

THE CAPTURE

Written by

Ben Chanan

EPISODE TWO: 'Toy Soldier'

NB. Scene Numbers are now locked.

NB. Page Numbers are now locked.

Shooting Script (26/11/18)

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

CONFIDENTIAL: Copyright - This material is the property of HTVP Limited. Distribution or disclosure of the material to unauthorised persons is prohibited. The sale, copying or reproduction of this material in any form is also prohibited. Please do not discuss the contents of this script with anyone outside the production. This sending of this script does not constitute an offer of employment.

1 **EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY. EARLY EVENING**

1

Daylight is fading. An unmarked police car zooms past, along the fast lane, blue lights flashing.

 FLYNN (V.O.)
 Shaun Michael Emery. Two tours in
 Afghanistan... One in Iraq...

2 **INT. CAREY'S CAR. EARLY EVENING**

2

Inside, DS Patrick Flynn, riding shotgun, is reading a file on the car's computer. DI Rachel Carey is at the wheel.

 FLYNN
 Awarded a Mention in Dispatches for
 gallantry action. Medical notes
 only state injuries he suffered in
 Helmand. So... no PTSD.

 CAREY
 ...Not diagnosed.

Flynn looks at her, waiting for more.

 CAREY (CONT'D)
 You saw his reaction in the
 interview.

 FLYNN
 And the Bafta goes to...

 CAREY
 I don't think so.

Carey is thinking back, back in the moment...

 FLYNN
 What then?

Carey tries saying her theory out loud -

 CAREY
 He doesn't know he did it.

MUSIC MONTAGE BEGINS -

3 **INT. COLVILLE ST POLICE STATION, POLICE CELL. EARLY EVENING**

3

MUSIC CONTINUES - as Shaun Emery paces his cell like a caged beast. His mind is going into overdrive, trying to work out what the hell is happening to him.

CLOSE on Shaun. As he thinks, his memories come back to him in short sharp bursts -

INSERT: FLASHBACK - Hannah kissing Shaun tenderly.

Back to Shaun in the cell, remembering -

INSERT: FLASHBACK - Hannah straightening out his collar, maternally.

On Shaun - even in his dire plight, the memory gives him a feeling of hope, of conviction. *I know what's true.*

HANNAH (V.O.)
Hi, this is Hannah Roberts....

4 **INT. COLVILLE ST POLICE STATION, RECEPTION. EARLY EVENING** 4

MUSIC CONTINUES - Charlie Hall is on his phone, anxiously listening to Hannah's voicemail.

HANNAH (V.O.)
*If your call is urgent please
contact the offices of Midler and
Hall solicitors...*

Charlie turns and walks away from the police station.

5 **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED** 5

6 **EXT. CCTV BLIND SPOT. EARLY EVENING** 6

MUSIC CONTINUES - as Carey's car pulls up beneath a huge motorway flyover. No man's land bordering the river.

Latif is there to meet Carey and Flynn. She leads them to the water's edge.

RIVER POLICE and DIVERS have arrived, getting into their boat, heading out into the water. A TECH TEAM are powering up their van.

Carey stares out at the murky water. In there, lies the body of Hannah Roberts. MUSIC ENDS.

7 **EXT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION. NIGHT.** 7

An Audi A3 pulls into the car park. Out steps - GEMMA GARLAND, a woman who knows where all the bodies are buried.

8

INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR. NIGHT

8

Whack! Whack! DCI Alec Boyd is smacking a vending machine that just swallowed his money and gave no crisps in return.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Someone here to see you Guv'nor...

BOYD
(to the vending machine)
Peasant!

GARLAND
Alec Boyd?

Boyd may not recognise Gemma Garland, but he knows a VIP when he sees one.

BOYD
Speaking. I mean... yes, that's me.

GARLAND
...Is there somewhere we can talk?

9

EXT. CCTV BLIND SPOT, WOODS/RIVER. NIGHT

9

The boat floats in the middle of the water. Flynn supervises from shore. River Police lower a WATERPROOF CAMERA on a cable down into the water....

10

EXT/INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE TECH VAN/SAME TIME

10

Carey, Latif and a Tech Officer are monitoring the UNDERWATER FEED. The camera drifts along the cloudy riverbed, so murky the body could be revealed any second.

Latif nods at the monitors.

LATIF
Not quite S015.

Carey is too focused on watching the feed for idle chatter.

LATIF (CONT'D)
I could get used to that. The nerve centre.
(pause, then)
I'm guessing it can't be easy getting in there?

CAREY
They're pretty selective.

Carey catches herself, realising how arrogant that sounds.
Awkward. Latif tries not to sound resentful -

LATIF

Everyone wants a graduate now.

CAREY

It's more that... They need to know
you're clean, hundred percent.
They can't afford to let a terror
trial collapse because of one DS
who took a bung on a burglary
fifteen years ago.

Latif glances at Carey sideways.

LATIF

...Reputation, then.

Carey stops. The hell does that mean? *Could she know about
Hart...?* Carey turns it over in her head, aching to know...
when - Carey's phone vibrates urgently. She picks up...

CAREY

Carey?

CLOSE - on Carey, her eyes suddenly wide!

CAREY (CONT'D)

What the FUCK??

11 **INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, HOMICIDE. NIGHT** 11

Andy Sim, on the other end of the phone, in a quiet corner of
the office.

ANDY SIM

That was my reaction.

12 **INT/EXT. CAREY'S CAR/ROADS. NIGHT** 12

Boom. Carey's CAR shoots down the fast lane, lights flashing.

Carey - foot to the floor, eyes on the road, determined.
Latif, riding shotgun, bracing herself - this is fast even
for police!

13 **EXT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION. NIGHT** 13

Carey's car comes screeching to a halt outside. She jumps out
of the car, leaving Latif inside.

CAREY
Park it, please...

Off Latif. Valet now.

14 **INT. COLVILLE ST POLICE STATION, HOMICIDE, CORRIDOR. NIGHT** 14

Carey bursts in to find Boyd leaving, coat on, home time.

CAREY
Redacted??

BOYD
(pulling rank)
DI Carey.

CAREY
(remembering herself)
Sir. The footage? Comms called me.

BOYD
Yes, the CCTV has been redacted.
Withdrawn. Afraid so.

CAREY
Because??

Boyd sighs wearily. He just wants to go home.

BOYD
Because the Gods have spoken and
that is what they have decreed.

CAREY
What *Gods*??

Boyd considers Carey.

BOYD
You're from SO15 aren't you? Sure
you can work it out.

CAREY
(thinking...)
The Security Service? They came
here??

BOYD
Turns out Sutton is on the map.

Boyd starts to walk off.

BOYD (CONT'D)
They do grace us with their
presence occasionally, you know.

Carey runs after him, as Boyd heads down a staircase...

CAREY
Did they give a reason??

BOYD
'Security', fittingly enough.

CAREY
Just that??

BOYD
Yep.

CAREY
Now what am I supposed to do?

As they descend the stairs, they meet Latif on her way up.
Boyd stops on a landing, to both of them.

BOYD
Now, you'll have to proceed *without*
the redacted video evidence. Didn't
they teach you *anything* in fast
track school?

CAREY
Sir, the only thing that puts him
at the scene was that CCTV. He had
no phone, there are no other
cameras and no eyewitnesses. Now I
have to find enough evidence to
charge the suspect when we've
already had him in custody for...

She turns to Latif.

LATIF
Nineteen hours.

BOYD
Nineteen.
(counting on one hand,
sarcastically)
Twenty, Twenty one...

He counts the other fingers mute, holds up his hand: 5 Hours.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Better get a move on.

Boyd turns and trots away downstairs.

Carey and Latif look at one another. What the hell now??

15 **INT. POLICE FORENSICS COMPOUND. NIGHT**

15

A FORENSICS GUY is on the phone.

FORENSICS GUY

There was nothing juicy on the
eyeball sweep. No obvious blood
samples in the boot or the interior
of the car.

16 **INT. HOMICIDE AND SERIOUS CRIME COMMAND. NIGHT**

16

INTERCUT - with Carey, pacing the near-empty office.

CAREY

DNA?

FORENSICS GUY

Samples went off to the lab this
afternoon.

CAREY

I need this marked as priority.
Threat to life.

FORENSICS GUY

You're looking at two to three
days.

CAREY

Did you just hear me say threat to
life? I need it in the next... four
hours.

FORENSICS GUY

Best will in the world, you're not
going to get it in the next *twenty*
four hours.

Carey fumes. Across the office, we find Latif, also on the
phone...

LATIF

Patrick?

