

An under-elevens seven-aside football match.

A small assortment of PARENTS straddle the sidelines cheering on their Beckham wannabes including...

STANDING, blowing on his hands to keep warm.

STANDING

Go on my son...

On the pitch, GERRY JR, STANDING's eight-year-old grandson, and an OPPOSITION PLAYER almost twice his size charge towards each other, racing for the same loose ball.

ON STANDING

Making a "*That's gotta hurt*" face at the sound of the two players colliding.

BACK ON

GERRY JR's on the floor, clutching his shin in pain as the OPPOSITION PLAYER races away with the ball.

STANDING jogs onto the pitch and helps GERRY JR to his feet.

STANDING (CONT'D)

You alright son?

GERRY JR

I'm okay Grandad.

STANDING

Enjoying yourself?

GERRY JR nods.

STANDING (CONT'D)

Good lad... Off you go.

GERRY JR runs off to enjoy the rest of the game.

As STANDING walks back to the sideline LANE approaches with two cups of tea in polystyrene cups.

SCAMPY, LANE's ever faithful Spaniel, tags along behind carrying an old tennis ball in his mouth.

LANE

(offering a cup to STANDING)

Here we go.

STANDING

Cheers.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

An OVER-COMPETITIVE DAD shouts inappropriately at his SON.

STANDING and LANE give him a sideways look.

STANDING (CONT'D)

Berk...

GERRY JR has the ball and cuts a swath through the opposition.

LANE

He's a good player your grandson.

STANDING

Gets it from his mum Paula. She played football as a kid you know. Best player in her school.

LANE

You never say.

STANDING

She even tried out for the ladies team at West Ham once.

LANE

You hear that Scampy? West Ham.

LANE looks down but SCAMPY is nowhere to be seen.

LANE (CONT'D)

Scampy?

He turns circles, searching behind him as a cacophony of shouting and whistle blowing grows in the background.

LANE (CONT'D)

Here Gerry, have you seen -

A smiling STANDING stares at the pitch.

STANDING

Yes I have, and I think he'd like a trial for West Ham as well.

LANE follows STANDING's line of sight to see SCAMPY, punctured match-ball in mouth, being chased around the pitch by the REFEREE, TWO LINESMEN and all FOURTEEN PLAYERS.

LANE

Scampy...

LANE charges onto the pitch leaving STANDING laughing.

STANDING

They think it's all over, it is now.

CUT TO:

1A **EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - WEST LONDON - DAY X (SUMMER 2010)** 1A
- 12:00

BBC NEWS REPORT

A NEWS READER reports from the grounds of an upmarket apartment complex.

NEWS READER

(to camera)

The world of tennis is in mourning today after the death of the British junior number one, sixteen-year-old Alice Kemp at this exclusive London apartment complex.

CUT TO:

2 **EXT. CENTRE COURT - REGENCY CLUB - DAY X (SUMMER 2010) - 15:32** 2

BBC NEWS REPORT

In white lettering in the corner are the words:

LTA TRAINING FOOTAGE

An unseen crowd applaud as we focus in on the scoreboard:

2010 BRITISH JUNIOR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS
LADIES FINAL

SETS GAMES POINTS

MISS ALICE KEMP	1	4	15
VS			
MISS FAWN BRAMALL	0	0	15

The camera pans between the two contestants: sixteen-year-old ALICE KEMP and fifteen-year-old FAWN BRAMALL.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

Kemp, seen here in the white, was twice the British Junior Ladies Champion and a future twenty-twelve Olympic hopeful.

ALICE, wearing whites, is everything you imagine a female tennis superstar-in-the-making to be, blonde, pretty, talented, athletic but still feminine.

Whereas FAWN, wearing a pink 'try hard' *Serena Williams* style outfit, is Alice-lite; where everything about ALICE is a ten, everything about FAWN is an eight-and-a-half.

(CONTINUED)

NEWS READER (V.O.)

This exclusive footage, taken only hours before her death, shows Kemp playing her arch-rival Fawn Bramall in the final of the British Junior Tennis Championships in what was rumoured to be her last amateur match before turning professional.

We pan along the spectators area by the side of the court, taking in the faces of ALICE and FAWN's nearest and dearest:

VICTORIA KEMP: Alice's mother, forty, mumsie, frayed at the edges like there's never enough hours in the day.

JESS KEMP: Alice's younger sister, eleven, a mini-Alice, soaking up the atmosphere, all smiles.

IRINA BRAMALL: Fawn's super-competitive mother, mid-forties.

ANTHONY MARSHALL: Alice's Agent, mid-sixties, bearded, plump.

NICK HOYLE: Alice's dashing coach, late-twenties.

ALICE prepares to serve.

Whack!

ALICE serves an ace.

The unseen crowd applaud as the footage freezes on ALICE.

PULLMAN (V.O.)

Alice Kemp...

We pull out to reveal...

CUT TO:

3 INT. UCOS - DAY 2 - 10:34

3

PULLMAN, leaning on a TV monitor showing the picture of Alice.

PULLMAN

British Junior Tennis Champion.

Publicity photographs of Alice's smiling face and glossy magazines hailing Alice as the next big thing cover the whiteboards along with newspaper headlines such as:

TENNIS WUNDERKIND JUMPS TO HER DEATH

LANE, STANDING and MCANDREW sit watching the monitor while eating biscuits and drinking tea.

(CONTINUED)

LANE

I remember her.

STANDING and MCANDREW nod, they do too.

MCANDREW

Aye, pretty wee thing.

PULLMAN

She was... Six hours after this match finished she took a dive from the balcony of a penthouse apartment.

(passing a file to LANE)

Doesn't look so pretty now.

LANE opens the photo file and immediately pulls a face.

LANE

Bloody hell.

He flashes the file at STANDING and MCANDREW, we don't see the photos but they both pull similarly disgusted faces.

STANDING

Yeah, it was in all the papers, suicide wasn't it?

PULLMAN

The family always thought so, but an investigation couldn't confirm it either way so the coroner returned an open verdict.

STANDING, he didn't know that.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

(signalling to the monitor)

Shortly after this shot the heavens opened and rain stopped play for thirty minutes. When the match resumed Alice's game fell apart.

LANE

Fawn Bramall came back to win Love-Six, Six-Four...

(thinking)

Six-Two if I remember rightly.

MCANDREW, amazed to STANDING.

STANDING

(matter of fact)

It's a gift.

PULLMAN

Alice was led off the court in tears and six hours later she ends up dead.

(CONTINUED)

MCANDREW

So why reopen the case now?

PULLMAN

The Border Agency raided the same apartment complex a few nights ago on a tip-off. They arrested four illegal immigrants working as cleaning staff. One of them...

PULLMAN points to a photo of a NIGERIAN WOMAN in her thirties.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Abeje Sekibo was working late the night of Alice's death and now claims she heard Alice's raised voice coming from her apartment at around ten-fifteen, ten minutes before her body was found.

MCANDREW

So you're thinking Alice might have been pushed.

PULLMAN nods.

LANE

This maid, could she just be trying to win favour with the Border Agency?

STANDING

Yeah, trying to extend her stay.

PULLMAN

I re-interviewed her last night and I think she's telling the truth.

STANDING, LANE and MCANDREW, that's good enough for them.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

So... Anyone for tennis?

The boys all nod, reaching for their coats.

STANDING

Come on Tim.

CUT TO:

A modern and upmarket apartment complex.

CUT TO:

5 INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY 2 - CONTINUOUS 5

A CARETAKER opens the door for the team to reveal a large open plan suite, opulent with all the mod cons.

PULLMAN

Thank you, we'll find you if we need any more help.

The CARETAKER nods and exits as the boys take in the suite.

STANDING

Very nice.

LANE

How could Alice afford a place like this? I thought she was an amateur.

MCANDREW

(report in hand/reading)

Says here the suite was rented on a short term lease for the duration of the tournament and was paid for by Alice's agent Anthony Marshall.

STANDING

Anything in there from forensics?

MCANDREW

(reading the file)

Initial reports came up blank, no signs of a struggle or anything untoward.

PULLMAN

And the suite's had a total refit since so there's nothing to be gained by calling them back in.

LANE opens a set of double doors and walks out onto a large semicircular balcony.

STANDING

Visitors?

MCANDREW

(reading the file)

Alice's mother Victoria and sister Jess were the last ones to see her alive and they left around six.

LANE peers over the railing, the drop is vertigo-inducing, he quickly pulls back.

LANE

Railing's certainly low enough for someone to fall over it.

(CONTINUED)

The team join LANE on the balcony and take in the surrounding area. STANDING signals to the nearby housing.

STANDING

Anyone from over there report seeing anything?

PULLMAN

Uniform did an extensive door to door, nothing.

LANE

CCTV?

PULLMAN leads the Team back into the apartment, signalling to the intercom system by the front door.

PULLMAN

There isn't any, but there's a secure entry system to gain access to the foyer. Alice would have had to buzz anyone in that wanted to come up.

MCANDREW

So we can be pretty sure that if someone else was here that night, Alice knew them.

PULLMAN

Unless of course they had their own key. So find out who else had keys to the apartment, including people who leased the place before Alice, and while you're at it check the phone records, see if Alice made any calls that night.

MCANDREW

(nodding/good call)

Guv.

STANDING

So where do we start?

PULLMAN

With this lot.

PULLMAN pulls a PHOTOGRAPH from MCANDREW's file.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

This is a still taken from the match. Anthony Marshall, Alice's agent. Victoria, Alice's mother and Alice's younger sister Jess. Alice's coach Nick Hoyle and Fawn's mother Irina Bramall.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

STANDING takes the photo off PULLMAN to study it.

STANDING

What about the girl's fathers? Where are they in all this?

PULLMAN

Fawn's father is some sort of millionaire businessman who was abroad at the time and Alice's father, David Kemp, hasn't been on the scene for years.

PULLMAN hands the photo back to MCANDREW.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Fawn and Irina Bramall aren't back in the country until later tonight so Brian, you take Alice's agent. Steve, you start with Nick Hoyle and Gerry, you can come with me.

STANDING

But I wanted to go with Steve.

PULLMAN

I need to tell Alice's mother we're reopening the investigation and I want someone with me when I do.

STANDING

(as *John McEnroe*)

You cannot be serious...

But PULLMAN's already heading for the door, she doesn't even miss a beat.

STANDING trudges after her, he never gets to have any fun.

MCANDREW

New balls please.

LANE and MCANDREW share a snigger at STANDING's expense.

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. MARSHALL TALENT AGENCY - SHOREDITCH - DAY 2 - 13:35**

6

A swanky office building with a livery reading:

ANTHONY MARSHALL ASSOCIATES TALENT AGENCY

A sign screwed to the railings outside warns of various draconian fines should anyone dare chain anything to it however LANE is locking his bike to it anyway.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

He removes a small handmade sign from inside his voluminous duffle coat and hangs it on the bike, it reads:

ON POLICE BUSINESS

He removes his helmet as he heads up the front steps.

CUT TO:

7 INT. RECEPTION - MARSHALL TALENT AGENCY - DAY 2 - CONTINUOUS

7

Uber-cool, all white walls and smoked glass.

LANE wanders past a series of four feet squared black and white photos showing a variety of sports people and even a dog, all represented by the firm.

A RECEPTIONIST, early-twenties, too cool for school, bud earphones on, works a tiny laptop.

LANE

Anthony Marshall please.

The RECEPTIONIST removes her earphones and appraises LANE with disdain.

RECEPTIONIST

Our books are full.

LANE appears confused as the RECEPTIONIST pulls a card out of her drawer and hands it to him.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Try these, they might be able to help.

LANE peers at the card, struggling to read it.

LANE

Fuglies? The casting agency for the less than beautiful?

The RECEPTIONIST gives a plastic smile.

