

THE CAPTURE

Written by

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EPISODE THREE: 'Truffle Hog'

NB. Scene Numbers are now locked.

NB. Page Numbers are now locked.

Shooting Script (26/11/18)

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1 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 1

DI Rachel Carey bursts out of the Small Ops Room. We pull her fast across the Mothership as she marches away.

As she exits frame we land on - Tom Kendricks, watching after Carey, an unreadable look on his face.

2 **EXT. 48 EATON SQUARE. DAY** 2

Tight, on the front door. We drift closer...

3 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, FRONT LOBBY. DAY** 3

Shaun Emery, flanked by Guards One and Two, stands in the lobby.

He scans the space; a grand, listed London townhouse, transformed into an austere place of work, anonymous to the point of sinister; blank walls and secure doors, with no clues as to what lies beyond.

SHAUN

Anyone going to tell me where I am?

Guards silently lead Shaun onward, to - Guard Three.

GUARD ONE

Empty your pockets please, Shaun.

Shaun reluctantly empties his pockets. The guards take his phone, keys, cash and - the modified electric toothbrush, still in his jacket pocket. Guard Three switches it on and off, gives Shaun a knowing look.

GUARD ONE (CONT'D)

Belt and shoes.

Really? Shaun obliges. As Guard One scans Shaun with a metal detector wand, Guard Three takes his belongings.

Shaun is led by Guards One and Two, to a SECURE DOOR at the back of reception. With a BUZZ, the door opens. Inside - a staircase, to darkness, to God only knows what. Shaun tenses.

SHAUN

Ah come on, what the f...

GUARD TWO

Shaun.

Shaun stops, looking at the guards, remembering, glimpsing - the Glock handguns. No escape. No choice. He enters...

4 **INT/EXT. CAREY'S CAR/BELGRAVIA STREETS. DAY** 4

Rachel Carey has her foot down. She pulls up -

5 **EXT. EATON SQUARE, SOUTH JUNCTION. DAY** 5

To find DS Nadia Latif and DS Patrick Flynn waiting for her by Flynn's car. Carey looks around, finding her bearings.

CAREY

This is it. 48 Eaton Square.

LATIF

We were right here, Ma'am.

FLYNN

We didn't see him go in, Ma'am.
Didn't see anyone.

CAREY

Well I did.

Carey spots the CCTV CAMERA watching the Square; the source of her feed. She tries to suppress a shiver of self-doubt. *Of course I saw it!* She turns to Latif.

CAREY (CONT'D)

What did Emery say, when he made you?

That still stings for Latif.

LATIF

...Said he was looking for Hannah.

Flynn scoffs skeptically, but Carey is intrigued.

FLYNN

We ran a vehicle check on the car he was following. No owner details available.

(nodding to 48 Eaton Sq)
Same for this place.

Carey eyes the Mansion House warily.

CAREY

We don't know whose turf we're treading on.

LATIF

The same people who took our case away?

CAREY

Maybe. I've seen MI5 safe houses before. They didn't look like that.

FLYNN

Don't mean to sound like a stuck cassette, Ma'am, but... are you *convinced* he's in there?

Carey thinks - *of course he is...* and yet there's a lingering question. Carey makes a decision. She steps towards her car.

CAREY

I'll show you. Wait here. Keep eyes on that door, but don't go near it.

LATIF

Beg pardon, Ma'am but what are we tiptoeing around for? Hannah Roberts is missing, kidnapped. Possibly murdered. If you're saying Emery went in that house? The answers could be in there too.

On Carey - conflicted, but standing her ground.

CAREY

You were right. To follow Emery.
(best)

But we are not going to find Hannah Roberts by blundering into what is clearly another operation. We need intel on that property. Maybe I can get it.

Carey gets into her car, drives away. Flynn and Latif watch her go, nonplussed.

6

INT. SAFE HOUSE, BASEMENT LEVEL. DAY

6

The Guards and Shaun descend to the lower level. They tread along a dark corridor lined with secure doors. Each door has a monitor above it displaying a feed from the room inside. Interrogation rooms, by the look of it.

SHAUN

What's this...? This your paedo dungeon?

GUARD TWO

I think you two are going to get along.

Shaun frowns - *what 'two'??* The guards reach the door to -

7

INT. SAFE HOUSE, 'SHAUN'S ROOM'. DAY

7

An interrogation room. Bare, simple, functional.

GUARD TWO

Make yourself comfortable. You shouldn't have to wait long.

For what?? Shaun steps into the room. The Guards leave. The door closes with an harsh electric buzz.

Shaun is alone, locked in once more. He scans his surroundings. Nothing but large MONITOR on the wall. And -

A small CCTV camera, trained on him.

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

8

Eli watches: *Shaun in his room, scowling into lens.*

ELI

Toy Soldier is contained, Sir.

Behind Eli, a figure looms. He leans toward the monitor, emerging into the light, a man who has spent a lifetime on the darkest fringes of the Intelligence world - FRANK NAPIER.

9 **INT/EXT. FLYNN'S CAR/BELGRAVIA. DAY**

9

Flynn and Latif sit in the car, eyes on 48 Eaton Sq, still brooding after their encounter with Carey.

FLYNN

I don't know about you. I'm getting tired of Secret Squirrels stopping us doing our job.

LATIF

'Issues of National Security'. Is that what they'll say when Hannah Roberts washes up on the banks of the Thames?

FLYNN

No. They won't say a thing. They'll slink off into the shadows and we'll get shat on from a great height.

Pause. Brood...

FLYNN (CONT'D)

You know what the old lot used to do, times like this?

Latif glances at Flynn.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Take a ten pence piece to a phone box and call The News of the World.

LATIF

There's no News of the World
anymore. Or phone boxes.

A pause. Then Latif turns to Flynn, catching up with him.

10 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 10

11 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 11

12 EXT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND. DAY 12

Carey heads swiftly into the building, flashing her pass.

13 INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY 13

Carey heads to the SMALL OPS ROOM she was in earlier. Pushes open the door like she owns the place, to find -

The room is in use, crammed with people in the middle of an intense operation. Heads turn accusingly at Carey. She quickly shuts the door, embarrassed. She heads across to -

14 INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, KENDRICKS'S OFFICE. DAY 14

Tom Kendricks is at his desk, looking at his laptop when Carey bowls in unannounced...

CAREY

Tom?

Kendricks looks up sharply, not expecting her. He doesn't slam the laptop shut - in fact he doesn't close it at all - but his hands do creep towards it.

KENDRICKS

More training?

CAREY

I need the session recordings from earlier, but the room's being used?

KENDRICKS

Sorry about that. Some people insist on actually working here and rules state I have to give them priority!

CAREY

It'll still be on the system though right?

KENDRICKS

I shall collate and send it to you soon as I can, my dear.

CAREY

Can I ask...

Again Kendrick's hands twitch a fraction towards his laptop.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Have you ever come across... timing issues?

KENDRICKS

...Christmas drinks '92. Finally plucked up the courage to ask Philippa Ducket out on a date. One day sooner and she might've have said yes. Colin Parnell got in there first. Bastard.

CAREY

.....I mean on the network. Delays, to the camera feeds?

Kendricks looks at her, curious.

KENDRICKS

Not on my watch.

CAREY

But in theory?

KENDRICKS

In theory... wifi faults between the recorders and the time server can cause delays. But we safeguard against it.

CAREY

So it is *possible*... to monitor an event *thinking* it's live, while in fact it happened seconds earlier?

KENDRICKS

Why you asking?

CAREY

Because it happened today. Either that, or my team are blind.

Kendricks looks at Carey, suddenly serious.

KENDRICKS

Well, which is it?

CAREY

...Sooner I can review that recording the better.

Kendricks nods, got it. Carey starts to leave, then -

CAREY (CONT'D)

Do you know if The Service own a Safe House in Belgravia?

