

THE CAPTURE

Written by

Ben Chanan

EPISODE ONE: 'What Happens in Helmand'

NB. Scene Numbers are now locked.

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Shooting Script (26/11/18)

HTVP Limited
Central St Giles
St Giles High Street
London
WC2H 8AG

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1 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 1A

1

1A INT. HMP GLADSTONE / PRISON ATRIUM. MORNING

1A

We are in the pit of the atrium, looking up through wire mesh at three levels of walkway towering above, alive with Dozens of Prisoners.

We notice one Grey Sweatshirt in particular, clambering purposefully down the iron staircase towards us. We track him all the way down until he reaches us, stepping into CLOSE UP. This is SHAUN EMERY.

Shaun pauses as he approaches a CELL - the sound of machine gunfire spilling out. Inside, THREE WHITE PRISONERS - are gathered around an X-BOX, playing Call of Duty.

SHAUN

Mack? Use your phone? Three minutes.

MACK, the Alpha of the group, nudges one of the others, who in turn gets out a cellphone and hands it over. Shaun offers THREE POUND COINS in return. The other guy is about to take it when Mack stops him, gives Shaun a nod.

MACK

(friendly, optimistic)

Last time, no?

Grateful, Shaun stashes the money and takes the PHONE.

2 INT. HMP GLADSTONE, ATRIUM / MIDDLE WALKWAY. MOMENTS LATER 2

Shaun strides the walkway, hiding the phone casually up his sleeve.

From the level above, a heavy-set MUSLIM PRISONER eyes him with casual contempt. Shaun keeps his expression neutral - neither meeting his gaze nor shying away from it.

Shaun glances at a CCTV CAMERA. Ducking underneath it, he reaches an unseen spot, dials a number. He's nervous, apprehensive, as it rings. Finally a male voice answers.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

Shaun hangs up instantly. He freezes - *Shit, did I just do that?* He hesitates a long moment, not knowing what to do.

Then - the vibration of an incoming call.

SHAUN

Hello?

KAREN (O.S.)

*Shaun...?? Did you just hang up on
Francis...?**(pause)**Shaun grow up, please.*

A palpable tension between these two. They sound like they come from the same world, but she's moved on, and he hasn't.

SHAUN

Is everything alright for tomorrow?

KAREN (O.S.)

...If.

SHAUN

Yeah I know. If.

(beat)

Is she there?

KAREN (O.S.)

She's brushing her teeth.

Shaun hears a muffled male voice in the background.

SHAUN

Karen?

*(beat)**If things don't go my way... keep
Jaycee away from the TV tonight
please?*

KAREN (O.S.)

*She got her own tablet, Sh...**(beat)**Sure, I'll do what I can.*

They pause. Nothing more to say. He goes to hang up.

KAREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Shaun...**(pause)**Good luck today.*

That's what he needed to hear. The line goes dead.

GUARD

Emery!

Shaun casually hides the phone. He turns to see a GUARD at the other end of the corridor, pointing to his cell.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Delivery.

3

INT. HMP GLADSTONE, CELL. MOMENTS LATER

3

Shaun rounds into his cell to see - A PARCEL sitting on his bed, addressed to Shaun Michael Emery, B-Wing.

Shaun tears it open, eagerly. We get a flash of what's inside - dark green material. Shaun is glad to see it.

4

INT. HMP GLADSTONE, CELL / ATRIUM. MINUTES LATER

4

On Shaun's cell wall - a still photograph of a GIRL aged 6. She's wonderfully cute, smiling at the camera, gaps in her teeth. Jaycee. Shaun carefully peels the photo off the wall, and places it in his dark green breast pocket.

Shaun emerges from his cell wearing FULL BRITISH ARMY DRESS UNIFORM. Shaun is a soldier as well as a prisoner. A Lance Corporal in a Royal Infantry Regiment.

The whole atrium comes to a standstill, prisoners staring at him; most in curiosity, some in contempt. Shaun stands even; proud yet modest: this is who I am.

GUARD

Emery. With me.

Shaun follows the guard, leaving all this behind him.

5

EXT. DOUGLAS BROWN ESTATE. DAY

5

A CAGED CCTV camera, secured by wire mesh, watches over one of South London's most neglected estates.

An unmarked police car pulls up in the shadows of its looming towers. RACHEL CAREY steps out. Late 20's, educated, ambitious and perhaps rather green. She looks like she may never have set foot in a place like this before.

Her older colleague climbs out of the car. NADIA LATIF has given her best years to the job. Years she can never get back. She catches Carey scanning the grim-looking building.

LATIF

It's nice on the inside.

Carey smiles politely, unsure whether Latif is joking. She is. Latif leads the young detective towards a stairwell.

LATIF (CONT'D)

Better get used to it. We're called out here at least twice a week.

They climb the stairwell to a higher floor, where POLICE UNIFORM OFFICERS AND SOCOs are busy processing a CRIME SCENE. A UNIFORM SERGEANT sees Latif coming...

UNIFORM SERGEANT
Just up here, Ma'am.

LATIF
DS Latif.

UNIFORM SERGEANT
Sorry?

LATIF
You're looking for my colleague,
Detective Inspector Carey.

Latif steps aside, revealing the younger woman behind her.

UNIFORM SERGEANT
(to Carey)
Beg your pardon, Ma'am.

Easy mistake: Carey appears junior to Latif in every way. The Uniform leads them along a walkway...

UNIFORM SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Victim's name is Yusuf Mahdi.
Seventeen. Body was found in the
living room just after 5am when his
mother came home off shift. Three
stab wounds to the chest, one to
the leg. Forensics reckon it's two
weapons, multiple assailants.

They reach the doorway of the Mahdi flat, covered with police tape, SOCO's inside. Along the walkway, the door to another flat is open. The sound of crying and shouting spills out.

CAREY
(nodding to other doorway)
The family?

UNIFORM SERGEANT
Neighbour's flat.

Latif eyes the Mahdi's front door, cracked and splintered.

LATIF
Forced entry.

CAREY
(looking around)
Any CCTV on this level?

UNIFORM SERGEANT
Once upon a time...

Carey sees it - up in one the corner of the walkway, a SMASHED CCTV camera. Latif has seen it all before.

LATIF

They're not stupid.

UNIFORM SERGEANT

We do have a *sort-of* witness.

Younger brother was home, but...

(shrugs, dubious)

Reckons he didn't see anything.

Latif and Carey share a loaded look - *There's our first question then.*

MOMENTS LATER -

Carey and Latif approach the Neighbour's doorway. Inside, in the living room, is a picture of sheer grief and desolation: **AMINA MAHDI**, the victim's mother, is crying and yelling at her 12 year old son, **ZAIN**. Other female relatives try to calm the distraught woman, and defend the boy.

Carey goes to step into the flat when -

LATIF

Ma'am...? Do you mind if I take the lead on this?

Carey is unsure if it's her age, experience, race or class that doesn't cut it in Latif's eyes. She tries not to feel affronted.

6

INT. DOUGLAS BROWN ESTATE, NEIGHBOUR'S FLAT. DAY

6

Latif takes centre stage in the living room with the family, while Carey hovers in the doorway like a spare part.

LATIF

Zain...? Do you have any idea why the people who attacked your brother didn't hurt you?

ZAIN

They didn't see me.

AMINA

(disbelieving)

He says he was in his bedroom on his computer games!

ZAIN

I was.

LATIF

And they didn't hear you??

ZAIN

My headset.

LATIF

Well... your mum thinks there's something you're not telling us, and if I'm honest, Zain, I agree with her...

BZZ – a noise from Carey's phone crashes the moment. She glances at – a text from a contact named Wookie: '**Sentencing, 20 mins!**' Latif shoots a sideways glance at Carey, who duly puts the phone away.

LATIF (CONT'D)

At the end of the day, all you're doing by not telling the truth is protecting the people who did this.

Zain's sister, JAMILA (19) jumps to his defence.

JAMILA

He's not protecting them, he's scared!

BZZ. Latif is irked further as Carey checks her phone again. Wookie: '**So get your arse to court!**'

ZAIN

No I'm not! I didn't even know they was here!

Zain's eyes fill with tears, his breathing is agitated.

ZAIN (CONT'D)

You think I'd have carried on playing if I'd known what was happening? I'd have gone in and saved Yusi, init.

The nature of the lie is clear: Zain wishes that were true.

CAREY

What have you got, Zain, a PS4?

They all stop, turn and look at Carey.

ZAIN

(shrug)

...Yeah?

CAREY

Which game do you play?

JAMILA

Does it matter?

ZAIN

Fortnite.

CAREY

Online, right?

ZAIN

...Yeah?

CAREY

Do you mind if we take the console with us today? Could be helpful.

ZAIN

Why?

They're all looking at her. Explanation needed.

CAREY

We can see what time you were playing and who with. It allows us to contact other players in the group to see if anyone recorded the game play, which would give us audio from your headset mic at the time of the incident. It may have picked up voices from the living room, given how loud the assault must have been.

Pause.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Or it might simply show that you weren't on Playstation at the time.

Zain gulps. She's getting to him. Latif is learning.

CAREY (CONT'D)

In which case... we'd need to come back and ask what you were *really* doing when your brother was attacked.

ZAIN

You can't take my PS4, I need it.

LATIF

Actually we *can*...

Now it's Carey's turn to be irked by an interruption. She half turns her head towards Latif. The DS pipes down.

Carey looks Zain in the eye.

CAREY

There's no shame in being scared. No shame in hiding under your bed shaking with fear until your mother came home, it must have been terrifying.

(pause)

(MORE)

CAREY (CONT'D)

You couldn't help Yusuf last night, your mum would have lost two sons if you'd tried. But if you saw even a glimpse of the people who did this... you can get justice for him today.

Off Zain... finally ready to talk.

7

EXT. DOUGLAS BROWN ESTATE. DAY

7

Carey is marching back to the car, with Latif, rather on the back foot now.

CAREY

We need a full CCTV trawl of the area for anyone matching those descriptions. And let's get the family out of that flat. Get them to a safe house if necessary.

LATIF

A *safe house*??

