



**SILENT WITNESS 26**

**BLOCK 1  
EPISODE 1**

**THE PENITENT**

By Jim Keeble & Dudi Appleton

**Shooting Script  
Blue Revisions**

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**OPENING TITLES.**

1

**EXT. TOWER. CITY OF LONDON - DAY 1 - 10:45**

1

Looking up at the GLEAMING GLASS TOWERS of the City of London - the Walkie Talkie, the Gherkin, the Shard. This is what it looks like 50 storeys above the rest of us.

Through the wisps of cloud, we glimpse SOMETHING falling.

A RUSH of WIND as the BLACK SHAPE free-falls. It slowly starts to take the shape of a MAN.

NIKKI (V.O.)

A human body falls at 9.8 metres per second and accelerates at that rate...

The MAN is strangely still, not flailing or twisting, as if held or pulled simultaneously.

JUMP CUTS in different visual formats: CCTV of the falling MAN. MOBILE PHONE FOOTAGE. Still PHOTOGRAPHS.

NIKKI (V.O.)

In a stable, belly-to-earth position, terminal velocity is 53.6 metres per second.

The MAN is wearing a suit, the jacket ballooning behind him.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Clothing and wind resistance can affect acceleration. But any drag force is minimal with a fall over 100 metres. By the time it reaches terminal velocity, a 70kg body can generate a force of over seven tonnes.

We see the JACKET rip and shred.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Ultimately, it's the deceleration that proves fatal even if there is a limited impact. The aorta, the largest vessel taking blood from the heart, sheers away. The heart continues to beat, distributing blood into the body cavity. But only for a matter of seconds...

The MAN rushes past us.

2

**EXT. ATRIUM ROOF. TOWER. CITY OF LONDON - DAY 1 - 10:46**

2

A glass atrium over the building entrance, 20 feet above the street. A BODY face down on the glass. Canopy material wrapped around the torso.

NIKKI and JACK stand on the glass roof looking at it.

JACK

The canopy on the fifth floor broke the fall. So it's intact, thank Christ.

Another MAN, VELVY, 24 is there.

VELVY

Otherwise?

VELVY is delicate, meticulous, long hair under a beanie. He speaks with a slight accent.

NIKKI

Otherwise we'd be looking at a shadow, a vaporised cloud of blood and tissue.

VELVY crouches DOWN, checks the MAN'S vital signs.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(off JACK'S smile)  
New boy's thorough.

VELVY reaches into the MAN'S pocket, retrieves an ID.

VELVY

His name is Anthony Drinkwater. It says Senior VP, Vance Chellacot.

JACK

Vance Chellacot, it's an investment bank. Way up there.

JACK and VELVY looking up at the soaring tower.

NIKKI looking at the DEAD MAN. Rust-colouring on his jacket.

JACK (CONT'D)

Is that rust?

NIKKI looks at the MAN'S palms. The same rust.

NIKKI

I think he climbed onto something.

VELVY

You think he committed suicide?

NIKKI

I think he climbed onto something.

VELVY nods. NIKKI starting her examination of the BODY.

3 **INT/EXT. VANCE CHELLACOT OFFICES. TOWER/STREET - DAY 1 -11:00**

Hushed offices, EMPLOYEES in shock, comforting each other. CITY OF LONDON POLICE interviewing DRINKWATER'S CO-WORKERS.

JACK standing at the window looking down. The glass is sealed, no opening panes.

NIKKI (V.O.)

So he didn't fall out then?

NIKKI'S VOICE on JACK'S earpiece.

JACK

This place is a sealed tomb for wage zombies. 500,000 a year wage-zombies, but hey...

NIKKI (V.O.)

Nobody saw him fall?

JACK

Nobody saw a thing.

NIKKI (V.O.)

What have the cops found?

JACK looking at the desk, a sandwich with a bite out of it.

JACK

His sandwich on his desk. He got up to get a cup of coffee, never came back.

JACK at DRINKWATER'S desk and now DRINKWATER is sitting there, a napkin in his collar. He seems upbeat, he gets up and walks towards the coffee station.

ANTHONY DRINKWATER

Anyone else want a ristretto? I've not had my five a day yet.

Then he 'follows' DRINKWATER to the coffee station. A coffee cup on its side by the machine.

JACK  
Coffee stains?

NIKKI (V.O.)  
Seriously?

NIKKI looking at the MAN'S white shirt cuff, a coffee stain.

NIKKI  
On his cuff.

JACK looks towards the end of the coffee station. A door leads to the corridor. DRINKWATER walking away fast. He leaves behind a stain from the coffee spilled on his shoe. JACK follows him out through the door.

4 INT. CORRIDOR. TOWER - DAY 1 - 11:02

4

DRINKWATER walking fast. JACK follows him.

5 INT. STAIRCASE. TOWER - DAY 1 - 11:02

5

JACK follows DRINKWATER through the door to the staircase. Then he stops, holding the door open. There's a RED SCUFF on the base of the door. JACK thinking.

JACK  
He isn't wearing red shoes, is he?

NIKKI (V.O.)  
Red shoes? In the City? Black  
brogues.

As JACK lets go of the door, a OXBLOOD BOOT stops it closing. A MAN pushing through, fast, after DRINKWATER.

JACK  
I think he was being followed.

JACK watching as DRINKWATER gets to the landing, turning to look back down. DRINKWATER pulls over a CLEANING CART.

The DARK FIGURE heading up towards DRINKWATER.

6 EXT. ROOFTOP. TOWER - DAY 1 - 11:03

6

DRINKWATER bursts out onto... a rooftop, running desperately. 50 floors above the city. The WIND whistling.

JACK follows him out, stops, looking around him. He goes to the edge. A SHEER DROP - 50 floors to the road.

JACK

What side of the building are you?

NIKKI (V.O.)

West elevation.

JACK looks towards that side of the roof.

DRINKWATER running across the roof. Another door there but it's locked. He turns. The DARK FIGURE is standing there now.

DRINKWATER backing away from him towards the railings. A RUSTY LADDER leads to the parapet. DRINKWATER climbs it, looking over.

DRINKWATER standing on the parapet. The DARK FIGURE approaching. DRINKWATER reaches for the struts on the wall beyond to get to a window... but it's too far.

And he starts to fall, his back to the drop.

DRINKWATER falling from the top of the building. The DARK FIGURE looking over.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Well?

JACK

Well what?

Now the DARK FIGURE is replaced by JACK looking over.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Did he jump or was he pushed, Miss Marple?

JACK looking down 50 storeys to the ground.

JACK

Neither.

(pause)

Both.

**EXT. ATRIUM ROOF. TOWER. CITY OF LONDON - DAY 1 - 11:04**

7

The BODY on the atrium roof. VELVY scraping BLOOD from the surrounding glass. NIKKI watching him.

NIKKI

So this Velvy guy, Clarissa recommended him? How's he shaping up?

JACK (V.O.)  
He's eager to please. It's  
exhausting.

NIKKI  
(laughs)  
What's his story?

JACK

I don't know, he's a lab trainee.  
Does everyone have to have a story?

CRACKLE of police radios. As NIKKI looks down into the entrance, the CITY POLICE are packing up, leaving.

NIKKI

Where are they going?

The CITY POLICE are replaced by black jacketed investigators, some of them armed. NCA on the back of their jackets.

VELVY

NCA?

NIKKI

National Crime Agency.  
(looks at the body)  
Anthony Drinkwater must be somebody.

A car pulls up in front of the building. Out gets a well-dressed WOMAN, early 40s. She doesn't look out of place in the City of London. An NCA officer giving her an update.

NIKKI looking down at her through the glass.

8

INT. ATRIUM LOBBY. TOWER - DAY 1 - 11:06

8

As NIKKI arrives in the lobby, LAINE approaches her.

LAINE

Laine Cassidy, NCA.

NIKKI

Nikki Alexander. So you think this is going to be murder?

LAINE

I don't leave my corner office for murder. This is rather more serious than that.

Off NIKKI'S look into:

9

EXT. ROOFTOP. TOWER - DAY 1 - 11:15

9

LAINE with NIKKI and JACK on the rooftop.

LAIN

You reckon he was chased? My data team have patched into the building camera feeds. There are 542 cameras here...

JACK

And probably none of them where we want them.

NIKKI

Anthony Drinkwater? How did he come to the attention of the NCA?

LAINE

He didn't. We didn't know he was alive until he was dead. It was his boss we were looking into.

