick?

LANE

It's not true?  
(she shakes her head)  
What was it then, did he say? Was  
he being bullied?

ALICIA

We don't know. We never knew he'd  
been AWOL until the inquest.

LANE

So how d'you know it wasn't  
homesickness?

ALICIA

Because ... he never came here. We  
never saw him when he went AWOL.

LANE  
(reacts, surprised)  
You ... your family ... are Jehovah's  
Witnesses, am I right?

ALICIA  
Yes.

LANE  
Jehovah's Witnesses don't believe  
their members should join the  
army, am I right?

ALICIA  
What has that to do with Eric's  
death?

LANE  
Well Eric obviously went against  
that belief. How did your mum and  
dad feel about this?

ALICIA  
Eric told them it was something  
he had to do ... to prove himself.  
They found it difficult. Dad told  
him he was only doing it to rebel.

LANE  
Is that why he didn't come here?  
(she shrugs not knowing)  
Where do you think Eric went?

ALICIA  
I don't know. I wish I did.

35 INT. LABORATORY. SCHOOL OF TROPICAL MEDICINE. LONDON - DAY 35

Doctor HELENA MATHIESON, 50-ish, tall, angular, lean and  
charming, works amid the paraphernalia of her speciality;  
retort stands, Petri dishes, fridges, charts, animals in  
cages. The door opens and Halford & Pullman appear.

PULLMAN  
Doctor Mathieson.

DOCTOR MATHIESON  
Ah, yes. UCOS. You want to know  
about the IRU - Eric Trimble?

PULLMAN  
That's right. It would help to  
know how long soldiers spent  
there; what they got up to. That  
sort of thing.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

Of course. Er, well, soldiers could be there quite some time. A month even. They were usually isolated within the unit, although those that had been inoculated with the flu virus could freely associate.

PULLMAN

And the four soldiers from the King's Own - they were the only ones there at the time?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

Yes.

HALFORD

Why were soldiers used?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

A, they were fit and B, via the army we could keep them under observation even after they left.

HALFORD

Do you remember Eric Trimble?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

Oh yes. I don't wish to sound heartless but he caused huge disruption to the programme.

PULLMAN

Did he and the other three get on? I mean was there anything about their behaviour that concerned you?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

I'm a virologist, not a behavioural psychologist.

HALFORD

We went there the other day - the IRU site. It's being demolished. By men in protective clothing.

Pullman takes out her phone and shows Mathieson the photo.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

Yes, well - any lab where there has been viral material stored or developed has to be thoroughly cleansed afterwards.



HALFORD

I didn't know the flu virus was able to live on in the ground?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

Ha! Given recent history I don't think the government is taking any chances!

HALFORD

Certainly less chances than they took in 1991.

(she doesn't follow)

Eric Trimble died just five days before his regiment went to Kuwait. Now they might give our men inadequate equipment and pay, but even our MoD draws the line at a dose of the flu.

PULLMAN

(Mathieson says nothing)

Care to tell us what else might have gone on at the IRU - apart from flu research?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

I think I've told you everything.

HALFORD

Doctor Mathieson, two of the men who were at the IRU with Trimble have drink problems. All three have problems with memory - in particular about the night he died. I don't believe they're faking it; I don't believe it's coincidence; and I'm beginning to believe it's not accidental.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

I'm sorry. Even if I wanted to help you, I'm bound by the Official Secrets Act.

HALFORD

Under English law, the Official Secrets Act is no protection against a charge of murder.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

That's a ludicrous remark.

HALFORD

Not if whatever you gave those men caused one of them to kill.

DOCTOR MATHIESON  
Of course it didn't.

PULLMAN  
Good. Then you won't mind telling  
us what you were exposing them to.

She stares but says nothing, instead sitting slowly down on a stool. Halford & Pullman swap looks, not quite sure what she's doing. The door opens and Hamilton enters with another MI5 Officer. Hamilton steps before Mathieson.

HAMILTON  
Thank you very much, chaps. We'll  
take over from here.

HALFORD  
Says who?

HAMILTON  
Says the chap who's asking you  
very nicely to be on your way.  
OK, old man?

Pullman & Halford swap looks. Realising they're beat they start to leave. Pullman, recognising the other MI5 Officer as the Foreman from the IRU site, whispers to him en route:

PULLMAN  
I preferred you in the paper suit.

36 INT. UCOS OFFICE - DAY THREE.

36

Halford holds forth to Pullman, Standing & Lane.

HALFORD  
It's a cover-up. That's why the  
original murder team never got  
anywhere. MI5 made sure they  
didn't.

LANE  
I don't know. There's something  
else ... something not right.

HALFORD  
That's what I'm saying.

STANDING  
Well what can we do about it? The  
Spooks have put a block on us  
talking to Helena the mad  
scientist haven't they?

HALFORD

We solve the case. We prove which  
one of the three soldiers did it;  
we charge him, and it goes to  
court.

STANDING

Secret Squirrels are not like  
going to like that.

HALFORD

Fine. They can have that  
conversation with his lawyer.

He looks to Pullman. The others follow suit. She decides.

PULLMAN

Well I'm not packing it in.  
(Halford smiles)  
Kilmartin. He was evasive about  
the IRU. And he lied about those  
soldiers all getting on. We go to  
him.

Halford nods. Lane however is still unsure. He picks up an  
orange off his desk and starts to leave the room.

PULLMAN (cont'd)

Where you going?

LANE

For a think.

Before the others react Standing's phone rings. He answers.

STANDING (INTO PHONE)

Gerry Standing. UCOS.

(voice replies)

Great. Brilliant. Thanks.

(puts down phone)

Rod Erskine - guy who used to be  
the landlord at The Rising Dump?  
Now runs a pub in Portobello.

PULLMAN

Take Happy with you. Jack and I  
will go back to barracks.

37

INT. MEN'S TOILETS. POLICE STATION - DAY THREE.

37

Lane enters a cubicle and locks it. He sits on the toilet  
and stares at the orange. He then gets up, stands on the  
toilet and lifts the lid of the high cistern. Lane reaches  
in and takes out a large syringe ... and then a bottle of  
vodka.

Sitting back down he opens the bottle, inserts the syringe, draws out a hefty slug of vodka and injects it into the orange. A voice calls from outside the cubicle:

STANDING (O.S.)  
Have you had your think?

LANE  
Er ... yeh.

STANDING (O.S.)  
Good - we're off.

We hear Standing leave. Lane closes the bottle, gets back up on the seat and replaces the vodka, syringe and toilet lid. He gets back down and puts the orange in his pocket.

38 INT. KILMARTIN'S OFFICE. BARRACKS. HOUNSLOW - DAY THREE. 38

Colonel Kilmartin sits at his desk when Pullman & Halford enter. He stands up to greet them.

KILMARTIN  
How are you getting on - any joy?

PULLMAN  
Moving forward. That's why I  
wanted to go over a few things  
with you.

KILMARTIN  
Fire away.

PULLMAN  
You said Eric Trimble went AWOL.

KILMARTIN  
Several times.

PULLMAN  
And that you punished him by  
sending him to the IRU?

KILMARTIN  
Yes. That was ...

PULLMAN  
(cuts in)  
So it was a punishment?

Pullman smiles. Kilmartin stutters, realising his mistake.

KILMARTIN  
No ... not a punishment exactly ...

HALFORD  
Colonel, I have a degree in  
Clinical Psychology.  
(MORE)

HALFORD (cont'd)

I can assure you it is all-too obvious to me when someone's attempting to hide a lie. And on this particular case I'm getting bloody bored with it, d'you understand?

(Kilmartin stares)

Why did you send Glazebrook, Merrill and Sharratt to the IRU?

KILMARTIN

No! I'm not going to allow you to tarnish the reputation of men who have fought, with honour, for their country.

PULLMAN

Merrill and Glazebrook? Have you seen them recently? It's not their reputations that are buggered up.

KILMARTIN

(stares, adamant)

I'm sorry - I'm not prepared to answer any more questions.

HALFORD

Very well. In that case we have no other option but to arrest you.

KILMARTIN

What?! On what charge?!

Even Pullman stares at Halford, taken aback. He shrugs.

HALFORD

Obstructing the course of justice? Attempting to bribe a police officer? Driving without due care and attention ... I don't particularly care. But what I do care about is that one of your men was murdered seventeen years ago and you don't give a shit! So unless you want to face the indignity of being marched out of here handcuffed while in uniform and carted off to the local nick in full view of the entire regiment, I suggest you start telling us what we want to know.

KILMARTIN

That's absolutely outrageous!

Halford whips out a SOC photo of Trimble's battered body and thrusts it before Kilmartin's face.

HALFORD

No! That! *That's* outrageous ...!!

Kilmartin stares at the picture.

PULLMAN

Colonel ...?

He remains staring blankly at the photo. Then, finally ...

KILMARTIN

I never got to the bottom of it.

PULLMAN

Bottom of what?

KILMARTIN

The fight.

HALFORD

What fight?

KILMARTIN

Trimble and Sharratt. They were caught fighting in the armoury. Very serious.

PULLMAN

What happened?

KILMARTIN

I don't know. Glazebrook and Merrill were involved as well. I questioned them but none of them would say what had happened. Sharratt and Glazebrook were bloody good soldiers. I didn't want to have to discipline them.

PULLMAN

I don't understand.

KILMARTIN

I told them ... we were probably heading to Iraq within days. I couldn't have men in a combat zone wrapped up in that kind of mutual antagonism. So I sent them to the IRU. Told them by the time they came back they had to have sorted themselves out. Or else. So that's what we did. Sent them off to Major Mathieson.

PULLMAN

*Major Mathieson?*



KILMARTIN

Of the Territorial Army, yes.

Pullman and Halford swap looks. Hold.

39 EXT. *THE PINEAPPLE* PUB. SOHO. LONDON - EVENING. DAY THREE. 39

Lane & Standing arrive outside the pub; a fine old-fashioned London pub plus traditional sign.

40 INT. LOUNGE BAR. *THE PINEAPPLE* PUB - DAY THREE. 40

Standing & Lane enter the lounge. The lighting is subdued, but the room is warm and welcoming - a log fire burning in the grate. It is busy with men and women grouped around high and low tables, drinking and eating. The bar has a wide variety of spirits and draught beers. A chalk board lists the day's food specials. It is Standing Nirvana. He reacts with joyous wonder.

STANDING

Now that's what I call a pub!  
(sees favourite beer)  
Bloody hell! Pole Star SA?!

He staggers to the bar with a bemused Lane in tow. Behind the bar is ROD ERSKINE, the landlord, 40-ish, well-preserved, with a welcoming manner and smile.

ERSKINE

Afternoon, gents. What can I get you?

STANDING

'Pint of that for a start!

Erskine starts to pour a pint of Pole Star SA.

STANDING (cont'd)

You the landlord - Rod Erskine?  
(Erskine nods)  
Put it there!

He proffers his hand for Erskine to shake. As he does so, Lane tugs at Standing's other elbow - having spotted something. Standing ignores him - in thrall to Erskine.

STANDING (cont'd)

How long's this place been here?  
Like this?!

ERSKINE

Couple of years.

STANDING

How come I've never been here  
before? It ... it's fantastic!

Erskine smiles, hands Standing his pint. Lane tugs Standing again. He pushes his hand away, irritated.

STANDING (cont'd)

I mean this is how a pub should  
be! Cosy, warm, welcoming. Proper  
decent menu and beer to die for.

ERSKINE

Thank you very much.

STANDING

(sips his pint)  
Oh ...! That is beer heaven.

Erskine beams. Lane hisses in Standing's ear:

LANE

Gerry!!

STANDING

What?!

Lane nods to one side. Standing turns to see two men, muscle-bound in tight T-shirts, kissing passionately. He turns to see two more male couples being 'affectionate'. Standing's face falls - aghast. Lane whispers:

LANE

It's a gay pub ...

Standing stops, looks at his beer and then slowly lowers it as if it were poison.

ERSKINE

Is something wrong?

Standing look at Erskine with horror. Imagining he might have been mistaken as gay, he springs away from Lane only to bump into a Man sat on a high stool at the bar. The Man raises an intrigued eyebrow. Standing reacts, paranoid:

STANDING

We're from the Met! Police!

The Man stares, then looks Lane critically up and down.

LANE

Plainclothes.

MAN AT BAR

You can say that again.

STANDING

We're here about a murder!

Silence. Then every face in the room slowly turns and stares. Lane looks at Erskine.

LANE

Eric Trimble?

ERSKINE

(face falls)

Who?

He tries to maintain his facade but Lane sees through it.

LANE

You know who.

This time the words have effect. Erskine grips the bar, unnerved. He responds slowly, mechanically:

ERSKINE

Eric ... Eric Trimble?

Lane nods. Erskine slumps down into a chair behind the bar, dismayed, then mutters fatalistic:

ERSKINE (cont'd)

Seventeen years. Seventeen years  
I've been waiting for this ...

He puts a hand to his face. Standing & Lane swap looks.

41 INT. LOUNGE BAR. THE PINEAPPLE - DAY THREE.

41

Standing & Lane sit at a table next to the window with Erskine, a Barman having taken his place at the bar. Erskine - a vodka before him which mesmerizing Lane - has recovered somewhat but is still in a state. He drinks.

ERSKINE

Sorry ...

LANE

Sorry for what?

ERSKINE

For lying. For not ...

STANDING

(as he tails off)

Not what? What did you do?

ERSKINE

Oh - no! No, it wasn't me! I  
didn't kill Eric. I swear!

LANE

But ...?

ERSKINE

But I did know him. I knew Eric.

LANE

(realising)

What - *Biblically*?

STANDING

Eric was gay?!

ERSKINE

He was when I finished with him.

(they're unamused)

Sorry. Yes. I mean ... I met him here. Portobello. He was ... so sweet. Gorgeous. You know what I mean?

(they stare)

Part of him didn't want to be - gay, I mean - but, oh yes; Eric was big, black, loud and proud.

STANDING

How long did you ... know him.

ERSKINE

Only a few months. Although we saw each other ... several times. I told him about my pub.

STANDING

The Rising Star?

ERSKINE

(Erskine nods)

Told him to come out there - if you'll pardon the pun.

STANDING

Right. And was it ... I mean, was it like this place ...?

ERSKINE

In Uxbridge?! Actually, funny thing is it was. Not overtly ... not back then. Then you wouldn't have known. But to people *in* the know ...

(pause)

What I didn't know was he was going to turn up with three big butch squaddies in tow. Maniac. I was so pissed off.

LANE

Were you?

ERSKINE

No! Not like that! But they were!  
After a few drinks one of them  
went mental. Screaming at Eric  
about dragging him to fairyland -  
to a poof's palace! In the end I  
had to tell them all to get out.

STANDING

In your witness statement you  
said they left quietly.

ERSKINE

'Course I did. When we found out  
what had happened me and the  
regulars agreed to keep schtum  
about it.

STANDING

To lie.

ERSKINE

Some of them were married men. My  
mum was still alive. She didn't  
know about ... about me.

LANE

Yeh? Or was it you just didn't  
want to get involved? Didn't want  
to be a suspect.

ERSKINE

(stares, ashamed)

No. I didn't. You're right.

STANDING

Which one of the soldiers was  
going mental? D'you remember?

ERSKINE

Had sandy hair. Plus he was  
horrible. Then they all left.  
That's the last I saw of them. I  
promise.

(stares at Lane)

I loved him. Eric. I loved  
him ... and I betrayed him ...

Erskine wipes away a tear. Lane & Standing swap looks.

42 INT. UCOS OFFICE - DAY THREE.

42

Pullman, Halford & Standing are energised by Erskine's admission, but Lane is noticeably less certain.

PULLMAN

D'you believe him?

STANDING

Makes sense of where Eric was when he went AWOL. Gadding about Soho with ... Hot Rod.

HALFORD

Explains what the fight in the armoury was about as well.

STANDING

Yeh. Sharratt doesn't strike me as the type who'd enjoy finding out he was in Gay Company.

PULLMAN

Specially if Eric then went and took him to a gay pub. They had unfinished business.

STANDING

No wonder he went mental.

LANE

Hold on. There's no forensics linking Sharratt - linking *any* of these squaddies to the crime. And it still doesn't explain why Eric was found in the opposite direction to the IRU. They can't have been going *back* there ...

HALFORD

None of them remember - remember? We don't know that they didn't all split up.

LANE

What - and Eric goes off alone with Mister Maniac?!

The door opens and Strickland enters. Pullman is about to speak when Strickland cut her off.

STRICKLAND

I'm afraid I have to bring the investigation to a halt.

The team all stare, stunned. Silence. Finally:

HALFORD

Is that 'official'?

STRICKLAND

No. But it has been made clear to me that were you to continue we would be put under pressure of a very unpleasant kind.

PULLMAN

Sir, we're very close. We know ...

STRICKLAND

I'm sorry. I appreciate how determined you've been to solve this case but higher forces are at work and it would be foolish to attempt to countermand them.

Slowly, angry & ashamed, he turns and goes out.

STANDING

Bastard!

PULLMAN

That's unfair. He wanted us to ...

STANDING

Not him ... Spooks. No, that's the first time I've ever felt almost sorry for him.

HALFORD

What do we tell the family?

PULLMAN

I know one thing - we don't tell them he was gay.

STANDING

What can we do? You heard Strickland - we're stuffed.

The team are at a loss, defeated. But then ...

PULLMAN

No. Not if we get a confession. This case has already gone public once. We get a confession and we get a court case - whether MI5 like it or not.

LANE

How are you going to get any of these men to confess - they can't remember anything.

PULLMAN

Can't they? Never heard of *Agent Provocateur*?



STANDING

Yeh - bought my ex some knickers  
there once.

PULLMAN

(stares, pityingly)  
Provocation.

As the men swap looks Pullman turns and gets her coat.

HALFORD

Where you going?

PULLMAN

Don't know. I'll tell you when we  
get there.

43

INT. BAR. PUB. HOUNSLOW - EVENING. DAY THREE.

43

Sharratt, in civvies, sits at a near-empty bar drinking a  
beer. Pullman arrives, sits beside Sharratt, puts down her  
bag, then places £10 on the bar and tells the Barman:

PULLMAN

Whisky. Large one. With ice.

The Barman goes to get the drink. Sharratt glances at her.  
She ignores him. He turns back away.

SHARRATT

Heavy day.

PULLMAN

I'll say. Spent half of it  
looking for you.

As the Barman returns with the drink, Sharratt stares at  
Pullman. He likes what he sees. Pullman smiles.

PULLMAN (cont'd)

Tell me ... why did you get sent to  
the Flu Research Unit?

SHARRATT

What ...?!

PULLMAN

Like a bit of gay-bashing do you?

SHARRATT

Who the hell are you?!

Pullman produces her warrant card. He stares, seething.

SHARRATT (cont'd)

Take a running jump.

PULLMAN

That what you did - take a  
running jump at him? Eric?  
(his jaw tightens)  
So, you find out the poor guy's  
gay and you make his life a  
misery ...

SHARRATT

Him? Make *his* life a misery?! You  
don't what you're on about!

PULLMAN

Don't I? So why you getting so  
excited?

Sharratt pushes back from the bar involuntarily, his stool  
scraping across the floor. He stops himself - regains  
control - then whips out a bottle of tablets identical to  
Merrill's. He pours two out and swills them down.

PULLMAN (cont'd)

Is that what you have to do? Take  
pills to stop you losing it?

SHARRATT

(uneasy)  
I take them ... when I have a  
drink. When I drink, that's all.  
(beat, forceful)  
I never knew Trimble was bent til  
he took us to that pub.

PULLMAN

I don't believe you.

SHARRATT

(stares, realising)  
You know nothing about Trimble do  
you?

PULLMAN

I know he was beaten to death  
after you left that pub with him.

SHARRATT

Not by me!

PULLMAN

And we have a witness who says  
you lost it with him in there.

SHARRATT

Yeh, I did. And you know why?

PULLMAN

Tell me.

SHARRATT

Because he was trying to bully people again. I caught him bullying Andy Merrill - and I stopped him.

(sees Pullman sceptical)

That's right. Like I say - you didn't know him. But let me tell you - Eric Trimble was a bully. A big, nasty, bullying shit. And the worst part of it was, the moment anyone stood up to him he played the race card!

PULLMAN

That what happened in the armoury - you stood up to him?

SHARRATT

Too right, except I was beating him off with a ruddy jerry-can 'til Ronnie piled in.

PULLMAN

Uh-huh? And what did you beat him off with when you left The Rising Star?

SHARRATT

(furious)

Oh no you don't! I've only ever been on a charge once in my life - and all 'cause of that shit! And now here you are, nineteen years later, trying to fit me up for killing him?! Me?! Me?! I've put my balls on the line for this country; Iraq, Bosnia, Afghanistan! I got medals you have to be bleeding dead to get in the Yank army! And you want me to go down for that low-life ...!

Lane appears from nowhere and tries to calm the situation.

LANE

No, no - it's all right. She's just trying to get to the ...

Sharratt's eyes light up. Fantastic - fresh meat. He grasps Lane by the collar and lifts him clean off the floor.

SHARRATT

Oh hello! What have you come as, Swampy's dad?!!

PULLMAN

Stop! Stop it! Put him down!

He ignores her and still holding Lane, excitedly hones in on Pullman, sexually charged. During the following Halford & Standing emerge and try to wrest Lane free.

HALFORD

Let him go!

SHARRATT

'Blimey - they're not with you are they?! What the hell you doing with this load o' poofs?! You want a man, darling! A real man. Not these ... geriatrics!

He tosses Lane across the room as if he were balsa, Halford & Standing staggering backwards as he does so. Lane crumples in a heap. Pullman quickly rushes over to make sure he's all right, Halford joining her. Standing interposes himself between them and Sharratt - wishing he didn't have to. Lane sits up, in pain but OK. Pullman turns back to stare at Sharratt, before saying, cool:

PULLMAN

So ... this what you're like when you've had a drink?

Sharratt stops suddenly, jolted as his medication kicks in. He instantly changes - remorseful, calm, shocked.

SHARRATT

I'm sorry. Sorry. Look, I've killed men. I have. Lots of them. You've no idea. People like you - you think we're scum ... dirt. But then when shit happens - when it all goes tits up - we're the people you want out there killing all those nasty bastards trying to kill us. And I've done it. I've killed men ... lots of them.  
(pause)  
But I didn't kill him. I didn't like him - but I didn't kill him. That's all I know.

He tails off, uncertain. Pullman and the men stare at him - baffled. Is he telling - can he know - the truth?

A protesting Lane sits with his top off, vest on, while Esther massages Tiger Balm into his bruised shoulder.

ESTHER  
Sit still ...!

LANE  
How can I sit still when you're grinding your fingers into torn muscle?!

ESTHER  
Don't be soft. It's just bruised.

LANE  
That bloke never "*just bruised*" anyone. He threw me across the room like I was a piece of paper.

ESTHER  
Oh you do exaggerate.

Lane stops moaning as he slowly begins to relax. Pause.

LANE  
What is that stuff?

ESTHER  
Tiger Balm.

LANE  
(beat, closes his eyes)  
Hm. Nice.

ESTHER  
Yes. It is.

Lane slowly reaches up a hand and rests it on Esther's.

LANE  
Thank you, darling. Thank you.

Taken aback, Esther pauses. Lane takes her hand and kisses it. Puts it back. Doubly surprised Esther stares, before recommencing the massage once more.

45 OMITTED 45

46 INT. UCOS OFFICE - DAY FOUR. 46

Pullman & Halford sit mulling over what happened the day before, feeling sorry for themselves. Lane takes down photos from the whiteboard. Seeing Lane remove Sharratt's photo Pullman says:

PULLMAN  
Not exactly what you'd call an overwhelming confession was it.

HALFORD

What about Merrill ... Glazebrook?

PULLMAN

No. I think we just have to face  
up to the fact that they don't -  
*can't* remember.

Lane removes the SOC photos. He pauses to stare at a shot  
of the lay-by. The door opens and Standing enters. When the  
others look he holds up the front page of *The Independent*.  
It reads '*MoD halts Black Soldier Murder Enquiry*'.

PULLMAN (cont'd)

Oh my God.

STANDING

(reads aloud)

*'A Metropolitan Police  
Investigation into the unsolved  
murder of black army Private Eric  
Trimble in 1991, has been halted  
after the enquiry team uncovered  
his involvement as a guinea pig  
at a secretive research facility  
near Uxbridge. The Influenza  
Research Unit was not listed as a  
charity or accredited medical  
centre - however its former head,  
Helena Mathieson, has served with  
the British army in Afghanistan  
and Iraq as part of a highly ...'*

The door opens and Strickland enters, furious.

STRICKLAND

Admiring your handiwork? I  
suppose you think this is a  
clever way around the impasse?  
Yes, well I've just spent the  
best part of an hour begging the  
Commissioner not to take action,  
assuring him that the leak did  
not emanate from this department.

Pullman makes to speak but he cuts her off instantly.

STRICKLAND (cont'd)

No. This time I talk - you  
listen. If I ever find out who's  
responsible for this ... nightmare,  
they're out. End of story. Wait  
here!

He storms back out. The team look at each other, stunned.  
Pullman glares at Standing. He protests.

STANDING

*The Independent?! I don't even  
spell it like that.*

Pullman stares at Lane. He shakes his head, entirely innocent. Pullman slowly faces Halford. He shrugs.

HALFORD

No. But I wish I had.

PULLMAN

Come on. Don't be silly. Who was it?

They're baffled - each unsure of the others. Finally Halford turns to look at the door, after Strickland.

HALFORD

Oh very good. Very good.  
(they don't follow)  
Don't you get it? It was him.

They all look. 'Blimey. The door reopens and Strickland re-enters, still affecting anger, accompanied by Hamilton.

STRICKLAND

Mister Hamilton would like a word. *Again.*

HAMILTON

(measured and unhappy)  
It has been agreed - with great reluctance - to allow Doctor Mathieson to answer any questions you may have concerning the death of ...

LANE

Murder.

The others stare. What's got into him?

STRICKLAND

Please allow him to finish.

HAMILTON

... the death of Private Trimble. The interview will be conducted in the presence of a Security Service Official.

PULLMAN

Wouldn't be you by any chance?

Hamilton stares then leaves. Strickland raises an eyebrow.

STRICKLAND

This should be interesting.

47

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION - DAY FOUR.

47

Doctor Mathieson sits next to Hamilton, very unhappy.  
Pullman & Halford sit opposite.

PULLMAN

Thank you for agreeing to speak  
to us, Doctor Mathieson.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

Thank you for plastering my name  
all over the papers.

HALFORD

They seem to think there's a  
public interest angle ... maybe  
they're right.

HAMILTON

Get on with it.

PULLMAN

Doctor Mathieson, can you tell me  
what relationship the IRU had  
with the MoD, that allowed ...

HAMILTON

No. She can't. In fact she won't  
be answering any questions that  
pertain to national security.

HALFORD

I do hope you're not going to be  
too boring.

HAMILTON

Ditto.

PULLMAN

All right, then can you tell me  
the nature of the 'work' carried  
out on Private Trimble and the  
other three soldiers? I presume  
it wasn't to stop them sneezing.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

(Hamilton nods)

We were trialing a new drug.

PULLMAN

Medicine?



DOCTOR MATHIESON

For the army. A prototype.  
Perfectly safe. Formulated to  
remove feelings of vulnerability  
and inhibition in order to  
heighten aggression.

HALFORD

Doesn't sound very safe to me.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

Yes, well, you're not a  
scientist. The drug had  
previously been tried out upon  
several other ...

HALFORD

Guinea pigs?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

Trialists. It proved to be highly  
effective, nontoxic and harmless.

PULLMAN

Really? So why are Merrill,  
Glazebrook and Sharratt bonkers?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

I have no idea what you mean.

PULLMAN

My team have. They've met them.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

(pause)

The drug was not the problem.

PULLMAN

So there was a problem?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

Because, despite very clear  
warnings, the men broke their  
curfew and left the unit ...

PULLMAN

They went to a pub and got drunk.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

The combination of drug and  
alcohol was ... unfortunate. The  
damage to their memory loss *may*  
have resulted from this. It's why  
the trial was discontinued.

PULLMAN

Oh I see. Not because a man died?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

When Glazebrook, Merrill and Sharratt returned to the IRU they were difficult to control. We had to sedate them.

HALFORD

So you're saying in that state, it's more than likely that one of them did kill Trimble.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

I don't know. Short of repeating the combination of test drug and alcohol - hardly a good idea - I don't see how you could prove it either.

48 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM. POLICE STATION - CONT. DAY FOUR. 48

Through the 2-way mirror Strickland, Standing & Lane observe proceedings. Strickland notes of Mathieson:

STRICKLAND

I wouldn't put it past her.

Lane & Standing swap looks. Strickland - one of the boys?!

PULLMAN

Well did any of them confess?

DOCTOR MATHIESON

No.

HALFORD

So what happened after they were sedated?

HAMILTON

Doctor Mathieson contacted the MoD and a search was instigated.

PULLMAN

Not using the soldiers I take it?

HAMILTON

No.

STANDING

Using Spooks like you, you mean.

Hamilton doesn't answer the question.

49 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS. DAY FOUR 49

HALFORD

So when was Trimble's body  
actually discovered?

HAMILTON

Approximately 4 a.m. that night.

PULLMAN

Not 3 p.m. the following day?

Hamilton hesitates. Pullman frowns, puzzled.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

We had to wait for the three  
soldiers to come-to. When they  
did it was clear they had no  
recollection of what happened  
after they got drunk.

HAMILTON

Without any proof - and in order  
to protect them - we took  
appropriate action.

HALFORD

We being you. MI5.

PULLMAN

"Appropriate"?

HAMILTON

We needed to wait 15 hours for  
the effects of drug and alcohol  
to clear their systems.

(Pullman is appalled)

If the case had gone to court,  
one or all of those soldiers  
would have been tied to a murder  
through no fault of their own.

PULLMAN

Please! You mean the MoD would  
have ended up in the dock for not  
protecting its own men.

HAMILTON

That is a rather fanciful notion.

HALFORD

Merrill, Glazebrook and Sharratt  
are walking wounded. They weren't  
part of a trial - they were part  
of an experiment.

DOCTOR MATHIESON

Thank you for your expert opinion, Mister Halford. But as I understand it the three men are able to live perfectly normal lives ... providing they take the appropriate medication.

HAMILTON

(cuts Halford off)

Interview terminated at Ten O Seven a.m.

50

INT. UCOS OFFICE - DAY FOUR.

50

Pullman, Strickland, Halford, Lane & Standing sit about post interview, frustrated, venting their anger.

PULLMAN

The drug Eric took would have removed all his inhibitions - about being gay, being seen to be gay. Probably why he had no qualms about taking the other three to meet his boyfriend.

HALFORD

It removed all their inhibitions as well - they were out their heads. Sharratt almost certainly killed Eric - but he may not even have realised it, let alone been responsible.

STANDING

*They* killed him! Scientists, MoD, secret squirrels - not those poor bloody squaddies. And we just have to sit here and pretend ... that's how things are?!

STRICKLAND

You did the best you could. All of you. You can't do more.

He turns and goes out. Silence. Lane muses, upset.

LANE

Sharratt they look after - he's still in the army. It's a sheltered environment; they can keep an eye on him, utilize him, find him a role. They've protected him - and by doing that, protected themselves.

(MORE)

LANE (cont'd)

Andy Merrill they just throw back into civvie street without a second thought. Unemployable, cocktail of drugs, mind only half there. As for Glazebrook?! Him they just wash their hands of completely. Post traumatic stress, Gulf War Syndrome, whatever you want to call it; no aftercare, welfare, home support. No one to ensure he takes his medication. Just dumped. Just ... drink. He needs help. And he has none. It's a disgrace.

Lane gets up and starts to leave, angry still.

PULLMAN

Where you going?

LANE

To apply balm to wounded men. To salve two troubled minds. To try and effect some sort of ... 'closure'.

He leaves. The others stare, taken aback.

STANDING

Where'd he suddenly learn to talk like that?

51 INT. BAR. PUB. WIMBLEDON - DAY FOUR.

51

Andy Merrill sits with Lane in the pub we saw them in at the beginning. Andy nurses a pint and having listened to Lane, stares at the floor. Lane has a glass of fizzy water.

ANDY

Right. So ... do you think I shall stop seeing him now?

(Lane doesn't follow)

Eric.

LANE

Oh. I don't know.

ANDY

I mean I don't think he's going to be very pleased do you?

Before Lane can reply Andy puts down his drink, pale. He stares out into empty space.

ANDY (cont'd)

Oh bugger ...

LANE

What? What is it? What's the matter?

ANDY

He's here. Eric. And he's not happy. He wants to know why you haven't sorted all this out?

(to 'Eric')

Hey, give us a chance, mate - I done me best.

LANE

Can you ask him something?

ANDY

Er, I don't know. Go on ...

LANE

Ask him ... who his best mate was.

ANDY

Eh?

LANE

Go on ... ask him.

ANDY

No, no ... that's not fair.

LANE

Ask him ... who knew he was gay?

Andy's face falls. He stares at Lane.

ANDY

What?

LANE

Well if you're his friend he must have told you? Didn't he?

ANDY

(beat, unhappy)

What you saying? What you saying about my mate ...?

LANE

He didn't tell you, did he? He didn't tell you because he wasn't your mate, Andy.

ANDY

(stares, dismayed)

Eric? Bent?

(concerned)

Does Keith know?

(MORE)

ANDY (cont'd)  
(Lane nods)  
Ronnie?  
(Lane doesn't know)  
Did he tell Ronnie? He would have  
told Ronnie.  
(to 'Eric')  
Why didn't you tell me? Why  
didn't you tell me, Eric?

No answer. Andy slowly, sadly, puts down his half-empty  
pint and walks out the pub. Lane watches then turns back to  
look at the beer on the table. He puts down his water.

52

INT. KITCHEN. LANE'S HOUSE - EVENING. DAY FOUR.

52

Lane, in suit trousers and an ironed shirt, sits at the  
table polishing a pair of shoes, expertly. There is a vase  
of flowers on the table. Esther comes home and enters the  
kitchen with shopping. Seeing the flowers she stops, moved.

ESTHER  
Oh, how lovely. Who sent those?

LANE  
Nobody. I bought them.  
(she stares)  
I thought you deserved flowers.

ESTHER  
(worried)  
What are you doing?

LANE  
Polishing my shoes.

ESTHER  
Brian - what's happened?

LANE  
Eric Trimble, the boy who died?  
I'm beginning to have a clear  
picture of him now. And I realise  
that - like all of us - he was a  
very complex, confused and  
unhappy individual.

ESTHER  
No - I mean to your trainers.

LANE  
Oh. I thought they looked a bit ...  
tatty.

Seeing her uncertain reaction he changes subject - asking  
of the shopping:

LANE (cont'd)  
What have you got there?

ESTHER  
(bemused)  
Er ... things for supper. I ... I  
bought chops.

Lane puts down his shoes and holds her at arms length.

LANE  
Chops? Don't you think life is a  
little too short for just  
'chops', darling? I mean isn't it  
incumbent upon us to make the  
most of what little time we have  
left on this Earth? After all,  
what else is there?

Seeing Esther utterly bemused, Lane backtracks slightly.

LANE (cont'd)  
OK. All right. Tonight I will  
settle for ... chops. But tomorrow  
I shall take you out to dinner.  
To dine royally. A dinner fit for  
the wonderful woman you are.

He kisses her - stands back. She stares, unsure. He smiles.

LANE (cont'd)  
You look lovely. I bet you can  
look even lovelier.

53 I/E. STANDING'S CAR. STREET. PENGE - DAY FIVE.

53

Standing drives round a corner and pulls to a stop outside  
Ronnie Glazebrook's house where Lane stands waiting,  
wearing a jacket. Standing gets out, unhappy.

STANDING  
This had better be good.

LANE  
'Good morning' would be nice.

STANDING  
Why d'you drag me here?

LANE  
I don't want to go in there  
alone. Plus I get a lift back to  
the station afterwards. Coming?

Standing, annoyed, follows Lane as he weaves his way  
through the junk to the front door.



STANDING  
Where's your coat?

LANE  
Dry cleaners.

Standing reacts, surprised. Lane rings the doorbell.

GLAZEBROOK (INTERCOM)  
Speak and make yourselves known.

LANE  
The Guardians of the Ring. Frodo  
the hobbit and Gimli ... the dwarf.

The door clicks, bangs and swings open. As they go in, Lane quickly whispers and aside to Standing:

LANE (cont'd)  
You're the dwarf.

54 INT. HALLWAY. GLAZEBROOK'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER. DAY FIVE. 54

Lane & Standing once again move through gloomy chaos until they reach the door to the living room.

LANE  
Take cover, Ronnie - we're coming  
in.

He ducks into the living room followed by a bemused Standing. The arc-lights blaze, lighting up the room of newspaper trenches. Ronnie's voice issues from within.

GLAZEBROOK (O.S.)  
Go ahead Foxtrot Three. Receiving  
you loud and clear. State your  
position.

LANE  
ETA five minutes, Ronnie. On  
target. Looking to complete  
operations.

Beat. Glazebrook sidles slowly into view between the trench walls. He stares at Lane, intrigued.

GLAZEBROOK  
Who are you?

LANE  
I'm the man who needs your help,  
Ronnie? I said I'd be back,  
remember? And I am.

GLAZEBROOK  
Roger. Go ahead.

LANE  
Eric Trimble, Ace of Spades. Keith  
Sharratt. Andy Merrill. You.  
(Glazebrook nods)  
Keith realised Eric was  
homosexual. Andy didn't.  
(MORE)

LANE (cont'd)  
(Glazebrook shrugs)  
What about you?

GLAZE BROOK  
INCOMING!!

He flings himself to the floor. Lane instantly follows suit. When Standing hesitates, Lane grabs and hauls him down. Lane's face ends up inches from Glazebrook's.

LANE  
Did you know he was gay? Ronnie?

GLAZE BROOK  
Yes of course. He told me.

STANDING  
He told ...?!

LANE  
(elbows Standing)  
Are you sure?

GLAZE BROOK  
Away with the fairies. Friend of Dorothy's. "*I'm free!*" Why we went and got pissed. He wanted to be ... out.

LANE  
Why ... did he tell you, Ronnie?

GLAZE BROOK  
Look out!

He covers his head. Standing too. Lane doesn't move. Glazebrook slowly emerges again, as does Standing.

GLAZE BROOK (cont'd)  
I don't care.

LANE  
You didn't care.

GLAZE BROOK  
Can't tell Andy - wouldn't understand. Can't tell Sharratt ... wouldn't like it. Not happy.

LANE  
He told you.  
(Glazebrook nods)  
Uh-huh? Anyone else?

GLAZEBROOK

With a single bound he was free!

(suddenly gets up)

He was free. Himself.

(MORE)

GLAZEBROOK (cont'd)  
Now he has spoken - he can tell  
the world. Free at last. Free at  
last! Lord God almighty, free at  
last!  
(imitates ET)  
*ET phone home.* Over and out.

Glazebrook dives back through the gap in the walls and  
disappears. Lane turns to look at Standing.

STANDING  
D'you want to translate?

LANE  
*ET. ET Phone home?*  
(Standing's still lost)  
We can get up now.

55 EXT. STANDING'S CAR. LAY-BY. ROAD. WOOD - DAY FIVE. 55

Lane & Standing get out the car. Standing protests:

STANDING  
I'm not going in there.

LANE  
Nor am I.

Lane gets out the SOC photos. Looks at them. He starts to  
walk to the other end of the lay-by. Standing follows.

LANE (cont'd)  
Why the hell would anyone come  
here? Even drugged and drunk?

STANDING  
Exactly.

Lane stops and looks down at the ground. There is a square  
of Tarmac, fresher than that surrounding it. He smiles.

LANE  
That's why.

Standing's lost. Lane shows him a 1991 SOC photo of the lay-  
by. In one corner, distant, is an old red telephone box.

LANE (cont'd)  
Mobiles. Who needs phone boxes  
any more? But back then? '91? ET -  
phone home? ET ... Eric Trimble.

56 INT. LIVING ROOM. TRIMBLE HOUSE - DAY FIVE.

56

Cora enters followed by Pullman and the boys. As Cora sits down she tells them:

CORA

Sit down, sit down. Alicia isn't  
back yet but she want be long -  
she's gone to get my shopping.

Pullman & Halford sit but Standing & Lane stay standing.

PULLMAN

That's all right, Mrs Trimble. We  
just wanted to talk to you about  
Eric - about the last time you  
spoke to him. The night he died,  
he rang you, am I right?

(Cora reacts)

He rang and you spoke to him ...  
didn't you?

Cora stares but doesn't respond. She doesn't move.

PULLMAN (cont'd)

Cora?

Before Cora can reply the door reopens and Alicia enters  
with bags of supermarket shopping. She looks round, wary.

ALICIA

Oh - hi.

Aware of the atmosphere she reacts.

ALICIA (cont'd)

What is it? What's going on?

PULLMAN

We're just talking to your mother  
about Eric's last phone call.

Not understanding, Alicia puts down the bags.

ALICIA

Last call?

LANE

Eric rang here ... the night he was  
murdered.

ALICIA

(baffled)

Mum?

Cora still says nothing. Pullman steps in.

PULLMAN

It's time, Mrs Trimble.

(she hesitates)

You remember the call, I'm sure.

ALICIA

No. No, that's not right.

PULLMAN

Can you tell us exactly what Eric said, Mrs Trimble?

ALICIA

No! What are you saying?!

CORA

Stop. Alicia - that's enough.

(pause, to Pullman)

He said ... how much he loved me ... loved us all.

PULLMAN

What else? Cora?

CORA

He said ... he had to speak to dad.

To Arthur - his father.

(pause)

He told his father the same thing - that he loved him. And because he loved him - he had to tell him the truth.

LANE

What was that truth Cora?

(no reply)

You believe in the power of the God's truth, Cora, am I right?

CORA

Yes.

LANE

You believe in the word of God.

You believe that Christ died for our sins. That he was killed and rose again.

The others look at him, bemused. Cora agrees.

CORA

Yes.

LANE

Arthur believed this too.

(Cora nods)

But you also believe that no man should take up arms against their fellow man in the way Eric did.



CORA

Yes. But ... we forgave Eric. As a family, we came to terms with what Eric did.

LANE

And as Jehovah's Witnesses you also *believe* that homosexuality is wrong, don't you? You believe that it's a sin, am I right?

ALICIA

(seeing Cora stare)  
What are you doing?

LANE

Arthur believed that, didn't he? Arthur felt that it was not just a sin ... but an abomination.

ALICIA

Stop it. You're frightening her!

CORA

No - no, Alicia, I am not afraid.

LANE

Did you know, Cora? About Eric? What he realised he was?

CORA

(turns, stares)  
Of course. I'm his mother.

PULLMAN

What did Arthur do, Cora? After the phone call from Eric? Did he go out that night - after the call?

ALICIA

Stop. Stop it! You can't be serious?!

CORA

Arthur ... was a good man. A fine man. But strict. With a temper. He ... he loved his son. But the sin? He can forgive the sinner ... but not the sin ...

(Alicia's face falls)

He went to speak to Eric - talk to him. Try to make him turn away from sin.

(she stares into space)

Eric told him it was the first time in his life he felt ... free.

(MORE)

CORA (cont'd)

(pause)

When he hear that, Arthur said ...  
he lost control. Rage - Satan -  
overcome him.

(she faces Alicia)

Then when he saw what he had done  
he knew he was cast down ... cast  
out. He could not entertain any  
hope of life - now or eternal.

Alicia puts her head in her hands, starts to cry.

CORA (cont'd)

I could never ever forgive what  
he had done - he knew this. But  
it never matter because Arthur  
never forgive himself. Long  
before the end Arthur wanted to  
die. And he did die.

CORA (cont'd)  
I'm sorry, Alicia. I'm sorry that  
for all these years I could not  
tell you the truth. How could I  
tell you? Forgive me.

Alicia can't look at her. Hold.

57 INT. PUB. NEAR UCOS OFFICE - DAY FIVE.

57

Pullman and the boys sit at a table with drinks, Lane's an orange juice. Pullman glances at Standing.

PULLMAN  
Could you ever kill your son?

STANDING  
Never had one but ...

LANE  
Definitely.

They all look at him. He stares, relentless.

HALFORD  
I know I could murder a pint.

So-saying he lifts his glass and drains the remains of his pint. Strickland enters the pub, looking for them.

STRICKLAND  
Thought I'd find you here. Thank  
you for your report.

PULLMAN  
Thank Brian. Down to him.

STRICKLAND  
Not sure if it'll exactly endear  
us to the Security Services, but  
what the hell. Well done.

He turns to go when Lane stops him.

LANE  
Can I ask you a question, sir?  
(Strickland stops, nods)  
Why d'you not get accepted for  
Sandhurst?

Strickland stares. Finally he decides to answer.

STRICKLAND  
Wrong place at the wrong time.  
(they don't follow)  
Punched the wrong man.

He turns and leaves. The team are stunned.

STANDING

Respect!!

HALFORD

(pause, gets up)

Well, I'm off. See you next week.

As he starts to leave, Pullman and the others also get up.

PULLMAN

Me too. Well done Brian.

As she leaves, Lane tells Standing:

LANE

I'm just off to the loo. 'Bye.

Standing nods and he goes out after Pullman. Lane gets halfway to the toilets but then, sure the others are gone, he turns back to the bar. He orders from the Barman.

LANE (cont'd)

Pint of bitter. Please.

(as Barman turns away)

Oh ... and a large vodka.

The Barman nods, pours the pint and the vodka as Lane puts a £10 note on the bar. The Barman puts down the drinks and takes the £10 to the till to change it. Lane stares at the pint then picks up the vodka in its shot glass and drops it - glass and all a la depth charge - into the pint. He then picks up the beer glass and drains the mixed drink in one. The Barman returns, stares at the empty glasses, one inside another, and then at Lane. Lane winks.

LANE (cont'd)

Same again.

58

INT. KITCHEN. LANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT. DAY FIVE.

58

Esther, in a fine dress yet utterly miserable and upset, stands in the kitchen staring at the flowers on the table, waiting to go out. Lane has not come home. We hear the key in the front door. Esther looks up, relieved. The kitchen door opens ... but it is not Lane it is Mark. He stares.

MARK

I was working just round the corner.

(takes in her clothes)

Why are you dressed ...

(realising)

Where's dad?

Her look tells him everything. Mark's face falls.

59

PUB. NEAR UCOS OFFICE - NIGHT. DAY FIVE.

59

Lane sits in a corner having been there all night. He has his arms around two women in their early 30's, one either side, both very good-looking and very taken with him. His language is languid, his manner that of a mischievous but charming rouse fully aware of his ability to captivate.

LANE

And the last thing I said to him  
was, "*Manners may maketh the man,  
but they sure as hell don't  
maketh any money!*"

(the girls giggle)

An infraction for which I was  
doubly punished upon discovering  
the judge was a Freemason with a  
distinct allergy to any Detective  
Sergeant who wasn't!

He reaches forward, picks up his glass and drains a muddy-looking drink from a spirit glass. He then asks the girls:

LANE (cont'd)

More Tia Maria?

(1st Girl is unsure)

Oh yes, come on. You know you'd  
like to. You know you want to.  
And I know, deep down under that  
impressively upholstered and  
passionately seething bosom ... you  
know you need to!

1ST GIRL

Only a small one.

LANE

Oh I hardly think so - do you?

She slaps his shoulder, giggling. Lane turns to the other girl, leans close to her face.

LANE (cont'd)

And what about you. Is size  
everything in your compendium?

The Second Girl giggles helplessly. Her friend laughs:

1ST GIRL

You're mad you are!

LANE

(swings back rapidly)  
As a fish!

He kisses her. Turns back and kisses the other girl then turns to go to the bar. As he does so he stops - frozen. Inside the doorway, staring back at him are Esther and Mark. Lane doesn't move.

END