

1

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 1/1 07:08

1

Close-up - photograph. A small boy - 4 or 5 wearing an oversized policeman's hat. Freckles. Toothy grin.

Reflected in the glass of the photo - a dozen separate News 24 items explode onto a plasma screen.

The widescreen TV spews up a giddy-making cocktail of current affairs. These images usher in a fast set of very contemporary TITLES.

The TV with Dolby 5.1 dominates one half of the apartment and holds the attention of SAM TYLER. This room with its beams and varnished wooden floor has been converted from some vast Victorian factory.

SAM himself is smart, lithe, mid-30's. If he were a flavour he'd be spearmint. He is talking into his mobile and negotiating the News 24 menu simultaneously. Girlfriend MAYA cradles her coffee, watching him.

SAM

If we get the go-ahead I want base-point to be at the cross-roads ...

MAYA

Sam ..

He doesn't appear to hear her.

SAM

.. the suspect was positively id'd by the victim of the assault. Afterwards I want SOCO through every inch of the house. And I'm going to apply for the right to hold him for 72 hours if necessary ... Yes, I'm expecting to get it ...

MAYA

Sam?

He snaps the phone shut. Holds up two identical blue ties.

MAYA

The blue one.

SAM

Good choice.

MAYA

Sam, can we ...?

His phone rings. He shrugs - sorry. Has to take it.

1 CONTINUED: 1

SAM
(into mobile)
Sam Tyler ...

MAYA walks sadly out of the room.

He glances at her as she leaves - feels bad about avoiding a conversation. Turns his attention back to the phonecall.

SAM
We're heading out there now...
(dialogue continues over top of sc
2) I want the Exclusion Zone to run
from the junction to the end of the
street. We're not losing this one
because of sloppiness.

2 **INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY 1/1 07:09** 2

MAYA sits on the loo (seat down) with her own phone. She can hear SAM babbling ten to the dozen outside. She finishes leaving a phone message.

MAYA
Don't know if you can understand.
Maybe at some point we can sit down
and talk.

She finishes the call. Cups her hand over her face.

SAM (O.S.)
Maya? Heads up. We're on.

3 **EXT. STREETS - CARS - DAY 1/1 10:40** 3

Three unmarked Police cars tear past a row of defining 21st century shops - typical of a modern, vibrant city, turning off into a residential street.

4 **EXT. VICTORIAN TERRACES - DAY 1/1 10:41 - CONTINUOUS** 4

A white van caked in grime - "Heating Services". In the grime are written these words - Rooney Is God.

One of Manchester's modern buildings (the Halle perhaps) rises up in the background - steel and glass.

GO WIDE - CID spill out of the cars. Everyone as neat and sharp as SAM. All look to SAM - these next few minutes are crucial.

They run to an unloved house at the end of the terrace. (Muffled rock music from the house next door.) SAM clocks the music. MAYA rings the bell. Dogs yap within.

4 CONTINUED:

4

SAM

Colin Raimes? Police. Please open the door.

OFFICERS move forward with the battering ram but SAM motions for them to hold back. He knocks. Almost polite.

SAM

Mr Raimes we have a warrant to enter the house and to remove property in compliance with the Criminal Evidence Act ..

Noise from round the back. Flower-pot knocked over.

5 **EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY 1/1 10:42**

5

COLIN RAIMES (30s/ skinny / ginger hair / tracksuit) is already clambering over the back wall. MAYA is the first to reach him. He kicks her in the throat. She steps back, gagging. RAIMES goes over. CID struggle to follow but SAM takes the wall athletically.

6 **EXT. STREETS - DAY 1/1 10:42 - CONTINUOUS**

6

RAIMES running with frenzied vigor. SAM in pursuit. Like a sprinter - piston arms, set jaw.

RAIMES darts between moving cars. SAM does the same - matching madness for madness. RAIMES cuts down an alley. SAM stops. Scans houses opposite.

Crosses the street and goes over a gate. Over another garden wall just as RAIMES is running by. SAM leaps onto RAIMES who throws him off with a scream of rage. SAM reaches into his belt and whip-cracks his baton to full extension. RAIMES grabs a dustbin lid - gladiator's shield.

TWO BOYS watch them.

RAIMES swings the lid. SAM side-steps and lashes out with the baton which RAIMES deflects.

BOY 1

(to RAIMES)

Smash his face in!

RAIMES giggles - king for a day.

SAM

Colin, this is going to look very bad on your arrest report.

RAIMES lunges at him. SAM parries and swings his baton into the back of RAIMES' legs. RAIMES crumples. The BOYS boo. SAM holds him down.

6 CONTINUED:

6

SAM (cont'd)
 Colin Raimes I am arresting you on
 suspicion of abduction and murder.
 You do not have to say anything but
 it may harm your defence ...

7 **SCENE 7 OMITTED**

7

7A Pt **EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 1/1 11:17**

7A Pt

Gleaming squad cars lined up outside a modern day terrorist
 proof Police Station. Two POLICEMEN stationed outside. SAM
 returns to the station.

He swipes his security fob for immediate clearance into the
 station - which it must be said more resembles the entrance
 to an expensive private clinic than an inner city cop-house.

7A pt **INT. CORRIDOR POLICE STATION - DAY 1/1 CONTINIOUS**

7A pt

Sam walks down the corridor playing his voicemail off the
 mobile. Maya is waiting for him a little way ahead.

MESSAGE (MAYA)
*"I'm moving out. I can't live with
 you any more Sam. Don't know if you
 can understand. Maybe at some point
 we can sit down and talk."*

SAM is hurt but he doesn't have time or space to indulge it.
 Maya watches. He doesn't even glance her way. He snaps his
 mobile shut and starts walking. Maya hands him a fresh shirt.
 He rips off the cellophane, strips to the waist and puts on
 the clean shirt.

8 **SCENE 8 OMITTED**

8

9 **INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 1/1 11:19**

9

Rapid montage - DAT machine loaded, CCTV aligned, lap-top
 booted. SAM sets out pens and pad. Squares them with the edge
 of his desk. Tightens his tie knot.

TIME JUMP: SAM and MAYA on one side. RAIMES on the other
 flanked by his LAWYER, SOCIAL WORKER and PSYCHIATRIST. Twin
 DAT decks and CCTV record everything. (During the scene we
 cut sporadically to CCTV POV.)

We zoom in on COLIN who looks up into camera.

SAM takes off his state-of-the-art watch.

SAM
 Interview commenced at 11.19am.
 The suspect will state his name.

9

CONTINUED:

9

RAIMES

Colin Raimes.

SAM

Also present are the suspect's
Lawyer, Social Worker and
Psychiatrist.

COLIN is rocking in his chair and rolling a fag.

SAM

This is a no-smoking room.

The PSYCHIATRIST gives the LAWYER a look.

LAWYER

My client is advised by his
psychiatrist to rely on certain
auto-motive props.

SAM

Look at these photos Colin. Lauren
Chester. Strangled to death in
November last year. No sexual
assault. Kidnapped. Held for around
30 hours. Strangled with bootlace.

The photos show explicitly the thin welts running around the
victim's throat. RAIMES looks away, groaning.

PSYCHIATRIST

You're upsetting him ...

RAIMES

Terms and conditions ... You need a
hair cut ...

SAM

Bettina Mitchell. Attacked last
Saturday. You said; "fight me and
you'll end up like Lauren."

He slides his lap-top round to face the group - a computer
identikit that is uncannily like RAIMES.

SAM

Look at this j-peg. The ID picture
that Bettina gave us.

MAYA places the ring-binder on the desk. Trump card.

SAM

It's your diary Colin. Found it in
your room.

(reads from lap-top)

From the diary; "I killed her.

(MORE)

9

CONTINUED:

9

SAM (cont'd)

She's been killed. I'm a killer. An ace killer." That particular entry is not awash with ambiguity. Dated November 4th; a day after the murder.

PSYCHIATRIST

Colin's a first-rate fantasist ..

SAM

So let's talk about the night of the abduction; November 2nd.

Something twigs with the SOCIAL WORKER who immediately refers to her Palm Pilot.

SAM

Where were you on ..?

SOCIAL WORKER

Hold on, November 2nd?

SAM

Correct.

SOCIAL WORKER

He was at our drop-in centre.

SAM looks up slowly from the lap-top. MAYA chews her lip.

SOCIAL WORKER

Some kids had thrown fireworks at him. He was distressed. We brought him into the centre.

MAYA looks to SAM who is boiling inside.

LAWYER

I think we're done.

SAM and MAYA try to hide their crushing disappointment.

10

SCENE 10 OMITTED

10

11

INT. PROFILING CENTRE - DAY 1/1 13:23

11

High-tech, darkened room. TV screens run multiple suspect interviews - each gives his name, (HARRY BENFIELD, DAVID WESTON, MICHAEL SLAVIN, BARRY RICHARDS, BRENDAN CAIN) the last one is COLIN. Forensic results and criminal profiling data spill out of other screens. SAM stands over a CIVILIAN OPERATIVE who has a fingerprint digitized on the computer screen. MAYA enters. Hangs back.

11

CONTINUED:

11

OPERATIVE taps in info. Print vanishes. Appears a second later accompanied by a selection of comparative prints.

OPERATIVE

Nothing new in with this weal and loop configuration.

SAM

Okay, let me try some bi-lateral cross-referencing here.

He pulls a chair up to a computer screen on the other side of the room. On the screen are microscope images - strange filaments. MAYA joins him.

SAM

Colin Raimes isn't our man. We'll go back to our best lead; the fibres found under the fingernails of the victim. Definitely synthetic.

MAYA leans forward to study the fibres on the screen.

MAYA

I think there's more to be had from Raimes. Let's lean on him.

SAM

And be sued for harassment of a schizophrenic? He's a fantasist. It's in his psyche-evaluation ...

MAYA

Screw the psyche-evaluation. You used to believe in gut feeling. What happened?

SAM

Nothing.

MAYA

What's going on in there Sam?
(taps his head)

SAM

I can't think about this now.

She watches him engrossed in the flickering gobbledygook on the screen.

MAYA

Would it help if we interfaced bi-laterally, cross-referencing our professional and domestic lives? Would that make it easier for you to talk about us splitting up?

11 CONTINUED:

11

He spins round to face her and just for a moment she thinks he is going to talk about his feelings.

SAM

I'm going to stand you down from this case Maya. It's not productive given our personal problems ...

MAYA

All right, look, forget us .. I have a theory about Raimes. About why he kept the diary ...

SAM

I've made my decision.

MAYA

Don't you even want to know what I'm thinking? My feeling ...

SAM

Painters have feelings. Poets have feelings. Look around you, what good are feelings in this room?

MAYA swallows down her rage. Nods. Okay then. She leaves. SAM swivels back to his computer fast.

12 **SCENE 12 OMITTED**

12

13 **SCENE 13 OMITTED**

13

14 **INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR/CID - DAY 1/1 13:30**

14

SAM swipes to let himself out through the security doors. A PC struggles to get a coffee from a dispenser. Rattles the machine. Sam pauses to run his fingers over it. Sam reaches for water from the cooler then turns to the dispenser and gives it a light precise tap. A cup drops into the tray just as his mobile goes off.

SAM

Maya, what are you doing?

MAYA (OVER MOBILE)

I'm following my feelings sir. Raimes isn't just a fantasist. I think he's trying to impress someone.

SAM

Where are you?

MAYA (OVER MOBILE)

What if Raimes knows the killer? What if he's going to go bragging about hi .. arres ...

14

CONTINUED:

14

SAM

Social Services will hit the roof
if you ... Where are you? Maya?

MAYA (OVER MOBILE)

.. Tailing him ... I .. in the..

SAM

You're breaking up.

MAYA (OVER MOBILE)

.. someone there. Someone waiting.
Raimes is heading towards Satchmore
Road... going to speak to the ...

SAM

No. Maya? No. I'll send back-up.
Maya?

The line is dead.

15

SCENE 15 OMITTED

15

16

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY 1/1 13:50

16

SAM's Jeep pulls up. Close up of a sign - Satchmore Road.

SAM walks through the desolate space. He crosses the
playground to where a couple of COPPERS are standing near a
swing. Maya's blouse hangs off the swing. Unmistakably hers.
A single fleck of blood spoils the material.

SAM is horrified to the core yet his every sinew of his being
fights to hold SAM TYLER in check.

SAM

(softly)

Preserve the scene and call in SOCO
please. Whoever the killer is ..
he's taken her.

17

I/E. SAM'S JEEP - DAY 1/1 14:00

17

SAM at the wheel - distressed but keeping a lid on it. "Life
On Mars" plays softly over his i-pod. He brakes hard. The
music floats around him as he tries to marshal his thoughts
and feelings. He steps out of the car. Leans against it to
pull in some clearing air. He is close to tears.

He steps back to compose himself. A car smacks into him at
speed and in half a second SAM is thrown down the street like
a scarecrow full of straw. It's shockingly sudden.

18 **EXT. MANCUNIAN ROAD - DAY 1/1 CONTINUOUS** 18

High shot. SAM is thrown in a tangle across the tarmac. "Life On Mars" builds on the soundtrack.

19 **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK** 19

FLASH SHOTS - Woods at night. POV of a young boy - looking down at his own page-boy shoes pushing through the grass - brass buckles catching the moonlight.

Looking up through the dancing branches at the stars. Magical. Serene. The boy's hands reach up for the stars in the sky.

TOTAL BLACKNESS. TOTAL SILENCE.

20 **EXT. ROAD - DAY 1/2 14:20** 20

SAM unconscious on dusty ground. He is wearing a dated brown leather jacket and bell-bottom cords. "Life On Mars" can still be heard playing. SAM lifts his head. The music is coming from the 8 Track playing in the Ford Granada that he is lying beside. The door is open. SAM heads towards the car.

A COPPER arrives. There is something about his uniform that isn't quite right. He also has a large radio transmitter around his neck. COPPER helps SAM to his feet.

COPPER

What happened? Did you not see the signs?

SAM realizes that he is standing in roadworks. A development plot for the very same road he was driving on moments ago. A road which now seems to be in the process of being built.

COPPER

Do you remember what happened sir?
[Beat] Sir, can you tell me what happened?

SAM gawps at the beige Granada.

SAM

This .. This isn't my car. I was driving .. I was driving a jeep..

COPPER

You were driving a military vehicle?

He removes paperwork from the car.

SAM

Just hang ... what's going on?

20

CONTINUED:

20

COPPER

Can I ask if you've been drinking?

SAM

I'm not drunk.

COPPER

Says here you're on transfer from C-Division in Hyde. Detective Inspector.

SAM

What? I'm a DCI. What the hell are you ..? I need my mobile.

COPPER

Your mobile what?

SAM

My phone.

COPPER

You brought your own telephone from Hyde?

The COPPER unstraps the bulky Pye Pocket Phone from his shirt.

COPPER

Eight- Six-Zero to Alpha One.
Hello?

SAM has had enough. He strides away from the scene.

COPPER

No, hang on sir! Come back .. sir!

SAM breaks into a trot. He crosses the street. Above him looms a giant billboard with an artist's impression of the Mancunian Way and the words 'Opening Soon'.

COPPER

Come back here!

SAM breaks into a run.

21

EXT. SAM'S RUN - DAY 1/2 CONTINUOUS

21

SAM pelting through streets of old terraces. Collapses against a lamp post. Becomes aware of the cars parked nearby - Hillmans, Vauxhalls, Austins.

He catches a glimpse of himself in the chrome hub cap of one of the cars. He crouches down to study his reflection and notices the change in his image for the first time.

- 21 CONTINUED: 21
- He rifles through his pockets and pulls out a police 'badge' - a leather wallet containing a card with the name SAM TYLER.
- 22 **SCENE 22 OMITTED** 22
- 23 **EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 1/2 14:50** 23
- SAM stands sweaty and panting staring in astonishment at numerous black bicycles that are lined up outside. A Morris Panda car pulls out.
- 24 **INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - DAY 1/2 CONTINUOUS** 24
- Sweaty, dizzy and disorientated, SAM staggers into the tatty, poorly lit reception. No security swipe here. A road safety poster on the wall - squirrel with thumbs up. **Tufty Says Follow The Code.**
- The WPC on the front desk is a formidable creature with the voice of a welder - PHYLLIS. She watches a PC wrestling a drunk. Shouting and swearing and bouncing off walls.
- PHYLLIS
Get your ducks in a line Tony!
- DRUNK and PC collide with people waiting. SAM is appalled. PHYLLIS marches out from behind the desk and yanks the DRUNK'S trousers down to his ankles.
- PHYLLIS
Stop playing silly beggars or the kecks come down an' all. Got it?
- Legs bound by his trousers, the DRUNK is hauled off.
- SAM
Where's the Custody Sergea...
- PHYLLIS
The Whatty-what-what?
- SAM
Who ARE you?
- PHYLLIS
Barbarella, Queen of the Galaxy.
- PHYLLIS is distracted. SAM sneaks past in background.
- 25 **INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY 1/2 CONTINUOUS** 25
- SAM hurries through the station, continually dumbfounded by the changes.

25 CONTINUED:

25

SAM

Water cooler. Where's the ...?
These doors have security acc...
Where's the swiper?

Never mind. He sees a PC struggling to get a cup out of the coffee machine. SAM gives the machine his customary tap but it doesn't work this time. He sets off again. Encounters a bedraggled WPC sponging blood off the walls. He marches on. Pushes through dirty swing doors -

26 **INT. POLICE STATION - CID - DAY 1/2 CONTINUOUS**

26

A DOZEN CID stop and stare. Most are smoking. The air is opaque with it. Page 3 girls jostle for space with crime scene photos. Desks over-flow with ash-trays, coffee cups and paperwork. Most officers are dressed in cheap suits flecked with dandruff flurrys. The younger ones sport tight-fitting leather jackets. They look pallid and cynical. They are all and I mean ALL chewing gum.

Every fibre of SAM'S being tries to assimilate this. A gangly, affable DC (CHRIS SKELTON) approaches.

CHRIS

DC Chris Skelton. Plod's bringing in your stuff. One of the girls'll sort out your RTA. Don't sweat it if you've had a couple of stiff ones. Blimey, you look like you gone ten rounds with Big Henry.

SAM pushes by.

CHRIS

Someone needs to take a look at you Boss. You're as white as a ginger bird's arse.

DS RAY CARLING

There's that nice little plonk on the next floor. Cartright?

CHRIS

She could kiss it better.

SAM

(loud)
Shut up!

Their good humour fades. SAM is standing with his back to an office which has the blinds down.

SAM

I don't know who the hell you lot think you are but this is my office. Right here.
(MORE)

26

CONTINUED:

26

SAM (cont'd)
(points into thin air)
There's a door .. here. My desk.
Here.

He looks down to see on the desk a calender girl photo - all tits and arse.

SAM
Where's my desk? Where's my desk?
Chair. PC terminal ...

RAY
Who? You want a constable up here?

CHRIS
I don't know a PC Terminal. There's
a PC Tellman ...

SAM
What the hell is going on? This is
my department! What have you done
with it. ...?!!

CHRIS
Ssshhh! Keep it down Boss.

RAY
Too late.

Movement from within the office. Blinds twist open and a pair of dark eyes blaze out. SAM steps back.

DCI GENE HUNT emerges like a bear from a cave. Leather jacket and Texan cord tie. He shoves an Embassy No6 into his mouth.

SAM
(calming himself)
All right. Okay .. surprise me,
what year is this supposed to be?

GENE grabs SAM'S arm, steers him into the office.

GENE
Word in your shell-like pal.

27

INT. POLICE STATION - GENE'S OFFICE - DAY 1/2 CONTINUOUS

27

SAM wrestles free and rounds on GENE.

SAM
Big mistake!

GENE
Yeah? What about this?

He pushes SAM violently against the pre-fab wall which trembles.

27

CONTINUED:

27

Clock, shelf, dartboard, darts trophies and notice-board all fall off the wall. GENE leers into SAM'S face. SAM grips GENE'S collars.

SAM

Get off me ..

GENE

They reckon you got concussion. Well I don't give a tart's furry cup if half your brains are falling out. You don't ever waltz into my kingdom acting the king of the jungle.

SAM

Who do you think you are?

GENE

Gene Hunt. Your DCI. And it's 1973. Almost dinner time. I'm having hoops.

GENE'S face is inches from him. Quiet, gravelly menace.

28

INT. POLICE STATION - CID - DAY 1/2 15:25

28

CLOSE UP on a chunky wood panel TV in the corner of the room, a public information film from the Central Office of Information (COI). The scratchy footage shows a dodgy man loitering in a residential street. Curious neighbours follow his every move through net curtains.

SELF-IMPORTANT VOICE OVER

Who's the stranger? Who's the stranger? Who's the stranger? (beat for effect) Who's the stranger in your street?

A wobbly caption card appears asking the public to be vigilant about strangers in the area.

CONTINUITY ANNOUNCER

That was a public information film.

Someone jabs off the telly. Bustle, noise, radios playing. Wads of gum thrown from hand to hand. Huge cast-iron typewriters thumping away. SAM sits amongst it all looking grey and lost.

His gaze drifts down to The Mirror lying on the desk. Headline - Anne: No Romance - Saturday, March 3rd 1973.

RAY is making a collection. OFFICERS put coins into a Man City football sock.

28

CONTINUED:

28

RAY

DS Burt's retirement fund.

GENE

Here we go lads. Hands in pockets.
Rattle your loose change for me.
Dig deep. Coins only. No buttons.
(Beat) Get your hands off that,
son. That ain't your money you're
shaking.

SAM fumbles for the big grey telephone. He takes a moment to remember it then starts dialling a number.

OPERATOR

Operator.

SAM

What? I'm trying to reach a mobile
number. 07700 900 813 ..

OPERATOR

Is that an international number?

SAM

I want to connect with a Virgin
number. A Virgin ...

OPERATOR

*Don't you start that sexy business
with me young man. I can trace this
call ...*

SAM slaps the phone down.

A sound - like the wheezing of a hospital ventilator. SAM looks for its source. Hears another noise - the distant ping of what, for all the world, could be a heart monitor. The phantom sounds are swallowed up by bustle.

CHRIS puts down the phone and hurries over to GENE who is lighting yet another smoke.

CHRIS

Just had a shout; that bird
reported missing two days ago?
She's only been done in down
Satchmore Road.

SAM

Satchmore? That's where Maya...

SAM sways and wipes his palms over his face - what is happening to him?

GENE

Suzi Tripper?

28 CONTINUED: 28

CHRIS
Rung her neck like a Christmas
turkey.

29 **OMITTED** 29

30 **INT. POLICE STATION - CID - DAY 1/2 15:35** 30

GENE is on his way out of the office.

GENE
Right, I gotta get down the pub and
give a statement to the papers. And
if I don't get a move on they'll
all be half cut. (to SAM) You're in
charge.

SAM just stands there.

CHRIS (TO SAM)
Boss?

The team congregate around the table. They wait on SAM who
stands like a fool before them. SAM has no idea what to say
or do.

SAM looks up. A beat.

CHRIS
So should we...start?

SAM shrugs. Why not?!

CHRIS lays out personal effects from a plastic bag,
interspersed with bites from his fried egg sarnie. It should
be noted that RAY doesn't appear to like SAM much.

RAY
Suzi had been dead a couple of
hours when she was found. No sign
of sexual assault.

He shrugs - what else is there to say? CHRIS feels the need
to expand when RAY doesn't go on.

CHRIS
This is what she had on her.

He puts out a few items of make-up. A necklace. Egg yolk
drips onto her purse.

CHRIS
Bloody hell.

A few laughs.

30

CONTINUED:

30

RAY

So then? Boss? Anything you wanna ...?

SAM

Ummm. Right. Yes. Right. You haven't visited.. visited the crime scene?

CHRIS

What, where she was found?

SAM

Uhh.. yes.. where she was... Have you preserved the crime scene?

RAY

Body's on the slab.

SAM

Her body should have been dusted for prints on site.

RAY

How the hell are you gonna get dabs off skin Boss?

SAM

You are so right. How can you? What's the matter with me?

CHRIS

We did take some prints off her shoe I think it was. They've been sent down to Scotland Yard so we should hear back in a fortnight or so, if there's a match.

SAM

A fortnight?!!

CHRIS

Motive doesn't seem to be robbery. There's 27p in her purse plus a couple of Green Shields.

SAM

They could've taken the notes. Who'd bother with 27p?

CHRIS

I would.

SAM

No store cards? Credit cards?

30

CONTINUED:

30

RAY

Yeah right. We're looking for the killer of Jackie Onasis.

CHRIS

After pub closing time she stayed in the car park with a couple of fellas but that's cool.

SAM

C-Cool? Why?

CHRIS

We know 'em. Loaders from the canal wharf. They're all right. [GRINS] She was in the carpark giving 'em a downhill racer.

CHRIS mimes skiing - or if you prefer, he mimes a woman jacking off two blokes at the same time.

SAM

So you're not going to take statements?

RAY

It's not them Boss.

SAM considers this. The team wait, swapping glances. RAY smirking.

SAM

(softly)

Wake up.

31

INT. MORTUARY - DAY 1/2 16:15

31

Cold. Dank. Dingy. SAM, CHRIS and RAY stand around the upper body of Suzi Tripper. Her skin is pale and clear save for the ugly cord marks around her throat. (*The same injuries we saw in the Lauren Chester photographs in 2005.*)

SAM stares at Suzi's body - making connections in his fevered mind.

RAY

He didn't shag her. Didn't rob her. So what's the motive?

SAM

Garroted with thin cord. No other attack marks. Nothing in or around the mouth. What have you learnt from the stomach contents?

RAY shrugs.

31

CONTINUED:

31

SAM

Well.. Uh Chris, have a look.

CHRIS reluctantly lifts the sheet on Suzi

SAM

In the post-mortem file.

CHRIS

She wasn't fed for at least a day before she was killed.

SAM

And found in Satchmore Road.. Oh come ON! ENOUGH!

He runs to the wall and kicks it. Slaps it.

SAM

End! Stop! Over! Finish! ENOUGH!

SAM turns suddenly and flattens his back against the wall. He begins to notice the wall he is standing against. He feels the moist brick. Even sniffs the air.

SAM

The wall's wet .. Smell the preserving agent. Soap in the tray. Sandwich on the side. Half-eaten. Ham. Someone whistling outside

CHRIS

Boss .. you gotta get some rest. That crash has right done your head in.

SAM

My head ...

SAM crosses to Suzi. He lifts up her hand - long nails. SAM scrabbles behind him until he finds tweezers on the tray. He pokes around under the nails.

CHRIS

You just need a large scotch and a bit of kip.

SAM pulls a thin cotton strand from under a nail. (*This identical to the forensic evidence located on Lauren Chester in 2005.*) He stares and stares at it until his whole body is trembling.

SAM

(softly/awe)

It's him. He's killed before.

31 CONTINUED:

31

RAY
We'll get a plonk to give you the
once-over.

32 **INT. POLICE STATION - SIDE ROOM - DAY 1/2 18:15**

32

WPC ANNIE CARTRIGHT tips SAM'S head back abruptly and peers into his pupils. ANNIE is late 20's with a face that lets you know there's a good mind whirring away. She gives his head a savage twist.

ANNIE
No broken bones then. Do you feel
like you're going to heaven?

SAM
I'm a bit nauseous.

ANNIE
You'll do. You've had hangovers
worse.

SAM
Are you a doctor?

ANNIE
I'm about as qualified as Dr
Kildare. I'm part of the Women's
Department.

SAM
What?

ANNIE
Lost kiddies. Hysterical
girlfriends. Concussed DIs. Don't
they have plonks in Hyde? Go on
sir, off you jolly well trot.

He crosses to the window.

ANNIE
What now?

SAM
What's your name?

ANNIE
WPC Cartright.

SAM
Your first name?

ANNIE
Uhh .. Annie.

32

CONTINUED:

32

SAM

I'm sorry if I'm being a pain
Annie. You've got better things to
do.

ANNIE

(awkward)

Yeah .. now you're taking the rise.

But he isn't and she can see it.

ANNIE

Why don't you get some fresh ..

SAM

Who's Tony Blair?

ANNIE

Someone you've nicked?

SAM

Victoria Beckham?

She sighs and puts away her first aid bag.

SAM

Rupert Murdoch? Ricky Gervais? I
was four in 1973. [BEAT]
Hit me.

ANNIE

Don't tempt me.

SAM

Go on.

ANNIE

You've been in an accident ...

SAM

Hit me.

He gives up. Turns away. She suddenly punches him in the
kidneys.

SAM

Ah! Shit! Damn! Ah!

ANNIE

Sorry sir.

GENE throws open the door - clocks SAM bent double.

GENE

Good girl, prostate probe and no
jelly.

(MORE)

32

CONTINUED:

32

GENE (cont'd)

Why don't you call it a day Tyler.
Chris'll drive you to your place.

SAM

My place?

GENE

They gave us an address.

(beat)

Unless of course you're getting a
taste for it in here.

SAM

We can't stop now.

GENE

[final] Nothing else we can do
tonight.

33

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 1/2 18:30

33

CHRIS walks SAM to his (CHRIS'S) car.

SAM

This guy kills and then he .. what
.. waits another 30 years? Is that
why I'm here? Because that's when
he first struck? Does that make
sense?

CHRIS

Yeah, loadsa sense.

SAM

Maya thought Colin Raimes knew the
killer. Raimes ... Forget it, he'd
still be in nappies ...

ANNIE

I can take him home.

She is standing with a STUDIOUS GUY, NEIL, in glasses who
hangs back, staring at SAM. ANNIE is wearing a simple leather
skirt and looks much younger out of uniform.

SAM

Can you smell that? Fish and chips?
Amazing! I can almost taste the
vinegar!

He bursts out laughing.

CHRIS

Take him, he's your's.

CHRIS is only too happy to get in the car.

33

CONTINUED:

33

ANNIE
This is Neil.

NEIL
(emphatic)
Sam.

SAM
What?

NEIL
Sam.

SAM is disturbed by the way that NEIL is almost looking right through him.

ANNIE
Do you want me to take you home?

SAM doesn't answer. ANNIE waves him away and turns to go.

SAM
Help me?

She looks back at him. He is unabashed and vulnerable.

34

INT. FLAT - NIGHT 1/2 19:05

34

SAM is appalled by the brown, spartan flat. His new home?. ANNIE is carrying some shopping.

ANNIE
This is it.

SAM
(Aghast)
Oh my God.

ANNIE
It's not so bad is it?

She goes to the kitchen leaving SAM to examine the hideous wallpaper and the general strange 70's-ness of it all. He looks around for a bed, realises there is a fold out bed on the wall.

He clicks on the telly. Nothing. He waits. Still nothing. He turns away. With a mighty THONK the tv bangs into life - Richard Baker reading the news. SAM panics and jabs it off again.

SAM
I'm not crazy. I'm not!

She brings him a beer. He studies the bottle.

34

CONTINUED:

34

SAM

I had an accident and then I woke up 32 years in the past. That either makes me a time-traveller, a lunatic or I'm lying in a hospital in 2005 and none of this is real.

ANNIE

32 years in the future; that's where you're saying you're from.

SAM

Maya .. she's my girlfriend .. she's been kidnapped. By the killer who strangled Suzi Tripper yesterday. It's the same man.

ANNIE

I think you should go to the hospital and ask them to check you for concussion.

SAM (CONT'D)

He'll hold her for a day and then ... It'll be like Lauren Chester in 2005. Like Suzi Tripper here in '73. You see? It's the same killer in both times! And I can't help her.

ANNIE

Paranoid delusion brought about by your accident. It's not concussion, it's psychological..

SAM

Pretty fancy talk for a WPC.

ANNIE

I studied psychology at university. Durham. (a beat)
I'm just saying it's a medical thing and you should sign off sick and see somebody.

SAM

What if you're my mind telling me this is real.

ANNIE

So you're in hospital somewhere and I'm a hallucination?

SAM

Do I really need 10ps for the meter?

34

CONTINUED:

34

ANNIE

You'll have to work this out on your own.

He stands in front of her. Close.

SAM

Thank you .. you know .. for talking to me about this without calling the men in white coats.

She is affected by his proximity.

ANNIE

I'm just keeping you distracted while they get a big net.

(serious)

DI Tyler .. you don't seem like the rest of them. And you're .. clever enough to know that what you're saying can't be true.

He reaches out and places his hand over her chest. She is excited by the sudden contact. He closes his eyes.

ANNIE

Yes, it's beating.

She pulls herself together, batting his hand away.

ANNIE

I've got to go.

SAM

Where?

ANNIE

What do you care? I'm not real. As soon as I walk out that door, puff, I'm gone. Here I go.

She opens the door.

ANNIE

Ready? Steady?

She shuts the door behind her. Silence. He waits. Flings it open. ANNIE is standing right there.

ANNIE

Get some rest.

He closes the door on her. The lights in the flat go out.

ANNIE (O.S.)

10ps.

35

INT. FLAT - NIGHT 1/2 23:58

35

Dreary, muted fanfare announces the start of Open University on the TV.

SAM is slumped in the big draylon chair holding a beer and half asleep. The GOATEED PRESENTER steps into screen.

GOATEED PRESENTER

In Module 3 we noted that the collective Pythagorean angles embedded in our x to n ratio could be derived from the simple numinary a as the constant 10 and depicted thus ...

Inexplicable diagram appears on screen.

GOATEED PRESENTER

But what concerns us most is regulating his breathing. That is why we have to keep the endotracheal tube in place. I have to stress to you that Sam is in low responsiveness but not in a persistent vegetative state ...

SAM'S eyes snap open. He is blown away by what he is hearing.

GOATEED PRESENTER

.. although he has suffered severe cranial trauma. But The Glasgow Scale does put him at a deep level of coma.

The GOATEED PRESENTER is peering out of the TV screen as though peering down into the eyes of a person lying on a bed.

SAM

You're talking about me! I'm not in a vegetative anything! Look at me! I'm here! I can hear you!

SAM comes down to the TV.

GOATEED PRESENTER

At times however he moves, murmurs, has motor response as though caught in some sort of powerful REM sleep from which he can not wake. This gives us some hope despite the brain-stem bruising ...

SAM

Hey! I'm here! Does this look like low responsiveness to you?

35

CONTINUED:

35

GOATEED PRESENTER

*All we can do is monitor and wait.
 (clicks his fingers)
 Sam. Sam? Sam Tyler?*

SAM

*(overlapping)
 Wait? I'm BUPA! Get me out of here!*

CUT: SAM opens his eyes with a start. He is sitting in the chair and must have nodded off. The GOATEED PRESENTER is still burbling on about angles and numinaries.

GOATEED PRESENTER

*(In the background)
 In Module 4 we will be studying
 what happens when the numinary is
 in flux. So the constant a becomes
 an elliptical variant. You can
 prepare for this module by reading
 the annotated chapter entitled
 "Variant Numinaries" in the
 accompanying module pack ...*

SAM

*I'm here! Don't leave me .. I'm
 here ...*

He sinks to his knees before the TV. Punches another channel. The test card pops up. Girl in a smock at the blackboard with a clown doll and a green balloon. Smiling out at him. And the test tone slicing through his head.

35A

INT. SAM'S FLAT DAY 1/3 06.45

35A

Morning light seeping through. SAM asleep fully clothed on the bed. He blinks. For a second it was all a bad dream. Then he sees the wall paper in front of him. He sees the clothes on the bed. He sits bolt upright with a start as the awful truth hits him here!

He gets off the bed and prepares to hit the day.

36

SCENE 36 OMITTED

36

36A

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - LOST & FOUND - DAY 1/3 11.00

36A

SAM walks through the door into the corridor. He hesitates, unsure of what he's doing here and of what lies ahead. He changes his mind and turns to go, but the doors behind him crash open. Sam spins around to see GENE with CHRIS in tow.

GENE

*Bloody hell, I've seen road
 accidents more cheerful.
 (MORE)*

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

36A

CONTINUED:

36A

GENE (cont'd)

(beat) Where are you today? Here or planet of the Clangers?

*
*

SAM doesn't respond.

*

CHRIS

Didn't know if you were gonna show Boss.

*
*
*

SAM

Where else could I go?

*
*

GENE

Well we're honoured. We've pulled in a bird, Dora Keens. She was the last person to see the victim alive.

*
*
*
*
*

SAM

She a suspect?

*
*

GENE

No, just a pain in the arse.

*
*

SAM

(resigned)
All right, brief me in full. What do I need to know?

*
*
*
*

GENE

She's a pain in the arse!

*
*

GENE and CHRIS come to a halt outside the Lost and Found Room. SAM Looks at the Lost And Found sign on the door.

*

SAM

(wry)
So you've handed her into lost property?

A look between GENE and CHRIS.

CHRIS

We could use the canteen but she's a right mouthy bird, this one.

SAM

What? We're interviewing her in here?

GENE

Thick walls.

SAM doesn't like the way he says that.

37

INT. POLICE STATION - LOST AND FOUND ROOM - DAY 1/3 11.00 37
CONTINUOUS

The room is a trove of bric-a-brac. Umbrellas, stacks of handbags and purses, a padre's black bicycle. Sitting behind a table is a skinny girl, DORA, who hides like a sparrow inside her big coat adorned with Bob Dylan badges. The place is now an ad hoc interview room.

GENE

You had a drink with Suzi the night she died, didn't you Dora.

GENE sits down opposite DORA, SAM sits down beside GENE and CHRIS sits at the back with notebook and pencil but doesn't appear to be writing anything down. The room is bare. No tape. No video.

DORA

I know you. From the picket line. You put the boot into my old man.

GENE

Happy days.

DORA

Sod off.

GENE

Can't love. This is my esteemed colleague, DI Tyler.

He motions for SAM to take over. SAM on the spot.

SAM

Uhh .. hi Dora. I want you to call me Sam.

CHRIS looks up from his notebook.

DORA

You really a copper?

SAM

Possibly.

DORA laughs. GENE scowls at SAM and lights up.

SAM

When was the last time you saw Suzi?

DORA

In my dreams.

37

CONTINUED:

37

SAM looks lost. Wants to give up. Notices the way GENE is looking at him. Fuck it, why should he give him the satisfaction?

SAM

All right ... I want you to stow away this counter-productive attitude Dora because it isn't helping anybody. How did Suzi seem to you that night? Did she talk about meeting anyone?

DORA

She was horny.

SAM

Did you see her get into an argument with a stranger ...?

DORA

You got lovely neat hair. Were you in the Army?

SAM

You think I need this shit?

He stands. DORA looks unnerved. GENE looks impressed. SAM rocks on his feet. Pulls himself together. Sits.

SAM

Let's start again ...

DORA

I know the answer. It's blowing in the wind.

GENE sweeps her tea cup and her fags off the table. Then he throws over the table. DORA screams and jumps back. SAM jumps back also - horrified.

GENE

I'm done with this game. Let's play another. Let's play hopscotch. Pin the tail on the donkey? You pick Dora.

The walls are closing in on SAM.

DORA

I wanna lawyer!

GENE

I wanna hump Britt Eckland. What we gonna do?!

SAM panics and bolts.

38 **INT. POLICE STATION - STAIRWELL - DAY 1/3 CONTINUOUS** 38

SAM staggers onto the stairs. Drags in deep draughts.

39 **INT. POLICE STATION - LOST AND FOUND ROOM - DAY 1/3 11:20** 39

SAM braces himself as he returns to find the room empty. There's an acrid smell and a conspicuous puddle on Dora's side of the room. A cleaner, JUNE, arrives and tackles the mess with a mop and bucket. CHRIS joins SAM.

SAM
What...did she say?

CHRIS
Uhhh...

SAM snatches the notebook - pages of tree sketches.

40 **INT. POLICE STATION - CELLS - DAY 1/3 11:30** 40

PC unlocks a sobbing DORA from the cells. SAM arrives to join a smug GENE who is lighting up.

GENE
Your dad's waiting to take you home. Long live the revolution.

SAM
What the hell did you do to her?

GENE
Oh you know, usual. Then banged her up for obstruction. Kids eh.

SAM
Where I come from you'd be looking at suspension.

GENE
(buoyant)
Really? For making a breakthrough? At 11.20 she saw Suzi Tripper heading away from the pub followed by a tall bloke with long hair.

SAM
It's not human hair under those nails. It's synthetic.

GENE
Chris told me what went on in that mortuary.

SAM
I need a drink.

40 CONTINUED:

40

He tries to push past GENE who grabs his arm tightly.

GENE

First sensible thing you've said
since you got here.

41 **INT. RAILWAY ARMS - DAY 1/3 12:50**

41

A smoke-filled utilitarian pub. Led Zep on the jukebox. Man City flags on the wall. A few off-duty UNIFORM at the bar waiting to be served. GENE and SAM enter. GENE leans on the counter next to UNIFORM.

GENE

Ain't uniform got its own boozier?
You have to rubber-heel mine?

UNIFORM take that as their cue to leave.

The place is run by a colourful Rastafarian called NELSON.

NELSON

DCI Hunt, *mon brave*.

SAM is stunned at NELSON'S splendid get-up.

NELSON

You catchin' flies brother?

SAM

So what part of my subconscious do
you hail from?

NELSON looks to GENE dead-eyed then cracks up laughing.

NELSON

I likes. I likes.

GENE

Nelson's a good bloke. And some
times in some places on some
enchanted evenings he can be my
eyes and ears. Ain't that right
Tonto.

NELSON

I don't know what you is talkin'
about ... kimusabi.

He and GENE enjoy the cryptic joke.

NELSON

What's your poison?

GENE

Tan and bitter. Sam?

41

CONTINUED:

41

SAM

Diet Coke.

Nonplussed glances from NELSON and GENE.

SAM

Just testing. Pint of bitter.

GENE

Give it up then.

SAM

The killer is either wearing thick gloves of some sort or he's using a bag or something made from coarse material. Gets under their nails.

GENE

You can't know that from one stiff.

SAM

I've seen another ... I'm telling you ... Oh forget it! This is all bull anyway. You're just a thug crawled out of some dark little pit in the back of my mind ..

GENE

Yeah? Gonna report me upstairs?

SAM

See you Gene. Give my regards to the Id ...

He walks towards the door. Suddenly a pair of large hands are on him. SAM bats the hands away and braces himself.

SAM

ALL RIGHT! LET IT BE NOW! RIGHT NOW!

GENE blazes at him. Is he going to strike? SAM shoves him. The entire pub looks on, dumbstruck.

SAM

Come on.

GENE glares. Then sighs and lights a cigarette.

GENE

You're new and you got something big crammed up your jacksie but that's okay. You'll learn. My team's tight Tyler. I never give up and I go for the maximum sentence.

(MORE)

41 CONTINUED:

41

GENE (cont'd)

But there isn't an officer under me I wouldn't take a chisel in the guts for. "I may be the Sheriff but I'm a Deputy to the Law." Now I don't mind if you wanna take a swing at me Deputy. If it makes you feel good. But what I do ask is that you don't hide anything from me. So, have you got a hunch about this case?

SAM

(panting / hyped)

With what I know, I could find this killer.

GENE draws deep on his smoke and weighs it up.

GENE

Prove it.

42 OMITTED

42

43 INT. POLICE STATION - COLLATOR'S OFFICE - DAY 1/3 CONTINUOUS

GENE, SAM and PHYLLIS enter.

GENE

If I'd known you were going to bring us all the way here Phyllis, I'd have asked you to hold my hand.

PHYLLIS

You try and hold my hand and you'll never play the ukulele again.

GENE

God you are a magnificent woman.

PHYLLIS

Hello Sid.

The room is little more than a dingy stock cupboard with dexion shelving rising to the ceiling on all sides. A bare light bulb dangles from above. Each shelf groans under the weight of faded, mildewed box-files. SID MORTON is shuffling a cardex. 70s. Twitchy. Doormouse.

SID

Two at a time.

PHYLLIS

I'll leave you boys to it then.

SID

Mr Hall, what brings you down here?

43

CONTINUED:

43

GENE

Hunt Sid. My man here's got some questions for you.

SAM

This is ... it? No wonder we never knew he was killing them thirty years ago. Are these in any order?

SID

Excuse me young 'un. I've got a system here that'd give the British Library a run for its money.

SAM

All right, here's the list of criteria with cross-reference points. Let's get on with it.

SID looks daunted by the list.

SID

Cross what?

44

SCENE 44 OMITTED

44

45

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY 1/3 16:30

45

SAM is caked in dust, hair in clumps. Look of extreme determination on his face. He grabs CHRIS who is passing. Leads him away.

46

INT. POLICE STATION - COLLATOR'S OFFICE - DAY 1/3 CONTINUOUS

CHRIS looks morosely at two huge mounds of paper.

SAM

Match the carbons with their originals. Concentrate on statements taken in the last year. You know what you're looking for?

CHRIS

Indecent assault, related sexual offences involving young ...

SAM

You got it. Pay particular attention to..?

CHRIS

Everything.

SAM

Fibres.

46 CONTINUED: 46

CHRIS
Fibres. Sorry, I thought it was a
trick question.

SID
And don't mess up my system.

47 **SCENE 47 OMITTED** 47

48 **EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 1/3 17:00** 48

SAM watches the world go by - but what world? He pinches himself, sees the skin redden. Pinches himself harder until it really hurts.

48A **INT. FLASHBACK - PROFILING ROOM 2005** 48A

MAYA'S face as she peers at the fibres on the screen. (As per Sc 11).

48B **EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 1/3 CONTINUOUS.** 48B

SAM is unnerved. He turns and walks back into the station.

49 **INT. POLICE STATION - CID - DAY 1/3 17:20** 49

SAM is briefing the team. Everyone either smoking, slurping tea or eating a Mars Bar. In some cases all three. SAM is using a blackboard to chalk up notes. GENE sits to one side, allowing him centre stage.

SAM
To predict what this killer might
do next you have to understand what
he's thinking and feeling. That's a
very powerful thing to be able to
do.

RAY
So's pulling a rabbit from a hat.

ANNIE is heading out.

SAM
Annie? Annie! PC .. WPC Cartright.

She freezes. All heads turn to her. ANNIE withers. Shit.

SAM
You're familiar with this case
aren't you?

49

CONTINUED:

49

ANNIE
(where is this leading?)
Uhhh ... yes sir. I know the case.

SAM
Can you help me out here please?

He glances to GENE who scowls but keeps his own council.

SAM
Please?

ANNIE shuffles over to join him.

CHRIS
Oh I get it, she's your lovely
assistant.

SAM
WPC Cartright has a BA in
psychology.

RAY
Come on then Bamber, give us our
starter for ten.

SAM
The victim wasn't gagged. That
seems odd.

ANNIE is like a hare in the headlights.

SAM
Why didn't he gag her Annie?

RAY
Oh forget the mind-reading act,
let's get to the striptease.

SAM can see ANNIE is riled by their laughter. She grits her
teeth. He waits.

ANNIE
Because he needed to .. needed to
see her mouth. Her lips. [laughter
dies in the room]
We have to see the things we value.
It's .. It's why we put trophies on
shelves. It's called "the jackdaw
trait".

GENE glances self-consciously at the darts trophies in his
office.

SAM
Put yourselves in the mind of this
man. You're lonely.
(MORE)

49

CONTINUED:

49

SAM (cont'd)

And in your dreams there's a girl.
And she's got these big eyes and
ruby lips.

Coppers just don't talk this way and it has an odd effect on CID. Some are suspicious. Others casually intrigued. GENE isn't sure what to make of SAM but he can see the impact he is having.

SAM

One day you can't take it. You find that girl and you bring her home. You don't gag her. You need to see those ruby lips. Why won't they smile at you? Then it'd be just like the dream. Perfect. But you can't bring yourself to kiss her.

ANNIE

He'd get embarrassed .. angry ..
(warming to the theme)
He'd start to blame the girl. It's her fault. She's taunting him just by being there.

SAM

You can't take it. You strangle her using bootlace. And then the whole cycle starts again with another girl. Only this time you're sure you'll be brave enough to kiss her.

ANNIE

Only he won't be.

A moment's ponderous silence.

CHRIS

(cheeky grin)
I look at your lips all the time
Cartright, d'you think I should
turn myself in?

The group guffaw. ANNIE turns puce.

GENE

I think you should trot along now
sweetheart, before I have to hose
this lot down.

ANNIE

Yes sir.

SAM

Thank you ...

She hurries out of the room.

49

CONTINUED:

49

CHRIS

How you gonna know what he's thinking?

SAM

By looking at similar cases. By talking to experts. By building a profile. Where I come from it's standard procedure before arrest. If you fail to prepare, be prepared to fail.

A moment of profound silence.

RAY

Confucius say, "bloody hell."

A round of laughter. The phone rings and CHRIS goes to answer it.

GENE

Put a sock in it, now!

Instant quiet.

GENE

How would he keep her quiet without gagging her?

SAM

I don't know.

CHRIS

Sorry Guv, Dora Keens .. the bird you locked up ..? It's her old man.

GENE

I'll take it here.
(snatches phone)
Mister Keens? ... Your daughter was what? ... Locked up?! ...
Infringement of human what?
She's not run away Mr Keens, she's probably at a mate's .. No I'm sorry there's been a mistake here
Mr Keens, you've come through to Traffic Gotta go, someone's parked on a double-yellow.

Hangs up. CID cheer. SAM shakes his head in amazement.

GENE

All right, this nutter may have moved to the area recently. Maybe he's on day-release from the loony bin. Maybe there's a new face in the local boozers. Let's find out.

(MORE)

49 CONTINUED:

49

GENE (cont'd)

Let's not wait until another skirt
winds up dead.

The team are goaded into action. SAM looks to GENE for approval.

GENE

And let's just hope we've not been
led up a blind alley.

SAM fumes but keeps it to himself.

50

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY 1/3 17:40

50

SAM is having no luck getting the drinks dispenser to deliver his tea. He doesn't notice RAY draw alongside. RAY'S tone is casual but loaded.

RAY

Thought you had the magic touch.

SAM

I press tea and I get Bovril.

RAY

New machine in't it.

(beat)

We had a machine here for years.
Got bashed to buggery. Cracked.
Dented. Patched up with Sellotape.
Then the plastic went all yellow.
Didn't look too snazzy. But it did
the job. Tea from the pot, hot to
trot. Then they replaced it for no
good reason. Flashing lights and
formica tray. Latest range.

SAM

I assume this diatribe is going
somewhere Ray.

RAY

New don't mean improved is all.

RAY suddenly kicks the shit out of the dispenser. Cup rattles into holder and fills with tea.

RAY

You can get tea from just about
anything if you know how to ask.

SAM looks stunned. RAY holds one great fist over the machine as if ready to punch it.

RAY

Sorry Boss, how many sugars?

50 CONTINUED: 50

RAY offers him a humourless smile and walks on.

SAM leans against the wall. Squeezes his eyes tight shut.

51 **INT. MONTAGE FROM 2005 - FLASHBACK** 51

FLASH IMAGE - The multiple video interviews with suspects from 2005. COLIN RAIMES and others, saying their names.

And a sudden image of MAYA looking into his eyes.

And a sudden more shocking image of her blood-flecked blouse on a swing.

52 **INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY 1/3 CONTINUOUS** 52

BACK TO SAM - he regains his wits. Drags out his note-pad and starts scribbling names madly.

53 **INT. POLICE STATION - COLLATOR'S OFFICE - DAY 3 18:00** 53

SAM sits cross-legged on the floor with CHRIS and SID. All are surrounded by an Alpine range of papers.

SAM

Look for these names cropping up in
any box in the room. Priority.

CHRIS

Priority. Wilco.

SID

So where did you get these names
from?

SAM

Call it inspiration.

54 **INT. RAILWAY ARMS - DAY 1/3 19:15** 54

CID are getting slaughtered at the bar. SAM is hunched over NELSON'S private telephone which he has put on the bar. SAM watches RAY collecting coins in the now very heavy Man City sock.

RAY

DS Burt's retirement fund. Coins
only.

He makes certain that SAM sees he has his eye on him. The OPERATOR comes back on the line.

OPERATOR

*Sorry sir, I've checked and there's
no Maya Roy listed in that area.*

54

CONTINUED:

54

SAM

Then try the number again ...

OPERATOR

I have no Maya ...

SAM

Just try again! Just. Just ...

He slams the phone down. NELSON is watching him, concerned. Can really see the pain in SAM'S face.

NELSON

You's not a happy man.

SAM

Not really .. no. Thanks for the phone.

NELSON dismisses it - no problem. SAM rustles him up a genuine smile.

ANNIE is drinking with another WPC. He approaches her.

ANNIE

Go away.

He notices the way those same PCs she was once laughing with are now eyeing her suspiciously.

SAM

I'm sorry if I put you on the spot but I needed help.

ANNIE

Yes, you do. Need help.

SAM

I don't know why I'm here and I don't really know where "here" is. But maybe solving this case is a key to getting out somehow.

ANNIE

It's hard for us to get on in the force, you know? You shouldn't have told them about my degree.

SAM

It's nothing to be ashamed of, you are who you are.

ANNIE

That's rich coming from a bloke who has no flippin' idea who he is!

He turns to go.

54

CONTINUED:

54

ANNIE

I hope you're right about this lead of yours. I'm telling you Sam, if you mess Hunt about you'll wish you were 30 years away.

SAM nods and walks to the bar. Watches ANNIE leave.

SAM

Large whisky please Nelson.

NELSON

Your day just don't get no better.

SAM

Never had a day like it.

NELSON

Drink ain't gonna fix things. What am I sayin'? I runs a pub! 'Course it'll fix things!

His laugh is infectious. SAM has to grin.

SAM

Nelson, I'm lost. Really lost.

NELSON'S grin fades away. The man looks sober and serious. His eyes fix steadily upon SAM. Suddenly NELSON looks like a man you can trust. And when he speaks, the broad Rasta lilt is gone. NELSON has a soft, firm Lancashire brogue

NELSON

You're not lost pal. You're where you are. And you have to make the best of it. It's all you can do.

SAM doesn't know what to say - NELSON'S accent change has thrown him.

NELSON

Keep it to yourself, eh. Folks just feel happier with the other Nelson.

SAM nods respectfully - once. Drinks his drink and turns to go.

NELSON

Good luck.

54A

INT. SAM'S FLAT - DAY 1/4 07.08

54A

SAM is asleep on his bed. He wakes up and finds himself surrounded by sheets of paper. He's been making notes (the notes he gives Annie in Scene 56).

55 **SCENE 55 OMITTED**

55

56 **EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 1/4 10:10**

56

SAM slaps a pile of notes into ANNIE'S arms.

SAM

Look at this. Wrote them up last
night. They're my notes from the
real world. Films .. music ... wars
... Just check out the detail ...

ANNIE

Don't tell me, atom bombs over
Moscow.

GENE strides towards him, lighting up.

GENE

Discussing psychology with your
little friend?

ANNIE heads out on patrol.

SAM

Excuse me, I was in the middle of a
conversation ...

GENE

Now you're in the middle of another
one. I want Chris out of the
Collator's den. It's a waste of
flippin' time.

SAM

No it isn't.

GENE

Sorry, did that sound like a
question?

SAM

I can find the killer. I can find
this man ...

GENE

You know what? I think you're
trying to show me up.

SAM

You don't scare me Hunt. And you
don't impress me. You're all wind
and fag smoke.

56

CONTINUED:

56

GENE

So you think I don't know how to do my job? It's an interesting point you raise. Allow me to retort.

He pushes SAM under his chin with the flat of his hand. SAM smacks his arm away. He swings a punch at GENE. GENE catches it, twists his arm, pulls him in close and thumps the side of his face. SAM drops to his knees.

GENE

Better?

He walks away leaving SAM in utterly fazed shock.

57

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 1/4 11:15

57

SAM strikes out. ANNIE (on patrol) breaks away from her partner to catch him up.

ANNIE

Where are you going?

SAM

I can't deal with this place.

ANNIE

So you're just giving up?

SAM

Somewhere out there Maya needs me.
(looks around him)
My mind can only invent so much detail. So I'm going to walk until I can't think up any more streets or faces.

He points down the High Street and we see it for the first time a 70's high road complete with red telephone boxes, Wimpey and old-fashioned Woolies and Timothy Whites.

