

1

**EXT/INT. TOWN CENTRE/PHIL'S POLICE CAR, 17:30**

1

The sun is setting. We are looking out from the backseat through the shoulders of PHIL [driving] and RACHEL. Through the windscreen we can see a car parked at an angle on a pedestrianised street with an indicator flashing.

PHIL

Go on then.

Rachel gets out slowly, and we watch her approach the parked car. Phil watches, then starts to flick through his phone.

Rachel taps on the window and gestures to the driver (who we can't see) to lower his window. She glances at Phil who still has his eyes on his phone, and then back at the driver. We see (but don't hear) Rachel banging on the door and gesturing for the driver to get out of the car.

We see the driver's door open an inch. Rachel steps back. She is talking to the driver and gesturing for him to calm down. She takes another glance at Phil (who ignores her) and then back at the driver. It is clear she is nervous now.

The door opens another half-inch so she grips the top of it and tries to push it closed. The door resists, whoever is inside is trying to get out.

Rachel pushes hard but the door flies open, she stumbles back and the driver (OSBOURNE) launches out of the car and onto her. They struggle until they're out of our view through the windscreen.

Phil carries on scrolling, until he finally glances up.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Shit!

Phil fumbles with his seatbelt, then scrambles out. As the door opens, we finally hear Rachel shouting desperately.

RACHEL

Phil!

The door slams. Silence. We see Phil running towards her and then dropping down to join the fight which is out of shot.

2

**EXT/INT. CHINATOWN, CHRIS'S POLICE CAR/CHRIS'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, 17:31 / [FLASHBACK 15:30]**

2

CHRIS is sitting in his car outside a run-down restaurant. He is blankly staring as he slowly chews a spring roll out of box. We follow his gaze and see a red neon sign. We close on the sign...

CUT TO:

We are in Chris's kitchen. A kid's show is playing loudly on the television, and the table is littered with school books, cups and a plate.

Tilly is playing with some building blocks, making a police car. CHRIS wearing a dressing gown wanders in. He looks dishevelled, clearly having just woken up. He goes to the kettle and starts to fill it. He silently turns to watch Tilly who is totally engrossed in her task, her tongue sticking out of her mouth she is concentrating so hard.

Tilly puts the car down and starts to look for another block. Chris fixes on the toy car. The sound fades, the car becomes our focus as it sits on the table, closer and closer, until it is snatched up by Tilly.

Chris snaps back into the room. Tilly's angry because she can't find the final piece.

TILLY

Where is it? WHERE IS IT?

CHRIS

[Stunned] What?

TILLY

I can't find it!

Tilly throws a building block towards Chris, and it smashes against a kitchen unit nearby. Chris reels as Tilly pushes all the blocks off the table and goes to run out of the room.

TILLY (CONT'D)

I DON'T WANT IT!!!!

Chris catches her before she exits and drops to his knees and holds her tight. Tilly's tantrum subsiding as she is held in her father's arms. We're on Chris's face. Are his worst fears coming true?

CUT TO:

Back on Chris's face, his eyes closed, spring roll frozen by his mouth. We hear a phone vibrate and his eyes snap open. He pulls the phone out of his pocket and answers.

CHRIS

Hello?

He listens, his face hardening. He glances at the screen "HOME". "What the fuck?" He puts the phone back to his ear.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(Menacing) What are you doing in my house?

3

**INT/EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/CHINATOWN/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR,  
17:32**

CARL is sitting on Chris's home phone. KATE is facing away from him looking in the fridge.

CARL  
[Bright] Sorry lad. I was on my way home from the gym and I thought you'd be in.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Get out of there Carl.

CARL  
Yeah man, she's made up to see me.

Kate looks around and smiles at Carl who winks.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Listen, do you know that blue jacket I lent you?

CUT TO:

CHRIS leans forward, totally alert.

CHRIS  
How dare you go to my house?! How fucking dare you.

CARL (O.S.)  
[To Kate] He says it's in his wardrobe upstairs?

RADIO (V.O.)  
Delta patrols to respond to an urgent assistance call in the town centre please?

Chris looks at the radio.

CARL (O.S.)  
[To Kate] Or the spare room.

CUT TO:

Carl smiles at Kate who is relaxed as she heads to the door.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Last time I lend him anything.

KATE  
I didn't even know he had it.

Kate exits.

CARL  
(hisses to Chris)  
I can just walk into your house and  
ruin your life.

CHRIS  
Get out now.

CARL  
How long have I known you? Eh?  
Aren't I good mate to you?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
I will kill you.

CARL  
Don't you dare threaten me. I'm  
here, you're there, so shut up and  
listen if you love your family.

Carl listens carefully until Chris speaks again, his anger  
swallowed down.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Carl mate...

CARL  
No. None of that 'Carl mate' shite.  
That's gone. History. So switch  
your ears on. Alright?

CUT TO:

Chris in the car, burning up inside.

CHRIS  
Mate, what was I supposed to do?  
You were gonna...

CARL (O.S.)  
Listen. Listen to me! I could  
destroy your bird lad. She could  
walk back into this room in one  
minute, and I could ruin her and  
there is nothing you could do about  
it.

Chris's radio barks into life. We hear Rachel shouting on  
'talk through.'

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Con requires! Con requires  
immediate assistance! Chalon  
Street!

Chris looks at the radio, torn. He fires up the car.

CARL (O.S.)

I can plant gear. I can torch the gaff. I can even go upstairs and kick the shit out of yer kid and there's not a thing you can do about it.

RADIO (V.O.)

Say again: Delta patrol to respond to two seven requiring urgent assistance on Chalon Street.

CARL (O.S.)

THIS. This is what happens when you let me down.

CHRIS

Carl, please.

CARL (O.S.)

[soft, in contrast to radio] Casey.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Argh! Stop fighting! Stop it!

Chris drops the clutch and screeches away. He's shouting, having to be heard on the hands-free.

CHRIS

She's gone.

CARL (O.S.)

She hasn't.

CHRIS

I. Put. Her. On. The Fucking. Train.

CARL (O.S.)

Well. If. You. Did. She. Fucking. Got. Off. Again didn't she?

CUT TO:

We can hear the sound of scuffling and grunting. We creep around the police car to where PHIL and RACHEL are desperately grappling with OSBOURNE.

Phil's face is covered in blood as Osbourne gets in another punch. Phil is almost jammed under the front bumper as Rachel desperately pulls at Osbourne's arm as he lands another punch on Phil, who tries to defend himself as best he can.

Rachel is exhausted. Osbourne shakes her off with an elbow in the throat. She rolls away and fumbles her Parva spray out and sprays it towards Osborne.

RACHEL

Spray!

Most of it hits Phil in the face. He lets out a cry and drops to the ground rubbing his eyes as Osbourne rounds on Rachel

CUT TO:

Chris is driving. Adrenaline pumping. Fast. Twitchy.

CHRIS

What?

CARL (O.S.)

Lad, she was sitting on Gary the Pimp's couch at nine o'clock this morning trying to sell my gear.

CHRIS

She hasn't got your gear! Somebody robbed it off her!

CARL (O.S.)

How can you be this thick?

RADIO (V.O.)

Delta patrols, this Con Requires is still ongoing. Can someone assist please?

CUT TO:

Phil is on the floor with Osbourne as Rachel's baton strikes Osbourne on the back and legs. Her Casco baton collapses back on itself. She is exhausted, struggling to get the baton out again and failing. She drops down onto Osbourne and tries to pull him away from Phil as best she can.

CUT TO:

Chris driving fast.

RADIO (V.O.)

Anyone to support two seven please?

CUT TO:

CARL

She's out there trying to flog my powder right now the little rat. And as long as that's going on, everything you have is in danger of having me rain down on it. So you find her, or else you'll be sorry you were ever born cos I am going nowhere.

Carl hangs up. Chris is all over the place emotionally.

4

**EXT. CHALON STREET, 17:45**

4

OSBOURNE, PHIL and RACHEL are exhausted and gasping for breath. Osbourne, carrying the effects of the spray, is on top of Rachel. He cocks his arm to punch her. She is frozen, she stares up, helpless and afraid. She's about to get it bad when suddenly Chris's boot swings through the frame and catches Osbourne in the mouth. Osbourne rolls away and Rachel scrambles back in shock as CHRIS drops to his knee next to Osbourne and punches him savagely. Osbourne reels and then drops back, beaten.

Other than the sound of Phil and Rachel gasping for breath there is a sudden silence. Chris, still crouched over Osbourne looks at Rachel.

CHRIS

Okay?

Rachel nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Cuff him.

Rachel looks at Phil. She's in shock.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Rachel?

Chris softens.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Cuff. Him.

Rachel struggles to draw her cuffs as Chris watches her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

[Quietly] Hey. Come on. Training.  
Deep breath. Fine motor skills.

Rachel nods and crosses to Osbourne. Once the cuffs are on, Chris heads to Phil who is coughing and holding his nose.

PHIL

Right out of nowhere... shit... I  
think he's broke my nose.

CHRIS

Let me see.

Chris pokes Phil's nose.

PHIL

Argh!

CHRIS

Yep.

Rachel is behind, moving Osbourne into a recovery position.

