

# **THE CAPTURE**

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EPISODE SIX: 'Correction'

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

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

Shooting Script (26/11/18)

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0

**EXT. HELMAND PROVINCE, AFGHANISTAN. DAY**

0

The SUN flares out. We drift amidst dry desert brush. We hear a man's breathless panting. Sound is warped, discordant.

An AK47 lies discarded in the sand. A bullet, spent. A pool of blood festering.

We find - a Taliban Fighter, clutching his thigh, blood seeping out. Through his agony, he looks up at us.

Lance Corporal Shaun Emery stares back, fury in his eyes. We drift out to find him clenching a GLOCK PISTOL in his hand, pointed at the wounded man.

The Taliban Fighter raises a trembling hand in defence, surrender - in an image, a frame, that recalls Hannah, terrified in Shaun's nightmare visions.

SHAUN  
Get Fucking Back!

0A

**INT. CAREY'S FAMILY HOME. EARLY DAWN**

0A

BANG. Shaun Emery wakes in the dark. Breathless. Drenched in sweat. A look of horror on his pale bloodless face.

Shaun's mind reels at the memory. It comes back again -

INSERT: FLASHBACK - The Glock fires. The Taliban Fighter - wounded, pleading for his life - takes a bullet in the chest.

Shaun gasps, his eyes wet with tears.

He remembers.

Wide, Shaun is lying in the near darkness of the living room, on the sofa. As Shaun catches his breath, he becomes aware of voices from somewhere else in the house. Hushed, angry...

ABIGAIL (O.S.)  
*What am I supposed to do, make  
conversation with a terrorist?*

CAREY (O.S.)  
*What? He's not... I'm not in  
Counter Terror anymore...*

ABIGAIL (O.S.)  
*Am I supposed to know that when you  
never even reply to me?*

We GO TO - the UPSTAIRS LANDING, where Rachel Carey is trying to placate her agitated half-sister, Abigail.

CAREY

I can't always. I'm sorry.

ABIGAIL

It's not for me, Rachel, it's for you. I saw how unhappy you were last night.

CAREY

That's the job.

ABIGAIL

But you need to talk, open up. I'm your sister, I'm never going to judge you.

CAREY

Okay, Abi. We'll talk. I promise. When this case is over...

1      **EXT. MILITARY AIRFIELD, RURAL ENGLAND. DAWN**

1

A small PRIVATE JET touches down on the runway.

Steps are wheeled hastily to the jet. A steely, statuesque woman steps out into the cold morning air. JESSICA MALLORY.

2      **EXT. MOTORWAY. DAWN**

2

A shiny Lexus speeds along the near-empty motorway.

3      **INT. LEXUS. DAWN**

3

In the back seat, Jessica Mallory is thumbing a copy of The Times newspaper, stopping at a headline: **'Police Hunt for CCTV Soldier Continues'** above a mugshot of Shaun.

Jessica also has a laptop open, displaying CNN: **British Soldier CCTV 'bogus', Grandfather claims.**

At the wheel, a man we may recognise as Taxi Driver.

DRIVER

Ma'am? Would you like me to call ahead, make sure they're awake?

Jessica gazes out of the window with a contemptuous look.

JESSICA

No. I'll wake them up.

4      **EXT. HIGH SECURITY PRISON. DAWN**

4

Daylight breaks over the high security prison.

5      **INT. FAISAL'S CELL. DAWN**

5

Alone in his mustard yellow cell, Faisal silently lifts the lid of his metal toilet cistern, puts his hand into the water and pulls out - a Nokia, sealed watertight in plastic bags.

6      **INT. MIDLER AND HALL SOLICITORS, CHARLIE'S OFFICE. DAWN**

6

Charlie, Alma and Kenny are hunched over a phone, on speaker. They haven't changed clothes or slept since last night.

FAISAL (O.S.)

When's this little bastard going to get caught?

ALMA

We tried.

CHARLIE

It won't take much longer.

7      **INT. FAISAL'S CELL. DAWN**

7

INTERCUT - with Faisal on his phone.

CHARLIE

The whole country's looking for him. And once he remembers how it feels inside a remand cell...

ALMA

He'll turn to us. He has to. We're the only ones with the real footage.

CHARLIE

The plan's going to work, Faisal.

FAISAL

.....That's what Hannah told me.

An awful silence. The line goes dead. Alma, Kenny and Charlie are left, the sleeplessness and stress weighing heavy.

The sound of shutters opening at the front of the office pierces the quiet. Charlie looks at Alma and Kenny. They get it - time to leave. As she goes, Alma gives Charlie a look. *Help me*. Charlie nods, the pressure getting to him. Office Manager is surprised to find Alma and Kenny walking out. She heads into Charlie's office.

OFFICE MANAGER

You're working too hard.

She puts the morning papers on his desk. Charlie glares a front page bitterly: Shaun Emery's mugshot.

8

**INT. CAREY'S FAMILY HOME, LIVING ROOM. MORNING**

8

Shaun is neatly folding up the spare bedding as Carey walks in with a mug of tea. They greet each other, awkwardly.

SHAUN

Thank you.

Shaun takes the tea, warms his hands on the mug gratefully.

CAREY

Did you sleep?

The question seems to shake him, bringing the awful memory to the fore again. Carey sees how haunted he looks.

CAREY (CONT'D)

...You'll be sleeping again soon.

Shaun doubts that. Still, he tries to drag himself out of his distraction.

SHAUN

Where's Billy big-bollocks got to?

CAREY

...Detective Flynn's still on the investigation, officially. He has to show up for work.

Shaun takes a deep breath.

SHAUN

So what's the plan?

CAREY

First off, I'm going to take this to the Office of Police Conduct.

Carey shows him her phone screen, paused on the video clip of the *Bus CCTV - Hannah getting on*.

CAREY (CONT'D)

If I can't prove who *did* murder Hannah Roberts I can at least get you ruled out as a suspect.

SHAUN

How d'you know they'll take your side?

Carey looks at Shaun.

CAREY

We're not *all* bad.

(pause)

I need you to stay here till I get back.

SHAUN  
What about your family?

CAREY  
It's just my half-sister. She won't  
bother you.

Shaun nods, looks around the room, the cosy suburban  
furnishings, the family photographs.

SHAUN  
You got a nice home.

CAREY  
Oh, I don't live here.

SHAUN  
(shrug)  
...Still your home.

CAREY  
(casually, to herself)  
Not really.

Shaun frowns at her.

CAREY (CONT'D)  
This is my step-mum's house. We  
moved here when my mum passed.

Shaun nods. Then stops to think about that.

SHAUN  
(wryly)  
Was your old man hedging his bets  
or something...?  
(then)  
Sorry.

But Carey sees the drollness in it.

CAREY  
(shrug)  
It's kind of true. I only found out  
they existed after she died.

SHAUN  
They...?

Shaun stops, looks back at the happy family photos, telling a  
whole different story now. He figures it out...

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

Carey can't help liking the strength of his reaction.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Did *she* find out about it, your  
mum?

Carey shakes her head, no.

CAREY

Her last two years were rough...  
'The battle'.

(beat)

All the while, he was starting a  
new family and she was none the  
wiser.

SHAUN

...She was probably better off that  
way.

*What?* Carey frowns at Shaun. She's not okay with that.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

If it was anything like my mum's  
battle... Trying to cope with any  
more stress on top...? That's too  
much.

Carey studies Shaun, remembering he's been through it too,  
then some. She decides not to counter him.

CAREY

It's just you and your Granddad,  
isn't it?

SHAUN

...And my kid.

(shrug)

...My ex?

CAREY

They must be praying for this to be  
over too.

Shaun snorts mirthlessly.

SHAUN

...One way or another. The shit  
I've put them through.

Carey frowns at him.

CAREY

None of it your fault.

Shaun looks away, dreadful memories re-surfacing.

SHAUN

I don't know. Maybe this is karma.

9            **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, CORRIDOR. DAY**

9

Danny Hart stalks the corridor, stressed and bleary-eyed.

FLYNN (PRE-LAP)

As I made my approach to the music  
venue I saw the suspect escape from  
the emergency exit and flee into an  
underpass.

10           **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, BRIEFING ROOM, DAY**

10

DSU Garland, DS Latif, DS Flynn, and other Detectives are  
gathered for a briefing.

FLYNN

...Unfortunately backup failed to  
locate the suspect.

Garland narrows her eyes at him.

GARLAND

They had difficulty locating you as  
I understand it.

Danny Hart enters. A look to Garland and she knows he wants a  
quiet word. A parting shot the room -

GARLAND (CONT'D)

As many of you know, Detective  
Inspector Carey is no longer  
running the investigation. Whilst I  
retain operational oversight,  
please report immediate concerns to  
DS Latif, who has been on the case  
since the outset.

Latif can't help feeling pleased for herself, despite  
everything. Garland follows Hart. Latif turns to Flynn.

LATIF

Where were you...? I got to the  
exit just after your call.

Flynn smiles, ignores the question.

FLYNN

Congratulations. She likes you.

11           **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND. SMALL OPS ROOM. DAY**

11

Garland and Hart are alone in one of the glassed-off spaces.

HART

Did you even think about running it  
past me before you fired her??



GARLAND

I ran it past DCI Boyd. You're not her boss anymore.

HART

You've made things a fuck of a lot worse. For all of us. Rachel's not the sort to scurry away and hide.

Garland considers Hart.

GARLAND

What is she to you, exactly?

(beat)

She was your truffle hog. On Sycamore, right?

HART

She has a lot more to offer than that.

Garland looks at Danny, seeing through him. Disparaging...

GARLAND

*Danny, Danny, Danny...*

HART

You really ought to call me Sir, while you're here.

GARLAND

I'm not sure I see it, myself.

HART

Or Guv.