JACK

Financial crime?

LAINE

(looks out at the towers)  
There's a lot of it about. You don't think these manly edifices get built from honest sweat do you? Behind every great fortune there's a great crime.

JACK

So it ends with Mr Drinkwater?

LAINE

No. I think it begins with him.  
This is B's not M's.

JACK

(gets it)

Billions. Not millions.

LAINE pauses, listening in her earpiece.

LAINE

We've got a face.

10

INT. SECURITY AREA. TOWER - DAY 1 - 11:25

10

LAINE, NIKKI and JACK gathered around CCTV screens.

A GUY going through the security turnstile with a passcard.

LAINE

The pass belongs to a junior VP, he's currently in Dallas.

JACK

They cloned it?

NIKKI

You said you had a face?

LAINE

So I did.

LAINE clicks on the screen. CCTV: the GUY bursting through the emergency exit into the atrium, slowing to a walk.

JACK

He's keeping his head down. He seems to know where the cameras are.

LAINE

Well, he didn't know about that one.

LAINE points to the screen. A LOW ANGLE from the turnstile. LAINE enlarges the FACE. A MAN, 30s, sweat on his brow.

NIKKI

Who is he?

LAINE looking at the MAN a long moment.

LAINE

Not a clue. And neither does our Facial Recognition System.

Off the MAN'S FACE into:

11

INT. SUBURBAN TUBE STATION - DAY 1 - 12:00

11

The same MAN running, he passes a trash can, pulls off his jacket and shoves it in. He takes a cap out of his pocket, walks out of the station...

12

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY 1 - 12:01

12

We can see the TOWERS of the CITY in the distance. The MAN walks on down the street, past a row of parked cars.

He's stressed, he takes out an ASTHMA INHALER, takes a couple of long drags. We're expecting a cool assassin but he's not.

He rounds the corner, a modern cul-de-sac. He keeps looking up. He goes up to one of the houses, unlocks the front door.

13

INT. STEPHEN'S HOUSE - DAY 1 - 12:01

13

The MAN moving through the house. In the hallway, a PHOTO of the MAN and his WIFE with a 10 year-old BOY. Another photo of the WIFE and a GIRL, 8, in school uniform.

MAN  
NAOMI! SERENA!

He checks the kitchen but there's nobody there. He goes into the living room, then he stops. He turns back to the kitchen.

All the windows are locked. Except one, it's unlatched. A moment. He stands there. He looks out of the window, looking up to the sky.

Then he dials his phone. It goes to VOICEMAIL, a WOMAN'S VOICE. The MAN sounds desperate as he leaves a message.

STEPHEN  
Call me, okay?! Whatever you do,  
don't come home!

14

INT. MORTUARY. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1 - 12:05

14

ANTHONY DRINKWATER, lying face-down on the slab. Every inch of the body covered in strips of tape, like a feathered angel. VELVY applying the last piece of tape to the skin.

JACK  
Now the acetate.

VELVY peels back the tape one strip at a time, applying it to sheets of acetate.

VELVY  
What do you think we'll find?

JACK  
I don't know.

VELVY  
But you think he was being chased.  
In his own office? Why would he run?

JACK  
Again, I don't know. I suppose Drinkwater must have known the man meant him harm.

JACK, in scrubs and gloves, crosses to a table, where DRINKWATER'S clothing is now in evidence bags.

VELVY

How?

JACK

Jesus. How many questions?

VELVY

Sorry. Sometimes they just sound like questions. There's a lot I don't know, you see.

JACK

(looks at the body)

Maybe he knew him. Maybe that's why he ran.

VELVY

Are those questions?

JACK SMILES as VELVY removes the adhesive strips.

JACK

Why were you collecting all the blood spatters? We just need to photograph and sample, you were scraping it all up.

VELVY

Someone will want to bury him. Isn't it better that they bury all of him?

JACK

I guess. But if he'd...

(mimes an explosion)

... you'd have been there till Christmas.

(looks at MAN'S HANDS)

If he knew the guy, maybe they shook hands.

FLASH TO:

15

INT/EXT. VANCE CHELLACOT OFFICES. TOWER/STREET - DAY 1 - 15  
09:22

**FLASHBACK.**

DRINKWATER at the coffee machine. STEPHEN approaches. DRINKWATER looks over his shoulder, SMILES. STEPHEN puts out his hand. He hugs him. DRINKWATER'S SMILE fades.

16

INT. MORTUARY. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1 - 12:06

16

VELVY

Maybe?

JACK

Everything we do is maybe.

VELVY peeling the tape slowly from DRINKWATER'S PALM.

17

EXT. STEPHEN'S HOUSE - DAY 1 - 12:10

17

STEPHEN in his car, he exits the driveway fast, speeding away down the street. He checks the sky - is that a dot?

18

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY 1 - 12:11

18

STEPHEN driving fast. A Saint's Icon hangs from his driver's mirror. He presses redial on the phone but again gets his WIFE'S VOICEMAIL. He's sweating, he keeps checking his mirrors, is he being followed?

19

INT. MORTUARY\VIEWING GALLERY. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1 - 12:30

19

NIKKI with LAINE in the viewing area. JACK with VELVY in the mortuary. The BODY is now face-up, blood staining the skin. VELVY gently sponges the blood away in sections as JACK photographs the lacerations.

NIKKI

Drinkwater got to the top of the tower but he didn't start there...

LAINE

Really? Good skin, nice mani.

NIKKI

His legs are bowed. Could indicate early years vitamin D deficiency.

She shows LAINE X-RAYS, dental and skeletal.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

They're veneers, expensive ones. They're hiding previous decay. I think he grew up poor.

LAINE

You climb high to get away from something, don't you?

NIKKI

Are you speaking from experience?

LAINE

Nothing wrong with my teeth.

LAINE SMILES, she has perfect teeth.

JACK

Time to get this one open, Nikki.

NIKKI heads for the door, LAINE follows. NIKKI looks at her.

LAIN

I'm not squeamish.

NIKKI

It's your shoes I'm worried about.  
The chest cavity will be full of  
blood. Several litres of it.

20

INT. CHANGING ROOM. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1 - 12:40

20

JACK getting changed as VELVY comes in to wash his hands.

JACK

So you'd collect every drop of  
blood, would you? Some of the  
scenes we go to, muscle and tissue  
get bonded to metal, asphalt.

VELVY

Where I come from we bury that too.

As he takes off his surgical cap, JACK sees VELVY'S long hair. Longer hair curling down the side of his face.

JACK

Oh. Sorry.

VELVY

(looks at him)  
Why?

JACK

You're Jewish. It's about the  
sanctity of the body. It's a  
religious thing. I'm an idiot.

VELVY

I'm not sure about religious. Maybe  
it's just how I grew up.

JACK

Orthodox.

VELVY shows JACK a PHOTO on his phone.

VELVY

That was me.

VELVY with a beard, Shtreimel hat.

JACK

Who are they?

JACK points to a WOMAN holding a BABY, a TODDLER alongside.

VELVY

That's Rifka. That's Tirza. And the  
baby's Yosele.

JACK

But you're like, twenty?

VELVY

Twenty four. We get married young.  
And we don't get divorced. Not  
normally.

JACK sees VELVY'S pain.

JACK

Do you see them? Your kids?

VELVY

There's two worlds. And they don't  
mix.

VELVY puts his gloves in the bin, ties his hair back, exits.

21

EXT. FLOWER STALL/SHOP - DAY 1 - 14:00

21

STEPHEN walking away from his parked car, he's jittery,  
checking over his shoulder.

Trying not to draw attention to himself he speeds up, half-  
running now as he crosses the street.

A small plaza of suburban shops. In the middle of the open  
square is a flower shop. STEPHEN runs up, an OLDER WOMAN  
making up a bouquet at the counter.

STEPHEN

Where is she?

OLDER WOMAN

Not back from lunch yet.

He starts to walk away, really worried now.

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oi. I've got all these deliveries.  
I'm stuck till she gets back.

But STEPHEN'S gone.

22

**INT. VIEWING ROOM/SCIENCE ROOM. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1 - 14:02**

LAINE pacing the viewing room on her phone. JACK working at his desk. NIKKI comes up to him, her hand on his back, peering over his shoulder, intimate.

JACK

Vance Chellacot manages thirty billion in assets.

NIKKI

She did say it was bigger than murder.

(gestures to LAINE)

War wound?