ANNIE

I had a nephew and he .. he fell off a pier and .. and he couldn't remember the names of things. Couldn't tell you what .. what an apple was or a pencil. And do you know what, he stopped believing in them. He didn't believe that food had taste. Or that cars got you from A to B. And he said it was like .. life was a play with rubbishy props. But then he got better and everything seemed real again.

57 CONTINUED:

57

SAM
Follow the Yellow-Brick Road.

And off he goes.

ANNIE
Well what'll you find? Mist? Big cliff? A white door?

SAM
Don't know.

He stops to look into a RECORD SHOP.

SAM
I used to come here. I bought my first (Embarrassed) Gary Newman, Cars.

58 **INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY 1/4 CONTINUOUS**

58

The Aladdin's cave that you so rarely find in modern times. KIDS with lots of hair leafing through boxes of albums and 45's or listening on large headphones. ANNIE follows him in. SAM walks as though in a trance.

ANNIE
I'm going to call DCI Hunt.

SAM
What's he going to do, push me down the stairs and say I walked into a door? He doesn't need me. Doesn't want me. And I certainly don't need .. him ...

He hesitates. Something has caught his attention. He walks towards the back of the shop.

ANNIE
Sam? What is it?

SAM'S attention is fixed upon the sound-proofed box at the back of the store. Through the single window a DUDE is listening to something by T-Rex. You can barely hear it outside the box.

SAM opens the door and a wave of Marc Bolan flies out. SAM pushes a dude out of the way. SAM pushes off the needle.

SAM studies the walls of the booth.

ANNIE
What are you doing?

58 CONTINUED:

58

SAM

He doesn't gag them. He wants to kiss them so he doesn't gag them. But if they shout out, he could be caught. How's he going to keep them quiet?

The sound-proof wall is tatty. Clumps of fibrous padding hang in wispy strands from the wall.

SAM

Strands of material under their nails and on their skin. But it's not wool. Rough. Synthetic.

SAM tears a clump out of the sound-proofed wall. Fibrous strands in his hand.

59 **INT. POLICE STATION - CID - DAY 1/4 11:50**

59

SAM flies into the room clutching a hand full of the sound-proofing. GENE and the others look up from their conflag. GENE is still simmering from their previous head-to-head.

SAM

I know where the fibres come from. Sound-proofing! He's trying to muffle the room to hide the cries!

He dumps a wad of fibres onto the table.

GENE

Dora Keens's coat was found on rough ground an hour ago. Sleeve was torn. She was last seen shouting at a bloke loitering in the street at about 9.40pm.

SAM is shocked.

GENE

Stuff the collator's office. We gotta get out on the streets. Coz by your reckoning we only have a day to find her.

60 **EXT. STREET - DAY 1/4 12:10**

60

The Cortina bounces onto the curb. A GANG OF KIDS look impressed. DCI GENE HUNT and DI SAM TYLER climb out. One is a tank in a camel hair coat. The other is a squared-away pedant in faded brown jacket. But fuck it, despite their disagreements they actually look like some sort of partnership.

60 CONTINUED:

60

GENE
(to KIDS)
Anything happens to this motor and
I come over your houses and stamp
on all your toys. Got it?

KIDS nod - in awe.

GENE
Good boys.

Across the street PCs begin door-to-door enquiries. The hunt
is on.

61 **MONTAGE**

61

Door to door in an area that reminds us possibly of the
Victorian terraces that SAM first raided in 2005.

A series of front doors opened on GENE and SAM. Between them
they fill a doorway.

GENE
All right love? CID.

Another door.

SAM
We're looking for this woman. Dora
Keens. Approximately five foot two.
Curly-brown hair. Hazel eyes. Fake
topaz necklace. Political badges.

Another door.

GENE
Short, skinny bird in a big coat.
Lots of gob.

62 **EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY 1/4 13:15**

62

SAM walking, dejected, Gene eating a hotdog. Low point for
both of them.

GENE
I'm gonna get heartburn coz of you.

SAM
I know this road. I used to have a
godparent lived here. What was her
name?

GENE
Right, we'll do the Paki shop at
the end of the street and head
back.

62

CONTINUED:

62

Sam looks at Gene, can't quite believe he's just said that.

GENE

Straight up, how long's she got?

SAM

He could do her tonight.

They cross to the car guarded by several KIDS.

GENE

Excellent job gentlemen.

He tosses out 5ps.

A bulky Pye radio squeals for attention in the front seat of the car. GENE drags out the mike. Blows into it.

GENE

Hunt? What?

CHRIS

(over radio)

I need to Willi...
Somethin... a name that he might
... Do you reckon?

GENE

Chris! Move about a bit.

CHRIS

(over radio)

Tell DI Tyler we've found one of
his names in Sid's office. We found
one!

GENE looks to SAM.

63

INT. POLICE STATION - COLLATOR'S ROOM - DAY 1/4 13:40

63

SAM and GENE return - men on a mission. CHRIS hurries towards Sam.

CHRIS

It's one of the names you asked me
to check. Raimes. I only found the
carbon. It was a statement she gave
three months ago. Woman in her
50's. Mrs Raimes

SAM

Beryl Raimes?!

CHRIS

You gave me the name Colin Raimes
so I thought there was a
connection.

63

CONTINUED:

63

SAM

She's his grandmother. This carbon is smudged. I can't tell what she came in for.

GENE

Why's this Mrs Raimes important?

SAM

Because we interviewed her grandson ... Look, it's a hunch. Okay?

GENE

Let's bring her in.

SAM

Maybe I should talk to her.

GENE

Why?

SAM

I don't want her .. flustered.

GENE squints at him - what the hell?

64

INT. POLICE STATION - GENE'S OFFICE - DAY 1/4 14:20

64

Later. Sun is setting outside and everyone is aware that the day is waning. MRS RAIMES is in her 50's. Smoker. Typical working class grandma. Sunny disposition. Not all there. She sips her tea from the saucer.

MRS RAIMES

Ooh that's lovely. What nice boys you are.

Entire CID investigation team are standing in a semi-circle around her.

GENE

Custard Cream Mrs Raimes?

MRS RAIMES

Ooh ta.

SAM

Mrs Raimes, you made a complaint to the Police three months ago.

MRS RAIMES

I saw a lady policeman. Nice girl. No life for 'em is it.

SAM

You came to complain about a neighbour.

(MORE)

64

CONTINUED:

64

SAM (cont'd)

That's why we have a statement from you on file. But we don't know who it was or what exactly it was about because our copy got smudged.

MRS RAIMES

You got Garibaldi?

GENE

Chris! Garibaldi!

CHRIS hurries off to look in a drawer.

SAM

It was only three months ago. Think back.

MRS RAIMES frowns, looking troubled.

SAM

Please. Think hard.

MRS RAIMES

I forget stuff. Head like a sieve.

SAM

Mrs Raimes, it could be very important. It could be vital that you remember exactly why you came to see us three months ago. Was it a nextdoor neighbour you were worried about? Someone in your street? Someone visiting?

MRS RAIMES

I ... I ...

SAM

(annoyed)

Someone upset you. They did something bad or selfish or dangerous. Now come on ...

MRS RAIMES is seizing up, unnerved by SAM'S tone.

SAM

Mrs Raimes, think!

GENE

Pink wafers.

MRS RAIMES

Hmm?

64

CONTINUED:

64

GENE

I love pink wafers. I love those boxes of wafers you get at Christmas.

MRS RAIMES

Ooh they are lovely. Expensive mind.

GENE

They are, aren't they.

MRS RAIMES

I sometimes get 'em in for me grandson.

GENE

Bet that takes a bite out the housekeeping.

CHRIS returns with a packet of Garibaldis.

GENE

Chris, run down to the canteen. See if they got any pink wafers.

CHRIS

Now Guv?

One look from GENE sends him on his way.

SAM

Uhh .. is this helping ..?

GENE

Fig Rolls.

MRS RAIMES

I love 'em pet.

GENE

You want another cuppa?

MRS RAIMES

Grand.

GENE

And don't you go worrying yourself about this neighbour business, it's not important. Not important at all.

MRS RAIMES smiles gratefully. SAM looks baffled.

GENE

D'you have sugar love?

64

CONTINUED:

64

MRS RAIMES

The lad next door. Number 20.

The room holds its breath.

GENE

(blithe)

Oh yeah? What about him my love?

MRS RAIMES

He's a builder or something. Works odd hours an' all. Well he's playin' his record player all night. Bash. Crash. Bam. And he's not even local. He's from down south somewhere.

GENE

That's not on is it.

SAM

(disappointed)

And that's why you came in. To make a complaint about the noise from his stereo.

MRS RAIMES

And it did the trick pet. He still lives there, but you can't hear a thing now.

SAM shoots a look to GENE. Then suddenly before the assembled team of baffled CID, SAM and GENE are running for the door.

GENE

(shouts over shoulder)

Back-up to 20, Kennel Road, NOW!

65

I/E. CORTINA - DAY 1/4 14:30

65

GENE drives like a maniac. SAM holds on for dear life.

PHYLLIS VO

(through radio)

Suspect is Edward Kramer.

GENE

We may need uniform back-up. Got that Phyllis?

SAM

You will tread carefully ...

GENE'S look says "remember who you're talking to."

65 CONTINUED: 65

SAM
We don't even have a warrant yet.

66 **EXT. NUMBER 20 - DAY 1/4 14:50** 66

Outside KRAMER'S house. GENE kicks the door in.

SAM
Congratulations, you've just
invalidated our search.

GENE
That's disconcerting.