LANE, not amused, pulls out his ID.

LANE (CONT'D)

Brian Lane, UCOS.

The RECEPTIONIST, whatever, points a manicured finger in the direction of a couple of huge white bean-bags.

RECEPTIONIST

Wait over there...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

LANE makes a 'Miss Hoity-Toity' face to himself as he shuffles over to the bean-bags.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. VICTORIA KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY 2 - 13:40

8

STANDING takes in the area as he and PULLMAN approach a small semi-detached house.

STANDING

Humble beginnings for a future tennis star.

PULLMAN

Alice was a working class girl made good, that's why the press loved her so much.

Up ahead, PULLMAN spots JESS KEMP, thirteen, tennis whites on, bucket loads of confidence, a real Alice Jr, loading up an old VW Polo with bags worth of tennis kit.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Jess?

JESS glances up to take in PULLMAN and STANDING.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Is your mum in?

Before JESS can answer the front door opens to reveal... VICTORIA KEMP, early-forties, mumsie, frayed at the edges like there's never enough hours in the day, constantly attempting to remain upbeat as if this act alone will be enough to keep out the pain of her daughter's death.

VICTORIA

(head down)

Ready at last.

PULLMAN (O.C.)

Victoria Kemp?

VICTORIA lifts her head to see PULLMAN holding up her ID.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Detective Superintendent Pullman and Gerry Standing. Do you have a minute?

VICTORIA, surprised.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

We're from the Unsolved Crime and Open Case Squad. It's...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

PULLMAN's eyes flick to take in JESS.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
(considered)
Important.

VICTORIA gets the message, not in front of the children, but before she can do anything...

JESS
If you have something to say about
Alice, I want to hear it. I am nearly
fourteen you know.

PULLMAN and STANDING exchange looks, she's strong willed.

VICTORIA, resigned, used to being told what to do by her daughter, by everyone in fact.

VICTORIA
Is it? About Alice I mean?

PULLMAN's face tells her all she needs to know.

CUT TO:

9 INT. RECEPTION - MARSHALL TALENT AGENCY - DAY 2 - 13:43

9

A bored LANE examines the photos on the wall while the RECEPTIONIST, earphones back in, works her tiny laptop.

LANE spies one photo of a LARGE WHITE POODLE.

LANE
You represent dogs?

The annoyed RECEPTIONIST removes her earphones.

RECEPTIONIST
What?

LANE
Mr Marshall represents dogs.

RECEPTIONIST
He doesn't, but his associate Mr Hemmings represents a variety of animal actors, yes. That particular client made over a quarter of a million in appearance fees last year.

LANE
(flabbergasted)
A quarter of a million!

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST
(under her breath)
Unfortunately for you, he doesn't
represent fleas...

LANE, did he hear that right? About to react when -

MARSHALL (O.C.)
Mr Lane?

LANE turns to see ANTHONY MARSHALL, late-sixties, his hair and beard almost totally silver, over-weight.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
Sorry to have kept you waiting. Shall
we go through to my office?

LANE, still unsure whether he heard the RECEPTIONIST right, throws her an uncertain look as MARSHALL escorts him towards his office.

The RECEPTIONIST gives him her best plastic smile in return.

CUT TO:

10 INT. LIVING ROOM - VICTORIA KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY 2 - 13:51

10

PULLMAN and STANDING wait patiently with JESS as in the distance someone can be heard tinkering around in the kitchen.

The place is modestly furnished but spotlessly, almost obsessively, clean.

PULLMAN takes in the trophies and family photos that adorn the sides along with shots of Alice and Jess winning various competitions. Not a single photo shows the presence of a male figure in their lives.

JESS
You really think Alice might not have
killed herself?

PULLMAN
(reassuring)
It's just a possibility at this stage.

The door opens and VICTORIA enters carrying a tray containing a matching china teapot and cups along with a matching plate of perfectly arranged biscuits.

VICTORIA
Here we go.

PULLMAN
There was really no need.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

I insist.

VICTORIA sets the tray down on a coffee table.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Milk and sugar?

PULLMAN

Just milk, thank you.

STANDING

Both for me.

PULLMAN

I know this must be difficult for you,
so we'll try to make this quick.

As VICTORIA fusses over the tea, the pain and stress on her face is plain to see, but she's not the kind of woman to voice her concerns, or expect anyone to listen when she does.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Was anything troubling Alice?
Problems with friends, boyfriends?

VICTORIA

There was never any time for anything like that. It was all about the tennis with Alice, if that was going well, everything was going well.

VICTORIA passes STANDING a cup and offers up the plate of biscuits. STANDING forces a smile and takes one, mucking up the arrangement of the plate.

PULLMAN

So before the match, she was happy?

VICTORIA, full of nervous energy, busies herself restoring order to the pattern of biscuits on the plate.

VICTORIA

Very, she'd made the final, her form was good and she was about to turn professional, there was nothing to be unhappy about.

STANDING

I hope you don't mind me saying, but Alice seemed very young to be staying in that apartment on her own.

VICTORIA

Alice was very... strong willed, very mature for her age. If she wanted something, she usually got it.

(CONTINUED)

PULLMAN

When you and Jess last saw her in the apartment, how was she?

VICTORIA

Still very upset about losing the match. We wanted to stay but Alice insisted she be left alone.

JESS

Alice hated losing didn't she Mum?

VICTORIA

Always did, even as a child. She'd sulk for days sometimes if she lost an important match.

PULLMAN

Is that why you felt Alice took her own life, because she lost the final?

VICTORIA

What other reason could there be?

PULLMAN and STANDING share a look, that's what they intend to find out.

CUT TO:

11 INT. OFFICE - MARSHALL TALENT AGENCY - DAY 2 - 13:55

11

Like the reception, spacious, black and white photos on the walls of sports stars, including one of Fawn Bramall.

LANE studies the photo of Fawn as a nervous MARSHALL sits behind a huge glass desk.

LANE

You represent Fawn Bramall as well?

MARSHALL

Yes... Fawn came on board shortly after Alice's death.

LANE, making a mental note.

LANE

The file shows you paid for Alice's apartment. Did you have a key?

MARSHALL

I can't recall... Maybe. If I did I never used it.

LANE

Why such a fancy apartment?

(CONTINUED)

MARSHALL

I'd planned a press conference for straight after the final. Alice was going to make an announcement about turning professional, so the apartment was a gift from me.

LANE

Very generous I'm sure.

MARSHALL

I wanted Alice to have a taste of what her new life was going to be like: world class accommodation, first class flights, Michelin star restaurants.

LANE

She was going to be that good?

MARSHALL

Not good Mr Lane, the best. She had the looks, the charisma and the talent. Tennis World Magazine estimated her potential career earnings in the tens of millions.

LANE

And you'd take a healthy cut of that I imagine.

MARSHALL

Five percent of all match winnings and twenty percent of any sponsorship deal. Same as any other agent.

LANE

Seems like a lot.

MARSHALL

I signed Alice when she was only thirteen years old, did you know that?

LANE, he didn't.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I spent the next three years and a small fortune building up Alice's media profile. She had a few small sponsors as an amateur of course but nothing that would cover the cost of what I was doing. Thanks to me Alice had every major sponsor in the business queueing to sign her up the minute she turned pro.

LANE

Did you speak to her after the match?

(CONTINUED)

MARSHALL
(struggling)
I tried to... Excuse me...

MARSHALL clutches his stomach in pain, reaches into his drawer for a bottle of medicine.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
(in pain)
Acid reflux...

LANE nods like he understands as MARSHALL pours a generous measure into a cup-like lid and knocks it back, the liquid helping ease the burn.

LANE
You were saying...

MARSHALL
Sorry... I tried to speak to her in her locker room after the match but the poor girl was too distraught, I couldn't get any sense out of her.

LANE
So you didn't go to her apartment that evening?

MARSHALL
No, I was here on the phone. The state Alice was in I had no choice but to cancel the whole press conference. It was a public relations nightmare. I spent the rest of the day fielding calls from the press and trying to reassure all the potential sponsors I'd lined up.

LANE
Must have been costly?

MARSHALL
I lost a lot more than money that day Mr Lane. You have to understand, a talent like Alice doesn't come around very often. With my help Alice was going to become one of the biggest sports stars this country had ever seen.

LANE
Sounds like she was more than just a client.

MARSHALL
She was, she was like a daughter to me and I a father to her.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
(smiling at the thought)
You know she used to say she wished I
was her father.

MARSHALL, in pain, his acid reflux kicking in again.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
I sometimes wonder if Alice's real
father hadn't been such a wastrel if
she wouldn't still be alive today.

LANE, does he believe him?

CUT TO:

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - VICTORIA KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY 2 - 14:02

12

PULLMAN and STANDING continue to interview VICTORIA.

PULLMAN
Any idea why Alice's form dropped so
dramatically after the break?

VICTORIA, uncomfortable. JESS gives her a quick glance.

JESS
Tell them Mum.

VICTORIA, reluctant to speak.

JESS (CONT'D)
Dad came into Alice's locker room
during the rain break.

PULLMAN
How do you know this?

JESS
I went to see her too.

PULLMAN and STANDING turn their gaze to VICTORIA.

PULLMAN
Is this true?

VICTORIA, awkward, figuring out her next move.

VICTORIA
(to JESS)
Why don't you go wait in the car love?

JESS, annoyed, huffs as VICTORIA fishes in her handbag for the
car keys.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
(handing over the keys)
Thank you...

A stroppey JESS takes the keys and heads out.

STANDING
Did Jess say what her father wanted?

VICTORIA
She didn't know, he told her to leave
so he could speak to Alice alone.

PULLMAN
You never said anything about this at
the time.

VICTORIA
I didn't know until months later when
Jess told me. David...
(considering her words)
David wasn't good news. He left us a
long time ago and his contact with the
girls has been...
(careful)
Inconsistent to say the least.

STANDING puts his cup down on the side.

PULLMAN
But you've never denied him access?

VICTORIA, distracted, immediately reaches for a coaster, leans
over and slides the coaster under STANDING's cup before
returning to her seat and smiling at an embarrassed STANDING.

There's a slight awkward silence as if VICTORIA has forgotten
that she's just been asked a question.

VICTORIA
(suddenly realising)
Sorry... Can you say that again?

PULLMAN
Did you deny David access to the
girls?

VICTORIA
No, the opposite, I encouraged it but
David wouldn't always turn up when he
promised and the girls would get quite
upset.

PULLMAN
Do you know where he is now?

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

I haven't seen him since the funeral.

STANDING

How did Jess react to Alice's death?

VICTORIA

The only way she knew how, by throwing herself into her sport.

PULLMAN

I'm surprised you allowed Jess to pursue a tennis career after what happened to Alice.

VICTORIA

I didn't have a lot of choice. After Alice's death I was ready to walk away from tennis altogether. I hated it for the pressure it put on her.

PULLMAN eyes a photo of Jess holding up a tennis trophy.

PULLMAN

But Jess had other ideas?

VICTORIA

She idolised Alice and was desperate to follow in her footsteps. When Alice died, it just made her all the more determined to succeed.

STANDING

Is she any good?

VICTORIA

Her trainer Nick thinks she might be even better than Alice.

STANDING

Nick Hoyle? Alice's old trainer?

VICTORIA

Yes... Look, don't get me wrong, I'm not one of those pushy tennis mothers you see at all the tournaments, I hate those types. After what happened to Alice I just want Jess to be happy, and it just happens that tennis is what makes her happy.

PULLMAN, considering VICTORIA.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. NICK HOYLE TENNIS ACADEMY - TWICKENHAM - DAY 2 - 14:05 13

A small but nonetheless state-of-the-art sports centre with a sign that reads:

THE NICK HOYLE JUNIOR ACE TENNIS ACADEMY
AIMING FOR EXCELLENCE

CUT TO:

14 INT. NICK HOYLE TENNIS ACADEMY - DAY 2 - 14:10 14

A large open hanger, half-a-dozen indoor tennis courts, CHILDREN of all ages taking instruction from COACHES.

