LINE OF DUTY 2

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Episode 2

Pink Shooting Script
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PREVIOUSLY ... 

Mallick tells Lindsay what he thinks of her.

MALLICK
I’ve got a room full of detectives getting 4’s and 5’s. You’re a 2 at best.

CUT TO:

Lindsay assaults her next-door-neighbour.

LINDSAY

CUT TO:

O’Neill comes to grab Lindsay.

O’NEILL
Call for the Duty Inspector.

CUT TO:

Lindsay picks up the phone.

LINDSAY
DI Denton.

INTERCUT:

CAST CREDIT

INTERCUT:

Hastings introduces Steve to Georgia.

HASTINGS
DC Trotman.

CUT TO:

Steve and Georgia get drunk together.

CUT TO:

Steve and Georgia snog.

INTERCUT:

CAST CREDIT

INTERCUT:

(CONTINUED)
Akers hurries the Witness under a blanket from the safe house to the waiting car.

CUT TO:

Lindsay drives the lead vehicle; Akers’ vehicle follows.

CUT TO:

The ambush vehicle smashes into the vehicles. Gunmen spray bullets. They set fire to Akers’ vehicle. They’re clearly established wearing thick black jackets and motorcycle helmets.

INTERCUT:

CAST CREDIT

INTERCUT:

Hastings briefs Steve and Kate at the Witness’s bedside.

HASTINGS
He was in Witness Protection.

STEVE
Who is he?

HASTINGS
Classified.

CUT TO:

Hastings updates Steve and Georgia.

HASTINGS
He’s going to regain consciousness.

INTERCUT:

LINE OF DUTY

INTERCUT:

Dryden grandstands to the press.

DRYDEN
There’s been an attack on the Police. Cutbacks have jeopardised services. We can’t even protect ourselves.

CUT TO:

Dryden addresses the press.

(CONTINUED)
DRYDEN
A breakthrough is imminent.

CAST CREDIT

Kate questions Hastings.

KATE
Who was the Witness Protection Officer?

HASTINGS
DS Jayne Akers.

CUT TO:

Kate hides her shock.

CUT TO:

Rich mourns at the funeral.

CUT TO:

Kate gets off with Rich.

CUT TO:

Rich shows Kate the photo of her with Jayne.

KATE
D’you think she ever knew?

WRITER CREDIT

Hastings briefs Steve over shots of Kate alongside Lindsay.

HASTINGS
Kate’s undercover.

STEVE (O.S.)
She’s in. That’s all that matters.

CUT TO:

Kate tails Lindsay as she makes a call from a phone box.

(CONTINUED)
KATE
The call’s been traced to the hospital.

CUT TO:

Steve and Georgia run into the hospital.

INTERCUT:

PRODUCER CREDIT

INTERCUT:

The Witness flat-lines.
Steve gets knocked out.
Georgia gets knocked out of a window.
Steve lies unconscious on the floor.

INTERCUT:

DIRECTOR CREDIT

END OF RECAP;

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. SQUAD ROOM. LATER THAT DAY (OF SCRIPT DAY AT END OF EP 1).

From her desk, Kate observes Mallick, O’Neill and other cops forming into a huddle as a rumour of breaking news grips the station.

MALLICK
The Witness is dead.

O’NEILL
Jesus wept.

MALLICK
They’ve got someone in. Copper.

Kate follows their accusing looks towards Lindsay’s office -- the blinds are down, there’s no sign of occupancy.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. LINDSAY’S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Lindsay watches a news bulletin on her computer, listening via earphones.

(CONTINUED)
ON SCREEN: A report on Georgia’s death, showing a GV of the hospital exterior and GVs of well-wishers laying flowers, then a photo of Georgia.

TV REPORTER (V.O.) The police officer plunged 5 floors and is reported to have died instantly. She has been named as Detective Constable Georgia Trotman, aged 28. A police spokesperson refused to disclose the precise circumstances surrounding Detective Constable Trotman’s death.

ON SCREEN: Screen-grabs of a man in motorcycle gear on the hospital stairwell.

TV REPORTER (V.O.) However a murder enquiry has been opened and officers are seeking a suspect in connection with the investigation.

ON SCREEN: Hargreaves makes a statement in front of the hospital. He is named as DETECTIVE CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT LESTER HARGREAVES MAJOR VIOLENT CRIME UNIT and the strap-line is POLICEWOMAN MURDER: OFFICERS SEEK SUSPECT DRESSED IN MOTORCYCLE CLOTHING. This was RECORDED EARLIER.

HARGREAVES (ON TV) This was a shocking, violent crime and our thoughts go out to the Trotman family. A man wearing motorcycle clothing was seen on CCTV entering and leaving the 5th Floor via a stairwell. We are appealing for information on this man.

Lindsay watches the whole report with a look of deep anguish. She turns it off abruptly and pulls out her earphones. She struggles to compose herself, but succeeds.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Steve stews in a closed room, showing a facial bruise from the end of Ep 1. Suddenly keys turn in the lock and the door swings open. Enter DET CHIEF SUPT LESTER HARGREAVES (late 40s) and DET SGT NICOLA ROGERSON (late 20s/early 30s).

HARGREAVES DCS Hargreaves, DS Rogerson, Major Violent Crime Unit.
ROGERSON
We’re very sorry about DC Trotman.

STEVE
Thank you.

HARGREAVES
Up to answering a few questions?

STEVE
Yeah.

Hargreaves and Rogerson take their seats.

HARGREAVES
We’re interested in what you were up to at the hospital.

STEVE
Georgia and I were trying to save the Witness. An unidentified male was injecting something into his drip. He knocked me out cold and when I came round he was gone.

HARGREAVES
That it?

STEVE
Yes, sir.

HARGREAVES
Would you be able to help us with how you came to be on the intensive care unit at the exact time an attempt was made on the Witness’s life?

STEVE
I do honestly want to help, sir, but I’m really not at liberty to answer that question.

HARGREAVES
(Heavy sigh. Beat.) Would you be “at liberty” to describe the person you claim was tampering with the Witness’s drip?

STEVE
Average height and build. IC1.

HARGREAVES
Distinguishing features?

STEVE
He was wearing a wig and mask.

(CONTINUED)
(Another heavy sigh. To Rogerson.)

Jolly?

Rogerson spreads a series of blown-up CCTV vid-caps on the table in front of Steve. They show a man in a motorcycle helmet entering a back stairwell, then exiting about 15 minutes later.

ROGERSON
These vid-caps were taken from a CCTV camera located on Stairwell G, a set of service stairs, shortly before and shortly after the Witness’s death.

HARGREAVES
How’d he get in the Witness’s room?

STEVE
There was meant to be a pair of your uniforms on the door. You tell me.

HARGREAVES
(Reflecting back at Steve.)
Love to help but not at liberty to say.

STEVE
(Beat.)
With respect, sir, if this is how it’s going to be, can I go now?

HARGREAVES
You were there because you got a tip-off.

STEVE
If you speak to Superintendent Hastings --

HARGREAVES
Where’d the tip-off come from? Who’s got that kind of inside information?

STEVE
Apologies, sir, I can’t --

HARGREAVES
Your partner fell five floors. The pathologist had to spoon half her brain back inside her skull. (MORE)
Don’t you want to help us get the bastard that did it?

Steve maintains a resistant silence.

HARGREAVES
There were two of you. One of him.

Anger flickers in Steve’s eyes.

Rogerson looks away, embarrassed by Hargreaves’ insensitivity.

Hargreaves and Steve exchange glares.

HARGREAVES
Have it your own way, son.

Steve rises.

HARGREAVES
Oh, no. We’re not finished till I’ve got corroboration you were there on lawful business.

Exit Hargreaves. In a look back, Rogerson shows a beat of sympathy for Steve (he’s a fellow officer and just lost his partner).

Steve is left to stew, alone with his conflicting emotions about Georgia’s death.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. SQUAD ROOM/LINDSAY’S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

Kate glances towards Lindsay’s office.

Suddenly the slats of the blind snap open, revealing Lindsay peering out. Lindsay’s manner is twitchy, very anxious.

She watches Mallick whisper in O’Neill’s ear. While Mallick goes back into his office, O’Neill crosses to Lindsay’s office, raps on the glass, indicates Mallick’s office with a hitch-hiker’s thumb and exits.

Kate watches Lindsay cross to Mallick’s office. When Lindsay glances towards her, Kate drops her gaze back to her computer. On the Misper database, she’s updating Carly Kirk’s entry: foster parents re-interviewed by DI Denton, etc.

CUT TO:
INT. 4TH ST STATION. MALLICK’S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Lindsay enters. Mallick refers to a clean, thin file.

MALLICK
Know a Lorna Barrett?

LINDSAY
Of her. My next-door neighbour.

MALLICK
Professional Standards are serving you a Reg 15.

Mallick passes her the document.

MALLICK
Ms. Barrett’s c/o’d assault occasioning ABH. You struck her with a bottle and beat her head against the floor.

LINDSAY
May I, sir?

Lindsay leans out and beckons Kate.

LINDSAY
DC Foster.

MALLICK
What you playing at?

LINDSAY
I’d feel more comfortable with a witness.

Enter Kate.

KATE
Sir.
Ma’am.

LINDSAY
Would you mind repeating what you just said, sir?

MALLICK
(Beats.)
Lorna Barrett alleges you struck her with a bottle and alleges you beat her head against the floor.

LINDSAY
Ms. Barrett’s an alcoholic, sir. She’s got a long history of mental health problems. It’s very sad.
MALLICK
You deny the charges?

LINDSAY
An officer gets accused, falsely, and the vultures start circling. I’m just not going to put up with this, sir. I’m going to clear my name, even if I’ve got to drag the lot of you through the courts.