KENDRICKS

...I'd be the last to know, Carey!

(then)

Why don't you ask the Guv'nor? Danny Hart. He'll know.

CAREY

...Slightly busy man, I imagine.

KENDRICKS

He's always had time for you.

On Carey: *Holy fuck, does Kendrick know? She fronts it.*

CAREY

Thanks.

(then)

Was any of that true?

Kendricks looks slightly like he's been caught out.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Philippa Ducket. Christmas.

Kendricks breathes again.

KENDRICKS

Put it this way... I'm still available.

Carey smiles and leaves him alone, but she walks away with questions: *What does he know? And why did he look shifty?*

Kendricks watches Carey go, turns back to his laptop.

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

15

Flynn is now alone in the car, eyes on 48 Eaton Square.

16 **EXT/INT. SECOND HAND ELECTRICAL SHOP. DAY**

16

Latif approaches the dusty shop, lines of second-hand 'burner phones' in the windows. Latif enters, scours the phones.

Napier turns to the monitor.

NAPIER (CONT'D)
I'm hoping he won't be necessary.
That's sort of down to you. Let me
know when you've reached a decision
on the juice.

Shaun frowns at something on screen, steps right up to the monitor to take a closer look. Napier now has his back to the open doorway. Shaun sees opportunity.

NAPIER (CONT'D)
Do you mind if we leave it open?
Room could use the air.

Napier wipes a spec of dust off the screen, turns around to Shaun. He points to the chairs.

NAPIER (CONT'D)
Please...

Shaun finds himself obliging, sits opposite Napier.

NAPIER (CONT'D)
Well.... I am going to go ahead and
take the cranberry.

Activity on the monitor: *GUARDS THREE and FOUR enter the Hooded Man's cell. As Shaun watches, Napier inserts the straw and sucks noisily on the juice, draining the carton in one.*

NAPIER (CONT'D)
As much as I'm enjoying this back
and forth, we don't have a whole
lot of time, so what say we get
right to it?

Napier looks Shaun in the eye.

NAPIER (CONT'D)
Where is she?

SHAUN
...?

NAPIER
Hannah Roberts.

SHAUN
...Fuck should I know?

Napier looks genuinely disappointed.

NAPIER
Shaun, I'm going to ask one mo...

SHAUN
(cutting in)
I don't know where she is.

Napier sighs and turns to the monitor, nodding to the guards.

NAPIER
Like I said, this is down to you.

Guard Three pulls out a GLOCK. Shaun sits bolt upright. But then - he smiles...

SHAUN
Nah... that's not live. Fool me
twice, fuck you. That's a fake.

Napier frowns, seeming not to follow. He calls out -

NAPIER
Remove the hood, Malek.

Guard Four steps to the Hooded Man, lifts the sackcloth hood from the prisoner's head. And Shaun sees -

The prisoner is his best friend, MAT.

18 **EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD. DAY**

18

Danny Hart is gathered with several COMMUNITY LEADERS on the front concourse of the police HQ, speaking to a gaggle of PRESS. Several PA's and PR reps watch on.

HART
The Protection of the Public will
always be our number one Priority.
Complete Safety for all Communities
in the Capital is our goal. With
the launch of the Safer-Together
initiative... that goal moves
closer into sight.

SECONDS LATER - Flashes. Smiles. Celebration. Hart shakes hands with a MUSLIM COMMUNITY LEADER in front of a poster reading 'Safer Together' as the press snap photos.

Hart hears a faint buzzing from his phone. Ignores it.

19 **INT/EXT. CAREY'S CAR/COUNTER TERROR COMMAND. DAY**

19

Walking to her car, Carey gets Hart's voicemail. Frustrated.

Carey hangs up, gets into her car. She glances at her tablet - where she notices an **Email - from ANDY SIM marked: URGENT**

Carey opens the email, and her EYES WIDEN. At the same time, her phone buzzes - an incoming call, **DCI BOYD**. It's all kicking off, for some reason...

CAREY

Shit!

20 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 17A 20

21 INT. SAFE HOUSE, 'MAT'S ROOM'. DAY 21

Mat sits, trying not to shake with fear as Guard Three and Four loom over him.

GUARD THREE

Wave to your friend.

Mat sits tight, refusing to cooperate.

GUARD THREE (CONT'D)

Don't you want him to know you're okay?

Mat thinks, gives in. He nods to the camera.

22 INT. SAFE HOUSE, 'SHAUN'S ROOM'. DAY 22

Shaun watches the screen - the feed of Mat nodding at him.

SHAUN

Leave him out of it. Torture me, not him.

NAPIER

Torture?

SHAUN

'Enhanced interrogation' then.

Napier scoffs, mildly amused at that. He looks at Shaun.

NAPIER

Where's Hannah?

SHAUN

Why d'you think I was in her flat? I been trying to work out what's happened to her, where she's gone. I might have gotten somewhere if one of your pricks hadn't shown up!

NAPIER

(curious)

Hell are you talking about?

SHAUN

That fucker I was following.

Napier frowns at Shaun, not getting it.

NAPIER

Shaun... I can't subject you to enhanced interrogation, any more than I can torture. Same goes for your friend.

The Guards force Mat to place his hands on the table in front of him.

NAPIER (CONT'D)

How would that look - an American? Hurting Brits?? Then what? Three years later the Guardian does an exposé, it all comes out and before I know it, Oliver Stone's making a movie about what an asshole I am? No, thank you. Can't do it.

On the monitor: *Guard Four now has a BATON in his hand.*

NAPIER (CONT'D)

Malek, on the other hand, was recruited from the Syrian National Guard. He has a whole different take on the issue...

WHAM! We don't hear it - we feel it. *Guard Four brings the baton down HARD onto Mat's right hand.*

Shaun jumps to his feet - watching as *Mat silently HOWLS in pain, somehow even more distressing to watch muted.*

NAPIER (CONT'D)

Sit down.

Shaun doesn't. Napier nods to the Guards on screen. Guard Four puts a Glock to the back of Mat's head.

SHAUN

No!

NAPIER (CONT'D)

Sit down.

Shaun sits down, quickly.

On the screen: *the guards force Mat at gunpoint to put his hands flat on the table in front of him again.*

NAPIER (CONT'D)

I hope his wife is the caring kind.

SHAUN

I don't know anything!

NAPIER

He is going to need assistance once these guys are through.

SHAUN

I've been set up.

NAPIER

Stuff you need generally your fingers for. Tying shoelaces, wiping yourself clean, holding your child's hand across the street...

SHAUN

The video is fake!

Napier turns to him.

NAPIER

Why don't you tell me where Hannah is, before your friend starts dropping digits.

23 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 23

24 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED 24

25 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 19 25

26 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, 'MAT'S ROOM'. DAY** 26

CU - a tool box is opened. Guard Three takes out BOLT CUTTERS.

27 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, 'SHAUN'S ROOM'. CONT'D** 27

SHAUN

I'm telling you everything I know.

NAPIER

Is he left handed or right?

Guard Four holds Mat in position while Guard Three preps the bolt cutters...

SHAUN

I don't know where she is!!

NAPIER

Hey, Malek? Time is a factor here, so what say we start with the thumb?

Guard Three *takes the bolt cutters to Mat's right thumb.*

SHAUN

No.... You need to believe me...
Someone's trying to set me up so
they faked that fucking vid... NO!!

CCTV WIDE: *Mat SHAKES IN SHOCK as the Bolt Cutters close.*

Shaun HAS to do something. He BURSTS into action, LOOMING out of the open door. Napier barely blinks.

28

INT. SAFE HOUSE, CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS

28

Shaun is frantically pacing the corridor, not knowing which way to turn, shoving locked doors, yelling...