NICK HOYLE, early-thirties, handsome, tanned and lean, wearing a *Hoyle Academy* T-shirt, stands behind REBECCA, fourteen.

He holds REBECCA's outstretched hand as she holds her racket, guiding her through the movement.

HOYLE
Swing out to the point of contact,
shift your weight forward and follow
through. Okay?

REBECCA nods.

HOYLE (CONT'D)
Good girl, now try again.

In the background, a MEMBER OF STAFF points HOYLE out to MCANDREW.

MCANDREW
Mr Hoyle? Can you spare a minute?

HOYLE turns to see MCANDREW stood showing his ID. He nods and searches for fellow coach CLIVE, twenties.

HOYLE
Clive, take over Rebecca for me.
We're working on her forehead.

CLIVE nods and jogs over as HOYLE joins MCANDREW.

MCANDREW
Steve McAndrew, UCOS.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. VICTORIA KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY 2 - 14:15 15

PULLMAN and STANDING approach their car.

(CONTINUED)

STANDING

Felt like I was making the place dirty
just by being there.

PULLMAN

My mother used to say that a clean
house was the sign of a wasted life.

(reaching the car)

When we get back let's make finding
David Kemp a priority, I want to know
what he said to Alice during that rain
break.

But STANDING's not paying any attention, he's distracted by
watching VICTORIA and JESS drive away.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Gerry? You okay?

STANDING

(coming round/waving it off)

What? Me? Yeah, fine.

PULLMAN's not convinced but she'll leave it for now.

CUT TO:

16 INT. NICK HOYLE TENNIS ACADEMY - DAY 2 - 14:18

16

MCANDREW and HOYLE drift along the hall's edge whilst in the
background coaching continues on the busy courts.

MCANDREW

Business looks to be booming Mr Hoyle.

HOYLE

Train a Junior Grand Slam winner or
two and you'll be surprised at how
many parents suddenly want your
services. And it's Nick, please.

MCANDREW

Are any of these kiddies Grand Slam
winners in the making?

HOYLE

Unfortunately for many it's already
too late.

MCANDREW, surprised.

HOYLE (CONT'D)

Rebecca, that young lady you saw me
instructing just now, she's a great
little tennis player but she didn't
start playing until she was twelve.

(CONTINUED)

MCANDREW

And twelve's too late?

HOYLE

Ten's too late. In places like Russia they have academies teaching four-year-olds. By the time their players hit the professional circuit they've been playing for twelve, fourteen years, our kids simply can't make up that lost ground.

MCANDREW never knew.

MCANDREW

Your services, they can't come cheap. How could someone from Alice's background have afforded it?

HOYLE

To be honest with you Mr McAndrew, most of the children I teach are the talentless offspring of overly-pushy parents with too much money.

MCANDREW

That's very candid.

HOYLE

But true. Someone with Alice's natural ability doesn't come along that often. I couldn't let a talent like that go to waste.

MCANDREW

So you taught her for free?

HOYLE

And her sister Jess, it's my way of giving something back to a sport that has given me so much.

MCANDREW, impressed.

MCANDREW

Can you think of anyone who might want to hurt Alice.

HOYLE

Everyone loved Alice...

MCANDREW can sense HOYLE wants to say more.

MCANDREW

But...

(CONTINUED)

HOYLE

Look... I shouldn't really be saying this... But if you're looking for someone who actually benefitted from Alice's death, you might want to try Fawn and Irina Bramall.

MCANDREW

Because of their long held rivalry?

HOYLE

Because with Alice out of the way, Fawn became British Tennis's number one poster girl.

MCANDREW, sounds like a strong motive for murder.

CUT TO:

17 I/E. PULLMAN'S CAR - STREETS - DAY 2 - 15:00

17

PULLMAN drives while a listless STANDING stares out of the window deep in thought.

PULLMAN glances over at STANDING, she's had enough of this.

PULLMAN

Alright, out with it.

STANDING, surprised.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

You've hardly said a word the whole way back, something's up.

STANDING's about to say something but changes his mind.

STANDING

Nah, you don't want to hear about it.

PULLMAN

Try me.

STANDING, irked with himself, thinking how best to word it without sounding silly.

STANDING

It's stupid, but seeing Victoria with Jess, the way she supports her... My eldest, Paula, she was a real star footballer as a kid, proper talented.

PULLMAN, listening.

(CONTINUED)

STANDING (CONT'D)

Anyway, not long after her sixteenth she came to me and said she didn't want to play football any more, said she was bored with it.

PULLMAN

And what did you do?

STANDING

I told her it was her choice. She was a bright girl, she didn't have to play football if she didn't want to.

PULLMAN

And you think you should have encouraged her to stick with it?

STANDING

Yes, or maybe even forced her to stick with it.

PULLMAN

I don't know Gerry... It seems like there's enough pressure on kids to succeed without parents forcing them to do things they don't want to do.

STANDING

But she might have made a real go of it if I had, gone professional or something, there's big money in women's football nowadays.

PULLMAN

Have you talked to Paula about it?

STANDING

What? You know I'm no good at talking about feelings and stuff, especially not with my kids. And what if I do and it turns out she does blame me for not pushing her hard enough, that it is my fault that she hasn't done more with her life. Then what?

PULLMAN, she feels for STANDING.

PULLMAN

If it makes you feel any better, every time my mother forced me to do anything I didn't want to, I fought against it tooth and nail.

STANDING

Why am I not surprised?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

PULLMAN, allowing herself a smile.

CUT TO:

18 INT. UCOS - DAY 2 - 17:04

18

MCANDREW works at his desk and STANDING is on hold on the phone as LANE hands him a coffee.

LANE

I mean, a quarter of a million a year,
for a dog!

STANDING

(tongue firmly in cheek)
It's not to be sniffed at.

MCANDREW gets the reference and shares a secret smile with STANDING at LANE's expense.

LANE

He didn't even look very nice, not
like Scampy.

STANDING and MCANDREW, they can already see where this is going, suddenly...

STANDING (PHONE)

Yes, I'm still here, great...

STANDING starts to write something down as PULLMAN comes out of her office.

PULLMAN

(to MCANDREW)

Any luck with the phone records for
Alice's apartment?

MCANDREW

Came up blank.

PULLMAN

What about the keys?

MCANDREW

Turns out they were those electronic
swipe kind, re-programmed with each
new tenant. So no-one who had the
place before Alice could have let
themselves in.

PULLMAN

And while Alice had the place?

(CONTINUED)

MCANDREW

Her mother Victoria had one, although her and Jess left around six. The only other person with a key was Anthony Marshall.

LANE

But he claims he was in his office on the phone at the time of Alice's death?

PULLMAN

Can anyone corroborate this?

LANE

Not yet, but I've put in a request for Marshall's phone records. He was definitely holding out on me about something. As soon as I asked him if he'd spoken to Alice after the match he had this acid reflux thing kick in, sign of a guilty conscience in my experience.

MCANDREW

Doesn't make any sense for it to be Marshall though does it. Why kill the goose who lays the golden egg?

LANE, slightly put out by MCANDREW's off-handed dismissal.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)

Alice's death would have cost him millions in lost commission... Unlike Irina and Fawn Bramall, who according to Nick Hoyle have made a ton of money since Alice's death, most of which would have gone to Alice if she'd still been alive.

LANE

(pointed at MCANDREW)

That makes even less sense, the Bramalls have already got more money than they know what to do with.

MCANDREW

Yes but all the money in the world can't buy you the fame and adulation that comes with being British number one though can it?

LANE, trumped.

(CONTINUED)

PULLMAN

You think they could've bumped Alice off to clear the way for Fawn to become the top seed?

MCANDREW

People have been killed for less.

LANE, put out, as STANDING finishes on the phone.

STANDING

I've got an address for Alice's dad. House in east London where his benefit payments are registered to.

PULLMAN

Benefits?

STANDING

From what I can see, David Kemp hasn't worked for the best part of a decade.

PULLMAN considers this as STANDING refers to his notes.

STANDING (CONT'D)

But get this, he's had twenty-three different addresses in the past eleven years, leaving each one owing months worth of back rent.

(checking his notes)

He owns ten credit cards, each one maxed out, and at least nine bank accounts, all overdrawn.

MCANDREW

He must owe thousands.

STANDING

Yeah, he's a real prince this one. He walks out when Alice is six and Jess is one, never pays a penny in child maintenance, barely keeps in contact with either of them and then suddenly decides to make an appearance on the eve of Alice turning professional, makes me sick.

PULLMAN

What do you mean?

STANDING

It's obvious isn't it? Alice was about to hit the big time so he was trying to get a cut of the action.

PULLMAN, considering.

(CONTINUED)

STANDING (CONT'D)

Maybe he went to see Alice in her
apartment later as well, tried to
force some money out of her and when
she refused...

LANE AND MCANDREW

(in unison)

I prefer my theory...

LANE and MCANDREW, annoyed at each other.

STANDING

Charming...

LANE and MCANDREW, the challenge is on to see who's right.

CUT TO:

19 INT. HALLWAY - LANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2 - 19:02

19

LANE's on all fours with SCAMPY next to him, their heads
buried in the under-stairs cupboard.

He searches urgently for something, discarded items fly over
his shoulder and land in an ugly pile in the hallway.

LANE

Esther... ESTHER...

A harassed ESTHER enters from the kitchen, drying her hands.

ESTHER

(talking to LANE's behind)

What is it?

LANE

My old Leica, have you seen it?

ESTHER

What?

LANE

My camera woman, I need it.

ESTHER

What for?

LANE

Head shots of Scampy of course.

ESTHER doesn't like the sound of this.

LANE (CONT'D)

Found it...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

LANE emerges from the cupboard examining the camera.

LANE (CONT'D)
Remind me to buy some film in the
morning.

ESTHER
I know I'm going to regret asking
this, but why do you need head shots
of Scampy?

LANE
(patting SCAMPY)
Because he's going to be a movie star,
aren't you boy.

ESTHER, exhausted already, doesn't know what to say.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. PAULA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2 - 19:30

20

An unusually apprehensive STANDING waits by the front door of
a modest little house, it opens to reveal GERRY JR in his
pyjamas; delighted he jumps up into STANDING's arms.

GERRY JR
Grandad!

STANDING
Alright tiger.
(stepping in)
Mum in?

GERRY JR
(calling out)
MUM, GRANDAD'S HERE...

STANDING
Careful you'll make me deaf.

CUT TO:

21 INT. KITCHEN/DINER - PAULA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2 - CONTINUOUS

21

STANDING's daughter PAULA is making a pot of tea as STANDING
comes in holding GERRY JR in his arms.

PAULA
This is a pleasant surprise.

Paula kisses STANDING on the cheek as he lowers Gerry Jr.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Cuppa tea?

(CONTINUED)

STANDING
(apprehensive)
Why not?

STANDING dips his hand in his pocket and pulls out a chocolate bar. GERRY JR's face lights up.

PAULA
Dad, he's about to go to bed.

STANDING ignores PAULA and hands GERRY JR the chocolate bar.

STANDING
Now clear off to bed, I'll be up to
read you a book in a minute.

GERRY JR
(rushing off)
Thanks Grandad.

PAULA
And don't forget to clean your teeth.

STANDING
(smiling to himself)
Grandad... I still can't get used to
being called that.

PAULA pours STANDING his tea, she gives him an uneasy glance as he takes in the modest surroundings of the kitchen.

PAULA
Everything alright?

STANDING
(awkward/pulling up a chair)
Me? Yeah yeah, just thought I'd come
over that's all, see how the boy is,
you know and... see how you are.