JACK

The scar?

And we see it: a LONG SCAR follows LAINE'S hairline.

NIKKI

I think she probably fought a Sumatran Tiger with her bare hands.

JACK

You should see the state of the tiger.

NIKKI

(smiles)

She was counter-terrorism for five years then...

JACK

... seconded to the Treasury, special advisor on Financial Crime.

NIKKI

Which of us is more in love with her?

JACK LAUGHS. VELVY exits to join them, seeing their closeness. He pauses.

VELVY

Sorry. Did I interrupt. Were you kissing?

JACK

Beg your pardon?

VELVY

Sorry. I get things wrong.

He turns to go.

NIKKI

Did you need something, Velvy?

VELVY

It's just that.... Mr Hodgson was right. Seems like they shook hands.

23

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY 1 - 14:02

23

STEPHEN approaching his car. He stops at the corner. Beyond, on the other side, a single parked car. TWO FIGURES in it, engine running.

STEPHEN backs away, turns, and walks fast in the other direction.

24

INT. OFFICE. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1 - 14:05

24

A FACE on the screen. A 16 YEAR-OLD BOY.

JACK

This is the man Drinkwater shook hands with.

LAINE

No wonder the facial recognition didn't pick him up.

NIKKI

Handling stolen goods aged sixteen. What's he still doing on your system?

LAINE

Certain markers, specific circumstances.

JACK

Can you be any more vague?

LAINE

Sure.

She turns to go.

JACK

Who is he? Who's Stephen Ross?

25

EXT. STEPHEN'S HOUSE - DAY 1 - 14:30

25

ARMED NCA COPS approaching Stephen's house. A KID with a bicycle watching from next door.

They approach the front door but someone has been there before them. The jamb is SMASHED. They move into the house.

NCA COP  
Armed police! NCA executing legal  
warrant!

26 **INT. STEPHEN'S HOUSE - DAY 1 - 14:31**

26

The COPS move through the house, SOME peel upstairs.

LEAD COP looking around - drawers open, contents spilled on the floor. The ground floor is empty.

UPSTAIRS COP (O.S.)  
Clear above!

The picture on the wall of STEPHEN and his SON. LEAD COP takes it off the wall.

27 **INT. CORRIDOR. ST PETER THE MARTYR SCHOOL - DAY 1 - 14:50** 27

With STEPHEN ROSS running down a corridor. He pushes past a MAN coming the other way. Then, running after him, are a SECURITY GUARD and a SCHOOL SECRETARY.

On the walls, CHILDRENS' ARTWORK, PHONIC CHARTS. It's a primary school.

STEPHEN flings open doors as he goes. KID'S VOICES down the hall. SECURITY GUARD gets to him as STEPHEN reaches a door.

STEPHEN lashes out hard, punching the GUARD in the solar plexus, opening the door and into...

28 **INT. CLASSROOM. ST PETER THE MARTYR SCHOOL - DAY 1 - 14:51** 28

STEPHEN bursting into a CLASSROOM.

TEACHER  
Sir, what are you doing?

STEPHEN doesn't answer, he goes up to a BOY.

STEPHEN  
*Vieni con me!*  
(the BOY'S FACE)  
**VIENI!**

The BOY starts to gather his stuff from his table, STEPHEN grabs him, TEACHER SHOUTING, ALARMS RINGING.

29 **EXT. SCHOOLYARD. ST PETER THE MARTYR SCHOOL - DAY 1 - 14:52** 29

A P.E. CLASS in the schoolyard. STEPHEN pulling the BOY through KIDS playing netball and on...

STEPHEN running with the CRYING BOY towards the school gates.

NCA COP (O.S.)  
ARMED POLICE! DOWN ON THE GROUND!

STEPHEN stops. ON HIS FOREHEAD IS A RED DOT.

At the gates are ARMED NCA COPS, weapons pointed at him, the laser targets trained on him. Behind him, more NCA come out from the school - he's surrounded.

Slowly he puts the BOY down, gets down onto his knees and flat on his face. The BOY blinking, watching him.

Then the YOUNG BOY gets down on his knees and flat on his face beside his FATHER.

Beyond, sitting in her car watching, is LAINE.

A BEEP from her phone. A text from JACK.

**DID YOU GET HIM?**

LAINE doesn't reply, watching STEPHEN being cuffed.

30

**INT. JOSEPH'S OFFICE. RESEARCH FOUNDATION - DAY 2 - 16:58** 30

A wall of FRAMED QUALIFICATIONS and DEGREES. PROFESSOR JOSEPH ELLISON. JACK stands in a plush office, looking at them.

A MAN enters, talking.

JOSEPH

... I just don't get it, you guys come in with presumptions but you're singularly uninterested in the full data set...

JACK

Sorry?

JOSEPH

You've barely scratched the surface of secondary transfer DNA.

JACK

Let's start again, shall we? Jack Hodgson, Lyell Centre.

JOSEPH

Yeah, the cage-fighting forensic phenomenon.

JACK

And you, Professor...  
(nods at the degrees)  
... used to be a pathologist.

JOSEPH

I'm still a fucking pathologist.

JACK picks up a CORPORATE AWARD from a side-table.

JACK

You know what I mean. Hands-on. Not  
in some Pharma-funded research  
palace.

JOSEPH

You sent us samples for a  
speculative test...

JACK

Which you confirmed. Subject one  
shook hands with subject two.  
Thanks awfully.

JACK starts towards the door.

JOSEPH

But you missed everything else. We  
found eighteen separate sources of  
DNA on the materials you sent.

JACK

We're not interested in some random  
who sat on the same tube seat a  
month ago. Prosecutions fail in the  
real world when you rely on lab  
data.

JOSEPH

Data is the real world.  
(looks at him)  
And rigorous analysis knows how to  
discard the tangential.

JACK

You're not exactly public facing,  
are you?

Off JACK'S DESPAIR INTO:

A ROW of YOUNG FACES - STUDENTS listening to NIKKI lecture.

NIKKI

As a Clinical Pathologist you deal with the effects of disease on human tissue. As a Forensic Pathologist you deal with a person. The whole person. Their life and the fundamental change that led to the ending of it.

The BELL GOES. STUDENTS start to gather up their stuff.

NIKKI'S PHONE BEEPS. TEXT FROM JACK: **WHERE R U?**

NIKKI'S TEXT: **GIVING A LECTURE.**

JACK'S TEXT: **FUNNY, I'M GETTING ONE.**

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(smiles, looks up)

Next week, we'll be meeting some of those persons, intimately. So bring a sick bag - they don't give us the fresh ones to practice on.

LAUGHTER/GROANS from the STUDENTS. A FEMALE STUDENT, 20, CHLOE, comes over to talk to her.

CHLOE

Dr Alexander, we're going for a drink, it's two for one at the union.

NIKKI

(looks at her lanyard)

Chloe, right?

ANOTHER JACK TEXT: **PLEASE SAVE ME!**

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(to CHLOE)

Sure. I've nothing else to do.

JACK with JOSEPH who's at a screen, showing him data.

JOSEPH

When assessing the probability of error within a scenario incorporating multiple contact events where transfer may have occurred, I first determine the order of events within the pathway of interest...

(MORE)

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
(glances at JACK)  
Are you texting while I'm talking  
to you?

JACK  
No. That would be rude. Listen  
Professor, I can see you're serious  
about what you do. But I've no idea  
what you're trying to tell me.

JOSEPH  
(looks at him)  
I'm telling you we've found  
somebody else. And not a random.

Off JACK'S look into:

33

INT. BAR. STUDENT UNION - NIGHT 2 - 19:50

33

NIKKI at a table of STUDENTS in the busy student union bar.  
Empty glasses on the table.

STUDENT  
... It doesn't get you down? It's  
just a job, like any other?

NIKKI  
Yeah. Just a job. Like being a  
paediatrician is just a job. Or a  
social worker, or a priest. Just  
because the patient's dead doesn't  
mean you care less. What is this?

STUDENT  
It's called a Gunshot.

NIKKI  
(downs it, winces)  
Aptly named.

CHLOE  
Okay. You must get asked this all  
the time...

NIKKI  
Do they ever wake up? Does rigor  
mortis ever happen in interesting  
places? Do you really weigh 21  
grams less after death?

CHLOE  
(off STUDENTS' LAUGHTER)  
No.  
(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
How would you commit the perfect  
murder?  
(off NIKKI'S look)  
(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I mean, you must have thought about it. If anyone could get away with it, you could.