SHAUN

MAT? MAT!!

Along the corridor - GUARDS ONE and TWO are plodding evenly towards Shaun. No rush. Napier has wandered into the corridor, watching Shaun with interest.

NAPIER

This little piggy went to market...

Shaun searches the monitors above the doors. On one of them - WIDE - (so wide the gore is too small to see) but we see - *Mat, writhing in agony, as guards move on to the next finger.*

NAPIER (CONT'D)

This little piggy stayed at home...

SHAUN

MAT!!

Shaun SHOULDERS the door, then KICKS - FULL FORCE.

NAPIER

He's down to three now, Shaun.
We'll be on the left hand before
you know it!

Guards One and Two reach Shaun. BZZ, Guard One uses a small electric wand on Shaun's neck, sending a charge through him.

Shaun yowls in pain but doesn't go down. He is incensed. Raging Bull. He flies at the guards, jabbing One to the face, elbowing Two in the neck. A close combat FIGHT breaks out.

NAPIER (CONT'D)

(sing song)
Tell us where she i-is...

Amidst the mayhem, Shaun's eyes bulge wide as jarring memories, fragments, come flashing to him.

INSERT FLASHBACK: *Hannah kissing him.*

Another punch, another struggle. Another fleeting memory.

INSERT FLASHBACK: *Hannah looking in his eyes, terrified.*

The guards overpower him. Shaun's head is forced to the floor, facing the screen - *CCTV WIDE: Mat is shaking in trauma, blood dripping from his wretched hand.*

Shaun looks aghast at the screen, seething, tears streaming.

Napier watches him closely, weighing up his response. Then, deciding he's seen enough, he heads along the corridor to...

29

INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY

29

Eli is there, along with other Covert Ops, looking over rows of screens with camera feeds from 'Shaun's room', 'Mat's room' and others like it.

NAPIER
(to Eli)
You see that?

ELI
Thought it was some of our finest work.

NAPIER
I'm talking about Emery.
(beat)
What d'you make of that story? Was he *following* somebody??

Eli frowns skeptically. Before Napier can say any more...

COVERT OP FOUR (O.S.)
Sir?

Eli and Napier turn to - COVERT OP FOUR, who is gazing at a computer, a look of concern on her face.

COVERT OP FOUR (CONT'D)
It's been online for twelve minutes.

Napier looks at the screen, surprised, concerned to see: *'BRIT SOLDIER ATTACKS WOMAN' - The Shaun/Hannah CCTV, online.*

30

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

30

A call comes over the phone. Flynn puts it on speaker.

FLYNN
Ma'am?

31

INT. CAREY'S CAR. DAY

31

INTERCUT - Carey is driving purposefully through London.

CAREY

I suppose you've seen it?

FLYNN

What's that, Ma'am?

CAREY

Somebody's uploaded the Emery footage to YouTube.

FLYNN

The CCTV? Who did that??

Carey fumes silently, not buying his innocent act.

CAREY

I don't know. But if we identify the IP address we can find out.

Flynn is watching Latif, who has taken the burner phone apart, and is now cutting the sim card in two.

FLYNN

Understood.

LATIF

Is tracing the leak really a priority, Ma'am?

Flynn rolls his eyes at Latif: *Too blatant!*

CAREY

Boyd's called a full department briefing. Twenty minutes.

LATIF

We're on our way, Ma'am.

CAREY

No, wait. One of you stay there. Patrick. Don't take your eyes off that address. If Emery surfaces call me immediately.

FLYNN

...Ma'am.

Flynn hangs up.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(to Latif)

Looks like you're getting the bus.

KAREN
Jaycee! Come with me.

She grabs Jaycee, pulling her out of the room.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(to Francis)
She was right next to you!

FRANCIS
I didn't see!
(points to TV)
I was kind of distracted!

The report has cut to an interview with Charlie Hall.

CHARLIE (ON TV)
*It's obviously a very distressing
situation and yet we've been told
next to nothing by the police.*

36 OMITTED - SCENE DELETED

36

37 INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION, HOMICIDE. DAY

37

A hive of activity. Boyd is gathering THIRTY detectives for a briefing.

BOYD
I'm sure you've all seen the video
evidence by now. And I'm sure you
all know how seriously we take the
leaking of classified material onto
social media.

Latif enters late, just in time to catch the end of that.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Make no mistake - the culprit will
be subject to full disciplinary
action.

Carey looks at Latif evenly. Latif returns a blank, innocent
face - holding her nerve.

BOYD (CONT'D)
(changing tack)
Our foremost concern, however, is
finding the victim, Hannah Roberts,
whose abduction took place over
thirty six hours ago and whose
whereabouts remain unknown... And,
of course, arresting and charging
the lowlife who took her.

Carey frowns at Boyd disdainfully - turncoat.

Discretely, she is tapping her phone, messaging DS Flynn:
'Any visual?'

BOYD (CONT'D)
Leading the investigation is
Detective Inspector Carey, for
those who've not had the
pleasure...

Rachel quickly puts down her phone, nods to the room.

CAREY
Rachel.

BOYD
Plus, due to the urgency, our
colleagues in Counter Terrorism
have generously offered to assist
in the search.

On Carey - *have they??*

BOYD (CONT'D)
(to Carey)
So you ought to feel right at home.
(to the room)
You'll have the use of an S015 ops
room and to coordinate surveillance
you'll have the support of S015's
finest, led by DSU Garland. Now, I
shall hand over to DI Carey for...

CAREY
(interrupting)
Sorry, Sir. DSU...?

GARLAND (O.S.)
Garland.

Carey turns to see - Garland, across the room.

GARLAND (CONT'D)
Gemma.

Carey tries not to react. As casually as she can, she nods -

CAREY
Ma'am.

Latif picks up on the weirdness between them.

Carey glances at - a message from Flynn: **'No Visual'**.

GARLAND
Regarding the hunt for the suspect,
I took the liberty of putting an
all ports warning in effect.
(MORE)

GARLAND (CONT'D)

I can authorise a facial-rec search too, if you issue the order...?

Carey needs to make a decision - she goes for it.

CAREY

I know where he is.

The room turns to Carey. She musters up the conviction.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Shaun Emery was seen entering an address in Belgravia earlier this afternoon. DS Flynn is stationed close by, keeping eyes on.

Garland regards Carey: *oh really?*

CAREY (CONT'D)

It's a... large mansion house. We know of at least two others inside the address. Both male, unknowns. Beyond that... we have no intelligence on the property. None.
(to Garland, testing the water)
Perhaps you...

Garland cuts in, casually, nodding as if expecting a different question.

GARLAND

I'm sure SO15 will help with surveillance. Arrest team goes in soft. Uniform and armed units on standby.
(remembering herself)
Would be my suggestion.

Carey looks at Garland. A passive-aggressive standoff.

CAREY

.....Agreed.

38

EXT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE STATION. DAY

38

Detectives pile out of the building and head to their cars. As Carey passes Boyd -

BOYD

Who d'you suppose leaked the footage?

Latif is there, in earshot.

CAREY

...I've no idea, Sir. A number of people had access across the department, plus there's Comms...

Boyd accepts Carey's answer, for now. No time to get into it. Latif has overheard it; grateful to Carey for not grassing.

LATIF

Ma'am. The Super from SO15? Don't you know her?

CAREY

(hesitant)

...It's a big department.

GARLAND (O.S.)

Rachel?

Garland is calling across the car park.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

Why don't you jump in with me? We can get up to speed on the way.

Off Carey: cautious, but glad for the opportunity to get closer.

39

INT. GARLAND'S CAR. DAY

39

Garland speeds into town in her Audi. Carey rides shotgun.

CAREY

I'm surprised we haven't met. I'm SO15 myself. Well... 'til recently.

GARLAND

I've been on secondment. We must have missed each other.