Mallick considers the situation, uncomfortable in the face of Lindsay’s calm assurance.

MALLICK
You’re already under investigation by AC-12. If Standards have got any sense, they’ll make it their problem.

Mallick chucks the file into his OUT tray.

Exit Lindsay. Kate waits for Mallick to give her a flick of the head, then she exits too.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. SQUAD ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Back out in the squad room, Kate expects a word of explanation from Lindsay; Lindsay goes into her office and shuts the door behind her, freezing Kate out. Kate reacts.

CUT TO:

INT. AC-12. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE. LATER THAT DAY.

Dryden appears on TV rolling news, a repeat airing of his “attack on the police” speech.

CUT TO:

INT. AC-12. HASTINGS’ OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Watching out of the window, Hastings makes a phone call, frustrated.

HASTINGS
(Into phone.)
When would it be possible to schedule a meeting with Deputy Chief Constable Dryden?
(Listens.)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
I appreciate there’s a hectic round of media app-
(Sighs. Listens.)
No, Hastings. Like the battle. (Listens.)
Thank you kindly.

Hastings hangs up, looks stressed out.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. LATER THAT DAY.

Steve continues to stew. He hears the door unlock. Enter Hastings.

HASTINGS
It’s all fine. C’mon.

Hastings leads Steve out.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. CUSTODY SUITE. CONTINUOUS.

Hastings comes out with Steve. Hargreaves enters with Rogerson and Hastings confronts him immediately.

HASTINGS
Sir. A word. Please.

HARGREAVES
If you want to go down that road.

HASTINGS
Has AC-12 done something to annoy you, sir?

HARGREAVES
You need to ask?

HASTINGS
I’d be delighted to look at establishing greater cooperation. We should meet with Deputy Chief Constable Dryden.

HARGREAVES
I do, regularly.

The rebuff annoys Hastings.

HASTINGS
Your treatment of my officer was unsympathetic and provocative.

(CONTINUED)
HARGREAVES
If we’re missing out on a lead
because you’re withholding the
source of a tip-off ...

HASTINGS
As a matter of policy,
Anticorruption can’t disclose
details of ongoing investigations,
as you well kn-

HARGREAVES
Have it your own way. Leave real
policing to the experts.
(Moves to exit.)

HASTINGS
Experts? Would that be your guard
unit you’re referring to, sir?

Hargreaves semi-pauses but keeps on going, red-faced.

Hastings and Steve move on.

HASTINGS
How’s your face? D’you need to see
the doc?

STEVE
I’m fine. What happened to the
guards?

HASTINGS
They got locked on a disused fire
escape chasing an intruder. Thought
they could find a way back to their
posts before anyone noticed. Pair
of bloody idiots got Georgia
killed.

Steve reacts. Mention of Georgia brings them both to a pause,
and a mutual acknowledgement of her loss that propels them
into the next scene.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGIA’S PARENTS’ HOUSE. LATER THAT DAY.

Hastings and Steve face Georgia’s mum and dad (50/60s), with
cups and saucers perched awkwardly on their laps.

HASTINGS
You can be proud of your daughter.
She was a dedicated young officer
who gave her life trying to protect
the public.

(MORE)
Georgia had a bright future ahead of her, that makes her loss all the more tragic. We’ll miss her terribly, but we know we feel only a fraction of what you must be going through.

Throughout Hasting’s eulogy, Steve looks ill at ease, his efforts at appearing sympathetic fighting with other, less clear emotions such as guilt and anger.

His gaze settles on a photo of Georgia in riding gear, holding a trophy proudly, with her horse in the background. It stirs up difficult memories of their night together.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGIA’S PARENTS’ HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Steve watches Georgia’s mum in the kitchen, loading the crockery into the dishwasher; beside him Hastings continues to talk with Georgia’s dad.

HASTINGS
I wish I could tell you more about the circumstances. I’m afraid it’s all very sensitive at the moment. I imagine not knowing can make these things more painful, and for that I apologise sincerely.

Despite her having her back to him, Steve realises Georgia’s mum is wiping tears from her cheeks. He moves into the kitchen and wordlessly takes over loading the dishwasher.

HASTINGS (O.S.)
If there’s anything I can do, I want you to know you can call on me any time.

STEVE (Thrown-away, unheroic.)
I promise you, I will find the people who did it.

Bittersweet beat -- the comment helps Steve as much as it helps Georgia’s mum.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB. THAT EVENING.

Hastings sits at a small table in a cosy little place. He’s pensive, haunted.

(CONTINUED)
Enter Roisin. She sees him and approaches. He stands to embrace her.

    ROISIN
    Enough now.

Rejected, he sits. She sits opposite.

    ROISIN
    So. I’m here.

    HASTINGS
    Thank you.

    ROISIN
    Well? Why the mystery?

    HASTINGS
    (Beats.)
    We lost Georgia.

    ROISIN
    The girl we had dinner with? Oh, my
    God. Ted, I’m sorry. I feel like
    such a -- I’m sorry.

She reaches across the table and grips his hands.

    HASTINGS
    I didn’t know who to ... I’m
    sorry.

    ROISIN
    How’d it happen?

    HASTINGS
    I can’t discuss the circumstances.

    ROISIN
    Is there anything I can do?

He looks at her in a pathetically needy way. Horrible uncomfortable beats.

    ROISIN
    Don’t. Don’t use the poor girl’s
dearth to diminish what you did.

    HASTINGS
    I’m not --

    ROISIN
    No? A life lost -- any decent
    person would see that’s worse. But
    I’ve lost a life, in a way.

Tense awful beats again.
ROISIN
If you’re sending flowers, make them from me too.

Exit Roisin.

Hastings is left alone with his situation.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAIRE TINDALL’S HOUSE. NEXT DAY.

Steve pulls up in his car and shows ID to a PC guarding the front door. The PC rings the door bell for him. There’s no answer at first. The PC rings again.

Claire answers the door, looking frazzled. She hangs back in the hallway, won’t come out into the open.

STEVE
Detective Sergeant Steve Arnott.
You should’ve been informed I was coming.

CLAIRE
Okay.

She can’t wait to get back deeper into the house. Steve goes in.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE TINDALL’S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Steve sits at the kitchen table with his notebook out. Claire attempts to deal with her hyperactive 2-year-old son. She’s frazzled and anxious.

STEVE
Moving you to a new address is miles safer than trying to protect you here.

CLAIRE
I can’t, not with Nathan.

Steve takes in how frazzled she is and decides to drop it.

STEVE
I know you had a very long interview with my colleagues on the Major Violent Crime Unit, so I’ll keep this as brief as possible. (MORE)
I want to start with the two firearms officers who were assigned to protect the Witness. Why weren’t they at their post?

CLAIRE
Because of Joe -- sorry, that’s the only name I’ve got.

STEVE
How?

CLAIRE
He was dressed in scrubs and told them he thought he’d seen someone out on the fire escape with a gun. It was disused so there shouldn’t be anyone out there. As soon as they stepped out to check, he locked the door.

STEVE
How’d he get onto the intensive care unit and pass himself off as a nurse?

CLAIRE
(Beat. Anxious.)
I gave him access.

STEVE
How did you know Joe?

CLAIRE
A couple of days earlier, he bumped into my car in the hospital car park. He was very apologetic and offered to pay for the repairs at his mate’s garage so I wouldn’t have to wait for the insurance.

STEVE
You weren’t suspicious that he was avoiding insurance to withhold his full name and address?

CLAIRE
He had a nice car, nice clothes, seemed like he was trying to do me a favour.

STEVE
How’d you describe him?

(CONTINUED)
CLAIRE
Twenties, white. I’ve done the computer photo-fit for the other police officers.

STEVE
Good. So tell me how Joe involved you?

CLAIRE
We dropped my car at his mate’s garage, and then he gave me a lift home. The next morning, he called round so we could drop Nathan at nursery. But instead of going to collect my car, Joe said we were going to the hospital. He said he knew people who’d kill Nathan unless I did what they needed me to do.

(Sniffs back tears.)
I should’ve told someone so they could stop him, but I was too scared. Joe said they’d already killed police so not even they could protect me.

STEVE
Around the time of the killing, there was a call to the hospital. Do you know or have you ever had any contact with a police officer named Detective Inspector Lindsay Denton?

CLAIRE
No.

STEVE
You’re sure? Detective Inspector Lindsay Denton?

CLAIRE
Definite.

Steve keeps writing, completing his notes.

CLAIRE
Was she the one?

STEVE
The one?

CLAIRE
That got killed?
Steve keeps writing, avoiding her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN ALLEYWAY. THAT NIGHT.

This is a deserted but noisy place, neighbouring a fly-over/underpass. From the shadows, Steve observes the traffic rushing past. Every time he sees a motorcyclist -- clad in the archetypal thick dark jacket and helmet -- he tracks him with a hard gaze.

Kate approaches quickly and joins him in the shadows.

KATE
You okay?

STEVE
Fine.

He flips out his notebook. She takes the cue to do the same.

STEVE
What were Denton’s movements while we were at the hospital?

KATE
She made the call then visited her mum’s nursing home. I checked it out and she stayed with her mum for exactly half an hour.

STEVE
(Makes note.)
The exact time of the killing.

KATE
(With emphasis on how suspicious this behaviour is.)
Perfect alibi. Plus using the phone box.

They both take in how suspicious this all sounds.

STEVE
I checked out the trace. The call from the phone box went to the hospital switchboard. The timing matches exactly with an outside call that was connected to the reception desk on the intensive care unit.