PAULA grabs a brew for herself and takes a seat opposite.

PAULA
(slightly puzzled)
You saw us yesterday when you took
Gerry Jr to football.

STANDING
I know, just wondered that's all.

PAULA
You sure everything's alright Dad?

STANDING
Yeah, I'm good... If you are? You're
alright aren't you? Happy, with your
lot... and everything?

(CONTINUED)

PAULA

You're acting very strange Dad, is
there something you want to ask me?

How do you ask your daughter if you let her down as a father?

GERRY JR (O.S.)

(shouting)

Grandad, come and read me a story.

STANDING

Coming.

A relieved STANDING can't get away quick enough.

STANDING (CONT'D)

(pulling a face)

Kids hey?

On PAULA as STANDING leaves the room, what was all that about?

CUT TO:

22 INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO - SOHO - DAY 3 - 10:33

22

FAWN BRAMALL, seventeen, hair done up, too much make up,
sporting another one of those terrible *Serena Williams* style
tennis outfits, poses uncomfortably for the camera.

The photographer, a twenty-one-year-old slime-ball called BRAD
with spiked hair and shades on indoors, clicks away.

IRINA BRAMALL, late-forties, picture a dark-haired Ivana
Trump, just less taste and more botox, stands just off set,
her eyes scrutinising FAWN's every move and gesture.

IRINA

Smile Fawn, you're meant to be sexy
not constipated.

FAWN forces a smile but her eyes betray the truth about how
she really feels.

BRAD clicks away as IRINA returns to her vantage point.

PULLMAN (O.S.)

Irina Bramall?

IRINA turns to see STANDING and PULLMAN holding out her ID.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Detective Superintendant Pullman and
Gerry Standing.

(CONTINUED)

IRINA

If this is about those parking tickets. I told--

PULLMAN

We're from the Unsolved Crime and Open Case Squad, we're re-investigating the death of Alice Kemp.

IRINA shrugs before turning her attention back to FAWN.

Taken aback, PULLMAN gives STANDING the signal and he taps IRINA on the shoulder to get her attention.

STANDING

You don't seem very surprised that we're looking into Alice's death.

IRINA

(eyes still on FAWN)
Not surprised, not bothered. It's nothing to do with us.

IRINA gestures, urging FAWN to sex it up a bit.

IRINA (CONT'D)

(exasperated to FAWN)
Smile girl, for goodness sake...

PULLMAN and STANDING share an uneasy glance.

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. DAVID KEMP'S HOUSE - EAST LONDON - DAY 3 - 10:35**

23

An impatient MCANDREW knocks on the door of a rundown house.

He steps back to check the house number, reassuring himself he has the right address.

He crouches down and pushes open the letter box.

MCANDREW

Mr Kemp? Mr David Kemp?

The hallway is deserted.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO - SOHO - DAY 3 - 10:42**

24

BRAD continues clicking away while IRINA constantly prompts FAWN to make herself look more sexy.

(CONTINUED)

FAWN becomes more uncomfortable the longer the shoot goes on and she's not the only one as STANDING appears increasingly agitated by the spectacle unfolding before him.

PULLMAN

According to the press there was a lot of animosity between Fawn and Alice. Some say they hated each other.

IRINA

(eyes fixed on FAWN)
They've been rivals since they were seven-years-old, what do you expect?

PULLMAN

Did you or Fawn have any contact with Alice after the match?

IRINA

Why would we? Straight after the final we went out for a small celebratory dinner but all the excitement was too much for Fawn, she didn't feel well so I took her home and had her in bed by eight.

PULLMAN

And you have witnesses who can verify this?

IRINA

My husband was away on business but we have staff who can back up my story.

STANDING

I bet you do.

PULLMAN gives STANDING a 'down boy' stare.

CUT TO:

25 **EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAVID KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY 3 - 10:45**

25

Over-grown and unkempt.

A tentative MCANDREW walks past the back door and, holding a hand up, leans his face against the dirt encrusted glass.

CUT TO:

26 **INT. LOUNGE - DAVID KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS**

26

Stick furniture, rubbish everywhere.

MCANDREW stares through the grimy window.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

MCANDREW

Mr Kemp?

CUT TO:

27 EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAVID KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

27

MCANDREW, the place is clearly empty.

He looks around, checking the coast is clear, stares at the back door, should he or shouldn't he?

CUT TO:

28 INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO - SOHO - DAY 3 - 10:52

28

BRAD continues clicking away at an increasingly uneasy FAWN.

IRINA

I appreciate that with Alice out of the way, we inherited all of...

(signalling the shoot)

This. But I assure you we had nothing to do with her death.

STANDING

And you don't mind '*this*'.

(signalling to BRAD)

Your daughter being photographed like she's some sort of... glamour model.

IRINA

For a female sports star, this is all part of the job.

BRAD passes his camera to his ASSISTANT and reaches out as if he's about to adjust FAWN's clothing. FAWN, uncertain, about ready to crack when...

STANDING

Well I've seen enough of it.

PULLMAN

Gerry!

But it's too late, STANDING's off, heading straight for FAWN.

STANDING

Oi, hands off. You've had all the photos you're going to take today pal.

GERRY has his jacket off, he pushes past BRAD and wraps his jacket round a grateful FAWN.

An outraged BRAD whips off his shades, about to get brave.

(CONTINUED)

STANDING pauses, staring BRAD down Dirty Harry style, daring him to make his day. BRAD thinks better of it and looks away.

STANDING (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

BRAD'S ASSISTANT conceals a snigger at BRAD's expense.

STANDING hands FAWN over to IRINA.

STANDING (CONT'D)

Take her home.

IRINA, whatever.

PULLMAN

Before you go Fawn, we spoke to Alice's sister -

FAWN

(alarmed)

You've seen Jess? How is she?

IRINA throws FAWN a heavy stare.

PULLMAN

(puzzled by FAWN's interest)

Fine, do you know her well?

FAWN's nervous but not as nervous as IRINA.

IRINA

No she doesn't.

PULLMAN ignores IRINA and maintains eye contact with FAWN.

PULLMAN

Jess claims their father came into Alice's locker room during the rain break of your last match. Did you hear what he and Alice were talking about?

IRINA, desperate to deflect attention away from FAWN, puts herself in-between FAWN and PULLMAN.

IRINA

Look, can we stop this? Fawn doesn't know anything. The girls locker rooms were on opposite sides of the building so she couldn't have heard anything.

Instead of wasting your time interrogating innocent people why don't you focus on someone with a real motive to kill Alice like... Anthony Marshall for example.

(CONTINUED)

FAWN
(shocked)
Mum, Tony's our friend.

PULLMAN
Why Marshall?

IRINA
Look, I'm not usually one for idle
gossip...

PULLMAN
Spare me the false modesty Mrs
Bramall.

IRINA smiles, she knows PULLMAN has her number.

IRINA
There was a rumour that Alice was
looking to change agents. Anthony
Marshall would have lost millions in
commission if Alice walked.

PULLMAN
Marshall's your agent now though isn't
he?

IRINA
(confused by the question)
So? He can be replaced, he's only an
agent, it's Fawn here who's the real
talent.

FAWN smiles awkwardly.

IRINA (CONT'D)
Now if you're finished, we have a
press engagement to attend. Fawn.

FAWN jumps, almost frightened as IRINA marches off. FAWN's
about to hand STANDING his jacket back when...

STANDING
No, you keep it love, it's an old one.

IRINA
(barking)
Fawn.

FAWN pulls STANDING's jacket tightly around her.

FAWN
(mouthing the words)
Thank you.

STANDING gives her a reassuring smile and FAWN turns and runs
after her mother.

(CONTINUED)

PULLMAN

(watching them leave)
I knew tennis mum's could be pushy,
but she takes the biscuit.

STANDING

Biscuit? That one takes the whole
bleedin' barrel.

CUT TO:

29 INT. KITCHEN - DAVID KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY 3 - 10:55

29

The handle on the back door slowly turns...

CLICK.

MCANDREW cautiously opens the door and enters, carefully
returning his lock-picking tools to his inside coat pocket.

The place is even worse than the Living Room, crap everywhere.

MCANDREW

(calling out)
Mr Kemp? Steve McAndrew, Unsolved
Crime and Open Case Squad.

MCANDREW takes in the kitchen table, spies several copies of
The Racing Post, a dozen or more betting slips and a leaflet
advertising a local Gamblers Anonymous Meeting.

MCANDREW, interested, picks up the leaflet, reads it when...

KNOCK KNOCK.

He glances down the hallway to the front door, through frosted
glass he sees TWO LARGE FIGURES.

He slips the Gamblers Anonymous leaflet in his trouser pocket.

CUT TO:

30 I/E. FRONT DOOR - DAVID KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY 3 - 10:57

30

MCANDREW opens the front door to be met by...

Two heavyset thugs in their thirties, BILLY and BARRY DRESDEN,
matching denim jackets and buzzcuts, imagine the *Chuckle*
Brothers on steroids, but with less charisma.

Understandably, MCANDREW doesn't like the look of them.

MCANDREW

And who are you two nuggets?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

BILLY and BARRY look at each other confused. Suddenly...

SMACK.

Without warning BARRY sucker punches MCANDREW straight in the stomach. He instantly bends double.

BILLY grabs MCANDREW by the scruff of his collar.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)
(badly winded)
You're making a mistake.

SMACK.

BILLY hits MCANDREW in the face, knocking him to the floor.

The pair share a smile, good job done. BILLY signals it's time to go and the pair head off.

On MCANDREW on the floor, holding his eye, groaning.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)
I hate London...

CUT TO:

31 OMITTED 31

32 OMITTED 32

33 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - UCOS - DAY 3 - 15:32 33

PULLMAN and STANDING drill an under-pressure ANTHONY MARSHALL while his SOLICITOR looks on helplessly.

PULLMAN
You lied to us Mr Marshall.

MARSHALL knocks back a travel-size bottle of medicine.

MARSHALL
I never lied, I just...
(choosing his words)
Didn't mention that Alice might have
been looking for a new agent.

PULLMAN
The way I see it, with Alice dead, all
the money that would have been hers
went to Fawn Bramall,

STANDING
Another one of your clients.

(CONTINUED)

PULLMAN

The only way you would have lost money is if Alice had lived and had signed up to another agent.

MARSHALL

No, look... I know it looks bad, but that's not what happened.

(getting confused)

I mean, yes that is what happened, but it wasn't planned... I didn't plan it, I didn't kill Alice.

PULLMAN

That fancy apartment you booked for her, was it a bribe to make her stay?

MARSHALL

No, I explained, it was a gift.

PULLMAN

Did you go and see Alice that night to talk her out of changing agents?

An increasingly under pressure MARSHALL knocks back his medicine like it was lemonade.

MARSHALL

No.

STANDING

I think you did, but I think Alice wouldn't listen to you, she was going to leave and you were going to lose everything.

MARSHALL

No...

PULLMAN

Why do I get the feeling you're still lying to us Mr Marshall?

STANDING

I think you killed Alice, then you talked all of the sponsors into switching their money to Fawn Bramall just so you could keep your lousy twenty percent.

MARSHALL

No, no, that's not how it happened.

PULLMAN

Then tell us Mr Marshall, tell us what did happen, tell us the truth.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

MARSHALL, under pressure, he knows they won't give up until he tells all.

MARSHALL

Okay, okay, I admit it, I did go and see Alice that night.

PULLMAN and STANDING, getting somewhere at last.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

(ashamed of his cowardice)

I didn't tell you before because I knew how it would look, I knew you'd think I had something to do with Alice's death but I didn't.

On PULLMAN and STANDING, do they believe him?

CUT TO:

34 INT. UCOS - DAY 3 - 15:37

34

MCANDREW, holding an ice pack against his black eye, sits looking at a series of mug shots while LANE stands over him.