PHIL

Document check. First time for  
Rachel to fly solo... [To Rachel]  
You okay?

Rachel ignores Phil and speaks to Chris.

RACHEL

He's out cold.

CHRIS

Forget him. Who sprayed gas?

Rachel looks sheepish.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Next time? Aim it at him, and not  
him.

Chris points at Osbourne and then Phil, then keys his radio.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Four seven.

RADIO (V.O.)

Go ahead Chris.

CHRIS

Cancel anyone else making the  
assistance call.

RADIO (V.O.)

Do you need an ambulance Chris?

PHIL

Negative.

Rachel protests, pointing at Osbourne. Chris waves her away.

CHRIS

One adult male. Can you clear St  
Helens, assault police please?

RADIO (V.O.)

Roger. One male detained.

RACHEL

He's in a bad way.

Chris shrugs and crouches down next to Osbourne and Rachel.  
As he does so he kneels on Osbourne's hand. Osbourne groans.

CHRIS

He'll live.

Rachel suddenly looks up and around, Chris reads her mind.



CHRIS (CONT'D)  
First rule of policing: check for  
cameras.

She looks at him, shocked.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
(to Phil)  
Haven't you taught her anything?

Phil waves him away as he dabs at his nose. Chris stands.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
[To Phil] You going to be okay?  
I've got shit to do.

Phil manages a nod as he starts to get up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
See you later.

RACHEL  
We'll need a statement off you.

CHRIS  
Nonsense.

RACHEL  
You used force.

Chris stops and looks at her.

CHRIS  
And?

RACHEL  
You kicked him in the face.

CHRIS  
He was beating you up.

RACHEL  
But... it's still force.

Chris takes out his phone.

CHRIS  
They teach you that at the training  
school?

RACHEL  
Yeah.

CHRIS  
Yeah? Well, good luck with that.

Rachel watches him go, humiliated - Chris quickly dialling  
"Kate" as he walks away.

5      **EXT/INT. CHALLON STREET/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR/CHRIS'S HOUSE, BEDROOM 17:48**      5

CHRIS walking towards the car holding his phone as RACHEL and PHIL drag OSBOURNE to his feet. As Chris gets into the car, his call is answered.

CHRIS

Kate?

CUT TO:

We're with TILLY. She is standing in her parent's bedroom in pyjamas. She looks tiny as she holds Kate's phone.

TILLY

Hi dad.

CUT TO:

CHRIS

What are you doing answering mum's phone?

CUT TO:

We're back with Tilly.

TILLY

It was ringing.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Is Uncle Carl there?

TILLY

I think he's outside with Mum.

Chris is concerned.

CHRIS (O.S.)

What are they doing? Are they shouting?

Tilly goes to the window.

6      **EXT/INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE/CARL'S AUDI, 17:49**

6

KATE is leaning through the window of Carl's Audi as she talks to him. CARL is now simply a normal, family friend.

CARL

Have you talked to him?

KATE

Impossible. I mean, I know he's depressed but lately... well... he's all over the place.

CARL

He's always been a crank.

Kate smiles, looks off down the road and then back at Carl.

KATE

Would you talk to him though? I'm really worried about him, and you're pretty much the only friend he has left.

CARL

[uncomfortable] Ahh aye Kate. We don't want to do all that bollocks. I've known the twat forty years and I don't think he's ever told me how he's feeling; unless it's about the footy.

KATE

Maybe if you asked each other once in a while?

She smiles, then Carl smiles and gives in.

CARL

If I can get him in a good mood.

KATE

That's sort of the point, Carl?  
[Softens] You're a good friend.

This stings Carl who looks away as he starts the car.

CARL

Yeah well... whatever.

7

**INT/EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, BEDROOM/CHALLON STREET/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR 17:50**

TILLY is at the window looking out with the phone to her ear.

TILLY

They are just talking. I can hear them out the window downstairs.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Is mummy okay?

TILLY

I think so... he's going now, why?

CUT TO:

CHRIS, slightly relieved, is watching RACHEL and PHIL drag OSBORNE across the street so that he is sitting with his back to a wall. Something occurs to him.

CHRIS  
Are you in our bedroom?

CUT TO:

Tilly doesn't answer. She wanders away from the window and sits on the bed.

CUT TO:

CHRIS on the phone.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You doing okay? Is anything the matter?

Beat.

TILLY (O.S.)  
Are you alright Dad?

This question kills Chris.

CHRIS  
Yeah, course I am.

TILLY (O.S.)  
You sure?

Chris struggles for a second.

CHRIS  
Why are you asking me that?

TILLY (O.S.)  
I think you're sad.

CHRIS  
[Softly] I'm just tired sweetheart.

TILLY (O.S.)  
Nights?

Hearing his excuse coming back at him kills him.

CHRIS  
Yeah, nights.

TILLY  
Are you coming home, Dad?

CHRIS  
No love I can't. I've got to find someone who needs my help.

Chris thinks a beat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do you want to have breakfast in the morning?

TILLY (O.S.)

That would be the best.

CHRIS

Okay then, that's a deal, me and you.

CUT TO:

Tilly now sits on the bed.

TILLY

Do still you want mum?

CHRIS (O.S.)

No, not anymore.

Tilly gets up and walks across to replace the handset.

TILLY

Don't forget brekkie dad.

CUT TO:

CHRIS

I promise.

TILLY (O.S.)

I'll try to be a good girl, so you're not sad.

CHRIS

You're perfect.

Tilly hangs up. CHRIS chokes. An ambulance is slowly passing very close to him as it heads to treat Osborne. Chris nods an embarrassed greeting.

CUT TO:

8

**INT. OCCUPATION HEALTH, LYNNE'S OFFICE [FLASHBACK]**

8

CHRIS is staring at a poster referencing mental health and the emergency services. An ambulance is front and centre on the poster. Lynne is listening but also flicking through some paperwork.

CHRIS

I know the damage it does.

LYNNE

Yes?

CHRIS

Living with a monster.

LYNNE

You're not a monster Chris. That was your Dad and this is you.

He turns to look at her.

CHRIS

You sure about that?

LYNNE

Yes. Yes I really am.

That makes him think as it lands. She waits, then leans in.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

Maybe if you spoke to your wife about your fears? How do you think that would go?

CHRIS

She wants me to talk. She wants us to be a family... I can't show them this [Taps head]. I love them too much.

9

**EXT. TOWN CENTRE, ALLEYWAY/BACKYARD, 22:51**

9

CHRIS makes his way into the darkness of the alleyway. He stops, hearing the scurrying of rats.

CHRIS

[softly] Casey?

He steps into the yard and starts to pick his way through the rubbish. He pushes against a wooden door, it holds firm. He leans into it and then slips and falls heavily as it gives under his weight.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit!

A beat, he collects himself.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I want to help you Casey... I'm one of the good guys.

He listens, nothing, he heads for the exit, slipping again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

He kicks the rubbish in frustration.

RADIO (V.O.)

Delta Romeo four seven, four seven  
Delta?

He turns a half-circle in frustration.

CHRIS

(To radio)

Go 'ed.

RADIO (V.O.)

Sgt Wilson asking can you call into  
the custody suite to see him  
please?

Chris hangs his head. What now?

CHRIS

Will do.

10

**EXT. OMAR'S ALL NIGHT SHOP, 23:55**

10

A run down convenience store. There is a queue of DRINKERS, TAXI DRIVERS, SCALLIES, and STUDENTS, all waiting at a small Perspex window with a metal draw. MARCO is holding a cheap blue plastic bag, as he waits for a tough looking WOMAN in pyjamas who is halfway through an order with the shopkeeper OMAR.

WOMAN

And two bags of Monster Munch.

Marco rolls his eyes and tuts. Omar disappears from sight. The woman eyes Marco and then goes back to the Perspex.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

[Shouting] No! Pickled Onion!

MARCO

Ar ey girl.

WOMAN

What?

MARCO

Omar!

Marco bangs on the metal tray.

OMAR

[VOS] I'm working here Marco!

MARCO

Wanna' buy some cheese?

Marco peels back the plastic bag to expose the end of a huge bright orange block of catering cheese.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It's fresh lad. Sound Cheddar or something. Just a tenner.

Omar drops change into the tray. The woman collects her shopping and then pushes by Marco. Omar beckons the taxi driver who is next in the queue. Marco pushes in.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Lad please, a fiver, am skint here.

The taxi driver reaches across, snatches the cheese and tosses it into the road. Everyone cheers.

TAXI DRIVER

There's a queue here Babybel.

MARCO

Me cheese!

Marco runs after the cheese but has to stop as a car passes, clipping the cheese. Marco picks up the cheese and inspects it before sloping off.

11      **INT. POLICE STATION, FEMALE LOCKER ROOM, 00:01**

11

RACHEL is sitting alone. She's removed her body armour and jumper, and has one sleeve rolled up on her shirt. We see her arm is badly grazed before we pull back to look at her face. She's shaking from the aftershock of the fight. She shivers, and hears voices passing outside the locker room and looks up at the door but it doesn't open. She wipes her eyes and then tentatively checks the graze, then she rolls down her sleeve and reaches for her jumper. Back to work.