More LAUGHTER from the STUDENTS. NIKKI smiles.

NIKKI

It wouldn't be so hard.

(more laughter)

Not many people look beyond first causes and a PM is only triggered by unusual circumstances. So first I'd find out what ails you. And use that to kill you.

(picks up her glass)

Or I'd just give you a couple of these.

NIKKI toasts CHLOE, knocks it back. CHLOE watching her.

JACK (O.S.)

So this is where you're hiding?

NIKKI looks up. JACK is there, SMILING.

NIKKI

This is my friend Jack.

JACK

Ready to go?

NIKKI

(teasing, a little drunk)

You're not the boss of me.

JACK

God forbid.

(the purple shots)

Two for one, is it?

JACK takes a shot.

NIKKI

How was your lecture?

JACK

More interesting than I thought.

(off her look)

Laine's been holding out on us.

LAINIE enters the Lyell Centre, the click of her heels.

LAIN

I thought our beautiful time  
together had come to an end.

NIKKI

We felt used. You can't just come  
into our lives and dump us like day-  
old sashimi.

JACK

You never told us what you're  
actually investigating.

LAIN

I didn't, did I?

JACK

After a Secondary Transfer DNA test  
on Anthony Drinkwater we sent  
Stephen Ross's clothes for external  
testing.

LAIN

A fascinating subject for an email.  
Why am I here?

JACK

Because of who we found on Stephen  
Ross's clothes.

LAIN

Who did you find?

JACK

We don't know.

JACK pulls up a file: MATCH DETECTED: RESTRICTED ACCESS.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's D.V level.

LAIN

Great.

(turns to go)

Thanks.

NIKKI

You should be talking to us. If  
Drinkwater was connected to a  
restricted subject and this comes  
to court-

LAINE

It won't. D.V level never comes to court.

NIKKI

This stuff doesn't work when we're working blind. We're Home Office pathologists, we answer to the Home Secretary.

LAINE

I'm the NCA. I answer to the Prime Minister. Unless it's about the Prime Minister.

NIKKI

This restricted subject is either a threat or an asset. Either way we can help.

LAINE looking at them. A beat. She shows them a picture on her phone. A picture of a MAN, his NCA rank.

LAINE

He's an undercover operative.

NIKKI

And you wouldn't have told us that if you weren't worried about him.

LAINE

He's late reporting in.

JACK

How late?

LAINE

Late.

JACK

One man dead and an UC officer  
missing...

LAINE

Christopher. My officer's name is  
Christopher.

NIKKI

You think he's dead, don't you?  
What's the man you arrested saying?

LAINE

Nothing. He says he's just a  
driver. His wife and daughter are  
missing. Most likely they're being  
held to make sure he keeps saying  
nothing.

NIKKI

By who? Who's doing this?

LAINE

Do you know what the 'Ndrangheta  
is?

JACK

The what?

35

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY 3 - 10:30

35

JACK, NIKKI, VELVY walking with LAINE down a suburban street.

JACK

So the 'Ndrangheta, they're the  
Mafia?

LAINE

Call them that if you like, they  
don't. The 'Ndrangheta's origins  
are in peasant farms in the hills  
of Calabria but their annual  
turnover beats McDonalds and  
Deutsche Bank combined.

They reach a cordon, an NCA OFFICER hands LAINE a clipboard  
and pen to sign in. She doesn't break stride.

JACK

What, drugs?

LAINE

Sure, 80% of the cocaine into  
Europe.

(MORE)

**LAINE (CONT'D)**

They own 12 major European ports, plus the ports of Montreal and New York. But that's just seed money. They're in illegal waste dumping, arms trading, migrant trafficking. And they also run the camps the migrants end up in.

She hands back the clipboard over her shoulder.

LAINE (CONT'D)

They make money from governmental contracts, EU grants and World Bank infrastructure schemes, all unwittingly of course.

NIKKI

And they're here now?

LAINE

They've been here a long time. Growing among us.

JACK

Mafiosi running around London, garroting rivals and putting horse's heads in beds?

LAINE

No. They don't kill here, not normally, they don't want the attention. This is where they bank. They're at the top of all those towers.

An NCA colleague hands her LANYARDS which she distributes.

LAINE (CONT'D)

In Italy, Mafia smells of blood. In London, it smells of money.

(stops at a parked car)

It's Stephen Ross's vehicle. No one's touched it yet.

(beat)

Was Christopher in that car?

36

INT. STEPHEN ROSS'S CAR - DAY 3 - 11:30

36

CU: a FINGERPRINT comes into view. VELVY in a face-mask with brush and print-tape.

We see STEPHEN'S CAR - loads of fingerprints visible on the windows, doors etc. VELVY scans the print into his laptop. CHRISTOPHER'S PHOTO appears.

VELVY

Christopher was here.

LAINE

(looks at it)

He was in the car? Where? When? Do we know?

JACK  
Maybe the car does.

Off LAINE'S FACE into:

The DASHBOARD stripped away, the car CONTROL SCREEN exposed. JACK has a laptop plugged into it. On the dash - a FRIDGE MAGNET PHOTO of LUCA, 10 and SERENA, 8.

VELVY with another laptop. He's looking at routes plotted on a map all round London.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Is this guy an Uber driver? He's  
done twenty thousand miles this  
year, just inside the M25.

VELVY  
Maybe he delivered chickens?  
(off their looks)  
I know a guy who delivers chickens.  
He has a Yaris. What?

LAINE  
We think Stephen Ross is a bagman.  
Low level. He might not even know  
what he does.

JACK  
The SatNav data's only going to  
give us the locations he put into  
it.

LAINE  
He'd know not to input anything  
sensitive.

JACK  
But the metadata could show  
anywhere the car's been...

VELVY  
I don't think we're the only ones  
looking.

NIKKI  
What?

On the SCREEN, new CODE is showing alongside his CODE.

JACK  
Are your officers trying to access  
the car data?

LAINE  
No. That's what you're for.

VELVY

Then who?

LAINE

The 'Ndrangheta were hacking us long before we were onto them. They use techs out of the Baltics.

NIKKI

Can you shut them out, Velvy?

VELVY

Me? I'd never even seen the Internet eight months ago.

JACK

(taking over)

It's all right, Velvy.

JACK points to the map on the screen.

JACK (CONT'D)

These are all destinations in the last 30 days. Mean anything to you?

LAINE

(looking at the map)

I don't know.

JACK

What about that one?

(pointing)

You said the last time Christopher's phone checked in was at Southwark Tube. This is three streets away.

NIKKI

Where did Stephen drive to from there?

But the MAP is starting to pixelate.

JACK

Shit.

(typing fast)

Wow!

(lifts his hands)

They've taken control of my keyboard.

NEW CODE coming up on his screen. Quickly JACK takes out his phone, takes a PHOTO of his screen just as it too goes BLACK.

The TWO BLANK SCREENS. JACK looking at his phone.

LAINE

Show me.

JACK shows her his PHONE. A road in the middle of nowhere, the END-JOURNEY PIN is at an isolated stopping point.

37

**EXT/INT. ISOLATED ROAD/JACK'S CAR/VAN - DAY 3 - 13:30**

37

STEPHEN stares out impassively from the back of a windowless van. NCA COPS guarding him.

Three vehicles in convoy. JACK driving NIKKI and VELVY.

JACK

You don't drive at all?

VELVY

I've a friend.

NIKKI

The one with the Yaris and the chickens?

VELVY

(laughs)

I wouldn't go in his car. It really stinks. I have other friends now.

(looks out)

I've never been this far out of London. Where are we?

JACK

The road to nowhere.

38

**EXT/INT. RURAL LANE, FARM/JACK'S CAR - DAY 3 - 13:31**

38

Ahead, the other two cars have stopped. JACK pulls up behind. LAINE gets out, grabs STEPHEN from the middle car, OTHER COPS start to get out.

LAINE

Stay where you are.

She pushes STEPHEN out onto the lane. They're alone.

LAINE (CONT'D)

Is this it, Stephen? Is this where you took him?

(he turns to her)

Don't look at me. Look out there.

Is this the spot? Did you do it here, stick a bullet in his face?

(MORE)

LAINE (CONT'D)

Where's the body? You wouldn't have wanted to drag him far, that dead weight. I said don't look at me.

STEPHEN staring out, impassive. He's not taking the bait.

