

## **THE CAPTURE**

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EPISODE FOUR: 'Blind Spots'

***NB. Scene Numbers are now locked.***

***NB. Page Numbers are now locked.***

Shooting Script (22/11/18)

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1

**EXT/INT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY/FLYNN'S CAR. NIGHT**

1

Flynn's car belts along the carriageway, lights and sirens.

CONTROL ROOM OP (O.S.)

*All units in pursuit, Suspect vehicle on the Venners Farm North Road. Suspect is currently on foot. Stationary.*

Flynn and Latif glance at one another: *Stationary?*

2

**INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT** 2

As we last saw them, Rachel Carey, Gemma Garland, Phillips and several Control Room Ops are gathered at the monitors.

GARLAND

What is he doing??

PHILLIPS

Us a favour? Nothing like a full frontal for clarity.

On screen: *Shaun Emery, standing by Mat's car, glaring right into lens.* Carey stares back at him.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Hello mate. Now just send us a swab of your DNA and we're done.

Carey makes a decision: she turns to leave.

GARLAND

Don't you need to stay and command?

Carey glances at the monitors, unable to hide her wariness.

CAREY

...Not from here.

Carey marches out. Leaving Garland somewhat vexed, concerned.

UNIFORM OFFICER (OVER RADIO)

*Echo Nine approaching Venners Farm.*

Another monitor: *Marked Cars are speeding to the scene.*

3

**EXT. VENNERS FARM INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. NIGHT**

3

Shaun Emery stares; tears, fury in his eyes. Sirens are getting louder. He sees blue lights coming, snaps out of it - BOLTS.

4

**INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT** 4

*Shaun shoots off camera in a flash.*

Phillips and the Control Ops struggle to keep eyes on, bringing up new camera feeds.

GARLAND

Stay on him.

They bring up a feed: *Shaun running through the estate...*

CONTROL ROOM OP

Control to Echo Nine. Suspect in flight approaching East Road, Perimeter fence.

5

**EXT. VENNERS FARM INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, ROAD, FENCE. NIGHT**

5

Shaun is SPRINTING away from Mat's car.

TWO MARKED CARS come flying around the corner after him, blue lights flashing, headlights flooding Shaun into a silhouette.

The first car speeds up behind Shaun as he tries desperately to outrun it, just long enough to make it to...

A wire fence, ahead. Shaun JUMPS at it, SCRAMBLES up it fast.

The Marked Cars screech. THREE UNIFORM jump out, screaming to Shaun. UNIFORM ONE chases after him, up the fence, FAST. The others dash off to find other ways around...

Shaun clears the fence, landing on grass. Uniform One topples angrily from the fence, almost landing on Shaun.

Shaun scrambles to his feet. Uniform One pulls out his BATON, swings it at Shaun. WHACK - Shaun stumbles, losing balance. Uniform One POUNCES at him, wielding a canister at Shaun...

*AARRGH!* Shaun grasps his face in pain. CS SPRAY! Shaun's eyes are streaming, red.

But it only makes him madder. Shaun LUNGES BLIND at the Uniform, GRASPING his arm, TWISTING it. The Uniform screams. Shaun PUNCHES the guy in the neck, winding him.

Shaun GROWLS in agony, the spray killing his eyes. He leaves Uniform One on the ground, RUNS on...

6

**EXT/INT. LONDON STREETS / CAREY'S CAR. NIGHT**

6

Carey's car FLIES through London, blue flashing lights.

Carey, determined, eyes the road rushing towards her.

7

INT/EXT. FLYNN'S CAR/VENNERS FARM INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. NIGHT 7

INTERCUT - Flynn and Latif pull into the estate.

LATIF

Echo One arrival at Venners Farm.

8

INT. CAREY'S CAR. NIGHT

8

INTERCUT -

In her car, Carey jumps on the radio.

CAREY

Nadia, leave Uniform to go after the suspect. You and Flynn secure that vehicle.

LATIF

Understood.

CAREY

Be advised: suspect appeared aggravated after looking in the boot...

Flynn pulls up by Mat's car. Latif and Flynn step out, approach the car, the boot still open. They freeze as they see it; their worst suspicion confirmed.

FLYNN

(into radio)  
...SOCO and coroners officer.  
Female Victim.

Driving, Carey listens anxiously...

CAREY

Patrick...?

FLYNN

Official identification notwithstanding... it's Hannah Roberts, yes.

Hannah's lifeless face stares back at him.

On Carey. *Holy fuck.*

9

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT 9

A hushed quiet descends on the room as they absorb the news.

CLOSE - on Garland, her expression impossible to read.

10 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

10

11 EXT. VENNERS FARM INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, AREA. NIGHT

11

Uniform TWO and THREE have found their way around the fence, where they discover Uniform One on the ground, his arm DISLOCATED. Uniform Two stops to assist. Uniform Three SPRINTS on...

AHEAD - Shaun is running, stumbling, his eyes streaming, his balance impaired.

Shaun's POV: lights streaking, a blurry mess...

Footsteps pound behind him. Uniform Three is gaining on him.

UNIFORM THREE  
Eyes on! Suspect in sight...

12 INT. CAREY'S CAR. NIGHT

12

Carey, out of central London now, listens as she speeds on...

UNIFORM THREE (OVER RADIO)  
*Bow Back, East Bank!*

Wherever that refers to, it lands for Carey. She puts her foot to the floor...

13 INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT<sup>3</sup>

Pulling up feeds, Phillips finds Shaun...

PHILLIPS  
Suspect located.

Garland peers at the screen: *Shaun running towards a WALL on the edge of the Industrial Estate.*

14 EXT. VENNERS FARM INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, WALL. NIGHT

14

Shaun, running with blurred vision, a BRICK WALL coming into sight. He tries scanning the area. No way he can see another route. Uniform Three is hot on his heels and now, behind him -

A Marked Car swings into view. Uniform Three is SCREAMING at Shaun to stop and desist. Shaun LAUNCHES himself at the wall, scrambling up it.

UNIFORM THREE  
STOP NOW!! DO NOT GO OVER!!

Shaun peers over the wall... DARKNESS is all he sees...

Uniform Three is at his heels. Blue Lights are closing in.  
 Shaun has no choice. He DROPS into the unknown...

15 **EXT. CANAL. NIGHT**

15

*SPLASH* – Shaun is swallowed by dark murky water.

16 **INT/EXT. CAREY'S CAR / VENNERS FARM AREA. NIGHT**

16

Carey is speeding towards the vicinity, as she hears...

UNIFORM THREE (OVER RADIO)  
*Echo Three to control! Suspect has  
 gone into the water, Urgent assist.  
 Bow Back, Venners Farm Road.*

Carey, thinking fast, getting her bearings...

17 **EXT. CANAL, UNDERWATER. NIGHT**

17

UNDERWATER – Shaun is sinking into clouds of murky water, stunned by the shock and the cold. But then... he's shaken by something else – AGONY. Shaun suddenly writhes violently, clawing and kicking at the water...

18 **EXT. CANAL / VENNERS FARM INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, WALL. NIGHT** 18

Uniform Three is joined by Two Marked Cars, more Uniform. One gives Uniform Three a leg-up, so he can see over the wall...

UNIFORM THREE  
 Need lights here!

He squints into the darkness of the canal, shining his TORCH across the water. *Where is he...?*

19 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT**<sup>9</sup>

Phillips and the Ops are pulling up feeds, but none of the right part of the canal.

GARLAND  
 Coverage?

PHILLIPS  
 Blind Spot.

Control Op is studying an online map...

CONTROL ROOM OP (O.S.)  
 Control to Echo team... No road access to the canal East bank...

20

INT. CAREY'S CAR / CANAL. NIGHT

20

Carey is the first to reach the other side of the canal...

CONTROL ROOM OP (O.S.)  
*All remaining units respond to  
 Venners Farm, Bow Back West.*

Carey slows, focussed, scanning the area keenly...

21

EXT. CANAL / VENNERS FARM INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, WALL. NIGHT 21

Shaun SHOOTS UP - breaks the surface, gasping for air.

Torchlight finds him. He squints at the glare, grimacing in pain. From the wall, Uniform Three shouts...

UNIFORM THREE  
 Eyes on. Suspect in the water!

Shivering, convulsing, Shaun starts lashing the water, swimming towards the opposite bank of the canal...

UNIFORM THREE (CONT'D)  
 Get round the other side!

With no access, Half the Uniforms jump into cars, speed off to find another route...

IN THE WATER -

His POV still a mess of streaking blurs, Shaun claws the grass bank, finally dragging himself up and out of the water, flopping down onto dry land, letting out an agonised GROWL.

CAREY  
 Shaun.

Shaun STARTS. He scrambles up, straining to see...

CAREY (CONT'D)  
 It's DI Carey.

He can just make out Carey standing a few feet away. She sees the agony on his face, his streaming eyes.

CAREY (CONT'D)  
 You've been sprayed with CS? The water makes it worse. You need medical help, and you need to get warm, as soon as possible.

Carey takes a step forward. Shaun FLINCHES away from her.

CAREY (CONT'D)  
 It's over. Let me bring you in.  
 I'll listen to you.