It *could* be true? Carey doesn't push it. Carey wriggles in her seat, finds herself sitting on - a CHILD'S DOLL.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

Sorry! Just chuck that in the back.

Carey smiles at the doll, feigning interest politely.

CAREY

Sweet. How many do you have? Kids. Not dolls.

GARLAND

I don't have kids.

Pause.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

I'm kidding.

Garland breaks into a smile. Carey joins in, relieved *somewhat*.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

Two girls. You?

CAREY

Me? No (way).

A pause. Garland glances at Carey, picks up on that.

GARLAND

I never thought I'd have any.

(matter of fact)

My mother died giving birth to my younger brother so...

Carey looks at her.

CAREY

God. I'm sorry.

GARLAND

Yes, sad. I was three so I don't remember much but it certainly put me off the whole thing for a long time!

(beat)

That's why I ended up doing what I do, I suppose. Anything to avoid a normal family life, you know?

Carey glances at her. *And what is it you 'do' exactly?*

GARLAND (CONT'D)

But we all change. After a while you crave a bit of normality.

CAREY

...Not sure I will.

Garland considers Carey. When ready -

GARLAND

So what about you then? Father in the police or bullied at school?

Carey snorts, gently amused; familiar with the tropes.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

Come on, I told you mine! Why a detective and not a... pole vaulter...

CAREY

Do you want my usual, flippant answer or my deep and meaningful one?

GARLAND

Which do you think I want?

Ever so gently controlling. Somehow, Carey finds herself opening up. *Am I really saying this...?*

CAREY

Well my dad wasn't in the police, and I wasn't bullied...

Carey pauses, building up to something. Garland waits...

CAREY (CONT'D)

My mum died when I was thirteen. Lymphoma.

(pause)

Then... my dad introduced me to his other woman. And my half sister.

Garland is speechless for a second.

GARLAND

Your father had another family?

CAREY

In secret, for seven years. He'd spend half the week with us and the other half in London. Mum thought it was for business...

GARLAND

She never suspected?

That question seems to irk Carey.

CAREY

After the funeral my dad announced I was moving to London to live with my new mum and sis.

(pause)

No, she never suspected. And she died not knowing.

(pause)

I never want to be like that.

GARLAND

Like what?

CAREY

In the dark.

(pause)

I always want to get to the truth, no matter how difficult.

A long pause.

GARLAND
....Well, that beats *my* story.

Garland smiles at her stoically, diffusing the tension.

Carey takes a deep breath, capitalising on their bonding...

CAREY
Since the footage got redacted...
I've spent pretty much every waking
moment trying to imagine why.

GARLAND
(nodding)
...That's understandable.

Carey waits for more....

GARLAND (CONT'D)
Belgravia.

They've arrived. *Was she going to elaborate?*

40

EXT. BELGRAVIA STREET. MINUTES LATER

40

Around the corner from Eaton Square, Carey and Garland join Latif, Flynn, DETECTIVES, UNIFORMS and a TACTICAL OFFICER by a TECH VAN, Marked and Unmarked Cars. Serious stuff - and time for Carey to step up. She swallows nervously...

FIREARMS
Tactical are in position, Ma'am. If
backup is required we'll deploy to
the property within fifteen
seconds, make our presence felt.

CAREY
Hoping it won't come to that.
(beat)
DS Flynn and I will approach the
front door in the first instance,
supported by remote surveillance at
the monitoring station.

GARLAND
The ops room have bounced the
feeds. Good to go.

CAREY
All other units await further
instruction.

GARLAND
Understood.

Phillips feels somebody's presence behind him. He glances over his shoulder, double-takes as he sees - Danny Hart. Phillips makes to stand, flustered; a visit from Top Brass!

PHILLIPS

Sorry, Sir. I didn't see you...

HART

Ignore me. Passing through.

Phillips sits up, eyes front. Hart watches from the shadows.

45A **INT. SAFE HOUSE, OPS ROOM. DAY**

45A

A Covert Op looks concerned by what he sees on the monitor. He speaks into a radio.

COVERT OP

Sir? We have some visitors from out of town...

45B **INT. SAFE HOUSE, 'SHAUN'S ROOM'. DAY**

45B

Frank Napier turns his attention away from Shaun.

NAPIER

Bring it up!

On Shaun's monitor - the FRONT DOOR FEED appears. Napier peers at: Carey and Flynn stepping out of the car outside.

46 **EXT. 48 EATON SQUARE. DAY**

46

Carey and Flynn approach the house. Carey glances up warily at - the FRONT DOOR CAMERA.

47 **OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 48**

47

48 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, 'SHAUN'S ROOM'. DAY**

48

The Reverse - Napier narrows his eyes at Carey.

Behind Frank, a Guard and - Shaun, who sees:

Carey and Flynn approaching the front door. Never thought he'd be happy to see these two!

49 **EXT. 48 EATON SQUARE. DAY**

49

Knock knock. Carey holds her breath.

FLYNN

Detective Sergeant Flynn. Homicide and Serious Crime Command. We're looking for a suspect, believed to be in this area. Any chance you recognise him...?

Flynn holds up Shaun's mugshot. The guard studies Shaun's image carefully. Carey watches - he's not one of the same guards from the feed. His eyes light up in recognition.

GABOR

I know him... but only from the TV. He's the soldier.

Carey wasn't expecting a Hungarian accent.

GABOR (CONT'D)

In this area? I don't see him.

FLYNN

Mind if we take a look inside?

GABOR

But the owners are overseas so it will be very difficult to contact them for permission.

CAREY

We don't need permission, we have a warrant.

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

61

Covert Ops watch intently FRONT DOOR FEED: *Gabor letting Carey and Flynn entering the house.*

62 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, 'SHAUN'S ROOM'. DAY**

62

Napier too, and Shaun, watching: *Carey and Flynn disappearing inside the house.*

Now they're right upstairs from Shaun! He suddenly has an idea. Shaun HOLLERS at the ceiling...

SHAUN

HEEEEEELP!!

Napier turns to him sharply.

63 **INT. 48 EATON SQUARE, LOBBY. DAY**

63

Silence. Carey and Flynn stand in the lobby that Shaun was brought through earlier. No sound of screaming up here.

CAREY
What is this place?

GABOR
...Private apartments.

Carey tries a door off the lobby. Locked.

CAREY
I need all these doors open.

GABOR
(calling out, loud)
Jutca...!

Flynn frowns at him, dubious.

FLYNN
How many people in the building?

GABOR
Normally, two. Since you came,
four.

JUTCA, a housekeeper, enters. Gabor exchanges fast words in Hungarian with her, as she fumbles with keys. Carey notices the SECURE DOOR - the one Shaun was taken through.

Carey tries the secure door. It won't budge.

CAREY
Where does this lead to?

Jutca points to the ground.

CAREY (CONT'D)
I need it open.

JUTCA
This one, I don't have.

Carey looks at Flynn.

CAREY
Get Tactical in here. Now.

64 **EXT. BELGRAVIA STREET/48 EATON SQUARE. SECONDS LATER** 64

Marked and Unmarked Cars speed to Eaton Square. A cacophony of radio traffic. This is what we came for!

65 **INT. COLVILLE STREET POLICE TECH VAN. DAY** 65

Latif jumps up and out of the van to join the action. Garland gives her an approving nod as she goes.

CAREY
(into Radio)
I want a CCTV trawl of the last
three hours from all cameras in the
immediate vicinity. Starting with
this one.

79 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 79

Danny Hart, watching Carey. He sighs, feeling bad for her.

GARLAND (OVER RADIO)
...Understood.

Hart has seen enough. He steps away into the shadows.

80 **EXT. 48 EATON SQUARE. DAY** 80

Carey stands alone in the street, her back to the house,
officers dispersing around her... Game over.

