

That's how the light gets in

FADE IN:

EXT. ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL - NIGHT

Guests and dignitaries are arriving at an awards event. Men in black tie attire and women in fancy cocktail dresses walk down the red carpet. A large press contingent is present, filming the arrivals and reporting on camera.

At the entrance to the hall a large advertising banner carries the words: '*Financial Times Person of the Year 2019*'.

At the side of the red carpet, a SKY NEWS REPORTER delivers a live report.

SKY NEWS REPORTER

(into camera)

I'm outside the Royal Festival Hall as we await the arrival of this year's Financial Times Person of the Year, Dame Harriet Cole... And I'm just receiving word that her arrival is imminent...

At the end of the red carpet, a black limousine draws up. A smartly dressed greeter opens the car door. DAME HARRIET COLE is helped out of the vehicle by the greeter and begins to walk down the red carpet towards the hall entrance. She is a slight woman, with long grey hair, in her seventies. She looks a bit lost in all the fanfare.

Cameras flash and the crowd begins to applaud and cheer. She stops to give a small, embarrassed smile and a wave to the crowd before entering the venue.

SKY NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

There is no doubt that she's a favourite amongst the British public and a very worthy recipient of this year's award. We'll be back shortly with live coverage from inside the Royal Festival Hall. Until then back to the studio.

INT. VIC'S FLAT - NIGHT

Inside a nice but untidy apartment, VIC DRUMMOND, a man in his late-fifties with greying hair and a dishevelled look, limps towards the sofa, carrying a pizza box and a can of Coke. He sits down and opens the box. A cat jumps up next to him on the sofa, looks at the pizza and then at Vic.

VIC

Sorry Jim, I'll get to the shops  
one day...

Vic grabs his remote control and clicks it on. On his TV, the broadcast from inside the Royal Festival Hall shows: a short video biography of Dame Harriet Cole on a big video screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...raised as an only child by her mother, Anne, after her father, Corporal David Cole, lost his life on the beaches of Normandy two months before she was born. After excelling academically...

Vic breaks a piece of pizza off for Jim. Jim takes it in his mouth and then drops it onto the pizza box. Vic looks at Jim, puzzled.

VIC

Really? You're a fucking cat that doesn't like anchovies?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...the age of 27 became the youngest newsreader on Grampian Television. In 1980 she moved to BBC House in London to present their current affairs programme: 'Date Stamp'. It was here, she has often said, that her life really began. Whilst investigating reports of child abuse at a South London orphanage...

Jim tries another piece of pizza, drops it and lets out a squeal.

VIC

Yeah, lick your fucking lips. Seems your pizza ambition doesn't stretch to pepperoni either.

Jim goes and curls up at the other side of the couch as Vic concentrates on the television.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...resulted in a string of convictions at the orphanage and in the setting up of the Child Crimes Unit at Scotland Yard.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So moved was she by the plight of these children that she adopted one of the young boys, and she set about founding a charity to protect children from abuse in all its forms. The Children's Trust has grown from strength to strength over the last 30 years, with its helpline fielding over 75,000 calls annually. It has become woven into the fabric of our society as a place that children can turn to, for understanding, advice and, in many cases, legal recourse. On behalf of the hundreds of thousands of children whose lives have been irrevocably changed by this remarkable woman, it gives us great pleasure to announce the Financial Times Person of the Year, Dame...

Vic reaches for his can of Coke, but he's uncoordinated and knocks it over, soaking his pizza.

VIC

Fucking fuck!

Vic switches off the television in a grump. He looks down at Jim as the cat licks up the coke from the pizza box.

VIC (CONT'D)

Yeah Jim, tonight we feast like kings.

INT. ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL - NIGHT

Dame Harriet Cole walks slowly up the steps onto the stage as the audience rises to its feet and applauds. She approaches the lectern, discards her speech notes on it and pauses for a few seconds before she looks at the crowd and begins to speak into the microphone.

HARRIET

I'm here to accept an award for fighting a losing battle. That's the unfortunate truth of it. Child abuse continues to occur on every single street of this country. By the law of averages, there are around 30 abusers in this room alone.

(MORE)

## HARRIET (CONT'D)

I hope that those who abuse children, verbally, physically, emotionally or sexually, never have a moment's peace from the guilt of their despicable, subhuman existences. Thank you for the award, and I hope you won't see me as ungracious, but there's still so much more to do, and this was never about me.

To the sound of muted applause from the clearly shocked audience, Harriet leaves the stage, walks down the aisle and out of the side doors.

A well-dressed man in his sixties, LORD MITCHELL, gets up from his seat and walks briskly after her. Walking through the foyer, she hears his footsteps approaching quickly from behind her and turns around to see who it is. Lord Mitchell stares coldly at her.

## LORD MITCHELL

Not great to a room full of patrons, Harriet. Have you lost your mind?

Harriet stares straight at Lord Mitchell for a few seconds. She's about to speak, then stops herself.

## LORD MITCHELL (CONT'D)

There are a lot of people who rely on you, Harriet. It's the children who'll lose out most.

Harriet's face goes red and her lips begin to tremble. She continues to stare at Lord Mitchell until she can't control herself. She leans in and speaks softly.

## HARRIET

Spare me the fucking sanctimonious shit, Mitchell. I know what you've done. I know. And I know that there is a chamber of hell reserved solely for you.

Dame Harriet turns and walks away. Lord Mitchell has a concerned look on his face. He waits until Harriet has left the building, walks behind a pillar and pulls out his mobile phone.

INT. HARRIET'S HOUSE, MUSWELL HILL - NIGHT

The key turns in the door and Harriet enters her house. She walks through to the kitchen, opens her fridge, pulls out a half-full bottle of wine and pours herself a glass. Then she goes to the storage space under the stairs and pulls out an old tape recorder and a box of audio cassettes. She sits down at the kitchen table, takes a sip of the wine and puts a cassette in the tape recorder.

INT. MATT COLE'S HOUSE, CROUCH END - NIGHT

MATT COLE, a man in his early thirties, is standing with his wife, COLETTE, peering into a child's room. Their young daughter, LOU, finally closes her eyes and drifts off to sleep.

COLETTE

And, sleep. You should send your mum a quick message. She should be home by now.

Matt takes out his phone and types a message. He smiles and turns to give his wife a kiss.

EXT. A DARK STREET, MUSWELL HILL - NIGHT

Harriet pops a small envelope into a postbox and turns to head back home. Her phone beeps. She looks at the message, which reads: 'Nice one mum' with a fire-breathing dragon emoji. She types a short message back and presses send.

She walks the short journey back to her house, startled by a few odd noises, looking behind her every so often. She reaches home and lets herself in.

INT. HARRIET'S HOUSE, MUSWELL HILL - NIGHT

Harriet enters her kitchen, picks up the cassette recorder and puts it back under the stairs. She sits back at the kitchen table. She takes the final sip of her wine and the tears begin to fall down her face. She puts her head in her hands and sobs uncontrollably.

EXT. LONDON, THAMES EMBANKMENT - DAY

Vic limps and sways down the street and enters a coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP, EMBANKMENT - DAY

Vic joins the queue for coffee, stumbling with each step forward. A couple of young businessmen look at him disdainfully. Vic reaches the front of the queue.

VIC  
(slurring)  
Larshge cappushicino, pleashe.

The businessmen shake their heads and mutter to themselves.

EXT. LONDON, THAMES EMBANKMENT - DAY

Vic leaves the coffee shop and continues his walk down the Embankment. He turns and heads towards some steps and begins to climb them slowly and clumsily. A POLICE CONSTABLE approaches him.

POLICE CONSTABLE  
You okay, sir?

VIC  
I'll be fine, thanks constable.

POLICE CONSTABLE  
Good to have you back sir.

VIC  
That remains to be seen...  
(to himself)  
Although, voice of a drunk suddenly gone, real one back. That's a start.

Vic enters the Scotland Yard building.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Vic exits a lift, walks down a corridor, knocks on a door then enters. The door closes to reveal a name on the door: Mary Collins - Commissioner, Scotland Yard.

INT. MARY COLLIN'S OFFICE - DAY

MARY COLLINS, a woman aged 55, dressed in her Scotland Yard uniform, sits behind her desk in a big office. She looks up from what she's doing as Vic enters.

MARY

Vic, take a seat, how are you feeling?

Vic sits down awkwardly and with obvious difficulty.

VIC

Good. Frustrated.

Mary looks at him with more than a little concern.

MARY

I've seen the assessment. They're recommending voluntary retirement.

VIC

It wouldn't be voluntary though, would it?

MARY

I don't know what to say, Vic, it's a shitty situation. You're the best detective I've ever had the pleasure of working with, but...

VIC

I appear to be fucking drunk all the time, I know. I sometimes piss myself for added authenticity as well.

Vic gives Mary a wry smile and she smiles back at him.

MARY

I believe that there are some promising new treatments on the horizon. MS seems to be getting a lot of attention from the big pharma companies. I'm going to sign you off for another couple of months. Let's just push pause for a while and not make anything final yet...

VIC

I guess that's the best I could hope for, given the circumstances. I know I'm an increasingly surly bastard, but I'm really grateful. I'm not done yet, Mary...

MARY

That's what I'm hoping...

INT. TINY TOTS NURSERY, WREXHAM - DAY

Inside the nursery, carers are hanging up children's coats and getting ready to start the day. A woman in her thirties, MRS. EDMONDS, comes through the door holding her 9 month old baby, CYNTHIA. One of the carers, 19-year old MOLLY, comes forward to greet them.

MOLLY

Hello Mrs. Edmonds, hello Cynthia!

MRS. EDMONDS

She's not quite at the answer back stage yet, Molly, but you know that, as I'm sure you spend more time with her than I do! Unfortunately. Cynthia, give Molly a cuddle.

Cynthia reaches towards Molly and Molly takes her in her arms.

MOLLY

Hello, darling! Are you ready to have some fun?

Cynthia smiles at her and throws her arms around her in a big cuddle.

MRS. EDMONDS

While I remember, we've been invited out to dinner on Friday night with Pete's boss. Are you able to babysit? I know it's not much notice.

MOLLY

Of course, I'd love to. I'll have fun with this little bundle. What time?

MRS. EDMONDS

6.30, if that's okay?

MOLLY

Perfect, Mrs. Edmonds, see you then.

MRS. EDMONDS

Thanks, Molly, you're a star. It's nice to have someone Cynthia loves and that we trust with her. Cynthia, big kiss for mummy, see you later.

Cynthia gives her mum a kiss and a cuddle and Mrs. Edmonds leaves her with Molly and heads off to work.

EXT. HARRIET'S HOUSE, MUSWELL HILL - DAY

Matt walks up the path, puts his key in the door and walks inside.

INT. HARRIET'S HOUSE, MUSWELL HILL - DAY

Matt closes the door and shouts up the stairs.

MATT

Mum, it's just me. Thought you might fancy breakfast.

He stands waiting for a reply that doesn't come and then he walks into the kitchen. He sees Harriet lying motionless on the floor and rushes over to her. He turns her over and sees that her eyes are wide and glassy. It's immediately obvious to him that she's dead.

MATT (CONT'D)

Fuck, mum, no!

He pulls out his phone and dials 999.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE CALL CENTRE - DAY

An OPERATOR wearing a headset broadcasts an emergency call over the emergency services airwaves.

OPERATOR

This is an all services bulletin for those in the vicinity of 19 Colinton Street, Muswell Hill. Category 1, immediate response required. An unresponsive female. Her son has just found her.

EXT. A LONDON STREET - DAY

TWO POLICE OFFICERS sit in a police car as the emergency call comes through on their radio. One of them picks up the radio handset and responds to the call.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Charlie Romeo two-three, we'll take it. ETA five minutes.

Police officer 2 puts on the blue light and the car speeds off.

EXT. HARRIET'S HOUSE, MUSWELL HILL - DAY

The police car pulls up outside the house and the two police officers run up the path. Matt opens the door and lets them in.

INT. HARRIET'S HOUSE, MUSWELL HILL - DAY

One of the police officers gets down on his knees and puts his hand on Harriet's neck, searching for a pulse. He holds his hand in position for about 30 seconds, moving it around a little bit and trying different places on her neck. Eventually he stops and removes his hand. He turns to Matt with a look of disappointment on his face.

POLICE OFFICER 1

She's gone, unfortunately, sir. I think she's been dead for a while.

Matt chokes up, realising that what he feared is now real. His eyes become watery and his voice falters as he tries to hold back the tears.

MATT

I found her about 15 minutes ago... the last I heard from her was about midnight last night... so it could've happened anytime after then...

POLICE OFFICER 2

And she's your mother?

MATT

Yes.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Can you tell me your name sir, and your mother's name?

MATT

Matt Cole, and she's Harriet Cole.

The officers stare at him, then stare at Harriet's body.

POLICE OFFICER 1

My god, so it is. I didn't realise. She's Dame Harriet Cole?

Matt nods.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry, sir. What an amazing  
woman she is... was. Sorry sir.

Police officer 1 looks a bit embarrassed. Matt gives him a  
soft smile.

Police officer 2 takes his walkie-talkie off his belt, walks  
into the corridor and calls the police control centre from  
it.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
This is Charlie Romeo two-three.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Go ahead Charlie Romeo two-three...

POLICE OFFICER 2  
We responded to the call at  
Colinton Street. Unfortunately  
we've determined that the subject,  
probably in her mid to late  
seventies, is deceased. Paramedics  
not required. Nothing suspicious.  
Looks like a natural death. We'll  
obviously need a doctor for  
confirmation.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Confirmed Charlie Romeo two-three.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Deceased is also reasonably well-  
known, so suggest we close off the  
street to keep the public and press  
out.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Affirmative officer. The deceased's  
name?

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Dame Harriet Cole.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Damn. I'll put out the calls.  
Control out.

INT. HOUSE OF LORDS - DAY

Lord Mitchell is chatting to a group of men in the foyer. A man in a suit comes up to him, beckons him aside and whispers something to him. Lord Mitchell nods at him.

LORD MITCHELL

Put a call through to Stephen,  
he'll know what to do. Tell him I  
say no stone un-turned.

He turns and rejoins his colleagues.

EXT. HARRIET'S HOUSE, MUSWELL HILL - DAY

Harriet's body, on a gurney and covered by a blanket, is escorted by a doctor and loaded into an ambulance. Matt stands looking from the doorway. A police cordon is in place, with entrance to the street blocked by police tape and three attending police officers. A stream of vehicles - police cars and black SUVs - suddenly race around the corner and are allowed to drive through. The road outside Harriet's house quickly fills up as the vehicles park wherever they can find space.

Matt looks confused as police officers and men in suits get out of the vehicles and all head towards the house. A MAN IN A BLACK SUIT approaches Matt.

MAN IN BLACK SUIT

Sir, I must ask you to leave so  
that we can undertake our  
investigation.

MATT

What investigation?

MAN IN BLACK SUIT

I'm not at liberty to say. We have  
teams on the way here, and I have  
an order to vacate everyone from  
the premises.

Standing outside one of the vans, some of the police officers begin to put on forensic suits. Armed officers take up positions around the house and the men in suits begin to enter the house. Matt stands looking at everything, dazed.

MAN IN BLACK SUIT (CONT'D)

Sir, I must insist that you leave  
immediately. Failure to do so will  
result in your arrest.

Matt looks at the man, a bit shocked at what's going on and at the scene unfolding before him. He suddenly has a thought.

MATT

No problem, I'll leave you to it. I just need to get my car keys from inside.

MAN IN BLACK SUIT

I'll retrieve them for you sir, if you will please remain where you are. Where in the house are they?

MATT

They should be in the kitchen, on the counter.

The man in the black suit enters the house. Matt takes out his mobile phone, holds it at his side and begins to take some pictures without drawing attention to himself. The man returns 30 seconds later.

MAN IN BLACK SUIT

No keys that I can find, sir.

MATT

Damn. Are you sure?

MAN IN BLACK SUIT

Sir, keys or no keys, you need to leave the premises now or I'll be forced...

MATT

Fine, I'm going, I'm going...

Matt turns and leaves. He walks down the road a bit, takes out his car keys, gets into his car and drives off. Once he's a safe distance from the police cordon, he pulls his car over, takes out his phone and dials a number.

INT. VIC'S FLAT - DAY

Vic enters through the front door. Jim rubs himself up against his leg. Vic's phone rings and he answers it.

VIC

Vic Drummond.