In the car, NIKKI watching LAINE.

VELVY

So this is where he drove to?  
There's nothing here.

JACK

If Christopher's buried here we're going to need dogs, sonar, an aerial survey.

NIKKI

(looking at the map)  
Stephen claims he's just a driver.  
Maybe there was a handover?

She gets out, approaching LAINE.

LAINE

I didn't have you down as a murderer. Maybe it wasn't you. You're not that important, are you? A bagman, right? Not a killer.

(hard)

What was Anthony pulling in, half a mill in his pocket? I've seen your bank account. Forty grand a year. My cleaner makes more than that. Or do you have a shoebox full of cash somewhere? Are you a killer Stephen?

STEPHEN remains silent. NIKKI is there.

NIKKI

There's some agricultural buildings through there. About four hundred metres.

LAINE looking at STEPHEN. His FACE.

LAINE

Come on then, Stephen. Let's go and see what's down on the farm.

39

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY 3 - 13:40**

39

A run-down farmhouse. Outbuildings beyond.

LAINE approaches NIKKI, JACK and VELVY.

LAINE

The house hasn't been lived in in ten years. Farm manager says it was rented for cash to some guys for storage. He hasn't seen them lately.

STEPHEN sits in the car, head bowed. LAINE unlocks the door.

40

**INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY 3 - 13:42**

40

The farmhouse. It's musty, untouched. A calendar from 2012. Filthy floor, a section scrubbed.

JACK

Jesus.

A scrape along the floor. It stops at a sofa. They pull the sofa away. Behind it are low doors. They open the doors, stone steps lead down to a flagstone space. A single chair, a leg bent. Gaffer tape on the chair arms.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll get the kit.

LAINE

I think we all know what happened in here.

Outside, STEPHEN is standing by the car, hands cuffed in front of him, he's smoking. NCA cops nearby. NIKKI watching him.

NIKKI

He certainly knows.

VELVY brings in the kit. NIKKI exits.

41

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY 3 - 13:43**

41

NIKKI walks up to STEPHEN, who's leaning against the car.

NIKKI

This policeman, Christopher... he has a young family too.

STEPHEN

I don't know about that. I'm just a driver. Understand?

NIKKI

No. I don't understand. Just tell them where he is. That's not informing, it's basic humanity.

STEPHEN

But he's not a human.

NIKKI

What?

STEPHEN

None of you are.

(off her look)

There's Ndrine - family. There's human beings, like me. Everybody else - is just pigs.

Off NIKKI staring at him into:

42

EXT. FARM BUILDINGS - DAY 3 - 13:50

42

NIKKI with LAINE walking fast across the concrete farmyard.

NIKKI

You know about this stuff?

LAINE

It's urban myth, movie stuff.

NIKKI

Then where are you going?

LAINE

Gangsters watch movies too.

At the far end of the yard is a large pen covered at one end. Inside the yard are HUGE PIGS.

LAINE and NIKKI staring at the PIGS.

LAINE (CONT'D)

Could Christopher be in there?

NIKKI

You mean in them?

The PIGS rooting around, eating in the mud.

43

**EXT. FARM BUILDINGS - DAY 3 - 14:30**

43

NIKKI getting suited up. A FARMER talking to NCA COPS beyond. JACK approaches NIKKI.

JACK

Is this for real?

NIKKI

I don't know. Farmer says three of the herd were slaughtered this morning. They've not been butchered yet.

JACK

So you're going to...  
(she doesn't answer)  
What do I do?

NIKKI

You know how this stuff works.  
Basic biology. If it goes in one end...

JACK looks over at the PIG PEN. The piles of PIG SHIT.

JACK

Shit.

NIKKI

They're preparing a clean room at the butchery shed.

JACK

Three pigs. You're going to need help. Hands on.  
(mischievous smile)  
I think I know just the guy.

44

**EXT. FARM BUILDINGS - DAY 3 - 15:30**

44

JOSEPH ELLISON gets out of his Tesla, pristine in his suit, overshoes. NIKKI waiting for him.

JOSEPH

Dr Alexander?  
(off her smile)  
What am I doing here?

NIKKI

We need another pair of hands, Jack says you're still on the Home Office register...

JOSEPH

So what? This is a crime scene?  
There's a body here?

NIKKI

Three actually.

JOSEPH looking at her. JACK behind them in the background, barely suppressing a SMILE.

45

INT. SHED - DAY 3 - 15:31

45

THREE HUGE PIGS hanging from the ceiling. JOSEPH staring.

JOSEPH

Pigs?

NIKKI goes up to the FIRST PIG. She opens its mouth, a ROW OF HUGE YELLOW TEETH.

NIKKI

Could that eat a human? Bones and all?

JOSEPH

Oh, Christ.

NIKKI

Some powerful muscles on that jaw.  
Pass me the forceps?

JOSEPH

The what? Oh...

He hands them to her. NIKKI poking in the teeth.

NIKKI

We did ask for a forensic vet but-

JOSEPH

I'm sorry, there's some  
misunderstanding here, I'm a data  
specialist, I'm really not...

NIKKI'S FACE - she realises JACK has set her up.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

(looking)

What is that?

NIKKI

The buccal sulcus, or whatever that  
is in swine speak.

JOSEPH  
Food packing?

NIKKI

Hang on.

NIKKI looking between the teeth. She pulls out a bung of trapped food. JOSEPH staring at it in disgust. Then...

JOSEPH

What has it been eating?

46

INT. PIG YARD - DAY 3 - 15:35

46

A big pile of PIG SHIT. VELVY suited and gloved, crouched down, sifting through SHIT.

JACK

Are you all right with this?

VELVY

Picking up shit?

JACK

I mean, you know, pigs and all?

VELVY

Are you going to ask me to eat it?

JACK

Well, no, but... it's unclean isn't it?

VELVY

I recover human body parts, I'm not allowed to eat them either.

JACK

So this is the dream?

VELVY

My parents have been told to consider me dead.

JACK

Oh. I'm sorry...

VELVY

Thing is, I've never felt more alive.

JACK

Shovelling shit in Hertfordshire?

VELVY

(smiles)

God likes to laugh too, you know.

JACK

So you still believe in God?  
(catches himself)  
Another question. You've got me  
doing it now.

VELVY

I'm not sure what I believe.  
(earnest)  
I'm just... I don't know. Like they  
say on Strictly, I guess I'm on my  
journey.

JACK smiles. VELVY smiles too.

47

**INT. SHED - DAY 3 - 15:50**

47

A HUGE PIG on its side on a tarp on the floor. NIKKI has a large knife. JOSEPH looks on, queasy, his phone in his hand.

NIKKI

Now what?

JOSEPH

Okay. It says here you want about a three-inch depth. To penetrate the stomach lining. Jesus...

We watch over the hog's back as NIKKI CUTS into the stomach. A HORRIBLE SQUELCH of the pig opening, and a SLOSH of LIQUID CONTENTS spreading across the tarpaulin towards JOSEPH and over his Wellington boots.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Oh dear God!

A BAKED BEAN TIN with teeth marks in it. Even NIKKI is retching from the smell.

NIKKI

Is there anything there?

A nauseous JOSEPH sifting through the contents with his rubber gloves. He GAGS but carries on. A moment. He holds something up.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What is it?

JOSEPH

A bicuspid by the looks of things.  
Too small to be a molar.

NIKKI

I mean is it human?

JOSEPH

Christ, yes.

The HUMAN TOOTH between JOSEPH'S FINGERS.

48

**EXT. FARM BUILDINGS - DAY 3 - 16:40**

48

JOSEPH and NIKKI exit carrying white plastic tubs.

Beyond, VELVY and JACK are with LAINE loading evidence bags into the car. Seeing NIKKI and JOSEPH, they turn.

LAINE looks at NIKKI, NIKKI NODS grimly. LAINE'S anger - she looks at STEPHEN like she might rip him to pieces.

VELVY looks up. A distant dot. A LOW HUM. JOSEPH sees it too.

JOSEPH

Is that one of yours?

LAINE and NIKKI look up. A DRONE high above them.

LAINE

Shit.

She goes to the other car, grabs STEPHEN, pushes him out into the courtyard.

LAINE (CONT'D)

You know who that is, right?

They've been watching, it's what they do.

(STEPHEN breathing fast)

They know now that you brought us here.

STEPHEN

I didn't bring you anywhere.

LAINE

Not how it looks though, is it?