MCANDREW points to photos of Billy and Barry Dresden.

MCANDREW

That's them.

LANE

The Dresden Brothers...

MCANDREW

Who?

LANE

Couple of rent-a-thugs used by the illegal betting community to collect unpaid debts.

MCANDREW

That would fit, I found betting slips all over Kemp's house, he likes a flutter by the looks of it.

LANE

This is hard-core though, if the Dresdens are involved it means Kemp's mixed up with some very unpleasant people.

MCANDREW winces as he gently touches his black eye.

(CONTINUED)

MCANDREW

They can certainly pack a punch I know that.

LANE

I'll get onto uniform, see if we can get the Dresdens picked up before they go to ground.

MCANDREW

Back home, when an officer gets assaulted, we have a slightly different way of dispensing justice, if you know what I'm getting at.

LANE casually checks there's no one else around.

LANE

So did we a long time ago but if the Governor hears you suggesting that she'll personally frogmarch you down to Euston and throw you on the first train back to Glasgow.

MCANDREW

Thanks for the heads up.

He winces as he touches his sore eye again.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)

Although the way I'm feeling about London at the moment, she'd be doing me a favour.

LANE smiles, things thawing a little between them as suddenly the phone rings. LANE immediately picks it up.

LANE (PHONE)

UCOS... Yes, thanks for ringing back.

CUT TO:

35 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - UCOS - DAY 3 - 15:40

35

MARSHALL, his stomach causing pain, looking pale.

MARSHALL

I went over just after seven, I had to talk to her, I loved Alice, I couldn't just lose her without a fight.

STANDING

You couldn't lose her money you mean.

(CONTINUED)

MARSHALL

No, the money didn't matter, I even offered to half my commission.

STANDING scoffs as MARSHALL's acid-reflux kicks in again.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I just wanted to know why she was looking around for a new agent, I wanted to know what I'd done wrong.

PULLMAN

Did she tell you?

MARSHALL

No, she denied it, she didn't know how the rumour got started but she swore it wasn't true. Please, you have to believe me, Alice was alive and well when I left her, I swear.

There's a knock at the door.

PULLMAN, brassed off, but with no other choice.

PULLMAN

Interview suspended.
(checking her watch)
Fifteen-forty-two.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CORRIDOR - UCOS - DAY 3 - 15:43

36

STANDING and an annoyed PULLMAN exit the Interview Room to find LANE waiting for them.

PULLMAN

What?

LANE

It looks like Marshall was telling the truth about his whereabouts on the night of Alice's death.

PULLMAN and STANDING, surprised.

LANE (CONT'D)

His phone records came back, he was in his office making calls at the time. I've spoken to three different people so far, all of them said they spoke to Marshall that night about Alice's cancelled press conference.

An annoyed PULLMAN knows the truth when she hears it.

(CONTINUED)

PULLMAN
(pissed to STANDING)
Release him.
(frustrated)
We're no further forward than we were
yesterday bloody morning.

LANE and STANDING know to keep schtum at times like these for fear of being on the wrong end of PULLMAN's wrath.

An excited MCANDREW approaches holding the Gamblers Anonymous leaflet he took from David Kemp's house earlier.

MCANDREW
Guv, I've just remembered this.

PULLMAN and STANDING, surprised to see MCANDREW's black eye.

PULLMAN
What the hell happened to you?

MCANDREW
The Dresden Brothers.

PULLMAN and STANDING, that would fit.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)
Long story short: I was in Kemp's house looking for clues, I answered the door to the Dresdens and they mistook me for Kemp. Banjoed me without saying a word.

PULLMAN
(thinking it through)
Hold on, so you were in Kemp's house, even though he wasn't there?

LANE and STANDING, panicked, behind PULLMAN's back they signal MCANDREW to keep his mouth shut.

MCANDREW
Aye, but like I said, I was looking for clues.

PULLMAN
Front door open was it?

MCANDREW
(innocent)
No, I just gave the back door a little jiggle that's all.

LANE and STANDING, he's done it now. PULLMAN, incredulous, ready to explode, gets into MCANDREW's face.

(CONTINUED)

PULLMAN

If you break into a property without a warrant again while you're under my command, a black eye's going to be the least of your problems, do I make myself clear?

LANE and STANDING try not to laugh as an angry PULLMAN marches off down the corridor leaving MCANDREW bewildered.

STANDING

(on a wind up)

You've done it now mate.

MCANDREW's about to take off after PULLMAN but LANE holds him back. MCANDREW, surprised by Lane's intervention.

LANE

Steady on, don't go poking the bear just yet.

STANDING

Give her a little time to, you know, work the anger out of her system.

MCANDREW

How long? An hour?

LANE and STANDING share a glance and a thought.

STANDING & LANE

(in unison)

Better make it two...

MCANDREW, he's still got so much to learn.

CUT TO:

37 INT. HALLWAY - LANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 18:04

37

LANE, helmet and cycling clips on, Jessops bag in hand, comes through the front door.

LANE

I'm home.

ESTHER and SCAMPY greet LANE but he completely ignores ESTHER.

LANE (CONT'D)

Scampy.

ESTHER

(put out/to herself)

Hello dear, how was your day? Fine thank you, how was yours?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

LANE, oblivious, continues to pat an excited SCAMPY.

LANE
(holding up the bag)
Look what I've got.

ESTHER
What have you bought him now?

LANE
(pulling out two cases)
Film for me camera.

ESTHER tries desperately not to roll her eyes.

LANE (CONT'D)
(stroking SCAMPY)
We need to get you ready for your big
shoot don't we. So you know what that
means?

ESTHER
Please no.

LANE
(over-excited)
It's bath time.

ESTHER, please God help me.

CUT TO:

38 INT. LANDING - LANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 18:38

38

LANE, sleeves rolled up, struggles to carry SCAMPY.

In the background, the sound of a bath running.

SCAMPY takes the passive resistance route to bath time, making himself a dead weight that's almost impossible to do anything with.

LANE disappears into the bathroom with SCAMPY, a beat later SCAMPY escapes into the hall, crouching guiltily away.

LANE (O.S.)
Scampy...

CUT TO:

LANE, determined, carrying SCAMPY back.

SCAMPY's dead weight tactic means he's too heavy and an exhausted LANE is forced to put him down.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

As soon as SCAMPY's feet touch the carpet he runs away.

CUT TO:

LANE stands over SCAMPY, pointing into the bathroom.

LANE (CONT'D)
(masterful)
In.

SCAMPY runs off the other way.

CUT TO:

LANE, on his knees, pushing a dead weight SCAMPY from behind into the bathroom, rucking up the carpet.

The moment LANE stops pushing to catch his breath SCAMPY wiggles free and scarpers.

CUT TO:

LANE holds up a doggie treat, shows it to SCAMPY.

He throws it into the bathroom, SCAMPY pegs it in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

LANE pulls SCAMPY into the bathroom via a collar and lead.

SCAMPY, legs locked, refusing to budge but being dragged along nevertheless.

They both disappear into the bathroom, suddenly...

SPLASH...

SCAMPY comes running out and races down the stairs.

CUT TO:

39 INT. BATHROOM - LANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 18:51

39

A concerned ESTHER appears at the bathroom door to find...

LANE, in the bath, arms and legs splayed, covered in bubbles.

On ESTHER, what is she going to do with him?

CUT TO:

40 INT. UCOS - NIGHT 3 - 20:05

40

The offices are deserted, the only light comes from the glow of a TV monitor in the corner.

PULLMAN pulls a late one, drinking coffee as she re-watches the LTA training footage of the match between ALICE and FAWN.

LTA TRAINING FOOTAGE

A scoreboard reads:

2010 BRITISH JUNIOR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS
LADIES FINAL

	SETS	GAMES	POINTS
MISS ALICE KEMP	1	2	15
VS			
MISS FAWN BRAMALL	1	5	40

FAWN prepares to serve.

Whack.

Ace, ALICE makes a half-hearted attempt to go for the shot.

The unseen crowd applaud the match winning shot as ALICE breaks down in tears.

BACK ON

PULLMAN, unsettled, something about this match is bugging her.

CUT TO:

41 INT. HALL - COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY 4 - 10:30

41

A notice reads:

GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS MEETING 10:00 - 11:00
ALL WELCOME

A DOZEN G.A.MEMBERS on plastic chairs form a circle.

DAVID KEMP, late-forties, bedraggled, haunted, stands.

DAVID
My name's David Kemp and I'm a
compulsive gambler.

The G.A.MEMBERS clap and join in a chorus of 'HELLO DAVID's.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's been two weeks and three days
since I last placed a bet.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

More clapping and shouts of encouragement.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Gambling has cost me everything, my
home, my wife, my children...

Appearing in the doorway in the background, MCANDREW, the G.A.
leaflet in his hand.

DAVID spots him, panic instantly clouds his eyes. Keeping his
eyes on MCANDREW, DAVID sidesteps out of the circle of chairs,
preparing to bolt in the opposite direction.

He turns, ready to run, only to come face to face with...

LANE
You're a hard man to find Mr Kemp.

DAVID, nowhere to go, resigned.

LANE nods a 'nice one' to MCANDREW, good lead.

CUT TO:

42 INT. KITCHEN - COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY 4 - 11:12

42

MCANDREW and LANE have pulled in some chairs so they and DAVID
can talk in private.

LANE
Did you see Alice in her apartment on
the night of her death?

DAVID
(matter of fact)
No...

MCANDREW
But you did go to see her during the
rain break of her last match.

DAVID
Says who?

LANE
Jess...

DAVID, thwarted, shakes his head, almost amused.

DAVID
Kids...

MCANDREW
Well?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

I wanted to wish her good luck.

LANE

And you expect us to believe that?

DAVID

(shrugging)

Believe what you like.

MCANDREW

If this has anything to do with the
Dresden brothers, we can protect you.

DAVID

It doesn't. And you can't protect me.
You can't even protect yourself.

MCANDREW's clueless as to what DAVID's getting at.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I hid in the under-stair cupboard when
I saw you come to the house yesterday.

(embarrassed)

Not one of my finest moments, but I
saw what they did to you.

LANE and MCANDREW, they have a job on their hands here.

LANE

I heard you introduce yourself in that
meeting earlier David, sounded like
you were serious about wanting to turn
your life around...

DAVID shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

LANE (CONT'D)

Believe it or not, I was where you
were once.

DAVID, suspicious, is this a play by LANE?

LANE (CONT'D)

Not gambling... Drink...

MCANDREW, surprised to hear it, as without warning LANE places
a balled fist against DAVID's stomach.

LANE (CONT'D)

Gets you there doesn't it, right in
the gut. That... yearning, that fire
you know can only be quenched one way.

DAVID, he can't meet LANE's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

LANE (CONT'D)

I wish I could tell you it's going to get easier, but I can't. You're going to have to fight that fire like I fight mine, every minute of every day, for the rest of your life.

DAVID, considering LANE.

LANE (CONT'D)

But take it from a fellow addict, you're never going to win that fight David, not while you continue to hide the truth about who you really are and what you've done.

DAVID, annoyed with himself, he knows in his heart and more importantly in his gut that LANE is speaking the truth.

DAVID

What the hell... I went to see Alice to ask her to throw the match.

DAVID looks like a huge weight's been lifted from his shoulders just by saying those words out loud.

MCANDREW looks at LANE, full of admiration.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I owed a lot of serious people a lot of money. With Alice's run of form, she was odds on to win the final so I bet every penny I could find on Fawn Bramall and asked Alice to lose.

Something still doesn't ring true to MCANDREW.

MCANDREW

You were leaving it a bit late in the day to ask Alice to throw the match weren't you, what if there hadn't been a break in play?