67 **INT. NUMBER 20 - DAY 1/4 CONTINUOUS** 67

House is a sty. Carpets ripped up. Food tins and sour milk.
Pipes resting against the wall. Rolls of lagging stacked up.

SAM
Pipe-lagging.

GENE
Police! Kramer! Edward Kramer!

SAM
Ssh! What's that?

A thumping noise. Very muffled.

68 **INT. NUMBER 20 - BEDROOM - DAY 4 CONTINUOUS** 68

Like a teenage boy's bedroom. Posters of Frank Zappa and
Cream on the walls. Walls which have been covered with egg-
boxes and swathed in rolls of bushy, fibrous pipe-lagging.
Even over the windows.

The stereo plays loudly in the corner. GENE switches it off.
SAM runs to the bound DORA who is crunched up against the
lagging in terror.

SAM
It's okay. Police. Dora? Remember
me? We've found you. We've found
you.

A dishevelled young man with wild hair steps into the room
carrying some sandwiches. EDWARD KRAMER. He clocks the
coppers. GENE is on him like a ton of bricks.

69 **EXT. NUMBER 20 - DAY 1/4 CONTINUOUS** 69

COPPERS drag a subdued KRAMER to a waiting Panda car. SAM
emerges.

He sees a grimy van parked in the street. 'HEATING SERVICES'.
Different van from 2005 but the same company.

69

CONTINUED:

69

On the van is scrawled - George Best Is God.

In the next garden a skinny LITTLE BOY with ginger hair stands staring at him - a four year old COLIN RAIMES. Those piercing eyes blaze with fire at SAM then turn with real affection towards KRAMER. KRAMER gives the boy a wink.

MRS RAIMES is being brought home.

MRS RAIMES
(to the small boy)
Get inside Colin.

SAM hears this - haunts him. GENE emerges.

SAM
That's Raimes' house. Maya was right, he knew the killer. We were one house away.

WIDE SHOT. Pull back to reveal that they are in the same street that he and MAYA raided. A tower block in the background.

70

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY 1/4 15:20

70

SLO MO - Cool as hell. Cream play "White Room" as DI SAM TYLER and DCI GENE HUNT lead KRAMER to his cell. Stride for stride. A team to be reckoned with in spite of themselves. The whole of CID are looking at them with respect. CHRIS catches SAM'S eye and gives him the thumbs-up. Nice going.

71

INT. POLICE STATION - GENE'S OFFICE - DAY 4 15:30

71

GENE loosens his tie and pours a scotch.

SAM
Kramer is never going to trial.
He's certifiable.

GENE
Naw, jury'll send that creature down forever.

SAM
(holds up a letter in a baggy)
This is the doctor's report from his last address in Watford. We found it in the house.

GENE takes the letter out of its evidence bag with his bare hands.

71

CONTINUED:

71

SAM

It says he's seriously disturbed.
He'll go to a high security
hospital ...

GENE

And be mollycoddled, indulged and
be a good boy and get out in 20
years. He'll still only be 40 odd.
Then you know as well as I do that
he'll kill again.

SAM

With the right treatment even a man
like this can be rehabilitated.

GENE

He's evil.

SAM

I don't believe in evil.

GENE

Is that your gut-feeling?

SAM looks a little guilty - denying his feelings. Then a new
thought hits him.

SAM

(penny starts to drop)
Hang on. He goes to a psychiatric
unit. He gets out in say .. 2003?
2004?

GENE

Maybe. Maybe he tries to be good
for a while. But then there's that
itch he has to scratch.

SAM

Oh my God ... That's why he doesn't
kill for so long! That's why
there's a thirty year gap! We put
him away in hospital and he gets
out in 30 years. Then he kills. And
then he kidnaps Maya!

GENE

What you on about?

SAM paces. He has made the connection to Maya's situation.

GENE

Look, forget the ruddy doctor's
note. If the jury know they're
trying a cold-blooded killer, it's
life.

71

CONTINUED:

71

SAM

You told me you were a deputy to the Law.

GENE

The Law is putting bad people away. You wanna show a court that note?

SAM

They'll see it anyway. His medical records will be sent up from Watford ...

GENE

Watford? I don't even know where that is! I'm not getting anything sent from any sodding where! This piece of filth has been nicked in my division. I decide what happens next.

(off SAM'S look)

Fine, you got principles. So in 30 years when some poor bird's been kidnapped and murdered you can tell them all about how you had to show a jury that little note.

CHRIS

(pokes head in)

Uhh Guv .. Burt's back. Want me to get the retirement fund?

GENE nods, goes to leave. SAM grabs his arm.

GENE

What? Wanna have another pop at me? Or do you wanna get me suspended? If you like you can try your hand.

(beat)

And as for this note, I'm making it your call.

GENE walks out. SAM looks at the letter. It's an anguished decision. He finally screws it into a ball.

Through the window he watches DS BURT nervously take his desk. He's about 27.

GENE is handed the Man City sock fat and swollen with coins. BURT jumps to his feet as GENE starts to swing it. He sweeps everything off BURT'S desk in one blow.

GENE

You got your doubts Burt, take it to a priest. In here I'm Wyatt Earp crossed with Jesus Christ.

(MORE)

71 CONTINUED:

71

GENE (cont'd)
You ever report me to the S.O again
and this will be your retirement.
Get it?

GENE empties the sock of coins across BURT'S desk. Everyone takes back the money they put in.

GENE looks back at SAM. Reckless. Scary. Magnificent. He strides to his office, pausing at SAM'S ear. Realizes SAM has screwed up the doctor's note.

GENE
Welcome to the team.

SAM
Thanks. Guv.

GENE gives him a nod - moment of respect. Marches on.

72 **SCENE 72 OMITTED**

72

73 **INT. POLICE STATION - CANTEEN - NIGHT 20.45**

73

SAM sits completely alone in the canteen whilst a small ARMY OF CLEANERS wash the tables and floors around him. One of the cleaners, JUNE, is wiping his table.

JUNE
Are you okay Sir?

SAM nods and JUNE moves on to wipe the next table.

SAM
(quietly)
I'm sorry Maya. I don't know how to reach you.

NEIL
Sam.

SAM looks over. NEIL again - standing staring at him. SAM can hear the faint hiss of the ventilator.

NEIL
Sam. Can you hear me? Can .. you .. hear .. me? My name is Neil. I'm a hypnotherapist. I am speaking directly to your subconscious. At this moment I am sitting beside you in your bed on the IC ward of St James's Hospital.

SAM
I .. I .. What are you ...?

73

CONTINUED:

73

NEIL

If I am reaching you and you can hear me then I know that you can wake up. I choose to believe that you can hear me.

SAM

I can hear you. I thought I was back in ... I'm in a coma, yes? And you can help me ...

NEIL

Whatever you may be experiencing isn't real Sam. You can escape. You only need to take that definitive step. Do as I say and you will be waking up with your family and friends around you. Your mobile hasn't stopped ringing. Your family's all here Sam. Maya is here.

SAM

Maya?! Maya! Maya .. you're okay!

NEIL

She's safe. If you can hear me then I know that will give you strength.

SAM

I'm coming back. Tell her I'm coming back ...

74

EXT. POLICE STATION - ROOF - NIGHT 20.49

74

ANNIE bursts out of the service door and onto the asphalt. SAM is on the edge of the roof, a fifty foot drop behind him. He is excited and energized.

ANNIE

Sam! Come away from the edge.

SAM

It's okay, I know the answer. I'm in a coma. But I'm going to take the definitive step I need to wake up.

He turns to face the drop.

ANNIE

Neil's my ex.

He glances back.

74

CONTINUED:

74

ANNIE

He did psychology with me. I told him all about you. He .. He read those notes you made.

SAM

There was nothing in the notes about a mobile phone.

ANNIE

What?

SAM

This is just my mind trying to keep me here..

ANNIE

He's playing games with you. He's like that. Just .. look down. Carefully.

SAM peers down. NEIL waits in the street, bouncing anxiously from foot to foot.

NEIL

(shouts up)

P-Please don't jump. Sorry. I'm sorry. Baaad joke.

ANNIE

Come away from the edge. There's nothing to wake up from.

SAM

I refuse to accept that.

He lifts one leg, grinning and thrilled.

NEIL

Please no! Don't do it!

ANNIE climbs up onto the ledge with him.

SAM

What are you doing?

ANNIE

We all feel like jumping sometimes Sam. Only we don't. Because we're not cowards, you and me.

SAM

This is my mind ...

ANNIE

Sometimes I feel like running away too.

(MORE)

74

CONTINUED:

74

ANNIE (cont'd)

I think "hang on, I'll never be more than a plonk with a girl's truncheon."

She holds out her stubby truncheon. Despite his predicament, SAM has to smile.

ANNIE

But at least while we're here we have the hope of making a difference. Maybe you're here for a reason. To .. To make a difference.

(beat)

Give me your hand.

She reaches out and carefully takes his hand.

SAM

What's that on your hand? Grit ..

ANNIE

Sand. I was running up here and I fell against the fire bucket.

SAM

Why would I imagine that? Why would I bother to put that kind of detail in?

ANNIE

You wouldn't. There's a real sand bucket and I really fell into it.

SAM stares at her. And she smiles a bashful, hopeful smile that suggests she feels a connection to him. And in that moment he feels it to.

SAM

(whisper)

What do I do Annie?

ANNIE

Stay.

He stares at her.

THE PICTURE FADES INTO A WHITE DOT IN THE CENTRE OF THE SCREEN. THE DOT WE ALL REMEMBER FROM SEVENTIES TV'S.

Sound of ventilator. Then SILENCE.

END OF EPISODE ONE