SHAUN

She's dead!

Shaun glares at her. Even with his eyes red and streaming, Carey sees the conviction in them.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

You're not going to listen to me.  
No one is.

CAREY

I lied to you Shaun.

(beat)

We never found Hannah's DNA in the car, I was bluffing. The only evidence against you is video.

On Shaun - *What is this? Can I trust her?* Surely not. Shaun still looks like he wants to bolt.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Marcus Levy came to see me.

Shaun stops, trying to focus on Carey.

CAREY (CONT'D)

He can explain it. Your CCTV.

SHAUN

He said it was in my head.

CAREY

No. He's got a new theory. You should hear it.

Siren echo in the distance. Shaun glances around skittishly. All he can make out is Carey's car, idling just feet away.

Carey needs to gain his trust...

CAREY (CONT'D)

I saw something too.

(beat)

I saw you... taken to a house in Eaton Square.

That has got Shaun's attention. He's listening.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Only no one else saw it. And now they think I'm mad!

Sirens are wailing closer. Shaun groans. He looks beat, done for. He slumps back onto the grass, defeated.

SHAUN

My fucking eyes.

Carey approaches Shaun carefully, speaking clearly.

CAREY

I am going to have to arrest you,  
Shaun, in order to bring you in.  
You know that, right?

Shaun pauses... nods...

CAREY (CONT'D)

I want you to slowly stand up, step  
towards the vehicle and place your  
hands behind your back.

Shaun drags himself to his feet, water dripping off him,  
shuffling towards the car. Carey takes out handcuffs.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Shaun Emery, I am arresting you on  
suspicion of murder...

SHAUN

I'm sorry...

*WOOSH* - in a FLASH Shaun has grasped hold of Carey, switched  
positions and forced her backwards onto the grass bank.

Carey **YELLS** out, tries to retaliate, but Shaun stops her;  
overpowering her as non-violently as he can. Before Carey  
knows it, Shaun is leaning over her - his face next to hers.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

If they don't believe you, they  
ain't going to believe me.

Carey stares Shaun in his burning red eyes, stunned.

Shaun swiftly leaps up, jumps into Carey's car. Carey  
scrambles to her feet, tries to reach the drivers door.

**SLAM** - Carey's hand hits the window. From behind the glass,  
Shaun tells her -

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Chester Square.

CAREY

*What??*

SHAUN

That's where they took me.

Shaun puts his foot down. Carey watches her car speed away.

From far behind her, blue flashing lights approach. Carey  
turns to them, mortified.

22 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 22

23 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 23

24 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC.21 24

25 **INT. CAREY'S CAR. NIGHT** 25

Shaun flies forwards, foot SLIPPING on the pedal, eyes streaming as he suffers to see...

SHAUN'S POV: the streaking road soars towards him. A CAR whizzes past in the opposite lane: just a blur of light.

26 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT** 26

Garland has just heard something over the radio.

GARLAND

Come again, Detective?

27 **EXT. SLIP ROAD / GRASS BANK. NIGHT** 27

INTERCUT - Carey, utterly humiliated, climbs into a Marked Car. Ahead, another Marked Car is in pursuit of Shaun.

CAREY

Suspect has my vehicle, Ma'am. I was overpowered.

GARLAND

Are you hurt??

Carey scowls; Garland's sympathy is salt in the wound.

CAREY

...Negative.

28 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 28

29 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 29

30 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 30

31 **INT. CAREY'S CAR. NIGHT** 31

Shaun, SPEEDING chaotically ahead, hears over the radio -

CONTROL ROOM OP (V.O.)  
*Control to all units. Suspect is  
 now driving a police-issue unmarked  
 Volvo V40...*

32 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

32

33 EXT/INT. LAY-BY / TRANSIT VAN. NIGHT

33

A rusty TRANSIT VAN sits in the shadows of a lay-by. At the wheel, a large, stocky man we will come to know as KENNY. Next to him, a young woman with her head buried in her phone. ALMA. They listen to a police scanner...

CONTROL ROOM OP (V.O.)  
*Registration: Bravo Papa One Seven  
 Lima Juliet Charlie...*

Alma and Kenny glance at one another. Kenny fires up the engine, at the ready.

Alma studies a distinctive looking MAP AP on her phone: a blue dot is moving FAST along a road.

34 INT/EXT. CAREY'S CAR / BRIDGE ROAD. NIGHT

34

Shaun speeds FASTER. Ahead - a CAR is driving at normal speed in his lane. Shaun tries to focus, keep it in his sights. He speeds up behind it, goes to OVERTAKE...

*HONNNNK!!!* Oncoming headlights in the other lane suddenly BLIND him. A LORRY ROARS PAST! Shaun SWERVES back to his lane, diving towards the arse of the car in front...

Shaun SLAMS on the break just in time, but loses control. His car SPINS 360 in the middle of the road. Shaun screeches to a stop on a bridge road. The lorry, the other car, speed away.

Shaun breathes again. He winces as he moves his neck. Hurt.

In the distance - sirens approaching...

35 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

35

36 INT/EXT. MARKED CAR / BRIDGE ROAD. NIGHT

36

Carey rides shotgun as the Uniforms race forward, in pursuit. Ahead, the other Marked Car leads, lights and sirens...

Suddenly, it comes into view: CAREY'S CAR in the middle of the road, tyre marks scorched across the tarmac.

The Marked Cars come to a halt. The Uniforms and Carey step out, approach the vehicle...

Rounding to the front, they find: the car is empty.

Something shiny on the ground catches Carey's eye. Uniform Three sees it: water - a trail of WET FOOTPRINTS.

He shines his torch, tracks it like breadcrumbs, from the driver's door to... a steep verge by the side of the road...

37

**EXT. STEEP VERGE / UNDERPASS. NIGHT**

37

Shaun is scrambling down the steep verge, leading to an underpass. His body stiff, his clothes soaked, his eyes red. Still he hurries on, into the underpass...

Leaving a trail of WET FOOTPRINTS behind him.

Shaun's march becomes a jog, a run, gaining speed, gaining hope... He emerges from the underpass, gaining confidence as he jogs out into the road...

*SCREECH... BLAM!* Out of nowhere something HITS Shaun in the side, sending him flying.

The Transit Van screeches to a halt. Silence. In the front, Kenny and Alma stare ahead.

Shaun lies motionless in the road.

38

**EXT. STEEP VERGE / UNDERPASS. NIGHT**

38

Carey and the Uniforms turn into the underpass, following the wet footprints...

All the way to the road... where they stop - at the place Shaun got hit.

But now it's just an empty road. Fresh tyre marks on the tarmac. No Van. No Shaun.

Carey gazes into the darkness, perturbed. *Where did he go??*

Faintly, the sound of an engine trails off in the distance.

39

**OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

39

40

**OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

40

41

**EXT. MARCUS LEVY'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

41

A key goes into the front door. Marcus Levy is arriving home.

Long Lens POV from across the road, watching - as Marcus undoes a second lock, opens the door.

42

**INT. MARCUS LEVY'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

42

Marcus pads all the way down the hallway, muttering to himself. As he hangs his coat up on a hook, Marcus reveals - a FIGURE standing at the glass of the front door...

Marcus turns, just in time to catch the figure stepping away from the glass.

Marcus STOPS. *Who the hell is that?*

Marcus treads cautiously along the hallway... passing his living room... eyes fixed on the front door. He clears his throat, calls out...

MARCUS

**Shaun?**

On the front door. Has the figure gone away...?

Behind Marcus, a LARGE FIGURE emerges silently from the living room, stands behind him.

Marcus, unaware, creeps forwards, LOCKS the front door. *That's better.*

He turns, and finds himself looking at - a GUARD from the Safe House. Marcus is frozen.

GUARD

Tell me about Shaun.

Behind Marcus, at the glass of the front door, the first figure now returns. Marcus is trapped, petrified.

43

**EXT. VENNERS FARM INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. NIGHT**

43

More uniform and SOCOs have arrived, plus a team from the coroners office. A Marked Car pulls up to the crime scene. Carey steps out of the passenger side. Flynn and Latif approach Carey with a look of concern.

LATIF

Are you alright, Ma'am?

CAREY

(curt, embarrassed)

I'm fine.

FLYNN

Emery?

*Christ knows. Carey can't understand it.*

CAREY  
Uniform are still looking.

LATIF  
You're lucky he didn't hurt you.

That bumps for Carey. Somehow she just knows Shaun wasn't going to hurt her. Flynn and Latif lead her to where Hannah's body is being bagged.

FLYNN  
There's obvious wounds or markings on the body. And no rigor. Reckon she's been dead hours not days. She must have been held alive until earlier today.

Carey stops, the profound tragedy not lost on her. She gazes down at Hannah's lifeless face as it is zipped up.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
The people who put a delay on this case have got a hell of a lot to answer for.

The body is loaded into the van. Carey notices the markings on the coroner's vehicle. She stops the driver -

CAREY  
You are going to Croydon coroner's?

CORONER  
Westminster.

CAREY  
We're SCD.

CORONER  
Okay? We're Lambeth. Despatch came through Vauxhall, so it's us.

Carey isn't satisfied with that logic, but the coroner gets into the vehicle, pulls away. Carey turns to Latif.

CAREY  
Nadia. Follow them to the mortuary, tell the coroner we need the postmortem in the next 24 hours.

Latif sees how important this is to her.

LATIF  
Ma'am.

Latif leaves. Carey turns to Flynn, furtively.

CAREY

I need you to do something for me.  
Run a check on all the properties  
in Chester Square. Use our people  
only, and keep this to yourself.

FLYNN

Chester Square?

Carey decides to let Flynn know -

CAREY

Emery mentioned it to me.

FLYNN

What, when he nicked your motor??

CAREY

(defensive)

...Yes?

Then something occurs to Carey. She turns to him, awkwardly.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Patrick...?

(beat)

Mind if I take yours?

Flynn nods. He can hardly refuse. Carey steps away, takes out her phone, makes a call...

HART (O.S.)

*Rach.*

CAREY

You picked up.

(beat)

I need to see you. It's work.

HART (O.S.)

*...I'd like to see you too.*

44	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	44
45	<u>OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 50B</u>	45
46	<u>OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 50C</u>	46
47	<u>OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 50D</u>	47

48

INT. TRANSIT VAN. NIGHT

48

Shaun shivers as he comes to, still soaked to the skin. He opens his red eyes, his vision swimming vaguely into focus. He flinches as he sees - Alma watching over him.

ALMA

Steady, Shaun. I don't want to use the taser, but if I have to I will.

Shaun looks - she is indeed pointing a TASER at him. In her other hand, a phone. *What the living hell is going on??*

ALMA (CONT'D)

You're not a hard man to find. Just a hard man to save. There's three square miles of blind spots in Greater London. Not much, but you'd think you'd stumble into one a bit more often.

KENNY

Got a little over zealous when it finally happened.

Shaun glances up front, where he finds Kenny at the wheel.

ALMA

I don't think you broke anything. Ribs maybe?

Baffled, Shaun stretches his limbs. He is painfully sore all over, but unbroken.

ALMA (CONT'D)

It's more the cold you need to worry about. We'll get you out of those clothes in a minute.

(beat)

First, I need to look at your shoes. Take them off and pass them to me please. One at a time.

Shaun looks at her like she's insane.

ALMA (CONT'D)

You'll get them back.

Shaun carefully reaches down for a shoe, takes it off and -

FLINGS it at Alma. She ducks. In a flash Shaun LURCHES across the van, SWIPING the taser from her hand.

ALMA (CONT'D)

KENNY!

Driving, Kenny turns, shocked, SWERVES the van noisily, then recovers.

SHAUN

Stop the van!

In a SPLIT-SECOND Shaun has the taser pointed at Alma.

KENNY

Christ!

*SCREECH!* - Kenny breaks. The van comes to a halt in the middle of the road, nearly toppling Shaun and Alma over.

SHAUN

Stay the fuck back.

Shaun keeps the taser aimed at Alma while collecting his shoe from the van floor. He backs away, to the rear doors of the van, reaching for the handle...

KENNY

Don't!

ALMA

We're trying to HELP you!

KENNY

Look inside your shoe!

Shaun opens the back doors, about to climb out...

ALMA

You've got a tracker!

Shaun freezes. He glances at the shoe in his hand.

ALMA (CONT'D)

....If I *may*?

Pause. Shaun warily hands the shoe back to her. Alma takes it carefully, one eye on the taser in Shaun's hand. She pulls out the sole of the shoe. Beneath it - a TINY GPS CHIP.

Shaun tries to focus on it, his head spinning.

SHAUN

(muttering to himself)

*Those fucking c...*

KENNY

Close the door.

Kenny is glaring at him. Shaun decides it might be best to follow orders; he shuts the van doors. Kenny drives on...

KENNY (CONT'D)

Tell me we're in a blind spot??

Alma checks her phone, unhappy with what she finds -

ALMA

No.

Kenny seethes in frustration. Alma studies her map app.

ALMA (CONT'D)

We're coming into one... Now.

48A EXT. ROAD. SAME TIME / NIGHT

48A

Low, as the Transit Van rolls past evenly. Something tiny is thrown from the van, landing close on the tarmac in front of us. The tracker.

49 INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY

49

On a monitor: *a digital map of Greater London streets, with a small signal flashing.*

A Covert Op monitors it. He leans in, frowns.

50 INT/EXT. TRANSIT VAN/ROAD. NIGHT

50

Back in the van, Kenny is driving, still rattled.

KENNY

This van's hot now. Swerving all over the road like that, in range?  
Can't take the risk.

ALMA

There's another spot in a hundred yards.

Alma is on her Map Ap. Shaun frowns at her, baffled.

SHAUN

If they can track a shoe, they can track a phone?

ALMA

Not this phone.

SHAUN

...Who are you?

ALMA

(flat)

Alma. Pleased to meet you.

Shaun looks between her and Kenny.

SHAUN

Yeah. I mean - who are you?

ALMA  
All in good time.

Kenny brings the van to a halt. He passes a bag to Alma.

KENNY  
Here. Quick.

Shaun frowns as Alma passes him: jogging bottoms, sweatshirt, bomber jacket, trainers.

ALMA  
They should fit.

Shaun gazes at her - *what the hell??*

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Do you want to go around in what  
the police saw you wearing, and  
catch pneumonia? Or do you want to  
change into this?

Shaun has no clue what to think, but he finds himself following Alma's advice. His body aches as he peels off his soaking top. Alma has no qualms studying Shaun's pale torso, battered and bruised. Kenny glances in the mirror -

KENNY  
Do hurry the fuck up...

Shaun starts to unbutton his jeans, when he clocks Alma watching. If he's expecting her to avert her gaze, he's got the wrong girl. *Whatever. Down they come...*

50A **EXT. TRANSIT VAN, ROAD. MOMENTS LATER**

50A

Shaun climbs out of the van, dressed in the new clothes. Alma joins him, carrying a small backpack. Kenny leans out of the drivers window, looks Shaun in the eye.

KENNY  
Alma's in charge. You hurt her,  
I'll chew your face off.

Kenny pulls away, drives off into the distance. Alma checks her phone.

ALMA  
Shadow me and please don't stray.  
It's important we stick together.

Alma steps towards a dark, narrow alleyway. She turns back to see Shaun hasn't moved an inch - too wary to follow her.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
You see this?  
(holding up her phone)  
This is what you're up against.

Shaun reads the news: '**Soldier Shaun: Police Find Body**'. He gazes at it, sinking further into dismay.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
You can't win this battle on your own.

Alma starts to walk away.

ALMA (CONT'D (CONT'D)  
Come on. You're with the good guys now.

50B **INT. APEX HOTEL, BAR. NIGHT**

50B

Low lit anonymity and overpriced drinks. Carey finds Hart at the bar, drinking a glass of whisky and water.

HART  
(unfortunately)  
I'm meeting people for dinner at nine.

CAREY  
Work people or wife people?

HART  
Wife people.  
(then)  
Pretentious wife people who think food tastes better at a thousand feet.

CAREY  
...The Shard? That'll put a dent in your wallet.

HART  
Paying for the view and I don't even like heights.

Small talk exhausted. Hart can't ignore the tension any longer.

HART (CONT'D)  
I hear you've had a result. Well done. You stuck with it, and you were right.

CAREY  
Hannah Roberts died today.

HART

...Are you sure?

CAREY

If that footage hadn't been redacted, Shaun Emery would be in custody and Hannah Roberts would be alive.

Hart shakes his head.

HART

That's... Questions need to be asked.

CAREY

Like, why is the woman who tried to shut down the case now running it?

Hart frowns.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Gemma Garland. The Toad from Toad

Hall? She's from S015, apparently.

(beat)

Well...??

Hart sighs, avoids eye contact, struggling to answer.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Whatever she is, she's making a mockery of your department.

HART

What d'you mean?

Carey takes a breath, goes for it -

CAREY

I think someone's interfering with our feeds, tampering with evidence.

Silence.

HART

I'm listening.

CAREY

When I raised the suggestion with Garland her response was... dismissive.

HART

Maybe I can do better.

Carey takes out her phone, plays the Shaun / Hannah footage.

CAREY

I know how this might have been faked.

(beat)

The live feed would have been hacked into, delayed by few seconds, then the real footage spliced with fake.

Hart can't help look skeptical.

CAREY (CONT'D)

You said you'd listen.

She points to: *The blurry BUS WIPE*.

CAREY (CONT'D)

They could have hidden the edit point as the bus goes across.

On screen: *Shaun and Hannah begin to fight*.

HART

Right... But you'd still have to magic up all *this* business. Who's your suspect, Steven Spielberg?

CAREY

It reminded me of something.

Carey brings up another clip: the one she watched at the end of Ep 3; CCTV of the terror-suspects meeting.

CAREY (CONT'D)

From Sycamore.

(beat)

This was key, wasn't it. We already had Cahill and Haq, but we didn't have evidence of their connection to Rashid.

HART

As I recall, we had plenty.

CAREY

We had *intelligence*, but nothing admissible in court. Until this. Look: a truck comes through the frame just before the crucial meeting.

Hart watches it. She's completely right. He looks from the phone, to Carey. Then -

HART

I'm sorry... Is this it? So what if the truck goes past? Bus goes past? It's a coincidence!

Hart becomes self conscious, nervous, changes tack.

HART (CONT'D)

Look... the reason I wanted to see  
you Rach... This... *thing*... It's  
becoming problematic.

Carey gazes him, floored by his audacity.

CAREY

Really. Now. Of all the times you  
could have ended it.

HART

You're coming to me with something  
every five minutes. We can't  
operate like this.

CAREY

I've come to you because I thought  
you'd want to know there's a chance  
the bloody camera network has been  
compromised!!

(beat)

Or did you already know?

HART

...I care about you, Rach...

CAREY

Did. You. Already. Know.

Hart looks at her, his gaze hardening just a fraction.

HART

For someone extolling the virtues  
of solid evidence, you don't  
actually have very much.

(beat)

I need to go.

Hart takes a swig of his drink, exits - leaving Carey alone,  
reeling, humiliated... And yet... resolute. Game. On.

Carey grabs her phone and calls -

MARCUS LEVY (V.O.)

*This is Marcus Levy's phone. For  
anything work related please  
contact Anna Bench at Independent.  
Otherwise please leave a message...*

CAREY

(into phone)

Mr Levy, it's Detective Carey...

50C **INT. MARCUS LEVY'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

50C

INTERCUT -

A phone lies discarded on the floor. As Carey's message continues, we drift across the clutter of the living room...

CAREY (V.O.)

*...If you could call me back on this number this evening, I'd be very grateful.*

We find Marcus, lying still on the floor in a crumpled heap.

BACK IN THE HOTEL BAR - Carey hangs up.

From the corner of her eye she catches something, turns to a muted TV screen behind the bar, on which:

*A News update on Shaun Emery.* We cut hard in to it -

50D **INT. MIDLER AND HALL SOLICITORS. NIGHT**

50D

The same news streams on a desktop computer. Staff members, working late at the office, stare aghast at the screen. Charlie Hall is there, watching, sobbing, distraught.

NEWS ANCHOR

*The body has been identified as that of missing barrister, Hannah Roberts. The cause of death has not yet been determined, but police have confirmed that Shaun Emery - who remains at large - is now wanted on suspicion of murder.*

On screen: *Shaun's mugshot.*

51 **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

51

51A **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

51A

52 **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

52

53 **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

53

54 **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

54

55

**EXT. BACK STREETS, ALLEYWAYS. NIGHT**

55

Shaun, head bruised, body aching, is following Alma warily, who carefully studies an app on her phone as she navigates.

SHAUN

You haven't told me why you're helping me.

ALMA

Let's just say I've got a vested interest.

SHAUN

How about telling me where we're going?

ALMA

I need to focus.

She studies a route on a map app.

SHAUN

...What *is* that?

ALMA

A map of blind spots. Where the cameras can't see.

Alma considers Shaun, then shows him the phone. He gazes at the app: showing London dotted with small areas, highlighted.

ALMA (CONT'D)

If you're careful... you can get across town without being watched.

(taking the phone back)

So long as you keep your concentration...

With that she turns and leads him in a new direction. Shaun eyes the CCTV CAMERA cautiously, as they skirt around the edge of it's view.

They head into the next street, Alma watching carefully between the app and the real world.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Look - there's a new one, not mapped. Good job it's facing away.

She taps on her phone. Shaun looks up - at the SMALL CAMERA, monitoring the entrance to an MOT garage.

SHAUN

But that's not a police camera.  
It's private, no?

Alma looks at Shaun like he was born yesterday. She walks on. Shaun eyes the camera curiously as they pass by.

ALMA

Six million CCTV cameras in the UK.  
Almost every one of them is online.  
And if it's online...?

SHAUN

It can be hacked?

ALMA

By the authorities, and used to  
monitor you.

If she's expecting Shaun to be shocked, she'll be disappointed.

SHAUN

Is this your vested interest then?  
(mildly dubious)  
You some... anti-surveillance  
people?

ALMA

If you're asking am I anti-the UK  
being the second most watched  
country on Earth the answer is yes.  
(beat)  
I take it none of it worries you?

SHAUN

Doesn't surprise me.  
(shrug)  
Big Brother is watching us.

Alma fixes Shaun with a loaded look.

ALMA

He's not just watching.

Alms turns and walks on, leaving Shaun intrigued. He follows.

SHAUN

Go on?

ALMA

Need to keep moving...

SHAUN

Wait a second.

Shaun stops. Forcing Alma to stop, turn.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

(the phone)

Can you make untraceable calls on  
that thing?

ALMA

Of course.

SHAUN

It's secure?

ALMA

Kenny built it.

SHAUN

(doubtful)

*Him?*

ALMA

Kenny's ex-special forces tech.  
That means he can build a secure  
laptop and kick your ass.

56

**INT. KAREN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT**

56

Karen is in bed when her phone rings. No caller ID. She answers guardedly.

KAREN

...Hello?

57

**EXT. BACK STREET. NIGHT**

57

INTERCUT - with Shaun, on Alma's phone.

SHAUN

Don't hang up.

(beat)

It's not true what they're saying  
on TV. I didn't hurt her, let  
alone... You know I couldn't...

(beat)

And tell Jaycee... when she goes to  
school tomorrow... tell her no  
matter what they say... remember it  
ain't true.

Silence.

KAREN

The police came here. Asking about  
you.

SHAUN

...And?

KAREN

They wanted to know if you'd ever  
been violent.

Pause.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I told them you hadn't.

There's ambiguity there, in Karen's clipped, distant tone. Is she implying she lied? It causes Shaun to brood... his head slowly spinning. He starts to zone out as he dwells on it...

KAREN (CONT'D)  
...Shaun?

He tries to get it together, but he's still consumed.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
What do you want from us?

SHAUN  
...I want you to believe me.

Shaun waits agonisingly for some kind of response. And waits... Why can't she say it...?

Finally, Shaun can't take it anymore. He solemnly hangs up the call. He holds there, he looks bereft.

Alma watches him; vulnerable, child-like.

ALMA  
...She will.

Shaun gazes up at Alma, and in that moment, he decides to trust her. She turns and leads the way.

58 **INT. KAREN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT**

58

WIDE - Karen is alone in bed.

58A **OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 50B**

58A

58B **INT. MARCUS LEVY'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

58B

A phone lies discarded on the floor. As the voice continues, we drift across the clutter of the living room to discover...

MARCUS LEVY (V.O.)  
*If it's a work enquiry please  
contact my agent...*

Marcus, lying motionless on the floor in a crumpled heap.

59 **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

59

60 **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

60

61 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

61

62 EXT. ROAD. NIGHT

62

The TRACKER sits in the same spot on the tarmac where Alma and Kenny dropped it. A black RANGE ROVER SPORTS pulls up. A GUARD gets out, retrieves the tracker.

63 INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT<sup>3</sup>

Garland's phone buzzes. She walks away for privacy...

GARLAND

(into phone)

I was wondering when you'd call.

VOICE

His tracker was removed in a blind spot. No sign of him since.

GARLAND

Leave this to me. We're running face-match on him as we speak.

On her screens, the face-match program is scanning feed after feed from CCTVs across London.

64 INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. NIGHT

64

On the other end of the call - Napier.

NAPIER

I know you are...

Napier is watching *his* screens, displaying exactly the same images as Garland's.

64A INT. CAR. NIGHT

64A

Carey is driving when her phone rings. She picks up.

CAREY

Nadia.

64B EXT. MORTUARY. NIGHT

64B

INTERCUT - with Latif pacing outside the mortuary.

LATIF

The mortuary reckon the post mortem isn't due till Monday, Ma'am.

CAREY

Says who?

LATIF

Garland authorised it.

*Of course she did. Cary fumes.*

CAREY

Call Croydon and tell them we're  
doing the postmortem there.

Latif can hear a difference in Carey's tone; angry, not-giving-a-fuck.

LATIF

Move the body? Can you do that?

CAREY

I'm the SIO, aren't I??

LATIF

...Ma'am.

Latif hangs up, unsure; *should I really follow that order?*

Carey drives on, resolute.

MALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)

Rock, Step, Cha cha cha... Rock,  
Step, Cha cha cha...

65

**INT. 'CHI CHI'S' RESTAURANT, PRIVATE ROOM. NIGHT**

65

A large wood-floored private room, down or upstairs at a vaguely Cuban restaurant has been transformed into a dance studio for beginners. A DANCE INSTRUCTOR is leading...

INSTRUCTOR

Rock, Step, Cha cha cha... Rock,  
Step, Cha cha cha...

We MOVE ALONG the dozen beginners, mainly 50-somethings, following his steps, until we land on - Tom Kendricks.

He's doing pretty good, keeping in step. And then he sees - Carey entering, watching him. In spite of everything she's going through, Carey can't not enjoy this incongruous sight!

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Rock, Step, Say it with me...

The beginners all join in. Except Kendricks, who frowns at Carey as if to say *what are you doing here??* Carey raises her eyes at Kendricks, mouthing encouragement: 'Cha Cha Cha'!

MOMENTS LATER -

The Instructor is taking the class through the next moves.

Kendricks has moved away to speak to Carey

CAREY

Nice to see you out of the office,  
Tom. For a cha cha change.

KENDRICKS

How did you find me?

CAREY

Warrant card says detective?

A LATECOMER enters the class, passing by them.

LATECOMER

(surprised)

Tom. You've brought a partner!

Carey smiles falsely at the latecomer. Kendricks waits until she's out of earshot, turns to Carey, concerned.

KENDRICKS

What's wrong?

CAREY

I'm still waiting for the recording  
you promised me ten hours ago.

KENDRICKS

I'll get it to you first thing!

CAREY

You won't. It's not on the system.

KENDRICKS

No?

CAREY

I think you know it's not.

Kendricks swallows. Yep. He's knows it's not.

CAREY (CONT'D)

I saw something I wasn't meant to  
see, didn't I?

(off his evasive look)

Tom. I know something's wrong with  
the network. I don't know if it's a  
cyber-attack or sabotage or what...  
But I'm hunting a suspect in a high-  
profile murder case and I need to  
know if I can trust the evidence.

Kendricks looks at her, glowering. Guilt-trip successful.

KENDRICKS

....We're not being cyber-attacked.

66

**EXT. 'CHI CHI'S' RESTAURANT, ROOFTOP TERRACE. NIGHT**

66

Kendricks sucks on a cigarette. He and Carey have escaped to the roof for privacy.

KENDRICKS

We were being cyber-attacked.

(beat)

Two years ago, GCHQ were flagging up warnings on a daily basis. Usual culprits.

CAREY

Russians?

(beat)

What did they want with our CCTV?

KENDRICKS

Hackers would target cameras and cut the feeds, giving ops on the ground the time to carry out kinetics unseen. And by kinetics I mean...

CAREY

Assassinations.

KENDRICKS

For example, yes. You can see why something had to be done.

Kendricks takes a drag of his ciggy.

KENDRICKS (CONT'D)

Our friends in Intelligence offered a solution.

CAREY

MI5?

Kendricks hesitates, warily...

KENDRICKS

Thames House brokered it but... I meant our... friends from across the pond.

CAREY

Forgodsake Tom, just say it.  
CIA...? NSA...?

KENDRICKS

It came as part of a counter-terror funding initiative, from America.

(MORE)

KENDRICKS (CONT'D)

I wasn't in love with the idea but  
the Home Office hardly canvassed  
opinion.

CAREY

What idea?

KENDRICKS

The US provides state of the art  
software packages, protecting us  
against cyber-attacks and  
espionage. In doing so, they get  
unfettered access to the network.

Kendricks gulps, ashamed. Carey takes it all in... looks out  
across the rooftops, the satellite dishes, the CCTV cameras.

KENDRICKS (CONT'D)

Some CIA sub-contractor runs it.  
Everything is sub-fucking-something  
these days.

CAREY

The UK's surveillance system.  
Outsourced.

(beat)

So much for sovereignty.

KENDRICKS

They'll know it's me who told you,  
Carey.

CAREY

Who else knows? Danny?  
(catching herself)  
Hart.

Kendricks gives her coy glance; he knows about her and Hart.  
Kendricks nods, yes.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Then they won't know it came from  
you.

*I know, you know.* A small moment of solidarity between them.

Kendricks shrugs sheepishly.

KENDRICKS

The Russian cyber-attacks don't get  
through as often...

CAREY

But...?

KENDRICKS

Occasionally... I've noticed...  
feeds slipping out of sync... And,  
now... missing footage...

Carey shakes her head, looks at him in pity.

CAREY

On your watch.

Kendricks hangs his head. Carey's phone buzzes. She picks up.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Patrick?

67

EXT. CHESTER SQUARE. NIGHT

67

FLYNN

I'm standing in Chester Square,  
Ma'am. You might want to come and  
take a look..

We PULL OUT to see - another expansive grand Belgravia square, very similar to Eaton Square.

68

EXT. BACK STREETS, MAIN STREET. NIGHT

68

Shaun follows Alma through the darkness. He is consumed, downcast, in his own head. So much so, he nearly bumps into Alma while she's checking her phone.

ALMA

I thought you'd be good at this!  
You navigated mine fields in  
Afghanistan didn't you?

Shaun scowls at that. Alma softens.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Still thinking about your  
girlfriend?

SHAUN

Ex.

Alma sees how much it's haunting him, whatever it is.

ALMA

When all this is resolved you'll  
feel a great weight lifted.

SHAUN

What makes you sure it will be?

ALMA

Trust me.

Shaun stops. He's had enough of 'trust me'. He needs answers.

SHAUN

My barrister... my friend... is dead. The police think I did it... My ex thinks I did it... And between you and me there's times I'm scared I fucking did it.

(beat)

So if you know I didn't do it, maybe you could explain it to me. Cos I'd really like to find the people who did.

Alma considers Shaun. Decides to tell him -

ALMA

They call it 'correction'.

Silence. On Shaun.

ALMA (CONT'D)

When they take something they don't like and they change it.

SHAUN

Who?

Alma turns, walks on. She's sitting on emotion of her own; bitterness, sadness.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Alma!

ALMA

I will tell you. But you need to patient.

Alma stops, checks her phone, indicates the junction ahead.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Right now I need you to concentrate. This is a one way street. As in the cameras only point one way. We'll be walking away from the cameras so they only see our backs, but I need you to change your gait.

SHAUN

What??

ALMA

They can ID you from the way you walk.

Shaun looks at her, intrigued by this weird, slightly brilliant girl.

SHAUN

What do you want, a limp?

ALMA

...Too dramatic.

(beat)

If you put your arm around me, lean  
in a bit, that should do it.  
Boyfriend, girlfriend.

On Shaun - *really*?

68A

**EXT. MAIN STREET. NIGHT**

68A

As soon as they turn into it, Shaun starts to tense: it's  
close to a main road, people out for the night.

ALMA

Maybe not so tense? We're on a  
date?

SHAUN

My mug's all over the TV.

ALMA

No one's looking. Don't flatter  
yourself.

They amble on, Shaun's arm awkwardly around Alma's shoulders,  
paranoid as he surveys the passers by.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Try a little conversation...

SHAUN

What d'you want me to say?

ALMA

Anything.

SHAUN

.....What's the first?

ALMA

First what?

SHAUN

The first most watched country in  
the world?

ALMA

China.

(then)

This is what most of my dates are  
actually like.

A crossroads, ahead: A POLICE CAR rolls up to the kerb. *Shit!*

ALMA (CONT'D)  
(sing song)  
Just keep walking... keep  
walking...

SHAUN  
They'll have my mugshot in their  
car...

The police car is idling. It's hard to tell if the officers inside are watching them.

ALMA  
Pretend to kiss me.

She ushers him into the street corner, running her fingers through his hair, blocking his face from the officers' view.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Just hold me close. Relax.

SHAUN  
Relax. Last time I got kissed in  
the street, it didn't end well.

ALMA  
We're not kissing.

Alma glances lovingly into his eyes. A performance, though Shaun can't help but find himself taken by it.

SHAUN  
I still don't get why you're doing  
this. No one else is helping me.

ALMA  
You can smile, Shaun... Keep it  
light...

SHAUN  
Aiding and abetting? You're putting  
yourself at risk.

ALMA  
It's worth it.

She leans in closer, about to kiss him...

*Vrooom.* The Police Car pulls gently away. Alma stops, millimeters from Shaun's lips.

Alma takes his hand, leads him on.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
You starting to trust me now?

SHAUN

I don't know.

(beat)

It's just nice being with someone  
who doesn't think I'm a murderer.

69

**EXT. CHESTER SQUARE. NIGHT**

69

Belgravia. Carey pulls up to where Flynn is waiting for her.

FLYNN

When you saw Emery in Eaton Square,  
d'you think you might have got the  
wrong address?

Carey scans the rows of large mansion houses, intrigued...

CAREY

...Something like that.

(beat)

The trees are different... There's  
scaffolding...

Carey lands on - 42 Chester Square. She turns to see - a  
STREET CCTV camera pointing at the house (at the same height  
and angle as the one in Eaton Sq).

CAREY (CONT'D)

But...

Carey gets out her phone, frames up and *CLICK* - snaps a photo  
of 42 Chester Sq.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Get in the car.

70

**INT/EXT. FLYNN'S CAR/EATON SQUARE. MOMENTS LATER**

70

Carey pulls up across the road from 48 EATON SQ, gets out.  
Flynn follows Carey, puzzled, as he watches her finding the  
right position in the street.

CAREY

What's the easiest way to tell a  
lie, Patrick?

Carey holds up her phone. The photo of 42 Chester Sq, tight  
enough to avoid the trees etc around it, is identical to 48  
Eaton Square.

CAREY (CONT'D)

...Stick as closely to the truth as  
possible.

Flynn looks at the photo, then at Carey. She taps the picture  
on the phone.

CAREY (CONT'D)  
This house... This is the one we  
should have raided.

Carey marches back to the car.

FLYNN  
Where are we going?

She looks back at him. *Isn't it obvious?*

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
...Just us??

71

EXT. CHESTER SQUARE. MOMENTS LATER

71

Carey and Flynn pull up by 42 Chester Sq. Step out.

FLYNN  
Sure you want to do this, Ma'am?

Carey nods. They walk towards the house.

72

INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. NIGHT

72

A Covert Op is watching a feed from THE REAL FRONT DOOR CAM:  
*Carey and Flynn approaching.*

COVERT OP  
(concerned)  
Sir? It's not the fig leaf.

Napier looks at the screen - caught off guard, surprised to  
see them coming. He eyes Rachel Carey, intrigued.

73

EXT. CHESTER SQUARE. NIGHT

73

INTERCUT - Carey knocks on the door. Loud. Confident. The  
door is opened by a GUARD. Carey flashes her badge.

CAREY  
Detective Carey, Homicide and  
Serious Crime. We'd like a word  
with the occupants of the property.

GUARD  
...The occupants are overseas.

CAREY  
What a surprise.

GUARD  
I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask  
you to move...

He stops - someone is speaking into his ear.

NAPIER

It's alright... Let them in.

74

**INT. SAFE HOUSE, LOBBY. NIGHT**

74

Carey and Flynn are let into the lobby. They glance at one another - immediately struck by how near-identical it is to 48 Eaton Sq.

Carey's gaze goes instinctively to the SECURE DOOR at the back of the lobby. But before she can get any further -

GUARD

Please...

He's ushering them through a different doorway.

75

**INT. SAFE HOUSE, BRIEFING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER**

75

Carey and Flynn find themselves sitting across a meeting table from Frank Napier.

NAPIER

You sure you're not thirsty?

CAREY

No. Thank you, Mr Napier.

NAPIER

Frank.

CAREY

We're sorry to drag you from your work. It was our suspect, Shaun Emery, who pointed us in your direction.

She lets that hang. Somewhere deep inside we know Napier is reacting. But on the surface - nothing.

CAREY (CONT'D)

You wouldn't know his whereabouts, by any chance, would you?

Napier shrugs, innocent.

CAREY (CONT'D)

He mentioned this address when I spoke to him this evening.

NAPIER

You talked to Shaun Emery tonight?

CAREY

...Briefly. I didn't manage to get the significance of it. Perhaps you could shed some light?

NAPIER

I'm not going to insult your intelligence Detective Carey, and I hope you won't insult mine. Our work here is sensitive. Any details I give you without warranty from your Government or mine would constitute the unauthorised sharing of Intelligence.

(beat)

Protocol dictates I can't even acknowledge this address.

FLYNN

*This address? Where we're sitting now? You can't acknowledge it?*

Napier gives Flynn only a cursory glance.

NAPIER

It seems Detective Flynn isn't hip to the quirks of our trade.

Napier considers Carey...

NAPIER (CONT'D)

*You on other hand... haven't always been in Homicide, have you?*

CAREY

I transferred from CT.

NAPIER

Why would you want to do a thing like that?

CAREY

It's making more and more sense.

FLYNN

Can I ask a question? If you're not able to share anything, why meet us at all?

Carey eyes Napier, smiles knowingly.

CAREY

So he can gather intelligence on us.

Napier smiles back.

NAPIER

A habit.

(beat)

Well... I need to get back to work.

They stand. Carey looks at Napier - a cordial parting shot.

CAREY

Perhaps we'll get that warrantry.

Napier laughs, enjoying her spirit.

NAPIER

I wish you all the luck in the world.

(then)

But ah... shouldn't you be busy hunting your murder suspect?

Carey looks him in the eye.

CAREY

We are.

76

INT. FLYNN'S CAR. NIGHT

76

Flynn driving. Carey shotgun.

FLYNN

Condescending prick. Someone should tell him whose country he's in.

Carey glances at Flynn, somewhat fondly, appreciating him perhaps for the first time.

CAREY

You don't have much truck with his type do you, Patrick?

Flynn shrugs.

CAREY (CONT'D)

I think I owe you an apology.

FLYNN

For...?

CAREY

I should have been talking to you and Latif, instead of leaning on SO15 all this time.

(then)

Guess I'd have known better if I hadn't 'practically skipped half my stint in Uniform'.

Flynn glances at her, a wry smile.

FLYNN

I didn't mean to take the mick.

All is forgiven. Carey gets down to business.

CAREY

That 'sensitive work' he mentioned?  
They're hacking our CCTV. They're  
tampering with evidence.

(beat)

I just don't have... evidence.

Flynn is on the fence, skeptical. Carey checks her phone, sighs, frustrated.

FLYNN

What's wrong?

CAREY

I thought Marcus Levy might have  
called me back.

Flynn: Who?

CAREY (CONT'D)

Video expert. He knows how they  
could have faked Emery's CCTV...

FLYNN

Ma'am, I don't trust these people  
one bit... but Shaun Emery's video  
can't be fake. We've got the body!  
And we're not just talking about  
one video either. What about his  
whole journey? To the river... back  
home...

(beat)

And the double-decker? We know  
Hannah didn't get on that bus like  
Emery claimed. You've seen the  
footage!

CAREY

Maybe they doctored that as well.

Flynn shakes his head.

FLYNN

That's a hell of a lot of work  
someone made for themselves. And  
for what? To stitch Shaun Emery up  
for murder? There's easier ways...

CAREY

Levy said it's simpler than you'd  
think.

(MORE)

CAREY (CONT'D)

They could've done most of the work beforehand, then cut the fakery into the feed half way through...

Flynn frowns, Carey's words sparking something...

CAREY (CONT'D)

Yes, I know how it sounds. But he's the expert.

FLYNN

It's not that...

(thinks)

Something Becky said.

Carey looks at him.

CAREY

...Becky?

77

**INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. NIGHT**

77

Garland enters the small room, answers her ringing phone.

GARLAND

(picking up)

I can't keep taking calls, Frank.  
When I find him, you'll find him.

78

**INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. NIGHT**

78

INTERCUT - with a stern sounding Napier on the other end.

NAPIER

I thought you should know. Your Detective Inspector came and knocked on our Front Door.

*Oh shit.*

GARLAND

*Carey...?*

NAPIER

Bright girl.

GARLAND

...Too bright?

A loaded pause. Yes. Garland glances through the glass walls, at the busy mothership.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

It's tricky, politically. She's a bit of a mascot, around here.

NAPIER  
I'm sure you'll find a way.

79 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

79

80 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 68

80

81 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 68A

81

82 INT. SUTTON COUNCIL CCTV CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

82

Our girl from Sutton CCTV sits in front of the famous Shaun/Hannah footage as it plays on the central monitor.

BECKY  
At first, his shoulders are relaxed. He doesn't put his hands up, then when he does... they're open, defensive.

Flynn has brought Carey here. They watch over Becky's shoulder, listening to her commentary. Across the room, Jamal slumps, jealous of the attention.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Then he changed.  
(to Flynn)  
Like I mentioned last time.

Carey considers Becky carefully.

CAREY  
You say it's unusual, Becky, not to see the signs...?

JAMAL  
We can always tell when things are going to kick off.

FLYNN  
So how do you explain this one?

JAMAL  
(shrug)  
Geezer's a psycho. Can't predict that.

BECKY  
I'd have called in it sooner if I had.

CAREY

If there was nothing suspicious at first... out of interest... why were you monitoring it?

Becky looks slightly affronted.

JAMAL

That's what we do. We watch.

CAREY

But with everything else going on across the borough, what was it that drew you to this camera... at that point?

Becky hesitates, coyly. Carey waits patiently.

BECKY

Well... he's... not a bad looking bloke is he. And... I just thought it was... kind of...romantic?

Carey looks at Flynn.

CAREY

His behaviour changes completely. And it changes right after the bus.

On screen: *the Double Decker wipes frame. Soon, the awful attack begins.*

Flynn screws up his nose, still not convinced.

FLYNN

And then what... all this is made up on a computer like Toy Story?

CAREY

Marcus Levy said the hard work could've been done in advance...

Flynn points at Shaun and Hannah on screen.

FLYNN

And how could they know where these two would end up standing...?

BECKY

(overlapping)

Er... What are you talking about??

JAMAL

Yeah, what about Toy Story?

Flynn and Carey realise Becky and Jamal are staring at them in great concern and confusion.

FLYNN

...We just need to analyze the footage, that's all. Make sure it all stands up.

Jamal points at the monitors.

JAMAL

You can't argue with this.

Telling these guys their system might be fallible would be like telling kids about Father Christmas.

CAREY

...Of course.

83

EXT. SUTTON COUNCIL CCTV CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

83

Carey and Flynn walk out onto the busy Sutton street. Carey's mind is still whirring...

FLYNN

Sorry, I shouldn't have said all that. Not in front of the children!

CAREY

Even that makes sense.

FLYNN

What does, Ma'am?

CAREY

If you were trying to pass fake footage off as real, you'd want someone naive to find it...

Carey trails off... She freezes, remembering something... Something that makes her wince at the thought.

FLYNN

What?

Carey tries to recover, self-conscious.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Rachel...? You said you were going to talk to me and Nads from now on...? Team Homicide?

CAREY

(faint)

...This isn't about Homicide.

(beat)

Call it a night, Patrick.

Flynn knows he's not going to get more out of her. Carey manages to sign off with...

CAREY (CONT'D)  
You're gonna have come up with a  
better name for our team.

Flynn smiles at her. They set off in opposite directions,

Carey's phone rings, dragging her from her daze. Checking the caller ID, she lights up a little. Something hopeful at last.

CAREY (CONT'D)  
Mr Levy! Thanks for returning my  
call...

MALE VOICE  
I'm afraid it's not Mr Levy.

Carey stops in her tracks as she listens...

83A

**EXT. MARCUS LEVY'S HOUSE. SECONDS LATER**

83A

INTERCUT. CID Detective YEUNG is on the phone. Behind him, an AMBULANCE and MARKED POLICE CAR are parked outside the house.

YEUNG  
According to his phone, yours was  
the last number he called?  
(beat)  
Neighbours discovered him  
unconscious on his living room  
floor this evening. He's in a coma.

Carey's breathing tightens.

CAREY  
...Treat it as suspicious.

YEUNG  
There's no sign of force, but the  
front door was left open...

CAREY  
(to herself)  
...They wanted him found.

YEUNG  
Have you any idea why Mr Levy might  
have been targeted?

On Carey - *Christ, who's next...?*

84

**OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

84

85

**OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

85

86 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 83A

86

87 EXT. SUTTON HIGH STREET. BUS STOP. NIGHT

87

From across the street - we watch Flynn, LONG LENS, waiting for the bus, chatting on his phone...

FLYNN

Did you get him down alright?  
 Good. There's a bus in three  
 minutes. Don't go to bed, I'll be  
 home before you know it.

88 EXT. STREET NEAR SUTTON COUNCIL CCTV CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT 88

Carey marches along, on her phone, calling...

FLYNN (V.O.)

*This is DS Patrick Flynn, please  
 leave a message....*

CAREY

Patrick it's Carey. Listen, be  
 vigilant on your way home please...  
 I'll explain later, but just make  
 sure you're safe. And your  
 family...

Carey hangs up, concerned.

89 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND / THE PLEASURE GARDEN. NIGHT 89

Shaun is led by Alma, as the back streets meet industrial estates. Shaun becomes aware of music, a rumbling bass.

SHAUN

Where are we?

A large warehouse comes into view. Crowds of clubbers mill around outside, smoking. A long queue leads to an entrance guarded by a group of heavy-set bouncers.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

This is where you've brought me??  
 What about all the people?

ALMA

Don't worry, they'll all be too off  
 their heads to recognise you.

Shaun can't argue with that. Then - his eyes widen.

SHAUN

There's cameras...

There are indeed, small CCTV cameras on the building.

ALMA

They're not online. They're secure.  
I know this place.

Shaun glances at Alma, who is texting on her phone.

SHAUN

What you doing?

Alma sighs, puts the phone away.

ALMA

Come on. You said you wanted to  
know? About 'Correction'? We can  
talk in there.

Shaun, ever intrigued by Alma, follows her towards the  
rumbling bass...

90

**EXT. SUTTON HIGH STREET. BUS STOP. NIGHT**

90

Flynn is still on the phone to his wife.

FLYNN

Don't fall asleep! My bus is here.  
I'm on my way...

As he hangs up, the bus arrives. Other passengers get on and off. Flynn is about to step on when - he FREEZES.

Something has caught his eye. He appears to be staring at the red digital display on the bus stop:

**Bus 328 - 2 minutes.**

**Bus 328 - 5 minutes.**

Flynn is lost, processing a new thought, a realisation; a eureka moment. He RUNS out into the road and hails a TAXI.

91

**EXT. SUTTON STREET. NIGHT**

91

Carey is marching to her car, when suddenly...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

DI Carey.

Carey whips round, startled, to find - an officious-looking Garland, accompanied by two detectives and a stressed-looking Latif, approaching. Their unmarked cars parked nearby.

GARLAND

I'm sure you're busy trying to locate your suspect but I need moment of your time.

(beat)

It's come to my attention that earlier this evening, you instructed DS Latif to arrange the removal of a victim's remains from Lambeth Coroners.

Latif is looking sheepish, apologetic.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

Any attempt to move such an article during an ongoing investigation should be considered a breech in the chain of evidence.

CAREY

This is a homicide investigation that began at SCD, Sutton. The autopsy should have been carried out at Croydon Coroners Office.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

As the operation was being run from SO15 at the time of recovery, the body was rightfully registered at Lambeth coroners and I can only conclude that your intention was to pervert the course of justice.

CAREY

*I'm perverting the course of justice.*

GARLAND

This is not the first transgression you've made during the course of this investigation. I also have reason to believe you conspired to publish classified CCTV evidence online in an effort to undermine your superiors and unduly influence police operations.

Carey almost laughs in disbelief. She stares at Latif.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

These incidents will be reviewed by a disciplinary board to determine if action or criminal charges should be brought against you. Until then, I am left with no alternative but to suspend you from duty with immediate effect.

There is so much Carey could throw at Garland. But she holds it down, contains her fury.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

(closer, informal)

Get some rest, Rachel. Hopefully when you return, the decision will go your way. Be a huge loss to the force if you were to go.

Garland and the other two detectives start to leave. Latif rushes up to Carey.

LATIF

I never said anything about the evidence! But I couldn't move the body... I'd be suspended.

CAREY

Just do one thing for me... When they find out where Shaun Emery's hiding, let me know.

Latif nods: *I will*. She hurries off to join the others...

Leaving Carey with the traffic, the noise, the mayhem. She stands, stunned, head swirling. *What the hell do I do now?* And then she sees it...

A beacon in the distance, a magnificent glass tower, piercing the darkness of London's night sky. The Shard.

92

OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

92

93

**EXT/INT. SOUTHWARK BUS DEPOT, OFFICE. NIGHT**

93

Flynn is led across a vast garage of red double-deckers by a reluctant, waddling, bleary-eyed BUS COMPANY GUY jangling a large bunch of keys.

BUS COMPANY GUY

You sure this can't wait till the day shift?

FLYNN

Sorry fella. The coffees are on me.

They reach a door to a small office. The guy unlocks it.

PRE-LAP - Thumping bassy music...

94

**INT. THE PLEASURE GARDEN. NIGHT**

94

Shaun follows Alma along a wide ultraviolet-lit corridor lined with fun-seeking boy and girls. Alma is nodding to the beat, but for Shaun the throbbing music feels threatening, and already too loud.

SHAUN

How are we supposed to talk?

ALMA

Huh?

SHAUN

How we supposed to TALK IN HERE??

ALMA

This is the BEST PLACE TO TALK!

Alma leads him through red curtains, getting closer to the action, to the thumping music...

SHAUN

HOW DO YOU WORK THAT OUT??

The music grows LOUDER still, Alma grabs hold of Shaun, drags him close to her, puts her lips right to his ear...

ALMA

**BECAUSE NO ONE CAN HEAR WHAT WE'RE  
SAYING!!**

Alma winks at Shaun, leads him on... into the MAIN EVENT!

Shaun's eyes widen as he is engulfed by CROWDS, LASERS, SMOKE, A SEA OF BODIES jumping to the beat. It's impossible not to be caught by the scale of it, the energy.

Shaun tries to control his breathing, as the place threatens to overwhelm him...

95

**EXT. THE SHARD. NIGHT**

95

Carey marches towards the gleaming glass tower.

96

**OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

96

97

**OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

97

98

**INT. THE SHARD, HUTONG RESTAURANT. NIGHT**

98

Carey enters the restaurant, descends the staircase...

Against the twinkling London skyline, Danny Hart sits with his wife Elaine and their four friends - a triple date - their table a happy mess of leftover food and wine glasses.

Hart suddenly freezes - Carey enters the restaurant, scans the room. She locks eyes with him. He glances at his wife, mercifully too involved in banter to notice anything - yet.

Carey innocently makes her way to the bar. Hart glowers. *What the hell is she doing?*

Reaching the BAR, Carey takes a deep breath.

CAREY

Vodka.

BARMAN

With tonic...? Elderflower...?

CAREY

Just. Vodka.

99

**INT. THE PLEASURE GARDEN. NIGHT**

99

Lasers illuminate the crowd. Euphoric strings soar. Shaun is wildly out of his element, unnerved by the flashing strobes and crunching bass. He leans in to Alma - YELLS in her ear.

SHAUN

When are you going to TELL ME?

ALMA

...Soon! I promise.

Alma is on her phone, texting again.

SHAUN

WHO DO YOU KEEP MESSAGING?

ALMA

Please don't look so ANGRY!

*Huh?* Shaun stops, realising he probably *does* look angry. He glances around, paranoid, tries to focus on - FACES in the crowd. Smiling people, high people, beautiful women; women who look like Hannah.

ALMA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Alma is looking concerned at Shaun, who is looking increasingly agitated. The STROBES flash - the faces flash - Shaun's eyes are still not right, his vision clouding in this light. His heart is pounding, his breathing getting faster.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Shaun?? I'm SORRY!

Shaun looks at her, trying to focus.

SHAUN

For WHAT??

ALMA

....Bringing you here.