CAREY (CONT'D)

....Bed and Breakfast, then.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Do you mind getting a lift with Uniform? I'm supposed to be in court.

Latif does mind. But more, she's intrigued...

LATIF

...Have you done that? With the Playstation?

CAREY

Not recently. Terror suspects got savvy to it a few years ago.

(then)

They're all on Wii Fit now.

Carey gets into her car, a wry smile to herself.

LATIF

You winding me up?

Carey shuts the door, speeds away, leaving Latif on the curb.

8

OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

8

9

EXT. ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE, LONDON. DAY

9

A DOZEN DETECTIVES emerge from the court in jubilant mood. NEWS CREWS point cameras at: DANNY HART, Commander of SO15, Counter Terrorism Command. Late 40s, alpha, handsome.

HART

Today marks the conclusion of one of the most urgent investigations I've had the privilege to oversee. The four individuals sentenced this morning had the means, the intent and the automatic weaponry to launch a devastating machine-gun attack on the streets of London.

Behind the cameras, Carey is arriving, hurrying over to watch, listen.

HART (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thanks to the tenacity of our Counter Terrorism officers, that nightmare did not become a reality. In partnership with the Security Service, we are finally stemming the tide of terror plots...

Hart is interrupted by a LOUD HONKING. Then more - a rising CHORUS OF CAR HONKS. Hart is not happy having his speech crashed like this, but he's savvy enough not to show it. The press have their soundbite. He smiles and moves on.

Carey pushes her way over to the detectives; to a warm, jovial welcome. She ends up standing close, but not *too* close, to Hart.

DETECTIVE ONE

Here she is! You missed the sentencing on your own case!

CAREY

I was busy on a new one.

DETECTIVE TWO

You're coming down the Crown, Carey.

(Hart)

Guv'nor's getting them in.

Hart's ears prick up. Glances, for a nanosecond, at Carey.

CAREY

Can't. I've been moved to Homicide.

DETECTIVE ONE

You can still drink with us!

Carey hesitates - *better not*. Danny Hart chips in, keeping a professional distance.

HART

...Perhaps join us after.

Hart gives Carey the very slightest look; one that only she will read.

HART (CONT'D)
One last time?

Carey looks at him, as another chorus of CAR HORNS starts up - A PARADE OF BLACK LONDON TAXIS circling the courts, honking their horns in some sort of protest.

The detectives look over at the taxis, leaving Carey and Hart standing close to one another. Neither moves away.

CAREY
(the Taxis)
What's all that in aid of?

HART
...Shaun Emery's appeal.

Carey frowns - the name rings a bell, but not loud enough.

HART (CONT'D)
The Soldier.

10

EXT/INT. ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE, BACK ENTRANCE. DAY

10

Shaun steps out of a PRISON VAN, in MILITARY DRESS UNIFORM, to the sound of the Taxi Cab Chorus.

Shaun sees - FOUR YOUNG MUSLIM MEN, their faces sick with shock, the look of the just-convicted, being led out of the court. One of them looks at Shaun. Their eyes meet. Not an exchange of hostilities, too fleeting for that, just a look.

11

INT. ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE, CELLS CORRIDOR. DAY

11

Shaun is led by a guard down the corridor, where he finds his legal team waiting for him:

Solicitor CHARLIE HALL (40) conscientious, human-rights, Stoke Newington, and - Barrister HANNAH ROBERTS (33) earnest, attractive, fiercely intelligent.

HANNAH
Well, the cabbies are on your side!

Shaun, realising the noise is for him, seems glad of the support but very overwhelmed. Charlie smiles reassuringly.

CHARLIE
We'll see you in there.

Hannah looks Shaun up and down, admiring the uniform.

HANNAH

That was a good call.

Hannah smiles and turns away, leaving Shaun feeling buoyed.
As Hannah and Charlie exit we SWITCH -

To the POV of HIGH ANGLE CCTV in the corner: *Shaun is led through a different door by the Guard. HOLD on the empty CCTV shot, a beat too long for comfort...*

PRE LAP: The sound of rapid machine gun fire, rising...

12

EXT. HELMET-CAM FOOTAGE, DESERT, HELMAND. DAY

12

Video action in italics:

'We' the helmet-mounted camera, are RUNNING through a desert to the distorted sound of GUNFIRE and HELICOPTERS. Between the wind noise, the digital breakup and the staccato camera movement, it's hard to tell what the hell is going on.

Ahead of us, BRITISH SOLDIERS in full combat gear are scrambling up a ridge, into desert brush, shouting. We follow them, as more British Soldiers appear in the distance.

We suddenly come to a halt. Hidden in the desert brush, we stumble upon - a *TALIBAN FIGHTER, dead.*

PULL OUT TO:

13

INT. ROYAL COURTS, COURTROOM, COURT OF APPEAL. DAY

13

THREE JUDGES watching the helmet-cam footage with great interest.

This is an appeal court, so no jury, but three judges. On the prosecution side sit TWO PROSECUTORS and TWO MILITARY POLICE in their distinctive Red Caps. On the defence side - Charlie and Hannah. At the back, REPORTERS and a LIEUTENANT COLONEL.

Shaun sits in the dock, nervously watching the Judges watching the video...

HELMET-CAM FOOTAGE CONTINUES -

We stare at the Fallen Taliban Fighter, blood pooling from his head. Off-screen, a soldier screams at us. The dialogue is hard to make out, subtitled on the video evidence.

SOLDIER ONE (O.S.)

*One down. Check that fucker's dead.
Make him safe!*

Out of nowhere, we suddenly look up to see - SOLDIER ONE with his PISTOL DRAWN. He FIRES a single round at a figure at the edge of frame, just as the wind picks up, muffling the audio.

We RUN forwards, camera SHAKING, obscuring our view.

SOLDIER ONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Get fucking back!!

We halt, as we find: TALIBAN FIGHTER TWO, a gunshot wound to his thigh and a fresh gunshot wound to his CHEST. Dead.

A voice from behind the camera..

HELMET CAM SOLDIER (O.S.)
Nice one, Shauny.

We turn towards Soldier One, the shooter, who glares into lens; wired, pumped, full of adrenaline. The image FREEZES on his face, and now we see - Soldier One is Shaun Emery.

BACK IN THE COURTROOM -

The court takes a moment to dissolve from what they've all just witnessed; the toxic aggression, the killing. Shaun stares at himself frozen on screen; himself, but from a different time.

The PROSECUTOR stands. A stern woman who suffers no fools.

PROSECUTOR
Get. Fucking. Back.
(beat)
Who were you talking to, Mr Emery?

Shaun is dry-mouth nervous.

SHAUN
The Taliban insurgent.

PROSECUTOR
You're sure about that?

SHAUN
I believed he was reaching for a weapon, or an IED...

PROSECUTOR
I'm aware of the defence argument Mr Emery. I remember it well from your court martial. Despite being disarmed and severely wounded, you thought the man was trying to blow you up, so you shot him at close range with your hand gun.

SHAUN
My primary weapon was out of ammunition...

PROSECUTOR

(overlapping)

The part that still doesn't make sense is why you said "Get fucking back" after firing the round.

The Judges absorb that valid point. Shaun has no answer.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Did you know you were being recorded?

SHAUN

No.

Prosecutor holds up 'exhibit A': a MINI CAMERA (a boxy imitation Go-Pro with casing and head-strap).

PROSECUTOR

You had no idea Private Darby was wearing this helmet-cam?

SHAUN

You tend not to notice stuff like that when you're engaged in a gunfight with Taliban insurgents.

PROSECUTOR

I maintain you were well aware.

She rewinds the video: *Taliban Fighter One, dead.*

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

While the camera is pointed away, you shoot. Only after the camera turns back, catching you in the act of firing your weapon, do you issue the cry: "Get fucking back".

(beat)

You were speaking to Private Darby, the 'cameraman'.

(beat)

Not - as you claim - to the Taliban prisoner. He can't get back, you've just put a bullet in his chest!

Onscreen: 'We' turn back to see the shot, and run forward. Sure enough, only then do we hear 'Get fucking back'.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

You didn't want the helmet-cam to capture what you'd done.

SHAUN

Not true.

PROSECUTOR

You executed a prisoner in cold blood and didn't want it caught on camera.

SHAUN

No.

PROSECUTOR

Then please explain.

Shaun tries - but looks lost. He can't. Hannah and Charlie are watching Shaun. He's looking stressed.

The Judges take it in: The Prosecutor's story makes sense.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Mr Emery but in my view you have provided no cause to reconsider your conviction nor your sentence.

Prosecutor returns to her seat, satisfied. A pause. The Judges look to Hannah.

JUDGE

Does the defence have any questions.

HANNAH

No, your Honour.

The whole courtroom feels it - a vote of no confidence in Shaun. A guard leads Shaun to a secure dock. It seems like a low point for the defence team. But then -

Charlie looks over at Shaun, with a knowing smile. *We got this...*

14

EXT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION. DAY

14

Carey pulls up outside a grey concrete slab in the heart of Sutton. Wherever the Met's budget is going, it ain't here. Hardly the place for a rising star like Rachel Carey.

15

INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, HOMICIDE. DAY

15

Carey enters a drab office with around 20 detectives, mostly blokes in their 40s. Carey passes Latif.

CAREY

How's the trawl?

LATIF

(a touch defensive)
...Just getting started.

Carey sits down opposite - DS PATRICK FLYNN.

FLYNN

Boydie's been asking after you,
Ma'am.

CAREY

I've been at the Sycamore
sentencing.

Doesn't mean much to Flynn, or anyone else here. Carey is on her computer. Her inbox is full of Google-alerts: news headlines about the Sycamore terror sentencing.

CAREY (CONT'D)

(reading)
'32 years minimum for Cole. 26 for
Elijah...

BOYD (O.S.)

Is your Mitcham report a threat or
a promise?

Carey turns to see - DCI ALEC BOYD, a curmudgeonly man with a stomach ulcer and overdue retirement issues.

CAREY

Sir. I emailed it to you this
morning.

Boyd just stares.

FLYNN

DI Carey's had a bit of a result in
court this morning, Guv.

CAREY

Operation Sycamore?

(beat)

Longest terror sentences since
2008. Ringleader got 32 years min.