EXT. A NORTH LONDON STREET - DAY

Matt sits in his car and speaks into his phone.

MATT  
Mr. Drummond. This is Matt Cole...

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

VIC  
Harriet's son Matt?

MATT  
Yes, Mr. Drummond...

VIC  
'Vic', please Matt. What can I do for you? How's your mum? I've been meaning to get in touch with her, it's been too...

MATT  
(interrupting)  
She's dead, Vic. I found her this morning.

Vic is silent as he takes in the news.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Vic, are you still there?

VIC  
Sorry Matt, that's come as a bit of a shock. My god, I'm so sorry. I was just watching her on TV last night. What a wonderful woman. That's terrible news...

MATT  
She always spoke highly of you, that's why I'm getting touch.

VIC  
How can I help?

MATT  
I found her about an hour ago, she was cold already, so it must've happened last night or this morning, probably a heart attack. The police arrived and confirmed that she was dead. Then, as they were loading her body into the ambulance, more police cars arrived.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

They swarmed the house, some with guns and lots of what I imagine were plain clothes detectives. It seemed a bit overboard and they forced me to leave.

VIC

Let me do some digging. I'm on sick leave at the moment, but I'll find out what I can.

MATT

Yeah, mum mentioned that you were diagnosed with MS, sorry to hear that, it must be tough.

VIC

(laughs)

Difficult to tell sometimes if the way I'm feeling is just because I'm getting old and rubbish to be honest. Anything else you noticed?

MATT

I took some pictures with my phone. Not sure how good they are, but maybe...

VIC

I should've guessed that someone raised by Harriet would be a little smarter than average! Great, Matt, send them to me and I'll have a look. I'll get back to you when I have some info.

MATT

Thanks, Vic.

Vic disconnects the call. His phone buzzes as Matt's pictures come through. He looks at them intently, flicking through. He stops, looking a bit confused, flicking back through them for another look. He looks down at Jim, who is still circling his legs, and picks him up.

VIC

So Jim, nice old woman dies and we get a whole load of serious looking security services, in a variety of flavours, descending on the house? What did you get yourself into, Harriet?

EXT. SOUTHWARK CHILDREN'S HOME - DAY - 1995, FLASHBACK

Police officers are performing a raid on the orphanage. Care workers and a priest are led out in handcuffs and loaded into police vans. Officers then lead out frightened children. A young police officer in his mid-twenties, VIC DRUMMOND, emerges with a small boy wrapped in a blanket. HARRIET COLE, in her forties, is in the company of a senior police officer and a social worker, watching from a distance. Vic hands the boy over to the social worker and goes and sits on the pavement with his head in his hands.

HARRIET  
(to senior officer)  
Let me...

She sits down next to Vic on the pavement.

HARRIET (CONT'D)  
I'd only worry if you didn't feel  
what you're feeling.

VIC  
What's going to happen to the kids?

HARRIET  
Another home, probably. Some might  
be lucky and get fostered. The  
little one you brought out, Matt, I  
have plans for him. He really got  
to me.

VIC  
The impact you've made for all  
these kids is massive, Miss Cole.  
If there's ever anything I can help  
you with...

Harriet smiles and puts a hand on Vic's shoulder.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vic is holding Jim and stroking him.

VIC  
It's taken her 25 years to need my  
help, Jim. Goodness knows what this  
is about, if anything. But I think  
we need to find out.

EXT. A FOOTBALL PITCH ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF GLASGOW - DAY

A bunch of young boys are playing a game of football on a muddy pitch. The coach, a man in his late twenties, ED MCALLISTER, shouts instructions as he moves around the field with the action.

ED MCALLISTER

Look left, Ian... Good ball! Watch Colin's run, Smithy. Have a crack, Colin...

COLIN takes a shot from the edge of the box and scores. Ed blows on his whistle three times.

ED MCALLISTER (CONT'D)

Right boys, that's it for today. Good game. Remember, be here for 9.30 on Saturday, the buses will leave promptly. Clean boots and smart. Let's hit the showers.

The boys leave the field and head off to the changing rooms.

INT. THE FOOTBALL CHANGING ROOMS - DAY

The boys are getting undressed and getting into the showers. One of the boys, SEAN, aged eleven, a bit smaller than the rest, looks nervous.

ED MCALLISTER

Sean, come on, we've no got all day, get in the shower.

COLIN

He's scared we'll see his fanny!

The boys start to laugh. Sean looks upset.

ED MCALLISTER

Colin, that's enough. Sean, just get dressed then.

EXT. THE FOOTBALL GROUNDS - DAY

The boys leave the changing rooms and are met by their parents. They all get into their cars and drive off. Ed locks the door and notices that Sean is standing alone in the car park.

ED MCALLISTER

They're no late again are they  
Sean? C'mon, I'll gie ye a lift.

Sean looks shy and nervous as he gets into Ed's car.

INT. AN APARTMENT IN GLASGOW - DAY

Sean walks in the door and heads up the stairs and straight into his room. His family don't even seem to notice him. He locks his bedroom door, gets under the covers on his bed and starts to cry.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB, PALL MALL - NIGHT

A group of well-dressed men sit around a table in a drawing room. Lord Mitchell enters the room and takes his seat at the head of the table.

LORD MITCHELL

Gentlemen, I'm assured there's nothing to concern ourselves with. The premises were swept by all manner of security services and nothing was found. They tore the place apart. All computers, tablets and phones were confiscated. And if any problems arise in the future, we'll simply plant financial records to show embezzlement and discredit her. I'm happy to admit that I may have overreacted, but better safe than sorry.

One of the men, a bald, fat and swollen-headed man in his sixties, LORD BANKS, looks at Lord Mitchell with some concern.

LORD BANKS

What about cause of death?

LORD MITCHELL

Ah, yes, Clive, good point. The autopsy will show cardiac arrest and we'll have her cremated immediately to negate any problems in the future.

Lord Banks looks satisfied with Lord Mitchell's response.

LORD BANKS

Very good. Very good. Let's not let this affect a splendid evening ahead chaps.

Lord Banks takes a large sip from his glass of champagne.

LORD MITCHELL

Now, unless there are any further items to discuss, I think I've earned a brandy or two.

The men mutter in agreement and begin to leave the drawing room.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There's a loud knock on Vic's door. He hobbles over and opens the door. A woman in her early twenties with long, wild hair - his daughter, EMMA DRUMMOND - is standing in the doorway with a big, dirty rucksack on her back. She's also carrying a large pile of paper and envelopes.

EMMA

Surprise! Now don't have a heart attack old man!

Vic's face breaks into a huge smile.

VIC

Fuck off! Now come here and give your dad a hug.

Emma launches herself forward and gives Vic a big hug. He holds onto her.

EMMA

Alright, alright, don't get all worked up now! So, you old git, how's tricks?

Vic helps Emma into the apartment, grabbing her huge rucksack and putting it in the living room.

VIC

I thought you were still in Vietnam...

Vic can't help himself as he grins and continues, more than a little sarcastically.

VIC (CONT'D)

Finding yourself!

Emma dumps the big pile of papers and envelopes on the side-board.

EMMA

Looks like you might need me,  
seeing as it doesn't look like  
you've collected your post since  
I've been gone.

Vic looks at Emma intently for a second.

VIC

Does your mum know you're back?

Emma looks down, trying to suppress her smile.

EMMA

She may or she may not.

VIC

Emma.

EMMA

Oh, relax, I'll tell her in a few  
weeks. Or months. Or something.

VIC

I don't want to be blamed for this.  
Just saying. So how was it?

There's a loud knock at the door again.

EMMA

Oh, yeah, that reminds me. I may  
accidentally have fallen in love  
with someone on my travels. He may  
or may not be at the door.

Vic laughs.

VIC

I'll guess, shall I?

Emma gets the door and brings a good-looking Spanish man, JOSE, carrying a rucksack, into the living room. He has a big smile on his face.

JOSE

Hola, Mister Drummond! My name is  
Jose, call me Joe. I love your  
daughter, is good?

Vic puts out his hand. Jose moves straight past it and grabs Vic in a big hug. Vic starts laughing.

VIC

Jesus, Emma. He's a good-looking bastard though, isn't he? Sit down the two of you. I'm sure you've got tales to tell. I'll put the kettle on.

JOSE

No, Mister Drummond. I bring cerveza...

Jose opens a carrier bag and pulls out a six-pack.

VIC

Nice opening. This might just work out between you two. I take it you'll both be staying for a while?

EMMA

You're the best, dad. I've missed you. Now open your post before I do it for you...

VIC

Go on then. I could care less.

Emma picks up a pile of leaflets. She leafs through them.

EMMA

Curry. Chinese. Chinese. Curry. Asian. Kebab. The culinary capital of the world.

On top of the pile of envelopes is one that's a bit thicker. It attracts Emma's attention and she opens it first.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Dad, it's an audio cassette type thing...

Vic looks up at her.

VIC

A tape? Odd. I'm sure I've got an old tape deck somewhere.

He goes to a cupboard, rifles through the mess and finds a cassette player. He plugs it in, puts the tape in and presses play. After a few seconds of background noise, a voice speaks from the tape player.

HARRIET (V.O.)

Hello Vic.

Harriet's voice sends a chill through him and he presses stop. He looks shocked.

EMMA

Dad, are you okay?

VIC

Yeah, just a voice I wasn't expecting to be hearing again. Ems, could the two of you just pop down to the pub whilst I listen to this? I'll join you in a bit...

EMMA

No problem. Joe, let's go and give the old man some space.

Emma flashes Vic a warm and concerned smile before she and Jose leave the apartment. Vic turns on the tape again.

HARRIET (V.O.)

This is very much a makeshift plan to get a message to you. I was hoping to have more time but, well, my anger got the better of me earlier this evening. I'm not expecting they'll let that go. The first thing I need to ask you is absolutely essential. Don't investigate my death. It's not important to the bigger picture. It'll distract you and it'll draw unnecessary attention. There is something much more vital that I need you to do. No one, absolutely no one else, is to be trusted. This is big, Vic. And dangerous. It involves people who will do anything to keep it quiet. And I mean anything. I've been fed information over the last five years. By someone on the inside of something so evil that it defies belief. I never met him and I don't know who he is. I've left a trail for you to follow that no one else should be able to. You'll have to be persistent and patient. But you'll get there, I know you will. Please, please, please, Matt must know nothing. Keep him and his family, my family, out of it.

(MORE)

HARRIET (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Finally, Vic, don't reveal even the smallest part of what you find until you can bring down the whole house. Everything I've ever done with my life depends on this. Remember that they will stop at nothing. But I know that you won't either.

EXT. A DARKENED LONDON STREET IN AN INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

An old Bentley drives slowly down the street and stops. The driver checks his rear view mirror then gets out of the car. He walks around to the passenger seat, opens the door and reaches in. He picks up a small boy of about 9 years old, wrapped in blanket and fast asleep. He gently carries him onto the pavement and sets him down in a dark doorway.

He gets back in the car. In the back-seat of the car, smoking a cigar is a man in his 70's. It's Lord Banks.

LORD BANKS

Home, Pavel. Loose lips sink ships, as they say. And get their fucking eyes cut out.

INT. MARY COLLIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Vic is sitting in a chair waiting. Mary enters the room. Vic starts to get up awkwardly.

MARY

Don't be silly, Vic...

Vic gives up and sits back down.

MARY (CONT'D)

How are you doing? Any improvement?

VIC

If there is, it's deviously hiding itself.

MARY

I'm sorry, Vic.

VIC

Let's just make this easy, shall we? I'm not getting any better.

(MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)

I'll have spells where it'll look like everything's okay, and then I'll just end up falling over or pissing myself on the tube.

Mary looks at him intently and with compassion.

VIC (CONT'D)

My days running after criminals, and scaling fences at the end of alleyways are shot...

MARY

(smiling)

Don't remember you doing any of that, but I get the point.

VIC

I've either been watching too much Starsky and Hutch or the lesions are making shit up then...

They smile at each other.

VIC (CONT'D)

So, I got to thinking. When was the last time anyone at the Met was involved in a car chase? A shoot-out?

MARY

It happens, but certainly not with any regularity.

VIC

Exactly. Do you remember how Levi Bellfield was caught?

MARY

Not off the top of my head.

VIC

A till receipt. A fucking till receipt. His girlfriend asked him to buy nappies, and the receipt kept by the shop owner matched her account. It put him close to the crime scene of one of the murders and blew his alibi. Months of detective work would've come to nothing without that. And that's just the analogue version.

(MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)

Nowadays we collect evidence and solve crimes with CCTV, internet usage, phone tracking - digital fingerprints that are almost impossible to know you're leaving. The days of the bobby on the beat are over. Which got me to thinking. I want to throw myself into this new world.

MARY

Vic, you've got the best instincts of any detective I've ever worked with, but you're talking about serious science. The guys in data forensics have PHDs in computer science and the like...

VIC

Train me. I'll learn quickly. Otherwise the Met is going to be paying my salary for years to come with nothing to show for it. You can't pension me off without years of fighting the union, and with a degenerative disease it won't look good. Give me a year, and if I'm not up-to-speed and helping to solve cases, you'll have my voluntary resignation. The worst that can happen is that I'm shit at it.

MARY

Sounds like you've got this all thought out.

VIC

I've had some time to myself, you may have noticed.

Mary looks at Vic, thinking about what he's said for a few seconds.

MARY

A year. I'll run it past those upstairs. But you have a nod from me. I'll do what I can.

VIC

Thanks, Mary. I appreciate it's not a run-of-the-mill request, but thanks for your support.

MARY

Now go and get some rest, Vic. Oh, while I remember - Harriet Cole, wasn't she a friend of yours?

VIC

Friend would be a bit of an exaggeration. I met her about 25 years ago, on my first big case.

MARY

Southwark?

VIC

Yeah. Impressive woman. Made a real impact with her work on abuse. I'm presuming it was heart attack?

MARY

The autopsy results showed a blood clot that caused cardiac arrest. The problem we have is that some idiot at the coroner's office thought there was an instruction for immediate cremation of her body. Of course there wasn't, why would there be? And now somebody has to inform her son.

VIC

Fuck. That somebody, it's not...

MARY

Unfortunately, yes it is.

VIC

(smiles)

I'd offer, but I'm on sick leave, as you know...

MARY

Your kindness is overwhelming! Get out of here, Vic. And let's work at getting you back soon.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vic is sleeping on the couch with Jim curled up next to him. His phone beeps and he opens his eyes. He rubs his eyes, puts his glasses on and picks up the phone to read the message. He dials a number.

VIC

Hi Matt, I'm just returning your call, it's Vic Drummond.

MATT (V.O.)

Hi Vic, thanks for calling. I've just had some terrible news.

VIC

Yeah, I know about it. I had a meeting with my boss, Mary Collins, this morning. Sorry, I didn't feel it was my place to tell you.

MATT (V.O.)

I don't know what to make of it, to be honest. Was it a genuine mistake or do you think they could be covering something up?

VIC

I know Mary well, Matt, and if there was anything suspicious, she'd have told me. According to the autopsy, your mum had a heart attack brought on by a blood clot. No evidence of foul play at all. As for the sheer numbers of police officers who arrived once you'd found her, I did some checking into it. It's pretty much par for the course with anyone who's reasonably well-known, and they were just really covering all the bases and making sure that they gathered all available evidence, in case there was anything amiss with the autopsy.

MATT (V.O.)

I guess I should be thankful that they arrived so quickly, it just seemed a bit odd that there were so many.

VIC

According to the 999 calls, the first officers on the scene also informed them it was your mum, so there may have been a bit of inquisitiveness on the part of some of the officers who arrived. I think that's perhaps just due to the esteem she was held in.

MATT (V.O.)

Thanks for looking into this, Vic, much appreciated. Mum always spoke highly of you.

VIC

As for the cremation, however, that's just unforgivable. It's a silly and insensitive mistake and someone's head should roll for it. You could probably sue.

MATT (V.O.)

You're right, but I think about what mum would do, and she'd rather police budgets were used for bringing people to justice than lost to middle class lawsuits. And it seems a bit mercenary to try and profit out of mum's death.

VIC

I get your point. She was a pretty selfless woman. But if you change your mind, give me a shout and I'll point you in the right direction.

MATT (V.O.)

We're having a memorial for mum next Tuesday at 11am, if you can make it? She wasn't in the slightest religious and without the need for a burial, it'll just be some of her friends and family. It's at her house and I'll be scattering her ashes in the garden she loved so much.