But then...

Carey feels a shiver down her spine... an eerie sense of
someone watching her from behind... She glances over her
shoulder, looking up at -

Front Door Cam, above the doorway of the house. Carey narrows
her eyes, fixing her sights on it's lens.

81 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, 'SHAUN'S ROOM'. DAY** 81

On the receiving end of that stare, Napier can't help but be
struck by Rachel Carey's piercing gaze - *as the determined
young woman appears to look directly at him.*

Carey has an itch she needs to scratch... She starts to MARCH
BACK towards the front steps.

82 **OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 81** 82

83 **OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC. 81** 83

84 **EXT. 48 EATON SQUARE. DAY** 84

Latif, Flynn and other detectives are emerging from the house
as Carey marches back to it. Jutca is standing in the
doorway. Carey points to Front Door Cam.

CAREY
Where's the monitor for that
camera?

He feels the wall separating him from the back of the car.
Pushes hard against it. Kicks.

99 **INT. SALOON CAR. DAY**

99

Driver Guard and Passenger Guard, hear Shaun thumping and kicking from the boot. They don't seem surprised.

100 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 100

Along the wall of screens the face-rec program is in full flow, scanning streets across London. Garland, Carey, Latif, Flynn and other Homicide detectives enter the mothership. Phillips is there to greet them. He addresses Garland.

PHILLIPS

I've got you set up on the North bay, Ma'am. All-boroughs facial-rec is active on your suspect. As yet no matches.

GARLAND

Understood.

Garland steps away, speaks to some of the technical ops.

CAREY

How's the trawl from Eaton Square?

Phillips nods to a cluster of monitors where two (let's call them) TRAWL OPS are busy working.

PHILLIPS

Happening. Pulling the feeds now. Anything in particular you're looking for?

CAREY

(firm)
Yes. Shaun Emery leaving the property we just raided.
(scanning the room)
Where's Tom?

PHILLIPS

Off shift.

CAREY

I thought he never went home? He was going to send me the recordings from my session?

She feels Garland at her side.

GARLAND

Rachel. Would you like to lead this?

CAREY

I am leading this?

GARLAND

I meant the briefing. Sorry.

CAREY

...You go ahead.

Garland turns to address the team.

GARLAND

Okay... just to be clear folks, the investigation continues to be under Detective Carey's operational command. I'm here to coordinate the digital search and process warrantry when required...

As Garland continues, Carey talks sideways to Phillips.

CAREY

How long has she been in S015?

PHILLIPS

(shrugs)

Lot longer than me.

CAREY

You've worked with her?

Phillips makes a weirdly vague 'sort of' gesture.

GARLAND

...In the first instance we need to pull all CCTV of Emery's movements on the night of the abduction.

LATIF

Ma'am? Sorry to interrupt. DS Phillips and I pulled the suspect's journey on CCTV during the initial...

GARLAND

(cutting in)

I'd like you to go over it again. Things may have been missed. Hannah Roberts is still missing and the river search yielded nothing, so where is she?

LATIF

...Ma'am.

101

EXT. BLACK SALOON CAR / LONDON STREETS. DAY

101

The Saloon glides along the road evenly.

IN THE BOOT -

Shaun has carefully wriggled himself into a new position; a long and arduous process. He strains, searches with his feet... until he finds what he's looking for. He KICKS.

IN THE FRONT -

Clump. A dull thud from the boot. The guards look at one another. *What is he up to now...?*

BOOT -

Shaun positions his foot again KICKS.

ROAD -

Crack. The right tail light comes FLYING OFF the car, smashing onto the road.

IN THE FRONT -

Ding. A Warning Light glows on the dashboard.

DRIVER GUARD

What the f...

BOOT -

A shaft of daylight pierces the darkness - from the hole where the tail light used to be. As quickly as he can, Shaun scrambles around, wriggling himself through a 180 degree turn. He strains, reaching his hand towards the light...

ROAD -

We follow the rear of the Saloon, PUSHING IN towards the hole to see - Shaun's hand emerging through the socket where the tail light was.

Shaun manages to wriggle his arm through... reaching along the rear of the boot, feeling for it... finding it...

Click. The latch. The Boot pops open -

Shaun gazes out at the road rushing away from him!

IN THE FRONT -

Ding. Another warning light pops on. Driver Guard looks at the rear view - sees the boot open.

DRIVER GUARD (CONT'D)

Shit!

BEEEEP!! Other cars are honking their horns at them.

PASSENGER GUARD
Shut the trunk!

Driver guard jabs at the 'close-boot' button.

ON THE ROAD -

The lid of the boot begins to close automatically.

Shaun feels it coming down on him. He pushes up with all his might, jamming it to stay open.

IN THE FRONT -

Driver Guard SLAMS the wheel sharp right. The car *SCREECHES* around towards a side street.

ON THE ROAD -

Shaun sees a gap in the traffic. He LAUNCHES himself out - FLYING from the boot of the car...

LANDING with a crunch in the middle of the main road, ROLLING over and over across the tarmac.

BEEEEEP!! SCREECH! An oncoming car SWERVES out of the way to avoid hitting Shaun.

IN THE FRONT -

WTF? Did he jump?? In the rear view mirror - they see: Shaun is scrambling to his feet.

The driver hits the breaks with a *SCREECH*. Slams the car into reverse...

MAIN ROAD -

Shaun is hobbling away across the road, bruised and battered but charged with adrenaline. Passers by and drivers in stopped cars are watching him go.

SIDE STREET -

A Supermarket Delivery van turns into the street, blocking the Saloon Car from reversing.

The Guards jump out of the car, cursing the delivery van.

Passenger Guard runs to -

MAIN ROAD -

To see Shaun heading into another side street off the other side of the road.

Passenger Guard looks around, at the stopped traffic, the passers by. Too many witnesses. He stands there, watching Shaun get away from him.

And then... he smiles to himself.

IN THE FRONT - Driver Guard slumps back into the car.

DRIVER GUARD

Sir..?

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

102

Napier is watching - *a feed from a camera inside the car.*

NAPIER

(drily)

I can see.

Napier has watched Shaun escape. He seems resigned to it.

103 **EXT. BUSY LONDON STREETS. DAY**

103

Shaun is hobbling at a pace, unsure if he's shaken them off.

A WOMAN passes, glances at Shaun, perhaps recognising him? Shaun keeps his head down. A MAN across the road watches.

HIGH ANGLE POV: From a high window, we look down on Shaun in the street, small and vulnerable. He glances around skittishly. Watched? Or just paranoid?

With Shaun, as he quickens his pace, turns a corner...

Passing an EVENING STANDARD VENDOR. Shaun's eyes widen as he reads the front page headline: 'SOLDIER SHAUN NEW KIDNAP HORROR', and a still from his CCTV evidence. Shaun stares tunnel-vision at the headline, trancelike, mortified.

Now it feels like *everybody* is watching him. Shaun tries to breathe steady, keep on moving... The street opens up to a SMALL SHOPPING PRECINCT, lined with shops and cafes.

Shaun glances up and spots - A STREET CCTV camera, pointing right at him! *Fuck!* Shaun turns, changes direction, walking away from the camera, praying he wasn't caught on it...

We stay on the CCTV camera, PUSH IN... We flip to -

104 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 104

The reverse: *CCTV, WIDE on the same shopping precinct. With one difference - Shaun is not there.*

Perhaps only the keenest eyes will notice, and that's OK.

We pull out from the CCTV to the wide bank of monitors, the face-rec program whirring across the crowds of pedestrians...

To Carey, watching, frustrated. Everyone's face but Shaun's. *Where is he...?*

105 **EXT. BUSY LONDON STREETS / PUB. DAY**

105

Shaun keeps going, glancing about warily, trying to avoid CCTV cameras. Impossible! He spots another one. He turns around a corner, FREEZES as he sees - Two Uniform, on patrol.