17 **EXT. CCTV BLIND SPOT, RIVER. SECONDS LATER**

17

INTERCUT - with Flynn.

FLYNN

Nads?

LATIF

You need to find the body.

FLYNN

I wondered what I was doing down
the river in the middle of the
night freezing my bollocks off.
What d'you think I'm looking for,
the Kraken?

18 **INT. HOMICIDE AND SERIOUS CRIME COMMAND. NIGHT**

18

LATIF

No, I mean you NEED to find the
body.

19 **INT. HOMICIDE AND SERIOUS CRIME COMMAND. NIGHT**

19

Wide. A huge empty office with only two detectives at their
desks. Carey and Latif sit, sulk. Brick wall.

LATIF

How can they ban us from using it?

CAREY

Easily. All they have to say is
Issues of National Security.

LATIF

But what's so *National Security*
about that video?

CAREY

I don't know.

If it's hurting Latif, it's *torturing* Carey. She stares at
her computer, studying: *the Shaun/Hannah CCTV in question.*

LATIF

You hold them a lot longer in
Counter Terrorism, don't you?

CAREY

We can do.

LATIF

Wonder if there's anything your
friends could do for us?

Carey looks at Latif, almost proud of her for having gotten
the CT bug. However, this idea is beyond the pale.

CAREY

Hold Shaun Emery on terror charges?

LATIF

(shrug)

They'd be keeping a dangerous man
off the streets and giving us time
to charge him with what he's really
done.

CAREY

Do you remember when I said you
need to be by the book?

LATIF

Right now, we've got four hours to
get a confession out of Emery or
find more evidence. There's by-the-
book, and there's getting the job
done.

Carey stops, taken by that notion, if not the example. She
considers Latif...

CAREY

There is one thing we can do...

Latif realises Carey has been looking at - the Shaun/Hannah
CCTV footage. She plays it...

LATIF

The video's still on file?

CAREY

We're not allowed to use it as
evidence... But they can't stop us
using it as intelligence.

Carey freezes the footage, as the BUS drives through frame.

20

EXT. SOUTHWARK BUS DEPOT, OFFICE. NIGHT

20

The Cathedral of bus depots, the immense vaulted ceiling
dwarfing even the rows of red double deckers.

A Car pulls up. Out steps - Latif.

21

INT. SOUTHWARK BUS DEPOT, OFFICE. NIGHT

21

A ramshackle office that looks like it hasn't changed since the 80s. Latif is standing before the Bus Depot Supervisor.

She holds up a printed still of the CCTV footage - the bus passing through frame.

LATIF

I need to speak to the driver of this bus. The reg isn't clear, but from the date and time... hoping you can help me find him?

She points to the time display on the CCTV still. The Supervisor frowns at it.

22

INT. POLICE CELL / CORRIDOR. NIGHT

22

A Uniform leads Carey along as she psyches herself up for what she's about to do. Shaun is surprised to find his door unlocked, Carey stepping in. Her tone is calm, controlled.

CAREY

There's been a development I'd like to make you aware of.

(pause)

We've recovered cctv showing your journey to the river after the incident with Hannah Roberts.

(pause)

We've also found samples of Hannah's DNA in the boot of your Grandfather's car.

If Carey is uncomfortable with the bluff, she hides it well. Shaun is baffled, stunned silent.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Divers are currently searching the river for the body. But purely on the weight of the evidence we have already, this has now become a murder investigation.

(pause)

Is there anything you'd like to tell me at this stage, Shaun?

Shaun looks at Carey like she's talking an alien language. She *must* have this wrong. And he's got real-world concerns...

SHAUN

...They said I wasn't allowed a phone call.

CAREY

...Do you understand what I've just told you, Shaun?

SHAUN

I was supposed to pick my daughter up from school.

Carey considers Shaun carefully. He seems to be on another plane entirely. *How deluded is he?* She goes for a different tack, trying to get into his head.

CAREY

I understand it's very difficult. Adjusting, to civvy life. We expect a lot from our Forces, don't we?

(beat)

And then prison. Expecting you to come out and adjust all over again. Perhaps it's not so surprising the first thing you do on your release puts you straight back in custody.

Shaun stares at her. She *is* getting inside his head. He struggles to keep her out.

CAREY (CONT'D (CONT'D))

What do you remember about it, Shaun...? Did you lose control?

SHAUN

I'm not talking without my solicitor.

CAREY

Mr Hall has gone home.

Shaun is unnerved to learn that. He swallows the feeling of helplessness; tries to help himself...

SHAUN

I thought I had the right to one phone call.

CAREY

You have the right to have someone informed of your arrest. Would you like someone informed of your...

SHAUN

No. I need to call. My ex finds out I'm back in a police cell, she ain't going to trust me to pick up Jaycee ever again.

Carey sees opportunity.

CAREY

Phone calls are at my discretion.

(pause)

Why don't we sit down together, and try to figure out what happened between you and Hannah Roberts...?

Carey and Shaun face off, trying to play one another.

SHAUN

...Get me a phone call.

CAREY

I will.

After you confess. Shaun realises he's being played - *unfair!*

SHAUN

It's urgent!

Carey looks at him, incredulous.

CAREY

So is this.

Stalemate.

23

EXT. BLIND SPOT, RIVER. NIGHT

23

SPLASH. A Police Diver drags himself over the side of the boat. Flynn is on the bank of the river, on the phone.

FLYNN

Ma'am?

(beat)

Divers have covered a quarter-mile radius without a result.

24

INT. HOMICIDE CELLS CORRIDOR / DESK. NIGHT

24

INTERCUT - with Carey, having left the cells, she is now pacing in the corridor on the phone.

FLYNN

They reckon there's a chance she was dragged further downstream, but it's unlikely. We can expand the search area, but... in the time we've got left, I don't know...

Carey sighs, deeply disappointed. Then - she sees a new call incoming. She switches..

CAREY

Nadia?

25

INT. SOUTHWARK BUS DEPOT, OFFICE. NIGHT

25

INTERCUT - with Latif, sitting in front of a dusty bank of monitors.

LATIF

How did you get on with the suspect?

Carey takes a deep breath. She finds it hard to report back on her failings. The strained silence gives Latif her answer.

LATIF (CONT'D)

I'm only asking because the Bus Driver's given us absolutely nothing. Doesn't recall passing Emery and Roberts let alone seeing the assault.

(beat)

I've pulled the CCTV from the vehicle itself...

CAREY

(hopeful)

And...?

On screen, the bus CCTV: *front door of the bus on the move.*

LATIF

Sorry, Ma'am. Bus passes by, doesn't give us anything. I'll save the file so you can take a look yourself, but... short of finding the body...

(beat)

I think we're out of ideas.

Carey sighs, hangs up the phone. She holds there, alone in the corridor, mind whirring. Are we?

Carey looks at the phone in her hand. *Can I? Should I...?*

26 **INT. DANNY HART'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT**

26

All is quiet in the Hart household but for the gentle snoring of Danny Hart and his wife Elaine, happily tucked up in their kingsize bed.

Bzzzz - Danny's phone vibrates gently on the bedside table. Elaine stirs in her sleep but she's used to these work interruptions. A hand emerges from the bed, grabs the phone.

Scowling at the caller ID, Danny silently curses, rejects the call and puts the phone face down.

27 **INT. HOMICIDE CELLS CORRIDOR / DESK. NIGHT**

27

Carey is left with nothing but Danny Hart's voicemail.

Yes, out of ideas.

28 **INT. POLICE CELL / CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

28

Clank. Shaun's cell door opens. Carey stands there, seething with resentment. She can barely bring herself to say it.

CAREY

Mr Emery. I am releasing you on pre-charge bail while we continue our enquiries. You will remain on bail for twenty-eight days...

Shaun can hardly believe it. He scrambles out of the cell.

SHAUN

Where's Hannah?

Carey is floored by the sickening distaste of his question. But then - sees the sincerity in his eyes. Again Carey finds herself arrested by his earnestness: *Denial. It must be.*

CAREY

When the answer comes to you, be sure to let me know.

Shaun frowns at her, utterly lost and confused.

29 **EXT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION. NIGHT** 29

Latif approaches the station as Shaun exits. He passes by, paying no attention - as he marches off into the streets.

Latif finds Carey at the entrance, watching Shaun go; intrigued by him; by his attitude to this.

The two detectives share an exhausted look - time to call it a night.

30 **EXT. SUTTON STREET. NIGHT** 30

Just along the road, Shaun passes by a STREET CCTV CAMERA. A beat, and the device robotically pans after Shaun, tracking him. Creepy.