GARLAND

She's... a tad simplistic, don't you think?

HART

It's early, I admit. But I can't see a better way to turn this problem into an opportunity.

GARLAND

Early for what?

HART

Her recruitment.

12

**EXT. SAFE HOUSE, 42 CHESTER SQUARE. DAY**

12

The Lexus pulls up. The Guard at the front door frowns, not expecting anyone. Jessica Mallory steps out. Recognising her, the guard straightens his stance, surprised to see her.

13

**INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. SAME TIME**

13

Young Bald Tech Op is watching the Front Door Cam feed of Mallory arriving outside. He turns to his pal, Red Haired Tech Op. The co-conspirators share a look; unreadable.

NAPIER (PRE-LAP)

No heads up? No phone call...?

14

**INT. SAFE HOUSE, BRIEFING ROOM. DAY**

14

Napier, for once on the back foot as he welcomes Jessica.

NAPIE

No, 'I'll be passing through'?

JESSICA

You look tired, Frank. I do hope you're getting the support you need from the embassy.

NAPIER

Spare me the corporate care package Jessica, this is you and me.

Beat. Jessica looks at him.

JESSICA

...The soldier fiasco. We're all a tad concerned, frankly.

NAPIER

'Fiasco'?

JESSICA

What would you call it?

NAPIER

Over. Nearly.

JESSICA

It's on CNN. Whoever's engineering this is getting what they want.

NAPIER

What they want is to expose the program in a court of law. That's not going to happen.

(beat)

Plans are in motion to bring this folly to a close. I know you've been sent here to keep an eye on me but really... If I were you I'd take in a show, enjoy the city, and by all means take the credit when you fly back to DC.

JESSICA  
Who's the mole, Frank?

*Huh...? Napier looks unnerved.*

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
With correction that good someone  
inside the program must be  
involved, you know it, I know it.  
If this was Russia we'd have found  
spilt Novichok on the doorknobs by  
now, so who is it?

NAPIER  
You want an intelligence briefing,  
have Langley schedule an authorised  
visit.

JESSICA  
I don't need a rubber stamp from  
Langley! I take my orders from the  
ODNI, and you know what they said?  
"Go change Frank's shitty diaper".  
That's verbatim. The office is  
concerned by your conduct, the  
deputy is awaiting my verdict, and  
you will comply with this review.

*That shuts him the fuck up. She calms.*

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
...Why is it you old-guard assholes  
only listen to a woman when she's  
foaming at the mouth?  
(beat)  
I like you, Frank, always have, but  
you're proud. You found a Snowden  
on your watch and you're  
embarrassed. I'm sympathetic. But  
you don't get to keep information  
like that to yourself! Where is he?

NAPIER  
...Makes you think it's a 'he'?

*She hesitates, just a beat.*

JESSICA  
...I guess I'm a sexist, Frank.

*That makes Napier smile, disarming him.*

*Napier leads Jessica Mallory to a bank of monitors, brings up  
a feed. Mallory looks at - Eli, curled up in his cell.*

NAPIER

Eli Jacobi. Been in the program  
seven years, two of them here.

(beat)

Treasonous piece of shit.

JESSICA

But he's complying, now?

NAPIER

Told us where to find Hannah  
Roberts, that's all. The others she  
was working with... their  
funding...? A big fat zero.

(beat)

If there was ever a case for  
reintroducing water-boarding.

JESSICA

Have you considered there may be  
other actors here? In the unit?

Napier is guarded, but concedes...

NAPIER

Toy Soldier didn't just go off  
radar, he went off planet. He  
must've gotten help from *someone*.

JESSICA

I'd like to speak to all of your  
technical operators individually...

(Eli)

Starting with him. But first things  
first. We need to find this  
soldier.

Napier gives her a dark smile, his mojo starting to return.

NAPIER

I have a feeling he's going to come  
crawling out of the woodwork pretty  
soon.

16      **INT. CAREY'S FAMILY HOME, BATHROOM. DAY**

16

Steaming hot water cascades onto Shaun as he stands soaking  
in the shower. His eyes close. Finally a moment of respite.

17      **EXT. CAREY'S FLAT. DAY**

17

Carey pulls up in the XC40. As she steps out of the car and  
heads into her flat, we go to -

NEW ANGLE - LONG LENS POV, from across the street, through a  
car windscreen. *Someone is watching...*

18      **INT. CAREY'S FLAT. DAY**

18

Carey enters, grabs her laptop and a FLASH DRIVE. She copies the BUS CCTV from her phone, saving it to the flash drive.

She tacks the flash drive discretely to the underside of a drawer, well hidden. Takes her phone and makes to leave.

Passing a mirror, she checks herself. *Yes, you are doing the right thing.* She moves on.

19      **INT. CAREY'S FAMILY HOME, KITCHEN / LIVING ROOM. DAY**

19

Shaun, dressed, hair wet from the shower, makes his way downstairs, where he nearly bumps into Abigail. Awkward.

ABIGAIL

Hey.

She gazes at him, awkwardly for what feels like ages.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Sorry. Weird. You're kind of famous.

(beat)

But... Rachel said it's all BS what they're saying about you, so...

Beat.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I'm making avocado toast. Would you like some?

SHAUN

...No. Thanks.

ABIGAIL

Aren't you starving?

Of course he is. He's salivating. But... avocado toast. Abigail clocks him glancing around the kitchen.

Abigail sticks a pan on the hob, grabs some bacon from the fridge and starts frying... She smiles at him.

SHAUN

Thank you.

Shaun timidly goes to sit down in the living room, where he has left his shoes, socks and jacket. The TV is on, mute.

Across the hallway, in the kitchen, Abigail sticks some music on as she cooks.

In the living room, Shaun suddenly freezes - his eyes widening, his face ashen - as he gazes at the TV.

**BREAKING NEWS: 'SHAUN EMERY'S DAUGHTER MISSING'**

Shaun can hardly breathe, head spinning, grabbing the remote, volume up...

NEWS REPORTER

*...CCTV cameras show exactly when  
six year old Jaycee was led away  
from the school, and by whom:*

*A new horror - on screen: a CCTV still of a man leading Jaycee by the hand away from school. The quality of the image is poor, but we know who the man is -*

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

*Her father, the wanted former  
soldier, Shaun Emery.*

Shaun looks as if his panic may consume him, like he'll pass out... Fuck that. He catches his breath. Makes a decision...

*Slam.* Abigail hears the front door shut.

20      **EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. DAY**

20

Shaun is marching down the street, determined.

21      **EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD. DAY**

21

Carey pulls up outside. She steps out of the XC40. Down the road, another car pulls up some way behind her - a BMW X5.

NEW ANGLE - from inside the X5, a LONG LENS POV through the same familiar windscreen. *The same person, watching Carey...*

With Carey, about to walk into the glass building when her phone rings. She picks up.

CAREY

Abigail..?

What she tells Carey stops her dead in her tracks.

CAREY (CONT'D)

What do you mean?

22      **INT. CAREY'S FAMILY HOME, KITCHEN. DAY**

22

INTERCUT - with Abigail.

ABIGAIL

Just gone. One minute I was making him breakfast...

CAREY

Did he say anything?

ABIGAIL

No, but then I saw on the news...

CAREY

Saw what?

Soft focus in the background, the door to the X5 opens.

ABIGAIL

You haven't seen it?

A figure steps out of the X5. *BZZZ* on Carey's phone. Another call incoming - DS Flynn.

CAREY

I have to go.

HAND HELD POV, walking. As Carey switches calls, someone is approaching her at a pace. Carey goes to answer Flynn's call when -

WOMAN (O.S.)

Rachel?

Carey turns, unsuspecting. *SMACK* - a hand whacks her across the face, the impact sending her toppling, and her phone flying to the ground.

Carey instinctively switches to self defense mode, and is about to strike back when she halts - realising who it is:

ELAINE

Stay away from my husband. He's got a family. Get your own.

Elaine Hart shoots Carey a furious glare and marches away. DEE is there waiting for her by the car.

PASSERS-BY gather around Carey as she gazes after Elaine.

PASSER BY

Are you alright...?

Carey, stunned, embarrassed, waves away the offers of help.

Carey notices - several Detectives, walking into work, glancing at her. This news will spread through the Met in a heartbeat.

FLYNN (O.S.)

Rachel??

Carey steps out into the road to retrieve it, cracked screen and all.

CAREY

Patrick...? I'm fine, what is it??

PUSH IN on Carey, as she listens, her eyes widening.

She turns away from the building, gets back in her car.

23      OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 24

23

24      INT. TV NEWS STUDIO. DAY

24

A different report. A NEWS ANCHOR looks into lens.

NEWS ANCHOR

*Police in London are stepping up  
their search for former soldier  
Shaun Emery in response to an  
urgent new development...*

25      INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY. 25

Dozens of operators are urgently running face-match scans of  
CCTV feeds from hundreds of streets across London.

DSU Garland is watching a TV monitor in the centre of the  
mothership, broadcasting yet another news network; the frozen  
image of Shaun leading Jaycee from the school.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

*Images from the school CCTV appear  
to show Shaun Emery, who currently  
has no legal right to custody...*

Hart joins Garland at the monitor, with a frown.

HART

'Appear to show'?

Garland stares ahead, poker-faced.

26      INT. OAKCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL, CLASSROOM. DAY

26

Karen, frantic, is surrounded by TEACHERS and UNIFORM  
OFFICERS in a classroom / makeshift crisis-centre.

KAREN

How did he get in?? I thought this  
place was safe? Who buzzed him  
through? Who let him take her??

A Uniform Officer speaks to Karen in a soft sympathetic tone.



UNIFORM OFFICER

We're in the process of looking into those questions. For now our priority is Jaycee's safe return.

KAREN

No shit! Really?

UNIFORM OFFICER

...Can you think of *anywhere* Shaun might have taken her?