Shaun ducks back, out of sight. He finds himself pressed against a wall next to a PUB. A CHEER from inside the pub grabs his attention. He glances inside, at - a bunch of Tottenham supporters watching a home match live on TV.

On Shaun - a new idea dawning on him.

106 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 106

Carey, frustrated, turns away from the face-rec display and approaches the two Trawl Ops in the corner.

CAREY

Today's feeds from Eaton Square?

TRAWL OP

Yes, Ma'am. Nothing of interest so far.

CAREY

...The suspect doesn't leave the property?

On Screen: *48 Eaton Square rewinds. No activity.*

CAREY (CONT'D)

Does anyone?

Nope. Carey frowns. *How is that possible??*

CAREY (CONT'D)

How far back have you checked?

TRAWL OP

Till 9AM this morning.

Carey stops. *What?*

CAREY

...You didn't see them enter??

The Ops look at her blankly.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Shaun Emery, the suspect. You don't see a Taxi arrive, and the suspect entering the property?

TRAWL OP

...No, Ma'am.

Carey gazes at the screens, beyond exasperated.

CAREY

Check again! Between 12 and 1pm.

Phillips passes. Carey stops him, nods to the small ops room.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Where's the Techie who was on my session earlier?

PHILLIPS

Off shift I guess.

CAREY

(snapping)

I need to speak to him. Now. Get him on the phone.

PHILLIPS

Alright. Who was it...?

CAREY

For fuck's sake.

GARLAND

Can I help with anything?

Carey almost starts, unaware Garland was right there. Carey catches her breath, makes a decision -

CAREY

Ma'am.

107

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, KENDRICKS'S OFFICE. DAY

107

Moments later. Carey and Garland are alone. Door closed.

CAREY

I need to report a concern.

(beat)

The sighting of the suspect at Eaton Square? It was via CCTV. I monitored it myself, live. But there's no trace of it on the archive.

GARLAND

...You're *certain* you saw him?

CAREY

On the *feed*, Ma'am, yes. Except...
my team on the ground... didn't.

GARLAND

Didn't.

CAREY

They had eyes on the same address,
at the same time, but saw no
activity.

Garland just looks at her.

GARLAND

...Extraordinary.

CAREY

I realise how it sounds...
(loaded)
It's almost as hard to believe as
Shaun Emery.

That gets Garland's attention.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Also very similar...

(beat)

The only eyewitness to Hannah
Robert's abduction was a council
worker monitoring a feed. Shaun
Emery claimed his evidence was
somehow untrue. While I'm strongly
disinclined to believe that, I also
can't deny the correlation with
what happened today.

GARLAND

...How do you make sense of it?

CAREY

I hoped you might shed some light.

GARLAND

Why me?

CAREY

I imagine there's only so much you
can tell me, but... I thought it
might be pertinent..

GARLAND

To...?

CAREY

To the concerns that saw the Emery
footage redacted.

Garland stops, thinks for a long, long time, then looks at Carey, earnestly, in confidence.

GARLAND

You're right, Rachel.

(beat)

There is only so much I can tell you. But thank you. For bringing this to my attention. It may well be pertinent, as you suggest.

CAREY

I've... been trying to retrieve the recording from my original session.

GARLAND

I'd like to see that.

On Carey - *Is she letting me in, at all? Or fobbing me off?*

108

EXT. 'THE NEW WHITE HART LANE'. DAY

108

Crowds of fans are pouring out of Spurs' new state of the art stadium into the streets. A sea of Tottenham scarfs and hats.

AT THE CORPORATE ENTRANCE - The corporate box crowd emerge, including - from the Sky Sports box - one familiar Spurs supporter: Marcus Levy.

Marcus is with a couple of friends, old-timers like him, cracking gags, reliving the match. His friends head for the pub, but Marcus says his goodbyes and veers off by himself...

MOMENTS LATER, IN A SIDE STREET - Marcus walks along, crowds of supporters around him. Suddenly - he feels a firm hand on his shoulder.

SHAUN

Marcus.

Marcus looks, expecting a friend... then his face goes pale. Marcus tries to pull away, but Shaun has him in his grip.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Don't freak the fuck out now, Marcus. I just need to speak to you, alone.

Marcus is stunned. No choice but to comply.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

How far's your house?

MARCUS

...How d'you know I live alone?

SHAUN
...Wild guess.

109

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY 109

Carey is crossing the busy room towards a small ops room, Phillips inside at the helm, as Latif emerges from it, a concerned look on her face.

LATIF
Looks like DSU Garland was right.
There was another blind spot in
Emery's journey. On his way back
home from the river.

CAREY
And you missed it the first time?

LATIF
Apparently?
(defensive)
Phillips was leading it.

CAREY
It's not your fault.
(beat)
Head down there and take a look.

LATIF
Are you coming?

CAREY
You and Patrick take care of it.

Carey gives Latif a look of solidarity. Carey turns to Phillips, still in the smaller room.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Is this room free now? I need you
to load up my training session from
earlier today - the whole recording
from 11.30 to 1.

Phillips nods. Carey walks away.

110

INT. MARCUS LEVY'S HOUSE. DAY

110

A well-secured front door is unlocked and opened. Marcus nervously leads Shaun into his living room, which is cluttered with sport and TV memorabilia, editing equipment, cameras, ancient and new. A living broadcasting museum.

MARCUS
...If you want money, I don't keep
any in the house.

Shaun looks genuinely hurt by that suggestion. He glances around the room, the piles of clutter.

SHAUN

Even if you did, it'd take me about a month to find it! Ever heard of a cleaner?

A pause.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

You seen it then? The video?

Marcus nods. Shaun suddenly looks upset.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

S'pose everyone has. Yeah well, it's not real.

Shaun points to a desktop computer.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Get it up.

Marcus obeys, jumping on the computer, opening a browser. The famous footage plays.

MARCUS

By 'not real'... you mean, this isn't you?

Shaun grits his teeth as he tries to explain.

SHAUN

It's me. And that's Hannah. But it didn't happen. She kissed me goodbye, got on the bus and that's the last I saw of her.

(pause)

Well, go on then.

MARCUS

...??

SHAUN

Figure it out. How they did it. Like you did at my appeal.

Shaun's intensity is making Marcus shaky. But he tries to help. He turns to the footage, studying it closely.

MARCUS

This is very intricate... lots of action... on the other hand the resolution is low which makes processing faster... And face-mapping technology is becoming more and more accessible.

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You've probably seen those deep-fake porn sites...

SHAUN

No.

MARCUS

...As I understand it, they take famous women's faces and put them on bodies that... well, apparently they can look quite convincing...

(beat)

Point is, if someone had enough images of you, plus the right software...

SHAUN

Photographs...? Fucking Army's got photographs of me.

MARCUS

If someone wants images, they only have to hack into your social media accounts, your phone... We all leave a photographic trail.

Shaun thinks... his mind opening up to a daunting number of suspects. But then... Marcus looks doubtful.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

But... none of this explains how it could have appeared on CCTV.

SHAUN

Police said they saw it live.

MARCUS

Live?

Marcus gulps. A different suspicion creeps over him. He tries to hold his nerve; showing pity more than fear.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

....Let me show you something.

Marcus tentatively taps at the keys on his computer. An old black and white photo of a bald, bespectacled man pops up.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Do you know who that is?

(beat)

Joseph Jastrow. Psychologist.

He clicks more keys. Another image appears.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

What do you see here, Shaun?

SHAUN
Are you taking the piss?
(obviously)
A duck.

MARCUS
Not a... a rabbit?

Shaun looks again - yes, it could also be a rabbit. The famous optical illusion.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Jastrow observed that people were more likely to see a rabbit at Easter time. He concluded that what we see depends on our surroundings, our state of emotion.
(nervous)
I don't know a great deal about it but... I know the mind can be tricked.