BOYD

Grant's team charged a bloke with
rape and double-murder this
morning. We'll be lucky if he gets
fifteen.

Boyd slopes off, leaving a cloud of gloom in his wake, and Carey feeling like crap. Latif smirks to herself, grabs used mugs off the desks, heads over to a kettle in the corner.

Carey turns back to her inbox. She sees a NEW EMAIL - from **Abigail Carey: Congrats! Is that you?? Proud Sis!**

FLYNN

That's about as much praise as you'll get from Boydie. He's like that with your lot.

CAREY

My lot?

FLYNN

Fast-trackers.

(beat)

He knows you're going to get promoted and moved on again in no time, so he makes your life a misery while he's got the chance.

CAREY

...Naturally.

Over by the sink, Latif is prizing open a tin of coffee that looks like it's been there since the 80s.

FLYNN

Draft Dodgers, he calls you.

(beat)

Cos you pretty much skipped your stint in uniform.

Flynn's made his point, but he never knows when to stop.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Thinks you're all a bunch of snowflakes.

Carey's had enough. She turns to him.

CAREY

And what do you think, Patrick?

FLYNN

Of?

CAREY

My lot. Draft Dodgers.

Flynn realises he's overstepped, considers his answer...

FLYNN

You've just taken four ISIS off the streets. You're alright by me, Ma'am.

Smart answer. Carey turns back to her work, but she's not settled here. She clicks the email from Abigail. Hits Delete.

16

INT. ROYAL COURTS, COURTROOM, COURT OF APPEAL. DAY

16

Back at Shaun's appeal, the Prosecution feel like they've already won. BUT - Hannah stands up, with a confident smile.

HANNAH

Your Honour. The defence calls
Marcus Levy.

Everyone turns to see an affable, oddball-looking guy in thick-rimmed glasses. The court watches with interest as this curious fellow takes the witness box. A court official holds up a laminated piece of card for him.

MARCUS

I swear by Almighty God that the evidence I shall give shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

HANNAH

Mr Levy, please tell us what it is you do, professionally.

MARCUS

I'm a senior video engineer and broadcast consultant. Retired.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honour, the video evidence was analysed extensively during the court martial...

JUDGE

Which is a matter of record, we're all aware.

HANNAH

Thank you, your Honour.

(to Marcus)

Any career highlights we should be aware of?

MARCUS

My personal highlight was broadcasting the FA Cup Final, 1991, Spurs - Nottingham Forest.

A welcome breath of levity ripples through the courtroom. Marcus is not the sort to change his jaunty disposition just because he's at a murder trial.

HANNAH

Tottenham fan?

MARCUS

Despite never making it to the final since.

HANNAH

My commiserations. But... I think
you're being modest?

Marcus sits back in his chair, puffs out his chest.

MARCUS

I was chief broadcasting engineer
for Sky-Sports for twenty two
years. I pioneered the use of
cameras embedded in goalposts for
football coverage, cameras in
wickets for cricket promos and in-
car cameras for motor racing.

(casually)

According to Wikipedia I
revolutionised televised sport.

Everyone in the room is duly impressed, but there's more...

HANNAH

Any more recent achievements?

MARCUS

(only just remembering)

I was the Senior Broadcast
Consultant for the London Olympics.

(beat)

And Paralympics.

The Prosecution shuffle nervously. Marcus is a DREAM EXPERT WITNESS, a maverick move on Hannah's part.

Shaun - something in his eyes we haven't seen before: Hope.

JUDGE

I'm sure Mr Levy's career is very
impressive Ms Roberts, but if you
could begin getting to the point.

HANNAH

Would it be true to say that you
are highly knowledgeable about the
use of small cameras and so-called
'helmet-cams', such as the one used
to record the video evidence in
this trial, Exhibit A?

She's holding up the small boxy camera.

MARCUS

(dubious)

The 'Pulse R70'. I've tested them.

HANNAH

Not a fan?

MARCUS
Poor man's Go Pro.

HANNAH
What is it about them that doesn't pass muster?

MARCUS
How long have you got?

JUDGE
Not long.

HANNAH
Presumably the poor picture quality?

MARCUS
No. The resolution's comparable to the Go-Pro.

HANNAH
So.... the audio?

MARCUS
(chuckling)
Well the on-board mic is obviously useless but I wouldn't expect to use a mini-cam to record sound!

Hannah is losing patience now. Or is that part of her act?

HANNAH
So what then, Mr Levy? What is it you don't like about these cameras?

MARCUS
The drift.

No one knows what that means.

HANNAH
I'm sorry, the... ?

MARCUS
Drift. The Lag.... The Slippage...

HANNAH
Perhaps you could use more layperson's terms?

JUDGE
Indeed.

MARCUS
(sigh)
Drifting is when the audio lags behind the video.

Silence. It takes the courtroom a few seconds to absorb the significance of what Marcus has just said.

HANNAH

Lags behind the video?

MARCUS

Making it out of sync.

HANNAH

By... how much?

MARCUS

Depends how long you leave it in record. First five minutes you probably won't see it. Fifteen minutes, it's drifted a few frames. You'll see people talking out of sync. Or hear a ball kicked after the bloke's kicked it. It gets exponentially worse from there...

HANNAH

So... how far out would it be if you've left the camera running for an hour?

MARCUS

Between five and six.

HANNAH

Frames?

MARCUS

Seconds.

HANNAH

Five Seconds out of sync??

Hannah playing to the room, picks up the HELMET-CAM.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So this camera, left to run as it was for sixty-five minutes before capturing the alleged crime, is likely to have produced a video in which the sound lags behind the image by at least Five. Seconds.

The Judges see where this is going. They're going with it. The prosecution look spooked. Hannah turns to the judges.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I suggest it would be pertinent to watch the video evidence correctly synchronised at the earliest opportunity.

JUDGE

Agreed.

HANNAH

Excellent, we have it right here.

Hannah turns to Charlie, who operates a remote, bringing up the video file on screen. Hannah catches Shaun's eye. He's full of admiration for her. She smiles back quickly - There's a fleeting but definite spark between these two.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

With Mr Levy's guidance, we used a simple editing program to start the audio earlier - by the estimated five seconds.

(beat)

I think you'll agree, the footage makes a lot more sense.

INSERT: HELMET-CAM FOOTAGE

We pick up where we first discover the two Taliban.

Shaun turns to us, pointing.

SHAUN

Check that fucker's grenade! Make it safe.

Now it's in sync, it makes total sense. *That's why the helmet-cam guy turned away.*

NOW - when the camera suddenly turns back it's motivated by:

SHAUN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Get fucking back!

Because Shaun is saying it BEFORE he takes the shot.

BACK IN THE COURTROOM -

Judges, Prosecution, Reporters - all realising the same thing: SHAUN'S STORY MAKES SENSE.

HANNAH

Lance Corporal Emery can't explain why he said "Get fucking back" after he shot the Taliban insurgent, because he didn't. He said it before.

(beat)

Your Honour, my client has been court-martialed, convicted and incarcerated for six months on the basis of erroneous video evidence.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

His conviction is unsafe and should
be overturned with immediate
effect.

The Judges turn to each other - conferring with some urgency.

Off Shaun - *daring to hope.*

16A **EXT. OAKCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL. DAY**

16A

The school bell goes, kids pour out. KAREN - tough, smart, young mum, smiles as six-year-old JAYCEE bounds up to her, showing off a painting she made in class. Karen takes her daughter by the hand but stops in her tracks - as she sees:

Shaun - outside the school gates, in Military Dress.

He looks utterly incongruous and the other kids and parents gaze at him as they pass. Shaun smiles at Karen. But Karen looks stunned, self-conscious.

KAREN

You won.

SHAUN

Came straight here.

KAREN

I can see. Well done.

(then)

We said you'd see her tomorrow.

SHAUN

I couldn't wait.

Shaun smiles at Jaycee. She seems uncertain, wary around him. He wasn't expecting that, and he has to stifle emotion to deal with it. He thinks on his feet...

SHAUN (CONT'D)

You know... I heard a rumour...
that the best butterfly dancer in
the world goes to this school. Is
that true?

KAREN

She's... not doing dance anymore.

A BOY passes by, asks his mum loudly:

BOY (O.S.)

Why is that soldier man here?

Shaun starts to get the feeling this might not have been the best idea. From the school doors, a Teacher watches him.

KAREN

This is a bit of a shock to be honest, Shaun. I didn't think...

Karen falters... stops herself saying it.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Can we stick to the arrangements, from now on? No more surprises.

Shaun nods. Of course.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Daddy's going to collect you tomorrow, alright Jaycee?

Shaun crouches down to Jaycee's level, plays it delicately.

SHAUN

I'll come and take you wherever you want. Pizza...? Ice cream...?

JAYCEE

Aquarium.

SHAUN

Aquarium? Okay...

Karen knows what Shaun's thinking: *he doesn't have money for the London Aquarium!* She takes pity on him...

KAREN

The big fish tanks at the pet shop. She calls that the aquarium.

SHAUN

Alright, I'll take you to the aquarium! And I won't be dressed like a soldier tomorrow.

(beat)

I'll be a pirate.

Finally, Jaycee smiles - just a fraction, but it offers hope.

KAREN

We're going to miss the bus.

Karen takes Jaycee off, hurrying to catch their bus. Shaun watches them go.

CU on a big plasma TV screen. A NEWS REPORTER stands outside the court, his VOICE RAISED above the Taxi-Cab chorus.

REPORTER (ON TV)

*Well the noise you can hear behind
me is the sound of London cabbies
who have been here all day in
support of Shaun Michael Emery...*

On hearing his name the room ERUPTS in celebration -

We're in a local estate pub, packed with SHAUN'S MATES, FAMILY and LOCALS. Many of them are Army or ex-Army. A few of them are amputees.

Shaun sits next to a man in a wheelchair, EDDIE (75) who gives a big "Shush!!" so he can hear the TV...

But Shaun has noticed something across the pub that makes his heart flutter: two latecomers - Hannah and Charlie.

Both lawyers look out of place. Charlie seems awkward, but Hannah, so comfortable in her own skin, manages to appear at ease. Sean watches her. If he thought she looked good earlier in work mode, he's smitten now. He pushes his way over.