STEPHEN looking up, the DRONE above. He kneels down in the courtyard.

STEPHEN

They've got my wife, my daughter.

LAINE

Are you crying? Two men are dead in two days. All down to you.

STEPHEN

I didn't kill anyone. I'm the one  
who's dead.

LAINE

Look at me now Stephen.  
(he looks up)  
Do you know who I am?

STEPHEN looking at her. The DRONE high above.

LAINE (CONT'D)

I own you. I'm the only one who can  
help you. You're going to talk to  
me.

49

INT. MORTUARY/VIEWING GALLERY. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3 - 17:50

NIKKI and JOSEPH suited-up in the mortuary, NIKKI at the slab, JOSEPH staring at his screens. LAINE watches from the viewing area.

The HUMAN REMAINS from the pig on the table on a white plastic sheet. A PIECE OF FEMUR with flesh attached. Some SKULL FRAGMENTS, other SMALL parts of BONE and TEETH. A jean rivet, a belt buckle, some buttons.

NIKKI

Approximately three-quarters of the remains appear to have been digested. We're left with mainly fragments from the larger bones, femur, skull...

JOSEPH

50 hours for the average swine to complete digestion, apparently.

LAINE

We got there just in time.

A CAMERA above feeds images directly into JOSEPH'S LAPTOP. Software reconstructs Christopher's body from the remains.

NIKKI

You didn't need him there. Stephen Ross. You knew they'd be watching, you wanted them to see him with you.

LAINE

There are two worlds, them and us. He needs to know he can never go back to them.

NIKKI

What about his wife and daughter?

LAINE

Most likely you'll see them next.  
On one of these shiny tables.

(off NIKKI'S look)

Let me know what the three little  
pigs cough up.

LAINE exits. NIKKI turns back to the remains on the slab.

NIKKI

There's a remnant of what appears  
to be human intestine intact, it  
was caught within the duodenum of  
the second animal.

She places the intestine on an open petri dish on the table.  
JOSEPH keeping focussed on his screen.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

When was the last time you...

JOSEPH

Wielded a skull-saw in anger? A  
couple of years? Twice that?

NIKKI

Macroscopically, there are  
irregularly lacerated edges on  
intestinal tissue together with  
areas of crushing and tearing at  
the margins consistent in  
appearance with damage from the  
teeth of a pig. Turning to the  
histology of the prepared sample...

NIKKI goes over to a microscope: a section of tissue.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Microscopically, there are a large  
number of inflammatory cells around  
the edges, more than just a few  
cells migrating there post mortem.  
A significant vital reaction.

JOSEPH

You're saying that he was alive,  
are you? Eaten alive?

NIKKI

I'm saying with a degree of confidence that living tissue was subjected to the teeth of the pig. If you came out from behind your screens once in a while...

JOSEPH

Ah... confidence. Sadly the correlation between confident intuition and measurable accuracy is extraordinarily low. Confidence is bias.

(looks at her)

Attending crime scenes, speaking to investigating officers, all of that potentially affects your data. And your judgment. '*The policeman was fed to the pigs and eaten alive*'.

NIKKI

That's what happened.

JOSEPH

No it isn't. You found human remains in a pig. The other stuff is just stories you tell to spur yourself on.

NIKKI

Which means?

JOSEPH

You can miss the real story that the data is telling you. The truth.

(NIKKI SMILES)

You know they're advertising for a boss for this place? Everyone in the game is asking why you don't want it?

NIKKI

What game is that?

A moment. Then JOSEPH notices something.

JOSEPH

There's a metallic element within that section of intestine.

NIKKI looks closer at the intestine. She takes it to a clean board on a side table. She slices into it and extracts... a small plastic and metal square.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
What is it?

She cleans it off, revealing a MICRO SD CARD.

JOSEPH takes it from her, looks at it.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
It's pretty degraded.

NIKKI  
So would you be if you'd been  
halfway down Peppa's back passage.

JOSEPH sprays conductant on it, puts it in a card-reader.

JOSEPH  
The whole thing's corrupted. I can  
try and rebuild the files. Do you  
think it's important?

NIKKI  
A dying man swallowed it. What do  
you think?

50

INT. SCIENCE ROOM. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3 - 18:30

50

NIKKI enters the science room. JACK looks up.

JACK  
You come to help? I've got 35 bags  
of piggy-poo to pick through.

NIKKI  
Have you seen Laine? I need to get  
her the SD card.

JACK  
She not answering her phone?  
(off her look)  
She was going to see Christopher's  
widow. She wanted to be the one to  
tell her.

NIKKI  
No body to identify, only scraps to  
bury.

JACK  
Velvy says it's all sacred.

NIKKI  
I thought you said he was a weirdo?

JACK

He is a weirdo. I mean, he wants to work here.

(off her nod)

I'm done with pig-shit for one day. You coming?

NIKKI

I'm going to stay for a bit, see if the Prof can salvage the data.

(off his nod)

Maybe I'll come round later. Wait up for me?

JACK KISSES her, exits.

51

INT. OFFICE. LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 3 - 23:00

51

A darkened Lyell Centre. Just three bright screens: FILE RESTORE PROGRAMS running again and again, percentage bars filling up. CORRUPTION DETECTED - RESCANNING.

NIKKI sitting there in the dark just staring at the screens.

A moment. A BUZZ from the LYELL entrance door.

52

INT. RECEPTION. LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 3 - 23:01

52

NIKKI opens the doors. CHLOE is there.

CHLOE

I was just coming back from the bar, saw a light.

NIKKI

Yeah, working late. Not a great advertisement for the career path, am I?

CHLOE

(shaky on her feet)

Ooops.

NIKKI  
Good night at the Union?  
(a note in CHLOE'S hand)  
Is that for me?

CHLOE looks at the envelope: DR ALEXANDER.

CHLOE  
It was stuck into your door.

NIKKI opens the note, printed text. NIKKI reading.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
You okay? You shouldn't work so  
hard. Where's that nice Irish guy?

NIKKI  
You need to go now, Chloe. Right  
now. Go straight home.

Off CHLOE'S confused face into:

53 INT. CORRIDOR. LYELL CENTRE - EARLY MORNING 4 - 04:59 53

JACK walking down the corridor, concerned. The office looks dark, empty.

54 INT. OFFICE. LYELL CENTRE - EARLY MORNING 4 - 05:00 54

It's 5am. JACK enters. NIKKI sitting in front of the screens, almost in a trance.

JACK  
I figured you pulled an all-nighter. You could at least have answered your phone.

NIKKI blinks, looks at her phone. 4 missed calls from Jack.

NIKKI  
Sorry. It must have been on silent.

JACK  
I tried the landline here, but it's down.  
(takes her hand)  
You okay?

Then he looks up. On the screens the SD FILES have been restored. He clicks on them.

Each of them is a spreadsheet of numbers and letters.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What does it mean?

NIKKI  
It doesn't mean anything to me. But  
it means something to them.

NIKKI hands the note in an evidence bag. JACK looks at it.

JACK  
'Delete the files. Destroy the  
card. No police.'

NIKKI  
I didn't tell anyone.

JACK  
Joseph?

NIKKI  
They don't need Joseph. I think  
they're in our system.

JACK looks around. NIKKI has unplugged all the ethernet  
cables. The phone lines too. JACK sits down.

JACK  
What are you going to do?

NIKKI  
What do you think I'm going to do?

A moment. JACK looking at her.

JACK  
You don't have to.

NIKKI  
So what, destroy it, like they  
said?

JACK  
Of course not. Let me think...

NIKKI  
I've been doing that. All night.

JACK  
You're not alone in this.  
(off her look)  
Okay. We're compromised, you said  
so, they're in our system. Pass it  
on to another lab.

NIKKI

Put someone else in our shoes? And anyway, what makes you think that gets me out of it?

JACK

(goes up to the screen)  
It's just numbers. Gobbledeegook.  
It doesn't mean anything.  
(off her silence)  
You've seen what they do. We both have.

NIKKI

This isn't you talking.

JACK

What do you mean?

NIKKI

You wouldn't say that to anyone else.

JACK

You aren't anyone else.

NIKKI gets up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

NIKKI

I need some air.  
(he picks up his coat)  
No, Jack.

55

EXT. STREETS/LYELL CENTRE - MORNING 4 - 07:30

55

NIKKI exits the Lyell, walking out onto a central London street, lost in thought.

She walks on, past a COUPLE of GUYS in a car.