KAREN

I've told you ten times, I don't know.

Karen hears a COMMOTION in the corridor outside. Someone is trying to push his way into the room -

FRANCIS (O.S.)

My girlfriend is in there..!

KAREN

Let him through.

The police let Francis into the room. He goes to embrace Karen, but she is frosty.

FRANCIS

I can't believe it. It's like a nightmare...

KAREN

Something wrong with your phone? Seventeen missed calls.

FRANCIS

You know I was working all night...

KAREN

He's taken her!! I needed you!

TEACHER

Why don't you both sit down? We'll bring you a cup of tea...

KAREN

If one more person offers me tea, I swear to God I'll drown them in it.

UNIFORM OFFICER

Ms Merville...?

Karen turns to find Latif, arriving with more detectives.

LATIF

DS Latif.

KAREN

I remember.

LATIF

I'm now running the investigation into Shaun Emery.

KAREN

Are you? Well you're doing a fucking great job finding him!!

27      **EXT. STREETS/HIGH STREET. DAY**

27

Shaun is marching forward, leaving the suburbs behind as he heads towards a busy high street. Shaun searches... and finds - a CCTV camera. But, instead of avoiding it...

Shaun stops - STARES DIRECTLY INTO LENS. After a few seconds, he moves on, searching for more...

28      **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

28

29      **INT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE, EDDIE'S FLAT. DAY**

29

UNIFORM are turning Eddie's flat over as they search. Jeanie is trying to placate Eddie as he yells...

EDDIE

You will check under the carpet, won't you? Cos you never know, he might be playing hide and seek.

FLYNN (O.S.)

Mr Emery?

Eddie turns to see Flynn has arrived.

EDDIE

What d'you let him go for if he's so bleeding dangerous?

Flynn tries to be tactful, speaking softly, reassuringly.

FLYNN

Bear with me, Eddie. We're just doing our job.

(leaning in, soft)

I'm hopeful this is all going to be resolved very soon.

Eddie scans Flynn, reading him like a book.

EDDIE

He's innocent. And you know it. Don't you.

29A     **EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY**

29A

Shaun marches on, finding another CCTV camera. Another defiant stare into lens.

30     **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

30

31     **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 31

The Mothership monitors are in overdrive, flickering with face-match scans, when suddenly - bingo!

OPERATOR ONE  
ID match on target! W7717.

Phillips is there like a shot. Garland too, followed by Hart. They see - on screen: *Shaun on the high street, looking into the CCTV lens defiantly, then moving on...*

OPERATOR TWO  
He's not hiding anymore!

The Operators are baffled by Shaun's behavior. Garland and Phillips share a knowing look.

OPERATOR ONE  
Shall we put out the call, Ma'am?

Garland's phone rings.

GARLAND  
Wait...

The operators await her command. Garland takes the call.

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
DSU Garland...

31A     **INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY**

31A

INTERCUT - with Napier on his phone.

NAPIER  
You watching this?

Napier has the same CCTV feed on his bank of monitors. With him, his team of ops, and Jessica Mallory.

GARLAND  
Looks like the target wants to comply. I'll send an arrest team...

NAPIER  
Don't bother...

Napier smiles at his monitor darkly - *Shaun is staring, seemingly at him. He walks out of frame, onward...*

NAPIER (CONT'D)  
I have a feeling he's headed right  
where we want him.

Garland understands. Napier hangs up. Turns to a Covert Op.

NAPIER (CONT'D)  
Blind Spot...? Keep him there.

31B **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 31B

Garland returns to the monitors, where the operators are waiting expectantly.

GARLAND  
Run face-rec again. I want  
certainty it's the target.

Operators glance at one another - This is weird. It was him!

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
Where is he now?

OPERATOR ONE  
Out of range, but he won't have got  
far...

GARLAND  
(overlapping, firm)  
Next time he's flagged, run a full  
check. As I said.

The Operators dare not question her, keep their heads down.

32 **INT. OAKCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL. DAY** 32

Latif's phone buzzes. Seeing the caller ID, she moves away from Karen, Francis and the others to answer -

LATIF  
Rachel?

33 **INT. XC40 FAMILY CAR. DAY** 33

Carey sits in the parked car, applying make up in the mirror to hide the bruise on her face left by Elaine's slap. She has Latif on speaker phone. INTERCUT -

CAREY  
Patrick tells me you're in charge  
now?

LATIF  
Garland's in charge, obviously.  
(beat)  
I'm at the school (so can't talk).

CAREY  
Any eyewitnesses?  
(beat)  
Thought not. Have you checked CCTV  
*surrounding* the school?

LATIF  
I'm just doing what I'm told.

A prickly pause.

CAREY  
...I need to speak to Shaun Emery.  
When he comes back on the radar...

LATIF  
I called you last night like you  
asked. I can't do any more favours.

CAREY  
They're setting him up. You know  
that.

Maybe she does. Maybe she's trying not to think about it.

LATIF  
This is the first time I've been  
given a role in an op like this. I  
never had your fast-track  
privileges.  
(beat)  
I'm just doing what I can to get  
ahead. Surely you can understand  
that.

Latif hangs up. Leaving Carey looking in the mirror at a  
bruise she can't conceal.

33A **EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY**

33A

Shaun is getting angry now. He wants to get caught. He finds  
another camera, stares into it.

34 **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**

34

35 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 35

The face-match machine scanning feeds, picks up Shaun again.

OPERATOR THREE  
ID match. W7751.

Phillips and Garland turn to the monitor in question: *Shaun, though we might notice he's on a different street.*

PHILLIPS  
Face-match successful, Ma'am.

GARLAND  
Outstanding. Put out the call.

OPERATOR ONE  
(into radio)  
*Control to all units...*

36      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      36

37      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      37

38      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      38

39      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      39

40      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      40

41      **EXT. OAKCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL. DAY**      41

Latif and other detectives rush to their cars as they receive the call over the radio -

OPERATOR ONE (V.O.)  
*Suspect located. Garratt Lane,  
SW11. Heading South on foot.*

42      **EXT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE. DAY**      42

Flynn and his team of officers are hurrying to their cars, responding to the call. As the others speed away, Flynn hesitates, a second thought.

42A      **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 42A

The team are hunched at the screens.

GARLAND  
Bring up all the feeds. Keep a visual.

OPERATOR ONE  
(into radio)  
Suspect continuing South on Garratt  
Lane...

On Screen: *Shaun marches on.*

43            **EXT. LONDON STREETS. DAY**            43

Uniform and unmarked cars whip along, lights and sirens.

43A          **EXT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE. DAY**            43A

Patrick is standing by his car, on his phone.

FLYNN  
Ma'am? Thought you'd want to know.  
Emery's shown his arse.

43B          **INT. XC40 FAMILY CAR. DAY**            43B

INTERCUT - with Carey.

CAREY  
Where is he?

FLYNN  
Last seen walking South on Garratt  
Lane... SW11...

CAREY  
South? He's *come* from South...

Doesn't quite add up to Carey. Dubious. Flynn feels it too.

FLYNN  
...Yeah.

On Carey, an idea forming.

CAREY  
Have you got the bus-camera video  
to hand?

FLYNN  
What you thinking Ma'am...?

43C          **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 43C

Garland, Phillips and team are watching - On screen:

*Shaun, walking along, enters an INDOOR MARKET / SHOPPING  
CENTRE.*

OPERATOR ONE  
All units in pursuit of target...

44      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      44

45      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      45

46      **INT. LATIF'S CAR. DAY**      46

As Latif speeds forward, she listens over the radio -

OPERATOR ONE (V.O.)  
*Be advised, target entering...  
Garratt Lane Market. Garratt Lane  
Market SW11...*

46A      **EXT. ANOTHER STREET. DAY**      46A

No he's not! He's here. Shaun is marching along a different street entirely. He hears SIRENS, looks out, expecting police to descend at any second...

Then, at the long end of an adjacent road, he sees - UNIFORM AND UNMARKED POLICE CARS, whizz past, lights flashing, down a parallel road. Sirens fade, away from Shaun.

Shaun's head is spinning. *What the fuck is going on? Why aren't they coming for me?* He thinks - a new idea coming to him. Shaun marches on, faster.

47      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      47

48      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      48

49      **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY**      49

Phillips, Garland and the Operators are watching: *a feed from outside the market.*

OPERATOR TWO  
Can we get inside?

PHILLIPS  
No CCTV in that market.

49A      **INT. GARRATT LANE INDOOR MARKET. DAY**      49A

A confusing WARREN of stalls. UNIFORM OFFICERS are urgently searching the market. STAFF and CUSTOMERS are baffled as to why. Latif on her radio.



LATIF  
Kilo One to control. No contact  
with target. Please confirm intel.

OPERATOR ONE (V.O.)  
*Suspect seen entering premises,  
Kilo One.*

On Latif - an eerie feeling creeping over her. It doesn't  
feel good to be played.

49B **EXT. VAUXHALL BRIDGE. DAY**

49B

Shaun MARCHES BOLDLY across the river - South to North. SIS,  
Thames House, Parliament. The nation's seats of power all  
around. Bring it fucking on.

49C **INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY**

49C

Napier, Mallory and tech ops are watching the feed from  
outside the market: *Latif, detectives and Uniform emerging,  
frustrated and empty handed.*

JESSICA  
Nice work.

NAPIER  
Still got it.

TECH OP  
Sir? Camera one.

Jessica Mallory is there first, glancing at the monitor.

JESSICA (O.S.)  
Expecting somebody, Frank?