DAVID, shifty. MCANDREW has his number.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)

It's because you'd already asked Alice to throw the game before the match.

DAVID, bullseye.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)

More than that, she'd already turned you down.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

I'd already placed the bets. If Alice had won, I'd have been finished.

He signals to MCANDREW's bruises.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You saw what these people are prepared to do for a couple of lousy grand, imagine what they'd do for a hundred.

MCANDREW and LANE, that's a lot of money.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I was desperate, I told Alice if she didn't throw the match I was as good as dead.

LANE

So she agreed to help?

DAVID

Well that's it, she didn't, she didn't even respond. It was as if I wasn't there or... she wasn't there. Like she was in a trance or something.

LANE, troubled.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Then the call came through that the match was to restart and I had to leave.

MCANDREW

So Alice threw the match and you cleaned up.

DAVID, in pieces, full of self-loathing and self-pity.

DAVID

Except she couldn't live with what she'd done and killed herself.

LANE

Is that what you believe?

DAVID

That my addiction caused my daughter's death? Yes...

LANE and MCANDREW, what a mess.

CUT TO:

42A INT. ENTRANCE HALL - UCOS - DAY 4 - 12:52

42A

STANDING returns from the shops with his lunch to discover IRINA and FAWN BRAMALL waiting for him.

FAWN holds the jacket STANDING gave her on a hanger wrapped in a dry-cleaner's plastic cover.

STANDING

Hello?

IRINA snatches the jacket off FAWN.

IRINA

Your jacket, dry cleaned.

STANDING

There was no need.

(to FAWN)

That's very kind of you, thank you.

IRINA

(sharp to FAWN)

Happy?

FAWN

Thank you.

IRINA marches off without so much as a bye-your-leave.

IRINA

Come along.

FAWN pauses a second, fidgety, as if she wants to say something.

FAWN

Sponsorship commitments in Manchester.

(resigned to her lot)

Back in time for evening practice
though.

STANDING, concerned, smiles, there's a lot of pressure on those young shoulders.

IRINA

(marching on/shouting)

Fawn, now.

FAWN gives STANDING an uncertain smile, turns tail and races after her mother.

STANDING takes in the dry-cleaned jacket, unsure of what to make of what he's just witnessed.

CUT TO:

43 INT. UCOS - DAY 4 - 13:04

43

STANDING hangs up his newly dry-cleaned jacket as the team eat lunch.

STANDING

So are we going to charge David Kemp
with match fixing or not?

MCANDREW looks at PULLMAN to explain the party line.

PULLMAN

No... After all this time and without
Alice, the C.P.S. will never be able
to build a case.

STANDING, not happy but what can he do.

STANDING

What about the murder? Maybe Alice
threatened to tell the truth and he
killed her to stop word getting out.

MCANDREW

He was certainly desperate enough,
but...

(considering LANE)

I think we got the truth out of him as
to his involvement.

LANE subtly acknowledges the compliment.

PULLMAN

Okay, but I don't want to rule Kemp
out as a suspect just yet.

STANDING

What about the theory that he might
have been indirectly responsible for
Alice's death? That she was so ashamed
about throwing the match for her
father that she killed herself.

PULLMAN

From what we know of Alice I don't
think she'd have lost that final on
purpose, she was way too competitive.

STANDING

So why the dramatic drop in form after
the rain break?

LANE

Maybe the pressure simply got to her:
big final, last match before turning
professional, she'd have wanted to
win.

(CONTINUED)

MCANDREW

Or maybe the early score was more a reflection of Fawn Bramall's poor form than Alice's superiority, maybe Fawn upped her game after the rain break and Alice couldn't keep up.

PULLMAN

No, something happened to Alice during the rain break I'm sure of it. We find out what it was, we'll find out why she died.

Suddenly the phone rings and MCANDREW picks it up.

MCANDREW

UCOS... Okay, I'll let him know.

MCANDREW replaces the receiver and turns to LANE.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)

Esther's in reception for you.

LANE

(excited)

Yes...

LANE looks at PULLMAN, gets a nod and grabs his coat and an A4 size envelope from his drawer.

STANDING

You off somewhere?

LANE

Back in an hour. Esther's taking us to Scampy's big audition.

LANE pulls out a series of black and white head shots of Scampy taken the previous evening and hands them round to the Team to admire.

LANE (CONT'D)

I gave Mr Hemmings from Marshall's agency some photos of Scampy and he thinks he has a job he'd be perfect for, a national print campaign.

STANDING and MCANDREW, surprised.

STANDING

(trying not to laugh)

National hey?

LANE

(excited/stars in his eyes)

Yep, Scampy's going to be a star.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

The team's shared look says it all.

CUT TO:

44 INT. RECEPTION - MARSHALL TALENT AGENCY - DAY 4 - 13:30

44

ESTHER and a nervous LANE sit uncomfortably on a pair of white bean-bags with SCAMPY by their feet.

The same uptight RECEPTIONIST sits at her desk on the phone. She places the phone down and throws LANE a dirty look.

RECEPTIONIST

(fake smile)

Mr Hemmings will see you and...

She checks her paperwork for a name. Makes a face, really?

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

'Scampy' now.

LANE, trying not to rise to the bait, struggles out of his bean-bag, takes a big breath, and nervously pats SCAMPY.

LANE

Come on boy, this is our big chance.

ESTHER has a terrible feeling this isn't going to end well as LANE and SCAMPY disappear through a set of double doors.

She sits patiently, staring round the room, taking in all the photos; she gives the RECEPTIONIST an apprehensive smile but all she gets in return is a vacant stare.

Suddenly the blurred sound of raised voices can be heard through the double doors followed by faint barking.

ESTHER's face shows her concern when suddenly...

BANG...

The double doors burst open to reveal an angry LANE and SCAMPY, he marches straight up to ESTHER, his face flushed.

LANE (CONT'D)

We're going...

(shouting in the direction of
the double doors)

I've never been so insulted in my
whole life.

(to ESTHER)

That national print campaign was a
before and after shot for a worming
treatment.

ESTHER knows what's coming next.

(CONTINUED)

LANE (CONT'D)
And they wanted Scampy to be the
before!

ESTHER, trying not to laugh.

LANE (CONT'D)
The humiliation. We'd never be able to
show our faces in the park again.

ESTHER pulls LANE's jacket together, tidying him up.

ESTHER
Maybe it's for the best hey!

LANE, still riled, feeling humiliated, nods reluctantly. They
start to head for the door when...

RECEPTIONIST
You off already? Shame. You might have
better luck with that Fuglies place I
told you about.
(under her breath)
They take on ugly pets as well as ugly
people...

LANE definitely heard her this time.

ESTHER
Brian no!

But it's too late, the red mist has descended again, LANE
races back towards the RECEPTIONIST, his arms out stretched.

LANE
Aaaaaaaargh...!

The RECEPTIONIST's eyes widen in terror...

CUT TO:

45 INT. CUSTODY CORRIDOR - UCOS - DAY 4 - 14:34

45

STANDING and MCANDREW loiter in the corridor.

STANDING nudges MCANDREW, signals to...

An annoyed LANE heading up the corridor towards them.

LANE
That's the last bloody time I'm doing
that.

STANDING and MCANDREW share a conspiratorial smile.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

PULLMAN
It not go well Brian?

LANE
I don't want to talk about it.

MCANDREW
Don't look so glum, every dog has his day.

PULLMAN and STANDING struggle not to laugh when...

LANE
Hey up...

LANE signals, heading down the corridor towards them: PULLMAN and TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS escort a handcuffed and very unhappy BILLY and BARRY DRESDEN.

A satisfied PULLMAN stops with her boys as the OFFICERS and the DRESDENS continue on their way.

PULLMAN
Uniform's just charged them with ABH.

MCANDREW punches the air in victory.

MCANDREW
Result...

LANE and STANDING smile but PULLMAN is suddenly serious.

PULLMAN
Do that again?

MCANDREW
What?

PULLMAN
What you just did...

Confused, MCANDREW repeats his little victory punch.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
(the penny dropping)
That's it, that's what's missing.

The boys, curious.

46 OMITTED

46

47 OMITTED

47

48 INT. UCOS - DAY 4 - 15:15

48

PULLMAN, remote control in hand, leans against the TV monitor as STANDING, LANE and MCANDREW watch the LTA FOOTAGE of FAWN and ALICE's last match.

PULLMAN

Now watch.

ON THE TV MONITOR

FAWN serves for the match, she aces, the unseen crowd applaud and ALICE breaks down.

BACK ON

STANDING

We've seen this, so Alice breaks down after losing the match.

PULLMAN

No, don't look at her, look at her opponent Fawn Bramall.

ON THE TV MONITOR

The footage pauses on a concerned FAWN BRAMALL.

BACK ON

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Now what do you see?

LANE

(confused)

She doesn't look very happy for someone who's just beaten her sworn enemy.

PULLMAN

Because?

MCANDREW, a light-bulb moment.

MCANDREW

They weren't sworn enemies at all, they were pals.

PULLMAN

Exactly, there's something going on between Fawn and Alice here that Fawn's not telling us.

STANDING, it's his turn for a light-bulb moment. He goes to the dry-cleaned jacket he hung up earlier.

(CONTINUED)

Working on a hunch, he pulls the plastic wrapping off the jacket and searches the pockets.

PULLMAN, LANE and MCANDREW look on, puzzled.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Gerry?

STANDING

(searching)

Fawn Bramall was insistent she return
this old jacket to me.

Suddenly STANDING feels something in the inside pocket, he pulls out a note addressed to: *Mr Standing*.

An apprehensive STANDING looks at the team, promising...

He opens the note.

STANDING (CONT'D)

(reading)

You're going to want to see this Guv.

An urgent PULLMAN takes the note as LANE and MCANDREW join her, reading the letter over her shoulder.

PULLMAN

(reading aloud)

Dear Mr Standing, please forgive me
for contacting you like this but it's
the only way of doing so safely
without my mother finding out.
Contrary to what everyone thought,
Alice and I were the best of friends.

The boys all acknowledge PULLMAN's insight.

STANDING

Well done Guv.

PULLMAN

(reading aloud)

I know why Alice's game fell apart
after the break and I feel I must tell
someone for Jess's sake if no one
else's.

STANDING

For Jess's sake?

The team read the next couple of lines in silence.

PULLMAN's jaw tightens and the boys appear shaken.

PULLMAN

We need to speak to Fawn, alone.

(CONTINUED)

STANDING

She's in Manchester until this evening.

PULLMAN

(thinking on her feet)
Okay, Gerry, contact Child Protection, let's get round Jess's house immediately. Steve, Brian, bring that scumbag in for questioning.

The boys have their orders, they don't need to be told twice.

CUT TO:

49 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - UCOS - DAY 4 - 17:11

49

MCANDREW and LANE have a sweating NICK HOYLE in custody along with his SOLICITOR.

HOYLE

No, it wasn't like that, Alice was...
She was special.

LANE

(incredulous)
She was fourteen.

HOYLE

But we... We loved each other.

LANE

(dismissive)
Love?

MCANDREW

For the record Mr Hoyle, did you or did you not initiate intimate sexual relations with Alice Kemp from the date of her fourteenth birthday?

HOYLE

No, it wasn't like that, Alice made the first move not me.

LANE

Even if she did, how does that make any difference? She was a child, you were an adult.

MCANDREW

I'll put it another way Mr Hoyle, do you deny having regular sexual intercourse with Alice Kemp from the date of her fourteenth birthday to the time of her death.

(CONTINUED)

HOYLE

(confused/flustered)

It wasn't like that, you're making it
sound like it was something it wasn't.

LANE

You guys are all the same you know
that.

HOYLE

No, I'm not one of those guys, I hate
those guys, please, you have to
understand.

LANE and MCANDREW, they understand alright.