Marcus can barely look him in the eye -

MARCUS (CONT'D)
And I know you can't alter live CCTV.

Shaun SUDDENLY JUMPS UP, LASHING OUT, sending the computer monitor flying off the desk, making Marcus FLINCH.

SHAUN
Listen you duck rabbit fuck, I DIDN'T DO IT!!

MARCUS
Please don't hurt me!

Shaun blinks... suddenly hit by -

INSERT: FLASHBACKS - *CU Hannah's face screaming in terror.*

Back in the room, Shaun blinks.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Don't hurt me.

Shaun realises he's leaning right over Marcus. He looks violent, terrifying.

SHAUN
(quietly)
...I wasn't going to hurt you.

But he's doubting himself - *Was I??*

Marcus daren't open his eyes. But he hears footsteps walking away. He looks - Shaun is leaving. Slam, door closed.

We stay on Marcus, starting to recover, turning all this over in his head... Then... a new idea starts to take hold.

111 **EXT. MARCUS LEVY'S STREET. DUSK**

111

Night is falling. Shaun's head is swirling. He glances around, paranoid. And then he spots - a CCTV CAMERA, pointing away from him. Warily he avoids it, turning the other direction, keeping his head down. *Where the hell now??*

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

Carey is marching over to Phillips in the small glass ops room, when a DETECTIVE CONSTABLE approaches.

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE
Ma'am? Just spoke to a caller
reckons he's got new information on
Shaun Emery. He's asking to speak
to the SIO.

CAREY
Take his details for me.

Carey barely gives it a thought, turns to speak to Phillips.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Is it up?

PHILLIPS
It's not on the main server.

CAREY
Why not?

PHILLIPS
I don't know. You said it was
training?

CAREY
I thought everything on the system
was saved for a week?

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE (O.S.)
Ma'am...

Carey turns to find the DC passing her a note.

CAREY
What's this?

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE
That caller's details. Mr Levy.

Carey takes the note, barely interested.

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE (CONT'D)
He... did say it was urgent.

Carey nods thank you, turns back to Phillips, who is walking out of the glass room, across the main area. Carey follows -

PHILLIPS
It's not always a week. It's measured in volume of data.

CAREY
It's been a few hours!

GARLAND (O.S.)
Rachel?

Carey turns to find Garland at her shoulder.

GARLAND (CONT'D)
You found another gap in the suspect's journey?

CAREY
DS Latif is leading the search. I'm... trying to recover the recording we discussed, Ma'am. The *discrepancy*. It doesn't appear to be on the system.

PHILLIPS
I can't find what's not there!

CAREY
I wanted to make sure you saw it, given how important you said it was.

GARLAND
So... all there is to go on is the trawl that revealed nothing... and your account.

Carey slows down, looks at Garland. *What's this now?*

CAREY
...The Tech Op. He saw it too.

GARLAND
Is he here?

CAREY
Apparently not. But like you said, Ma'am, this needs looking into.

Garland pauses... glances around the room, considers Carey.

GARLAND

Rachel... I understand you have this *drive*... to get to the very heart of it all.

On Carey suddenly embarrassed - *does she have to refer back to their private conversation now, in the middle of the room?*

GARLAND (CONT'D)

It's commendable, and when it comes to *other* detective work, vital. But here in Counter Terrorism, Intelligence, accepting you can't always see the whole picture comes with the territory.

Delicately patronising, maddeningly obstructive.

GARLAND (CONT'D)

It's something we all learn to respect, as we move up the ranks.

Carey's had enough of being kept in the dark. She takes a breath, tries to match Garland's easy tone...

CAREY

You asked why the police? I should have given you my usual answer.

Garland waits for it.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Because when they say "move along, nothing to see here" they're lying.

Carey marches off, calling the number on the note.

CAREY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mr Levy? Detective Inspector Carey returning your call.

Carey clears frame, leaving us looking at the wall of screens. The face-rec system searching endlessly for Shaun.

113

INT/EXT. RAILWAY ARCH LOCK UP. NIGHT

113

A dark and dingy lock-up. Shaun slumps down on a beaten up old sofa, bewildered and alone. He needs rest, but his mind is somersaulting, tortured by questions...

Shaun reaches into his pocket and takes out - his photograph of little Jaycee. The photo is battered and creased now, but Shaun smooths it out as best he can. Shaun gazes at Jaycee.

Then... He loses focus... consumed by darker thoughts... *I'm not a monster.... Am I?*

114 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED SC. 115 114

115 EXT. FELDHILL ESTATE, GARAGES. NIGHT 115

Flynn and Latif have pulled up in front of the estate block.
They step out of the car, scan their surroundings.

FLYNN
How big is this blind spot?

LATIF
Lower level of the estate.

FLYNN
And he was in here for a minute?

LATIF
Just over.

They look over a ledge, to a car park lined with garages.

FLYNN
Let's get these open.

116 INT. CAFE. NIGHT 116

Carey enters to find Marcus Levy looking at her expectantly.

MARCUS
Did you get the links I sent you?

CAREY
To your Wikipedia page?

MARCUS
Just so you don't think I'm some
crackpot.

CAREY
You're a sports... producer.

MARCUS
Senior broadcast consultant.

CAREY
Right.
(beat)
I'm in the middle of a manhunt, Mr
Levy.

MARCUS
He came to my house.

CAREY
Shaun Emery?

MARCUS
About an hour ago.

CAREY
I need to call it in.

Carey jumps on her radio, when -

MARCUS
Please... listen to what I have to
say before you do that.

Carey somehow finds herself putting her radio down. Marcus
opens a laptop. He plays: *the Shaun / Hannah CCTV*.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
You've seen this many times I'm
sure. Shaun claims this has somehow
been fabricated.

Carey looks suddenly hopeful this man may shed some light.

CAREY
And what do you think?

MARCUS
As I said to Shaun, almost anything
is possible when it comes to video
manipulation these days, even for
the layman... I imagine you're
familiar with so called 'deep-fake
pornography' for instance.

CAREY
No.

MARCUS
The point is, you don't have to be
Anslem von Seherr-Thoss anymore to
produce convincing visual effects.

The reference doesn't land, surprisingly, but Carey gets it.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
In any case, regardless of how
feasible the production, the simple
fact of the matter is - you can't
manipulate CCTV images live!
(beat)
But... what if it wasn't?

CAREY
What if it wasn't what?

MARCUS
Live.

Carey sits forward, engaged.

CAREY

You mean like, if there was a delay on the feed?

MARCUS

Let me ask you something. Do any other street cameras border this one, or cross its range?

CAREY

No. There were no border cameras.

Marcus nods, starts to fidget in his seat, excited.

MARCUS

No need for direct continuity.

The noise of the cafe seems to subside as Carey focuses completely on Marcus. He points to the CCTV street shot.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

If somebody were to hack into this video feed, at a point when this street was empty... then slow it down, or loop it for a few seconds... who's going to notice?

Carey is nodding, going along with it...

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Now. *Hypothetically*... Once a delay to the feed is introduced, it would buy time for the next component of this subterfuge.

CAREY

Which is?

MARCUS

The stitch.

Marcus is enjoying himself. He points to Shaun at the start of the famous clip, standing, talking to Hannah.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Shaun remembers *this* stage - as accurate and authentic. Yet, he claims what follows is a work of fiction. Now... *if* that is the case, there has to be a transition that the human eye doesn't see; an invisible cut.

CAREY

...And is there?

MARCUS

I don't know! I can't see an invisible cut any more than I can see the invisible man.

On Carey - *is this man just some time-waster after all?*

MARCUS (CONT'D)

But I know where it'd be if there was one.