As she steps off the curb to cross the road...

A WHITE VAN comes out of nowhere, she recoils instinctively, falling back as it misses her by inches, accelerating away.

NIKKI on the pavement, a couple of PASSERSBY come to her aid. She looks up, and CHLOE is there, helping her.

CHLOE

Nikki, are you all right?

NIKKI

He just came out of nowhere.

CHLOE

(helping her)

Come here, sit down...

NIKKI

No, I'm fine.

CHLOE

You were this time.

(off NIKKI'S look)

They don't miss. It was a warning.

Next time...

NIKKI

Chloe...

CHLOE

Give them what they want.

NIKKI

(looks at CHLOE'S lanyard)

Who are you?

NIKKI staring at her. CHLOE starts to back away.

CHLOE

They'll know how to hurt you.

Believe me.

NIKKI

Wait...

CHLOE

If you tell the police about me,  
they'll kill me too. It's just  
business to them.

CHLOE goes back out to the road. A car parked, a FIGURE standing by it. CHLOE gets in the car and is gone before NIKKI can clock the plate.

CUT TO: NIKKI on the phone.

NIKKI

This is Dr Alexander from the Lyell  
Centre. I'm just looking for the  
details for one of our students.  
Chloe Mayhew.

(beat, listens)

What about the Graduate List?

(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
She's got a University pass.  
Forensic Histopathology. Chloe  
Mayhew.

On NIKKI'S FACE as she listens. It's clear there's no CHLOE MAYHEW at the university.

56

**EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - DAY 4 - 08:30**

56

NIKKI standing on Southwark Bridge. The surging Thames below. Her fist clenched. She opens her fist, revealing the SD CARD. She holds the CARD between her fingers, looking down at the river. A moment.

Then she places the CARD on the stone parapet and walks away. HOLD ON the SD CARD. A beat.

NIKKI comes back into shot and pockets the SD CARD.

57

**INT. RECEPTION. NCA HEADQUARTERS - DAY 4 - 09:00**

57

NIKKI sitting in a reception area. NATIONAL CRIME AGENCY logo behind the desk. A DETECTIVE comes out to see her.

NCA DETECTIVE

I'm sorry Dr Alexander, the S.I's in a meeting. Can I help you?

NIKKI

(hands her the SD CARD)  
This needs to be entered into evidence. We found it in the course of the post-mortem.

NCA DETECTIVE

And you hand delivered it?

NIKKI

I also received this.

She passes the COP the TYPED NOTE. The COP looking at it, then looks back at NIKKI.

58

**EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - DAY 4 - 09:30**

58

NIKKI walking back across Southwark Bridge.

LAIN (V.O.)

NIKKI!

LAIN is there. NIKKI stops.

LAIN

You're very brave.

NIKKI

Do you know what's on it? The SD card?

LAINE

Chris was getting close. He thought he'd uncovered a major 'Ndrangheta asset in the City, someone right at the top, hiding in plain sight.

NIKKI

At the banks?

LAINE

What do you think pays for all this? These shining towers?

NIKKI

I don't care about their asset, I don't care about the money. I want to find Stephen Ross's wife and daughter.

LAINE

You're making yourself a target.

NIKKI

Do you believe that? They'd hurt me? People close to me?

LAINE

We'll give you protection.

NIKKI

Will it help?  
(off her SILENCE)  
Just find them, okay?

NIKKI turns and walks away.

59

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 4 - 14:00

59

A convoy of three UNMARKED VANS driving along an isolated country road.

In the back of the MIDDLE VAN is STEPHEN and his SON LUCA.

LUCA is staring out of the window, pale, anxious. He scratches the eczema on his arm.

STEPHEN takes his hand a moment. Then he lets it go. And LUCA returns to scratching.

60

**EXT. GATES. ISOLATED HOUSE - DAY 4 - 14:02**

60

TWO ARMED PLAIN-CLOTHES COPS wave the CONVOY through the gates of an isolated house. The VANS pull up.

60A

**EXT. ISOLATED HOUSE - DAY 4**

60A

STEPHEN and LUCA get out, the BOY walking slowly towards the house. LAINE standing in the doorway.

LAINE

You've made the right decision,  
Stephen.

STEPHEN looking at LAINE. She crouches down to greet LUCA. But STEPHEN ushers him past her inside.

61

**INT. SCIENCE ROOM/OFFICE. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 4 - 15:00**

61

NIKKI enters the science room. JACK studying something at his bench.

NIKKI

Show me.

JACK

It's the skin you found in the teeth of Pig One...

NIKKI looking through the magnifier: a small SCRAP OF SKIN.

JACK (CONT'D)

That discolouration, I think it's from a tattoo. It's raised, still inflamed...

NIKKI

So it could be recent?

JACK

I got the FLO to ask Christopher's wife if he had any new tattoos. She said not for ten years.

NIKKI

You think he had it done while he was undercover?

JACK

If we can trace where he got it, maybe we can trace the crew he was with. If they also took Stephen's wife and daughter, then maybe we could find them.

NIKKI crosses to her office area, looking at her screen.

NIKKI

Christopher's tissue analysis shows significant levels of iron oxide and mercury sulphide.

JACK

Tattoo ink?

NIKKI

Also carbon, phosphate and calcium.

JACK

Unusual. What's that about?

NIKKI

(thinking)

Tattoo artists sometimes mix ashes into ink.

JACK

What? Cremated remains?

NIKKI

Yeah. Memorial to the dearly departed.

JACK

I'd like you to remember me in other ways, if that's all right?

NIKKI

I imagine it's something of a niche market.

(starts Googling)

Can you get any trace of the design?

JACK takes the piece of skin, places it under an Infra-Red camera connected to a screen. NIKKI searches tattooists.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

There are only a few places in London that do the ash tattoos.

Starting to materialise on JACK'S screen is the edge of a red square and a Japanese character.

JACK

I've been thinking. What if we weren't able to repair the files on that SD Card. I could say it was unusable...

NIKKI'S SILENCE. JACK realises she's handed over the SD Card.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Nikki.

NIKKI  
I had to. You know that.  
(off his look)  
You wouldn't even have suggested it  
if we weren't together.

JACK  
I care about you.

NIKKI  
And I care about you. That puts you  
in danger too.

JACK  
I'm your weakness?

NIKKI  
Of course you are. Loving someone  
makes you vulnerable. That's how it  
should be.

A moment. SILENCE between them.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
The girl who found the note.

JACK  
You said she was a student.

NIKKI  
She isn't. She's with them.  
(off his look)  
Not by choice.

JACK  
Have you told Laine about her?

NIKKI  
She said if I did...

JACK  
They'd kill her too.

NIKKI  
That's what they do, right?

JACK looks back at the laptop screen. NIKKI points.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
That one?

On the screen, the TATTOOIST'S WEBSITE. The logo is a red square seal.

JACK

It's the tattooist's tag.

62

EXT. TATTOO SHOP - DAY 4 - 17:10

62

The same RED SEAL on the window of a tattoo shop. Pull focus to JACK inside.

63

INT. TATTOO SHOP - DAY 4 - 17:11

63

A PHOTO of CHRISTOPHER on Jack's phone.

JACK

You remember him?

The TATTOOIST, SOJI shrugs.

SOJI

I don't focus on faces. What makes you think he came here?

JACK

You do memorial tattoos. Ash mixed with the ink.

SOJI

(looks across the room)  
They'd been drinking. I don't like it when they're drunk.

JACK

They?

This time when JACK looks to the corner, CHRISTOPHER is there with FOUR OTHER GUYS. They're DRUNK.

SOJI

About six of them. They were egging this guy on... Chris, right? They said it was a tradition where they come from...

JUMP CUTS: a PLAYING CARD, an image of ST MICHAEL, being set alight.

- Now the burning card is on CHRISTOPHER'S palm. The GUYS CHEERING as he tries to hold his hand steady.

JACK

The ashes were from the card? A  
Saints' card?

SOJI

I just wanted them out of here.

CUT TO: SOJI doing the tattoo on CHRISTOPHER. The sword of St Michael. The OTHERS drinking and LAUGHING. BACK TO:

JACK looking through the appointment list on SOJI's terminal.

SOJI (CONT'D)

You won't find them there. It was a  
walk-in.

JACK

Had they been in before?

SOJI

I see them. They're always around.

JACK

Around where?

SOJI

(gestures)

The flats. I think they live back  
there.