CUT TO:

49A INT. HALL/LIVING ROOM - VICTORIA KEMP'S HOUSE - DAY 4 - 17:18 49A

PULLMAN looks in on the Dining Room where TWO PLAIN-CLOTHES
FEMALE PC's from the Child Protection Team speak with JESS.

PULLMAN closes the door and heads into the Living Room to find
an awkward STANDING stood over a crouched VICTORIA, having
spilt his tea on the carpet.

STANDING

Please, let me do that.

VICTORIA, on the floor, bowl of soapy water by her side,
clearing up the mess with a dishcloth and spray.

VICTORIA

No please, sit down... You've...
you've done enough.

STANDING looks at PULLMAN, sorry.

PULLMAN

I'm sorry Victoria but I have a few
questions I have to ask.

VICTORIA, focused on the cleaning, almost too focused.

VICTORIA

Okay.

PULLMAN

Did Alice ever say or hint that
anything was going on between her and
Nick Hoyle?

VICTORIA

No never, she loved Nick, we all did,
he was always so... kind.

(CONTINUED)

PULLMAN and STANDING share a glance as VICTORIA wrings the dishcloth out, sprays the stain and sets at it with a scouring pad.

PULLMAN

Do you know if he saw Alice after the match or on the evening she died?

VICTORIA

No, Nick knew she'd be in no mood to talk after such a big loss, he told me he'd see us both at practice the next day.

PULLMAN

How did he react to Alice's death?

VICTORIA

(scrubbing harder than ever)
He was as devastated as the rest of us, maybe even more so. I suppose now I know why.

VICTORIA suddenly stops cleaning, head down, her hand clenching, squeezing the scouring pad.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Jess...? Do you really think...?

VICTORIA can't bring herself to say the words.

PULLMAN

(reassuring)
That's what our Child Protection Team hope to find out.

VICTORIA, like she might break at any moment.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

She's in good hands, I promise.

VICTORIA

You must think I'm a terrible mother... What am I saying, I am a terrible mother.

PULLMAN

You mustn't think that way. People like Hoyle, they're master manipulators, they're experts at concealing the truth.

CUT TO:

49B INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - UCOS - DAY 4 - 17:24

49B

HOYLE, pale, sweating, cornered.

MCANDREW

During the rain break Jess went to see Alice with news that she'd just won a scholarship to your Tennis Academy.

LANE

That's why Alice was so shaken, she knew you'd do the same thing to Jess that you did to her.

HOYLE

No, no, that's not true. I... I've never laid a finger on Jess.

LANE

Why, because she's not fourteen yet?

HOYLE

Please, ask her if you don't believe me.

MCANDREW

We are, we have specially trained officers talking with her as we speak.

LANE

Along with every child you've ever coached.

HOYLE, he knows he's in real trouble now.

HOYLE

I've never touched any of them, I'm not the guy you think I am.

MCANDREW

Did you go to Alice's flat that night?

HOYLE

No...

MCANDREW

I think you did and I think Alice confronted you.

HOYLE

No.

LANE

Did she threaten to go to the police?

HOYLE, getting closer to the edge.

(CONTINUED)

HOYLE

No, please.

MCANDREW

Was she going to expose you for abusing her?

HOYLE

NO.

LANE

Is that why you killed Alice, to prevent her from revealing the truth?

HOYLE

(cracking up)

NO, NO, NO... I could never hurt Alice, never, I loved her, I told you, I loved her, I loved her...

HOYLE breaks down, sobbing, heartbroken, inconsolable.

CUT TO:

50 INT. UCOS - DAY 4 - 18:33

50

LANE and MCANDREW do paperwork at their desks as STANDING enters followed by an urgent PULLMAN finishing on her mobile.

PULLMAN (MOBILE)

Okay, thanks.

(to MCANDREW)

So what did you get?

MCANDREW

Hoyle admitted to having under age sex with Alice.

STANDING, angry, finding it hard to keep his temper.

MCANDREW (CONT'D)

However he denies interfering with any of the other kids.

PULLMAN

That's not what the Child Protection Team are saying. Two other girls have come forward with allegations.

MCANDREW

And Jess?

PULLMAN

Looks like we got to Hoyle in the nick of time. He'd been grooming Jess for months but had yet to make a move.

(CONTINUED)

LANE

That's something at least.

STANDING

Still makes me sick.

PULLMAN

So we can charge Hoyle with sexual abuse, what about Alice's murder?

MCANDREW

He swears he didn't do it.

PULLMAN

And you believe him?

MCANDREW and LANE share a look.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Well?

LANE

(shrugging)

We don't know.

PULLMAN, pacing, thinking through their next move.

PULLMAN

Okay, the most important thing is that we've contained the threat. Let's leave Hoyle to stew in his cell overnight to soften him up. Steve, you and Brian have another run at him in the morning.

STANDING

What about Jess?

PULLMAN

As soon as we're happy Hoyle's told us everything we'll talk to her, not here though, somewhere she feels comfortable, and preferably somewhere away from her mother.

The boys all nod, sounds like a plan.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

In the meantime, I need a drink. Pub?

MCANDREW

I'm in.

LANE nods, so's he.

PULLMAN

Gerry?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

STANDING
Not tonight, I've got some unresolved
business to attend to.

PULLMAN
Suit yourself...

PULLMAN signals to LANE and MCANDREW to shake a leg.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. PAULA'S HOUSE - EVENING 4 - 19:00

51

BUZZ.

STANDING rings the doorbell.

CUT TO:

52 INT. KITCHEN/DINER - PAULA'S HOUSE - EVENING 4 - CONTINUOUS

52

A kettle boils as PAULA washes up.

GERRY JR (O.S.)
I'll get it... Grandad.

PAULA smiles and dries her hands as STANDING enters carrying
GERRY JR.

PAULA
Three times in one week, I am
honoured.
(kissing STANDING)
Cuppa tea?

STANDING
(lowering GERRY JR.)
Love one.

PAULA
Pyjamas on and ready for bed you.

GERRY JR
Yes Mum.

GERRY JR gazes up at STANDING but STANDING pretends to have
seen something interesting on the ceiling.

PAULA smiles, she knows what her Dad's up to.

STANDING
You heard your Mum, hop it.

GERRY JR's face drops, disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY JR

Okay Grandad.

He's about to leave when STANDING produces a chocolate bar.

STANDING

Better take this with you first
though.

GERRY JR's face lights up, he takes the bar and races out.

GERRY JR

Thanks Grandad.

STANDING smiles, these moments are what life's all about.

PAULA

And clean your teeth...

But it's too late, he's gone.

PAULA (CONT'D)

You spoil him you know.

STANDING smiles like a big kid as he takes a seat.

STANDING

Yeah I know...

CUT TO:

53 INT. PUB - LONDON - EVENING 4 - 19:08

53

PULLMAN and LANE sit at a small booth as MCANDREW arrives with a round of drinks and starts handing them out.

PULLMAN

I just can't help wondering where all
these girls childhoods have gone.

LANE

What do you mean?

PULLMAN

Alice, Fawn, Jess. They've been
treated as if they were commodities
since they were seven-years-old. Yes
it's great if they make it big, but
what if they don't, they'll have lost
their childhoods and for what?

LANE ponders PULLMAN's words as MCANDREW takes his seat.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

MCANDREW

What I want to know is, how did Fawn
Bramall know what Jess said to Alice
in that locker room?

On PULLMAN, processing the question.

CUT TO:

54 INT. KITCHEN/DINER - PAULA'S HOUSE - EVENING 4 - 19:12

54

PAULA, sat opposite, pours STANDING a brew.

PAULA

Come on then, out with it.

STANDING

What?

PAULA

Whatever it was you couldn't say last
time you were here and want to say
now.

STANDING, still reluctant.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Dad...

STANDING, she's not going to let him get away with it.

STANDING

I was just remembering, you know,
about when you were a kid and how much
you liked football and all that.

PAULA

Is that what all this is about? You
wanted to remind me that I used to
play football?

STANDING

No it's just... I was wondering, you
were so good at it but you gave it up
so easily.

PAULA

I grew up Dad, I discovered boys and
clothes and going out.

STANDING

And didn't I know about it.

PAULA

(smiling)

I was a bit of a handful wasn't I.

(CONTINUED)

STANDING

Handful? Not half.

STANDING smiles at the memory but it's tinged with melancholy.

PAULA

What's this really about?

STANDING, come on man, out with it.

STANDING

Do you have any regrets about giving it up?

PAULA

What, football?

STANDING

Yeah, should I have made you stick with it, you know, supported you more, helped you become a professional or something.

PAULA smiles, silly old fart.

PAULA

Do you know the thing I loved about you the most as a kid?

STANDING

My sparkling personality?

PAULA

You taught me to think for myself, to take responsibility for my own actions.

STANDING

I did that?

PAULA

You always asked me what I thought, you valued my opinion and trusted me to make my own decisions about my life. That means a lot to a kid.

STANDING's not convinced.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Look at it this way, if I hadn't given up football, I'd never have met Ben, meaning I'd never have had Gerry Jr... Which would you rather have been walking through that door with just now, a Women's FA Cup Winners Medal or your grandson?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

STANDING allows himself a small laugh.

PAULA (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

STANDING
I was just wondering how a kid of mine
became so damn smart.

PAULA smiles when suddenly STANDING's mobile rings. STANDING
fishes out his mobile and looks at the caller ID.

STANDING (MOBILE) (CONT'D)
Guv?

CUT TO:

55 INT. PUB - LONDON - EVENING 4 - CONTINUOUS

55

An urgent PULLMAN and LANE are already halfway out the door as
MCANDREW hurriedly downs his drink in one.

PULLMAN (MOBILE)
Fawn couldn't have overheard Jess
telling Alice about Hoyle's academy.
The only way she could have known is
if Alice told her after the match.

CUT TO:

56 INT. KITCHEN/DINER - PAULA'S HOUSE - EVENING 4 - CONTINUOUS

56

STANDING, listening to PULLMAN on his mobile.

STANDING (MOBILE)
(getting it instantly)
And Irina told us they didn't have any
contact with Alice after the match...
Alright, I'll meet you there.

He jumps to his feet, leans over and kisses PAULA on the head.

STANDING (CONT'D)
I'll be over next Sunday to take Gerry
Jr to football.

STANDING races out the door.

As the front door closes PAULA takes a sip of her tea and
thinks through the last few minutes of conversation, she
smiles to herself, what's he like?

CUT TO:

56A EXT. TENNIS TRAINING CENTRE - EVENING 4 - 19:50

56A

PULLMAN and STANDING's cars sweep through the grand entrance of the Training Centre into the car park.

In the distance, IRINA BRAMALL heads towards her car.

CUT TO:

57 INT. COURTS - TENNIS TRAINING CENTRE - EVENING 4 - 20:00

57

POP POP POP

Empty water bottles line the opposite touch line as FAWN practises her serve, knocking the bottles over one at a time like a crack marksmen shooting tin cans off a distant fence.

PULLMAN (O.S.)

Fawn.

FAWN turns to see PULLMAN, STANDING, LANE and MCANDREW, concern instantly clouds her face.

FAWN

Mum'll be back in a minute, she's just gone to get something from the car.

PULLMAN

It's you we'd like to speak to.

FAWN, nervous, searches the horizon for IRINA.

PULLMAN gives STANDING the nod, she wants him to take the lead.

STANDING

Fawn, we need to know if you saw Alice on the night she died?

FAWN, guilty as charged.

FAWN

I didn't kill her.

STANDING

(reassuring)

We know. We just need to know what happened.

FAWN, uncertain.

STANDING (CONT'D)

Fawn?

FAWN, scared but also desperately wanting to get this off her chest.

(CONTINUED)

FAWN

Alice was my only friend. After she lost the match, I knew there was something wrong, I tried her mobile but she never picked up.