(points to video)

If I wanted to hide an edit in this scene? I'd use the wipe.

CAREY

The wipe.

MARCUS

A wipe is something crossing the frame, blocking the action.

Marcus plays the clip. Carey leans in. *The bus wipes in front of Shaun and Hannah. They are out of vision for a fraction of a second.* Carey clicks the video back to the bus wipe.

CAREY

This could be an edit?

MARCUS

It's the perfect place to hide one. And after all, the contentious part of the action is *post bus*.

Carey stares at the footage, and then - she freezes, suddenly consumed by a huge, new, terrible thought...

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(oblivious)

I must say it's extremely well executed if it is. But that's the point. If done properly it's impossible to prove.

CAREY

It doesn't have to be a bus.

MARCUS

Anything that passes by and obscures the action would do it. A bus, a train, a *person* if they're close enough to the camera...

CAREY

A truck.

MARCUS

...Yes, a truck?

(shrug)

(MORE)

Footsteps outside, getting closer. Shaun silently moves across the floor, presses himself next to the door. The footsteps stop. Shaun picks up a stick of splintery wood.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Shaun...? SHAUN?

SHAUN

MAT?? How d'you know where I was??

MAT

Cos you're shit at hiding?

SHAUN

You tracked me?

MAT

Shaun, I didn't track you, I just knew where you'd be. Quinny's stag? We missed the last train back to Aldershot, broke in and kipped here? Said we'd always have a bed for the night? What, you forgot?

Shaun cautiously unfastens the door, let's it swing open. Mat looks back at him. Shaun looks at his friend, stunned.

MAT (CONT'D)

It's just me.

SHAUN

...Your hands? Your thumb's on.

MAT

Fuck are you talking about?

SHAUN (CONT'D)

They pulled it off with pliers!

MAT

What??

SHAUN (CONT'D)

(realising)
Fuck!

MAT

(the wood)

You going to put that down now?

121

EXT. FELDHILL ESTATE, GARAGES. NIGHT

121

A garage door rattles open. Flynn and Latif are joined by Several Uniforms and Locals, opening their garages.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Clear.

They move on to the next garage, Latif and Flynn watching the door open up to reveal - Nothing, an empty garage.

LATIF
Where's your car?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
With my other half.

LATIF
And where's your other half...?

We see who Latif is talking to: Zoe - Mat's wife.

122

INT. RAILWAY ARCH LOCK UP. NIGHT

122

Shaun and Mat are crouched at the back of the lock up.

SHAUN
I saw them torture you.

MAT
It weren't me, Shaun. They must have made it up. They must be the ones what faked your CCTV.

SHAUN
That don't make sense... If he faked it, why's he asking me where Hannah is...?

Shaun seems on the verge of crumbling, mentally, emotionally.

MAT
...What's the matter?

SHAUN
I know it ain't real... But when I shut my eyes, think about what happened... I've started seeing it like that horrible fucking video.
(beat)
Why's that happening??

MAT
Shauny... You ain't done nothing.
(a little loaded)
...Remember that.

SHAUN
I need to get out of London. All these fucking cameras, can't think.

MAT
They got cameras outside London.

SHAUN
Not like here. Not as much.

MAT

You know that video's everywhere,
right? You're on the telly. You
can't run from it.

A sudden idea occurs to Shaun.

SHAUN

You drove.

Mat fixes Shaun with a pained expression.

MAT

Shauny, I can't...

SHAUN

You don't have to drive... Just let
me take it... give me a chance to
get out... Chance to think.

Mat looks at Shaun. He knows he can't say no.

123

EXT. FELDHILL ESTATE, GARAGES. NIGHT

123

Uniform are getting in their cars. Latif is on the radio.

LATIF

DS Latif to Control. We're looking
for a dark blue BMW 3-Series,
registration: Kilo, Sierra...

123A

EXT. RAILWAY ARCH LOCK UP. NIGHT

123A

CLOSE on the back NUMBER PLATE, as we hear Latif read it out -

LATIF (V.O.)

Five, Four, Hotel, Whiskey, Oscar.

The car pulls away. Mat watches it go.

124

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY 124

A flurry of activity in the control room.

GARLAND

Received. Running plate check.

Phillips is pushing buttons, scanning number plates across
London. Everyone in the mothership is busy, buzzing around,
responding to the Emery case. Everyone except one -

125

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SMALL OPS ROOM. NIGHT

125

Carey is on her own in the small side-room, in front of a computer, glued to the NEWS REPORT we saw in episode one. On screen: *Danny Hart is on the steps of the Royal Courts.*

HART (ON SCREEN)

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

Carey flicks the report forward, watching carefully.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

*The suspects claimed they had no
connection to the Birmingham-based
ringleader. This CCTV footage says
otherwise...*

On screen: *CCTV of three young Muslim men meeting another, slightly older guy.* Carey clicks the clip back, a dreadful suspicion dawning.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

*...no connection to the Birmingham-
based ringleader. This CCTV footage
says otherwise...*

She clicks the clip back once more, nausea building.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

This CCTV footage says otherwise...

Finally we see what Carey sees - On screen, the CCTV, played from slightly earlier, just before the meeting:

*In front of them, a large blurry soft focus TRUCK WIPES FRAME
- blocking the action for a split second.*

On Carey, stunned, sickened. Her very own evidence, tainted?

126

INT/EXT. MAT'S CAR / DUAL CARRIAGEWAY. NIGHT

126

The BMW flies along, Shaun eyeing the road, determined. Then - Shaun is alarmed to hear a buzz from the glove compartment. He opens it - a mobile phone, alight with a text.

TEXT MSG: I'm so sorry Shauny. I had to.

Oh God what is this?? The phone buzzes again, another text.

TEXT MSG: They know where we live.

Mat! What has he done? Shaun needs out of this car.

127 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. DAY** 127

Garland and Phillips on the number plate check. The computer program whizzes from car to car, searching for a match...

PHILLIPS

Got it.

GARLAND

Suspect vehicle heading South East
on the A282...

128 **INT/EXT. MAT'S CAR / DUAL CARRIAGEWAY. NIGHT** 128

Shaun's eyes pop as he sees - THREE POLICE CARS, opposite carriage, other direction. BLUE FLASHING LIGHTS.

Did they see me?? He searches desperately for an exit, checking his rear view he sees: At a junction behind him, the police cars are turning around, coming for him!

Shaun puts his foot down. Finally - he sees an exit! He takes it, speeding away from the dual carriageway -

129 **INT/EXT. MAT'S CAR / VENNER FARMS INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. NIGHT** 29

Shaun swerves along the road, into an industrial estate - finally screeches to a halt, and as he does - hears a THUD from the boot of the car. *What was that?*

Shaun jumps out of the car. He should run, but something makes him stay, needing to know... He turns to the boot. Pops it. Shaun nearly vomits in shock.

The dead body of Hannah Roberts.

130 **INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT** 30

Rachel Carey steps trancelike out of her side room, into the mothership. All around her, detectives rush about, caught up in the investigation, the car sighting, the chase.

But Carey is staring at the wall of screens; the entire surveillance machine. *What the hell can we believe here...?*

GARLAND

Got him.

PHILLIPS

What's he looking at?

Carey sees: *Shaun, staring into the boot of the car.*

131

EXT. VENNER FARMS INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. NIGHT

131

Shaun snaps out of it. The sirens are getting louder, but still he doesn't run. There's something else on his mind... He scans his surroundings. He knows by now - there's always one. He finds it: a CCTV camera, on the corner of a building.

The CCTV CAM twitches, centering menacingly on him. Shaun faces it directly. Bold, defiant, glaring into lens.

132

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM COMMAND, SURVEILLANCE CONTROL. NIGHT²

Carey watches Shaun on screen, looking into camera. As if he's looking right at her.

CUT TO BLACK.