31 **OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC.33A** 3132 **EXT. CAREY'S BUILDING, STRATFORD. NIGHT** 32

Carey parks her CAR, enters a modest, modern block of flats.

33 **INT. CAREY'S FLAT. NIGHT** 33

A place to sleep, but not a home. Back from work but not done working, Carey is on her laptop, googling 'Shaun Emery'. She watches news reports as she eats an instant pot of porridge.

REPORTER (V.O.)
*...Appeal judges unanimously
rejected one crucial piece of
evidence that had formed the basis
of Emery's court martial.*

33A **EXT/INT. KAREN'S HOUSE. DAWN** 33A

Shaun has walked miles, straight to this quiet new-build housing estate. He taps gently on the front door. A curtain at the kitchen window is tugged aside, Karen appears at the glass. She glares at Shaun, but opens the front door anyway.

SHAUN
Is she alright?

KAREN
The first inch I give you...

SHAUN
Is she alright??

KAREN
Keep your voice down.
(beat)
They don't just throw them out onto
the street when they're six.

JAYCEE (O.S.)
Is that my daddy?

Shaun's face lights up - behind Karen he can see Jaycee
peeking around the bannister of the stairs.

KAREN
(calling out)
Francis...

SHAUN
Hey Jaycee!

FRANCIS appears from upstairs. A kind-looking, dependable
sort. He is immediately wary of Shaun.

FRANCIS
(to Karen)
You okay?

KAREN	SHAUN
Fine. Take Jaycee upstairs please.	She's just saying hello.

FRANCIS
Perhaps another time.

KAREN
My first day off in months, I get
called by the teachers and have to
sprint to the school to find my
daughter crying her eyes out.
Francis can you please take Jaycee
upstairs?

Shaun watches his daughter scooped up into Francis's arms.

JAYCEE
(to Francis)
Why is my daddy here?

FRANCIS
I don't know. I think he got the
time wrong.

It's all Shaun can do to stop himself barging right in. But he does stop himself. He turns to Karen.

SHAUN

I would have been there. I was at the hospital all night. My Granddad fell.

KAREN

Really?

SHAUN

Down the stairs by his flats. I was in A&E for hours with no reception. He cracked four ribs. I was worried it'd affect his breathing.

Karen looks at Shaun, shakes her head.

KAREN

I called your granddad last night. He didn't mention any cracked ribs.

Shit!

KAREN (CONT'D)

He did say you were at the hospital though. Matthew Forrester had a heart attack, apparently?

SHAUN

Karen...

Karen shuts the door in Shaun's face. He holds there, crushed. Turns and walks away.

As Shaun leaves the estate, he passes a CCTV CAMERA. We flip to CCTV CAM: *Shaun, watched.*

34 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 35A

34

35 INT. CAREY'S FLAT. DAWN

35

Morning light is creeping in to the flat. Carey has fallen asleep on her laptop.

On screen, she has opened dozens of online articles about Emery. On the table, a SMALL NOTEPAD with handwritten notes.

Carey blinks, realising she can't do anymore, snaps out of it, heads off to bed. We catch the last note she scribbled down: '**Flawed Video Evidence**'.

35A **INT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE, EDDIE'S FLAT. DAWN**

35A

Shaun arrives, knocks on the front door.

SHAUN

It's me.

Jean opens the door. Eddie is wheeling himself to the door.

EDDIE

What happened??

Shaun just looks at him.

SHAUN

Matt Forrester in hospital with a heart attack?

EDDIE

...I had to say *something*.

SHAUN

Where's your phone?

Shaun rounds into the living room, grabs Eddie's old-man's mobile, scrambles around in his bag, pulls out: a scrap of note paper with phone numbers on it. Shaun calls...

HANNAH (V.O.)

Hi, this is Hannah Roberts. I'm not avail...

Shaun hangs up. Calls again.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Hi, this is Hannah Roberts. I'm not available to take your call...

Shaun slumps down on an armchair, shattered.

36 **INT. CAREY'S FLAT, BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING**

36

Carey slumps into bed with her tablet. She sleepily opens her e-mail. Her inbox is mostly full of google-alerts about Operation Sycamore. We might notice - a Friend Request reminder: from Abigail Carey. Carey ignores it.

Instead, Carey opens a Sycamore link from one of the google-alert emails. *Danny Hart is there again -*

HART (ON SCREEN)
*Thanks to the tenacity of our
Counter Terrorism officers, these
individuals are no longer in a
position to cause public harm.*

Carey enjoys hearing that, again. *The report continues, with
a clip of CCTV footage we've glimpsed before...*

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
*The suspects claimed they had no
connection to the Birmingham-based
arms dealer... This CCTV footage
says otherwise...*

Carey closes her eyes, drifting off to sleep...

Then - Carey suddenly opens her eyes - A new idea!

36A

INT. EDDIE'S FLAT. MORNING

36A

Fast asleep in the armchair, Shaun stirs erratically in his sleep, his breathing stilted. We PUSH IN....

INSERT: FLASHBACK - Hannah at the bus stop, kissing Shaun tenderly. Hannah straightening his collar maternally.

Shaun groans in his sleep.

INSERT: FLASHBACK - Hannah looks him in the eye.

HANNAH
Your Granddad's right. You're not
bad.

Shaun stirs contentedly in his sleep. Then SUDDENLY -

INSERT: FLASHBACK - CU. Hannah suddenly looks wide eyed, terrified. Her hand outstretched in defence.

Shaun GASPS loudly in his sleep, opens his eyes.

EDDIE (O.S.)
Shaun??

Shaun, sweating, catching his breath. *What the hell was that?*

37 **EXT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION. EARLY MORNING** 37

All quiet outside Colville St, as Carey marches back into work.

38 **INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE, CORRIDOR. EARLY MORNING** 38

Carey strides the quiet corridor, looking up at - a small CCTV camera in the corner.

39 **INT. COLVILLE ST POLICE, VIDEO SURVEILLANCE ROOM. DAY** 39

Carey sits before a small bank of monitors and computers, flicking back through CCTV footage from the offices and corridors of Colville Street... back and back... until she spots something, spools forwards, to:

The corridor outside Homicide, DCI Boyd smacking the vending machine. A woman enters, escorted down the corridor by a DC.

Carey freezes the footage. There she is: Garland. Carey narrows her eyes. Something about this woman - Carey just knows she's the one. Carey points her phone at the screen, SNAPS A PHOTO of Garland.

Now, Carey has a decision to make...

40 **OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 36A** 40

41 **EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD. DAY** 41

A shiny Merc glides towards London's Police HQ.

42 **INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, UNDERGROUND CAR PARK. DAY** 42

The Merc pulls into a personalised parking space: for S015 Commander, Danny Hart.

43 **INT. HART'S CAR. DAY** 43

Hart switches off the engine when - a tap at the passenger window makes him start. Carey slides into his car.

HART

Easy...

CAREY

There's no one here. And I know
your parking space isn't covered.

Carey nods to a CCTV camera up in the corner of the car park,
angled away from them. Hart turns to her.

HART

Three in the morning, Rach?

CAREY

It was work.

(then)

Besides, it was... 2.45.

Hart lets it go, charmed by Carey as always.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Tell me something. Anyone we know?

Carey shows him the still of Garland on her phone. He squints
at it, unsure.

CAREY (CONT'D)

MI5, I'm guessing.

HART

Because?

CAREY

She dresses like she's at a funeral
and walks like she owns the world?

Hart smiles gently at that; once his own quip, perhaps. Carey
drops the news bomb, proud.

CAREY (CONT'D)

I had Shaun Emery in custody last
night.

Hart turns to Carey, stunned.

HART

What d'you mean? Shaun Emery just
got acquitted...?

CAREY

That's old news. I've got him on
CCTV for assault and kidnap. He
even pos ID'd himself on the
footage.

HART

...What a result!

CAREY

It was. Until she came along and redacted the footage.

HART

Shit! What other evidence have you got?

CAREY

Nothing that would convince the CPS. Nothing much at all in fact.

HART

Sorry, Rach. That's... tough.

Tough? Doesn't quite do it for Carey.

CAREY

Yeah... a woman's missing and we've just released her attacker onto the street.

Hart sighs, shakes his head.

HART

Do you know The Rook in Plaistow?

CAREY

...Should I?

HART

No. Horrible little pub. We had a camera hidden in the backroom a few years ago cos a bunch of Extreme Right pillocks were meeting there, planning attacks on Mosques. One night, about half way through the operation, one of them decides to drag a semi-conscious woman into the backroom and rape her.

CAREYS

...Caught on camera?