SHAUN

I didn't think you'd come!

HANNAH

You invited us!

He tenderly ushers her and Charlie back to where he was sitting with Eddie. Shaun whispers to Hannah...

SHAUN

You've made this place four hundred percent classier just by walking in.

She smiles. On screen, the news report has cut to: *Hannah making a statement to the press.*

HANNAH (ON TV)

*We welcome the Judges' decision,
and thank all of Shaun's supporters
who have campaigned over the last
six months for his release. Since
his imprisonment, my client has
been stigmatised as a criminal,
suffered from depression and
anxiety, and endured a completely
unwarranted blemish on his career.*

Behind Hannah, we just glimpse the poker-faced Lieutenant Colonel leaving court. The TV cuts back to the reporter, who wraps up the report.

Eddie clears his throat - he wants to say something. The TV goes on mute, but we see a glimpse of the next news report:

Mugshots of FOUR MUSLIM LADS fill the screen. We recognise them as the four guys Shaun saw at court.

But here in the pub, all focus is on Eddie.

EDDIE

I'll make this quick cos I know it's nearly past my bedtime and Jeanie's giving me the evil eye.

His carer, JEANIE.

JEANIE

What do you mean *nearly*? You're normally passed out by now!

EDDIE

Yeah well, it's a special day.
Ain't it?

Yesss! chorus the crowd.

PUB BLOKE

West Ham beat Chelsea.

Laughter. Brits, we need this banter before we get sincere.

EDDIE

Yeah, and not just that. It's special cos now...
(nods to the TV)
Everyone knows what we've always known... about my Grandson. Shaun.

He's getting emotional. The crowd applaud him on. Shaun's visibly moved. Hannah watches him affectionately.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

That... you're not a bad lad are ya son?

"No" chorus the pub. Eddie's crying. Shaun comes to his rescue, embraces him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(whispering to Shaun)

Your Mum and Dad would be proud.

But that stings for Shaun: *Proud of what?*

CROWD

Speech! Go on Shawny! (ETC)

SHAUN

I can't do speeches.

CROWD

Bollocks! Yes you can. (ETC ETC)

He REALLY can't. Not easily.

SHAUN

I just want to say thanks and... for supporting me and... There's two people that fought and fought for me, and believed me when not everyone did, not even certain people from my own regiment. That's my solicitor Charlie Hall...

The crowd give a cheer. Charlie smiles bashfully.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

And... and if I could have anyone in the world fighting for me. I'd choose her... my barrister, Hannah Roberts, right there.

He points her out. Now it's Hannah's turn to blush. The crowd give her a big cheer.

PUB BLOKE

Jimmy wants to know if you're available for sex offenders!

More drunken banter, but Hannah and Shaun aren't listening. They're sharing a smile.

18

INT. APEX HOTEL, HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT

18

Different TV. Same news: *Danny Hart's statement outside the Court we heard earlier.*

HART (ON SCREEN)

Today marks the conclusion of one of the most urgent investigation...

CAREY (O.S.)

Quick... You made it!

Carey sits on the edge of the hotel bed, wrapped in a mess of sheets. A half-drunk Champagne in a bucket of melted ice beside her. From the en-suite, Danny Hart emerges - naked, or perhaps nearly so, wrapped in a towel, gazing at the TV.

HART

I thought they'd have cut me out.

CAREY

I'm sure they tried.
(then)
One empathises...

Hart, tipsy after a day in the pub, lands on the bed, flicking a drop of cold water from the ice bucket at Carey.

TV REPORTER (ON SCREEN)
The suspects claimed they had no connection to the Birmingham-based arms dealer...

On TV: a grainy CCTV shot of the FOUR SUSPECTS together.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
This CCTV footage says otherwise...

HART

Damn right it does. And here's the unsung hero who found it...

Hart nudges Carey.

HART (CONT'D)
If there's any justice in the world you'll get a commendation for that.

Carey narrows her eyes at Hart, suddenly sincere -

CAREY

Don't do me any favours.

Hart puts his hands up, defensive; reassuring.

HART
I know the rules.
(beat)
Just saying... Sycamore was your Op, Rachel. You saw it before any of us...

Carey softens.

CAREY
...You believed me. Unlike the others. They just saw a stuck up student trying to prove herself.

HART
(daring to joke...)
Fast-track Princess.

Carey attacks him playfully for that, he catches her hand pulls her towards him, gets more than he bargained for - as she leaps on top of him.

HART (CONT'D)
They believe you now though! You won them round alright.
(beat)
You might be in Homicide. You're SO15 family, don't forget it.

Carey likes that. Hart looks at her, taken by her.

HART (CONT'D)
Why do we have to give each other
up?

CAREY
...I can think of several reasons.

But she kisses him, gently on the lips. Hart gazes into her eyes, tipsy, begins to sing...

HART
*Ca Ca Ca Carey... Be-autiful
Carey...*

Carey laughs at him. A song from another time; a riff on their age gap.

HART (CONT'D) CAREY
You're the only g g g girlWhat the fuck is that??
that I adore...

HART
My Nan used to sing it.

HART (CONT'D) CAREY
When the m moonshines over Your Nan?
the cow-shit... I'll be (beat)
waiting... Wasn't she Eve?

They both dissolve into laughter; Hart offended but too amused to care.

BZZZ. Hart's phone buzzes. Killing the moment. Carey eyes it.

CAREY (CONT'D)
...That being one of them.

No prizes for guessing who's calling. Hart hesitates.

CAREY (CONT'D (CONT'D)
Take it. Say what you need to say.

Carey looks at him reassuringly, grabs her phone. Hart watches her, grateful that she's so cool about it.

Carey takes her earphones, plugs in. Music fills her ears, and ours. Carey drags the bedsheet with her as she stands, wrapping herself in white, and pads over to the floor-to-ceiling windows, leaving Hart naked as he sits on the bed.

We're with Carey, looking out over London's twinkling lights, hearing the sound of her music, rather than the lies Hart is telling his wife right now.

But then... Carey brings a hand up to her ear... takes out one of the earphones. Listening...

19

EXT. APEX HOTEL. NIGHT

19

Carey is a tiny figure at the top floor window of this anonymous, Central London 4-star Hotel, dwarfed by the giant buildings around her. A Double Decker BUS wipes frame.

20

INT. NEWFORD COUNCIL CCTV CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

20

A dark room lit by the glow of thirty monitors lining the wall. Monitors displaying the streets of Sutton. *Boys and girls out for a drink. Taxis, buses and Deliveroo drivers.*

Watching them all is BECKY - Good-natured, overweight and very serious about the job. A sticker on her workstation reads: 'Caring for the Community Through Vigilance'.

A colleague sits beside her. JAMAL - proud, self-important and also overweight. He spots something on a monitor that makes him sit forward.

JAMAL(O.S.)

Unbelievable.

(beat)

Where did we send Bogdan?

BECKY

Chicken Manor.

JAMAL

And where did he go?

Jamal points to a monitor. The camera is trained on a glass fronted CHICKEN SHOP. At the counter is BOGDAN.

BECKY

Chicken Chow.

(shrugs)

Rookie mistake.

Bogdan is leaving Chicken Chow with a large bag of food.

JAMAL

Bullshit. He didn't want to walk the extra two minutes. Watch how he pretends he went to Chicken Manor...

BECKY

(into mic)

Sutton South to control.

Becky has spotted something important: on a different monitor *an argument has begun in the street between TWO DRUNK MEN. Their DRUNK FRIENDS are trying to talk them down. It looks like no huge deal. BUT - Becky knows better.*

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

...Go 'head.

BECKY

B.O.P. in progress outside the
Saltwood Castle on Wexley Road.
Several D and D's. Be advised this
could escalate.

Jamal is catching up, jealous he didn't notice it first.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

...What you thinking, Becky?

BECKY

Assault?

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

...We'll take a look.

BOGDAN enters the room, carrying the takeaway bag.

JAMAL

This won't escalate.

BECKY

Wanna bet?

JAMAL

(nodding)

The usual.

A keen new boy, Bogdan joins Becky and Jamal at the monitors, immediately engrossed. Jamal reaches into the takeaway bag.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

(testing)

How was Chicken Manor?

BOGDAN

You said Chicken Chow, no?

Bogdan sounds sincere. Jamal scowls; hating being wrong.

Another monitor: a POLICE CAR hastily on route to the scene.

Jamal points to the Two Drunk Men.

JAMAL

This ain't no assault!

BOGDAN

How do you know?

Jamal grabs hold of the lever, zooms in on DRUNK MAN ONE, a studenty young bloke with a wispy beard.

JAMAL

Ed Sheeran. Never thrown a punch in his life.

BECKY

True.

Jamal pans over to *DRUNK MAN TWO*, a well-groomed young dude.

JAMAL

Justin Timberlake's making a show of it. But his fingers are straight, not curled into a fist. His footsteps are broad, but his shoulders are hunched, defensive.

BECKY

All true.

Becky calmly sinks her teeth into a BBQ corn on the cob.

JAMAL

I'm getting thirsty, Becky.

BECKY

It's not over.

Jamal scoffs, already picking up the radio.

JAMAL

South Sutton.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

Go ahead?

JAMAL

Wexley Road disturbance is under control, no need for attendance.

He puts the radio down. On the monitors: the *POLICE CAR* slows, starts to turn back around.

BECKY

Shouldn't have done that.

Jamal looks back to the screen. SUDDENLY - his face drops.

Now we see exactly who Becky has been watching: *DRUNK WOMAN ONE*; an angry looking woman standing behind Drunk Man One. She LAMPS Drunk Man Two across the jaw with her *FIST*.

BODGAN

Whoah!

JAMAL

Where did she come from?

BECKY

Always there.

On screen, *DRUNK WOMAN TWO* suddenly piles in, and the two women start brawling in the street.

Jamal angrily strops over to a vending machine. Becky's on the radio.

BECKY (CONT'D)

South Sutton to control. Assault in progress. Wexley Road, Saltwood Castle.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

...You lot going to make your minds up?

BECKY

Apologies.