CHRISTOPHER, with cling-film over his arm, and the FOUR GUYS head out the back door.

JACK watching them.

64

EXT. STREET - DAY 4 - 17:20

64

JACK opposite the tattoo shop on the phone. An alleyway beside the shop leads down to flats.

LAINE (V.O.)

It sounds like an initiation  
ritual. St Michael the Archangel is  
sort of the 'Ndrangheta's thing.

JACK

They could still be there. He says  
he saw women go in a few days ago.

SOJI shivering up for the night, walking away.

65

INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - DAY 4 - 17:20

65

LAINE in the safe house. LUCA on his bed playing Nintendo. On his bedside table is a photo of his MOTHER, NAOMI.

LAIN

Don't do anything. I'm on my way.

JACK (V.O.)

Where are you?

LAIN

This is good, Jack.

66

EXT/INT. COURTYARD/JACK'S CAR - DAY 4 - 18:20

66

JACK in his car watching the alleyway, on the phone to NIKKI.

JACK

It's been an hour. Where the hell  
is she?

NIKKI (V.O.)

Have you seen anyone? Has anyone  
come out?

JACK

No.

(thinking)

Unless there's a back entrance?  
Jesus, how long does it take?

JACK looking at his watch. He gets out of the car.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Leave it, Jack. Laine will let you  
know what she finds.

JACK

Sure. I'll call you back.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Jack...

JACK hangs up. He goes down the alleyway to the flats to a  
dingy courtyard.

He looks back. There's no one around.

JACK steps deeper into the courtyard. An industrial bin,  
SCORCH MARKS around the edges. He takes photos.

JACK peering into the bin. He puts on his gloves. BURNED  
CLOTHING. He lifts something out: it's a WOMAN'S DRESS.

A SUDDEN NOISE. JACK turns, SOMEONE grabs him. Suddenly he's  
on the ground. His SHOCK.

It's LAIN. She's furious.

LAINE

What did I tell you?

JACK

You told me you were on your way.

Then she sees the DRESS in his hand. Her FACE.

LAINE

Which flat?

JACK nods at the flat. LAINE approaches it.

JACK

Where's your backup?

LAINE

There's an armed unit on its way.

JACK

On its way?

(looks at her

You don't trust them, do you? Your  
own guys?

LAINE

I don't trust anyone. We put our  
people in their family, I'd be  
stupid not to think they're doing  
the same.

LAINE looking at the flat, dark inside.

LAINE (CONT'D)

Section 17 Police and Criminal  
Evidence Act.

JACK

What does it say?

LAINE

It says I can do this.

LAINE puts her elbow through the pane of glass and opens the front door from inside.

A moment. JACK follows her in.

A bare staircase leads up. Graffiti, trash. It stinks. JACK follows LAINE.

JACK

You think they still could be here?  
Stephen's family?

LAINE

Imminent threat to life. That's  
Section 17.

They head on up towards the flat door. They can HEAR  
SOMETHING inside, like SCRATCHING. They look at each other.

68

INT. OFFICE. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 4 - 18:25

68

NIKKI trying to call JACK on her mobile, anxious. But it goes  
to VOICEMAIL. Suddenly her PHONE RINGS, she picks up.

NIKKI

Jack!

CHLOE (V.O.)

Why didn't you stop him?

NIKKI

Who is this? Chloe?

CHLOE (V.O.)

I told you what they do. We're all  
going to pay the price.

(SOBBING)

Why didn't you listen to me?

NIKKI

What are you talking about?

CHLOE (V.O.)

They told you. Destroy the card.  
You wouldn't listen. Now they'll  
come for the ones you love.

NIKKI (V.O.)

No. Chloe...

But CHLOE doesn't have the phone anymore, we HEAR a MAN'S  
VOICE in the background, CHLOE SOBBING. The PHONE goes dead.

NIKKI

Jack.

69

INT. NIKKI'S CAR - DAY 4 - 18:45

69

NIKKI driving fast. She's calling JACK, calling LAINE but  
there's no response. Her desperation.

70

**EXT. TATTOO SHOP - DAY 4 - 18:46**

70

As NIKKI pulls up outside the tattoo parlour. She hurries into the alleyway. SILENCE.

Then a HORRIBLE DULL THUD from the flat above her.

NIKKI

Oh Jesus...

71

**INT. STAIRCASE. BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY 4 - 18:47**

71

NIKKI running up the stairs. The door to the flat is ajar.

Blood is smeared on the hall wall. ANOTHER THUD.

72

**INT. FLAT. BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY 4 - 18:47**

72

NIKKI enters the flat, the shadows.

NIKKI

Jack?

ANOTHER THUD. She walks past a bedroom, mattresses on the floor. Then past a bathroom, a ring of blood around the bath.

NIKKI can hardly breathe, she rounds the corner, opening the living room door...

A THUD. JACK has a FIRE-EXTINGUISHER, GRUNTING as he SLAMS against the wall. NIKKI'S relief - and confusion.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LAINE

Shhhh.

NIKKI sees an evidence bag on the table. A CLUTCH BAG inside.

NIKKI

That's hers. Naomi. It's in the photograph.

LAINE

They were both here.

Then... a SOUND. A SCRATCHING.

NIKKI

What is that?

JACK

(manic)

That's what we're trying to get to!  
They've walled it in...

More SCRATCHING. JACK swings the FIRE EXTINGUISHER again.

NIKKI

(horrified)

There's something in there?

A HOLE in the wall now. JACK steps back and KICKS the wall again and again until he can get his hands inside.

JACK looking into the space but he can't see anything. PLASTIC SHEETING lines the wall. He starts to pull it away.

LAINE, shining a torch. This time when JACK puts his EYE to the wall he RECOILS immediately. SOMETHING coming fast out of the hole.

RATS coming out of the wall, escaping out of the flat.

JACK pulls away more of the wall. A large PLASTIC BARREL full of something.

JACK

What the hell is that?

LAINE

I wouldn't touch it.

NIKKI

You know what it is?

LAINE

Sulphuric acid.  
(off their looks)  
*Lupara Bianca. The White Shotgun.*  
It's how they make people  
disappear.

JACK

There's a body in there?

NIKKI

Serena? Her mother?

FLASH TO: the PHOTO of SERENA and her MOTHER.

On the side of the barrel, a SMEAR of gruesome PINK SLUDGE.

JACK

Oh, Christ.

NIKKI staring at the barrel from the doorway.

She turns and walks away, tears in her eyes.

73

EXT. NIKKI'S CAR - NIGHT 4 - 19:45

73

On NIKKI driving. Just staring out at the road.

74

EXT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 - 20:00

74

NIKKI gets out of her car, approaching her front door.

CHLOE (O.S.)  
Dr Alexander.

NIKKI turns. CHLOE is standing at the gate.

NIKKI  
Whose body did we find? Who's in  
the barrel?

CHLOE  
I don't know.

NIKKI  
Is it Stephen Ross's wife? His  
daughter?

CHLOE  
(beat)  
No.

NIKKI  
How do you know?

CHLOE doesn't answer. NIKKI looking at her.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
What do you want from me?

CHLOE  
I don't want any of this.

Beyond, car parked, engine running. A MAN in the shadows.

NIKKI  
(takes her hand)  
Come inside with me. We lock the  
door, we call the police.

CHLOE  
It won't help.  
(looks at her)  
It's about Stephen Ross.

NIKKI  
What is?

CHLOE

That's what they want from you.  
He's in a police safe house, he's  
giving them information. You can  
find him.

NIKKI

No I can't.  
(beat)  
And then what?

CHLOE

You told me you know how.

NIKKI

What?

CHLOE

You said... I mean, a pathologist  
would know.  
(off her look)  
How to kill him.

NIKKI

You're out of your mind.

CHLOE

(crying)

We don't have a choice. You kill  
him or they kill me. And my mother.  
They'll get my brother too, it's  
just a matter of time. And then  
they'll come for you.

NIKKI

(staring at her)

Oh, Jesus.

CHLOE

I'm begging you.

NIKKI

You're his daughter. You're Serena.  
Stephen Ross is your father.  
(off her tears)  
You want me to kill your father?

CHLOE

It's him or us.

CHLOE staring at NIKKI, tears running down her cheeks.

NIKKI

Serena.

CHLOE turns and walks across the road to the CAR.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
SERENA!

The car drives off.

Off NIKKI'S FACE into:

**BLACK.**

\*