HART

And we couldn't use it as evidence. It would have shown out the probe and sunk the op. Mosque attack equalled mass threat to life. Took priority.

CAREY

But mine isn't a hidden camera. It's council, street CCTV.

(MORE)

CAREY (CONT'D)
I can't see any reason to redact
this evidence... except...

HART
...What?

CAREY
(quiet, remembering)
...You should see the look on him.
Like he's in... *complete* denial.
Only more than that...

HART
More...?

Carey could go on... but can't quite go there. She snaps out
of it, glances at the image of Garland.

CAREY
If there was any way you could...
reach out to our friend here? Find
out why it was redacted...?

HART
The Service only share with me when
they need to, you know that.
(beat)
Rest assured, if she is who you
think she is, it'll be for good
reason.

Carey considers that, conflicted. She sighs, muses...

CAREY
So your racist rapist was never
charged?

HART
No, the racist rapist was charged.
We just had to use other means.
DNA, confession, witnesses... You
know, detective work?

That gets to Carey. She takes the advice though.

HART (CONT'D)
It's not true by the way. What you
said.
(beat)
The coverage on that camera... It
catches the edge of the driver's
side. It can see me, but not you.
(beat)
Can't see this...

He reaches a hand towards Carey, towards her leg. Carey gently stops his hand, holds it tenderly for a beat, but places it back where it belongs.

CAREY
We said that was that.

HART
You're still in my car.

Hart immediately realises that was a dickish thing to say. Carey doesn't need to tell him. He regrets it. Flustered, he begins to backtrack...

HART (CONT'D)
I can't *promise* anything...

Hart takes the phone out of Carey's hand.

HART (CONT'D)
Send me this smudge. I'll dig a little, see what I can find...

He sends the image of Garland to himself.

Cary gives him a measured smile; sincere but not excessive.

CAREY
Thank you.

She steps out. Hart, watches Carey walk away to her car.

44 **INT. CAREY'S CAR. DAY**

44

Carey drives. Her phone rings. She picks up.

CAREY
DI Carey?

45 **INT. POLICE FORENSICS COMPOUND. DAY**

45

INTERCUT - with the FORENSICS GUY.

FORENSICS GUY
You still looking for the lab results on that Granada?

CAREY
Yes?

FORENSICS GUY

I could hear how desperate you were
so I've been hounding them all
morning, got the report on the
interior sweep pushed through.

Carey sits forward, suddenly hopeful.

CAREY

...Thank you.

The Forensics guy scans at the report.

FORENSICS

Want it emailed?

CAREY

Yes, but can you...

He's already on it, scanning the summary of the report.

FORENSICS

Majority of hair and skin samples
in the car interior and the boot
match the owner of the vehicle or a
family member. No matches to the
DNA of the alleged victim. No
matches to the...

Carey can't have heard that right...

CAREY

Nothing from the victim??

FORENSICS

Nothing from the alleged victim,
yes.

Carey frowns. *How the hell?*

FORENSICS (CONT'D)

I said I'd get you the result. I
didn't say I'd get you the result
you wanted!

Off Carey, confused, and ever intrigued.

Charlie Hall cycles up to his offices on his push bike.

47

INT. MIDLER AND HALL SOLICITORS. DAY

47

Charlie enters the open-plan office carrying his push bike.
His OFFICE MANAGER greets him, nods towards a private office.

OFFICE MANAGER

Shaun Emery is here to see you.

What?? Charlie freezes, turns towards the office, fearfully.

48

INT. MIDLER AND HALL SOLICITORS, CHARLIE'S OFFICE. DAY

48

Charlie enters, stunned to find Shaun waiting by his desk.

CHARLIE

They gave you bail??

SHAUN

Pre-charge they said. It's all
bollocks.

Charlie looks at him in astonishment. He scans the room
quickly, as if he can't trust Shaun to be here. It's not the
tidiest office, papers and files about the place.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Have you seen Hannah?

Charlie stands by the door, holding it open - willing Shaun
to leave.

CHARLIE

I'm... in a hurry. I need to get my
things, need to... get to court.

SHAUN

Have you tried her flat?

CHARLIE

I can't do this.

SHAUN

What you talking about??

CHARLIE

Of course I haven't seen her!

Shaun is taken aback by the palpable panic on Charlie's face;
he fears Shaun, and what he's capable of.

SHAUN

You don't believe that shit?
That...

(MORE)

SHAUN (CONT'D)
that bullshit tape they played? It
was made up, Charlie. Someone must
have took it and changed it... It's
like that fucking video from
Helmand only about a million times
worse...

Charlie is looking at Shaun like he is completely insane.

CHARLIE
I can't represent you, Shaun. I'm
not your lawyer anymore.

Shaun glares at Charlie; reeling, dejected.

49 **EXT. MIDLER AND HALL SOLICITORS. DAY**

49

Shaun marches out of the solicitors.

We go with Shaun... as he takes out a scrunched up piece of
paper from his pocket, pilfered from Charlie's office.

50 **EXT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION. DAY**

50

Carey pulls up in the car park, steps out of her car, her
head still in the complexities of the case. Flynn and Latif
are there, waiting for her.

FLYNN
Wanted to have a quick word, Ma'am.
Away from wiggling ears...

LATIF
Shaun Emery doesn't know me. I
wasn't there at his arrest or
interview. I could follow him, see
what we can learn.

CAREY
Surveillance detail?

FLYNN
I'd keep my distance in a motor. He
might lead us right to Hannah
Roberts.

CAREY
We can't launch surveillance
without a warrant.

Flynn and Latif try to resist rolling their eyes.

LATIF

Warrant takes a week.

CAREY

It takes an hour.

Carey stops, as she realises -

FLYNN

Here, it takes it a week. And sometimes, Ma'am, we'd rather beg forgiveness than ask permission, if you follow my drift.

CAREY

Shaun Emery's a soldier. A target like that needs a full compliment; human surveillance, aerial platforms, digital intercepts. Besides which, we don't know what the Service have invested in all this.

FLYNN

Sorry, Ma'am... What?

CAREY

MI5 don't redact evidence without a reason.

LATIF

Any idea what that reason is?

CAREY

I'm... trying to find that out.

FLYNN

Personally, I can't think of a reason that justifies leaving a missing woman to rot.

CAREY

Forensics say there's no trace of the victim's DNA in the vehicle.

Flynn and Latif stop, share a puzzled look.

CAREY (CONT'D)

I don't understand it either.

FLYNN

Maybe it was them.

Latif and Carey look at him. *Who?*

FLYNN (CONT'D)
MI5 had the car scrubbed.

CAREY
That's... hysterical.

FLYNN
Covering up Emery's crime...
Protecting a soldier...

CAREY
The Security Service may not be
perfect but they're not the enemy,
Patrick. These people deal with
mass threats to life. Like it or
not, their priorities trump ours!

Carey stops. Latif and Flynn stare at her, grim faced. *Not for us they don't.*

CAREY (CONT'D)
I'll find out the reason for the
redaction. In the meantime, if you
want to follow Emery properly...
find me some evidence first.

Carey walks away into the station. Flynn and Latif head off the other way.

51 **EXT. STREETS / HANNAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY**

51

Shaun rounds a corner into Hannah's street. Reads the piece of paper he took from Charlie's - a list of contacts from Midler and Hall, including Hannah's details and address.

Shaun stops opposite Hannah's building, scanning the area carefully for police before approaching...

Shaun reaches the front door. He searches the buzzers, finds 'Roberts'. Pushes it. He's not expecting a response and he doesn't get one. He looks through the glass in the front door, scanning the lobby. Finally he turns and walks away.

We hold on the door buzzer a beat. As Shaun walks away, a street CCTV camera watches him. We flip to:

52 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY**

52

Or should that be 'black ops'. Freestanding monitors and kit, A temporary-ness to this setup, like it could all be torn down and denied at any minute.

Pulling back from the screens we find COVERT OPERATIVES;
clammy, hard-working geeks hunched over the monitors...

Watching *Shaun Emery*...

53

INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, HOMICIDE, STAIRWELL. DAY

Carey walks up the stairwell to find -

CHARLIE (O.S.)
No charges??

She finds an irate Charlie Hall waiting for her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
He came to my office!

CAREY
Why don't we find a place to sit
down?

CHARLIE
Where's Hannah??

Other detectives walk past, Charlie pays them no mind.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
If I discover she's suffered
unnecessarily due to police action,
or inaction, I will rain lawsuits
down on the fucking lot of you.

CAREY
The flawed evidence in Shaun's
appeal. What was it?

Charlie stops, falters. Carey has thrown him by not being at
all affected by his rant.