12      **INT. POLICE STATION, CUSTODY SUITE CHARGING BENCHES, 00:05** 12

It's bright and noisy. A drunk is off screen banging on a cell door and shouting incoherently for someone to come to the cell. CHRIS is halfway through pleading his case in front of the Custody Sergeant's raised desk.

CHRIS

...I work on my own.

The Custody Sgt, BERNIE WILSON, continues typing away, eyes on the screen as he replies flatly.

BERNIE

Not tonight.

CHRIS

She hates me.

BERNIE

It isn't up to her.



CHRIS

I hate her.

BERNIE

It isn't up to you either.

Chris is frustrated, losing the battle. Bernie stops typing and looks at Chris.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Phil's knackered. So he's going home, and she's going with you.

Bernie goes back to typing then stops and looks at him again, this time with a degree of humanity.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

It'll do you good to have someone in the car with you. You work on your own too much.

CHRIS

Oh piss off, Bernie.

Bernie goes back to typing. Chris frustrated, stalks off.

13

**INT. MARCO'S FLAT, 00:46**

13

MARCO enters his dingy flat. Mountain bike against the wall, a tatty sofa. Old Xbox on the floor in front of a TV. He places his cheese on a coffee table then flops down on the couch before jumping back up with a yelp. CASEY is lying under a dirty duvet, eyes closed. She groans.

MARCO

What are you doing here?

CASEY

Let myself in.

He clocks the state of her.

MARCO

Twisted you.

She grunts, eyes closed.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Everyone's looking for you.

CASEY

Need dough.

MARCO

I'm wiped girl.

CASEY

A tenner...

MARCO

I'm tryin' to flog run over cheese.

CASEY

Away... get... I need...

She drifts off. Marco considers and then takes out his mobile. Casey mumbles something. Marco hides his phone behind his back. She drifts off again and then snores. He watches her, then takes a seat opposite. He is torn. Suddenly, he starts to text: "*R U stil on 2 Casey lad?*"

He scrolls through his contacts and then selects "Carl". He stares at her, then presses send with a painful wince.

CASEY (CONT'D)

A start... I've... if I can...

She goes again. Marco shakes his head. His phone bleeps. A text from Carl: "*Yeah lad. A fat grand if you turn her up*"

Marco shuts his eyes, can he do it? He looks at Casey and then around the flat. He has to do it. He taps out a reply: "*In me ken lad, get on it.*" He hits send and flops back.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Twatted... I am...

MARCO

Fuckin' Yoda there.

14      **INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, BEDROOM/MULLEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, 01:00 14**

KATE is lying in bed as she talks to her friend, Ellie, on the phone.

KATE

It's like he's fallen down a well.

ELLIE

Are you in the same room still?

KATE

Yeah, but we might as well not be.

ELLIE

Oh mate.

KATE

I just want to hold him and tell him it doesn't matter.

ELLIE

Yeah.

Beat.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
You don't think he's got someone  
else do you?

KATE  
What do you mean?

ELLIE  
Has he *got* someone else?

KATE  
No.

ELLIE  
I wasn't talking about your... your  
friend, the other...

KATE  
I know you weren't.

Kate places a hand across her eyes.

KATE (CONT'D)  
That was a mistake.

ELLIE  
Again. [Beat] Sorry.

KATE  
It's alright.

Kate's embarrassed.

CUT TO:

ELLIE also in bed, aware of the silence between them until:

ELLIE  
I wasn't going to mention him.

CUT TO:

Kate closes her eyes, phone to her ear.

KATE  
No [Beat] I'm shattered.

ELLIE  
Go to sleep, it'll be better in the  
morning.

KATE  
Yeah. [It won't be and she knows  
it] See you tomorrow.

ELLIE

Goodnight.

KATE

Love you.

ELLIE

Love you too.

Kate kills the call. She reaches for the lamp but stops when she sees TILLY at the doorway. She holds out her hand, and she sleepily walks over and climbs in the bed and cuddles in.

15

**EXT. POLICE STATION, CAR PARK/WAREHOUSE AREA, 02:15**

15

CHRIS is sitting on a wall next to the police car, drinking out of a coffee machine cup, staring at his phone. Eventually he dials Carl's number. Carl answers.

CARL (V.O.)

Yeah.

CHRIS

I've been to her alley and she isn't there. She's gone Carl.

CARL (V.O.)

We've got her.

CHRIS

What?

CARL (V.O.)

Forget her.

Chris struggles to comprehend.

CUT TO:

CARL is sitting in his car, engine off, in a deserted street.

CHRIS

Carl, please mate, be careful, she's not a bad kid she's...

CARL

You worry about yourself.

CHRIS

I...

CARL

And start taking your tablets will yer? Sort your head out.

CUT TO:

CHRIS is stunned, he struggles to comprehend. He stands up, turning a slow circle to look at the empty car park.

CHRIS

What?

CARL

Get a grip. Get pissed or something, have a holiday. Your bird's head's wrecked with you being a misery. Try smiling.

Carl hangs up, leaving Chris stunned. He tries to ring back, but it doesn't connect. Chris quickly rings Marco, but Marco doesn't pick up either. He leaves him a message.

CHRIS

Marco, call me... it's urgent. It's about Casey.

He hangs up and runs a hand through his hair. Fuck.

CUT TO:

RACHEL approaching the car carrying her equipment and a briefcase. She drops her hat. She bends down, struggling to pick it up, then she glances at Chris who is watching.

RACHEL

[Under her breath] Don't worry, I'll get it.

She picks up the hat and approaches the car. She struggles to open the back door, then tips her kit onto the back seat. Chris waits until Rachel slams the door and looks at him.

CHRIS

Take it all out and put it in the boot.

RACHEL

What? Why?

CHRIS

Because if we lock up and I'm struggling with a prisoner, I don't want to have to wait for you to move your shitting wardrobe before I can shove him into the backseat.

Rachel considers, then gets all of her kit out and puts it in the boot. She slams the boot and looks at Chris - he is staring at the floor, still trying to process what Carl's just told him.

RACHEL

Well?

Chris looks at her, then walks around the car and climbs in, slamming the door hard behind him. Rachel rolls her eyes, then Rachel does the same.

CUT TO:

They are in the car as CHRIS starts it. RACHEL ponders.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

CHRIS

What?

RACHEL

For before... the fight.

Chris nods, then grabs a gear and looks away.

CHRIS

Don't thank me, and don't gas me.

He goes to drive, then stops and looks at her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

[Softens] Sometimes in this job,  
you've got to do stuff that isn't  
in the books. Do you understand?

She nods. A beat, he stares, then nods, then drives.

16      **EXT/INT. POLICE STATION, CAR PARK/MULLEN'S CAR, 02:18**      16

MULLEN is sitting watching the barrier at the back of the station. It flicks up and he tries to duck low as CHRIS and RACHEL drive out but it's too late, and Chris clocks him as he waits at the junction - they're only a feet apart. They lock eyes for a long beat, then Chris pulls away.

Mullen straightens in his seat, watching them go.

17      **EXT/INT. LOCK UP/TRANSIT VAN, 03:20**      17

IAN is sitting in the van. Radio Four is playing softly. Through the side window we see BARRY emerge from the lock up and then climb in.

BARRY

I told her I was staying in  
tonight. We had a film lined up and  
everything. Pie dinner, few cans...

Barry shakes his head.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Does my head in this. Fuckin' bagheads, I hate them.

IAN

It won't take long.

BARRY

Fuckin' right it won't.

Ian looks at him, then starts the van.

18

**INT. POLICE STATION, CUSTODY SUITE, 03:30**

18

MULLEN enters with a machine coffee. BERNIE clocks him.

BERNIE

Ray?

MULLEN

Bernie! How you doing mate?

BERNIE

You got someone in?

Bernie swivels to look at the custody board which is marker penned up with names.

MULLEN

I don't bother with that shite anymore Bern, you know that.

BERNIE

No.

Mullen leans against the desk as the distant prisoner begins to bang and shout again. Bernie goes back to typing.

MULLEN

Happy customer.

BERNIE

You don't hear them after the first six hours.

MULLEN

It's not the one Chris Carson brought in is it?

Bernie looks up and stares for a beat.

BERNIE

No.

MULLEN

That was him out there just then wasn't it?

Bernie goes back to typing without answering.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Who's he working with?

BERNIE

Phil O'Rourke's sprog.

MULLEN

Sprog?

BERNIE

Two weeks on the streets... Rachel Hargreaves.

MULLEN

Where's Phil?

BERNIE

Bust his nose, so she's partnered with Carson the rest of the week. They're the only two parading on here.

MULLEN

God help her.

Bernie looks up and stares at Mullen hard.

BERNIE

Haven't you had enough?

MULLEN

What?

BERNIE

You did his legs once, and here you are trying to do them all over again.

MULLEN

I don't know what you mean?

BERNIE

You got him busted from detective inspector to constable Ray. You ruined his life, and here you are again with all the questions.

MULLEN

He was corrupt.

BERNIE

He was a bad line manager. And he wasn't the only one in that squad either.



Mullen goes to speak and then swallows it down. Bernie shakes his head and goes back to typing. Mullen hovers, hurt by Bernie's words, wanting to argue back but playing the nice guy. He scans the board again.