Jamal brings Becky her prize: a can of Diet Coke. She cracks it open and takes a satisfied swig, gloating.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Mmmmm cold.

On screen: *POLICE CAR* pulls into frame, lights flashing. *OFFICERS* jump out and begin prizing the fight apart.

BOGDAN

(to Becky)

How come you always know?

Becky considers her young apprentice. She rewinds the CCTV fight footage. Bogdan braces himself for a masterclass.

BECKY

See... while Timberlake and Sheeran are busy having their bromance, Demi Lovato over here is pacing, like a tiger in a cage...

As Becky continues her lesson, Jamal sulks with his chicken, watching the world outside - on all the many screens.

The music is LOUD. Shaun's mates MAT and LEE are doing SHOTS at the bar. Lee and others are singing, blaring out a pub juke box anthem, BADLY! Along the bar we find Hannah and Shaun wincing at the awful sound. Hannah's on vodka tonic. Shaun's on Coca-Cola. They talk quietly together.

HANNAH

If you're not going to drink, how are you going to celebrate your freedom?

Is she flirting? Shaun can never quite tell with Hannah.

SHAUN

Main thing I'm looking forward to
is spending time with my kid.

Hannah smiles, happy to see him happy.

HANNAH

And then? What's next for the
famous Shaun Emery?

SHAUN

To not be famous? Just want a
normal life, Hannah.

HANNAH

Have you thought any more about
suing?

SHAUN

...Way I see it, the MOD just
followed the rules. They found a
video they thought showed a crime.

A conversation they've had before. Hannah finds herself
pitying Shaun for his faith in the system, yet she can't help
seeing something noble in it. She's taken by his earnestness.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

All I want from them is my job
back.

HANNAH

They better take you back after
today's result or I'll sue them
myself!

Shaun smiles, grateful but awkward, building up to something.

SHAUN

Yeah... just... that camera
thing...

HANNAH

I can't take credit for that.
Charlie worked it out. Clever
bastard.

She nods towards Charlie in the corner of the room. Now he's
got a drink inside him he's more sociable - in an animated
political discussion with two ex-servicemen.

SHAUN

It proved the evidence was moody.
But that's all. It didn't prove my
innocence.

She almost chokes on her drink.

HANNAH

You want to reopen the trial?

Shaun looks timid, but he's got something to say. Something deeply important to him. He lowers his voice.

SHAUN

Everyone's looking at me like I done it. Like, I killed the bloke in cold blood only I got off on some technicality. I know that's what they're thinking.

Hannah looks at Shaun, concerned.

HANNAH

You were acting on a soldier's instinct.

SHAUN

But do you believe that?

HANNAH

You thought he was reaching for his weapon.

SHAUN

Do you believe me, Hannah?

Hannah puts her hand gently on his arm, looks him in the eye.

HANNAH

...of course I believe you.

Shaun melts at her touch, her acceptance of him. He looks her in the eyes, a real moment between them. They could kiss...

LEE (O.S.)

Shauny!!

LEE bowls over to them, puts his arm around Shaun, crashing the moment. Hannah suddenly looks coy, flashes Shaun a warm, knowing smile: *that was close!* Shaun's heart skips a beat.

LEE (CONT'D)

He's good-looking ain't he? I've always said, if I had to do a bloke I'd do Shauny.

(to Hannah)

And you saved him!

Lee leans over her - *too much*.

LEE (CONT'D)

Now we know who to call next time you kill a Muslim.

SUDDENLY - Shaun is on his feet.

SHAUN

The fuck is wrong with you?

Hannah jumps, startled by Shaun's sudden move. It's almost violent - born of embarrassment in front of Hannah.

The TWO MEN SQUARE OFF, causing the whole pub to stop. Mat comes wading in, calmly prizing them apart.

MAT

Alright ladies. Just leave it.

LEE

What did I say??

The crowd go back to their own business, a bit more subdued now. Shaun just wants to get back to Hannah. But Mat puts his arm around him, guides him in the opposite direction.

MAT

Come 'ere mate. I ain't spoken to you all night.

Shaun looks back at Hannah - she looks uncomfortable now. He realises Mat is HEADED FOR THE TOILETS.

SHAUN

Do you know what, Mat? I'm alright.

MAT

It's not what you think, just come!

22

INT. THE CARPENTER'S ARMS, PUB TOILETS. CONTINUOUS

22

Shaun and Mat enter. Shaun itching to get back to Hannah. Mat winks at him, heads into a cubicle, leaving the door open.

MAT

Don't worry! She's all over you.

SHAUN

(coyly)

What you on about?

MAT

Posh girl! She likes you!

On Shaun - *Really?* He's chuffed, but plays it down.

SHAUN

She's my barrister?

MAT

Correction: Was your barrister.

It's allowed now, init! So you can have a go. That's if you ain't forgotten how...

Shaun can't help smirk witheringly; indulging Mat's humour.

MAT (CONT'D)

So come on then, talk to me Shauny.
What's going on? What's going
through your head?

SHAUN

What's going through my head is why
did I follow Matthew Forester into
a toilet.

MAT

It's not what you think, Shauny...

Mat turns around to reveal: TWO FAT LINES OF WHITE POWDER.

SHAUN

That's exactly what I thought.

MAT

Yeah but if I said it was that, you
wouldn't have come.

Shaun rolls his eyes, refuses the coke, and walks out.

MAT (CONT'D)

Just cos you gave up booze, don't
mean you have to be a monk!

As Shaun walks out, another bloke walks in, sees Mat in the
cubicle, nods as if to say 'gotta any gear?'.

Mat shuts the cubicle door in the bloke's face.

23

INT. THE CARPENTER'S ARMS. CONTINUOUS

23

Shaun emerges from the toilets and scans the room for Hannah.
GONE. He strides over to Charlie, who's slightly pissed now.

SHAUN

Seen Hannah?

CHARLIE

She's with you.

On Shaun. Clearly not.

24

EXT. THE CARPENTER'S ARMS. NIGHT

24

Shaun bolts out of the pub. He looks up and down the street.
No sign of Hannah.

25

INT/EXT. SHAUN'S CAR / STREETS. MOMENTS LATER

25

Shaun jumps into an old Rover 620, fires up the engine.

SECONDS LATER. He's driving, looking out into the darkness. There's no one in sight.

Then - he sees her up ahead: Hannah, walking. Shaun pursues her... pips his car horn gently. Hannah continues walking, crosses a zebra crossing to a BUS STOP. Shaun does a u-turn, pulling up on the pavement some way behind her.

We DRIFT UP to find - a CCTV CAMERA trained on the bus stop.

26

INT. NEWFORD COUNCIL CCTV CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

26

Becky sits down, back from a break, she squirts alcohol gel onto her hands, glances at one particular screen:

Hannah, walking to the bus stop. The headlights from Shaun's car illuminate her. Then shut off.

Becky watches with mild curiosity...

27

EXT. BUS STOP STREET. CONTINUOUS

27

Shaun steps out of the car.

SHAUN

Hannah.

Hannah turns, surprised to see him.

HANNAH

Shaun!

SHAUN

Would it be you?

HANNAH

...??

SHAUN

If I sued them? Would it be you representing me... if I sued the MOD... or some specialist lawsuit barrister...?

Hannah cannot see where on earth this is going. She studies him: boyishly handsome, charming yet vulnerable.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Only... I don't want you to represent me anymore. Not cos you're not the best, cos you are... just cos... if you were my barrister again then... I wouldn't be able to ask you out.

Oh... Now Hannah sees where this is going. Hannah, flattered, does a nervous half turn, looking around self-consciously.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

I know you're different to me,
Hannah. And your mates don't hang
about estate pubs in Croydon making
jokes about Muslims and sex
offenders but... Really, I'm not
like that either. That's where I'm
from but fuck me I've tried to get
away from it. S'probably why I
joined up in the first place...

He's stopped. Because she's kissing him. Shaun can't believe it. Hannah breaks away gently, looks him in the eyes.

HANNAH

Aside from estate pubs in Croydon
we're really not that different.

Shaun is glowing. Hannah straightens out his collar,
affectionately, maternally.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Your Granddad's right. You're not
bad. Not at all.

Hannah gives him a warm smile then - she watches something over Shaun's shoulder: a DOUBLE DECKER BUS approaching.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I need to get this.

Shaun realises the bus is coming.

SHAUN

I'll give you a lift.

HANNAH (O.S.)

No.

She answered that too fast.

SHAUN

You got a boyfriend?

The bus is getting closer. Hannah avoids the question.

HANNAH

I'll call you.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

With that enigmatic farewell, Hannah steps away from Shaun, towards the bus stop.

We go CLOSE on Shaun - captivated. She was right in his arms where he wanted her - and now she's leaving!

The BUS roars past him.

WE PULL TO - The CCTV SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, watching.

28

INT. NEWFORD COUNCIL CCTV CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

28

On the other side of that lens we find Becky, staring at the monitors. We PUSH IN on her. We DO NOT SEE what she sees. We only stay on Becky, as her EYES WIDEN.

BECKY

Sutton South to Control...

RADIO OP (O.S.)

Go ahead...

Becky is watching... hesitating... Then suddenly -

BECKY

Assault in progress. Ramilies Road,
Bus Stop T.

RADIO OP

Received.

29

OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 32

29

29A

EXT. SUTTON STREET. NIGHT

29A

A responding POLICE CAR goes lights and sirens FAST through the night.

RADIO OP

*Control to all units! Assault and
kidnap in progress. High risk
suspect in flight.*

30

INT. NEWFORD COUNCIL CCTV CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

30

Becky, Bogdan and Jamal are all at the monitors.

BECKY

Who's got coverage?

Jamal and Bogdan are punching keys, trying to bring up feeds.

JAMAL

No coverage. He's in a blind spot.

31

OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 29A

31

32

INT. SHAUN'S CAR. NIGHT

32

Shaun cruises along, no particular place to go, his head still spinning from what happened with Hannah.

Then - through his rear windscreen, in the deep background:

Flashing blue lights: POLICE CAR. BUT - it is NOT coming our way. It's crossing at a distant intersection. Shaun glances in his rear view mirror and it's gone.

33

OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 33A

33

33A

INT. NEWFORD COUNCIL CCTV CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

33A

Becky, Jamal and Bogdan hear, over the radio -

RADIO OP (O.S.)

*Call S.C.D. Get tactical on standby
and an S.I.O. on the ground.*

34

OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

34

35

INT. APEX HOTEL, HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT

35

BZZ - the dark room lights up from the cold glow of Carey's phone. Carey wakes, grabbing the phone. The new message makes her sit upright. Next to her, Danny Hart stirs in his sleep.

Carey opens a video file. We watch her, watching it. Whatever it is sends a shiver down Carey's spine.

Carey scrambles out of bed, hits a light switch. Danny Hart wakes, blinking, disoriented. Carey is pulling on clothes.

CAREY

You should get home.

Danny groans sleepily. He can see what's happening; he knows what it's like to get 'the call'. He watches Carey longingly.

HART

...Is this it then?

Carey glances at him.

CAREY

Yes.

Hart reaches out a hand for her, but she's too focussed to see it, leaves him hanging.

36

OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

36

37 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

37

38 EXT. BUS STOP STREET / CRIME SCENE. NIGHT

38

CU - POLICE TAPE is rolled out across the street. UNIFORMED POLICE are cordoning off the area. SOCOs are arriving. THREE POLICE CARS are here plus - DS Flynn.

Carey's car pulls up, she steps out, game face on.

FLYNN

Morning, Ma'am. Take it you've had a look at the video?

CAREY

How did we manage to lose the suspect?

FLYNN

(shrug)

Uniform followed him into a blind spot, that's the last they saw of him.

CAREY

Didn't the PSSO's monitor the periphery feeds?

FLYNN

PSS...?

CAREY

Public Space Surveillance.

FLYNN

CCTV ops.

Carey looks up at the CCTV camera, then scans the area.

CAREY

No other cameras in range.

(to Flynn)

Eyewitnesses?

FLYNN

No eyewitnesses, and no sign of the victim. Probably safe to assume she ended up in the vehicle.

CAREY

ANPR?

FLYNN

1999 Rover 620, registered to an old fella in Croydon.

CAREY

What about facial-rec on the suspect?

Flynn has to stifle a laugh. Carey doesn't get the joke.

FLYNN

We... don't have those resources to hand, Ma'am.

On Carey - *Oh.* She thinks... takes out her phone, calls.

39

EXT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, VAUXHALL. NIGHT

39

A chunky fortress of a building. We PUSH IN.

PRE-LAP: the sound of a phone ringing.

40

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT

This is the MOTHERSHIP. An entire level dedicated to the biggest surveillance operations room in the UK. Banks upon banks of monitors line the walls. DOZENS of OPERATORS are monitoring persons of interest all over London and the UK.

The ringing phone belongs to Detective Superintendant TOM KENDRICKS. This is his domain and he rules it with pride and mischievous humour. Seeing the caller, he picks up eagerly -

KENDRICKS

Traitor!

41

EXT. BUS STOP STREET / CRIME SCENE. NIGHT

41

INTERCUT. Carey is on the other end of the call.

CAREY

It's called being promoted.

KENDRICKS

I suppose you're out celebrating your result?

CAREY

Actually, I'm trying to ID a high risk suspect from a smudge. Do you know anyone good at that...?

Instantly more comfortable around these guys, Flynn notices.

42

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT

Kendricks puts the phone on speaker and takes it over to an operator named PHILLIPS.

KENDRICKS

That's funny, I could have sworn
Rachel Carey left this department?

PHILLIPS

She did, I saw her leave.

KENDRICKS

Then why's she still bending my ear
for favours?

PHILLIPS

Don't know, Guv. Maybe she's
missing us.

CAREY

So... are you lot going to run a
face-rec for me, or shall I call
Ops Room Two?

KENDRICKS

Ouch!

PHILLIPS

That's uncalled for.

*

KENDRICKS

...Send us the capture.

43

OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

43

44

OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

44

45

EXT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE. NIGHT

45

The Rover 620 gently arrives at a quiet low rise estate.

Shaun gets out and unlocks a garage. Shaun lifts the garage door, quietly taking care not to wake the neighbours. We focus on the BOOT of the car as the garage door closes.

46

INT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE, EDDIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

46

The front door opens and Shaun creeps in, closing it as quietly as he can. He takes his shoes off and pads silently along the hall.

The sound of snoring leaks out from a bedroom. Shaun glances through the gap in the doorway. Seeing his granddad, Eddie, fast asleep, Shaun smiles.

47

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT⁷

Kendricks and Phillips are where we left them, their faces lit by the changing screens, performing a facial recognition search. We don't see the screen - just their reaction to it.

PHILLIPS
We have a contender.

CAREY (O.S.)
Great. Let me see it.

PHILLIPS
Sending...

48

EXT. BUS STOP STREET / CRIME SCENE. SAME TIME

48

CAREY
Received.

Carey opens the file on her phone.

FLYNN
Who is it?

PUSH IN to Carey - something about her whole demeanor changes, subtle yet instantaneous, a real spark of excitement glows in her eyes. This isn't just work; it's career.

CAREY
We need to call Comms.

49

INT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE, EDDIE'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

49

Family photos on the wall, of Shaun's parents, happier times past. Shaun finds a camp bed made up for him on the floor. Scratchy blankets and lumpy pillow.

He reaches into his jacket and takes out the photo of Jaycee, his daughter - and places it carefully with the other photos on the mantelpiece. He looks at her, smiling back at him - *won't be long now.*

Shaun gets into bed, shuffling off his jeans, trying not to make a sound from the creaky metal frame. He lays down. Closes his eyes. Contented. Finally free.

49A

EXT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE. NIGHT

49A

Around the corner from Eddie's building, a POLICE TACTICAL VAN rolls silently into position, joining Carey's car, Flynn's car and two Marked cars, preparing for a raid.

The Tactical Van opens and a DOZEN SFO's climb out, WEAPONS at the ready. Flynn considers them, turns to Carey.

FLYNN
Sure you want to go in this heavy?

CAREY
You saw the CCTV.

Carey has a flash of doubt. Then, doubles-down...

CAREY (CONT'D)
Besides... he's ex-army. May have
access to firearms.

Flynn considers that... nods in agreement.

49B INT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE, EDDIE'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 49B

Shaun has fallen deeply into sorely needed sleep. When..

BANG!

The soldier sits bolt upright in his bed. He reaches for a rifle that isn't there. Shaun's on his feet. Running to the hallway in his boxer shorts, where he sees -

The FRONT DOOR is now RAMMED OPEN. SIX FIGURES APPROACHING FAST. Black silhouettes, helmets, automatic rifles.

FIREARMS OFFICER
DOWN ON YOUR KNEES. HANDS BEHIND
YOUR HEAD!

Shaun complies, slumps to his knees. Combat mode - his mind is racing, trying to figure this out.

Eddie CRIES OUT from his bed, waking up, terrified.

EDDIE
Shaun??

SHAUN
S'alright Granddad!

THREE SPECIALIST FIREARMS OFFICERS (SFOs) enter the bedroom in response, tactical style.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
HE'S A FUCKING WHEELCHAIR USER!!

FLYNN (O.S.)
Shaun Emery?

Shaun looks up to see Flynn and Carey standing over him.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
I'm Detective Sergeant Flynn, this
is Detective Inspector Carey.

SHAUN
And??

UNIFORMED OFFICERS pile into the flat, searching each room.

Carey stands in the doorway to Eddie's bedroom, where she finds Eddie, trying to get up out of bed.

FIREARMS OFFICER EDDIE
Stay down! Leave him alone!

BACK TO - Flynn, Carey and Shaun in the hallway.

FLYNN
Where were you tonight?

SHAUN
Out.

FLYNN
WHERE?

SHAUN
Your sister's house.

Flynn tries to smirk it away, but Shaun's fixing him with an even, passive stare. Calm yet cold. Unnerving.

OVER TO - the uniformed officers, searching the LIVING ROOM. Accidentally, one of them brushes past the PHOTO OF JAYCEE.

It falls to the floor, where no one pays any attention to it.

BACK IN THE BEDROOM -

Eddie trying to get out of bed.

EDDIE
You can get out my house!

HALLWAY - CLANK! A noise from the bedroom. Eddie cries out.

SHAUN
GRANDDAD?

CAREY (O.S.)
Need some help here!

BEDROOM -

Eddie has fallen out of bed and now he can't get up.

HALLWAY -

Shaun is aching to go to him.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Patrick!

Flynn runs into the bedroom. He and a firearms officer begin struggling to lift the flailing old man back into bed.

On Carey - *so this is going well*. She can feel Shaun's burning eyes on her. She speaks calmly, no aggression.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Your Granddad's okay.

He looks her in the eye. He believes her.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Property's clear.

CAREY
(to Shaun)
Where is she?

SHAUN
...Who?

Carey sighs - *playing that game, huh*. She indicates to the SFO, who DRAGS SHAUN UP TO HIS FEET.

CAREY
Take me to the car.

50

EXT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE, LOCK-UP GARAGE. NIGHT

50

Shaun, feeling the whole estate watching, leads Carey, Flynn and the Uniforms to a row of lock ups. The SFOs stay back on standby. Shaun indicates which garage, the officers open it.

Inside is the Rover 620. The officers surround the car carefully, as if it may be booby-trapped. Shaun watches, baffled, as they open doors, peering inside.

OFFICER ONE
Clear.

SHAUN
(to Carey)
Are you going to tell me what's going on?

The officers are focused on the boot of the car now. They creep slowly, as if something awful lurks inside.

Even Shaun is starting to get concerned. His heart is thumping as - the boot swings open to reveal:

Nothing. Empty but for a petrol can.

Shaun finds himself breathing a sigh of relief. Carey turns to a Uniform.

CAREY

Tell forensics to compound the car.

SHAUN

Why??

FLYNN

Where's the girl you were with
earlier?

SHAUN

Girl? I was with my barrister!

Carey can't work Shaun out. She looks at Flynn. They share a moment. A decision.

FLYNN

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Shaun Emery, I am arresting
you on suspicion of Assault, WHAT?
Kidnapping and Perverting the
course of justice.

Shaun starts hyperventilating. His head spinning. He can feel a panic attack rising, threatening to engulf him.

FLYNN

SHAUN (CONT'D)

You do not have to say
anything but it may harm your
defence if you do not mention
when questioned something you
later rely on in court...

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

Shaun looks like he might become violent any second. The uniforms move towards him - HANDCUFFS AT THE READY.

Shaun flinches away from them. They grab his arms and he suddenly ERUPTS.

Lashing out at the TWO OFFICERS either side of him, he twists around and quickly evades their grasp.

OFFICER TWO tips back and accidentally REVERSE-HEADBUTTS FLYNN ON THE NOSE - friendly fire!

Flynn gasps as he CLUTCHES HIS NOSE, gushing with BLOOD.

OFFICER THREE blocks Shaun's path.

Shaun SEES him reaching for his TASER...

But before the officer can draw, Shaun RAMS himself at the officer - HEADBUTTING him in the chest like Zidane. The officer topples over, coughing and heaving, winded.

Shaun is running away BUT - Officer One and Two are right behind him, drawing their tasers and FIRING.

Shaun YELLS, dancing in the air as the TASER BEAMS HIT HIM.

The SFOs come piling out of their van, WEAPONS READY.

CAREY
Stand down!

The TASER ASSAULT finally stops and SHAUN COLLAPSES. The uniforms surround him, shove his face onto the tarmac, hands behind his back, wrist together, handcuffs locked.

EPIC HIGH ANGLE TOP SHOT - Shaun, writhing helplessly as the officers immobilize him. A wider semi-circle of SFOs form around him as backup. ROCKSTAR TAKE DOWN.

51

EXT. SUTTON STREETS. NIGHT

51

A marked car and Carey's car travel.

52

INT. CAREY'S CAR. NIGHT

52

Carey is riding shotgun. Flynn is in the back nursing his bloody nose while a colleague drives. Carey is looking up Shaun Emery's barrister on her car computer.

Carey looks closely, at images of Hannah Roberts outside the court from earlier today. Carey makes a call...

52A

INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, VIDEO EVIDENCE RM. NIGHT

INTERCUT - With Nadia Latif, who looks as if she's been up all night, trawling through CCTV. She answers her phone.

LATIF
DS Latif?

CAREY
Nadia, it's Rachel. Can I borrow you?

LATIF
...Not really, I'm still on the Douglas Estate trawl?

CAREY
I need you to delegate that.

LATIF
Why??

Carey isn't in the mood for this.

CAREY
Nadia. Like it or not, you're on my team and I'm the SIO, so when I say can I borrow you, the answer is Yes Rachel or Yes Ma'am.
(MORE)

CAREY (CONT'D)

I've got a kidnapping with a high profile suspect and a missing victim and I don't have time to persuade you of the urgency.

Latif sits up, too stunned to reply.

CAREY (CONT'D)

I need you run a background. Hannah Roberts, barrister to Shaun Emery.

LATIF

....Yes, Ma'am.

IN THE CAR -

Carey hangs up, her temper hanging in the car like a bad smell. Awkward silence from Flynn and the driver. Then -

FLYNN

Guessing you're used to things running a bit smoother over in SO15.

(beat)

Mind me asking why you left?

Carey hesitates for a beat, but decides to tell him.

CAREY

It's temporary.

(then)

They won't let you run your own counter terror ops till you've proved you can run a high profile murder... kidnapping...

Flynn nods, his tone just cordial enough to get away with:

FLYNN

...Better not fuck this up then.

52B

EXT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION. NIGHT

52B

A Marked car and Carey's car approach the station.

53

OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

53

54

INT. COLVILLE STREET P. STATION, CELLS CORRIDOR/CELL. NIGHT⁴

Shaun is led along. Uniforms either side of him regard him with wariness and scorn. Shaun is taken to a cell, locked in.

Alone in the cell, Shaun paces, stewing. No idea why this is happening.

54A **INT. POLICE FORENSICS COMPOUND. NIGHT**

54A

A LOW LOADER enters, carrying the Rover 620. A FORENSICS TEAM begin to secure the car in their compound.

55 **INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, HOMICIDE. NIGHT**

55

Carey enters, closely followed by Flynn. DCI Boyd is waiting for them, face like thunder.

BOYD

Can someone tell me why I was woken up by the press department and not you?

Carey notices a wispy man in a fitted suit nursing a takeaway latte. ANDY SIM, press officer. He waves at them.

SIM

Andy Sim, Comms.

BOYD

(to Carey)

You do know your suspect's a National hero?

Boyd holds up last night's Evening Standard. The front page headline: 'VICTORY FOR COMMON SENSE' with a photo of Shaun.

CAREY

That's... why I called Comms immediately, Sir.

(to Andy Sim)

I imagine we'll want to keep this out of the press until we charge him?

SIM

Hundred per cent.

FLYNN

You won't have long to wait.

SIM

Do we know who the victim is?

CAREY

We believe it's his barrister...

LATIF (O.S.)

Hannah Roberts.

Carey finds Latif entering, holding printed pages - trade articles and a photo of Hannah Roberts. Latif nods to Carey, somewhat deferentially; attempting to 'start over'.

LATIF (CONT'D)

It's a work in progress, Ma'am.

(beat)

Human Rights specialist. Self-employed. Winner of a 'Law Society award', whatever that is. She's something of a rising star by all accounts. High profile cases... MOD war crimes... Terrorism...

Carey is already taken by the sound of this woman. *You had me at rising star...*

FLYNN

Next of kin?

LATIF

Mother's deceased, father lives overseas.

CAREY

What about a partner?

LATIF

Her social media activity seems to revolve around work, and she lives alone in a flat in Fulham.

A girl after Carey's heart indeed. Carey nods gratitude at Latif.

FLYNN

Got an address for me?

Latif hands Flynn a file. He walks away. Boyd sees Carey has this under control, but has to have the parting shot.

BOYD

Should have called me first.

Boyd walks off. Once he's out of earshot...

SIM

Well... I appreciate it.

Sim smiles politely, leaves them to it. Carey turns to Latif.

CAREY

We need to collate every inch of the suspect's journey on CCTV.

Uniform lost him at the first blind spot he drove through, so where did he go between there and home?

LATIF

Okay, I'll start the trawl...

CAREY
Not here. We need it done fast.

56 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 54A 56

57 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 57

58 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 55 58

59 INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT⁹

Back at the Mothership, Tom Kendricks is at the monitors in deep concentration. His phone buzzes and he picks up.

KENDRICKS
Did you find your suspect?

CAREY
(yes)
I'm... not at liberty to say...

KENDRICKS
(gets it)
Congratulations.

CAREY
What time are you leaving?

KENDRICKS
I've never left. I never will.

CAREY
I'm sending someone to see you...

CONTROL ONE (O.C.)
Rich Food is mobile!

KENDRICKS
No can do, Carey. Busy.

Kendricks hangs up and leans in to the monitors.

60 INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, HOMICIDE. NIGHT 60

Carey, cut off, embarrassed in front of Latif.

CAREY
Okay... You're going to have to stop off at Mario's.

60A OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 60A

60B OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 54A

60B

61 EXT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION. DAWN

61

Daylight creeps in over the station. An Uber pulls up outside. Charlie staggers out, squinting into the light. He passes SEVERAL UNIFORMED OFFICERS as he talks into his phone.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Hannah it's me, call me. Our golden boy's in trouble again. Already.

As Charlie walks into the building, Latif walks out.

CAREY (PRE-LAP)

Assault. Kidnapping. Resisting arrest. Assaulting a police officer.

62 INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, HOMICIDE, CORRIDOR. DAY

Carey and Charlie face off in the corridor.

CHARLIE

Drop the last two right off the bat and we'll think about not suing you.

CAREY

For?

CHARLIE

The trauma your tactical officers inflicted on Emery senior. A pensioner and an upstanding member of the community.

CAREY

(wryly)

Upstanding isn't a word I'd have used.

Charlie realises his faux pas. He almost shares a laugh about it, but he recovers.

CHARLIE

You... do know who my client is?

CAREY

I know he has previous for murder on the battlefield.

CHARLIE

Then you'll know he's just been acquitted.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(frowns at Carey)
You're new to Homicide, aren't you?

CAREY
I've been in SO15 the last four
years.

CHARLIE
That explains the heavy handedness.

CAREY
Excuse me?

Charlie could say more, but side-steps instead.

CHARLIE
My client has been let down by just
about everyone from his ex-
girlfriend to his Army lawyers. Two
tours in Afghanistan, one in Iraq
and how do we repay his service?
Six months for a crime he should
never have been convicted for, and
now this?

(beat)
He's got no parents. His only
family is his Granddad and he's on
his last l... He's not going to be
around much longer, let's put it
that way.

(beat)
So unless you've got Shaun's blood
soaked fingerprints on a smoking
gun... I suggest you go easy on the
boy.

Off Carey, quietly confident - *Oh, but we do...*

62A

EXT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND. DAY

62A

Latif approaches, holding a greasy paper sandwich bag, gazing up at the imposing building.

62B

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, ENTRANCE. DAY

62B

We look down on Latif as she enters a whole new environment.

63

OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

63

64

OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

64

65

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY 65

Latif has never been here before, and it shows. She can't help look impressed as an officer escorts her to Kendricks who, along with his team, is engrossed in the monitors.

LATIF

Sir? DS Latif. Rachel Carey sent me?

Kendricks ignores her. Not rude. Just focussed. She proffers the sandwich bag.

LATIF (CONT'D)

She... said to bring you this, from Mario's.

KENDRICKS

Who's he meeting?

CONTROL ONE

Unknown, Sir.

KENDRICKS
Grey team on standby.

CONTROL ONE (CONT'D)
....Grey team standing by.

A flurry of focus in the control room as they gather around a monitor showing the feed from a hidden camera, pointed at Rich Food, a White Nationalist Thug.

By now Latif has forgotten what she came for. She has a ringside seat at the surveillance circus, top tier: the Terrorist Hunters. She watches, entranced.

KENDRICKS
Run facial rec on that
unknown.