(MORE)
A nurse told me the caller wanted
to speak urgently with Staff Nurse
Tindall, wouldn’t give her name but
insisted it was urgent. Female
voice; same time.

KATE
(Writing notes.)
Had to be Denton.

STEVE
The caller insisted they page the
nurse but they wouldn’t because she
wouldn’t give a name. She hung up.
By the time they reported it, the
Witness was already dead.

They both ponder.

KATE
(Beat.)
I didn’t know Georgia. She seemed
good.

STEVE
Yeah.

KATE
Mate, if you need to talk ...

STEVE
Cheers.
(With slight probing.)
Ditto.

Pregnant beat. Neither of them wants to say more.

KATE
Night.

STEVE
Night.

They part, exiting in opposite directions, but each looks
concerned for the other, not sure what the other’s holding
back.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY’S CAR. NEXT DAY.
Lindsay drives through urban streets. Kate sits in the
passenger seat, reflective.

(CONTINUED)
LINDSAY
[Throwaway comment appropriate to traffic level, eg “Not normally so trafficky at this time” or “Road’s clear for once -- we’re making good time.”]

Kate continues to reflect. In the side mirror she sees a dark-clad motorcyclist following them. (She has to lean forwards to do this as the mirrors are set for the driver’s eyeline.)

KATE
I’ve been waiting for the right time, but there never seems to be one.

LINDSAY
For what?
(Off Kate’s look of “isn’t it obvious?”)
I’d rather not talk about that.

KATE
Yes, ma’am.

Long tense silence. Kate watches the motorcyclist again.

KATE
People talk, that’s all. Round the station.

LINDSAY
Well they shouldn’t.

KATE
Yes, ma’am.

More long tense silence.

The motorcyclist takes a turning and vanishes.

KATE
Sorry, ma’am, I don’t mean to badger you, but you were the one who made a point of calling me in to witness the meeting with Mallick.

LINDSAY
True.

KATE
In which case, maybe it’d help if you gave me the gen on your neighbour.

(CONTINUED)
LINDSAY
She’s lying.
(Off Kate opening her mouth.)
If you say “Yes, ma’am” one more time, I’ll brain you.

KATE
Affirmative, boss.

Lindsay gives Kate a wry look and keeps on driving.

KATE
If you’re worried about a charge, though, I could say I was there. Back up your version of events.

LINDSAY
I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that.

Lindsay means it. Kate shuts up, chastened.

LINDSAY
What’s the address again?

KATE
(Refers to notebook.)
The Queen’s Arms, Ashley W-

LINDSAY
Ashley Walk.

Lindsay punches the address into her dashboard mounted sat nav. The route comes up, accompanied by up-to-date traffic and roadworks information.

Kate’s eyes drift across the dashboard to the sat nav. She fixes briefly on the traffic and roadworks information, and then looks away, her mind clearly processing some important piece of information.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB. MOMENTS LATER.

A rundown estate pub features a few dedicated drinkers pissing away their benefits. Heads turn as Lindsay and Kate enter.

LINDSAY
(To Barman, showing ID.)
We’re looking for Michelle.

The barman disappears without a word.
Lindsay and Kate wait awkwardly till Michelle (late teens) appears behind the bar.

LINDSAY
Michelle? I’m DI Denton. Can we talk somewhere quiet?

MICHELLE
(To back of bar.)
Greg? Alright if we talk in the back?
(No answer.)
Greg?

Still no answer. Michelle shrugs. She lifts the hatch and Lindsay and Kate go into the back.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. PUB. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

Lindsay and Kate interviewing Michelle in kitchen area.

LINDSAY
Carly’s foster parents thought she might’ve been with you the night she disappeared. In your original statement, you referred to a boyfriend?

MICHELLE
I dunno if he was. She started hanging out less and it was like maybe he was the reason. I never really saw much of him.

KATE
In your statement, you said you didn’t remember his name.

MICHELLE
That’s what the policewoman told me to write.

LINDSAY
You mean you do have a name?

MICHELLE
I think it was Matt or something. But the policewoman said if I couldn’t be sure not to put it in the statement.

KATE
(Writing in notebook.)
Matt as in short for Matthew?

(CONTINUED)
MICHELLE
(Shrugs.)
S’pose.

LINDSAY
What do you remember about him?

MICHELLE

LINDSAY
How old?

MICHELLE
(Shrugs.)
Dunno, thirty.

LINDSAY
And you never heard from Carly?

MICHELLE
Sent her a couple of texts, she never got back.

KATE
After Carly disappeared, did her boyfriend ever come looking for her?

MICHELLE
No.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. PUB CAR PARK. MOMENTS LATER.
Lindsay and Kate walking to the car.

KATE
Maybe he didn’t come looking for her because he was in on her disappearance?

Lindsay doesn’t reply. That unsettles Kate a little. Lindsay gets in the car.

LINDSAY
I want to see Carly’s foster parents again.

KATE
(Getting in car.)
Okay.

(CONTINUED)
LINDSAY
I’ll drop you back at the station on the way.

KATE
I’ve got time --

LINDSAY
Station.

Kate looks frozen out by Lindsay’s brusqueness. Lindsay drives them out of the car park.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ. DRYDEN’S OFFICE. LATER THAT DAY.

Hargreaves reports to Dryden. With Jo looking on, he hands Dryden an E-Fit image of “Joe”, killer of Georgia and the protected witness.

HARGREAVES
We put this together with the nurse.

JO
Be great if we could circulate to the press.

DRYDEN
Absolutely. I want those guards disciplined.

HARGREAVES
Sir.

DRYDEN
(To Jo.)
This can’t bloody get out.
(To Hargreaves.)
The Witness was close to regaining consciousness!

HARGREAVES
Very disappointing, sir.

DRYDEN
Our best lead.

HARGREAVES
Sir.

(CONTINUED)
Dryden fumes for a few beats. Hargreaves tries to improve the situation.

HARGREAVES (CONT’D)
The nurse that was threatened into cooperating, she got taken to a repair garage on the Canalside Industrial Estate. It’s a front. Unit’s been vacant for over a year. We’re after witnesses, running forensics.

DRYDEN
Got any?

HARGREAVES
Not yet, no, sir.

DRYDEN
So where are you with the vehicle?

HARGREAVES
The ambush vehicle?

DRYDEN
Yes, the ambush vehicle!

HARGREAVES
It’s in storage and it’s being gone over for evidence.

DRYDEN
And?

HARGREAVES
Vehicle itself was stolen the week before; registration plates swapped for an identical make and model. Both registered owners have no criminal records and watertight alibis. No forensics to connect to the gunmen. Since we can’t trace them via the vehicle, we’ve been concentrating on traffic cams, trying to pick up their route that night, but so far --

DRYDEN
Nothing.

Hargreaves’ silence speaks volumes. Dryden lets out a heavy sigh.

Dryden opens the door. Hargreaves rises to leave.

(CONTINUED)
DRYDEN
You okay to hang about two secs, Les? Jo’s got an idea she wants to go over with you.

HARGREAVES
Alright, sir.

Exit Hargreaves. Dryden shuts the door.

JO
What idea?

DRYDEN
From now on, Les does the press conferences.

JO
This is “my” idea?

DRYDEN
Obviously, if there are any major breakthroughs, I’ll step back up to the plate.

Jo gazes at him, can’t believe the ego of the man.

JO
We’ve had a number of interview requests from the broadsheets.

DRYDEN
Excellent.

JO
They’re interested in your view that police cutbacks increase crime, when the figures from the Office of National Statistics show that crime is actually falling.

Dryden’s face drops.

JO
I’ll say you’re too busy.

Dryden opens the door for her. She exits. Dryden looks worried and edgy.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HQ. MOMENTS LATER.

Lindsay watches from a short distance away as Jo comes out of the building to a waiting cab.
(To cabbie.)
Cab for Jo Dwyer? Hillside Lane Station, please.

Jo is about to get in when Lindsay appears right beside her. Lindsay goes on a charm offensive.

LINDSAY
Hi, Jo. Pleased to meet you.
Lindsay Denton.

JO
I know who you are --

Immediate tension from Jo -- she knows Lindsay’s under investigation re the ambush.

JO (CONT’D)
-- and I’m already late for a meeting.

LINDSAY
So sorry, I know you’re rushed off your feet, it’ll only be a minute of your time.

Jo doesn’t look at all keen to talk.

LINDSAY (CONT’D)
You must get so many calls and e-mails ...

JO
I’m sorry. I should’ve replied. It’s been a busy time --

LINDSAY
It’s about publicising the disappearance of a teenage girl, Carly Kirk --

JO
I’ll get back to you as soon as I can.

Jo gets into the cab.

LINDSAY
You’re avoiding me.

JO
No --
LINDSAY
I’m a serving Missing Persons
detective and I intend to discharge
my duties. Till someone says
otherwise.

JO
Of course --

LINDSAY
So help me find this girl.

JO
(Beat)
Okay.

LINDSAY
Why are you lying to me?

JO
I’m not.

Lindsay stares at Jo, holds it long enough to make Jo feel
very uneasy.

JO (CONT’D)
(To Cabbie)
Let’s go.

The cab pulls away. Lindsay watches it leave, dismayed.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. LINDSAY’S HOUSE. THAT NIGHT.

Lindsay scans broadsheet newspapers while the TV plays
rolling news coverage of Hargreaves’ press conference.
Flanked by Jo, he does his squirming best. The E-fit named
“Joe” is blown up behind him.

HARGREAVES
This is an E-fit of a suspect
strongly linked to the ambush. He
used the name Joe, although our
assumption is it’s an alias.

REPORTER 1 (O.S.)
There are reports of an incident at
the General, the hospital. Is there
a connection with this new suspect?

(CONTINUED)
HARGREAVES
I'm not at liberty to confirm any connection.

REPORTER 1 (O.S.)
We understand casualties from the ambush were taken there. Why won’t you reveal their names?

HARGREAVES
That information is sensitive.

RONSON
So there was a connection with the incident at the hospital?

HARGREAVES
I, uh, no, I --

RONSON
(Exasperated.)
"No" there wasn’t an individual connected to the 5th September ambush receiving treatment or “no” this individual was not involved in an incident?

HARGREAVES
As I said, I’m not at liberty to confirm a connection.

RONSON
Would Deputy Chief Constable Dryden be at liberty to confirm a connection?

HARGREAVES
I’m constantly in touch with the Deputy Chief Constable.

RONSON
But not right now.

Laughter from the reporters. Hargreaves squirms. Jo tries to look poker-faced.

The doorbell rings. From Lindsay’s reaction, we see that a caller is rare.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY’S HOUSE. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

Lindsay lingers in the hallway reluctant to open the door. The doorbell rings again. She attaches the security chain and then opens the door ajar.
Kate stands on the doorstep showing a bottle of wine.

KATE
Peace offering.

LINDSAY
Kate, I, uh ... really, that’s not necessary.

KATE
I screwed up, boss. This is an important posting for me and I was too eager to please.

Lindsay doesn’t want to let Kate in but Kate doesn’t look like she’s leaving. Reluctantly, Lindsay releases the chain and opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY’S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Ensconced on a chair, Kate drinks a glass of wine. Lindsay sips hers, definitely the uneasy host. Kate makes a fuss of the cat/kitten.

KATE
Aren’t you gorgeous? Yes, you are. Yes, you are.
(To Lindsay.)
She’s a little princess, I bet?

LINDSAY
Aren’t they all?

KATE
(To cat.)
I bet you get your own way, don’t you? I bet you do.
(To Lindsay.)
How’d it go with Carly’s foster parents?

LINDSAY
You don’t want to get their hopes up, of course, but ... 

Lindsay trails off. Awkward beats -- Kate feels the need to make conversation, and fast.

KATE
Lived here long?

LINDSAY
A year. No, nearer 18 months. It’s easy to lose track.

(CONTINUED)
KATE
I’m trying to get enough together for a deposit. Not easy, nowadays.

LINDSAY
No, nowadays.

KATE
This place is very cosy.

LINDSAY
I had somewhere ... it’s just ... I had to downsize.

Kate tries to look sympathetic. It only makes Lindsay more uncomfortable.

KATE
I’m sorry, boss, I’ve probably interrupted something.

LINDSAY
I’m not sparkling company. Lot on my plate.

Kate puts her glass aside and stands.

LINDSAY
Thank you for the wine. It was a nice thought.

Loud music starts up, reverberating through the walls. It creates a desperately embarrassing situation, as a visitor is now exposed to Lindsay’s domestic ordeal.

KATE
Why don’t I go and have a word?

LINDSAY
Please don’t. A couple more minutes and she always turns it down.

KATE
Okay.

Lindsay moves past Kate to open the door to the hallway. Momentarily they’re physically very close.

KATE
You were right, ma’am, that people shouldn’t talk. Problem is, they do, and no one’s getting to hear your side. AC-12 twist everything, make everyone look guilty.

Lindsay is less uneasy about their physical proximity than Kate would have expected.

(CONTINUED)
KATE
I wouldn’t have taken this posting
if I thought you were.

LINDSAY
There’s an interesting exercise.
Take the worst thing you’ve ever
done, and state it in the simplest
terms. No dressing it up, no
implicit mitigation.

KATE
I wouldn’t want to play that game.

LINDSAY
Me neither. But AC-12 do.

Neither of them breaks the physical proximity. It creates an
edgy Sapphic undercurrent.

LINDSAY
What’s the worst thing you ever did
to anyone?

KATE
(Beat.)
Have you done something, boss?

LINDSAY
Yours first.

KATE
(Beat.)
Someone told a lie to help a dead
man’s family, and I didn’t stand up
for the truth.

LINDSAY
No. You’ve done worse than that.

Now Kate’s very uncomfortable. She’s not used to dealing with
someone better at mind-games. It’s a pregnant, uncomfortable
ending for her visit.

LINDSAY
We’ll work well together only when
you can be completely honest with
me.

Lindsay breaks the physical proximity and opens the door for
Kate to leave. Kate has no choice but to go.

CUT TO:
INT. RICH AKERS’ HOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

The front door opens, revealing Kate on the doorstep. Rich stands in the hallway. He takes a couple of beats to process her arrival then stands aside to let her in. She walks into the hall and he shuts the door, blacking out the shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINDSAY’S NEIGHBOUR’S HOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Music reverberates from inside. Lindsay raps on the door. Eventually the neighbour answers.

LORNA
You. I could sue your arse.

LINDSAY
If we can try to get along like grown-ups, maybe you could understand that it’d help if you didn’t play your music so loudly at night.

LORNA
My house.

LINDSAY
Please let’s not fall out.

LORNA
You threatening me?

LINDSAY
I’m not.

LORNA
If it “helps” you, how about you “help” me?

Lindsay peers back at her, not very happy.

LORNA
Hundred.

LINDSAY
I’m not giving you money.

LORNA
Hundred, and I keep it down.

Very tense beats. Lindsay reaches into her purse.

(CONTINUED)
LINDSAY
Ten.

LORNA
(Beats.)
Fine.

Lindsay hands over the money. Lorna takes it and shuts the door. Lindsay waits on the doorstep to see what happens -- and sure enough, the music goes quiet.

Satisfied, Lindsay returns home.

CUT TO:

INT. RICH AKERS’ HOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Kate dresses, to leave. Rich lies in bed.

RICH
What d’you tell him? Working late?

KATE
Something like that.

RICH
He believes you?

She doesn’t answer, isn’t sure herself.

RICH
Kate ... ?
(Off her discomfort.)
Are they any nearer finding out what happened to Jayne?

KATE
I think so.

RICH
And?

KATE
(Beats.)
There’s a prime suspect.

RICH
Sounds like there’s a doubt.

KATE
(Rock solid.)
There won’t be.
Lindsay sleeps. There's complete silence.

Then the loud music starts up again, waking her.

Pressure builds on Lindsay, a pressure telling her that her enemies will take the piss, given the chance. It pushes her nearer and nearer the edge.

CUT TO:

Lindsay enters her neighbour’s back yard. She tries the back door to the house -- it's open.

Lindsay enters the house. The music plays loudly.

Lorna lies slumped unconscious on the sofa, with an empty gin bottle in her hand.

Lindsay gazes at her with a look of pure hatred.

Her attention’s drawn to a chip pan simmering on the hob.

Lindsay looks between the unconscious Lorna and the chip pan. Dark thoughts play in her mind. There are long, almost unbearable beats in which the potential exists of Lindsay pouring boiling oil over her neighbour.

Instead she opens Lorna’s hand bag, on the side, and takes back her ten quid. She turns off the music.

She turns off the pan, wipes the knob to remove her prints. She stares into the bubbling oil darkly.

CUT TO:

At her computer, Lindsay gazes intently at entries on the Police Personnel Database, the pages giving biographical information first on Hastings and second on Steve.

Her antagonism builds.

CUT TO:
A couple of the Joe E-fits are conspicuously displayed. Striding through the squad room, Lindsay wears the hard glint in her eyes of a person pushed over the edge.

She taps on Mallick’s door and goes in, laying some papers on his desk.

LINDSAY
Phone and financial record requests. Need your signature.

Mallick takes out a pen, glancing at the forms.

LINDSAY
I haven’t heard anything more from Professional Standards.

MALLICK
(Shrugs.)
Probably turfed it to AC-12.

Lindsay’s question has distracted him so he signs without reading the forms thoroughly. She lifts them away before he changes his mind.

CUT TO:

Lindsay carries the forms to a civvie administrator’s desk.

LINDSAY
Phone and financial record requests. Just got a tick from the Chief Super. I’m the Case Officer -- returns for my eyes only.

All this is standard procedure and warrants no more than a nod from the administrator.

Lindsay leaves, and only then does she show real fear and anxiety in her eyes.

The administrator squares the papers by tapping their edges on the desk. We glimpse the names of the people whose records have been requested:

EDWARD HASTINGS
STEVEN ARNOTT

[NB THIS CUTAWAY MIGHT NOT BE IN THE FINAL EDIT, TO MAKE FOR A BIGGER SURPRISE LATER.]
Then the administrator puts them in an envelope.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL UNIT. LATER THAT DAY.

Steve approaches a unit with a heavily weathered sign that reads A&B CARRIAGE REPAIRS. It’s sealed off by crime scene tape and a couple of workers are busy boarding it up. A uniformed PC sees Steve and beckons someone from inside the garage.

Steve tenses up. Rogerson strolls out to meet him. She puts out her hand.

ROGERSON
We didn’t really meet properly before. Nicky Rogerson.
(Off Steve not shaking her hand.)
Sorry about my boss’s questioning. He’s under a lot of pressure.

STEVE
(Shakes hands.)
At least he spared me the strip search.
(Indicating garage.)
What’s going on?

ROGERSON
A&B Carriage Repairs was a legit business that moved on over a year ago. Unit’s been vacant ever since.

STEVE
What became of the nurse’s car?

ROGERSON
Found dumped. It’s being checked over for forensics.

STEVE
Found any?

ROGERSON
Nothing. Nothing here either. We’re locking it down and moving out.

STEVE
Okay if I look around?

ROGERSON
Knock yourself out.

Steve wanders in. Rogerson follows.

(CONTINUED)
STEVE
Hargreaves calls you “Jolly”.

ROGERSON
“Jolly” Rogerson.

STEVE
He’s a laugh a minute.

Rogerson grins wrily, warming to him.

Steve studies the interior. His gaze falls onto the floor.

STEVE
By the looks, it’s not been touched since it they moved out.

ROGERSON
Apparently.

STEVE
You checked CCTV from the hospital car park?

ROGERSON
Maybe.

STEVE
Any chance of AC-12 getting a peek?

Rogerson thinks about it, sizes him up.

CUT TO:

INT. AC-12. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE. LATER THAT DAY.

Displayed prominently in a number of places around the office are the e-fit of “Joe” -- with tag-lines like “Have you seen this man?” -- next to photos of Georgia tag-lined with “R.I.P.” and “Murdered/Killed in the line of duty.”

Steve and Hastings watch CCTV of the hospital car park. A classy saloon idles in an aisle, appearing to wait for a space.

STEVE
Joe’s car. Waiting.

Claire gets in her car and backs out of the space.

STEVE
Makes his move.

As she does so, Joe’s car proceeds down the aisle and shunts her rear bumper, not very hard. Both drivers get out immediately.
The CCTV continues, showing Joe make contrite gestures and then offer to lead the way (to the garage).

STEVE
He never once turns round so the camera can see him.

HASTINGS
He knows it’s there, that’s why.

Then Claire’s car follows Joe’s out of the car park.

HASTINGS
Trace on the car?

STEVE
Same story as the ambush vehicle. Stolen vehicle, cloned plates.

Hastings rewinds the CCTV back to Joe talking to Claire.

HASTINGS
He’s the go-between. Get him and we’ve got the killers and the police officer they’re working with.

(Beat.)
Sure you don’t remember a face?

STEVE
I never saw his face. Only Georgia did.

Awkward beats.

Steve moves to Georgia’s white board. He picks up the sponge wiper and goes to wipe it but then he sees one of the posted images of Georgia and can’t bring himself to. Strange beat.

Instead he finds a space and draws a connection between an ORGANISED GANG, “JOE”, Denton and WITNESS. Then he adds the big unknown, in a circle with a question mark: WITNESS PROTECTION. Ideally there are photos to represent Joe and Denton.

Hastings and Steve both study the diagram thoughtfully.
INT. POLICE HQ. OUTSIDE DRYDEN’S OFFICE. LATER THAT DAY.

Hastings waits pensively and impatiently in the anteroom. Dryden’s PA glances at him then back at her computer. She types something and sends it with a ping.

Enter Jo, grim-faced.

Dryden’s office door opens. Hastings comes to his feet expectantly. Jo goes straight in without a word and Hastings is forced, embarrassed, to sit back down.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ. DRYDEN’S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

From their demeanour, it’s clear Dryden knows that Jo is bringing bad news.

**DRYDEN**

What do they know, or think they know?

**JO**

They’ve got a source claiming a vehicle registered to your wife was captured by a safety camera at around 10 p.m. on August 16th. A fixed 3-point penalty notice was sent to your wife and it’s alleged she claimed, falsely, that you were the driver.

**DRYDEN**

How the hell did they get that?

**JO**

I told you. They’ve got a source.

**DRYDEN**

Some bobby with an axe to grind,ancies stabbing me in the back for a few quid. Don’t these idiots realise I’m trying to improve their lot?

**JO**

But is it true?

**DRYDEN**

Helen was home. I was driving.

**JO**

I’ll throw your denial straight back at them.

(CONTINUED)
DRYDEN
Thank you.

JO
But if they’re confident of their source, they’ll run it anyway.

DRYDEN
Why are they doing this to me?

JO
You have to ask? Seriously?

DRYDEN
(Beats.)
What can you do to limit the damage?

JO
Me? You. The ambush is still the bigger story. Crack the case and the speed camera won’t even make page eight.

Jo lets Dryden reflect deeply on that.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ. OUTSIDE DRYDEN’S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.
Jo slips out and exits as discreetly as possible.
Dryden watches her go with a dark expression.
Dryden stands in his doorway, putting on a composed face.

DRYDEN
Ted. Very sorry.

Hastings takes his cue.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ. DRYDEN’S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.
Dryden shows Hastings in.

DRYDEN
Have you been offered tea, coffee?

HASTINGS
Plenty, thank you, sir.

Dryden shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)
HASTINGS
I’ve seen you’re busy so I’ll come straight to the point, if I may, sir.

DRYDEN
I’d be grateful.

HASTINGS
AC-12 needs access to all areas relevant to the 5th September ambush.

DRYDEN
Those areas being?

HASTINGS
Witness Protection.

DRYDEN
Ted --

HASTINGS
With no reciprocity.

DRYDEN
You know the sensitivity of W.P. It’s prudent to compartmentalise the investigation.

HASTINGS
And how’s that going, sir?

Dryden’s face drops. Hastings has played on his worries.

DRYDEN
I’m only interested in the best way to get results.

HASTINGS
We’ve identified a prime suspect, a police officer possibly involved in setting up the ambush, and a go-between linked to the criminal parties who carried it out. The missing link lies in Witness Protection, I’m certain of it, sir.

DRYDEN
Who are these individuals?

HASTINGS
I’d rather not say at this time, sir.

DRYDEN
“Rather not.”
HASTINGS
With respect, sir, that’s what no reciprocity means. It’s the appropriate way to investigate blue-on-blue crime and keep a lid on internal leaks.

DRYDEN
(Beat.)
Of course.

HASTINGS
We’re the best in the business, sir.
(Off Dryden’s hesitation.)
We can get to the bottom of this. Quickly.

DRYDEN
(Beat.)
I’ll open up Witness Protection to your team.

HASTINGS
Thank you, sir.

DRYDEN
There’s a DI in AC-9 -- he’s your man. You’ll second him.

HASTINGS
As you wish, sir.

DRYDEN
Whatever it takes to nail those bastards, right, Ted?

Dryden looks like he means it. Hastings looks re-energized. Dryden throws open the door for Hastings to exit.

HASTINGS
Uh, yes, sir, thank you, sir.

Then he exits.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. SQUAD ROOM/LINDSAY’S OFFICE. NEXT DAY.

Kate crosses the squad room to Lindsay’s office.

KATE
Boss, we got a call from Carly’s mate, Michelle. She’s remembered something about the boyfriend.
(MORE)
He was into cars, might’ve been a mechanic.

Lindsay’s about to answer when she sees Bob and Tessa, Carly’s foster parents, dressed in their smartest clothes, being shown in by a PC.

**LINDSAY**
Give us a minute.

**KATE**
Sure.

Kate returns to her desk and Lindsay greets Bob and Tessa.

**TESSA**
We’re all set.

**LINDSAY**
Come in for a minute.

Lindsay brings them into her office and shuts the door.

**BOB**
What’s wrong?

**TESSA**
(Aghast.)
Have they found a body?

**LINDSAY**
No.

Tessa and Bob show relief. Beats.

**LINDSAY**
I gave it my best shot with our press officer. But I’m afraid there isn’t going to be a press conference.

**BOB**
Why not?

**LINDSAY**
Insufficient interest in the story.

**TESSA**
(Beat of realisation.)
I get it. Carly is just some nothing from a broken home ...

Upset, Tessa moves to exit. Bob comforts her.

**LINDSAY**
I’m very sorry. But no one’s giving up on Carly.

(CONTINUED)
TESSA
This is your job --

BOB
Tess --

TESSA
This is your job. You get them to be here, you get them to ask people to find Carly --

BOB
Tess. She’s upset, DI Denton. We know it’s not your fault.

TESSA
No? Whose is it then?

Exit Tessa. Apologetically, exit Bob too.

The last part of the scene has taken place in full view of the squad room. All eyes peer at Lindsay. Lindsay looks anguished. It’s yet another thing pushing her over the edge. She slams her office door shut, locking herself away from view.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. SQUAD ROOM/LINDSAY’S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

Kate gazes at the shut door of Lindsay’s office while making two mugs of tea.

She carries them to Lindsay’s office. Lindsay sees her at the door and lets her in.

KATE
Thought you could do with a lift.

LINDSAY
Ta.

Lindsay takes a mug and returns to her desk. Kate lingers, then decides it’s best to give her some space.

LINDSAY
Don’t go.

Kate stays, shuts the door.

KATE
Anything I can do?

(CONTINUED)
LINDSAY
It’s me, actually. So far I haven’t
done anything towards your
Professional Development.

KATE
You’ve had a lot on your plate.

LINDSAY
So ... why Missing Persons?

KATE
It’s challenging detective work,
plus, when you do find them,
massively rewarding emotionally.

LINDSAY
When you find them.

KATE
Yeah. Not so brilliant when you
don’t.

LINDSAY
You done much of this before?

KATE
A year on a Misper Squad at East
Mids.

LINDSAY
Get away. Then you’d know Sally
Fordham.

At this point it’s revealed that on Lindsay’s computer is the
(fake) biographical profile for DC Kate Foster, that includes
the reference to the East Midlands Constabulary Missing
Persons Unit.

KATE
Uh ...

LINDSAY
What?

KATE
There isn’t anyone by that name on
the Squad.

LINDSAY
I’m getting mixed up. Rough day.
Mind if we pick this up later?

KATE
No worries.
LINDSAY
Thanks for the brew.

Exit Kate.

Lindsay ponders what she’s learned about Kate.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. SQUAD ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Kate returns to her desk feeling very uneasy.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. LINDSAY’S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

Intently, Lindsay looks at her handwritten notes on the Carly case. She gazes at:

BOYFRIEND INTO CARS? MECHANIC?

On her computer she calls up a list of garages. In alphabetical order, there are two and then there’s A&B CARRIAGE REPAIRS.

She highlights the first company. She reaches for the phone and makes the first call.

LINDSAY
(Into phone.)
My name is Detective Inspector Denton, from 4th Street Station. I need to talk to someone who can give me a list of your employees over the last year …

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH ST STATION. LINDSAY’S OFFICE/SQUAD ROOM. LATER THAT DAY.

Kate approaches the office with a set of files. The blinds are down. She taps on the door and gets no answer. She taps again and this time tries the door. It opens. She goes in. Lindsay isn’t at her desk. Kate’s puzzled.

She looks round the squad room and asks the nearest detective.

KATE
Seen DI Denton?

The detective shakes his head. Kate is immediately concerned.

(CONTINUED)
A moment later, Kate receives a text message from “DI Denton”.

Kate opens the text:

GOT A LEAD ON CARLY. MEET ME ASAP AT A&B CARRIAGE REPAIRS, CANALSIDE INDUSTRIAL ESTATE.

Kate ponders, then exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL UNIT. MOMENTS LATER.

Lindsay gazes at the brutal looking units. The hard desolation of the place affects her, starts to make her emotional.

CUT TO:

INT. AC-12. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

At his desk, Steve’s phone rings.

STEVE
(Into phone.)
DS Arnott.

INTERCUT:

INT. KATE’S CAR. CONTINUOUS.

Kate drives, talking on Bluetooth.

KATE
(Into Bluetooth.)
Denton disappeared, now she’s asking me to meet her.

STEVE
(Into phone.)
You suspicious?

KATE
(Into Bluetooth.)
Not sure. It’s an industrial unit. A&B Carriage Repairs.

STEVE
(Into phone.)
That’s the empty repair garage they used as a front.

(CONTINUED)
KATE
(Into Bluetooth.)
Now I’m suspicious.

STEVE
(Into phone.)
I’ll call in back-up.

KATE
(Into Bluetooth.)
Okay.

STEVE
(Into phone.)
I know the location, can be there in ten minutes.

KATE
(Into phone.)
If she sees you --

STEVE
(Into phone.)
We’ll hold back till you pocket-dial.

KATE
(Into phone.)
Don’t blow my cover.

STEVE
(Into phone.)
I said. But anything you don’t like the look of, you call.

KATE
(Into phone.)
Received.

She hangs up, drives on grimly.

CUT TO:

INT. AC-12. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Steve hangs up, looking very worried Kate won’t wait. Another glance at one of the pictures of Georgia only adds to his worries. He grabs his jacket and goes.

CUT TO:
EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. LATER THAT DAY.

Kate parks up next to Lindsay’s car. She selects Steve’s mobile number from the menu on her phone, puts her finger over the call button, and slips her hand and the phone into her pocket.

She sees a motorcyclist speed by.

She approaches the garage unit. The sign’s still visible but all the entrances and exits are locked down plus there are vivid notices of it being a police crime scene.

As Kate approaches, there appears to be no one near the unit. She looks down one side and sees clear along a side return to the back fence of the industrial estate. No one’s there.

She turns back towards the front and gets startled by Lindsay appearing as if out of nowhere right in front of her.

KATE
(Flapping slightly.)
Gaffer.

LINDSAY
Took your time, didn’t you?

KATE
Sorry --

LINDSAY
Chrissake. Round the back.

KATE
Sorry, got here fast as I could.

But Lindsay leads off without waiting. They go round to the other side return and proceed along this narrow pathway between the garage and the next unit.

KATE
Isn’t this place part of the Major Violent Crime investigation?

LINDSAY
I started calling garages to see if any of their employees fit the description of Carly’s boyfriend and had acted suspiciously around the time of her disappearance. This place came up as disused but crosschecked with the MVC investigation.

KATE
Aren’t they protecting the scene?

(CONTINUED)
LINDSAY
Forensics are finished. It’s been released.

KATE
Is it a good idea to be here, ma’am? I mean with AC-12’s investigation into the ambush?

Lindsay doesn’t answer, keeps walking. Kate starts to get nervous. In her pocket, her finger is about to press the call button.

Without warning Lindsay spins on her heels and slaps Kate hard across the face; Kate drops to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

KATE
Ugh ... Jesus ... gaffer ...

Furious, Lindsay drops to one knee beside Kate. She goes straight for Kate’s pocket. Kate fights back but Lindsay keeps her at bay.

LINDSAY
You think I was born yesterday?

KATE
Dunno what you’re talking about ... 

LINDSAY
Brand-new DC, doesn’t care I’m a career albatross, wants to be my BFF?

KATE
I’m just trying to get along.

LINDSAY
What did I tell you about being honest with me? I hate liars.

Lindsay yanks Kate’s phone out of the pocket. She brandishes the face at her, that shows Steve’s mobile number.

LINDSAY
DS Arnott, AC-12?

KATE
Boss --

LINDSAY
People have underestimated me my whole life.

The last line encapsulates Lindsay’s anger and bitterness. She lets it hang and then she exits sharply with the phone.

(CONTINUED)
Kate struggles to her feet. She sees Lindsay’s car race away.

Kate dusts herself down, a little shaken, but the principal injury is to her professional pride.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ. BRIEFING ROOM. LATER THAT DAY.

Jo organises things for the morning, talking into her mobile, pointing to where she wants seats/tables moved by an assistant.

JO
(Into phone.)
It’s fine, absolutely, I’m nearly done.
(Listens.)
There in 10. Promise.

As she hangs up, Dryden appears.

JO
Hi. 8.30 okay for tomorrow’s briefing?

DRYDEN
Got a minute?

JO
(Dismisses assistant.)
Thanks, Jake, we can finish this off in the morning.

Exit Assistant.

DRYDEN
Look, Jo, the Hargreaves interview, the whole thing, this isn’t working.

JO
You’re firing me?

DRYDEN
No. (Off her relief.)
You know that’s more hassle than it’s worth.

JO
You’re bringing someone else in? Why?

DRYDEN
“You have to ask? Seriously?”

(CONTINUED)
Exit Dryden. Jo’s left alone to reflect bitterly.

CUT TO:

INT. AC-12. BRIEFING ROOM. THAT NIGHT.

Bruised and grazed but generally okay, Kate sits in morose reflection. A short while later, Steve and Hastings enter.

HASTINGS
You okay to talk?

KATE
What’s there to say?

HASTINGS
Everyone makes mistakes some time.

STEVE
No way did Kate mess up.

KATE
We underestimated her.

(To Hastings.)
I’ve let you down, sir.

HASTINGS
Don’t talk rubbish. DI Denton doesn’t know the half of what we’ve got on her -- the call to the hospital, now the garage. Steve, contact Denton and her rep. I want her in on a Reg 15. Any prevarication, arrest her.

STEVE
Sir.

HASTINGS
(To Kate.)
She’ll be wishing she never messed with you by the time we’re through with her.

Exit Hastings.

STEVE
Sure you’re okay?

KATE
Wounded pride, that’s all.

STEVE
I’ll give you a lift home.

( CONTINUED )
KATE
Thanks, but best you don’t.
He wants to probe but knows he shouldn’t. Beats.

KATE
How’d it go with Georgia’s parents?

STEVE
It went.
Neither of them quite knows what to say, both equally mixed up. Exit Steve.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE TINDALL’S HOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.
Claire opens the front door, revealing Steve on the doorstep.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE TINDALL’S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.
Steve sips a bottle of beer. Claire does the same.

CLAIRE
Why didn’t you tell me she was your partner?

STEVE
You were already feeling bad enough.

CLAIRE
(Beat.)
One thing the other police said ... They said, me being the only witness, chances were Joe planned to kill me afterwards. You and your partner, you saved my life.

STEVE
Suppose.

CLAIRE
Had you been together long, you and her?

Pregnant beats. For a moment, he looks completely and utterly lost.

CUT TO:
INT. LINDSAY’S HOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.
Lindsay plays piano, one of her typical melancholy melodies.
Music starts up next door but Lindsay plays on, hitting the keys louder to compete, refusing to give ground to the louder, harder melody.

INTERCUT:

INT. AC-12. LANDING/LOBBY. NEXT DAY.
From the landing, Steve and Kate watch Lindsay and Royal come into the lobby. Their eyes meet. Battle is joined.

INTERCUT:

INT. LINDSAY’S HOUSE. THE NIGHT BEFORE.
Lindsay keeps her melody going resolutely against the noise from next door, finishing with a strong punctuation mark.

CUT TO:

INT. AC-12. INTERVIEW ROOM. NEXT DAY.
Lindsay looks calm and assured, while everyone else is jockeying to look ready for action.

While Hastings, Steve and Kate organise documents in front of them, Lindsay pours herself a glass of water. Her last look is to Kate. Kate glances calmly back at her, unfazed.

Hastings starts the tape.

HASTINGS
AC-12 interview, DI Denton, in the presence of DI Royal, by Superintendent Hastings, DS Arnott, DC Fleming. DI Denton, did you assault DC Fleming?

LINDSAY
I’m sorry, sir, you’ll have to help me. Who’s DC Fleming?

(CONTINUED)
HASTINGS
For the tape, I’m indicating DC Fleming.
    (Indicates Kate.)

LINDSAY
I’m confused. That’s DC Foster.

HASTINGS
The officer you know as Foster: did you assault her, yes or no?

LINDSAY
No.

HASTINGS
You didn’t strike her?

LINDSAY
There was an altercation that got a little bit physical. For the tape, I note that DC Foster sorry Fleming shows no significant injuries.

HASTINGS
You in the habit of assaulting people, DI Denton?

LINDSAY
No.

HASTINGS
Have you ever assaulted anyone?

LINDSAY
No.

HASTINGS
Did you assault Lorna Barrett, your next-door neighbour?

LINDSAY
No.

STEVE
She gave a statement alleging you did. I’ll read from it.
    (Refers to document.)
    “Lindsay Denton struck me across the side of the head with a bottle and then she beat my head against the floor repeatedly.”

LINDSAY
Lorna Barrett is an unreliable witness. She’s making a vexatious complaint.
STEVE
I interviewed Lorna Barrett.

This is a surprise to Lindsay. She can’t stop herself looking unsettled.

STEVE
She provided a coherent account of the assault, had injuries consistent with her version of events, and accurately described you as the assailant.

LINDSAY
There’s a witness to my relationship with Ms. Barrett. She’s in this room right now. (To Kate.) Shall I call you Foster or Fleming?

KATE
Fleming.

LINDSAY
Ms. Barrett played loud music late at night. Can you confirm that?

KATE
(Beat.) Yes.

LINDSAY
Did I respond in a potentially aggressive fashion to Ms. Barrett’s antisocial behaviour?

KATE
(Beat.) No.

Lindsay turns back towards Hastings smugly but Steve cuts in.

STEVE
Lorna Barrett alleges DI Denton gave her money to drop the charge.

LINDSAY
Ms. Barrett’s allegations represent a pattern of antisocial conduct. You may have been taken in by her, DS Arnott, though she doesn’t appear to be your type.

Steve is hugely unsettled by the dig, not knowing where it comes from or what it means. Tense, pregnant beats.
HASTINGS
Let’s revisit the events of 5th September.

ROYAL
DI Denton has already provided a comprehensive statement and interview in this regard.

HASTINGS
As a witness. These matters will now be addressed under the terms of the Regulation 15 Notice with which you’ve been served. DS Arnott?

Steve stands and calls up a projected image we’ve seen before -- the map of the safe house, route taken by the convoy, and location of the ambush.

STEVE
You’ve seen this illustration before, Document 5 in your folders. It shows the location of the safe house, 12 St James’s Close, the route taken by the convoy, the location of the ambush which led to the deaths of DS Akers, Sergeant Wallis and PC Butler. It also shows the location of 4th Street Station, which DI Denton has claimed was the intended destination that night.

HASTINGS
DI Denton, this is your opportunity to amend or clarify your previous statement.

Lindsay whispers in Royal’s ear.

ROYAL
DI Denton has nothing to add.

HASTINGS
There’s one specific point we’d like to explore in more depth. The route.

STEVE
This is an excerpt from the first interview with DI Denton. A transcript appears on screen.

Steve starts a tape and a rolling transcript appears on screen like an autocue.
STEVE (O.S.)
This back route, it would lead to
4th Street Station, but only if
you’d continued along Crown Avenue.
The vehicles turned left into Long
Lane....

ON SCREEN: “STATEMENTS OMITTED” (as some intervening dialogue
has been cut from the original scene).

LINDSAY (O.S.)
The decision appeared to make sense
at the time. There were roadworks
on Crown Avenue, with temporary
traffic signals controlling a
single lane. It was a potential
hold-up that would’ve left us
vulnerable.

STEVE (O.S.)
There were no road works on Crown
Avenue that night. Works had been
completed the day before.

LINDSAY (O.S.)
I wasn’t aware.

HASTINGS (O.S.)
You didn’t make a point of
obtaining up-to-date travel
information?

LINDSAY (O.S.)
(Beat.)
No.

Steve turns off the tape. On screen, the last remaining key
lines of transcript stay up, referring to Lindsay not having
up-to-date travel information. Royal makes notes. Lindsay
stares glassily across the table.

KATE
DI Denton’s service vehicle is
fitted with the Type 60 Travel
System. I’m familiar with this
system and so is DI Denton. I’ve
been a passenger in said vehicle
and observed DI Denton operate the
system faultlessly. The TS-60
provides instantaneous traffic and
roadworks information relating to
the chosen route. The service
vehicle driven by DI Denton on the
night of the ambush was also fitted
with the TS-60.

(MORE)
This system was in operation on the night of September 5th and would have advised DI Denton that there were no longer roadworks on Crown Avenue.

This bombshell hits Lindsay hard. She takes a few beats to compose herself.

**HASTINGS**
You drove them straight into that ambush. It was no accident at all, was it?

**LINDSAY**
I genuinely believed that there were roadworks. In the stress of the situation, I didn’t even look at the information on the sat nav. I strenuously deny any involvement in setting up the ambush.

**HASTINGS**
Three of our own -- three of your own -- in the morgue because of you, DI Denton!

**STEVE**
Make that four.

**HASTINGS**
DC Georgia Trotman, killed attempting to protect the life of the Witness who was the target of that ambush.

**ROYAL**
DI Denton has absolutely no connection to the tragic death of DC Trot-

**HASTINGS**
You’ll kindly keep your counsel till we’re said and done.

**STEVE**
The Witness survived the ambush and was receiving treatment when there was a second, successful, attempt on his life.

**KATE**
DI Denton was observed making a call from a public telephone box approximately 15 minutes prior to the Witness’s death.
This is a big shock for Lindsay. She reels, takes time to compose herself.

**HASTINGS**
Why would you use a phone box?

**LINDSAY**
I didn’t want the call appearing in my phone history.

**HASTINGS**
We get that, DI Denton! Why didn’t you?

**LINDSAY**
It was an impulse, I knew it was inadvisable.

**STEVE**
Said call was identified with the number of the hospital switchboard; it was put through to the intensive care unit where the Witness was being treated. The member of staff who took the call has provided a statement that the female caller asked for Staff Nurse Tindall by name, Staff Nurse Tindall being the intensive care nurse blackmailed into furnishing access to the Witness.

**HASTINGS**
Who made that call, DI Denton?

**LINDSAY**
Not me.

**KATE**
I saw you making the call.

**LINDSAY**
I’m not denying making a call. The Witness was the only person who could verify I wasn’t involved in the ambush. I’d heard rumours he was about to regain consciousness. I wanted to find out if they were true.

**HASTINGS**
How come you knew the name of the nurse, the very same nurse who was involved in killing him?
LINDSAY
I didn’t. I hung up when they put me through. I realised it was a stupid thing to do. I wasn’t thinking.

HASTINGS
You expect us to believe that?

LINDSAY
If I’d conspired in the murder --

ROYAL
Which you didn’t.

LINDSAY
-- why on earth would I make a call at that exact time? It would only incriminate me.

KATE
It does. Funny that.

They look to have Lindsay on the ropes.

Kate shows Lindsay the E-fit of Joe.

KATE
I’m sure you’ve already seen this E-fit. Who is this man?

LINDSAY
I’ve never seen him before in my life.

KATE
He was in the hospital, about to kill the witness and DC Trotman, at exactly the time you made your phone call.

Trembling slightly, Lindsay takes a sip of water, and then regathers her composure.

LINDSAY
DS Arnott, what’s your theory on why I’d make that call?

STEVE
(Beat.)
It was a signal. Or you got cold feet and tried to call off the murder.

Steve doesn’t sound very convinced or convincing. It makes him pause.

(CONTINUED)
LINDSAY
I’m as aware as you all are that it isn’t possible to trace a call within an internal telephone network. All you can do is identify a number dialled from the call box as being the number of the hospital switchboard -- and I admit to that part. After that, you only have the vague evidence from someone who can’t be sure who called, what they said or why. I deny it was me who asked to speak to the nurse.

HASTINGS
If that’s your final answer ...
(Tuts or shows similar disdain for Lindsay’s argument.)
DC Fleming?

KATE
DI Denton text-messaged me to attend a meeting at the Canalside Industrial Estate, purporting to be in connection with a breakthrough in a missing persons enquiry. The specific location given by DI Denton was a unit formerly belonging to A&B Carriage Repairs.

STEVE
This disused unit was a front for individuals connected with the 5th of September ambush.

HASTINGS
What’s your connection, DI Denton?

LINDSAY
There’s no connection to me. I went there following a lead on my investigation into the disappearance of a 15-year-old girl. The fact it’d gone out of business and was connected to an ongoing investigation -- these facts only added to my suspicions.

HASTINGS
Instead of pursuing your suspicions, you assaulted DC Fleming.

LINDSAY
I was emotional.
HASTINGS
Why?

LINDSAY
I imagined what it must’ve been like for that girl if she’d been abducted to that place.
(Beat.)
I was frustrated with the case, and angry with DC Fleming’s lies.

HASTINGS
You don’t like being lied to, DI Denton? Thing is, neither do we.
DI Denton, I’m arresting you for conspiracy to murder a protected witness. You do not have to say --

LINDSAY
On what grounds -- ?

HASTINGS
You do not have to say anything --

LINDSAY
State the grounds! Under Code G of the Police and Criminal Evidence Act, why are you arresting me?

HASTINGS
(Beat.)
As the arresting officer, I submit 1. you were the sole survivor of an ambush you had means to set up and 2. you made a call and admit making a call to the hospital following which two people were murdered. In regard to the Police and Criminal Evidence Act, I note Subsection 5 (c)(i), (c)(ii), (e) and (f). I’m sure you’re familiar with those terms.

Lindsay shuts up. Hastings has the floor and continues.

HASTINGS
Lindsay Denton, you do not have to say anything but it may harm your defence if you fail to mention when questioned something you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be used in evidence.

Big tense moment. Lindsay handles it but Royal looks like he’d rather be somewhere else.
LINDSAY
I would like to say something. Keep the tape running.