Napier joins her at the FRONT DOOR feed, surprised to see:  
*Rachel Carey - outside on the front step, looking into lens.*

50 **OMITTED - SCENE OMITTED**

50

51 **OMITTED - SCENE OMITTED**

51

52 **OMITTED - SCENE OMITTED**

52

53 **OMITTED - SCENE OMITTED**

53

54 **OMITTED - SCENE OMITTED**

54

55                    OMITTED - SCENE OMITTED                    55

56 OMITTED - SCENE OMITTED 56

57 INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY 57

Garland strides the corridor urgently, approaches Hart, holding her phone in the air.

GARLAND  
I told Frank Napier she wouldn't be  
back.

Hart sees Garland's phone screen: a frame-grab of Carey, from Napier's Front Door CCTV.

HART  
She's there now??

GARLAND  
Still feel like vouching for her?

Hart grabs his jacket. They hurry out of the door.

NAPIER (PRE-LAP)  
It seems I've been misinformed...

58 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 58

59 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 59

60 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 60

61 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 61

62 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 62

63 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 63

64                    OMITTED - SCENE DELETED                    64

65 INT. SAFE HOUSE, BRIEFING ROOM. DAY 65

Carey finds herself across a large meeting table from Napier.

NAPIER

I heard you were taken off the investigation.

CAREY

I was. Shortly after meeting you.

NAPIER

Yet here you are again.

Napier nods to the bruise on Carey's face.

NAPIER (CONT'D)

Who'd you piss off today?

Carey fixes Napier with a firm look.

CAREY

You've taken Shaun Emery's daughter. Where is she?

Boom. Napier stares at her, stone faced. Then -

NAPIER

Colour me curious... What makes you think Emery didn't take the girl?

CAREY

Because at the time of the abduction he was with me.

NAPIER

...Aiding and abetting a known criminal.

CAREY

He's not a criminal.

INSERT: MONITORING ROOM

Unseen by Carey, in the next room, Jessica Mallory is watching them through a monitoring window.

CAREY (CONT'D)

You took his daughter because you know he'll give himself up in exchange. And he knows you're to blame because he's seen your work.

Napier stares at her. BZZZ - Napier's phone punctures the tension. He picks up -

NAPIER

Send them in.

He hangs up, and resumes his dead-eyed stare at Carey.

CAREY  
Could you please tell me the time?  
They took my phone at the door.

NAPIER  
(without taking his eyes  
off her)  
It's ten after twelve.

CAREY  
....Thank you.

Garland enters, with Hart - who takes one look at Carey's  
bruise.

HART  
...You're hurt.

CAREY  
It's nothing.

Hart turns to Napier, accusingly.

NAPIER  
The hell are you looking at me for?

HART  
What happened??

CAREY  
Just leave it...

Carey shoots him a loaded glare. Suddenly he gets it.

HART  
...Oh shit. Did *she*... I'm so  
sorry...

NAPIER  
What am I missing?

Garland gives him a wry look. From that, he can guess the  
rest. Carey sits forwards, determined not to be diverted.

CAREY  
Shaun Emery is innocent. You all  
know it. I want him dropped as a  
suspect, I want his daughter  
returned, and I want a fresh  
investigation launched into the  
murder of Hannah Roberts.

GARLAND  
...Anything else? Last time I  
checked you were suspended.

Carey looks directly at Hart.

CAREY  
I can only be suspended by a higher  
ranking police officer.  
(MORE)

CAREY (CONT'D)

I have reason to suspect Gemma Garland is in fact an officer of the Security Service, an MI5 plant at the Met, and as such has no authority to take disciplinary action...

HART

(overlapping)

*Rachel for Christ's sake...*

Hart glares at her - a warning. She stands her ground.

CAREY

I know the risks I'm taking. I saw what happened to Hannah Roberts. And Marcus Levy.

INSERT: MONITORING ROOM. Jessica watching closely.

CAREY (CONT'D)

I know you didn't correct Emery's attack on Roberts, but you finished the job. Only there's one thing you missed.

(beat)

They faked the CCTV, but they didn't fake the footage from the bus. I've got Hannah Roberts stepping on board and riding away at the time of the incident.

(beat)

This afternoon, at one o'clock, that video will be sent to the Office of Police Conduct and the Director of Public Prosecutions, unless Shaun Emery's daughter is returned and I am reinstated as Senior Investigating Officer.

(beat)

You've got, what, forty five minutes?

They stare at her in silence.

66

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

66

Napier, Hart and Garland have moved to the next room.

NAPIER

Fucking Millenials.

Beyond them, through glass, sits Carey in the briefing room.

GARLAND  
(to Hart)  
She's got balls, I'll give you  
that.

JESSICA (O.S.)  
Is she bluffing?

They turn to find Jessica Mallory stepping into the  
conversation. Hart and Garland are clearly unfamiliar.

NAPIER  
Ah... this is...

JESSICA  
Jessica.

NAPIER  
She's... JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Here to help.

Right. Garland and Hart accept that's all the filling-in  
they're going to get.

HART  
I don't think she's bluffing.

JESSICA (O.S.)  
Then she's working with somebody.

GARLAND  
...I can guess who that is.

HART  
I'd like to speak with her, alone.

NAPIER  
I'd like a house by the sea.

HART  
By anyone's reckoning she's a good  
detective. Smart. And yes, she's...  
highly principled. Judging by  
recent events, we could do with  
some of that.

NAPIER  
Are you telling me...?

GARLAND  
He wants to bring her into the  
fold.

Napier looks through the glass at Carey.

NAPIER  
*There's a challenge...*

A Tech Op enters, rather flustered.

TECH OP  
Sir? We have Toy Soldier's  
location.

NAPIER  
Good.  
(sensing his concern)  
What's the problem?

TECH OP  
He... doesn't appear to be heading  
this way after all, Sir.

67      **EXT. CENTRAL LONDON STREET. DAY**

67

Shaun marches on. We RACK FOCUS to a discrete CCTV camera,  
panning after him.

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

68

On the flip side, Tech Ops are watching. Also in the room -  
Young Bald and Red Hair Tech Op, keeping their distance.

Napier, Jessica, Garland, Hart enter. Young Bald eyes Jessica  
with interest, sharing a furtive glance with Red Hair.

While the others are focused on Shaun, Garland has additional  
priorities. In the background, she goes about briefing  
another Tech Op with a set of instructions.

NAPIER  
Fuck is he going...?

TECH OP  
Currently... Pimlico, approaching  
Sutherland Street...

Napier freezes - that address ringing a bell...

69      **EXT. SUTHERLAND STREET. DAY**

69

Shaun turns a corner. There, across the road, he finds what  
he's looking for. He quickens his pace, marching into -

70      **INT. MIDLER AND HALL SOLICITORS. CONTINUOUS**

70

Boom. The door flies open. OFFICE STAFF turn, shocked to see  
Shaun storming in. He marches through the office and BURSTS  
into the room at the back...

Where Charlie is on the phone. Charlie's eyes pop as he sees  
Shaun coming for him. Before he has a second to breathe -

Shaun has grabbed him by the hair with one hand, and - WHACK - cracks him around the face with the phone. Charlie CRIES out.

SHAUN  
Where is she??

Shaun SLAMS his face down on the desk. Charlie is a blubbering wreck. His Office Manager runs in, screaming -

OFFICE MANAGER  
I'll call the police!!

SLAM - Shaun brings the phone slamming onto the desk, a hair's breadth from Charlie's face.

SHAUN  
WHERE IS SHE??

CHARLIE  
I... it's not us! I swear to God...

AAARGH! Shaun lifts Charlie, SLAMS him against the back wall.

SHAUN  
LIAR!! You've lied to me from the  
fucking start!

BAM BAM BAM. Shaun LOSES IT, launching his fists at Charlie, CRACKING ribs. SCREAMS of horror from the office. Then -

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Shaun!

Shaun spins around to see - Garland, flanked by two of Napier's guards, GLOCKS in their jackets, at the ready.

GARLAND  
I know where Jaycee is.  
(beat)  
She's safe.

Shaun drops Charlie, who slides down the wall, landing in a crumpled heap in front of an Amnesty International poster.

Shaun steps away, following the gunmen back through the office. Garland stares at Charlie, curious. Injured, he gazes up at her. She takes out her phone.

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
Let me call you an ambulance.

Across the road, a Black Range Rover and a Silver Audi. Guards usher Shaun into the back of the Range Rover.



72

**INT. RANGE ROVER. CONTINUOUS**

72

Shaun slumps into the back seat. Garland sits shotgun.

MAN'S VOICE

Hello Shaun.

Napier, in the driver's seat. Shaun looks as if he's about to lunge, but the presence of armed guards sandwiching him in the back seat puts the kibosh on that idea.

NAPIER

(eyeing the solicitors)

Looks like you just led us to the missing link. This turned out better than I planned.

SHAUN

You took my daughter.

NAPIER

...I believe it's termed a soft kidnapping.

SHAUN

Where is she?

NAPIER

She's perfectly fine. You were the prey. Kid was the bait. Now we've got you, we can return her home, unharmed.

Shaun tries to keep it together.

NAPIER (CONT'D)

(to Garland)

Let him see his kid.

GARLAND

(checking time)

We don't have time...

NAPIER

Ten minutes won't make a difference.

(Shaun)

But it'll mean the world to him.

With that, Napier steps out of the Range Rover. A guard takes his place, fires up the engine, pulls away. ON SHAUN, in the back seat, the street and Napier disappearing behind him.

ON THE STREET - Napier hears sirens approaching - an AMBULANCE pulls up outside the solicitors. PARAMEDICS make their way into the premises.

HART (PRE-LAP)  
How many times can you read the  
same headlines...?

73      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      73

74      OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 77A      74

75      OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 77B      75

76      INT. SAFE HOUSE, BRIEFING ROOM. DAY      76

Hart and Carey face off.