MULLEN

Alpha five four six? Assault  
police? That her?

Bernie ignores him. Mullen watches him a beat and then turns away. He takes a few paces then looks back at Bernie.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

He did his own legs.

Bernie folds his arms and stares. Mullen, irritated, exits.

BERNIE

Wanker.

We watch Mullen move through the station on a series of CCTV screens until he tosses his coffee and leaves the building.

19

**INT. MARCO'S FLAT, 03:40**

19

CASEY sits on the couch studying a hunk of cheese as MARCO listens to Chris's voicemail.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Marco, call me... it's urgent. It's  
about Casey.

Marco shrugs, then hangs up.

CASEY

This has got gravel in it. [beat]  
Who was that?

MARCO

Yer Ma.

CASEY

Your fucking Ma. [Beat] How long we  
waiting?

MARCO

He'll be here soon.

CASEY

Who is it?

MARCO

Just a lad.

CASEY

And he's bringing money just like  
that?

Marco shrugs. Casey goes back to picking at the cheese. There's a sudden banging at the door downstairs. Marco gets up and pads past Casey without looking at her.

A beat, then we hear voices on the stairs. Casey looks towards the door as it opens and BARRY enters, followed by IAN and a sheepish Marco. Barry holds a finger to his lips.

BARRY

Not one word.

20

**EXT/INT. STREETS/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 03:50**

20

CHRIS is driving, replaying the conversation with Carl.

CHRIS

Christ.

RACHEL, on her phone texting, looks up.

RACHEL

What?

Chris tries to cover his outburst. He looks at her phone.

CHRIS

[Terse] What are you doing?

RACHEL

I'm texting my boyfriend.

CHRIS

You're at work.

RACHEL

He's worried about me.

CHRIS

You're a police officer, tell him to have a word with himself.

Chris looks away, his mind still full of thoughts of Casey.

RACHEL

Doesn't your wife worry?

Chris looks at her, goes to speak and then changes his mind.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm just letting him know I'm okay.

He ignores her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It's just a text to let him know I'm alright.

He shakes his head.

Rachel looks at her phone: we see she is halfway through a text to Steve: *"ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT I THINK YOU'RE BEING UNFAIR"*

She glances at Chris and then hits send. A beat, but nothing comes back. She scrolls back, and we see endless messages to Steve, but none coming back. She shuts down the screen and starts to pay attention to what is happening outside the car.

Chris drives deep in thought, until finally, he pulls over to the side of the road. Rachel looks at him as he stares out of the windscreen at the empty street ahead. She's confused. Has he seen something? He just stares.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Chris?

He ignores her then comes to a decision. He spins the wheel and they take off in the other direction.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

He ignores her.

21

**INT. TRANSIT VAN/WAREHOUSE, 04:00**

21

We are in the back of the transit van. The back doors are open and we can see that it is parked in a cavernous, empty warehouse. Two benches run down the sides of the van, and old hi-vis work coats swing from hooks. CASEY is on the floor. BARRY is staring at her.

CASEY

What are you doing Barry?

BARRY

I was gonna watch a film tonight with my Mum - Adam Sandler.

CASEY

Your Mum's Adam Sandler?

A beat for her joke to sink in, then he kneels down. He isn't a man who understands jokes.

BARRY

Where's the gear?

CASEY

What gear?

BARRY

I'm not in the mood for fucking about smart arse.

CASEY

I lost it.

Barry stares.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Someone robbed it off me.

Barry considers, then shakes his head.

BARRY

[Quiet] I will smash you. Honest to God. I'll break every bone in your body if I have to. Do you understand me?

Casey stares into Barry's eyes. She knows he means it..

BARRY (CONT'D)

Tell me where the gear is, so I can go home to me Ma, me film, and me pie. Fucking. Dinner.

Casey pulls herself up - she leans in, about to start talking, then suddenly dives out the van and sprints towards the back of the warehouse. Barry is after her like a shot. She makes it a decent way before he grabs her and pulls her down to the floor.

CUT TO:

22

**INT. TRANSIT VAN/WAREHOUSE 04.02**

22

IAN and MARCO are in the front of the van. Ian is totally relaxed, but Marco is squirming. On the radio we can hear the soft sounds of the Radio Four announcer.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now on BBC Radio Four, Sailing By, followed by The Shipping Forecast...

The gentle sounds of the classical music start to play. After a few notes we hear Barry shouting and screaming.

BARRY [O.S]

WHERE IS IT? TELL ME WHERE IT IS!?  
TELL ME!!!?

Ian impassively turns up the music as Marco closes his eyes.

23

**EXT/INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR/BACK OF ASDA, 04:10**

23

CHRIS is driving at speed. We see stacks of pallets, shadows, skips of rubbish in the headlamps etc. We see a small fire burning with a man silhouetted against the flames.

CHRIS

This friggin' job...

24

**EXT/INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR/BACK OF ASDA, 04:15**

24

We are looking through the fire at DAVEY, a local homeless man, as he watches his bed burn. A police car stops behind him. CHRIS and RACHEL climb out and Chris walks up to stand next to Davey as Rachel goes to the boot of the car. Chris and Davey stare at the flames for a beat.

CHRIS

Davey.

Davey is unharmed. They stare at the burning mattress until Rachel arrives to extinguish the fire. It is much too big for her puny extinguisher, she slumps when she realises.

DAVEY

[quiet] They burned me bed.

Davey looks at her. He is suddenly bright, his mood changing like the flick of a switch as he points to the extinguisher.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Hey ho! She was gonna wet the bed!

RACHEL

It's foam.

Chris is staring at the smoking mess.

CHRIS

Who burnt it, Davey?

DAVEY

Stevo. Steeeeeeevo! Daylight come and he burnt my bed!

CHRIS

Stevo Marsh?

DAVEY

I cannot tell a lie officer, it was he. Eh? Ooooh.

CHRIS

Why'd he do it?

DAVEY

Bully boys. Eh? Bully beef and carrots? Eh? Pick on old Davey cos there's no one here to fight them. Eh? Eye of the tiger! Eh? Oooh.

Davey pulls a battered fast food bag out of his pocket and digs into it with a filthy hand.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Eh? Opal Fruits! Made to make your mouth water! Eh? Oooh. Starburst now like. Everything changes but you! Hey? Take That. Eh? Take this instead thanks. Eh?

Davey holds out a sweet to Chris who ignores it. A beat, then he offers the bag to Rachel who looks into it cautiously.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

May I interest Madam? Eh?

RACHEL

Erm... no thanks.

DAVEY

Suit oneself. Ooooh.

He bows and then smiles warmly at her. She smiles back. He presses a dimple in his cheek and flutters his eyelashes. Rachel is genuinely touched.

RACHEL

You're a charmer Davey.

DAVEY

Midnight with the stars and you  
Midnight and a rendez-vous... Eh?  
Ooooh!

She beams at him, then looks at Chris.

RACHEL

I'll get some statement forms.

Rachel heads off. Chris watches her go, then turns to Davey.

CHRIS

You seen Casey the last few days?

DAVEY

Who wants to know eh? Eh? Wink?

CHRIS

Has she given you a bag, or something else to hide?

Davey twitches but says nothing. Chris glances over to Rachel and then moves in close.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Davey, she's in deep shit and I can get her out if...

Davey's smiles and twitches are gone.

DAVEY

Do me a favour... scratch Davey's back? Eh? Ooh.

Chris cottons on.

CHRIS

Where's Stevo?

DAVEY

Back of the bingo hall, same as usual. Eh? Eyes down for a full house of bastards. Ooooh! Eh?

CHRIS

Stay here.

Chris heads for the car and climbs in just as Rachel pulls some statement forms out of her folder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Forget the statement, get in.

She's unsure. She glances at Davey who waves to her. She waves back, then she gets in the car just as the radio crackles into life.

RADIO (V.O.)

Any available Delta patrol able to attend further reports of a party that has got out of hand please?

Rachel reaches for the radio - Chris shoots her a look that says don't even think about it, then speeds off.

CUT TO:

DAVEY AS THE SILENCE DESCENDS. HE LOOKS AROUND THE YARD wearily. He's alone again. He trudges off to the skips.

25

**EXT. BINGO HALL, 04:25**

25

Three lads (STEVO, KYLE, ENNO) are sitting in a doorway marked 'FIRE EXIT.' They are passing a joint and bottle of cheap cider around.

CHRIS

(To Rachel) Bodycam off.

RACHEL reaches for her bodycam as CHRIS goes on ahead.

CHRIS steps into shot in front of them. They look up in shock for a beat, and then with belligerence.

Chris leans in, takes the joint from one of the kids and the bottle from another. He studies the joint, then drops it into the bottle with a hiss.

STEVO

Eee ar lad!

Stevo speaks up, he is the leader.

STEVO (CONT'D)

What's your problem lad? We're just sittin' off aren't we?

KYLE

Bad bizzie him la. Off his head.

The grumbling dies down as the lads become unnerved by Chris's silence. Eventually, Chris addresses Stevo.

CHRIS

Why did you set fire to Davey's bed?

STEVO

Davey lad? Mad him.

CHRIS

Why did you set fire to Davey's bed?