CONTROL ONE.
.....Running facial rec.

Latif watches the facial rec program spin.

KENDRICKS
Is that a breakfast brioche?

It takes Latif a second to realise he's talking to her.

LATIF
...Oh. Yeah...

He's already taken it, devouring it.

KENDRICKS
Phillips! Give...
(finally turning to Latif)
DS Latif?

LATIF
Yes, sir.

KENDRICKS
Give DS Latif whatever she wants.

66 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 67A

66

67 **INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT. DAY**

67

Flynn and Uniforms have searched the place. He's on a call.

FLYNN
(into phone)
I'm standing in Hannah Roberts'
living room, Ma'am. No sign of
Roberts and nothing to suggest she
made it home last night.

67A **INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, HOMICIDE. DAY**

67A

Carey, walking through the office, on the call...

CAREY
Recover all devices in the property
and get yourself back here please.
It's time we started talking to the
one person who can tell us where
she is...

68 **INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY** 68

Charlie and Shaun enter the tiny room, take their seats.

CHARLIE
We don't know if they've got a
scrap of evidence, or if this is
just some bullshit fishing trip, so
you have every reason to keep
schtum.

SHAUN
No comment...? I've got nothing to
hide, Charlie.

Charlie nods, okay.

CHARLIE
Just do yourself a favour. Whatever
happens? Try not to punch anyone.

Shaun looks at him. Good advice.

69

INT. COLVILLE ST POLICE STATION, INV. MONITORING ROOM. DAY 69

Boyd, another detective or two, and press officer Andy Sim settle into the room. They are watching a camera feed from the interview room next door.

The monitor shows: *Carey and Flynn enter, sit down opposite Shaun and Charlie.*

70

INT. COLVILLE ST POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM. CONTINUOUS 0

Flynn glares at Shaun across the table. His nose still sporting a nasty bruise. Carey starts the recording device with a long loud beep. As it's beeping...

FLYNN

Did you piss yourself when they tasered you? It happens.

Shaun glares back. The BEEP ends.

CAREY

This is a recorded police interview with DI Rachel Carey, DS Patrick Flynn, the suspect Shaun Michael Emery and solicitor Charles Hall.

She sits back.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Do you understand why you're here Shaun?

SHAUN

No.

CAREY

But you know you're under suspicion for Assault and Kidnapping.

Shaun almost laughs, it sounds so absurd to him.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Where's Hannah Roberts?

Charlie sits upright on hearing her name. What??

SHAUN

I don't know. Home?

CHARLIE

If you're alleging Hannah Roberts is involved in my client's case I'm afraid we have to suspend this...

SHAUN
(overlapping, ignoring
Charlie)
Why you asking about her?

FLYNN
Is she alive?

SHAUN
Course she's alive.

CAREY
If you help us find her, this will
be much easier for you, Shaun.

Shaun tries to control his breathing. *Is this happening?* He looks Carey in the eyes.

SHAUN
I don't know where she is. And I
don't know what either of you are
talking about.

FLYNN
Where did you last see her?

SHAUN
Last night. Me and... Charlie and
Hannah... We were in the pub.

Carey glances at Charlie. He's trying to stay professionally calm but his mind is obviously racing hundred miles an hour.

FLYNN
So you'd been drinking?

SHAUN
I don't drink.
(beat)
After... I offered to give Hannah a
lift. She said no.
(beat)
That was that.

FLYNN
What was what?

SHAUN
She went home.

Carey and Flynn look at each other. Flynn picks up his case and produces a laptop.

CAREY
For the benefit of the recording,
DS Flynn is playing a video file
captured on Sutton Council CCTV
yesterday at 11.35pm.

Shaun stares at it: *CCTV footage. A wide of a street with Hannah walking to the bus stop. We recognise it from the location last night.*

SHAUN

Yeah that's her. That's Hannah.

Watching uneasily, Charlie involuntarily nods in agreement.

CAREY

For the benefit of the recording,
the suspect has identified the
female figure in the video as
Hannah Roberts.

Shaun gets out the car. Approaches Hannah...

SHAUN

That's me.

CAREY

For the benefit of the recording,
Mr Emery has identified the male
figure in the video as himself.

SHAUN

Is anyone going to tell me what the
problem is?

Flynn looks at him, as if the problem is obvious.

On the mute video, Shaun and Hannah are silently talking - Then, Hannah and Shaun begin to kiss.

Charlie can't hide his surprise. This is news to him. Shaun steals a glance towards him. All of a sudden the solicitor and his client look mightily awkward together. Flynn enjoys the moment, watching them squirm.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

So what? What's the problem with
it?

On screen, the kiss between Shaun and Hannah is over. She is starting to say goodbye. The Bus approaches...

Watching, Shaun frowns. *The bus does not stop, passes by. Hannah is still there, on the pavement with him.*

SHAUN (CONT'D)

She got on that bus.

Shaun is gesturing to his car. Hannah holds up a hand - a firm no. Shaun tries to grab her, lightly at first, but Hannah isn't happy, pulls away.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
Wait, this ain't what happened. She
got on that bus!

Hannah is getting irate. Shaun is getting agitated and - VIOLENTLY GRABS HOLD OF Hannah by the arm.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
This ain't right!

But for Charlie, there it is on screen, plain as day.

Hannah is struggling to get away, SHAUN SUDDENLY STRIKES HANNAH. One fast motion - a blow to the head. Hannah goes down.

In the room, Shaun JUMPS UP, his chair flying back.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
THIS AIN'T REAL!!!

Flynn is ON HIS FEET.

FLYNN
Sit. Right. Down. SHAUN (CONT'D)
This isn't what happened!
None of it happened!

Hannah is barely conscious, in shock. Shaun drags her, flailing, off camera, towards his car.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS? WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE? THIS IS A FUCKING LIE!

Carey SLAMS her hand against an alarm trigger on the wall. The alarm wails.

INSERT: INTERVIEW MONITORING ROOM -

Boyd and Andy Sim, watching this, eyes widening.

BACK IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM -

UNIFORM OFFICERS pile in to restrain Shaun.

FLYNN
SIT THE FUCK DOWN!

Charlie is backed into a corner, reeling from what he's still witnessing on screen:

From offscreen, Shaun's car headlights come on. The car drives through frame, Shaun driving. No sign of Hannah.

SHAUN
(pointing at the screen)
THIS IS FUCKED! IT'S A FUCKING LIE.

Carey never takes her eyes off Shaun. She sees how incensed he is, and - for a decisive beat amidst the chaos - she is startled by how sincere he appears.

The officers seize Shaun. He LASHERS BACK AT THEM. Again, an officer FLINCHES BACKWARDS and accidentally ELBOWS poor Flynn in the face. Again, Flynn clutches his bleeding schnozz.

FLYNN
Fuck's. Sake.

The officers twist Shaun, FORCING HIM FACE DOWN on the table. Shaun, gritted teeth, eyes rolling, PANIC RISING. An officer SEIZES Shaun's arm and manages to CUFF IT to the table leg.

OFFICER
EVERYONE OUT! Suspect is
secure. FLYNN (CONT'D)
Get out!

Charlie, wide eyed in shock, slides along the wall till he can escape the room. Flynn grabs Carey, pulling her out.

Now it's just Shaun and two uniform holding him on the desk. He is fuming, rigid, but no longer struggling. Cautiously, the officers let go of Shaun and step back, out of the door.

71

INT. COLVILLE ST POLICE, INV MONITORING ROOM / CORRIDOR. DAY

Carey enters to see - on the monitor, Shaun alone, wrestling with the handcuffs in a futile angry gesture. Finally he slumps his head down onto the table, muttering to himself...

Watching, Boyd raises the volume of the feed from the interview room. He has to turn it right up - the hiss getting louder, until they can hear Shaun's croaky whisper...

SHAUN (ON MONITOR)
It's not real. It's not real...

On Carey, watching intently. BZZZZZ - her phone is ringing. She leaves the room to take the call. As she goes we PULL TO -

Andy Sim, behind her. An unreadable look on his face.

72

INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR. DAY

72

Carey steps into the corridor, her phone still buzzing. She sees Charlie pacing, panicked. Cop and lawyer share a look.

CHARLIE
Where is she?

She looks Charlie in the eye.

CAREY
We'll find her.

She turns and answers the call, walking down the corridor, leaving Charlie reeling.

CAREY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Carey.

73

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY 73

It's Latif calling. She's sitting with Phillips. INTERCUT.

LATIF
I've got Emery's journey.

CAREY
Go on?

On screens: *CCTV shots of Shaun's CAR on various streets.*

LATIF
He heads West for two miles, then
we lose him to a blind spot.
(beat)
Eighteen minutes later he
reappears, heads home.

CAREY
No sign of the victim?

LATIF
(loaded)
The blind spot borders the river,
Ma'am.

Holy Shit...!

CAREY
Good work! Send the coordinates.
Meet me there.

Latif finds she *does* enjoy having Carey's approval.

Carey hangs up. Flynn is in the corridor, holding bog-roll to his bloody nose.

FLYNN
We charging him or what?

CAREY
Not yet...

Carey checks Charlie is out of earshot. He's walked away.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Call a search team. Divers.
(beat)
We might have a body.

Carey and Flynn hurry away, on a mission.

PRE LAP: *BEEP BEEEEP BEEEEEEP.*

74

EXT. OAKCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL, FRONT GATES. DAY

74

BEEEEEEP! The school bell. PARENTS wait with toddlers and prams. The KIDS pour out. One by one, the kids spot their adult, peeling off - armed with schoolbags, paintings and gems from their day at school.

BUT - one little girl can't find her mum, or dad. She gazes out at the emptying playground, an anxious look on her face.

Jaycee.

75

INT. COLVILLE ST POLICE STATION, POLICE CELLS, CORRIDOR. DAY

Shaun, handcuffed, is led along the corridor by FOUR UNIFORM, watching him warily.

76

INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, POLICE CELL. DAY

76

From ABOVE we look down on Shaun being locked in his cell.

Alone. Desperate. He sinks to his knees. Then looks up at:

A SMALL CCTV CAMERA in the corner of the cell. Watching.

CUT TO BLACK