HART  
'The bomber was known to MI5'. 'The  
attackers were on the radar'.  
(beat)  
Look at the suspects in Sycamore.  
Four men plotting mass murder on  
the streets of London. How did we  
know? Phone intercepts and  
wiretapping. Yet none of it  
admissible in court.  
(beat)  
One clip is all it took. CCTV  
showing those assholes meeting an  
illegal arms dealer with intent to  
supply AR15s.  
(beat)  
Video evidence. Admissible, popular  
with juries, highly effective.

CAREY  
Because we believe it.

A standoff. Hart doubles-down.

HART  
Correction turns intelligence into  
evidence. And keeps extremists off  
the streets.

CAREY  
The ends justify the means. The  
torturer's defence.

Carey folds her arms.

CAREY (CONT'D)  
Your time must be running out.

76A      **INT. FLYNN'S CAR. DAY**      76A

Flynn sits parked up, with his laptop, a burner smart phone and FLASH DRIVE. He checks the time. 12.40.

77      **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**      77

77A      **EXT. SAFE HOUSE, 48 EATON SQUARE. DAY**      77A

Napiers car pulls up outside. Napier jumps out and leads us hastily up the steps to the building. He enters but rather than follow him we PUSH IN to the Front Door Cam.

77B      **INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY**      77B

On the flip, Red Hair is watching.

78      **INT. SAFE HOUSE, BASEMENT. DAY**      78

Napier angrily storms along the corridor. Each door off the corridor has a monitor displaying the room inside. He stops at the one he's looking for - a monitor showing: *Jessica Mallory interviewing Eli*. Napier bursts into -

79      **INT. SAFE HOUSE, INTERVIEW ROOM. CONT.**      79

Startling Jessica and Eli.

NAPIER

Ask him about Charlie Hall...

JESSICA

(exasperated)

Jesus Christ...

NAPIER

We don't have all fucking day. It's the lawyer.

JESSICA

Frank...

Napier looms over Eli. Eli stares back. A blank.

NAPIER

Who did you assign to track him?

JESSICA

Frank, I'd like to speak to you in private!

80            **INT. SAFE HOUSE, CORRIDOR / MONITOR BAY. DAY.**

80

Napier and Jessica Mallory step outside.

JESSICA

I was *starting* to make progress.

NAPIER

When Hannah Roberts became a suspect we tracked Faisal Dahmani's legal team. Know what came of it? Zero. Whoever Eli assigned to Charlie Hall is part of this. You want to help look for moles? Find out who was tracking that lawyer.

She sees how incensed he is, sees the logic of his argument.

JESSICA

...Okay.

Napier starts to leave.

NAPIER

And when you're done interviewing them, you can interview the lawyer himself.

JESSICA

Where are you going?

NAPIER

The Shaun Emery show is nearly over. I'd like to catch the ending.

80A            **INT. PIMLICO STREETS. DAY**

80A

An AMBULANCE flies through the streets, lights and sirens.

80B            **INT. AMBULANCE. DAY**

80B

Charlie is laid out on a stretcher, mumbling, aching, falling in and out of consciousness.

The ambulance comes to a stop. Charlie braces himself as the doors open. Two PARAMEDICS carry him out to -

80C            **EXT. SAFE HOUSE, BACK MEWS. DAY**

80C

Charlie blinks into the light - where the hell am I??

He starts to panic, realising he is in deep shit, as the Paramedics carry him inside the Safe House.

81        **INT/EXT. RANGE ROVER/STREETS. DAY**        81

The Range Rover glides steadily forward. Shaun sits in the back seat between the two guards, sick with anticipation.

82        **EXT. 'THE LANTERNS' APARTMENT BLOCK. DAY**        82

The Range Rover pulls up by a smart block of apartments. A guard lets Shaun out. Shaun is surprised to find no one is following him. Garland winds down her window.

GARLAND

Number 38. Level three.

Alone? Shaun looks up at the imposing building.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

Do you want to see her or not?

*Christ!* Every bone in Shaun's body is telling him not to trust her, and yet... he yearns to find his child.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

Here... for the lift.

Garland proffers a shiny black KEY CARD.

83        **INT. 'THE LANTERNS', LOBBY. DAY**        83

Shaun enters the lobby. Empty. Sterile. Like no one lives here. He sees the LIFTS, but Garland has made him wary. He finds a staircase, beyond a glass door - locked.

Shaun sees that too has a sensor-lock. He swipes the key card against it... nothing. His only option is the lift. Shaun swipes the card. A soft 'ping' and the doors slide open.

The last thing Shaun sees as the lift doors close on him - through the glass lobby doors onto the street - is Garland's Range Rover pulling away. *They're leaving me here...??*

84        **INT. 'THE LANTERNS', LIFT. DAY**        84

Shaun ascends in the lift, anxiety rising.

HART (PRE-LAP)

I understand the arguments, Rachel.

85        **INT. SAFE HOUSE, BRIEFING ROOM. DAY**        85

HART

But if you could push a button and make the country a safer place...

CAREY

You think I would?

HART

You told me you wanted my job once.

(beat)

Look how upset you were when you thought the Shaun Emery case was slipping away from you. I know - there was a missing victim. There was also a promotion and a segment on the ten o'clock news. That's okay - you've got ambition. God knows you can't get through the fast-track scheme fast enough...

(beat)

But if you want responsibility like mine, you're going to have to face decisions... Decisions that could mean the difference between mass fatalities and breaking the rules.

CAREY

You mean the law. The murder of a British barrister. And now what? Taking a child...?

HART

This is not a typical week.

(beat)

The program has hit some bumps lately, but overall? The lives we've saved? You can't put a number on that.

On Carey. She doesn't want to be drawn in by that, but she is - a fraction. For the first time, she's listening, guardedly.

HART (CONT'D)

Frank has a reckless streak that needs to be kept in check. The process needs constant review. And new blood. If you had a seat at the table, you could make a difference.

CAREY

You expect me to join you?

HART

Always thought you had it in you. The right sensibility. The nous to see between the lines. The knack for bending morality in your favour...

CAREY

What the hell does that mean??

HART

Come on.

They stare at one another, the history between them stark and unavoidable, as much as Carey tries to blank it.

HART (CONT'D)

This is why you hit a blind spot when it came to Hannah Roberts. You saw yourself. Young rising star. You couldn't see *her* flaws then, and you can't face yours now.

CAREY

Flaws? Speak for yourself, Danny. I'm not married. I'm not the one who was disloyal to someone.

HART

There are other ways to be ruthless. I'm not an idiot. You'd never be with me out in the real world, and I know it. "*No favours*". The whole bloody thing was a favour. For both of us! I got to be with you... and you got a few steps closer to being in the room.

Carey glares at him - incensed, eyes burning with regret.

CAREY

Fuck you. I liked you.

86

**INT. 'THE LANTERNS' CORRIDOR. DAY**

86

The lift pings open onto a long corridor, ominously silent. Shaun braces himself, steps forward. We follow, at a nervous distance, as Shaun continues into the unknown...

Shaun finds number 38, stops. He tries to ready himself for whatever is on the other side. The door opens immediately -

87

**INT. 'THE LANTERNS' APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS**

87

A HEAVY-SET GUARD, a huge man with a friendly expression and demeanor gives Shaun a courteous smile. Shaun steps in. Whatever awaits him, he wants it over with. Then, he hears...

WOMAN (O.S.)

*Judy threw back her head and laughed until the tears rolled down her face. "Oh, Mummy, isn't he funny!" she cried...*

Shaun gazes along the carpeted hallway to the living room, where a cosy, friendly CHILD MINDER is reading...

CHILD MINDER

*Paddington put one foot on the  
table and the other in Mr Brown's  
tea...*

From the living room, a child giggles. Shaun's heart races as he takes a step forwards to see...

Jaycee, sitting on the carpet, engrossed in the story.

CHILD MINDER (CONT'D)

*There was cream all over his face,  
and a lump of strawberry jam...*

HEAVY-SET GUARD (O.S.)

(softly)

Shaun?

Shaun turns to him: *what??*

HEAVY-SET GUARD (CONT'D)

You might want to...

He points to Shaun's hands. Shaun realises he has bleeding knuckles. Shaun is thrown by the guy's considerate gesture, but grateful. Heavy-Set nods to the bathroom...

88

**INT. 'THE LANTERNS' APARTMENT, BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS**

88

Shaun enters, looks in the mirror. He does indeed need a clean up. He runs water, washes dried blood off his hands.

CHILD-MINDER (O.S.)

*Paddington really didn't mind being  
covered with jam and cream!*

JAYCEE (O.S.)

Yeah, because he can just EAT IT!

Shaun breaks into a grin, hearing his daughter's voice. Then finds himself collapsing into tears. It's been a long time coming, and now it floods out - the guilt, pain, absence.

Jaycee continues her chatter as Shaun silently, painfully sobs. He looks up, sucking in air, exhausted, when something catches his eye: Gold-coloured shower curtain rings.

89

**EXT. SAFE HOUSE. DAY**

89

A Range Rover pulls up. Garland steps out.



90

**INT. SAFE HOUSE, MONITORING ROOM. DAY**

90

Through the monitoring glass, Carey sits alone. Hart, reflected in the glass as he watches over her, sighs in frustrated. Garland joins him, much calmer, easier now.

HART

I've tried. I can't get through to her...

(beat)

It's nearly one o'clock.

GARLAND

Why don't you let me take it from here?

90A

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

90A

We creep gently towards the car.

Inside, the time display turns 13.00. Flynn sticks the Flash Card into the laptop. As he tries to open it, he frowns. Something isn't right.

91

**INT. 'THE LANTERNS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER**

91

Jaycee is with the Child Minder as Shaun enters. He has dried his eyes, got himself together.

CHILD-MINDER

Look who's it is, Jaycee.

Jaycee turns, alarmed to see Shaun. She frowns in confusion.

Shaun goes to speak to her... but nothing comes.

CHILD-MINDER (CONT'D)

*Daddy's* come to see you.

JAYCEE

Where's Mummy?

CHILD-MINDER

We'll see Mummy later. Do you want Daddy to read the story?

Jaycee shakes her head. The Child Minder looks at Shaun.

CHILD-MINDER (CONT'D)

Maybe you could sit and listen?

Shaun hates this soft-kidnapper calling the shots but he manages to hold it down, to not let Jaycee see his anger.

CHILD-MINDER (CONT'D)

*Paddington* climbed the staircase...

SHAUN  
Jaycee...?

Shaun puts his hand in his jacket pocket.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
Got something for ya.

A gold-coloured shower curtain ring.

Jaycee is immediately drawn to it. She pulls it around her wrist. A bracelet.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
Here... one for each arm.

He hands her another. Seeing Jaycee softening, Child Minder tiptoes out of their space. Shaun glances at the story book.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
I saw a bear once, did I ever tell  
you that...?  
(beat)  
Not in a zoo. In a country on the  
other side of the world...

JAYCEE  
Francis has a house in Portugal!

SHAUN  
This was further away than  
Portugal. This bear was in the  
Afghan mountains. He crept into our  
camp after dark. D'you know why...?

Jaycee shakes her head, intrigued.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
He could smell what we had cooking  
for dinner!

Jaycee giggles, delighted.

We PULL BACK from the family reunion, to find Child Minder and Heavy-Set watching from the doorway, endeared, as Jaycee becomes ever rapt in Shaun's story...

And Shaun becomes happier than we've ever seen him before...

BZZZ - CLOSE on Carey as the door unlocks. She sees Garland and Napier enter, in a more jaunty manner than expected.

GARLAND  
DI Carey. Sorry to have kept you.

CAREY  
Against my will. What time is it?

NAPIER  
Five after two.

They don't seem very worried. Carey looks uneasy.

CAREY  
Where's Danny Hart?

GARLAND  
We'd like to show you something...?

Garland indicates the open door. Carey hesitates, warily.

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
Not much point hiding it from you.  
You've taken the red pill.

NAPIER  
Come and watch us land this beast  
from the cockpit.

92A      **INT. SAFE HOUSE, LOBBY, SECURE DOOR / STAIRS. DAY**      92A

Seconds later. Carey warily follows Napier and Garland as they open the secure door at the back of the lobby. Finally she sees what lies beyond... They descend the stairs...

92B      **INT. SAFE HOUSE, BASEMENT, CORRIDOR. DAY**      92B

Napier and Garland lead Carey...

GARLAND  
Like all forward-thinking Ops, this  
is cross-agency. Security Service,  
GCHQ... Not to mention our friends  
here of course...

They reach the door, buzz through, to -

93      **INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY**      93

Napier and Garland lead Carey into the bustling ops room.

Carey feasts her eyes on the maze of monitors, the stacks of hard drives buzzing. As she scans the setup, fascinated, we see, now, in detail, the screens we've only glimpsed before; the technology, the software behind correction.

Carey is drawn towards two large monitors, on which there is a database of thousands of files, names, mugshots.

GARLAND

As I'm sure you're aware, the Security Service are monitoring three thousand Jihadist POI's at any one time.

NAPIER

Persons of Interest...

GARLAND

*She knows.* But the wider pool of suspected extremists...?

NAPIER

Closer to twenty three thousand.

GARLAND

Now add the thousands of White Nationalists, Neo Nazi's... You can see where this is going...

CAREY

You can't keep up.

GARLAND

*We couldn't.* We're getting there...

Napier smiles at her, clicks open a folder showing: rows and rows of mugshots - men, women, white, black, Asian.

CAREY

These your POI's?

GARLAND

We're compiling a database...

Napier clicks one POI file at random, a trove of personal photos opens up, rows and rows of selfies, holiday snaps, profile pics...

CAREY

What's all this? Their social media?

NAPIER

Source material.

He clicks a link to another file. A tech-filled window pops up, with the stages of face-mapping in progress.

NAPIER (CONT'D)

We're taking their online images and using them. Gradually building 3D models for each suspect.

GARLAND

A database of digital avatars.

Carey's eyes widen as she realises the scale of it -

CAREY

You mean, so you can fake their crimes? All these people?

Garland and Napier scoff.

GARLAND

That's a very reductive way of putting it. Ah... that's what I wanted you to see...

Garland has clocked something on a monitor across the room -

Carey turns, eyes widening as she sees it, on screen:

*A police interview. Shaun Emery sits across from DS Latif.*

CAREY

What is this??

GARLAND

(to an Op)

Can we get sound?

NAPIER

Live feed.

SHAUN (ON SCREEN)

*She didn't want a lift, I remember that. I offered but she said no...*

CAREY

Bullshit. You've fixed it.

GARLAND

Suspect turned himself in. Said he had something to tell us...

CAREY

You've taken his voice...

SHAUN (ON SCREEN)

*I asked if she had a boyfriend. That's when it all went blank.*

CAREY

You're faking his confession!

GARLAND

I can assure you this is real.

NAPIER

Believe us.

Carey looks at them in disdain.

CAREY

No.

Carey suddenly storms towards the door.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Let me out of here!

Napier watches after her. Garland nods at him.

GARLAND

Let her go.

Napier buzzes the door open for Carey.

94

**INT. SAFE HOUSE, CORRIDOR / CELL. DAY**

94

Carey marches fast along the corridor, around a corner... another corridor... She is hellbent on getting out of there, but she sees something off the corridor that makes her STOP.

She looks through an open doorway, into one of the interview rooms and sees - Charlie Hall. He gazes at her; helpless, desperate, tied down on the stretcher. Seeing Carey, his eyes open in hope.

But Carey just glares at him. *I can't help you.* Moves on.

95

**INT/EXT. XC40 / STREETS. DAY**

95

Carey gets in, SCREECHES away, drives FAST.

96

**EXT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND. DAY**

96

Carey swings the car into the car park.

97

**INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, CORRIDORS / STAIRS. DAY**

97

Carey leads us down a corridor, on a mission.

FLYNN (O.S.)

Ma'am...?

Flynn comes at her from a side corridor, trying to speak privately. Carey doesn't stop, so he hurries alongside her.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

The bus video? I tried to upload it... the file was corrupted...

She glances at him, wide eyed, but with even more urgent concerns she turns, away from Flynn, down a staircase...

98      **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM, CORRIDOR, INTERVIEW ROOMS. CONT.D** 98

Carey marches along a darker, subterranean corridor, passing interview rooms, looking out for the one. She halts, seeing -

Danny Hart in a monitoring room, hunched around a screen with other detectives. Carey looks over shoulders to see - the feed of Shaun's interview, his voice through tinny speakers:

SHAUN (ON SCREEN)

*It's been coming back to me... In fragments, like. I just know... that... when I blacked out...*

Carey stares at the screen, dumbfounded, still refusing to accept it. She looks for the interview room number, finds it, storms out. Hart catches her, corner of his eye.

HART

Rachel...

She crosses the corridor, bursting into -

THE INTERVIEW ROOM

Shaun is indeed there. He looks up to see Rachel Carey staring at him.

CAREY

What did they do?

Latif spins round to see Carey in the doorway, intruding.

LATIF

Interview suspended...

CAREY

**What did they do to you??**

Shaun stares back at Carey. He looks like they took his soul.

HART

Rachel...

Hart is behind her. Carey turns to him in contempt. A last helpless look back to Shaun... but he's a blank wall. Latif is no help. Carey pushes past Hart, down the corridor...

Carey marches away, delirious, head spinning. *Defeated?*

99      **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, INTERVIEW ROOM. SAME TIME** 99

Shaun stares into the abyss, Carey's words haunting him - *What did they do...?*

LATIF (O.S.)

Interview resumed at 15.05...

As Latif reboots the interview we stay on Shaun, brooding.

MUSIC: a warm yet twisted drone, engulfing Latif's dialogue.

PRE-LAP: the sound of Jaycee's giggling rises, as we enter a FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...

100

**INT. 'THE LANTERNS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM. DAY**

100

Shaun and Jaycee are laughing and playing on the carpet, at ease together now. Shaun is so absorbed, he barely notices another set of footsteps in the flat. Then he sees him -

Frank Napier, smiling gently, watching from the doorway. He knows time is up. He won't make a fuss in front of her.

SHAUN

....Is it time to go and find Mummy now?

CHILD-MINDER

Yes, come on let's find Mummy.

Jaycee gives Shaun a hug. Shaun holds her so tight, whispers -

SHAUN

Your daddy loves you very much.

Child Minder leads Jaycee away. Heavy looks back at Shaun.

HEAVY-SET GUARD

We'll get her home safe.

And Shaun knows he means it. Heavy follows Minder and Jaycee out of the flat.... Leaving only Shaun and Frank Napier.

Napier smiles at Shaun.

101

**EXT. OAKCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL. DAY**

101

MUSIC SWELLS. Karen SPRINTS to a police car pulling up, a Uniform stepping out with - Jaycee. Karen grabs her, holds her tight.

The Uniform Officer speaks to a Detective.

UNIFORM OFFICER

Manor Park, by the swings. Poor thing was on her own. Local mum found her. We're taking a statement.

She nods to the police car. Sitting in the back - the Child Minder, speaking to another Uniform Officer. Something about their coolness, we just know these officers are complicit.



NAPIER (PRE-LAP)  
Right now, Shaun, I believe we're  
standing at the precipice of  
something truly remarkable.

102     **INT. 'THE LANTERNS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM. DAY**

102

NAPIER  
The correction methods you've  
experienced so far are the...  
*standard edition*, if you will.

Napier approaches Shaun, friendly - and hands him a TABLET.

NAPIER (CONT'D)  
If you saw what we were developing,  
you would not believe your eyes.

PUSH IN on Shaun gazing at the screen. Whatever he sees makes him dizzy. He glances to the corner of the room, to a SENSOR.

And as he starts to piece it all together, we - ***flashback-  
within-a-flashback to:***

103     **INT. 'THE LANTERNS' APARTMENT(S), LIVING ROOM. DAY**

103

**Earlier**, Shaun and Jaycee playing together on the carpet.  
The 'sensor' is watching. We PUSH IN to it, and FLIP TO -

104     **INT. MINI OPS ROOM. DAY**

104

The other side of the lens, where Tech Ops are recording a  
feed of Shaun and Jaycee through the secret Sensor-cam.

105     **INT. 'THE LANTERNS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM. DAY**

105

**Back in the moment with Napier, Shaun and the tablet.** Shaun  
now looks to the SMOKE ALARM on the ceiling. *Another camera.*  
Then, a TOY RABBIT on the sofa. The rabbit's eye. *Watching.*

NAPIER (V.O.)  
Our most advanced techniques do  
involve a little more time...

106     **INT. MINI OPS ROOM. DAY**

106

Feeds from the Smoke Alarm Cam, Rabbit-Eye Cam and several  
more angles are being recorded.

NAPIER  
And require greater quantities of  
source material...

107      **INT. 'THE LANTERNS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM. DAY**      107

Back with Napier and Shaun, staring at the tablet.

NAPIER

But the results are 100 per cent,  
photo-real manipulation. No face-  
mapping, no actors. Just sheer,  
unbridled imagination..

Finally we see what Shaun is starting at: A SPLIT SCREEN -  
*SIX different angles on Shaun and Jaycee playing together.*

NAPIER (CONT'D)

Right now, these recordings are  
untouched. Pure, you could say.

On screen: *Jaycee hugs Shaun goodbye, from six angles.*

NAPIER (CONT'D)

But if my guys felt like getting  
creative? They could take this in  
any direction they wanted.

Shaun feels sickened, faint. He wants to strike out at  
Napier, but can't seem to find the strength. Weak, defeated.

108      **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM, INTERVIEW MONITORING ROOM. DAY**      108

**Back in the present:** Danny Hart, watching Shaun's interview.

NAPIER (V.O.)

I'm talking about images that will  
haunt you the rest of your life.

109      **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY**      109

On Shaun, continuing his dead-eyed confession to Latif.

NAPIER (V.O.)

And the lives of your family.

110      **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, CORRIDOR. DAY**      110

MUSIC CHANGES - LIFTS, WITH MORE MOMENTUM. Shaun is led in  
handcuffs by Latif and other officers to a charge counter.

NAPIER (V.O.)

Cooperate with us, and we'll make  
it real easy for you, Shaun.

(beat)

Investigators will agree Hannah's  
killing was not premeditated.  
You suffered an involuntary,  
violent episode. A black-out.

111      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      111

112      INT. KAREN'S FLAT. NIGHT.      112

Karen and Jaycee back at home. Friends are rallying round.  
They see something on TV, hushing for quiet. Karen sees -

On TV: **Breaking News - Shaun Emery in custody.**

NAPIER (V.O.)

The postmortem will find no signs  
of sexual impropriety. Hannah was  
not raped, you're not a degenerate.

113      INT. HOMESTEAD ESTATE, EDDIE'S FLAT. NIGHT      113

Eddie watches the news on TV, heartbroken, a tear running  
down his cheek.

NAPIER (V.O.)

You're a soldier with PTSD from  
risking your life in the service of  
your country.

114      INT. ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL. NIGHT      114

Alma and Kenny are with Charlie, bitterly watching the news  
from his hospital bedside.

NAPIER (V.O.)

And in a really important way,  
Shaun, by helping us combat those  
who would disrupt our systems of  
justice...

Kenny is on his phone, urgently texting...

115      INT. THE PLEASURE GARDEN, BACK ROOM. NIGHT      115

Naz RUSHES IN, jumps on a computer.

NAPIER (V.O.)

You are still serving your country.

Naz UPLOADS the real Shaun/Hannah clip, then watches it pop  
up online. The footage is out there.

116      EXT. OLD BAILEY. DAY      116

Shaun comes squinting into the morning light from a van, met  
by a storm of CAMERA FLASHES, as a MEDIA SCRUM descends.

NAPIER (V.O.)  
Your sentence will be lenient.

117      **INT. OLD BAILEY, COURTROOM. DAY**

117

The courtroom is at capacity for Shaun's hearing.

NAPIER (V.O.)  
For those of us in the know... and  
there are a few...

The JUDGE appears to look at Shaun knowingly.

NAPIER (V.O.)  
Your sacrifice will not be  
forgotten.

Shaun stands.

COURT CLERK  
To the charge of the Manslaughter  
of Hannah Roberts, how do you  
plead?

SHAUN  
Guilty.

CLOSE on Shaun, as an audible surprise ripples through the  
courtroom, and the impact of his 'decision' hits him.

As the Judge reads the terms (remand without bail) Shaun sees  
Rachel Carey watching him from across the room. They share a  
look, both haunted by the truth.

Carey watches Shaun led away by guards, wishing she could  
help him. The courtroom is emptying, but Carey stays put.

GARLAND (O.S.)  
Courtrooms and public toilets...

So consumed is Carey, she hasn't noticed Garland approach.

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
The last two places in England with  
no cameras watching.

Carey tries not to seem unnerved as Garland sits next to her.

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
So what's your next move...? The  
evidence incriminates him. The  
uploaded video suggests otherwise.  
With your bus footage, you could  
have the casting vote.

CAREY  
If you hadn't corrupted the file.

GARLAND

Oh, I'm sure you made copies.

Carey tries to stay poker faced. Garland glances around. The courtroom is completely empty now, but for them.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

Can you actually imagine the impact? If correction was fully exposed?

(beat)

There wouldn't be one criminal caught on CCTV in the last twenty years who didn't demand a retrial, or claim they'd been set up. And future crimes? The public would never believe video evidence again.

CAREY

Kind of makes you wonder what the hell you were all thinking in the first place.

GARLAND

Don't blame us! China started it. Russia followed. How could the West compete without it?

Resist as she might, Carey can't help being intrigued.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

Correction is a fact. The perils of exposing it outweigh the trials of managing it. Whatever the compromises, it helps keep us safe.

CAREY

Is that what you tell yourself when you're tucking your kids in at night? You're keeping everyone safe?

Garland seems thrown for a beat at the mention of her kids, but quickly recovers.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I don't think I can turn blind eye to the compromises.

Carey feels Garland glancing at the bruise on her face.

GARLAND

We all create our own moral codes. I thought you'd appreciate that.

(beat)

The public are safe in their ignorance. And a lot better off that way.

On Carey - as Garland's words resonate, getting to her...  
echoing Shaun's earlier words about family.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

You were wrong about me by the way.  
I am a police detective. Fourteen  
years in the Met before I was  
approached by the Service. Then  
another four years before I was  
asked to join Correction. Quite a  
privilege. We are a bespoke few.

(beat)

If you join us, you'll learn to  
deploy Correction as a force for  
good. In Counter Terrorism...  
Counter espionage...

No denying it, Garland is pushing the right buttons.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

Danny Hart was right. We need new  
recruits like you. Help steer us  
along the right future path.

Garland stands.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

You know where we are, Rachel.

She starts to walk away. Carey feels suddenly compelled to go  
after her.

CAREY

What happens if I don't? If I go to  
Police Conduct with the footage? Do  
I end up in the boot of a car like  
Hannah Roberts?

Garland stares at her, her tone measured, tight.

GARLAND

I led that operation. The one  
Roberts got so enraged about.

CAREY

Faisal Dahmani.

GARLAND

Why do you think she couldn't prove  
*his* video evidence wasn't real?

(beat)

The Sycamore plotters: same  
question. Why do they all find it  
so difficult to deny?

Carey can't answer.

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
Because we only produce images we  
know happened.

Carey stops, listens, trying to follow...

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
We had solid intelligence Faisal  
Dahmani was gathering enough  
peroxide to blow up a major  
shopping centre. But we had...

CAREY  
No admissible evidence.

GARLAND  
Phone tracking and surveillance put  
him in the exact place and time the  
CCTV stated. It may have been  
corrected, but the events in  
Dahmani's evidence were as real as  
you and I standing here today. That  
man supplied bomb materials to  
terrorists!

For the first time, Garland lets her mask slip. Carey can see  
the emotion behind the doctrine, the heartfelt conviction.  
Garland calms a little.

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
He denied it of course. Stood in  
the dock and lied through his  
teeth. But I ask you - which was  
more accurate: his testimony, or  
our footage?

Carey gazes at her, arrested by the twisted logic.

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
Correction is not fake evidence,  
Detective. It's truth, re-enacted.

Garland looks Carey up and down.

GARLAND (CONT'D)  
As to your question, I shouldn't  
worry. You're a lot smarter than  
Hannah Roberts.

Garland exits, leaving Carey's head spinning.

118 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

118

119 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 117

119

120	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	120
121	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	121
122	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	122
123	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	123
124	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	124
125	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	125
126	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	126
127	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	127
128	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	128
129	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	129
130	<u>OMITTED - SCENE DELETED</u>	130
130A	<b><u>EXT/INT. OLD BAILEY / GARLAND'S CAR. DAY</u></b>	130A
	Garland exits the Old Bailey, glances across the road at -  Napier, watching from outside a cafe. She gives him a small, hopeful smile. She walks over to her car, parked nearby.  Garland gets in her car, pulls away... She stops at a RUBBISH BIN on the street. She takes the child's DOLL out of her glove compartment, chucks it in the bin, drives away.	
130B	<b><u>EXT. SAFE HOUSE. DAY</u></b>	130B
	Napier's car pulls up outside. He strides into work.	
130C	<b><u>INT. SAFE HOUSE, LOBBY. DAY</u></b>	130C
	Napier greets the Guards in the lobby. We might notice they avoid eye contact.	