STEVO

Nobody set fire to nothin' lad, so tell him to do one the dirty rat of a man.

Chris crouches resting one knee on Stevo's ankle. Stevo screams - he sees the darkness in Chris's face. At that moment, Chris could do anything. The fire fades a fraction as Chris pushes off and stands again.

RACHEL is standing a few feet behind Chris. Kyle makes eye contact with her and flicks his eyes toward Chris. *"Are you just going to stand there?"*

CHRIS

[Soft] You burned his bed. He's got fuck all, and you burnt his bed.

STEVO

He's just a tramp lad. He probably dropped a biffa or something.

Rachel shifts position so that she is shoulder to shoulder with Chris. He ignores her. Stevo is genuinely scared as Chris glares. Enno hasn't fully picked up on it.

ENNO

Brand new her lad. Look, her boots are dead shiny.

Everyone except Chris and Stevo, look down at her boots. She shuffles a little, and then rests her hand on her cuffs.



ENNO (CONT'D)

Ha! Look at that lad. Actin' hard.  
Fit though, [to Chris] I bet you're  
happy lad. All night in the danny  
with tha?

Stevo manages to pull away from Chris.

RACHEL

You think that's appropriate?

STEVO

Are you a Manc?

RACHEL

No.

STEVO

She's a Manc.

ENNO

Bad Manc bizzie that lad.

RACHEL

I'm from Warrington.

Chris closes his eyes for a beat.

ENNO

Ha ha! Wool lad!

Chris suddenly crouches down, eyes on Stevo who flinches,  
totally fixed on Chris.

CHRIS

[Quiet, the devil] Why don't you  
bully me? You bully Davey, but you  
don't bully me? Why is that?

Chris moves in very close.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Is it because you're a shit house?

RACHEL

Chris.

CHRIS

'Cos he won't fight back?

STEVO

Behave.

CHRIS

Shit house.

Chris puts a hand on Stevo's leg as he leans in closer still.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You got the balls, Stevo? Fancy  
having a go? Me and you?

Stevo pulls his leg away. He stands, trying to keep away from Chris who rises with him. Chris weaves in closer still, Stevo lifts his hands, like he's expecting a punch as Chris backs him to the wall. Chris leans in so close his lips brush Stevo's face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Have a go now I can hit you back.

Chris is gone. Who is he speaking to? Stevo hasn't a clue and his nerve has gone. It is all he can do to keep his eyes open. Rachel takes hold of Chris's arm and pulls him back an inch as the other lads look on open mouthed as Chris blows.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'll kill you. You pick on him  
again, and I will kill you.

Chris stares a beat and then looks at the others.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

One of you touches Davey and all of  
you go down. No bollocks, no  
messing about, you just go down.

They nod. Chris turns and pushes past Rachel who hovers a beat, eyes on Stevo before Kyle speaks.

KYLE

Mad him lad.

A beat, then Rachel hurries after Chris.

RACHEL

What was that??!

Chris goes to open his door but she leans against it. He stares at her so intensely, she steps back to get out of his way. Chris gets in the car. She glances towards the lads and sees that Stevo is walking away alone. Chris fires up the car. She hovers then gets in.

26

**EXT/INT. CHRIS'S POLICE CAR/BACK OF ASDA, 04:35**

26

The fire has burned down low. DAVEY is standing by a nearby skip. He looks over as CHRIS and RACHEL climb out of the police car.

CHRIS

[to Rachel] Wait here.

RACHEL doesn't move as CHRIS heads toward Davey, who wipes his hands down nervously. RACHEL can't believe what's just happened.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
[to Davey] It's done.

DAVEY  
Eh? Ooh.

Davey fidgets and then turns back to the skip.

CHRIS  
Davey? [Beat] Casey?

Davey leans right into the skip, digging deep to get away. It dawns on Chris. He's been played.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Oh you bastard.

Davey flinches, turns and lifts a hand.

DAVEY  
Hey! Oooh no. I didn't say I knew!  
No... I just eh?

Chris is furious. Desperate.

CHRIS  
She's in the shit and you're  
playing games.

He goes to walk away.

DAVEY  
What else do I do? Eh? Oooh, eh?

Chris looks at him, checks on Rachel and then takes a step toward him. Davey steps back and then is suddenly still.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Would you have helped me otherwise?

Chris stops. A beat, then:

CHRIS  
[Soft] Yeah, of course I would...

Davey shakes his head.

DAVEY  
Nah.

Davey walks away. Chris watches him go, anger mounting.

CHRIS  
I'm a copper!

Davey flinches then stops and stares.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'm trying to help her, aren't I?

Davey manages a shrug. Chris spins. Rachel is standing closer now.

RACHEL  
Who's Casey?

He ignores her and walks back to the car.

27

**INT. TRANSIT VAN/WAREHOUSE, 04:40**

27

CASEY sits slumped in the corner of the van. BARRY is sitting, feet hanging out of the side door as he smokes a cigarette. IAN is watching through the hatch as he sips a thermos cup of tea.

IAN  
[Softly] Girl, this is just gonna  
get worse for you. He's not even  
started yet.

Barry looks over his shoulder at Casey, who still refuses to talk.

BARRY  
Waste of time making it hard for  
yourself. No point in it at all.

IAN  
Casey?

They wait for a response, but she's not talking.

BARRY  
The man is speaking to you.

IAN  
Casey?

Casey ignores them both.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Casey? Girl? Look at me.

Casey looks up towards Ian who waggles his thermos cup.

Casey nods so Ian passes the cup through to Barry who gently holds it to her lips. Casey drinks. A beat, then Barry lowers the cup. They sit and stare at each other for a beat.

CASEY  
Smiggy.

IAN

Party Boy?

Casey nods as Barry and Ian exchange glances. Ian shrugs.

BARRY

[To Ian] Smiggy would have told us.

CASEY

Smiggy doesn't know, dickhead.

Barry looks at Ian again, who nods, then the flap shuts with a bang.

28

**INT/EXT. PETROL STATION/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 05:00**

28

CHRIS is in the car in the forecourt of a brightly lit petrol station. RACHEL is inside talking to the ATTENDANT. Chris watches her as he calls Marco.

MARCO (V.O.)

[Voicemail] Yeah man, speak.

CHRIS

Call me, yeah? I need you to call me.

Rachel glances over. Chris manages a smile and a nod. He kills the call and looks at the clock. He closes his eyes and rubs them. He's tired. A beat, then the car door opens and he snaps back. Rachel gets in and hands him a bottle of Apple Lucozade.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I wanted orange.

RACHEL

They didn't have any.

CHRIS

They had no orange?

RACHEL

No. They had no orange so I bought you apple. Alright?

Chris sighs and opens the bottle.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

[Beat] I don't know what to put in my notebook.

CHRIS

What?

RACHEL

Those lads?

Chris flops back and unscrews the lid on his drink.

CHRIS  
Don't put anything.

RACHEL  
I could get into trouble.

CHRIS  
You won't get into trouble. They  
know the score.

She stares off for a beat.

RACHEL  
I want to support you Chris. You're  
my partner tonight and I want to be  
on your side but... that was  
heavy... too heavy.

He takes a drink and then looks at her.

CHRIS  
What would you have done?

RACHEL  
Arrest them for criminal damage?

CHRIS  
[Tired] Oh come on Rachel. Criminal  
damage to a tramp's bed? How long  
do you get in prison for burning  
cardboard?

Chris stares at her a beat until she shrugs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Look, even if I got a charge out of  
the CPS, some magistrate is going  
to pull a face at me, and then send  
them home with a fine they're never  
going to pay. And what is the first  
thing they do when they get out of  
that courtroom?

He waits for an answer that doesn't come.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
The first thing they do is find him  
and kick his fucking head in.

She gives it some thought, then half turns and looks at him.

RACHEL  
I just don't want to lose my job  
before I've even started it.

CHRIS

You won't lose your job.

RACHEL

You made me look stupid.

CHRIS

Your boots made you look stupid...  
and then they heard your accent.

She smiles, despite herself. She looks away, still a little unhappy then she opens her drink with a hiss.

RADIO (V.O.)

Delta Patrol for an incident marked  
IR IR please? A male in the  
vicinity of Belcross Road, reported  
to be carrying a sword. Delta  
Patrol to take a look please?

Chris smiles. He keys his radio.

CHRIS

Four seven responding.

RADIO (V.O.)

Four seven, thanks. Just take a  
look please Chris, we're trying to  
get armed response to get there  
first.

CHRIS

[To radio] Yeah whatever.

He looks at her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Okay?

She nods without looking at him. They drive away.

29

**EXT/INT. VICTORIAN STREET/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 05:15**

29

CHRIS and RACHEL are cruising down a street of fine Victorian villas. Both are scanning the pavement as they creep along.

CHRIS

Super switched on alright.

RACHEL

Yeah.

CHRIS

You watch me, I watch you.

RACHEL

Who watches the guy with the sword?

CHRIS

We worry about that when...

Chris leans on the brakes and stares up at the one untidy house. The front door is wide open. Chris keys his radio.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Four seven.

RADIO (V.O.)

Go ahead Chris.

CHRIS

I think we've found the location of this guy.

RADIO (V.O.)

F.I.M. is saying to wait until the ARVs arrive Chris.

CHRIS

Roger.

Chris kills the engine and opens his door. Rachel watches him but stays put. Chris leans back inside.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You coming?

RACHEL

They said to wait.

CHRIS

This is why you joined isn't it?

She looks at the house and then Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

The terror?

She smiles.

30

**INT. TRANSIT VAN, 05:16**

30

IAN is texting as MARCO sits watching looking like he's going to be sick.

MARCO

She alright?

Ian ignores him.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Smiggy's gaff eh?

Ian looks up from his phone and makes Marco nervous.



MARCO (CONT'D)

I didn't really hear much like.

Ian stares and then goes back to texting: *"The gear is at Smiggy the Party Boy's gaff. Taking her now to show us. See you there"*

Ian starts the van and then looks at Marco.

IAN

Get out.

MARCO

Me money?

IAN

Get out the van, Marco.

MARCO

Shall I take her with me like?

Ian simply stares. Marco hesitates, then gets out.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Ring me yeah?

Ian pulls away causing the door to swing shut.

MARCO watches the van pull away. What has he done?

31

**EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, 05:18**

31

CHRIS draws his baton and heads towards the house tentatively with RACHEL. RACHEL is nervous but excited.

RACHEL

Should I go round the back?

CHRIS

Do you want to die?

RACHEL

No.

CHRIS

Well, no then.

She smiles, this is exciting. He enters the house with Rachel following.

32

**INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/SIDEROOM 05:22**

32

CHRIS emerges from a side room back into the hallway. He flicks the light switch, it doesn't work. He shines the torch beam around, and we see the decay and piles of rubbish.

He keeps walking, pushing a door open and checking inside, but not entering. He looks around. RACHEL is by the door. He gives her a thumbs up and she nods back. He moves on, flicking the torch around, suddenly, in an area that was empty a moment ago, stands KEVIN. He is huge, dishevelled with long hair and beard. He is holding a broadsword high, ready to attack.

Chris takes a few steps back as Kevin charges.

Kevin doesn't stop, so Chris steps in and trips him with his baton and pushes him to the floor. Kevin goes down in a heap. Chris grabs the sword and steps back just as Rachel joins him, baton out.

CHRIS

What are you doing?

Kevin, scrabbles and tries to grab at Chris but quickly runs out of steam, exhausted and upset. Chris and Rachel shine their torches into Kevin's face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Kevin?

KEVIN

I've broke me knee!

CHRIS

Get up you fat fuck.

Chris helps Kevin to the foot of the stairs where he sits.

KEVIN

Thought it was them kids again.

CHRIS

A sword though?

KEVIN

They smashed my door.

Chris looks around. Rachel watches, baton still in hand.

CHRIS

We saw. Have you got no lights?

KEVIN

'Lecky ran out.

Kevin hugs his knee. Chris lifts the sword and studies it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Me dad won it in Blackpool.

Chris looks at Kevin, then hands the sword to Rachel before keying his radio.

CHRIS  
(To radio)  
Cancel the ARVs please Delta.

33      **INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, 05:30**

33

The kitchen is large and cluttered, and lit by candles. The sword lies on the kitchen table, and the window is blocked out with newspaper taped to it. Kevin exaggeratedly limps and places a mug in front of Chris, who is sitting at the table, and then takes the seat opposite. Chris looks into the mug as Rachel loiters by the door.

KEVIN  
I've only got water.

Chris studies the water with disgust then looks at Kevin.

CHRIS  
What is the point of you, Kev?

KEVIN  
I'm depressed.

RACHEL  
So am I now.

Kevin glances at her. She shrugs.

RADIO (V.O.)  
Any available Delta patrol able to  
attend further reports of this  
party that has got out of hand  
please?

Kevin pauses, expecting Chris to answer but he simply lowers the volume.

CHRIS  
Where's your social worker?

KEVIN  
Cuts.

CHRIS  
Not with that sword.

KEVIN  
I've got another assessment in two  
weeks. The fella I went to see  
first said...

Chris holds up his hand.

CHRIS

I need you to get to the point  
Kevin - are you a mentalist right  
now, at this minute?

RACHEL

Mentalist?

Chris shushes her and indicates that Kevin should continue.

KEVIN

No, I'm just sick of it. It... all  
the shit.

CHRIS

A sword though?

RACHEL

You could have been shot.

Kevin looks at her in the gloom.

KEVIN

What else can I do? Who listens to  
me? I can't get no help so I'm  
having to help myself.

She nods. She gets it.

CHRIS

We see where you're coming from  
Kev. Fuck me, I'd love to go around  
with a sword, but you can't.

A long sigh.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

None of us are getting the help we  
need mate. But if they see how much  
life is getting to you they'll use  
it against you. You have to hide  
it. Do you understand?

Kevin and Rachel are staring at Chris - both suddenly seeing  
the real him. Chris a little embarrassed, half-turns  
acknowledging Rachel without actually looking at her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Kids and that... they see a victim  
and they'll be all over him... you  
know?

Both Kevin and Rachel nod, neither of them buying it.

34           **EXT. BUS STOP, 05:40**

34

MARCO sighs deeply and shakes his head. He looks at his phone. We can see that he has sent Casey several messages asking if she is okay. He stands up, eyes looking for the night bus that isn't coming. A beat, then he scrolls his phone. We see "CHRIS BIZZIE", then he types: "Lad. Fucked up bad 'ere. Casey in shit at Party Boys gaff. Get on it." He sits down on the kerb.

35           **INT/EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, 05:45**

35

CHRIS and KEVIN are still sat. Rachel is looking through empty food cupboards behind them.

CHRIS

So you're still getting dole?

KEVIN

They took me car but I still get...

Chris's phone beeps. He holds up a hand and starts to read Marco's message then suddenly stands and heads for the door.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Is that it?

Rachel breaks off from her search.

CHRIS

[To Rachel] We've got to go.

RACHEL

He's got no food.

CHRIS

Look at the size of him.

Kevin self-consciously puts a hand on his belly.

RACHEL

We should notify social services.

Chris can't believe what he is hearing.

CHRIS

He's got a social worker.

Kevin nods.

RACHEL

And they obviously aren't doing their job.

KEVIN

I'm hungry.

CHRIS

You're always hungry. [To Rachel]  
Come on.

RACHEL

He needs our help Chris.

Chris gives her pleading eyes. They do no good so he approaches her.

CHRIS

[Quietly] Pick your battles.

RACHEL

What?

CHRIS

He's got a house... it's a shit house but it's still a house. You want to try and get social workers out because he's got no dinner? What happens if we get another job with someone who is really in trouble tonight? Properly in trouble? Starving to death or battered by their husband? What happens to them?

RACHEL

We ring social services.

CHRIS

You can't. You've tied up the only social worker on duty dealing with Orson here.

Chris points at Kevin who shrugs. Rachel gives it some thought.

RACHEL

So we just leave him?

CHRIS

Is he in immediate danger?

RACHEL

No but...

She runs out of steam. She looks at Kevin.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You going to be alright Kevin?

He nods.

CHRIS

Alright then, let's go.

Rachel walks past Chris towards the door. He watches her go and then heads to the table. She looks back and sees Chris take out his wallet and pass Kevin a ten pound note.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Get some lecky Kevin.

Kevin nods. He appreciates it. Chris turns and sees Rachel has seen what happened. He shrugs, she smiles. They exit.

36

**EXT/INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 05:50**

36

CHRIS and RACHEL inside their car in silence.

CHRIS  
(To radio)  
Four seven?

RADIO (V.O.)  
Go ahead Chris?

CHRIS  
(To radio)  
That party? Is it still a thing?

RADIO (V.O.)  
If you say you are going to take a look Chris, you'll be my number one favourite. It's been clogging my screen for hours.

RACHEL  
I thought you didn't want to go?

CHRIS  
(To radio)  
Whack us down for it.

RADIO (V.O.)  
Roger! Thank you!

Chris fires up the car and pulls away.

37

**EXT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, 06:00**

37

We can hear thumping beats as IAN drives the transit along a dark derelict street. Halfway down the street, a group of SCALLIES are staring at a YOUNG LAD on the floor as they drink and smoke in front of a derelict, old building.

The van stops adjacent to them. Ian gets out the van and walks around to open the side door. BARRY climbs down and helps CASEY out. All three of them stare at a young lad, and then the scallies standing around.

BARRY

[Flat] Is he dead?

SCALLY GIRL

He fell down a K-hole.

The lad lifts his hands out like he is sleepwalking, then slowly lets them fall down again.

Ian shakes his head, and then speaks over the music as he looks at the Synagogue.

IAN

I hate Drill.

BARRY

That's not Drill, it's Grime.

IAN

What?

BARRY

BPM's slower.

Barry shrugs. Ian shakes his head and looks at Casey.

IAN

Where's the gear?

CASEY

Upstairs.

IAN

Upstairs?

CASEY

I was here the other night and Party Boy was out of his head, so I just went up and hid it.

They all look up.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I'll show you.

Barry and Ian look at each other, then at Casey who shrugs.

CASEY (CONT'D)

You won't find it.

BARRY

[Wearily] Bag 'eds get on my tits.

They set off.



38           **EXT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, 06:05**

38

We see Chris's police car picking its way down the street. Heads turn as the car pulls up, but nobody moves to leave.

39           **EXT/INT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE/CHRIS'S POLICE CAR, 06:08**

39

RACHEL eyes the scene with apprehension.

CHRIS

Wait with the car.

Rachel indignantly looks at him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

If we leave the car outside on its own, it won't be here when we get back.

CHRIS taps the side of his head "think". Rachel watches him enter the building. She cranes her neck to look at a YOUNG LAD now writhing on the floor.

40           **INT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, 06:15**

40

CASEY, BARRY and IAN are moving through the building. Here and there PEOPLE are lying around or kissing and cuddling. The place is seedy, dark, smoky and grim. A DJ is spinning records in a booth but hardly anyone is dancing. The music is deafening.

Barry leads the way; doors are smashed off their hinges and flashing lights bounce out of side rooms. He passes a couple of LADS smoking a joint and drinking cider. One of them offers him a drag, but he pushes the lad out of the way.

Barry looks back at CASEY who gestures to a set of stairs. They have to duck under blankets, plastic sheeting, and swinging coloured lamps. They climb through holes in walls and step over people on the floor.

CUT TO:

CHRIS enters the building - he sees the grim decay of the building, and holes smashed into the walls, and beyond them, different areas which look like a warzone.

41           **INT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, KITCHEN, 06:20**

41

CHRIS enters the kitchen. The music is fainter, a single bare lightbulb swings above us.

PARTY BOY (50s) battered, and dressed like a club goer from the 90s, sits at a table laden with bottles of cheap booze and clear plastic bags containing unknown substances.

On his lap is a semi-conscious twenty something WOMAN. Her head is draped on his shoulder as he texts on his phone. He looks up as Chris enters, then down at the baggies on the table, and then back up at Chris who sits down opposite. Chris surveys the table and then opens a bottle of spirits, sniffs it, and then tips some dregs out of a plastic cup, then pours himself a shot.

CHRIS

This your daughter?

PARTY BOY

It's your Ma. What do you want?

CHRIS

Casey been here?

42

**EXT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, 06:22**

42

RACHEL stares at the YOUNG LAD on the floor, he's stopped moving. She gets out of the car, and crouches down as the SCALLIES watch on disinterested. She touches his arm. The lad opens his eyes and smiles. She smiles back.

RACHEL

Quiet night eh?

Carl's Audi stops just past the police car. Everyone breaks off to look as it reverses back and then stops in the middle of the road.

CARL climbs out and approaches them. He is confident, intimidating, we can feel the change in atmosphere as he eyes the lads. He is the dominant lion and they know it. Rachel stands up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Carl stops, then very deliberately looks at her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You can't just leave your car blocking the entrance like that.

Carl looks at his car, then walks towards her. He stops a fraction too close, staring into her eyes.

CARL

Who you with?

RACHEL

Are you in the job?

CARL

Who you with?

RACHEL

What's it got to do with you?

Carl steps in close. Too close.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Who are you?

CARL

I'm a drug dealer.

Carl tilts his head, staring her out. She's tougher than she looks, she stares back.

CARL (CONT'D)

You know Chris Carson?

Rachel glances at the house. Carl reads it like a pro.

CARL (CONT'D)

He's your partner? Fuckin' hell girl, not your night.

RACHEL

Move back.

CARL

You wanna' search me?

RACHEL

No. I want you to move back.

CARL

I just told you I'm a drug dealer.  
What are you gonna do?

Rachel reaches for her radio but Carl beats her to it. He holds the radio which is positioned over her breast. This shocks Rachel and seriously unsettles her. Rachel reaches for her baton but Carl beats her again, face inches from hers.

CARL (CONT'D)

You think Carson is going to help you?

He smiles. She is starting to panic.

RACHEL

[Nervous/soft] Let go.

Carl smiles then lets go, and heads into the building. The scallies on the steps part for him, then cast looks at Rachel who desperately tries to collect herself before following after him.

43

**INT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, SIDEROOM 06:25**

43

RACHEL pushes the door open looking for Chris. The building's space amazes her. The DJ is now playing just for himself and a single CLUBBER dancing on their own.

Rachel crosses to the DJ and waves a hand in his face.

RACHEL

Lower the music!

He looks up. He is as high as a kite.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oi, Greg James, lower the music?

He looks back down but the music doesn't change. Rachel looks around and keeps walking.

In a side room, she sees a low coffee table with two SCALLY LADS cutting up some coke. They look up, consider RACHEL, and then go back to cutting. This is the final straw. She racks out her baton.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Stand up, move away from the table!

She has to shout to be heard. One of the lads looks at her, as his mate snorts a line

44

**INT. DERELICT BUILDING, UPSTAIRS, 06:27**

44

CASEY is leading BARRY and IAN through the space which is filled with mattresses, graffiti, and rubbish. Barry looks unsure as he shoots a look at Ian.

CASEY

It was mad in here the other night.  
I was off me tits when I hid it.

Casey looks into a room.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I thought it was this room, but now  
I'm up here...

Casey looks into the next room. She leans down as if searching for something. Barry leans forward to see what she is doing. She's quick. She swings a short plank of wood around and catches Barry hard on the side of the head. The wood sticks to Barry as Casey lets go.

She stares at him in shock as he tries to figure out why a piece of wood is pinned to his head. A beat, then Casey shoves Barry into Ian and disappears into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

45           **EXT/INT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, KITCHEN, 06:29**

45

CHRIS and PARTY BOY are still talking.

PARTY BOY

I'm telling you: she's never been here.

Chris leans back, he's had enough when a pair of legs dangle at the kitchen window behind Party Boy. Chris stares at the legs in disbelief, before CASEY drops down into sight. She stares at Chris through the window as he stares back. She smiles, waves, then she is gone.

Chris is up and heading for the back door watched by Party Boy. He pulls on the handle and then realises the door is nailed shut. He spins and runs through the kitchen heading back for the exit.

45A           **INT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, UPSTAIRS, 06:30**

45A

BARRY is on his knees as IAN hovers uncertainly. CARL appears, he's been searching the house and he isn't happy.

CARL

[To Ian] What you doing?

Ian gestures to Barry who gently touches the plank.

CARL (CONT'D)

Where is she?

IAN

Out the window.

Carl turns and then stops and looks at Barry as if seeing him for the first time. He takes hold of the piece of wood and roughly pulls it free. A quarter of an inch of nail drips blood as Carl looks at it, and then throws it on the floor.

CARL

Come 'ed.

Carl walks away. Ian watches him go and then turns to look at the still kneeling Barry who simply stares back.

46           **EXT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, 06:30**

46

CHRIS bursts out the front door looking for Rachel. He stares at Carl's car, then the deserted police car. He grabs the SCALLY GIRL who is standing outside smoking.

CHRIS

Where's she gone?

SCALLY GIRL

Who?

CHRIS

The copper.

SCALLY GIRL

In there.

She flicks her head towards the door. Chris charges back in.

47      **INT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, 06:31**

47

CHRIS re-enters the synagogue. He opens a door and steps through. As the door closes behind him, CARL, BARRY and IAN sweep past and exit the synagogue.

48      **INT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, SIDEROOM, 6:33**

48

CHRIS appears on the dancefloor; the music suddenly stops, Chris freezes, listening hard to the silence. He sees RACHEL on the floor fighting with the two SCALLIES - she's doing ok, and she has one in a headlock.

RACHEL

Stop fighting!

CHRIS looms with his baton and cracks the other scally, and then pulls the one Rachel is holding away. The lad cries out as Chris's baton strikes his leg. He then pulls Rachel up off the floor and shoves her towards the door.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

He's under arrest!

Chris pushes her out before turning back to the lads who are nursing wounds on the floor. He points the baton at them each in turn, a silent threat, and then exits the room.

49      **EXT. ALLEYWAYS, 06:34**

49

CASEY is running fast, high on adrenaline. She hangs a right at the end of the alleyway, sprints along a street and then heads left into another one. She jumps a wall into someone's garden, then over the back fence, taking the quickest possible route to the town centre.

50      OMITTED

50

51      **INT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, 06:42**

51

CHRIS pushes RACHEL towards the front door and then turns as PARTY BOY shouts.

PARTY BOY

Why's me music stopped?

Chris heads for Party Boy and swings the baton fast into his leg. Party Boy drops to his knees with a scream. Chris grabs his hair and pulls back his head as he holds the baton aloft.

CHRIS

Where will Casey be going?

PARTY BOY

I only know her backyard!

Chris twitches the baton. Party Boy throws up his hands.

PARTY BOY (CONT'D)

Not the one off the alley! Her country residence.

Chris leans in. Party Boy cuts the gags.

PARTY BOY (CONT'D)

You go through her yard, then over the wall, past the next yard, into the back of the club two doors down-

Chris pushes Party Boy down, grabs Rachel and exits.

52

**EXT. DERELICT SYNAGOGUE, 06:45**

52

RACHEL is dishevelled and isn't happy. CHRIS throws her the baton and then heads for the driver's door.

CHRIS

Get in.

RACHEL

My prisoner!

CHRIS

Forget them.

RACHEL

No!

CHRIS

Get in the car!

RACHEL

They were cutting up coke right in front of me Chris!

CHRIS

You shouldn't have gone in there!

RACHEL

I was doing my job!

CHRIS

I told you to mind the car!

RACHEL

Fuck the car! They were taking the drugs!!!

Chris hasn't got time for this.

CHRIS

Fuck the drugs and get in.

RACHEL

STOP TELLING ME TO GET IN THE CAR  
CHRIS! YOU'RE NOT AN INSPECTOR  
ANYMORE! REMEMBER?

Chris reels.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I am going back for my prisoners.

CHRIS

If you lock up, you're walking them  
on your own in because I've got  
shit to do.

Rachel goes to the back of the car, opens the boot, and takes out her coat and hat and puts it on. She walks back to where she was standing and stares at Chris.

RACHEL

Whoever this Casey is, I hope for her sake that you don't find her. You are toxic. Honestly, you're a car crash of a human being. You're acting like you're a knight in shining armour but you're not. You're just an angry arsehole with a chip on your shoulder. So go on and fuck off.

Chris gets in the car and drives away.

Shit. She wasn't expecting that. Rachel watches him go and then turns to face the house. The beat starts up again. The front door opens and TWO LADS fall out fighting with each other as a GIRL screams.

The two lads roll onto the kerb, wrestling as the girl vomits against the wall. Rachel is willing herself to move, to go inside, but she can't. She turns and walks away.

CHRIS is driving, he's moving at speed but on auto pilot.



54

**INT. TOWN CENTRE, ALLEYWAY/BACKYARD, 07:10**

54

CHRIS skids to a stop. He jumps out the car and heads straight down Casey's alleyway at a run. He flashes his torch around and then ducks into the yard.

He cocks an ear, listening, then suddenly heads for the wall. He flicks his torch and sees a beer crate half-covered with bin bags. He kicks away the rubbish and then hops up on the crate. The yard next door is in a shit state with years of rubbish. -

Chris climbs the wall and drops over. He slips, landing hard, falling into the mud and shit on the floor. He sniffs his hands and then scans the yard with his torch. He checks the far wall, sees one brick removed for a foothold. He tries to climb, slips, wipes his hands, and then struggles over the wall before dropping out of sight. We look over the wall and see he is digging through even more bin bags.

CHRIS

Christ's sake... Casey!

He sees an outside toilet. He pulls at the door and it half falls off. He ducks in and then emerges gagging at the smell. In his hand he has a navy blue holdall. He struggles to open the zip and then shines the torch in. It is full of blocks of white powder. He pulls one out and studies it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

55

**EXT. TOWN CENTRE, ALLEYWAY, 07:15**

55

CHRIS has switched off his torch as he makes his way back towards the car with the holdall. He stops. CASEY at the end of the alley, a ghost of a silhouette. He squints, then shines his torch on her.

CASEY

Chris, please.

CHRIS

You're a cockroach.

CASEY

Honestly, I was gonna go but...

Chris pushes past and throws the bag into the car, before walking around to the driver's door.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Don't please... at least help me?

He stops and looks at her.

CHRIS

Help you? Now? I tried to help. I  
tried do the right thing and you  
worked me right over.

He walks towards her. She steps back so that she is almost in  
the alley again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Carl Sweeney was in my house, with  
my wife, and my...

He chokes, collects himself, and the advances on her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

...my son, all because of you.

She is backing down the alleyway, the both of them heading  
into darkness.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I was trying to protect you. And  
you had this the whole time!

He walks her backwards till she is pressed up against the  
wall. Casey is desperate for a way out.

CASEY

Okay, you give them back to Carl  
for me?

CHRIS

I'm a fucking police officer,  
Casey.

CASEY

Well, what you going to do with  
them? If you hand them in you're as  
dead as I am.

Chris thinks then shrugs. They stare at each other for a beat  
and then he walks away.

56

**EXT/INT. PARK/RACHEL'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM, 07:16**

56

We are looking at Google Maps on a phone screen. We pull back  
to RACHEL holding the phone in a dimly-lit park. She doesn't  
want to do this but she does. We see "STEVE" on the screen.

CUT TO:

STEVE is sitting on the couch playing with the X-Box. He sees  
that it's Rachel calling and answers, but doesn't speak.

CUT TO:

RACHEL listens confused.

RACHEL  
Steve?

STEVE (O.S.)  
Yeah.

RACHEL  
You home yet?

STEVE (O.S.)  
I'm on the Xbox, knocked off an hour ago.

RACHEL  
Can you come and get me?

STEVE (O.S.)  
I'm on the Xbox.

RACHEL  
I'm stuck and I need a lift to the station.

STEVE (O.S.)  
I'm on the Xbox.

CUT TO:

Steve now has the phone jammed under his chin as he plays.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
Steve?

STEVE  
What?

RACHEL (O.S.)  
Can you come and get me?

STEVE  
I'm on the Xbox.

CUT TO:

Rachel lowers her head.

RACHEL  
Okay.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Alright.

She hangs up.

57

**EXT/INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE/CHRIS'S CAR, 08:15**

57

CHRIS is sitting outside his house lost in thought. He looks like shit. Dirt on his face and shirt, hands on the wheel, engine off.

He closes his eyes and releases a deep, deep sigh. He looks across at the bag of drugs on the seat next to him and then looks at the state of himself, before resting his head back exhausted. He closes his eyes.

Through the windscreen, we see KATE and TILLY coming out the front door. Chris snaps out of it and sees them. He looks around and then down at his uniform. It's like he's not seen the dirt before, and it comes as a shock. He makes a couple of desultory swipes to try and wipe the crap off, panicked almost. He stares at his hands.

CHRIS

[Softly] The state of me.

Kate looks across and sees him. Chris can't move. She lifts a hand, concerned. He grabs the holdall and gets out of the car and heads towards her.

Tilly, ignoring her dad, gets into the back of her mum's car. Chris notices the snub and looks at Kate. She clocks the state of him but doesn't say anything.

KATE

You missed breakfast.

Chris looks at Tilly then Kate.

CHRIS

I had work.

Chris taps on the glass. Tilly looks at him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I had work mate.

Tilly looks away. Chris is stung.

KATE

It isn't great Chris.

CHRIS

Look at me...

She shrugs. She isn't angry, just sad. He nods, he agrees..

KATE

We've got to go.

CHRIS

Yeah.

She walks around the car. Chris looks at Tilly and then taps on the window again. Tilly looks up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Tilly shrugs. Chris looks at Kate who is about to get in the car.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I love you.

Kate ignores him and gets in. He looks down at himself and then the bag, and then around at the neighbourhood before slouching into the house.

57A **EXT/INT. SCHOOL, GATES/KATE'S CAR, 08:30**

57A

KATE is dropping TILLY off at school. As Tilly runs off into the playground, a text comes through on Kate's mobile as she is sat in the car: *'Seeing you yesterday... I can't sleep... let's try again. I love you. Xxxxx M xxxxx'*

Kate stares at the screen. She hovers over the delete button unsure, and then she deletes, before starting the engine and pulling away.

57B **INT. MULLEN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/STAIRS/BEDROOM, 08:31**

57B

MULLEN sits alone staring at the text he has sent to Kate. No reply. He sips some coffee and then looks up as ELLIE enters. She is about to take ADAM to school.

ELLIE

I thought I heard you coming in.

MULLEN

I tried to be quiet.

Ellie comes up behind Mullen.

ELLIE

Good night?

MULLEN

Yeah, not bad.

ELLIE

Are you back out tonight?

MULLEN

I don't know yet.

ELLIE

Shouldn't they tell you in advance?  
It's hard to plan... you know, our  
lives and that?

Mullen rises and shrugs as he collects his stuff.

MULLEN

Nature of the operation. [Looks at  
her] Pain in the arse but...

She nods then heads out with Adam.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

I might have to go out again in a  
couple of hours.

She turns as she exits to look at him. She isn't happy.

CUT TO:

We follow MULLEN as he heads upstairs to the bedroom. He is  
texting and sends a message before tossing the phone onto the  
bed and stripping off his clothes. We close in on the text  
which reads: *"Hi Rachel. You don't know me, but it is urgent  
that I speak to you about a work related issue..."*

57C INT. RACHEL'S FLAT, KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, 08:35

57C

RACHEL arrives home. Her phone bleeps. She takes it out and  
looks at Mullen's message. She is motionless for a beat, but  
then presses call and puts the phone to her ear.

58-59 OMITTED

58-59

60 INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, 08:15

60

A darkened bedroom. We're staring at CHRIS's naked back as he  
sits wearing a towel on the side of the bed. We can see beads  
of water from his shower as he is slumped, elbows on knees,  
head hanging low.

We come around the end of the bed. He is staring at the  
floor, lost in thought, his hair wet, the dirt washed off. We  
pull back a little and see the bag of drugs on the floor.

We close on Chris in the lamp light, eyes on the drugs, a man  
alone. He turns his head and sees the rebuilt toy police car  
Tilly has obviously left for him next to the clock on the  
bedside table. It sends a chill through Chris and breaks his  
heart. He lies down in a foetal position eyes on the bag.

**END OF EPISODE**