*What the fuck?? What IS this??*

Alma speaks into his ear as 'softly' as she can.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
The noise... The flashes...? Are  
you alright??

*Christ! Shaun knows what Alma's getting at, and he doesn't like it.*

SHAUN  
I'm fine.

And Shaun makes sure he is; gains control of his breathing, calms. He glances around again, and -

Suddenly FREEZES. Shaun has seen something across the room. He blinks. Looks again. Yes! It is him...

The Tall Man. In the thick of the crowd.

ALMA  
What is it??

SHAUN  
There! He was in Hannah's flat!

ALMA  
What? Who??

Shaun suddenly turns to Alma accusingly, paranoia rising.

SHAUN  
What is this place??

Shaun looks again across the dancefloor. Has Tall Man disappeared...? Was his mind playing tricks...?

No! There he is!

Shaun TAKES OFF, pushing through the crowd towards him.

ALMA  
Shaun!

100

INT. THE SHARD, HUTONG RESTAURANT. NIGHT

100

Carey finishes her vodka, turns and marches across the room directly at Danny's table.

CAREY  
Guv? I thought it was you!

Danny tries to pretend this isn't happening. But he can't.

CAREY (CONT'D)  
Am I interrupting?

A chorus of good natured "No's and "Not-at-alls" from Elaine and the table.

HART  
...D.I. Carey. This is my wife,  
Elaine... Dee... too many names.

CAREY  
Hi! I'm Rachel.

ELAINE  
You two work together?

CAREY  
We did. Then I got moved.

HART  
Promoted.

CAREY  
Technically. So, who's looking  
after the kids tonight?

Hmmm - a little too familiar.

HART  
We let them wander the streets.

Elaine is looking around as if to ask where Carey's dining party is.

CAREY  
Oh... I'm not here with anyone.  
I got stood up tonight, actually.

A chorus of sympathy from the table. Elaine's friend Dee chimes in.

DEE  
Come and sit down. Get the girl a drink!

HART  
(to Carey)  
You're on a big case at the moment,  
aren't you?

CAREY  
Actually no, I've been suspended.

Pause. This is getting really awkward.

HART  
...I had no idea.

ELAINE

Sounds like you really do need a drink!

DEE

(to a passing waiter)  
Excuse me? Could you bring another chair?

CAREY

Such a kind offer, but it's been a weird day. I'll probably just head up to the top floor and jump out the window.

HART

I think you'll find the windows don't open. Try the roof.

ELAINE

Daniel...?

CAREY

It's fine. Detective's humour.  
It was so lovely to meet you.  
(to Hart)  
Guv'nor.

The table bids her goodbye and Carey walks off, out of sight. But Hart knows that's not the end of it. As the conversation picks up again - 'poor woman' - and Elaine starts ordering more drinks, he remains preoccupied. Eventually -

HART

Little boys room.

He gets up and makes a beeline after Carey, face like thunder.

101

**INT. THE PLEASURE GARDEN. NIGHT**

101

Shaun is tracking Tall Man through the sea of bodies. Alma scrambles to catch up with Shaun.

ALMA

Shaun? Stay with me!

The Tall Man is climbing a stairwell to a balcony level above.

Shaun pushes clubbers out of his way to get to the stairwell.

Alma is slowed by the throng of clubbers.

Shaun is climbing the stairs, looking up - he can see the Tall Man, on the balcony level.

Alma sighs - gets out her phone, tapping out a message.

Shaun is on the balcony level, overlooking the dancefloor.

Tall Man has made it around to the OPPOSITE BALCONY, heading towards a DOOR.

Shaun tracks him, parallel, steady pace. The Tall Man reaches the door, taps in a DOOR CODE.

Shaun glances down, clocks Alma coming up the stairwell towards him.

On the opposite balcony, the thick door opens. Shaun watches the Tall Man enter, disappears. The door starts to close...

WITH ALMA - climbing the stairwell. She makes it to the top, searching, expecting Shaun to be far ahead...

ALMA (CONT'D)

Shaun!

Shaun is right there, waiting for her. Alma gets a fright. Shaun points to the DOOR.

SHAUN

What's in there??

ALMA

I told you to TRUST ME!

SHAUN

You know the door code. Don't LIE.

ALMA

I'm supposed to WAIT!

Shaun STARES. Is she telling the truth? Can he believe her??

SHAUN

Fuck that! I've waited long enough.

Shaun GRABS Alma by the arm, MARCHES her along the balcony towards the door...

102

**INT. SOUTHWARK BUS DEPOT, OFFICE. NIGHT**

102

An energized Patrick Flynn is on the phone in a poky little office, cluttered with files and desktop computers. He is pacing, as the phone rings...

FLYNN

Come on, pick up Carey! Where are ya...?

103

INT. THE SHARD, HUTONG RESTAURANT, GLASS WALL. NIGHT

103

Carey is looking out at the vertiginous view of London in all its glory. She notices Flynn's call but... seeing Hart approaching, flicks the phone on silent.

HART

I'll talk to them about the suspension but you need to go.

CAREY

I remembered something else... about Sycamore. I wasn't meant to be on CCTV-watch that day. I was re-assigned that morning, told to help with the trawl.

(beat)

Perfect, wasn't I! Fast-track girl, hungry for promotion.

HART

I can speak later.

CAREY

(suddenly loud)

**I was used.** To find something planted for me.

She's seething with bitterness. He can't look her in the eye.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Surely you remember it? You were the one who re-assigned me. And THAT... that got me promoted.

(throwaway)

So, my career's a fucking lie. You were even going to put me forward for a commendation, for a case won on false evidence!

HART

Keep your voice down.

CAREY

Why is it happening?? How many other suspects have we fitted up??

(beat)

Answer me, or so help me I will march in there and tell your wife about us in every intimate detail.

Hart notices - Dee. She slides past them with an awkward look, heading for the ladies. *Did she hear all that??*

Time's up. Carey starts towards the restaurant to confront Elaine. But - Hart GRABS her by the arm.

HART

If you knew what was at stake you'd walk away and pretend this never happened.

CAREY

I know the stakes. I just came from the hospital. I saw what they did to Marcus Levy!

HART

Who?

CAREY

He's lying unconscious in A&E. For what? For figuring out what they did to Shaun? Is that what they'll do to me?

HART

I don't know what you're talking about.

CAREY

Shaun Emery! You faked his evidence too. Why?

HART

Rachel, I...

CAREY

And if Emery didn't kill Hannah Roberts, who did??

Carey stares at him, defiantly. Hart, unable to answer.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Your wife must be wondering where you've got to.

HART

I'll tell you this...

Hart fixes Carey in his sights, his eyes alight with righteous contempt.

HART (CONT'D)

The soldier and the silly bitch? If that video was faked, I swear on my children it wasn't anyone we know.

CAREY

...Why would you call her that??

HART

I'm sorry. Dead silly bitch.

*What the hell? Hart is starting to scare her now...*

HART (CONT'D)

How far did you even look into the  
victim, Detective?

Carey stares at him, eyes widening.

HART (CONT'D)

Ask yourself... when d'you ever  
hear of a human rights lawyer  
defending a British soldier?

Off Carey, her mind reeling...

PRE-LAP - *ring... ring...*

104

**INT. SOUTHWARK BUS DEPOT, OFFICE. NIGHT**

104

Flynn has run out of patience. He's leaving a message.

FLYNN

Ma'am? Call me back! If there was a  
delay on the video feed, Latif  
would've checked the wrong bus!

Flynn walks over to the computer.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I've been going through CCTV on the  
next bus that night...  
(beat)  
She's there.

On screen: BUS CCTV: Hannah Roberts steps onboard.

*As the bus pulls away, another camera angle shows her taking a seat. The quality is low-res, but we can make out Hannah as she glances out of the window, perhaps a last smile to Shaun.*

*Then, with a flick of the hair, she turns around and stares ahead, a look of determination on her face.*

105

**INT. THE PLEASURE GARDEN, BACKROOMS. NIGHT.**

105

BZZZ - the DOOR unlocks. Alma glares at Shaun - *satisfied?*

Shaun enters. He sees figures ahead, at the end of a dark corridor. Shaun marches forward... to a den-like back room...

Where a group of people are gathered. None of them pay him attention, and suddenly Shaun is frozen, wondering what on earth he has barged into...

Shaun scans their faces - at least the ones he can see... They seem a diverse bunch. The only thing they have in common is the drinks they hold in their hands.

MALE VOICE

*No foes shall stay her might  
Though she with giants fight..*

Who is speaking? Shaun can't see. But he finds Tall Man, and Kenny amongst the group. They each gaze at him impassively.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

*She will make good her right...  
To be a pilgrim...*

Glasses are raised.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

A pilgrim of justice.

GROUP

*Pilgrim of justice.*

ALMA

Pilgrim of justice.

Shaun is suddenly aware of Alma behind him. The toast over, the group finally turn to Shaun.

ALMA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. He wouldn't wait.

MALE VOICE

That's understandable...

The voice from the back of the room steps forward. Shaun stops dead as he sees -

Charlie. His eyes cried out and weary.

CHARLIE

Shaun.

(sigh)

I imagine you'd like to know what the fuck is going on.

CUT TO BLACK.