CAREY (CONT'D (CONT'D))
It's mentioned in some of the
reports, but they don't go into
much detail.

Charlie has no choice but to calm down.

CHARLIE
...Faulty camera. Out of sync.

CAREY
He wins an appeal on the basis of
flawed video, then gets arrested
and claims the CCTV isn't real...

CHARLIE

That's probably where he got the idea from.

CAREY

So you think that was all an act?

CHARLIE

I know Shaun Emery. Very well.

Carey frowns, trying to read him.

CAREY

Go on?

(pause)

Last time you told me he was Salt of the Earth. If you know different, please share it.

But Charlie can't, or won't, say any more. Instead -

CHARLIE

My friend and colleague is missing.

(beat)

You said you'd find her.

That gets to Carey. Charlie turns, storms out. Leaving Carey guilty, and even more bewildered.

54

INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY

54

The Covert Ops - are watching, on screen: *Shaun Emery, making his way towards a cluster of buildings... And off camera.*

COVERT OPERATIVE ONE

Toy Soldier is out of range.

COVERT OPERATIVE TWO

Feldhill estate - riddled with blind spots.

55

EXT. FELDHILL ESTATE / MAT'S FLAT. DAY

55

Shaun pounds up a flight of stairs, two at a time. Down a walkway, he reaches the door he's looking for. *Bang bang.* The door is opened by - Mat, Shaun's mate from the pub.

MAT

What happened to you the other night??

(quiet)

Shag that lawyer?

Shaun glares at Mat, walks straight past him, into the flat.

56

EXT. MAT'S BALCONY. DAY

56

Shaun and Mat are sitting out in the cold winter air. Behind them, through the glass doors, Mat's girlfriend ZOE is inside the flat feeding two toddlers breakfast. Mat sucks hard on a ciggy, trying hard to understand what Shaun just told him.

MAT

So what... it was like, CGI or what??

SHAUN

I don't know, but it weren't no Call of Duty looking thing. This looked real. Like real life.

Mat watches his friend, as Shaun tries to recount the video.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

They had me... And her... She got on the bus, but they made it look like she didn't. Just after she kissed me...

MAT

They made it look like you kissed?

Shaun looks at him.

SHAUN

The kiss was real.

Mat is as confused as he is gripped. Shaun thinks...

SHAUN (CONT'D)

They had me. And her...

INSERT: fleetingly, the CCTV footage flashes. *Hannah becoming upset with Shaun.*

SHAUN (CONT'D)

And it looks like she's trying to get away and I'm...

INSERT: CCTV. *Shaun grasps hold of Hannah.*

SHAUN (CONT'D)

They've made it so... I grab her...

INSERT: CCTV. *Shaun strikes Hannah.*

Shaun falters. It's distressing, trying to explain it. Then, suddenly -

INSERT: *CU Hannah at the bus stop - NOT CCTV - terrified.*

Shaun double-blinks, trying to shake the image away. Mat is staring at him, not knowing what the hell to make of it.

MAT

You're out now, Shauny, so take it easy, yeah?

Shaun turns to him.

SHAUN

I'm out, but where's Hannah? She ain't at work, she ain't answering her phone. *Someone's* got her.

MAT

Let the police find her.

SHAUN

They ain't looking! I just went to her house, there's no Old Bill there...

MAT

(cutting in)

You went to her house?

SHAUN

I can't just sit here doing nothing!

(beat)

I wanted to look inside her flat.

Mat looks at him. Finally, getting it -

MAT

You want me to help get in.

SHAUN

I don't know what I'm going to find but I've got to start somewhere...

Mat pauses. Finally, he leans forward, speaking delicately.

MAT

Shauny, you know no one else is going to say this, right, to your face...

Shaun frowns at him. No idea where this is going.

MAT (CONT'D)

There's no way in the world you'd ever do something like that... on purpose, like... You're sound, mate, always. And... when you joined up... it done you good, being in the Army. Sorted you out. We all saw that.

SHAUN

What's your point?

MAT

But... How many from your tour came back needing counseling...?

SHAUN

What?

MAT

It don't make it your fault...

SHAUN

You think I did it.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

....You think I could fucking do something like that??

MAT

Mate, I'm just asking the question, cos what you're saying makes no sense!

Shaun is on his feet.

SHAUN

I KNOW!!

Shaun stops. He realises that was loud. Behind the glass, Zoe and the kids have stopped eating. The kids look scared.

Fuck it. Shaun mopes swiftly away... Leaving Mat conflicted.

57 **EXT. FELDHILL ESTATE / STREET. DAY**

57

Shaun marches out of the estate, clouds looming over him.

58 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY**

58

Shaun walks into frame.

COVERT OPERATIVE ONE

Toy Soldier back in range.

On screen: *the CCTV feed shows Mat running across the estate.*

COVERT OPERATIVE ONE (CONT'D)
Unknown approaching.

59 **EXT. FELDHILL ESTATE / STREET. DAY**

59

MAT
Shaun!

Mat is running up to Shaun, out of breath. When ready -

MAT (CONT'D)
What is it, a deadlock?

Mat's way of making amens. Shaun shrugs.

SHAUN
....Key fob on the entrance. Inside
looks standard but I dunno.

They look at one another.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
I don't get blackouts.
(beat)
I know what's real.

Mat looks him in the eye. Chooses to believe him.

MAT
...Stop at a chemist.

60 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY**

60

On screen: *Shaun and Mat walk off. Two mates together.*

60A **INT. HOMICIDE, CORRIDOR / VIDEO EVIDENCE ROOM. DAY**

60A

Detectives and Uniform cross wipe in the corridor. We PUSH IN
towards the Video Evidence room...

INSIDE - Carey is studying a monitor. On screen: *Shaun's
police interview. He jumps up from the table, incensed.*

SHAUN (ON SCREEN)
*She got on that bus! This ain't
fucking real!! She got on that bus!*

Carey freezes the image on Shaun - *panic, fury and sincerity.*

Carey leans in, studying the image carefully. Thinking...

61 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

61

62 INT. KAREN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY

62

Latif and Karen sit at the kitchen table.

KAREN

He came here this morning and I
told him to get lost. What's this
about...?

LATIF

Can I ask how long you and Shaun
have been separated?

KAREN

...Technically, he lived here till
he got sent down. Six months ago.

LATIF

Is that when your relationship
ended?

KAREN

I know how it looks: I dumped him
as soon as he went away. But it
wasn't like that.

LATIF

I'm not here to judge.

KAREN

We were broken already.
(beat)
Long before.

LATIF

...Do you mind telling me what the
issues were?

KAREN

We'll be here all night. What d'you
want to know?

LATIF

Okay... Was Shaun ever violent?

Karen stops, her mood suddenly darkening, a look of deep
concern crossing her face.

KAREN

What's happened?

LATIF
...I'm not able to discuss that.

KAREN
But he's done something?

LATIF
Was he violent, Karen?

Karen takes a deep breath.

KAREN
I've known Shaun since we was at school. His dad died when he was six. Mum, when he was fourteen. Shit life. That's not an excuse, it's a fact. As a dad to Jaycee, he done his best. As a partner, to me? Difficult.
(beat)
Angry. Jealous. Insecure. Drunk.

Latif is waiting for the smoking gun...

LATIF
Karen...?

Karen looks Latif in the eye.

KAREN
He's never laid a finger on me. Or Jaycee.

Karen holds her gaze, defiant. Latif studies her - *is there more to it?*

63

INT. NEWFORD COUNCIL CCTV CONTROL ROOM. DAY

63

Flynn is questioning Becky. In the background, Jamal and Bogdan are tucking into a takeaway.

BECKY
I saw the car pull up, the man get out, speak to the girl. Then they kissed. She tried to leave. Then he became aggressive...

Flynn produces Shaun's arrest sheet mug-shot.

BECKY (CONT'D)
That's him.

FLYNN
You're sure?

BECKY
Hundred percent.

FLYNN
Would you say you recognised him
from the News?

BECKY
Sorry. Should I?

FLYNN
No. That's ideal Becky. I'd like
you to sign a witness statement.

BECKY
Cameras usually do the talking for
us.

She signs her name at the bottom of Flynn's scrawls.

FLYNN
You've been a huge help.

Flynn turns to leave...

BECKY
It was a weird one though.
(beat)
Normally I can see it coming;
something like that. I get a
feeling.

JAMAL
(mouth full of chicken)
Behavioral analysis. We all do it.

BOGDAN
But she's the expert.

BECKY
Certain postures you get used to
seeing before an act of violence,
tensions in the arms, the neck...