VIC

Thanks, Matt, I'd be honoured to come. And if there's ever anything I can help with, please don't hesitate.

MATT (V.O.)

She would've liked you to be there. Thanks, Vic, see you on Tuesday.

Vic disconnects the call and speaks to Jim.

VIC

I know, Jim, I'm not a good liar.

INT. 3RD MANCHESTER SCOUT HALL - NIGHT

A man in a Scout Master's uniform, BRIAN FOREST, welcomes young boys and their parents into the scout hall. Everyone takes their seats and Brian Forest takes his place at the front to address everyone.

BRIAN FOREST

Welcome boys! And welcome mums and dads. I'm your Scout Master, my name is Brian, but to you I'll be known as Cheetah. Today, the fun and adventure starts! I'm sure many of you have been waiting for years to be old enough to come and join us, and I'm sure the rest of you have been waiting just as long to have Friday nights to yourselves!

A ripple of laughter comes from the parents.

BRIAN FOREST (CONT'D)

We're going to make your time as a scout something you'll remember for the rest of your lives. Of course we'll be building things, cooking things, discovering things and we'll be doing lots of camping. You'll learn skills to keep with you forever. It's my honour and privilege to help you experience the great outdoors. Mums and dads, wish your boys luck and adventure. We'll see you back here at 9pm.

The parents get up and leave the hall. Brian Forest closes the door behind them and turns to face the group of boys.

BRIAN FOREST (CONT'D)

Right boys, who wants fire!

The boys start to laugh.

EXT. VIC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A woman in her seventies, with short grey hair, CLARE, walks up to the door of Vic's building and enters. She makes her way up a flight of stairs, takes an envelope out of her handbag and slides it under a door. She walks back down the stairs, out of the door and down the street.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jim lets out a miaow and goes over to rub himself on Vic's leg.

VIC

Jesus, Jim, how much do you need to eat. For a cat that does fuck-all but...

Jim miaows again and runs to the door. Vic follows him to see what the fuss is about. He spots an envelope at the door. There's no name on the front, and inside a note simply reads: *167b Thurston Mews, Haggerston. 10.30am tomorrow.*

Vic looks quizzically at Jim.

VIC (CONT'D)

Nope, me neither.

EXT. AN OLD BRICK FACTORY BUILDING, HAGGERSTON - DAY

Vic stands by a security intercom and buzzes 167b. Clare's voice comes through the intercom.

CLARE (V.O.)

Take the lift to the third floor.

After a few seconds the gate clicks open and Vic walks in. He gets in an old elevator, pulls the gate shut and heads to the third floor. He alights on the third floor and walks down the corridor. The door to 167b is ajar, with loud music coming from within. He knocks, then enters. He's greeted by Clare, in a paint-covered smock, beaming at him.

CLARE

Darling, you must be Vic! Welcome, come inside, come inside. Sorry for the mystery, but Harriet insisted on it, bless her. Now you must be wondering what all this about, so pull up a chair and let's fill you in...

Vic looks around the room. It's a big painting studio, packed with partly-finished canvases that cover all the available space. He steps forward and takes the seat offered to him. Clare closes the door, turns down the music and sits down next to him.

CLARE (CONT'D)

For starters, I'm Clare. Harriet and I were friends for over 40 years. In fact, we were a bit more than that once upon a time, but our friendship endured. This has been our private little sanctuary for the last 20 years or so. With a life in the spotlight, it was important for her to have somewhere to disappear to that no one knew about, not even Matt. Her last message to me was to get you here and to give you this...

Clare hands Vic a note and he begins to read it.

HARRIET (V.O.)

Vic, to protect everyone, I can't make this easy. Even the slightest sniff of what I have will put everyone I care about in danger. I have no doubt you'll put the pieces together eventually. You must. Be careful.

Vic looks at Clare, more than a little confused.

VIC

She's certainly got me intrigued, even if I haven't got a clue what she's on about or where to start.

CLARE

Ah, now that's something I may be able to help with...

Clare walks over to a large canvas and pulls it aside.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Come Vic, let me show you the inside of Harriet's head...

Clare reveals a small door behind the canvas. She opens it and leads Vic inside. Vic stands looking around in awe at the magnificence of light and colour that is Harriet's glass studio. There are semi-completed coloured glass windows, sculptures of flowers, vases and a large candelabra. It seems that every bit of space houses a work in progress.

VIC

Wow. This is incredible.

CLARE

She was never one for half measures, was our Harriet. And now it's yours Vic.

VIC

What do you mean?

CLARE

Nothing here was in her name. She insisted on it. But she owned it, and she told me to give it to you. No paperwork, but it's yours as long as you want it or need it. The only entrance is through my studio and I'll give you the code.

VIC

Clare, I don't know what to say. It's amazing and incredibly generous. I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do with it though...

CLARE

I'm not one to question Harriet's motives. I'm sure you'll figure it out.

EXT. THE EDMONDS' HOUSE - NIGHT

A car pulls up outside. Molly is in the passenger seat, having an animated argument with the driver, JAYDEN, a man in his mid-twenties. Molly gets out, slams the door and walks towards the Edmonds' front door.

INT. THE EDMONDS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Edmonds leads Molly into the living room. Cynthia is propped up with cushions on the couch, staring at the television.

MRS. EDMONDS

I told her she could have an episode of Peppa Pig before you put her to bed.

MOLLY

Peppa Pig! Can I watch with you Cynthia? I love Peppa Pig!

MR. EDMONDS, a man in his late thirties, comes down the stairs, puts on his coat and pops his head into the living room.

MR. EDMONDS  
Hi Molly. Thanks for babysitting.  
Right, darling we'd better get  
going...

Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds both go over and give Cynthia a kiss.

MRS. EDMONDS  
You've got my number, just in  
case...

MOLLY  
We'll be fine. Have fun.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds leave with Cynthia in Molly's capable hands. Soon Cynthia falls asleep on the couch next to Molly.

Molly's phone beeps with a message. It reads: *I'm outside.*  
Molly replies: *I told you NO!*

A few seconds later, there's a knock at the front door. Molly gets up to answer it. Jayden walks straight past her and into the house.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Jayden, no!

JAYDEN  
It's a lot of money, Mols. If you  
love me...

MOLLY  
No, Jay. It's wrong...

JAYDEN  
No one will ever know. I promise  
you. It's what we need to get the  
Albanians off my back. Look, she's  
even sleeping.

Molly starts crying.

JAYDEN (CONT'D)  
(aggressively)  
Stop it Molly. I'm doing it whether  
you like it or not. Don't make  
me...

Molly looks scared.

JAYDEN (CONT'D)

She stinks. Give her a nappy change.

Molly grabs a bag of nappies, some cream and some wipes and walks over to Cynthia on the couch.

Jayden follows behind her, taking out his mobile phone and turning on the camera function.

MOLLY

Please, Jay, no!

Jayden turns and slaps Molly in the face. She falls to the floor, sobbing and petrified.

EXT. HARRIET HOUSE, MUSWELL HILL - DAY

Family and friends are gathered in the back garden for a memorial service to Harriet. Amongst those in attendance are Mary Collins and Lord Mitchell. Mary offers her condolences to Matt.

MARY

Mr. Cole, I am truly sorry about your mother. She was an outstanding role model and someone we all owe a great deal to. And, of course, the mistake that was made at the morgue...

Lord Mitchell has heard the conversation topic and cuts in.

LORD MITCHELL

(cuts in)

Yes, foolhardy and deeply regrettable. Lord Mitchell, Mr. Cole, Commander Collins. Harriet was a dear friend, and someone I shall miss greatly. Her commitment, well, indefatigable doesn't do her justice. I was fortunate to help champion her cause. Still, the world keeps turning and we must, all of us, go on...

Lord Mitchell wanders off. Matt looks at Mary wryly.

MATT

(softly)

Cock.

Mary starts to smile.

MATT (CONT'D)

Vic reassured me it was an accident and I'm sure it's embarrassing for everyone. Mum would probably love the fact that her ashes are being spread in the garden anyway. I'm a bit surprised that Vic isn't here though...

MARY

He's not a well man unfortunately. Struggles to make it out of bed some days. A fantastic detective and Scotland Yard is the poorer without him.

Matt's phone beeps. He looks at his phone and sees that it's a voice message from Vic. He presses play and puts it on speakerphone so that Mary can hear it as well.

VIC (V.O.)

Hi Matt, it's Vic Drummond. I won't make the service today unfortunately. My Recurring Remitting MS is actually Constant and Unremitting at the moment. I shall be thinking of you and I'm sure you'll give Harriet a lovely send off.

Matt switches his phone off and puts it back in his pocket.

MATT

That's a shame. Nice man. I guess I'd better get on with the formalities then.

Matt walks to the top of the steps in the garden. He taps his glass a few times to draw everyone's attention. The guests stop talking and turn to face him.

MATT (CONT'D)

Family, friends, my wife Colette and my daughter Lou. Thank you all for taking the trouble to come today. It's strangely appropriate, as Mum was a bit of a trouble-maker...

The guests start to laugh.

## INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - DAY

Vic types the code into the security panel and walks through the door. He walks through Clare's studio, moves the canvas blocking the entrance to Harriet's studio and enters it. He switches on the light and begins to look around.

He explores the bookcase which contains a collection of books on everything from politics to chess, a few novels and some guides on glasswork. He notices a paint tin with a crusty brush on top. There are boxes of cut glass and tools scattered over the floor. And erratic brush strokes in black paint on the wall, as if Harriet had been testing to see if black would be the right colour to paint the room. Vic looks at a Velvet Underground poster on the wall.

VIC

(to himself)

Well Harriet, seems like you had a half-decent taste in music.

Vic sits down at the desk. Attached to it is a vice and pieces of lead are strewn over the desk top. He fiddles with them for a few seconds, then picks up a pile of books and begins to leaf through them.

## INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - NIGHT (LATER)

Vic sits at the desk rubbing his eyes. Next to him is the pile of books he has been going through. He looks tired as he picks himself up out of the chair, switches the light off and exits the studio.

## INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY &amp; NIGHT

Vic examines everything in Harriet's studio over the period of a few weeks:

A) He stands in front of the bookcase examining the books in her collection. He pulls out a book and leafs through it.

B) He opens the drawer on her desk and looks through its contents, then closes it, not having found anything worth investigating further.

C) He sits at the desk and goes through the contents of a box, taking out papers and reading them carefully.

D) He stares at the wall, then at the ceiling, then at the floor, looking for clues but not finding any.

E) He gets up from the desk and paces backwards and forwards with a pronounced limp, stretching his legs, his arms and then his back.

F) He tries to fit pieces of coloured glass together but nothing seems to make sense.

G) With a two-week old growth on his face, he sits at the desk with frustration written on his face. He puts his head in his hands.

H) He arrives one morning and attempts to pull out the chair to sit at the desk, but he's lost some of his coordination to his disease and he can't do it. He walks to the door, switches the light off and leaves.

INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - DAY

Looking healthier and freshly shaven, Vic enters Harriet's studio carrying a case. He opens it and takes out a camera. He begins to take photographs of everything in the studio - capturing shots of every single item that Harriet left there, as well as the walls, roof and floor.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vic lies in bed with his laptop, with Jim fast asleep next to him. He scrolls through the pictures he took inside Harriet's studio. He looks annoyed at the reflection and dust that is on his laptop screen. Then, a pattern on the screen catches his attention. The keyboard keys have left a mark on the screen, barely noticeable but emphasised by the reflections on the screen.

VIC

Fuck me, Jim, is that it?!

Vic gets out of bed, leaves the bedroom and returns with a pencil and a notepad. He sketches out the computer's qwerty keyboard on a piece of paper and tears it out of the pad. He brings up the picture of the black paint brush strokes on the wall of Harriet's studio and holds the piece of paper up to the screen. It makes no sense. He thinks for a moment, then enlarges the picture so that it fills the whole screen. He holds the paper up to the screen again.

VIC (CONT'D)

James fucking Bond can kiss my hairy arse.

Vic sees that the paint strokes show a trail that moves from key to key. He follows the pattern with finger, stopping to write down each letter.

VIC (CONT'D)

D...R...E...S...S...G...O...A...L..  
 .S...P...R...O...P. dressgoalsprop.  
 Seems to be 3 separate words. Not  
 making a lot of sense. Wait... 3  
 words, of course. It's life Jim,  
 but not as we know it.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Inside a briefing room, Mary Collins is explaining a new system about to be tested by the Metropolitan Police. Vic is amongst the officers in the briefing.

MARY

We're going to be trying out a new form of geolocation. Accurate to within a few metres, so more precise than a street address. It's called what3words and that's exactly what it is, three words...

END FLASHBACK.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vic opens his internet browser and types in: [what3words.com](http://what3words.com). The website opens and he types [dress.goals.prop](http://dress.goals.prop) into the search bar and hits return. A map opens up and a pin is dropped on the location: Bull & Bush tube station. Vic looks at his cat.

VIC

You heard of it, Jim?

Vic types 'Bull & Bush' into Google and opens the most promising looking result. He reads through a website that has been written by an underground enthusiast.

VIC (CONT'D)

Whatever you're looking for, there's always someone who's made it their life's mission to post it on the internet. I guess I'm going on a little excursion, Jim.

EXT. BULL & BUSH TUBE STATION - DAY

Vic, carrying a small rucksack on his back, stands looking at the boarded up entrance to Bull & Bush tube station from the street. Between himself and the entrance is a padlocked gate. He reaches into his rucksack and pulls out bolt-cutters. Looking around to see that he's not being watched, he snips the chain, lets himself in and puts the chain back in a way that looks like it's been undisturbed. He walks through rubble to the station entrance and tries the steel door. It's unlocked and he slips in.

INT. BULL & BUSH TUBE STATION - DAY

Vic takes a torch out of his rucksack and begins to explore. There's a lift that's been completed but doesn't look functional. And a few steps to its left is a staircase that descends into the darkness. Vic is about to start walking down the stairs when he notices an electricity box.

He opens the metal door and clicks the biggest switch. Lights come on that, illuminating the entrance area and the stairwell. Vic shakes his head, surprised.

VIC  
(to himself)  
Of course, why wouldn't there be?

Vic starts his walk down the long stairway. On the walls are safety instruction posters. He stops at each one to examine them. His slow walk eventually brings him to the last few steps. The lights suddenly flicker and go out.

VIC (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Right on time.

In the dark he fumbles for his torch and switches it on. He uses the light to navigate the last few steps.

Vic begins to walk around and survey his surroundings. The station has been almost completed, without all the finishing. He walks over to the closest platform and shines his light along it. The sound of a distant tube train echoes through the tunnels. Vic then turns his attention to the other platform. He shines his torch to see if he can find a way across.

Not seeing a route across, he decides to climb down from the platform and walk across the tracks. He makes it down safely and begins to walk to the other platform, shining his torch to show the way ahead. Suddenly he loses the power in his right arm. The torch tumbles onto the track and goes out.

VIC (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Oh for fuck's sakes! Fucking shit  
fucking disease.

Vic gets down on his hands and knees to try and feel for the torch with his other hand. The SOUND OF A TUBE TRAIN starts to echo through the tunnel.

VIC (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
You're fucking kidding me...

The ROAR OF THE TUBE TRAIN gets louder and louder. Vic sweeps his hands over the ground trying to locate the torch. The sounds get louder as the train gets closer and closer.

Vic finds the torch and stands up, trying in vain to switch it on. The lights from the approaching train light up the tunnel. Vic stares straight at the approaching lights then starts to run towards the platform he was trying to get to.

The train driver hits the TRAIN'S SIREN as the train suddenly reaches a split in the tracks and swerves away from Vic. Vic, now sweating profusely, lifts himself onto the platform and lies there catching his breath. After a few seconds he sits up and tries the torch again. This time it works and he shines it around. He sees that this platform is less completed than the other and there's nothing worth investigating.

Vic notices a sign with an arrow and the words: *Exit and bridge to Platform 1*. He follows the directions and reaches the bridge, which has been completed. He starts to laugh.

EXT. BULL & BUSH TUBE STATION - DAY

Vic exits the entrance to the station, covered in dirt and sweat. He brushes himself down and walks back through the gate, closing and locking it behind him.

He sees a sign for a pub over the road. He's too far away, and his eyesight not good enough, to read the sign at the distance he is from it. He walks towards it and it comes into focus. The pub is called The Bull & Bush. Vic rolls his eyes and smiles.

INT. BULL & BUSH PUB - DAY

Vic walks into the pub and up to the bar counter. He catches the BAR LADY's attention.

BAR LADY

Yes, my lovely, what can I do you for?

VIC

Insanity? Being a cripple? How about just being fucking stupid?

The bar lady laughs.

BAR LADY

There's a long queue for each of those at this establishment, my darlin'. You looked a bit parched, how about a nice cold pint?

VIC

A fine idea.

BAR LADY

Coming up for the mad, limping idiot.

Vic laughs.

VIC

Yeah, it doesn't sound quite so funny when it's played back.

BAR LADY

Sorry love, couldn't resist.

The bar lady hands Vic his beer and he pays her for it. He looks around the bar at all the pictures hanging on the walls.

VIC

Bit of a change from dogs playing poker...

BAR LADY

This was Hogarth's local, back in the day, so it's become a bit of a shrine to him over the years.

VIC

That would explain it. Makes a nice change. Anyway, thanks for that. I'm sure I'll be back with you in half an hour.

BAR LADY

Just stick your hand up when you're ready.

(MORE)

BAR LADY (CONT'D)

I don't usually do table service, but I can see it's a bit of a struggle for you. And it's quiet today, so happy to be of assistance.

VIC

Very kind of you.

Vic takes a seat at a table and looks around at the Hogarth prints on the wall. He opens up his phone and does a search for information on Hogarth and the pub. The wikipedia entry lists his occupation as: *Painter, engraver, satirist*. Vic approaches the bar.

VIC (CONT'D)

This might be a long-shot, but you don't happen to know anything about Hogarth, do you?

BAR LADY

As it happens, we're all trained to. Get quite a few art tourists in here, so we can't look like ignoramuses. What do you want to know?

VIC

Was he famous when he used to come here? Did he leave any originals to the owners or landlord?

BAR LADY

As far as I know, he used to come here before he was famous. Before he was a painter even. He was an apprentice engraver, worked somewhere close by. Never came back, was what I was told, once he was in with high society.

Vic smiles at the bar lady.

VIC

I think you might've just made my day!

INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - DAY

Vic approaches the door to the studio and turns the handle. It opens and he walks inside. Clare is busy painting on a large canvas.

CLARE

Vic! How nice to see you. I see you're making good use of the studio. Excellent.

VIC

Clare, I have something to ask you. Did Harriet ever do any engraving that you know of?

CLARE

Yes, she did, a few months back. How on earth could you know that?

VIC

Bit of a guess, bit of detective work.

CLARE

She borrowed a glass engraving machine from a friend, but she took it back to her after a few days, said it was too difficult for her to learn to use at her age.

VIC

Did she engrave anything?

CLARE

Not that I know of, but she must've done something with it to have decided that it wasn't for her.

VIC

I guess I'll have a look for something then...

CLARE

The one thing I do know is that the machine she borrowed was for very small, intricate designs, the kind you may not be able to see at first, well certainly with my eyesight, don't know about yours...

VIC

Not great...

CLARE

The machine came with a vice that had a big magnifying glass on it. It's supposedly the only way you can really see what you're doing.

VIC

Good to know. Thanks for the info,  
Clare, let me see what I can find.

Vic enters Harriet's studio and begins to examine every piece of glass he can find - cut pieces of coloured glass as well as the objects Harriet made. He carefully puts things back exactly the way she left them. After a few hours of examining things, he decides to head home.

Just as he's about to switch the light off, he notices the Velvet Underground poster reflected in the mirror on the studio wall. The letters 'VU' are reflected back as 'UV'. Vic approaches the mirror and examines it, but there is nothing visible to him. He takes his mobile phone out of his pocket and searches for something.

VIC (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Okay, crazy people of the internet,  
is it coming back with a UV bulb  
tomorrow or has one of you thought  
about this before?

Vic starts to watch a youtube video entitled: *How to turn your mobile phone flash into a UV light*. He starts to laugh to himself.

VIC (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Of course you have.

Vic attaches a piece of sellotape over his camera flash. He then colours the tape blue with a felt-tip pen. He puts another piece of sellotape over it and colours it in again. He attaches one more piece of tape and colours this one purple.

He turns on the camera, makes sure the flash is on and starts to take pictures of the mirror. He then examines the pictures and notices that an incredibly small area of the mirror is showing up under the UV light. He zooms in on this area and takes a few pictures. He examines one, zooming in as far as he can go until he can make out a tiny message, written lightly with an engraving pen that had been dipped in UV ink. It reads: *Build my window then destroy it.*

INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - DAY

Clare enters through the doorway, hangs up her coat and starts to put her paint-splattered overall on.

She hears the canvas on the wall being pushed aside from inside Harriet's studio and looks towards it. Vic appears, carrying a big box that rattles with the sound of glass.

VIC

Ah, hi Clare. I was hoping you'd come in today.

CLARE

Vic. What have you got, throwing out some of Harriet's old junk?

VIC

Quite the opposite. This seems to be a glass window that she was planning to build. I was hoping that you could give me some pointers.

CLARE

Not my thing, unfortunately. You'll know as much as I do about working with glass.

Vic looks a little disappointed.

CLARE (CONT'D)

But some of the ladies in the other studios have a weekly stained glass class. It might even be tonight if you're free. Let me find out and I'll let you know.

VIC

That would be great, thanks Clare.

Clare looks at Vic with amusement.

CLARE

Sudden attack of the need to fill up your life with arts and crafts, or something much more exciting and mysterious? Don't worry, I won't ask...

INT. A STUDIO IN THURSTON MEWS - NIGHT

A group of old ladies, in their seventies, are sitting at desks ready to begin their stained glass class. Each has glass-cutting equipment, lead strips and a burner along with a collection of tools. There are bottles of wine and glasses in front of them. At the front of the studio is COLLEEN JONES, the teacher.

Clare enters the studio with Vic. The ladies go silent and look at Vic, then amongst themselves, giving each other mischievous smiles.

COLLEEN

Hi Clare, ah, so this is our new student! Hello Vic. Ladies this is Vic. He'll be joining us this evening. He's an old friend of Harriet's. He's the one we've all seen sneaking in and out of the studio.

The ladies look Vic up and down and smile at him.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Pull up a chair, Vic. Ladies, Vic will be needing a glass of wine. And so, for that matter, will I.

Vic sits down on a stool amongst the group of ladies, looking a little embarrassed at the attention.

VIC

Thank you everyone. Please, don't let me slow you down, I'll just try to pick things up as I go along.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Colleen standing in front of the class, demonstrating a glass technique.
- B) One of the ladies helping another to turn on her burner.
- C) Glass being cut and lead being bent and shaped.
- D) Colleen giving Vic some individual attention.
- E) One of the ladies giving Vic a sneaky smile.

As the evening is winding up and the ladies are packing away their equipment, a crumpled up piece of paper lands on the desk in front of Vic. He picks it up, straightens it out, reads it and turns bright red. The ladies start to laugh.

There's a note on the paper that reads: *How big is your penis and is it working?*

Vic slowly raises his head to look around the room. One of the ladies, JANE, catches his attention.

JANE

Asking for a friend!

The ladies laugh out loud as Vic puts his hands up to his face to hide behind them.

COLLEEN

Ladies, I should've known! You're worse than teenage girls. Vic, please, don't let this stop you coming back. It's been lovely having you and you're most welcome anytime.

The ladies leave the studio, laughing and talking amongst themselves. Eventually only Vic and Colleen are left.

VIC

That was actually very funny. Naughty old buggers!

COLLEEN

The thing they don't tell you when you're young is that it can be lonely when you're old. Dead partners and friends, family living their own lives. You need to either give up or start again. That's what we're doing here, starting again. You begin to live in the moment, because what's the worst that can happen?

VIC

Yeah, I get that. Makes a refreshing change for me. Usually I'm just the cripple who, once upon a time, was a man.

COLLEEN

There's another life after the one you've had, Vic. There really is. I used to have two breasts. Then one. Now I have none. But I'm having more fun than I've ever had. And, yes, that kind of fun!

VIC

I think I've learnt more tonight than just how to work with glass! Thanks very much, Colleen. It's been lots of fun.

COLLEEN

My pleasure. I hope you'll be back. I'm sure I speak for all of us!

Vic walks out of the door, shakes his head and starts to smile.

INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - DAY

Vic sits at the desk fiddling with bits of glass. He reaches forward to pick up some lead stripping that has already been part-assembled, but his fingers won't grip it properly.

VIC  
(to himself)  
Fuck. Here we go. Come on man.

He concentrates and manages to clasp it.

VIC (CONT'D)  
That's it. There's a time to be  
shit and this is not it.

Vic places the lead on the table and starts to lay the glass next to it. He notices that there are small markings on the lead which seem to indicate where to attach the pieces of glass which have already been cut. The design of the glass window begins to take shape.

INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - DAY (LATER)

Vic stands over the glass window, which is now fully assembled. It's a square shape with coloured glass seemingly placed haphazardly. He looks confused.

Vic takes out his mobile phone and takes some pictures of the glass window. Then he re-attaches the pieces of sellotape he used earlier and takes more shots.

VIC  
(to himself)  
And now for my final trick...

Vic breaks up the window and puts the pieces back into the box. He smiles to himself.

He switches the light off and leaves the studio.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vic lies in bed with Jim next to him. His phone is plugged into his laptop and he's scrolling through the pictures he took of the glass window. Emma pops her head around the door.

EMMA

Hi dad, just sticking my head in to say goodnight.

VIC

Night darling. Actually, while you're here, come and sit down for a moment.

Emma sits down on the side of Vic's bed.

VIC (CONT'D)

What does this look like to you?

Vic shows Emma the pictures.

EMMA

Hmm. Not sure. The colour or the black and white?

VIC

Either. Nothing stand out to you or make you think of anything?

EMMA

Nope, afraid not. Have you asked Joe? He's quite good at these sort of things...(shouts) Joe!

Jose enters the room.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Have a look at these and tell me what you see.

Jose studies the pictures for a few seconds. He starts to smile.

JOSE

Are you testing me to see if I'm smart enough for your daughter?

VIC

I'm sure you're smart enough. Brave enough is the real question.

EMMA

Dad, I'm an angel and you know it.

VIC

Yes, yes, darling of course you are. Well, Joe, what are your thoughts? Anything? Nothing?

JOSE

Yeah, I know what it is. How many points I get?

Vic and Emma both look at Jose, surprised.

VIC

What do you mean you know what it is?

JOSE

It's part of a QR code. Probably a quarter. You can tell by the square with the outline in the top corner.

Jose points at the square on the screen.

JOSE (CONT'D)

I know computer stuff, man. Search for QR code on your browser, you'll see what I mean.

Vic types QR code into his browser and looks through the results. Each of them has the same square with an outline in 3 of the four corners.

VIC

Well, fuck me, so it is. What can I use it for?

JOSE

You need the other three quarters. That one piece isn't taking you anywhere.

VIC

Well, that could take a while. But what happens if... when I have them?

JOSE

We'll join them, scan them with a reader and it should take us to a website.

VIC

What website?

JOSE

Hey, who knows man? We need the other pieces to get there.

Vic smiles broadly at Emma.

VIC  
I think I love your boyfriend.

Emma winks at Jose.

EMMA  
You and me both.

INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - DAY

Vic goes through everything in Harriet's studio again. He pores over books in the bookshelf, examines the walls and looks at the glass constructions. Nothing seems to be giving him any clues.

He sits down on a stool in the corner, lifts up the paintbrush from the top of the paint tin and starts to pick bits of dried paint off it. He notices that below the dried exterior, the paint is still a little wet.

VIC  
(shouts)  
Clare?

Footsteps approach Harriet's studio and Clare comes in.

CLARE  
I didn't know you were here. Need something?

VIC  
Do you know what Harriet used this paint for?

CLARE  
I do, as it happens. It's floor paint. She painted the floor a few weeks before she died. It was terrible beforehand. It took her a few coats until she was happy.

VIC  
What was the floor painted before, do you know?

CLARE  
It was black. She tried a kind of checker-board design on top of that, but said it hurt her eyes, so once it dried, she painted over it.

Vic stands up and kisses Clare on the forehead.

VIC  
You're a star!

Clare looks bemused, smiles at Vic and goes back through the door to her studio.

INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - DAY (LATER)

Vic is on his hands and knees, with a screwdriver in his hand. He scrapes a line on the floor, starting at a wall, and brushes the loose paint away with his hand. The line he has scraped starts off black then becomes white. He measures the distance from the wall to the change in colour. Then he makes a scrape at 90 degrees to the first one. Again the line changes from black to white. With a tape measure, he marks the same distance he measured in square blocks on the floor. Then he scrapes a little on each block until he can see the colour underneath and enters it into a notebook.

Once he's mapped the whole floor, he paints over every mark he has made, returning it all to white. He sits down at the desk, draws a grid on a page of the notebook and begins to colour in blocks to correspond with his discovery.

Once complete, he takes out his mobile phone, photographs the page and tears the page into tiny pieces before putting the pieces in the bin.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vic walks into the kitchen. Emma is sitting at the table reading the newspaper whilst Jose is standing over the stove cooking breakfast.

EMMA  
Hi dad, late night?

VIC  
Late-ish. But good. Productive for a change.

EMMA  
What exactly is it you're doing?  
You seem to be spending a lot of time out of the flat. Have you got a girlfriend?

JOSE  
Hey, Vic, if you need any tips with the ladies...

VIC

Fuck off, both of you. I've got a little project, let's leave it at that.

EMMA

It's obviously something to do with that QR code... or should I say quarter QR code.

VIC

Half.

EMMA

Oooh. Half now, is it?!

JOSE

Still not going to get you where you need to go. Do you know what it's for yet? A bank account? Secret treasure?

VIC

I wouldn't tell either of you if I did. But, I don't. Not a clue. All I know is that you're better off out of it. I suspect this trail is going to lead somewhere that some would rather not have me go.

JOSE

Have you got VPN's and stuff set up on your laptop?

Vic looks at Jose with confusion.

JOSE (CONT'D)

I guess that means no.

VIC

What it means is that I haven't got a clue what you're talking about.

EMMA

Dad, even I know what a VPN is...

VIC

Go on then...

JOSE

It'll stop you getting traced, so if you trigger suspicion with anyone by your internet searches or any other activity, it'll seem like you're in a different place.

EMMA

If I were to type in, for example: 'How to make a suicide vest', it's a pretty good guess that someone, in some or other security monitoring service, is going to pick up on that...

JOSE

There are trigger words and phrases that the authorities are constantly looking out for.

EMMA

You're in the police, dad, surely you must know all this stuff?

VIC

In theory, yes, but it's not really my field.

EMMA

Once they become alerted to your search, they'd then track you...

JOSE

They could probably even turn on your laptop's camera and microphone. Your IP address would help them to locate where you actually were as well...

EMMA

And you'd likely get a knock on the door.

Suddenly, there's a knocking sound and Vic startles. Jose and Emma start to laugh. Vic realises that it was Jose who had knocked on the kitchen counter, to give him a fright.

VIC

You pair of bastards! Okay, point taken. How do I set my computer up with this VP thingy?

EMMA

Joe...

JOSE

Yes, of course. Maybe I have a little experience with this. We're going to hide you, Mr. Vic. And we're going to tape up their eyes and cover their ears.

Vic smiles at Emma and Jose and leaves the kitchen. As he's walking back to his bedroom, Jim rubs up against his leg.

VIC

Well Jim, best be cracking those other two clues...

INT. A STUDIO IN THURSTON MEWS - NIGHT

Vic sits at a desk as the old ladies from Colleen's stained glass class file into the room. They notice him and some nod in his direction and smile at him. One of the ladies, MURIEL, comes up to him.

MURIEL

You don't you play chess, do you, Vic?

VIC

A bit too stupid for that I think.

Muriel looks a bit disappointed. One of the other ladies, CONNIE, has been listening and butts in.

CONNIE

She's just trying to get her hands on your bishop!

Muriel blushes and ignores Connie.

MURIEL

Harriet was a keen chess player. And very good she was, too.

Vic is suddenly struck by what Muriel has said. He gets out of his seat and heads for the door.

VIC

Sorry ladies, something's come up.

A giggle goes around the room.

VIC (CONT'D)

Yeah, not that.

He turns to look at Muriel on the way out and winks at her.

VIC (CONT'D)

I owe you.

CONNIE

She'll take you up on that, you know!

MURIEL

(softly)

Damn right.

INT. HARRIET'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Vic switches on the light as he enters and heads straight for the bookcase.

VIC

(to himself)

Black and white squares and I ignore the fucking obvious.

He picks up a book titled '*Bobby Fischer teaches chess*', pulls up a chair and starts to leaf through it. He notices that one of the pages has a turn on the corner and he opens the book to that page, page 11. It contains a picture of move 17 from the 'Game of the century'.

Vic grabs his notebook and begins to sketch the board, putting black squares where all the pieces are. He does another that includes black for all the pieces as well as for the black chess board squares. Then another two which are the inverses of the two he's already done.

VIC (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Damn, Detective Drummond, you're pretty good at this.

Vic sits back on his chair with a look of satisfaction on his face.

EXT. AN OLD BRICK FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

Vic exits the building and shuts the door. He walks down the short street and turns into the busier main road. He stumbles a bit then corrects himself. He walks a couple of steps then stumbles again. He rests on one knee and holds his head. He starts to lose his ability to focus. The street swirls around him and sounds become distorted. He hits the ground and loses consciousness.

A MAN rushes over to tend to him, followed by a YOUNG WOMAN. Vic slowly starts to come to. He begins to regain his visual focus and the sounds he hears start to form back into words and sentences.

MAN

It's okay, I've got you. You've got a nasty bump on the head though...

YOUNG WOMAN

I've called for an ambulance, it should be here soon.

Vic tries to speak.

VIC

Ple...p..b...

He realises he has no control over what he's saying and gives up.

MAN

Can you sit up?

Vic tries, but he's lost all power in his legs. He stares up at the man helplessly.

MAN (CONT'D)

Okay, just lie back then.

The young woman puts her cardigan under Vic's head.

YOUNG WOMAN

(whispers)

That's what my gran was like. I think he's had a stroke.

The SOUND OF AN AMBULANCE'S SIREN gets closer as Vic loses consciousness again.

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Emma stands over Vic's bed, holding Jose's hand. She strokes Vic's hair, tears running down her cheeks.

A DOCTOR enters the room.

DOCTOR

Are you Mr. Drummond's family?

EMMA

Yes, I'm his daughter.

DOCTOR

Well, he had us worried for a bit. Fortunately we were able to access his medical records...

EMMA

Was it a stroke?

DOCTOR

No, it wasn't, I'm happy to report. He's had a massive flare of his MS. Unfortunately these kinds of things can happen from time to time, often without any warning. He should wake up soon, then we'll be able to determine exactly what's been affected.

EMMA

Will he be able to walk again, and speak?

DOCTOR

Maybe not right away. It could take a few months. The medication will help him go into remission but, unfortunately, because of the lesions on his brain, it'll surface again in the future. He will progressively get worse, and eventually he'll be wheelchair-bound, but I reckon he's still got a few good years left before then.

EMMA

I didn't realise it was so bad.

DOCTOR

His records show that he was only officially diagnosed about 7 years ago, but he's probably had the condition since his twenties. It can take a long time to show up and just as long to be properly diagnosed. When he wakes up, we're going to give him a full going over. We'll know more then. And we'll get him home as soon as possible, because that's really the best place for him to recuperate and build up his strength again.

The doctor leaves the room. Jose holds Emma tightly.

EXT. VIC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A hospital minibus pulls up, Emma and the driver get out and the driver opens the rear door. Vic is sitting sheepishly in a wheelchair. The driver lowers a ramp and wheels Vic down. Emma opens the apartment block door and Vic is wheeled in.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jose is in the kitchen cooking. Emma wheels Vic through the front door and into the kitchen.

JOSE

Mr. Vic! Hey, just in time for lunch!

VIC

God, that smells good!

Jose looks a bit surprised.

EMMA

Yeah Joe, it speaks! Says his voice just came back last night.

VIC

Legs still completely rubbish though. Where's Ji...

Jim jumps up on the table and goes over to Vic to nuzzle him.

VIC (CONT'D)

Are you up here for me or for food, boy? Bit of both I imagine.

Vic turns to Emma.

VIC (CONT'D)

Now, before I was so rudely interrupted, I got number three.

Emma looks at him, confused.

EMMA

What's number three?

JOSE

The QR code?

VIC

Yep. Just before I had my little turn.

EMMA

Dad, for fuck's sakes! You've been in hospital for two weeks and that's what you're thinking about! You're having lunch and then you're going to bed, and you're not giving that a single thought until you're back on your feet again. Even then...

Vic is about to respond when he notices Jose, standing behind Emma, give him a signal to let it go.

VIC

You're right darling. Sorry, I'm being silly. Won't give it a second of my attention. I'm your patient for the foreseeable future. You're the boss. My overlord. My light and my guide.

Emma and Jose both laugh.

EMMA

Good. Glad we understand each other. Joe, let's have some lunch. The old git must be starving...

EXT. A FOOTBALL PITCH ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF GLASGOW - DAY

Ed McAllister is running the football team through fitness exercises - running around cones, push-ups and stretches.

ED MCALLISTER

Right, let's get the balls.

Colin and another of the boys retrieve the balls from inside a sack and start throwing and kicking them to the rest of the boys. Sean is tying his shoelace.

COLIN

Sean!

Sean turns around and the ball from Colin hits him in the face. He falls down and starts to cry.

ED MCALLISTER

Colin, for f... c'mon now, there's no need for that! Are you alright, Sean? Two-on-two until I'm back...

Sean's nose is bleeding. Ed picks him up, puts his arm around him and leads him towards the changing rooms.

INT. A SMALL COFFEE SHOP, WREXHAM - DAY

Mrs. Edmonds enters the coffee shop with her daughter Cynthia in her pram. As she enters, she sees Molly sitting with a friend. She waves at her. Molly doesn't appear to have seen her.

MRS. EDMONDS  
Look, Cynthia, it's your friend  
Molly! Shall we go and say hello?

Mrs. Edmonds bends down, unplugs Cynthia from her pram and lifts her up. The door of the coffee shop slams shut and she sees that Molly has left and is walking swiftly down the street.

MRS. EDMONDS (CONT'D)  
Oh, maybe she didn't see us  
darling. We'll see her next time  
then.

Mrs. Edmonds puts Molly in a high chair and sits down. She looks a bit taken aback.

INT. THE EDMONDS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The Edmonds are sitting at their dining room table having dinner.

MRS. EDMONDS  
The oddest thing happened today...

MR. EDMONDS  
Uh-huh.

MRS. EDMONDS  
You know Molly, the girl who's  
babysat for Cynthia a few times?

MR. EDMONDS  
Yep.

MRS. EDMONDS  
She completely blanked us at the  
coffee shop. It was a bit weird.

MR. EDMONDS  
She probably didn't see you. Or  
just wanted to escape from the  
monster child!

Mr. Edmonds reaches over and stroke Cynthia's hair.

MR. EDMONDS (CONT'D)  
But who wouldn't want to give this  
baby a big kiss and cuddle.

He gives Cynthia a big kiss and a cuddle.

MR. EDMONDS (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, darling, I'm sure  
there's a perfectly reasonable  
explanation.

MRS. EDMONDS  
I'm sure you're right. I'll ask if  
everything's okay when I drop Cynth  
at nursery on Monday.

INT. TINY TOTS NURSERY, WREXHAM - DAY

Mrs. Edmonds enters the nursery with Cynthia. She spots one  
of the nursery workers, LIZ.

MRS. EDMONDS  
Hi, is Molly working today?

LIZ  
Sorry, she doesn't work here  
anymore.

MRS. EDMONDS  
Oh.

LIZ  
She was let go. Some trouble with a  
boyfriend who kept coming round.  
She's lovely but he was a bit of  
bad news and you can't have that  
around the kids.

MRS. EDMONDS  
I guess not. Poor girl. Oh well.

Mrs. Edmonds hands Cynthia over.

MRS. EDMONDS (CONT'D)  
Be a good girl. See you later, have  
lots of fun!

LIZ  
Don't you worry, Mrs. Edmonds,  
she's always a good girl this one.  
Right Cynthia, let's go and find  
the teddies!

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY/NIGHT

Vic recuperates over a period of three weeks:

- A) He lies in bed being given breakfast by Emma.
- B) He sits up slowly, tries to move his legs to get out of bed, but can't, and lies back down, frustrated.
- C) He manages to feed himself dinner, whilst sitting up in bed.
- D) He gets out of bed and walks slowly to the bathroom, holding onto the wall.
- E) He walks into the living room and sits down on the couch to watch some television.
- F) Jose helps him with some sit-ups.
- G) He's able to lean down and give Jim his food bowl.
- H) Emma arrives home with a walking stick and gives it to him. He scowls at her, then takes it gratefully and smiles at her.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vic, dressed and looking healthier than he has in weeks, walks into the kitchen as Emma and Jose are eating breakfast.

VIC  
Ems, I'm ready.

EMMA  
Are you sure?

VIC  
If I'm in here any longer, I'll go mad...

EMMA  
You sure you don't want us to come?

JOSE  
The man's gotta try...

EMMA  
Okay, just be careful, dad. You're taking the stick though.

VIC

Fine. Fine. I'll take the cripple stick.

Vic walks haltingly towards the door, using the walking stick as support.

EXT. VIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vic lets himself out of the apartment and slowly walks down the steps. Just as he's about to get to the apartment block entrance, his phone beeps with a message from Matt. It reads: *Hi Vic, Mum's will was read yesterday. You're named as a beneficiary. Meet you tomorrow, 11am at hers? Matt*

Vic types a message back to Matt, lets himself out of the apartment block and heads off on a slow walk.

INT. HARRIET'S HOUSE - DAY

Matt opens the front door and sees Vic standing with his walking stick.

MATT

Hi Vic, good of you to come.  
Everything okay?

VIC

Getting there, thanks.

Matt leads Vic through to the kitchen and pulls out a chair for him at the table. Vic sits down and Matt hands him an envelope.

MATT

That's it. No idea what it is. It was left with the lawyers, alongside her will and an instruction that it had to be given to you in person.

Vic opens the envelope. Inside is a note that reads: *Tend my garden.*

Matt looks at Vic, inquisitively, and Vic smiles back at Matt.

VIC

Always thinking of others, your mum. She's just thanking me for some help I gave her 25 years ago!

(MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)

And asking me to look in on you from time to time. Thanks for this, Matt, it means a lot.

MATT

It'd be nice to stay in touch.

VIC

You can bank on it.

MATT

Now, how about a cup of tea?

VIC

Great idea. Mind if we have it in the garden, I could do with a bit of sunshine?

MATT

Go ahead. I'll get the kettle on.

Vic lets himself out into the garden and starts to wander around, looking for anything that Harriet may have left as a clue. Everything looks completely normal to him. He looks a bit disappointed. Matt emerges with the tea.

MATT (CONT'D)

All okay?

VIC

Yep, Matt, all good. Just having a bit of a stretch. Do you mind if I use the loo?

MATT

Upstairs, unfortunately, second on the right.

Vic walks inside and struggles up the stairs. He reaches the landing and looks out at the garden below. The layout of a flower bed containing black tulips catches his attention. The flowers have been grown in small square sections. The overall effect is a 12 by 12 grid of areas of black tulips with spaces in-between.

Vic's eyes light up. He takes out his phone and quickly takes a picture.

VIC

(to himself)

Where there's a will, there's a way, it seems.

INT. A BIG ROOM IN A STATELY HOME - NIGHT

A group of 15 children aged from about a year to about 8 years old are playing with toys in the big, smartly furnished room. Nannies are milling in amongst them and playing with the smaller children. The drawing room door opens and a young Eastern European NANNY leads a young boy with wet hair into the room.

NANNY

There you go, nice and fresh. Have a play with the other children and we'll all have some ice cream later.

INT. A DRAWING ROOM, LORD BANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A group of eight elderly men, including Lord Mitchell and Lord Banks are sitting around drinking brandy and smoking cigars. There's conversation going on in small groups. Lord Mitchell gets everyone's attention by tapping on his glass.

LORD MITCHELL

Gentlemen! Just one order of business before we get the evening underway. We've been keeping our eyes and ears peeled for any delicate information that Harriet Cole may have passed on to anyone, and I'm happy to report that we appear to be running a very tight ship. Our secrets are safe. So let's toast ourselves before I hand your over to our host for this evening, Lord Banks...

The men raise and clink their glasses with each other.

LORD BANKS

Chaps. I'm very pleased to welcome you all to this special little soiree. When Lord Mitchell informed me that there was nothing for us to concern ourselves with a few days ago, I thought that a celebration was definitely in order. Now, if you'd all like to join me, I have a very special surprise in store...

Lord Banks gets up out of his chair and leads his guests out of the drawing room and down the hallway to big wooden doors. He picks a bell up from a small table and rings it.

INT. A BIG ROOM IN A STATELY HOME - NIGHT

A bell rings outside the room and the nannies are ushered out of a side door. The children look a bit confused and some of the smaller ones start to cry.

The big wooden doors swing open and the children look up to see the group of elderly men standing there with their glasses and cigars.

EXT. A BIG, STATELY HOME - NIGHT

The group of nannies leave the house and get into a minibus that is waiting for them outside. The minibus drives down the long driveway and large steel gates open automatically for it to pass through. The gates close behind the minibus.

INT. THE MINIBUS - NIGHT

As the minibus weaves along dark country roads, one of the nannies sits quietly, tears welling up in her eyes.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vic, Emma and Jose all sit at the kitchen table. In front of them is Vic's laptop and a collection of assembled QR codes. A mobile phone has been connected to the laptop and a piece of black tape has been stuck over the camera lens.

JOSE

Okay, the VPN is set up. I've used a burner phone as well so it'll be almost impossible to trace.

VIC

I hope I'm right with all the possible permutations of the QR grids. Hold it for the phone to scan it, is that right?

EMMA

Joe can help with that.

VIC

No Ems, you two need to leave me until I know what we're dealing with.

EMMA

Dad, we're fine. And I'm dying to know what...

VIC

Emma, you're not going to be here when I do this. Joe, you as well. It's probably fine, but I don't want to take any chances. Go to the pub and I'll come in a bit.

JOSE

Okay. Emma, let's go. He's right, it's better to to be careful.

EMMA

Okay. But come soon. The suspense is killing me.

VIC

Promise. On your mother's life.

Emma rolls her eyes at Vic as he smiles at her.

EMMA

Nice, dad.

Emma gives Vic a hug and she and Jose leave the flat.

Vic sits staring at the computer screen. He picks up the first QR code and scans it with the mobile phone. Nothing happens. He tries the second with the same result. Then the third and the fourth. They don't work either.

He picks up the fifth and scans it. The laptop screens goes black, as if it's been switched off. A voice begins to speak.

HARRIET (V.O.)

Hello Vic. You should know that you'll have only one chance to listen to this recording, so don't stop or pause it or it'll be lost forever. By now, I'll have been gone for a least 3 months if the tulips bloom when they're supposed to. I had to make sure that you didn't react to what I'm about to tell you too quickly to avoid any suspicion. About 5 years ago, I was contacted by someone with a revelation that shook me to my core. The Children's Trust was being used as a kind of early warning system for child abusers. We were monitored around the clock and any calls or evidence that could lead to an investigation would disappear without a trace.

(MORE)

## HARRIET (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There were obviously moles inside the Trust, but it goes much further than that. Apart from all records of calls and file entries being removed, those reporting abuse were being threatened and sometimes much worse. Of course there were no prosecutions on any of these cases because the victims and witnesses were being silenced and because our records were being disappeared. The power to do this means that there are some very well-connected people behind it. Imagine how I felt when I found out that by starting the Trust to help victims of abuse, the very existence of it was helping to protect abusers. Now, if you can get your head around the gravity of what I've just told you, believe me when I say that it's much, much worse. There's more you need to know. I told you that I was given the information by a source I didn't know. Well, I lied. I've always known who he is. He has so much more to show you. And he's desperately hoping that you've got this far. Go to the Isle of Barra. Tell no one where you are. That's all you need to do. He'll find you. Bring these bastards down. Please Vic.

Harriet's voice stops and Vic closes the computer. He sits there silently, staring straight ahead, shocked by what he's just heard. Jim jumps up, rubs himself against Vic and startles him back into the reality of the situation.

## VIC

Right Jim. Sconnie Botland, here I come.

## INT. 3RD MANCHESTER SCOUT HALL - NIGHT

The boys, all dressed in their Scout uniforms, line up for inspection. The Scout Master, Brian Forest, paces up and down, inspecting them. He looks down at one of the boy's legs.

## BRIAN FOREST

Stevie, not the right socks, c'mon now, you know better than that.

He stops to adjust the woggle and scarf on one of the boys.

BRIAN FOREST (CONT'D)  
 Mark, you need to use a mirror when  
 you get dressed! Right, boys, at  
 ease.

The boys relax as their Scout Master addresses them.

BRIAN FOREST (CONT'D)  
 Things are about to get exciting,  
 Scouts! Who's ready for a weekend  
 camp?

A cheer goes up amongst the boys.

BRIAN FOREST (CONT'D)  
 A week from today we'll be heading  
 off into the great outdoors to put  
 into practice what we've been  
 learning. I've kept it as a  
 surprise for you all, but your mums  
 and dads have known about it for a  
 while. Get good sleep this week, as  
 you're going to need to have lots  
 of energy for next weekend. Right,  
 let's crack on with this evening's  
 tasks. First Aid. Just in case  
 someone ever falls out of a tree.

The boys start to laugh.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens and Emma and Jose return from the pub,  
 laughing with each other.

EMMA  
 Dad, we're back. What happened to  
 you?

Emma waits for a response from Vic, but it doesn't come. She  
 looks in his bedroom, but he's not there. She walks into the  
 living room and sees a note on the coffee table. She picks it  
 up and reads it: *Don't worry, something's come up, could be a  
 while. Dad XXX*

Emma gives the note to Jose, who reads it as well.

JOSE  
 He knows what he's doing.

EMMA

I hope so, Joe. I hope so.

INT. KISIMUL CASTLE, BARRA - DAY

In a stone room, an old man of about 80, RAB CAMPBELL, sleeps in a chair. An alarm clock goes off and he slowly rises from his chair, grabs a pair of binoculars and heads over to the window. He holds the binoculars to his eyes and focuses in on the Oban-Castlebay ferry approaching the harbour.

As it gets closer, he begins to pick out the people on board, zooming closer on some of the passengers to examine them in more detail. The ferry docks and the passengers begin to alight. Rab sighs to himself with disappointment until someone catches his attention. He notices Vic struggle from the ferry to the jetty, stabilising himself with a walking stick. He's carrying a rucksack on his back. Vic takes a few steps along the quayside, then stops, seemingly unsure of where he should be heading.

Rab puts down the binoculars, grabs his coat and heads for the door.

EXT. CASTLEBAY MAIN STREET, BARRA - DAY

Vic walks down the street, looking around for a sign that might tell him who he's supposed to be meeting or what he's supposed to do. He looks towards the entrance of the Heritage Centre, wondering if there might be a clue inside that might help him in his quest. Rab Campbell walks up behind him.

RAB

You've taken your time.

Vic turns around to face Rab. Rab smiles at Vic.

RAB (CONT'D)

Harriet said you'd make it eventually. And thank Christ for that. There's lots to tell you, Vic. Lots to show you. But for starters, I'm Rab Campbell. C'mon, we've got lots to do...

Rab turns and starts walking back down the street. Vic stands for a few seconds, bewildered by who Rab is, then shrugs his shoulders and starts to follow him.

Rab walks into a fish and chip shop and up to the counter. AGNES, the middle-aged woman behind the counter, smiles at him.

AGNES

Afternoon, Rab. What'll it be today? Salmon, came in 10 minutes ago?

RAB

Aye, that's the one. Two suppers and a couple of white puddings.

Agnes looks towards Vic and smiles. She starts to prepare the food.

AGNES

Ah, a guest I see. Welcome to Barra. You'll be staying long?

VIC

I'm not sure...

Vic looks towards Rab.

RAB

Long enough to change the world, Agnes. Long enough to change the world.

Agnes doesn't seem to take in what Rab is saying and just goes about wrapping the food. She hands it over the counter to Rab.

AGNES

There you go. You have a good evening, Rab Campbell. Mind and treat your guest to a wee drop of the good stuff.

RAB

You know me, Agnes. Never in doubt.

Vic follows Rab out of the fish shop and they walk down to the shore.

Rab leans up against a rock and starts to take his wellies and socks off.

Vic looks at Rab for an explanation. Rab turns his head towards Kisimul Castle, a few hundred metres across the wet sands - an ancient castle that would be cut off from the mainland during high-tide.

Vic takes his shoes and socks off. He sees that Rab is rolling up his trousers, so he does the same.

They begin to wade across the shallow water.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB, PALL MALL - DAY

Lord Mitchell is sitting in an armchair reading the newspaper. He becomes aware of someone standing over him. It's a man in a suit, in his forties, STEPHEN.

LORD MITCHELL  
Stephen. What is it?

STEPHEN  
We picked up a mention of Harriet on social media, posted by an old lady who knew her. She'd also posted a picture of that crippled detective, Vic Drummond at an art studio. Probably nothing, but I thought it wise to keep an eye on him. Turns out he went up to Scotland last night, we picked him up getting on a ferry in Oban and again when he got off on an island in the Outer Hebrides. He met this man a short time ago...

Stephen holds out some pictures for Lord Mitchell to look at. Lord Mitchell looks genuinely concerned.

LORD MITCHELL  
Oh fuck. That looks like Rab Campbell. I was hoping he was dead by now. He's been missing for years. This is not good, not good at all.

STEPHEN  
Shall I send some people?

LORD MITCHELL  
With great urgency, Stephen, with great fucking urgency.

EXT. KISIMUL CASTLE, BARRA - DAY

Rab leads Vic up the stone steps that lead from the water and through the big wooden doors of the castle.

INT. KISIMUL CASTLE, BARRA - DAY

Vic follows Rab down a corridor and Rab shows him into a room.

RAB

It's not much, but it's warm.

There's a small bed in the room and a fire that is almost out. Rab puts some coal on the fire as Vic puts his shoes and socks back on.

RAB (CONT'D)

You'll naturally have lots of questions...

VIC

A few...

RAB

Let's get some food down us and I'll get started.

Rab beckons Vic to follow and leads him to a living room with a big table. He lays the food down on the table and picks up a bottle of whisky and two glasses from the sideboard. He pours big shots into both, hands Vic his food and settles down comfortably in a big chair. He talks and eats.

RAB (CONT'D)

I was a Catholic priest for most of my life. And, I'm ashamed to say, that I knew many priests who were convicted of child abuse. What I'm not ashamed to say is that I was responsible for many of them being prosecuted, jailed and defrocked. When the whole disgraceful business first reared its head, MI5 recruited me to investigate. I was on the inside and I had access to what the church was desperately trying to cover up. During my investigations, I stumbled across something that at first I didn't believe. It seemed that the Children's Trust was being used to covertly protect the abusers rather than the children. I collected all the evidence I needed, enough to put some people away for a long time. As far as I could tell, Harriet was unaware of what was going on, so I took the decision to inform her. She was devastated. Her life's work being used to as a safety mechanism for paedophiles...

Vic nods at Rab.

VIC

That's as much as I know so far. Do you still have the proof?

RAB

We'll get to that. There were names that I uncovered that were shocking. Influential men, and a few women, with enough power to simply have us taken out if they got wind of what we knew. We were busy working out how to get what we had in front of people who couldn't be influenced, bought or taken out when... well, it got worse.

Vic looks at Rab as if to imply that it couldn't possibly get worse.

RAB (CONT'D)

Oh yes. Much, much worse. Because it wasn't just the early-warning system it was set up as any more. It had become a recruitment tool, an introduction service, a network. So big. So far-reaching. So fucking evil...

Rab gets up quickly and heads for the door.

RAB (CONT'D)

Come, Vic. You need to see.

Vic follows Rab out of the living room and down the corridor. Rab stops in front of a rug and pulls it away to reveal a trap door. He opens the trapdoor to reveal a stone staircase. He begins to descend and beckons Vic to follow. Vic walks down into the darkness. He gets to the bottom and it's pitch black.

RAB (CONT'D)

There's no going back, Vic. I've given 10 years of my life to uncovering this. But I'm an old man. I don't have long left. Harriet trusted you. And now so am I. I'm giving this to you...

INT. THE UNDERGROUND ROOM, KISIMUL CASTLE - DAY

Rab switches the lights on. The light reveals a massive underground room. The walls are covered in pictures of thousands and thousands of adults and children.

It resembles a crime board/murder wall that police would use to map out a crime with the victims and suspects. But this one is so large and so extensive - with thousands of photographs of suspects and connecting lines that link them - that Vic just stands there with a look of horror on his face, almost unable to believe what he's looking at.

VIC

Fuck.

Vic wanders around the room in silence, looking at the pictures of suspects and victims, and following the connections between them that Rab has mapped out.

VIC (CONT'D)

I've never seen anything like this.  
Jesus Christ. If this is all  
true...

RAB

Oh, it's all true, unfortunately.  
And it's all provable. This is not  
just guesswork, Vic, I have  
evidence that backs up every single  
thing in this room. Photographs,  
video recordings, text messages,  
telephone calls. These people are  
smart, and they've taken some  
serious measures, but nothing is  
impenetrable. The biggest single  
thing they've relied on is that,  
with all the power they have,  
they've banked on being able to  
kill anything if it should come  
out. And up until now, they have.

VIC

I'm looking at a big, shocking  
room, and I'm sure that in your  
head it all makes sense, but I'm  
struggling...

RAB

That's to be expected, so let me  
fill you in on how everything fits  
together.

Rab walks to the centre of the room and stands over a big table with pictures of people laid out in a kind of web.

RAB (CONT'D)

This is the Children's Trust. The trust patrons, the board of directors, the management, the employees and the volunteer staff. Anyone with a red circle around them, I have evidence against. That evidence is generally either deleting reported abuse, sending warning information up the chain and providing information on victims. There are a few implicated in abuse themselves - mainly viewing and sharing child pornography - but on the whole they've been acting as cleaners and informers. They've been paid for it, of course, and as far as I'm concerned, they're as guilty as everyone else. But it's at the senior management and board level that the true evil starts. Because their influence stretches everywhere...

Rab starts to point at some of the tables situated around the Children's trust table.

RAB (CONT'D)

Government. The civil service. The police. Social services. The NHS. The justice system. The army. The media. This inner ring has influence everywhere, in very senior positions of power.

VIC

I'd love to say I'm following all of this...

RAB

I know. It seems like the a massive conspiracy story. I wish it was. Let me explain how it works in a practical sense...

INT. A SMALL APARTMENT IN BRIXTON - NIGHT

The nanny enters her small apartment. She sits down at her kitchen table and uses the browser on her phone to look something up. She looks a little scared, takes a deep breath makes a phone call.

RAB (V.O.)  
 ...Someone calls the trust to  
 report abuse of some kind.

INT. THE CHILDREN'S TRUST OFFICES - NIGHT

In a large office, groups of volunteers man telephones. They chat earnestly through headsets with callers. As they talk to the callers, they're typing notes into their computer terminals.

RAB (V.O.)  
 Apart from the person who takes the  
 call...

INT. A DIMLY-LIT ROOM - NIGHT

Six men sit with headsets on, listening in on conversations and taking notes. One of them, CHRIS, suddenly seems alert. He picks up the phone on the desk next to him and dials a single number.

RAB (V.O.)  
 ...others are listening in. Let's  
 assume the abuser is someone with  
 some power for a moment. The  
 listeners record all the  
 information. And they send an  
 alert.

CHRIS  
 (into phone)  
 We're extreme red on a CT call.  
 Line 17. Trace going through now.

VOICE ON PHONE  
 Roger. Bringing it up...  
 (pause)  
 ...affirmative, extreme red.  
 Dispatching Foxtrot 41 immediately.  
 Out.

INT. A LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Lord Mitchell is sitting in the back of his limousine, being driven across London.

RAB (V.O.)  
 A number of things happen  
 simultaneously.  
 (MORE)

RAB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The perpetrator is contacted and made aware that it will be taken care of, for starters.

His phone bleeps with a message and he reads it: *Extreme red at C. Trust. Cleaning.*

LORD MITCHELL

Fuck!

He types a message back: *Get it sorted. NOW.*

He puts his phone on his lap and sits back in his seat looking at it.

INT. THE UNDERGROUND ROOM, KISIMUL CASTLE - DAY

Vic stares at Rab, aghast at what he's being told.

RAB

If he, and I use 'he' deliberately, as it normally is, wasn't aware of the protection before, he is now, and is brought into the fold, so to speak. His power and influence may be of use to them in the future. At the same time, the Trust's records will disappear. The next morning there will be absolutely no proof that the call ever took place. If an operator tries to follow up, they won't be working there by the end of their shift.

INT. A SMALL APARTMENT IN BRIXTON - NIGHT

The nanny is in her nightgown, brushing her teeth in the small bathroom. There's a massive bang as the front door of her apartment is smashed in.

RAB (V.O.)

The person who made the call, whether they're a child or an adult acting on their behalf, will receive an intimidating visit.

She swings round as a group of men wearing balaclavas and carrying guns rush through the apartment. One of them enters the bathroom and throws her to the ground.

RAB (V.O.)

For most, it's enough to scare them off. If they decide to pursue it, their benefits will be stopped, the child will be excluded from school, they'll have drugs planted on them, they'll be deported, the list goes on.

The man in the balaclava pushes the nanny's face into the tiled floor and ties her hands behind her back with a plastic tie. A bag is put over her head and she's led out of the apartment.

INT. A LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Lord Mitchell is still staring at the phone on his lap. It beeps and lights up. He picks it up and reads the message: *Averted. A nanny from the house. No hard evidence. Estonian. Deport?*

Lord Mitchell types a message back: *Deport. Clean and sweep Trust's records. Get rid of operator. Not a single trace.*

He presses send, switches off his phone and sits back with a look of satisfaction on his face.

INT. THE UNDERGROUND ROOM, KISIMUL CASTLE - DAY

Vic looks at Rab, visibly shocked at what he's being told.

VIC

Surely everything can't be taken care of...

RAB

These are extremely vulnerable people in most cases, Vic. They're struggling to pay their rent and put food on the table. That's a large part of the reason why the kids were targeted in the first place.

Noticing that Vic looks disturbed, Rab puts his hand on his shoulder.

RAB (CONT'D)

So, imagine this goes on for a few years. The web spreads. Every reported abuse is a potential recruit for the network.

(MORE)

RAB (CONT'D)

And that's exactly what they do.  
'You're one of us, come and join  
the club. We might need your help  
from time to time, but in turn  
we'll keep you protected. And, to  
sweeten the deal, we'll put you in  
touch with people who share your  
tastes.'

Vic looks confused.

VIC

Now you've lost me...

RAB

They've created a fucking network,  
Vic. A virtual network. On the dark  
web. Inaccessible to anyone unless  
they're invited in.

VIC

Surely nothing is inaccessible?

RAB

It is on the dark web, unless  
you've been given access. Remember  
that this place is a drug  
marketplace and somewhere you can  
hire a hitman. It was developed to  
be secure. So unless you have an  
invite...

Vic looks at Rab intently for a moment.

VIC

You got an invite, didn't you?

Rab smiles softly at Vic.

RAB

It was easy enough, to be fair. I  
did it initially to help prove to  
Harriet what was going on in the  
Trust. Little did I know at that  
stage that it would lead to much  
bigger things. So I'm in, Vic. I  
have been for the last 3 years.

Rab suddenly goes very quiet.

Vic looks at him, wondering if he's going to continue or if  
he's hit a nerve.

RAB (CONT'D)

Years of sitting on this... I'm not sure if I've done the right thing... well, I only have if I can bring everything down. I'm all too aware that every day I've spent with this, horrors have been continuing. But I knew that even when I had enough to expose some of them, they would just close ranks around the rest. It's all or nothing. And it has to be all.

VIC

I presume by the fact that I'm here that you're ready now?

RAB

Oh yes.

Rab is suddenly very alert and inspired again.

RAB (CONT'D)

Everything you see on the walls also exists in a repository I've created on the dark web. Don't confuse it with their network, they're two different things. I've turned everything I have into easy to understand files and documents. The network is laid out in detail. Each person has been singled out and the evidence I've collected against them has been included. Photographs, recordings, their activity on the network. I based it on the notion that they could delete the network if they suspected they might be rumbled, so everything they created also exists in my repository, as well as all the surveillance and additional information I collected.

VIC

So where do I come in? Can't you just release this to someone you trust on the inside?

RAB

In 5 days time, with or without you or me, the files get automatically released to 1,400 media organisations across the world.

(MORE)

RAB (CONT'D)

Fortunately, unlike Wikileaks, it's not just raw data that needs analysing and interpreting. The Guardian and the New York Times had the Wikileaks files months before they broke because they needed to be understood to be reported properly. My files are user friendly and ready to go. A few hours and they could run the story. But when it breaks, there's no point in having the police and the security services 10 steps behind. They need to be acting, at the very latest, the second the story hits the public domain. The people at the top need to be in custody before they have time to react. Because there's always the chance they can duck and dive and make deals and throw themselves off bridges. No one gets away with this.

Vic thinks for a few seconds, trying to assimilate everything he's been told. He realises what needs to be done.

VIC

So you need me to round up a posse?!

Rab smiles at Vic.

RAB

Exactly. And you've seen the names on these boards of those who can't be trusted, so you need people who can be.

Vic stands up. He begins to stretch his legs.

VIC

I need to think this through.

RAB

Do that. Go for a walk and clear your head. It'll be fine to cross now, as long as you're back by 7.30 to beat the tide.

Vic leaves the underground room, grabs his coat and walks out of the castle.

EXT. KISIMUL CASTLE, BARRA - DAY

Vic walks down to the beach, takes off his shoes and socks and wades through the shallow water to the mainland. He puts his socks and shoes back on again and walks slowly through Barra town centre to the other side of the town. He finds a small park with a bench, sits down and starts to think.

INT. KISIMUL CASTLE, BARRA - DAY

Rab is sitting in the chair in his bedroom. He's deep in thought, staring straight ahead. Suddenly he's startled by the roar of a helicopter flying past the open window. He gets up and walks slowly to the window and looks out. He sees the helicopter land on the beach below.

Four heavily-armed men in black special services fatigues get out and head towards the castle. Rab thoughtfully closes the window and walks out of the room.

Rab makes his way through the castle towards the underground room. He stops at a cupboard and takes out a big container of gasoline.

He reaches the entrance to the underground room, opens the hatch and disappears down into it, carrying the gasoline.

EXT. BARRA TOWN CENTRE - DAY

Vic wanders slowly back into the town centre and is immediately struck by how busy it is. People are out of their houses and the shops and are all walking towards something. He gets to the point where everyone has stopped and sees that they're looking towards Kisimul Castle. He scrambles through the crowd to get a good vantage point. He sees the helicopter on the beach and the armed special forces wading through the water towards the castle.

Smoke grenades are fired over the castle walls into the grounds as the men advance. Vic is startled. He looks around him at the shocked onlookers. Everyone seems confused and apprehensive. Suddenly there's a hand on his shoulder. It's Agnes from the fish shop.

AGNES

Come, Vic. Come with me.

INT. KISIMUL CASTLE, BARRA - DAY

The special forces troops burst through the castle door and start to search the rooms of the castle.

Eventually they discover the entrance to the underground room and descend into it.

Immediately they are confronted by the fire that Rab has started. It halts their progress and they can't get into the room to see what's there. Rab is standing facing them with an angry look on his face.

RAB  
Years of work, you fucking  
bastards! I hope you realise what  
you've done!

Two of the men grab Rab by the arms and they hoist him out of the room as the evidence in the room burns ferociously.

INT. THE FISH SHOP - DAY

Agnes leads Vic into her shop, opens the counter to let them both through and takes him through to the back of the shop.

AGNES  
Put these on...

Agnes hands Vic a fisherman's raincoat and wellies.

VIC  
I don't under...

AGNES  
Rab was always one for preparation,  
Vic. I don't ask questions. Here,  
take this...

Agnes hands Vic a medical alert bracelet.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
I'm to tell you that everything you  
need is on this. Hamish will tell  
you the rest.

Vic looks at Agnes, confused.

The back door of the fish shop opens and HAMISH, a weathered-looking fisherman of about fifty with a grey beard, stands there. He's dressed in the same clothes Vic has just put on.

HAMISH  
Right laddie, grab yourself a tray  
and let's get going...

Vic leaves the fish shop and picks up a big plastic tray of ice. Hamish leads him into the alleyway and they make their way towards the harbour behind the houses and shops.

EXT. KISIMUL CASTLE, BARRA - NIGHT

The special forces exit the castle with Rab in their custody, pulling him unwillingly towards the helicopter. Smoke starts to rise from inside the castle grounds, growing in intensity. Behind it, a fishing boat leaves the harbour.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB, PALL MALL - NIGHT

Lord Mitchell sits alone in the dining room, having dinner. His phone rings and he answers it.

LORD MITCHELL

It had better be good news,  
Stephen.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

We've got Rab Campbell in custody.  
He'd torched whatever he had, so  
whatever it was, he doesn't have it  
anymore. And we did a sweep of  
internet traffic from his location  
just to make doubly sure he didn't  
send anything into the ether.

LORD MITCHELL

Are you absolutely certain?

STEPHEN (V.O.)

I've been assured that everything  
went up in flames. I trust these  
guys.

LORD MITCHELL

And what about Drummond?

STEPHEN (V.O.)

He was nowhere to be found. But  
don't worry about him, I have every  
camera in the country searching for  
him. We'll pick him up as soon  
enough. What shall we do with  
Campbell?

LORD MITCHELL

Lock him up for a few days until we  
have Drummond and we're sure  
everything's secure.

(MORE)

LORD MITCHELL (CONT'D)

It'll be good for the drunken  
fool's liver anyway.

INT. A FISHING BOAT, OFF THE COAST OF BARRA - NIGHT

Vic sits inside the cabin on the boat. He twirls the medic-alert bracelet on his wrist. He takes it off, walks outside and drops it over the side of the boat. He goes back into the cabin, takes the new bracelet out of his pocket and puts it on. Hamish comes inside and sits down next to him. He pulls out a map.

HAMISH

We're taking you to Thurso, close to John o' Groats. Rab put this map together and his instructions were not to deviate from the route he's drawn. The biggest worry you have is being picked up on CCTV cameras, but there are none on the route he's mapped out. Your government isn't bothered about what we get up to up here most of the time. You can't take any buses or trains, or taxis or anything that might have any sort of surveillance.

Vic smiles at Hamish and at the plan Rab's put together.

VIC

Fortunately these legs were built  
for walking.

Hamish looks at Vic, looks at his walking stick, and back at Vic.

HAMISH

Aye, clearly. Once you get to the outskirts of London, there are cameras everywhere. Rab's estimate is that you'll have about 2 minutes from the time any camera picks you up. You'll need a plan and you'll need to be smart or quick, preferably both.

VIC

Thanks Hamish. For the ride and for the information.

HAMISH

Nae bother. He's a good man. Was a good man?

Hamish looks crestfallen. Vic looks at him and tries to lift his spirits.

VIC  
I wish I knew. I'm going with 'is'.

EXT. THURSO HARBOUR - DAY

Vic climbs off Hamish's boat and shakes Hamish's hand.

HAMISH  
You just mind and keep your head  
down.

Vic walks towards a road that takes him out of the town, past a bus stop and out of the built-up area to a winding rural road. He stops and sits down on a rock to wait.

From a distance, a car approaches. Vic puts out his thumb. The driver passes, deliberately averting his eyes. The same thing happens with the next car. Then a tractor approaches, pulling hay bales in a trailer. The driver stops and shouts to Vic.

DRIVER  
Where are you going?

VIC  
Engla... anywhere south will do.

DRIVER  
I'm only going a few miles down the  
road, but it'll take you closer to  
the main road...

VIC  
Perfect, thanks!

Vic climbs onto the back of the trailer and the driver heads off.

EXT. VILLAGES AND TOWNS ACROSS SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY/NIGHT

Vic makes his journey down through Scotland, avoiding main roads and built-up areas:

- A) He walks along a deserted Highland road.
- B) He gets a lift from a man on a scooter.
- C) He walks through a quiet town in the middle of the night.

- D) He sits down to have a cup of tea at a truck stop.
- E) He climbs up into the cab of a truck that has stopped for him.
- F) He walks down a country road, leaving a 'WELCOME TO SCOTLAND' signpost behind him.
- G) He walks along a country lane in the North of England.
- H) On the outskirts of Leeds, a man in a white van pulls over and beckons Vic. Vic gets in and van drives off. On the side of the van is a sign: *Mick's Landscaping. High Wycombe.*
- I) Vic falls fast asleep in the front of the van.
- J) The white van pulls over on the side of the road and Vic gets out. He waves to the driver as the van drives off. Vic starts to walk along the road.

EXT. A PUBLIC PHONE-BOX, THE OUTSKIRTS OF HIGH WYCOMBE - DAY

At the side of a country road, Vic enters a phone-box. He puts a coin in the slot and dials a number. As he waits on the call to be answered, he looks at the medic-alert bracelet on his wrist. The phone rings for a few rings and Vic starts to get concerned that no-one's going to answer.

VIC  
(to himself)  
A little bit of luck would be...

The phone gets answered and Vic lets a little smile cross his lips.

EXT. A LAY-BYE ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, HIGH WYCOMBE - DAY

Vic sits at a concrete table and chairs. He looks at his watch with concern on his face. He gets up and takes a few steps to stretch his legs. He sits back down again. Suddenly he hears the sound of a car horn and looks down the road. A minibus swings into the lay-bye and comes to a stop right in front of him. The driver of the minibus is Clare, and the minibus is packed with the ladies from Harriet's stained glass class. They all cheer when they see him and swing the door open for him to enter. Clare smiles at Vic.

VIC  
Sent from above! You ladies are a  
sight for sore eyes!

CLARE

Vic, you look like shit! What have you been doing?

VIC

Ah. You're all going to have to suspend your disbelief for this story...

Vic closes the minibus door and Clare drives off.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

In a briefing room, Mary Collins finishes her presentation of operational plans from a video screen. The title on the screen reads: *'Combined Forces Anti-terror Exercise'*.

Around the table sit a variety of senior police officers, two army generals, the Admiral of the Fleet, the Commanding Officer of the Royal Air Force and the Secretary of Defence.

MARY

Gentlemen, let's not forget that this is the biggest anti-terror drill we've ever undertaken. The countdown clock has begun. We'll reconvene at oh-four hundred on Wednesday. Let's get it absolutely right.

A murmur of agreement goes around the room and everyone rises to leave.

EXT. LONDON EMBANKMENT - DAY

Clare drives the minibus past Scotland Yard and pulls over about 200 yards further along the road. The door opens and Muriel gets out. She starts walking back in the direction of Scotland Yard. She stops to throw some crumbs to some pigeons then carries on her way.

As she reaches about 100 yards from Scotland Yard, the minibus door opens again and Vic gets out. He's holding an umbrella above his head. He walks in the opposite direction, as quickly as he's able, until he's about another 100 yards down the road. He looks up and around until he spots a CCTV camera. He lowers the umbrella and stares up at the camera.

Muriel continues walking towards Scotland Yard. As she reaches the front of the Scotland Yard building and starts to climb the steps, police officers suddenly stream from the building and start running down the street in Vic's direction.

Muriel calmly enters the building and walks up to the reception desk.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Mary walks the people who were in the meeting with her to the lift. She gets in it with them and they travel to the reception area. She shakes their hands as they exit by the security gates. She's startled by groups of officers running towards the front doors. She approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

MARY

What's happening?

RECEPTIONIST

A suspect, ma'am. Picked up on CCTV just down the road. The alert went out a few seconds ago.

Mary turns to leave.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Ma'am?

Mary turns back to the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Your mother's waiting to see you. I sent a message to your assistant, but she may not have passed it on yet.

Mary looks surprised.

MARY

My mother?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, ma'am. She's sitting over there...

The receptionist points over at the waiting area.

Muriel is sitting on one of the seats and immediately notices that the receptionist is pointing her out to Mary. She gets up and starts walking towards Mary.

EXT. LONDON EMBANKMENT - DAY

Armed police converge on Vic from all directions. A POLICEMAN shouts at him.

POLICEMAN

We have you surrounded, DCI  
Drummond! Drop the umbrella and lie  
face-down on the ground with your  
hands behind your head!

Some of the policemen have their tasers trained on him. Vic throws the umbrella a few feet away. This makes the policeman a little nervous.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

No quick or sudden movements, sir!

Vic slowly lowers himself to his knees, then onto his front. He puts his hands behind his head. Police officers rush towards him, securing his hands behind his back with plastic ties and pulling him to his feet. Vic looks at the policeman who was shouting the orders and smiles softly at him.

VIC

Good job, officer. I was worried  
about getting tasered for a minute.  
Nice show of restraint.

POLICEMAN

Not to one of our own, sir. But  
orders are orders and I'm afraid  
you're flagged as an extreme threat  
to national security.

VIC

Am I now? That sounds about right.

The policemen take Vic to a waiting police van and load him into the back.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

In the reception area, Mary looks Muriel up and down as she approaches her. Muriel smiles warmly at her. Mary is still behind the security entrance by the time Muriel reaches her.

MURIEL

Hello darling. No need to come out.  
But I found your medic-alert  
bracelet under my couch this  
morning. Thought it best if I  
brought it to you.

Muriel offers the bracelet to Mary over the security gate.

Mary looks at Muriel, confused.

MURIEL (CONT'D)  
See, it's yours, darling. Your  
name's on it...

Mary looks at the bracelet and reads the name on it: *Vic Drummond*. It suddenly dawns on her that she should take the bracelet from Muriel.

She reaches out, takes it from Muriel and puts it on. She gives Muriel a little smile.

MARY  
Thanks mum.

Muriel winks at Mary.

MURIEL  
Be careful, darling. Lots of bad  
people out there.

Muriel turns and leaves the building and Mary gets into a lift.

INT. MARY COLLIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary enters her office and sits at her desk. She opens her laptop, takes off the medic-alert bracelet and inserts its USB connection into her PC's USB port.

She looks intently at the screen. A VPN starts up. Then a tor browser opens up the dark web. A loading bar shows the progress of a website opening.

Mary stares at her screen. Her eyes widen. She clicks her mouse. Stares a few seconds longer. Clicks again and stares. She gets up out of her chair, goes to her door and locks it. Then she pulls down the blinds on her windows. She sits back down at the her desk again and begins to go through the website in detail. The gravity of what's she's looking at shows in her expression.

MARY COLLINS  
(to herself)  
Jesus, Vic, no wonder they're after  
you.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - SUNRISE

SUPER: "2 days later, 5.30am."

At the rear of Scotland Yard HQ, teams of police officers in riot gear pack weapons and shields into troop carriers. Officers bark orders and coordinate the operation. A SERGEANT holds up a megaphone and addresses the group.

SERGEANT

Everyone at the ready! 3 minutes  
and counting. C'mon team, snap to  
it!

He's approached by a CHIEF CONSTABLE, who hands him a dossier.

CHIEF CONSTABLE

You need to read this, sergeant,  
and quickly. New instructions from  
above. Gather the team leaders,  
this is no longer a training  
exercise.

At a window above, Mary looks down at the assembled police force below her.

EXT. RAF MENWITH HILL AIR FORCE BASE, HARROGATE - SUNRISE

12 Chinooks and a variety of smaller helicopters have their rotors running. Troops quickly get into the helicopters and buckle up. They're all heavily armed.

The Commanding Officer of the RAF stands with a group of senior RAF officers around him, handing out briefing documents and explaining the operation. As he speaks, they look shocked but nod in agreement. They salute each other and each of the senior officers boards a helicopter. The helicopters take off, flying in formation at first, then each banks off and goes in its own direction.

EXT. WHARNCLIFFE WOODS, SHEFFIELD, SUNRISE

A team of local police officers have a map of the woods laid out on their car bonnet. Their CHIEF INSPECTOR addresses them.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

They should be at this location,  
150 yards off the path...

He points at a place on the map.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)  
 Remember who we're approaching.  
 Keep your firearms hidden. He won't  
 be expecting us and as far as we  
 know he's not armed. Just be  
 careful, no mistakes.

He wraps up the map, nods at the group of men and they split up, going into the forest in different directions.

EXT. ST. COLUMBA'S SCHOOL, GLASGOW - DAY

A car pulls into the school parking area and parks in one of the staff spaces. Ed McAllister gets out, opens his boot and is about to take out a big bag of balls. Suddenly a megaphone booms behind him.

POLICE SERGEANT (O.S.)  
 Get on the ground! Now! Put your  
 hands where we can see them!

Ed turns around, surprised. He sees the POLICE SERGEANT with the megaphone and that he's been surrounded by a team of police officers.

POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
 This is your final warning!