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

131

Napier enters. The Ops room is quieter than usual. The Covert Ops have their heads down. Napier settles in to a comfy office chair.

NAPIER  
Mallory done yet?

COVERT OP  
I'm not certain, Sir.

The Op moves away, nervous. Napier taps a few keys on the desk, brings up feeds from his cells / interview rooms.

In one room: *Charlie lies on a stretcher.* Another: *Eli is being interviewed by Jessica Mallory.*

NAPIER  
...Still?? How long does she need  
to interview this prick?

Napier suddenly stops - a horrible feeling coming over him. He gazes at the screen, a sickness rising. He storms out.

131A **INT. SAFE HOUSE, BASEMENT / CORRIDOR / CELLS. DAY**

131A

Napier hurries along the corridor, until he reaches a closed door with a feed of *Charlie, in the stretcher* on the monitor above the door. Napier burst into the room, to find -

An empty stretcher.

NAPIER  
WHAT THE FUCK??

Wide eyed, Napier STORMS out - Along the corridor to - *the room with Eli and Mallory* on the feed. Napier bursts in - to an empty room.

Napier is APOPLECTIC. He's so shocked he's hyperventilating.

Then - Napier sees something displayed on the monitor inside the room:

*Upstairs, Jessica Mallory is walking the corridor to the exit, with two guards and - Eli Jacobi.*

Reality is warping for Napier. He has no idea what to believe. He rushes back upstairs...

132 **INT/EXT. SAFE HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.**

132

Napier rushes through the lobby, out the door - to the front steps, where Jessica and her driver (Taxi Driver) are leading Eli to her car. The Guards are doing nothing to stop them.

NAPIER  
The Hell is this??

JESSICA  
I believe it's termed a soft  
rendition.

Napier gazes, dumbfounded, from Eli to the guards.

NAPIER  
Drag him back inside!

GUARD  
(nervous)  
She's got documents, Sir.

Napier looks at Jessica, incensed.

NAPIER  
This is why you came... You're on a  
rescue mission!

JESSICA  
I'm throwing the executive branch a  
bone. It's diplomatic.

NAPIER  
The executive branch...???

Napier is turning pale. Jessica feels almost sorry for him.

JESSICA  
You better sit down, Frank. Before  
you fall.

She opens the car door, offering him a seat inside. He's so  
stunned and confused he actually accepts.

IN THE CAR. Clunk. Doors shut. Napier in the back. Jessica  
sits shotgun, looking at him in the rear view mirror.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
We can't let you track Charlie  
Hall. He needs to fight another  
day.

NAPIER  
*Why??*

JESSICA  
I'm not obliged to explain  
anything, so consider this a  
favour. For old time's sake.

Napier takes a deep breath, listens up. She fixes him a look.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

...Who stands to gain if the public  
can't trust what they see?

NAPIER

...Anyone caught on camera doing  
something they shouldn't.

Jessica looks at him: *Precisely*. But still he doesn't get it.

JESSICA

There are... individuals... an  
*individual*... far above our pay  
grades, for whom I dare say that  
applies.

On Napier. *Holy. Fucking. Shit*. He stammers, his mind  
spinning too fast to muster speech... Then -

NAPIER

You... want the Hacktivist scum to  
win?

JESSICA

The idea is not to *blow the lid off*  
Correction. That way lies anarchy.  
(shrug)  
Spreading doubt and confusion, on  
the other hand...

Napier is catching up, finally getting it.

NAPIER

....Deniability.  
(then, realising)  
Eli never meant the plot to fully  
succeed. Just get this far.

JESSICA

...I have a plane waiting.

NAPIER

How many other moles are there? In  
my staff?

Jessica smiles. No way she'll answer that. Time's up. Napier  
finds himself stepping out, holding the door for Eli.

Jessica winds down her window.

JESSICA

Your tenure will continue, Frank,  
for now. But don't ever assume  
there isn't someone watching you.

The car pulls away. Jessica and Eli disappear, leaving Napier  
standing outside the Safe House in stunned silence.

The Guards shuffle inside, leaving Napier to his humiliation.

Then... Napier feels a shiver of paranoia. He slowly glances around, over his shoulder, in newly-found trepidation, at... his own Front Door CCTV cam. *Watching.*

MUSIC OVER -

133      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      133

134      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      134

135      INT/EXT. TRANSIT VAN. DAY      135

A bruised and bandaged Charlie stares ahead. Next to him, Alma, then Kenny at the wheel. The three of them journey along a nameless country road, in stoic silence.

MUSIC CONTINUES, as the van rolls into the distance...

136      INT. HMP HYDE, FAISAL'S CELL.      136

And Faisal sits cooped up in isolation, his fate unknown.

137      OMITTED - SCENE DELETED      137

138      INT. HMP GLADSTONE, VISITING ROOM. DAY      138

Shaun, in prison uniform, is in a line of other inmates, shuffling along a corridor, into the visitors room.

MUSIC FADES - as Shaun stops, very surprised to find Karen waiting to see him. He sits down opposite her, leans in.

SHAUN  
I never took Jaycee.

KAREN  
I'm not pressing charges, am I?

A weighty pause. Shaun can't tell where Karen's head is at.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
A detective came to the flat. White woman, young looking.

SHAUN  
Carey.

KAREN  
She told me you never done any of it.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Said the *other* video's the real  
one, the one online. She's been and  
told your Granddad too.

On Shaun, absorbing what Carey has done for him.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
But if all that's true, what's this  
guilty by diminished  
responsibility?

Shaun won't answer. He is a solid wall.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Mat's talking about putting on some  
protest for you. Only it's a bit  
hard for us to protest when you're  
actually pleading guilty yourself!  
(beat)  
Shaun?

SHAUN  
It's catching up with me.

KAREN  
What?

SHAUN  
Justice.

Karen stares at Shaun.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
You know, don't you.  
(beat)  
What happened in Helmand.

Shaun's breathing is short, his eyes burning. Karen wasn't  
expecting this. She takes a deep breath. When ready -

KAREN  
You don't lie next to someone night  
after night while they're fretting  
in their sleep and not try to guess  
what's torturing them.

Shaun is shaking, verge of tears.

SHAUN  
I told the story so many times I  
believed it. But deep down I knew  
he weren't reaching for his weapon.  
He was just a bloke... begging for  
his life.

Shaun lets go, tears of remorse filling his eyes. Karen isn't  
used to seeing him like this; facing up to it. She studies  
him, his anguish, and feels an impulse to come to his rescue.

KAREN

...Jaycee's been talking about you.

(beat)

A lot.

Shaun looks at Karen.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Something about a bear eating your dinner?

Shaun laughs instantly, sniffing back tears.

SHAUN

Yeah.... That's a... that's a true story. Sausage and beans... He came half way down the mountain...

KAREN

I believe you.

SHAUN

Huh?

Shaun realises she's not talking about the bear story.

KAREN

I know what you've done. And haven't done.

It is all Shaun has ever wanted, needed to hear, from Karen. She believes, accepts him. He gulps back tears, overwhelmed.

KAREN (CONT'D)

...I'll bring Jaycee with me next time.

SHAUN

No... I don't want her to see me in here.

KAREN

It's not just up to you. I want her to see her dad.

SHAUN

...She's got Francis?

KAREN

No she ain't. Not any more.

*Oh. Wow.* Shaun studies Karen, catching up...

SHAUN

...I'm sorry.

KAREN

Are you?

SHAUN

No.

They both laugh out loud, the tension giving way to raw honesty, an unspoken bond between them resurfacing.

KAREN

I brought you something.

Karen hands him a photograph. As he looks at it, his spirits lift a little higher still.

MUSIC REPRISE -

139      **INT. CAREY'S FLAT. DAY**      139

MUSIC CONTINUES - as Carey enters her flat, looking around, half expecting to find an intruder, or signs of bugging.

She checks the underside of the drawer. The flash card is still there. CLOSE on Carey, consumed by dilemma...

140      **OMITTED - SCENE DELETED**      140

141      **INT. HOMICIDE AND SERIOUS CRIME COMMAND. DAY**      141

Flynn enters, dragging himself back to the day job. Latif is there, but there is an awkward tension between them. Flynn takes a seat. DCI Boyd, watches from his side office.

Flynn glances at Carey's empty chair. *Where is she...?*

142      **OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 143B**      142

143      **INT/EXT. XC40 FAMILY CAR. DAY**      143

MUSIC CONTINUES - as Carey drives towards the suburbs. She's made her mind up about something.

143A      **EXT/INT. CAREY'S FAMILY HOME. DAY**      143A

The XC40 pulls up in the drive. Carey gets out, walks to the front door. Carey posts the CAR KEYS through the letterbox, turns and walks away...

143B      **INT. HMP GLADSTONE. DAY**      143B

MUSIC CONTINUES. Shaun keeps his head down as he negotiates the prison walkway, holding Karen's photograph close to him.

Entering his cell, Shaun sticks the photo to the wall, stands back to take a look. It's not much. But at the same time, it's everything.

A photo of Jaycee, and Karen together.

144      **EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD. DAY**      144

Carey marches along a street in Central London, determined. She is heading towards at the tall, gleaming glass building.

145      **INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, STAIRS / CORRIDOR. DAY**      145

Carey marches through the workplace, on a journey, building up confidence, all the way into -

146      **INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, DANNY HART'S OFFICE. DAY**      146

Where Hart and Garland are mid-private meeting. They look up, to see Carey standing in front of them.

CAREY  
.....When can I start?

CUT TO BLACK

THE END OF 'THE CAPTURE'