FLYNN
(cutting in)
If we need you testify, Becky, just
stick to the facts: what actually
happened, okay?

BECKY
...Understood.

Flynn leaves, before Becky can say anything else.

Off Becky, wishing she kept her mouth shut.

64

INT. HOMICIDE, VIDEO EVIDENCE ROOM. DAY

64

Carey is further absorbed in screens when her phone buzzes.

CAREY
(picking up)
Hey. Got something for me?

65

INT. DANNY HART'S OFFICE. DAY

65

INTERCUT - with Danny Hart at his desk, blinds half-drawn.

HART
...I did dig, as promised. Dug as
far as I could. But... ah, hit a
rock.

Carey cannot hide her disappointment. She thought Hart would
come through. Her silence says it all.

HART (CONT'D)
Does that put me on your shit-list?
(pause)
Guess I won't be getting any more
3am phone calls, at least.

Carey drags herself out of her silence.

CAREY
Sorry, Danny. Thanks for trying.

HART
How's it going, otherwise?

CAREY
We've... got no body, no video, and
forensics drew a blank on the car.
I've started thinking Shaun Emery
was telling the truth.

Hart freezes... *Is she serious?* Then -

CAREY (CONT'D)
Except that I can prove he isn't.

HART
(interested)
Oh...?

On the monitors in front of Carey - *the frozen image from Shaun's interview* on screen.

CAREY
He claimed in his interview, over
and over, that Hannah Roberts got
on the bus.

On another - *Bus interior CCTV; the bus-door-cam as it trundles along.*

CAREY (CONT'D)
But my DS pulled the bus camera
feeds. Whether he's lying or
deluded, we can prove Emery's
account is false. She didn't get on
that bus.

HART
...Huh.

CAREY
What do you think it would take to
get a surveillance warrant on
Emery?

HART
A bit more than that. Hardly a
mountain of evidence.
(beat)
Besides, you don't know what Thames
House want with this investigation.

CAREY
Neither do you.

Ouch. Hart laughs, uneasily.

HART
Just be careful not to tread on
their toes, that's all. Especially
you.

CAREY
Why me?

HART
You want to come back to fifteen,
don't you? Senior level, you'll be
working with The Service directly.

CAREY

Do you think they had the car
wiped?

HART

Are you seriously asking?

CAREY

Someone in The Service, or the MOD,
protecting a soldier...

Hart appears staggered; disappointed in her.

CAREY (CONT'D)

I'm just sharing a theory, Danny.
It's what we do, isn't it?

HART

I need to jump on a call. But from
where I'm standing, it looks like
all you've got is a missing person.
If this was my case? I'd refer it
to MisPers and move on.

A pause. Hart hangs up, leaving Carey more suspicious than
ever.

CAREY

....But it's not your case.

Carey makes a decision, grabs her coat and walks purposefully
out.

66

INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY

66

The Covert Ops are watching CCTV of - *Shaun and Mat walking
along a high street, heading into a Pharmacy.*

COVERT OPERATIVE ONE

Toy Soldier and Heavy Snow entering
Scripps Pharmacy...

COVERT OPERATIVE TWO

Can we get in?

We find a third covert op; a geeky looking American guy we'll
come to know as - ELI.

ELI

Happily.

67 OMITTED - CONTENT REMOVED FROM MAIN UNIT - CCTV ONLY 67

68 INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. CONTINUOUS. 68

Eli hammers at the keys. Soon, the Ops are watching a split-screen of several feeds from inside the Pharmacy.

They see - *Shaun and Mat, at the counter*. They BLOW UP the image, to see the items he is buying.

 COVERT OPERATIVE ONE
 Electric toothbrush. Batteries.
 Tweezers.

The Covert Ops look at one another.

 ELI
 Call Frank. He'll want to know.

Eli gets up and walks out. The others pause. Whoever they're talking about, no one wants to be the one to make that call.

69 EXT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND. DAY 69

Carey walks into the building, flashing her security pass.

70 INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY 70

Carey enters the mothership and walks up to a group huddled around a bank of monitors, on which we might notice feeds from the 'Rich Food' operation we glimpsed in Ep 1.

 CAREY
 You weren't joking about never
 going home.

 KENDRICKS
 Carey! The prodigal daughter
 returns.

Phillips other detectives greet Carey warmly. She's well known and well liked here.

 CAREY
 (looking around, casually)
 Wondered if I could use a room?
 Training purposes.

KENDRICKS
(not buying it)
Training?
(but)
...As it's you.

71

EXT. HANNAH'S STREET. DAY

71

Shaun and Mat approach the cobbled square in front of Hannah's building. Shaun is tearing open the Electric Toothbrush packet, throwing it in a bin.

SHAUN
If the police show up, call me.
Then get the fuck out of here.

MAT
Roger.

They settle down on a bench with a direct view of Hannah's building.

SHAUN
Sorry... for today. Swearing in
front of your kids and that.

MAT
So you should be, prick.

Shaun manages a smile at that. Mat shrugs.

MAT (CONT'D)
Sorry I thought you were mental.

Off Shaun.

72

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY

72

Shaun Emery's mug-shot stares at us from a monitor.

Next to it, dozens of CCTV feeds fill the screens. London streets, crowds of people. Every face is digitally scanned for a second. Each time the program finds a face similar to Shaun, it performs a match test percentage.

Carey sits with a TECH OFFICER watching the process.

TECH OFFICER
He's the soldier who got done for
murder?

CAREY
...Acquitted.

TECH OFFICER
What's he done this time?

CAREY
...Told you, this is just training.

73 **EXT. HANNAH'S STREET. DAY**

73

LONG LENS POV: through a car windscreen, we watch - Shaun and Mat in the distance, sitting on the steps.

NEW ANGLE. CAFE POV: through the window of a cafe opposite, someone is watching them.

CLOSE on Shaun and Mat, waiting, watching - the front door of Hannah's building.

We TRACK and PULL TO - a STREET CCTV camera, watching...

74 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY**

74

The face-rec program continues, feverishly scanning crowds, streets... Various different young men with similar looks are selected as potential matches...

TECH OFFICER
Any good?

Carey lights up as she sees: *Shaun, sitting with Mat.*

CAREY
That's him. Pos ID. Run a check on that unknown.

The Tech takes a frame grab of Mat and begins running it through the face-rec database.

CAREY (CONT'D)
What's the location?

TECH OFFICER
Brenner street, SW6.

On Carey thinking fast, eyes widening.

CAREY
Hannah Roberts' address.
(beat)
How's the coverage?

TECH OFFICER
Looks like we've got most of the
street.

He brings up another angle on the street, including the cafe.
Something has caught Carey's eye. She sits up.

CAREY
What...?? Go in on that cafe.

He zooms in on the cafe, with: *Latif, sitting inside,
watching out of the window.*

On Carey - undermined, if slightly impressed. She gets out
her phone, calls Latif...

Latif checks caller ID. Ignores the call.

CAREY (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Bitch!

Carey calls Flynn...

75

EXT/INT. FLYNN'S CAR. DAY

75

INTERCUT - Flynn answers.

FLYNN
Ma'am?

CAREY
Are you tracking Shaun Emery
despite my instructions to the
contrary?

Flynn freezes. *How could she know??* He looks around.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Other side... Up. Higher.

Flynn finally spots a STREET CCTV CAM looking down on him.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Cooey.

Flynn nods at the camera, sheepishly, caught out.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Get Nadia on comms.

76

INT. CAFE. DAY

76

INTERCUT - with Latif, sitting in the cafe as she watches Shaun and Mat across the road. In her earpiece she hears -

FLYNN (O.S.)

Nads. Guv'nor's got eyes on us.

LATIF

Boyd?

CAREY

No.

LATIF

Oh.

77

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY

77

INTERCUT -

CAREY

You must have found some compelling evidence before you launched into this?

FLYNN

Besides the fact the suspect's staking out Hannah Roberts's flat?

LATIF

As it happens, Flynn found a witness.

CAREY

(hopeful)

Really?

FLYNN

I took a statement from the CCTV officer who reported it.

CAREY

An eyewitness via a feed...

Carey is disappointed that's all it is.

LATIF

I paid Shaun's ex a visit. Asked her if he was violent in the past.

CAREY

And was he?

LATIF
She *said* no...

Latif falters. They don't have much, no point pretending.

FLYNN
Yourself, Ma'am? Am I allowed to
ask why you're tracking him?

LATIF
Did you find out why the video got
redacted?

Carey would normally find it hard to admit, but, somehow she
finds it okay, with these guys.

CAREY
...No.
(beat)
Just a... change of heart. What's
Forrester doing?

FLYNN
Forrester?

The face-rec program has now ID'd Mat. Carey reads:

CAREY
Matthew Forrester. Previous for
possession and DUI. What's he up
to?

On screen: *Mat is moving his arm back and forth repeatedly by
his side.* From here it's impossible to tell what he's doing.

In the cafe, from Latif's POV - the action is also obscured.

LATIF
Unclear.

CAREY
Nadia, move back from the window,
you're too close.

LATIF
He's never seen me before...

CAREY
Doesn't matter. Patrick, you too.
Back up. It's not just Emery we
need to worry about. For all we
know, there could be other
surveillance teams in play.

FLYNN

Can't say I've noticed anyone.

CAREY

You wouldn't. Like I said, we still don't know why the footage was redacted or what they want with this case. Need to tread carefully.

On screen: *Shaun and Mat are alert to something...*

78

EXT. HANNAH'S STREET. DAY

78

On the bench with Shaun and Mat. They are watching - The gates to Hannah's building open, a Neighbour is leaving.

SHAUN

Here we go...

MAT

You'll be needing this.

Mat passes him - the Electric Toothbrush, with the brush-head removed. Now we see what Mat has been doing: scraping the metal point against the step, making it thinner, jagged.

Shaun takes it and waits for the exact right moment...

The Neighbour walks off, the gates start to close...

Shaun strides swiftly across the street, through the gates...

INSERT: Carey watching closely.

CU: the building front door gently closing...

Just - as Shaun gets his fingers around the door. He's in.

79

INT. CAFE. DAY

79

LATIF

Target's in the building.

80

INT. FLYNN'S CAR. DAY

80

INTERCUT - Flynn sits up, excited.

FLYNN

Breaking and entering? Give me two minutes, I can catch him in the act.

CAREY

Negative. Stay where you are.
Didn't you hear what I said? You
don't know what you'd be barging
into. We wait.

Flynn sighs, frustrated. Carey turns to the Tech Op, ready to ask a tricky favour.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Anything inside the building...?

TECH OFFICER

Not without a warrant!

Carey sighs. The Tech Officer looks at Carey, dryly.

TECH OFFICER (CONT'D)

Just training is it?

81 **INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL. DAY**

81

Shaun is climbing the stairwell... up and up...

Until he reaches Hannah's floor. He pads towards the door...

Shaun takes out the tweezers, and the modified electric toothbrush. He holds the lock steady with the tweezers and jabs the jagged metal stick into the lock, powers up.

Bzzzzz. Clunk. Two seconds and the latch unlocks, the door opens. Shaun slips inside...

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

82

Dead quiet. Shaun holds there a moment, shoves the toothbrush back in his jacket pocket.

Where to begin? Ahead of him - a doorway to a dark bedroom, where the curtains are closed...

Shaun chooses the lightness of open plan living room instead, creeping silently...

Shaun passes photographs of Hannah's family on the wall... Shelves of books and curiosities from Hannah's travels... The belongings of the woman he'd love to know.

83 **EXT. HANNAH'S STREET. DAY**

83

Mat is in his lookout position, glancing left and right.

84 **INT. CAFE. DAY** 84

Latif, watching Mat.

85 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY** 85

Carey, watching Latif watching Mat.

86 **INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT. DAY** 86

Shaun creeps to the far side of the open plan space, about to climb the stairs to the mezzanine, when he suddenly spots...

A JEWELLERY BOX, lying discarded on the carpet, open, necklaces and earrings spilling out of it...

Shaun holds still - glances around the flat. *Did he just hear something...?*

Perhaps not. Shaun crouches down for a closer look at the jewellery box.

Behind Shaun - on the other side of the flat, A figure slips out of the darkness of the bedroom, pads silently to the front door. A TALL MAN.

Close, on Shaun, as he hears - *Click*. The smallest sound from the front door but Shaun snaps to it - high alert.

Shaun DARTS across the flat, to the front door, out onto -

87 **INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING, LANDING, STAIRWELL. DAY** 87

To find the LIFT DOORS closing. Shaun stalks towards the lift, presses the button... but he is too late... The lift is descending.

Shaun starts to hurry down the stairs, jumping on his phone, calling Mat...

88 **EXT. HANNAH'S STREET. DAY** 88

Mat is sitting on the bench, his phone in hand. But no call comes through.

The gates to Hannah's flat start to open. The Tall Man emerges, walking at pace. To Mat it's just another neighbour leaving...

89 **INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL. DAY** 89

Shaun curses silently at his phone - no signal - as he hurries down the stairs and out...

90 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY** 90

Carey sits forward as she sees: *Shaun darting out of the building with sudden urgency...*

91 **EXT. HANNAH'S STREET. DAY** 91

Shaun glances around the street. No sign of Tall Man. Mat approaches, frowning...

MAT
What happened?

SHAUN
I was calling you. That guy. You see him?

MAT
The bloke who just came out?

SHAUN
He was in the flat! Where did he go?

Mat points Shaun in the direction Tall Man disappeared to. Shaun sets off.

MAT
Shaun...

SHAUN
You done me proud, Mat. Get back to your family.

Shaun strides away.

NEW ANGLE: a LONG LENS POV - Mat, watched.

92 **INT. CAFE. DAY** 92

Latif watches Shaun walking away.

LATIF
Eyes on target. I'm going mobile.

She exits the cafe.

93 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY** 93

CAREY
Easy. I'll track him from here. You
can afford to hold back.

The Tech officer is bringing up feeds from the next street,
catching Shaun on camera.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Target's heading West on the
nearside of Denham Street.

94 **EXT. STREETS. DAY** 94

Latif turns into the street, sees Shaun up ahead...

On Shaun, following, watching...

The Tall Man, up ahead, walking at a pace. The guy is texting
on his phone.

Shaun can't get a good look at him. He's desperate to see his
face...

95 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY** 95

On Carey, watching.

CAREY
He's following that Unknown...
Tall. Black jacket.

LATIF
I see him.

96 **EXT. STREETS. DAY** 96

The Tall Man crosses the street. Shaun maintains his steady
pace... waits... glancing at the traffic as he crosses.

CAREY
Stay on your side of the street.

Latif keeps walking on her side...

ON Shaun - watching Tall Man, as -

Tall Man reaches a PUB ON A CORNER. Just as he's about to
enter he turns, as if sensing someone is following - and
looks directly at Shaun.

Finally, Shaun gets a proper look at his face. The two men look at one another but give nothing away. The Tall Man disappears inside the pub.

On Shaun. *What now...?* He keeps walking... He reaches the PUB, but doesn't enter. He turns the corner...

Disappearing from Latif's view...

97

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY

97

And Carey's.

LATIF
I've lost eyes on.

CAREY
(to Tech Officer)
Get on that side street please.

98

EXT. STREETS. DAY

98

Latif, still on her side of the street, walks up to the junction, to a view of the street Shaun turned into...

Latif's POV: no sign of Shaun.

LATIF
He's not there. Crossing...

She crosses the road, continues into the side street.

99

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY

99

Carey finally has the Side Street on camera. She's searching... Sees: *Latif walking into frame...*

Then - Carey sees something else -

CAREY
Oh shit...

100

EXT. SIDE STREETS. DAY

100

Behind Latif...

SHAUN
Looking for me?

Latif jumps. Shaun has double backed on her.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
Didn't think I'd remember you? I
saw you outside Sutton nick.

Christ. Latif is mortified.

INSERT - Carey, watching. Head in hands.

Back to the side street - Shaun leans in to Latif.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
If you want to follow me, fill your
boots. I'm trying to find Hannah.
Why aren't you?

Just then - a RED PRIUS pulls up outside the pub - an Uber,
by the looks of it. Tall Man emerges from the pub. Shaun
watches the man climb into the Red Prius. It pulls away.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
(to Latif)
Don't fuck this up for me.

Shaun marches swiftly back to the main road. He looks around,
sees a TAXI approaching. Puts his hand out.

Vrooom - right past, too late. Shaun curses.

He glances around urgently. No more cabs! The Red Prius is
rounding a corner, getting away from him.

Then - an orange light. Shaun spots it, practically steps
out in front of it. The TAXI comes to a halt.

101

INT. LONDON TAXI. CONTINUOUS

101

Shaun jumps into the cab, driven by - the last cockney TAXI
DRIVER in London.

TAXI DRIVER
Where to, Guv?

SHAUN
First left. I'll tell you as we
go...

TAXI DRIVER
Be a lot better if you tell me the
destination, mate...

SHAUN
Just left. Please.
(under his breath)
Fuck sake.

Hardly the getaway driver Shaun needs!

102 **EXT. SIDE STREET. DAY**

102

With Latif, embarrassed.

LATIF
Ma'am?

103 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY**

103

CAREY
I saw. It happens.

LATIF
What do we do now?

CAREY
...Patrick, you're up.

104 **INT/EXT. FLYNN'S CAR. DAY**

104

Flynn puts his foot down. The car screeches into action.

105 **EXT. STREETS. DAY**

105

Flynn pulls up. Latif jumps in.

106 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY**

106

Carey watches them speed away.

CAREY
Go easy. I'm tracking him from
here, he's not far...

The Tech Op is bringing up more feeds, following the Taxi.

107 **INT/EXT. LONDON TAXI/STREETS. DAY**

107

Shaun has his sights fixed on the Red Prius up ahead, trying
to zone out the Taxi Driver's babble.

TAXI DRIVER

I'm only asking cos I got a Gatwick
job at three thirty...

SHAUN

You'll make it. Next right.

Ahead, the Red Prius is turning right. We follow. The Taxi
Driver is studying Shaun in the rear-view mirror.

TAXI DRIVER

Do I know you from summink?

Christ, all I need!

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Ain't you that soldier?

(beat)

You don't half look like him. You
know who I'm talking about? Shaun
summink? Got banged up cos he shot
one of them wassanames... ISIS.

SHAUN

(to himself)

Taliban.

TAXI DRIVER

We had sort of like a demo for him,
demonstration, round the courts.

Shaun remembers - the cabbies love him!

SHAUN

You were there?

TAXI DRIVER

D'you know what? I wasn't there.
But my mate Terry was one of the
ones what organised it.

Ahead, the Red Prius slows at a red light.

SHAUN

Mind going a bit slower, mate?

TAXI DRIVER

All beeping their horns, they was.
A protest, like. It was all over
the news, d'you see it?

SHAUN

Yeah.

TAXI DRIVER

I'd have been there myself only I had a Luton job. My mate calls me up, he's gone "Where are ya". I've gone "What you talking about, where am I? I'm in me bleeding cab". He's gone why aint you down here for the wassaname? Protest.

They are gaining on the Red Prius - in danger of overtaking. Shaun is getting frustrated.

SHAUN

Can you slow down, please mate?

TAXI DRIVER

Is it you, then?

SHAUN

...Yeah.

TAXI DRIVER

I fought it was! Tell you what, you can kill this for a start...

The driver turns the taxi meter off. A free ride! Shaun is taken aback, genuinely warmed by that.

SHAUN

...You sure?

TAXI DRIVER

Yeah, you ain't paying a penny mate.

SHAUN

Can you slow down a bit?

TAXI DRIVER

You trying to follow someone or summink?

Shaun takes a chance.

SHAUN

...See that Red Prius?

TAXI DRIVER

Seriously? I'm all over it!

SHAUN

Just hold it down though, yeah?

The driver slows, finally at a good distance. Shaun settles.

TAXI DRIVER
Never mind going to Gatwick. Wait
till I tell my mates I had you in
the cab!

The Taxi wipes past - A CCTV camera.

108 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY** 108

On the other side of that lens, Carey, assisted by the Tech,
is tracking Shaun's movements. She speaks over the radio -

CAREY
Patrick you're still too close!
Trust me. I can see him.

109 **INT. FLYNN'S CAR. DAY** 109

Flynn fumes silently, exchanges a frustrated look with Latif.
They slow down. Ahead, the Taxi drifts out of view.

110 **INT. LONDON TAXI. DAY** 110

TAXI DRIVER
How long was it you was inside for?

SHAUN
Six months.

Ahead, the Red Prius turns right.

TAXI DRIVER
Just for doing your duty?
S'outrageous! You wasn't sent out
there to read bedtime stories to
'em!

The Taxi doesn't seem to be turning after the Red Prius.

SHAUN
Hey. The car! You missed the turn!

TAXI DRIVER
Oh shit.

Jesus, this guy!

111 **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED** 111

112 **INT. LONDON TAXI. DAY**

112

Shaun is getting agitated.

SHAUN

Turn around yeah? We'll catch him
up.

But he doesn't. He just continues driving. Silently.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Stop the cab, please.

(beat)

Mate? Stop the cab.

Shaun's breathing is becoming tight. Panic rising.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

...Stop the car!!

Nothing. Something is seriously wrong. Shaun BANGS at the doors. The Driver does not react. Shaun HAMMERS at the glass, hard enough to break it. But it doesn't break.

TAXI DRIVER

HEY...! Relax, Shaun.

Shaun's eyes widen - the Taxi Driver's voice has changed: no longer cockney.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

We just need to talk.

Shaun is stunned. He gazes out of the back window. No sign of Flynn's car. No escape. As Shaun glances around, panicked, he catches a sign on the Taxi - 'CCTV is in operation'.

The Taxi turns a corner, heading into a smart looking area.

113 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY**

113

On the monitors: *The Taxi disappears out of range.* Carey points to the screens.

CAREY

Get on that side street.

The Tech punches keys.

TECH OFFICER

Can't. It's a blind spot.

FLYNN (O.S.)
Need us to speed up to him, Ma'am?

CAREY
Pull up the border feeds.

The Tech Officer brings up feeds from surrounding street cameras. *No sign of the Taxi...* Carey looks across the screens... searching...

There! The Taxi is turning into a square in Belgravia.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Got him. Taxi turning into Eaton Square, Belgravia.

114 **INT. FLYNN'S CAR. DAY**

114

LATIF
Received.

Flynn turns a corner, keeping a steady pace.

115 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY**

115

Carey watches on screen: *the Taxi slowing down along a row of large mansion houses.*

Carey frowns. *What the hell is this place?*

116 **INT/EXT. TAXI/CHESTER SQUARE. DAY**

116

Inside the cab, Shaun is wondering the same thing.

The taxi pulls up. GUARD ONE and GUARD TWO approach. Brick-shithouses in suits the pair of them. Shaun glares at them warily. Guard Two walks over, opens the Taxi door, polite.

GUARD TWO
You're not going cause a scene, are you Shaun?

Shaun glimpses, in the guy's jacket - a GLOCK. What choice does Shaun have? He steps out of the cab.

117 **INT/EXT. FLYNN'S CAR/BELGRAVIA STREETS. DAY**

117

LATIF
Approaching Eaton Square, South junction.

118 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY** 118

Carey is watching the Eaton Square cam: *Shaun is emerging from the Taxi.*

CAREY

Target is out of the cab.

Carey can't see the gun, can't tell if Shaun is under duress, but she seems increasingly wary; out her depth.

119 **INT/EXT. FLYNN'S CAR/EATON SQUARE, SOUTH JUNCTION. DAY** 119

Flynn's car is gliding toward the corner.

LATIF

At the corner now, Ma'am...

CAREY

Take it slow. Don't enter the square. Get a visual from the junction.

Flynn slows right down, crawling to the corner. Latif and Flynn glance around into Eaton Square, to see... Nothing.

No Taxi. No Shaun. No Guards. Flynn stops the car.

LATIF

No eyes on the target, Ma'am.
Repeat location.

120 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY** 120

CAREY

Eaton Square, Belgravia. 48.

On screen: *Shaun being led by Guard 2 towards the house.*

121 **INT/EXT. FLYNN'S CAR/EATON SQUARE, SOUTH JUNCTION. DAY** 121

But here, Flynn and Latif are staring at the same house, with no sign of life.

LATIF

We're looking at number 48, Ma'am.
He's not there. Could you check...?

CAREY

He's there!

122 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY** 122

On screen: *Shaun is led up the steps.*

CAREY

Target on foot, approaching the
door of 48 Eaton Square with two
caucasian males. Taxi on the move.

On screen: *The taxi does a U-Turn, pulls away.*

123 **INT/EXT. FLYNN'S CAR/EATON SQUARE, SOUTH JUNCTION. DAY** 123

Flynn and Latif share a glance - *She's gone mad!*

FLYNN

Ma'am. We're in position. Eyes on
the front door of 48 Eaton Square,
Belgravia. Repeat. There is no
taxi, no caucasian males and we DO
NOT have eyes on Shaun Emery.

124 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY** 124

Close on Carey, exasperated, is staring at the screen: *Shaun
has reached the front door of number 48 Eaton Sq.*

CAREY

I can see him.

125 **EXT. 42 CHESTER SQUARE, FRONT DOOR. DAY** 125

Shaun is led inside by the guards. The door closes.

CUT TO BLACK.