One of the officers moves closer, raising his taser gun.

Ed realises they mean business and drops to his knees as the police officers push him face down to the ground and handcuff him.

EXT. THE EDMOND'S HOUSE - DAY

Two POLICE OFFICERS in plain clothes knock on the Edmond's front door. Mrs. Edmonds opens the door.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
 Mrs. Edmonds

MRS. EDMONDS  
 Yes?

POLICE OFFICER 1  
 We're from Child Protection. May we  
 come in?

Mrs. Edmonds looks suddenly worried and opens the door to let them in.

INT. THE EDMOND'S HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Edmonds leads the two police officers into her living room. Her husband comes in and joins them. The couple look earnestly at the one of the police officers as she begins to speak.

POLICE OFFICER 2

This is going to come as a terrible shock to you, I'm afraid...

EXT. A BLOCK OF FLATS, WREXHAM - DAY

A team of police officers stand ready outside an apartment door. The POLICE INSPECTOR gives a signal and one of the policemen breaks open the door with a battering ram.

INT. A SMALL FLAT, WREXHAM - DAY

Jayden jumps out of bed as he hears the door of his flat being broken down. Molly sits up in the bed, startled.

Jayden immediately goes for a small bag of pills in the bedside drawer. As he picks them up, he's tackled to the ground by a policeman.

Jayden wriggles free and punches the policemen. Immediately, electricity pulses through his body from the taser that's just been fired at him from another officer. Jayden slumps to the ground, convulsing and soiling himself. Molly screams at the police officers.

MOLLY

What the fuck are you doing?! It's only some pills!

POLICE INSPECTOR

Molly Jenkins?

Molly looks surprised that they know her name.

MOLLY

How do you know that?

A FEMALE POLICE OFFICER loses her cool, pulls the covers off Molly, grabs her and pushes her face into the bed. She pushes her knees hard in her back and roughly pulls her hands behind her back.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER  
Molly Jenkins, I'm placing you  
under arrest as an accomplice in  
the production and dissemination of  
child pornography...

The officer pushes her knee hard into Molly's back again as she cuffs her and drags her to her feet.

The horror of the situation and the realisation of what she's done shows on Molly's face as she and Jayden are marched from the flat.

EXT. WHARNCLIFFE WOODS, SHEFFIELD - DAY

A group of police officers arrive back at where they parked, with Scout Master Brian Forest in handcuffs. Some of the officers are escorting the young scouts he was camping with.

A mobile unit has been set up with officers and counsellors to take statements from the boys and they sit the boys down to process them. Cars start to pull up, containing the boys' parents. The parents get out and run towards the boys, concerned for their welfare.

One FATHER starts running towards Brian Forest, who is being loaded into a van by officers.

FATHER  
I'll fucking kill you, you piece of  
shit, I'll tear your fucking eyes  
out!

The officers manage to hold back the father as he tries to get to Brian Forest. They bundle Brian Forest into the van and close the door. They try to calm the father down, with one of them resting a hand on his shoulder.

INT. AN APARTMENT IN GLASGOW - DAY

SEAN'S MUM and DAD are waiting for him to come home, sitting silently on the couch. The front door opens and Sean walks in.

SEAN'S MUM  
Sean, come and sit down here with  
me and your dad for a minute...

Sean looks at them nervously, not sure what's going on. Sean's dad gets up and rushes towards him, throwing his arms around him in a huge hug and beginning to cry. His mother joins in, and all three of them cry and hug each other.

INT. THE HOUSE OF LORDS - DAY

Members of the House of Lords are gathered in the foyer, getting ready to enter the House for the day's proceedings. They stand in groups, talking amongst themselves. Lord Mitchell is holding court with a group of his peers. Suddenly a murmur goes up in the foyer. Police officers have taken up positions at all the exits. Lord Mitchell looks at them, then back at his colleagues.

LORD MITCHELL

The biggest terror drill we've ever undertaken, I'm told...

Lord Banks appears at Lord Mitchell's side.

LORD BANKS

Lord Mitchell. Gentlemen.

The DEPUTY COMMISSIONER of the Metropolitan Police, flanked by two armed officers, approaches Lord Mitchell's group.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER

Lord Mitchell, I'd ask you to please accompany my officers to the waiting police vans. We can do this quietly, unless you'd prefer otherwise?

Lord Banks steps towards the Deputy Commissioner, aggressively.

LORD BANKS

This is the House of Lords, not your local beat, sonny. What is this about?

The Deputy Commissioner stands his ground, maintaining his composure.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER

Sir, I'd ask you to please take a step back...

Lord Mitchell doesn't quite understand what's going on.

LORD MITCHELL

I'm assuming that this is part of the terror drill, but my office wasn't informed about any of this. I'm afraid I must decline...

LORD BANKS

Now bugger off!

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER  
Sir, you're obstructing official  
police business. Can you tell me  
your name please?

LORD BANKS  
My name is the person who's getting  
you fired.

A POLICE CONSTABLE holds up a page from file he's carrying to  
let the Deputy Commissioner look at it.

POLICE CONSTABLE  
He's Lord Banks, sir.

The Deputy Commissioner allows himself a little smile.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER  
Ah, good, another one on my list.  
Take them both into custody,  
officers.

LORD MITCHELL  
There must be some mistake. Are you  
seriously arresting us? On what  
grounds?

The police officers have now been joined by about five  
others.

LORD BANKS  
This is fucking outrageous! I'm  
having your badge...

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER  
I was asked to spare you any  
indignity. Against my better  
judgement, I should add. But not  
any longer...

He holds out his hand and one of his officers hands him a  
megaphone. He begins to read out the arrest warrant through  
the megaphone.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Lord Mitchell, I'm arresting you on the following charges: Possession of prohibited images of children, causing or inciting a child to engage in sexual activity, sexual assault of a child under 13, abduction of children in care, sexual activity with a child, rape of a child under 13, assault of a child under 13 by penetration... this is a really long list, do you want me to go on?

Those gathered in the foyer stand listening in shock at the charges levelled against Lord Mitchell.

The Deputy Commissioner turns his attention to Lord Banks, still speaking through the megaphone.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Your list is not much better, matey, so I suggest you put your fucking hands behind your back right now! As for having my badge, I can live with that, knowing that Wormwood Scrubs is having the rest of your miserable fucking life.

Lords Mitchell and Banks are handcuffed by the officers, led from the foyer and taken out to the waiting vans.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS ACROSS THE UNITED KINGDOM - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Security forces raid locations in various parts of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland:

A) Helicopters land and armed officers alight the aircraft.

B) Vans and police cars speedily reach their destinations, take up their positions and ready themselves for the operation.

D) The teams swing into operation, swarming the locations: schools, day-cares, hospitals, care homes, gyms, swimming pools, libraries, offices, houses and flats.

E) Many people - old men and women, those much younger, teachers, gym instructors, doctors, librarians, caretakers, swimming coaches, care-workers, businessmen and people at home - are handcuffed and loaded into police vehicles.

INT. A HOLDING CELL, SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Vic sits on the bed, alone in the cell. He hears footsteps approaching. The key turns in the lock and the door is opened. A GUARD stands facing him.

GUARD  
Detective Drummond, please  
accompany me...

Vic turns around and puts his hands behind his back. The guard smiles at him.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
That won't be necessary, sir.

The guard leads Vic from the cell and down the corridor.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

The guard opens a door for Vic and motions for him to enter. Vic walks inside the large operations room. It's a busy hive of activity, with tens of monitors showing police operations currently underway. Officers chat through headsets, relaying orders and operational commands.

Mary stands front and centre, her hands clasped behind her back as she surveys the operation. She turns to look at Vic.

MARY  
Vic!

The officers in the room all turn around to look at him. They all suddenly stand up and begin to applaud him. Vic looks a bit embarrassed.

Mary approaches him, puts out her hand and shakes his firmly.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry about the last couple  
of days. I had to keep you down  
there to allay any suspicion around  
what you'd sent me.

VIC  
Of course, that what I was hoping  
you'd do. So, what's going on now?

MARY  
We had a massive counter terrorism  
drill planned for today, so  
everything was already in place.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Luckily there are a few people I knew I could trust. The change in the operation was held back until the very last minute, so hopefully no one has had any time to warn anyone.

Vic allows himself a little smile. He looks at the monitors and sees the operation in full swing.

VIC

So this is really happening? How big is it? How many are we going for?

MARY

From the top down, starting with about 1,200 in the first swoop. We'll be going all day. Anyone we don't pick up today, we should in the next few days. Border and Customs have been alerted with a full watch-list, so there shouldn't be many getting away. And Interpol has the list of names of anyone we believe might be outside the country.

The size of the operation and what is being accomplished suddenly dawns on Vic. He pulls up a chair and sits down. Mary looks at him.

MARY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

VIC

I just didn't think we could pull this off.

MARY

What you've helped accomplish is huge, Vic. Not just in scale, but in importance.

VIC

I was just a small part in it, Mary. You've done the part no one else could've done. And Harriet, and it all started with Rab...

Vic chokes up a bit.

MARY

Ah, yes, Rab Campbell. He's being flown here now.

Vic looks at Mary with wide eyes.

VIC

He's alive?!

Mary realises that Vic thinks Rab was killed.

MARY

Oh, Vic! I thought you knew. He's fine. He was taken in custody but he wasn't saying a word. Once the operation began I sent an order for him to be collected and brought here. He should arrive in a couple of hours.

Vic smiles at Mary.

VIC

From what Rab told me, the files are due to be released to all the media organisations later today, but your little operation is sure to have alerted them to the fact that something's going on.

MARY

We've brought a few of them in, the ones we could trust, with an embargo until tonight's six o'clock news bulletins. They're fully briefed already and the files will just give them the evidence they need. Don't worry, Vic, no one on that list saw us coming...

Vic suddenly looks emotionally relaxed but physically exhausted.

MARY (CONT'D)

You should go home and get some rest, Vic. You must be shattered.

VIC

Yeah, and I might have to explain to Emma where I've been for the last few days...

MARY

She knows. I made her aware that  
you were safe.

Vic looks relieved.

VIC

In that case, there's something  
else I may just do.

EXT. LONDON, THAMES EMBANKMENT - DAY

Vic walks along the river and crosses over the Millennium  
Footbridge to the Southbank. He walks past the Royal Festival  
Hall and along the Thames until he reaches the Tate Modern.  
He walks down into Southwark, making his way through side  
streets that he seems to know well.

He turns a corner into a street and stops. He walks over to  
the pavement and sits down slowly and carefully on the kerb.  
He looks up, In front of him is the building that was once  
Southwark Children's Home. The place where, many years ago,  
he first met Harriet.

VIC

(to himself)

We did it, Harriet. Damn, we only  
went and did it.

INT. THE GUARDIAN NEWSROOM - DAY

A group of reporters sit around a monitor. One of them clicks  
on a link and Rab's website opens up on the dark web. The  
news editor swings into action.

NEWS EDITOR

(shouts)

It's live, everyone! We've got 3  
hours until the deadline. Go!

INT. BBC NEWS STUDIO - DAY

The BBC news anchor, CLIVE DOWTREY, looks nervously at the  
papers in front of him. In the control room, the NEWS  
CONTROLLER looks at the clock. He speaks into his headset.

NEWS CONTROLLER

This is it, everyone, and we're  
live in 10...9...

The news intro graphics and music lead into the news broadcast.

The news anchor takes a final sip of water and looks up into the camera.

CLIVE DOWTREY

It's 6 o'clock in London. I'm Clive Downtrey and this is BBC News. Police forces from across the country mounted the largest operation in living memory this morning to break up a massive paedophile ring and arrest thousands of offenders...

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Mary Collins addresses a large group of news reporters on the steps of Scotland Yard.

MARY

Ladies and Gentlemen. This morning at 5am, police forces across the country, acting on information obtained by Scotland Yard, mounted a large-scale national operation to detain members of a suspected paedophile ring. Over twelve hundred arrests have been made so far, with many more still to come. I'd like to pay tribute to the policemen and women involved in this operation and to make clear that whilst this is an ongoing operation, I'm not at liberty to disclose fuller details. What I can say is that we have discovered a web and network dedicated to the more serious and despicable crimes against children. Whilst full investigations are carried out, I would ask you, please, to appreciate the gravity of this situation and to avoid any speculation that could hinder prosecutions at a later date. Unfortunately I won't be taking questions today, but you'll all be informed of developments in due course. Thank you.

Many of the reporters shout out questions, hoping to get a response. But Mary turns away from them and enters the building.

INT. A NEWSPAPER PRINTING PRESS - NIGHT

The first copy of the morning's newspaper comes off the press. The headline reads: 'A NATION WEEPS.'

EXT. A STREET IN EDINBURGH - NIGHT

A newspaper delivery van is delivering the morning papers. The driver gets out of the van and dumps a pile of papers outside a newsagents. He opens the frame outside, takes out the old poster and inserts the new one. It reads: 'PURE FILTH!'

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS - NIGHT

On the neon signs above Piccadilly Circus, a REUTERS ticker tape news bulletin runs. The headline reads: 'MEMBERS OF HOUSE OF LORDS AT CENTRE OF ABUSE RING'

EXT. HARRIET'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "One year later."

Matt's wife, Colette, is in the kitchen preparing food with a glass of wine in her hand. Her daughter, Lou, is in her high chair next to her. Matt is in the back garden lighting a barbecue, talking to Mary. A group of old ladies - Clare and the group from Harriet's stained glass class - are standing around a table listening and laughing at an old man's stories. We see that it's Rab, with a whisky in his hand, joking and flirting with them. The doorbell goes and Colette goes to answer it. Emma and Jose are standing there, holding bags of food and drink.

COLETTE

You must be Vic's daughter?

EMMA

Yes, hi, I'm Emma...

Jose puts out his hand to shake Colette's.

JOSE

And I'm Joe.

Colette looks a bit perturbed.

COLETTE

Vic is coming, isn't he? He's okay?  
I know Matt...

EMMA

He's fine, going through a nice  
lengthy remission at the moment.  
He's just looking for parking as he  
refuses to put a sticker on his  
car.

COLETTE

Oh, good. Come in, let me take  
those from you...

Colette takes Emma and Joe through the house and out into the  
back garden. They meet and greet everyone, introducing  
themselves. Rab gets up to give Emma a kiss.

RAB

Your dad?

Rab sees Vic arrive in the back garden.

RAB (CONT'D)

Ah, there he is!

Matt rushes over to Vic and grabs him in a warm embrace.

MATT

Vic, it's great to see you, and  
looking so well. Mum would've been  
so proud of you, of everyone  
here...

Vic looks at Matt, a little embarrassed by the praise.

VIC

She was a fantastic role model for  
us all, Matt. The best of us.

Rab walks up to Vic, puts his arm around him and leads him  
off to the table and the bottle of whisky.

RAB

Right laddie. This calls for a wee  
toast. But one quick question: you  
and that Muriel lassie...

Rab looks at Muriel. She smiles back.

RAB (CONT'D)

You're no...

Vic laughs.

VIC

No. No.

RAB

Good. Glad to hear.

(shouts)

Muriel darlin', did I tell you that  
I've got my own castle?

Mary walks over and sits next to Vic at the table.

MARY

How are you feeling?

VIC

We did something great, Mary. My  
annoying little illness seems  
insignificant.

MARY

Remember that you asked me, before  
this whole business, about  
retraining in data forensics?

Vic smiles warmly at Mary.

VIC

I do. You never did get back to me!  
It's fine, maybe it's time to call  
it a day.

Mary takes out an envelope and hands it to Vic.

MARY

This letter is your official  
appointment as Deputy Commissioner  
of the Met, with special oversight  
on data forensics. Insisted on, I  
should add, by Downing Street. Come  
back Vic, if you feel you can.  
It'll be a challenge from time to  
time, but I'm sure you'll manage.

Vic looks moved by Mary's gesture. He thinks for a moment  
before answering.

VIC

I may just do that.

CLOSING TITLES:

SUPER: "It is estimated that there are around 250,000 paedophiles in the United Kingdom."

SUPER: "Most of these have never been convicted and don't appear on the sex offender's register."

SUPER: "'If the CPS were to prosecute everyone we would need a rolling prison programme. I would say there probably isn't the land to build enough prisons.' *Sue Berelowitz, Deputy Children's Commissioner for England, 2015.*"

SUPER: "According to the UK Home Office, only 20 per cent of child sex offences are carried out by strangers."

FADE OUT.

THE END