Lindsay reaches into her bag and fishes out documents. Steve, Kate and Hastings look puzzled. They glance at Royal. Royal signals he doesn’t know what’s happening either.

LINDSAY
Superintendent Hastings, I have in my possession certain financial records pertaining to you.

HASTINGS
Now hold on. Where did you -- ?
(Reaching for tape recorder.)

LINDSAY
The document requests were signed off by an officer of Chief Superintendent rank. Anything I say may be used in evidence -- that works both ways.

Lindsay slides copies of the documents to Hastings. Hastings still has his hand on the tape recorder.

ROYAL
Sir, DI Denton has asked for the tape to be kept running. She’s got a right to be heard.

Hastings lifts his hand away from the tape recorder.

LINDSAY
Without going into details, these records show that Superintendent Hastings is in considerable financial difficulties.

HASTINGS
This is of no relevance to the case against you, DI Denton.

LINDSAY
(Refers to document.) I’m reading from a transcript of our first interview. “Superintendent Hastings: ‘Our strongest supposition is that criminal interests assassinated the witness to prevent him testifying. Those interests would pay a pretty penny for an inside man, or woman.

(MORE)
Any officer in the kind of financial mess you’re in, DI Denton, is honour bound to declare it, on account of vulnerability to bribery.’”

Have you declared your situation, sir?

(Off Hastings’ silence.)

No.

Hastings glowers -- absolutely furious and embarrassed at the invasion of his personal life into a professional setting.

Hastings glowers -- absolutely furious and embarrassed at the invasion of his personal life into a professional setting.

HASTINGS

(Beat.)

No.

LINDSAY

“No.”

Lindsay shoves a folder across the table. Apprehensively, Steve opens it, revealing the first image -- him on the doorstep of Claire Tindall’s house.

STEVE

Yes.

LINDSAY

This is the home, under protective custody, of Staff Nurse Claire Tindall. You interviewed her in connection with the events at the hospital. There are more photos.

Steve looks at the next few -- him returning at night, then him in an upstairs bedroom window with Claire, Claire drawing the curtains.

STEVE

How d’you get these?

LINDSAY

For the tape, the images show DS Arnott returning to Staff Nurse Tindall’s home. Later that evening you’re seen in an upstairs bedroom with her.

Steve looks aghast.
LINDSAY
What was the purpose of your return visit?

STEVE
I ...

LINDSAY
I’m sure you took notes of the conversation. May we hear them?

Steve glares back at her, furious but outfoxed.

LINDSAY
No notes, then? I’m sure you’re aware -- or perhaps you’re not but I hope Superintendent Hastings is -- that inappropriate relations with a witness is a breach of the England & Wales Police Conduct Regulations 2008.

STEVE
I know the Regs.

LINDSAY
Were you coaching Staff Nurse Tindall to corroborate the allegation against me regarding the call to the hospital?

STEVE
I don’t have to.

LINDSAY
No? I’d say you’re in desperate need of someone being able to identify me as the caller. Was Staff Nurse Tindall able to do that for you?

(Off Steve’s bitter silence.)
For the tape, DS Arnott is not forthcoming.

STEVE
No.

LINDSAY
No, she wasn’t able?

STEVE
She wasn’t able.

LINDSAY
Was she able to state any relationship with me?

(CONTINUED)
STEVE
(Beat.)
No.

LINDSAY
We’ve established you know this witness better than most. She likely to lie?

STEVE
No.

LINDSAY
If I was connected, she’d say, wouldn’t she?

STEVE
(Beat.)
Yes.

Steve looks like he’s got serious doubts about the case. Lindsay seizes on those doubts.

LINDSAY
DS Arnott, you know a suspect’s three incriminating criteria ... 

STEVE
Motive, opportunity, means.

LINDSAY
Motive: I had none. Why on earth would I want to kill fellow officers? Opportunity: I had none. I only knew about the Witness from a phone call one hour before the ambush. Means: I had none. I’ve never worked Serious Crime. I don’t have the criminal connections to conspire in an ambush.

Steve visibly wrestles with his doubts.

LINDSAY
DC Fleming.

Lindsay brings out the mobile phone she stole from her at the industrial estate.

LINDSAY
Is this your mobile phone?

Kate is at once extremely uneasy, knowing exactly where this could be going (the call from Rich Akers on the night of the ambush).
KATE
(Very quietly.)
Yes.

LINDSAY
Please speak up for the tape.

KATE
Yes.

LINDSAY
I came into possession of this mobile phone during our altercation at the Canalside Industrial Estate, is that correct?

KATE
You stole it from me.

LINDSAY
Your call history made for very interesting reading. Significant people at significant times.

Steve and Hastings have no idea where this is going.

Kate shifts very uncomfortably.

Lindsay toys with the phone, toying with Kate.

LINDSAY
Stealing’s against the law. My bad.

Lindsay slides the phone across the table back to Kate. Kate’s hugely relieved but remains unsettled.

LINDSAY
Let’s save the rest of this conversation for another time, Kate, that work for you?

Lindsay fixes Kate with a strong glare. They both know that she knows.

Hastings has had enough.

HASTINGS
Show’s over.
(Clicks off tape.)
(To Steve.)
Hold her here till Kate’s organised custody.

Hastings glares at Lindsay, still angry, as he exits with Kate.

Royal gathers his things.

(CONTINUED)
The best I can do for you now, Lindsay, is find you a good Solicitor.

Exit Royal.

Steve looks very uneasy about his duty.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. AC-12. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE/INTERVIEW ROOM/HASTING’S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

Kate talks into a phone at her desk.

KATE
(Into phone.)
AC-12 are bringing in an officer. She works at 4th Street Station so ideally somewhere she’s not known.

While she listens on the phone, she gazes at Lindsay held in the glass box.

KATE
(Into phone.)
Great. We’ll fax the paperwork for charging. Thanks.

She hangs up. From his office, Hastings summons her by tapping on the window.

From the interview room, Lindsay watches Kate go into Hastings’ office.

HASTINGS
What the hell was all that with your phone?

KATE
Nothing.

HASTINGS
Nothing?

Hastings and Kate continue a tense, whispered exchange.

Lindsay looks satisfied, darkly, with their discord.

Steve sees two men in full motorcycle kit come out of the lifts. He tenses.

(CONTINUED)
Then he sees they’re couriers. They heft boxes out of the lift.

STEVE
(To Lindsay.)
Don’t move.

Steve leaves the interview room.

STEVE
(To uniformed staffer.)
Watch her.

Hastings sees and comes out of his office with Kate.

HASTINGS
They’ve turned over the Witness Protection files. Let’s get cracking.

Lindsay watches from the interview room, now guarded by the uniformed officer. Various AC-12 officers start distributing boxes of files.

HASTINGS
This little lot gets locked down. Access by named personnel only. Not one page leaves these premises without my approval in triplicate.

A specific file is handed to Hastings and he signs for it. Hastings glances inside the file.

HASTINGS
Mother of God.

He passes Steve and Kate the file.

HASTINGS
The protected witness. The wee gobshite this was all about.

Steve and Kate look in the file but it’s not revealed what’s inside.

KATE
Christ.

Steve contains his reaction.

Lindsay observes this moment intently.

Steve looks round at Lindsay in the interview room.

She gazes at him intently.

He looks away again.
We need to start over.

Steve marches to Georgia’s white board.

(Generally.)

Call your wives, husbands, boyfriends and girlfriends. No one leaves this office till we’ve gone through ever last shred of information.

He gazes at one of the pictures of Georgia for a couple of beats. He hesitates, but knowing it’s time to move on, for the sake of the job. He wipes the board clean.

CUT TO:

Steve leads Lindsay into the lift in handcuffs. He’s awkward. She’s very tense. They get in. The lift door shuts.

CUT TO:

Steve accompanies Lindsay down in the lift.

What was in the Witness Protection files?

Naturally, he doesn’t answer.

I saw your reaction. The Witness ... ?

He can’t help but look uncomfortable. She twigs.

My God. It’s someone you knew.

I can’t discuss this.

How can you let this happen to me, when you know there’s so much more to it!
She looks imploringly at him. He can’t meet her eye.

INT. HILLSIDE LANE POLICE STATION. CUSTODY DESK. LATER THAT NIGHT.

All eyes are on Lindsay, handcuffed, as Steve walks her up to the Custody Desk. The atmosphere’s electric. (All this following admin is to provide opportunities to cover Lindsay’s looks/feelings and Steve’s.)

STEVE
DS Arnott, DI Denton. You okay to book her in for me?

The Custody Sergeant gets the paperwork and lays it out in front of Steve.

CUSTODY SGT
Lindsay Denton, I’m satisfied your arrest is lawful. I’m authorising your detention at this police station in order that we can secure and preserve evidence in this investigation, and to obtain evidence from you by questioning.

Lindsay nods glumly. The Custody Sergeant shoves documents towards Steve. He hesitates, then signs, but his doubts are building.

CUT TO:

INT. HILLSIDE LANE POLICE STATION. CUSTODY CELLS. LATER THAT NIGHT.

The Custody Sergeant and a PC escort Lindsay in to the cell block, accompanied by Steve.

STEVE
Lindsay, is there someone you’d like me to call?

(CONTINUED)
She shakes her head glumly. The Custody Sgt exits as the PC is about to shut the cell door.

**CUSTODY SGT**
(To Steve, exiting.)
Nothing worse than a bent copper.

Steve maintains eye contact with Lindsay as the officer shuts the cell door.

**LINDSAY**
(To Steve.)
I’m innocent. You know I am.

The cell door shuts on her. Steve looks very conflicted.

**SMASH OUT.**