PULLMAN

So you went over to her apartment.

FAWN

I faked illness and went to bed early. Then I waited until everyone in the house was in bed and snuck out.

STANDING

And you saw Alice?

FAWN

She was so worried about Jess joining the academy.

PULLMAN

Worried that Hoyle would abuse Jess like he had abused her?

FAWN

Alice'd had this schoolgirl crush on Nick since she first met him. So when Nick started paying her attention she was flattered, she even thought she was in love with him. But when it became...

(struggling to find the words)

Sexual, she realised it was wrong, what he was doing to her, but she didn't feel like she could do anything about it. She felt trapped, ashamed. I was the only person she ever told and she swore me to secrecy.

PULLMAN

But now Jess was involved things were different?

FAWN

Alice was determined Jess wouldn't pay the same price for success that she had.

STANDING

Was she going to confront Nick Hoyle that night?

FAWN, not sure whether to answer when...

(CONTINUED)

STANDING (CONT'D)

Fawn?

Suddenly...

IRINA (O.S.)

What are you doing?

FAWN almost jumps out of her skin as they all turn to see an angry IRINA marching towards them.

PULLMAN signals LANE and MCANDREW to intervene and they step towards IRINA to head her off.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Who gave you permission to speak to my daughter?

STANDING

(keeping cool/ignoring IRINA)

Fawn, did Alice plan to confront Nick Hoyle in her apartment that night?

FAWN, caught between a rock and a hard place.

IRINA

Fawn, say nothing, they've no right to question you.

LANE and MCANDREW stop IRINA in her tracks.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Get your hands off me.

FAWN is withdrawing into herself, STANDING's losing her.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Don't you dare say another word young lady.

STANDING

Fawn?

FAWN, desperate, caught between STANDING and IRINA.

FAWN

I don't know what to do, tell me what to do.

All STANDING sees is a young woman in trouble and he remembers Paula's words.

STANDING

(calm/fatherly)

Fawn look at me.

FAWN, confused but compliant.

(CONTINUED)

STANDING (CONT'D)

What do you think you should do?

FAWN, surprised, she's never been asked that before.

FAWN

Pardon?

STANDING

What do you think is the right thing
to do by Alice?

IRINA

Fawn, Fawn...

FAWN looks ready to burst.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Fawn...

FAWN

(loud/firm)

Will you shut up...

FAWN's sudden abruptness stuns everyone.

IRINA

Pardon?

FAWN

(determined)

You heard me. You told me not to say
anything but I won't keep quiet, not
anymore.

IRINA looks like she's been slapped across the face.

IRINA

I... I... I...

MCANDREW

You heard her, button it.

IRINA, shocked into silence as FAWN looks to STANDING for
approval, he allows himself a proud nod.

FAWN smiles, her new found confidence growing by the second.

FAWN

The truth... I was in Alice's
apartment when she was killed.

The team, shocked, all ears. IRINA, she knows what's coming.

(CONTINUED)

Fawn (CONT'D)

I was in the bathroom, Alice had some music on but I heard someone turn up at the front door. Her voice was muffled but I heard Alice arguing, and then go out onto the balcony.

STANDING

Was it Nick Hoyle?

FAWN

I don't know, I assumed it must be because of how angry Alice sounded.

(feeling guilty)

I wasn't supposed to be there so I stayed hidden in the bathroom. When I heard a scream I was so scared I didn't know what to do so I waited until I was sure the coast was clear.

STANDING

What did you do next?

FAWN

I went home as quickly as I could. I didn't know what had happened to Alice until the next day and then I told Mum everything, about Hoyle, Jess, everything.

All eyes fall on IRINA who looks more annoyed at being caught out than guilty.

STANDING

And she told you to keep quiet?

FAWN

She said any sort of scandal would taint my career, it would be a stain I'd never be able to lose. But I didn't care about any of that, it was Jess I was concerned for. Mum promised that if I kept quiet, she'd speak to Hoyle, make sure he didn't do to Jess what he did to Alice.

STANDING

And you believed her?

FAWN

No, but I didn't know anyone else, I didn't know who to trust, until...

FAWN, embarrassed, doesn't want to say "...until I met you".

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (5)

57

PULLMAN

I want you to think very carefully
Fawn. You said you heard someone
turning up at the front door. Did
Alice buzz them in from the foyer?

FAWN

No, I would have seen Alice do it, I'd
only just entered the bathroom when I
heard the door open. Whoever it was
must have had a key.

The team, all thinking the same thing.

CUT TO:

58-68 OMITTED

58-68

69 EXT. VICTORIA KEMP'S HOUSE - EVENING 4 - 21:00

69

JESS, tennis bag slung over her shoulder, leads the way as she
and VICTORIA head towards their front door...

PULLMAN (O.S.)

Victoria?

VICTORIA turns to see PULLMAN, STANDING, MCANDREW and LANE.

VICTORIA

Is everything okay?

VICTORIA takes in the solemn faces of the UCOS Team.

JESS, keys in hand, stops at the front door, glances back to
see the whole UCOS gang.

JESS

Mum what's going on?

PULLMAN

(to VICTORIA)

Fawn Bramall was hiding in Alice's
bathroom the night Alice was murdered.
She heard someone turn up, someone who
must have had a key.

VICTORIA, on the spot. In the background, police cars turn up,
their lights flashing.

JESS

Mum?

VICTORIA

(stressed/under pressure)

Go... Go in the house love will you.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

JESS

But if this -

VICTORIA

(snapping/hard)

I said go in the house Jess.

JESS

Okay okay, don't stress out.

JESS disappears into the house and VICTORIA turns back to stare at UCOS, her eyes and jaw set hard; it's a side of VICTORIA they haven't seen before.

CUT TO:

70 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - UCOS - NIGHT 4 - 22:02

70

PULLMAN and STANDING grill an ice cold VICTORIA while her SOLICITOR listens and takes notes.

PULLMAN

Alice wanted to warn you about accepting Nick Hoyle's offer of a free scholarship for Jess because she knew the type of man he was.

STANDING

Alice told you that Hoyle had been abusing her since she was fourteen. But you already knew that didn't you?

VICTORIA

What do you want to hear? That I knew Nick was having a relationship with Alice?

STANDING

Relationship? It was child abuse.

VICTORIA

We all have to make sacrifices to get what we want Mr Standing, Alice was no different.

CUT TO:

71 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM / INTERVIEW ROOM - UCOS - NIGHT 4 - CONTINUOUS

71

An incredulous LANE and MCANDREW watch events through the two way mirror.

MCANDREW

Can you believe this woman?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

VICTORIA

When David abandoned us I had to work two jobs just to put food on the table. When Alice found tennis I had to work even harder: lessons, uniforms, equipment, it never stopped.

CUT TO:

72 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - UCOS - NIGHT 4 - CONTINUOUS

72

VICTORIA, calculating, coolly rationalising her actions, devoid of any sense of guilt or remorse.

VICTORIA

But then there was a glimmer of hope, Alice turned out to be good at tennis, better than good, brilliant. They told me that with the right training Alice could become world class, she'd make enough money to drag all of us out of the sewer.

PULLMAN

So when you discovered Nick Hoyle was abusing her you turned a blind eye.

VICTORIA

Nick was the best junior tennis coach in the world, I'd could never afford his services and here he was turning Alice into a champion for free.

STANDING

Free's not a word I'd use.

PULLMAN

It's always been about the money with you hasn't it Victoria?

VICTORIA

When you've been as hard up as we have, little else matters.

PULLMAN

Is that why you started that rumour about Alice wanting to change agents?

VICTORIA, a glimmer of recognition, PULLMAN's got her number and then some.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

You knew how much Alice meant to Marshall, you knew he'd do anything to retain her even if it meant halving his commission.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

Marshall was a fool where Alice was concerned, he'd do anything for her.

PULLMAN

How did Alice react when she learned you already knew about Nick Hoyle?

VICTORIA

(bitter)

She went berserk. She blamed me for not protecting her when all I was doing was thinking of Alice's future, of all our futures.

PULLMAN and STANDING, this woman's a monster.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

That was always Alice's biggest failing, she could never see past the next point, the next game.

(almost outraged)

You know she even threatened to expose me and Nick. Me, after everything I'd sacrificed for her.

PULLMAN

So you killed her?

VICTORIA

(firm/definitive)

No... That was an accident.

We were so close to having it all, I couldn't... I wouldn't let Alice take that away from me, I'd earned it every bit as much as her.

She kept shouting, kept screaming about how I'd let her down.

We were on the balcony. She tried to hit me so I grabbed her. She kept pulling away and I couldn't keep hold. She slipped backwards, out of my arms and then just... just disappeared.

It was as if she vanished into thin air, I couldn't understand where she'd gone for a moment until... until I heard that terrible sound.

VICTORIA closes her eyes, haunted by the echo of her daughter's death, the terrifying sound of flesh and bone hitting concrete that will live with her forever.

(CONTINUED)

PULLMAN

And then you left? You didn't think to try and help her or call the police?

VICTORIA

You saw the photographs of Alice's body, what could I have done?

PULLMAN, she's never met a woman like her.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I had to think of the bigger picture. I mean, what would have happened to Jess if my part in Alice's death became known? Her future would have been ruined.

PULLMAN

And yet, after everything that happened, you still allowed Jess to join Nick Hoyle's academy?

VICTORIA looks confused, her eyes blank, soulless, like she's just been asked the most absurd question she's ever heard.

VICTORIA

Have you not listened to anything I've said? Nick's the best junior coach in the business, he's going to make Jess into a superstar.

PULLMAN, she has nothing but contempt for VICTORIA.

PULLMAN

Haven't you listened to a word we've said. It's over Victoria, Nick Hoyle's going to prison for a very long time.

PULLMAN, eyes fixed, leans across the desk, invading VICTORIA's personal space.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

And so are you.

ON VICTORIA

The wheels slowly turning.

An involuntary twitch of the eye, it's a chink in the armour, the first look of uncertainty, the reality of her situation finally starting to sink in.

Her world is about to come crashing down.

PULLMAN's beaten her and both women know it.

CUT TO:

73 **OMITTED**

73

74 **INT. CORRIDOR - UCOS - NIGHT 4 - 22:45**

74

PULLMAN, STANDING, LANE and MCANDREW, putting their coats on as they walk, heading for the exit.

LANE

Has she been charged?

PULLMAN

Yes. Manslaughter. She's going away.

It's a good result for the team but it's hard to feel happy about it.

STANDING

What about Jess?

MCANDREW

I've arranged for her Aunt to come in.

Suddenly...

FAWN (O.S.)

Jess.

Surprised, the team look to see FAWN, their eyes follow her as she makes a bee-line for the...

WAITING AREA

JESS, crying, being comforted by her AUNT, kindly looking, early forties, and a FEMALE PC.

JESS falls into FAWN's arms.

ON PULLMAN, STANDING, LANE AND MCANDREW

As FAWN comforts JESS she glances up and makes eye contact with STANDING. STANDING nods, proud of her, he knows it's going to be tough, but he knows those two are going to make it through together.

PULLMAN

(to STANDING)

I think your Paula's a lucky girl.

STANDING smiles, he needed that.

MCANDREW checks his watch.

MCANDREW

We can still catch last orders if we hurry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

MCANDREW (CONT'D)
(to PULLMAN)
Boss?

PULLMAN nods, looks at LANE.

LANE
I'm in.

PULLMAN
Gerry?

STANDING, undecided, the rest of the team are concerned.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
Did I mention it was my shout.

STANDING, instantly bucking up.

STANDING
Why didn't you say so, that changes
everything.

PULLMAN shares a wry smile with MCANDREW and LANE.

PULLMAN
Thought it might...

PULLMAN, STANDING, LANE and MCANDREW head out to the pub
chatting casually among themselves.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE