EXT. MODERN LONDON - LONDON CITY LANDSCAPE - DAY 1. 0835


MOLLY (V.O.)
(12 yrs old)
"My name is Sam Tyler. I had an accident and I woke up in 1973. Was I mad? In a coma? Back in time? Whatever had happened, it was like I’d landed on a different planet. If I could figure out why I was here then maybe I could get home ..." Yeah, whatever. That is so lame.

CUT TO:

I/E. ALEX’S CAR - STREETS - DAY 1. 0836

MOLLY DRAKE, bright, confident Catholic schoolgirl, rifles through her mother’s case files. DI ALEX DRAKE at the wheel, struggling to programme her sat-nav.

ALEX
(only half-serious)
Return the classified document, thank you ... What did Evan get you? Molly ...?

MOLLY
A Blackberry.

ALEX
I’ll get you some more while you’re at school and you can make a birthday crumble.

MOLLY
Mum .... what we were talking about, I will look after it and ...

ALEX
And feed it crackers every day? That’s what parrots eat love, “Polly want a cracker?”

MOLLY giggles - gives her mum’s seat a teasing punch.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Did your dad ...?

MOLLY
No. He’s in Canada with Judy. (changing the subject)
So this guy, Taylor ...

(CONTINUED)
ALEX
Tyler. He died April last year.

MOLLY
Schizo? Delusional? What’s the German one ..?

ALEX
He was a decent man and he was a good copper ...

MOLLY
No good to you then. We know how you like them.
(makes spazzy face)
Is he going in THE BOOK?

ALEX
DCI Tyler’s getting a book to himself ...

RADIO
Charlie 75. Ma’am? South Bank, outside Tate Modern. Gunman has taken female hostage. Trojan units are assigned.

ALEX
Shit! Molly, pass me the thing..

She is trying to reach the siren in MOLLY’S foot-well.

MOLLY
I’ll do it ..

ALEX
Give it to me ...

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEX’S CAR - MOVING FAST - DAY 1. 0837

MOLLY clamps the siren-light onto the roof.

CUT TO:

I/E. ALEX’S CAR - MOVING FAST - DAY 1. 0838

ALEX puts her foot down, siren wailing.

Case file slides on the back seat – photo attached of Sam – DCI SAM TYLER: Prolonged Deep Coma – Outcome; Suicide.
EXT. TATE MODERN - DAY 1. 0840

ALEX leaves MOLLY to go in a street behind the looming brick gallery.

    ALEX
    Stay put babes.

    MOLLY
    Mum, don’t go ...

    ALEX
    Part of growing up is knowing when
to do what you’re told.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - SOUTH BANK SIDE - DAY 1. 0843

Hassled OFFICERS keep back a nervous crowd of ON-LOOKERS.

ARTHUR LAYTON is middle-aged and down at heel with a scar
across his left cheek. He has a petrified BUSKER hostage. Gun
to her head.

ALEX pushes through the ON-LOOKERS. Tate Modern dominates the
skyline one side and the gleaming city dominates the other.

    POLICE SERGEANT
    Arthur Layton. He took her money.
    She put up a fight. He pulls a
    ruddy gun!

LAYTON’S eyes are constantly searching the concourse -
desperate for a means of escape.

ALEX moves closer.

    POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)
    Wait for armed backup.

    ALEX
    Don’t need it.

She bares her jacket - revealing to LAYTON that she wears no
holster. The SARG rolls his eyes - give me strength.

MOLLY hurries up. Loiters anxiously at the back of the crowd,
unnoticed.

LAYTON is amazed as ALEX approaches. He’s clearly desperate
but there’s an underlying intelligence in him.

    LAYTON
    Stop! This is my show!

    ALEX
    Arthur? I’m DI Alex Drake.

(CONTINUED)
MOLLY turns at the sound of clattering feet - THREE POLICE MARKSMEN are charging down the concourse carrying state-of-the-art rifles.
LAYTON
I don’t care! Stop staring at me!

ALEX
Let her go and we’ll talk.

LAYTON
I just wanted cash. You lot turned this into a three-ring circus!

ALEX
I help people who are trapped. I help them find an escape route.

MOLLY panics as she watches the MARKSMEN angling around the crowd to take up position. Laser-sights snapped on.

LAYTON
I don’t like people staring at me.

ALEX
That’s fine. I’m averting my eyes. If you let her go, we can discuss...

LAYTON
I’ll kill you. Don’t doubt it.

ALEX smiles at LAYTON - it’s a smile you can trust.

ALEX
I’m not asking you to give up your hostage. I know that’s important to you. But take me instead.

LAYTON
I dunno ... This is my show.

ALEX
Absolutely.

LAYTON pushes the relieved BUSKER away. Switches the gun to ALEX’S face.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Smart move. Good for you Arthur.

She takes another step closer.

LAYTON
Wait! I .. I know you! Can’t be ... The last time I saw you, you were this little girl ... You’ve got your mother’s eyes, Alex.

ALEX
You .. You can’t have .. You knew my mother?!

(CONTINUED)
LAYTON
I knew both your parents.
(smiles)
I'm happy. Hope you're happy too.

ALEX
What?
He lunges at ALEX.

MOLLY

MUM!!!

She comes out of nowhere. Breaking through the cordon before the SERGEANT can reach her.

MOLLY runs towards ALEX with THE DOTS OF THREE LASER-SITES DANCING ON HER BACK.

ALEX

DON’T SHOOT!! THERE’S A CHILD!!

Panic. ON-LookERS start screaming. A laser site skips across ALEX’S face as she reaches for MOLLY.

Confusion. MARKSMAN’S trigger finger itches.

ALEX reaches to grab MOLLY. Another hand gets there first. LAYTON. He pulls MOLLY to his chest. Backs away towards the river.

The MARKSMEN don’t know what to do. Both LAYTON and MOLLY are smothered in laser light.

LAYTON drags MOLLY down the steps towards the riverside “beach”. The MARKSMEN inch forward. ALEX can’t stand it – runs towards the steps just as MOLLY rushes into her arms.

OFFICERS blaze past them but the beach already seems deserted.

CUT TO:

EXT. TATE MODERN WALKWAY - DAY 1. 0850

ALEX and MOLLY watch police officers tear off in all directions – manhunt.

ALEX

Evan’s going to take you home. Molly ... I have to write a stack of reports now. Sweetheart. Mols.

MOLLY

Don’t worry about the parrot.

ALEX

Already got him. A blue macaw.

MOLLY

(gabbling)
Really? I’m going to call him Yuri after Yuro Gagarin who was the first man in space. He was a Russian ...

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

She folds into her mother’s arms. ALEX rocks her gently and whispers “ssssshhhhh ...”

MOLLY (CONT’D)
You could’ve got killed in front of me!

ALEX
That was not going to happen.

MOLLY
(pushing away)
It happened to you when you were my age!

ALEX
I told you to stay in the car! It’s a hard, screwed-up world Molly. But if you learn to trust me, I can help you get through it.

She strokes MOLLY’S hair.

A good-looking man in late middle-age walks towards them cautiously. Kind eyes. Expensive clothes. An aura of strength and civility. This is EVAN WHITE.

MOLLY
Evan!

She almost throws herself into his hug.

EVAN
It’s all right scrap. How about I get us a cake? A seriously patronizing chocolate one. Yeah?

He looks over at ALEX and mouths, “you okay?” She nods with a grateful smile and ushers him on his way. He tips her a wink and leads MOLLY away.

EVAN (CONT’D)
I can pretend I know who Shakira is and you can make fun of me ...

ALEX
Molly! We’ll blow those candles out together. All right?

MOLLY glances back. ALEX blows her a kiss and MOLLY catches it.

EVAN
Come on scrap.

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (2)

He puts his hand supportively on MOLLY as they walk away along the walkway. ALEX feels like shit.

CUT TO:

I/E. ALEX’S CAR - TATE MODERN - DAY 1. 0854

ALEX drops into the driver’s seat. Places a mobile call.

    ALEX
    DI Alex Drake, clearance Delta-one-six. Put me through to the Superintendent.

She waits and waits – playing thoughts over in her mind.

    ALEX (CONT’D)
    (soft singing)
    I’m happy. Hope you’re happy too..

LAYTON sits up in the back seat and rests his gun against the back of her neck. He puts on reflective sunglasses.

    LAYTON
    Start the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES - RIVER BOAT - DAY 1. 0904

LAYTON pushes ALEX along a rusted gangplank towards the flaking hulk. The horizon across the river is dominated by the Millennium Dome.

    LAYTON
    You’re my ticket out, Alex.
    (using her mobile)
    Hello, remember me? Layton ... Yeah ... I got a piece of your past here so you’re gonna have to listen ... Tim and Caroline Price’s daughter.

    ALEX
    How did you know my parents?!

    LAYTON
    And I’m gonna tell her the truth about how they died .. And your life’ll be in ashes mate ... So now we talk about how you get me out of this mess. Think about it.

He clicks off the phone and drags her inside. The boat is called “Di”.

CUT TO:
They enter the dank. Leaking vessel.

ALEX
I’m on your side Arthur. Those officers were itching for a Fatality Outcome ...

LAYTON
I used to be somebody.

ALEX
Who did you call? What could my parents have to do with this? They’ve been dead a long time.

LAYTON
I had an empire going, back in the day. Dealers on every corner. Coppers in my back pocket.

ALEX
So things went wrong. Do you want to talk about that? You feel trapped. I understand. Let me help you.

LAYTON smiles. Cruel turn of the mouth. Sounds of water slapping incessantly against the hull.

Phone rings. LAYTON snaps it open. Listens. His smile falls - this is bad news.

LAYTON
Okay .. That’s a pity ... hmmm .. Right.

ALEX watches his gun hand drop limply. She senses a resolution. Moves forward.

ALEX
It’s over. Give me ...

LAYTON
Fine ...

AND HE LIFTS HIS GUN AND SHOOTS HER IN THE HEAD.

She sees it! Sees the BULLET COMING TOWARDS HER. Has that moment to comprehend her fate. A micro-second before the bullet hits her -

SMASH CUT:
EXT. SOUTH BANK - DAY (MEMORY)

ALEX blowing a kiss. MOLLY catching it.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. STREET - CAR BOMB - DAY (MEMORY)

A FORD ESCORT BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.

SMASH CUT:
A LITTLE ALEX at her parent’s graveside - Tim and Caroline Price.

SMASH CUT:

A tumble of images from ALEX’S life. School photos. Holidays in the sun. Mum swinging her around in the garden.

More and more until they are a blur.

SMASH CUT:

The painted CLOWN from Bowie’s “Ashes To Ashes” video. Peaked hat. Doleful stare.

MUSIC: “I’m happy. Hope you’re happy too ...”

SMASH CUT:

A SCREAM slices the air.

SMASH CUT:

ALEX jolts awake. Wearing a short red skirt, white blouse with puff sleeves and with her hair lacquered to within an inch of its life.

Panicky, she feels her face - is she bleeding?

Around her, New Romantic music fills the boat which is now decked in red and white satin. End of an all-nighter. Ultravox bounces off the walls. Garish HOOKERS dance with YOUNG MEN in silvery suits. The whole atmosphere is one of decadence and youthful abandon. Even the HOOKERS look like they might be having a good time.

ALEX staggers to her feet. A GUY in a pastel shirt tries to grope her and she shoves him away.

CUT TO:

ALEX runs out of the boat, now called “The Lady Di.”

There is no Millennium Dome to dominate the skyline.

(CONTINUED)
UNIFORM OFFICERS push past her, raiding the boat. The fashion of their uniforms fractionally different from today.

ALEX
Help me, I’ve been shot..

She is ignored.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY 1

ALEX runs into the alley. The area has quickly turned into a rabbit warren of shadows and looming warehouses.

Poster on the wall advertises Adam Ant’s new album. Adam Ant’s arms are crossed in defiance.

ALEX fingers her red clothes, noticing them for the first time. What the hell ..?

Into the street charges EDWARD MARKHAM. He has been one of the punters in the brothel. Brash. Young. Bouffant highlights that bounce as he moves. Striped shirt under an expensive jacket. Coke powder around his nose. Harrow school in manner and accent.

MARKHAM
Did you call them in you evil little tart?

ALEX
What?!

He pushes her against the wall. She is too shell-shocked to resist.

MARKHAM
You’ll regret that sweetie.

Cue: Rolling drums. Banshee war-cry. Adam And The Ants – “Prince Charming”.

An Audi Quattro screams into the alley. Heads directly towards a stack of dustbins. At the last second it swerves to avoid them. Brakes inches from ALEX and MARKHAM.

Three men emerge. DS RAY CARLING - pink Fred Perry t-shirt, aviators. DC CHRIS SKELTON - two-tone drainpipes and a wedgie haircut.

DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR GENE HUNT - silvery grey suit over a crisp white shirt. Tie hung low and sulky.

“Don’t you ever? Don’t you ever? Stop being dandy showing us you’re handsome?”

All three draw whopping great Magnums.

(CONTINUED)
GENE
Today my friend your diary entry will read “Took a prostitute hostage and was shot by three armed bastards.”

ALEX
(she recognizes that turn of phrase)
What?!

MARKHAM pulls ALEX in front of him.

RAY
Guv! He could have a gun!

GENE, RAY and CHRIS cock their Magnums.

ALEX
(to MARKHAM)
Don’t let this get out of control..

GENE
Don’t upset him love, this is one bloke you don’t want letting his load off.

ALEX
(frightened/on auto)
Think! You need to be smart. If you chose a path of self-destruction driven by .. by illogical pride and delusional self-importance you will enjoy only a fleeting sense of power before being shot and killed. It is vital that you over-ride the need to obtain what can only be a fictitious glory and a misleading illusion of free-will.

RAY
Is it me or are toms getting smarter?

ALEX
(idea)
A Fatality Outcome is what these officers want ...

MARKHAM
Fatality Outcome?
(sees an angle)
You’re right.

MARKHAM steps away, hands in the air.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)
I’m unarmed.

(CONTINUED)
CHRIS
You’re going down you scum!

MARKHAM
This will not amount to a hill of beans Mr Hunt.

GENE rabbit-punches him in the gut and MARKHAM falls. His Walkman skitters across the ground. RAY picks it up.

ALEX
Hunt ...?

GENE
Blimey, if that skirt was hitched any higher I could see what you’d had for breakfast. Ray, cuff this nancy berk. Chris, look after the lady, she’s the classiest prozzie I’ve seen all week.

ALEX
DC .. Chris Skelton?

CHRIS
Roger that.

ALEX
DS .. Ray .. Ray Carling?

RAY wraps up the Walkman giving her a suspicious look. She tries to focus but her world is swimming.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Gene .. Hunt?

GENE
My reputation proceeds me.

He stares at her – intense. ALEX faints.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BANK - DAY (MEMORY)

MOLLY catching ALEX’S kiss. Caught in a halo of light.

RAY (V.O.)
Cracking pair of puppies.

CUT TO:

I/E. AUDI - CITY STATION - DAY 1. 0935

ALEX opens her eyes, flanked by RAY and CHRIS in the back of the Audi. Both have been ogling her breasts.

(CONTINUED)
ALEX flies out of the car. Around her, stroppy HOOKERS and protesting PUNTERS are being led into the station - all concrete and dark glass. The forecourt is loaded with chunky Police Rovers.

ALEX
Okay .. focus. This is a sub .. sub-conscious construct induced by severe cranial trauma ... There you go, that was easy ...

HOOKER
Fascist pig!

GENE
We only need a statement love ...

The HOOKER spits at GENE. He looks angry but hurt. Turns on ALEX.

GENE (CONT'D)
You too.

ALEX
I can hear ... I can hear the wind in the trees ...

GENE
Streuth, she’s gonna break into song.

She touches the Audi almost cautiously.

ALEX
Full sensory hallucination ...

She caresses the Audi.

RAY
(horny)
I dunno .. look at the way she’s touching that car.

ALEX
This happened to him! To HIM! It couldn’t happen to me!

RAY
You all right darlin’?

ALEX
Molly needs me .. Have to go ...

A Rover pulls into the forecourt. ALEX decides to step wilfully in front of it.

GENE DIVES AT HER, THROWING HER CLEAR. They roll. Wind up in a tangle with him on top of her.

(CONTINUED)
GENE
Don't do that. Do you know what the paperwork's like on suicides?

She tries to stand. Her legs buckle. She is weak and vulnerable and he takes a gruff pity on her. Scoops her up in his arms. Looks at her in his grip - she is rather beautiful. And in a swoon. He likes them like that.

ALEX
Get off me ...

GENE
(gently)
Shut up.

He carries her towards the station. Over the threshold.

ALEX
Don't .. take me in there ... not in there ...

Too late.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CID - DAY 1. 0937

ALEX crashes through the doors on her own two feet. Formica and desk lamps. Electric typewriters. Sheena Easton jostling for wall-space with Kevin Keegan and Trevor Francis. HOOKERS and PUNTERS being processed by smoking DCs who drink her in like beer. ALEX marches into GENE's office which bears the *legend on the door - The Manc Lion.

CUT TO:
INT. CITY STATION - CID - GENE'S OFFICE - DAY 1. 0938

Film posters on the wall - “Outlaw Josey Wales” and “Every Which Way But Loose.” Plus a commemorative calendar for the engagement of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer.

A cumbersome Acorn computer beeps on his desk. GENE follows ALEX whilst RAY and CHRIS peer through the window after them. ALEX studies the LED display on the computer.

GENE
I don’t normally let prozzies into my office unless it’s a party.

ALEX
July 1981. Jesus! This is the year... Mum and dad died...

GENE
What of, confusion?

Her fingers fly across the computer keyboard.

GENE (CONT'D)
Don’t pretend you know how to fly that thing.

ALEX
There’s nothing on this hard-drive but the time and date?

GENE
Pong. I got Pong.


SHAZ
Guv, I... Mary Magdalen! You look awful! Here you go..

She offers ALEX a Tab Cola.

GENE
Tab? Not this one Shaz. Airs and graces. Likes a drop of Bolly before she’ll get her knickers off.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CID - DAY 1. 0940

ALEX rushes out of the office. Everyone is watching.
ALEX
I know how this all works! The mind fashions conduits to the real world...

She goes to a ringing phone.

ALEX (CONT’D)
I need to find out if I’m in hospital or ... if Molly knows what’s happened ...

GENE
No, you need to give me a ruddy statement. Now!

He wrests the phone from her hand. They tussle. Until ALEX spots something on the desk. She gasps and sinks to her knees. To RAY and CHRIS it looks like she is going down on the Guv. VIV chuckles.

CHRIS
God, I love toms.

ALEX stares at the little plaque on the desk – DI Drake.

ALEX crawls back against the far wall. She clutches her head and fights the rising tide of sheer panic. They watch her. GENE drags her to her feet.

GENE
Come on ...

A warrant card falls from her coat. He picks it up. Studies it without reacting. Passes it back to her.

ALEX faces the department, stoic and shocked. The room is awash in sweaty testosterone, fag smoke and menace.

(Continued)
GENE (CONT'D)
Well .. as you know we've been waiting on a new DI. Alex Drake.
RAY
Is he here?

ALEX holds up her warrant card as if in a daze.

RAY (CONT'D)
What’s that hooker doing with ..?
Oh no.

GENE
Welcome on board Inspector.

CHRIS
I knew an Asian prozzie reckoned she could do amazing things with a ping pong ball. No surprise, the Chinese are good at table tennis aren’t they.

(beat)
Why’s this tart got a warrant card?

CUT TO:

OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC 24.

INT. CITY STATION - CID - KITCHEN - DAY 1

ALEX is hunched over the portable TV. She punches buttons. Gets the animated title sequence to “Rainbow”.

ALEX
Oh God ...

Zippy’s big yellow face fills the TV frame.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Yep, I know how this goes ...
Voices .. I hear voices .. Come on Zippy, talk to me ...

Nothing. She punches on the News - Kenneth Baker reporting on the aftermath of race riots. GENE enters, middle of an argument with his team.

GENE
I don’t want anyone filling in their arrest diaries! Got that?

COCKNEY DC (O.S.)
Ain’t done me diary since last week Guv.

GENE
Good. I’ll fill it in for you. Just as soon as I’ve decided what you were doing. And what were you doing? In that brothel? Eh?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
UNDERCOVER? OR WERE YOU MOONLIGHTING?
ALEX
Let’s assume the former.

GENE starts making a brew. Stares at the news—mention of race riots. Shots of Police behind plastic shields.

GENE
Never anything on.

ALEX
(shocked)
Racial tension. Anti-police demos. Lord Scarman compiling his report on institutionalized corruption within the Met...

GENE
You’re choking on a dictionary. Should I perform the Heimlich Manoeuvre?

ALEX
The public hate you.

GENE
They hate us, Inspector.

TV News—Lord Scarman promises that in the wake of the summer riots his report on the Police will be tough, thorough and wide-ranging.

These images sicken and worry GENE. He turns off the tv.

GENE (CONT'D)
Twat in the cells is Edward Markham. City trading ponce. Heads up a city drug dealership. Wanna sit in?

ALEX
Run along “Gene” and do whatever sub-conscious recessional forms do.

She brackets the name “Gene” with a gesture.

GENE
Don’t waggle your fingers when you say my name.

ALEX
Sam got voices out of the TV..

GENE
Sam?

ALEX
Tyler. I knew him.
GENE
Poor sod. Explains a lot.

ALEX
I’ve been studying him and now I’ve .. God, I’ve assimilated his fantasies.. I write about colleagues who’ve undergone unusual trauma.

GENE
And working with me is regarded as “unusual trauma”?!

ALEX
Why are you down here?

GENE
Transferred from GMP a year ago. I don’t mind. I’m a happy-go-lucky bloke; scum is scum everywhere.

ALEX
And why am I here?

GENE
You put in for it.

ALEX
You’re taller than I imagined.

GENE
I’m bigger in every department. Wanna brew?

He digs a Flake out of his jacket pocket.

ALEX
Do you know two lawyers; Caroline and Tim Price?

GENE
I know a bird in Woolwich who can stick a flute down her knickers and play “Good Ship Lollipop”.

ALEX
I’m here to see them before they die, aren’t I? God, I never knew I had such a predictable subconscious.

GENE
(unwrapping the Flake)
Eh?
ALEX
Freud 1.0.1. Next thing you know
I’ll be getting bog-standard sexual
metaphor ...

GENE scowls in bafflement and sucks on the Flake.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 1. 1050
RAY opposite MARKHAM and his BRIEF. ALEX stands by the door
looking dazed. She clutches a set of files which she has been
handed - fingers through them distractedly.

GENE enters with ERIC, a scrawny, twisted young man with
hollow eyes.

GENE
I assume you two know each other.
Of course you do. This is Eric
Phelps. He’s one of your clients,
Mr Markham. What? Don’t say you’ve
never met. Then again, you are at
opposite ends of the chain.

MARKHAM
(to LAWYER)
Make a note; slander.

GENE
Eric had a trial for the Hammers,
didn’t you Eric. But the old drugs
took their toll and he lost his
place in the squad. He used to
dream of playing for West Ham. Now
he drops his pants and takes it up
the Bakerloo for a day’s worth of
gear. Off you pop son.

ERIC is taken outside.

GENE (CONT'D)
Feel good making money out of
honest, working-class kids? Turning
‘em into ghosts and rent-boys ...

The BRIEF goes to speak but MARKHAM silences him.

MARKHAM
You have no evidence and according
to this senior female officer,
mi"rabile dictu, you were
deliberately looking for a, what
was it, a “Fatality Outcome”.
Blowing my head off. Ipso facto, my
case rests.

(CONTINUED)
GENE throws a dark look back at ALEX.

RAY
That’s crap. And some of it was in Klingon. If we’d actually wanted to murder you we’d come over your house in the middle of the night...

GENE
Take no notice of the Sergeant.
(a glance again at ALEX)
He’s upset. His old mum’s very ill in hospital.

RAY - what???

GENE (CONT’D)
.loaded
For the record, he will now retract that remark.

RAY
Yeah. I’m .. God, hope she pulls through.

The BRIEF starts writing.

GENE
Cocaine and H are flooding into this city. You’re behind it.

Again the BRIEF looks to speak but MARKHAM interrupts him.

MARKHAM
You’re living in a fantasy world Mr Hunt.

ALEX picks a photo out of the file that hits her like a bolt of lightning - Arthur Layton!

ALEX
Where do you keep the most advanced radio in this station?

Before GENE can answer, she bolts from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - SURVEILLANCE CENTRE - DAY 1. 1059

CHRIS shows ALEX a room of dexion shelves filled with radios and VCRs.

CHRIS
Like “Tomorrow’s World” isn’t it boss, ma’am.

(CONTINUED)
ALEX inspects the Betamax machines and issues a laugh. CHRIS hits eject. The Betamax whirrs and whirrs.

ALEX pulls down a radio, tries to talk into it.

ALEX
I have to know what’s going on Out There “Chris”. I’m unconscious and I need reviving.

CHRIS
Yeah, I get that at weekends.

Finally, FINALLY the Betamax top-loader pops up, ready.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CID - GENE’S OFFICE - DAY 1. 1108

GENE is hunched over the phone getting an ear-bashing from his Chief Super.

GENE
.. Yes sir, but this Markham ... Of course we weren’t going to shoot an unarmed man .. Difficult times, yes sir ... I’m just trying to do my job. Yes sir. Yes sir ... 

GENE replaces the phone slowly. Face is a grey mask.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CID - DAY 1. 1127

CHRIS returns. SHAZ catches his eye and they share a grin. He hands SHAZ the Walkman they impounded from Markham.

CHRIS
Sony. Nabbed it off that drug dealer we nicked in the whore-house.

SHAZ
That’s so sweet.

RAY accompanies MARKHAM and his BRIEF. GENE walks behind, eyes like hot coals. MARKHAM notices his Walkman.

MARKHAM
I could’ve sworn that was mine.

RAY
Well you’re mistaken. Sir.

MARKHAM
You know Mr Hunt in the city we look for a good investment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Like the chap who invented the Walkman, you have to know there’s a new market ready to explode. That’s my job. I see an exciting product. Kapow!
(gives a sniff)
It’s all about the future. And you know what? I don’t think the future includes you.

He runs a fingertip under SHAZ’S chin and tugs playfully at the headphones before swaggering out.

RAY
It would’ve been a sound nick.
“Fatality outcome”?! Christ!

COCKNEY DC
Got a good pair of honkers on her though.

RAY
Women DIs should look like Betty Turpin crossed with HMS Ark Royal. They shouldn’t look shagworthy. You can’t give a person who gets periods that much responsibility.

GENE boils over - marches out.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - SURVEILLANCE CENTRE - DAY 1. 1130

ALEX is getting nothing but static and the odd flurry of Police chatter.

ALEX
Talk to me! Somebody!

She throws the radio at the wall. GENE blazes in - brimstone. Before he can say a word, she launches at him.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What’s so special about you “Gene”?
When good coppers go under, why do you appear?!

GENE
It’s my aftershave. And stop waggling your bloody fingers when you say my name!
(pushes her away)
We’ve got the makings of a drug epidemic in this city. I had the chief supplier in my sights and YOU gave him room to slide loose!

(CONTINUED)
ALEX
Markham? He’s not your king-pin.
(off his frown)
Any cursory psyche-assessment would show he doesn’t possess
deleagational inclinations.

GENE
Come again, I don’t speak Hindustani.

ALEX
Top-flight crime bosses expect their minions to do all the donkey work. They expend their energy only when absolutely necessary. Crime lords do not gloat in Police stations “Gene”. They do not pay for expensive lawyers and then do all the talking themselves. And they are not out to impress flatfoots like you.

GENE
This lardy-de-dah, Heinz Wolff, Great Egg Race posh bollocks meant to impress me?

ALEX
Just look at me; I’m trained to get inside the criminal mind. Now I’m stuck in my own. With you. Woopee.

They blaze at each other. She is overcome by the sheer reality of him. Breaks into a dry laugh.

GENE
Are you laughing at me?

ALEX
No. I just ... I never thought it would seem this real. Sam always said what amazed him most was ...
(places her hand on his heart)
Beating. Incredible.

GENE gropes her left breast.

GENE
Fandabbydozy. Now then Bollinger Knickers, you gonna kiss me or punch me?

She turns away, appalled. It is then that she see the Betamax cassette. Labelled LAYTON.

CUT TO:
INT. CITY STATION - SURVEILLANCE CENTRE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 1. 1133

ALEX and GENE playing the tape. ALEX intent. GENE bemused.

Tape - fuzzy images of LAYTON talking outside his junk shop. ALEX is amazed. It’s him. Younger. Wearing a David Bowie t-shirt (Scary Monsters) under a white linen jacket.

GENE
Arthur Layton’s a tinker with a minor record. We flipped him over; he keeps his eyes open, we don’t bang him up.

ALEX
He has to be crucial to this, otherwise why is he in here?

Freeze frame: Layton.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CID - DAY 1. 1215

ALEX spins over the white board. She is almost manic in her intellectual vigor as she scrawls her theories on the board in marker. CHRIS and SHAZ watch her. She winces as a pain strikes the side of her head.

CHRIS
Boss? I mean Ma’am?

ALEX
Let’s break it down.
(points to side of her head)
I was shot. The result of that act was my arrival in this .. this dystopia.

She scrawls Dystopia on the board.

CHRIS
Dystopia. I had that once. Couldn’t eat solids for a week.

SHAZ
Ah, babee ..

ALEX
My mind creates a dark, twisted place for me to go to. My brain is in severe trauma so it will not expend unnecessary energy creating people I don’t need. Therefore everything here is significant.

(CONTINUED)
She writes **Everything is significant.**

**ALEX (CONT'D)**
Now, I am an empirical person. I break everything down and I study it. That is how I solve problems.

**SHAZ**
So your head has made up a puzzle for you to solve because that’s the best way ...

**ALEX**
That’s the way I’ll get strong. I must constantly **analyze**.

She writes **Analysis at all times.**

**CHRIS** nudges **SHAZ** - well done. Then it dawns him he hasn’t the first idea what’s going on.

**CHRIS**
Hang about .. Analyze what? Why you were shot?

**ALEX**
The moment it happened, I saw the bullet and I thought “this is it Alex. This is how it ends.”

**CHRIS**
Like this was your destiny. Like Ben Kenobi in “Star Wars”.

She writes **Destiny** on the board.

**ALEX**
Where does this leave me?

She steps back from the board. Each line of writing is under the previous line. And thus the capital letters of each sentence spell - **D - E - A - D**.

**ALEX** begins to perspire. Her breathing jags. She can’t take her eyes off those four letters. She picks up the Betamax cassette labelled **LAYTON**.

**SMASH CUT:**

**INT. RIVER BOAT - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

**LAYTON** fires the gun directly at her! At **US**!

**SMASH CUT:**

**INT. CITY STATION - CID - DAY 1. 1217**

**ALEX** tries to clear her head.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Ma’am?

ALEX

I’m not dea –

ALEX gasps as a sharp searing pain slices through her head.

A FLASH OF THE ASHES CLOWN – staring at her dolefully.

She collapses.

CUT TO:

35  OMITTED  35

36  OMITTED  36

36A  INT. CITY STATION – CID  36A

MOLLY walks in to an empty CID!

MOLLY

Hello?

ZIPPY springs up from behind a desk with a policeman’s cap on.

ZIPPY

You’re under arrest!! Ha ha!

He breaks into his recognizable Zippy laugh.

ZIPPY (CONT’D)

Who are you then, eh?

Before MOLLY can reply, GEORGE appears dreamily beside him.

GEORGE

It’s all right Zippy, Molly’s my new friend.

(CONTINUED)
ZIPPY
Poor old Molly! She must be very hard up for friends! Ha haa!!
Where’s my truncheon? I want a truncheon!

GEORGE holds up a truncheon. Waggles it.

ZIPPY (CONT’D)
Give it to me George.

He snatches the truncheon.

MOLLY
I’m looking for my mum.

ZIPPY
Well I haven’t seen her.

GEORGE
Sorry but I haven’t either.
MOLLY
But it’s my birthday. We have a cake and presents and I’m waiting for her to come.

GEORGE
She must be so far away Molly. So far that you couldn’t even see her through the biggest giantest telescope in the world.

ZIPPY
Yes. Yes. That’s right George. Forget your mum Molly, she’s never coming back.

“Paint the whole world with a rainbow!

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - NIGHT 1. 2100

ALEX jolts awake.

ALEX
I’m not .. I’m not ... [dead]

She finds herself on a black leather sofa in a chrome and shag-pile pad. She is utterly disorientated. Italian music wafts up from below, faintly. ALEX staggers to the bedroom and clicks on the light.

Comes face to face with the ASHES CLOWN.

ASHES CLOWN
(with MOLLY’S voice)
Mummy? You’re going to miss my birthday.
(dry rasping voice of the CLOWN)
All my birthdays.

ALEX screams.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - DAY 2. 0800

ALEX flies awake again. Again she is on the black leather sofa but now sunlight is streaming through.

ALEX
New day ... In here Alex. In here. Back home ... it may be no time at all...

She raises the blinds and looks out on THE 1981 CITY LANDSCAPE.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She looks around her flat - leather upholstery, fibre-optic plant, stereo-system. She opens the wardrobe to see a few mens’ shirts.

A stack of Beta tapes on the smoked glass coffee table - “Dirty Harry”, “Magnum Force”, “The Professionals”. And amongst them, the tape she was holding when she collapsed - Layton’s tape.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Destroy the nightmare. Arrest you and reclaim control of my own destiny. Home in time for cake.
(gritted)
Wait for me Molly, I’m coming to your party.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CID - DAY 2. 0900

GENE is pouring over a map of the Isle Of Dogs with RAY. SHAZ is flirting with CHRIS whilst spraying herself with a mountain of hairspray. ALEX enters, blazing with purpose.

CHRIS
Like the flat ma’am? Luigi lets us use it ...

ALEX
WPC Granger ...

She gags on a cloud of Harmony hairspray.

CHRIS
Hey, “Is she or isn’t she?”

ALEX
She .. ahem .. She definitely is. You know you’re responsible for the ice-caps melting.

SHAZ
Am I? Fab.

ALEX
I’m serious, I ... Forget it, death to all polar bears. Now, WPC Granger ...

SHAZ
Call me Shaz.

ALEX
Can you get me ...

SHAZ
Or Shazzer.

(CONTINUED)
ALEX
Shaz get me a change of clothes. I need to change out of red before Chris De Burgh writes a song about me.
(they don’t get the joke)
Chris, I need to see your intelligence on Arthur Layton. Address, contacts, past offences.

CHRIS gets on to it.

GENE
I know what you’re doing.

ALEX
Really. Whatever.

GENE
Whatever ... what?

ALEX
What?

GENE
New broom. Swings in.

ALEX
Sweeps in ...

GENE
Comes in, looking to make a quick collar. Impress the troops.

ALEX
I know he doesn’t look like much but Layton is behind this. Because that’s why I’m here.

GENE
(jabs the map)
We have monitored the drugs traffic across the division. Movement, deals, payments, everything. The centre is here; financial district. Markham is a right banker. He knows how to hide the drug money in any number of accounts.

RAY
We’re on the verge of a major bust ma’am. Like that Operation Popadum.

CHRIS
Here you go boss, ma’am; Arthur Layton. (MORE)
This is his business in Shadwell. Past convictions for fencing stolen gear.

ALEX
Look at your map Hunt. It’s a web. Thing is the spider isn’t sitting in the middle. He’s hiding on the edge.

She jabs her finger at the Shadwell district.

EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY 2. 1030
Bricked yard filled with pieces of car, bikes, grandfather clock parts, etc. ALEX lets herself in with CHRIS in tow.

CHRIS
Guv’s right; Layton’s just a down at heel fella scratching a living ...

ALEX
No, he becomes that. One day. But not now. Trust me.

She is intrigued by the three expensive outboard boat engines propped against the wall.

CHRIS
Sorry ma’am but .. the Guv, he thinks you’re trying to undermine us like ...

ALEX
Relax “Chris”, I know how this goes; Hunt’s the bullish one, Ray’s the misogynistic one, you’re the nervous one, blah blah blah. I don’t care. I am going to stop Arthur Layton because that could be the mental trigger to get me out of here. Okay?

CHRIS
Roger that.
(beat)
I’m not nervous. I’m cautious.

LAYTON
Can I help you love or are you looking for business?
She turns. And there he is. Right there before her. LAYTON! Still wearing the Scary Monster t-shirt. No scar on his face though.

**SMASH CUT:**

**INT. RIVER BOAT - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

LAYTON firing the gun at her head.

**SMASH CUT:**

**EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY 2. 1032**

ALEX places a hand to her head.

CHRIS

Mr Layton, Police ...

ALEX

You’re under arrest.

LAYTON

Arrest? What for?

ALEX

I’m .. I’m stopping you. I know you!

LAYTON

What?

ALEX

Chris, cuff him. Do it!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CITY STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2. 1155**

ALEX and GENE opposite a baffled LAYTON. GENE resents bringing him in. ALEX is trying to remain focused but she is scared - it hurts being this close to the man who shot her.

LAYTON

You’re joking!

ALEX

You have a network of dealers and money-launderers under your control including Edward Markham.

LAYTON

I’m a barrow-boy with a shop!

ALEX

You’re under arrest and you are .. You’re staying here.

(CONTINUED)
GENE
As much as it pains me, I think we may need something that can stick in court. “You’re staying here” probably won’t do it. Mr Layton, do you have an appointed brief?

LAYTON
I’ll get one.

ALEX
That’s right. Let others handle it. The strategy of a powerful man with nothing to prove.

GENE
A powerful man would bring his brief in with him!

A knock and RAY enters eagerly.

RAY
Guv. We’ve got a breakthrough.

GENE
Right.
(out of his chair)
Off you go Layton.

LAYTON smirks and gets his jacket.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY 2. 1157

ALEX blazes after GENE and RAY.

RAY
We put crime squad onto Markham like you said. He made nine separate phone calls from phone boxes in the City district. All phone cards.

GENE
Phone cards?! Flash git!

RAY
He then picked up a message from some railway arches near Tower Bridge. Something got him rattled.

ALEX
I know what got Markham rattled.

She looks down the corridor as a timid LAYTON is escorted off by a PC.

(CONTINUED)
ALEX (CONT'D)
We pulled his boss in. He was checking to see if he could close the supply line down.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CID - DAY 2. 1158

They stride back into CID.

ALEX
Layton is a control freak. Being in the driving seat is essential to his emotional stability.

GENE
Where'd you learn this hippy shit?

ALEX
Langley.

CHRIS
Near Macclesfield.

ALEX
Virginia. Secondment to the CIA.

A few discreet “wooos” from around the room.

SHAZ
Here you go ma’am, fresh clothes like you wanted.

ALEX
That’s great Shaz.

SHAZ
Got ‘em off a lady who was killed by a Timothy Whites van.

ALEX smiles weakly.

ALEX
Pull in Markham again. Shake the web. Layton’ll hate that.

GENE
Psychiatry.

ALEX
Psychology.

(continued)
GENE

Same thing.

GENE pauses, everyone waits. He makes a decision.

GENE (CONT’D)

Boys and girls, it is precisely twelve of the clock.

His digital watch beeps the hour. A succession of other Casios do the same. ALEX looks bemused, even more so when her own Casio does the same!

GENE (CONT’D)

By twelve-thirty I want Markham and his suspected accomplices in custody.

CID spring into action. GENE drags out a hip-flask and pauses with the nozzle to his lips. His eye has caught a public info flyer on the bulletin board - Worried About Your Drinking?


Cue: The Clash: “Police On My Back”.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

(CONTINUED)
INT. CITY STATION - CID FRONT DESK - DAY 2. 1500

MARKHAM and other CITY TRADERS are slammed against the front desk by GENE and RAY. ALEX follows close behind. MARKHAM turns to GENE.

MARKHAM
Two arrests in two days. I’ll have lost my job with the bank ...
GENE
Diddums. You’re a smart boy, you’ll get another job. Then I’ll see to it that you’re arrested there an’ all. You’ll be unemployable Markham.

MARKHAM
All right then. Time to talk turkey.

GENE
Gobble away.

MARKHAM
Just you, Hunt.

GENE nods and leads MARKHAM into the interview room, leaving RAY and ALEX outside.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY 2. 1505

ALEX and RAY - both feeling left out in the cold.

RAY
You knew Tyler, didn’t you.
ALEX
Yes. And I know he let you down.

RAY
Why’d you say that?

ALEX
The railway tunnel, during a shoot-out. He left you there. And you never saw him again.

RAY
Thought he was gonna run out on us but he came back. I’ll give him that.

ALEX
Sam came back?

RAY
Lucky us, eh.

ALEX
So where... is he?

RAY
Look, Tyler died during a jewelry blag last year. I told him to wait for the Guv but he wouldn’t have it. Gave chase. Put his car in the river. Twonk. Never even found his body.

ALEX
Oh my God! He was here for seven years! He lived a life here when in reality he was seconds away from... from death.

The possibility suddenly hits home.

RAY
Err.. Ma’am?

ALEX
Then my theory’s right! In real life I may have only been shot a second ago!

RAY
(level)
I’m sure if you’d been shot a second ago ma’am, I’d have noticed.

ALEX pulls back her hair and takes a trembling breath.

(CONTINUED)
RAY (CONT'D)
Tyler didn’t listen to the Guv and look what happened. If you’re smart you’ll learn that being where the Guv is .. is the right place to be.

GENE throws open the door. RAY and ALEX are expectant. MARKHAM sidles past GENE and adjusts his tie. He walks off down the corridor alone.

GENE
He’s giving us the whole network.
We drum him out of town forever.

ALEX
You let Markham walk? That’s just plain wrong Gene.

GENE
There’ll be no more drug-addicts made here.
(looking to distract)
How about lunch?

RAY
Lunch!

ALEX
Lunch? It’s gone six!

RAY
Lunch time!

RAY and GENE walk away. ALEX shakes her head and marches off.

CUT TO:
ALEX barges the door open and walks through the yard. LAYTON is shining up an antique sabre. He glances up.

    ALEX
    I’m going to stop you, you bastard!

    LAYTON
    I don’t like people looking at me.

    ALEX
    Why? What are you afraid of?

    LAYTON
    I’m not afraid. Are you?

He heads towards his shop, allowing the sabre to scrape horribly along the hard stone ground.

    LAYTON (CONT’D)
    You should be Miss Drake. There’s a lot to be afraid of here.
CONTINUED:

ALEX
I’ll .. I’ll get you.

LAYTON
But who’s gonna get you, in the end?

He slams the shop door on her. Gone. She backs away. And it is then that she notices a tatty notebook sitting beside Layton’s chair in the yard. She picks it up and flicks through it - lists of numbers - 0527 / 1844.

Something moves in the corner of ALEX’s eye. She turns with a start: the ASHES CLOWN?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY 2. 1847

ALEX steps into the deserted street. The ASHES CLOWN stands fifty yards away. Fixed. Still. Looking at her.

And then quite suddenly he starts to run full pelt towards her. ALEX turns and flees in panic. The CLOWN is gaining.

Fury seizes her. She stops and whirs to face him.

ALEX
Go AWAY!

But the street is empty again. ALEX suddenly hates this place. Hates this bloody red skirt. She starts tearing at it angrily.

CUT TO:

INT. LUIGI’S – NIGHT 2. 2000

Trestle tables covered in plastic checked table-cloths. CID have taken over. Carafes of wine passed about. Music blaring from the sound system. LUIGI is a tired-looking man. He smiles politely for his “guests”.

CID
“What’s a-matter you. Hey! You gotta no respect! Oh it’s a-not so bad. It’s a-nica place. Ah, shut uppa ya face!”

LUIGI drags out a smile.

CHRIS
Hey! Luigi. What’s the shortest book in the world?

LUIGI
Yes, you told me this one last night Chris ...

(CONTINUED)
CHRIS
Italian Book of War Heroes.

LUIGI
Si, molto divertente .. very funny ...

GENE swigs his lager. He remains somberly on the periphery.

ALEX walks in. She has put on the clothes Shaz gave her and looks fabulous in jeans and a white leather jacket. GENE knows two things in that moment - one: he must shag her brains out. Two: he never will.

GENE pours her a glass of wine. She takes a sip. Shudders.

GENE
On the house.

ALEX
I think it dripped off the house.

He finds this funny. She has to smile - a tired, oh shit smile. She drains the glass and waits for another.

CUT TO:

THE SAME - LATER - NIGHT 2. 2200

CID are arseholed. RAY pours a champagne tower. GENE and ALEX sit alone, both pissed, ALEX trying to get his attention.

GENE
I love lunch.

ALEX
You know I’ve invented this world...

GENE
I invented something once; the bruise-free groin slap.
ALEX
So ... let’s hear it .. Your wife ..?

GENE
Mrs Hunt left me.

ALEX
Another man?

GENE
You’re half-right.

ALEX
A woman?! She’s a lesb -

GENE
Don’t say that word! Things like that ... belong in films not in the home!

ALEX
Sam died. Your wife left. No wonder you moved ...

GENE
Don’t. Start. I’m the Manc Lion me. Says so on my door.

LUIGI brings out pasta. CID cheer.

RAY
Nice one Luigi! And keep the Asti Spimanti coming!

ALEX
You’re not keeping me for seven years. I’m going home. I have my daughter’s birthday party to get to.

GENE
You’re pissed.

ALEX
You’re a bloody figment.

GENE
You’re very pissed.

ALEX
I’m going to be sick.

GENE
I’m not surprised.

CUT TO:
ALEX falls into the sofa. Restaurant thrums below.

ALEX
Don’t let me do this on my own
Hunt.

GENE
Well it’s always more fun with two.

ALEX
I need your help ...

GENE
Everyone does.

She’s drifting into a drunken slumber but he presses on.

GENE (CONT’D)
They’re sharpening the axe for
coppers like me. But I’ll tell you
this darlin’, until the last
second, I’ll be out there making a
difference.

She turns over. The notebook falls onto the carpet. He picks it up.

GENE (CONT’D)
Where’d you get this?

ALEX
Layton ... junk yard ...

In an uncharacteristically sensitive gesture, he covers her with a blanket. Flips through the pages of the notebook.

CUT TO:

A few stragglers. Very pissed. GENE slumps down next to RAY. He still has the book.

GENE
What do you make of these numbers?

RAY

GENE
And this .. on here, “Charlie”.

RAY
That’s what they call cocaine.

(CONTINUED)
GENE Thought it was a perfume.

CHRIS cranks up the music. LUIGI is ready to kill himself.

GENE (CONT'D)
Oi! Chris! Let’s clear out. Let the woman sleep.

LUIGI
In nome del Dio, grazie senior Hunt.

CHRIS

LUIGI
Yes Chris, that is a Spanish joke.

GENE
Have a drink Luigi.

LUIGI
No senior Hunt, I go upstairs to shoot myself.

CID laugh.

CHRIS
Grassy-arse.

GENE casts a look upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - DAY 3. 0800

ALEX is alone. She turns in her sleep. MOLLY’S little head pokes out from under the blanket, nudging her.

ALEX (half-asleep)
Molleee ... go back to your own bed ...

She opens her eyes with a sudden start.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Molly!

She flings off the blanket. The sofa is empty. MOLLY is not there. The cold dread of loss squeezes her heart.

CUT TO:

OMITTED
EXT. CITY BACK STREET - DAY 3. 1030

CHRIS and SHAZ in a Ford Fiesta. CHRIS sports his aviators, sausage roll wedged in his mouth. SHAZ jumps back in the car beside him, nervous but a bit excited.

SHAZ
I should be in uniform.

CHRIS
No, you’re with me. You’re undercover.

SHAZ
Undercover? On a secret operation? Pretty blimin’ glamorous isn’t it, your life.

CHRIS
(mouthful of sausage roll)
Oh aye.

ALEX (RADIO)
Chris. You in position?

CHRIS
Roger that ma’am. You said we’d square this with the Guv over brekkie.

ALEX (RADIO)
No time for that. I have to nail Layton now. Crime squad gave us the drop-point for Markham’s messages, you at it?

CHRIS
Yes.

ALEX (RADIO)
Message in place?

CHRIS
Shaz has just set it up.

ALEX
If Markham takes the bait...

CHRIS
He’ll read the fake message to meet at Layton’s place. We follow him.

(CONTINUED)
ALEX (RADIO)
We have “reasonable connection”. We arrest Layton. I go home

CHRIS
Roger that ma’am.

He clicks off the radio. Shifts in his seat.

CHRIS (CONT’D)
I need a jimmy riddle.

He dives out of the car. SHAZ puts on her newly acquired Walkman and checks her lipstick in the rear-view mirror, humming “Tainted Love” to herself.

She doesn’t notice the dark car that pulls up further down the road.

A car crammed with BIG GEEZERS.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CID - GENE’S OFFICE - DAY 3. 1031

ALEX grabs her radio again, checking back in.

ALEX
Chris...?

Static. She shakes the radio. GENE strides through irritably.

GENE
What’s all this about a sting operation?

ALEX
Oh for Godssake .. I need to arrest Layton?! Do you understand?
GENE
For keeping a notebook?

ALEX
What happened to the Manc Lion?!

GENE
He’s about to have his bollocks cut off by Lord ruddy Scarman!

He reaches for his hip-flask. She pulls it out of his way.

ALEX
Don’t hide in there. If you let this go you are empowering Layton and even more lives will be at risk!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY BACK STREET – DAY 3. 1032

SHAZ finishes with her lipstick. A hand taps on the car window, SHAZ winds it down as MARKHAM leans in grinning.

MARKHAM
Think you’ll find that Walkman’s mine sweetie.

Across the street: CHRIS returns to see SHAZ dragged from the Fiesta by some nasty looking GEEZERS crammed into suits. MARKHAM is with them, standing out a mile in pastel shades and highlights.

CHRIS
Shaz! SHAZZER!!

SHAZ
Don’t hurt me .. Chris ..?!!

CHRIS runs forward but is met by a blow to the stomach. He sags to his knees.

MARKHAM
Did I spoil your little plan? Secret notes and special meeting points? This some feeble idea of entrapment.

CHRIS
Leave her ...

MARKHAM gives him a kick in the ribs. SHAZ screams.

(Continued)
MARKHAM
Perhaps we need to take out a little corporate insurance, just to make sure the deal runs smoothly.

They drag SHAZ to the car.

SHAZ
CHRIS! Don’t let them take me!

CHRIS tries to get up but it hurts too much.

CHRIS
Shaz ....

The car tears away. CHRIS punches the ground in tearful frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CID - DAY 3. 1100

ALEX picks up her coat. She’s done all she can. What good in staying?

ALEX
I can’t do this on my own.

CHRIS bursts in, furious and desperate.

CHRIS
Is every radio in this poxy nick busted?! They took her!

RAY
Who?

CHRIS
Shaz! They took Shaz! Markham and some big bastards! He’s still out there.

ALEX
It’s insurance. They take her hostage. Layton brings in his shipment.

RAY
Jimmy, mobilize all units in the area. Chris, give us a description on the vehicle ...

CHRIS
If she dies, it’s your fault ma’am.

ALEX
I wasn’t the one did the deal with the Devil.

(CONTINUED)
CHRIS
How do we stop 'em?

ALEX turns almost inevitably to look at Gene’s office. The others are drawn in the same way. ALEX realizes she has no choice – enters his office – out of sight behind the blinds. Other DCs congregate around CHRIS and RAY. They wait.

ANGLE ON GENE’S DOOR – The Manc Lion.

GENE kicks the door open with a bang. Stands, framed.

GENE
Fire up the Quattro.

The Clash again! “Magnificent Seven”.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVING SHOT – DAY 3. 1118

The Quattro carrying ALEX and GENE streaks over CAMERA. And this time it crashes through a stack of dustbins in its haste to ride to the rescue.

VIV (O.S.)
Guv, we’ve just had confirmation: the car registration that Chris gave us; it’s in Layton’s name.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNK YARD – DAY 3. 1120

Quattro swings to a screaming halt as The Clash accompany.

GENE and ALEX jump out and are greeted by a dejected RAY and CHRIS.

RAY
Forget it mate, he’s scarpered.

CHRIS kicks over some junk in impotent fury.

CUT TO:

INT. QUATTRO – DAY 3. 1122.

The Quattro screams away from the junk yard. GENE holds the radio. ALEX reads LAYTON’s notebook.

ALEX
(reading notebook)
This is on a twenty-four hour clock. They’re specific times. “Charlie”. “Charlie”. Why put the name of the drug so prominently in his book?

(CONTINUED)
GENE
Viv - Give me everything you’ve got on Arthur Layton.

VIV (O.S.)
There isn’t much Guv - bit of surveillance. Some at his yard, some at the docks.

ALEX
(remembering her own fate)
He keeps boats.

GENE
Viv, what’s the name of his boat?

VIV (O.S.)
Looks like The Prince Charlie, Guv.

GENE
“Charlie“! Those times in the diary are tide times! Our Layton’s shipping in the drugs on one of his own boats.

(grabbing radio)
Raymondo, call the cavalry, we’re heading to the river.

ALEX
I could kiss you.

GENE
Don’t hold back.

CUT TO:
EXT. THAMES - DAY 3. 1145

Looming warehouses. The Audi screams to the riverbank. Police cars screeching up. UNIFORM spilling out along with CID. GENE and ALEX leave the car together. He tosses her a gun. She checks the barrel.

ALEX
What?

GENE
You. Holding that. In leather.
Gives me the horn.
(to team)
Three units. I’ll lead the first unit. We’ll attempt to flush them into the arms of the second unit led by my esteemed lady colleague. Uniform will mop up.

CHRIS
So which unit’s which?

GENE
Uniform can be C-Team. DI Drake will lead B-Team.
(no irony)
I’m the A-Team.

ALEX
God have mercy.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES - FURTHER ALONG THE BANK - DAY 3. 1150

ALEX leads several DCs into position. She scans further down the river - it all seems oddly still and peaceful.

ALEX
Radio silence everyone.

COCKNEY DC
You okay ma’am? You’re smiling.

ALEX
Am I? I just ...
(slight nerdy grin)
... haven’t done this in a while.

She doesn’t want to admit this but she’s excited.

CUT TO:
EXT. THAMES - QUAY - DAY 3. 1215

GENE, RAY and CHRIS move into position behind some stacks of concrete. GENE peeks around the side of the blocks and squints through binocs.

POV: MARKHAM supervising the unloading of several crates. His men carry machine-guns.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES - FURTHER ALONG THE BANK - DAY 3. 1220

ALEX scans the water with her binocs. She can see distant activity amongst the drug-dealers.

ALEX

The COPPERS gawp at her.

ALEX (CONT’D)
(embarrassed)
That’s not helping. Sorry

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES - QUAY - DAY 3. 1235

GENE watches from hiding. A big car draws up. MARKHAM goes to the window which glides down in anticipation. MARKHAM talks to the hidden man within the car.

MARKHAM beckons a COHORT who brings SHAZ into view. SHAZ is dishevelled and trembling.

CHRIS’S blood boils. He goes to step out, gun raised. GENE holds him back.

MARKHAM cracks open a crate and removes a kilo bag. Passes it into the car. Laughter from the man within the car. He steps out. We see it’s LAYTON, looking every inch the 80’s drug dealer in his sub-Miami Vice suit.

GENE’S eyes burn with a hellish indignation.

MARKHAM is really enjoying himself. His GANG congregate around the coke crate, laughing and pushing each other. SHAZ is ignored.

CHRIS
I’ve had it!
(steps out)
This is the Police! You’re surrounded!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GENE

Shit!
(into radio)
The A-Team are going in!

CID burst out of the shadows, guns raised and hollering.

GENE (CONT'D)
Put your hands in the ....

THE GANG TURN AND START FIRING AS ONE WITHOUT BLINKING. CID dive for cover as MACHINE-GUN FIRE PEPPERS THE VICINITY.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES - FURTHER ALONG THE BANK - DAY 3. 1236

ALEX and the other OFFICERS hear the distant report of gun-fire further down the bank. This is it! ALEX follows the action through her binocs.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES - DOCKS - DAY 3. 1237

GENE and RAY are pinned down.

CHRIS can see MARKHAM moving back near to SHAZ. CHRIS makes a break for it, bullets snapping at his heels. He dives behind a second concrete stack. It’s no use, he can’t get close enough.

LAYTON suddenly grabs SHAZ as hostage. He pulls her towards his car as the others get in.

GENE sees this. Stands up and SHOOTS THE CAR. THE BONNET FLIES UP IN A BURST OF SMOKE AND FLAMES. The GANG MEMBERS scatter, throwing their guns aside.

GENE
(radio)
All Teams! They’re heading your way on foot!

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES - FURTHER ALONG THE BANK - DAY 3. 1245

ALEX
Hunt do you read me?
(grits her teeth)
B-Team to A-Team. Do you read me?

ALEX starts off along the quay-side. Alone.

She comes face to face with LAYTON and SHAZ! LAYTON draws SHAZ to him and puts the gun to her head.

(CONTINUED)
SHAZ
Ma’am? I’m sorry for the trouble.

ALEX
No trouble Shaz.
(to LAYTON)
Hello again Arthur. Quite the Machiavellian aren’t you.

LAYTON
I’m in charge, if that’s what you mean.

ALEX
So what happened? When does it all go wrong for you?

LAYTON
What?

She makes a point of not staring at him.

LAYTON (CONT’D)
This is my show. You are not gonna follow me or I’ll kill her.

Driving beat. The sound of an engine approaching over water. Queen on the soundtrack –

BOUNCING OVER THE WATER COMES A GLEAMING WHITE SPEED-BOAT “PRINCE CHARLIE” – GENE HUNT AT THE WHEEL. TOWER BRIDGE FRAMING HIM IN THE BACKGROUND – THE MONEY SHOT!

Queen – “Flash! Ah Ahhhh! Saviour of the Universe!”

CHRIS stands to one side and RAY takes a position at the other. All are packing heat. GENE slams the boat into neutral and pulls out his machine-gun.

“Flash! Ah Ahhhh! King of the Impossible!”

ALEX
STAY BACK!

GENE doesn’t appear to be in the mood to take advice.

LAYTON
Tell them to go fishing or I will blow her head off! I’m running this!

ALEX
I have to reclaim my destiny Layton. Somehow ...

LAYTON
What?!

(CONTINUED)
ALEX raises her gun to LAYTON.

ALEX
You’re under arrest for drug-trafficking, for abduction and for shooting me in the head!

SHAZ
Please ma’am ... please ...

ALEX cocks her trigger. LAYTON cocks his, ramming the gun against SHAZ’S head.

SHAZ (CONT’D)
Oh Jesus and Joseph!

LAYTON
Stop him staring at me!

GENE is blazing a stare from the boat.

ALEX
I’m stopping you. This is not your show, it’s mine.

LAYTON
Nobody stares at me ...

GENE
DRAKE!

LAYTON
He’s STARING!!

ALEX
I’m facing up to you. I’m strong enough.

LAYTON
Stop him staring ....

ALEX
I’m strong enough to wake up.

LAYTON
NOBODY STARES AT ME!!

LAYTON pushes SHAZ away.

GENE opens fire. RAY and CHRIS follow suit.

THE TOW-PATH EXPLODES WITH BULLETS THAT PICK AT THE GROUND.

ALEX dives back and covers SHAZ with her own body. A bullet ricochets into LAYTON’S face. He grabs his bloody cheek and falls to the ground.
ALEX crawls to him. Cuffs him. LAYTON is dazed and bleeding but relatively unhurt.

ALEX
You told me you had an empire going “back in the day”. Well Arthur, you’ve had your day.
(looks about her)
He’s under arrest!

She looks to the sky. Nothing. ALEX sags – utterly drained. She realizes that LAYTON is staring at her with dark boiling hatred.

GENE, RAY and CHRIS jump get out of the boat. CHRIS catches sight of MARKHAM trying to leg it away from the river. CHRIS gives chase.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEAD-END - DAY 3. 1248

MARKHAM reaches a dead-end. Turns. Defiant. CHRIS aims his pistol.

MARKHAM
Don’t make me laugh. There are chaps who can pull a trigger and chaps who can’t ...

CHRIS fires. MARKHAM’S espadrille explodes in a geyser of blood.

MARKHAM
You shot my bloody toes off!

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES - DAY 3. 1300

The drug GANG are bundled into Rover Squad cars, including a limping MARKHAM. OFFICERS clap and pat each other on the back.

CHRIS approaches SHAZ who has a blanket around her.

CHRIS
How you doing?

SHAZ
I’m okay. Yeah. You?

CHRIS
All in a day’s work.

SHAZ
Yeah. Chris?

(CONTINUED)
CHRIS
What?

She suddenly hugs him fit to bust.

RAY looks over and sees GENE and ALEX walking towards them. Two cops - stride for stride. GENE has the machine-gun slung Dirty Dozen style over his shoulder. ALEX lets her pistol hang casually at her side.

ALEX
What was that? In the boat? with the machine-gun? Was that you being "cool"?

GENE
Pardonez bloody moi but I just saved YOUR LIFE!!

ALEX
You may have stopped me getting back. I had to face this alone!

GENE
Listen Bolly knickers, you were a second from death just now. It’s a nasty, vicious, messed up world out there lady. But if you listen to me you just might get through it.

They have stopped to face each other. Nose to nose. Ego to ego.

RAY, CHRIS and SHAZ watch them and they can all see it - the spark between GENE HUNT and ALEX DRAKE.

RAY
Oh no.

GENE
Here goes; you were right. Okay? About Layton. You have a way of knowing how folk tick. Psychiatry.

ALEX
Psychology.

GENE
Same thing.

ALEX
I had a plan. I wanted to go home.

GENE
Well your presence is required a little longer. By me.
He turns and walks through the throng. COPPERS and FELONS part to let him through.

**Queen** Flash - "Just a man, with a man’s courage. Don’t you know he’s nothing but a man, but he can never fail. No one but the pure of heart can find the Holy Grail. Oh Oooohhh."

ALEX marches angrily towards the car. She pauses at SHAZ still wrapped in her blanket.

**SHAZ**
Thought I was going to die ma’am.

**ALEX**
You’re still here. So am I.

**SHAZ**
I .. I saw my life passing in front of my eyes. They say that, don’t they. Before you die, you see all the mistakes you’ve ever made. In that last moment, somewhere between life and death.

ALEX is haunted by her words.

CUT TO:

**INT. FLAT - NIGHT 3.0000**

TV on - Close Down Clock. National Anthem.

ALEX is drinking brandy and hunched by the Police radio unit which she has brought home with her. Home? Well, at least for now.

She fine-tunes the receiver. Nothing but static.

**ALEX**
It worked for him, why can’t it work for me?

**MOLLY (RADIO)**
Go to sleep.

She lets go of the radio as though it’s hot.

**ALEX**
(hope) Molly?

ALEX looks up - there is the ASHES CLOWN on her TV set, speaking with Molly’s voice.

**ASHES CLOWN (TV)**
You’ve just been shot. A second ago.

(MORE)
You’re lying on the wet ground.
Don’t fight to wake up. It’ll hurt too much.

On TV – a birthday cake. MOLLY stares at the cake.

ASHES CLOWN (CONT’D)
You’ll never make it to her party.

ALEX
Oh Molly ... I’m so sorry ....

ASHES CLOWN (TV)
All those memories ...

On TV – the Ford escort explodes in a fire-ball.

ALEX
Mummy ... Dad ....

On TV – back to the ASHES CLOWN.

ASHES CLOWN
But it doesn’t have to hurt.

She crawls towards the CLOWN. Towards the TV. As she does, the room around her begins to dim. Her breathing slows. Her eyes lose their lustre.

Then suddenly ALEX gets a grip of herself – she reaches out and pulls the plug. The TV dies. She grabs her newly acquired dictaphone and paces with angry determination.

ALEX
(records)
My name is Alex Drake. I’ve just been shot and that bullet has sent me to 1981. I may be one second away from life ...

FLASH – MOLLY’S smiling face.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Or one second away from death.

FLASH – the ASHES CLOWN.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT – NIGHT 3. 0002

ALEX
(records)
They say that as you die you see your life flash before you. All those mistakes and regrets that form us.
EXT. STREET - CAR BOMB - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Once again - THE FORD ESCORT BLOWN TO SMITHEREN.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - NIGHT 3. 0002

ALEX winces at the terrible memory.

ALEX
(records)
Well bring them on. My life can flash away as much as it likes. I am not going to die. I’m going to come back to you Molly.

She blows a kiss into the air.

Music wafting up from the trattoria below - John Lennon - “Imagine”.

“I imagine there’s no Heaven. It’s easy if you try. No Hell below us. Above us only sky. Imagine all the people, living for today …”

MIX TO:

INT. LUIGI’S - NIGHT 3. 0003

“Imagine” continues. ALEX comes downstairs.

RAY is chatting up a BIRD. Other CID drinking and eating spaghetti. LUIGI (knackered) cups his chin in his palms.

We pick out CHRIS and SHAZ sharing a quiet drink. Finding the courage to look into each other’s eyes.

“I imagine there’s no countries. It isn’t hard to do. Nothing to kill or die for. And no religion too. Imagine all the people, living life in peace …”

MIX TO:

INT. CITY STATION - CID - GENE’S OFFICE - NIGHT 3. 0004

GENE - a lonely figure under a solitary lamp. Gun, holster, tie, Kouros and ciggies splayed across the desk before him. He looks at the picture of Sam on his bulletin board. Then grabs his jacket.

“You may say I’m a dreamer. But I’m not the only one …

MIX TO:

INT. LUIGI’S - NIGHT 3. 0015

ALEX bows her head.

(CONTINUED)
A wine glass is plonked before her and filled to the very brim.

“I hope some day you will join us and the world will be as one . . .”

She raises her head. GENE carries the bottle to another table. Doesn’t look back but she appreciates the gesture.

FADE OUT.

END CREDITS ROLL AS GLOWING GREEN LED GRAPHICS ON A COMPUTER SCREEN.

END ON A WINKING GREEN CURSOR.